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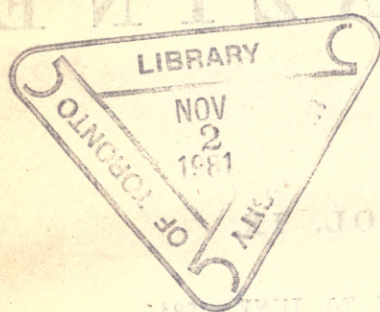
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BELL, HERE'S THE INKSTAND."

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1864.

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The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PREPARATIONS FOR GOING.



“MAMMA, read that letter.”

It was Mrs. Dale’s eldest daughter who spoke to her, and they were alone together in the parlour at the Small House. Mrs. Dale took the letter and read it very carefully. She then put it back into its envelope and returned it to Bell.

“It is, at any rate, a good letter, and, as I believe, tells the truth.”

“I think it tells a little more than the truth, mamma. As you say, it is a well-written letter. He always writes well when he is in earnest. But yet——”

“Yet what, my dear?”

“There is more head than heart in it.”

“If so, he will suffer the less; that is, if you are quite resolved in the matter.”

“I am quite resolved, and I do not think he will suffer much. He

stand them; nor did they understand him. He had been hard in his manner, and had occasionally domineered, not feeling that his position, though it gave him all the privileges of a near and a dear friend, did not give him the authority of a father or a husband. In that matter of Bernard's proposed marriage he had spoken as though Bell should have considered his wishes before she refused her cousin. He had taken upon himself to scold Mrs. Dale, and had thereby given offence to the girls, which they at the time had found it utterly impossible to forgive.

But they were hardly better satisfied in the matter than was he; and now that the time had come, though they could not bring themselves to go back from their demand, almost felt that they were treating the squire with cruelty. When their decision had been made,—while it had been making,—he had been stern and hard to them. Since that he had been softened by Lily's misfortune, and softened also by the anticipated loneliness which would come upon him when they should be gone from his side. It was hard upon him that they should so treat him when he was doing his best for them all! And they also felt this, though they did not know the extent to which he was anxious to go in serving them. When they had sat round the fire planning the scheme of their removal, their hearts had been hardened against him, and they had resolved to assert their independence. But now, when the time for action had come, they felt that their grievances against him had already been in a great measure assuaged. This tinged all that they did with a certain sadness; but still they continued their work.

Who does not know how terrible are those preparations for house-moving;—how infinite in number are the articles which must be packed, how inexpressibly uncomfortable is the period of packing, and how poor and tawdry is the aspect of one's belongings while they are thus in a state of dislocation? Now-a-days people who understand the world, and have money commensurate with their understanding, have learned the way of shunning all these disasters, and of leaving the work to the hands of persons paid for doing it. The crockery is left in the cupboards, the books on the shelves, the wine in the bins, the curtains on their poles, and the family that is understanding goes for a fortnight to Brighton. At the end of that time the crockery is comfortably settled in other cupboards, the books on other shelves, the wine in other bins, the curtains are hung on other poles, and all is arranged. But Mrs. Dale and her daughters understood nothing of such a method of moving as this. The assistance of the village carpenter in filling certain cases that he had made was all that they knew how to obtain beyond that of their own two servants. Every article had to pass through the hands of some one of the family; and as they felt almost overwhelmed by the extent of the work to be done, they began it much sooner than was necessary, so that it became evident as they advanced in their work, that they would have to pass a dreadfully dull, stupid, uncomfortable week at last, among their boxes and cases, in all the confusion of dismantled furniture.

At first an edict had gone forth that Lily was to do nothing. She was an invalid, and was to be petted and kept quiet. But this edict soon fell to the ground, and Lily worked harder than either her mother or her sister. In truth she was hardly an invalid any longer, and would not submit to an invalid's treatment. She felt herself that for the present constant occupation could alone save her from the misery of looking back,—and she had conceived an idea that the harder that occupation was, the better it would be for her. While pulling down the books, and folding the linen, and turning out from their old hiding-places the small long-forgotten properties of the household, she would be as gay as ever she had been in old times. She would talk over her work, standing with flushed cheek and laughing eyes among the dusty ruins around her, till for a moment her mother would think that all was well within her. But then at other moments, when the reaction came, it would seem as though nothing were well. She could not sit quietly over the fire, with quiet rational work in her hands, and chat in a rational quiet way. Not as yet could she do so. Nevertheless it was well with her,—within her own bosom. She had declared to herself that she would conquer her misery,—as she had also declared to herself during her illness that her misfortune should not kill her,—and she was in the way to conquer it. She told herself that the world was not over for her because her sweet hopes had been frustrated. The wound had been deep and very sore, but the flesh of the patient had been sound and healthy, and her blood pure. A physician having knowledge in such cases would have declared, after long watching of her symptoms, that a cure was probable. Her mother was the physician who watched her with the closest eyes; and she, though she was sometimes driven to doubt, did hope, with stronger hope from day to day, that her child might live to remember the story of her love without abiding agony.

That nobody should talk to her about it,—that had been the one stipulation which she had seemed to make, not sending forth a request to that effect among her friends in so many words, but showing by certain signs that such was her stipulation. A word to that effect she had spoken to her uncle,—as may be remembered, which word had been regarded with the closest obedience. She had gone out into her little world very soon after the news of Crosbie's falsehood had reached her,—first to church and then among the people of the village, resolving to carry herself as though no crushing weight had fallen upon her. The village people had understood it all, listening to her and answering her without the proffer of any outspoken parley.

“Lord bless 'ee,” said Mrs. Crump, the postmistress,—and Mrs. Crump was supposed to have the sourest temper in Allington,—“whenever I look at thee, Miss Lily, I thinks that surely thee is the beautifulest young 'ooman in all these parts.”

“And you are the crossest old woman,” said Lily, laughing, and giving her hand to the postmistress.

“So I be,” said Mrs. Crump. “So I be.” Then Lily sat down in the cottage and asked after her ailments. With Mrs. Hearn it was the same. Mrs. Hearn, after that first meeting which has been already mentioned, petted and caressed her, but spoke no further word of her misfortune. When Lily called a second time upon Mrs. Boyce, which she did boldly by herself, that lady did begin one other word of commiseration. “My dearest Lily, we have all been made so unhappy——” So far Mrs. Boyce got, sitting close to Lily and striving to look into her face; but Lily, with a slightly heightened colour, turned sharp round upon one of the Boyce girls, tearing Mrs. Boyce’s commiseration into the smallest shreds. “Minnie,” she said, speaking quite loud, almost with girlish ecstasy, “what do you think Tartar did yesterday? I never laughed so much in my life.” Then she told a ludicrous story about a very ugly terrier which belonged to the squire. After that even Mrs. Boyce made no further attempt. Mrs. Dale and Bell both understood that such was to be the rule,—the rule even to them. Lily would speak to them occasionally on the matter,—to one of them at a time, beginning with some almost single word of melancholy resignation, and then would go on till she opened her very bosom before them; but no such conversation was ever begun by them. But now, in these busy days of the packing, that topic seemed to have been banished altogether.

“Mamma,” she said, standing on the top rung of a house-ladder, from which position she was handing down glass out of a cupboard, “are you sure that these things are ours? I think some of them belong to the house.”

“I’m sure about that bowl at any rate, because it was my mother’s before I was married.”

“Oh, dear, what should I do, if I were to break it? Whenever I handle anything very precious I always feel inclined to throw it down and smash it. Oh! it was as nearly gone as possible, mamma; but that was your fault.”

“If you don’t take care you’ll be nearly gone yourself. Do take hold of something.”

“Oh, Bell, here’s the inkstand for which you’ve been moaning for three years.”

“I haven’t been moaning for three years; but who could have put it up there?”

“Catch it,” said Lily; and she threw the bottle down on to a pile of carpets.

At this moment a step was heard in the hall, and the squire entered through the open door of the room. “So you’re all at work,” said he.

“Yes, we’re at work,” said Mrs. Dale, almost with a tone of shame. “If it is to be done it is as well that it should be got over.”

“It makes me wretched enough,” said the squire. “But I didn’t come to talk about that. I’ve brought you a note from Lady Julia De Guest, and I’ve had one from the earl. They want us all to go there and stay the week after Easter.”



Mrs. Dale and the girls, when this very sudden proposition was made to them, all remained fixed in their places, and, for a moment, were speechless. Go and stay a week at Guestwick Manor! The whole family! Hitherto the intercourse between the Manor and the Small House had been confined to morning calls, very far between. Mrs. Dale had never dined there, and had latterly even deputed the calling to her daughters. Once Bell had dined there with her uncle, the squire, and once Lily had gone over with her uncle Orlando. Even this had been long ago, before they were quite brought out, and they had regarded the occasion with the solemn awe of children. Now, at this time of their fitting into some small mean dwelling at Guestwick, they had previously settled among themselves that that affair of calling at the Manor might be allowed to drop. Mrs. Eames never called, and they were descending to the level of Mrs. Eames. "Perhaps we shall get game sent to us, and that will be better," Lily had said. And now, at this very moment of their descent in life, they were all asked to go and stay a week at the Manor! Stay a week with Lady Julia! Had the Queen sent the Lord Chamberlain down to bid them all go to Windsor Castle it could hardly have startled them more at the first blow. Bell had been seated on the folded carpet when her uncle had entered, and now had again sat herself in the same place. Lily was still standing at the top of the ladder, and Mrs. Dale was at the foot with one hand on Lily's dress. The squire had told his story very abruptly, but he was a man who, having a story to tell, knew nothing better than to tell it out abruptly, letting out everything at the first moment.

"Wants us all!" said Mrs. Dale. "How many does the all mean?" Then she opened Lady Julia's note and read it, not moving from her position at the foot of the ladder.

"Do let me see, mamma," said Lily; and then the note was handed up to her. Had Mrs. Dale well considered the matter she might probably have kept the note to herself for a while, but the whole thing was so sudden that she had not considered the matter well.

MY DEAR MRS. DALE (the letter ran),

I SEND this inside a note from my brother to Mr. Dale. We particularly want you and your two girls to come to us for a week from the seventeenth of this month. Considering our near connection we ought to have seen more of each other than we have done for years past, and of course it has been our fault. But it is never too late to amend one's ways; and I hope you will receive my confession in the true spirit of affection in which it is intended, and that you will show your goodness by coming to us. I will do all I can to make the house pleasant to your girls, for both of whom I have much real regard.

I should tell you that John Eames will be here for the same week. My brother is very fond of him, and thinks him the best young man of the day. He is one of my heroes, too, I must confess.—Very sincerely yours,

JULIA DE GUEST.

Lily, standing on the ladder, read the letter very attentively. The squire meanwhile stood below speaking a word or two to his sister-in-

law and niece. No one could see Lily's face, as it was turned away towards the window, and it was still averted when she spoke. "It is out of the question that we should go, mamma;—that is, all of us."

"Why out of the question?" said the squire.

"A whole family!" said Mrs. Dale.

"That is just what they want," said the squire.

"I should like of all things to be left alone for a week," said Lily, "if mamma and Bell would go."

"That wouldn't do at all," said the squire. "Lady Julia specially wants you to be one of the party."

The thing had been badly managed altogether. The reference in Lady Julia's note to John Eames had explained to Lily the whole scheme at once, and had so opened her eyes that all the combined influence of the Dale and De Guest families could not have dragged her over to the Manor.

"Why not do?" said Lily. "It would be out of the question a whole family going in that way, but it would be very nice for Bell."

"No, it would not," said Bell.

"Don't be ungenerous about it, my dear," said the squire, turning to Bell; "Lady Julia means to be kind. But, my darling," and the squire turned again towards Lily, addressing her, as was his wont in these days, with an affection that was almost vexatious to her; "but, my darling, why should you not go? A change of scene like that will do you all the good in the world, just when you are getting well. Mary, tell the girls that they ought to go."

Mrs. Dale stood silent, again reading the note, and Lily came down from the ladder. When she reached the floor she went directly up to her uncle, and taking his hand turned him round with herself towards one of the windows, so that they stood with their backs to the room. "Uncle," she said, "do not be angry with me. I can't go;" and then she put up her face to kiss him.

He stooped and kissed her and still held her hand. He looked into her face and read it all. He knew well, now, why she could not go; or rather, why she herself thought that she could not go. "Cannot you, my darling?" he said.

"No, uncle. It is very kind,—very kind; but I cannot go. I am not fit to go anywhere."

"But you should get over that feeling. You should make a struggle."

"I am struggling, and I shall succeed; but I cannot do it all at once. At any rate I could not go there. You must give my love to Lady Julia, and not let her think me cross. Perhaps Bell will go."

What would be the good of Bell's going—or the good of his putting himself out of the way, by a visit which would of itself be so tiresome to him, if the one object of the visit could not be carried out? The earl and his sister had planned the invitation with the express intention of bringing Lily and Eames together. It seemed that Lily was firm in

her determination to resist this intention; and, if so, it would be better that the whole thing should fall to the ground. He was very vexed, and yet he was not angry with her. Everybody lately had opposed him in everything. All his intended family arrangements had gone wrong. But yet he was seldom angry respecting them. He was so accustomed to be thwarted that he hardly expected success. In this matter of providing Lily with a second lover, he had not come forward of his own accord. He had been appealed to by his neighbour the earl, and had certainly answered the appeal with much generosity. He had been induced to make the attempt with eagerness, and a true desire for its accomplishment; but in this, as in all his own schemes, he was met at once by opposition and failure.

"I will leave you to talk it over among yourselves," he said. "But, Mary, you had better see me before you send your answer. If you will come up by-and-by, Ralph shall take the two notes over together in the afternoon." So saying, he left the Small House, and went back to his own solitary home.

"Lily, dear," said Mrs. Dale, as soon as the front door had been closed, "this is meant for kindness to you,—for most affectionate kindness."

"I know it, mamma; and you must go to Lady Julia, and must tell her that I know it. You must give her my love. And, indeed, I do love her now. But——"

"You won't go, Lily?" said Mrs. Dale, beseechingly.

"No, mamma;—certainly I will not go." Then she escaped out of the room by herself, and for the next hour neither of them dared to go to her.

---

## CHAPTER L.

### MRS. DALE IS THANKFUL FOR A GOOD THING.

ON that day they dined early at the Small House, as they had been in the habit of doing since the packing had commenced. And after dinner Mrs. Dale went through the gardens, up to the other house, with a written note in her hand. In that note she had told Lady Julia, with many protestations of gratitude, that Lily was unable to go out so soon after her illness, and that she herself was obliged to stay with Lily. She explained also, that the business of moving was in hand, and that therefore she could not herself accept the invitation. But her other daughter, she said, would be very happy to accompany her uncle to Guestwick Manor. Then, without closing her letter, she took it up to the squire in order that it might be decided whether it would or would not suit his views. It might well be that he would not care to go to Lord De Guest's with Bell alone.

"Leave it with me," he said; "that is, if you do not object."

"Oh, dear, no!"

"I'll tell you the plain truth at once, Mary. I shall go over myself with it, and see the earl. Then I will decline it or not, according to what passes between me and him. I wish Lily would have gone."

"Ah! she could not."

"I wish she could. I wish she could. I wish she could." As he repeated the words over and over again, there was an eagerness in his voice that filled Mrs. Dale's heart with tenderness towards him.

"The truth is," said Mrs. Dale, "she could not go there to meet John Eames."

"Oh, I know," said the squire: "I understand it. But that is just what we want her to do. Why should she not spend a week in the same house with an honest young man whom we all like?"

"There are reasons why she would not wish it."

"Ah, exactly; the very reasons which should make us induce her to go there if we can. Perhaps I had better tell you all. Lord De Guest has taken him by the hand, and wishes him to marry. He has promised to settle on him an income which will make him comfortable for life."

"That is very generous; and I am delighted to hear it,—for John's sake."

"And they have promoted him at his office."

"Ah! then he will do well."

"He will do very well. He is private secretary now to their head man. And, Mary, so that she, Lily, should not be empty-handed if this marriage can be arranged, I have undertaken to settle a hundred a year on her,—on her and her children, if she will accept him. Now you know it all. I did not mean to tell you; but it is as well that you should have the means of judging. That other man was a villain. This man is honest. Would it not be well that she should learn to like him? She always did like him, I thought, before that other fellow came down here among us."

"She has always liked him,—as a friend."

"She will never get a better lover."

Mrs. Dale sat silent, thinking over it all. Every word that the squire said was true. It would be a healing of wounds most desirable and salutary; an arrangement advantageous to them all; a destiny for Lily most devoutly to be desired,—if only it were possible. Mrs. Dale firmly believed that if her daughter could be made to accept John Eames as her second lover in a year or two all would be well. Crosbie would then be forgotten or thought of without regret, and Lily would become the mistress of a happy home. But there are positions which cannot be reached, though there be no physical or material objection in the way. It is the view which the mind takes of a thing which creates the sorrow that arises from it. If the heart were always malleable and the feelings could be controlled, who would permit himself to be tormented by any of the reverses which affection meets? Death would create no sorrow;

ingratitude would lose its sting; and the betrayal of love would do no injury beyond that which it might entail upon worldly circumstances. But the heart is not malleable; nor will the feelings admit of such control.

"It is not possible for her," said Mrs. Dale. "I fear it is not possible. It is too soon."

"Six months," pleaded the squire.

"It will take years,—not months," said Mrs. Dale.

"And she will lose all her youth."

"Yes; he has done all that by his treachery. But it is done, and we cannot now go back. She loves him yet as dearly as she ever loved him."

Then the squire muttered certain words below his breath,—ejaculations against Crosbie, which were hardly voluntary; but even as involuntary ejaculations were very improper. Mrs. Dale heard them, and was not offended either by their impropriety or their warmth. "But you can understand," she said, "that she cannot bring herself to go there." The squire struck the table with his fist, and repeated his ejaculations. If he could only have known how very disagreeable Lady Alexandrina was making herself, his spirit might, perhaps, have been less vehemently disturbed. If, also, he could have perceived and understood the light in which an alliance with the De Courcy family was now regarded by Crosbie, I think that he would have received some consolation from that consideration. Those who offend us are generally punished for the offence they give; but we so frequently miss the satisfaction of knowing that we are avenged! It is arranged, apparently, that the injurer shall be punished, but that the person injured shall not gratify his desire for vengeance.

"And will you go to Guestwick yourself?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"I will take the note," said the squire, "and will let you know tomorrow. The earl has behaved so kindly that every possible consideration is due to him. I had better tell him the whole truth, and go or stay, as he may wish. I don't see the good of going. What am I to do at Guestwick Manor? I did think that if we had all been there it might have cured some difficulties."

Mrs. Dale got up to leave him, but she could not go without saying some word of gratitude for all that he had attempted to do for them. She well knew what he meant by the curing of difficulties. He had intended to signify that had they lived together for a week at Guestwick the idea of flitting from Allington might possibly have been abandoned. It seemed now to Mrs. Dale as though her brother-in-law were heaping coals of fire on her head in return for that intention. She felt half-ashamed of what she was doing, almost acknowledging to herself that she should have borne with his sternness in return for the benefits he had done to her daughters. Had she not feared their reproaches she would, even now, have given way.

"I do not know what I ought to say to you for your kindness."

"Say nothing,—either for my kindness or unkindness; but stay where you are, and let us live like Christians together, striving to think good and

not evil." These were kind, loving words, showing in themselves a spirit of love and forbearance; but they were spoken in a harsh, unsympathizing voice, and the speaker, as he uttered them, looked gloomily at the fire. In truth the squire, as he spoke, was half-ashamed of the warmth of what he said.

"At any rate I will not think evil," Mrs. Dale answered, giving him her hand. After that she left him, and returned home. It was too late for her to abandon her project of moving and remain at the Small House, but as she went across the garden she almost confessed to herself that she repented of what she was doing.

In these days of the cold early spring, the way from the lawn into the house, through the drawing-room window, was not as yet open, and it was necessary to go round by the kitchen-garden on to the road, and thence in by the front door; or else to pass through the back door, and into the house by the kitchen. This latter mode of entrance Mrs. Dale now adopted; and as she made her way into the hall Lily came upon her, with very silent steps, out from the parlour, and arrested her progress. There was a smile upon Lily's face as she lifted up her finger as if in caution, and no one looking at her would have supposed that she was herself in trouble. "Mamma," she said, pointing to the drawing-room door, and speaking almost in a whisper, "you must not go in there; come into the parlour."

"Who's there? Where's Bell?" and Mrs. Dale went into the parlour as she was bidden. "But who is there?" she repeated.

"He's there!"

"Who is he?"

"Oh, mamma, don't be a goose! Dr. Crofts is there, of course. He's been nearly an hour. I wonder how he is managing, for there is nothing on earth to sit upon but the old lump of a carpet. The room is strewed about with crockery, and Bell is such a figure! She has got on your old checked apron, and when he came in she was rolling up the fire-irons in brown paper. I don't suppose she was ever in such a mess before. There's one thing certain,—he can't kiss her hand."

"It's you are the goose, Lily."

"But he's in there, certainly, unless he has gone out through the window, or up the chimney."

"What made you leave them?"

"He met me here, in the passage, and spoke to me ever so seriously. 'Come in,' I said, 'and see Bell packing the pokers and tongs.' 'I will go in,' he said; 'but don't come with me.' He was ever so serious, and I'm sure he had been thinking of it all the way along."

"And why should he not be serious?"

"Oh, no, of course, he ought to be serious; but are you not glad, mamma? I am so glad. We shall live alone together, you and I; but she will be so close to us! My belief is that he'll stay there for ever unless somebody does something. I have been so tired of waiting and

looking out for you. Perhaps he's helping her to pack the things. Don't you think we might go in; or would it be ill-natured?"

"Lily, don't be in too great a hurry to say anything. You may be mistaken, you know; and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

"Yes, mamma, there is," said Lily, putting her hand inside her mother's arm; "that's true enough."

"Oh, my darling, forgive me," said the mother, suddenly remembering that the use of the old proverb at the present moment had been almost cruel.

"Do not mind it," said Lily; "it does not hurt me; it does me good; that is to say, when there is nobody by except yourself. But, with God's help, there shall be no slip here, and she shall be happy. It is all the difference between one thing done in a hurry, and another done with much thinking. But they'll remain there for ever if we don't go in. Come, mamma, you open the door."

Then Mrs. Bell did open the door, giving some little premonitory notice with the handle, so that the couple inside might be warned of approaching footsteps. Crofts had not escaped, either through the window or up the chimney, but was seated in the middle of the room on an empty box, just opposite to Bell, who was seated upon the lump of carpeting. Bell still wore the checked apron as described by her sister. What might have been the state of her hands I will not pretend to say; but I do not believe that her lover had found anything amiss with them. "How do you do, doctor?" said Mrs. Dale, striving to use her accustomed voice, and to look as though there were nothing of special importance in his visit. "I have just come down from the Great House."

"Mamma," said Bell, jumping up, "you must not call him doctor any more."

"Must I not? Has any one undoctored him?"

"Oh, mamma, you understand," said Bell.

"I understand," said Lily, going up to the doctor, and giving him her cheek to kiss. "He is to be my brother, and I mean to claim him as such from this moment. I expect him to do everything for us, and not to call a moment of his time his own."

"Mrs. Dale," said the doctor, "Bell has consented that it shall be so, if you will consent."

"There is but little doubt of that," said Mrs. Dale.

"We shall not be rich——" began the doctor.

"I hate to be rich," said Bell. "I hate even to talk about it. I don't think it quite manly even to think about it; and I am sure it isn't womanly."

"Bell was always a fanatic in praise of poverty," said Mrs. Dale.

"No; I am no fanatic. I'm very fond of money earned. I would like to earn some myself if I knew how."

"Let her go out and visit the lady patients," said Lily. "They do in America."

Then they all went into the parlour and sat round the fire talking as though they were already one family. The proceeding, considering the nature of it,—that a young lady, acknowledged to be of great beauty and known to be of good birth, had on the occasion been asked and given in marriage,—was carried on after a somewhat humdrum fashion, and in a manner that must be called commonplace. How different had it been when Crosbie had made his offer! Lily for the time had been raised to a pinnacle,—a pinnacle which might be dangerous, but which was, at any rate, lofty. With what a pretty speech had Crosbie been greeted! How it had been felt by all concerned that the fortunes of the Small House were in the ascendant,—felt, indeed, with some trepidation, but still with much inward triumph! How great had been the occasion, forcing Lily almost to lose herself in wonderment at what had occurred! There was no great occasion now, and no wonderment. No one, unless it was Crofts, felt very triumphant. But they were all very happy, and were sure that there was safety in their happiness. It was but the other day that one of them had been thrown rudely to the ground through the treachery of a lover, but yet none of them feared treachery from this lover. Bell was as sure of her lot in life as though she were already being taken home to her modest house in Guestwick. Mrs. Dale already looked upon the man as her son, and the party of four as they sat round the fire grouped themselves as though they already formed one family.

But Bell was not seated next to her lover. Lily, when she had once accepted Crosbie, seemed to think that she could never be too near to him. She had been in no wise ashamed of her love, and had shown it constantly by some little caressing motion of her hand, leaning on his arm, looking into his face, as though she were continually desirous of some palpable assurance of his presence. It was not so at all with Bell. She was happy in loving and in being loved, but she required no overt testimonies of affection. I do not think it would have made her unhappy if some sudden need had required that Crofts should go to India and back before they were married. The thing was settled, and that was enough for her. But, on the other hand, when he spoke of the expediency of an immediate marriage, she raised no difficulty. As her mother was about to go into a new residence, it might be as well that that residence should be fitted to the wants of two persons instead of three. So they talked about chairs and tables, carpets and kitchens, in a most unromantic, homely, useful manner! A considerable portion of the furniture in the house they were now about to leave belonged to the squire,—or to the house rather, as they were in the habit of saying. The older and more solid things,—articles of household stuff that stand the wear of half a century,—had been in the Small House when they came to it. There was, therefore, a question of buying new furniture for a house in Guestwick,—a question not devoid of importance to the possessor of so moderate an income as that owned by Mrs. Dale. In the first month or two they were to live in lodgings, and their goods were to be stored in



some friendly warehouse. Under such circumstances would it not be well that Bell's marriage should be so arranged that the lodging question might not be in any degree complicated by her necessities? This was the last suggestion made by Dr. Crofts, induced no doubt by the great encouragement he had received.

"That would be hardly possible," said Mrs. Dale. "It only wants three weeks;—and with the house in such a condition!"

"James is joking," said Bell.

"I was not joking at all," said the doctor.

"Why not send for Mr. Boyce, and carry her off at once on a pillion behind you?" said Lily. "It's just the sort of thing for primitive people to do, like you and Bell. All the same, Bell, I do wish you could have been married from this house."

"I don't think it will make much difference," said Bell.

"Only if you would have waited till summer we would have had such a nice party on the lawn. It sounds so ugly, being married from lodgings; doesn't it, mamma?"

"It doesn't sound at all ugly to me," said Bell.

"I shall always call you Dame Commonplace when you're married," said Lily.

Then they had tea, and after tea Dr. Crofts got on his horse and rode back to Guestwick.

"Now may I talk about him?" said Lily, as soon as the door was closed behind his back.

"No; you may not."

"As if I hadn't known it all along! And wasn't it hard to bear that you should have scolded me with such pertinacious austerity, and that I wasn't to say a word in answer!"

"I don't remember the austerity," said Mrs. Dale.

"Nor yet Lily's silence," said Bell.

"But it's all settled now," said Lily, "and I'm downright happy. I never felt more satisfaction,—never, Bell!"

"Nor did I," said her mother; "I may truly say that I thank God for this good thing."

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## CHAPTER LI.

### JOHN EAMES DOES THINGS WHICH HE OUGHT NOT TO HAVE DONE.

JOHN EAMES succeeded in making his bargain with Sir Raffle Buffle. He accepted the private-secretaryship on the plainly expressed condition that he was to have leave of absence for a fortnight towards the end of April. Having arranged this he took an affectionate leave of Mr. Love, who was really much affected at parting with him, discussed vaedictory pots of porter in the big room, over which many wishes were expressed that he might be enabled to compass the length and breadth of

old Huffle's feet, uttered a last cutting joke at Mr. Kissing as he met that gentleman hurrying through the passages with an enormous ledger in his hands, and then took his place in the comfortable arm-chair which FitzHoward had been forced to relinquish.

"Don't tell any of the fellows," said Fitz, "but I'm going to cut the concern altogether. My governor wouldn't let me stop here in any other place than that of private secretary."

"Ah, your governor is a swell," said Eames.

"I don't know about that," said FitzHoward. "Of course he has a good deal of family interest. My cousin is to come in for St. Bungay at the next election, and then I can do better than remain here."

"That's a matter of course," said Eames. "If my cousin were Member for St. Bungay, I'd never stand anything east of Whitehall."

"And I don't mean," said FitzHoward. "This room, you know, is all very nice; but it is a bore coming into the City every day. And then one doesn't like to be rung for like a servant. Not that I mean to put you out of conceit with it."

"It will do very well for me," said Eames. "I never was very particular." And so they parted, Eames assuming the beautiful arm-chair and the peril of being asked to carry Sir Raffle's shoes, while FitzHoward took the vacant desk in the big room till such time as some member of his family should come into Parliament for the borough of St. Bungay.

But Eames, though he drank the porter, and quizzed FitzHoward, and gibed at Kissing, did not seat himself in his new arm-chair without some serious thoughts. He was aware that his career in London had not hitherto been one on which he could look back with self-respect. He had lived with friends whom he did not esteem; he had been idle, and sometimes worse than idle; and he had allowed himself to be hampered by the pretended love of a woman for whom he had never felt any true affection, and by whom he had been cozened out of various foolish promises which even yet were hanging over his head. As he sat with Sir Raffle's notes before him, he thought almost with horror of the men and women in Burton Crescent. It was now about three years since he had first known Cradell, and he shuddered as he remembered how very poor a creature was he whom he had chosen for his bosom friend. He could not make for himself those excuses which we can make for him. He could not tell himself that he had been driven by circumstances to choose a friend, before he had learned to know what were the requisites for which he should look. He had lived on terms of closest intimacy with this man for three years, and now his eyes were opening themselves to the nature of his friend's character. Cradell was in age three years his senior. "I won't drop him," he said to himself; "but he is a poor creature." He thought, too, of the Lupexes, of Miss Spruce, and of Mrs. Roper, and tried to imagine what Lily Dale would do if she found herself among such people. It would be impossible that she should ever so find herself. He might as well ask her to drink at the bar of a gin-

shop as to sit down in Mrs. Roper's drawing-room. If destiny had in store for him such good fortune as that of calling Lily his own, it was necessary that he should altogether alter his mode of life.

In truth his hobbledehoyhood was dropping off from him, as its old skin drops from a snake. Much of the feeling and something of the knowledge of manhood was coming on him, and he was beginning to recognize to himself that the future manner of his life must be to him a matter of very serious concern. No such thought had come near him when he first established himself in London. It seems to me that in this respect the fathers and mothers of the present generation understand but little of the inward nature of the young men for whom they are so anxious. They give them credit for so much that it is impossible they should have, and then deny them credit for so much that they possess! They expect from them when boys the discretion of men,—that discretion which comes from thinking; but will not give them credit for any of that power of thought which alone can ultimately produce good conduct. Young men are generally thoughtful,—more thoughtful than their seniors; but the fruit of their thought is not as yet there. And then so little is done for the amusement of lads who are turned loose into London at nineteen or twenty. Can it be that any mother really expects her son to sit alone evening after evening in a dingy room drinking bad tea, and reading good books? And yet it seems that mothers do so expect,—the very mothers who talk about the thoughtlessness of youth! O ye mothers who from year to year see your sons launched forth upon the perils of the world, and who are so careful with your good advice, with under flannel shirtings, with books of devotion and tooth-powder, does it never occur to you that provision should be made for amusement, for dancing, for parties, for the excitement and comfort of women's society? That excitement your sons will have, and if it be not provided by you of one kind, will certainly be provided by themselves of another kind. If I were a mother sending lads out into the world, the matter most in my mind would be this,—to what houses full of nicest girls could I get them admission, so that they might do their flirting in good company.

Poor John Eames had been so placed that he had been driven to do his flirting in very bad company, and he was now fully aware that it had been so. It wanted but two days to his departure for Guestwick Manor, and as he sat breathing awhile after the manufacture of a large batch of Sir Raffle's notes, he made up his mind that he would give Mrs. Roper notice before he started that on his return to London he would be seen no more in Burton Crescent. He would break his bonds altogether asunder, and if there should be any penalty for such breaking he would pay it in what best manner he might be able. He acknowledged to himself that he had been behaving badly to Amelia, confessing, indeed, more sin in that respect than he had in truth committed; but this, at any rate, was clear to him, that he must put himself on a proper footing in that quarter before he could venture to speak to Lily Dale.

As he came to a definite conclusion on this subject the little handbell which always stood on Sir Raffle's table was sounded, and Eames was called into the presence of the great man. "Ah," said Sir Raffle, leaning back in his arm-chair, and stretching himself after the great exertions which he had been making—"Ah, let me see? You are going out of town the day after to-morrow."

"Yes, Sir Raffle, the day after to-morrow."

"Ah, it's a great annoyance,—a very great annoyance. But on such occasions I never think of myself. I never have done so, and don't suppose I ever shall. So you're going down to my old friend De Guest."

Eames was always angered when his new patron Sir Raffle talked of his old friendship with the earl, and never gave the Commissioner any encouragement. "I am going down to Guestwick," said he.

"Ah! yes; to Guestwick Manor? I don't remember that I was ever there. I daresay I may have been, but one forgets those things."

"I never heard Lord De Guest speak of it."

"Oh, dear, no. Why should his memory be better than mine? Tell him, will you? how very glad I shall be to renew our old intimacy. I should think nothing of running down to him for a day or two in the dull time of the year,—say in September or October. It's rather a coincidence our both being interested about you,—isn't it?"

"I'll be sure to tell him."

"Mind you do. He's one of our most thoroughly independent noblemen, and I respect him very highly. Let me see; didn't I ring my bell? What was it I wanted? I think I rang my bell."

"You did ring your bell."

"Ah, yes; I know. I'm going away, and I wanted my — would you tell Rafferty to bring me—my boots?" Whereupon Johnny rang the bell—not the little handbell, but the other bell. "And I shan't be here to-morrow," continued Sir Raffle. "I'll thank you to send my letters up to the square; and if they should send down from the Treasury;—but the Chancellor would write, and in that case you'll send up his letter at once by a special messenger, of course."

"Here's Rafferty," said Eames, determined that he would not even sully his lips with speaking of Sir Raffle's boots.

"Oh, ah, yes; Rafferty, bring me my boots."

"Anything else to say?" asked Eames.

"No, nothing else. Of course you'll be careful to leave everything straight behind you."

"Oh, yes; I'll leave it all straight." Then Eames withdrew, so that he might not be present at the interview between Sir Raffle and his boots. "He'll not do," said Sir Raffle to himself. "He'll never do. He's not quick enough,—has no go in him. He's not man enough for the place. I wonder why the earl has taken him by the hand in that way."

Soon after the little episode of the boots Eames left his office and walked home alone to Burton Crescent. He felt that he had gained a

victory in Sir Raffle's room, but the victory there had been easy. Now he had another battle on his hands, in which, as he believed, the achievement of victory would be much more difficult. Amelia Roper was a person much more to be feared than the Chief Commissioner? He had one strong arrow in his quiver on which he would depend, if there should come to him the necessity of giving his enemy a death-wound. During the last week she had been making powerful love to Cradell, so as to justify the punishment of desertion from a former lover. He would not throw Cradell in her teeth if he could help it; but it was incumbent on him to gain a victory, and if the worst should come to the worst, he must use such weapons as destiny and the chance of war had given him.

He found Mrs. Roper in the dining-room as he entered, and immediately began his work. "Mrs. Roper," he said, "I'm going out of town the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Eames, we know that. You're going as a visitor to the noble mansion of the Earl De Guest."

"I don't know about the mansion being very noble, but I'm going down into the country for a fortnight. When I come back——"

"When you come back, Mr. Eames, I hope you'll find your room a deal more comfortable. I know it isn't quite what it should be for a gentleman like you, and I've been thinking for some time past——"

"But, Mrs. Roper, I don't mean to come back here any more. It's just that that I want to say to you."

"Not come back to the crescent!"

"No, Mrs. Roper. A fellow must move sometimes, you know; and I'm sure I've been very constant to you for a long time."

"But where are you going, Mr. Eames?"

"Well; I haven't just made up my mind as yet. That is, it will depend on what I may do,—on what friends of mine may say down in the country. You'll not think I'm quarrelling with you, Mrs. Roper."

"It's them Lupexes as have done it," said Mrs. Roper, in her deep distress.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Roper, nobody has done it."

"Yes, it is; and I'm not going to blame you, Mr. Eames. They've made the house unfit for any decent young gentleman like you. I've been feeling that all along; but it's hard upon a lone woman like me, isn't it, Mr. Eames?"

"But, Mrs. Roper, the Lupexes have had nothing to do with my going."

"Oh, yes, they have; I understand it all. But what could I do, Mr. Eames? I've been giving them warning every week for the last six months; but the more I give them warning, the more they won't go. Unless I were to send for a policeman, and have a row in the house——"

"But I haven't complained of the Lupexes, Mrs. Roper."

"You wouldn't be quitting without any reason, Mr. Eames. You are not going to be married in earnest, are you, Mr. Eames?"

"Not that I know of."

"You may tell me; you may, indeed. I won't say a word,—not to anybody. It hasn't been my fault about Amelia. It hasn't really."

"Who says there's been any fault?"

"I can see, Mr. Eames. Of course it didn't do for me to interfere. And if you had liked her, I will say I believe she'd have made as good a wife as any young man ever took: and she can make a few pounds go farther than most girls. You can understand a mother's feelings; and if there was to be anything, I couldn't spoil it; could I, now?"

"But there isn't to be anything."

"So I've told her for months past. I'm not going to say anything to blame you; but young men ought to be very particular; indeed they ought." Johnny did not choose to hint to the disconsolate mother that it also behoved young women to be very particular, but he thought it. "I've wished many a time, Mr. Eames, that she had never come here; indeed I have. But what's a mother to do? I couldn't put her outside the door." Then Mrs. Roper raised her apron up to her eyes, and began to sob.

"I'm very sorry if I've made any mischief," said Johnny.

"It hasn't been your fault," continued the poor woman, from whom, as her tears became uncontrollable, her true feelings forced themselves and the real outpouring of her feminine nature. "Nor it hasn't been my fault. But I knew what it would come to when I saw how she was going on; and I told her so. I knew you wouldn't put up with the likes of her."

"Indeed, Mrs. Roper, I've always had a great regard for her, and for you too."

"But you weren't going to marry her. I've told her so all along, and I've begged her not to do it,—almost on my knees I have; but she wouldn't be said by me. She never would. She's always been that wilful that I'd sooner have her away from me than with me. Though she's a good young woman in the house,—she is, indeed, Mr. Eames;—and there isn't a pair of hands in it that works so hard; but it was no use my talking."

"I don't think any harm has been done."

"Yes, there has; great harm. It has made the place not respectable. It's the Lupexes is the worst. There's Miss Spruce, who has been with me for nine years,—ever since I've had the house,—she's been telling me this morning that she means to go into the country. It's all the same thing. I understand it. I can see it. The house isn't respectable, as it should be; and your mamma, if she were to know all, would have a right to be angry with me. I did mean to be respectable, Mr. Eames; I did, indeed."

"Miss Spruce will think better of it."

"You don't know what I've had to go through. There's none of them pays, not regular,—only she and you. She's been like the Bank of England, has Miss Spruce."

"I'm afraid I've not been very regular, Mrs. Roper."

"Oh, yes, you have. I don't think of a pound or two more or less at the end of a quarter, if I'm sure to have it some day. The butcher,—he understands one's lodgers just as well as I do,—if the money's really

coming, he'll wait; but he won't wait for such as them Lupexes, whose money's nowhere. And there's Cradell; would you believe it, that fellow owes me eight and twenty pounds!"

"Eight and twenty pounds!"

"Yes, Mr. Eames, eight and twenty pounds! He's a fool. It's them Lupexes as have had his money. I know it. He don't talk of paying, and going away. I shall be just left with him and the Lupexes on my hands; and then the bailiffs may come and sell every stick about the place. I won't say nay to them." Then she threw herself into the old horsehair arm-chair, and gave way to her womanly sorrow.

"I think I'll go upstairs, and get ready for dinner," said Eames.

"And you must go away when you come back?" said Mrs. Roper.

"Well, yes, I'm afraid I must. I meant you to have a month's warning from to-day. Of course I shall pay for the month."

"I don't want to take any advantage; indeed, I don't. But I do hope you'll leave your things. You can have them whenever you like. If Chumpend knows that you and Miss Spruce are both going, of course he'll be down upon me for his money." Chumpend was the butcher. But Eames made no answer to this piteous plea. Whether or no he could allow his old boots to remain in Burton Crescent for the next week or two must depend on the manner in which he might be received by Amelia Roper this evening.

When he came down to the drawing-room, there was no one there but Miss Spruce. "A fine day, Miss Spruce," said he.

"Yes, Mr. Eames, it is a fine day for London; but don't you think the country air is very nice?"

"Give me the town," said Johnny, wishing to say a good word for poor Mrs. Roper, if it were possible.

"You're a young man, Mr. Eames; but I'm only an old woman. That makes a difference," said Miss Spruce.

"Not much," said Johnny, meaning to be civil. "You don't like to be dull any more than I do."

"I like to be respectable, Mr. Eames. I always have been respectable, Mr. Eames." This the old woman said almost in a whisper, looking anxiously to see that the door had not been opened to other listening ears.

"I'm sure Mrs. Roper is very respectable."

"Yes; Mrs. Roper is respectable, Mr. Eames; but there are some here that—— Hush-sh-sh!" And the old lady put her finger up to her lips. The door opened and Mrs. Lupex swam into the room.

"How d'ye do, Miss Spruce? I declare you're always first. It's to get a chance of having one of the young gentlemen to yourself, I believe. What's the news in the city to-day, Mr. Eames? In your position now of course you hear all the news."

"Sir Raffle Buffle has got a new pair of shoes. I don't know that for certain, but I guess it from the time it took him to put them on."

"Ah! now you're quizzing. That's always the way with you

gentlemen when you get a little up in the world. You don't think women are worth talking to then, unless just for a joke or so."

"I'd a great deal sooner talk to you, Mrs. Lupex, than I would to Sir Raffle Buffle."

"It's all very well for you to say that. But we women know what such compliments as those mean;—don't we, Miss Spruce? A woman that's been married five years as I have,—or I may say six,—doesn't expect much attention from young men. And though I was young when I married,—young in years, that is,—I'd seen too much and gone through too much to be young in heart." This she said almost in a whisper; but Miss Spruce heard it, and was confirmed in her belief that Burton Crescent was no longer respectable.

"I don't know what you were then, Mrs. Lupex," said Eames; "but you're young enough now for anything."

"Mr. Eames, I'd sell all that remains of my youth at a cheap rate, at a very cheap rate, if I could only be sure of——"

"Sure of what, Mrs. Lupex?"

"The undivided affection of the one person that I loved. That is all that is necessary to a woman's happiness."

"And isn't Lupex——"

"Lupex! But, hush,—never mind. I should not have allowed myself to be betrayed into an expression of feeling. Here's your friend Mr. Cradell. Do you know I sometimes wonder what you find in that man to be so fond of him." Miss Spruce saw it all, and heard it all, and positively resolved upon moving herself to those two small rooms at Dulwich.

Hardly a word was exchanged between Amelia and Eames before dinner. Amelia still devoted herself to Cradell, and Johnny saw that that arrow, if it should be needed, would be a strong weapon. Mrs. Roper they found seated at her place at the dining-table, and Eames could perceive the traces of her tears. Poor woman! Few positions in life could be harder to bear than hers! To be ever tugging at others for money that they could not pay; to be ever tugged at for money which she could not pay; to desire respectability for its own sake, but to be driven to confess that it was a luxury beyond her means; to put up with disreputable belongings for the sake of lucre, and then not to get the lucre, but be driven to feel that she was ruined by the attempt! How many Mrs. Ropers there are who from year to year sink down and fall away, and no one knows whither they betake themselves! One fancies that one sees them from time to time at the corners of the streets in battered bonnets and thin gowns, with the tattered remnants of old shawls upon their shoulders, still looking as though they had within them a faint remembrance of long-distant respectability. With anxious eyes they peer about, as though searching in the streets for other lodgers. When they get their daily morsels of bread, and their poor cups of thin tea, their cups of thin tea, with perhaps a pennyworth of gin added, Providence be good! Of this state of things Mrs. Roper had



appreciation, and now, poor woman, she feared that she was reaching it, by the aid of the Lupexes. On the present occasion she carved her joint of meat in silence, and sent out her slices to the good guests that would leave her, and to the bad guests that would remain, with apathetic impartiality. What was the use now of doing favour to one lodger or disfavour to another? Let them take their mutton,—they who would pay for it and they who would not. She would not have the carving of many more joints in that house if Chumpend acted up to all the threats which he had uttered to her that morning.

The reader may, perhaps, remember the little back room behind the dining parlour. A description was given in some former pages of an interview which was held there between Amelia and her lover. It was in that room that all the interviews of Mrs. Roper's establishment had their existence. A special room for interviews is necessary in all households of a mixed nature. If a man lives alone with his wife, he can have his interviews where he pleases. Sons and daughters, even when they are grown up, hardly create the necessity of an interview-chamber, though some such need may be felt if the daughters are marriageable and independent in their natures. But when the family becomes more complicated than this, if an extra young man be introduced, or an aunt comes into residence, or grown-up children by a former wife interfere with the domestic simplicity, then such accommodation becomes quite indispensable. No woman would think of taking in lodgers without such a room; and this room there was at Mrs. Roper's, very small and dingy, but still sufficient,—just behind the dining parlour and opposite to the kitchen stairs. Hither, after dinner, Amelia was summoned. She had just seated herself between Mrs. Lupex and Miss Spruce, ready to do battle with the former because she would stay, and with the latter because she would go, when she was called out by the servant girl.

“Miss Mealyer, Miss Mealyer,—sh—sh—sh!” And Amelia, looking round, saw a large red hand beckoning to her. “He's down there,” said Jemima, as soon as her young mistress had joined her, “and wants to see you most partic'lar.”

“Which of 'em?” asked Amelia, in a whisper.

“Why, Mr. Heames, to 'be sure. Don't you go and have anythink to say to the other one, Miss Mealyer, pray don't; he ain't no good; he ain't indeed.”

Amelia stood still for a moment on the landing, calculating whether it would be well for her to have the interview, or well to decline it. Her objects were two;—or, rather, her object was in its nature twofold. She was, naturally, anxious to drive John Eames to desperation; and anxious also, by some slight added artifice, to make sure of Cradell if Eames's desperation did not have a very speedy effect. She agreed with Jemima's

“ism in the main, but she did not go quite so far as to think that certain it was no good at all. Let it be Eames, if Eames were possible; let the other string be kept for use if Eames were not possible. Poor

girl! in coming to this resolve she had not done so without agony. She had a heart, and with such power as it gave her, she loved John Eames. But the world had been hard to her; knocking her about hither and thither unmercifully; threatening, as it now threatened, to take from her what few good things she enjoyed. When a girl is so circumstanced she cannot afford to attend to her heart. She almost resolved not to see Eames on the present occasion, thinking that he might be made the more desperate by such refusal, and remembering also that Cradell was in the house and would know of it.

"He's there a-waiting, Miss Mealyer. Why don't yer come down?" and Jemima plucked her young mistress by the arm.

"I am coming," said Amelia. And with dignified steps she descended to the interview.

"Here she is, Mr. Eames," said the girl. And then Johnny found himself alone with his lady-love.

"You have sent for me, Mr. Eames," she said, giving her head a little toss, and turning her face away from him. "I was engaged upstairs, but I thought it uncivil not to come down to you as you sent for me so special."

"Yes, Miss Roper, I did want to see you very particularly."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, and he understood fully that the exclamation referred to his having omitted the customary use of her Christian name.

"I saw your mother before dinner, and I told her that I am going away the day after to-morrow."

"We all know about that;—to the earl's, of course!" And then there was another chuck of her head.

"And I told her also that I had made up my mind not to come back to Burton Crescent."

"What! leave the house altogether!"

"Well; yes. A fellow must make a change sometimes, you know."

"And where are you going, John?"

"That I don't know as yet."

"Tell me the truth, John; are you going to be married? Are you—going—to marry—that young woman,—Mr. Crosbie's leavings? I demand to have an answer at once. Are you going to marry her?"

He had determined very resolutely that nothing she might say should make him angry, but when she thus questioned him about "Crosbie's leavings" he found it very difficult to keep his temper. "I have not come," said he, "to speak to you about any one but ourselves."

"That put-off won't do with me, sir. You are not to treat any girl you may please in that sort of way;—oh, John!" Then she looked at him as though she did not know whether to fly at him and cover him with kisses, or to fly at him and tear his hair.

"I know I haven't behaved quite as I should have done," he began.

"Oh, John!" and she shook her head. "You mean, then, to tell me that you are going to marry her?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind. I only mean to say that I am going away from Burton Crescent."

"John Eames, I wonder what you think will come to you! Will you answer me this; have I had a promise from you,—a distinct promise, over and over again, or have I not?"

"I don't know about a distinct promise——"

"Well, well! I did think that you was a gentleman that would not go back from your word. I did think that. I did think that you would never put a young lady to the necessity of bringing forward her own letters to prove that she is not expecting more than she has a right! You don't know! And that, after all that has been between us! John Eames!" And again it seemed to him as though she were about to fly.

"I tell you that I know I haven't behaved well. What more can I say?"

"What more can you say? Oh, John! to ask me such a question! If you were a man you would know very well what more to say. But all you private secretaries are given to deceit, as the sparks fly upwards. However, I despise you,—I do, indeed. I despise you."

"If you despise me, we might as well shake hands and part at once. I daresay that will be best. One doesn't like to be despised, of course; but sometimes one can't help it." And then he put out his hand to her.

"And is this to be the end of all?" she said, taking it.

"Well, yes; I suppose so. You say I'm despised."

"You shouldn't take up a poor girl in that way for a sharp word,—not when she is suffering as I am made to suffer. If you only think of it,—think what I have been expecting!" And now Amelia began to cry, and to look as though she were going to fall into his arms.

"It is better to tell the truth," he said; "isn't it?"

"But it shouldn't be the truth."

"But it is the truth. I couldn't do it. I should ruin myself and you too, and we should never be happy."

"I should be happy,—very happy indeed." At this moment the poor girl's tears were unaffected, and her words were not artful. For a minute or two her heart,—her actual heart,—was allowed to prevail.

"It cannot be, Amelia. Will you not say good-by?"

"Good-by," she said, leaning against him as she spoke.

"I do so hope you will be happy," he said. And then, putting his arm round her waist, he kissed her; which he certainly ought not to have done.

When the interview was over, he escaped out into the crescent, and as he walked down through the squares,—Woburn Square, and Russell Square, and Bedford Square,—towards the heart of London, he felt himself elated, almost to a state of triumph. He had got himself well out of his difficulties, and now he would be ready for his love-tale to Lily.

## Publishers Before the Age of Printing.

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EVER since the moveable types of Faust have been in general use, with their immense powers for good and evil profoundly modifying social life, it has been the general opinion, either rhetorically expressed, or tacitly implied, that in all preceding ages Literature was hampered with serious difficulties in respect to its publication and distribution. And during the whole of the Middle Ages *this was* the condition of Literature. Books were necessarily rare and costly. They were so because readers were few and incurious; and readers were few and incurious partly from this very difficulty of getting books. Even when the great agitations of religious and political polemics roused their desire for books, the slow process of transcription, and the small number of transcribers, necessarily made books scanty in quantity and costly in price.

On this subject, however, enough has been written. I merely glance at it to suggest that our estimate of the condition of Literature in the Middle Ages has by a very natural but improper generalization been extended to Rome, where we assume that similar conditions would necessarily have produced similar results; but in this we make the egregious mistake of assuming that the conditions were similar. If I were to say that in Rome, under the empire, there were publishing houses which almost rivalled the great firms of our own days, both in the extent of their enterprises and the cheapness of their publications, the reader would justly suspect me of playful paradox or wilful exaggeration. But without going so far as to place copying on a level with printing, or suggesting that Atticus, Tryphon, and Dorus, would have made much figure in Albemarle Street, Paternoster Row, or Cornhill, I think it may be irresistibly shown that not only is the current opinion respecting the condition of Literature implied by the absence of printing, wholly wrong as regards Rome, but that the Roman publishers exhibited immense activity, issued large and cheap editions, and made large profits.

It is obvious that if books had been slow in production and costly in price, the readers of each separate work would necessarily have been few; and even the most successful author would have had to wait many years before reaching the mass of readers. Now nothing is more patent to the student of Roman Literature than that the popular authors addressed an immense public; that they were read not simply in Rome, and in the select circles of Italy, but throughout the vast empire. Unless we are to suppose the poets pushed boasting to the point of buffoonery, we can only thus understand Martial, Ovid, and Propertius when they speak of their

works as being "known all over the world."\* Nor do they simply use this vague phrase. They specify that old and young, women and girls, in Rome and in the provinces, in Britain and Gaul, in the senate and the camp, read their verses. "Every one," says Martial, "has me in his pocket, every one has me in his hands."

Laudat, amat, cantat, nostros mea Roma libellos :  
Meque sinus omnis, me manus omnis habet. †

Particular attention is called to this mention of the works being in the hands of the people, because the mere notoriety of the poems might have been gained through other channels, especially the public recitations. As we proceed we shall come upon other similar indications. Horace speaks with disgust, and not with great delicacy, of the repugnance he felt to seeing his books in the hands of the vulgar ; ‡ and we shall see presently that cheap bindings were in vogue, to bring the works within every one's reach.

It is true that the Roman people had abundant means of acquainting themselves with popular works without buying them. If they had no Mudie, they had public libraries, to which no subscription was asked ; and they had public Recitations, also gratis, to which they seemed to have flocked as we flock to public meetings. These Recitations present a curious picture of Roman life. Their origin was the natural (and somewhat afflicting) desire urging authors, especially poets, to read their productions to a few select friends, before venturing on an appeal to the great public. When the friends really desire to be read to, the practice is innocent enough, if not very profitable. When, as alas ! too frequently happens, the friends vehemently desire *not* to be read to, but submit out of friendship or politeness, the practice is equally unprofitable, and not a little hateful. It is a practice which materially disturbs one's pleasure in German society at the present day. Not only are poems recited with superfluous generosity before they are printed, but on the slightest provocation poems which have long been published are forced upon the company. Molière must have suffered from this infliction, as we see in his happy lines :—

Le défaut des auteurs, dans leurs productions,  
C'est d'en tyranniser les conversations,  
D' être au Palais, au Cours, aux ruelles, aux tables,  
De leurs vers fatigants lecteurs infatigables.§

In Rome the practice rapidly became an institution. Baths, and other public places were seldom without some improvised reading ; and besides

\* MARTIAL : *Epig.* lib. I. 2 ; III. 95 ; V. 13. The repetition of the phrase would be too impudent were there no foundation for such a boast. OVID : *Tristia*, IV. 9 and 10, threatens to make his praises and complaints travel as far as the earth extends "from east to west, and beyond the waves will be heard the sobs of my plaints."

† *Epig.* lib. VI. 61.

‡ *Sat.* I. 4, 71.

§ *Les Femmes Savantes*, Act III., Sc. V.

these, there were solemn and elaborate recitations at which emperors thought it their duty or policy to attend, and some of them even read their own compositions there. Pliny, in one of his letters, mentions that scarcely a single day of the previous month had been without its recitation. The entertainment being gratis, there was no lack of listeners. To the authors themselves these occasions were certainly delightful; and Ovid in exile complains of having no one to whom he can read his verses, no applausive audiences to stimulate his flagging energies.

The existence of these Recitations, and their frequency, prove the existence of a popular interest in literature. "All flock in crowds," says Juvenal, "to hear the sweet voice of Statius, when he has gladdened the city by fixing the day for reading the *Thebais*. So great is the charm with which he captivates their souls; such the delight with which the multitude listens. But though his energy may break down the benches, the applause will not prevent his starving."\*

The public of those days, we must recollect, was essentially an idle public. The work of the world was mainly done by slaves. The freemen had little to occupy their time; and when once the taste for literature had been excited, it was a means of saving many from their immense ennui. Even in our busy public there is an eager desire to hear about all the literary novelties; but with multitudes of Romans it was an active employment. They were to be found lounging in the bookshops, and the baths, reading or listening. We seem to smell parchment and papyrus everywhere. We see them even at meals listening to their slaves reading, or reclining on couches with an unrolled papyrus in their hands. The women were as well read in the current literature as our idle ladies who subscribe to Mudie's. Stockings would have been as blue then as now, only stockings had not been invented; and the dislike of Juvenal and Martial for this blueness is feelingly expressed.

That the Roman populace was not shut out from Literature, and even newspapers, by the want of a printing-press, is certain. What their newspapers may have contained, I do not know; but Tacitus tells us that in the provinces, and even in the camp, these papers were read with great avidity, every one being anxious to hear what Thraseas had not done †—as in our day they are to hear what Louis Napoleon has said, or has not said.

The existence of several well-known publishers proves the activity of the book-trade. Dionysius of Halicarnassus speaks of the "thousands of writers" on the single subject of the early Roman history; and

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\* *Curritur ad vocem jucundam et carmen amice  
Thebaidos, lætam quum fecit Statius urbem  
Promisitque diem : tanta dulcedine captos  
Afficit ille animos tantaque libidine vulgi  
Auditur ; sed quum fregit subsellia versu,  
Esurit.—Sat. VII. 82-6.*

† TACIT.: *Ann.* XVI. 22: *Curatius leguntur ut noscatur quid Thraseas non fecerit.*

although there is of course hyperbole in his phrase of *μυρίων ἄλλων*, yet even as an hyperbole it indicates a large number. And there is no exaggeration, but a statement meant to be precise, in the notice of the two thousand copies of the pseudo-Sibylline books which Augustus confiscated in Rome alone. Here, also, is a fact which points in the same direction: Pliny laughingly writes to a friend that Regulus has taken into his head to weep ostentatiously for the loss of his son; and no one weeps like him—*luget ut nemo*. “He sets sculptors and painters to work, and composes an oration which he is not content with publicly reciting in Rome, but must enrich the provinces with a thousand copies of it—in *exemplaria transcriptum mille*.” \*

There is one important source of demand which must not be overlooked, I mean for School-books. When Juvenal says that the “verses which the boy has just conned over on his bench he stands up to repeat,” it is clear that the Roman boys had their lesson-books, which they thumbed, tore, and lost, as their descendants have done. And it is worthy of remark, that in the Roman schools the popular poets were studied; nay, Persius tells us that it was the ambition of poets to be read in schools; and Nero, in whom literary vanity, as we know, † was intense, gave express orders that his verses should be given to the boys.

But perhaps the strongest indication of this activity is seen in the fact that the library formed an essential part of every house; which is very far from true of houses of our own day, even among the easy classes. It is probable that much of this was mere fashion, and that books were regarded in the light of elegant furniture. It is certain that Seneca ridicules the general mania for book-collecting in men who only know the outsides of their possessions. But the fashion implies that books were an important element in Roman life; since it was not the fancy of a few collectors who might have set their ambition on books, as others do on coins or shells. The mere fact that in every decent household there were slaves especially assigned to the distinct offices of reading aloud and transcribing and looking after the books, proves the large place occupied by literature.

The prices tell a similar tale. If books had been costly, they must have been rare; if they had not been cheap they could not have been common. Thus, on the one hand, the evidence which proves that books must have been abundant, proves that they must have been cheap; and on the other, the evidence, scanty as it is, but decisive, which proves that books were cheap, points to their abundance. A learned Frenchman, who has investigated this point of price, ‡ comes to the conclusion that the prices were lower than those in our own day. Let us hear what Martial says. The first book of his Epigrams was to be bought, he tells us, for five denarii (nearly three shillings) elegantly bound; but in a

\* PLINY: *Epist.* IV. 6.

† See *Cornhill Magazine* for July. Art. “Was Nero a Monster?”

‡ GERAUD: *Essai sur les livres dans l'antiquité*.—P. 180.

cheaper binding for the people it cost six to ten sestertii (a shilling to one-and-eightpence). His thirteenth book of Epigrams was sold for four sestertii (about eightpence); and he says that half that price would leave a fair profit:—

Omnis in hoc gracili xeniorum turba libello  
 Constabit nummis quatuor emta tibi,  
 Quatuor est nimium, poterit constare duobus,  
 Et faciet lucrum bibliopola Tryphon.\*

If Tryphon, the publisher, made cent. per cent. profit on a charge of eightpence for a bound copy of original poems by a celebrated author, the cost of production must have indeed been small. And Horace's well-known lines, declaring that a successful poem brings both money to publisher and fame to author, passing even across the sea, indicate that the numbers sold must have been very large.

The reader, doubtless, jumps to the conclusion that books were cheap in those days, because authors were not paid. But the reader is rash, and in his rashness wrong. Authors *were* paid. I do not assert, nor insinuate, that they ever received the sums which our magnificent bibliopoles pay celebrated authors—sums the very mention of which would, a few years ago, have fluttered the attics of Grub Street to madness. Horace never got a guinea a line for his odes; nor did Petronius receive sixteen thousand pounds for his romance. Livy was not so well paid as Macaulay. But the Roman authors were paid, nevertheless, and were paid sums greater than were usually received long after the invention of printing. It is very probable that then, as now, many books were published without an *honorarium*; sometimes because the authors were rich, and wrote only for fame—which would, of course, help the cheapness of books; and sometimes because the quality of the works inspired but a mediocre confidence in their commercial success. But it is clear that as soon as publishing became a commercial speculation, and rival publishers struggled for the honour (and profit) of new works, needy authors would learn the value of their manuscripts. That Martial was paid, and was very anxious for the money, we know from his own confession. He lets us know that he, too, was—

Impelled by hunger and request of friends;

and he finishes a book that he may touch the *honorarium*. It is, no doubt, true that Martial complains of his poverty, and bitterly says, that while his verses are read even in Britain, his purse knows nothing of it. An old complaint this of the poverty of poets,† and one which the invention of printing was far from alleviating. But Martial received, it is estimated, the sum of four thousand four hundred francs, or, say two hundred pounds, for his epigrams: a small sum, and one which would by no means diminish his sense of not being paid. But Milton, for the *Paradise Lost*,

\* *Epig.* XIII. 3.

† "Quare ergo, inquam, tam male vestitus es? Propter hoc ipsum, ait; amor ingenii neminem unquam divitem fecit."—PETRONIUS; *Satyricon*.



and Spenser, for the *Fairy Queen*, would have considered such a sum magnificent. Indeed, many poets, and other authors, since the invention of printing, have been glad to get their works published, and receive for the copyright a few presentation copies. Apropos of these presentation copies, Martial complains that impudent acquaintances make claims upon them to save the small purchase-money; and some add insult to injury by selling the copy they have begged from the author. We have our own grievances in this line; among them is that noticed by Charles Lamb, who objects to authors "presenting you with copies of their work which don't sell (writing in them their foolish autograph), and expect you in return to present them with copies of your works which do sell."

If, on the one hand, there is evidence of an universal taste for reading, and immense publicity for successful writers, and, on the other hand, of immense publishing activity implied by this, and also of surprising cheapness of books, it becomes a question how such diffusion and cheapness became practicable before the invention of printing, which to us seems the only means of cheap literature. That no parallel can properly be drawn between the condition of things in Rome and during the Middle Ages is apparent in the capital facts, that in Rome books were not rare and costly, and that readers were numerous. Wherein then lies the source of the difference? In the fact of slave-labour. In Rome there were hundreds, nay thousands, of slaves employed in that work of transcribing, which, in the Middle Ages, was done by a few monks and clerks. Slave-labour was not only abundant, it was cheap. Writing, in the Middle Ages, was not a common accomplishment, and labour was valuable. In the Roman household the readers (*anagnostæ*) and the transcribers (*librarii*) were almost as indispensable as cooks or dressers. Even the ladies had their female transcribers (*librariæ*). These slaves were not only employed in writing to dictation, and making extracts, but also in copying any book which their masters desired, and which was not yet issued to the public, or had ceased to be common in the shops.

At first every one supplied his library by these means. But gradually the natural tendency to the division of labour, and specialization of employments, produced a separate class of publishers. Atticus, a man of refined taste, and himself an author, being of a commercial no less than of a literary turn, saw a fine opening for his tastes and energies in the preparation of copies on a grand scale. He had a number of slaves trained specially for the purpose; and, by employing a vast number of copyists at once, he could multiply books almost as fast as they were demanded; and could issue them at a price which would induce most people to buy from him rather than employ their own slaves in copying. He produced books at a low price, with great rapidity, and in a superior style. His success was so great as rapidly to find imitators: publishing became a trade. Rome soon had numerous bookshops in every quarter. The columns of the colonnades were emblazoned with announcements of new books. And favourite authors were besieged by flattering publishers,

as we learn from Pliny and Quintilian, eager to get the work "so much and so generally desired by the public." This eagerness was not unfrequently punished; the Nemesis of a large "remainder" overtook the too enterprising speculator. However, there was the resource of the provinces, to which unsold copies could be despatched; and when the provinces were rebellious, there was always, as Martial and Horace intimate, the resource of selling the unread verses to wrap up pastry and spices.

There was no need of printing when slave-labour was thus abundant. One slave dictating to a hundred transcribers at once, the production of a large edition would have cost less, and would have required little more time, than a similar edition issuing from our printing-offices. The rapidity of the transcription was, of course, facilitated by the system of abbreviations. To judge of this rapidity we have the intimation of Martial, that it would only require one hour to copy the whole of the second book of his Epigrams.

Hæc una peragit librarius hora.\*

Now this book contains five hundred and forty verses; and if we understand him literally when he says "one hour," that would give about nine verses in a minute. This is, perhaps, scarcely acceptable. But make whatever deduction is reasonable on the score of his speaking laxly, we cannot help the conclusion that the copying was very rapid. An edition of a thousand copies of such a poem might thus be produced in one day were it required.

That works prepared from dictation should be full of blunders, is to be expected. The authors are loud in complaint. Hence the defectiveness of ancient texts which has given employment and cause of quarrel to so many commentators. Perhaps, if critics had borne distinctly in mind the fact of ancient MSS. being all more or less open to the great source of corruption which arises from mishearing—complicated as it is by the MSS. having in later ages been copied by men who would add the errors of the eye to errors of the ear—their emendations might have been more felicitous. I will, before concluding, mention one ludicrous blunder which runs through all the editions of Pausanias, until Dindorf corrected it—a blunder most probably arising from a confused hearing on the part of the transcriber. Pausanias is made to say that the Sibyl's mother was a goddess, but her father was an *eater of whales*: *πατὴρ δὲ κητοφάγοιο*. What a whale-eater might be, as a special distinction, few seemed to have troubled themselves about. But Dindorf, seeing that there was some antithesis implied between mother and father, that is, between goddess and something else, and not recognizing this antithesis in the eater of whales, felicitously guessed that the antithesis to goddess was mortal—and that the mortal was not an eater of whales, but an eater of bread, which, as Homer says, the gods are *not*. Dindorf corrected the phrase into *δὲκ σιτοφάγοιο*; and the passage became sense.

\* *Epig.* II. 1.

## Sermons.

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LET us consider the question of Sermons, not in any controversial or doctrinal, or, what is different from both, in any religious point of view, but simply regarded as sermons—*sermo*, a discourse—to be judged as we judge any other discourse on any other subject, literary, scientific, or political. Is this allowable? Some may say decidedly no. There are those who believe that every word which drops from the lips of any youth consecrated episcopally is altogether sacred, and beyond the pale of criticism. Others, while denying the doctrine of apostolic succession, deem their own “gospel preacher”—that is, the man who preaches their own particular gospel, however incoherently, illogically, and ungrammatically—to be a “teacher sent from God.” And a large intermediate portion of the decently religious community view “the clergyman,” or “the minister,” with a sort of respectful indifference, as a decorous necessity, whose discourses, like himself, are to be taken for granted, but neither judged nor investigated.

But does not the truth of the question lie far below—or above—these various opinions? The more earnest is our belief in, and reverence for, the minister of divine things, the sharper must be our judgment upon every man who assumes such an office, until, or unless, he has proved himself consecrated to it by the only true consecration—the Spirit of God burning within him and shining without, in all his words, and works, and ways. Otherwise, whether he wear Geneva bands, Episcopal apron, or the fustian jacket of John Jones, bricklayer and Methodist preacher, he is still no more than “the man in the pulpit,” whom it is lawful and right for us to judge as we judge any other man; or rather, not him but his sermon.

Thus I mean neither offence nor irreverence, if I speak out plainly a few things which many persons must have inwardly thought, regarding the discourses that we all hear Sunday after Sunday, in our various churches and chapels of England, Scotland, or Ireland. It would be easy to make an amusing article of thinly-disguised personalities, but the subject is too serious to be “amusing” upon. Besides, there is a certain text, “He that is not against us is for us.” The very poorest soldier who wears our Master’s cloth, and fights, ever so feebly, in our Master’s army, deserves respect, and shall have it here.

A sermon, then—what is it? Among Episcopalians it usually means an original discourse about twenty-five minutes long, read carefully, but unimpressively, and listened to with civil indifference, as an excrescence, often unwelcome, upon the noble and beautiful liturgy which is the pride

and bulwark of the English Church. In Scotland it is different: the mere phrase "between sermons" implies the difference. South of the Tweed it is always "between service." There, the service is everything, the sermon of comparatively little moment. Mingle in an English congregation, passing out, wearily maybe, but reverentially, into the open air, and you will rarely hear the slightest comment on the preacher. He and his sermon are taken as a matter of course. But at the "skellin'" of a Scotch kirk, almost before the congregation have quitted their pews, you may catch the eager buzz of conversation on the merits of the discourse and the peculiarities of the minister. He knows this only too well—is aware that each hearer is a sharp critic, and possibly a sharper theologian; that every fragment of the worship—prayer included—will be assuredly commented upon by every worshipper present, with that keen earnestness that the national mind brings, proverbially, to everything with which it comes in contact.

This is the weak point of the Church of Scotland—that where the weight of the service falls on one man, it is apt to become a service directed unto men, instead of a worship offered unto God. And though in its highest sense all worship ought to be extempore, the voice of one man lifting up the praises and supplications of the rest, in the language of the moment, and suited to the present needs of the people; still we all know into what this is apt to degenerate. Many, nay the most of Presbyterian prayers are mere doctrinal disquisitions; or, worse, harangues addressed to the Almighty, informing Him, in a tone little less than blasphemous, of what He is, what He has done, and what He ought to do.

To any one familiar with this peculiarity of the Scottish Kirk, and of many English and Irish Nonconformist sects, there will appear nothing extraordinary or incredible in the story of the minister who, in giving thanks for the good harvest, stopped and carefully excepted "a few fields between here and Strathbyres;" or the Baptist elder, who, in earnest supplication for an erring brother, explained that "he wears a blue coat, and lives at the corner of the lane."

The same irreverent ignorance affects the sermon. It ceases to be a gospel—a message—in which the speaker feels himself to be the mere deliverer of truths which have been put into his mind and heart to say, in the simplest, clearest form, so as to carry the strongest conviction to his hearers. He becomes the exponent, not of his Master, but of himself: considers what effect he can produce, and what the congregation will be thinking of him. For he is fully aware that on his sole individuality the whole attention of the congregation, and the whole weight of the service, depend.

Whatever other errors, such as dry formalism and wearisome monotony, the English Church falls into, it escapes this. You never hear from English clergymen those flowery discourses, delivered with set changes of voice and rhetorical action, which are the pride and shame of youthful ministers, especially in Scotland: those elegant extempore rhapsodies

which we are well aware have been "got" by heart, and "studied" before the looking-glass all the week. Happily, however, the practice of first writing sermons, and then committing them to memory, is being gradually discontinued. Its patent folly and falseness are such that one wonders it was not long since resisted and put an end to by all sensible and spirited ministers of the Kirk of Scotland.

To this may be mainly attributed the great bane of that Church—"show" sermons. The preacher—he is usually young—mounts the pulpit, every hair in every curl, and every motion of hands or eyes, being arranged with a view to effect. He then begins, gets through the hymns, Scripture-reading, and prayer, and buckles to for the grand achievement—the sermon. It has a text certainly; and he delivers it with energy; then bursts into a continuous stream of language. Mere language—nothing more; a farrago of similes, epithets, adjectives, quasi-soliloquies, and scenery pictures (oh, what daubs they are!) heaped together in unconnected confusion; sentence after sentence threaded on, bearing not the slightest relation to each other or to the text. And often, though headed with a text, it is scarcely a religious discourse at all, but a string of sentimental nonsense, into which is dragged, for illustration or embellishment, every conceivable subject in art, literature, or science, with which the young man is acquainted. At last he stops, wipes his damp brow, and sits down, congratulating himself, and deluding a portion of his hearers, that he has preached a very "powerful" sermon. And by a series of such, he will very likely "lead captive silly women," and become for the time a popular preacher.

"Unhappy is the nation whose king is a child," says the wise Solomon. And unhappy is the Church whose clergy are raw boys, eager to display themselves and their cleverness, and believing that the whole duty of a minister of the gospel is to preach "popular" sermons.

At the opposite pole of inefficiency is the sort of clergyman whom one continually finds in English country parishes, where he has been located by hereditary influence as the squire's younger brother, son, or nephew; or has settled down into the Church because he was not considered clever enough for any other profession. In the Presbyterian, and most other forms of unliturgical worship, a man must possess a certain amount of original talent; but in the Church of England talent is not indispensable. Education is, and corresponding refinement. You will rarely find the poorest curate, or the richest and dullest rector, who is not, in degree, a gentleman; but a gentleman is not necessarily a clever man, and certainly not a clever preacher; nay, sometimes quite the contrary. You may get interested in Jack the blacksmith, with his wild, uncouth bursts of passionate piety, in which, like all intensely earnest things, there is something pathetic, something that at times rises almost into poetry. But in the Reverend Blank Blank, with his Oxford or Cambridge learning, his unblemished Johnsonian English, and his grave, decorous, and wholly unobjectionable delivery, you never get interested at all. You can but

sit in passive patience, listening to those vapid periods which compose a moral essay as mindless and commonplace as the school-theme of a lad of twelve. Yet he writes such, week after week, as a duty and necessity; and his congregation listen to them with the same feeling: "He is not much of a preacher, to be sure;" but then he is such a worthy man in his parish—a real pastor, as, God bless them! most of the English country clergy are, only—would that he were a silent shepherd! One would respect him exceedingly could he only be persuaded to confine himself to the district and the reading-desk, and never mount the pulpit more.

But there is a class of preachers more trying even than he—for they do not leave us at peace in that lowest deep of "the intense inane," where even the tenderest conscience is satisfied that to listen is impossible, and we take refuge in blissful repose or in thinking about something else. In these other sermons there is a degree of pretension and even accomplishment. They rise to the level of mild mediocrity. They are written well and scholarly, and delivered with that quiet gentlemanly elocution, which, in strong contrast to the Scotch and Irish habit of thundering and cushion-thumping, is the especial characteristic of the English clergy. As to matter—there is, without doubt, a certain substance in the discourse—a degree of steady connectedness and logical induction; only, unfortunately, all the premisses are taken for granted, and all the arguments we think we have somehow heard before. The whole sermon is, in fact, not so much an elucidation as an expansion of the text. Or else it is a familiar fragment of Bible story, reproduced with amplifications innumerable, imaginary conversations, soliloquies, and descriptions, until the anecdote or parable is diluted from its original Saxon brevity—touching and beautiful—into a long-winded history of which everybody knows beginning, middle, and end—moral included; which is tacked on to the end of it with remorseless accuracy, and often with exaggerated applications for which the original text has not the slightest warrant. But the good man must say something—and he says it: though at the close we cannot but think he has left his subject precisely where he found it. He had much better have read in his impressive, sonorous voice, the chapter or parable, and closed the book.

Would that there could be impressed upon half the preachers of the day this wholesome doctrine of silence! As said one of them lately—a noted man too—to the present writer, who desired to come and hear him preach: "You had better stop at home. What do people come to hear me for? Most of them know everything that I can teach them." "Then," replied his interlocutor, "why do you preach at all?" "Well," said the other, half sadly, "I sometimes do ask myself that very question. Why should we parsons be expected and obliged to preach, Sunday after Sunday, whether or not we have got anything to say?"

Ay—that is the question. Two sermons per week: one hundred and four sermons a year: such is the average produced by, and expected of, almost every clergyman in the United Kingdom. One hundred and four

discourses on one subject to be extracted from one human brain in the course of a twelvemonth! Why, if the same were demanded of any other literary worker—say a quarterly reviewer, an essayist, a lecturer on science, or a writer of political leaders—he would answer, if he had a fairly humble estimate of himself and his own powers, “It is impossible. That is, I may do it somehow; but the work will not be good. I shall drift into prosy expansions—feeble repetitions; reproductions in my own words of other men’s ideas; or, be my own ideas ever so original, they will be presented crudely, roughly, and imperfectly. No. If I am a worker at all, I must have time to do justice both to myself and to my labours.”

Yet if one were to suggest to any preacher that, be his sermons good, bad, or indifferent, if he were to write two per month, instead of eight, they would likely be much better; or if, instead of wearying his soul out every Friday and Saturday, to concoct a given number of pages of his own, he would sometimes substitute the same quantity of somebody else’s, how horrified and offended our reverend friend would be! Yet why? Homer sometimes sleeps, or is ill, or worried, or overdone with business. Why should our rector or curate have more immunity than his neighbours from the weaknesses of humanity? Why, instead of cudgelling his brains Saturday after Saturday, in spite of sickness, business, or worry, to compose a discourse for which nobody is the least the better, does he not occasionally stand up calmly in his pulpit with a preface after this kind:—“My brethren, this week I could not write a sermon worth your hearing, so I will read you one that is worth hearing.”

Ay, and it would be, if he then opened a volume of Jeremy Taylor, or Tillotson, or Ken, or of our many excellent modern preachers whom it would be invidious to particularize:—reading it with his heart and soul, and sympathy; perhaps pausing here and there to discriminate and explain some little point wherein the two minds of writer and reader differed; but still giving, humbly and honestly, another man’s wheat, instead of his own bran; and sending his flock away full, not empty; well fed, not choked with the poor refuse of what, properly administered, might have been good and substantial pabulum for many a day.

If many of our clergymen would have the moral courage to do this, surely, after the first shock of surprise at the innovation, their congregation would acquiesce gratefully in a proceeding so much to the advantage of both preacher and hearers. Especially as it would only be attempted by a very honest man, whose humility equalled his honesty: who had the sense to take that conscientious estimate of himself and his productions, which ensures the only real respect, and constitutes the only true dignity.

It remains to speak of one more class, or rather two branches of one class, of sermons, which are, for many things, still more objectionable. Worse than the dullest written discourse which one ever dozed over, on a sleepy Sunday in June, with the church-doors open, and the “baa” of the sheep in the churchyard, or the faint warble of the skylark on a

level with the steeple weathercock, coming in at every pause, inclining us to believe that the Reverend Dr. Laverock is the best minister after all. Infinitely better than one of these youths—they are generally young—who give the sort of sermon I refer to.

These really extempore preachers, different from the pseudo-extempore Scotch preachers before described, are usually Irish. Who except an Irishman possesses that wondrous "gift of the gab," that frothy facility of speech, and that unfailing confidence in the same, which enables him to stand up in a pulpit, armed only with a pocket Bible, and pour forth by the hour a stream of disconnected rubbish—clever rubbish it may be—gilded and filigreed over with apt illustrations, picturesque phraseology, and passionate exclamatory devotion, but still devoid of substance, purpose, or argument; a sermon, in short, which, though it may interest for the moment, contains not an atom of truth which the hearer can take hold of, or carry away with him? No doubt it sounded very fine at the time, but when he comes to think it over, he cannot in the least remember what it was about—can recall at best but a few stray passages, or a brilliant thought, brilliantly expressed, sticking in the midst of a heap of verbiage, like a fire-fly in a negro's hair.

No wonder. Among our reticent and self-contained Northern races, the power of extemporaneous fluency is extremely rare. Very few even among educated men can put six consecutive ideas into as many sentences, without muddling all up together, falling into nervous repetition, or stilted declamation, and ending by a conviction that they have made thorough asses of themselves, said a great deal that they never meant to say, and nothing that they did. So much for ordinary public speaking. As for the great gift of oratory, it does not, either in pulpit or public rostrum, fall upon three men in the course of a century.

Among the lay community these would-be Demostheneses find their level, are hissed from platforms and hustings, or coughed down in Parliament: but in the church there is no remedy. And yet there is sure to exist a section of the young and foolish, who are caught by the clap-trap of such sermons; who believe that "the Gospel" consists of a number of texts strung together without meaning or consistency; and that a mere fluency of speech, a fatal facility of adjectives, and the power, by means of repetitory verbs, of spinning out a sentence to the last extremity of tenuity, is indeed the divine eloquence of one whose lips are touched as with the prophet's living coal.

But the very lowest of all sermons are "sensational" sermons. It is just the same whether they are preached by the Reverend Boanerges Wakesouls in the pulpit of a legitimate establishment, or by Mr. Apollos Groanall, in his hot, musty, and not over-clean conventicle, or by the before-mentioned Jack Blacksmith, tossing his brawny arms and shouting out "Glory! glory!" from his improvised cart or tub; all are equally obnoxious, equally dangerous to the cause of religion,—or godliness, which is a somewhat different thing.



First, because, like all extempore sermons, they are such a personal display. A read sermon obliges the reader to keep his eye on his MS., the matter of which must consist of what he has of necessity previously thought of, be his thoughts ever so commonplace, and written down, be his language ever so barren or diffuse. But the preacher without notes throws himself in all his individuality upon the (audience, I was going to write) congregation; attitudinizes, cultivates droppings of voice, and peculiarities of gesture; becomes, in short, as much of an actor as any on the stage. Many of us must know such; men whom we go to hear and are much entertained by, but, somehow, come away with the involuntary feeling that they have mistaken their vocation, and that their proper place ought to have been before the footlights instead of under the ecclesiastic chandelier. And when, in addition, they are not merely actors, but clap-trap actors, using all the lower emotions and passions of men as instruments to produce an effect, stirring up hatred not only against heresy but heretics; taking advantage of that eager craving for the terrible—the same which makes children scream with awful delight at ghost-stories—to treat grown children with vivid pictures of hell, and threatenings of the near approaching day of judgment; when they use all these elements of excitement to effect one grand purpose—their own glorification—do they not deserve the strongest condemnation that tongue or pen can give? Ay, though crowds may fill their churches—exactly as they would the pit of a theatre, and with the same purpose; though there may be power, passion, and even genius, in these discourses; still, it is the misuse of power, the pretence of passion, the prostitution of genius. Worse than all, it teaches men to substitute excitement for devout impression, showy talent for earnestness, and the tickling of the ears for the solemn instruction in righteousness which is an essential part of the service of God.

And now let us consider for a moment what a sermon ought to be. In its highest sense, a message—the “glad tidings of good things”—delivered by a man who believes, in all devout humility, that his utmost honour is to be such a messenger; who in his noblest inspiration never forgets that he is only a messenger, the mouthpiece of the Divine Spirit, by whom, as in his consecration vow he believed and declared himself, he is called to be a chosen priest, and yet a minister. Yes, whether Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or dissenting Nonconformist, still a mere minister: elected to teach the laity, that is, those who are more ignorant than he is himself, what he can, and as much as he can, of Divine truth. If he cannot, and knows he cannot, may Heaven have mercy upon him! for, like Ananias, he has “lied, not unto men, but unto God.”

So much for the high ideal of what a sermon is or ought to be. Beneath this there are its commonplace practical necessities.

A sermon should be, as its name implies, a discourse—like any other discourse on a secular subject; and from it should be exacted the same requirements. It should have one clear idea running through it—all the better if only one—of which its text should be the exponent and illustra-

tion ; not, as is often supposed, the sermon being the illustration of the text. There is no commoner or more fatal mistake than choosing an accidental isolated verse, or clause in a verse, and building upon it a whole superstructure of theological fantasy—useless and baseless—and which, to any clear mind, on carefully examining text and context, is seen immediately to crumble into dust. A good preventive of this error, and an admirable means of elucidating dark passages of Scripture, is the form of preaching called “exposition,” namely, the reading of a chapter and expounding it verse by verse ; a practice used and commended by the early Christians, and which might advantageously be adopted in many pulpits now.

That the sermon, to be worth anything, must be the outpouring of the preacher’s honest heart to the hearts of the congregation, no one will deny ; and this is the reason why earnestness, however blended with coarseness, narrowness, and shallowness of argument, will always have a certain power over certain—nay, over all—audiences. It is their earnestness and not their rant, the true thing in them and not the false, which is the secret of the great influence of our Spurgeons, and Cummings, and Guthries ; as it was of that of the Whitfields and Wesleys of the past generation. The first requisite, therefore, of a sermon is earnestness ; that the congregation should feel, without one doubt, that the preacher means exactly what he says, and teaches what he himself entirely believes. Next to that, his discourse should have completeness. It should be a perfect whole, well fitted in all its parts ; every one of which has been carefully thought out and clearly arranged. Not perhaps in hydra “heads” to “sixteenthly,” but still artistically put together, in fair logical sequence. Whatever opinion he holds—whatever doctrine he preaches—he should have the faculty of clearly expressing it, clothing it in a plain form of lucid language, so that no hearer can possibly mistake his meaning, but, whether agreeing or differing, may be able to carry away a distinct impression of the discourse—sound matter conveyed in sound words.

Then as to the manner. To any deeply religious mind, one fact is self-evident, as true as that the real Church is neither High, Low, nor Broad ; Presbyterian nor Episcopalian ; Catholic nor Protestant ; Established nor Nonconformist ; but the Spiritual Church of Christ, known to Him alone. The highest form of a sermon is *not* oratory. If the message be anything, it is a Divine message. No flowers of rhetoric can exalt, and may ignominiously degrade it. Intellectual dignity of style it should have—neither common colloquialisms, nor slipshod expressions ; but a certain solemn musical flow, which springs naturally out of the high beauty of the subject. That, and no more. The simplest sentences, terse and succinct—the fewest illustrations—the most careful avoidance of all claptrap appeals to the sentiment, fancy, or emotion of the audience : in fact, a style pure, noble, and severe as those discourses which are chronicled in Holy Writ—this is the perfection of a Sermon.

## Parliamentary Committees.

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GIVING, as a Frenchman might say, upon the Thames, and receiving from the river (to keep up the Gallicism) whatever it offers of disagreeable, a series of handsome, lofty rooms exists in the Palace of Westminster. These are committee-rooms. Their opposite sides open, by two doors apiece (one for members, one for other people), upon the corridors, or lobbies of the Houses of Lords and Commons. While Parliament is sitting the rooms are occupied, and the galleries thronged.

Inside, the committee-rooms are pretty much alike. There is in each a large horse-shoe table, with the concavity towards the door. Along the convex side are ranged chairs, for the members of the committees. In the centre of the concavity are a table and two chairs,—one for the witness and one for the short-hand writer. Farther onward, bisecting the room straight across the middle, is another long table, behind which are chairs for barristers, parliamentary agents, and others whose presence is necessary or permitted. At one side there are probably chairs, with tables, which are used by reporters, clerks, and miscellaneous persons of all kinds.

The whole of this furniture is not called into use in every committee-room. A visitor passing from end to end of the gallery which traverses the building on the floor in question, and dropping into the rooms as he went along, would find that the eastern half of them were chiefly occupied by committees sitting on public questions, and the western half by committees on what are called "groups" of private bills. In the eastern rooms he would find, probably, no bewigged barristers, no maps on the walls, and no mob of people "assisting." *These* are the characteristics of the committee-rooms that lie along the western divisions of the gallery. In the eastern rooms there are commonly fifteen members behind the horse-shoe; while the other tables are scarcely used at all. In the western rooms, five members is the maximum; and the place may contain a dozen barristers, a dozen parliamentary agents (gentlemen who devote themselves to parliamentary business under the sanction of an officer of the House), and fifty witnesses,—Scotchmen, Irishmen, Lancashiremen, Yorkshiremen, and what not. Now and then a lady looks in; but she usually flies in a few moments, scared away by the mere force of the unintelligibility of what is going on in these chambers of private legislation.

And what, then, some reader inquires, is private legislation?—of the costliness and vexatiousness of which so many hints have lately been scattered up and down my newspapers?

It may be stated, to begin with, that Private Legislation has nothing

whatever to do with the Secret Service ; though a speculative Zulu, or a retired old lady, might fall into a far less plausible error than that of supposing that the two things were connected. The adjective "private" has regard to the motive, not the method, of the law-making in question ; and certainly the preliminary discussion which it undergoes *ought* to be public, considering that the greater portion of it relates to nothing less than the disposal of the surface of the planet for purposes either of locomotion, or of something connected with locomotion. In fact, the greater number of private bills relate to what is called Dockizing the water, or Gridironing the land ; in other, and, it must be owned, less felicitous phraseology, to the making or regulating of docks or railways.

Let us suppose that a committee is about to try the merits of a bill for making a new line. It is twelve o'clock, or a little past, and there is a quorum. The counsel, agents, and witnesses, and all the "promoters" of the scheme are present ; also the counsel, agents, witnesses, and promoters, who have to do with the different "oppositions." For it is probable that several persons and corporations have presented petitions praying to be heard against the proposed line : a rival railway ; a landowner, or private gentleman, who does not want his field cut up, or his house made less agreeable as a residence ; or the trustees of a turnpike road—all of these having their own separate cases to make out. The clerk of the committee—a gentleman sitting at a side-table—rises and reads out the bill of fare for the day, or perhaps for a good many days, in this fashion :—

THE GREAT SOUTHERN HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE EXTENSION RAILWAY BILL.

*Counsel* : Mr. BENISON and Mr. DAVY JONES.

*Agent* : Mr. MARTIN THEODORIC.

THE PETITION OF THE PUDDLETON AND MUDDLETON RAILWAY COMPANY.

*Counsel* : Sir WILLIAM JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Agents* : Messrs. BLACK and WHITE.

THE PETITION OF THE LANDOWNERS AND OCCUPIERS OF SLOWTOWN.

*Counsel* : Mr. TURKE.

*Agent* : Mr. JERK.

The committee-clerk then sits down. Mr. Benison gets up and makes a speech, describing the projected line of railway, and telling the committee what he is going to prove in evidence. And he concludes by saying that the witnesses whom he is about to call will enable the committee to obtain all the information it needs for forming an opinion.

But one of the most amusing things in the world is the levity with which people talk about "obtaining information." As if information were as easy to pick up as stones ! "It ain't so hard to nuss the sick," said a hired nurse, "as some people might think ; the most of 'em doesn't want nothing, and them as does doesn't get it." Parodying this, one might say, it is much harder to "obtain information" than some people might think :

the most don't know anything, and those who do don't say what they know. Here is a real episode from the history of an inquiry, which took place four or five years ago, into the desirability of making a new line of railway on the Border. A witness was giving what is called "traffic evidence," in justification of the alleged need of the railway, and this is what occurred :—

*Mr. Brown* (the cross-examining counsel for the opponents of the new line).—Do you mean to tell the committee that you ever saw an inhabited house in that valley ?

*Witness*.—Yes, I do.

*Mr. Brown*.—Did you ever see a vehicle there in all your life ?

*Witness*.—Yes, I did.

*Mr. Brown*. Very good.

Some other questions were put, which led to nothing particular; but, just as the witness—a Scotchman—was leaving the box, the learned gentleman put one more question :—

*Q*.—I am instructed to ask you, if the vehicle you saw was not the hearse of the last inhabitant ?

*Answer*.—It was.

This was in old times, when witnesses were not sworn. But, even now, they are apt to be sadly forgetful of the terms of the adjuration, which bind them down to tell, not only the truth, but the *whole* truth. It is nothing short of astonishing, the way in which a man will go on fighting off questions whose purpose is obvious, with shifts and turns which a child can see through; knowing all the while, as one supposes he must know, that all his doublings will not throw the examining counsel off his scent. And yet it is just possible he may *not* know that. For the whole value of *cross-examination* proceeds upon the hypothesis (not unfounded) that the average mortal does not see an inch beyond his nose, and readily tumbles over Socratic traps and spring-guns. Accordingly, a witness who has been for some minutes trying to keep back what everybody can see he is making an effort to conceal, will, just after he has been obliged to let go the fox which was tearing his sides, fall, with charming *abandon*, into the most superficial snare.

It must not be concealed that the difficulty of getting at facts, which is so strongly illustrated at parliamentary committees on railways, is not entirely the fault of those who have to answer the questions. Those who put them are not without blame—the blame of impatience, muddleheadedness, or pedantry. It is difficult, without lending the page to a suspicion of burlesque, to give a notion of the ridiculous fuss which is sometimes made in committee-rooms over a very simple point. People will not attend to what is said, but go on talking, three or four at a time, jumbling up totally distinct things in their haste, when, if they would open their ears, and understandings, and hold their tongues, they could hardly escape arriving at what they want. A scene like the following is really *not* burlesque, however much it may look like it, owing to the difficulty of

representing what cannot be exactly stated. The question is, let us suppose, the very easy one of the width of two pieces of land, marked respectively green and red upon a map on the wall:—

*Mr. Jobson.*—What do you say is the breadth of the two?

*Witness.*—I think the green is sixty feet, and the red forty feet; but, perhaps, I have got the wrong figures: perhaps it is that the red is forty feet, and the green sixty.

*Q. by the Committee.*—Do you say they are both sixty feet, or both forty feet?

*A.*—Neither. I say they are one hundred feet together.

*Mr. Jobson.*—Let us understand this clearly, now. The green patch of land is, you say, one hundred feet wide?

*Mr. Turke.*—No, no, he doesn't; he says one is forty, and the other sixty.

*Q. by the Committee.*—Which is forty, and which is sixty?

*A.*—I have already said that I am not sure; but the two together make up the one hundred feet covered by the limits of deviation.

*Mr. Jobson.*—No doubt, no doubt. The brown being forty feet, and the red —

*Mr. Scope Hott (slyly).*—Where's the brown?

*Chairman (plaintively).*—Let somebody point with a stick to the bit of brown land! *Do get on!*

*Mr. Jobson.*—What I understand you to intend to convey to the committee is this:—Taking the width of the green piece, and the width of the red piece, and looking at the proportions of the two,—taking it, you know, for the purposes of comparison,—then, as a question of addition, the sum total of the two would be represented by sixty *plus* forty—is not that so?

*Witness (in despair, — not in the least following the question).*—Exactly! Just so!

*Cross-examined by Mr. Benison. Q.*—Black, white, or grey, the two pieces of land together make one hundred feet wide?

*A.*—Yes; one hundred feet broad.

*Q.*—Broad?—(*reflecting a moment*)—Well, you shall have it “broad” if you like. And now we'll proceed.

*Committee.*—Yes, pray go on, Mr. Benison. Let's get it over. And when you're out of this room you'll disappear from the face of the earth, I presume.

*Mr. Benison.*—The honourable member may presume that this committee-room and the face of the earth are coincident expressions, but I can assure him it is not so.

*Mr. Sternon Barcourt (in an under tone).*—“The flesh will quiver where the pincers nip.”

*Mr. Sadwether (a little louder).*—“Tear,” isn't it?

*Committee.*—What's that?

*Mr. Scope Hott.*—Only something about pinching somebody with a pair of tongs.

*Sir William Julius Cæsar (grumbles quite inaudibly).*

*Mr. Benison.*—Well, if my learned friend will leave off grumbling to himself, we'll make another trial. Now; we were on those two patches of land, &c. (*da capo*).

At this point, probably, several obliging gentlemen in the body of the room make a rush to get at the tall wands or pointers, in order to trace things out on the plan for the committee. In the scramble, the place being crowded, a large map, mounted on two poles twelve feet high, like a flag, topples half-way down. Two ladies, and an old gentleman from the country, who have been listening with open mouth, make for the door, in a fright, and let it slam to after them. A member of the committee, who has been (very pardonably) fast asleep, wakes up, and asks, with a severe countenance, to have the last answer read by the short-hand writer. That functionary reads as much as was audible in the hurlyburly, and although out of its connection it conveys no earthly meaning, the honourable gentleman puts on a look of luminous intelligence, and makes a memorandum for his own misguidance.

We have now, by degrees, been putting together little details, which go some way towards making up an intelligible picture of the public part of the process of private legislation, while we have been talking of the difficulty of getting at the facts of a case brought before a committee. In referring to another kind of difficulty, we shall at the same time be taking another step towards completing the picture, and arriving at an idea of the course of business. Everybody knows that the rules of evidence sometimes stand in the way of certain things being stated, however true those things may be, and however relevant, essentially, to the matter in hand. On the whole the received rules of evidence are useful, but curious and amusing scenes often occur in the fighting out of their application by counsel. Let it be permitted to the Muse to repeat an actual occurrence with all the formularized dignity of the "minutes" made out from the notes of the short-hand writer. It is a Gas-bill which is before a committee of the House of Lords. The afternoon is extremely hot, and the investigation is becoming "as tedious as a king." Yet counsel are evidently ready to bestow it all on their worships behind the horse-shoe table. Some long-suffering peer is in the chair—not Lord Lucan, who would soon abridge things. However, the actual chairman says to the examining counsel, "Pray, Mr. Brown, give us some *facts*; we've had nothing but *opinions* from this witness; it isn't evidence." "Very well, my lord," replies Mr. Brown, "you shall have facts. Now" (turning to the witness) "you called on Mr. Jones, did you?"

*A.*—Yes.

*Q.*—What did he say?

*Mr. Robinson* objects to the question.

*Mr. Brown* is heard to address their lordships in support of the question.

*Mr. Robinson* is heard in reply.

The committee-room is cleared.

After a short time the counsel and parties are again called in.

*The Chairman* states that the committee are of opinion that the question may be put.

*Mr. Brown (to the witness).*—Well, then, what did Mr. Jones say?

*A.*—He wasn't at home.

The mention which has just been made of a gas-bill suggests the observation that measures for incorporating gas and water companies make up a not inconsiderable part of the business of private legislation. In support or in opposition to new bills of this kind, there is generally a good deal of evidence from experts,—engineers and chemists with specialties,—and there are certain faces of such gentlemen which are as well known in committee-rooms as the Royal Exchange is in Cornhill. And most amusing it is to hear how experts contradict each other about the qualities and quantities of water and gas, when their opportunities of information appear to be equal, as well as their reputations for ability. It is staggering, even to a well-informed listener who is not unaccustomed to the task of separating facts from inferences, and who knows how to allow for different points of view. So that it is not wonderful that hurried men of business should be apt to exclaim, not only that scientific witnesses are humbugs, but that science itself is humbug. The exclamation is, in fact, constantly made. Yet it would be just as fair if men of science (who, meanwhile, know better) were to say that arithmetic and engineering are humbug. For engineers and contractors for executing railway, gas, and water works will differ in their estimates quite as widely as chemists in their analyses. And, indeed, it is obvious to add,—(what is, however, very strikingly illustrated in these committee-rooms, where the issues are mostly very simple, and confined to matters of length, breadth, situation, and number,)—that witnesses of all kinds, and of apparently equal degrees of credibility, will flatly contradict each other upon what appear to be the most ascertainable matters in the world. But the *reader* should remember that the minuter shades of emphasis make such enormous differences in the apparent meanings of colloquial and quasi-colloquial statements of fact, that a written report of what another man said is seldom trustworthy. Let anybody try, by varying the emphasis, the intonation, and the pause, how many meanings he can get out of a sentence beginning with the word "*certainly.*" Moreover, the evidence of a witness should never be judged of without the questions being put in juxtaposition with the answers.\*

In committees on railway bills there are certain hack-block topics which, as might be expected, continually recur for opposing parties to chop logic upon. One of these is the question whether a line is speculative in its character, or is promoted in good faith, for serving a particular district which requires railway accommodation. A speculative line is a line got up between, probably, a local attorney, a contractor, and a

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\* It is very rarely that newspapers give the *questions* which are put to witnesses; the answers are made to run on in (what is supposed to be) a connected narrative. Whether it is so or not depends very much on the reporter.



London parliamentary agent, and taking such a course over the country that a line already in existence shall be threatened with the diversion of some of its traffic. If the bill is passed, the old line most likely buys up the projected one—which is, of course, just what the projectors wanted. Another hack-block question is that of competition. Is it a good thing, or not, to have competing lines between place and place? Does competition really reduce the price of transit, or does it end in combinations and monopolies when, after a ruinous conflict, the two companies lay their heads together and make terms? Experience seems to prove that, although the first-fixed competition rates are not maintained under a combination, the rates of compromise which are at last adopted are lower than those of a line without a rival would be; and also that, even after the competition in price is over, a competition of *accommodation* remains, which is useful to the public. Another hack-block topic is the working of Mr. Cardwell's Act, which "compels" railway companies to give reasonable "facilities" to each other's traffic under certain conditions. But of course it is found, in practice, that a coach-and-six can be driven through all the clauses, and that an Act of Parliament might just as well seek to compel two private individuals to be on friendly terms. One more question of the hack-block order may be mentioned, namely, that of the amalgamation of different companies. Formerly, amalgamation was a great bugbear in these committee-rooms. It is, however, gradually becoming the policy of railway management. Companies get weary of fighting each other, and the continual gridironing of the country makes it difficult to draw the line sharply between their respective districts. So much mutual "tapping" of traffic goes on, that it often seems as well to have a common purse at once, as for the two or more parties concerned to keep up a system of reciprocal pocket-picking, which, after all, only amounts to a process of cancelling in the respective ledgers. But it must not be omitted in this connection that there is an immense amount of personal feeling among the magnates who have the regulation of railway affairs. They have their points of honour, like the rest of the world. "Shall you fight this line?" says a gentleman to an officer of one of the great companies. "Fight it?" cries he, indignant; "to the last, sir! We never show the white feather!" To speak truth, the great company in question never do, as the "London, Chatham and Dover" have found to their cost, more than once. Every year, the fights that do take place become more complicated: the *terrain* more difficult for even accustomed outsiders to get acquainted with. Have before you whatever appliances you please in the shape of maps and plans, the evidence of an experienced traffic-manager of a great company is a bewildering thing to listen to; sounding very much like the celebrated nonsense-speech which begins with Mrs. Mackay's attempt to make apple-dumplings out of rhubarb, takes up the she-bear on its way, spoils a wig a little farther on, invites the great Panjendrum with the little round button at top towards the

close, and discharges the gunpowder out of the heels of people's boots, to wind up with. A heap of clotted nonsense about Leeds and Bradford, and the express, and the goods' train, and the sorting-place; and 11.45 and 3.15, and Applehaigh, and Knottingley, and coal-trucks, and shunting; narrow gauge, broad gauge, and mixed gauge; joining the Midland; using the station of the Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax; running over the Bradford, Leeds, and Wakefield; the Aire and Calder Canal; the Humber agreement; the Octuple agreement; a penny and one-eighth per ton per mile for coal or lime; going round by Normanton, and getting to Grimsby somewhere about the middle of next week, in spite of all the efforts of the opposing company to prevent it. Scraps of Bradshaw, in fact, chopped up with bits of invective, remote personal and geographical allusion, sums in compound division, and the *haute politique* of Gridironing.

Let us now walk into one of the rooms which lie beyond the doors that divide the long gallery into the two halves, west and east. There are, perhaps, half a score of committees sitting on "public questions," as well as the half-score sitting on "groups." The humours of these committees on public questions were so happily hit off in the *Saturday Review* two or three years ago, that it would not be easy to do anything better here. At that time, an honourable baronet was making an effort to induce the House of Commons to legislate in favour of servant-maids employed in cleaning windows, and the opportunity for a joke was not likely to be lost by our contemporary; and was not lost. Let us suppose, said the *Saturday Review*, that a Select Committee is moved for, and nominated, to consider this great question of Window-cleaning. In the selection of the members, great pains would be taken to be fair. The introducer of the proposed Bill would be on it (and would probably be the chairman). There would be a member or two to represent the Government; a member to represent the Manchester or *laissez-faire* party; a member or two to represent the humanitarian party; and so on. There would be a middle-aged member who, being in the glass-trade, was supposed to understand windows; and a young member who, having no particular occupation, and having a good deal of time on his hands, might be supposed to understand servant-maids. And so, with some nonentities for "padding," the normal number of fifteen would be made up. Then the committee would meet to choose a chairman, and to consider the course of proceeding. What sort of evidence should they take first? The result would, most likely, be that they would lay violent hands on some under-secretary, and have him up to be examined about windows and housemaids. The difficulty would be to get out of him answers that led to anything. The chairman would first ask, generally, if he could furnish the committee with any information about the dangers incurred by maid-servants, employed to clean windows, sitting on the sill outside? With creditable candour, the honest official would say, No: his department had no statistics upon the subject. But this would never do. He must not be let off in that manner. Would he not be of opinion

that, under certain circumstances, there might be a certain amount of danger to life and limb from the practice in question? Thus badgered, the wretched under-secretary responds with an affirmative. He is now in for it, and is examined, and cross-examined, for a couple of hours, upon the provisions of the proposed measure; each member having a fling, according to his speciality. One member asks if he does not think it is the business of a policeman, as the law now stands, to pick up a woman who has fallen from a second-floor window on to the pavement? The poor witness says, he thinks perhaps it may be. Then the *laissez-faire* member is down upon him. Does he not, however, think it better, in the interest of public morality—first, that maid-servants should be encouraged to take care of themselves; and secondly, that policemen should be discouraged from touching them, even when insensible? And so on, until the whole fifteen have tired themselves out, or until the answers of the witness became so incoherent or irrelevant, that there is nothing for it but to let him go.

This is, undoubtedly, burlesque, but very good burlesque, of a really representative order. It is quite easy to recognize, lying underneath the caricature, the plain fact; which is, that at these committees a great many questions are put to witnesses which are not adapted to bring out anything in reply but statements of opinion, more or less in favour of the crotchets of the questioner. Perhaps it would be safe to say that two-thirds of the talk which, in these rooms, takes the name of "evidence," is in reality discussion, and, nothing else. This is a large proportion; but it must not be omitted that, when a committee of members is appointed to inquire into public questions, a good part of its proper business consists in taking what may be called opinions. A committee sitting upon Ordnance would, necessarily, ask military and naval men their "opinions" of different guns; but most likely its "order of reference," as sent down from the whole House, would confine the inquiry to guns already tried, so that the path of investigation would be understood to run through pretty well marked enclosures of fact. Divergences do occur, however, and not seldom. Personal feeling—sometimes very honourable feeling, and sometimes not—is constantly starting fresh tracks. And it may be observed that the logical Member who is always for sweeping away little obstructions, chalking lines, and setting up fresh stakes and finger-posts, is not, in general, the most successful in narrowing issues. If the witness have as clear a head as the questioner, all goes well; but if otherwise, there ensues a game of cross-purposes which ends in some dead wall or other, utterly unforeseen by the questioner. Sometimes your illogical witness dodges your questions with entire *bonhomie*, not in the least intending to do it: sometimes he does it because he suspects you have "a motive." The combative Briton dislikes a severe questioner, and is apt to button up his knowledge-pocket when he thinks he foresees it is about to undergo an attack which will, in a manner, *compel* it to yield up its treasures. He prefers a little wheedling, and not unwillingly surrenders

his "facts," after a few minutes, to a man of tact, who has a fellow-feeling for the sinuosities of his own understanding; though he would fight like a tiger for the close-keeping of the same facts when a direct attempt was made to get at them by a dialectic process that left him no choice.

It is the enormous amount of adulteration and dilution that truth has to undergo in the conflict of interests, which is the one thing that most strongly impresses a thoughtful student of what passes in these committee-rooms. It seems impossible, *à priori*, that solid results of any kind, commercial or governmental, should ever be founded upon so much blundering. But compensation of errors is supposed to do the work; and does, at all events, effect a work. Nothing can be less exact, nothing more confused, than the greater portion of the "evidence" upon which legislation of all kinds is either founded or suggested every year. But railway and dock companies, and legislators, must carry out their enterprises with such materials and such instruments as they can find; or else not carry them out at all—an alternative which is never contemplated in these rooms. There is one thing more which may be said here. It is, not improbably, the witnesses who tell the truth the most simply that are the least understood, and who, consequently, lead to the greatest amount of false inference or blundering. On the whole, nothing so puts a man of the world off his beat as telling him the naked truth. This was Franklin's recipe for dealing with a sharp customer. The last thing he expects is truth—he thinks you have "a motive." Give him, then, the truth, and he is effectually bamboozled. If the commercial bodies—corporate, or seeking to become corporate—who, for nearly half the year, fill these committee-rooms with hot, eager, bustling effort, that leads to results which are "honeycombed" with uncertainty, could only manage to work upon this recipe, their dividends would rise. In the meanwhile, they will not get much out of such investigations as that of the past summer. It is quite safe to assert that the committee on private legislation, which has recently made its report, has not made a single suggestion which the men who are actually engaged in the thick of the work hold themselves indebted for; the men, namely, who set in motion, session after session, the machinery which throngs these committee-rooms, "dockizes" the water, "gridirons" the land, and sells the shareholders.

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## Cousin Phillis.

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### PART III.

JUST after this I went home for a week's holiday. Everything was prospering there; my father's new partnership gave evident satisfaction to both parties. There was no display of increased wealth in our modest household; but my mother had a few extra comforts provided for her by her husband. I made acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, and first saw pretty Margaret Ellison, who is now my wife. When I returned to Eltham, I found that a step was decided upon, which had been in contemplation for some time: that Holdsworth and I should remove our quarters to Hornby; our daily presence, and as much of our time as possible, being required for the completion of the line at that end.

Of course this led to greater facility of intercourse with the Hope Farm people. We could easily walk out there after our day's work was done, and spend a balmy evening hour or two, and yet return before the summer's twilight had quite faded away. Many a time, indeed, we would fain have stayed longer—the open air, the fresh and pleasant country, made so agreeable a contrast to the close, hot town lodgings which I shared with Mr. Holdsworth; but early hours, both at eve and morn, were an imperative necessity with the minister, and he made no scruple at turning either or both of us out of the house directly after evening prayer, or “exercise,” as he called it. The remembrance of many a happy day, and of several little scenes, comes back upon me as I think of that summer. They rise like pictures to my memory, and in this way I can date their succession; for I know that corn harvest must have come after hay-making, apple-gathering after corn-harvest.

The removal to Hornby took up some time, during which we had neither of us any leisure to go out to the Hope Farm. Mr. Holdsworth had been out there once during my absence at home. One sultry evening, when work was done, he proposed our walking out and paying the Holmans a visit. It so happened that I had omitted to write my usual weekly letter home in our press of business, and I wished to finish that before going out. Then he said that he would go, and that I could follow him if I liked. This I did in about an hour; the weather was so oppressive, I remember, that I took off my coat as I walked, and hung it over my arm. All the doors and windows at the farm were open when I arrived there, and every tiny leaf on the trees was still. The silence of the place was profound; at first I thought that it was entirely deserted;

but just as I drew near the door I heard a weak sweet voice begin to sing; it was cousin Holman, all by herself in the house-place, piping up a hymn, as she knitted away in the clouded light. She gave me a kindly welcome, and poured out all the small domestic news of the fortnight past upon me, and, in return, I told her about my own people and my visit at home.

“Where were the rest?” at length I asked.

Betty and the men were in the field helping with the last load of hay, for the minister said there would be rain before the morning. Yes, and the minister himself, and Phillis, and Mr. Holdsworth, were all there helping. She thought that she herself could have done something; but perhaps she was the least fit for hay-making of any one; and somebody must stay at home and take care of the house, there were so many tramps about; if I had not had something to do with the railroad she would have called them navvies. I asked her if she minded being left alone, as I should like to go and help; and having her full and glad permission to leave her alone, I went off, following her directions: through the farm-yard, past the cattle-pond, into the ash-field, beyond into the higher field with two holly-bushes in the middle. I arrived there: there was Betty with all the farming men, and a cleared field, and a heavily laden cart; one man at the top of the great pile ready to catch the fragrant hay which the others threw up to him with their pitchforks; a little heap of cast-off clothes in a corner of the field (for the heat, even at seven o'clock, was insufferable), a few cans and baskets, and Rover lying by them panting, and keeping watch. Plenty of loud, hearty, cheerful talking; but no minister, no Phillis, no Mr. Holdsworth. Betty saw me first, and understanding who it was that I was in search of, she came towards me.

“They're out yonder — agait wi' them things o' Measter Holdsworth's.”

So “out yonder” I went; out on to a broad upland common, full of red sand-banks, and sweeps and hollows; bordered by dark firs, purple in the coming shadows, but near at hand all ablaze with flowering gorse, or, as we call it in the south, furze-bushes, which, seen against the belt of distant trees, appeared brilliantly golden. On this heath, a little way from the field-gate, I saw the three. I counted their heads, joined together in an eager group over Holdsworth's theodolite. He was teaching the minister the practical art of surveying and taking a level. I was wanted to assist, and was quickly set to work to hold the chain. Phillis was as intent as her father; she had hardly time to greet me, so desirous was she to hear some answer to her father's question.

So we went on, the dark clouds still gathering, for perhaps five minutes after my arrival. Then came the blinding lightning and the rumble and quick-following rattling peal of thunder right over our heads. It came sooner than I expected, sooner than they had looked for: the rain delayed not; it came pouring down; and what were we to do for shelter? Phillis

had nothing on but her indoor things—no bonnet, no shawl. Quick as the darting lightning around us, Holdsworth took off his coat and wrapped it round her neck and shoulders, and, almost without a word, hurried us all into such poor shelter as one of the overhanging sand-banks could give. There we were, cowered down, close together, Phillis innermost, almost too tightly packed to free her arms enough to divest herself of the coat, which she, in her turn, tried to put lightly over Holdsworth's shoulders. In doing so she touched his shirt.

"Oh, how wet you are!" she cried, in pitying dismay; "and you've hardly got over your fever! Oh, Mr. Holdsworth, I am so sorry!" He turned his head a little, smiling at her.

"If I do catch cold, it is all my fault for having deluded you into staying out here;" but she only murmured again, "I am so sorry."

The minister spoke now. "It is a regular downpour. Please God that the hay is saved! But there is no likelihood of its ceasing, and I had better go home at once, and send you all some wraps; umbrellas will not be safe with yonder thunder and lightning."

Both Holdsworth and I offered to go instead of him; but he was resolved, although perhaps it would have been wiser if Holdsworth, wet as he already was, had kept himself in exercise. As he moved off, Phillis crept out, and could see on to the storm-swept heath. Part of Holdsworth's apparatus still remained exposed to all the rain. Before we could have any warning, she had rushed out of the shelter and collected the various things, and brought them back in triumph to where we crouched. Holdsworth had stood up, uncertain whether to go to her assistance or not. She came running back, her long lovely hair floating and dripping, her eyes glad and bright, and her colour freshened to a glow of health by the exercise and the rain.

"Now, Miss Holman, that's what I call wilful," said Holdsworth, as she gave them to him. "No, I won't thank you" (his looks were thanking her all the time). "My little bit of dampness annoyed you, because you thought I had got wet in your service; so you were determined to make me as uncomfortable as you were yourself. It was an unchristian piece of revenge!"

His tone of badinage (as the French call it) would have been palpable enough to any one accustomed to the world; but Phillis was not, and it distressed or rather bewildered her. "Unchristian" had to her a very serious meaning; it was not a word to be used lightly; and though she did not exactly understand what wrong it was that she was accused of doing, she was evidently desirous to throw off the imputation. At first her earnestness to disclaim unkind motives amused Holdsworth; while his light continuance of the joke perplexed her still more; but at last he said something gravely, and in too low a tone for me to hear, which made her all at once become silent, and called out her blushes. After a while, the minister came back, a moving mass of shawls, cloaks, and umbrellas. Phillis kept very close to her father's side on our return to the farm. She

appeared to me to be shrinking away from Holdsworth, while he had not the slightest variation in his manner from what it usually was in his graver moods; kind, protecting, and thoughtful towards her. Of course, there was a great commotion about our wet clothes; but I name the little events of that evening now because I wondered at the time what he had said in that low voice to silence Phillis so effectually, and because, in thinking of their intercourse by the light of future events, that evening stands out with some prominence.

I have said that after our removal to Hornby our communications with the farm became almost of daily occurrence. Cousin Holman and I were the two who had least to do with this intimacy. After Mr. Holdsworth regained his health, he too often talked above her head in intellectual matters, and too often in his light bantering tone for her to feel quite at her ease with him. I really believe that he adopted this latter tone in speaking to her because he did not know what to talk about to a purely motherly woman, whose intellect had never been cultivated, and whose loving heart was entirely occupied with her husband, her child, her household affairs, and, perhaps, a little with the concerns of the members of her husband's congregation, because they, in a way, belonged to her husband. I had noticed before that she had fleeting shadows of jealousy even of Phillis, when her daughter and her husband appeared to have strong interests and sympathies in things which were quite beyond her comprehension. I had noticed it in my first acquaintance with them, I say, and had admired the delicate tact which made the minister, on such occasions, bring the conversation back to such subjects as those on which his wife, with her practical experience of every-day life, was an authority; while Phillis, devoted to her father, unconsciously followed his lead, totally unaware, in her filial reverence, of his motive for doing so.

To return to Holdsworth. The minister had at more than one time spoken of him to me with slight distrust, principally occasioned by the suspicion that his careless words were not always those of soberness and truth. But it was more as a protest against the fascination which the younger man evidently exercised over the elder one—more as it were to strengthen himself against yielding to this fascination—that the minister spoke out to me about this failing of Holdsworth's, as it appeared to him. In return Holdsworth was subdued by the minister's uprightness and goodness, and delighted with his clear intellect—his strong healthy craving after further knowledge. I never met two men who took more thorough pleasure and relish in each other's society. To Phillis his relation continued that of an elder brother; he directed her studies into new paths, he patiently drew out the expression of many of her thoughts, and perplexities, and unformed theories—scarcely ever now falling into the vein of banter which she was so slow to understand.

One day—harvest-time—he had been drawing on a loose piece of paper—sketching ears of corn, sketching carts drawn by bullocks and laden with grapes—all the time talking with Phillis and me, cousin



Holman putting in her not pertinent remarks, when suddenly he said to Phillis,—

“Keep your head still; I see a sketch! I have often tried to draw your head from memory, and failed; but I think I can do it now. If I succeed I will give it to your mother. You would like a portrait of your daughter as Ceres, would you not, ma’am?”

“I should like a picture of her; yes, very much, thank you, Mr. Holdsworth; but if you put that straw in her hair” (he was holding some wheat ears above her passive head, looking at the effect with an artistic eye,) “you’ll ruffle her hair. Phillis, my dear, if you’re to have your picture taken, go up-stairs, and brush your hair smooth.”

“Not on any account. I beg your pardon, but I want hair loosely flowing.”

He began to draw, looking intently at Phillis; I could see this stare of his discomposed her—her colour came and went, her breath quickened with the consciousness of his regard; at last, when he said, “Please look at me for a minute or two, I want to get in the eyes,” she looked up at him, quivered, and suddenly got up and left the room. He did not say a word, but went on with some other part of the drawing; his silence was unnatural, and his dark cheek blanched a little. Cousin Holman looked up from her work, and put her spectacles down.

“What’s the matter? Where is she gone?”

Holdsworth never uttered a word, but went on drawing. I felt obliged to say something; it was stupid enough, but stupidity was better than silence just then.

“I’ll go and call her,” said I. So I went into the hall, and to the bottom of the stairs; but just as I was going to call Phillis, she came down swiftly with her bonnet on, and saying, “I’m going to father in the five-acre,” passed out by the open “rector,” right in front of the house-place windows, and out at the little white side-gate. She had been seen by her mother and Holdsworth, as she passed; so there was no need for explanation, only cousin Holman and I had a long discussion as to whether she could have found the room too hot, or what had occasioned her sudden departure. Holdsworth was very quiet during all the rest of that day; nor did he resume the portrait-taking by his own desire, only at my cousin Holman’s request the next time that he came; and then he said he should not require any more formal sittings for only such a slight sketch as he felt himself capable of making. Phillis was just the same as ever the next time I saw her after her abrupt passing me in the hall. She never gave any explanation of her rush out of the room.

So all things went on, at least as far as my observation reached at the time, or memory can recall now, till the great apple-gathering of the year. The nights were frosty, the mornings and evenings were misty, but at mid-day all was sunny and bright, and it was one mid-day that both of us being on the line near Heathbridge, and knowing that they

were gathering apples at the farm, we resolved to spend the men's dinner-hour in going over there. We found the great clothes-baskets full of apples, scenting the house, and stopping up the way; and an universal air of merry contentment with this the final produce of the year. The yellow leaves hung on the trees ready to flutter down at the slightest puff of air; the great bushes of Michaelmas daisies in the kitchen-garden were making their last show of flowers. We must needs taste the fruit off the different trees, and pass our judgment as to their flavour; and we went away with our pockets stuffed with those that we liked best. As we had passed to the orchard, Holdsworth had admired and spoken about some flower which he saw; it so happened he had never seen this old-fashioned kind since the days of his boyhood. I do not know whether he had thought anything more about this chance speech of his, but I know I had not—when Phillis, who had been missing just at the last moment of our hurried visit, re-appeared, with a little nosegay of this same flower, which she was tying up with a blade of grass. She offered it to Holdsworth as he stood with her father on the point of departure. I saw their faces. I saw for the first time an unmistakable look of love in his black eyes; it was more than gratitude for the little attention; it was tender and beseeching—passionate. She shrank from it in confusion, her glance fell on me; and, partly to hide her emotion, partly out of real kindness at what might appear ungracious neglect of an older friend, she flew off to gather me a few late-blooming China roses. But it was the first time she had ever done anything of the kind for me.

We had to walk fast to be back on the line before the men's return, so we spoke but little to each other, and of course the afternoon was too much occupied for us to have any talk. In the evening we went back to our joint lodgings in Hornby. There, on the table, lay a letter for Holdsworth, which had been forwarded to him from Eltham. As our tea was ready, and I had had nothing to eat since morning, I fell to directly without paying much attention to my companion as he opened and read his letter. He was very silent for a few minutes; at length he said,—

“Old fellow! I'm going to leave you!”

“Leave me!” said I. “How? When?”

“This letter ought to have come to hand sooner. It is from Greathed the engineer” (Greaded was well known in those days; he is dead now, and his name half-forgotten); “he wants to see me about some business; in fact, I may as well tell you, Paul, this letter contains a very advantageous proposal for me to go out to Canada, and superintend the making of a line there.”

I was in utter dismay.

“But what will our company say to that?”

“Oh, Greathed has the superintendence of this line, you know; and he is going to be engineer in chief to this Canadian line; many of the shareholders in this company are going in for the other, so I fancy they

will make no difficulty in following Greathed's lead: he says he has a young man ready to put in my place."

"I hate him," said I.

"Thank you," said Holdsworth, laughing.

"But you must not," he resumed; "for this is a very good thing for me, and, of course, if no one can be found to take my inferior work, I can't be spared to take the superior. I only wish I had received this letter a day sooner. Every hour is of consequence, for Greathed says they are threatening a rival line. Do you know, Paul, I almost fancy I must go up to-night? I can take an engine back to Eltham, and catch the night train. I should not like Greathed to think me lukewarm."

"But you'll come back?" I asked, distressed at the thought of this sudden parting.

"Oh, yes! At least I hope so. They may want me to go out by the next steamer, that will be on Saturday." He began to eat and drink standing, but I think he was quite unconscious of the nature of either his food or his drink.

"I will go to-night. Activity and readiness go a long way in our profession. Remember that, my boy! I hope I shall come back, but if I don't, be sure and recollect all the words of wisdom that have fallen from my lips. Now where's the portmanteau? If I can gain half an hour for a gathering up of my things in Eltham, so much the better. I'm clear of debt anyhow; and what I owe for my lodgings you can pay for me out of my quarter's salary, due November 4th."

"Then you don't think you will come back?" I said, despondingly.

"I will come back some time, never fear," said he kindly. "I may be back in a couple of days, having been found incompetent for the Canadian work; or I may not be wanted to go out so soon as I now anticipate. Anyhow you don't suppose I am going to forget you, Paul—this work out there ought not to take me above two years, and perhaps, after that, we may be employed together again."

Perhaps! I had very little hope. The same kind of happy days never returns. However, I did all I could in helping him: clothes, papers, books, instruments; how we pushed and struggled—how I stuffed! All was done in a much shorter time than we had calculated upon, when I had run down to the sheds to order the engine. I was going to drive him to Eltham. We sat ready for a summons. Holdsworth took up the little nosegay that he had brought away from the Hope Farm, and had laid on the mantel-piece on first coming into the room. He smelt at it, and caressed it with his lips.

"What grieves me is that I did not know—that I have not said good-by to—to them."

He spoke in a grave tone, the shadow of the coming separation falling upon him at last.

"I will tell them," said I. "I am sure they will be very sorry." Then we were silent.

"I never liked any family so much."

"I knew you would like them."

"How one's thoughts change,—this morning I was full of a hope, Paul." He paused, and then he said,—

"You put that sketch in carefully?"

"That outline of a head?" asked I. But I knew he meant an abortive sketch of Phillis, which had not been successful enough for him to complete it with shading or colouring.

"Yes. What a sweet innocent face it is! and yet so— Oh, dear!"

He sighed and got up, his hands in his pockets, to walk up and down the room in evident disturbance of mind. He suddenly stopped opposite to me.

"You'll tell them how it all was. Be sure and tell the good minister that I was so sorry not to wish him good-by, and to thank him and his wife for all their kindness. As for Phillis,—please God in two years I'll be back and tell her myself all in my heart."

"You love Phillis, then?" said I.

"Love her!—Yes, that I do. Who could help it, seeing her as I have done? Her character as unusual and rare as her beauty! God bless her! God keep her in her high tranquillity, her pure innocence.—Two years! It is a long time.—But she lives in such seclusion, almost like the sleeping beauty, Paul,"—(he was smiling now, though a minute before I had thought him on the verge of tears),—"but I shall come back like a prince from Canada, and waken her to my love. I can't help hoping that it won't be difficult, eh, Paul?"

This touch of coxcombry displeased me a little, and I made no answer. He went on, half apologetically,—

"You see, the salary they offer me is large; and beside that, this experience will give me a name which will entitle me to expect a still larger in any future undertaking."

"That won't influence Phillis."

"No! but it will make me more eligible in the eyes of her father and mother."

I made no answer.

"You give me your best wishes, Paul," said he, almost pleading. "You would like me for a cousin?"

I heard the scream and whistle of the engine ready down at the sheds.

"Ay, that I should," I replied, suddenly softened towards my friend now that he was going away. "I wish you were to be married to-morrow, and I were to be best man."

"Thank you, lad. Now for this cursed portmanteau (how the minister would be shocked); but it is heavy!" and off we sped into the darkness.

He only just caught the night train at Eltham, and I slept, desolately enough, at my old lodgings at Miss Dawson's, for that night. Of course the next few days I was busier than ever, doing both his work and my

own. Then came a letter from him, very short and affectionate. He was going out in the Saturday steamer, as he had more than half expected; and by the following Monday the man who was to succeed him would be down at Eltham. There was a P.S., with only these words:—

“My nosegay goes with me to Canada, but I do not need it to remind me of Hope Farm.”

Saturday came; but it was very late before I could go out to the farm. It was a frosty night, the stars shone clear above me, and the road was crisping beneath my feet. They must have heard my footsteps before I got up to the house. They were sitting at their usual employments in the house-place when I went in. Phillis's eyes went beyond me in their look of welcome, and then fell in quiet disappointment on her work.

“And where's Mr. Holdsworth?” asked cousin Holman, in a minute or two. “I hope his cold is not worse,—I did not like his short cough.”

I laughed awkwardly; for I felt that I was the bearer of unpleasant news.

“His cold had need be better—for he's gone—gone away to Canada!”

I purposely looked away from Phillis, as I thus abruptly told my news.

“To Canada!” said the minister.

“Gone away!” said his wife.

But no word from Phillis.

“Yes!” said I. “He found a letter at Hornby when we got home the other night—when we got home from here; he ought to have got it sooner; he was ordered to go up to London directly, and to see some people about a new line in Canada, and he's gone to lay it down; he has sailed to-day. He was sadly grieved not to have time to come out and wish you all good-by; but he started for London within two hours after he got that letter. He bade me thank you most gratefully for all your kindnesses; he was very sorry not to come here once again.”

Phillis got up, and left the room with noiseless steps.

“I am very sorry,” said the minister.

“I am sure so am I!” said cousin Holman. “I was real fond of that lad ever since I nursed him last June after that bad fever.”

The minister went on asking me questions respecting Holdsworth's future plans; and brought out a large old-fashioned atlas, that he might find out the exact places between which the new railroad was to run. Then supper was ready; it was always on the table as soon as the clock on the stairs struck eight, and down came Phillis—her face white and set, her dry eyes looking defiance to me, for I am afraid I hurt her maidenly pride by my glance of sympathetic interest as she entered the room. Never a word did she say—never a question did she ask about the absent friend, yet she forced herself to talk.

And so it was all the next day. She was as pale as could be, like one who has received some shock; but she would not let me talk to her,

and she tried hard to behave as usual. Two or three times I repeated, in public, the various affectionate messages to the family with which I was charged by Holdsworth; but she took no more notice of them than if my words had been empty air. And in this mood I left her on the Sabbath evening.

My new master was not half so indulgent as my old one. He kept up strict discipline as to hours, so that it was some time before I could again go out, even to pay a call at the Hope Farm.

It was a cold misty evening in November. The air, even indoors, seemed full of haze; yet there was a great log burning on the hearth, which ought to have made the room cheerful. Cousin Holman and Phillis were sitting at the little round table before the fire, working away in silence. The minister had his books out on the dresser, seemingly deep in study, by the light of his solitary candle; perhaps the fear of disturbing him made the unusual stillness of the room. But a welcome was ready for me from all; not noisy, not demonstrative—that it never was; my damp wrappers were taken off, the next meal was hastened, and a chair placed for me on one side of the fire, so that I pretty much commanded a view of the room. My eye caught on Phillis, looking so pale and weary, and with a sort of aching tone (if I may call it so) in her voice. She was doing all the accustomed things—fulfilling small household duties, but somehow differently—I can't tell you how, for she was just as deft and quick in her movements, only the light spring was gone out of them. Cousin Holman began to question me; even the minister put aside his books, and came and stood on the opposite side of the fire-place, to hear what waft of intelligence I brought. I had first to tell them why I had not been to see them for so long—more than five weeks. The answer was simple enough; business and the necessity of attending strictly to the orders of a new superintendent, who had not yet learned trust, much less indulgence. The minister nodded his approval of my conduct, and said,—

“Right, Paul! ‘Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh.’ I have had my fears lest you had too much licence under Edward Holdsworth.”

“Ah,” said cousin Holman, “poor Mr. Holdsworth, he'll be on the salt seas by this time!”

“No, indeed,” said I, “he's landed. I have had a letter from him from Halifax.”

Immediately a shower of questions fell thick upon me. When? How? What was he doing? How did he like it? What sort of a voyage? &c.

“Many is the time we have thought of him when the wind was blowing so hard; the old quince-tree is blown down, Paul, that on the right-hand of the great pear-tree; it was blown down last Monday week, and it was that night that I asked the minister to pray in an especial manner for all them that went down in ships upon the great deep, and he said then, that

Mr. Holdsworth might be already landed; but I said, even if the prayer did not fit him, it was sure to be fitting somebody out at sea, who would need the Lord's care. Both Phillis and I thought he would be a month on the seas."

Phillis began to speak, but her voice did not come rightly at first. It was a little higher pitched than usual, when she said—

"We thought he would be a month if he went in a sailing-vessel, or perhaps longer. I suppose he went in a steamer?"

"Old Obadiah Grimshaw was more than six weeks in getting to America," observed cousin Holman.

"I presume he cannot as yet tell how he likes his new work?" asked the minister.

"No! he is but just landed; it is but one page long. I'll read it to you, shall I?—

"DEAR PAUL,—

"We are safe on shore, after a rough passage. Thought you would like to hear this, but homeward-bound steamer is making signals for letters. Will write again soon. It seems a year since I left Hornby. Longer since I was at the farm. I have got my nosegay safe. Remember me to the Holmans.

"Yours,

"E. H."

"That's not much, certainly," said the minister. "But it's a comfort to know he's on land these blowy nights."

Phillis said nothing. She kept her head bent down over her work; but I don't think she put a stitch in, while I was reading the letter. I wondered if she understood what nosegay was meant; but I could not tell. When next she lifted up her face, there were two spots of brilliant colour on the cheeks that had been so pale before. After I had spent an hour or two there, I was bound to return back to Hornby. I told them I did not know when I could come again, as we—by which I mean the company—had undertaken the Hensleydale line; that branch for which poor Holdsworth was surveying when he caught his fever.

"But you'll have a holiday at Christmas," said my cousin. "Surely they'll not be such heathens as to work you then?"

"Perhaps the lad will be going home," said the minister, as if to mitigate his wife's urgency; but for all that, I believe he wanted me to come. Phillis fixed her eyes on me with a wistful expression, hard to resist. But, indeed, I had no thought of resisting. Under my new master I had no hope of a holiday long enough to enable me to go to Birmingham and see my parents with any comfort; and nothing could be pleasanter to me than to find myself at home at my cousin's for a day or two, then. So it was fixed that we were to meet in Hornby Chapel on Christmas Day, and that I was to accompany them home after service, and if possible to stay over the next day.

I was not able to get to chapel till late on the appointed day, and so I took a seat near the door in considerable shame, although it really was

not my fault. When the service was ended, I went and stood in the porch to await the coming out of my cousins. Some worthy people belonging to the congregation clustered into a group just where I stood, and exchanged the good wishes of the season. It had just begun to snow, and this occasioned a little delay, and they fell into further conversation. I was not attending to what was not meant for me to hear, till I caught the name of Phillis Holman. And then I listened; where was the harm?

"I never saw any one so changed!"

"I asked Mrs. Holman," quoth another, "'is Phillis well?' and she just said she had been having a cold which had pulled her down; she did not seem to think anything of it."

"They had best take care of her," said one of the oldest of the good ladies; "Phillis comes of a family as is not long-lived. Her mother's sister, Lydia Green, her own aunt as was, died of a decline just when she was about this lass's age."

This ill-omened talk was broken in upon by the coming out of the minister, his wife and daughter, and the consequent interchange of Christmas compliments. I had had a shock, and felt heavy-hearted and anxious, and hardly up to making the appropriate replies to the kind greetings of my relations. I looked askance at Phillis. She had certainly grown taller and slighter, and was thinner; but there was a flush of colour on her face which deceived me for a time, and made me think she was looking as well as ever. I only saw her paleness after we had returned to the farm, and she had subsided into silence and quiet. Her grey eyes looked hollow and sad; her complexion was of a dead white. But she went about just as usual; at least, just as she had done the last time I was there, and seemed to have no ailment; and I was inclined to think that my cousin was right when she had answered the inquiries of the good-natured gossips, and told them that Phillis was suffering from the consequences of a bad cold, nothing more.

I have said that I was to stay over the next day; a great deal of snow had come down, but not all, they said, though the ground was covered deep with the white fall. The minister was anxiously housing his cattle, and preparing all things for a long continuance of the same kind of weather. The men were chopping wood, sending wheat to the mill to be ground before the road should become impassable for a cart and horse. My cousin and Phillis had gone upstairs to the apple-room to cover up the fruit from the frost. I had been out the greater part of the morning, and came in about an hour before dinner. To my surprise, knowing how she had planned to be engaged, I found Phillis sitting at the dresser, resting her head on her two hands and reading, or seeming to read. She did not look up when I came in, but murmured something about her mother having sent her down out of the cold. It flashed across me that she was crying, but I put it down to some little spirt of temper; I might have known better than to suspect the gentle, serene Phillis of crossness;



poor girl; I stooped down, and began to stir and build up the fire, which appeared to have been neglected. While my head was down I heard a noise which made me pause and listen—a sob, an unmistakable, irrepresible sob. I started up.

“Phillis!” I cried, going towards her, with my hand out, to take hers for sympathy with her sorrow, whatever it was. But she was too quick for me, she held her hand out of my grasp, for fear of my detaining her; as she quickly passed out of the house, she said,—

“Don’t, Paul! I cannot bear it!” and passed me, still sobbing, and went out into the keen, open air.

I stood still and wondered. What could have come to Phillis? The most perfect harmony prevailed in the family, and Phillis especially, good and gentle as she was, was so beloved that if they had found out that her finger ached, it would have cast a shadow over their hearts. Had I done anything to vex her? No: she was crying before I came in. I went to look at her book—one of those unintelligible Italian books. I could make neither head nor tail of it. I saw some pencil-notes on the margin, in Holdsworth’s handwriting.

Could that be it? Could that be the cause of her white looks, her weary eyes, her wasted figure, her struggling sobs? This idea came upon me like a flash of lightning on a dark night, making all things so clear we cannot forget them afterwards when the gloomy obscurity returns. I was still standing with the book in my hand when I heard cousin Holman’s footsteps on the stairs, and as I did not wish to speak to her just then, I followed Phillis’s example, and rushed out of the house. The snow was lying on the ground; I could track her feet by the marks they had made; I could see where Rover had joined her. I followed on till I came to a great stack of wood in the orchard—it was built up against the back wall of the outbuildings,—and I recollected then how Phillis had told me, that first day when we strolled about together, that underneath this stack had been her hermitage, her sanctuary, when she was a child; how she used to bring her book to study there, or her work, when she was not wanted in the house; and she had now evidently gone back to this quiet retreat of her childhood, forgetful of the clue given me by her foot-marks on the new-fallen snow. The stack was built up very high; but through the interstices of the sticks I could see her figure, although I did not all at once perceive how I could get to her. She was sitting on a log of wood, Rover by her. She had laid her cheek on Rover’s head, and had her arm round his neck, partly for a pillow, partly from an instinctive craving for warmth on that bitter cold day. She was making a low moan, like an animal in pain, or perhaps more like the sobbing of the wind. Rover, highly flattered by her caress, and also, perhaps, touched by sympathy, was flapping his heavy tail against the ground, but not otherwise moving a hair, until he heard my approach with his quick erected ears. Then, with a short, abrupt bark of distrust, he sprang up as if to leave his mistress. Both he and I were immovably still for a

moment. I was not sure if what I longed to do was wise : and yet I could not bear to see the sweet serenity of my dear cousin's life so disturbed by a suffering which I thought I could assuage. But Rover's ears were sharper than my breathing was noiseless : he heard me, and sprang out from under Phillis's restraining hand.

"Oh, Rover, don't you leave me, too," she plained out.

"Phillis!" said I, seeing by Rover's exit that the entrance to where she sat was to be found on the other side of the stack. "Phillis, come out! You have got a cold already; and it is not fit for you to sit there on such a day as this. You know how displeased and anxious it would make them all."

She sighed, but obeyed; stooping a little, she came out, and stood upright, opposite to me in the lonely, leafless orchard. Her face looked so meek and so sad that I felt as if I ought to beg her pardon for my necessarily authoritative words.

"Sometimes I feel the house so close," she said; "and I used to sit under the wood-stack when I was a child. It was very kind of you, but there was no need to come after me. I don't catch cold easily."

"Come with me into this cow-house, Phillis. I have got something to say to you; and I can't stand this cold, if you can."

I think she would have fain run away again; but her fit of energy was all spent. She followed me unwillingly enough—that I could see. The place to which I took her was full of the fragrant breath of the cows, and was a little warmer than the outer air. I put her inside, and stood myself in the doorway, thinking how I could best begin. At last I plunged into it.

"I must see that you don't get cold for more reasons than one; if you are ill, Holdsworth will be so anxious and miserable out there" (by which I meant Canada)—

She shot one penetrating look at me, and then turned her face away with a slightly impatient movement. If she could have run away then she would, but I held the means of exit in my own power. "In for a penny in for a pound," thought I, and I went on rapidly, anyhow.

"He talked so much about you, just before he left—that night after he had been here, you know—and you had given him those flowers." She put her hands up to hide her face, but she was listening now—listening with all her ears.

"He had never spoken much about you before, but the sudden going away unlocked his heart, and he told me how he loved you, and how he hoped on his return that you might be his wife."

"Don't," said she, almost gasping out the word, which she had tried once or twice before to speak; but her voice had been choked. Now she put her hand backwards; she had quite turned away from me, and felt for mine. She gave it a soft lingering pressure; and then she put her arms down on the wooden division, and laid her head on it, and cried quiet tears. I did not understand her at once, and feared lest I had

mistaken the whole case, and only annoyed her. I went up to her. "Oh, Phillis! I am so sorry—I thought you would, perhaps, have cared to hear it; he did talk so feelingly, as if he did love you so much, and somehow I thought it would give you pleasure."

She lifted up her head and looked at me. Such a look! Her eyes, glittering with tears as they were, expressed an almost heavenly happiness; her tender mouth was curved with rapture—her colour vivid and blushing; but as if she was afraid her face expressed too much, more than the thankfulness to me she was essaying to speak, she hid it again almost immediately. So it was all right then, and my conjecture was well-founded! I tried to remember something more to tell her of what he had said, but again she stopped me.

"Don't," she said. She still kept her face covered and hidden. In half a minute she added, in a very low voice, "Please, Paul, I think I would rather not hear any more—I don't mean but what I have—but what I am very much obliged—— Only—only, I think I would rather hear the rest from himself when he comes back."

And then she cried a little more, in quite a different way. I did not say any more, I waited for her. By-and-by she turned towards me—not meeting my eyes, however; and putting her hand in mine just as if we were two children, she said,

"We had best go back now—I don't look as if I had been crying, do I?"

"You look as if you had a bad cold," was all the answer I made.

"Oh! but I am—I am quite well, only cold; and a good run will warm me. Come along, Paul."

So we ran, hand in hand, till, just as we were on the threshold of the house she stopped—

"Paul, please, we won't speak about *that* again."

## Ulysses in Ogygia.

WAS it in very deed, or but in dream,  
 I, King Odysseus, girt with brazen spears,  
 Princes, and long-haired warriors of the Isles,  
 Sailed with the dawn from weeping Ithaca,  
 To battle round the god-built walls of Troy  
 For that fair, faithless Pest—so long ago?  
 So long ago! It seems as many lives  
 Had waxed and waned, since, bending to our oars,  
 And singing to our singing sails, we swept.  
 From high Aëtos, down the echoing gulf  
 Towards the sunrise; while from many a fane  
 Rose the white smoke of sacrificial fires,  
 And the wild wail of women—for they knew  
 We should return no more. Long years have past,  
 Long, weary years. Yet still, when daylight fades,  
 And Hesper from the purple heaven looks down,  
 And the dim wave moans on the shadowy shore,—  
 From out the awful darkness of the woods,  
 From out the silence of the twilight air,  
 In unforgotten accents fond and low,  
 The voices of the dead seem calling me;  
 And through the mist of slowly gathering tears  
 The faces of the loved revisit me—  
 Thine, my Penelope, and his, our child,  
 Our fair Telemachus—wearing the dear home smiles  
 They wore of old, ere yet the Atreides came,  
 Breathing of Eris, to our peaceful shores,  
 And our bold hearts blazed up in quenchless fire  
 And irrepressible lust of glorious war.  
 Ah, me! what recked we then the streaming tears  
 Of wife or virgin, and their clinging hands!  
 Exulting in our strength, we scorned the lures  
 Of Aphrodité—scorned the ignoble ease  
 Of grey ancestral honours. Deathless names  
 We, too, the sons of Heroes, should achieve  
 Among the brass-mailed Greeks! A thousand deaths  
 Too slight a price for immortality!



ULYSSES.



O golden dreams! O godlike rage of Youth!  
 Quenched in black blood, or the remorseless brine,  
 Alas! so soon. Yet, ere They sorrowing went,  
 All-beauteous, to the shadowy realms of Death  
 And unsubstantial Hades, their young souls,  
 Amid the clang of shields and rush of spears,  
 Beneath the deep eyes of the watchful Gods,  
 Drank the delirious wine of Victory.  
 Thrice happy they, by whom the agony  
 Of withered hopes, of wasted life, of long  
 And vain endeavour after noble ends,  
 Was all unproved. What different doom is mine:  
 On barren seas a wanderer—growing old,  
 And full of bitter knowledge, best unknown.  
 Ah, Comrades, would that, in the exultant hour  
 Of triumph, when, our mighty travail o'er,  
 The towers of Ilion sank in roaring flame,  
 And all the Argives shouted as they fell,  
 I too had perished;—or in that wild flash  
 Of vengeance for the herds of Phoibos slain,  
 When the black ship went down, and I alone  
 Of all was left. But the high Gods are just;  
 The Fates inscrutable; and I must bear  
 My portion unsubdued until the end.—  
 Greatly to do is great, but greater still  
 Greatly to suffer. So with steadfast mind  
 I wait the issues. But the doom is hard:  
 Far from the councils of illustrious men;  
 Far from my sea-girt realm, and godlike toils  
 Of governance; from noble uses far;  
 And wife, and child, and honourable rest,  
 To waste inglorious all these golden years;  
 Nursing one sickly hope—more like despair—  
 That the blest Gods will hear me, and restore  
 My life—thus dead to duty. As He told,  
 The eyeless phantom, on that night of fear  
 In Orcus, when around the bloody trench  
 From out the Stygian gloom with shriek and groan  
 Crowded the dim eidolons of the dead,  
 And with my naked sword I held them back  
 Till each pale mouth, drinking the reeking gore,  
 Answered my quest and vanished.

Shall it be?—

Or now, while yet my arm is strong to wield  
 The kingly sceptre, and avenge my wrongs?

Or when, bowed down with years and many woes,  
 My deeds forgotten and my dear ones dead,  
 The children of my slaves shall jeer at me,  
 Mocking my powerless limbs, and strangers ask,  
 Is *this* the great Odysseus?—But I wait.

Man is the puppet of the Gods; they mould  
 His destiny, and mete him good or ill:  
 Lords of his fate, from whom, alas, in vain  
 He seeks escape. But he to whom nor good  
 Brings insolence, nor ill abasement, stands  
 Whole in himself—lord of his own firm heart.  
 The sword may drink his blood; the irascible sea  
 May whelm him; life bitterer than many deaths  
 May lead his steps to Hades; still his soul  
 Unconquered stands; and even among the shades  
 Shall win the reverence haply here denied.

Hark! from the myrtle thickets on the height  
 Divine Calypso calls me; to her lute  
 Singing the low sweet song I made for her—  
 A low, sweet song of passionate content—  
 When weary from the inexorable deep,  
 Weary and lone, I touched this woody isle,  
 And found a haven in her circling arms,  
 And all Elysium on her bounteous breast.—  
 Cease, cease, Divine One! in my yearning ear  
 Another song is echoing: one more meet  
 For me to hearken. Out beneath the stars—  
 The old companions of my wanderings—  
 Far out at sea, amid the deepening dark,  
 The winds are shouting; as a gathering host  
 Shouts on the eve of battle; and the gulls—  
 Lovers of tempest and mine ancient friends—  
 Flit, dive, and scream, and call me by my name;  
 While the long surge rolls white upon the shore,  
 And my heart tells me that the hour draws nigh.

J. NOËL PATON.

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## Respecting Asses.

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WE read, in Spanish romance, of a certain mule who was so ridiculously vain, that whilst he was mighty proud of his mamma's papa, the horse, he was undutifully ashamed of his own papa, the ass. This miserable creature—by the way, Fuller, of Worthies' celebrity, contends that mules are not creatures at all—was grossly ignorant of the subject, and knew nothing of the eminent merits which, in spite of popular reproach and vulgar obloquy, attach to his paternal ancestry.

He could never have heard of that renowned King of Siam who, awakened from sleeping by the braying of an ass at the very moment the assassin's knife was at his throat, in gratitude commanded that, thenceforth, all mankind should be called asses. Nor could he have known that famous ass of Ammonianus the grammarian who was so devoted to poetry that he invariably attended his master's lectures on the subject, and for that purpose would neglect his food, however hungry, and although the food were laid before him.

Archestratus, the *bon vivant*, some passages of whose famous poem on gastronomy have been preserved by Athenæus, speaks depreciatingly of the ass in comparison with the mule; but it would not be difficult to show that, in regard of social observances, he is infinitely his superior, as his gentle, docile, amiable disposition would lead us to expect. Southey mentions a male ass of his acquaintance who possessed the friendly name of Billy, the property of a farmer near Bolton, and whose greatest luxury was a screw of tobacco and a pinch of snuff. He had been seen to masticate a quid of niggerhead with as much *gout* as any Jack Tar in the King's service, and when he had completed the delicate and agreeable operation, a pinch of strong rappee was administered to him, which Billy snuffed up with evident satisfaction, and, lifting up his gratified olfactory organ, would deliver one of those charming solos, for the execution of which his family are so famous. We ask, did ever mule exhibit so close an approximation to humanity as this? In sensibility, too, how infinitely is the ass the superior! In this respect, indeed, he offers a rebuke even to man, for such is the beast's tenderness of heart, that it is recorded no ass ever witnessed the death of another without himself soon pining away and dying.

The services he renders to man, whom he would fain account his friend, are eminent. He is not a mere beast of burden like his sulky, sullen, obstinate relative, the mule. On the contrary, he is a distinguished benefactor of the human species, and that, too, in its times of utmost need, and even to his own detriment. The erudite and accurate Pierius informs

us that if, stung by a scorpion, we seat ourselves on an ass with our face to his tail, the venom will instantaneously pass from our body into his, and we shall be rid forthwith of the annoyance. Ælian says that the horn of the Indian ass, which appears to be only a cornuted variety of our native Neddy, has such medicinal virtue that of it the native princes would have cups manufactured, and that drinking out of these they were always preserved from poison, convulsions, and the falling sickness. In the opinion of the learned Van Helmont, asses' milk contributes to longevity, and is, therefore, a diet to be recommended in the cases of children, although decidedly improper for rich old uncles and curmudgeon fathers. According to Johannes de Rupescissa—a writer whose merits it is here unnecessary to dilate on, as, of course, they are generally known and appreciated by our readers—asses' dung is a styptic not less valuable than cows' dung is as a diaphoretic—a statement which unquestionably redounds greatly to the credit of the cruelly maligned ass, and one we are not entitled to reject when we remember the peculiarities of the animal's physical organization. For instance, we read in *The Art of Simpling*, by Coles, one of our earliest botanists, that “if asses chauce to feed much upon hemlock, they will fall so fast asleep that they will seeme to be deade, insomuch that some, thinking them to be dead indeed, have flayed off their skins, yet after the hemlock had done operating, they have stirred and wakened out of their sleep, to the grief and amazement of the owners, and to the laughter of others.”

In the immortal *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Burton, the favourite of many of our greatest writers, whom he has supplied, some of them with their wit and more of them with their learning, observes that for his own part he does not consider amulets so useless as the “new lights” of his day seemed prepared to do, and enumerates, amongst those convenient prophylactics, “a ring made of the hoof of an asse's right foot carried about.” It is true some historians have affirmed that Alexander the Great owed his death to poison contained in an ass's hoof, but we know that often, too often, nature's choicest gifts and most sovereign blessings have been used as the instruments of wickedness and to subserve the vilest of purposes. However, the efficacy of amulets is a matter into which we are not disposed to enter, nor are we prepared to dwell on the statement of Gaule, who, in his *Mag-Astromancers Posed and Puzzled*, enumerates amongst the different kinds of divination “*cephaleonmancy* by brayling (*sic*) of an ass's head.” Statements like these, however, contribute to show, that in the estimation of thoughtful and inquiring men, though perhaps they be a trifle too imaginative, the ass is not so stupid as he is thought, for the very idea of a charm was that it communicated its native virtues to the wearer, and to conjure with a fool's head is in contradiction to the received rules of vaticination.

One of the ribald jests launched at the luckless animal whose character we have undertaken to vindicate has relation to its affection to the thistle as an alimentary delicacy, and no doubt the Spanish mule had

this in his view when, in the extravagance of his conceit, he depreciated his estimable parent. But, in the ass, the cuticle of the tongue is very thick; it needs the stimulus communicated it by the thistle, which thus becomes as grateful to it as cayenne or mustard is to us. Crassus, the grandfather of the Roman millionaire, is said never to have laughed but once in his life, and then at seeing an ass devouring a thistle, exclaiming while he laughed, "like lips, like lettuce," in which he exhibited, no doubt, his wisdom, for he recognized—the Romans delighting in lettuces—at once the close resemblance of mankind to the innocent creature they then, and have since, persecuted so cruelly. But while the ass quietly and patiently devours *his* humble lettuce—the emblem of the noblest and most gallant race on earth—Pliny tells us that the *mule* can only be stayed from kicking by frequently giving it wine to drink.

The ass, in spite of the contumely to which he has been subjected, has not, however, been without his admirers. The Midianites, in their war with Israel, lost sixty-one thousand asses, and the Idumean patriarch counted one thousand she-asses as part of his wealth. The ancient Persians, we read in Herodotus, celebrated their birthday feasts with extraordinary magnificence, and, "despising the poverty of Grecian entertainments, where the cheer supplied scarce sufficed to fill the bellies of the invited guests," served up on their tables animals roasted whole; horses, camels, and, above all, asses, figured in this way as dainty viands.

A Roman senator is said to have paid for a single ass 400,000 sesterces, which at the usual computation would be 3,200*l.* of our money. "I am not sure," says Pliny, "whether this did not exceed the price ever given for any other animal." "The profit," he adds, "arising from these animals exceeds that arising from the richest estate; it is well known that in Celtiberia there are she-asses which have produced to their owners as much as 400,000 sesterces"—upwards of 3,200*l.* English.

As an article of food, ass's flesh, as might be expected from its cleanly habits and wholesome though at times coarse diet, is excellent eating. Mæcenas, an epicure and gastronome, delighted in having a young ass served up at his table, and we may presume that more than once the delicate viand gratified the fastidious taste of Horace himself, and perhaps enjoyed the esteem of imperial Augustus. But its reputation belongs also to a later era. At the time Malta, then in the possession of the French, was closely blockaded by a British and Neapolitan squadron, who would suffer no supplies to enter, the inhabitants, not indeed destitute of bread, lived upon horseflesh, dogs, cats, asses, and rats. The ass's flesh was held excellent; the epicures of Valetta preferred it to the best beef or even veal. Stewed, roasted, or boiled, it was in every way capital. The gourmand's delight was in a fat ass of from three to four years old, fed on biscuit and milk. Then was the flesh eminently nutritious, the fat of a most seducing yellow. We ask, did any man ever sit down with appetite to a cooked mule? And here fitly we may observe that the inimitable Bologna sausage, that "great chieftain of the pudding race," owes its

unsurpassable excellence to the fact that the chief ingredient in its composition is not derived from the ill-mannered, grubbing, fetid pig, wallowing in filth and finding in filth his food, but from the gentle docile ass, cleanly in his habits, cleanly in his diet, and destitute of all gluttonous propensities whatever.

It is painful to call to mind the persecution which this amiable beast, against whom no act of malice has ever been alleged, has had to submit to. In the *Acta Sanctorum* we find an account of a reverend man, a Belgian, one St. Elvy, or Eligius, who was wont bitterly to bewail the miseries of his time, and to conclude that the end of all things was fast approaching. His convictions on this head arose, first, from the cruel sufferings the ass was exposed to; and, secondly, from the savage brutality of the barbarian invaders. Nature, he thought, could not long survive either of these abominations. Later in history, we read in the *Orationes* of Joann Aloysius Ceretuarinus that it was a common amusement among the people inhabiting the Lower Alps to take a wretched ass to the verge of a precipice and shove him over. The poor creature was even made the sport of witchcraft, for it is recorded in that valuable repertory of facts, the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*, which we owe to the erudition and industry of Martène and Durand, that two witches, conceiving a spite against a young man, literally made an ass of him, and thus bestowed a gross insult on the whole asinine family. Even a worse instance of malice than this is narrated by the Père Crespet, Prior of the Celestines at Paris, who tells us an ass was actually slain and quartered for having drunk up the moon in a pit. Ludovico Vives mentions the circumstance, varying, however, the details a little, for, according to him, it was out of a bucket the innocent beast was said to have drunk, and that in reality it was not Diana herself, but only her reflection in the water, that he actually swallowed. But the fact of the slaying and quartering is undoubted.

An enumeration of the various indignities to which the ass has been subjected would occupy as much space as Homer's catalogue of ships and be scarcely more interesting, but it is impossible to avoid noticing the singular fact, that an animal remarkably inoffensive and of such singular utility should have, in all ages, been visited with peculiar contempt and ill-treatment by the Mahomedans, eminent as they have been above all sects for their tenderness and care of the inferior orders of creation. When the Persians celebrated the death of Ali's sons, they used to set a figure of straw, meant to represent Omar, on an ass's back, and, having paraded the mockery through the city, would burn the figure and kill the poor ass. Muratori tells, as a mighty good joke, a still more horrible story, narrated by Peter Damian, respecting one of the antipopes, John, at the end of the tenth century, who, falling into the hands of his enemies, had his eyes bored out, his ears cut off, his tongue cut out, and then seated on an ass with his face to the tail, which he was required to hold in his hand, he was made to traverse the streets of Rome, and, although tongueless, to proclaim at certain intervals his guilt. We justly esteem as barbarous the cruel

punishment inflicted on the luckless pretender to the Pontificate, but also fain would ask what was the ass's guilt that he was compelled to share the pretender's disgrace? "I recollect," says M. Simond, in his amusing book on Switzerland, "to have seen in France, that land of gallantry, a woman and an ass harnessed together to the same plough, and the tattered peasant behind stimulating his team with a seemingly impartial whip!" We count this also a degradation of the ass; for a wretch capable of employing his wife as a beast of draught forfeited his title to manhood and all the rights and prerogative thereto appurtenant, right of supremacy over the humbler orders of creation amongst the rest. It was, therefore, the wretchedness of this unhappy ass to be commanded and chastised by a greater beast than himself.

There have been wise and great men, however, who have thought nobly of the ass. Did not the blessed St. Nicholas, patron of sailors, thieves, and good children, sew on—you have the whole story in Garmanus, *De Miraculis Mortuorum*—the heads of two asses which had been wickedly cut off? And did not Taliessin, the great Cymric bard and seer, who flourished in the sixth century of our era, when enumerating the various stages through which his soul had passed, proudly aver it had dwelt successively in the bodies of a serpent, a stag, a crane, and an ass? The three first animals were renowned, severally, for wisdom, medical skill, and the domestic virtues, and with them the mighty bard associates as their equal in every respect the popularly despised, because popularly misunderstood, ass! A singular but decisive tribute to the maligned quadruped's integrity may be found in one of our elder dramatists. In his play, *Bussy d'Ambois*, Chapman makes one of his characters exclaim—

Never was any curious in his place  
To do things justly, but he was an ass.

Carefulness, a desire scrupulously to do his duty and act "justly in his place," is here ascribed to the ass as a disposition peculiarly his own.

There is a scarce book to be met with in the libraries of the curious, entitled, *Memorias de la Insigne Academia Asnal*, and professed to be written by one Doctor de Ballesteros, which is meant as a burlesque on the academicians and professors of Madrid. The plates represent the "Asinus Orator," the "Asinus Mathematicus," "Asinus Saltator," "Asinus Medicus," "Asinus Astrologicus." Was this miserable jester, "the wretched scribbler of a low lampoon," aware that "Asinus" was the root of the name which many distinguished Roman families bore and exulted in? Was he ignorant there was many a noble Roman proud to be called an ass? The Anian family had for surname *Asella*; the Claudian, *Asellus*; the Sempronian, *Asellio*; and other examples might be given. We have an epistle of Horace (Ep. i. 13), addressed to his friend Vinnius Asellus, whom he had charged to present his poems to Augustus. The object of the epistle is to remind his correspondent of the necessity of observing caution in the discharge of his mission: he is

to be wary in observing the state of the Emperor's health and spirits, and not to obtrude the volumes on him unasked or unseasonably, on penalty of making his paternal name, *Asina*, a jest, and he himself an object of public ridicule. Finally, keeping in view his friend's patronymic, he desires him not to *stumble* and break his commands—*cave ne titubet mandataque frangas*.

It was a dullard of his day, a man of another sort to Horace, who perpetrated the wretched jest in which he exhibited his contempt at once for Horace, whom Martial called "the mouth of Rome," and for the ass, whom Coleridge hailed as "brother." When the Ciceronian fever, after the revival of letters, was at its height, and Bembo, at the instance of the Pope, ascribed Leo X.'s election to "the favour of the immortal gods" (*immortalium deorum beneficium*), some orthodox cleric, some "priest that lacked Latin," as Rosalind says, and was of Ensign Northerton's opinion as to the worth of classical learning, vented the *mauvaise plaisanterie*—"Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Cicerone"—echo prolonging the last syllable *ové*, or ass! If one is an ass to admire Cicero, and seek to catch his graces of style and force of expression, few need object to be called asses. What an ass was St. Jerome, who gave up so much time to the study of Cicero that an angel came in a dream and thrashed him with such severity as that, on waking and putting his hand to the part chastised, he found sensible traces of the angelic birch! An old hag, a cabaretière near Rome, used by her enchantments to turn her guests into pigs, sheep, and cattle, and sell them in the market. A renowned comedian falling under her spells, she made an ass of him instead of making a pig—having a high opinion of the former animal's capacity. Exhibited at the neighbouring fairs, the transformed humorist found his abilities even better appreciated in his new than in his original shape.

On these grounds, we accordingly venture to submit that the pompous and conceited mule, whose offensive vanity has been chronicled by that amusing romancer, Petrus Alphonsus, the converted Arragonese Jew, and godson of the famous King Alphonso, had no reason whatever for scorning his respectable paternal relation. We have all heard of old Cole's dog, who, in the extravagance of his *outrecuidance*, would take the wall of a dung-cart, and got crushed by the wheel for his reward. No better fate should by rights have overtaken this undutiful, graceless hybrid. Cardan tells that the peacock, proud of its gay attire and brilliant tail, is ashamed of its own legs. It is better to be ashamed of one's leg than of one's father.

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## Shylock in London.

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It is now nearly a dozen years since I took my degree at the university, and, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, found myself heavily in debt. It suited me better to try to raise money on my own account than to make any applications to my family; and, not knowing exactly how to go about it, I explained my difficulties to a friendly barber with whom I and a few other men had always kept up the most confidential relations. By his directions I sought out the residence of a queer old fellow in St. Luke-street, well known, I dare say, to all university men who have run carelessly before the wind for sixteen terms to find themselves aground at last.

Of course, when I went to Abel I was quite fresh at the work; and, what is more, he knew also that he was getting the first squeeze of the orange. Nothing, accordingly, could have been easier or pleasanter than the transaction of business with him on that occasion. He was a short, stooping man, about sixty, dark complexioned, with black eyes and hair, a touch of red on each cheek, and, on the whole, not at all a bad expression of countenance. We neither of us made any difficulties. The interest was fifty per cent. "Here is the bill," he said, producing that long narrow slip of paper which I afterwards came to know so well. "You must just get a friend's name, and then you shall have a cheque." That *this* transaction should have come off as agreeably as it did was no wonder. But the marvellous part of the story is, that the man has trusted me since then and after I left college for hundreds of pounds; and though he has never been paid a sixpence, he has taken no proceedings against me. He told me once he never had a bad debt. If men went on for twenty years, he said, he always got his money in the long run. It is really pleasant to know there is one man in existence who has still such faith in my fortunes, as to feel sure that one day or other I shall repay him 500*l*. Thinking of that sometimes is almost the only consolation I have. I met him, about six months ago, in the Strand. He was as civil and as cheerful as ever. "It doesn't matter, you know," he said, "the interest's a-running on." "The interest!" I thought. He spoke in a low, quiet voice, apparently as much at his ease as if the money had been invested in a first mortgage upon the estates of a peer of the realm. "And how are things at the old place?" I said. "Shocking bad, sir," was his answer. "Nothing a-doing; they (meaning the undergraduates) walks into the shops and pays for what they has—it ain't the same place. I'm a-drawing in my concerns now—mean to give over." And then he went on to chat about himself and his rheumatism, and the

excursion train by which he had come up, and so forth, as if nothing was further from his mind than the unpleasant fact that I was his debtor for a sum which I, at least, saw no prospect of repaying, and that he had it in his power to lock me up at any moment. He's a most extraordinary man. I cannot conceive how he has escaped ruin ten times over; but I suppose he knows his own business best.

Well, when I got to the end of my tether with Abel, I applied to an acquaintance in a government office to put me up to the same kind of man in town. He gave me a note of introduction to a fellow who lived in a back street about Chancery-lane, and thither, in company with a friend as hard up as myself, I repaired one dark morning in November. The fellow's name was Mawkins; and we soon saw the difference between him and our old friend Abel. He lived in a place that was neither like chambers nor yet like a house. The street door stood wide open, and over the left-hand door, as you entered, was painted the name of "Mawkins." There was no knocker to either; there was no bell outside: the passage was dusty and squalid; and the whole entrance gave one the idea of a place from which the tenant had absconded six months since, and which the landlord had just broken open. After thumping at the door with our fists, and making a corresponding row with our feet for about a quarter of an hour, an old hag appeared from below, and said that Mr. Mawkins was out, and she didn't know when he would be in. We turned to go, and were encountered on the threshold by Mawkins in person. Of all the knavish countenances I ever set eyes on, this man's was about the worst. He had a large square head, the shape of a quartern loaf, and garnished with immense ears. His bristly black hair, just sprinkled with grey, was cropped close to his head. He had no whiskers, and his broad, heavy face was the colour of a ripe haw. His eyes were very small indeed, unusually twinkling, and lighted up with something which, in a better kind of man, would have been humour, but in him was eager rascality—hungry for new victims. He was five feet nine or ten in height, broad shouldered, and was dressed in full black, looking, on the whole, like a dissatisfied burglar in process of transformation into a dishonest butler, with a character for piety from his last place. He opened the door and showed us into his room; and heavens, what a room it was! filthily dirty, disgustingly close, and strewn with such a miscellany of apparent rubbish that it had more the appearance of a rag and bone shop, than of a room where even such a man as Mr. Mawkins might be expected to do business. Rows of boots, some pretty new, others worn very thin, stood along the floor. Heaps of clothes lay scattered about the chairs; and bottles of wine or liqueurs were ranged in all available corners. A number of indescribable articles, which Mr. Mawkins called *varetoos*, and half a dozen books, completed the money-lender's interior. "Now, gentlemen," said he, in a loud, pompous voice, with a manner indescribably impudent, "what do you want with me? Money? O-oh, money! And pray what may young gentlemen like you want to borrow money for?" We told



him that was our affair, not his. But he was not to be put down. "Look here, young gentlemen," said he, taking up the *Life of Fowell Buxton*, one of the few books which lay upon the book-shelves, part of the plunder, no doubt, of some victim whom he had lately sold up. "Look here! here was a man—imitate him, young men—that is the way to rise in life. Money! no; I should blame myself very much if I encouraged such applications," said the beast, with an air of hypocritical severity that was insufferable; and, without stopping to hear more, we walked out of his office. What were his motives for treating us in this manner, I could never yet understand, unless he felt sure that we should call again, and adopted that method of cowing us into submitting to his terms. We did have money from him eventually, and, though his interest was not so high as others whom I have since encountered, he was the only one of his class that I have ever known who made one take anything in kind. I had some maraschino, and my friend had a blue silk mantle. I almost think that he tried on a waistcoat also, but that, being a very stout man, he could not find one to fit him.

I had a little money left me a few years ago, and Mawkins and other London harpies having been paid off, though not, alas! poor Abel, I lived in chambers for some time pretty prosperously. During this period, whenever I met Mawkins in the street, he seemed anxious to establish a kind of intimacy with me. Two or three times he asked me "to drive down with him to his place in the country," and one winter afternoon, about four o'clock, a slipshod maid-servant came over to my rooms to inform me that Mr. Mawkins would be happy to see me "to take a cup of tea with him in his chambers." I don't believe the man wanted to get me in his toils again. I don't know what he wanted; perhaps the invitation was pure disinterested impudence. I only know that my instincts told me to avoid him; and, in spite of the curiosity which I felt to see something of his private life, I declined all his hospitalities. Mawkins is still flourishing, and I heard the other day that he was a man who had money of his own. In my time he used to advertise any sums from 100*l.* to 100,000*l.*, to be lent on personal security, giving his name as Stanhope, Solicitor, for which I am told he might have been prosecuted if anybody had cared to do it.

The next man I went to was a rare specimen of his order. His name was Jackson—Slummy Jackson—he was always called; and somehow the name seemed to fit him. He was a cormorant in the way of interest and "costs;" insatiable, inexorable, impenitent. But as long as you came up smiling, and took your punishment like a man, more especially if Slummy suspected that your money all went upon debauchery, he was good-natured in a fashion. He was a short, stout, well-looking man, between forty and fifty, with curly black hair, a ruddy complexion, and an eye brimful of humour. "Slummy, sir," a sheriff's officer once informed me, "began life with 5*l.* and a gold watch. He used to go every Saturday night to the public-house where

you first see him, and the little tradesmen round about as couldn't make up their men's wages, used to come and borrow ten shillings on him, or it might be a pound, and that's the way he got his money. He's worth nigh 20,000*l.* now." And I believe he is. And, what's more, I am inclined to put faith in the story of his origin, because I have often heard him say that he'd rather lend 5*l.* to a cobbler with a stall "as couldn't run away," than 1,000*l.* to a gentleman who was "flying about heverywhere so as you never know'd where to have him." I think, however, that Slummy, over and above the additional security which he supposed to attach to the fixity of his debtor, enjoyed his propinquity for its own sake; liked to meet him in the streets, and watch his nervous looks as he approached; liked to have him come often to chambers to arrange the "hinterest," as Slummy called it; and generally to see him about, and be made pleasantly conscious of his own authority and dominion over him. "Why didn't he come and see me?" he would exclaim, in almost piteous tones, when any one strove to bespeak his forbearance towards a defaulting customer. "Why didn't he come and see me, Mr. Johnson? I've never set eyes on him this six months. You tell him to come 'ere. I won't do nothing. If I give my word, you know," he would add, with great solemnity, "I never go from it." And to do him justice, he seldom or never did. In fact, he had little reason to do so. He got more out of his men, as a general rule, by not arresting them. He acted on the principle, that to do that, was to kill the goose; and, indeed, such a master was he of the whole art of "squeezing," that by the time his bondsmen grew reckless, and ripe for Cursitor-street, they were generally quite dry, so that Slummy could avoid the odium of taking them, without distressing himself at the thought that he had forfeited a groat by his clemency. His delight was to lend out small sums at the most extravagant rate of interest, so small that a man hardly noticed the enormity, and was pretty sure to be able to pay it for a long time. He rarely lent more in his later days when I first knew him than a hundred pounds. But he preferred fifty to a hundred, twenty to fifty, and ten to twenty. The reason is obvious: he could charge two pounds a month for ten pounds without startling his victims, but ten pounds a month for fifty pounds, though precisely the same rate of interest, would have frightened them effectually.

And, indeed; to look at the thing from a common-sense point of view, a young fellow in a government office may be justified in paying 2*l.* for the luxury of a loan required for some sudden emergency, when he would not be justified in paying 10*l.* The *amount* of money of which he gets the use in exchange, is really nothing to the purpose. He is not going to trade with it; it is the degree of accommodation to which alone he looks, and for which alone he pays. It is not always wrong in itself for a man to borrow 5*l.* of a friend. Neither then does it seem to me that it is necessarily wrong for him to buy the loan of 5*l.* from a stranger, if the price of that loan may be supposed to be no more than his income justifies him in giving. Very few men, I dare say, confine their dealings with money-

lenders to cases of this sort, but that's the way Slummy has persuaded himself to look at it. "There's Plug," he'd say, "gets five hundred a year under government. Very well. If he likes to spend fifty pound a year on discount instead of the opera, why shouldn't he?" And, indeed, there is no accounting for taste. This was Slummy's method. He liked to have his money distributed over a large surface, and to draw in his "hinterest" in small rills from a hundred different debtors. As by lending it in minute sums, and for short terms, he could conceal from the eyes of the borrowers the exorbitant interest they were really paying, it may be imagined that his profits were immense, and that he could afford many bad debts. One rule he had, that he would never compound. All or none, if he waited twenty years for it, was his motto; and the result was that he often got paid in full, when more deserving creditors went begging. Not that he was very fond of giving time. He would rather take his debt in instalments, especially as that plan had the advantage of carrying you before him much oftener. My solicitor once proposed that he should sign an agreement, allowing me three years' grace. "Three years!" said Slummy. "Why, I'm a-drinking port wine! I shall be dead in three years!" And he *does* drink port wine. In the morning he can hardly hold his pen. Not that it signifies much, for he can't write anything, except the letters of his own name, which he prints at the bottom of his cheques, giving them to the clerk to fill up. It bothers him awfully to press him for a cheque when his clerk's not there, for he doesn't like to let you see he can't write. "You ain't in no hurry," he'll say on these occasions. "William 'll be in in half an hour, and he shall bring it round. I ain't had nothing to drink this morning; and if I was to begin to write, my hand shakes so, I should break down in the middle, and spoil the paper." Talking of his clerks, they're all men whom he has ruined, and whom he takes on at a pound a week, or something of that kind, "out of pure charity." He likes to tell you, when their backs are turned, how much they were once worth. "A foolish fellow," he'll say; "pore Halfred—he was a linendraper, he was—he had his 10,000*l.* once; but he couldn't keep it, yer see." And so on—bragging of the size of his victims as a sportsman of the stags he has brought down. They are usually reduced to a shocking state, these clerks—always drunk, shabby, and ill-tempered. I saw one drop down dead myself, and another had a fit just opposite my windows. Yes! and then Slummy tells you, with perfect simplicity that he thinks they drank! But the queerest specimens of humanity that I have ever seen about him were some of his toadies and companions, whom he had not yet quite finished. I remember one great big fellow, with a monstrous red face, called Juce—Jack Juce—the son of a country lawyer, who had set up for himself in London, and was one of Jackson's vassals. Juce was a great, swearing, blustering, boastful creature, with the wits of an infant and the veracity of a Hindoo. Jackson used to delight in snubbing him on every possible occasion, and convicting him of the

shallow lies which he was for ever repeating about himself. They used to go out together at nights, till at last Slummy said he was obliged to give him up as a companion. "Jack was so hunrighteous: he'd borrow five pound of you when you was tight, and swear next morning he'd never had a penny." Slummy's descriptions of his own gallantry and conquests used to be highly entertaining, though dashed with a slight taint of coarseness. He is a totally different man from the regular swell West-end usurer, you see. He makes no show at all; he has a brougham and one horse; his chambers are well furnished, but quite plain; he dresses neatly, and doesn't overdo himself with jewelry; but he is as rich as most of them.

Quite a different kind of man from either of the above three was my friend, Mr. Grayson. He was, or made believe to be, a cornchandler in a small street in the city, near the river. He was an elderly man, very respectably gouty, but not at all fat or red; he was a tall, decent-looking old fellow with grey hair, quietly dressed in a black frock coat, with a checked neckcloth round his neck; and as he used to limp out from the back parlour to receive you, he looked almost like a gentleman. His manner, too, was very good: quiet, slightly indifferent perhaps, but civil and conciliating.

"Money, certainly, was scarce," he used to say; "but still he really was anxious to oblige you in this matter. You would be sure to meet the bill, he supposed; well, if you would call again the day after to-morrow, he would see." The day after to-morrow you went again of course. "Oh, how do you, sir?" he would begin, in a tone of gentle self-reproach, and speaking slowly and deprecatingly. "Mr. Lipson's been out this last day or two, and I haven't been able to catch him; but I'm a-going round this evening to play a rubber, and then we'll talk about your matter." And so he would go on for a week, perhaps. But on the whole I liked him the best of any of the fraternity with whom I have come in contact. His interest was not high, and his proceedings were not relentless. Then there was Flicker, the regular bill-broker in Bottom-lane, who used to talk very big of his connection with Overend and Gurney, and how they would take as much of his paper as he chose to send. "But really, mere accommodation bills! it wasn't business. Still, as a favour, he would let you have the money this once."

Wherever a man goes he must have a banker. I deal with Poster at present. Poster keeps the turnpike down here, and lends money into the bargain. At present we're great friends; but I've a notion that Poster is one of your locking-up sort; and if ever I fall out with him I'll give him a wide berth. He is a short, round, rosy-gilled fellow, who dresses like a hostler, and keeps a blood-thirsty bull-terrier in the little circular box in which he lives. He's full of fun—but is a harder man, I should say, than either Jackson or Grayson. "I shall have him in the spring," he's fond of saying about some unhappy wretch in hiding—"I shall have him then, when the long evenings are a-coming on."

The one act, I find, which he considers the height of ungentlemanliness is to "sheddel" him. I was some time in discovering what constituted this offence; when I ascertained that this was his sporting way of pronouncing the word "schedule," and that what he meant was having his debt put down with the others when a man went through the Insolvent Court, instead of being reserved for payment in full after he came out. This is an injury which Poster can never forgive. The man whom he is just now expecting to "get," as soon as the long evenings come on, is a clerk somewhere who has "sheddelled" him.

I've had very little to do with the bigger sharks, the monsters who swallow whole estates and squeeze the blood out of patricians. Slummy Jackson had fellows of that kind about him once upon a time, and I think an earl once got drunk on champagne in the same chambers which he has still. Such, at least, is the great tradition of his rooms. But most of my men have been of the civil service grade, who do business also with barristers, sometimes with officers, and often, I am afraid, with clergymen. They are not the biggest species; but I think they are the most mischievous; as the sparrowhawk is worse than the kestrel, and the stoat more destructive than the weasel.

A different class of men altogether are the advertising usurers. Mawkins used to advertise, and the fact that he was in that branch of the business may explain why he showed so much indifference on my first application to him. My own idea is, that the advertiser is on the look out for quite another kind of game. To get hold of fellows in government offices, of army men, young barristers, artists, authors, *et hoc genus omne*, you see there is no necessity to advertise. The money-lender and the man about town know well enough how to get at each other without rushing into print. Nor, on the other hand, of course, has the owner of, or heir to, many acres any difficulty whatever in finding out the quarters whence pecuniary accommodation is to be drawn. His solicitor will manage all that. Regular channels of communication between the above varieties of borrowers and the corresponding varieties of lenders have existed from time immemorial; and in some cases even the connection is hereditary. I have heard of a man boasting that the money-lending business of such and such a public office had been in his family for three generations, and that his grandfather had lent money to the grandfather of a young fellow who had just left him. But between these two classes of the public there is an immense intermediate class who are constantly liable to pecuniary difficulties, but who, knowing little of the world, nothing of business, and worse than nothing of accommodation bills, would be wholly at a loss how to ruin themselves if it were not for the advertising usurer. A struggling country tradesman, who would not for worlds have his necessities known among his neighbours; a poor clergyman; an old half-pay officer;—these are the favourite quarries of your regular advertiser. One of them sees in the paper that sums of money from half a million downwards are offered on personal security

to the nobility, gentry, and clergy of these realms, and that he is to apply to Messrs. Stampson and Billborough, solicitors, Sugar-cane-alley, Threadneedle-street, City. This sounds tremendously respectable, of course. His only fear is that they will have nothing to say to so obscure an individual as himself. This apprehension is very speedily dispelled. He writes; receives a courteous answer to the effect that though the firm in question do not commonly transact business on quite so small a scale, still they will make an exception in his favour, if he will be good enough to let them know what security he proposes to offer. The applicant is at first, of course, struck dumb by such a question. He would never have applied at all if it had not been for those three tempting words which figured so conspicuously in the advertisement: "on personal security." However, having once begun, he does not like to give it up. His hopes have been excited now, and he may even have dropped some vague hints of coming cash before his wife or daughters. So he writes again to say that he is sorry he misunderstood the terms; he has none but personal security to offer; unless, perhaps, a bill of sale, or something of that kind. But the usurers have now gained their point. The applicant has already got so anxious that he is only too glad to consent, when they inform him that, as a set-off against the risks of personal security, on which they have never lent money before and never mean to lend it again, they must ask him for a higher rate of interest than usual. And so the game goes on. Perhaps he gives a bill of sale; perhaps he doesn't. But the end—and the speedy end—is the same. The unhappy wretch is fleeced of every penny he can raise by either begging, borrowing, or stealing; and walks through life for the future a ruined and degraded man. For this species of money-lender makes short work of his victims; his business is to "chaw them up" at once, and have done with them; not to keep them on by constant renewals, and make small annuities by them, as is the practice with the Jacksons and Graysons. Such I take to be the meaning of the money-lending advertisements. Mawkins, I suspect, belonged to that class; and the fact may explain, as I have said, not only his carelessness of doing business with me, but his atrocious physiognomy, and his subsequent attempts at intimacy. He thought, perhaps, I might put him in the way of a few country jobs.

No two of these men are alike in their mode of doing business; some are fussy and dilatory about references, and profess at all events to require some days before they accept you, "to make inquiries." Some never trouble themselves about inquiries at all. You are to come with a man they know, and that's sufficient. Slummy was one of this last sort. He either did your business at once, or not at all. He never took any pleasure in keeping you hovering about his staircase, as so many do, and finally wearying you out without giving a decided answer. Some again make a great row about having the bill paid to the very day; asserting, Heaven knows with what truth, that their credit will suffer if it is not. Others tell you at first that you can renew as often as

you like. This fellow will lock you up, sharp, as soon as he has a chance; that will let you run at liberty almost as long as you like. Most of these differences, however, spring out of differences of natural character, and not from any different principles of business. Of course, if you are pretty deep in the money-lender's books, while he knows at the same time that you are running in debt elsewhere, he will lay hold of you in hopes of getting his full amount paid down by friends before the other debts are heard of. Any money-lender will do this. But, barring such reasons as these, I don't think money-lenders, as a rule, are the men who take the first step towards bringing bankrupts into court. To do so seldom pays them. Occasionally, of course, it is done out of pure vindictiveness, and oftener, perhaps, from that than from any other motive.

Executions are still less in fashion with this class of creditors. For you see a man who is doing bills generally owes a lot of rent; and the bill discounter does not like to run the risk of putting in an execution for nothing, and having to pay the expense of it. That was an accommodating man, by-the-by, who put a boy in possession of the artist's studio, that he might look like a page and bring credit instead of ignominy on the establishment. I wonder how that boy amused himself; I have seen men in possession, and they ate bread and cheese all day with a clasp-knife, out of a pocket-handkerchief, which they spread open on their knees, and when they leave off doing that they doze by the fireplace. I wonder if boys do the same.

A great many reflections chase each other through one's mind as it reverts to these scenes and characters. But the dominant one is the difficulty of understanding how a man first became a money-lender. What was Mawkins when a boy? How did Jackson get that gold-watch and 5*l.* wherewith he had "begun life?" What had led Grayson out of the calm and rural valley of cornchandling into the perilous defiles of bill discounting? The toll-gate man's addiction to it is intelligible, on Mr. Weller's hypothesis that all pike-keepers are misanthropes; but on no other. A man, of course, might be brought up to the business by his father. Sometimes, as we have seen, such is the case. But it is a very rare exception. The wonder still remains. We suppose the usurer is born, not made; and that he languishes in some ungenial sphere till a happy accident reveals to him his true vocation. It is impossible to generalize on the subject. You cannot classify money-lenders, it is evident, on any principle. You may classify their kinds of business. But the man himself is almost always *sui generis*. In fact, it all resolves itself into this—that as money-lending is an abnormal business, so the man who takes to it is sure to be more or less original. This is the only approach to a "law" that we have been able to achieve. The essence of the usurer we have not yet grasped.

## Yorkshire.

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SPEEDE quotes a certain old writer who, describing Britain, thus holds forth:—"In a word, Brittain is so rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, and so resplendent in all glory, that if the Omnipotent, as one hath said, had vouchsafed to fashion the world round like a ring, as he did like a globe, it might have bene most worthily the onely gemme therein: whose vallies are like Eden, whose hills are as Lebanon, whose springs are as Pishgah, whose rivers are as Jordan, whose walls is the ocean, and whose defence is the Lord Jehovah." "The vale of Yorkshire is the richest and most extensive valley in Britain, if not in all Europe," contends Drake. And, lastly, it is affirmed by another writer of even greater antiquity, "Nay, for there is no place out of London so polite and elegant to live in as the city of York."

With due reservation for local prejudices, it may, however, be justly conceded to Yorkshiremen that no county in England possesses in greater profusion such rich and perfect examples of every variety of scenery. We find alike rich old sward and pasture-land, fertile corn-fields, well-timbered forests, plenty of thick black fir plantings, with shelter for all sorts of game, clear hill becks abounding with trout; rivers, either broad, fair, and navigable for the greater part of their course—as Ouse, Derwent, and others—or chiefly rocky and picturesque, escaping from the mountains, and running along the valleys which, in olden times, the sea channelled out for them—as Swale,\* Esk, Rye, Ribble, Lune, and the northern half of the Tees. The grouse, plover, and lapwing cry and wail on endless ranges of moor, which, purple and yellow in their season, are yet so black and dreary for the greater part of the year as to leave their mark in the very nomenclature of the surrounding district; thus we have Helmsley Black-a-moor, Whitby Black-a-moor, Kirby Moorside, &c. While of other names bestowed either in apparent reference to some horrible crime or tragedy now forgotten, or specially to indicate the rugged and gloomy character of the surrounding scenery, there are numerous examples—such

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\* Many of these rivers are spoiled, so far as angling is concerned, by the reprehensible practices of the servants of the lead-mining companies. The lead is separated from the crusted ore by washing; the water is drawn from the nearest beck or pond, and the crushed stone is carried down by the beck to the nearest river, looking about as thick as a glacier stream. This poisonous wash, or hush, as it is called, is discharged at a certain hour; the waters of the river are immediately changed from clearness like crystal to a murky leaden hue, and shortly afterwards the fish are drugged and stupefied, and half of them lie dead and floating on their backs. Monday morning is all that is left to anglers, and the sport terminates of necessity about 2 P.M.



as Bloody Beck, Black Hambleton, Hellgill, Black Brow, Wild Boar Fell, Black Holes, Hell-Pot, Cauldron Snout, Hagg Holes. Again, Baldersdale, Balder Beck, Woden Beck, and Woden's-croft, are names clearly derived from the Scandinavian gods of our ancestors, and are relics or fossil words which in themselves alone convey a history.

There are ranges of round, green-covered chalk hills called wolds, as well as innumerable crags, nabs, cliffs, scars, heads, peaks, toppings, edges, fells; these being all local terms signifying abrupt heights. Thus, Brimham Crags, Eston Nab, Whitestone Cliff, Goredale Scar, Burton Head, Rosebury Topping, Blackstone Edge, Wasset Fell. Of lakes, there are Gormire Lake, Simmer Water,\* and Malham Tarn, or water.† Of caves, caverns, or, as they are variously called, pots, coves, holes, there are Ingleborough, Yordas, and Weathercote Caves, Hurtle Pot, Gingle Pot, and Malham Cove. These caverns are chiefly to be found in the north-western or limestone district, and contain either water or visible traces of the agency of that element.‡ Many of them are richly clothed with stalactites of brilliant sparry deposit standing in shaft-like pillars from roof to base. Some of these we shall describe hereafter, as being, from their extraordinary beauty, worthy of more particular attention. Of waterfalls, or forces, as they are called, there are many of considerable size and power. Hardraw Force, High Force, and the fall in Weathercote Cave, are among the most picturesque. The mountains are too numerous to notice in detail. Mickle Fell, and Shunnor Fell, are the highest in the North Riding. Ingleborough § and Whernside || are pre-eminent in the western division, while Burton Head (one of the kind containing sandy and argillaceous rocks, and resting upon the upper lias shale) and Black Hambleton (one of the tabular oolitic hills) are the highest in East Yorkshire.

The castles, or the remains of those magnificent strongholds which seem to have once guarded every assailable place or pass, are too well known by name to be described here. Those of Bolton, Scarborough, Pickering, Pontefract, Sherriff, Hutton, Wresill, and Knaresbro', are of historical note. Of Castle Howard, which does not resemble, in origin or appearance, any of the above, Gent thus speaks—

Whose archéd walks adorn the twilight grove,  
Where Strephon mourned and Sylvia's tears did move.

“See my pastoral poem,” adds the old author of the above couplet,

\* *Simmer*. This word is supposed to be a combination of two others, *see* and *meer*, both signifying lake.

† *Tarn*. From the Danish word *taaren*, or trickling of tears, by which we understand a deposit of waters gathered together by the many tricklings from the surrounding perpendicular rocky heights, but, unlike a lake, having no distinct feeder or outlet.

‡ The waters of Hurtle Pot are noted for abounding in black trout.

§ *Ingleburg*. The word is supposed to be of Teutonic origin, signifying fire or beacon mountain.

|| Whern, anciently Quernside, also Teutonic; Quern being the German name for a hand-mill, such as might have been cut from the millstone grit of the surrounding district.

“on the delightful beauties of Castle Howard, contrived by the good Earl of Carlisle.”

In the number, extent, and beauty of the abbeys which remain to her, Yorkshire can fairly compete with any county in Great Britain. Rivaux (Cistercian) Fountains, Byland (also occupied by the order of the Cistercians), Kirkham, Egglestone, A.D. 1189, Kirkstall (often called Cristal Abbey, because of the limpidity of its pleasant streams), Coverham (white canons or Præmonstratenses), Bolton Abbey, Drax Abbey (a priory of St. Augustine Friars), St. Hilda's Whitby (Benedictine), Jervaux Abbey, and Wykeham Abbey (once a priory of Cistercian nuns), furnish a noble treat to the antiquary.

Probably as regards natural beauties, the crowning distinction of the county is to be found in the size, number, and remarkably diverse character of its dales, some unfolding scenery of a very picturesque and lovely kind, while that of others is of a wild, rugged, and gloomy character. In this distinction Westmoreland only can fairly be esteemed as a rival. The Yorkshire dales are simply innumerable. It would be tedious to name them, for they can be counted by the half-hundred. Wensleydale and Bilsdale are two of the largest, being twelve or thirteen miles in length.

Whatever may happen in time to come, now, at any rate, Yorkshiremen have a pride in the vastness of their county as compared with others, so that it is their boast that it exceeds in size by six times the smallest county in England—we say, whatever may happen, for there are, undoubtedly, signs that the sea is stealthily but surely winning back its own; or what our neighbours would call revindicating its frontiers. Hornsea was once ten miles from the sea, which it now overlooks. In 1828, part of Outhorne remained, and the churchyard, containing a curious old tombstone, was still in existence. Twelve years afterwards, all had disappeared beneath the waves. On old Yorkshire maps we read, “Here stood Auburn, washed away by the sea,” “Hyde lost in the sea,” “Hartburn washed away by the sea;” and, in still older documents, other names, now passed away beyond the memory of any living man, are recorded as then indicating well-known villages or towns. Whether it will ever be again, as geologists tell us it once was, the Vale of York, ocean covered, Creyke an island, and Black Hambleton a sea cliff, as Whitby is at this moment, none can say; but nowhere are relics of the past to be found in greater richness or profusion than in Yorkshire. At a period which in geological reckoning is of a very recent kind, the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyæna, &c., must have prowled about in the valleys and on the mountains, since their bones, teeth, &c., are continually found deeply imbedded in certain strata. In the celebrated Kirkdale Cave, which now stands about thirty feet above the level of the little river Bran, but was probably once situated on the margin of an inland lake, a discovery was made some years ago of a perfect treasure of these reliquæ. Bones not only of the above-named animals were found; but

also of the tiger, ox, stag, &c. Very perfect remains of the plesiosaurus and other aquatic reptiles disinterred in the neighbourhood of Whitby refer to a vastly earlier stage of the world's history; and geological monuments are not wanting which point to periods greatly transcending even this in antiquity; periods in which no trace of organic life has ever yet been found.

The greenish slate rocks of Ingleton, Coniston Fells, and Hougill Fells, are monuments of the oldest period in which trace of life has been discovered in Yorkshire. Then came the coloured marls which accompany the old red sandstone series, and these are found in the neighbourhood of Kirkby Lonsdale, and so on with the evidence of each successive epoch, until at length we arrive at the last great elevation of land from out of the glacial sea; when the vales of York, Pickering, and Holderness were left above the ocean level, and as they exist at present.

Geologically, the county of Yorkshire might be described as an apple divided into two, and then transversely severed across into four parts, for in this fashion are the vales and lowlands arranged, taking them as the natural divisions. The Vale of York, running nearly due north and south, but inclining a little to the north-west, and the Vale of Pickering lying at right angles with that of York, and extending (along with the Vale of Esk) from York to the east coast, through Malton, and towards Whitby, while Ribblesdale runs westerly by Knaresbro', Gisburn, and above Settle, Skipton, and Clitheroe. The land, as a whole, rises in masses to the west, or limestone district, and is also higher in the north than in the south, but the hills themselves are distinguished by Professor Phillips as lying in groups and occupying the four regions north-east, north-west, south-east, and south-west.

Legally, however, Yorkshire is divided into three Ridings (trithlings, or thirdings, as is the old reading)—north, east, and west; each having well-marked characteristics of its own, not only in geology and scenery, but in the dialect, character, and pursuits of the inhabitants. Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, have all contributed to make the Englishman, and consequently the Yorkshireman. But Yorkshire was, above all others, the chosen place of the great Brigantian race.\*

Nevertheless it is only with great reservation that anything definite can be said as to the particular race which predominates in each district. In some extremely sequestered parts, men are found who proclaim in feature and appearance their descent from the old British stock. But the Saxon type certainly preponderates in the inland dales, the Celtic in the West Riding, and the Danish along the coast. The Saxons are fair, tall, and stalwart; and in disposition just, self-controlled, slow of belief, stolid in manner, and with the power of quickly adapting inclination to circumstances. The second (or Celtic) are shorter, swarthy, and much more excitable, with a fondness for music and the drama. The last (the Danes)

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\* According to the etymology, the Brigantes were Highlanders, while the dalesmen were Coritani, from *coire*, a hollow, and *daoine*, people.—Phillips' *Yorkshire*.

are bold, dark men, with somewhat massive limbs for their height ; they embrace and cleave to a maritime life, as becomes their race. These men are our best fishermen ; they become our boldest sailors, and, on the coast line, from Dunbar, in Scotland, to Holderness, in Yorkshire, are the fisheries which form the nursery ground for our future tars. They generally dwell entirely apart from the inland inhabitants ; as, for instance, we see in Berwickshire, Coldingham village, and Coldingham shore (the fisherman's village), Cockburnspath village, and Cockburnspath cove, ditto. They have their own separate customs, festivals, and merry-makings. Many among them are teetotallers ; those who are not generally get very drunk once a week, *i. e.* on the Saturday night. Their women sell the fish, rule the house, and bear the purse. The men commonly defer greatly to the women, and in cases of fighting and brawls (not infrequent) the women never hesitate to part the combatants, and bear away each her respective husband to his own home.

From these the men of Saxon and Celtic origin differ widely. In times of political excitement it is easy to observe how the impassive, incredulous, shrewd nature of the North-Riding farmer stands calm and steadfast when the millhands and operatives of the west are in a blaze of excitement. There is undoubtedly something almost feminine in the excessive impressionableness of the natives of all large and crowded towns. They are as subject to the influence of opinion as they are to the influence of miasma or typhus, and are accustomed to act collectively rather than individually, while those living in comparative isolation are, as a necessary consequence, less acquainted with the latest changes and improvements, but infinitely more self-reliant, and less easily moved to fear, anger, or despair.

The pursuits and callings of the people of the three Ridings are quite unlike in kind. The West Riding is industrial, and abounds in spinners, weavers, mechanics, and artisans. The East Riding is essentially a pastoral country. Shepherds, graziers, and farmers live therein, and cultivate the alluvial mud and rich fat soil. The North is pastoral, agricultural, and partly mining in character. The lead mines in Arkendale, Swaledale, &c., and the ironstone in Rosedale and Cleveland, are annually increasing the proportion of the population who earn their subsistence in the mines and quarries. In all the Ridings the sentiment is strong in the heart of the natives, that not only their county is the best and finest in England, but that their Riding transcends in all things the other two. Perhaps in the North Riding this feeling obtains its utmost strength and development, so as to culminate in that easy, good-natured compassion for all other folk which Englishmen are generally accused of exhibiting to the inhabitants of every other country under the sun.

Not only their Riding and their farmers are the best of the species, but their women, their landlords, their horses, and their beasts, their mills, waterfalls, rivers, &c., are better than all other men, women, beasts, mountains, and rivers existing, of what kind soever notwithstanding. At the great

Agricultural Show in 1851, in London, a short-horned heifer of stainless pedigree, and in value almost priceless, was sent up for exhibition, and, while in the show-yard, received, according to the dignity of her position, the sole and exclusive attention of her own attendant. This man, almost a patriarch in years and appearance, stood imperturbably listening to the admiration freely bestowed upon the magnificent animal, all of which he received as but a just tribute to her beauties, her descent, and her birth-place. A first-class prize was awarded, and when the man and heifer returned to their own place, in the neighbourhood of the Richmond Dales, his gossips freely questioned him concerning his travels, reception, adventures, &c., to which he answered slowly and emphatically, as follows:—

“And didst thou see t’ Queen?”

“Ay; ah did.”

“An’ didst thou see Prince Albert?”

“Ay, ah did; airm i airm like onybody else.”

“And what said t’ Queen when she coomed t’ woor beast?”

“She says, says she, ‘Surely, Albert, this mun be t’ grandest beast iv all t’ show-yard,’ and them were her varry words.”

The Yorkshire dialect, in its full purity, is absolutely incomprehensible to natives of other counties, though it is complicated by no special difficulty, such as the Northumbrian burr or the Scotch twang. “What does ‘sither’ mean?” was asked of us by a southerner; “is it a nickname?” “Why do you ask?” we not unnaturally replied. “Because as soon as I appeared in the village the lads call after me, ‘Sither, sither.’” It was, in fact, the call to *reconnoitre*. “See thou, see thou” (to the stranger).

We find the following remark in a document bearing date 1395:— “All the longage of the Northumbers, and especialisch at York, is so scharpe, slitting, and frotting, and unschape, that we Southerne men may that longage unethe understande. I trowe that is because that they beeth nyh to straunge men and nations that speketh straungelich, and alsoe because the Kynges of Engeland woneth alway far from that country.” To those unused to them, the dialects of all the Ridings would sound equally uncouth and unintelligible, but each one is really different, not merely in accent and pronunciation, but in words and idioms, and to the accustomed ear every man can be known by his tongue.

“The common people here speak English very ill,” says an old writer, “and have a strange affect pronunciation of some words, as hoose, moose, coo, for house, mouse, cow, but whatever they do in softening their words, they are equally broad in the pronouncing of others.” This apparently points to the North-Riding dialect, which is the broadest, fullest, and most sonorous in sound. “Oor broon coo,” a North-Riding man would say; “eur braune keow” would be the West-Riding expression. We have said that not only in the idioms and pronunciation of the language the Ridings are distinct, but the same things are called by different names. Thus, in the North Riding, the highlands are called muirland, while towards the west they are termed fells. Rivulets are gills or becks in the

North, but in the East they are gypsies, with the *g* hard. In the West, cliffs are edges, scars, or crags (scar being derived from the British word *sgor*, and craig being the unchanged British word for rock); in the North they are cliffs or nabs, and in the East they are wolds. Waterfalls are forces, both North and West; and in the North marshy grounds are cars, but in the East they are marishes or swangs. In the last-named Riding, barf signifies a detached hill, and meer a lake; while water is often used for lake in the North and West, as Malham Water, Summer Water.

Irrefragable proof of early Teutonic habitation is afforded by the numerous towns which bear the Anglo-Saxon termination of *ton*, as Northallerton, &c.; *ham* (*heim*, in South Germany), as Malham, &c.; and *ley*, as Helmsley, &c. *By*, which is a Danish termination, is, in accordance with our previous remarks, chiefly found along the coast, as Whitby, Selby, Hunmanby, &c.

Evidence of the language of the ancient and powerful Brigantian race is decisively stamped on the nomenclature of the Yorkshire rivers; some of these derivations we subjoin as being suggestive and full of poetry:—

Rivers.	Derivations.	Signifying.
Aire .....	British and Gaelic .....	Rapid stream.
Calder .....	British Erse.....	Woody water.
Douglas .....	British .....	Blue water.
Eden.....	British .....	Gliding stream.
Humber .....	Gaelic .....	Confluence of two waters.
Ribble .....	British .....	Tumultuous.
Dun .....	British Erse.....	Dusky.
Derwent .....	British .....	Fair water.
Dove.....	British Erse.....	Black.
Greta .....	British .....	Swift.
Nid .....	British .....	That whirls.
Wharfe.....	Gaelic British .....	Rough.

The same remark is applicable to the names of mountains; Penyghent, Penhill, and Pendle-hill being all traceable to the same Cymraic root.

Tumuli are generally termed hows throughout Yorkshire. Heather is spoken of as ling. Whin is gorse or furze. Thorpe is a small farm or hamlet; and in the East, wyke is a little bay; grip, a small drain; and griff, a narrow, rugged glen. A Yorkshire tyke is a well-known expression, signifying now a sharp cunning fellow, but in its original acceptation an old horse. Yode is another word of the same import, but retaining its old meaning. Teeastril is a villain or rascal; a broad striped pattern is breed ratched; to scold is to flyte. A gowpin is a double-handful; a reckon creak is the crook suspended from the beam within the old wide chimney by which to suspend pots or pans. "He toomed and toomed, but never typed," would be that a man swayed, or nearly overbalanced, but did not fall over. Ask is dry or hard, clarty is sticky. "It is a soft day," means a wet day. Draff is used for grains indifferently; the sediment of rivers or floods is called warp; dree means long, and dowly, dismal; to "fettle off" a horse, garden, or gate, is to trim them up;

dench signifies over-fastidious. "Thou art a feckless sluthergullion" (*i. e.* fingerless slovenly lounger, a malingerer), we heard an old woman exclaim: "And thou art the illest contrived auld wife i' the toon," was the retort. Sometimes the diminutives have the same character as the Scotch; thus plummock is a little plum. One day two young lads were busy robbing an orchard; one was aloft in a damson plum-tree, pulling the fruit at random and throwing them below to his comrade; the other at the foot was engaged in hot haste, stuffing them into his pockets, and from time to time hurriedly bolting one down his throat. Silence and expedition being imperatively incumbent in the situation, the first had not much time to select which to gather, nor the other which to put into his mouth. Suddenly the lad below inquired fearfully of the one above, "Tom, has plummocks legs?" "Nooa," roared Tom. "Then," said Bill, with a manly despair, "then I ha' swallowed a straddly-beck." Now a straddly-beck is a frog, from straddle *beck*, a ditch or rivulet.

As respects politics the farmers and agriculturists of the North Riding are chiefly Tories, loving things which are, or even things now gone by, of which the name and shadow only remain so far as concerns their sufferings. Protection to wit, as example. When they are not Tories they may be termed Conservative Whigs. And in such case it may generally be attributed to the fact of their landlord being of an old Whig family. The tenants of Lords Zetland, Fitzwilliam, and Carlisle are Whigs to a man, while those on the broad lands of the Duncombes and Lascelles are as keen on the opposite side. Nor must it be supposed that coercion is either used or required. The costly contests for the Ridings at each dissolution have from time immemorial stirred up party strife as bitter as can be excited in the phlegmatic and placable breast of the farmer; each pitched battle has renewed the strife, and so the father hands down his political faith to his son to be passed on to generations yet unborn. Of course in respect of any pet grievance which presses on them as agriculturists, such as the malt-tax, Acts relating to repairs, highways, &c., they expect their Member, whether Whig or Tory, to console and support them; this accorded, their idea of the liberty of the franchise is liberty to fight, to shout, and to vote, to make a show of hands (and of fists also, if required) in behalf of the landlord to whom they and their forefathers have paid their rent for many generations. In 1857, the North Riding was contested by a Duncombe (son of Lord Feversham), a Dundas (brother to Lord Zetland), and one of the Cayleys; the first being Tory, the second Whig, and the third a Whig indeed, but in such high repute for his protectionist theories as to have been long dubbed the "farmer's friend." In consequence of this there was undoubtedly a desire among the Tory farmers (of whom a large proportion were tenants to the Duncombes) to ensure Cayley's election, provided always that their man was first made safe. To effect this called for some management. It was necessary that their votes should be given at a certain juncture *en masse*, not sooner, and not later; but once dispersed, who would answer for their

presence at the proper moment in the polling booth? As a dissenting minister plaintively remarked, with reference to a scandal-giving member of his flock, "the lambs will play," but with some 420 lambs playing at John Barleycorn and pipes, what sheep-dog might hope to shepherd them to their fold? In this dilemma one of the farmers proposed that they should be locked up like jurymen, and the measure being approved of, these lambs were detained in the far-famed castle-yard until Duncombe was fairly ahead, and Cayley hopelessly in the rear; then the gates opened, and a compact phalanx of good men and true poured down the narrow streets of York four abreast; the tide was turned, and the desired victory followed. "Ay, slaves and slave-driver," said a small radical newsagent to a burly farmer; "it were like a flock of lambs to the slaughter." "Nay, man, but like a magnificent charge o' horse to the battle, an' I'll give thee a sack full o' sair bones if thou sayst it was aught else."

So strong and general is the mutual feeling of trust between landlord and tenant that long leases, or leases at all, are the exception, not the rule. And it is now a commonly received opinion among the intelligent and thoughtful of the farmers, that less capital is employed, and less energy and enterprise in proportion is bestowed in the management of land held by a long lease, than when the arrangement is one of yearly renewal of tenure. Due allowance is made for money expended in draining, building, enclosing, clearing, and similar improvements, and altogether the position of the North and East Riding farmers and agriculturists is that of a body of men who acknowledge their responsibilities and discharge their obligations with intelligent fidelity. Passing away, though slowly and regretfully, there yet exists among the small holders and labourers a strong remnant of the feudal sentiment, in virtue of which a certain respect and duty is yielded in exchange for a kindly sympathy and friendly protection in evil times. Some aid and consideration are expected when Giles is in trouble or in sickness. The squire would forfeit his character were his family five hundred years old, if he allowed his man to go to the workhouse under such circumstances. In return Giles stands by the squire through evil report and good report, and his womenkind do so even to a greater extent, that is, if the squire be a true man according to their standard; for any secret meanness, bad faith, avarice, or cowardice, or other qualities held in especial detestation by the rural population, is quickly detected by that feminine acuteness which so infinitely transcends the sagacity of the male kind.

In a certain hamlet, lying on the borders of the Northern dales, there lived a poor woman somewhat weak in mind, and of stammering and defective speech. Owing to her peculiarities, and to some rude resemblance to a particular word in her imperfect articulation, she was known as "poor Genagen." She either was or imagined herself to be engaged to a well-to-do young farm-servant: probably, after the fashion of some of our worthless sex, he had amused himself by imposing on the poor woman's credulity. However this may be, Genagen considered herself



shamefully betrayed and wronged, when it was told her, as certain news, "that her Joe was to be married to another lass, and *sune*." She made known the burden of her griefs far and wide, and thus lamenting, one day met the squire. He inquired what was amiss. To which she replied by unfolding her wrongs, and concluded with, "An he and his lass are to be asked i' church Sunday morn, and what mun I dee, squire?" "Well, Genagen, you must forbid the banns, there is nothing else for it," said the squire, and so dismissed the matter from his mind. On Sunday, at morning service, the squire sat aloft in his square pew, and Genagen appeared in the middle aisle, her mind bent on business. When the banns were published, naming the recreant lover, and concluding in the usual way, "If any one knows any just cause or impediment why," &c., Genagen arose and said, firmly, "*I forbid the banns*." There is generally an absence of form in these out-of-the-way places, and a more direct way of coming to the point is practised than is witnessed in large towns. So the vicar put on his spectacles, and, bending over the reading-desk, inquired mildly, "By whose authority do you forbid the banns?" "Why, by the authority of t' auld squire up there, to be seer," was the reply.

The same trust and deference is generally exhibited in the conduct of rustics towards the clergy. That there is abundance of dissent in the agricultural districts is unquestionable; but it is not of the same bitter and political spirit which prevails in manufacturing towns. The farmer, or small tradesman in a dale town, who attends the Ebenezer in the evening, has, most frequently, that very morning slept under the ministrations of his legitimate pastor in the parish church. If he was not baptized there, he was married there, and would look upon it as something akin to disgrace not to be buried there. "I like a parson, and steeple, and all that," said Tittlebat Titmouse to his friend; and the same sentiment is entertained, more or less, by others of greater intelligence, for no better reason. It is likewise a fact, well known to those best acquainted with the ways of the agricultural poor, that they require their clergyman to be a gentleman in his habits and manners. Any want of refinement in accent or language, or the slightest departure from that strict courtesy which they have learned to regard as the sign-manual of the well-born and the well-bred, is sure to be detected and commented on. We remember a case where great offence was given by a zealous pastor and most worthy man, whose usage it was to open the cottage doors, and enter without invitation. "Our last parson always knocked at a poor man's door, and *he* were t' auld squire's son." A rich and varied store of quaint and humorous sayings is frequently gathered by the clergymen in their intercourse with their parishioners in these secluded regions. One day the vicar had been called on to endeavour to benefit, by his ministrations, a certain old woman (then supposed to be dying) who had lived a somewhat discreditable life, and had not, either then or at any previous time, evinced signs of repentance, much less of amendment. The clergyman

performed his duty, but finding that he had to do with a very obdurate nature, he read to her the parable of the guest who came without her wedding garment, concluding with the sentence, "And there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth;" and took that opportunity of assuring the aged impenitent that such would, in all probability, be her lot in the future—which elicited the following reply: "Them may nesh 'em as has 'em, parson; *I* haven't had a tooth i' my heead these twenty year come Michaelmas."

As regards the various forms of dissent, Baptists (particular and otherwise), Independents or Congregationalists, Unitarians and Socinians, &c., predominate among the operative artisans and manufacturers, while Methodism prevails among the miners and agriculturists. Hardly anything can be more moving and pathetic than to hear the full chorus of men and women singing the old Methodist hymns, as they follow to the grave any fellow-labourer who has, by some sad and special calamity, been suddenly removed from them. That particular form of Methodism called Primitive, the followers of which are known indifferently as Ranters or Jumpers, seems more popular than the old kind. The doctrines are strictly Arminian, and those who follow them hold that salvation is free to all, in opposition to the Calvinistic theory of predestination; they also believe in instantaneous conversion. Their preachers (male and female) are not stationary, but travel from point to point, and they are much addicted to open-air worship, camp-meetings, and watch-nights. Their music is more than lively, and their preaching of a very denunciatory and exciting kind. We give verbatim the words of a hymn, so-called, sung at a ranter's open-air gathering in the North Riding, premising that, however grotesque, or even irreverent, the language may sound, it is, nevertheless, used by these poor people in the spirit of earnestness and sincerity:—

I'se boon for the kingdom, wilt thou gang to glory wi' me?  
 Aye marry, that I will, wait till I wesh me.  
 Niver mind thy fecace if it bean't varra white,  
 If thy conscience bean't black thou'rt seer to be all rect.

Coom, coom along, for thee I cannot wait;  
 If thou doesn't look sharp they're seer to shut t' gate.  
 Let's walk i' narrow path, and niver from it rooam,  
 Till we sit doon side by side i' kingdom come.

Probably one of the best specimens of the humour and dialect of Yorkshire exists as a song detailing the adventures of a truant lad out of Wensleydale, who ran away to Leeds. We venture to transcribe it, in the hope that it will be new to the majority of our readers:—

When I were at home with my fayther and mother I never had no fun;  
 They kept me going fra morn till night, so I thowt fra' them I'd run.  
 Leeds Fair were coming on, and I thowt I'd have a spree,  
 So I put on my Sunday coot and went right merrily.

First I saw were t' factory. I niver saw one before.  
 There were threads and tapes, and tapes and silks, to sell by many a score.  
 There were a strap turned ivery wheel, and every wheel a strap ;  
 Begor, says I to t' maister man, old Harry's a rare strong chap.

Next I went to Leeds auld church; I were niver i' one i' my days,  
 And I were maistly ashamed o' myself, for I didn't know their ways.  
 There were thirty or forty fooak in toobs and boxes sat,  
 When up comes a sauncy old fellow; says he, Noo, lad, tak off thy hat.

Then in there comes a great lord mayor, and over his shoulders a cloob,  
 And he got into a white sack poke, and got int' topmost toob.  
 And then there came anither chap, I thinks they called him Ned,  
 And he got into t' bottomost toob and mocked all t' other chap said.

So they began to preach and pray—they prayed for George our king,  
 When up jumps chap int' bottomost toob, says he, Good fooaks, let's sing  
 I thowt some sang varra well, while others did grunt and groan.  
 Every man sang what he would, *but I sang Darby and Joan.*

When preaching and praying were ower, and fooaks were ganging away,  
 I went to t' chap in toppermost toob, says I, Lad, what's to pay ?  
 Why nowt, says he, my lad. Begor, I were right *fain*.  
 So I clicht haud o' my great cloob stick, and went whistling oot again.

We remember when in 1851 a group of females from the West Riding were passing through the picture gallery of the Exhibition, and the beautiful little gem of "The Three Marys" (the property of Lord Carlisle) particularly engaged their attention. From our position we overheard their controversy on the subject. Reference to the catalogue told them that these were indeed the three Marys, but *what* Marys?—that was the question. "There'll be Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalen, maybe," said one, dubiously, "but who's t' other?" "Why, Bloody Mary, to be sure," responded her friend, in a sudden burst of inspiration, and this happy idea was at once adopted.

Out of his own country the native shrewdness and mother-wit of the Yorkshireman stand him in good stead, and generally enable him to turn the tables on a chance adversary. In 1851, a burly yeoman went up to town accompanied by some half-dozen of his friends, all men of huge weight and size, and there they enjoyed themselves after their fashion. One night they entered an exhibition of *poses plastiques*, a new, if not edifying, performance to their eyes. For some time they argued with each other as to whether it was statuary or living flesh and blood that they beheld; five of them inclined to the first opinion, but the sixth maintained the contrary, and continued to watch the performance with vigilant and distrustful scrutiny. Suddenly he roared out from the pit at the top of a most powerful voice, "That lass is wick (*anglicè* alive). I sead her wink iv an eye." An awful uproar followed. The models could not restrain their mirth, while the audience commenced the cry of "turn them out." But this was sooner said than done; half-a-dozen middle-

aged farmers standing each over six feet, and weighing on an average eighteen stone apiece, were not easily dislodged, and amid a scene of indescribable confusion the curtain dropped.

In some of the most secluded parts there are people living who have never set foot out of their native dale, some who have never been farther than the nearest market town, and many who have never in their lives beheld a railway engine, and are more than content to receive their letters as often as once in the fortnight. The male part of the population are born jockeys, hunters, and sportsmen, and in common with the rest of the North-Riding men enjoy the well-earned reputation of being able to breed a horse, buy one, train, ride, and, lastly (as many know to their cost), sell a horse against the world. The women are, according to the old Saxon custom, kept in a certain subjection, and this is in some places so far carried out that they wait upon the men at meals, and do not eat until their masters are served.

Nevertheless, these dalesmen are a fine, well-grown race, hospitable to strangers, shrewd and honest (except in the matter of horse-dealing), strong and fearless by nature, independent in thought, and curiously primitive in their manners, customs, and speech. One illustration of this must conclude an article already unreasonable in point of length.

In the early part of this century, when England was in hourly expectation of a French invasion, and militiamen swarmed as the riflemen do at this time, a regiment was raised and equipped in these districts, composed entirely, men and officers alike, of dalesmen. One of the royal dukes came down for the purpose of inspecting it, and intimated his intention of afterwards honouring the mess by his presence. The officers were, with the exception of the colonel, drawn from the class which corresponds to the gentleman farmer or substantial yeoman of the present day, and were an exceedingly soldier-like, stalwart, good-looking body of men. At dinner his royal highness complimented the colonel repeatedly on his possessing such a handsome gentlemanly set of fellows for officers, and the latter bowed his acknowledgments, earnestly praying the while, in his inmost heart, that they might hold their tongues until the duke should have left the room. But it was not to be. Dinner progressed, the wine circulated, and speech was loosened. A stentorian voice was heard from the other end of the table. "Coornel! coornel! ah say, coornel!" The unhappy colonel affected deafness, and continued to converse, in desperation, with the duke. "Colonel," said the latter, "I think one of your officers is addressing you." The colonel had no choice but to give his attention to his subaltern, who had now risen, and was striking the table with his huge fist, the better to attract his commanding officer. "Ah say, coornel! what's to be doon wi' a hofficer and gentleman as teems (*anglicè* pours) his wine frae his awn glass back intiv t' bottle?" His royal highness never forgot the joke, nor did Colonel Sir — soon hear the last of the "hofficers and gentlemen" of the mess of his Majesty's — Regiment of Militia.

## Money and Money's Worth.

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As a general rule, the great bulk of the community regard the threats of scientific men with considerable equanimity. We are not much troubled at hearing of the approaching exhaustion of beds of coal, or of the fearful consequences which may be expected to follow if we neglect to restore to the soil the phosphates which we have taken from it. Even Admiral Fitzroy and his drums have not succeeded in frightening the general public as much as would perhaps be desirable, and the doleful lamentations of the currency doctors, who declare that after so many more years of convertible paper England must be destroyed, have a scarcely perceptible effect on the unscientific part of mankind. Sometimes, however, a scientific doctrine is put so clearly, and rests upon facts of which the evidence is so readily accessible to unscientific persons, that it breaks through our equanimity, and raises a real feeling of uneasiness more or less deep and lasting amongst that section of mankind whose interests would be affected by the truth of the doctrines put forward. The practical effect which we were all led to expect from the great gold discoveries was a case of this kind. What had happened was patent to all the world, and the dullest and most ignorant could hardly fail to see how it would affect his interests. A vast quantity of gold was found in California and Australia, which of course poured into every part of the world by the ordinary channels of commerce, and would thus, it was argued, in a short time produce the effect of diminishing proportionally the value of all fixed incomes; so that though it would be easier in future to get ten sovereigns, yet when got they would buy no more than as many sovereigns as could formerly have been got by the same amount of labour—nine for instance, or even seven, or possibly five.

The theory was simplicity itself, the fact upon which it was based perfectly simple and well-authenticated; and the inferences appeared to follow in an unimpeachable manner. Notwithstanding this, time went on, and things remained much as they were. No violent change in prices—such as is said to have followed the original discovery of America—appeared, at least in this country, and by degrees the public began to forget its fears and to settle down into the comfortable belief which appears to be the natural consolation of all languid minds—the belief, namely, that theory and practice are very different things, and that though political economists might be very right from their own point of view in asserting that gold would lose its value, those domestic economists whose philosophy is derived principally from household accounts and the

rule of thumb, were quite right in thinking that sovereigns were still sovereigns, and that the gold of Australia and California had left their charms substantially unaltered.

No doubt, in a rough sort of way, this was true enough; but strange as such a frame of mind may appear to their neighbours, there are some people in the world to whom contrasts between theory and practice appear not only false but grievous. To a man who has an adequate notion of the value of truth, it is positively painful, and that in no common degree, to believe that no such thing as solid knowledge is accessible upon any subject, and that the most careful conclusions of the most accurate reasoners are less true and substantial than the observations of people who have never taken the trouble either to inform their minds or to exercise their understandings. To such persons the general theory as to the value of gold, which is the fundamental theory of political economy, appears to be far better vouched than any of the mere rule of thumb conclusions of domestic economists can possibly be; from whence it would follow that if the facts asserted to exist by the domestic economists are accurately stated, there must be some other circumstances in the law by which the truth of the general theory can be reconciled with the particular state of facts apparently at variance with it. This suggests an inquiry which, if not so important as those which occupy political economists, may have the minor merit of being a little less dull to the world at large. This inquiry is, whether there is anything in the habits of life and other circumstances of the great bulk of the people of this country which would prevent us from being affected as much as might have been expected by a fall in the value of gold, and might thus lead us to doubt the fact that such a change has actually taken place. Our belief is that not only do such circumstances exist, but they operate so forcibly that the common argument from experience against the fall in the value of gold is as unsatisfactory as would be the evidence of a man who, after taking violent exercise in the open air for some hours, attempted to prove, by appealing to his own sensations, that the thermometer had not fallen since he left his house.

If gold were to fall in value, the effect, of course, would be that each individual sovereign would purchase less after than before the fall, and this would of course diminish the means of every person who had a fixed income. A thousand a year in the funds would buy less food, less clothing, a less comfortable house, &c., than it otherwise would have bought. Let us try to get a rough notion of the sort of effect which this would practically produce in a nation like ours, assuming, as it is obviously proper to assume, that the change came on gradually, and was spread over a considerable time. What manner of people, then, are we who live in this island? Taken as a body, we are immensely rich. We are, as far as accumulations go, the richest nation in the world. If a valuation were made of all the property in the United Kingdom it would probably exceed in amount a similar valuation for the United States. In respect of undeveloped wealth, such as waste lands, and unworked mines, the comparison

would, no doubt, be the other way; but taken as it stands, our own is unquestionably the richest community in the world. This enormous wealth is, as we all know, very unequally distributed, but the effect of its existence upon every class of the population, even on those who have no other property than their daily labour, is most remarkable; and in nothing is it so remarkable as in our domestic economy. There are, as we all know, two ways of getting rich—getting and saving. The process of getting needs little illustration. It means earning a large income, or making great profits. Saving means the gift of getting the utmost possible amount of use out of every kind of property, and reducing our wants to the smallest possible compass. The art and mystery of it is admirably embodied in such proverbs as are to be found in *Poor Richard*—a pin a day is a groat a year; a penny saved is a penny got; borrow of your back and belly, for they will never dun you. To get more is the natural resource of rich nations, to save is the expedient of poor ones. It is a self-evident, but not the less an important truth, that very little of our wealth has been saved. Almost all of it has been got by inventions, by lucky speculations, by understanding how to promote and carry on trade. We have never been a thrifty nation inured to hardship, and thriving by little and little in spite of it, like the Scotch or the French peasantry. We have always played at the gold table, and, like successful people in general, have spent our money as freely as we got it. It is not very profitable to discuss the good and bad side of this way of living, but it has one result which has a great deal to do with the influx of gold. It accustoms all classes of the population to attach less value to money in the proper sense of the word—that is, to gold and silver coin and convertible bank-notes—than is usual in most other parts of the world. It is always hazardous to guess, but there is some ground for the conjecture that in no nation, except, perhaps, the United States, is the practice of hoarding less common than with us. One of the historians (not Mr. Carlyle) of Frederick William of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great, records that he justified his practice of creating and selling offices by the reflection that there was no other way of getting at the hoards of poor people. Every prosperous peasant, he said, had somewhere or other an old pot, or stocking, with a certain number of thalers in it, painfully collected one by one through a long course of years. Various authorities, of whom Balzac the novelist, if not the most trustworthy, is far the most picturesque, assert that the same state of things used till very lately to exist all over France. One of the loans raised some years ago for the Crimean war was so contrived as to favour the investment of such hoards, and it is said that the parts of it taken in Brittany (it was allotted in very small sums) were paid for in curious old *louis d'or* and double crowns, older than the Revolution, and worth respectively twenty-four and six of the *livres* which were the equivalent of the modern ubiquitous franc. They were worn and black with the tarnish of more than one generation, and came out of obscure

hiding-places where they had probably eluded the researches of the Chouans, and had, perhaps, enabled their owners to support heroically the tortures inflicted by the *chauffeurs*.

This for years and years has never been the practice of English people. Every Englishman invests his money in some way or other. If he opens an account with a savings' bank, it is for a purpose—to buy furniture, or start in some small business. In many cases he joins a land society, and by degrees buys himself a house of his own, and half an acre of land. In some large towns he takes shares in a co-operative store, and so becomes, to the extent of his savings, an independent trader. This habit makes those who practise it completely independent of changes in the value of gold, for such changes would never affect the value of fixed property like houses and land, or the profits of trade, in which the labouring classes invest their savings, or the wages of labour, from which they derive the power of saving. These habits not only make the classes which practise them independent of fluctuations in the value of the precious metals, but exercise a considerable influence over the habits of the richer part of the community who live on fixed incomes. At first sight it might appear that there is in this country an enormous mass of persons whom nobody would wish to hurt, and whose whole comfort and position in life would be terribly altered for the worse if any considerable fall were to take place in the value of that which is the measure of their income. The National Debt consists of annuities worth in all something like 28,000,000*l.* a year. If gold fell 15 per cent. in value, this would be equivalent to an income-tax of 15 per cent. on so much of every one's income as is derived from the funds. The same would be true of the interest of all money lent upon mortgage, whether in the common shape of an ordinary mortgage of land with power of sale, or in the shape, which in the present day is so common and popular, of railroad debentures and some sorts of preference shares. To the same extent would fall the incomes of all Government officials and clerks paid by salaries, unless the salaries were raised, and also all incomes dependent on what may be called conventional payments—payments, that is, like the physician's guinea—which are regulated not by competition between man and man, but by a tacit agreement between society at large and the particular class which receives the payment. Another immense class to which the same remark applies are persons whose property is affected by marriage settlements. In addition to the other benefits which those ingenious instruments secure to mankind, one of the commonest is, that they generally assume that the value of gold will never change, as they generally restrict the investment of the trust funds to the purchase of land, Government securities, and mortgage in one or the other of its forms; that is, they provide, except in the case of investment in land, that as many sovereigns as are brought into settlement shall in due time be brought out of it again. It may be said that, whatever the case may be with traders on the one hand, and the labouring poor on the other, persons of this descrip-



tion at all events must be reduced, not perhaps to absolute poverty, but to considerable discomfort, by the gold discoveries. That they will lose by them there can be no sort of doubt; that they have already lost by them considerably is probably true. It can hardly be doubted that Professor Cairnes was right when he maintained, in opposition to leading articles on the subject in *The Times*, that a sovereign in 1863 was by no means so good a thing as it was in 1853. The fact usually lost sight of is, that these classes share as much as any others, perhaps more than any others (though in a more roundabout way), in the general prosperity of the country, and that therefore the loss to which they have to submit, though no doubt a real one, is one which they are well able to bear, and of which—unless they go into elaborate calculations, and take more trouble to make themselves unhappy than would be sufficient to console them for their losses—they might hardly be positively or distinctly conscious.

To understand how this comes about, it will be necessary, in the first place, to say a little of some of the habits, circumstances, and resources of the class in question. Speaking roughly, they may be classed under three principal heads—namely, annuitants, professional men, and men in the receipt of salaries. The case of annuitants, that is, of persons who live upon the interest of money invested in the funds, on mortgage, or otherwise, in such a manner as to yield a fixed unelastic income, is no doubt the hardest; but let us consider who are the members of this class, and what are their remedies. The cases in which such incomes are very large are probably few, and where they do exist, it would seem that no particular sympathy was due to the persons concerned. To invest a large sum of money in the funds or on mortgage, and simply to live on the proceeds without taking any share in any active pursuit of life, cannot be considered as a scheme of life, giving those who follow it any considerable claim on the sympathies of the rest of the world, if it should appear that the couch, on which they had chosen to recline, turned out a little less luxurious than they had expected it to be. The case of a rich man living up to his income, and finding as years went on that it did not afford him so much enjoyment as at first, must be very uncommon. Annuitants are, generally speaking, quite a different sort of people. They are widows, or unmarried ladies, or men who have retired from active life. Except exceptions, there are probably few families which are dependent on annuities, unless they are the families of widows.

Whatever may be the numbers of the class of annuitants, and whatever their claims upon the sympathy of the public, it is certain that as gold falls in value, their income will purchase less and less; but let us see whether there are not considerable alleviations provided by the present state of things for this misfortune—whether the general increase of national prosperity does not increase their resources in one direction, as quickly as the fall in the value of gold diminishes them in another?

In the first place, the gold discoveries themselves cut two ways. They

not only diminish the value of gold, but they diminish the value of other things as well, by the encouragement which they give to trade. The wealth and population of Australia, California, and British Columbia have increased enormously since, and by reason of, the discovery of gold. The fact that there is abundance of gold there has enabled the Australians to buy ships, and build houses, and breed cattle, and do an infinite variety of other things for which, in the absence of gold, they must long have waited. This comes home to every family in the kingdom. The great difficulty of families with fixed incomes is to provide for the children; but thousands upon thousands of young men have found employment, and have married the same number of young women, upon the strength of the gold which imperceptibly diminished the purchasing power of their family income. A widow with a family of children may have been unpleasantly conscious that, do what she would, the butcher, and the baker, and the tailor seemed to increase and multiply against her; but if one of her sons got employment at Victoria, and sent out for two of her daughters, who got prosperously married there, she would be a gainer on the whole by the gold discoveries. Even in the case of an unmarried woman earning nothing, and having no one dependent upon her, the gold would not be a mere enemy. She would, indeed, get the usual sum from the funds, and that usual sum would not go so far in weekly bills as formerly; but, on the other hand, the gradual growth of the wealth of the nation produces not merely abundance of gold, but abundance of goods. Duties are removed, and the articles on which they were laid become cheaper, manufactures are improved, and manufactured goods fall in price. To some extent this is the effect of the gold discoveries. To a greater extent it is accidentally contemporaneous with them; but whether there is or is not a connection between the two things, the practical result is that the diminution of income does not, under all the circumstances of the case, mean diminution of comfort. As the pious Sterne beautifully observes, "The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb."

The case of annuitants is the strongest and plainest. The members of professions are in a far more favourable position. It is no doubt true that the payment of professional men is often regulated by custom rather than competition. The doctor's guinea was well known long before modern gold discoveries, and it is difficult to believe that it will ever be much altered. There are, however, ways and means, as all professional men know, of evading this. The lawyer's fee is supposed (at least in many cases) to be as unelastic as the doctor's; but this is not really the case. Briefs are "marked," as the phrase is, on a very different scale in different cases. When the barristers who practise before parliamentary committees said, by their conduct, "If we are to give up the highest prospects of our profession, you must enable us to make fortunes in a reasonable time"—an observation, by the way, which they were well justified in making—they raised their prices, not by direct chaffering about the amount of their fees, but by making the discovery that it was

necessary that they should have a consultation every day in every case, and that for that consultation they should always get five guineas. It may not be quite so easy for a doctor to add to his guineas; but with a little management the thing may be done. A physician must be very dull if he does not find ways and means of informing you when you have had your guinea's worth of advice, and when another dose at the same price would be advisable. Many physicians, especially in the country, refuse their fee every alternate visit. Should gold fall much in price, they would be less modest; and for the credit of the profession, to which we all owe so much, it ought to be said that most physicians have a considerable margin of voluntary services for which many of their patients would be too happy to pay if the guinea sank to fifteen shillings. The truth about all payments by fees is that they differ from other wages of labour only in form. They are contrivances by which men of such a position in life as to be averse to the details of a bargain are enabled to avoid the unpleasantness of abating the price of their services, whenever they are rendered; but in fact they are regulated, like other services, by supply and demand, though in rather a roundabout way, and thus those who live on them are not really more dependent than their neighbours on the price of gold.

With regard to professional men it must be remembered that there is no body of people in the country whose interests are more affected by the general state of the nation. The physician, the barrister, the attorney, the author, the artist, every one, in short, who lives on the work of his brain, thrives upon good times as much as the navy or the labourer. It is the rich patient who sends for the doctor, and though prosperity is usually healthy, it is much more watchful over its health, and much better able to pay for fortifications of it, than poverty. Dives has not so many sores as Lazarus, but he is an infinitely better customer to the physician. So of lawyers. Plenty of money means plenty of buying and selling, plenty of joint-stock companies, plenty of marriages, and, therefore, plenty of contracts, plenty of letters to write, plenty of deeds to draw, and plenty of briefs to deliver, and good fees on their backs. It is when Jeshurun waxes fat that he is apt to kick, and very satisfactory it is for his legal adviser to see him do so. As for authors and artists, national prosperity means speculation in books and newspapers, reviews, magazines; it means the furnishing of houses, the cultivation of taste, the giving of commissions, and the ordering of portraits. A man who has got wits to live upon will not grudge a certain rise in his weekly bills if he finds that with it comes an increasing demand for his intellectual wares, whatever may be their special character. Think what a godsend it must have been to military men when the British public began to spend the revenues of minor Powers in making iron-plates and rifled-cannon knock their heads together, and you get some notion of the way in which people with fixed incomes profit by anything which makes the nation live on a larger scale, and spend its money more quickly than it used.

The case of salaries is simpler than that of professional earnings,

though hardly so favourable to the persons concerned. In the case of salaries paid by private persons, there is comparatively little difficulty because they are directly affected by competition. A good clerk, or an active secretary, has a market value; and if he finds his expenses increasing against him, he can get better terms from his employers by the tacit threat of going elsewhere. This is not the case, or at all events it is not the case to anything like the same extent, with salaries paid by the Government; and perhaps there is no class of persons to whom the consequences of a fall in the value of gold, would be so serious as to persons in Government employ. They are almost always at the mercy of their employer. Dismissal from a Government office is, in almost every case, something very like ruin to the person dismissed; at all events, it is equivalent to depriving him of all that part of his income which he earns. The knowledge and sometimes the habits acquired in Government employment are of very little intrinsic value. Outside the walls of the particular office where they were gained, they would sell, generally speaking, for very little. Hence officials in all degrees must practically submit to their superiors. They are at a greater disadvantage than any other class of men. They are not only helpless as against their superiors, but they are also placed under other conditions which expose them in a very helpless way to fluctuations in the value of gold. They are not paid by those who appoint and can discharge them, and this is a very disadvantageous state of things. In the common case master and servant bargain together. The servant can appeal to his master's sense of his own interests, or to his generosity, and the master feels that he personally has to choose whether he will lose a useful servant or pay him higher wages. No man can bargain with the public. The head of a department has power to appoint or to discharge, but he has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the amount of the salaries of the members of his office. That is generally a matter proximately for that curious abstraction called the Treasury, ultimately and substantially for the House of Commons, and a more hopeless task can hardly be imagined than that of trying to drive a bargain with such bodies as these.

Apart from this the salary of Government officers is only a part of their pay, and often not the most important part. In some cases, for instance in the case of officers in the army, it is a secondary inducement to take service. In all the attractions of a quiet life, social position, and perfect security, on condition of reasonably inoffensive conduct, are important parts of the consideration paid by the Government. The effect of this is, that if the public like to drive a hard bargain they can; they even make existing office-holders uncomfortable and get an inferior set of men in future. That they will feel inclined to do so when they get the chance, is highly probable. It should never be forgotten that at the time of the Mutiny of the Nore it appeared that the pay of the sailors had never been raised, though the value of money had altered about 50 per cent. since the standard of it was fixed.

On the other hand it must be said, with regard to Government clerks, that there are few classes of men to whom the general prosperity of the country brings a larger number of indirect compensations for diminutions in their incomes. The great difficulties of all people with fixed incomes is to get their children settled in life. If they manage that, they can for the most part cut their own personal coats to their cloth. Now the general prosperity of the country has everything to do with opportunities of providing for children, and at least as much, possibly more, in the case of Government clerks than in that of other classes. The Government expenditure in salaries must have increased largely in the last ten or fifteen years. The gold colonies themselves have Government establishments of their own, new offices have been set up in England, or old ones extended, and the demand for educated labour in every department of life has increased beyond all calculation. These things enable a man, even if his income is somewhat diminished, to get his sons off his hands far more easily than he could have done thirty or even twenty years ago.

It follows from these illustrations, that though it is no doubt true that the gold discoveries must in course of time reduce, and, indeed, have already reduced, the value of all fixed incomes; the state of society in which we live is such that, even in the case of those classes which might be expected to suffer most severely from the change, circumstances have broken the fall so much that it is scarcely perceptible. What they have lost in one direction they have gained in others, and as they have all undergone the same change, and all at the same rate, both their loss and their gain have been much less striking than at first sight they might have been expected to be. Probably a fair and cheerful person of any one of these classes—a widow, say, living on a small funded income—would say something of this sort: "I think, on the whole, things are rather dearer than they were. Butchers and bakers charge more, and I find clothes expensive, but I have been fortunate on the whole, and ought not to complain. Two of my sons have got provided for. One is in the merchant navy, and another is doing well in Queensland. They help me with their younger brothers, and two of my daughters are married, so that I do pretty well on the whole." The connection between the rise in the butcher's bills and the establishment in life of the children would not be the less real because it is not at first sight apparent. The truth is that the amount of a person's income is only one element towards determining that part of their comfort which depends upon being in easy circumstances. We are all dependent to a much greater degree than we are apt to remember on the general condition of the society to which we belong, and we share in its prosperity as well as in its adversity, though the one truth is much more easily forgotten than the other. Professor Cairnes and other learned men tell us, and probably with truth, that prices have risen so much that a large percentage has come off every fixed income in the last fifteen years; but it would be a great injustice to them to suppose that they meant by this, that a similar percentage of all

the pleasures that money can buy had in the same period been taken off the comforts of every family supported by a fixed income. Some prices have actually risen, others have only been prevented from falling, and in so far as this has been the case, the loss of people with fixed incomes has been, so to speak, nominal. They would no doubt have been richer if the world at large had been equally prosperous and busy, and if gold had remained where it was; but if gold had remained where it was, would the world have been equally prosperous and busy? Nothing less striking to the imagination than the prospects opened by the gold discoveries would have induced so many thousands of reasonably comfortable people to transport themselves to the ends of the earth. When they were there they had to work or starve, and not liking to starve, they made efforts in a thousand ways which they would not otherwise have made, and so increased not merely the world's supply of gold, but its supplies of copper, lead, beef, mutton, wool, timber, and all manner of other things. This of course produced a fall in prices corresponding to the rise produced by the gold, and thus the discovery worked round and round in a manner which renders it very difficult to strike the balance of the actual effects produced.

To this direct and tangible effect must be added another, which is not the less important because it cannot be expressed in figures. The world at large rather unjustly view political economists as an iron-hearted race, believing in nothing except statistics, and a set of iron-hearted calculations founded upon them; a charge founded on the fact that they are addicted to what many people consider the bad and even wicked habit of thinking and speaking about one thing at a time, and so arriving at definite results. This leads them to overlook the fact that things of the most indefinite, and so to speak, not practical nature, have a money value of their own, and often a very high one. This is especially true of everything which rouses the imagination and intellect of the country. If some fine morning a casual traveller in Windsor Park had found a foot or two under the surface a huge lump of pure gold as big as the model exhibited a year and a half ago in the Exhibition, and if nothing more had been required to make it into sovereigns than a force of the A division of police to keep the ground, a certain number of men with axes and wedges to cut it up into lumps, and a sufficient quantity of waggons and horses to carry it to the mint to be coined, the effect would have been very much what would have followed from a realization of Hume's supposition of every man in England finding some morning that he had five guineas in his breeches pocket. It was quite another thing when the discovery was made under such circumstances, that in order to turn it to account all manner of difficulties had to be encountered, all sorts of romantic dangers and adventures to be undergone, all sorts of outlandish regions visited at the expense of every sort of vicissitude. The effect of this was to stimulate the national love of adventure and excitement, to familiarize the comfortable classes with the notion of running considerable risks for the sake of improving their

positions, and generally to wake people up, and so increase their wish to be rich, and the efforts which they were willing to make for the purpose. To whatever extent the gold discoveries operated in this direction, they operated to lower prices in general, and to increase the degree of comfort which was to be had at a given price.

How far the gold discoveries have been the cause is, of course, matter of curious speculation, but that the effect has been produced is plain beyond all controversy. We have become a nation of speculators to a degree hardly ever known before. Almost every person in moderately comfortable circumstances is more or less of a trader. He either holds shares in a railway, and so trades as a common carrier, or he has invested part at least of his money in some other scheme, and is a banker, a miner, a hotel-keeper, a baker, a wheelwright, or something else, to the extent of his interest. There are those, no doubt, who turn up their eyes, and sigh over such enormities, but the fact is that since the limited liability companies were authorized, that part of the British public which saves money has gone into business with an ardour which becomes a nation of shopkeepers, and which, by the way, is shared by the French. No doubt many companies are traps, and doleful stories could be told of the ruin of those who have been so unwise as to allow themselves to be over-persuaded into joining them; but it cannot be seriously doubted that, on the whole, they make profits, and those profits are, of course, a clear addition to the wealth of the nation at large, and are altogether irrespective of any fluctuations in the price of gold.

It thus appears that, when viewed not merely in its abstract, but also in its concrete form, it is no easy matter to say what are the effects of the gold discoveries, not on prices alone, but on the comforts of that part of the community which lives on fixed incomes. It is like calculating the effect of a vehement impulse given to a body already in rapid motion, under the influence of a variety of opposing forces. The political economists are perfectly right in saying that if gold becomes plentiful, prices must rise. The domestic economists may be equally right in saying, that be that as it may, we are as well off as we were before gold became so plentiful. Thanks to the conjunction of the sun and moon, and their distance from the earth, the tidal wave at the equator may have been unusually high, but what with the peculiar shape of our own little bay, what with the growth of the shingle beach, what with a strong east wind which has prevailed for some time past, we have not been, and we hope we shall not be, flooded. This is not a conflict between theory and practice, but a case in which one particular application of a wide general theory is qualified by reference to a number of small particular theories, which are quite as true, and require to be attended to, at least as much as the larger ones, before true practical inferences on the subject can be drawn.

There are some other observations which may serve to comfort those who believe that gold has not fallen in value, and who, fearing that when it

does the results will be very dreadful, wish to guard against those results. No doubt it is the part of a wise man to do so, where the precautions to be taken are not very troublesome, inasmuch as there can be no doubt that if a man could protect himself from the fall in the value of gold, he would not only not lose by it, which might be the case with his neighbours, but he might get the advantages which would accrue to him from the rising prosperity of the nation into the bargain. These precautions are not in general very troublesome, at least to those who have the management of their own funds. There are some unfailing maxims about investments, of which the first and great one is that nobody gets anything for nothing. This occupies exactly the same place in regard to laying out money as the maxim that you cannot cheat nature holds in mechanics. High interest means bad security, just as low interest means either good security or some collateral advantage. If you buy a large estate you will rarely get three per cent. for your money; you take out the balance in the satisfaction of being a country gentleman. If you get five per cent. you have to pay for it in some shape or other. Either you run a certain risk, or you have to send your money to some outlying place and have a difficulty in getting your interest paid. Money on mortgage and money in the funds may be taken as the types of secure investment. Money in the funds is absolutely safe; the interest is paid with perfect regularity and without the smallest trouble, and the capital, or any part of it, is available at any moment. There is also a scarcely perceptible spice of chance about the amount of the capital. You may gain a little or you may lose a little when you come to realize it. Money ought to be lent on these terms, says the public verdict, at a little more than three per cent. A mortgage with proper care is as safe as the funds, and it is better in one respect; namely, that you are certain to get back the same number of sovereigns as you lend, but on the other hand, the payment is seldom quite regular, the capital cannot be realized in parts, and if called in altogether, six months' notice is required, and trouble may arise about getting it. Taking all this into account, the public has decided that the debtor ought to pay his creditor four per cent. for his money. An ideally perfect security would be one which was absolutely safe, which could be realized in whole or in part at any moment, of which the interest was paid with perfect regularity, and in which the creditor was quite sure to lose nothing when the account was finally closed. From the cases of the funds and mortgages it is obvious that the nearest practicable approach to this ideal security are securities which will pay from three to four per cent. These securities, however, are bargains made in gold. They are contracts to pay so many sovereigns. If the gold rises in value before the completion of the contract, the debtor loses; if it falls, the creditor. The problem then of providing against alterations in the value of gold consists in finding investments which will pay four per cent. and which are not gold bargains. Investments in land are of course the most obvious of them, but unless land is bought in small



quantities, and in a purely commercial spirit, it is very difficult to get four per cent. for it. More may be got from houses, but they have to be repaired, and the process of getting the rent, in cases of difficulty, is about as unpleasant as any that can be conceived, to say nothing of the intricacies connected with it. Railway *stock* (as distinguished from debentures) is independent of the value of gold, as the companies might raise their fares if gold fell; and the same may be said of all trading companies. An intelligent person, searching over Europe, might probably find investments of this kind which would both be safe and pay high interest. Perhaps when he had done so he would discover that if he had stayed at home and minded his own business, he would have earned with the same amount of time and trouble more than an equivalent for the extra percentage.

It would be out of place to launch upon the wide ocean of inquiry what the question of investments suggests. It is enough to say that no great genius is required to take effectual precautions against the bad effects which a fall in the value of gold may produce on a man's income, the collateral circumstances which do in practice prevent him from feeling the pinch of the change are so numerous, that it is not reasonable to be very unhappy on the subject.

The whole controversy is deserving of attention, not only on account of its practical interest, but because it affords as good an illustration as will readily be found of the extreme difficulty of applying scientific theories to an actually existing state of facts. Until the apparent contradiction between theory and practice had been fully described and commented upon, it never occurred to any one that the practical inconvenience of the gold discoveries would be diminished by any of the other facts which existed at the same time. One theory after another was put forward as to the reason why gold had not sunk in value, whereas the question ought to have been, why the fact that gold had fallen in value made so little practical difference. Many parallel instances might be mentioned, all of which, if examined, would be found to supply illustrations of the fundamental unsoundness of the common contrast between theory and practice.

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## Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### ARTHUR LAMONT, PRODIGAL.

I STARED in terror at this sudden apparition, in the life, of him whose portrait I had just been gazing at. Stories of the genii who came at the rubbing of a ring swept through my mind, and for a moment I almost believed that, in stealing my way to the picture, I had unwittingly conjured up the original to be my master for ever and ever. My agitation was so great that the stranger must have perceived it; but he quietly said, with a bow that was never learned in England,—

“Ma'mselle, I fear I have surprised you. But pray allow me to remain. Madame Lamont returns immediately, I am told: I am her son.”

Never were words more welcome. The announcement not only quieted my apprehensions, but lifted half the burden from my conscience. If this was madame's son—though he bore not the remotest resemblance either to her or to her daughter—there could have been no very serious reasons for keeping his portrait secret, I thought; and therefore what wrong had my curiosity done to any one but myself, whom I had disgraced? Still, it was strange that I had never heard of this gentleman, or that a son of madame's ever existed.

He finished his speech with another bow in a quick off-hand manner, and coming forward with his valise—an old, tiny, tattered thing—he threw it unceremoniously upon the table, threw himself into a chair, and straightway employed his eyes in a survey of the room and all that it contained—save myself. This he did, perhaps, that I might have time to recover my composure, as well as to survey *him* before he again addressed me.

Supposing that to have been his intention, it, too, was what no one bred in England would have done—no one, that is to say, whose appearance suffered so much from poverty and travel as his did. If gentlemen ever went “on the tramp,” then we should meet upon the highways now and then just such a figure as Mr. Lamont presented—soiled, weather-worn, with threadbare clothes coarsely mended where the beggar's rags are, but still erect, independent, at ease even with poverty. But once again in a drawing-room and in the presence of Sixteen, most Englishmen, I think, would do their best to keep the lady's eyes from the insignia of their degradation. It was not so with Mr. Lamont. He made no attempt to hide his broken boots, nor his broken gloves, nor his worn hat; and

though; indeed, he did keep the hat held up to his breast as he lounged in madame's easy-chair, that was only his way of managing it, apparently, and not to conceal the fact that he was buttoned to the chin.

But what he made no effort for was done by grace of nature. He was a man of such a sort that whether he appeared in rags or not was forgotten as soon as seen. Not that he was a "commanding-looking man," as women say—neither tall, nor robust, nor even earnest; but only uncommon. His abrupt bow at the door, and something in his bearing as he crossed the room, seemed to declare that he had been a soldier; but his handsome face was a scholar's face, and it looked all the more scholarly because, though still a young man, his hair was scant and his forehead bald.

The something about him which I cannot describe had this effect: I began to pity him extremely. It was not on account of his poverty, I am sure; but rather as if he were telling a very sorrowful story.

At length his wandering eyes rested upon me again as he said, in a soft even voice,—

"I beg pardon, but ma'mselle is one of my mother's pupils?"

I bowed in my most womanly way.

"A favourite pupil, and that is better than being her son, for *her*—and for everybody else if it comes to that. Ma'mselle has heard of me—Arthur Lamont? Never? nor of any little boy Arty? Well, silence is kindest, I suppose. But I see that I am remembered," he added, reaching forth his hand to touch the box with the account-books in it. "As for the rest, when men like me permit themselves to die before their time, their friends very properly bury them as soon as their backs are turned. Nobody can say anything against that—even you cannot, ma'mselle."

I answered that I scarcely understood him, and no more I did; though I confess I felt the subtle flattery of his last sentence.

"No? well," said he, laughing lightly, "*I* am a dead man. I laugh, but that is only that you may not be frightened. All the same, I am a dead man. You shall see presently what they think of my apparition."

How much of this was mere nonsense-talk I could not tell; but I would not let it alarm me, because in that case the stranger might have altered his behaviour—perceiving that I was not so much a woman after all. Nevertheless, I had so little inclination to witness the meeting between mother and son, or to remain any longer in the stranger's company, that I was pondering some excuse to leave the room when Madame Lamont and her daughter were heard below.

"Here they come! That is my mother's voice," said he, starting up, and looking wistfully toward the door. "Pray do not go away, ma'mselle, I beg!"

The ladies entered the room. There was the shabby, unhappy figure confronting them in apprehensive silence on the hearth.

“Arthur!” exclaimed Madame Lamont, instantly arrested in astonishment. “Back again!”

“Back again,” he answered.

“Back again!” repeated Charlotte, like an echo, faintly.

That was the first greeting. Then the ladies came near and took his hands as if they supposed they must; but a moment afterward his mother, kissing him, lay her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears. Charlotte turned her back on him at the same instant, tugging at her gloves; so that he did not see the half-angry, half-sorrowful look that came into her face just then, though he regarded her very earnestly.

The scene was not one which I could stay to witness any longer, even if I had heart for it; and though Mr. Lamont gave me a glance which seemed to say that he would be obliged if I would remain, I slipped away, and saw no more of my friends till I met them at breakfast next morning.

Mr. Lamont had not yet come in when I went down, but he soon made his appearance, and an altered one it was. He had been into the sea, which washed away every sign of fatigue; and he had been to a tailor's, for he was dressed in handsome apparel, which the little valise could not possibly have contained. These changes made him look almost youthful; and gaily he jingled the money in his bran-new pockets as he came in with a general “good-morning.” I think the money must have been change of a bank-note given by mamma for the tailor; remembering the wistful way in which she glanced toward the pockets when they jingled.

“Thanks to you again, dear mother,” he said, as he placed her chair at the breakfast-table (I fancied I saw her slip some letters beneath the cloth as she sat down), “here am I again with something of the semblance of a gentleman. The worst of it is that Miss Forster” (he had learned my name, then!) “does not recognize me; and besides, I really feel, in all this splendour, like a candle burning at high noon.”

“What an unfortunate simile!” said Charlotte drily, as she, too, took her seat.

Mr. Lamont reddened a little as he answered,—

“Not at all, my sister. On the contrary, a very happy one. Every prodigal should take it for arms; a candle burning at noon. If stuck in the middle of a sandy desert, so much the better.”

“Would it not be difficult to represent the desert in heraldry, Arthur?”

“I do not know,” he answered, a little provoked. “If I knew as much of heraldry as of deserts, I could tell you.”

“But you will tell us nothing!” exclaimed madame. “Five years from England, Margaret, and no more stories to tell——”

“Than the needy knife-grinder had,” said Miss Lamont.

“Heaven bless you with your knife-grinding, and may I ask you to pass the mustard, Charlotte? Miss Forster, *you* grind knives for no man at present, and I turn to you. There are no stories, no adventures to

tell: not now. When I have turned round and round in my clover often enough to be sure I am in it—and I am not sure of it yet, you know—then, indeed, I will collect all my disagreeable reminiscences for the amusement of the family. I have some that are very unpleasant. One," said he, looking darkly under his brows toward his sister, "about a bullet which for the last three years has had snugger lodging than I myself have always been lucky enough to get. Somewhere here," he added, pressing his hand upon his left side.

"A bullet!" exclaimed both mother and daughter. For my part, I only trembled.

"Charlotte interested at last!" Mr. Lamont cried, glancing up at her, with the dark look only relieved by a flickering, uncertain smile. "But you forget that bullets come naturally to soldiers. And now I think you know all. The bullet is everything. The story is told. Five years ago, when I left England——"

"To enter Monsieur Lamont's house at Marseilles—where there are no bullets!"

"Exactly, Charlotte. But I did not enter monsieur's house at Marseilles. The nearer I approached my uncle's respected counting-house, the more I resolved not to enter it. It was impossible! Besides, Fate had other business for me. What I did, on a sudden inspiration, was to enter the French army: for the sake——" (hesitating, and again glancing at his sister, who was trifling with her spoon)—"for the sake of the fighting in Africa, where I thought I might have the good fortune to win back as much as I had lost in the British army. Well, the usual course of things. Two years of service: promotion: the bullet: hospital: to France in a lingering convalescence: discharge. Prospects again lost—the ball troublesome in a variety of ways—vagabondage once more—home once more:—resolved, now that is over, to lead a useful life. *Voilà!*" Almost shouting this last word, he rose from his chair, and strode with a sudden fierce agitation to the window.

The ladies were downcast and silent—and so was I. But I thought that if I had been his sister, I would have found a kind word for him now. What madame said at last was—

"And how did you learn that we were here, Arthur?"

"I learned it of old Lisabeth, at Valley House. Lisabeth would have had me stay, since there was no one at home. But I thought I would ask permission of Lisabeth's superiors."

"Oh, Arthur!"

"So I did not dine even, but trudged back to Weymouth."

"Where, of course, you met everybody you had ever known in the town," said Miss Lamont.

"Nobody, I think, who was pleased to see *me*," he replied, still gazing out of window. "I met Lawyer Black: he shrugged his shoulders and looked grim. On the road beyond, Calthorp the butcher came dashing along in his cart. He recognized me at a distance, slackened rein, and

eyed me exactly as if you owed him fifty pounds which I was carrying off in my valise! I know the looks of all such ruffians!"

Madame Lamont turned pale at this, and in the glance which she threw upon her daughter I saw all the worry which had unnerved her the evening before.

"But, madame," said her son, turning about before the trouble had been quite dispelled from her face, "I will show those fellows—at any rate, I will show you—that *it is over*; and that I, too, can be what they call a useful member of society. And now there is an end of all that at present, by general consent!"

"Meanwhile?" said Charlotte.

"Meanwhile," he repeated, as if determined not to be outdone by a mere sister in coolness, "I go to smoke a cigar on the beach. You will be there, by-and-by? And, my dear mother, when I tell you that I have not eaten a fish these three months, you will know how to give me a holiday dinner."

Touching his hat, he sauntered away, more disturbed than he looked, I fancied. Indeed, under all this affectation of ease, restlessness and mortification were plain.

As soon as the door had closed after him, madame lifted her table-napkin, and took up two unopened letters. "One from Black and one from Calthorp—already!" she murmured, looking at her daughter in great distress; and turned them over and over without daring to break the seals.

"Of course. Give them to me, mamma," Miss Lamont said, taking the letters from madame's nerveless hand, and putting them into her pocket. "It is useless to concern yourself about *them*. Let us go and choose some fish for Arthur's dinner!"

From this conversation all passing in my presence, it will be seen how much I had become "one of the family;" and though it was not for me to speak, I found myself inclining to take sides, as a member of the family would. My mistress's distress—through all which her affection for her son only appeared plainer—I well understood, and it made my heart ache. But as for Miss Lamont, I was almost indignant at her coldness and her hardness—downright indignant, indeed, at her "Let us go and choose some fish for Arthur's dinner," because the manner was so even, the tone so cheerful and commonplace. Was it remarkable, then, that Mr. Lamont should like to have some fish at his dinner? True, it was not a thing that graced our table more than once a week, and the landlady had said only yesterday that there was nothing to be had but salmon at a dreadful price; but what then? I thought of Mr. Lamont—weary and famished—refusing to dine at his mother's house in her absence; and that appeared to me not right—no more than his hard welcome here. And he had been a soldier, too! and had been wounded in battle, and carried the bullet in his body still!

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ARTHUR LAMONT ADRIFT.

THE account-books were packed away. Madame took care that they were never again seen during our stay at Brighton; but somehow the ghost of the little black box that contained them haunted the room. Every day at dinner I beheld it: not less distinctly, but all the more, because now the dishes were better and more numerous than those we had been accustomed to before Mr. Lamont appeared. I have seen myself helped to soup from it quite plainly; and there was a game pie which turned itself into the black box whenever I was not exactly looking at it, though it became a game pie again the instant it was steadily regarded. The illusion was not comical *then*.

But for all that, those last days at Brighton were pleasanter than the first. If Madame Lamont had her cares and apprehensions, she also had her son; and there was a restlessness now about Charlotte which was like a breaking up of the dead dark frost that bound her life: only I observed that this restlessness was never shown in her brother's presence: with him she was always as she had been with us.

How the time became pleasanter to me I can hardly explain without risk of being misapprehended. I verily believe it was only because it was then that I found myself standing "where the brook and river meet"—the brook which is childhood, the river which is womanhood. Not that I stood long in that place with "lingering feet," as the poem has it, or sweetly loitered looking back, or hesitated to look onward. It was rather as if I had come to that grand juncture in a woman's life all in an hour—the hour in which madame gave me her confidences, in which I did that unworthy thing, in which Mr. Lamont came, to treat me with all the respect given to women grown—talking to me about his being a dead man as if he had no doubt I should quite understand him!

In that hour I was launched upon the broader stream; and—I do not know, but all my thoughts seemed to blow in the sails with one accord, wafting me swiftly along. Nor were these imaginary sails everything. It happened on the very next day after Mr. Lamont's arrival that my guardian sent a beautiful shawl for his "good girl," as he called me—a shawl of Indian pattern—my first shawl; and when I put *that* on, it was like a formal investiture of womanhood. Madame herself was not taller, nor so great and grand as the figure which appeared in the glass when I looked to see how my present became me. How glad I was! however mute and shy the gladness. There came such an access of life into my limbs, my heart abounded so much with its own mysterious wealth, that it seemed to flow out upon the air, surrounding me wherever I went. The earth has its atmosphere, and so had I: through it every sound came to me softened, and nothing was sordid or unmeaning that I saw. Music had always been my delight—I had found out years ago how much it may say which

words cannot utter: but now I scarcely dared to listen or to play—music had become so much my interpreter and master. I have already told how from the time when I was a little child I would wander away into the forest, lost in unconscious love for the beauty of a summer day. They came and went, these days, and were forgotten; but now they returned linked all together. They were like strings in a harp, silent till their number was complete, and then responsive to every sweeter wind that blew. They made up a rosary, which, whenever I was alone in the sun, or even at midnight, I could tell off while I made little songs in my mind to the joy of youth, the pride of strength, the glory of life.

How much of all this was seen by my friends I do not know: I think not much. Girls are not commonly suspected of feelings of this kind, and they are taught to conceal feelings of all kinds. I concealed mine very willingly; and whatever satisfaction may have peeped through the mask was probably assigned to delight at the glories of my new present. At first, that is to say; for soon madame began to suspect the existence of other causes, and every reader of this history will share her suspicion, perhaps.

No doubt Mr. Lamont's deferential manner had much to do with launching me upon the poet's river. It is impossible to say, for instance, how far he pushed me off, simply by asking my permission, one evening on the downs, to light a cigar. It was a commonplace courtesy enough, but it was the first time it had been offered to *me*; and, as the days went by, I could but perceive, without thinking about it, that Mr. Lamont sought my companionship more and more. But that was very natural, since Charlotte maintained her coldness so rigidly, and even the pleasure of madame herself at having her son with her was too seriously balanced by the difficulties he had brought with him. That he felt all this bitterly I could well see; for when, in our rambles, we happened to walk together at any distance from his mother and sister (and Charlotte avoided him at every opportunity) his cheerfulness forsook him, and he allowed *me* to see that he was angrily miserable. Whenever this happened, the feeling of pity which had possessed me at our first interview returned: it was always as if he had told a very sorrowful story.

At length our last day at Brighton approached; another, and we had to go back to Valley House, there to resume our school duties. The prospect was less pleasant to me than ever it had been before. The charm under which I had been living for a whole week past seemed in danger of dissolution; we were all ill at ease.

It was our custom to dine at five, and to walk for an hour or so before tea was served at eight. This evening Miss Lamont preferred remaining within doors; and as her brother did not appear inclined to offer her his company, she asked him for it in the kindest tone. Perhaps that did not make the request any the less a surprise for him. He glanced inquiringly at his mother: she turned her face away. The glance then fell for a moment upon me as he said, somewhat drily, "With great



pleasure, Charlotte," and sat down to the piano. The two were left alone, looking placid enough; but, for all that, there was a cloud about each which I could almost fancy sparkled with the signs of a thunderstorm.

Madame herself was evidently agitated; and not a word passed between us as we walked down to the beach. She loitered. Once or twice she looked back on the way we came; and when we got to the shore she paced slowly up and down upon a space not fifty yards long. Wondering what all this could mean, I, too, glanced frequently upon the way that led from our lodgings, and presently saw Mr. Lamont striding toward us with a step, quick, fierce, soldierly. He did not observe us, but kept his eyes fixed upon some point in the distance, as he swung martially along, his head aloft, his face flushed, his whole demeanour full of anger and mortification.

Touching madame's arm, I called her attention to her son just as he was about to pass by. "Arthur!" she exclaimed; but her voice was so faint it failed to reach him. In another moment he would have been out of hearing altogether, so what could I do but repeat the call? Only, to be sure, it was clumsy to repeat the name she called him by. I should have said "Mr. Lamont;" and when he turned about so suddenly, I blushed crimson to think that I had fallen into such an error.

In the depth of my shame, however, I remember a feeling of gratification, at once shy, bewildered, and triumphant, on observing that as soon as my exclamation reached Mr. Lamont's ears his manner changed. The mane-shaking head drooped; the angry flush upon his face softened instantly; even the mortification disappeared. It was quite another man who came toward us. How much of this change was attributable to his natural courtesy, I confess I did not calculate; but how great the change itself was, I could tell from the fact that even now, when he addressed his mother, his lips trembled and his voice was husky. Nor could he conceal for a moment the cause of his agitation, as a man thoroughly English would have done.

"Mother," said he, lifting his hat, "I am sorry you did not speak with me yourself this evening, instead of deputing my sister."

"Dear Arthur, do not be angry with me. It was because I thought I could not bear to see you angry that—that—"

"You committed the bitter mistake. Believe me, it *was* a mistake. To you—well, I might have made some explanation to you, even yet; an explanation which might have shown you these past years in another light. To her I could not, though I verily think she deserves it at last! It might do her good! A little real sharp pain——!" he said, meditatively, with that gray, troubled look which I had observed before. "Is it always so with her?"

"Always."

"Then she is vastly unreasonable! So much for sentiment over-cherished—for error permitted too long! And yet if it be one's only pleasure to live a victim!—since we are determined to nourish injuries

that are not injuries, and are still so much in love with blight——! Well, it shall be as it is, and as you wish."

"Not as I wish, dear Arthur. It will be easy, I hope, to arrange some plan for your future, near us."

"No, no. Charlotte has been exquisitely clear and candid this evening, as I confess I do not think *you* could have been; and I will go as I came—blaming nobody, for my part."

No more was said, and we continued our homeward way. Madame Lamont took her son's arm with an air of affectionate deprecation which must have touched him, though he only half acknowledged it. His whole manner seemed to repeat and to emphasize his last sentence—"I will go as I came, blaming nobody. I understand and feel for you; at the same time, I wish some one could understand and feel for me." More than that, even, was expressed in his manner. Nearer as we approached the house, I saw that his thoughts were gathering about *me*, like a swarm of ghostly, silent bees. How I wished I had not been so awkward as to call him by his Christian name!

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## CHAPTER IX.

### REVELATION.

THE door stood open, as is not uncommon with sea-side lodging-houses; and madame, disengaging her arm, passed in quickly, as if she wished to run away and be alone. Mr. Lamont immediately paused in the street—to bid me good-night, I supposed, before he returned to his hotel. But what he did was to say, with a light, appealing touch upon my hand,—

"Miss Forster, if you could permit me to speak with you, only for five little minutes?"

I pleaded that I ought to go in with madame, and that I must.

"Yes," said he; "I know, I know! But what if I am to go away again to-morrow—to-night, perhaps—without seeing my mother and sister any more? And suppose I have something to say which brought me to England? something which I wish them to know by-and-by? something which I wish *you* to know, too, before I become a vagabond again? With me, indeed, it is scarcely a matter of choice; I feel I *must* tell you, whether I will or no."

And whether *I* would or no, I turned back with him. We walked upon the cliffs, where was a seat which faced the sea, still bright with sunlight.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Lamont, "my face will be turned *this way*: to these cliffs, which are charmingly white but deadly inhospitable. You saw my welcome, Miss Forster. I am going to tell you, if you will listen, how I came to deserve it; and when I am done, you shall agree with me that I am what I said I was—a dead man."

"But why do you tell me? Is it right? You know I am only madame's pupil, and she is very good and kind."

"Why do I tell you? We cannot explain all our impulses, nor can I quite explain this; but it is a good one, I am sure. And there are reasons for it, too; if you can admit as a reason the desire of a man to have some one in the world who can say, whenever he is called worthless, that he is not so bad as he seems. *You think me worthless!*"

I protested that he was mistaken.

"Nevertheless, I remember," he went on, "that when, on my first appearance in my mother's lodgings, I put my hand upon a certain miserable black box, and said I saw I was not forgotten—I remember then a kind confusion in your face that showed me you knew *why*. Confess, Miss Forster, that you have seen a little book there with my portrait stuck in it!"

The shameful blood that burned in my very forehead answered him. But he, no doubt, interpreted it as "kind confusion!"

"Pardon me," he said, gently. "I ought not to distress you, but your very distress encourages me to go on. Well, then, you know that I am supposed to be the cause of my mother's endless poverty; and so I am: also of that most uncomfortable blight which by this time my sister appears to enjoy; and so I am *not*. Now let me tell you the story—brief, as nobody alive knows it, but myself."

While Mr. Lamont said this, another change fell upon him—one that almost terrified me. It was like the red and lowering light which subdues everything on earth to silence when a storm is coming. And when he spoke again, his voice was like the gentle gust that hurries through the streets, with the tempest thundering behind.

"Seventeen, eighteen years ago—it is as long as you have lived; longer, perhaps. My mother kept no school then. She lived in London upon her little fortune, hard earned by my father in that Marseilles house of business, though he was *gentilhomme*. My sister with her: but you have heard all that, no doubt. You have heard that I would have nothing to do with trade: that was their wish as well as mine. Madame still young and once fashionable, her children friendless as well as ambitious, we courted society. One day, when I was still a lad, there was a ball, at which I figured in the costume my grandfather wore at Leipzig: that decided my fate. A commission was bought for me, and I entered your army."

"The Hussars," said I, innocently.

"Exactly. Pardon me if I repeat a familiar story, Miss Forster; I promise you I am coming to what is new. You have heard then, of—of *him*?"

"Of whom?" I asked, startled by the tremulous fierce tone of the question.

"You have not heard of him? then he, silent, shall have the benefit of my silence as to his name. For he is a dead man too, Miss Forster,"

my companion explained, looking not at me, but at the treacherous gray sea before him. "Well, this man, captain in my regiment, was also a gentleman—high bred, handsome, winning as a woman. But he was unfortunate. Only young men attached themselves to him; his elders—(including his own father, I believe)—were discouraged by his very fascinations. Why, he was a poet!"

"A poet, and a soldier?"

"Yes, even that charming combination. His love-songs were the sweetest things! but they were never so sweet as when he himself sang them. Also he was a gambler."

Now I began to suspect Mr. Lamont's manner of speech. His last words struck like a clean, keen stab; and, coming so suddenly, I felt almost as if I had been smitten,

"But what of that?" he continued. "All rich young men played a little in those days; and of all others my friend, so brilliant, so charming, so complaisant, could least avoid it. I played; and if my chosen friend—who had not his peer on earth, I thought—won my money sometimes, I cared nothing—boy as I was: for by this time he had won much more than that. I need not tell Miss Forster what, probably."

"Indeed I do not know."

"Well—(I suppose it *was* much more than that)—my sister's love! Miss Lamont's affections!"

The declaration startled, the tone offended me; and no doubt I looked all my surprise.

"Miss Forster," said he, "don't *you* wrong me, for pity's sake! Always blundering, I spoke then as he would have spoken, and you think me the brute! I was only the fool. I introduced this man to my mother's house, and from that hour he was almost as much master there as I myself. He could be gentle as a girl; he knew a thousand ways of doing gracious things; he was constantly found out in taking great pains to do little pleasures. And Heaven knows—I sometimes think even now that he *must* have been sincere!"

"But let us go on. My sister fell in love with him, and he fell in love with her, and they were as good as engaged. He introduced her to his sisters—who cared nothing about him—and all that was wanted to complete the engagement formally was his father's consent; which he could get at any hour, he used to say (though his father was a man notoriously proud of his social rank), by setting before him the alternative of a loan of a hundred pounds. For this was a lover who had no fear of betraying poverty. On the contrary, though I well knew how extravagantly he spent money, he had a trick of delighting my mother and sister with an exhibition of pretty little shifts and absurd economies. I thought all this merely playfulness, and in my innocence humoured it! It was done with a purpose; or if not, it was a device for giving himself picturesque airs which proved to have other advantages by-and-by.

"To come to the end. A year of this, and I was a beggar: utterly

ruined. He wrote poems—of which Charlotte, I believe, has a large collection still. I was set to work on another kind of literature, which passed into the hands of brokers and money-lenders. No matter by what representations, what ruses it was done, *he had the money!* Out of my affection, out of my blind unquestioning reliance on his honour he had it; and it was not till I was shut up in a spunging-house, a sort of debtors' prison, that I found myself helpless as against him, and all our little fortune swamped in debt. In a moment I saw it. They brought me a bottle of wine, and drew the cork; and as I sat gazing at the bottle, never touching it, it seemed as if the truth rose out of it and filled the room. All my money affairs passed before me in terrible array, and there was not one which had not a new aspect of wickedness and folly. I thought of my mother and sister, and remembered that I did not possess a scrap of paper to show that I had not squandered our whole substance upon my own pleasures and devices; and, indeed, my own prodigality was more than I dared avow.

“Believe it! Whenever suspicions come in by storm, they may be incredible, but they will certainly prove true. My wildest fears were prophecies sober as that black cloud! I played the school-boy, exaggerating my apprehensions to distortion that I myself might laugh at them: well, I had not the pleasure of laughing, which was explained afterwards when I found that my fancy was not equal to the facts,—a far finer imagination than mine was necessary to give extravagance to *them*. I pictured an absurd scene in which my friend ridiculed the expectation that he would return my services, or at any rate repay the money I had passed to him. He did not ridicule it—he had a more striking surprise for me. He was grave, and said, ‘My good Arthur, do not talk nonsense!’”

“Only that!”

“First and last, that was all he had to say. To be sure, he repeated it in various forms. Sometimes he bade me be a man, and take my punishment as he had taken his, long ago. Sometimes he said he hoped I now saw my folly. Only once, just when I had to face it out with my mother, he came to say it was a brutal bad business, and he was sorry if he had misled me in any way; and if a hundred pounds was of any use to me I could have it. More than that, he offered me the notes; and I believed him when he declared he had not another penny in the world. My friend disdained a lie to the last!”

“And so you got out of prison.”

“Not with *that* money, Miss Forster. To begin with, there was not enough of it. I bade him keep it, and only acknowledge—to me alone, even—that my debts were his. He put the notes back into his pocket, and said, calmer than I say it to you, ‘Don’t ask too much, my dear boy!’”

“Then he was a bad man!”

“Agreed. But that is for *us*. If I could only believe that you would

think so always, whatever you may hear of him—and me—! But for my sister he is a hero yet. Poor hero and poet! how could he marry her after her brother had made a beggar of her! You wonder. Yes, there the romance begins. They understood each other so well, these two, that one day—(I was in hiding then)—they had a pleasant afternoon of agony and parted. She was as proud as she was fond. She would not link him to poverty and disgrace if she died for it; and he submitted though his heart was broken.”

“But how do you know——”

“That his separation from her *did* break his heart? Because my mother sent me down to my hiding-hole at Epsom a copy of a beautiful letter written subsequent to the event. It was even better than his poetry, I think.”

“He may have meant that, though,” I ventured to say, because Mr. Lamont was so bitter.

“Possibly—while he wrote it. There’s no knowing the depth of sentiment there may be in a rascal when he once takes to composing verses. But if you insist, I will not deny that his letter was sweet to read in retirement.”

“And what did you do?”

“I sat down in my den to think what I would do, and this is what I made of it at last. My mother only saw one thing—that I was a spendthrift who had ruined her and blighted my sister’s fortunes; my sister was infatuated to hatred against me, who had sacrificed her and her true love; and I saw one thing—that I had been a dupe. Besides, my own extravagances were undeniable. Now a helpless dupe who whines is detestable; and what if I explained to *them* the truth of the matter? Do you think my sister would have believed her lover a rogue? *He* spendthrift, with his avowed poverty, and those charmingly absurd little economics! Was it possible that he had deceived her only the easier to deceive me? I knew better than to attempt to convince her of anything so outrageous. And when I considered that to my folly all was due in the beginning, and that I should only add a thousand times to Charlotte’s distress by degrading her hero, I resolved to be silent, and to leave her to her only comfort—faith in him, and the consolations of martyred love. Which I should not have done if I had dreamt they would have lasted so long,” he added grimly.

“Besides, there was another motive for keeping silence and bearing all the blame. I flattered myself with the hope that as long as my mother believed I had done all this mischief out of my own heart and with my own hand, I should have an irresistible impulse to repair it. So I was equally silent with her. But this ingenious precaution might have been spared, for I never restored a shilling. Not I!” he continued vehemently. “I took, again and again, but gave nothing back. My days were idle, restless, worthless, one after the other. Restless, for what was to be done with *him*? Worthless, for I was a coward! Though I could not unmask

him, for my sister's sake, I could not let him go unpunished; and yet I had not courage enough to punish him. Now you understand what I meant when I called myself a dead man. Three months of hiding away, first in this hole and then in that—ill fed, ill lodged, chased by low dogs of law officers, degraded, duped, disappointed—my spirit was crippled. I only made oaths, and broke them. Every day I assured myself that never till I had called him to account should I be a man again; but every day went by, I wandered from place to place under the burden of my own cowardice, and he was allowed to go his way without a blow or a rebuke."

"And it was best to leave him to his conscience, Mr. Lamont."

He laughed. "So I thought, whenever madame sent me money; or—let me be just to myself—even a word or two of kindness. But at times when ruin or reproach bore hard on me, I felt that I must settle with him or remain a done man for ever. All this while we had never met. Years passed away, and then, as you have heard, I went to Marseilles with the remains of fifty pounds, with which I had vowed to enter my uncle's counting-house there. The remains!—I had usurers to pay off, sharks to satisfy, before I started; and when I landed I had not so many coins in shillings as I ought to have had in pounds. I looked into the water: the old temptation to idleness and vagabondage returned—the old resolve to seek him out and have done with *that*. I wandered upon the quays, where troops were embarking. Amongst them I saw *him*!

"He had fallen too, then, or why was he in the French army? And why should not I join the French army also, and try how Fate would settle between us, brought together again in the same regiment? This was the inspiration I told you of at madame's breakfast table. To be sure, monsieur was still capitaine, and I could only enter as a private; but half Frenchman as I was, a soldier already, and speaking the tongue naturally, there was no difficulty about that. I was accepted into monsieur's troop: a man so changed since we were comrades before that he did not recognize me. Monsieur was changed too: stony: his eyes always looking within. Now I had heard—but no matter. We sailed for Algeria."

Algeria! No sooner was the word uttered than my mind went back to the forest where I was born; and though Mr. Lamont talked on, almost breathless with the interest of his own story, I heard nothing but the rustling of leaves. I was again in my old home—in and about the house, repeating "Algeria," "Algeria," expecting that some recollection would come in to explain what there was in the word to make me wonder. If I had remembered that I had seen it on that scrap of paper which I had found in the firegrate at home on a certain memorable morning—if I had guessed, what I know now, that the man of whom Mr. Lamont talked was my father—what a light would have been thrown upon my forest days, my school days, and what a terrible light upon my companion here with the bullet in his side!

The story went on, but I heard nothing till my companion said—"I

could have killed him!" These dreadful words, vehemently spoken, pierced through the mazes of my retrospective dream; and when I glanced at the speaker to catch his meaning, which my ears had lost, there was, indeed, something dreadful in his looks.

"But had he known who I was," Mr. Lamont continued—I listening once more, and now with agitation almost as great as his own—"I think he would not have ventured on the insult. I waited. I could not fight him, because he was an officer, I still a man in the ranks; but my life was worth nothing, and I ventured it desperately on all occasions. A time came. We, a reconnoitering party, were surprised five miles from camp by a cloud of Arabs, broken up, compelled to fight *en mêlée* and at a gallop for our lives. Dozens of us fell, but I know best what happened to me. We were getting clear when I, who had been gradually driven and hustled to a distance from the rest of the troop, was set upon once more by two ruffians; and I had now little chance of escape. A glance back to my company for farewell, and I saw *him* spurring in to my assistance. It was intolerable! I would rather have died ten times than have owed my life to him. The thought that I might be too late to avoid the gift maddened me. I dashed at my men with an inspiration of fury; in an instant one fell and the other rode away. I pursued; he fell also; and then I rode back to meet my officer with a rapture at my heart of which he never dreamed."

I looked with trembling admiration at him who had been in such a scene as this as I said, "And then it was you were wounded?"

"No, that was yet to come; but it came all the surer for the fight out of which I rode unhurt. We got back to camp, half our number. Next day I was an officer, as well as monsieur whom I do not name; and then I began to think that Fate did mean to settle affairs between us at last. Perhaps he thought so too when, on his coming to congratulate me, according to the civilities of the service, I corrected a little natural error in the terms of his address. 'Permit me,' he said, 'to offer my most cordial congratulations to Lieutenant Laboussière.' 'Pardon, monsieur,' said I, 'to Lieutenant Arthur Lamont, late of his Majesty's —th Regiment of Hussars!' The disguise that time, need, trouble, travel, and a strange costume had put upon me fell off then, as I could well see. He became pale as death, and stood staring with his stony eyes stonier still.

"'Lamont,' said he, in the old familiar tongue, 'I confess I am staggered. Is this a surprise you have been preparing for me?' I answered that I did not think so; and reminded him that we were in the hands of a higher power, who arranged these things for us. At that he turned paler still, and walked away.

"I declare," Mr. Lamont continued, his voice again trembling, "that as I watched him stalking off in such a mood, I lost all my anger, and wondered whether we might not yet be friends. But it was not to be. That idea of fatality had got rooted in me; and upon all my hesitation



and cowardice there now came an intoxication of triumph which I wish to heaven I had never felt. It was not natural!—I am sure it was not natural! It showed itself in a threatening demeanour which even I wondered at, sometimes. It impelled me, one evening, after *mass*, when the conversation unluckily led to the subject, to tell the story of a man I once knew in the English army, who behaved—as *he* had behaved. The men listened as they do to all such stories, and the execrations they muttered from time to time hounded me into relentless detail. He alone sat silent and apparently unmoved, puffing his cigar. Only once I caught a blush upon his face—it was when my unnamed culprit's habit of relieving his nobler sentiments in little gushes of poetry was made known. When I saw that blush, I said to myself, 'This is revenge enough: I am satisfied.'

"I finished, without a word that could connect the story with him. A volley of exclamations followed. As soon as they had ceased, he rose in his place and said aloud, 'Gentlemen, I am the poet of whom you have just heard. Monsieur Lamont has some right to consider himself injured, but so have I. To remedy that state of things, I offer monsieur one more injury;' and he tossed his lighted cigar into my face.

"We met next morning for the last time: there was no choice. And so it was that I got this bullet in my side. They told me afterwards he had declared he would not fire, for he was tired of his life; but his pistol covered me, and in the sudden start when my ball reached him——"

My heart began to faint, and I begged Mr. Lamont to tell me no more. "I must be mad!" he said, reproaching himself, as he perceived how pale I had become; and giving me his arm, we walked from the place.

But what is it when a man, whom we do not know, has been killed in a duel years before, and a thousand miles away? Besides, there was more than that in the story, which I repeat with little of the abrupt, forcible, half-French way in which he told it. After the first shock, when I saw so vividly what my companion described, my thoughts ran warmly back to Charlotte's sufferings, to the broken home, to madame's long struggle against the troubles that then overwhelmed her, to her son's wasted youth, his weakness, his wanderings in poverty and reproach, and the fact that he was now to be driven off into the world again, without any one knowing what he had suffered or why his life had been so worthless, but me!

Another thing troubled me. It was now more than an hour since we had parted from Madame Lamont, and we were not walking homeward. I begged to be taken home at once.

"But you have not told me what you think of my tiresome story?" he said, turning back.

"I think you should tell it to Madame Lamont."

"No, you shall do that, if you will, when I am gone, never to

come back. Indeed, this is partly why I have pained you with it. It is too late for me !”

“But why do you go away ?”

“In the first place, I have found more and more since I have been here, lounging about in a vain endeavour to form some plan to start anew, that I *am* worthless. It is no good. I thought otherwise when I came. I thought I had worn off the old burden at last, and that after I had told my mother all I have acquainted you with, she would understand me, and give me a little help to do better; even if it was only some faith in my being able to do it and willing to try. I am not ambitious, Heaven knows! Now if I can do nothing else I can ride, and teach other people to ride; and I thought when I first walked into this place that the man down here who keeps the school might employ me. So you see !”

I did see, and was touched at his humiliation.

“But what happens? I no sooner meet you all than away goes hope. There is my sister, with eternal reproach frozen into her and freezing me. There is my mother, trembling with apprehension that I am only come to bring fresh ruin upon her. Apprehension?—Ruin comes in with my very shadow! I walk through Weymouth, and every tradesman to whom my mother owes sixpence threatens her with his bill! Charlotte has explained it all. She tells me that if I am seen at Valley House for a day every creditor they have will pounce upon them, convinced that if *he* does not strip them, I shall. How angry that made me you saw. But why should I be angry? They are right—creditors, mother, sister, and all !”

“But madame does not mean that you should go quite away—and never come back !”

He made no answer. But once more I felt that his thoughts were gathering about me, like a swarm of silent, ghostly bees.

“I shall never come back,” he said at last, “and in ten minutes I shall bid you good-by. I have told you what I am; may I tell you when I felt impelled to do so ?”

This time *I* made no answer.

“It was when you called me ‘Arthur,’ to-night. Not but that I know well enough you did so inadvertently. But there was a something in your voice then—I know not what. The burden of that man’s death has been upon me too; he used to call me Arthur like that; and no human creature whom I ever dreamt that I could care for has called me by the name since. But I have cared for you; and to-morrow, when I am gone, I know I shall feel in my absurd way that in leaving you the very last of my chances is over. Well, I need not distress you with that nonsense, my child; but to a man in my case a little comfort is much. Tell me that *you* do not think me a selfish blackguard !”

I told him, as well as I could, that I was sure I did not; that I was very sorry for him.

“Is it so? Then I make this request. Say nothing of what I have told you. I shall be content that you know it and believe me; these

others here will only think that I have lied. And now there is madame's house. Say 'Good-by, Arthur ;' for I shall go no farther." With that he offered me his hand, saying, "Farewell, Margaret !"

"Good-by, Arthur !" I repeated, as he bade me. He turned away and was gone.

Hurrying into the house, wishing very much that no one would breathe a word to me for the rest of the evening, I found our rooms empty. Madame and her daughter had gone in search of me. When they returned there would be a scolding I had no doubt; but once more I did not care! Mr. Lamont's story had awakened all the old rebellion in my nature. I pitied him vehemently; and when I reflected that he was at that very moment, perhaps, trudging out of the town with an empty pocket, a sick heart, and that shabby valise of his, I felt as I have sometimes felt since at seeing some weak brute creature tortured,—almost in a rage of commiseration.

In this mood, a little softened after a while, madame found me on her return. I would not look up, but I knew all the same that she was angry and distressed, and expected every moment to be reprimanded. To my surprise, she said not a word. This I was glad of at first, but when candles were lit, and tea was brought in, and there seemed every prospect of the evening passing away as if nothing had happened, I began to wish for the reprimand; because I could understand that so much better than silence.

But when the time came to bid her good-night, madame spoke.

"I see you are very much disturbed, Margaret. Have you anything to say to me?"

"No, madame."

"There was nothing, then, in the long conversation which my son so unworthily carried you off to indulge himself with this evening that you ought to repeat to me, or wish to repeat?"

I naturally hesitated, thinking of the many things that he had told which she ought to know, in justice to him; for then he might not have to go away. Should I tell her? I looked up into his mother's face, it was sterner than I had ever seen it. I remembered what he had said, that they would only think he lied; and I answered again—

"Nothing, madame."

"Margaret, I am very sorry for this. I do not blame you, my dear—I blame myself, and him. But forget whatever nonsense he has uttered. It is not for you to think about for a moment. It breaks my heart to speak out; but I love you as well as him, and he is selfish, heartless, worthless!"

"I do not believe it, madame!"

"You do not know, Margaret. Good-night. To-morrow we return home, thank God. We may see your guardian in the morning: I wrote to him some days ago; as soon as I saw—but no matter."

As I ascended the stairs—slower than usual, probably—I was suddenly

caught in the drift of madame's questioning and carried away. Before, I was only puzzled. My mind had been so full of her unhappy son's story that when she had asked what he had said which I ought to tell her, I supposed that she guessed he had been talking of himself, of his hard welcome and dismissal, and that she resented it as unfair. But with the thought of his "Good-night, Margaret," and what he had said about caring for me, and his anxiety that I should not condemn him, the true interpretation of madame's words overleapt every barrier which now I know my heart had raised against it, unknown to my will. She thought that her son had—well, I can write it now easily enough—been making love to me. But then I dare not utter the word even to myself. That I know, for I tried! No sooner was my door closed upon me than I extinguished the candle: the light offended me, like something that could pry. I extinguished the candle, and sat at my bed-foot in the dark, and said to myself, "Now if I could only say out loud, He loves me," I should be able to tell whether he does or not—and whether I love him! So I tried; but even though I hid my face in my hands, dark as it was and with no one to see, my tongue was too affrighted to stir, but lay like a hare in its covert when the hounds go by—stone-motionless. "Little fool!" I cried at last, and jumped into bed, and went to sleep at once, I verily believe to spite myself. Or perhaps so many emotions, all in one day, had wearied me out; and in youth it is natural to hurry sweet thoughts into sweet sleep.

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#### NOTE.

A second letter having appeared in the *Spectator*, signed by Mr. Thomas Hughes, again impugning the fairness and accuracy of the statements contained in the paper recently published in this Magazine upon the Mhow Court-martial, the Editor begs to state that he has carefully examined the passages referred to by Mr. Hughes, and having compared them with the inferences which that gentleman has drawn from them, he considers it unnecessary to invite the writer of the paper to continue the discussion.

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1864.

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*In Memoriam.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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It has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great English writer who established this magazine, that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother in arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that, after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, “which quite took the power of work out of him”—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week, he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But, by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, “because he couldn’t help it,” and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I, of the greatness and the goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But, when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of which, he read his very best contribution to PUNCH, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had dispatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterwards added a verbal postscript), urging me to "come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me." He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humour.

He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand, may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness, long before:

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;  
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;  
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as

an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the Public through the strength of his great name.

But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it, has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigour of his powers when he wrought on this last labour. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print, were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

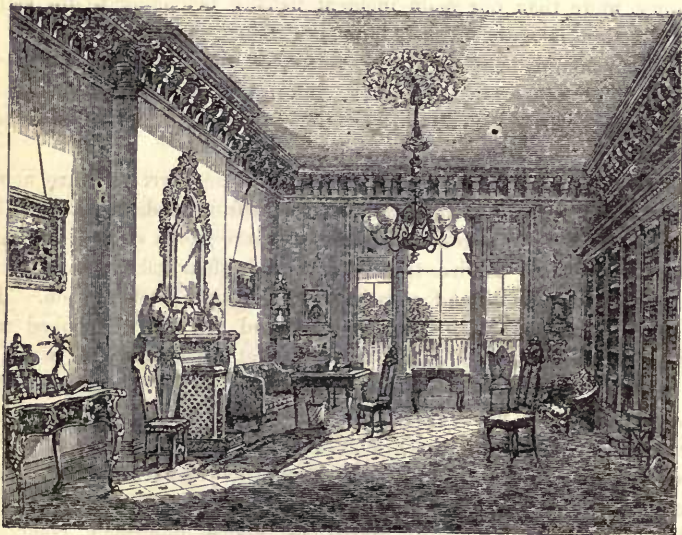
He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep, blessed him in

his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall :

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And, as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea ;  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling, and making  
A prayer at home for me.

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him ; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the Arts, were bowed around his tomb.





## Historical Contrast.

MAY, 1701: DECEMBER, 1863.

WHEN one, whose nervous English verse  
Public and party hates defied,  
Who bore and bandied many a curse  
Of angry times—when Dryden died,

Our royal abbey's Bishop-Dean\*  
Waited for no suggestive prayer,  
But, ere one day closed o'er the scene,  
Craved, as a boon, to lay him there.

The wayward faith, the faulty life,  
Vanished before a Nation's pain;  
"Panther" and "Hind" forgot their strife,  
And rival statesmen thronged the fane.

O gentler Censor of our age!  
Prime master of our ampler tongue!  
Whose word of wit and generous page  
Were never wrath, except with Wrong.

Fielding—without the manners' dross,  
Scott—with a spirit's larger room,  
What Prelate deems thy grave his loss?  
What Halifax erects thy tomb?

But, may be, He,—who so 'could draw  
The hidden Great,—the humble Wise,  
Yielding with them to God's good law,  
Makes the Pantheon where he lies.

H<sup>n</sup>.

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\* Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster.

## W. M. Thackeray.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

“*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis?*—What shame to wail with tears the loss of so dear a head, or when will there be an end to such weeping?” Now, at the present moment, it is not so much that he who has left us was known, admired, and valued, as that he was loved. The fine grey head, the dear face with its gentle smile, the sweet, manly voice which we knew so well, with its few words of kindest greeting; the gait, and manner, and personal presence of him whom it so delighted us to encounter in our casual comings and goings about the town—it is of these things, and of these things lost for ever, that we are now thinking! We think of them as of treasures which are not only lost, but which can never be replaced. He who knew Thackeray will have a vacancy in his heart’s inmost casket, which must remain vacant till he dies. One loved him almost as one loves a woman, tenderly and with thoughtfulness,—thinking of him when away from him as a source of joy which cannot be analysed, but is full of comfort. One who loved him, loved him thus because his heart was tender, as is the heart of a woman.

It need be told to no one that four years ago—four years and one month at the day on which these words will come before the reader—this Magazine was commenced under the guidance, and in the hands, of Mr. Thackeray. It is not for any of us who were connected with him in the enterprise to say whether this was done successfully or not; but it is for us—for us of all men—to declare that he was the kindest of guides, the gentlest of rulers, and, as a fellow-workman, liberal, unselfish, considerate, beyond compare. It has been said of him that he was jealous as a writer. We of the *Cornhill* knew nothing of such jealousy. At the end of two years Mr. Thackeray gave up the management of the Magazine, finding that there was much in the very nature of the task which embarrassed and annoyed him. He could not bear to tell an ambitious aspirant that his aspirations were in vain; and, worse again, he could not endure to do so when a lady was his suppliant. Their letters to him were thorns that festered in his side, as he has told us himself. In truth it was so. There are many who delight in wielding the editorial ferule, good men and true, no doubt, who open their hearts genially to genius when they find it; but they can repress and crush the incapable tyro, or the would-be poetess who has nothing to support her but her own ambition, if not with delight, at least with satisfaction. Of such

men are good editors made. Whether it be a point against a man, or for him, to be without such power, they who think of the subject may judge for themselves. Thackeray had it not. He lacked hardness for the place, and therefore, at the end of two years, he relinquished it.

But he did not on that account in any way sever himself from the Magazine. His *Roundabout Papers*, the first of which appeared in our first number, were carried on through 1862, and were completed in the early part of 1863. *Lovel the Widower*, and his *Lectures on the Four Georges*, appeared under his own editorship. *Philip* was so commenced, but was completed after he had ceased to reign. It was only in November last, as our readers may remember, that a paper appeared from his hand, entitled, *Strange to say, on Club Paper*. In this he ridiculed a silly report as to Lord Clyde, which had spread itself about the town,—doing so with that mingled tenderness and sarcasm for which he was noted,—the tenderness being ever for those named, and the sarcasm for those unknown. As far as we know, they were the last words he lived to publish. Speaking of the old hero who was just gone he bids us remember that “censure and praise are alike to him;—‘The music warbling to the deafened ear, The incense wasted on the funeral bier!’” How strange and how sad that these, his last words, should now come home to us as so fitted for himself! Not that we believe that such praise is wasted,—even on the spirit of him who has gone.

Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin spun life! “But not the praise;”  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

Why should the dead be inaccessible to the glory given to them by those who follow them on the earth? He, of whom we speak, loved such incense when living. If that be an infirmity he was so far infirm. But we hold it to be no infirmity. Who is the man who loves it not? Where is the public character to whom it is not as the breath of his nostrils? But there are men to whom it is given to conceal their feelings. Of such Thackeray was not one. He carried his heart-strings in a crystal case, and when they were wrung or when they were soothed all their workings were seen by friend and foe.

When he died he was still at work for this Magazine. He was writing yet another novel for the delight of its readers. “Shall we continue this story-telling business and be voluble to the end of our age? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue and let younger people speak?” These words, of course, were his own. You will find them in that Roundabout Paper of his, *De Finibus*, which was printed in August, 1862. He was voluble to the end;—alas, that it should have been the end! The leisure time of which he was thinking never came to him. That presently was denied to him, nor had he lived would it have been his for many a year to come. He was young in power, young in heart as a child, young even in constitution in spite of that malady

which carried him off. But, though it was so, Thackeray ever spoke of himself, and thought of himself, as of one that was old. He in truth believed that the time for letting others speak was speedily coming to him. But they who knew him did not believe it, and his forthcoming new novel was anxiously looked for by many who expected another *Esmond*.

I may not say how great the loss will be to the *Cornhill*, but I think that those concerned in the matter will be adjudged to be right in giving to the public so much of this work as he has left behind him. A portion of a novel has not usually much attraction for general readers; but we venture to think that this portion will attract. They who have studied Mr. Thackeray's characters in fiction,—and it cannot be doubted that they have become matter of study to many,—will wish to follow him to the last, and will trace with a sad but living interest the first rough lines of the closing portraits from his hand.

I shall not attempt here any memoir of Mr. Thackeray's life. Such notices as the passing day requires have been given in many of the daily and weekly papers, and have been given, I believe, correctly. I may, perhaps, specially notice that from the pen of Mr. Hannay, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant*. The writing of his life will be a task, and we trust a work of love, for which there will probably be more than one candidate. We trust that it may fall into fitting hands,—into the hands of one who shall have loved wisely, and not too well,—but, above all things, into the hands of a true critic. That which the world will most want to know of Thackeray, is the effect which his writings have produced; we believe that effect to have been very wide, and beneficial withal. Let us hope, also, that the task of his biography may escape that untoward hurry which has ruined the interest of so many of the memoirs of our latter-day worthies.

Of our late Editor's works, the best known, and most widely appreciated are, no doubt, *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *Esmond*. The first on the list has been the most widely popular with the world at large. *Pendennis* has been the best loved by those who have felt and tasted the delicacy of Thackeray's tenderness. *The Newcomes* stands conspicuous for the character of the Colonel, who as an English gentleman has no equal in English fiction. *Esmond*, of all his works, has most completely satisfied the critical tastes of those who profess themselves to read critically. For myself, I own that I regard *Esmond* as the first and finest novel in the English language. Taken as a whole, I think that it is without a peer. There is in it a completeness of historical plot, and an absence of that taint of unnatural life which blemishes, perhaps, all our other historical novels, which places it above its brethren. And, beyond this, it is replete with a tenderness which is almost divine,—a tenderness which no poetry has surpassed. Let those who doubt this go back and study again the life of Lady Castlewood. In *Esmond*, above all his works, Thackeray achieves the great triumph of touching the

innermost core of his subject, without ever wounding the taste. We catch all the aroma, but the palpable body of the thing never stays with us till it palls us. Who ever wrote of love with more delicacy than Thackeray has written in *Esmond*? May I quote one passage of three or four lines? Who is there that does not remember the meeting between Lady Castlewood and Harry Esmond after Esmond's return. "Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th December; it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it;—no, no! My lord was cold, and my Harry was like to die; and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now,—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly,—'bringing your sheaves with you,—your sheaves with you!'"

But if *Esmond* be, as a whole, our best English novel, Colonel Newcome is the finest single character in English fiction. That it has been surpassed by Cervantes, in *Don Quixote*, we may, perhaps, allow, though *Don Quixote* has the advantage of that hundred years which is necessary to the perfect mellowing of any great work. When Colonel Newcome shall have lived his hundred years, and the lesser works of Thackeray and his compeers shall have died away, then, and not till then, will the proper rank of this creation in literature be appreciated.

We saw him laid low in his simple grave at the close of last year, and we saw the brethren of his art, one after another, stand up on the stone at the grave foot to take a last look upon the coffin which held him. It was very sad. There were there the faces of rough men red with tears, who are not used to the melting mood. The grave was very simple, as became the sadness of the moment. At such times it is better that the very act of interment should be without pomp or sign of glory. But, as weeks pass by us, they, who love English literature, will desire to see some preparation for placing a memento of him in that shrine in which we keep the monuments of our great men. It is to be regarded as a thing of course, that there should be a bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.

## Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

### CHAPTER X.

#### OVER THE CLIFF.



WOKE next morning to the pattering of a swift autumnal shower upon the stones in the street—pattering with a noise which was loud enough to make my eyes to open, but not so loud as to scare away quite what was not so much slumber as a long dream of soft inarticulate whisperings. So it is in the days of youth. Then, sleep is like a clear spring. Slowly we sink to the bottom of the cool waters, and all night long the ripples overhead are heard. Sleep sings its own

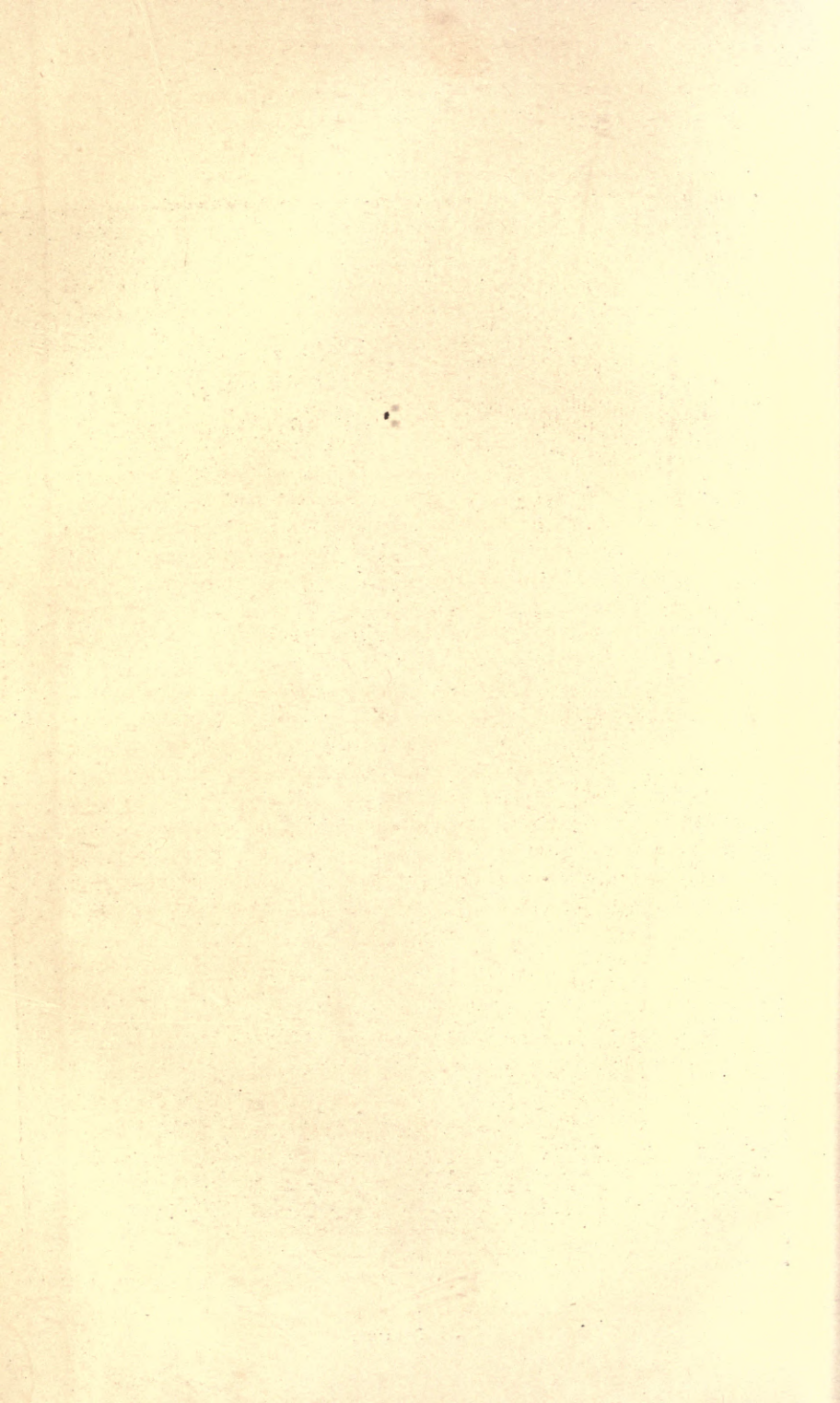
sweetness to senses which are never so much a-slumber but that they understand; and when at daybreak the waters flow away, we step upon the earth with glowing limbs, strong, red; with eyes like jewels in a bath, and ears that are as capable as the wide heavens themselves. That is in the days of our youth: mine are already gone.

The rain pattered on the ground with a loud susurrantion; it was that, perhaps, which seized upon my waking mind, and held it so still. But not altogether that. Somewhere in its depths there was a sense of troubled happiness, which had not yet awakened to consciousness, so that I said to myself, "What can it be?" The answer did not come on the instant; but while I wondered, down came the prodigal rain with a wilder noise, and at the same moment all the scenes of yesterday rushed tumultuously into my mind. "Arthur Lamont!" my lips exclaimed, without leave or licence of me.

Then I rose, ashamed and troubled. I thought of how I had sat at my bed-foot in the dark last night, asking myself foolish questions—for so I called them now when it was broad daylight. But though I blushed, and even trembled at my nonsense, as if there was some-



AT PARTING.





thing daringly wicked in it, I presently beheld a face in the glass which had a splendour I did not know for mine. It startled me—I myself. How should this new strange beauty come all in a day—in a night? Since my heart was troubled, why did I look so radiant, as if I had been made like a goddess out of the morning clouds? If I was ashamed, my shame did not appear—that I saw with eyes which seemed to hang their lashes with drops of light.

Does it appear from all this that I was in love? See how little I know by my asking the question. Perhaps: but it seems to me now when I do not care, that if I had been very much in love, I should have thought of my lover first of all. As it was, there was I, rejoicing in my new beauty, and not unconscious of what made the change; and yet it never occurred to me, till I had knotted my hair and *turned away* from the glass, that Mr. Lamont had gone adrift into the world again, and would never return! That I remember, because my folly came home to me then with such exceeding clearness. And also because I remember that afterwards I did not care to look in the glass, but finished my toilette with that ridiculous fine face of mine turned to the wall. How could I have been so stupid—so selfishly forgetful? I was as bad as madame! as bad as Charlotte! With thoughts like these I vexed myself—because it is so much pleasanter to feel angry than nonsensical.

Presently, I heard a heavy footstep go downstairs past my door. It belonged to the house-servant, and thus I made a discovery which added something more to my vexation. It was only six o'clock; and there was I up and dressed already! My watch—which I had never thought of looking at before—confirmed Bridget's most unwilling punctuality; the church clock came in with provoking repetition. Could there be any doubt about my folly now? Because it was a fine morning—spite of the shower—because I had waked with my head full of—of such rubbish—I was to be dressed two hours before any one ever appeared, and all without knowing it!

“Now I shall be found out!” I thought. “I remember what madame said last night; and when she hears that I must needs rise this morning with the maid, she will suppose”—and then I trembled at what she would suppose. Well, then, I would not go down till the clocks chimed eight!

This was an excellent method of solving the difficulty, if I had been allowed to carry it out. But it was not long before Bridget was heard coming upstairs again; to my horror, she stopped at my door, knocked, and walked in. “I beg your pardon, miss,” she said, showing all her surprise at seeing me out of bed so early, “but I'm made a mistake. I thought I forgot to fill your water-bottle.” And Bridget did forget this evening task so regularly that her intrusion was not at all remarkable. Nevertheless, it was very embarrassing; and now I had no better excuse than to pretend that, this being our last day in Brighton, I wanted to have a nice long walk before breakfast.

The rain had ceased (it was only a sudden shower, sweetening both air and earth), and I was glad to be out in all the stillness and freshness of the morning. Coming to the place where I had parted from Mr. Lamont, I hesitated a little, recalling his good-by; and what should I see in the carriage way but a beautiful little bouquet? There it had lain all night in the dust, and then the rain had come down and drenched and battered it, so that the pretty paper in which the flowers had been dressed was all broken. "Poor little bouquet! some angry woman threw you from her carriage, I think!" So I picked it up with ever so much commiseration, plucked a still bright and fresh camelia from its centre, and then placing the rest of the flowers out of the way of trampling feet, I went on again—feeling almost as pleased as if I had done a good deed. To be sure, I did not know the history of the nosegay, nor why it had been thrown into the dust. If I had, I should have gone my way much more seriously than I did, even with the fear of "what madame would think" before me. However, I cared less about that when I spied at a little distance some young ladies whose acquaintance I had made in sea-side fashion, and whom I now hastened to join.

But they were not to be troubled with my company on this occasion. Before I had got up with them, a large slow figure came in sight,—my guardian's!

Mr. Denzil had arrived in Brighton, then, by a late train last night, and was now taking a melancholy saunter for the benefit of his health. And as he drew nearer, his eyes downcast, I thought it really needed improvement. What was it he had said about some disease which wore his life away? However, I was so glad to see him, who had been so good to me—his presence seemed so sure a guarantee against madame's displeasure, and any indulgence of troublesome, foolish, romantical ideas—that I thought less of my guardian's heavy looks than I ought to have done. Still gazing on the ground, he did not see me at all—turning to go back when we were not twenty yards apart. So I ran forward, and dared to slip my hand beneath his arm as I bade him a demure "Good-morning."

"*You, Margaret!*" he exclaimed, in a voice that was so loud and seemed so angry that my hand was instantly startled away again.

"Your poor little Margaret, sir!"

He stopped still to look at me, and I looked at him half frightened, and then he said something in a voice that was neither loud nor angry about my not being a poor little Margaret, but a great ugly Margaret; and after that he said, "Good-morning, my dear," as people do at the first moment of meeting. I thought this rather strange, but then, of course, he was surprised.

"And where is Madame Lamont?" he asked, when we had gone on a little way together.

"To tell the truth?"

"My good girl always tells the truth."

"Well, then," said I, unwarned by his dry manner, "madame is at this instant stepping out of bed: for there is the quarter chime!" and I believe that was the first and last time I ever tried a lively answer. It did not please me, it did not please him; and somehow I felt that he was at odds with me altogether.

"Just stepping out of bed! And you, not liking to lie till ten, run about Brighton till breakfast is called."

"Oh, no! I have never been out alone before. Only this morning——"

What did I say?—never before? I thought of what had happened last night, and got no further with my explanation.

Taking no notice of this, my guardian went on, choosing the road which led to the cliff where I had walked with Mr. Lamont. Therefore we had to pass the spot where he and I had parted, and where the flowers had lain; and now it was Mr. Denzil's turn to hesitate, looking about him much as I had done only a few minutes before. Some one else had passed meanwhile (I noticed two women loitering near), and had taken the flowers away; but if Mr. Denzil was not searching for them, I knew not what he meant, and so, very innocently, I offered him the one which I had saved.

"Why, how did you come by that, Margaret?" he asked.

I told him; and how strangely out of place and unfortunate the poor little bouquet appeared, cast away in the road and drenched with rain. And who could have thrown it there, I wondered?

"Are you sure it was not dropped by accident?" said he.

"Yes, I am sure it was thrown—by some lady going home angry and disappointed, I think. Don't you?"

"No, my dear," he answered; "she would have picked it to pieces first—judging by my observation of angry ladies."

And it actually did not occur to me as significant that he should know the bouquet was *not* picked to pieces, in his sense of the words! He himself appeared to be very impatient of my innocent flower, twirling it contemptuously in his fingers as we walked along the edge of the cliff. Finally he flung it over upon the shingles below.

At the same moment my guardian said, in that very soft tone which I afterwards learned, by sadder experiences, betokened not quietude but excitement—

"How long do you think I have been in Brighton, Margaret?"

"How long, sir? Twenty hours," I answered, determined to show no levity this time.

"Twenty-six," said he.

"Then you might have dined with us, and you did not!"

"No, I didn't. I wish I had! And how many times do you think I have seen you since I have been here? Twice, my dear, and on both occasions I wondered what had become of Madame Lamont. This morning she is just stepping *out of* bed. Last evening she was just stepping *into*

bed, perhaps. However, you propose to return to Dorsetshire to-day, don't you?"

I stammered some affirmative answer, no doubt.

"But your school-days have pretty well come to an end. Six months ago you were a child still; now I see you are a woman, Margaret. Your very face is different to me. It is a bothering change, and I must tell you I have been thinking very seriously about what we are to do with you. What do you think of it yourself?"

I did not know. The question had never come into my head; and, altogether, I was a little frightened.

"But you haven't thought about it at all, I daresay. Well, then, who was the gentleman you were walking with yesterday? I may ask, mayn't I, Margaret?"

"Mr. Lamont, sir."

"So I was told! But I was informed too (we are in the same house), that Mr. Lamont has not been here more than a fortnight. And you had never seen him before. And yet, you know, I think you called him 'Arthur' when you bade him good-by!"

"That was only because he asked me! He is madame's son! He is unfortunate! They drive him off into the world again as soon as he comes home! You would pity him if you knew—if you knew he went away penniless, last night!"

"What I do know is, that I heard him order an excellent breakfast this morning!"

My answer to that I recall very distinctly. It was nothing but an empty "Oh!" for the intelligence fell upon me with all the effect of a mortifying disappointment. Why Arthur Lamont, having postponed the beginning of his journey till daylight, should *not* breakfast well, was a question which I was not then of an age to entertain. I had fancied him plodding out of the town wretched as he came into it; instead of that he was comfortably seated at an excellent breakfast! It was a little shock.

"And so," Mr. Denzil continued, "you really thought he had gone off last night!"

"I did, indeed!"

"And it was not with any expectation of seeing him this morning that you came out so early—for once?"

"Believe me, it was not!"

"Then you don't know he is coming this way at the present moment! Got his baggage, though," he added in an under tone, and speaking to himself.

It was as my guardian had said. I had not observed *him* look back, but when I did so, there I saw Mr. Lamont, marching along valise in hand.

Perhaps he had not recognized us before; but he knew us now—as could be told by his coming forward in a slow, hesitating way. He

wished to avoid a meeting, apparently, and saw no help for it—especially as we loitered and looked toward him. But presently he stopped at a place where the coastguard had cut a steep and giddy stair upon the face of the cliff, waved a farewell salute with his hat, and disappeared.

He disappeared, and I ceased to tremble: but only for a moment.

“Margaret,” said my guardian as I turned to walk on—his face all listening and pale—“do you know what has happened? Your friend has missed his footing and fallen from the cliff! Don't scream, my dear,” (he did not understand that I *could not* scream)—“there's no great harm done, I daresay; but we must go and see.”

Hurrying away while he spoke, he, too, disappeared down the giddy stair, where I dare not follow him. But it was impossible to remain where I was; it would have been foolish to run home with a frightening tale which might prove exaggerated. Besides—but I need not say what besides. There was a safe way to the beach not far distant; and I ran round, with my heart ready to faint, but determined to do nothing of the kind; and in good time I came to the place where Mr. Lamont lay apparently lifeless, with my guardian kneeling at his side. No other creature was visible, far or near.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### OMEN.

ANY one who looked upon Arthur Lamont's face then—so very white, so very calm—would have cried, as I did, “He is dead!”

“Not at all!” said Mr. Denzil. “He has fainted from pain; and I've only just found out where the pain is. Another hatful of water, since you are here, Margaret.”

I took the hat, and ran ankle deep into the tide to fill it. When I returned, I found that my guardian had cut one of Mr. Lamont's boots from the swollen foot. “Now,” said he, “do you saturate your handkerchief, that I may bind up this unlucky limb!”

It was done—some water was thrown upon the sufferer's pale face, and then he began to recover life: his ghost returned, how ghostly!

Rising upon his elbow, he pressed his hand upon his side, as if the pain was *there*, and fixing upon me a pair of unawakened eyes, terrible for what they did not see, he said,—

“Ma blessure, n'en pensez pas . . . . c'est rien! . . . . Mais lui? Touché? . . . . à mort, dites-vous? Ah, mon Dieu! La belle vengeance! . . . . la belle chose que c'est l'honneur! C'était le diable qui s'en mêla!”

In the midst of such broken exclamations as these he sank back again, consciousness returning fast; so that in another moment the vision faded, the words died away, faltering, and he no longer lay wounded in Algeria, but only bruised and torn on Brighton beach.

"Ma'mselle," he said, the blood rushing back into his face, "I think I was cursing just now, but I did not know what I talked, and how could I dream *you* were here? Am I hurt?"

"Not much," said my guardian (roughly, I thought), "though there's something wrong with this ankle. Let us see if you can stand on the other leg."

Assisted by Mr. Denzil, he made the attempt; but the pain of the wounded foot when it hung unsupported was too great for endurance. "With your permission, sir, I think I'll sit down again," he said. "Thank you very much. Of course I did not know you at the hotel,—you are—you are this lady's guardian?"

"I am, sir!" Mr. Denzil replied. "And she must be yours for a few minutes, I suppose, for I must go and get a chair, or something to carry you back to the town. If Mr. Lamont faints again, Margaret, you know what to do: dash his face with water. And the less he talks, the better!"

As soon as my guardian had gone, Mr. Lamont said,

"But I promise you I will *not* faint, Miss Forster; so be not alarmed about that. Only you must let me talk enough to tell you it is not my fault that you are troubled with me again. I am never permitted to do what I wish, you see, even when I would rather not do it. My fate is always perverse."

"Do not say so! you might have been killed, Mr. Lamont!"

"Exactly. There again you perceive how fortune treats me!"

Language like this was dreadful to me then. I could not forbear exclaiming,—

"You should not say so! It is wrong."

"Is it? Well, if you believe it may have been a lucky accident that I was not killed, I shall begin to think so too. I *do* believe it!—*Omen!*" he cried a moment afterward, in a voice so loud and full of pleasure—he lying there so full of pain—that it startled me. His face, too, was flushed with boyish pleasure as he added, extending his right hand, clenched as I had seen it at first—"Do you know what I have here?"

"No!" I answered, wondering much.

"Nor did I till this instant. Well, you have heard of the invader who stumbled from his boat on landing, and how his companions were dismayed at the omen, and how he rose and showed them his hands full of the soil he had taken possession of?—you have heard of *him*. Now see what I grasped when I came to the ground here!"

He opened his hand, and there lay the flower which Mr. Denzil had thrown from the cliff!

"Has not that some meaning? To be sure, I have crushed it"—(and so he had: the white petals were bruised by tiny pebbles snatched in with them)—"but that could not be helped. I am not to blame *this* time. Or is it a part of the augury that the flower is crushed?"

He spoke as if he expected me to answer, but I could not, for I was more troubled than the Conqueror's soldiers, because my dismay was indistinct, indefinable. They "murmured," says the story: I was dumb. If Mr. Lamont thought there was something ominous in his seizing on this wretched flower when he fell, what should I think, who knew so much about it that he did not know? He said no more.

Glad was I when I saw my guardian approaching with two boatmen to Mr. Lamont's assistance. They took him in their arms, those two, and carried him as tenderly as might be over the rough shingle. Mr. Denzil and I remained to gather up the contents of the valise, which had burst. When everything had been assembled apparently, I descried something glittering at the mouth of a soft leathern purse. It was a watch, rich, elegant, costly, with ~~an~~ ~~on~~ in little clustering diamonds at the back.

"A pretty toy for a penniless man!" my guardian muttered. And I wondered much as we wended home whether Arthur Lamont had that jewel in his valise when he came into the town, so poor! In my youthfulness, in my ignorance, this was another little shock. I, too, began to doubt whether Mr. Lamont was a sincere man; and the doubt made me no happier.

[For my part, I had never much question about it, though this affair of the watch, when explained (though it never troubled me personally), showed nothing of *that* sort. At the same time, if I had been treated by W. as L. was treated, I think I should have been a little more sincere in my hatred, and a good deal quicker in dealing with him. Not that that shows I'm a better man—far from it, as Margaret has told me a dozen times. Only it does show what I mean about Lamont. He was insincere because (according to me) he was never long of a mind—vacillating; either too hot or too cold. I don't think I mean insincere, after all, but irresolute.

It was I who threw the bouquet into the road; and I confess that at the moment when Margaret came up to me as I knelt by Lamont's side on the beach, I was trying to wrench open that clenched hand! I saw the stem of the flower protruding from the fist; and though it was only a stem, I knew full well what the fist hid, and how it got there. Now it seems that both Lamont and Margaret had some superstition as to this wonderful accident; but I who always had a seaman's weakness about omens, judge how it affected me! First, I cast the thing away because—let me explain.

It was six months since I had seen Margaret, and, indeed, I never did see her more than three times a year. And I'll tell you what I felt like when I did see her: like that man who stole the great diamond, whenever he dared to unwrap the rags he hid it in. I was glad, but I was afraid! This beautiful creature, who was the only one in all the earth who ever had an affectionate word to say to me, was not mine—I knew that well enough; and I had her hidden as secretly as the thief had his

jewel. To be sure, there appeared nothing extraordinary in the secret at first, and while Margaret was a child; but when she grew up to be so clever, and so very beautiful, and so good, and a woman, I began to wish I had never stolen the pleasure of a little girl's love, or gratitude, or whatever it might be called.

No doubt there seems to have been a simple way of avoiding any difficulty. Why did I not publicly acknowledge Margaret as a child of my adoption? Why? Because of my disease! The disease I caught in Bermuda! The wickedest woman the sun ever shone on! Of course I know it's considered a crime worse than mutiny to say anything ill of a wife, even though you could prove she came from I won't say what place (and I don't mean Bermuda). But wives are women—the best of them; and some women are bad as some are good; and wait, wait till we have come to the end of this history.

Not that there is likely to be any record here of my own proper troubles. Margaret never heard of them, and I am glad enough to forget them when I can. I only say, once for all, that from the day my wife landed in England, bringing with her the body of her son, who had died on the voyage (he was not my son too—she was a widow when I married her), my life was infested with miseries—petty miseries which bred daily like vermin. Not but that a woman who had a plan for disposing of husbands by a regular course of damp linen, was capable of doing great injuries;\* but what I had to complain of up to this time was being treated like I have read in witch stories, where the witch made a wax image of a man's heart, and stuck needles into it, one every day; and melted it little by little before the fire: the poor wretch's own heart bleeding away all the time, and melting in sickness, he never knew how. That was my case; only there was no secrecy about it, and no laws against it. God help every man who lives as I did: and I believe there's a plenty!

But what accounted for her behaviour? Well, it's easier to account for

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\* I do not say the plan was ever tried on me: Heaven forbid. But it was not a comfortable thing to live with a woman who had that sort of ingenuity. It came out during our honeymoon. The English newspapers were in a fright about the frequency with which labourers' wives (in Suffolk, if I remember rightly,) were poisoning their husbands. We talked about it at breakfast one day. I said I thought that of all crimes it was the most detestable. She quite agreed with me, but said what she wondered at was, that if women wanted to get rid of their husbands they should be so stupid as to poison them, especially after so many cases had been discovered. I observed that cutting their throats would more probably lead to detection. "Oh, yes," she said, laughing. "But don't you think there are natural ways of doing the same thing?" "Natural!" says I, "what do you mean?" "Well," she answered, considering, "of course it would not do for a great hardy man like you, but suppose a wicked woman were constantly to sleep her husband in damp sheets, in a climate like yours?" "Well, then, she'd suffer too—that's one comfort!" "My dear," says she, shaking her head with a smile, "you know nothing at all: don't you see that the wretch would first make a quarrel with her husband, so that they should sleep apart?"—J. D.



the east wind than for the vagaries, and violence, and suspicion of some people: it is in their nature, and there's an end of it. Nevertheless, if I suffered, I could pity my Torment (her name was Mercy), because of what lay at the root of both her wretchedness and mine.

She had lost her boy, whom she idolized. He was a good clever lad, and his mother's dream had long been to see him grow up to be a great English gentleman: thinking that his handsome looks, and his cleverness, and her money, would make a judge or a bishop of him in no time. Her money, I say (and she loved it next to her child), for this was the bargain between us on our marriage—she bringing about twenty-five thousand pounds to my four and a half. As long as her son lived, she was to have absolute control, for his benefit, of all our income over six hundred a year; meantime, her consent was to be necessary in matters of investment and so forth; but if the boy died, then the whole property was to remain between us, and, at the death of one, to go intact to the survivor. And I daresay she never thought it possible the boy *would* die.

But he did. He died before he saw England, which he was mad to see. The country was hateful to his mother at once. She was not young, and in seven days she was seven years older; the future she had counted on totally changed; her money was only so much mockery; there were no more children for her; and by-and-by she fell to hating me, because she had got it into her head that one of these days I should marry again, and *another* boy succeed to her property, and the wonderful fortune it was to have brought to her son! This was the secret. She kept the bitter idea to herself as long as she could, I believe; but it came out at last.

One day she asked me whether I had any objection to her dyeing her hair, which had got rather grey.

"Not at all!" said I. "In fact, I wish you would."

"Do you?" cried she, turning round upon me in what I may venture to call a cat-hurricane—(it was then I first suspected she took drams)—"Do you? Don't tell lies! You know you delight in seeing me grow old! You watch for every grey hair that comes, and grin to yourself, because you think your time's near! I saw you laughing at me while I dressed, this morning, in the glass!"

"It was only because you had that funny little pigtail sticking out behind," says I.

"That was your excuse for grinning, I know!" she screamed. "Do you think it deceived me? But I see through your castle-building! You know I shall soon be dead, and then you'll have a fine new miss for a wife, and a son who'll take the inheritance of the angel I murdered, bringing him to this odious country after you! But do not think it shall happen! I'll live for ever! I'll come from my grave to strangle the brat!"

I told her I believed ghosts could do no such thing as strangle anybody; and went away staggered at the violence of an infatuation I did not

understand. But the idea once got into my wife's head, it took deep hold of her, showing itself in a hundred vexing ways: as I have said, it was at the bottom of all our wretchedness. It led to that jealousy without love which is the most monstrous of all passions, I should say; and here you see how the habit of keeping a foul temper alive with drams began. These two things made *my* misery; and quarrels bred quarrels, and hate bred hate, till what was the cause of it or the beginning of it was all the same to me.

But *there it was*: and now I think I have shown why I could not acknowledge Margaret as mine by adoption—though at first the very fact of the boy dying gave me a notion that that might easily be arranged. I said to myself, “Here, again, we see the finger of Providence! I find my poor little maid just as the boy dies” (strange to say, the two things happened on the same morning!) “and by-and-by she can take his place. I'll wait a little while till Mercy's grief subsides, and then mention I've a daughter for her!” I even thought that my finding Margaret, in bad hands, on the very day that Mercy's son went to a better world, would be a recommendation! This comes of knowing nothing about women!

And one day, when my wife was in a good humour, I broached the subject. I said, simply, that I had once seen running wild, near one of the hamlets of the New Forest, a very lovely little girl, and how sorry I had been that she was doomed to a peasant's life; that in our childless condition—and so forth. Mercy asked me how long since was that. I told her less than a year; and went on more boldly. “Think,” says I, “of a child like I describe” (and I *did* describe her)—“delicate, full of pretty sense, handsome as any lady, growing up to weed onions and feed pigs! while here——” “And think,” says she, dashing down her needlework and walking out of the room, “of your daring to insult me in this shameful manner!” “I spoke too soon,” I thought to myself. But then came the explosion above mentioned, which settled the question altogether; and I have doubted since whether it was not that hint of mine about Margaret (of course I did it clumsily) which started my wife's bugbear into existence. Certain it is the hint *was never forgotten*; and it led, at last, to what we shall see.

I can't write like Margaret; I am not so interesting as her narrative, of course; but it is only fair to myself to explain. This long note shows what my part in Margaret's history was to this date; and why I kept my charge secret (which has been misconstrued—cruelly); moreover, it will explain much that is to come. And now we'll carry on from the point we broke off at.

It was six months since I had seen Margaret, and these six months had been particularly anxious ones. She could not remain at school very much longer, and I was puzzled what to do with her—what to propose for her future. And then the conviction came in that I should probably soon lose her altogether; and though it is true we met seldom,

still I knew she was grateful and good; I was proud of her; and my only pleasure was the pretty little letter she used to send me now and then. Now the prospect of losing her—by which I mean of her forming close ties with strangers before she had learned to look on me as anybody but a person who had kindly paid for her education—I did not at all like. I thought how different it might have been with our home if my idea had been carried out, if Margaret could have been to us like a daughter from the beginning; and how she would sweeten the house *now* when she was coming into womanhood, if it was only for a year or two before she planted herself in a home of her own.

At this juncture Madame Lamont's letter arrived—a made-up sort of letter, with a good deal about the sea breeze and recruited health which was never meant to mean anything, and a sentence about the unexpected arrival of her son, put in a way that meant a good deal. "My son," said she, "has lately left the *army*. Would it be agreeable to you to spend a day with us here, so as to see, on the spot, how bravely your ward has improved during her holiday?" I felt sure it would *not* be agreeable, but determined to go all the more for that.

What son was this? I had heard of no son before—still less of a son "in the army." How long had he been at Brighton? And was he permitted to spend his days lounging, reading, sailing, chattering with my dear little girl? These questions vexed me till I was downright angry. What I imagined was a fine foolish young fellow, with dainty manners, and overflowing with small talk, who was probably amusing himself by "laying siege" to Margaret's heart, as their slang is; and "Confound him!" I cried out amidst the rattle of the railway train that carried me too slowly to Brighton, "I know he can't have sixpence to spare for pomatum unless he is richer than his mother!"

Another confession: it was the thought of this gentleman and his "attentions" which made me go and buy that bouquet! It was a little ridiculous, I know; but I could not bear the notion of being disrated in my dear's estimation by the airs of a gentleman in the army, all in a single week.

I bought the bouquet—sheepishly; and then I dined before walking out to Madame Lamont's lodgings. But I hadn't to go beyond the door of the hotel to see Margaret. While I stood there, she passed in earnest conversation with Lamont. Earnest!—I had never yet seen her look as she did then, listening. At a glance I detected the wonderful change in herself which she has described; what is more, I knew they were talking confidences!

This was worse than I expected. I followed them, with a perfectly new sickness of heart, such as I did not suppose myself capable of. I was not angry at them, but at my own ill fortune; disappointed, distempered, with savage flashes of thought about my miserable home, and (here's the confession—there's no harm in it!) conscious at last of how much my heart clung to my dear Margaret.

They went on : I followed. They stopped to bid each other good night : I passed them, and heard him say, "Margaret," and her, "Arthur." They parted like lovers too : so I tossed my nosegay into the road, and went back to the hotel.

A sudden idea struck me : a suspicion which certainly made me angry, though at the bottom of my heart I only wished it might prove true. Madame Lamont was poor. She was not ignorant of my affection for Margaret, or that I had a certain command of money : this, then, was a scheme to provide for madame's son, who was doubtless in difficulties and sold out of the army. Lamont was to gain Margaret's affections in time, marry her, and throw himself on my generosity !

Pleased with the suspicion—for you see it assumed that Lamont ought to be sent to the rightabout forthwith—I went into the coffee-room, and there was my man, with his half-bottle before him already. I sat at his table. I had my half-bottle too ; wanting to hear him talk, that I might measure him. He did talk, greatly excited. Touch and go, glib and clever, on a dozen topics—I wondering how a man could reel off such speech as his without a thought for what he was talking about. For he was thinking of *something else*—that I could see from first to last. And so was I. And there we two men sat—he in a fever which made him speak, I in the dumps which made me all but dumb, and nearly the same thoughts simmering in our minds all the while. The end of it was, I learned that Lamont was no *schemer*, and that he was going to leave Brighton next morning very early. He said something about a commission he had to fulfil in England, and then he meant to leave the country for ever. *That* satisfied me. I rose from the table happier—happier in the half-stupefied way a man feels who is picked up at sea after drifting about alone for a day or two.

The rest Margaret has written. She has shown, for me, that my satisfaction did not last long ; though I made the most of it—lying awake a long hour, my cogitations undisturbed by footsteps which paced up and down, up and down, in the room above my head. A light footstep—a *woman's*. But (to say no more of that just now) Margaret did not quite know how startled I was to meet her abroad so early next morning. I had no doubt she had appointed a meeting with Lamont—(which looked desperately clandestine)—and for aught I could tell, meant to run away with him ! This was an error I first discovered by her very innocence. Next, that confounded flower ! I did not at all like its coming back to me ; but when, five minutes after flinging it over the cliff, I found it grasped in Lamont's hand, I seriously felt the superstition which only came on *him* like a fancy. To him it said "omen," as one reads it in poetry books ; to me it was like the tolling of the ship's bell with no hand upon it. Willingly would I have got the flower out of his clutch, but the grasp was too strong for me ; which was unpleasant too. I had to leave the blossom there ; and then I had to leave Margaret with him ; and when I came back the hand was open, the flower was gone, and since it was not to be

seen anywhere on the beach, I had to conclude that it had got into his bosom—or hers!

But if I could not get possession of that particular item in the luckless nose-gay, I soon afterwards had all the rest. Yes! I may as well note it here that late in the evening a little parcel was left for me at the hotel; and this little parcel contained the broken, battered bouquet just as Margaret says she found it. There was a note too: here it lies before me, scrawled in the wretchedest of writing, but not so badly put together, it will be observed:—

“The gentleman who the young lady give the chamelier to this morning would probably like to have the rest of the charmin bookay witch it was taken from, out of the guter. The lady who sends this wiches him joy.”

Startling, this, for a plain man. To be sure, it might have been nothing but the impudence of some early-rising maid-servant, who had seen too much, and liked what they call a bit of fun. But, somehow, I was not satisfied with that idea, for other ideas came in which made me hot to contemplate. Once more I wished I had never seen my dear little girl, though when I thought of what might have become of her if I hadn't, my mind changed. Still, would it not be well if she did get a sweetheart, and marry out of hand?—somebody who was worthy of her, though not a man like Lamont, with whom she would certainly live in poverty to the end of her days. Meantime, who had sent that note? Who had been watching? The questions were not easy to answer, and from that moment I felt more like a thief than ever.

Well, the hand of my Torment was in it, though the actual writer of the note was Mrs. Forster—Margaret's mother. Margaret herself might have told us that, when she wrote about the “two women loitering;” though of course she knew no more who they were at the time than I knew my Torment had followed me to this hotel; that it was she whom I heard tramping overhead; and that here she had fallen in with Mrs. Forster (her husband dead) who was now chambermaid in the place! This woman kept herself out of *my* way, but when Mrs. Denzil came and asked a thousand questions about a certain gentleman, behold what happens! But I am afraid I am ahead of the story.—J. D.]

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK.

A CHAIR awaited Mr. Lamont near the beach; there were few idlers abroad at that hour, and he was drawn to the hotel with little observation. We followed, anxious to learn precisely what had happened to

the damaged limb, and to see him placed in good hands before any report was made to madame mère. A surgeon was staying in the house, fortunately; and he soon made known that not only was Mr. Lamont's ankle badly sprained, but a bone fractured. "And here I am to lie for two or three months," said he, when we were admitted to take his messages to his mother, "in unexpected clover. Though what the world will do without me! My family dejected, my mission"—and then a sudden spasm, not of pain, but of apprehension, shot into his face. Forgetting the agony which he had affected to make light of, he started from the sofa whereon he lay and glanced about him like a creature robbed of its young.

"My valise! my valise, m'sieur!"

"Sit down, sir! Your valise is all right. I brought it in myself," said Mr. Denzil.

"But it burst! Everything in it was scattered!"

"And we put everything back again."

"My valise, m'sieur! A thousand pardons—I forget myself. But if one thing I had amongst my trumpery is lost——!"

It was on my lips to say, "The watch is there;" but the indelicacy of such an exclamation, the *inconvenance* of knowing aught about the trinket, occurred to me in time. The valise was brought. He searched in it impatiently, and found what he sought with most manifest thankfulness.

Then came the question, what was to be said to madame? Her son was content with no verbal message. He would "scribble a few lines; for that," said he, "will show I am not much hurt." And so he did: tearing a leaf from his pocket-book and writing as he lay—alternately red and white with pain.

A few minutes, and we (that is to say, Mr. Denzil and I) were with Madame Lamont and her daughter—both ignorant, till then, that I had left the house. However, nothing was said about it. Mr. Denzil's presence, and the bad news we brought, put that out of consideration. My guardian described the accident as a "sprained ankle;" so had the sufferer himself described it; and though madame showed no want of feeling for her son, and even Charlotte cried, "Poor fellow!" a sprained ankle is not a grave injury, and it soon appeared that the ladies rather regarded the news as bad for *them*.

"It is really not serious?" madame inquired.

"Not at all," my guardian answered, with a kind intention.

"But he will be confined to his room for some time, perhaps?" said Miss Lamont.

"No doubt: for a month—two months, I daresay."

"Two! Dear me, how unfortunate! And we *must* return home to-morrow, mamma."

"For that matter, he'll do very well where he is," said my guardian.

The ladies exchanged glances full of significant commentary on this

remark. Of course he would do very well—so well that he might be tempted to stop through the winter: but the bill!

Madame sighed, Charlotte looked fretful, but there was no help for them. Their prodigal had returned to add new burdens to the old ones; it was the natural perversity of their fortune that he should sprain an ankle while he was actually ridding them of his presence, and all they could do was to submit. These were their thoughts, manifestly. Charlotte's lips, which seemed to thin, madame's eyebrows, raised to melancholy-mark, bore witness against them; and though, indeed, I did not forget that neither mother nor daughter knew *how much* their prodigal suffered, I could not help resenting in my heart their unsympathetic fears.

Not that they were justly to blame—much. He had never told *them* the secret of his life, of his death-in-life; for them there was no romance, no justification in it: nothing but natural weakness, natural idleness, natural selfishness. What they knew only was, that he had ruined them at the beginning of his career; that he had perpetuated the injury by many demands upon them afterwards; that they were to this day struggling to pay his debts, or debt he had forced upon them; and now he had "turned up" again, penniless, hopeless, hardened, and indifferent (it seemed) to his own degradation. *I* knew this indifference was most uneasily affected; but then he had confessed to *me*, not to them.

Moreover, madame was in the presence of another difficulty brought about by her son. She was in danger of losing a pupil who was worth more than sixty pounds a year to her; and not that only, but Mr. Denzil's friendship, which had its value too. Even I had observed his displeasure, darkly guessing why he was displeased; but madame understood him better, and dreaded the moment when he should accuse her of exposing me to the flatteries of her son. For she herself had no doubt he had made a declaration of love, which I had listened to well pleased. She even admitted to my guardian, when he spoke with her alone that day, that she thought so—to her grief; to his grief, certainly. The irritation he had shown so often was now gone. In all my life I remember few things more distinctly than the gentle unhappiness which showed itself upon my guardian's face, and upon all the air round about him, when he rejoined me after the interview. The gentleness was for me, the unhappiness was all his own. In that moment, when he came to me, where I sat alone by the drawing-room window, and took my hand without reason, and said, "Well, my dear?" and no more, I understood his kindness better than I had done ever at all. Madame had communicated to him the suspicions which she had made evident to me; he himself suspected; and I knew that he, too, must think Arthur Lamont unworthy; and yet he only said, "Well, my dear!" as if he was very, very sorry, but certainly not angry with *me*.

Now was not all this enough to persuade me that I was in love? It was enough to make me thoughtful, at any rate; though whether my

thoughts, or rather my fancies, were altogether favourable to the pretty nonsense which filled my head at waking, I declare I cannot tell.\*

Madame spent much of that day with Mr. Lamont, and Charlotte visited him too. That they comforted him much is doubtful; though after madame had seen her son, she evidently thought more of his own afflictions and less of those he bestowed on her. Whether he got worse or better was never said, and I dare not ask. All day, everyone maintained toward me the silence which I so often heard commended in my childhood; and I liked it as little now as then. There was tyranny in it; or so I thought. Miss Lamont had something to say, indeed.

"Margaret," said she, with an air at once business-like and confiding, "you must know my mamma and Mr. Denzil are rather annoyed about—well, you understand. But if they happen to be mistaken as to the object of my brother's conversations with you (and of course I do not know), it is unfair to you, in two senses. Now I shall ask no questions, child; but if you *did* lend Mr. Lamont money——"

"Charlotte!" I exclaimed, indignant.

"Are you surprised?"

"Indeed I am."

"Then so am I."

And there this dreadful little bit of conversation ended.

The day passed away, and not another word was said in my presence about Mr. Lamont; but at night I was reminded that on the morrow we should leave Brighton; and the morning came, and still nothing was said; and still I did not ask—wondering, however, whether it was proposed that I should not take leave of him.

My guardian came and settled the doubt.

"You'll be glad to hear," said he, "that your friend is going on very well. But he will not remain in bed."

"How very wrong! Isn't it?"

"I don't know. He may think it best to put a good face on the misfortune, bidding his friends good-by. You would like to say good-by, of course, Margaret?"

I stammered something to the effect that it did not matter.

"Oh yes, it does! Because you may not see him again. I have had a long talk with him, and with Madame Lamont; and it seems to be arranged that he shall go to Russia as soon as he is cured, and, if he is well cured, enlist in the army there."

\* Shall I say what *I* think, and chance it? Well, I think my dear Margaret was in love with love, and not with Lamont. That may not be very clear, but I believe women can understand it, if men cannot. She was in love with the dreams he had put into her head, and not with him—*then*, at any rate. If any further explanation were wanted she has given it. *I* can find it, for instance, in what she has said about his having asked her permission to smoke a cigar. And then his confidences made her in his favour against his friends; she pitied him (not knowing the truth about the duel); and so, poor devil, do I, if it comes to that.—J. D.



"You do not mean as a private soldier, sir?" I asked, remembering that that was how he had entered the French service.

"Well, it's his own plan! I'll call for you by-and-by, and take you to see him!"

His own plan!—the plan of starved field-labourers, of every poor wretch who has neither food nor friends—the plan of "going for a soldier!" His choosing Russia, indeed, did look like design and purpose; for there he would be utterly unknown, wholly lost, never likely to repeat the melancholy experiment of trying to live in honest independence in the same land with his mother. It was exile, with every means of return finally cast behind; and this lot he had chosen—if he had any choice—after his interview with Charlotte: it was doubtless in his mind when he told me he should never come back.

True, when Arthur Lamont found he had grasped the flower in his fall, he seemed really to have faith in it as a good omen, and to hope that the accident might prove a lucky one which delayed his parting from the "very last of his chances," as he had called me. Heaven knows what new dreams, what new projects, what reawakened determinations amused his first hours of pain; but his mother had talked with him since, and my guardian had talked with him; and there was an "arrangement" (which was nothing but his own unselfish resolution repeated) that he should go as he came, and trouble nobody any more. His good omen already falsified (these were my thoughts), he had nothing before him but weeks of suffering amongst strangers—the *malaise* of dependence on a starved purse and unwilling affection—weary hours of solitude, in which to embitter his heart with self-reproach and the contemplation of his crippled, wasted life. "I have found out more and more since I have been here that I *am* worthless: it is no good!" "Why should I be angry?—they are right—creditors, mother, sister and all!" I thought of these hopeless words; I fancied I heard him repeating them to himself all day long in his friendless sick-room; and with my doubts about his sincerity blown to the winds, I was again tempted to tell Madame Lamont what he had confided to me. But that was not a thing for me to do without his consent; and yet I felt I must do something to assure him, at parting, that he *had* "some one in the world who could say, whenever he was called worthless, He is not so bad as he seems."

But what could *I* do to put him in better heart? And then I thought of something that would at least look kind.

Madame had already taken leave of her son (I afterwards heard he contrived to make the leave-taking quite easy and commonplace—which also was thought to be heartless, when it was only to spare *them*), and was busy about the last preparations for our departure homeward. In an hour we were to be gone. I went to her in her room, and confessed how that I had pried into the little black box!

It was a hard task—begun with a stammering tongue and tears of shame; but madame was very kind, affecting to smile at my tears, though

she herself trembled a little, I remember. We sat at her bed-foot together; I slipped my hand into hers, as a daughter might do, to take *hold* of her sympathy, and related the story much as I have written it here.

"Do you forgive me, madame?" I said, calmer when the declaration had been made.

"Forgive you, my dear? I could never hope to go to heaven if I did not love you all the more—for the confession, I mean!"

"But do you know how unhappy your son is about it?"

"About your knowledge of the trouble he has been to us?"

"No, for he told me of that himself; more than I have learned from any one. He is so penitent—if you only knew!"

"My dear, do not distress me. I *do* know."

"Indeed, I think you do not, madame. And if you would only give up to him that little book—"

"Is that, then, what he took you aside to talk about? You ask this at his suggestion!"

"No, madame, on my honour! I ask it myself because I am sure he will be so glad. And he is so unfortunate!"

"More fortunate than I hope he is quite aware of!" replied his mother, in an under tone which I could not fail to comprehend.

She considered a moment gravely, and then, kissing me, said, "He shall have it, my dear. You shall take it to him yourself, Margaret, when you go with your guardian to bid him good-by."

I wish my life had known more of such small and harmless triumphs as that which gladdened me then. The box was drawn from its hiding-place—the book was handed to me, not without a little solemnity; and I hastily thrust it into my pocket, for there came a message to say Mr. Denzil was waiting.

I put on my fine shawl to please Mr. Denzil, and that I might look handsome in his company; but that was all I could do. My mind was so full of the odious account-book—odious no longer—there was so much that was grateful in my errand, that I am sure I paid little heed to my conductor's conversation, if he had any. I know I hurried him, for he said, "There is plenty of time, Margaret; I have asked them to take you up at the hotel on the way to the station." And then he loitered; but we arrived at last—my heart quaking as soon as we passed within the shadow of the door.

Arthur Lamont had expected us, I think; but his face—greatly changed in these two days, refined with pain, thinner, and all overspread with the grey look which I had noted before as occasionally visiting it—flushed when we entered, just as if he had been surprised. He rose, —biting his lips because of the pang this movement caused—and remained standing while my guardian said—

"Mr. Lamont, Miss Forster wished to bid you good-by, and so I have brought her, you see."

He held out his hand; I gave him mine. "I hope you will pardon me if I do not try to thank you," said he. Upon which I spoke something to the effect that I should thank *him* if he did not try, and then there appeared nothing more to say; for as for hoping he was getting better, or being glad to learn he was doing well, these seemed trivial sayings, which I only thought of to suppress. It was better to admire the flowers he had upon his table. He said he wished they were prettier, because then I might have taken them to refresh me on the journey. I told him I would not take them if they were ever so pretty, though I had brought something for *him*. And then, too painfully conscious of the surprise, the eagerness, with which not only he but Mr. Denzil regarded me, I put the book into Arthur Lamont's hands. "Your mother sends it, sir, to show you she forgets—" I could venture no farther.

He took the book astonished, aimlessly turning over the leaves in dead silence. "My mother sends it," he said at last, in a voice like the stirring of dry leaves. "Yes, but I understand. I see who brings it, ma'mselle. I know who has plotted to do this kindness, and—and the truth is, it is too much! Pardon me, but farewell! Stay a minute longer, and you will behold a scamp in tears; and that, you know," he added, with a smile that was plainly the beginning of what he warned us of, "would be too surprising a spectacle." Again I gave him my hand; he kissed it, and we went away.

No sooner had we reached the street than the carriage which was to take us to the railway station drove up. This distressed me, for I did not wish madame or her daughter to see how much I was disturbed. My guardian kindly took no notice of me; but I feared it might be different with them. However, either I controlled my emotion or the ladies were kind too, for I got into the carriage without a look that could embarrass any one. Mr. Denzil, who was to go to London by a later train, bade us good-by briefly (I well remember how anxious he looked at that moment), and we drove off.

As the horse started, I happened to glance up at the hotel. Mr. Lamont did not appear, nor did I expect he would, for I fancied him bent over his table with his face in his hands. But his apparition with his face in a shroud could scarcely have startled me more than the eyes of a woman who looked on me from an upper window; eyes full of evil, full of malice—which, had I been conscious of ill-doing, would have haunted the dark for me for ever. Was she a madwoman, I wondered? I even asked whether insane people were ever taken to live in hotels—getting this answer from Miss Lamont: "Nobody madder than you are, child, or than I have been."

[If I did not see her who was watching me so closely, I felt somehow that she was near, *always*, after that note arrived. A dozen women in the streets reminded me of her—some, even, who were not like her at all; and I was glad to think I should soon be out of the town. Nevertheless,

I nearly missed the train; and looking hurriedly for a seat, I saw in a full carriage a figure which startled me. The face was turned toward the opposite window, and the figure was muffled, or bundled rather; but, whoever the lady was, I could swear she wore a bonnet belonging to one of my servants! I recognized it, because the girl had taken care to exhibit to everybody in the house how mightily it became her, on occasion of her going for a holiday only a week before.

My journey up, then (of course I had to take another carriage, since that one was full), was even less pleasant than the down-journey; but as the train was an express train, stopping at no intermediate station, all I could do was to watch for this lady at the terminus. And when we arrived at London Bridge I would have jumped out instantly; but the carriage door was locked; it was the last to be unlocked; and thus it happened that when I looked about me for the bonnet it was not to be seen!

Vexed enough, I drove home at as smart a pace as the wretched horse I had chanced to hire could make. Within a hundred yards of my house I saw another cab returning—slowly; a cab with "London Bridge Railway Station" painted on its sides!

"Where's your mistress?" I asked of the girl who opened the door to me, with no great promptitude.

"In her room, sir, dressing."

Resolved to satisfy my doubts, if possible, I ran upstairs and knocked at my wife's door: it was locked.

"Who's there?" said she.

"It is I."

"You, my love!"—(not a common word with her)—"I'll be with you in a moment!"

There was no help for it. And presently down she came, looking so much as if nothing had happened, and asking so naturally about where I had been, and the rest of it, that I was convinced I had been mistaken.—  
J. D.]

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## A Trip to Xanadu.

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 “In Xanadu did Kubla Khan,” &c.  
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FROM Calcutta to Agra on business, but from thence to “the ruins,” was pleasure and a dream. Some twenty miles from Agra there is a place called Futtehpoore, a place where indigo is a drug, and Manchester piece-goods were never known. We were not on the magician’s enchanted carpet, nor flying over the clouds on the back of that terrific horse with buttons on his neck. We did not at first believe that we were living in the time of the great Haroun al Raschid; on the contrary, it appeared to us that it was early on a morning of the very prosaic nineteenth century, that we were seated on the fusty carpet-cushions of a matter-of-fact “dāk gharry,” all rattle, jolt, and jumble. Our steeds seemed anything but flying; and were bolting, backing, kicking, biting, and playing all the orthodox tricks of dāk horses. But we must have been mistaken. We must have had Aladdin’s magician on the coach-box, or eaten hashish, or been under the spell of some mighty Indian wizard. We did think at first we were rolling uneasily along an Indian road, with trees on each side, and a sort of park-like country beyond; but there’s where the error lay; the reality was that to which we were shortly to awaken. The trees became gradually scarcer and more stunted, finally disappearing altogether; the “park” turned into a barren, arid plain, with here and there patches of faint green mould, and with ruined tombs lining the roadside, until at length a long low ridge of volcanic sandstone, of a charred, dull red colour, bounded the view. And there before us, perched on the brow of the volcanic ridge—very likely it had suddenly sprung up there—was a walled city, its battlements and bastions, its huge gateways and overhanging towers of purple red stone, all aglow in the morning sunshine. From the peculiar shape of the battlements and the Saracenic curve of the pointed arch of the frowning stone gateway, our awakening faculties told us we were nearing one of the cities of the great caliph, and, as we passed within its boundaries, we saw at once that it was indeed that “City of the Dead” recorded in the most authentic history of the Arabian Nights.

The walls were all perfect, but there were no sentinels upon them. The huge gateway seemed grimly to forbid an entrance, but passing in beneath the lofty stone roof, stone seats were on both sides of us, recesses whence might appear the officers of the guard. Awed by the suspicion of ghostly warders, but unquestioned and unopposed, at least by human

forms, we passed along. We looked instinctively for Alph, the sacred river, but though that was strangely missing, we found at least our

Seven miles of fertile ground,  
With walls and towers all girdled round.

Yes, seven miles of battlemented stone wall all silent and deserted, and surrounding what? Stately palaces of purple stone, perfect as when their owners left them three hundred years gone by, rising from amid a chaos of broken stones, the ruins of the smaller houses of a once populous city; far off the plain, within the walls, was under tillage in some mysterious way, without evidence of tillers. Beyond the walls no vestige of habitation; within, all grandeur, desolation, and solitude.

We walked up what had once been the principal street. It is now some feet below the general level, the mound on each side being formed by the ruins of forgotten homes. Three hundred years ago, when Akbar the Great had made of this place his Windsor and Versailles in one, that street had teemed with all the palpitating life of a great Eastern city. A many-coloured crowd loitered about those mounds which then were shops. The turbaned salesmen, bearded and solemn, sat silently smoking as their purchasers inspected their wares. Kabobs fizzed appetizingly on their little bits of stick. Hard by, large-eyed children played "puchesi" in the sun. There, a huge soldier chattered to his favourite parrot. A water-carrier ran by, his earthen pots of the precious fluid, so precious that the city ultimately failed for want of it, dangling from the bamboo yoke across his shoulder, or bearing him down by its weight in a well-filled bullock's hide. A gaily-decked palankeen passed swiftly along, and silently too, save for the measured moan or sob of its dusky bearers. Strings of camels, too, laden with silks of lower India, or precious goods from over sea. Horse-soldiers, armed, fierce and bearded, on gaudily caparisoned white horses, whose tails and manes were stained bright yellow, ambled rapidly by. Swaggering foot soldiers strolled on, buckler on shoulder, sword by side; and stately elephants, with golden howdahs, and trappings all crimson and gold, surrounded by troops of wild-looking guards, paced solemnly forward towards the mosque, bearing the great Akbar, Akbar the Magnificent, Akbar the Just, to worship at the shrine.

Now, there is a heap of shattered stones, overgrown with jungle, from which the squirrels, tame from seldom seeing man, peep curiously at us; the shops are all gone, the crowds around them dust; and for the busy hum of men, we have the screech of the wild peacocks, and the howling of the jackals.

A quarter of a mile of this ruined street, and we came to another stately gateway, to which we ascended by a flight of stone steps. It was of the usual purple red sandstone, all inlaid with white and coloured marbles, and silent and deserted as the first. We passed beneath its lofty portal, and entered the great quadrangle of the Emperor's mosque. Five hundred feet square, surrounded by a colonnade of inlaid red stone, it

made a fitting court-yard to the stately temple, all perfect as the day the builder left it. The noble flight of steps leading to its lofty domes was surmounted by an entrance arch 100 feet in height from point to ground. Those steps, once resounding with the tread of crowds of true believers, were ringing now with a sound which, when we were in the world—we mean the old world—when we were asleep, or awake, whichever way it was—seemed very like that made by Regent-street boot-heels, but the spell was not to be broken by trivialities like that. We turned, and there, a little to the left, nearly in the middle of the huge stone-slabbed quadrangle, gleaming like an opal against the dark red colonnades, rose the fairy palace built by the Genii of the Lamp. Dome, minaret, platform, and walls all of the purest white marble, blazing with precious stones. Walls they were not, but slabs of delicate open trellis-work in marble, which looked more like the open ivory carvings of the Chinese, than stone wrought by mason's hand. Every slab was different in its intricate and graceful pattern, and the white intervals between each were inlaid with exquisitely delicate arabesques in lapis-lazuli, agate, carnelian, and precious marbles.

Approaching this dazzling shrine, we saw, devoutly kneeling, with rosary in hand, and venerable grey beard sunk upon his chest, the last inhabitant of the silent place, the last remnant of a forgotten people, whose destiny it was to tell to unbelievers' ears the history of that "City of the Dead." That he was a real man and true Indian we are convinced, because we have a distinct recollection that just before we woke from our dream, went to sleep again, or took our leave, whichever it was, the venerable fellow asked for "bucksheesh;" and that we put our finger and thumb into a thing which, in the outer world, is called a waistcoat pocket, and drew out a silver coin bearing a woman's head, for which he made us a low salaam. And in this it is strange how the inhabitants of this old city of magicians must have resembled the commonplace people of more recent ages, for this part of the phantasmagoria was very like what we remember to have dreamt, or heard, in the gallery of a solemn dome of a grand mosque called "St. Paul's," where it was whispered that "that gallery was ——— years old, was ——— feet round, and as you go out you will please pay a trifle to the doorkeeper."

But the discovery of this aboriginal relieved us from a mighty mental stress; it became no longer necessary either to wonder or imagine. We placed ourselves placidly under the venerable guidance of the oldest inhabitant of this forgotten city, who has been permitted to live thus to guard the tomb of his sovereign's high priest; and, as a sort of cross between the Wandering Jew and the Ancient Mariner, to pour into ears of the enchanted the history of forgotten glories and existing, though deserted, grandeur.

With that want of reverence for deserted holy places which distinguishes the natives of this country, we were invited—booted unbelievers that we were—to enter the shrine, which, 300 years before, we could hardly have gazed upon but by preparing for immediate death.

The building was octangular; the outer walls—of marble, ivory, trellis-work, or whatever fancy may choose to call it—surrounded a smaller octagonal chamber; the space between the two walls forming a sort of passage or cloister. The floor, of white marble, was tessellated or inlaid in most intricate Saracenic patterns in precious stones, as agate, carnelian, jasper, porphyry, and all kinds of marble; the roof also, mingled with much gilding and bright colours. The tomb, which the shrine surrounded, was of mother-o'-pearl of all colours, down to jet black, inlaid in patterns which in delicate tracery rivalled the fairy-like walls around it. And all this to cover the mortal remains of an old priest, who, judging by the enormous wealth he left behind him, must, during his time on earth, have squeezed the money-bags of the true believers pretty tightly, and been, in one way, the Wolsey of his nation.

The last inhabitant—we called him Mustapha, as Haroun and Akbar doubtless called him—walked solemnly before us, discoursing in high Hindustanee. He led us under the three lofty domes of the mosque, and explained how one corner had very nearly been churchwardened with whitewash and distemper, about twenty square feet of which remain to prove the exquisite taste of some government engineer or magistrate in charge of the district. He took us up one of the towers; flight after flight of dark stone steps; dark from their colour, not from absence of light, for the barbarians and genii who built these towers, strangely enough, let air and light into them, at intervals, in a way which cannot be explained by comparison with any tower of modern Europe. At the end of each flight we got the idea of being in some little terrace or colonnade rather than a tower. We stood high above the lofty arch and looked down upon the majestic flight of steps at its entrance, a sheer descent of 150 feet at least, but still we ascended. Below us lay the ruined portions of the silent city and the uninjured palaces of bygone kings, courtiers and priests. There was the tower adorned with elephants' tusks—as larded pork adorns a capon—on which the great Akbar sat to shoot the deer hunted past him from the preserves around. There was the royal sleeping-house; the royal baths or hummums; the mint for coining long obsolete pagodas and rupees; the royal cook-rooms, where trembling cooks once waited to hear the royal verdict upon their latest novelty in "kabobs," or how many heads royalty intended to take off for the extra turn given to that "kid stuffed with pistachio nuts." There was the huge quadrangle, of the rich red stone, which was once the royal mews; loose boxes there for hundreds of horses, the stone rings for the head and heel ropes still there, marked by the chafing of halters long worn out, of horses long since dead. None of these places built as English kings have built, in brick and stucco, but all in rich purple sandstone, inlaid with coloured marbles, or laboriously carved in patterns deeply cut.

Then we found ourselves crossing the court-yard leading to the zenana. Fish-ponds and fountains long since dried up. In the centre the colossal



chess, or "puchesi" board, of inlaid marbles, where the mighty caliph played the game, not with paltry figures made by humanity, but with humanity itself—in the shape of the laughing girls from the zenana, clad in different colours and moving from square to square as motioned by the imperial smoker, sitting on the marble throne, at the head of the gigantic board. We, profane Feringhees, sons of burnt fathers, saw the bath-room where dark-eyed beauties had splashed through the sparkling fountains. We wandered through the palace, or rather maze, of richly carved stone, two stories high, full of double galleries, niches and loop-holes where Lights of the Hareem, slaves and favourites—long since dusty skeletons or portions of Jumna mud—had played at hide and seek or blind-man's buff. Now all deserted, silent and dead, though the rooms and passages yet show the marks of gliding slippered feet, and only require re-peopling to look as they must have looked three centuries ago.

Then we visited the council-chamber, where the caliph talked with his wuzeers; like no other chamber one has ever seen. A square stone hall, with hollow walls containing staircases; in the centre, reaching half-way to the roof, a thick pillar of red stone, massive, and heavily carved, the capital some eight feet in diameter; from it to each corner of the room led narrow causeways, about four feet wide, the balustrades of delicately carved white marble; on each causeway opened a door, having a private staircase leading to it in the hollow wall. There, in the centre, on an ivory throne, with diamond-encrusted legs, beneath that richly fretted roof, sat the great caliph, and there at the four corners stood his wuzeers, offering counsels, hands crossed, beards drooped upon their breasts, each at his own little door, before his own little balcony, leading to the mighty presence in the centre.

Then we wandered through other rooms; buildings which it would need a photograph to describe, and either the genii who built them or the resurrection of those who used them to tell for what they were designed and erected. Through all we heard the dull drone of Mustapha's Hindustanee; but at length a jinn touched our eyelids, and the vision began to fade. Certain we are, to this moment, that we spent that day in the "City of the Dead;" and if we did not see the renowned Haroun, it must have been that our eyes were not deemed worthy of the sight. Gradually the two worlds mingled again, the present and the past met for a moment in the warder's cell of the great entrance gateway, and in the last view we had of dreamland there were bottles of Bass's ale and cold roast-ducks in the foreground. Mustapha, eloquently grateful for the silver coin before alluded to, begged us to write our names; and, in the absence of writing materials, we scratched it with a stone on a red slab, which might have been a corner of Akbar's dinner-table. The last we saw of the ancient man he was pressing that slab to his heart, previously to summoning a jinn to carry it to the great builder and ruler of Futteh-pore Seekree.

## David Gray.

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SITUATED in a by-road, about a mile from the small town of Kirkintilloch, and eight miles from the city of Glasgow, stands a cottage one story high, roofed with slate, and surrounded by a little kitchen-garden. A whitewashed lobby, leading from the front to the back-door, divides this cottage into two sections: to the right is a room fitted up as a handloom-weaver's workshop; to the left is a kitchen paved with stone, and opening into a tiny carpeted bed-room.

In the workshop, a father, daughter, and sons work all day long at the loom. In the kitchen, a handsome, cheery, Scottish matron busies herself like a thrifty housewife, and brings the rest of the family about her at meals. All day long the soft hum of the loom is heard in the workshop; but when night comes, mysterious doors are thrown open, and the family retires to sleep in extraordinary mural recesses.

In this humble home, David Gray, the handloom-weaver, has resided for upwards of twenty years, and managed to rear a family of eight children—five boys and three girls. His eldest son, David, author of *The Luggie and other Poems*, is the hero of the present true history.

David was born on the 29th of January, 1838. He alone, of all the little household, was destined to receive a decent education. From early childhood, the dark-eyed little fellow was noted for his wit and cleverness; and it became the dream of his father's life that he should become a scholar. At the parish-school of Kirkintilloch, he learned to read, write, and cast up accounts, and was, moreover, instructed in the Latin rudiments. Partly through the hard struggles of his parents, and partly through his own severe labours as a pupil-teacher and private tutor, he was afterwards enabled to attend the classes at the Glasgow University. In common with other rough country lads, who live up dark alleys, subsist chiefly on oatmeal and butter forwarded from home, and eventually distinguish themselves in the class-room, he had to fight his way onward amid poverty and privation; but in his brave pursuit of knowledge, nothing daunted him. It had been settled at home that he should become a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Unfortunately, however, he had no love for the pulpit. Early in life he had begun to hanker after the delights of poetical composition. He had devoured the poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. The yearnings thus awakened in him had begun to express themselves in many wild fragments—contributions, for the most part, to the poet's-corner of a local newspaper—*The Glasgow Citizen*.

Up to this point, there was nothing extraordinary in the career or

character of David Gray. Taken at his best, he was an average specimen of the persevering young Scottish student. But his soul contained wells of emotion which had not yet been stirred to their depths. When at fourteen years of age, he began to study in Glasgow, it was his custom to go home every Saturday night, in order to pass the Sunday with his parents. These Sundays at home were chiefly occupied with rambles in the neighbourhood of Kirkintilloch; wanderings on the sylvan banks of the Luggie, the beloved little river which flowed close to his father's door. In Luggieside, awakened one day the dream which developed all the hidden beauty of his character, and eventually kindled all the faculties of his intellect. Had he been asked to explain the nature of this dream, David would have answered vaguely enough, but he would have said something to the following effect:—"I'm thinking none of us are quite contented; there's a climbing impulse to heaven in us all that won't let us rest for a moment. Just now I'd be happy if I *knew* a little more. I'd give ten years of life to see Rome, and Florence, and Venice, and the grand places of old; and *to feel that I wasn't a burden on the old folks*. I'll be a great man yet! and the old home—the Luggie and Lartshore Wood—shall be *famous* for my sake." He could only have measured his ambition by the love he bore his home. "I was born, bred, and cared for here, and my folk are buried here. I know every nook and dell for miles around, and they're all dear to me. My own mother and father dwell here, and in my own wee room" (the tiny carpeted bedroom above alluded to) "I first learned to read poetry. I love my home; and it's for my home's sake that I love fame."

At twenty-one years of age, when this dream was strongest in him, David was a tall young man, slightly but firmly built, and with a stoop at the shoulders. His head was small, fringed with black curly hair. Want of candour was not his fault, though he seldom looked one in the face; his eyes, however, were large and dark, full of intelligence and humour, harmonizing well with the long thin nose and nervous lips.\* The great black eyes and woman's mouth betrayed the creature of impulse; one whose reasoning faculties were small, but whose temperament was like red-hot coal. He sympathized with much that was lofty, noble, and true in poetry, and with much that was absurd and suicidal in the poet. He carried sympathy to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; he shed tears over the memories of Keats and Burns, and he was corybantic in his execution of a Scotch "reel." A fine phrase filled him with the rapture of a lover. He admired extremes—from Rabelais to Tom Sayers. Thirsting for human sympathy, which lured him in the semblance of notoriety, he perpetrated all sorts of extravagancies, innocent enough in themselves, but calculated to blind him to the very first principles of art. Yet this enthusiasm, as we have suggested, was his

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\* "His countenance," says Lord Houghton, "brought strongly to my recollection a cast of the face of Shelley in his youth, which I had seen at Mr. Leigh Hunt's."

safeguard in at least one respect. Though he believed himself to be a genius, he loved the parental roof of the hand-loom weaver.

And what thought the weaver and his wife of this wonderful son of theirs? They were proud of him—proud in a silent, undemonstrative fashion; for among the Scottish poor concealment of the emotions is held a virtue. During his weekly visits home, David was not overwhelmed with caresses; but he was the subject of conversation night after night, when the old couple talked in bed. Between him and his father there had arisen a strange barrier of reserve. They seldom exchanged with each other more than a passing word; but to one friend's bosom David would often confide the love and tenderness he bore for his overworked, upright parent. When the boy first began to write verses, the old man affected perfect contempt and indifference, but his eyes gloated in secret over the poet's-corners of the Glasgow newspapers. The poor weaver, though an uneducated man, had a profound respect for education and cultivation in others. He felt his heart bound with hope and joy when strangers praised the boy, but he hid the tenderness of his pride under a cold indifference. He was proud of David's talent for writing verses, but he was afraid to encourage a pursuit which practical common sense assured him was mere trifling. At a later date he might have spoken out, had not his tongue been frozen by the belief that advice from him would be held in no esteem by his better educated and more gifted son. Thus, the more David's indications of cleverness and scholarship increased, the more afraid was the old man to express his gratification and give his advice. Equally touching was the point of view taken by David's mother, whose cry was: "The kirk, the free kirk, and nothing but the kirk!" She neither appreciated nor underrated the abilities of her boy, but her proudest wish was that he should become a real live minister, with home and "haudin'" of his own. To see David—"our David"—in a pulpit, preaching the Gospel out of a big book, and dwelling in a good house to the end of his days!

Meantime, David was plotting and planning. Dissatisfied with his earlier efforts—which had consisted chiefly of crude imitations of Wordsworth and Keats—he began a play on the Shakspearian model. This ambitious effort, however, was soon relinquished for a dearer, sweeter task—the composition of a pastoral poem descriptive of the scenery surrounding his home, and to be entitled *The Luggie*.

David naturally belonged to that third class of poets, the members of which are so intensely subjective, that they can never attain the very highest intellectual rank, and whose work can never be criticized apart from themselves. It was lucky, therefore, that the morbid self-assertion of the school to which he belonged was counteracted, in his case, by a noble, an unselfish feeling. Had David lived to mature himself, the devotional fondness for his home would have been sobered down a little; but it would always have served to distinguish him from the egotistic Phaëthons, who essay wild flights to the sun, and those intellectual

Tantaluses, who are perpetually marring success by the morbid contemplation of their own misfortunes. In point of fact, David was too sensitive ever to be happy.

Early in his teens, David had made the acquaintance of a young man of Glasgow, with whom his fortunes were destined to be intimately woven, and whom we shall call Robert Blank. The two friends spent year after year in intimate communion, varying the monotony of their existence by reading books together, plotting great works, and writing extravagant letters to men of eminence. Whole nights and days were passed in seclusion in reading the great thinkers, and pondering on their lives. Full of thoughts too deep for utterance, dreaming, David would walk at a swift pace through the crowded streets, with face bent down, and eyes fixed on the ground, taking no heed of the human beings passing to and fro. Then he would go to Blank, crying, "I have had a dream," and would forthwith tell of visionary pictures which had haunted him in his solitary walk. This "dreaming," as he called it, consumed the greater portion of his hours of leisure.

Towards the end of the year 1859, David became convinced that he could no longer idle away the hours of his youth. His work as student and as pupil-teacher was ended, and he must seek some means of subsistence. He imagined, too, that his poor parents threw dull looks on the beggar of their bounty. Having abandoned all thoughts of entering into the Church, for which neither his taste nor his opinions fitted him, what should he do in order to earn his daily bread? His first thought was to turn schoolmaster; but no! the notion was an odious one. He next endeavoured, without success, to procure himself a situation on one of the Glasgow newspapers. Meantime, while drifting from project to project, he maintained a voluminous correspondence, in the hope of persuading some eminent man to read his poem of *The Luggie*. Unfortunately, the persons to whom he wrote were too busy to pay much attention to the solicitations of an entire stranger. Repeated disappointments only increased his self-assertion; the less chance there seemed of an improvement in his position, and the less strangers seemed to recognize his genius, the more dogged was his conviction that he was destined to be a great poet. His letters were full of this conviction. To one entire stranger he wrote:—"I am a poet, let that be understood distinctly." Again, "I tell you that, if I live, my name and fame shall be second to few of any age, and to none of my own. I speak thus because I *feel* power." Again: "I am so accustomed to compare my own mental progress with that of such men as Shakspeare, Goethe, and Wordsworth, that the dream of my life will not be fulfilled, if my fame equal not, at least, that of the latter of these three!" This was extraordinary language, and we are not surprised that little heed was paid to it. Let some explanation be given here. No man could be more humble, reverent-minded, self-doubting, than David was in reality. Indeed, he was constitutionally timid of his own abilities, and he was personally diffident. In his letters only, he absolutely endeavoured to

wrest from his correspondents some recognition of his claim to help and sympathy. The moment sympathy came, no matter how coldly it might be expressed, he was all humility and gratitude. In this spirit, after one of his wildest flights of self-assertion, he wrote: "When I read *Thomson*, I despair." Again: "Being bare of all recommendations, I lied with my own conscience, deeming that if I called myself a great man you were bound to believe me." Again: "If you saw me, you would wonder if the quiet, bashful, boyish-looking fellow before you was the author of all yon blood and thunder."

All at once there flashed upon David and Blank the notion of going to London, and taking the literary fortress by storm. Again and again they talked the project over, and again and again they hesitated. In the spring of 1860, both found themselves without an anchorage; each found it necessary to do something for daily bread. For some little time the London scheme had been in abeyance; but, on the 3rd May, 1860, David came to Blank, his lips firmly compressed, his eyes full of fire, saying, "Bob, I'm off to London." "Have you funds?" asked Blank. "Enough for one, not enough for two," was the reply. "If you can get the money anyhow, we'll go together." When the friends parted, they arranged to meet on the evening of the 5th May, in time to catch the five o'clock train. Unfortunately, however, they neglected to specify which of the two Glasgow stations was intended. At the hour appointed, David left Glasgow by one line of railway, in the belief that Blank had been unable to join him, but determined to try the venture alone. With the same belief and determination, Blank left at the same hour by the other line of railway. The friends arrived in different parts of London at about the same time. Had they left Glasgow in company, or had they met immediately after their arrival in London, the story of David's life might not have been so brief and sorrowful.

Though the month was May, the weather was dark, damp, cloudy. On arriving in the metropolis, David wandered about for hours, carpet-bag in hand. The magnitude of the place overwhelmed him; he was lost in that great ocean of life. He thought about Johnson and Savage, and how they wandered through London with pockets more empty than his own; but already he longed to be back in the little carpeted bedroom in the weaver's cottage. How lonely it seemed! Among all that mist of human faces there was not one to smile in welcome; and how was he to make his trembling voice heard above the roar and tumult of those streets? The very policemen seemed to look suspiciously at the stranger. To his sensitively Scottish ear the language spoken seemed quite strange and foreign; it had a painful, homeless sound about it that sank nervously on the heart-strings. As he wandered about the streets he glanced into coffee-shop after coffee-shop, seeing "beds" ticketed in each fly-blown window. His pocket contained a sovereign and a few shillings, but he would need every penny. Would not a bed be useless extravagance? he asked himself. Certainly. Where, then, should he pass

the night? In Hyde Park! He had heard so much about this part of London that the name was quite familiar to him. Yes, he would pass the night in the Park. Such a proceeding would save money, and be exceedingly romantic; it would be just the right sort of beginning for a poet's struggle in London! So he strolled into the great park, and wandered about its purlieus till morning. In remarking upon this foolish conduct, one must reflect that David was strong, heartsome, full of healthy youth. It was a frequent boast of his that he scarcely ever had a day's illness. Whether or not his fatal complaint was caught during this his first night in London, is uncertain, but some few days afterwards David wrote thus to his father:—"By-the-by, I have had the worst *cold* I ever had in my life. I cannot get it away properly, but I feel a great deal better to-day." Alas, violent cold had settled down upon his lungs, and insidious death was already slowly approaching him. So little conscious was he of his danger, however, that we find him writing to a friend:—"What brought me here? God knows, for I don't. *Alone* in such a place is a horrible thing. . . . People don't seem to understand me. . . . Westminster Abbey; I was there all day yesterday. If I live I shall be buried there—so help me God! A completely defined consciousness of *great* poetical genius is my only antidote against utter despair and despicable failure."

What were David's qualifications for a struggle in which, year after year, hundreds miserably perish? Considerable knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French, great miscellaneous reading, a clerkly handwriting, and a bold purpose; these were slender qualifications, but, while health lasted, there was hope.

David and Blank did not meet until upwards of a week after their arrival in London, but each had soon been apprised of the other's presence in the city. Finally, they came together. David's first impulse was to describe his lodgings, situated in a by-street in the Borough. "A cold, cheerless bedroom, Bob; nothing but a blanket to cover me. For God's sake, get me out of it!" The friends were walking side by side in the neighbourhood of the New Cut, looking about them with curious, puzzled eyes, and now and then drawing each other's attention to sundry objects of interest. "Have you been well?" inquired Blank. "First-rate," answered David, looking as merry as possible. Nor did he show any indications whatever of illness. He seemed hopeful, energetic, full of health and spirits; his sole desire was to change his lodging. It was not without qualms that he surveyed the dingy, smoky neighbourhood where Blank resided. The sun was shedding dismal crimson light on the chimney-pots, and the twilight was slowly thickening. The two climbed up three flights of stairs to Blank's bedroom. Dingy as it was, this apartment seemed, in David's eyes, quite a palatial sanctuary; and it was arranged that the friends should take up their residence together. As speedily as possible, Blank procured David's little stock of luggage; then, settled face to face as in old times, both made very merry.

Blank's first idea, on questioning David about his prospects, was that his friend had had the best of luck. You see, the picture drawn on either side was a golden one; but the brightness soon melted away. It turned out that David, on arriving in London, had sought out certain gentlemen whom he had formerly favoured with his correspondence — among others, Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton. Though not a little astonished at the appearance of the boy-poet, Mr. Milnes had received him kindly, assisted him to the best of his power, and made some work for him in the shape of manuscript-copying. The same gentleman had also used his influence with literary people — to very little purpose, however. The real truth turned out to be that David was disappointed and low-spirited. "It's weary work, Bob; they don't understand me; I wish I was back in Glasgow." It was now that David told his friend all about that first day and night in London, and how he had already begun a poem about "Hyde Park," how Mr. Milnes had been good to him, had said that he was "a poet," but had insisted on his going back to Scotland, and becoming a minister. David did not at all like the notion of returning home. He thought he had every chance of making his way in London. About this time he was bitterly disappointed by the rejection of "The Luggie" by Mr. Thackeray, to whom Mr. Milnes had sent it, with a recommendation that it should be inserted in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The poem, however, for half-a-dozen reasons, was utterly unsuited to the pages of a popular periodical.

Mr. Milnes was the first to perceive that the young adventurer was seriously ill. After a hurried call on his patron one day in May, David rejoined Blank in the near neighbourhood. "Milnes says I'm to go home and keep warm, and he'll send his own doctor to me." This was done. The doctor came, examined David's chest, said very little, and went away, leaving strict orders that the invalid should keep within doors, and take great care of himself. Neither David nor Blank liked the expression of the doctor's face at all.

It soon became evident that David's illness was of a most serious character. Pulmonary disease had set in; medicine, blistering, all the remedies employed in the early stages of his complaint, seemed of little avail. Just then, David read the *Life of John Keats*, a book which impressed him with a nervous fear of impending dissolution. He began to be filled with conceits droller than any he had imagined in health. "If I were to meet Keats in heaven," he said one day, "I wonder if I should know his face from his pictures?" Most frequently his talk was of labour uncompleted, hope deferred; and he began to pant for free country air. "If I die," he said, on a certain occasion, "I shall have one consolation—Milnes will write an introduction to the poems." At another time, with tears in his eyes, he repeated Burns' epitaph. Now and then, too, he had his fits of frolic and humour, and would laugh and joke over his unfortunate position. It cannot be said that Mr. Milnes and his friends were at all lukewarm about the case of their young friend; on the



contrary, they gave him every practical assistance. Mr. Milnes himself, full of the most delicate sympathy, trudded to and fro between his own house and the invalid's lodging; his pockets laden with jelly and beef-tea, and his tongue tipped with kindly comfort. Had circumstances permitted, he would have taken the invalid into his own house. Unfortunately, however, David was compelled to remain, in company with Blank, in a chamber which seemed to have been constructed peculiarly for the purpose of making the occupants as uncomfortable as possible. There were draughts everywhere: through the chinks of the door, through the windows, down the chimney, and up through the flooring. When the wind blew, the whole tenement seemed on the point of crumbling to atoms; when the rain fell, the walls exuded moisture; when the sun shone, the sunshine only served to increase the characteristic dinginess of the furniture. Occasional visitors, however, could not be fully aware of these inconveniences. It was in the night-time, and in bad weather, that they were chiefly felt; and it required a few days' experience to test the superlative discomfort of what David (in a letter written afterwards,) styled "the dear old ghastly bankrupt garret." His stay in these quarters was destined to be brief. Gradually, the invalid grew homesick. Nothing would content him but a speedy return to Scotland. He was carefully sent off by train, and arrived safely in his little cottage home far north.

Great, meanwhile, had been the commotion in the handloom weaver's cottage, after the receipt of this bulletin: "I start off to-night at five o'clock by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, right on to London, in good health and spirits." A great cry arose in the household. He was fairly "daft;" he was throwing away all his chances in the world; the verse-writing had turned his head. Father and mother mourned together. The former, though incompetent to judge literary merit of any kind, perceived that David was hot-headed, only half-educated, and was going to a place where thousands of people were starving daily. But the suspense was not to last long. The darling son, the secret hope and pride, came back to the old people sick to death. All rebuke died away before the pale sad face and the feeble tottering body; and David was welcomed to the cottage hearth with silent prayers. They set him in the old place beside the fire, and hushed the house. The mother went about her work with a heavy heart; the father, when the day's toil was over, sat down before the kitchen fire, smoking his pipe, speaking very little, and looking sternly at the castles that crumbled away in the blazing coal.

It was now placed beyond a doubt that the disease was one of mortal danger; yet David, surrounded again by his old lares, busied himself with many bright and delusive dreams of ultimate recovery. Pictures of a pleasant dreamy convalescence in a foreign clime floated before him morn and night, and the fairest and dearest of the dreams was Italy. Previous to his departure for London, he had concocted a wild scheme for visiting Florence, and throwing himself on the poetical sympathy of

Robert Browning. He had even thought of enlisting in the English Garibaldian Corps, and by that means gaining his cherished wish. "How about Italy?" he wrote to Blank, after returning home. "Do you still entertain its delusive motions? Pour out your soul before me—I am as a child." All at once a new dream burst upon him. A local doctor insisted that the invalid should be removed to a milder climate, and recommended Natal. In a letter full of coaxing tenderness, David besought Blank, for the sake of old days, to accompany him thither. Blank answered indecisively, but immediately made all endeavours to grant his friend's wish. Meantime, he received the following, which we give as a fair specimen of David's epistolary style:—

*Merleland, Kirkintilloch, 10th November, 1860.*

EVER DEAR BOB,—Your letter causes me some uncasiness; not but that your numerous objections are numerous and vital enough, but they convey the sad and firm intelligence that you cannot come with me. I.—It is absolutely impossible for you to raise a sum sufficient! Now you know it is not necessary that I should go to Natal; nay, I have, in very fear, given up the thought of it; but we—or I—could go to Italy or Jamaica—this latter, as I learn, being the more preferable. Nor has there been any "crisis" come, as you say. I wouldn't cause you much trouble (forgive me for hinting this), but I believe we could be happy as in the dear old times. Dr. — (*whose address I don't know*), supposes that I shall be able to work (?) when I reach a more genial climate; and if that should prove the result, why, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But the matter of money bothers me. What I wrote to you was all hypothetical—*i. e.*, things have been carried so far, but I have not heard whether or not the subscription had been gone on with. And, supposing for one instant the utterly preposterous supposition that I had money to carry us both, then comes the II. objection—your dear mother! I am not so far gone, though I fear far enough, to ignore that blessed feeling. But if it were for your good? Before God, if I thought it would in any way harm your health (that cannot be) or your hopes, I would never have mooted the proposal. On the contrary, I feel from my heart that it would benefit you; and how much would it not benefit *me*. But I am baking without flour. The cash is not in my hand, and I fear never will be; the amount I would require is not so easily gathered.

Dobell\* is again laid up. He is at the *Isle of Wight*, at some establishment called the Victoria Baths. I am told that his friends deem his life in constant danger. He asks for your address. I shall send it only to-day; wait until you hear what he has got to say. He would prefer me to go to Brompton Hospital. *I would go anywhere for a change.* If I don't get money *somehow or somewhere*, I shall die of ennui. A weary desire for change, life, excitement, of every, *any* kind, possesses me, and without *you* what am I? There is no other person in the world whom I could spend a week with, and thoroughly enjoy it. Oh, how I desire to smoke a cigar, and have a pint and a chat with you.

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\* Sydney Dobell, author of *Balder, The Roman*, &c. This gentleman's kindness to David, whom he never saw, is beyond all praise. Nor was the invalid ungrateful. "Poor, kind, half-immortal spirit here below," wrote David, alluding to Dobell, "shall I know thee when we meet new-born into eternal existence? . . . Dear friend Bob, did you ever know a nobler? I cannot get him out of my mind. I would write to him daily would it not pest him. Yet, as you and I know, nothing can pest him. What he has done for me is enormous; almost as much as what you have done; almost as much as I *long to do* for both of you." Again and again, in much the same words, did he repeat this affectionate plaint.

By the way, how are you getting on? Have you lots to do? and well paid for it? Or is life a lottery with you? and the tea-caddy a vacuum? and —— a snare? and —— a nightmare? Do you *dream* yet, on your old rickety sofa in the dear old ghastly bankrupt garret at No. 66? Write to yours eternally,

DAVID GRAY.

The proposal to go abroad was soon abandoned, partly because the invalid began to evince a nervous home-sickness, but chiefly because it was impossible to raise a sum of money sufficient. But a residence in Kirkintilloch throughout the winter was, on all accounts, to be avoided. A friend, therefore, subscribed to the Brompton Hospital for chest complaints for the express purpose of procuring David admission. One bleak wintry day, not long after the receipt of the above letter, Blank was gazing out of his lofty lodging-window, when a startling vision presented itself, in the shape of David himself, seated with quite a gay look in an open Hansom cab. In a minute, the friends were side by side, and one of Blank's first impulses was to rebuke David for the folly of exposing himself, during such weather, in such a vehicle. This folly, however, was on a parallel with David's general habits of thought. Sometimes, indeed, the poor boy became unusually thoughtful, as when, during his illness, he wrote thus to Blank: "Are you remembering that you will need clothes? These are things you take no concern about, and so you may be seedy without knowing it. By all means hoard a few pounds if you can (*I require none*) for *any* emergency like this. Brush your excellent topcoat—it is the best and warmest I ever had on my back. Mind, you have to pay ready money for any new coat. A seedy man will not 'get on' if he requires, like you, to call personally on his employers." The mother of a family might have written the foregoing.

David had come to London in order to go either to Brompton, or to Torquay,—the hospital at which last-named place was thrown open to him by Mr. Milnes. Perceiving his dislike for the Temperance Hotel, to which he had been conducted, Blank consented that he should stay in the "ghastly bankrupt garret," until he should depart to one or other of the hospitals. It was finally arranged that he should accept a temporary invitation to a hydropathic establishment at Sudbrook Park, Richmond. Thither Blank at once conveyed him. Meanwhile, his prospects were diligently canvassed by his numerous friends. His own feelings at this time were well expressed in a letter home. "I am dreadfully afraid of Brompton: living among sallow, dolorous, dying consumptives, is enough to kill me. Here I am as comfortable as can be: a fire in my room all day, plenty of meat, and good society—nobody so ill as myself; but there, perhaps hundreds far worse (the hospital holds 218 in all stages of the disease—90 of them died last report) dying beside me, perhaps—it frightens me." All at once, David began, with a delicacy peculiar to him, to consider himself an unwarrantable intruder at Sudbrook Park. In the face of all persuasion, therefore, he joined Blank in London—whence he shortly afterwards departed for Torquay.

He left Blank in good spirits—full of pleasant anticipations of Devonshire scenery. But the second day after his departure, he addressed to Blank a wild epistle, dated from one of the Torquay hotels. He had arrived safe and sound, he said, and had been kindly received by a friend of Mr. Milnes. He had at first been delighted with the town, and everything in it. He had gone to the hospital, had been received by “a nurse of death” (as he phrased it), and had been inducted into the privileges of the place; but on seeing his fellow-patients, some in the last stages of disease, he had fainted away. On coming to himself, he obtained an interview with the matron. To his request for a private apartment, she had answered, that to favour him in that way would be to break written rules, and that he must content himself with the common privileges of the establishment. On leaving the matron, he had furtively stolen from the place, and made his way through the night to the hotel. Before Blank had time to comprehend the state of affairs, there came a second letter, stating that David was on the point of starting for London. “Every ring at the hotel bell makes me tremble, fancying they are coming to take me away by force. *Had you seen the nurse!* Oh! that I were back again at home—mother! mother! mother!” A few hours after Blank had read these lines in miserable fear, arrived Gray himself, pale, anxious, and trembling. He flung himself into Blank’s arms, with a smile of sad relief. “Thank God!” he cried; “*that’s over, and I am here!*” Then his cry was for home; he would die if he remained longer adrift; he must depart at once. Blank persuaded him to wait for a few days, and in the meantime saw some of his influential friends. The skill and regimen of a medical establishment being necessary to him at this stage, it was naturally concluded that he should go to Brompton; but David, in a high state of nervous excitement, scouted the idea. Disease had sapped the foundations of the once strong spirit. “Home—home—home!” was his hourly cry. To resist these frantic appeals would have been to hasten the end of all. In the midst of winter, Blank saw him into the train at Euston Square. A day afterwards, David was in the bosom of his father’s household—never more to pass thence alive. Not long after his arrival at home, he repented his rash flight. “I am not at all contented with my position. I acted like a fool; but if the hospital were the *sine quâ non*, again my conduct would be the same.” Further, “I lament my own foolish conduct, but what was that quotation about *impellunt in Acheron?* It was all nervous impulsion. However, I despair not, and, least of all, my dear fellow, to those whom I have deserted wrongfully.”

Ere long, poor David made up his mind that he must die; and this feeling urged him to write something which would keep his memory green for ever. “I am working away at my old poem, Bob: leavening it throughout with the pure beautiful theology of Kingsley.” A little later: “By-the-by, I have about 600 lines of my poem written, but the manual labour is so weakening that I do not go on.” Nor was this all. In the very shadow of the grave, he began and finished a series of sonnets on the

subject of his own disease and impending death. These sonnets will not be appreciated at their true value yet a while, but they contain poetry as pathetically beautiful as the following :—

The daisy-flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though utterly unknown it live and die ;  
 The spheral harmony were incomplete  
 Did the dew'd laverock mount no more the sky,  
 Because her music's hush'd sorcery  
 Bewitched no mortal heart to heavenly mood.  
 This is the law of nature, that the deed  
 Should dedicate its excellence to God,  
 And in so doing find sufficient meed.  
 Then why should *I* make these heart-burning cries  
 In sickly rhyme with morbid feeling rife,  
 For Fame and temporal felicities ?  
 Forgetting that in holy labour lies  
 The scholarship severe of human life.

This increased literary energy was not, as many people imagined, a sign of increased physical strength; it was merely the last flash upon the blackening brand. Gradually, but surely, life was ebbing away from the young poet. In April, 1861, Blank saw him for the last time, and heard him speak words which showed the abandonment of hope. "I am dying," said David, leaning back in his arm-chair in the little carpeted bedroom; "I am dying, and I've only two things to regret: that my poem is not published, and that I have not seen Italy." In the endeavour to inspire hope, Blank spoke of the happy past, and of happy days yet to be. David only shook his head with a sad smile. "It is the old *dream*—only a dream, Bob—but I am content." He spoke of all his friends with tenderness, and of his parents with intense and touching love. Then it was "farewell!" "After all our dreams of the future," he said, "I must leave you to fight alone; but shall there be no more 'cakes and ale' because I die?" Blank returned to London; and ere long heard that David was eagerly attempting to get *The Luggie* published. Delay after delay occurred. "If my book be not *immediately* gone on with, I fear I may never see it. Disease presses closely on me. . . . The merit of my MSS. is very little—mere hints of better things—crude notions harshly languaged; but that must be overlooked. They are left not to the world (wild thought!), but as the simple, possible, sad, only legacy I can leave to those who have loved and love me." At last, through the agency of Mr. Dobell, the poem was placed in the hands of the printer. On the 2nd Dec., 1861, a specimen page was sent to the author. David gazed long and lingeringly on the printed page. It was "good news," he said. The next day the shadow fell on the weaver's household, for David was no more. Thus, on the 3rd December, he passed tranquilly away, almost his last words being, "God has love, and I have faith." On the Saturday after his death, his body was carried on handspokes (the old Scottish fashion) to the Auld Aisle burying-ground, a lovely graveyard, surrounded by a stone wall, and standing on an elevation at a short distance from the weaver's

door. A solitary ash-tree waves over the grave, which is, as yet, unmarked by any memorial stone.

Shortly after his death, *The Luggie and other Poems* was published by Messrs. Macmillan, of Cambridge, in a little volume, with an introduction by Mr. Milnes, and a short memoir.

And David's poetry? We have said that it is yet too early to estimate that at its true value; but it can never be read apart from the brief story of the writer. More than most men did David interweave his own personal joys and sufferings with the text of his ambitious verse. He was far too self-absorbed to possess dramatic power. His writings, however, have a pathos and an earnestness which we frequently look for in vain in the books of greater men. We will give one extract, which could only have been written by one in whom the faculty divine was strong, intense, and artistic. We may call it

#### AN OCTOBER MUSING.

Ere the last stack is housed, and woods are bare,  
 And the vermilion fruitage of the brier  
 Is soaked in mist or shrivelled up with frost ;  
 Ere warm spring-nests are coldly to be seen  
 Tenantless but for rain and the cold snow,  
 While yet there is a loveliness abroad—  
 The frail and indescribable loveliness  
 Of a fair form life with reluctance leaves,  
 Being there only powerful—while the earth  
 Wears sackcloth in her great prophetic grief :—

Then the reflective melancholy soul,  
 Aimlessly wandering with slow-falling feet  
 The heathery solitude, in hope to assuage  
 The cunning humour of his malady,  
 Loses his painful bitterness, and feels  
 His own specific sorrows one by one  
 Taken up in the huge dolour of all things.  
 Oh, the sweet melancholy of the time,  
 When gently, ere the heart appeals, the year  
 Shines in the fatal beauty of decay ;  
 When the sun sinks enlarg'd on Carronben,  
 Nakedly visible without a cloud,  
 And faintly from the faint eternal blue  
 (That dim sweet harebell colour) comes the star  
 Which evening wears—when Luggie flows in mist,  
 And in the cottage windows one by one  
 With sudden twinkle household lamps are lit—  
 What noiseless falling of the faded leaf !

David's poetry abounds in passages full of this melancholy sweetness ; and the vein grew profounder as the hand that clutched at Fame grew weaker.

"Whom the gods love die young," was David's favourite saying. In one of his last letters, the dying poet bade a friend "bless the ancient

Greeks for that comfort!" Perhaps it is a comfort that David sleeps in peace; for which is better—sleep such as his, or the dark weary struggle for bread which must have been his lot had he lived? Let the mind picture to itself a longer life for him, and see what that life might have been. He had not the power to sell his wits for money. The strong hard scholar, the energetic man of business, has a shield against the demons of disappointed hope; but David had no such shield. In life as well as in death there is a Plutonian house of exiles, and they abandon all hope who enter therein. Thither the fresh sun never penetrates, thither hope and joy never venture; but poetry, ghastly with the brightness that has passed away, puts on the thin shadowy raiments of the ghost, and glides about with a strange and haunting face—a face full of the eternity of a faith that is lost, the apparition of the deep aspiring heart whose religion is hope. Whom the gods love die young,—the weak ones like David, who has taken his unstained belief in things beautiful to the very fountain head of all beauty, and who will never know the weary strife, the poignant heart-ache of the unsuccessful endeavourers.

On turning away from the contemplation of this lowly grave, the mind naturally reverts to the little weaver's household. There subsist tender sorrow and affectionate remembrance. The shadow still lies in the cottage; a light has departed which will never again be seen on sea or land; and the old weaver, seated by the fire at night, thinks mournfully of what David *might have been*. "We feel very weary now David is gone," is all the plaint we ever heard him utter. With the eager sensitiveness of the poet himself, he read the various criticisms on David's posthumous book. The great comfort of the humble home is that inexpressibly pathetic "might have been,"—a feeling which was beautifully indicated by David himself, in alluding to the premature fate of a young friend of his own:—

Had he lived and fallen (as who of us  
Doth perfectly? and let him that is proud  
Take heed that he do fall), he would have been  
A sadness to them in their aged hours.  
But now he is an honour and delight,  
A treasure of the memory; a joy  
Unutterable; by the lone fireside  
They never tire to speak his praise, and say  
How, if he had been spared, he would have been  
So great, and good, and noble, as (they say)  
The country knows; although I know full well  
That not a man in all the parish round  
Speaks of him ever; he is now forgot,  
And this his natal valley knows him not.

But David Gray will not so soon be forgotten by those who can pardon ambition, make allowances for youth, and sympathize with sorrow.

## The Life of a Farm Labourer.

THERE are certain changes in progress among the farm labourers of this country, which give rise to curious inquiry. It is not that they are becoming more ignorant than formerly, so far as book-learning is concerned, for the contrary is true: neither are they a more discontented race than their forefathers, and, certainly in the ability to obtain more than the necessaries of life, they will challenge comparison with any bygone generation, so far as is known, of the English peasantry. But persons conversant with them discern unmistakeable signs of growing improvidence among them. Though never celebrated for their prudence and good domestic economy, thoughtful observers of the rural poor are constrained to admit that there is a falling away from the standard, low as it was, which they can remember. Food is plentiful, and wages not lowered, but greatly advanced; \* clothing, notwithstanding temporary distress in the cotton districts, cheaper than formerly; fuel likewise. Cottage rents have risen, but rates and taxes have vanished from view of their occupants; nor is the increase in rent such as to cause serious inconvenience. Under such general conditions, and the greater care shown by the upper classes for the moral and social amelioration of the rural poor, we should expect to find improvement. And if there are serious reasons for the belief that the farm labourer is no better than his fathers, but in many respects worse, the duty of inquiring into the circumstances of his life becomes one of no ordinary interest and importance.

It is a matter of secondary interest to the object of this essay whether the peasantry ought, or ought not to possess the privileges of independent electors. As a political power, they will, perhaps, after all efforts to the contrary, continue to occupy the places which they did even previous to the time of the son of Sirach, whose writings appear to be beneath the consideration of some of our political leaders. At all events, the peasant should have one privilege immediately conceded to him, for good and substantial reasons—that of paying his fair share of the poor-rate. He would thus become guarantee that the fund is not imposed upon by unscrupulous members of his class, who are accustomed to consider it a provision purposely made for them, as soon and as often as they can advance a claim to it. The principle of self-help is much talked of, but little developed among the peasantry.

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\* Twelve per cent. since repeal of Corn Laws.



In order to enable the reader more readily to possess himself of the particulars of the actual state of the case, an average specimen of the respectable farm labourer will be taken. We shall be able by this means to see what his income allows him to do, and how he spends it.

Unless the education of the farm labourer be commenced early, and diligently prosecuted in the fields, he will not learn it well. It is, therefore, something more than a mere coincidence that necessity to help in earning his living enforces this law in nineteen families out of twenty. For this purpose the young labourer is taken from school as soon as he can earn *4d.* or *6d.* a day on the farm. He forgets all he has learnt at school as fast as other boys do, and has few opportunities of doing more than just to regain what he was taught before ten years of age. As my specimen grows bigger he is worth more money. He leaves home and goes into service as a mate or lad to help the waggoner with the team. He boards with a respectable waggoner, whose wife takes care of his clothes, &c. But he soon is ambitious of all the distinctions of early manhood, and after passing through the half-dozen violent attachments which matrons denominate "calf-love," he is seen some fine morning, before he is two-and-twenty, on his way from church, with his bride, who is only seventeen. There is reason to hope that the blessings the friends of the happy couple give them freely—and they can give them nothing more—will not be vain, for the happy couple will have occasion for everything of the kind before long. If they cannot be accommodated under the roof of the parents—and wonderful are the contrivances made with this object in view—they locate themselves in a couple of rooms ready furnished, in a noisy row of cottages. They hire the furniture of the broker, and, for a time, all goes on smoothly. Work is plentiful, she is a managing girl, he is hardworking, and by the time there are a couple of children, they are in a cottage. One thing has been a trouble, and that is the broker's bill. As that wary dealer saw opportunity, he would sell them some useful article of furniture which they had hitherto rented. So by slow degrees the bed they sleep on, the table, the chairs, and household clock, in due time, are all their own. Still they have not bought cheap, and while they owed him a bill for furniture-hire, had a cogent reason for not disputing his price-list.

The doctor's bill proves a heavy item, but the doctor is kind, and will wait till they can pay him, and will have a tolerable test of his kindness, I fear. In addition is the monthly call of the bagman clothier for contribution for a dress nearly worn out, but not nearly paid for; also of the bagman shoemaker for boots in the same predicament; so that what with rent and occasional outgoings, as well as fixed ones, the wife has looked trouble in the face, and trouble has returned the gaze, and stamped upon her countenance a careworn expression before she is one-and-twenty. There is also another confinement approaching, and this time there will be less scruple in obtaining union relief, for the ice was broken on a former occasion; and if their case was good then, it is better now. In

the meantime my specimen has joined his sick and benefit club. He had heard of several which offered various advantages, but nothing so good, he thinks,—and so also thinks the landlord of the Black Bear, who manages the club, which holds its meetings in the tap-room every other Saturday night.

The club night furnishes him with the opportunity of spending a social hour or two with his neighbours. His wife is pleased rather than otherwise with his account of the evening's amusements, and it is a little change for a hard-working man—not unreasonable—for he never comes home the worse for what he has drunken, but all the better. Altogether, the 5*d.* a week in the club, with the extra 6*d.* a fortnight for beer and use of room, is, they think, not badly laid out. The landlord and a good many of his friends are of the same opinion. And if the first Monday in May is fine, as it ought to be, the annual festival of the club has attractions for both husband and wife. The one has a dinner and tobacco, and the other lemonade, wine negus, cakes, almonds and raisins, and nuts; so that the dance which winds up the proceedings is, in one sense, an excellent institution; for there is no telling what might happen if, after so many good things, they were debarred three or four hours' exercise so violent as the jumping, stamping, screaming and laughter, which go to make up the sinful catalogue of poor folks' pleasures. At this festival two or three of the old club-members are turned over to the 2*s.* 6*d.* a week from the parish, but they had had enough of the club-money, and were fast becoming unpopular with the members; and my specimen is not sorry to get rid of such troublesome customers. He forgets the turn which he may have by-and-by, when grey hairs and rheumatism begin to make his closer acquaintance.

Meanwhile, if he is ill, there is 10*s.* a week secure, and as much more as the Board of Guardians, which is a liberal body, will allow. If my specimen dies, there is enough to ornament the nine-and-six-penny elm coffin which the guardians order, with black nails and plate, with an inscription on it in bright yellow letters, which is “ever so much more respectable than a common pauper's coffin.” Again, there is enough money to console both father and mother a little in the loss of a delicate child, removed to a happier state; and who would disturb rudely their faith in the United Order, which will send a deputation of its body to the funeral, and make, even out of death, lamentation, and mourning, a little additional influence in the eyes of the neighbours? The cottage he lives in is not so bad, after all, but the rent is high—3*s.* a week—but others are ready to take it over his head at 3*s.* 6*d.*, so that little need be complained of. He might get a hovel for 1*s.*, and a very moderate sort of a tenement for 2*s.* 6*d.* He takes in a lodger or two, but what with an increasing family of little ones, and the unavoidable work thrown on his wife in cooking and caring for the family, and trying to keep things tidy, she looks faded and worn at five-and-twenty, while he is becoming rather difficult at times, neighbours say.

Still they are a respectable couple, and that at the time when there is the greatest pressure, many mouths to feed, and no child yet old enough to earn as much as fourpence a day on the farm. The children go to school on Sundays, and to church as well; and the mother is glad to get them out of the way morning and afternoon. Both parents go generally in the afternoon to church. And thus time passes on, and sees the family of six or seven children; the oldest boy working like a man at a shilling a day, and eating like two men; and the second, only nine years old, occasionally employed in seed time, &c. as a perambulating scarecrow; at other times as sheep-boy, &c., at sixpence a day.

Here are the average earnings of the family for a week, and their expenses:—

INCOME.		EXPENSES.	
	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
Father (average) .....	14 0	House-rent .....	3 0
Mother „ .....	2 0	Club .....	0 9
Eldest boy „ .....	7 0	Food (say 8 in family) .....	15 6
Second boy „ .....	2 0	Beer (at home), at 1 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> a gal. ....	1 0
		Schooling for three children .....	0 6
		Fuel .....	2 0
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	25 0		22 9

There remains a balance of 2*s.* 3*d.* for the bagmen, and—save the mark!—for clothing father, mother, and children, for bedding, for accidents and repairs to domestic furniture and other incidental expenses which will arise, and must be met.

This is the most trying time of the peasant's life, though he has his consolation. The case has been taken at the average in a dear neighbourhood, where wages are correspondingly high; and much the same difficulty will be found where neighbourhoods are cheap, and wages are therefore low.

It may, however, be remarked, that the average of the wife's light field-work is given, though her earnings come in in such a manner that they can only be said to exercise a healthy disturbing influence upon the income. For every week she makes 6*s.*, are two when she earns nothing. Prudence, therefore, is necessary, and great economy to keep things together; but if the good couple are blessed with health and strength, and cheerful tempers, they contrive to struggle on, while, as the children become older, they will be worth more money.

But no man can count on a single day's health. Those parents who have no harassing terms of sickness in the family are singularly happy, and ought to review mercies of preservation as not the least marks of the care of a good Providence. And so, as a rule, my specimen does: he will be found much more in the habit of thinking of the blessing of good health than is generally supposed. Still, illness comes at times; and now take the dark side of the picture:—

INCOME.		s.	d.
Father ill—on the Club .....		10	0
Mother's average .....		2	0
Boys' „ .....		9	0
		21	0
From Union, 4 children de- pendent on medical relief.....	}	4	0
		25	0

{ viz., 4 gall. flour at  
1s. per gall.

Expenses are same as before, excepting that the club fee is not more than fivepence, as he does not attend the meetings, and being ill, is not fined for his absence.

In the event of a long illness, or a recurring illness in the same year, which incapacitates him from work three months, his club allowance is reduced one-half; but the Board of Guardians will, in this case, raise his allowance from 4s. a week in flour to an additional 4s., making his income 24s. a week.

Before looking onwards to better times, his position will furnish a few remarks. Married many years sooner than the average age of professional men, at marrying what has he gained? A solitary opinion is not of much weight in such a question as the advantage or disadvantage of early marriages. But a hard life, making both parties prematurely old, is certainly the common upshot amongst the poor. Pass on half-a-dozen years, and examine my specimen again, and his maintenance. He has been married over twenty years, and the family are growing up. Two sons, out as lodgers, and conducting themselves on the approved system, as their father before them; two daughters out at service; one boy at 7s. a week; one girl still at school.

## EARNINGS.

	s.	d.
Father .....	14	0
Mother .....	2	0
Boy .....	7	0
	23	0

## EXPENSES (supposing the same economy to be adhered to).

	s.	d.
Rent .....	3	0
Club .....	0	9
Food .....	9	0
Beer .....	1	0
Schooling, one child.....	0	3
Fuel .....	2	0
	16	0

It will thus be seen that whereas in the former period there remained but 2s. 3d. for clothes and other outgoings, there is now 7s., and the easier strain is perceptible in the improved condition of parents and home, and they begin to be freer agents in the world—not in debt to broker, and punctual in their payments to the bagmen—and keep a better table.

The age of the husband is now about forty-three in-years and fifty-three in constitution. He is, however, a good workman, and a steady,

honest man. But he might now begin to save money, and has heard a good deal of talk about savings' banks and better benefit clubs than the United Order. These latter rumours he partly believes in; only as he is not young, the rates of sickness and burial money to a man of his age, compared with younger men, strike him as being unfair. He only wishes he had known of the better society before he joined the Black Bear club, which has gone on "bursting" ever since, excepting when the old landlord died and there were no accounts, so that they were obliged to form a new club and get fresh capital. This speech about his regret he often makes, but it is a delusion; the sons are in the Black Bear club, and by-and-by will talk in the same way. Why does he not save something for a rainy day? Why does he not join one of those useful societies which other members of the industrial classes flock into, and obtain superannuation assurance by small *weekly* payments such as his weekly earnings well enable him to meet? When under the greatest pressure of sickness, and a large dependent family, he could still maintain the connection with his club. The man was, allowing for his education and his position, prudent then. Is he altered now? He is unchanged; allowing for his education and his position, I affirm my specimen to be prudent still. Why, then, does he not embrace the opportunities which the legislature has, especially of late, been so solicitous to secure to him? The true answer to these queries will be found in the position and in the education *Poor Law* has provided for him, and in the retreat and maintenance secured to him as a *pauper*.

Pass over another decade, and take another peep at the family. Sons and daughters are married and settled, and have families of their own to provide for, and nothing but good wishes for the "old folks," as they are now called, and who begin to look cheerlessly upon the lot to which they are nearing rapidly. She is still worth her shilling a day on the farm. He is not worth his 2s. 6d. The younger men would strike for a rise in their rates of payment if he were not reduced, and so our old friend, whose life is here sketched, submits to the necessary reduction to 2s. a day for a time, and soon makes the best of it at 1s. 6d. He is as civil and well-conducted a man as any in the parish, and has been blessed, as he says frequently, with capital health and spirits; better than nineteen men out of twenty. Still he does not like to look ahead much, for he is conscious of bodily ailments, the hints of which are unmistakeable and stronger each winter. He and the "old lady," once the blooming bride of sweet seventeen, get enough to live on pretty comfortably; and so they wear out the time, till the limbs become unequal to earn the body's maintenance, and then comes out-door relief—none too soon; for the May gathering of the club has witnessed a reform which has swept overboard my specimen, who may think now of the bemoaned past, when others in a like case with his own were voted out of the club, and recommended to the care of the union. A shock of illness comes; it is advisable to nurse him in the "house;" and thus the union opens its doors to

receive the old couple, for wife must go too. They give up the world, sell or give the furniture of their cottage among their children, and retire, separated, for the rest of their lives, and doomed to meet no more as man and wife, but once a week for a short half-hour. The old woman is the first to go. She has taken to fretting at being parted from home and husband, and in six months dies, of no disease in particular. Then he is left for the first time in his life desolate in the world; a feeble old man among feeble old men; brought under restraint for the first time since boyhood, and not allowed the indulgences which had become in a manner necessities of life to him. I will not kill my specimen and bury him, though his funeral will cost nobody much when it comes. Now and then, an old neighbour and he will talk of the dead past and the dead present, and thus he goes on mournfully to the end of his days.

Now that man had the intelligence and capacity which would have made him an independent and respectable member of his class; but he had no fair chance. The parish-pay encouragement to prematurely early marriages—not affected or changed by consolidated laws and orders, and the better machinery under the rule of Poor Law; the sick-club, ingeniously though immorally contrived to avail itself of the poor-rate as its real superannuation fund for old members; the insecure occupancy of a dwelling which he dares not repair if he would, for fear of offending his landlord; the uselessness of saving money, which, in his opinion, would only save the rate, to which he does not contribute one farthing, but looks upon it as his lawful treasure; the stranger-like feeling for his own flesh and blood—reciprocated, it seems, for the children go very little to the old father: now and then on a Sunday, it may be—all these things have disabused his mind of the notion of independence to be manfully struggled for. He preferred what to him appeared the wisest course—to save nothing. He spent his weekly earnings as he got them, thus allowing himself and his wife many little comforts which, had they laid by a trifle every week, must have been foregone. In short, he is the victim of legislation which was framed for the purpose of securing him against want and wretchedness.

For it is true that a sum little larger than that he could always manage to pay to his club, even when under the greatest pressure of sickness and a large number in family, would have placed him above Poor Law relief, unless some peculiar calamity to mind or body had overtaken him, such as would make him a proper object both for charity and Union support.

If the hard-working and deserving labourer is thus checked and turned aside from the effort to achieve his own independence, there is not much need to describe the case of the indolent and naturally improvident. The mischievous results of the present working of the Poor Law are plainly and sadly traceable, and need only in this place to be enumerated. The idle specimen laughs at the notion of saving anything

which might lessen his claim to Union relief. It would be so much given to the squire and the parson, who live, as he says, by the sweat of his brow. He will adduce a dozen instances of men who wanted to be independent and had saved twenty or thirty pounds, but who were compelled to spend every farthing before they could finger one halfpenny of the rate; of a poor widow left with a cottage and garden, compelled to give up the occupancy, which was insufficient to keep her without out-door relief. He is too wise, in his own conceit, for such a blunder as self-help. Certainly the benefit club makes a difference, but he joins it because of the company "in the tap-room." He is never fined for absence, but receives his extra quart (for the fines are spent in beer) *by rule*, as the regular allowance, and booses half the Saturday night, and all the time the law permits on a Sunday, within the hug of the Black Bear. But for the company, he tells you, he would not belong to a club, because the guardians would reduce his relief by a corresponding amount to that he receives in sickness; and therefore *it is money wasted, so far as the notion of economy is concerned.*

Wherever human enactments foster and encourage improvidence, such as is here described, their alteration is surely needed. It is true that the struggle to improve the rural poor must be carried on in the face of greater difficulties than those which legislation can remove. But the immoral effects of the Poor Law might be got rid of, the writer of this paper believes, and a better system introduced under its control, which would lead to happy results. Such a system should retain all the advantages, and reject the disadvantages, at present associated with the Poor Law.

That its relief will always be required, I cannot deny. There are thousands of our fellow-beings who, from infirmity of body and mind, and from great affliction in worldly circumstances, are the proper objects of its care. There are the homeless and destitute, old, middle-aged, and young, of whom but a per-centage appear to be within reach of help, and are cast abroad in our cities and in the country, the waifs and strays of the human race. And the sick poor who cannot well be nursed in a crowded tenement, may often be placed under the resources of the Union workhouse, for better care than they can have at home. And there are times of wide-spread distress which fall heavily and bitterly on the poor. In all these cases, Poor Law has its proper field of work, and may work for the benefit of the country. But Poor Law has no right so to provide for any class as to paralyse the effort on the part of the members of that class to work out their own independence. Poor Law has no right to increase the difficulties of the struggle for an honest and manly independence, by placing an immoral argument against self-help, derived from their being recipients only, and not part contributors, to its funds. It has no right to be the mainstay of the beer-house benefit societies. Most of all, it has no right to tear family ties in pieces, at the moment distress drives the objects of its care within its fold; so that husband and wife, parent and

child, brother and sister, must learn to forget one another, and be left in their loneliness and their misery to solve the problem of the difference between crime and poverty. It is not wonderful that so large a proportion of the class called *paupers* can never solve that problem, and oscillate between the abodes provided for those who compose the respective classes—gaol and union. They become callous and dead to remonstrance. And are the victims the only sufferers?

Those who would befriend the rural poor, will find in the successful effort to reform the Poor Law a most important, though indirect, means of attaining their object. Once let the peasant find that he must pay his portion of the rate, he will no longer view it as he does now. Let him find that encouragement is given to a system of safe benefit societies, and the fungus-shelter of the public-house club which has sprung up wherever the Poor Law virtually secures the retiring pension, will wither. To get rid of these clubs is the difficulty, and, so far as direct legislation is concerned, the difficulty does not seem likely to be removed. But the course indicated in this essay would, the writer ventures to submit, effectually dispose of them, or so thoroughly necessitate their reform that the principal objections to them would be done away. In the full development of the principle of self-help, gained by means of sound provident societies, will be found the salvation of the English peasantry; *and with that principle the Poor Law is at war.*

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## Cousin Phillis.

### PART IV.

WHEN I went over on Easter Day I heard the chapel-gossips complimenting cousin Holman on her daughter's blooming looks, quite forgetful of their sinister prophecies three months before. And I looked at Phillis, and did not wonder at their words. I had not seen her since the day after Christmas Day. I had left the Hope Farm only a few hours after I had told her the news which had quickened her heart into renewed life and vigour. The remembrance of our conversation in the cow-house was vividly in my mind as I looked at her when her bright healthy appearance was remarked upon. As her eyes met mine our mutual recollections flashed intelligence from one to the other. She turned away, her colour heightening as she did so. She seemed to be shy of me for the first few hours after our meeting, and I felt rather vexed with her for her conscious avoidance of me after my long absence. I had stepped a little out of my usual line in telling her what I did; not that I had received any charge of secrecy, or given even the slightest promise to Holdsworth that I would not repeat his words. But I had an uneasy feeling sometimes when I thought of what I had done in the excitement of seeing Phillis so ill and in so much trouble. I meant to have told Holdsworth when I wrote next to him; but when I had my half-finished letter before me I sate with my pen in my hand hesitating. I had more scruple in revealing what I had found out or guessed at of Phillis's secret than in repeating to her his spoken words. I did not think I had any right to say out to him what I believed—namely, that she loved him dearly, and had felt his absence even to the injury of her health. Yet to explain what I had done in telling her how he had spoken about her that last night, it would be necessary to give my reasons, so I had settled within myself to leave it alone. As she had told me she should like to hear all the details and fuller particulars and more explicit declarations first from him, so he should have the pleasure of extracting the delicious tender secret from her maidenly lips. I would not betray my guesses, my surmises, my all but certain knowledge of the state of her heart. I had received two letters from him after he had settled to his business; they were full of life and energy; but in each there had been a message to the family at the Hope Farm of more than common regard; and a slight but distinct mention of Phillis herself, showing that she stood single and alone in his memory. These letters I had sent on to the minister, for he was sure to care for them, even supposing he had been unacquainted with their writer, because they were so clever and so picturesquely worded that they brought, as it were, a

whiff of foreign atmosphere into his circumscribed life. I used to wonder what was the trade or business in which the minister would not have thriven, mentally I mean, if it had so happened that he had been called into that state. He would have made a capital engineer, that I know; and he had a fancy for the sea, like many other land-locked men to whom the great deep is a mystery and a fascination. He read law-books with relish; and, once happening to borrow *De Lolme on the British Constitution* (or some such title), he talked about jurisprudence till he was far beyond my depth. But to return to Holdsworth's letters. When the minister sent them back he also wrote out a list of questions suggested by their perusal, which I was to pass on in my answers to Holdsworth, until I thought of suggesting a direct correspondence, between the two. That was the state of things as regarded the absent one when I went to the farm for my Easter visit, and when I found Phillis in that state of shy reserve towards me which I have named before. I thought she was ungrateful; for I was not quite sure if I had done wisely in having told her what I did. I had committed a fault, or a folly perhaps, and all for her sake; and here was she, less friends with me than she had ever been before. This little estrangement only lasted a few hours. I think that as soon as she felt pretty sure of there being no recurrence, either by word, look, or allusion, to the one subject that was predominant in her mind, she came back to her old sisterly ways with me. She had much to tell me of her own familiar interests; how Rover had been ill, and how anxious they had all of them been, and how, after some little discussion between her father and her, both equally grieved by the sufferings of the old dog, he had been "remembered in the household prayers," and how he had begun to get better only the very next day, and then she would have led me into a conversation on the right ends of prayer, and on special providences, and I know not what; only I "jibbed" like their old cart-horse, and refused to stir a step in that direction. Then we talked about the different broods of chickens, and she showed me the hens that were good mothers, and told me the characters of all the poultry with the utmost good faith; and in all good faith I listened, for I believe there was a great deal of truth in all she said. And then we strolled on into the wood beyond the ash-meadow, and both of us sought for early primroses, and the fresh green crinkled leaves. She was not afraid of being alone with me after the first day. I never saw her so lovely, or so happy. I think she hardly knew why she was so happy all the time. I can see her now, standing under the budding branches of the gray trees, over which a tinge of green seemed to be deepening day after day, her sun-bonnet fallen back on her neck, her hands full of delicate wood-flowers, quite unconscious of my gaze, but intent on sweet mockery of some bird in neighbouring bush or tree. She had the art of warbling, and replying to the notes of different birds, and knew their song, their habits and ways, more accurately than any one else I ever knew. She had often done it at my request the spring before; but this year she really gurgled, and whistled, and

warbled just as they did, out of the very fulness and joy of her heart. She was more than ever the very apple of her father's eye; her mother gave her both her own share of love, and that of the dead child who had died in infancy. I have heard cousin Holman murmur, after a long dreamy look at Phillis, and tell herself how like she was growing to Johnnie, and soothe herself with plaintive inarticulate sounds, and many gentle shakes of the head, for the aching sense of loss she would never get over in this world. The old servants about the place had the dumb loyal attachment to the child of the land, common to most agricultural labourers; not often stirred into activity or expression. My cousin Phillis was like a rose that had come to full bloom on the sunny side of a lonely house, sheltered from storms. I have read in some book of poetry

A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

And somehow those lines always reminded me of Phillis; yet they were not true of her either. I never heard her praised; and out of her own household there were very few to love her; but though no one spoke out their approbation, she always did right in her parents' eyes, out of her natural simple goodness and wisdom. Holdsworth's name was never mentioned between us when we were alone; but I had sent on his letters to the minister, as I have said; and more than once he began to talk about our absent friend, when he was smoking his pipe after the day's work was done. Then Phillis hung her head a little over her work, and listened in silence.

"I miss him more than I thought for; no offence to you, Paul. I said once his company was like dram-drinking; that was before I knew him; and perhaps I spoke in a spirit of judgment. To some men's minds everything presents itself strongly, and they speak accordingly; and so did he. And I thought in my vanity of censorship that his were not true and sober words; they would not have been if I had used them, but they were so to a man of his class of perceptions. I thought of the measure with which I had been meting to him when Brother Robinson was here last Thursday, and told me that a poor little quotation I was making from the *Georgics* savoured of vain babbling and profane heathenism. He went so far as to say that by learning other languages than our own, we were flying in the face of the Lord's purpose when He had said, at the building of the Tower of Babel, that He would confound their languages so that they should not understand each other's speech. As Brother Robinson was to me, so was I to the quick wits, bright senses, and ready words of Holdsworth."

The first little cloud upon my peace came in the shape of a letter from Canada, in which there were two or three sentences that troubled me more than they ought to have done, to judge merely from the words employed. It was this:—"I should feel dreary enough in this out-of-the way place if it were not for a friendship I have formed with a French Canadian of the name of Ventadour. He and his family are a great resource to me in the

long evenings. I never heard such delicious vocal music as the voices of these Ventadour boys and girls in their part-songs; and the foreign element retained in their characters and manner of living reminds me of some of the happiest days of my life. Lucille, the second daughter, is curiously like Phillis Holman." In vain I said to myself that it was probably this likeness that made him take pleasure in the society of the Ventadour family. In vain I told my anxious fancy that nothing could be more natural than this intimacy, and that there was no sign of its leading to any consequence that ought to disturb me. I had a presentiment, and I was disturbed; and I could not reason it away. I dare say my presentiment was rendered more persistent and keen by the doubts which would force themselves into my mind, as to whether I had done well in repeating Holdsworth's words to Phillis. Her state of vivid happiness this summer was markedly different to the peaceful serenity of former days. If in my thoughtfulness at noticing this I caught her eye, she blushed and sparkled all over, guessing that I was remembering our joint secret. Her eyes fell before mine, as if she could hardly bear me to see the revelation of their bright glances. And yet I considered again, and comforted myself by the reflection that, if this change had been anything more than my silly fancy, her father or her mother would have perceived it. But they went on in tranquil unconsciousness and undisturbed peace.

A change in my own life was quickly approaching. In the July of this year my occupation on the ——— railway and its branches came to an end. The lines were completed, and I was to leave ———shire, to return to Birmingham, where there was a niche already provided for me in my father's prosperous business. But before I left the north it was an understood thing amongst us all that I was to go and pay a visit of some weeks at the Hope Farm. My father was as much pleased at this plan as I was; and the dear family of cousins often spoke of things to be done, and sights to be shown me, during this visit. My want of wisdom in having told "that thing" (under such ambiguous words I concealed the injudicious confidence I had made to Phillis) was the only drawback to my anticipations of pleasure.

The ways of life were too simple at the Hope Farm for my coming to them to make the slightest disturbance. I knew my room, like a son of the house. I knew the regular course of their days, and that I was expected to fall into it, like one of the family. Deep summer peace brooded over the place; the warm golden air was filled with the murmur of insects near at hand, the more distant sound of voices out in the fields, the clear far-away rumble of carts over the stone-paved lanes miles away. The heat was too great for the birds to be singing; only now and then one might hear the wood-pigeons in the trees beyond the ash-field. The cattle stood knee-deep in the pond, flicking their tails about to keep off the flies. The minister stood in the hay-field, without hat or cravat, coat or waistcoat, panting and smiling. Phillis had been leading the row of farm-servants, turning the swathes of fragrant hay with measured move-

ment. She went to the end—to the hedge, and then, throwing down her rake, she came to me with her free sisterly welcome. "Go, Paul!" said the minister. "We need all hands to make use of the sunshine to-day. 'Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' It will be a healthy change of work for thee, lad; and I find my best rest in change of work." So off I went, a willing labourer, following Phillis's lead; it was the primitive distinction of rank; the boy who frightened the sparrows off the fruit was the last in our rear. We did not leave off till the red sun was gone down behind the fir-trees bordering the common. Then we went home to supper—prayers—to bed; some bird singing far into the night, as I heard it through my open window, and the poultry beginning their clatter and cackle in the earliest morning. I had carried what luggage I immediately needed with me from my lodgings, and the rest was to be sent by the carrier. He brought it to the farm betimes that morning, and along with it he brought a letter or two that had arrived since I had left. I was talking to cousin Holman—about my mother's ways of making bread, I remember; cousin Holman was questioning me, and had got me far beyond my depth—in the house-place, when the letters were brought in by one of the men, and I had to pay the carrier for his trouble before I could look at them. A bill—a Canadian letter! What instinct made me so thankful that I was alone with my dear unobservant cousin? What made me hurry them away into my coat-pocket? I do not know. I felt strange and sick, and made irrelevant answers, I am afraid. Then I went to my room, ostensibly to carry up my boxes. I sate on the side of my bed and opened my letter from Holdsworth. It seemed to me as if I had read its contents before, and knew exactly what he had got to say. I knew he was going to be married to Lucille Ventadour; nay, that he *was* married; for this was the 5th of July, and he wrote word that his marriage was fixed to take place on the 29th of June. I knew all the reasons he gave, all the raptures he went into. I held the letter loosely in my hands, and looked into vacancy, yet I saw a chaffinch's nest on the lichen-covered trunk of an old apple-tree opposite my window, and saw the mother-bird come fluttering in to feed her brood,—and yet I did not see it, although it seemed to me afterwards as if I could have drawn every fibre, every feather. I was stirred up to action by the merry sound of voices and the clomp of rustic feet coming home for the mid-day meal. I knew I must go down to dinner; I knew, too, I must tell Phillis; for in his happy egotism, his new-fangled foppery, Holdsworth had put in a P.S., saying that he should send wedding-cards to me and some other Hornby and Eltham acquaintances, and "to his kind friends at Hope Farm." Phillis had faded away to one among several "kind friends." I don't know how I got through dinner that day. I remember forcing myself to eat, and talking hard; but I also recollect the wondering look in the minister's eyes. He was not one to think evil without cause; but many a one would have taken me for drunk. As soon as I decently could I left the table, saying I would go out for a walk. At first I must

have tried to stun reflection by rapid walking, for I had lost myself on the high moorlands far beyond the familiar gorse-covered common, before I was obliged for very weariness to slacken my pace. I kept wishing—oh! how fervently wishing I had never committed that blunder; that the one little half-hour's indiscretion could be blotted out. Alternating with this was anger against Holdsworth; unjust enough, I dare say. I suppose I stayed in that solitary place for a good hour or more, and then I turned homewards, resolving to get over the telling Phillis at the first opportunity, but shrinking from the fulfilment of my resolution so much that when I came into the house and saw Phillis (doors and windows open wide in the sultry weather) alone in the kitchen, I became quite sick with apprehension. She was standing by the dresser, cutting up a great household loaf into hunches of bread for the hungry labourers who might come in any minute, for the heavy thunder-clouds were overspreading the sky. She looked round as she heard my step.

"You should have been in the field, helping with the hay," said she, in her calm, pleasant voice. I had heard her as I came near the house softly chanting some hymn-tune, and the peacefulness of that seemed to be brooding over her now.

"Perhaps I should. It looks as if it was going to rain."

"Yes; there is thunder about. Mother has had to go to bed with one of her bad headaches. Now you are come in ——"

"Phillis," said I, rushing at my subject and interrupting her, "I went a long walk to think over a letter I had this morning—a letter from Canada. You don't know how it has grieved me." I held it out to her as I spoke. Her colour changed a little, but it was more the reflection of my face, I think, than because she formed any definite idea from my words. Still she did not take the letter. I had to bid her read it, before she quite understood what I wished. She sat down rather suddenly as she received it into her hands; and, spreading it on the dresser before her, she rested her forehead on the palms of her hands, her arms supported on the table, her figure a little averted, and her countenance thus shaded. I looked out of the open window; my heart was very heavy. How peaceful it all seemed in the farmyard! Peace and plenty. How still and deep was the silence of the house! Tick-tick went the unseen clock on the wide staircase. I had heard the rustle once, when she turned over the page of thin paper. She must have read to the end. Yet she did not move, or say a word, or even sigh. I kept on looking out of the window, my hands in my pockets. I wonder how long that time really was? It seemed to me interminable—unbearable. At length I looked round at her. She must have felt my look, for she changed her attitude with a quick sharp movement, and caught my eyes.

"Don't look so sorry, Paul," she said. "Don't, please. I can't bear it. There is nothing to be sorry for. I think not, at least. You have not done wrong, at any rate." I felt that I groaned, but I don't think she heard me. "And he,—there's no wrong in his marrying, is there? I'm

sure I hope he'll be happy. Oh! how I hope it!" These last words were like a wail; but I believe she was afraid of breaking down, for she changed the key in which she spoke, and hurried on. "Lucille—that's our English Lucy, I suppose? Lucille Holdsworth! It's a pretty name; and I hope—— I forget what I was going to say. Oh! it was this. Paul, I think we need never speak about this again; only remember you are not to be sorry. You have not done wrong; you have been very, *very* kind; and if I see you looking grieved I don't know what I might do;—I might break down, you know."

I think she was on the point of doing so then, but the dark storm came dashing down, and the thunder-cloud broke right above the house, as it seemed. Her mother, roused from sleep, called out for Phillis; the men and women from the hayfield came running into shelter, drenched through. The minister followed, smiling, and not unpleasantly excited by the war of elements; for, by dint of hard work through the long summer's day, the greater part of the hay was safely housed in the barn in the field. Once or twice in the succeeding bustle I came across Phillis, always busy, and, as it seemed to me, always doing the right thing. When I was alone in my own room at night I allowed myself to feel relieved; and to believe that the worst was over, and was not so very bad after all. But the succeeding days were very miserable. Sometimes I thought it must be my fancy that falsely represented Phillis to me as strangely changed, for surely, if this idea of mine was well-founded, her parents—her father and mother—her own flesh and blood—would have been the first to perceive it. Yet they went on in their household peace and content; if anything, a little more cheerfully than usual, for the "harvest of the first-fruits," as the minister called it, had been more bounteous than usual, and there was plenty all around in which the humblest labourer was made to share. After the one thunderstorm, came one or two lovely serene summer days, during which the hay was all carried; and then succeeded long soft rains filling the ears of corn, and causing the mown grass to spring afresh. The minister allowed himself a few more hours of relaxation and home enjoyment than usual during this wet spell: hard earth-bound frost was his winter holiday; these wet days, after the hay harvest, his summer holiday. We sate with open windows, the fragrance and the freshness called out by the soft-falling rain filling the house-place; while the quiet ceaseless patter among the leaves outside ought to have had the same lulling effect as all other gentle perpetual sounds, such as mill-wheels and bubbling springs, have on the nerves of happy people. But two of us were not happy. I was sure enough of myself, for one. I was worse than sure,—I was wretchedly anxious about Phillis. Ever since that day of the thunderstorm there had been a new, sharp, discordant sound to me in her voice, a sort of jangle in her tone; and her restless eyes had no quietness in them; and her colour came and went without a cause that I could find out. The minister, happy in ignorance of what most concerned him, brought out his books; his learned

volumes and classics. Whether he read and talked to Phillis, or to me, I do not know; but feeling by instinct that she was not, could not be, attending to the peaceful details, so strange and foreign to the turmoil in her heart, I forced myself to listen, and if possible to understand.

"Look here!" said the minister, tapping the old vellum-bound book he held; "in the first *Georgic* he speaks of rolling and irrigation; a little further on he insists on choice of the best seed, and advises us to keep the drains clear. Again, no Scotch farmer could give shrewder advice than to cut light meadows while the dew is on, even though it involve night-work. It is all living truth in these days." He began beating time with a ruler upon his knee, to some Latin lines he read aloud just then. I suppose the monotonous chant irritated Phillis to some irregular energy, for I remember the quick knotting and breaking of the thread with which she was sewing. I never hear that snap repeated now, without suspecting some sting or stab troubling the heart of the worker. Cousin Holman, at her peaceful knitting, noticed the reason why Phillis had so constantly to interrupt the progress of her seam.

"It is bad thread, I'm afraid," she said, in a gentle sympathetic voice. But it was too much for Phillis.

"The thread is bad—everything is bad—I am so tired of it all!" And she put down her work, and hastily left the room. I do not suppose that in all her life Phillis had ever shown so much temper before. In many a family the tone, the manner, would not have been noticed; but here it fell with a sharp surprise upon the sweet, calm atmosphere of home. The minister put down ruler and book, and pushed his spectacles up to his forehead. The mother looked distressed for a moment, and then smoothed her features and said in an explanatory tone,—“It's the weather, I think. Some people feel it different to others. It always brings on a headache with me.” She got up to follow her daughter, but half-way to the door she thought better of it, and came back to her seat. Good mother! she hoped the better to conceal the unusual spirt of temper, by pretending not to take much notice of it. “Go on, minister,” she said; “it is very interesting what you are reading about, and when I don't quite understand it, I like the sound of your voice.” So he went on, but languidly and irregularly, and beat no more time with his ruler to any Latin lines. When the dusk came on, early that July night because of the cloudy sky, Phillis came softly back, making as though nothing had happened. She took up her work, but it was too dark to do many stitches; and she dropped it soon. Then I saw how her hand stole into her mother's, and how this latter fondled it with quiet little caresses, while the minister, as fully aware as I was to this tender pantomime, went on talking in a happier tone of voice about things as uninteresting to him, at the time, I verily believe, as they were to me; and that is saying a good deal, and shows how much more real what was passing before him was, even to a farmer, than the agricultural customs of the ancients.

I remember one thing more,—an attack which Betty the servant made



upon me one day as I came in through the kitchen where she was churning, and stopped to ask her for a drink of buttermilk.

"I say, cousin Paul," (she had adopted the family habit of addressing me generally as Cousin Paul, and always speaking of me in that form,) "something 's amiss with our Phillis, and I reckon you've a good guess what it is. She's not one to take up wi' such as you," (not complimentary, but that Betty never was, even to those for whom she felt the highest respect,) "but I'd as lief yon Holdsworth had never come near us. So there you've a bit o' my mind."

And a very unsatisfactory bit it was. I did not know what to answer to the glimpse at the real state of the case implied in the shrewd woman's speech; so I tried to put her off by assuming surprise at her first assertion.

"Amiss with Phillis! I should like to know why you think anything is wrong with her. She looks as blooming as any one can do."

"Poor lad! you're but a big child after all; and you've likely never heard of a fever-flush. But you know better nor that, my fine fellow! so don't think for to put me off wi' blooms and blossoms and such-like talk. What makes her walk about for hours and hours o' nights when she used to be abed and asleep? I sleep next room to her, and hear her plain as can be. What makes her come in panting and ready to drop into that chair,"—nodding to one close to the door,—“and it's 'Oh! Betty, some water, please?' That's the way she comes in now, when she used to come back as fresh and bright as she went out. If yon friend o' yours has played her false, he's a deal for t' answer for; she's a lass who's as sweet and as sound as a nut, and the very apple of her father's eye, and of her mother's too, only wi' her she ranks second to th' minister. You'll have to look after yon chap, for I, for one, will stand no wrong to our Phillis."

What was I to do, or to say? I wanted to justify Holdsworth, to keep Phillis's secret, and to pacify the woman all in the same breath. I did not take the best course, I'm afraid.

"I don't believe Holdsworth ever spoke a word of—of love to her in all his life. I'm sure he didn't."

"Ay, ay! but there's eyes, and there's hands, as well as tongues; and a man has two o' th' one and but one o' t'other."

"And she's so young; do you suppose her parents would not have scen it?"

"Well! if you axe me that, I'll say out boldly, 'No.' They've called her 'the child' so long—'the child' is always their name for her when they talk on her between themselves, as if never anybody else had a ewe-lamb before them—that she's grown up to be a woman under their very eyes, and they look on her still as if she were in her long clothes. And you ne'er heard on a man falling in love wi' a babby in long-clothes!"

"No!" said I, half laughing. But she went on as grave as a judge.

"Ay! you see you'll laugh at the bare thought on it—and I'll be

bound th' minister, though he's not a laughing man, would ha' sniggled at th' notion of falling in love wi' the child. Where's Holdsworth off to?"

"Canada," said I, shortly.

"Canada here, Canada there," she replied, testily. "Tell me how far he's off, instead of giving me your gibberish. Is he a twq days' journey away? or a three? or a week?"

"He's ever so far off—three weeks at the least," cried I in despair. "And he's either married, or just going to be. So there!" I expected a fresh burst of anger. But no; the matter was too serious. Betty sate down, and kept silence for a minute or two. She looked so miserable and downcast, that I could not help going on, and taking her a little into my confidence.

"It is quite true what I said! I know he never spoke a word to her. I think he liked her, but it's all over now. The best thing we can do—the best and kindest for her—and I know you love her, Betty——"

"I nursed her in my arms; I gave her little brother his last taste o' earthly food," said Betty, putting her apron up to her eyes.

"Well! don't let us show her we guess that she is grieving; she'll get over it the sooner. Her father and mother don't even guess at it, and we must make as if we didn't. It's too late now to do anything else."

"I'll never let on; I know nought. I've known true love mysel', in my day. But I wish he'd been farred before he ever came near this house, with his 'Please Betty' this, and 'Please Betty' that, and drinking up our new milk as if he'd been a cat; I hate such beguiling ways."

I thought it was as well to let her exhaust herself in abusing the absent Holdsworth; if it was shabby and treacherous in me, I came in for my punishment directly.

"It's a caution to a man how he goes about beguiling. Some men do it as easy and innocent as cooing doves. Don't you be none of 'em, my lad. Not that you've got the gifts to do it, either; you're no great shakes to look at, neither for figure, nor yet for face, and it would need be a deaf adder to be taken in wi' your words, though there may be no great harm in 'em." A lad of nineteen or twenty is not flattered by such an out-spoken opinion even from the oldest and ugliest of her sex; and I was only too glad to change the subject by my repeated injunctions to keep Phillis's secret. The end of our conversation was this speech of hers:—

"You great gaupus, for all you're called cousin o' th' minister—many a one is cursed wi' fools for cousins—d'ye think I can't see sense except through your spectacles? I give you leave to cut out my tongue, and nail it up on th' barn-door for a caution to magpies, if I let out on that poor wench, either to herself, or any one that is hers, as the Bible says. Now you've heard me speak Scripture language, perhaps you'll be content, and leave me my kitchen to myself."

During all these days, from the 5th of July to the 17th, I must

have forgotten what Holdsworth had said about sending cards. And yet I think I could not have quite forgotten; but, once having told Phillis about his marriage, I must have looked upon the after consequence of cards as of no importance. At any rate they came upon me as a surprise at last. The penny-post reform, as people call it, had come into operation a short time before; but the never-ending stream of notes and letters which seem now to flow in upon most households had not yet begun its course; at least in those remote parts. There was a post-office at Hornby; and an old fellow, who stowed away the few letters in any or all his pockets, as it best suited him, was the letter-carrier to Heathbridge and the neighbourhood. I have often met him in the lanes thereabouts, and asked him for letters. Sometimes I have come upon him, sitting on the hedge bank resting; and he has begged me to read him an address, too illegible for his spectacled eyes to decipher. When I used to inquire if he had anything for me, or for Holdsworth (he was not particular to whom he gave up the letters, so that he got rid of them somehow, and could set off homewards), he would say he thought that he had, for such was his invariable safe form of answer; and would fumble in breast-pockets, waist-coat pockets, breeches-pockets, and, as a last resource, in coat-tail pockets; and at length try to comfort me, if I looked disappointed, by telling me "Hoo had missed this toime, but was sure to write to-morrow;" "Hoo" representing an imaginary sweetheart.

Sometimes I had seen the minister bring home a letter which he had found lying for him at the little shop that was the post-office at Heathbridge, or from the grander establishment at Hornby. Once or twice Josiah, the carter, remembered that the old letter-carrier had trusted him with an epistle to "Measter," as they had met in the lanes. I think it must have been about ten days after my arrival at the farm, and my talk to Phillis cutting bread-and-butter at the kitchen dresser, before the day on which the minister suddenly spoke at the dinner-table, and said—

"By-the-by, I've got a letter in my pocket. Reach me my coat here, Phillis." The weather was still sultry, and for coolness and ease the minister was sitting in his shirt-sleeves. "I went to Heathbridge about the paper they had sent me, which spoils all the pens—and I called at the post-office, and found a letter for me, unpaid,—and they did not like to trust it to old Zekiel. Ay! here it is! Now we shall hear news of Holdsworth,—I thought I'd keep it till we were all together." My heart seemed to stop beating, and I hung my head over my plate, not daring to look up. What would come of it now? What was Phillis doing? How was she looking? A moment of suspense,—and then he spoke again. "Why! what's this? Here are two visiting tickets with his name on, no writing at all. No! it's not his name on both. Mrs. Holdsworth! The young man has gone and got married." I lifted my head at these words; I could not help looking just for one instant at Phillis. It seemed to me as if she had been keeping watch over my face and ways. Her face was brilliantly flushed; her eyes were dry and glittering; but she

did not speak; her lips were set together almost as if she was pinching them tight to prevent words or sounds coming out. Cousin Holman's face expressed surprise and interest.

"Well!" said she, "who'd ha' thought it! He's made quick work of his wooing and wedding. I'm sure I wish him happy. Let me see"—counting on her fingers,—“October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June, July,—at least we're at the 28th,—it is nearly ten months after all, and reckon a month each way off——”

“Did you know of this news before?” said the minister, turning sharp round on me, surprised, I suppose, at my silence,—hardly suspicious, as yet.

“I knew—I had heard—something. It is to a French Canadian young lady,” I went on, forcing myself to talk. “Her name is Ventadour.”

“Lucille Ventadour!” said Phillis, in a sharp voice, out of tune.

“Then you knew too!” exclaimed the minister.

We both spoke at once. I said, “I heard of the probability of—— and told Phillis.” She said, “He is married to Lucille Ventadour, of French descent; one of a large family near St. Maurice; am not I right?” I nodded. “Paul told me,—that is all we know, is not it? Did you see the Howsons, father, in Heathbridge?” and she forced herself to talk more than she had done for several days, asking many questions, trying, as I could see, to keep the conversation off the one raw surface, on which to touch was agony. I had less self-command; but I followed her lead. I was not so much absorbed in the conversation but what I could see that the minister was puzzled and uneasy; though he seconded Phillis's efforts to prevent her mother from recurring to the great piece of news, and uttering continual exclamations of wonder and surprise. But with that one exception we were all disturbed out of our natural equanimity, more or less. Every day, every hour, I was reproaching myself more and more for my blundering officiousness. If only I had held my foolish tongue for that one half-hour; if only I had not been in such impatient haste to do something to relieve pain! I could have knocked my stupid head against the wall in my remorse. Yet all I could do now was to second the brave girl in her efforts to conceal her disappointment and keep her maidenly secret. But I thought that dinner would never, never come to an end. I suffered for her, even more than for myself. Until now everything which I had heard spoken in that happy household were simple words of true meaning. If we had aught to say, we said it; and if any one preferred silence, nay if all did so, there would have been no spasmodic, forced efforts to talk for the sake of talking, or to keep off intrusive thoughts or suspicions.

At length we got up from our places, and prepared to disperse; but two or three of us had lost our zest and interest in the daily labour. The minister stood looking out of the window in silence, and when he roused

himself to go out to the field where his labourers were working, it was with a sigh; and he tried to avert his troubled face as he passed us on his way to the door. When he had left us, I caught sight of Phillis's face, as, thinking herself unobserved, her countenance relaxed for a moment or two into sad, woful weariness. She started into briskness again when her mother spoke, and hurried away to do some little errand at her bidding. When we two were alone, cousin Holman recurred to Holdsworth's marriage. She was one of those people who like to view an event from every side of probability, or even possibility; and she had been cut short from indulging herself in this way during dinner.

"To think of Mr. Holdsworth's being married! I can't get over it, Paul. Not but what he was a very nice young man! I don't like her name, though; it sounds foreign. Say it again, my dear. I hope she'll know how to take care of him, English fashion. He is not strong, and if she does not see that his things are well aired, I should be afraid of the old cough."

"He always said he was stronger than he had ever been before, after that fever."

"He might think so, but I have my doubts. He was a very pleasant young man, but he did not stand nursing very well. He got tired of being coddled, as he called it. I hope they'll soon come back to England, and then he'll have a chance for his health. I wonder, now, if she speaks English; but, to be sure, he can speak foreign tongues like anything, as I've heard the minister say."

And so we went on for some time, till she became drowsy over her knitting, on the sultry summer afternoon; and I stole away for a walk, for I wanted some solitude in which to think over things, and, alas! to blame myself with poignant stabs of remorse.

I lounged lazily as soon as I got to the wood. Here and there the bubbling, brawling brook circled round a great stone, or a root of an old tree, and made a pool; otherwise it coursed brightly over the gravel and stones. I stood by one of these for more than half an hour, or, indeed, longer, throwing bits of wood or pebbles into the water, and wondering what I could do to remedy the present state of things. Of course all my meditation was of no use; and at length the distant sound of the horn employed to tell the men far afield to leave off work, warned me that it was six o'clock, and time for me to go home. Then I caught wafts of the loud-voiced singing of the evening psalm. As I was crossing the ash-field, I saw the minister at some distance talking to a man. I could not hear what they were saying, but I saw an impatient or dissentient (I could not tell which) gesture on the part of the former, who walked quickly away, and was apparently absorbed in his thoughts, for though he passed within twenty yards of me, as both our paths converged towards home, he took no notice of me. He passed the evening in a way which was even worse than dinner-time. The minister was silent, depressed, even irritable. Poor cousin Holman was utterly perplexed by this

unusual frame of mind and temper in her husband; she was not well herself, and was suffering from the extreme and sultry heat, which made her less talkative than usual. Phillis, usually so reverently tender to her parents, so soft, so gentle, seemed now to take no notice of the unusual state of things, but talked to me—to any one, on indifferent subjects, regardless of her father's gravity, of her mother's piteous looks of bewilderment. But once my eyes fell upon her hands, concealed under the table, and I could see the passionate, convulsive manner in which she laced and interlaced her fingers perpetually, wringing them together from time to time, wringing till the compressed flesh became perfectly white. What could I do? I talked with her, as I saw she wished; her gray eyes had dark circles round them, and a strange kind of dark light in them; her cheeks were flushed, but her lips were white and wan. I wondered that others did not read these signs as clearly as I did. But perhaps they did; I think, from what came afterwards, the minister did.

Poor cousin Holman! she worshipped her husband; and the outward signs of his uneasiness were more patent to her simple heart than were her daughter's. After a while she could bear it no longer. She got up, and, softly laying her hand on his broad stooping shoulder, she said,—

“What is the matter, minister? Has anything gone wrong?”

He started as if from a dream. Phillis hung her head, and caught her breath in terror at the answer she feared. But he, looking round with a sweeping glance, turned his broad, wise face up to his anxious wife, and forced a smile, and took her hand in a reassuring manner.

“I am blaming myself, dear. I have been overcome with anger this afternoon. I scarcely knew what I was doing, but I turned away Timothy Cooper. He has killed the Ribstone pippin at the corner of the orchard; gone and piled the quicklime for the mortar for the new stable wall against the trunk of the tree—stupid fellow! killed the tree outright—and it loaded with apples!”

“And Ribstone pippins are so scarce,” said sympathetic cousin Holman.

“Ay! But Timothy is but a half-wit; and he has a wife and children. He had often put me to it sore, with his slothful ways, but I had laid it before the Lord, and striven to bear with him. But I will not stand it any longer, it's past my patience. And he has notice to find another place. Wife, we won't talk more about it.” He took her hand gently off his shoulder, touched it with his lips; but relapsed into a silence as profound, if not quite so morose in appearance, as before. I could not tell why, but this bit of talk between her father and mother seemed to take all the factitious spirits out of Phillis. She did not speak now, but looked out of the open casement at the calm large moon, slowly moving through the twilight sky. Once I thought her eyes were filling with tears; but, if so, she shook them off, and arose with alacrity when her mother, tired and dispirited, proposed to go to bed immediately after prayers. We all said good-night in our separate ways to the minister,

who still sat at the table with the great Bible open before him, not much looking up at any of our salutations, but returning them kindly. But when I, last of all, was on the point of leaving the room, he said, still scarcely looking up—

“Paul, you will oblige me by staying here a few minutes. I would fain have some talk with you.”

I knew what was coming, all in a moment. I carefully shut to the door, put out my candle, and sate down to my fate. He seemed to find some difficulty in beginning, for, if I had not heard that he wanted to speak to me, I should never have guessed it, he seemed so much absorbed in reading a chapter to the end. Suddenly he lifted his head up and said,—

“It is about that friend of yours, Holdsworth! Paul, have you any reason for thinking he has played tricks upon Phillis?”

I saw that his eyes were blazing with such a fire of anger at the bare idea, that I lost all my presence of mind, and only repeated,—

“Played tricks on Phillis!”

“Ay! you know what I mean: made love to her, courted her, made her think that he loved her, and then gone away and left her. Put it as you will, only give me an answer of some kind or another—a true answer, I mean—and don’t repeat my words, Paul.”

He was shaking all over as he said this. I did not delay a moment in answering him,—

“I do not believe that Edward Holdsworth ever played tricks on Phillis, ever made love to her; he never, to my knowledge, made her believe that he loved her.”

I stopped; I wanted to nerve up my courage for a confession, yet I wished to save the secret of Phillis’s love for Holdsworth as much as I could; that secret which she had so striven to keep sacred and safe; and I had need of some reflection before I went on with what I had to say.

He began again before I had quite arranged my manner of speech. It was almost as if to himself,—“She is my only child; my little daughter! She is hardly out of childhood; I have thought to gather her under my wings for years to come; her mother and I would lay down our lives to keep her from harm and grief.” Then, raising his voice, and looking at me, he said, “Something has gone wrong with the child; and it seemed to me to date from the time she heard of that marriage. It is hard to think that you may know more of her secret cares and sorrows than I do,—but perhaps you do, Paul, perhaps you do,—only, if it be not a sin, tell me what I can do to make her happy again; tell me.”

“It will not do much good, I am afraid,” said I, “but I will own how wrong I did; I don’t mean wrong in the way of sin, but in the way of judgment. Holdsworth told me just before he went that he loved Phillis, and hoped to make her his wife, and I told her.”

There! it was out; all my part in it, at least; and I set my lips tight together, and waited for the words to come. I did not see his face; I looked straight at the wall opposite; but I heard him once begin to speak,

and then turn over the leaves in the book before him. How awfully still that room was! The air outside, how still it was! The open windows let in no rustle of leaves, no twitter or movement of birds—no sound whatever. The clock on the stairs—the minister's hard breathing—was it to go on for ever? Impatient beyond bearing at the deep quiet, I spoke again,—

“I did it for the best, as I thought.”

The minister shut the book to hastily, and stood up. Then I saw how angry he was.

“For the best, do you say? It was best, was it, to go and tell a young girl what you never told a word of to her parents, who trusted you like a son of their own?”

He began walking about, up and down the room close under the open windows, churning up his bitter thoughts of me.

“To put such thoughts into the child's head,” continued he; “to spoil her peaceful maidenhood with talk about another man's love; and such love, too,” he spoke scornfully now—“a love that is ready for any young woman. Oh, the misery in my poor little daughter's face to-day at dinner—the misery, Paul! I thought you were one to be trusted—your father's son, too, to go and put such thoughts into the child's mind; you two talking together about that man wishing to marry her.”

I could not help remembering the pinafore, the childish garment which Phillis wore so long, as if her parents were unaware of her progress towards womanhood. Just in the same way the minister spoke and thought of her now, as a child, whose innocent peace I had spoiled by vain and foolish talk. I knew that the truth was different, though I could hardly have told it now; but, indeed, I never thought of trying to tell; it was far from my mind to add one iota to the sorrow which I had caused. The minister went on walking, occasionally stopping to move things on the table, or articles of furniture, in a sharp, impatient, meaningless way; then he began again,—

“So young, so pure from the world! how could you go and talk to such a child, raising hopes, exciting feelings—all to end thus; and best so, even though I saw her poor piteous face look as it did. I can't forgive you, Paul; it was more than wrong—it was wicked—to go and repeat that man's words.”

His back was now to the door, and, in listening to his low angry tones, he did not hear it slowly open, nor did he see Phillis, standing just within the room, until he turned round; then he stood still. She must have been half undressed; but she had covered herself with a dark winter cloak, which fell in long folds to her white, naked, noiseless feet. Her face was strangely pale: her eyes heavy in the black circles round them. She came up to the table very slowly, and leant her hand upon it, saying mournfully,—

“Father, you must not blame Paul. I could not help hearing a great deal of what you were saying. He did tell me, and perhaps it would have been wiser not, dear Paul! But—oh, dear! oh, dear! I am so sick with



shame! He told me out of his kind heart, because he saw—that I was so very unhappy at *his* going away.”

She hung her head, and leant more heavily than before on her supporting hand.

“I don’t understand,” said her father; but he was beginning to understand. Phillis did not answer till he asked her again. I could have struck him now for his cruelty; but then I knew all.

“I loved him, father!” she said at length, raising her eyes to the minister’s face.

“Had he ever spoken of love to you? Paul says not!”

“Never.” She let fall her eyes, and drooped more than ever. I almost thought she would fall.

“I could not have believed it,” said he, in a hard voice, yet sighing the moment he had spoken. A dead silence for a moment. “Paul! I was unjust to you. You deserved blame, but not all that I said.” Then again a silence. I thought I saw Phillis’s white lips moving, but it might be the flickering of the candle-light—a moth had flown in through the open casement, and was fluttering round the flame; I might have saved it, but I did not care to do so, my heart was too full of other things. At any rate, no sound was heard for long endless minutes. Then he said,—“Phillis! did we not make you happy here? Have we not loved you enough?”

She did not seem to understand the drift of this question; she looked up as if bewildered, and her beautiful eyes dilated with a painful, tortured expression. He went on, without noticing the look on her face; he did not see it, I am sure.

“And yet you would have left us, left your home, left your father and your mother, and gone away with this stranger, wandering over the world.”

He suffered, too; there were tones of pain in the voice in which he uttered this reproach. Probably the father and daughter were never so far apart in their lives, so unsympathetic. Yet some new terror came over her, and it was to him she turned for help. A shadow came over her face, and she tottered towards her father; falling down, her arms across his knees, and moaning out,—

“Father, my head! my head!” and then she slipped through his quick-enfolding arms, and lay on the ground at his feet.

I shall never forget his sudden look of agony while I live; never! We raised her up; her colour had strangely darkened; she was insensible. I ran through the back-kitchen to the yard pump, and brought back water. The minister had her on his knees, her head against his breast, almost as though she were a sleeping child. He was trying to rise up with his poor precious burden, but the momentary terror had robbed the strong man of his strength, and he sank back in his chair with sobbing breath.

“She is not dead, Paul! is she?” he whispered, hoarse, as I came near him.

I, too, could not speak, but I pointed to the quivering of the muscles round her mouth. Just then cousin Holman, attracted by some unwonted sound, came down. I remember I was surprised at the time at her presence of mind, she seemed to know so much better what to do than the minister, in the midst of the sick affright which blanched her countenance, and made her tremble all over. I think now that it was the recollection of what had gone before; the miserable thought that possibly his words had brought on this attack, whatever it might be, that so unmanned the minister. We carried her upstairs, and while the women were putting her to bed, still unconscious, still slightly convulsed, I slipped out, and saddled one of the horses, and rode as fast as the heavy-trotting beast could go, to Hornby, to find the doctor there, and bring him back. He was out, might be detained the whole night. I remember saying, "God help us all!" as I sate on my horse, under the window, through which the apprentice's head had appeared to answer my furious tugs at the night-bell. He was a good-natured fellow. He said,—

"He may be home in half an hour, there's no knowing; but I dare say he will. I'll send him out to the Hope Farm directly he comes in. It's that good-looking young woman, Holman's daughter, that's ill, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It would be a pity if she was to go. She's an only child, isn't she? I'll get up, and smoke a pipe in the surgery, ready for the governor's coming home. I might go to sleep if I went to bed again."

"Thank you, you're a good fellow!" and I rode back almost as quickly as I came.

It was a brain fever. The doctor said so, when he came in the early summer morning. I believe we had come to know the nature of the illness in the night-watches that had gone before. As to hope of ultimate recovery, or even evil prophecy of the probable end, the cautious doctor would be entrapped into neither. He gave his directions, and promised to come again; so soon, that this one thing showed his opinion of the gravity of the case.

By God's mercy she recovered, but it was a long, weary time first. According to previously made plans, I was to have gone home at the beginning of August. But all such ideas were put aside now, without a word being spoken. I really think that I was necessary in the house, and especially necessary to the minister at this time; my father was the last man in the world, under such circumstances, to expect me home.

I say, I think I was necessary in the house. Every person (I had almost said every creature, for all the dumb beasts seemed to know and love Phillis) about the place went grieving and sad, as though a cloud was over the sun. They did their work, each striving to steer clear of the temptation to eye-service, in fulfilment of the trust reposed in them by the minister. For the day after Phillis had been taken ill, he had called all the men employed on the farm into the empty barn; and there

he had entreated their prayers for his only child; and then and there he had told them of his present incapacity for thought about any other thing in this world but his little daughter, lying nigh unto death, and he had asked them to go on with their daily labours as best they could, without his direction. So, as I say, these honest men did their work to the best of their ability, but they slouched along with sad and careful faces, coming one by one in the dim mornings to ask news of the sorrow that overshadowed the house; and receiving Betty's intelligence, always rather darkened by passing through her mind, with slow shakes of the head, and a dull wistfulness of sympathy. But, poor fellows, they were hardly fit to be trusted with hasty messages, and here my poor services came in. One time I was to ride hard to Sir William Bentinck's, and petition for ice out of his ice-house, to put on Phillis's head. Another it was to Eltham I must go, by train, horse, anyhow, and bid the doctor there come for a consultation, for fresh symptoms had appeared, which Mr. Brown, of Hornby, considered unfavourable. Many an hour have I sate on the window-seat, half-way up the stairs, close by the old clock, listening in the hot stillness of the house for the sounds in the sick-room. The minister and I met often, but spoke together seldom. He looked so old—so old! He shared the nursing with his wife; the strength that was needed seemed to be given to them both in that day. They required no one else about their child. Every office about her was sacred to them; even Betty only went into the room for the most necessary purposes. Once I saw Phillis through the open door; her pretty golden hair had been cut off long before; her head was covered with wet cloths, and she was moving it backwards and forwards on the pillow, with weary, never-ending motion, her poor eyes shut, trying in the old accustomed way to croon out a hymn tune, but perpetually breaking it up into moans of pain. Her mother sate by her tearless, changing the cloths upon her head with patient solicitude. I did not see the minister at first, but there he was in a dark corner, down upon his knees, his hands clasped together in passionate prayer. Then the door shut, and I saw no more.

One day he was wanted; and I had to summon him. Brother Robinson and another minister, hearing of his "trial," had come to see him. I told him this upon the stair-landing in a whisper. He was strangely troubled.

"They will want me to lay bare my heart. I cannot do it. Paul, stay with me. They mean well; but as for spiritual help at such a time—it is God only, God only, who can give it."

So I went in with him. They were two ministers from the neighbourhood; both older than Ebenezer Holman; but evidently inferior to him in education and worldly position. I thought they looked at me as if I were an intruder, but remembering the minister's words I held my ground, and took up one of poor Phillis's books (of which I could not read a word) to have an ostensible occupation. Presently I was asked to "engage in prayer," and we all knelt down; Brother Robinson "leading,"

and quoting largely as I remember from the Book of Job. He seemed to take for his text, if texts are ever taken for prayers, "Behold thou hast instructed many; but now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest, it toucheth thee and thou art troubled." When we others rose up, the minister continued for some minutes on his knees. Then he too got up, and stood facing us, for a moment, before we all sate down in conclave. After a pause Robinson began—

"We grieve for you, Brother Holman, for your trouble is great. But we would fain have you remember you are as a light set on a hill; and the congregations are looking at you with watchful eyes. We have been talking as we came along on the two duties required of you in this strait; Brother Hodgson and me. And we have resolved to exhort you on these two points. First, God has given you the opportunity of showing forth an example of resignation." Poor Mr. Holman visibly winced at this word. I could fancy how he had tossed aside such brotherly preachings in his happier moments; but now his whole system was unstrung, and "resignation" seemed a term which presupposed that the dreaded misery of losing Phillis was inevitable. But good stupid Mr. Robinson went on. "We hear on all sides that there are scarce any hopes of your child's recovery; and it may be well to bring you to mind of Abraham; and how he was willing to kill his only child when the Lord commanded. Take example by him, Brother Holman. Let us hear you say, 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

There was a pause of expectancy. I verily believe the minister tried to feel it; but he could not. Heart of flesh was too strong. Heart of stone he had not.

"I will say it to my God, when He gives me strength,—when the day comes," he spoke at last.

The other two looked at each other, and shook their heads. I think the reluctance to answer as they wished was not quite unexpected. The minister went on: "There are hopes yet," he said, as if to himself. "God has given me a great heart for hoping, and I will not look forward beyond the hour." Then turning more to them, and speaking louder, he added: "Brethren, God will strengthen me when the time comes, when such resignation as you speak of is needed. Till then I cannot feel it; and what I do not feel I will not express; using words as if they were a charm." He was getting chafed, I could see.

He had rather put them out by these speeches of his; but after a short time and some more shakes of the head, Robinson began again,—

"Secondly, we would have you listen to the voice of the rod, and ask yourself for what sins this trial has been laid upon you; whether you may not have been too much given up to your farm and your cattle; whether this world's learning has not puffed you up to vain conceit and neglect of the things of God; whether you have not made an idol of your daughter?"

"I cannot answer—I will not answer!" exclaimed the minister. "My sins I confess to God. But if they were scarlet (and they are so in His sight," he added, humbly), "I hold with Christ that afflictions are not sent by God in wrath as penalties for sin."

"Is that orthodox, Brother Robinson?" asked the third minister, in a deferential tone of inquiry.

Despite the minister's injunction not to leave him, I thought matters were getting so serious that a little homely interruption would be more to the purpose than my continued presence, and I went round to the kitchen to ask for Betty's help.

"'Od rot 'em!" said she; "they're always a-coming at inconvenient times; and they have such hearty appetites, they'll make nothing of what would have served master and you since our poor lass has been ill. I've but a bit of cold beef in th' house; but I'll do some ham and eggs, and that'll rout 'em from worrying the minister. They're a deal quieter after they've had their victual. Last time as old Robinson came, he was very reprehensible upon master's learning, which he couldn't compass to save his life, so he needn't have been afeard of that temptation, and used words long enough to have knocked a body down; but after me and missus had given him his fill of victual, and he'd had some good ale and a pipe, he spoke just like any other man, and could crack a joke with me."

Their visit was the only break in the long weary days and nights. I do not mean that no other inquiries were made. I believe that all the neighbours hung about the place daily till they could learn from some out-comer how Phillis Holman was. But they knew better than to come up to the house, for the August weather was so hot that every door and window was kept constantly open, and the least sound outside penetrated all through. I am sure the cocks and hens had a sad time of it; for Betty drove them all into an empty barn, and kept them fastened up in the dark for several days, with very little effect as regarded their crowing and clacking. At length came a sleep which was the crisis, and from which she wakened up with a new faint life. Her slumber had lasted many, many hours. We scarcely dared to breathe or move during the time; we had striven to hope so long, that we were sick at heart, and durst not trust in the favourable signs: the even breathing, the moistened skin, the slight return of delicate colour into the pale, wan lips. I recollect stealing out that evening in the dusk, and wandering down the grassy lane, under the shadow of the over-arching elms to the little bridge at the foot of the hill, where the lane to the Hope Farm joined another road to Hornby. On the low parapet of that bridge I found Timothy Cooper, the stupid, half-witted labourer, sitting, idly throwing bits of mortar into the brook below. He just looked up at me as I came near, but gave me no greeting, either by word or gesture. He had generally made some sign of recognition to me, but this time I thought he was sullen at being dismissed. Nevertheless I felt as if it would be a relief

to talk a little to some one, and I sate down by him. While I was thinking how to begin, he yawned wearily.

"You are tired, 'Tim?" said I.

"Ay," said he. "But I reckon I may go home now."

"Have you been sitting here long?"

"Welly all day long. Leastways sin' seven i' th' morning."

"Why, what in the world have you been doing?"

"Nought."

"Why have you been sitting here, then?"

"T' keep carts off." He was up now, stretching himself, and shaking his lubberly limbs.

"Carts! what carts?"

"Carts as might ha' wakened you wench! It's Hornby market-day. I reckon yo're no better nor a half-wit yourself." He cocked his eye at me as if he were gauging my intellect.

"And have you been sitting here all day to keep the lane quiet?"

"Ay. I've nought else to do. Th' minister has turned me adrift. Have yo' heard how th' lass is faring to-night?"

"They hope she'll waken better for this long sleep. Good-night to you, and God bless you, 'Timothy," said I.

He scarcely took any notice of my words, as he lumbered across a stile that led to his cottage. Presently I went home to the farm. Phillis had stirred, had spoken two or three faint words. Her mother was with her, dropping nourishment into her scarce conscious mouth. The rest of the household were summoned to evening prayer for the first time for many days. It was a return to the daily habits of happiness and health. But in these silent days our very lives had been an unspoken prayer. Now we met in the house-place, and looked at each other with strange recognition of the thankfulness on all our faces. We knelt down; we waited for the minister's voice. He did not begin as usual. He could not; he was choking. Presently we heard the strong man's sob. Then old John turned round on his knees, and said—

"Minister, I reckon we have blessed the Lord wi' all our souls, though we've ne'er talked about it; and maybe He'll not need spoken words this night. God bless us all, and keep our Phillis safe from harm! Amen."

Old John's impromptu prayer was all we had that night.

"Our Phillis," as he had called her, grew better day by day from that time. Not quickly; I sometimes grew desponding, and feared that she would never be what she had been before; no more she has, in some ways.

I seized an early opportunity to tell the minister about Timothy Cooper's unsolicited watch on the bridge during the long summer's day.

"God forgive me!" said the minister. "I have been too proud in my own conceit. The first steps I take out of this house shall be to Cooper's cottage."

I need hardly say Timothy was reinstated in his place on the farm ; and I have often since admired the patience with which his master tried to teach him how to do the easy work which was henceforward carefully adjusted to his capacity.

Phillis was carried downstairs, and lay for hour after hour quite silent on the great sofa, drawn up under the windows of the house-place. She seemed always the same, gentle, quiet, and sad. Her energy did not return with her bodily strength. It was sometimes pitiful to see her parents' vain endeavours to rouse her to interest. One day the minister brought her a set of blue ribbons, reminding her with a tender smile of a former conversation in which she had owned to a love of such feminine vanities. She spoke gratefully to him, but when he was gone she laid them on one side, and languidly shut her eyes. Another time I saw her mother bring her the Latin and Italian books that she had been so fond of before her illness,—or, rather, before Holdsworth had gone away. That was worst of all. She turned her face to the wall, and cried as soon as her mother's back was turned. Betty was laying the cloth for the early dinner. Her sharp eyes saw the state of the case.

"Now, Phillis!" said she, coming up to the sofa; "we ha' done a' we can for you, and th' doctors has done a' they can for you, and I think the Lord has done a' He can for you, and more than you deserve, too, if you don't do something for yourself. If I were you, I'd rise up and snuff the moon, sooner than break your father's and your mother's hearts wi' watching and waiting till it pleases you to fight your own way back to cheerfulness. There, I never favoured long preachings, and I've said my say."

A day or two after Phillis asked me, when we were alone, if I thought my father and mother would allow her to go and stay with them for a couple of months. She blushed a little as she faltered out her wish for change of thought and scene.

"Only for a short time, Paul. Then—we will go back to the peace of the old days. I know we shall; I can, and I will!"

END OF COUSIN PHILLIS.

## Extenuating Circumstances.

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“How say you, gentlemen of the jury,—guilty, or not guilty?”

“Guilty, my lord, but recommended to mercy.”

A recommendation to mercy is usually, but not invariably or necessarily, accompanied by some indication of the reason which has caused it to be made. At other times no cause is assigned, since the nature of the evidence has made it sufficiently apparent. In many instances a local feeling may have existed in favour of the prisoner, some caprice or crotchet of the jury has had play, or a certain amount of temporary exaltation of sentiment has been evoked by the eloquence of the learned counsel, and the secret motive which inspired the recommendation to mercy is never to be discovered by the stranger or casual reader.

Reasons, when they are assigned, are of various kinds. As, for instance, the youth of the culprit, which points to a discretion not fully attained. Such cases occur among the young of both sexes, both in the upper and lower classes. And the offences inquired into have been committed through bravado, heedlessness, &c., when wine has banished wit and created courage to offer resistance to lawful authority. A large number of accidents by rail and road, casualties by fire, water, guns, and other weapons, belong to this category, and the mercy to which these offenders are recommended is usually exhibited by a maximum severity of admonition and a minimum severity of sentence. Sometimes it is not the youth so much as the ignorance of the prisoner which is stated, pointing to a knowledge imperfect both from immaturity of intellect and also from having been absolutely shut out, owing to special circumstances, from all opportunities of improvement. These offenders are a very large section. They are either orphans or the children of depraved or negligent parents. They are the City Arabs,—our Ishmaelites of the streets,—in fact, one division of our dangerous classes, our future criminals in embryo. Here mercy is best displayed by the substitution of a reformatory for a prison.

There is likewise a large division comprising other culprits who may justly be recommended to mercy, namely those who labour under moral or intellectual incapacity of the same kind, but differently produced, (*i. e.*) by disease or normally defective constitutional power. The magnitude and offensiveness of any given misdeed is always the same, but the guilt of the criminal is capable of being greatly diminished by certain considerations.

Whatever weight may be attached theoretically to the doctrines of fatalism and necessity, we must practically in all the affairs of this world, and more especially in the administration of the law, assume that man is



a free agent, unless where he is individually proved to be otherwise; and in proportion as this is proved (other things being equal) can his offence be condoned, palliated, or even be made entirely to disappear. The legal fiction, that in order to be irresponsible a man must not know right from wrong, would be discreditable were it ever really carried out, but it is not so. Public opinion and common humanity so far modify the operation of it that we may safely affirm each case is virtually judged on its merits.

A human being may literally not know right from wrong, or indeed that there are such things as right and wrong, because he possesses a brain so deficient in size or power or activity as to be incapable of receiving or retaining the impression of any abstract idea. This is the case with congenital idiots, or others who from fits or any other cause have become idiotic; and in a minor degree with those shallow, excitable, feeble-minded creatures who were in former days, and in certain secluded districts still are, known as half-witted ones, naturals, fools, Bedlam Toms, and the like. The details of our police courts and criminal trials, as also the reports of the Commissioners of Lunacy, annually disclose examples of this kind. The case of Dove (at York), so immediately following that of the poisoner Palmer, will be in the memory of many of our readers. Dove's intellect, though so exceedingly feeble that there were great doubts in the minds of thoughtful men as to the propriety of inflicting the capital punishment, was yet eminently imitative and cunning. His death was expedient rather than just, and it is probable that he was at last hanged, not because he had poisoned a man, but in order that other men should not be poisoned; "casting a severe eye on the example," as Bacon expresses it, rather perhaps than a merciful one on the offender.

The essence of guilt consists in this: that a man well knowing what is right and what is wrong, and free, physically, morally, and intellectually, to take either course, deliberately chooses the wrong in preference to the right. In idiocy a man never knows, never can know, right from wrong, therefore he is intellectually unfree, and so far irresponsible. In mania a man frequently draws just conclusions from false premisses. In a friend he sees a dangerous enemy; his attendant is transformed into a devil; he hears voices urging him to slay his son or his wife, or he has an intimation from heaven that his children must be offered up as a sacrifice. His hostile demeanour and murderous designs would be natural and legitimate, if his impression as to the facts were correct; but the case is otherwise, his judgment is impaired, and he is, therefore, morally and intellectually unfree. In other forms of insanity a man may feel that he is on the verge of committing murder or suicide; he deplores the necessity for it, he sees the iniquity of it, he even calculates the punishment for it, and, in some instances, begs to be restrained; but he is sure to effect his intention, unless he is prevented, because he is the sport of an irresistible impulse, his judgment is unimpaired, his volition is active, but the power of exercising choice in that volition is destroyed by brain disease. His volition acts, indeed, but only in one direction. He is morally unfree.

In the frenzy of fever and delirium responsibility is equally destroyed, judgment and volition are in abeyance, and a wild ungovernable impulse of rage or terror usurps their place. The frenzy produced by intoxication is very properly excluded from all considerations of mercy, since, though while in that state judgment is for the moment destroyed, it is so by the voluntary and deliberate action of the offender. A reason frequently assigned as a justification for mercy, is the previous good character borne by the prisoner; but here it often happens that a sufficient care is not exercised in discriminating between position and character. The man in easy circumstances, with no desire ungratified, and the man who has never had either responsibility to abuse or trust to betray, may have led hitherto blameless lives; but we feel at once the enormous difference between the untried clerk, surrounded by a network of checks and plans for detection, and the cashier of many years' standing, who has had both temptation and opportunity to defraud, had he so willed it; between the newly joined soldier who has yet to win his spurs, and the veteran officer whose gallantry and discretion have been tested and proved in many a bloody field; between the well-to-do man, against whom you can prove nothing bad, and the struggling poor man for whom you can testify much that is good. Here a recommendation for mercy would be a wise measure, since, though the punishment which follows conviction might be nominally the same for both, it would be virtually far otherwise. In the one case we refuse to grant a certificate, in the other we tear up that which has been already written. Here we injure a prospect, there we destroy a possession, viz., the arrears of good character fairly and honestly earned.

There are certain cases where the excellence of the character previously borne by the accused is distinctly felt to be an aggravating rather than an extenuating circumstance, but this occurs only when the crime has been one extending over a number of years, or is in its nature a glaring violation of principles hitherto loudly and ostentatiously professed, so that the impeccability of the moral character bears in it the evil core of hypocrisy. Of this kind was the sin of Judas, who carrying the bag yet robbed the poor, and of the many notorious swindlers who have within the last few years been brought to justice—those who had been greatly renowned for the munificence of their public charities, and for the exact and almost pretentious performance of their religious duties, unquestionably met with the least public favour. Recommendations to mercy are often made not avowedly but in reality from the feeling that the transgression has been the consequence of a natural human impulse, not in itself unlawful or blameable. Sudden violence, provoked by intentional injury or insult, is not unfrequently rewarded by the unrecorded verdict of "served him right, and a shilling damages." The theft which is committed to escape starvation, the mock fight which begins in jest and ends in earnest, the murderous frenzy of a jealous lover, masculine or feminine, afford examples of the sort of impulsive

crime to which we allude. The halo which "love threw round the dear poacher's head" is beginning to fade now that we begin to find him not the ideal working man, who on his road from his hard labour to his virtuous repose throws a stone at a hare and hastens home with it as an offering to his sick wife and starving children, but a lurching rascal who by foul means, such as poison, drugs, or suffocating fumes, murders the game at night when honest men are in their beds, and makes an uncommonly good and not very risky living out of the business. There is, however, a particular crime coming within this class yet standing by itself. It is one in which a conviction is almost invariably accompanied by a recommendation to mercy, and in which the offender commonly meets with a large amount of commiseration from the public. That crime is infanticide; and at first sight the deed seems not only so cruel, but so contrary to the very nature of woman, that the very existence of this commiseration (and it is neither silent nor inactive) has been a theme of reprobation with later writers on the subject. But, like all other sentiments which largely sway the mass of the people, it is nevertheless, as attentive consideration will show, founded on an instinct, vague indeed, but in theory just. It is felt that the dread of shame is a feeling as natural and beautiful in a woman as the love of her offspring, the one does to a certain degree balance the other in popular estimation; to this is to be added the certain truth that in nine cases out of ten the woman cannot be the only culprit. These reasons are fully sufficient to account for the indulgent mood with which the public regard this class of criminals in the present day.

Of the strange and whimsical motives which determine French juries in the discovery of extenuating circumstances (*les circonstances atténuantes*), very curious instances are recorded. From the generally accepted representation of the Gallic character we might have supposed that sentimental considerations would exercise great influence, and that enthusiasm or even fanaticism for religion, liberty, glory, or ambition, though carried out in deplorable excesses, would find mercy tempered with justice; but on examination a different line of argument appears to be in usage, and the more horrid, unnatural and extraordinary the crime, the more attenuated is the guilt. Whether the guiding principle is, that monstrous crimes are better evidence of mental aberration or irresponsibility than small ones, we cannot pretend to say, but assuredly the history of half-a-dozen cases selected at random from the records of the French tribunals would warrant such an idea.

Some years ago, an innkeeper and his wife were tried for having murdered a traveller while lodging in their house, and further, for having made part of the dead body into sausages, with which they duly regaled succeeding customers. These singularly revolting accusations were clearly proved, and the jury returned a verdict of "guilty, but without premeditation, and under extenuating circumstances!" The landlord (thoughtlessly without doubt) stabbed his guest, the wife unthinkingly

cut up the body into sausages, and in a fit of absence of mind served them up to the other visitors. For such an extraordinary verdict no other explanation occurs to us at this moment, than that the admiration of the jury must have been unnaturally excited by the economy and thriftiness so largely manifested by the innkeeper's wife.

In 1848 a man killed his mother, and then reduced the body to ashes in the fireplace. He was found guilty, but with "extenuating circumstances." A bare verdict of guilty was doubtlessly reserved in case any other man should advise himself to burn his mother before she was absolutely murdered.

In 1843 a servant-girl committed several robberies on her master and mistress, who, unwilling to prosecute her, contented themselves with giving her notice to leave. The girl profited by her short stay to poison them both. The jury found her guilty; but considering how much she must have been irritated at the prospect of being discharged, added, that it was under "extenuating circumstances."

About the same period, a young woman, aged eighteen, who had not been married many months, happening to have had some little disagreement with her husband, was guilty of the horrible cruelty of pouring molten lead into his ear as he lay asleep. He did not die, but his sufferings were intense and prolonged. The girl was tried for the offence; her counsel did not venture to affirm that his client had not committed the deed imputed to her, but suggested that it might have been the unhappy result of a mental aberration to which pregnant women are occasionally liable. The jury found this conceit so excellent that it extenuated the circumstances up to the point of depriving them of the semblance of guilt. They returned a verdict, recording the innocence of this interesting criminal.

Another time two women being tired of their respective husbands agreed to poison them both at the same moment. This they effected, but not without discovery. It is not to the police, however, but to the juries, that criminals must in France look for escape. They were tried and found guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. One would imagine from the rareness of an acquittal, and the frequency of *les circonstances atténuantes*, that the juries were in the habit of reducing to a mean the entire guilt and innocence brought before them; the result being an average of extenuating circumstances. A witty writer observed that, under such a state of things, it was a matter of wisdom to kill your wife rather than to let her be bored by you. "If you assassinate *her*," he says, "you are let off with the galleys; but if you bore her, she assassinates *you*."

A poor woman named Rosalie, unable to support her illegitimate child, and not having the courage to take it herself to the hospice for *les enfans trouvés*, agreed with a neighbour that he should convey it thither for a certain monetary consideration, to procure which the poor woman gave her last sou, and sold the remnant of her scanty wardrobe. When the day came the man expended the money in drink, and then coolly threw the

child on the ground, crushed its head with the heel of his wooden *sabot*, and digging a hole buried it out of his sight. It will hardly be believed that any jury could find extenuating circumstances in this ruffianly case; but nevertheless so it was. Guilty, with the invariable addition of *les circonstances atténuantes*. A widow in the department of Vaucluse, in 1845, was proved to have buried alive three illegitimate children in as many years. The same verdict was recorded.

Another woman, married to a bricklayer, and who it is to be presumed had at least some sentiment of hostility towards her husband, took the opportunity, when he was working at the bottom of a well, to kill him by literally stoning him to death with her own hands. The same verdict was returned.

Another case of *les circonstances atténuantes* was that of a girl who stole a watch, not, as it was clearly proved, through the pressure of poverty. A periodical remarking on the verdict observed, that no doubt the jury had reflected that if every person in want were to steal, robberies would become deplorably common, whereas for the caprices of the well-conditioned allowances had to be made.

At Isère a man set fire to the loft where his father (a paralytic man upwards of eighty years of age) slept, and fairly roasted him to death. It was remembered by witnesses that the accused had threatened his father in these words: "I would like to see thee roasted like a toad on a shovel."\* And he had to the best of his ability redeemed his promise. The jury, struck with admiration at the scrupulous fidelity with which the prisoner had kept his word, returned a verdict of guilty, but with extenuating circumstances.

For the eccentricity of the conclusions at which these French jurymen arrived we do not attempt to account. Our own impression being that from the annals of crime it would be impossible to collect circumstances which could more justly be considered as aggravating rather than extenuating in their character. With us a jury is generally contented to recommend to mercy as occasion may seem to justify it; but it appertains to the judge to point out when offences are complicated with what are specially termed aggravating circumstances, and to mark his sense of the same by a greater severity of admonition and punishment.

By aggravating circumstances we do not mean those additional gradations of enormity in facts which altogether change the name of the offence, as for instance the breaking of the fastened door or window of a house, which constitutes the distinction between burglary and felony, or the malice aforethought which makes the difference between murder and manslaughter; but rather the details which give an individuality to the accused, and often plainly indicate a pre-eminent brutality or innate depravity in the mind or temper. Absence of provocation is one of these. Violence towards a weak and inoffensive woman or child, or even towards

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\* "Ah, gredin, je voudrais te voir rôtir comme un crapaud sur une pelle."

a kindly disposed and unsuspecting man, is felt to admit of less excuse than where the reverse has been the case. And where there has been ill-treatment endured, or a well-defined hostility has existed between the parties, though the fact does not extenuate the guilt, it does not at least aggravate it. Affrays with poachers and keepers, faction-fights, &c. come under the latter category.

A lengthened and cold-blooded premeditation, when proved, certainly aggravates guilt, as for instance in the case of slow poisoning by Palmer, where the fact of the insurance effected on the life of the victim demonstrated the calculating character of the criminal. Or again where frauds have extended over a great number of years, so as to make it tolerably certain that the compunctions of conscience, which, it may be slightly and at long intervals, but which still do generally, make themselves felt by even the most atrocious offenders, have been systematically defied or banished.

Where the victim has received no warning the offence is aggravated, for "base and crafty cowards are like the arrow which flieth in the darkness." "Your money or your life" gives some sort of alternative; but the concealed assassin, who lurks behind the wall or stands in the shadow of the doorway and shoots down or stuns another man, loses all claim to mercy. The Thug system only differed from the garotte in respect of motive, the one being for lust of life, the other for lust of gold, and the most terrifying feature in both was and is the utter absence of warning afforded in either case. Careless and unsuspecting, the unfortunate victim marches straight to his doom, to meet a solitary and unregarded death. And this it is which impresses on this kind of murder a special character of ferocity, of which vice it has been well said that it is of all passions the least human; "it is pure essence of tiger and demon, and it casts on the human face the paleness alike of the horse of Death and the ashes of Hell."

Baseness of motive is another element of action which tends to aggravate guilt. To purloin food to satisfy hunger, is better than to steal money from desire of gain; the man who acts fraudulently to support his father, or to benefit his family, is less base than the one who commits a heartless robbery in order to minister to his own guilty pleasures.\* Angry libellous words, uttered openly and in anger, are more easily pardoned than the malicious calumny set in circulation by a secret enemy. The desire of glory, the making haste to be rich, ambition, revenge, jealousy, and a host of other motives, have all in their turn been made to serve as colourable pretexts for very inexcusable actions; and having in them something natural and human, have often been admitted as extenuating the circumstances of the guilt of which they have nevertheless been the cause. But cruelty, ferocity, treachery, and hypocrisy, are passions which admit of no palliation, and challenge no sympathy.

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\* By alterations recently introduced into the French criminal law robberies will henceforth be punished according to the sum stolen, and not according to the circumstances connected with the theft.

Where they are apparent as motives for misdeeds, they are by common consent considered as aggravating the guilt of them, and as calling for a greater severity of punishment. Perhaps the fulness of infamy as respects motive for crime, has never been paralleled until in this our own nineteenth century, when it is proved that English parents not unfrequently destroy their own children by starvation or poison, in order to obtain the fees from the numerous burial clubs in which these poor infants had been respectively entered.\*

It has been said that as no human being can accurately gauge the amount of the temptation which induces a man to commit crime, the better way to measure punishment is to proportion it to the extent of the consequences of the deed. Practically the law aims at this when it takes cognizance of a more terrible result, not as aggravating the circumstances but as deepening the nature of the offence. We hang a man for murdering another, whether it be a thief who murders his accomplice, or a man who slays the only son of the widow; but we do not punish the attempt at crime as we do the accomplishment of it. If a man, well knowing what he is about, places an impediment on a line of railway, his diabolical plan may miscarry, or it may succeed, and a score of human beings are maimed or killed; the issue of the event will make all the difference to him of finishing his career by the hangman's hands, or of his becoming what is called in "the slang of the present day, one of the pet lambs of the Home Office.

There are relations existing between certain people which render any offence committed by the one against the other greater and more repulsive than it would have been under other circumstances; as, for instance, when there are any ties of gratitude or obligation. One who injures or outrages his benefactor does, by his own act or deed, stand in a very odious position. The errand-boy taken off the streets and advanced to an office of trust, robs the man to whose compassion he owes all; a houseless wanderer, warmed and sheltered by a woman not much richer than herself, save in the matter of goodness, decamps in the night with all on which she can lay her hands; a wife rewards the trust of an indulgent husband by rendering his home a desolation. About all these crimes there is an intolerable flavour of treachery and ingratitude; it is repaying evil for good; and even in the minds of the most obtuse this should make all the difference in the punishment between the few stripes and the many. That ill return which most mismanaged or over-indulged children do in due time render to their parents, has about it more of apparent than real ingratitude, since it is but the certain harvest of the seed sown, and though it never ought to be, it nevertheless often is, an unexpected one. The comparative ease and impunity with which

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\* *Vide* "Supplement to Sanitary Report, 1843." Two cases are recorded, in which the verdicts returned were respectively "starvation," and "wilful murder by poison." Something like £30 was paid for each child from the clubs. In the last case the father was transported for life for the murder.—*Vide* "Meliora," Jan. 1, 1863, p. 328.

some offences can be committed is the cause of their being hedged round with punishments especially severe. Of this kind are smuggling, coining, forgery, &c. The system of garotte robbery has come to be regarded from the same point of view, so that on that subject the public mind has undoubtedly been excited by an epidemic of terror which is only now beginning to die out. Judging from the tenor of the numerous letters which, under different signatures, appeared in the newspapers, a method of retributive torture would have been highly acceptable to some of the writers. The demands were of a singular extravagance, and would have been revolting had they been less impracticable and ludicrous. That the offenders should be flogged at the cart's tail at weekly intervals, that they should stand so many times in the pillory, that they should be made to ride the rail and be exposed to all the insults of a frightened and angry mob, that they should be tarred and feathered, that their right hands should be struck off, that their ears should be cropped and their foreheads branded; and, lastly, that exactly the same injuries in kind and degree should be inflicted on them which they themselves had inflicted on others; for such things the writers earnestly prayed. It is not difficult to demonstrate that these were essentially the expedients of the selfish. "I shall not beat my wife or murder my children, and I will take care that no one else does, but I might be garotted, I should lose my money, and perhaps my life, and I will do my utmost to make the punishment for maltreating *my* person something very awful."

They were also the suggestions of the terror-stricken. To decide swiftly is, no less than to deliberate slowly, the undoubted duty of those who are appointed to devise means whereby the ends of justice may be attained; but all legislators ought strenuously to resist the pressure of an intemperate clamour of this sort, and every thoughtful and courageous mind should steadfastly support them in that resistance. Laws authorizing such penalties would bear about them the spirit of retaliation and vengeance, rather than the inexorable calm of a dispassionate justice; they would inevitably become hateful after a time, and would for very shame's sake be repealed as soon as the panic should have died away.

There are times when the *vox populi* is not the *vox Dei*, and those whose hearts are in their mouths for fear are incapable of making a suggestion worthy of serious attention. For fear is an ugly and ignoble thing, and it has been well said that there could be no picture, statue, or representation made of it which any one could wish to resemble.

And as it is ugly and ignoble, so also it is merciless; thus it has come to be a proverb, that of all cruelty there is none like that which is begotten by fear—*Omnis enim ex infirmitate feritas est.*



## Training in relation to Health.



THE weak—and most of us are weak—desire to get strong; the strong desire to get stronger. Few of us, after thirty, can boast of robust health; and even the happy few would be glad to feel certain of preserving that enviable condition. The many, admiring the vigour of the few, and remembering the splendour of their own early years, when the words “digestible” and “indigestible” had for them no distinct meaning, and when the body had energy sufficient for any calls upon it, would lend an attentive ear to the teacher who could point out plain and practicable means of securing once more something of that happy condition. Whoso speaks on Health is sure of a large audience; if he speak wisely, of a grateful audience. Unhappily, the advice usually given is for the most part either unconvincing, from its want of rational basis, or impracticable, from its want of adaptation to the existing social arrangements.

“Rise early,” says one, in the traditional belief that early rising is itself a tonic. “Leave off alcohol,” says another, as if the withdrawal of your modest pint of beer or glass of wine would suffice to restore tone to your muscles and vigour to your digestion. “Don’t work so hard,” says a third, giving advice that would be sensible were it only practicable; but as your want is to keep well *while* working hard, the work being a moral or material necessity, the advice is absurd. “Go to the sea-side,” says a fourth; “travel,” says a fifth. Very good; only you can’t *live* at the sea-side, and if you could, it would not secure health.

Our civilized life is very complex in its arrangements, and is dear to us on many grounds, noble and ignoble. We cannot extricate ourselves from its arrangements if we would enjoy its advantages; and its arrangements are in many respects contrary to hygienic laws. Is it not something of a mockery to tell a man with a large family, and a small income derived from a trade or profession, or a man embarked in large affairs, commercial or political, that he must not work more than a given number of hours? His position depends upon his violating your prescription. Feeling the cogency of this fact, you perhaps say, “Then let him take more exercise.” Enlightened by Physiology, you would learn that such advice may be very injurious. Exercise, though freely prescribed; requires great discrimination in its prescription. No one thinks of recommending more beef than digestion can control, however admirable beef may be as food; but most people recommend exercise as if it were in itself so excellent a thing that you could not go wrong in its indulgence. The simple reflection that exercise is a call upon the energies, and uses up a proportionate amount of available nervous and muscular force, will suggest that to task energies

already overtasked is very injurious. After a walk of twenty or thirty miles, or any other fatiguing exercise, no one thinks of sitting down to his books and papers, and severely working his brain for some hours; but there are many who would urge a walk of twenty miles after severe brain-work, in the belief that exercise would be "so strengthening." We shall presently state in what the advantages of exercise consist; here we have only to call attention to the necessity of its being understood in its physiological relations before it can be safely prescribed.

There is an art by which unusual strength and activity are developed—the art of Training. When a man has to row in a match, to run a race, or fight for the championship, he goes into training, and comes out in a condition which is the envy of all on-lookers; his muscles are firm and massive; his step light and elastic; his wind strong; and his insensibility to blows and falls is such that he scarcely heeds the shock which would produce concussion of the brain in a dyspeptic student. The art by which these results are produced is tolerably understood by its professors, as far as its rules and traditions are concerned, and it would long ago have gained an important place in education but for one unfortunate circumstance, namely, its utter want of a scientific basis. The rules and traditions cannot be applied beyond the training school, because these rules are purely empirical, and are based on no intelligible principles which would admit of the practice being modified, and the rules applied to different conditions. The trainer is confident that by his treatment he can produce certain results: but not knowing what are the organic processes; not knowing what condition, among several, favours any special result, nor *how* it does so, he can only blindly follow tradition. For example, one forbids pepper and allows mustard. He cannot tell why any condiment should be forbidden, nor why, if one is forbidden, another is permitted. This is an extreme case, but it is illustrative. It was not the physiological action of condiments which originated the rule, but the mere fancy of some ignorant adviser which has become a tradition.

To the trainer it is comparatively of little consequence that the physiological principles are imperfectly understood. Experience has assured him that by pursuing a certain course, great strength and activity may be developed; and this is enough for his special purpose. But when men admire the success of such a course, and ask whether the trainer's practices cannot be made available for the general public, the absence of guiding principles becomes important. It seems, at first sight, as if the methods which succeed in training, would as surely succeed, in a minor degree, if practised by us in our way. Yet, on close inspection, this hope vanishes. We find that the enormous differences in the conditions surrounding a man in training and a man in his ordinary avocations, render a constant modification of the precepts necessary. The object to be attained, and the means of attaining it, are different. We are not of the eleven; we are to run no race; we are not ambitious of the belt. Our arena is the study or the counting-house; our battles are with ignorance and overstocked

markets. Muscle is not the idol we set up. Nevertheless, perceiving that we are getting fat, or wasted, and that our digestion is laborious, and that any sudden call upon our bodily energies reveals our feebleness, we cast wistful glances at the muscles of the trained man, and ask whether something of that energy may not be gained by imitating the practices which developed it.

The first difficulty which meets us is, that the man under training separates himself from all the social conditions which interfere with it. He has to give himself up to this one object. This we cannot do. We know perfectly well that late hours, the vitiated atmosphere of crowded rooms, the wear and tear of political life, the concentration of study, the excitement of social struggles, are not conducive to health; but if we cannot, or will not, forego these things, how are the trainer's rules to benefit us? We know that any man, not suffering from organic disease, may get health by devoting himself resolutely to it, and living for that sole object. But this is precisely what the most of us cannot do; what many would not do, if they could—preferring an *imperfect* animal existence, to a *merely* animal existence. Take away ambition, and few need be unhealthy. But health is not the chief object of a noble life. And yet, although not the chief object, it is still an important object. Can we not secure it without foregoing aims that are dearer?

The recent fight for the championship, by exhibiting the magnificent success of the trainer's art, has been thought by many to afford a valuable hygienic lesson. We think so too; but our conclusion would be decidedly *against* the trainer's art. It has been said that the trainer's art, although quite special in its aim, might serviceably be studied as an ideal for all physical education. Without following its precepts closely, without giving up our lives to the training, we may, it is said, apply the precepts, using them as an ideal standard which our own practice never pretends to reach.

Such is the argument. Against it we maintain, that so far from being an ideal standard, the art of training, except for its special object, is, when unenlightened by Physiology, a most dangerous and delusive guide; injurious in its effects on the individual when seemingly most successful. It sacrifices a man to muscle, not less than the prize pig is sacrificed to fat. Muscle and fat being in each case the special object, the success of the art is measured by the amount of the sacrifice. But it is not thus that men and pigs are made healthy.

It is of paramount importance that we should bear in mind what are the *whole* results of training. That in one special direction great vigour is achieved, is true; and we, admiring this result, are too apt to generalize from it, and infer that in *all* directions the success has been equal. But it is not so. The muscular system has been forced into undue development, and this development has been at the expense of the general vitality. All forcing is injurious, except for the special object which is sought. The fighter has his muscular system in splendid condition; but his other

systems are robbed to enrich that one; just as the nervous system of the student is in a state of intense activity at the expense of his muscles or glands. Nay—and the fact is worth emphasis—the powerful athlete is less able than the feeble student to stand the wear and tear of life. It was noted in Rome that the athletes were short-lived, liable, as Sinclair admits, “to rupture of blood-vessels, to apoplexy, and lethargic complaints,”\* and it has since been observed that not only do prize-fighters rapidly become aged, and very rarely live long, but even the famous oarsmen of the universities show a surprising mortality. It has been urged that the athletes and fighters are carried off by dissipation. Without claiming for such men any peculiar moderation, we must still claim for them that they are not more dissolute than their companions, who ought to succumb more easily to excesses, if the popular notions about strength were accurate. But the truth is, that the strength of the prize-fighter is to a great extent an abnormal condition, produced at the expense of the general system. The amount of vital energy which should be distributed among several organs, has been so unequally apportioned that some are starved while others are overfed. It was known of old that for certain functions the athletes were almost totally incapacitated. That they have always been unfit for intellectual and moral activities is equally notorious. A man may have inherited a powerful brain with a powerful muscular system; the union is rare, but there is no physiological reason against it; there is, however, no possibility of even this man’s preserving his intellectual vigour during a course of over-stimulation of his muscles; all excess in one direction being compensated by a deficiency in the other. For perfect health both should be kept active, neither stimulated to excess. In the case of training, where, as we said, the object is to work up the muscular system to its highest pitch, the man may be magnificent to look upon, and formidable to contend against, but he has been unfitted for the work of life, and is doomed to wither early. The training system is a forcing system: were it continued long it would kill; even for a brief space it is injurious. It is an exceptional process for an exceptional result, not the normal process for a healthy organism. The forcing system applied to the muscles may be compared with the cramming system applied to the mind. When a man is reading for honours, or cramming for an examination, he gets up an immense amount of information in a very brief space of time; but he too often purchases his triumph with a life of wasted mediocrity or apathy. The mind has been sacrificed to the memory; the over-stimulated brain has lost its vigour.

We had written thus far when a friend sent us some remarks, copied from the *Lancet*, on the condition of Heenan, and the results of training upon his powerful frame. These so entirely bear out our views, that we may quote the following sentences:—

“The immense development of the muscles about the shoulders and

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\* SINCLAIR: *Code of Health and Longevity*: Appendix, p. 33.

chest was very remarkable. They stood out prominently, and as little encumbered with fat as if they had been cleaned by the scalpel. In firmness they resembled cartilage. But with all this splendid development it was evident that Heenan had received a shock from which his system was only slowly recovering; though whether this loss of power was due to the punishment received in the fight, or to the hard training which he had previously undergone, may be a disputed point. As physiologists, it seems to us highly probable that his training had been too prolonged and too severe. When Heenan went into training on Wednesday, the 23rd of September—just eleven weeks before the match—his weight was 15st. 7lb. As he stepped into the ring on the 10th inst. he was exactly 14st. At the same time King weighed 13st., though he was three-quarters of an inch taller than Heenan, whose height is 6 ft. 1½ in. Those who know what severe training means will, perhaps, agree with us that Heenan was probably in better condition five weeks before meeting his antagonist than on the morning of his defeat, although when he stripped for fighting the lookers-on all agreed that he seemed to promise himself an easy victory, while exulting in his fine proportions and splendid muscular development. It is now clearly proved that Heenan went into the contest with *much more muscular than vital power*. Long before he had met with any severe punishment—indeed, as he states, at the close of the third round—he felt faint, breathed with much difficulty, and, as he described it, his respiration was ‘roaring.’ He declares that he received more severe treatment at the hands of Sayers than he did from King; yet at the termination of the former fight, which lasted upwards of two hours, he was so fresh as to leap over two or three hurdles, and distance many of his friends in the race. It was noticed on the present occasion that his *physique* had deteriorated, and that he looked much older than at his last appearance in the ring. Without offering any opinion as to the merits of the combatants, it is certain that Heenan was in a state of very deteriorated health when he faced his opponent, and it is fair to conclude that deterioration was due in a great measure to the severity of the training which he had undergone. As with the mind, so with the body, undue and prolonged exertion must end in depression of power. In the process of the physical education of the young, in the training of our recruits, or in the sports of the athlete, the case of Heenan suggests a striking commentary of great interest in a physiological point of view. While exercise, properly so called, tends to development and health, excessive exertion produces debility and decay.”

The physiological explanation of this, as of all other cases of over-stimulus, is simple. Every organism has a given amount of vital energy; in other words, a limit is placed to its power of assimilating food, and converting that food into force. All the various functions which constitute vital activity make their several demands upon this food; and if the demands of any one function exceed the normal amount, the surplus must be taken from some other function; if this excess be great, or continuous,

it induces a serious disturbance in the process of nutrition either of the over-stimulated organ, or of some organ liable to derangement. There happens fortunately to be considerable self-adjusting power in the organism, which admits of occasional excess with comparative impunity. But all over-stimulation which is continuous must sooner or later be fatal; and a man may "train" himself into fever and exhaustion, as he may stimulate his brain into madness or apathy.

Thus the mere fact that training is a system of forcing, and develops muscular energy in excess, assures us that it cannot safely be imitated by us for ordinary purposes. Nor can it furnish us with principles which we may ourselves apply; simply because it has no principles, only traditions. How blindly it proceeds may be illustrated by a few examples. Emetics and aperients commence the course "with a view of clearing the stomach and getting rid of all superfluities either of blood or anything else, and also to promote good digestion afterwards." It would be difficult to crowd more absurdities in so short a sentence. One would like to know what are the superfluities, and why the blood is reckoned among them, and how emetics get rid of the blood; still more instructive would be an explanation of how emetics promote good digestion. In the old days of "heroic medicine," when bloodletting was a sort of panacea, it was of course regarded as a fitting preparation for strengthening a man; but we presume that is now no longer practised.

Then as to diet; many of the regulations are excellent, chiefly because they prescribe wholesome food and moderation. But many are absurd, and all are without the illumination of intelligible principles. Let us glance at one or two. "There is no circumstance," says Sinclair, "that seems to be more essential than to permit only a small quantity of liquid food;" and Jackson also says, "The less one drinks the better." It is rare that reasons are assigned, and when they are assigned they are usually on a par with this: "liquids are apt to swell the body and encourage soft unhealthy flesh." On the strength of this physiological ignorance, certain strict limitations are prescribed, in defiance of common sense, which assures us that different individuals need different quantities of liquid as of solid food, and that the same individual needs different quantities at different periods. Once placed beyond the reach of the seductions of the palate, the simple rule of "drink when you want and as much as you want," will of itself suggest the needful limitations. Physiology tells us plainly enough not only why liquids are necessary, but how all superfluous quantities are rapidly got rid of. The superstitions about "swelling" and "soft flesh" are unworthy of notice.

An interdict is also placed against hot drinks, which, if directed against tea and coffee so hot as to scald the mucous membrane, is rational enough, but is simply absurd when directed against hot in favour of cold drinks; the aroma of tea and coffee, consequently the pleasant stimulating effect, is considerably diminished when they are allowed to get cold.

Great diversity prevails as to the kinds of drink permitted. Some

interdict tea, others only green tea; some will not hear of coffee; others allow mild beer, but protest against the bitter. Whoever very closely examines the evidence will probably admit that the excessive variations in the conclusions prove that no unexceptionable evidence has yet been offered. By this we mean that the evil effects severally attributed to the various liquids were no direct consequences of the action of such liquids, but were due to some other condition. The man who laid the blame of his intoxication on "that knuckle of ham," was not perhaps so far wrong as his laughing audience imagined; for although the ham might have given him an indigestion, but would not have made his gait unsteady and his demeanour maudlin had there been no "stiff tumbler" to wash the ham down, neither perhaps would that tumbler have been taken had there been no ham to wash down. Be this as it may, we often lay the blame of a restless night on the tea or coffee which would have been quite inoffensive taken after a simpler dinner, or at another hour. When a man uniformly finds a cup of tea produce discomfort, no matter what his dinner may have been, nor at what hour he drinks it, he is justified in the inference that tea disagrees with him; if he finds that the same effect follows whether he take milk or sugar with his tea, then he has a strong case against the tea itself, and his experience is evidence as far as it goes. But we should require a great deal of evidence as precise as this before impugning the wide and massive induction in favour of tea which is drawn from the practice of millions. Had tea in itself been injurious, had it been other than positively beneficial, the discovery would long ago have been made on a grand scale.

The same may be said of coffee. Both tea and coffee may be harmful when taken at improper times; and a little vigilance will enable each person to decide for himself when he can and when he cannot take them with benefit. But for the man in tolerable health, and especially a man in such health as to bear training, there is no necessity to trouble himself about such points. He should not take very strong tea and coffee except in very small quantities, especially at night, simply because they are stimulants and he does not *need* stimulants; but if he need them, they are as beneficial as any that can be taken.

Because stimulants are not needed, wine and every form of alcohol are forbidden by the trainer; and justly. Training is in many ways a process of stimulation, and alcohol would be oil added to flame. But although wine is justly forbidden by the trainer, are we to follow that prescription under the very different conditions of ordinary life? Without here opening the wide question of Teetotalism we may briefly state our opinion that the great objection against wine is its pleasantness, which is apt to lure us into drinking more than is needful. Wine is quite unnecessary for robust men living under healthy conditions; but to them it is also, when moderately taken, quite harmless, and very agreeable. For many delicate men, living under certain unhealthy conditions, it is often indispensable. The physician must decide.

Then as to solids. "The diet of persons when trained," says Sinclair, "is exceedingly simple, consisting of animal food and stale bread. Turnips, carrots, or other vegetables of that sort, are never given, being difficult to digest; nor potatoes, *as they are watery.*" Here, again, what flagrant disregard of physiology! The mere fact that millions of human beings are strong and healthy upon a purely vegetable diet should of itself suggest, that although animal food, as more concentrated, and yielding more force with less expenditure in its digestion, is superior to vegetable food, yet there is excellent nutriment to be extracted from vegetables. The anatomical indications of man being omnivorous, should also point in the same direction; and the need of vegetable acids, no less than the advantages of variety, at once disclose the error of banishing vegetable food. The chief mistake lies in the cooking. In England, especially, the crassest ignorance prevails on this subject. Although it is known that the water in which green vegetables are cooked is poisonous, there is not one house in fifty where the vegetables are not cooked in small vessels containing very little water, which is never *changed*, and where the greens are sent to table with the water properly squeezed from them. Let any person unable to eat broccoli, or greens cooked in a quart of water, try the effect of having them cooked in a gallon of water, or of having the quart changed three or four times during the process, and he will soon discover the difference. It is true that cooks are obstinate, and cannot easily be persuaded to make such a change in their habits. But let the point be insisted on, or else give up green vegetables. If potatoes are "watery," it is because they are ill-cooked. No Irishwoman sends up watery potatoes.

Veal and pork are rigidly excluded by the trainer. Foreigners will hear it with amazement, and will ask how it was that the ancients gave the athletes nothing but pork? But in England the exclusion of veal is just simply because of the senseless practice of removing all the blood from the body, and then cooking the meat into an imitation of leather. Did it never present itself to the British mind as a paradox that the ox and the cow should furnish succulent meat, whereas the calf, whose flesh is so much tenderer, furnishes only tasteless, indigestible meat? Would the old hen be thought nutritious, and the chicken injurious? Would the sheep be tender, and the lamb tough? And why is the calf to be blooded, and the ox not? Yet, so long as the English practice continues, no one should indulge in veal, unless his digestion be vigorous. Fried dishes, rich gravies, and pastry, should also be avoided, because of their tendency to develop fatty acids in the stomach.

The physiology of digestion is still too imperfectly understood to enable us to lay down very precise laws as to what to eat, drink, and avoid. But with a little vigilance, each person can ascertain for himself what foods do and do not agree with him. The peculiarities in this respect are remarkable. Some cannot endure fat, others cannot get on without it. Some cannot touch mutton; others are made ill by eggs. Let each find out his own



idiosyncrasy ; but let all be on their guard against the delusive tendency to accept a metaphor for an argument ; as in the case of the rule cited by Sinclair, "The legs of fowls, *being very sinewy*, are much approved of." In the physiology of trainers, it doubtless seemed irresistible logic to conclude that sinewy food would make the eaters' limbs sinewy ; as, to many, it seems rational to conclude that strength should be given by "strong drinks."

It is clear, from what has just been said, that if we cannot adopt the trainer's system, as a system, because it is one which is impracticable to men engaged in ordinary life, and because, if practicable, its results are far from desirable ; not less is it clear that we can gain from it nothing in the way of principles to apply to our different conditions. The only thing the trainer teaches us is to take abundant exercise in the open air, and to be simple and moderate in our diet, with regularity in hours. If neither time nor strength permits our taking this abundant exercise, and if our avocations prevent regularity, what remains but moderation in diet ?

In attempting a few suggestions applicable to the habits of ordinary men, let us glance at the training of the university crews, which, although not so severe as that of the prize-fighter, and although labouring under the double disadvantage of being directed solely to the development of the muscular system, and of not having clear physiological principles for a basis, is yet in many respects worthy of attention, at least for those who desire to strengthen the muscular system. We borrow it from a pamphlet on the *Principles of Rowing and Steering*, published at Oxford.

The man rises at six. This can only be done by going early to bed—a difficulty not to be overcome by many of us. He either washes all over in cold water, or, as is more urgently recommended, bathes in the river, taking two plunges. Here, at the outset, we see illustrated the necessity of physiological principles ; for the cold water or bath, which forms so excellent a part of the young oarsman's training, may be very injurious to us who blindly adopt it. Only the vigorous should attempt to bathe before breakfast, because only the vigorous can withstand such an abstraction of animal heat at this time of the day, when the system demands the reinvigoration of food. Nor can every one with impunity even venture on cold spunging in the morning. There is often positive injury from a careless adoption of the practice ; and it is a point which each person can settle for himself, since, if he come out of the bath exhilarated, the bath has been beneficial ; if he come out shivering and depressed it has been injurious. In the latter case we should advise that a flesh-brush or rough towel be vigorously used *before* entering the bath, as well as afterwards ; the stimulus thus given to the circulation of the skin often makes the shock of cold water both agreeable and beneficial. But if this fail to prevent depression or shivering, the bath should be relinquished altogether, until such time as the frame is in a more vigorous condition, and able to react upon the cold. Nor need the skin be neglected because the bath is given up. The benefits of the bath are not

confined to cleanliness—an occasional warm bath is far more effectual in that respect—but arise from the stimulus to the nervous system given by the shock of cold water, and the stimulus to the circulation at the surface given by the rubbing; the latter is by far the most important, and can be obtained by dry rubbing. Every man, no matter how busy, can attend to his skin in the morning, and a few minutes of flesh-brush and hand-rubbing will set him “in a glow,” which will be of decided benefit. If he can stand the shock of the cold water, also, it is better; if not, let him be content with stimulating the circulation in his skin.

The oarsman, after his bath, “is well rubbed with a horsehair glove or Baden Baden towel. He then starts to walk, at the commencement of training gently, but with time he gradually increases both speed and distance. When his legs are well knit he begins at a trot till he can run with ease and steadiness; as his wind improves he runs farther and more smartly, till he attains a daily stretch of four or five miles. But he is not pushed to achieve either a distance or a space unsuited to his natural capacity for footwork, which varies so greatly in individuals, nor is he forced unwillingly to incur distress of limbs or lungs.” Here, again, the ordinary avocations of life, and the muscular inactivity which they entail, suggest considerable modification. The man who has nothing whatever to do but develop his muscles, and who is in a sufficiently vigorous condition to take active exercise before breakfast, is not a model for one who has many other things to do, and who is unfit for work until he has breakfasted. The oarsman breakfasts at eight; at ten goes out to row; dines at one; rests for an hour, and then walks briskly or gently. “At this time, but in any case once in every day, he uses dumb-bells, for expanding the chest and strengthening muscular tension. He has tea about five, and rows again in the evening, but neither so hard nor so long as in the forenoon. He is always in bed by ten.” That such a programme could not be adopted by men of ordinary avocations is evident. The question is, how much of it may be safely practicable? Exercise and moderation are its two conditions, muscular development its object. Let us ask why exercise is good? and we may then, perhaps, get hold of some available principle.

The effects of exercise are twofold: on the one hand a stimulus is given to the action of the heart and lungs, which enables the blood to be more thoroughly oxygenated and more rapidly circulated; on the other hand, there is an expenditure of force, accompanying the increased activity of the organic changes. Exercise strengthens the parts exercised, because it increases the nutrition of those parts. When any organ is inactive, the circulation in it becomes less and less, the smaller ramifications of its network of blood-vessels are empty or but half filled, the streams gradually run in fewer channels, and the organ, ceasing to be thoroughly nourished, wastes away. When the organ is active all its vessels are filled; all the vital changes, on which depend its growth and power, proceed rapidly. The force expended is renewed, unless the

expenditure has been excessive, in which case there is a disturbance of the mechanism, and depression or disease results. But unless there has been excess, we see that the great advantage of exercise consists in keeping up a due equalization of the circulation, an equable distribution of nutrition to the various organs. Perfect health means the equable activity of all the functions; not the vigour of the muscular system alone, nor of the nervous system alone, not the activity of this gland or that, but the equable vigour of all. Remember that when life makes great demands upon the muscular energy, the demands upon the brain must be less; and when the demands upon the brain are energetic there is less force disposable for muscles and glands. The advantage of exercise to a student, politician, or any other brain-worker, is that it *lessens* the over-stimulus of his brain, distributes the blood more equably, calling to his muscles some of those streams which would impetuously be rushing through his brain. And understanding what this advantage is, he should be careful to avail himself of it; but he should be careful at the same time to remember that within certain limits all the force withdrawn by his muscles is withdrawn from the brain, or some other organ. He must not burn the candle at both ends.

It is certain that sedentary men, and men of hard-worked intellects, are greatly in need of some means of distributing the circulation through their muscles. Exercise is the means. When the avocations are such as to render continuous exercise in the open air difficult or impossible, we should seek to compensate for this by variety of gentle activities distributed throughout the day. No error is more common than that of supposing open-air exercise to be indispensable to health; we may have no time for walking, rowing, riding, cricketing, or any of the ordinary modes of out-door activity, yet—as the excellent health and strength of domestic servants, who scarcely ever stir out, will show—the mere activity of the body, in various occupations, suffices for the equalization of the circulation. Let the sedentary stand as well as sit, changing the posture frequently, and using back and arms as variously as possible. A variety of gentle activities is more beneficial to the student, than bursts of violent exercise. Above all things, remember that in exercise, as in diet, the grand rule is Moderation. What is moderation? For each organism the limit is different. That which to one is moderation, is excess to another. Yet Nature plainly enough tells each man the limit he should not overstep. That limit is *fatigue*. Avoid fatigue; as you would cease eating when appetite abates, cease muscular activity when the impulse to continue it abates.

The physiological explanation of Exercise enables us to see what are its benefits, and suggests how its dangers may be avoided. It enables us also to understand the paradox of Mr. Chadwick's revelations that boys really learn better when their lesson-hours are reduced one-half, and when playtime is prodigally granted them, than when they are kept continuously at work; a fact which brain-workers should never overlook,

since it will suggest to them the positive advantage to their dearest aims of largely intermingling relaxation and amusement with their work. Variety of employment is relaxation. Amusement is really of incalculable benefit.

With regard to diet, there is at present little beyond a few empirical observations on which we can rely. Food is little understood. Part of the obscurity results from the very marked diversities in human organisms with regard to what is and what is not wholesome. But by reasonable vigilance each man can determine for himself what food does, and what does not agree with him. In general, the healthy man may eat almost anything in moderation; but it is wiser for all to avoid meat twice cooked, rich gravies, and fried dishes. Unless there be dyspepsia or a tendency to corpulency (of which we shall speak anon) taste and habit may decide. It is important that the food should be various and palatable. Nature tells us very plainly that Pleasure is a means no less than an end. The exercise which has in it the element of amusement is ten times as beneficial as a listless walk; and the meal which is eaten with a relish is far more nutritious than a meal eaten only as a periodical necessity. Solitary walks along familiar or uninteresting roads, or solitary meals on dishes unstimulating to the palate, are not to be compared with rambles through interesting tracts, or with stimulating companions, and meals where guests, no less than dishes, add their pleasurable excitement.

There is one point of regimen to which attention may be called, and that is, never to attempt severe mental or bodily labour after a full meal. If possible, let all such labour be got through in the early part of the day, after breakfast, but before dinner; not only because the bodily vigour is then greatest, but also because the restoration of that vigour, through dinner, should not be interfered with. We know that in many cases this advice is impracticable. Night-work is inevitable in some lives, and is fancied to be so in the lives of students and literary men. In such cases there is, at least, this mitigating resource—not to commence hard work until the labour of digestion is over. Thousands ruin their digestions by disregarding this simple advice. If work after dinner be inevitable, let the dinner be a very light one, and let a light supper be eaten.

And now, in conclusion, let us take advantage of Mr. Banting's experience to address a word of advice to all who may be threatened with corpulence; since there are many persons apparently enjoying excellent health who are nevertheless seriously disturbed at the yearly increasing signs of fat. Every one knows the despair of getting thinner which besets the corpulent. No matter what they do, or what they eat, the fat seems to deposit itself layer after layer. Surely, then, they will listen with attention to Mr. Banting preaching from the text of his own experience, when he prescribes a regimen which has reduced his bulk no less than  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches round the waist, and reduced his weight no less than 46 lbs.; and this after having vainly tried all that medical aid could do for him.

It should be premised that there are organisms which naturally tend to corpulence; and there are others which are fattened by no kind of food. When, therefore, certain foods are spoken of as "fat-forming," this must be understood solely in relation to particular organisms; the sugar and starch which so rapidly increase the fat of these persons, may be taken in large quantities by others without altering their condition.

Mr. Banting tells us in the pamphlet which he distributes gratuitously, and which he might be induced perhaps to publish, that his plan consisted in abstaining as much as possible "from bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes, which had been the main (and I thought innocent) elements of my existence." At first sight this looks like sweeping away all that gives variety and attraction to ordinary diet; but Mr. Banting reassures the alarmed reader by exhibiting his reformed diet. "For breakfast," he says, "I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind, except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit or one ounce of dry toast." We should advise any one adopting this programme to omit the *weights*. In the first place many persons have a great repugnance to food thus weighed; in the next place quantities should be determined by appetite. Let an idea of the quantities be gained by weighing on the first day, and ever afterwards an approximation may be made. "For dinner," he says, "five or six ounces of any fish except salmon [he should also have added eels and herrings], any meat except pork, any vegetable except potatoes, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira. Champagne, port, and beer forbidden." This is surely various enough for any one's dinner. For tea he takes "two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk and sugar. For supper three or four ounces of meat, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret." So little is Mr. Banting disposed to place his corpulent friends on any severity of regimen, except in respect to the fat-forming articles, that after such a bill of fare he adds, "For nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog (gin, whisky, or brandy, without sugar), or a glass or two of claret or sherry."

The very remarkable success which such a regimen appears to have had in this case should induce all persons troubled with a superfluity of fat to give it a fair trial; the more so because Mr. Banting declares that over and above the enormous reduction in his bulk, this regimen has rid him of deafness and other ailments, and has left him in a state of greatly improved health.

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## The Small House at Allington.

### CHAPTER LII.

#### THE FIRST VISIT TO THE GUESTWICK BRIDGE.



WHEN John Eames arrived at Guestwick Manor, he was first welcomed by Lady Julia. "My dear Mr. Eames," she said, "I cannot tell you how glad we are to see you." After that she always called him John, and treated him throughout his visit with wonderful kindness. No doubt that affair of the bull had in some measure produced this feeling; no doubt, also, she was well disposed to the man who she hoped might be accepted as a lover by Lily Dale.

But I am inclined to think that the fact of his having beaten Crosbie had been the most potential cause of this affection for our hero on the part of Lady Julia. Ladies,—especially discreet old ladies, such as Lady Julia de Guest,—are bound to entertain pacific theories, and to condemn all manner of violence. Lady Julia would have blamed any one who might have advised Eames to commit an assault upon Crosbie. But, nevertheless, deeds of prowess are still dear to the female heart, and a woman, be she ever so old and discreet, understands and appreciates the summary justice which may be done by means of a thrashing. Lady Julia, had she been called upon to talk of it, would undoubtedly have told Eames that he had committed a fault in striking Mr. Crosbie; but the deed had been done, and Lady Julia became very fond of John Eames.



"SHE HAS REFUSED ME, AND IT IS ALL OVER."





"Vickers shall show you your room, if you like to go upstairs; but you'll find my brother close about the house if you choose to go out; I saw him not half an hour since." But John seemed to be well satisfied to sit in the arm-chair over the fire, and talk to his hostess; so neither of them moved.

"And now that you're a private secretary, how do you like it?"

"I like the work well enough; only I don't like the man, Lady Julia. But I shouldn't say so, because he is such an intimate friend of your brother's."

"An intimate friend of Theodore's!—Sir Raffle Buffle!" Lady Julia stiffened her back and put on a serious face, not being exactly pleased at being told that the Earl de Guest had any such intimate friend.

"At any rate he tells me so about four times a day, Lady Julia. And he particularly wants to come down here next September."

"Did he tell you that, too?"

"Indeed he did. You can't believe what a goose he is! Then his voice sounds like a cracked bell; it's the most disagreeable voice you ever heard in your life. And one has always to be on one's guard lest he should make one do something that is—is—that isn't quite the thing for a gentleman. You understand;—what the messenger ought to do."

"You shouldn't be too much afraid of your own dignity."

"No, I'm not. If Lord de Guest were to ask me to fetch him his shoes, I'd run to Guestwick and back for them and think nothing of it,—just because I know he's my friend. He'd have a right to send me. But I'm not going to do such things as that for Sir Raffle Buffle."

"Fetch him his shoes!"

"That's what FitzHoward had to do, and he didn't like it."

"Isn't Mr. FitzHoward nephew to the Duchess of St. Bungay?"

"Nephew, or cousin, or something."

"Dear me!" said Lady Julia, "what a horrible man!" And in this way John Eames and her ladyship became very intimate.

There was no one at dinner at the Manor that day but the earl and his sister and their single guest. The earl when he came in was very warm in his welcome, slapping his young friend on the back, and poking jokes at him with a good-humoured if not brilliant pleasantry.

"Thrashed anybody lately, John?"

"Nobody to speak of," said Johnny.

"Brought your nightcap down for your out-o'-doors nap?"

"No; but I've got a grand stick for the bull," said Johnny.

"Ah! that's no joke now, I can tell you," said the earl. "We had to sell him, and it half broke my heart. We don't know what had come to him, but he became quite unruly after that;—knocked Darvell down in the straw-yard! It was a very bad business,—a very bad business, indeed! Come, go and dress. Do you remember how you came down to dinner that day? I shall never forget how Crofts stared at you. Come, you've

only got twenty minutes, and you London fellows always want an hour."

"He's entitled to some consideration now he's a private secretary," said Lady Julia.

"Bless us all! yes; I forgot that. Come, Mr. Private Secretary, don't stand on the grandeur of your neck-tie to-day, as there's nobody here but ourselves. You shall have an opportunity to-morrow."

Then Johnny was handed over to the groom of the chambers, and exactly in twenty minutes he re-appeared in the drawing-room.

As soon as Lady Julia had left them after dinner, the earl began to explain his plan for the coming campaign. "I'll tell you now what I have arranged," said he. "The squire is to be here to-morrow with his eldest niece,—your Miss Lily's sister, you know."

"What, Bell?"

"Yes, with Bell, if her name is Bell. She's a very pretty girl, too. I don't know whether she's not the prettiest of the two, after all."

"That's a matter of opinion."

"Just so, Johnny; and do you stick to your own. They're coming here for three or four days. Lady Julia did ask Mrs. Dale and Lily. I wonder whether you'll let me call her Lily?"

"Oh, dear! I wish I might have the power of letting you."

"That's just the battle that you've got to fight. But the mother and the younger sister wouldn't come. Lady Julia says it's all right;—that, as a matter of course, she wouldn't come when she heard you were to be here. I don't quite understand it. In my days the young girls were ready enough to go where they knew they'd meet their lovers, and I never thought any the worse of them for it."

"It wasn't because of that," said Eames.

"That's what Lady Julia says, and I always find her to be right in things of that sort. And she says you'll have a better chance in going over there, than you would here, if she were in the same house with you. If I was going to make love to a girl, of course I'd sooner have her close to me,—staying in the same house. I should think it the best fun in the world. And we might have had a dance, and all that kind of thing. But I couldn't make her come, you know."

"Oh, no; of course not."

"And Lady Julia thinks that it's best as it is. You must go over, you know, and get the mother on your side, if you can. I take it, the truth is this;—you mustn't be angry with me, you know, for saying it."

"You may be sure of that."

"I suppose she was fond of that fellow, Crosbie. She can't be very fond of him now, I should think, after the way he has treated her; but she'll find a difficulty in making her confession that she really likes you better than she ever liked him. Of course that's what you'll want her to say."

"I want her to say that she'll be my wife,—some day."

"And when she has agreed to the some day, then you'll begin to press her to agree to your day;—eh, sir? My belief is you'll bring her round. Poor girl! why should she break her heart when a decent fellow like you will only be too glad to make her a happy woman?" And in this way the earl talked to Eames till the latter almost believed that the difficulties were vanishing from out of his path. "Could it be possible," he asked himself, as he went to bed, "that in a fortnight's time Lily Dale should have accepted him as her future husband?" Then he remembered that day on which Crosbie, with the two girls, had called at his mother's house, when, in the bitterness of his heart, he had sworn to himself that he would always regard Crosbie as his enemy. Since then the world had gone well with him; and he had no longer any very bitter feeling against Crosbie. That matter had been arranged on the platform of the Paddington Station. He felt that if Lily would now accept him he could almost shake hands with Crosbie. The episode in his life and in Lily's would have been painful; but he would learn to look back upon that without regret, if Lily could be taught to believe that a kind fate had at last given her to the better of her two lovers. "I'm afraid she won't bring herself to forget him," he had said to the earl. "She'll only be too happy to forget him," the earl had answered, "if you can induce her to begin the attempt. Of course it is very bitter at first;—all the world knew about it; but, poor girl, she is not to be wretched for ever, because of that. Do you go about your work with some little confidence, and I don't doubt but what you'll have your way. You have everybody in your favour,—the squire, her mother, and all." While such words as these were in his ears how could he fail to hope and to be confident? While he was sitting cozily over his bedroom fire he resolved that it should be as the earl had said. But when he got up on the following morning, and stood shivering as he came out of his bath, he could not feel the same confidence. "Of course I shall go to her," he said to himself, "and make a plain story of it. But I know what her answer will be. She will tell me that she cannot forget him." Then his feelings towards Crosbie were not so friendly as they had been on the previous evening.

He did not visit the Small House on that, his first day. It had been thought better that he should first meet the squire and Bell at Guestwick Manor, so he postponed his visit to Mrs. Dale till the next morning.

"Go when you like," said the earl. "There's the brown cob for you to do what you like with him while you are here."

"I'll go and see my mother," said John; "but I won't take the cob to-day. If you'll let me have him to-morrow, I'll ride to Allington." So he walked off to Guestwick by himself.

He knew well every yard of the ground over which he went, remembering every gate and stile and greensward from the time of his early

boyhood. And now as he went along through his old haunts, he could not but look back and think of the thoughts which had filled his mind in his earlier wanderings. As I have said before, in some of these pages, no walks taken by the man are so crowded with thought as those taken by the boy. He had been early taught to understand that the world to him would be very hard; that he had nothing to look to but his own exertions, and that those exertions would not, unfortunately, be backed by any great cleverness of his own. I do not know that anybody had told him that he was a fool; but he had come to understand, partly through his own modesty, and partly, no doubt, through the somewhat obtrusive diffidence of his mother, that he was less sharp than other lads. It is probably true that he had come to his sharpness later in life than is the case with many young men. He had not grown on the sunny side of the wall. Before that situation in the Income-tax Office had fallen in his way, very humble modes of life had offered themselves,—or, rather, had not offered themselves for his acceptance. He had endeavoured to become an usher at a commercial seminary, not supposed to be in a very thriving condition; but he had been, luckily, found deficient in his arithmetic. There had been some chance of his going into the leather-warehouse of Messrs. Basil and Pigskin, but those gentlemen had required a premium, and any payment of that kind had been quite out of his mother's power. A country attorney, who had known the family for years, had been humbly solicited, the widow almost kneeling before him with tears, to take Johnny by the hand and make a clerk of him; but the attorney had discovered that Master Johnny Eames was not supposed to be sharp, and would have none of him. During those days, those gawky, gainless, unadmired days, in which he had wandered about the lanes of Guestwick as his only amusement, and had composed hundreds of rhymes in honour of Lily Dale which no human eye but his own had ever seen, he had come to regard himself as almost a burden upon the earth. Nobody seemed to want him. His own mother was very anxious; but her anxiety seemed to him to indicate a continual desire to get rid of him. For hours upon hours he would fill his mind with castles in the air, dreaming of wonderful successes in the midst of which Lily Dale always reigned as a queen. He would carry on the same story in his imagination from month to month, almost contenting himself with such ideal happiness. Had it not been for the possession of that power, what comfort could there have been to him in his life? There are lads of seventeen who can find happiness in study, who can busy themselves in books and be at their ease among the creations of other minds. These are they who afterwards become well-informed men. It was not so with John Eames. He had never been studious. The perusal of a novel was to him in those days a slow affair; and of poetry he read but little, storing up accurately in his memory all that he did read. But he created for himself his own romance, though to the eye a most unromantic youth; and he wandered through the Guestwick woods with many thoughts of which they who knew him best knew nothing.

All this he thought of now as, with devious steps, he made his way towards his old home;—with very devious steps, for he went backwards through the woods by a narrow path which led right away from the town down to a little water-course, over which stood a wooden foot-bridge with a rail. He stood on the centre of the plank, at a spot which he knew well, and rubbing his hand upon the rail, cleansed it for the space of a few inches of the vegetable growth produced by the spray of the water. There, rudely carved in the wood, was still the word LILY. When he cut those letters she had been almost a child. “I wonder whether she will come here with me and let me show it to her,” he said to himself. Then he took out his knife and cleared the cuttings of the letters, and having done so, leaned upon the rail, and looked down upon the running water. How well things in the world had gone for him! How well! And yet what would it all be if Lily would not come to him? How well the world had gone for him! In those days when he stood there carving the girl’s name everybody had seemed to regard him as a heavy burden, and he had so regarded himself. Now he was envied by many, respected by many, taken by the hand as a friend by those high in the world’s esteem. When he had come near the Guestwick mansion in his old walks,—always, however, keeping at a great distance lest the grumpy old lord should be down upon him and scold him,—he had little dreamed that he and the grumpy old lord would ever be together on such familiar terms, that he would tell to that lord more of his private thoughts than to any other living being; yet it had come to that. The grumpy old lord had now told him that that gift of money was to be his whether Lily Dale accepted him or no. “Indeed, the thing’s done,” said the grumpy lord, pulling out from his pocket certain papers, “and you’ve got to receive the dividends as they become due.” Then, when Johnny had expostulated,—as, indeed, the circumstances had left him no alternative but to expostulate,—the earl had roughly bade him hold his tongue, telling him that he would have to fetch Sir Raffle’s boots directly he got back to London. So the conversation had quickly turned itself away to Sir Raffle, whom they had both ridiculed with much satisfaction. “If he finds his way down here in September, Master Johnny, or in any other month either, you may fit my head with a foolscap. Not remember, indeed! Is it not wonderful that any man should make himself so mean a fool?” All this was thought over again, as Eames leaned upon the bridge. He remembered every word, and remembered many other words,—earlier words, spoken years ago, filling him with desolation as to the prospects of his life. It had seemed that his friends had united in prophesying that the outlook into the world for him was hopeless, and that the earning of bread must be for ever beyond his power. And now his lines had fallen to him in very pleasant places, and he was among those whom the world had determined to caress. And yet, what would it all be if Lily would not share his happiness? When he had carved that name on the rail, his love for Lily had been an idea. It had now become a reality which might

probably be full of pain. If it were so,—if such should be the result of his wooing,—would not those old dreamy days have been better than these—the days of his success?

It was one o'clock by the time that he reached his mother's house, and he found her and his sister in a troubled and embarrassed state. "Of course you know, John," said his mother, as soon as their first embraces were over, "that we are going to dine at the Manor this evening?" But he did not know it, neither the earl nor Lady Julia having said anything on the subject. "Of course we are going," said Mrs. Eames, "and it was so very kind. But I've never been out to such a house for so many years, John, and I do feel in such a twitter. I dined there once, soon after we were married; but I have never been there since that."

"It's not the earl I mind, but Lady Julia," said Mary Eames.

"She's the most good-natured woman in the world," said Johnny.

"Oh, dear; people say she is so cross!"

"That's because people don't know her. If I was asked who is the kindest-hearted woman I know in the world, I think I should say Lady Julia de Guest. I think I should."

"Ah! but then they're so fond of you," said the admiring mother. "You saved his lordship's life,—under Providence."

"That's all bosh, mother. You ask Dr. Crofts. He knows them as well as I do."

"Dr. Crofts is going to marry Bell Dale," said Mary; and then the conversation was turned from the subject of Lady Julia's perfections, and the awe inspired by the earl.

"Crofts going to marry Bell!" exclaimed Eames, thinking almost with dismay of the doctor's luck in thus getting himself accepted all at once, while he had been suing with the constancy almost of a Jacob.

"Yes," said Mary; "and they say that she has refused her cousin Bernard, and that, therefore, the squire is taking away the house from them. You know they're all coming into Guestwick."

"Yes, I know they are. But I don't believe that the squire is taking away the house."

"Why should they come, then? Why should they give up such a charming place as that?"

"Rent-free!" said Mrs. Eames.

"I don't know why they should come away, but I can't believe the squire is turning them out; at any rate not for that reason." The squire was prepared to advocate John's suit, and therefore John was bound to do battle on the squire's behalf.

"He is a very stern man," said Mrs. Eames, "and they say that since that affair of poor Lily's he has been more cross than ever with them. As far as I know, it was not Lily's fault."

"Poor Lily!" said Mary. "I do pity her. If I was her I should hardly know how to show my face; I shouldn't, indeed."

"And why shouldn't she show her face?" said John, in an angry

tone. "What has she done to be ashamed of? Show her face indeed! I cannot understand the spite which one woman will sometimes have to another."

"There is no spite, John; and it's very wrong of you to say so," said Mary, defending herself. "But it is a very unpleasant thing for a girl to be jilted. All the world knows that she was engaged to him."

"And all the world knows ——" But he would not proceed to declare that all the world knew also that Crosbie had been well thrashed for his baseness. It would not become him to mention that even before his mother and sister. All the world did know it; all the world that cared to know anything of the matter;—except Lily Dale herself. Nobody had ever yet told Lily Dale of that occurrence at the Paddington Railway Station, and it was well for John that her friends and his had been so discreet.

"Oh, of course you are her champion," said Mary. "And I didn't mean to say anything unkind. Indeed I didn't. Of course it was a misfortune."

"I think it was the best piece of good fortune that could have happened to her, not to marry a d—— scoundrel like ——"

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Eames.

"I beg your pardon, mother. But it isn't swearing to call such a man as that a d—— scoundrel." And he particularly emphasized the naughty word, thinking that thereby he would add to its import, and take away from its naughtiness. "But we won't talk any more about him. I hate the man's very name. I hated him the first moment that I saw him, and knew that he was a blackguard from his look. And I don't believe a word about the squire having been cross to them. Indeed I know he has been the reverse of cross. So Bell is going to marry Dr. Crofts!"

"There is no doubt on earth about that," said Mary. "And they say that Bernard Dale is going abroad with his regiment."

Then John discussed with his mother his duties as private secretary, and his intention of leaving Mrs. Roper's house. "I suppose it isn't nice enough for you now, John," said his mother.

"It never was very nice, mother, to tell you the truth. There were people there —— But you mustn't think I am turning up my nose because I'm getting grand. I don't want to live any better than we all lived at Mrs. Roper's; but she took in persons that were not agreeable. There is a Mr. and Mrs. Lupex there." Then he described something of their life in Burton Crescent, but did not say much about Amelia Roper. Amelia Roper had not made her appearance in Guestwick, as he had once feared that she would do; and therefore it did not need that he should at present make known to his mother that episode in his life.

When he got back to the Manor House he found that Mr. Dale and his niece had arrived. They were both sitting with Lady Julia when he

went into the morning room, and Lord de Guest was standing over the fire talking to them. Eames as he came among them felt terribly conscious of his position, as though all there were aware that he had been brought down from London on purpose to make a declaration of love;—as, indeed, all of them were aware of that fact. Bell, though no one had told her so in direct words, was as sure of it as the others.

“Here comes the prince of matadores,” said the earl.

“No, my lord; you’re the prince. I’m only your first follower.” Though he could contrive that his words should be gay, his looks were sheepish, and when he gave his hand to the squire it was only by a struggle that he could bring himself to look straight into the old man’s face.

“I’m very glad to see you, John,” said the squire, “very glad indeed.”

“And so am I,” said Bell. “I have been so happy to hear that you have been promoted at your office, and so is mamma.”

“I hope Mrs. Dale is quite well,” said he;—“and Lily.” The word had been pronounced, but it had been done with so manifest an effort that all in the room were conscious of it, and paused as Bell prepared her little answer.

“My sister has been very ill, you know,—with scarlatina. But she has recovered with wonderful quickness, and is nearly well again now. She will be so glad to see you if you will go over.”

“Yes; I shall certainly go over,” said John.

“And now shall I show you your room, Miss Dale?” said Lady Julia. And so the party was broken up, and the ice had been broken.

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## CHAPTER LIII.

### LOQUITUR HOPKINS.

THE squire had been told that his niece Bell had accepted Dr. Crofts, and he had signified a sort of acquiescence in the arrangement, saying that if it were to be so, he had nothing to say against Dr. Crofts. He spoke this in a melancholy tone of voice, wearing on his face that look of subdued sorrow which was now almost habitual to him. It was to Mrs. Dale that he spoke on the subject. “I could have wished that it might have been otherwise,” he said, “as you are well aware. I had family reasons for wishing that it might be otherwise. But I have nothing to say against it. Dr. Crofts, as her husband, shall be welcome to my house.” Mrs. Dale, who had expected much worse than this, began to thank him for his kindness, and to say that she also would have preferred to see her daughter married to her cousin. “But in such



a matter the decision should be left entirely to the girl. Don't you think so?"

"I have not a word to say against her," he repeated. Then Mrs. Dale left him, and told her daughter that her uncle's manner of receiving the news had been, for him, very gracious. "You were his favourite, but Lily will be so now," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't care a bit about that;—or, rather, I do care, and think it will be in every way better. But as I, who am the naughty one, will go away, and as Lily, who is the good one, will remain with you, doesn't it almost seem a pity that you should be leaving the house?"

Mrs. Dale thought it was almost a pity, but she could not say so now. "You think Lily will remain," she said.

"Yes, mamma; I feel sure she will."

"She was always very fond of John Eames;—and he is doing so well."

"It will be of no use, mamma. She is fond of him,—very fond. In a sort of a way she loves him—so well, that I feel sure she never mentions his name without some inward reference to her old childish thoughts and fancies. If he had come before Mr. Crosbie it would have all been well with her. But she cannot do it now. Her pride would prevent her, even if her heart permitted it. Oh! dear; it's very wrong of me to say so, after all that I have said before; but I almost wish you were not going. Uncle Christopher seems to be less hard than he used to be; and as I was the sinner, and as I am disposed of——"

"It is too late now, my dear."

"And we should neither of us have the courage to mention it to Lily," said Bell.

On the following morning the squire sent for his sister-in-law, as it was his wont to do when necessity came for any discussion on matters of business. This was perfectly understood between them, and such sending was not taken as indicating any lack of courtesy on the part of Mr. Dale. "Mary," he said, as soon as Mrs. Dale was seated, "I shall do for Bell exactly what I have proposed to do for Lily. I had intended more than that once, of course. But then it would all have gone into Bernard's pocket; as it is, I shall make no difference between them. They shall each have a hundred a year,—that is, when they marry. You had better tell Crofts to speak to me."

"Mr. Dale, he doesn't expect it. He does not expect a penny."

"So much the better for him; and, indeed, so much the better for her. He won't make her the less welcome to his home because she brings some assistance to it."

"We have never thought of it,—any of us. The offer has come so suddenly that I don't know what I ought to say."

"Say—nothing. If you choose to make me a return for it—; but I am only doing what I conceive to be my duty, and have no right to ask for a kindness in return."

"But what kindness can we show you, Mr. Dale?"

"Remain in that house." In saying these last words he spoke as though he were again angry,—as though he were again laying down the law to them,—as though he were telling her of a duty which was due to him and incumbent on her. His voice was as stern and his face as acid as ever. He said that he was asking for a kindness; but surely no man ever asked for kindness in a voice so peremptory. "Remain in that house." Then he turned himself in towards his table as though he had no more to say.

But Mrs. Dale was beginning, now at last, to understand something of his mind and real character. He could be affectionate and forbearing in his giving; but when asking, he could not be otherwise than stern. Indeed, he could not ask; he could only demand.

"We have done so much now," Mrs. Dale began to plead.

"Well, well, well. I did not mean to speak about that. Things are unpacked easier than they are packed. But, however — Never mind. Bell is to go with me this afternoon to Guestwick Manor. Let her be up here at two. Grimes can bring her box round, I suppose."

"Oh, yes; of course."

"And don't be talking to her about money before she starts. I had rather you didn't;—you understand. But when you see Crofts, tell him to come to me. Indeed, he'd better come at once, if this thing is to go on quickly."

It may easily be understood that Mrs. Dale would disobey the injunctions contained in the squire's last words. It was quite out of the question that she should return to her daughters and not tell them the result of her morning's interview with their uncle. A hundred a year in the doctor's modest household would make all the difference between plenty and want, between modest plenty and endurable want. Of course she told them, giving Bell to understand that she must dissemble so far as to pretend ignorance of the affair.

"I shall thank him at once," said Bell; "and tell him that I did not at all expect it, but am not too proud to accept it."

"Pray don't, my dear; not just now. I am breaking a sort of promise in telling you at all,—only I could not keep it to myself. And he has so many things to worry him! Though he says nothing about it now, he has half broken his heart about you and Bernard." Then, too, Mrs. Dale told the girls what request the squire had just made, and the manner in which he had made it. "The tone of his voice as he spoke brought tears into my eyes. I almost wish we had not done anything."

"But, mamma," said Lily, "what difference can it make to him? You know that our presence near him was always a trouble to him. He never really wanted us. He liked to have Bell there when he thought that Bell would marry his pet."

“Don't be unkind, Lily.”

“I don't mean to be unkind. Why shouldn't Bernard be his pet? I love Bernard dearly, and always thought it the best point in uncle Christopher that he was so fond of him. I knew, you know, that it was no use. Of course I knew it, as I understood all about — somebody else. But Bernard is his pet.”

“He's fond of you all, in his own way,” said Mrs. Dale.

“But is he fond of you?—that's the question,” said Lily. “We could have forgiven him anything done to us, and have put up with any words he might have spoken to us, because he regards us as children. His giving a hundred a year to Bell won't make you comfortable in this house if he still domineers over you. If a neighbour be neighbourly, near neighbourhood is very nice. But uncle Christopher has not been neighbourly. He has wanted to be more than an uncle to us, on condition that he might be less than a brother to you. Bell and I have always felt that his regard on such terms was not worth having.”

“I almost feel that we have been wrong,” said Mrs. Dale; “but in truth I never thought that the matter would be to him one of so much moment.”

When Bell had gone, Mrs. Dale and Lily were not disposed to continue with much energy the occupation on which they had all been employed for some days past. There had been life and excitement in the work when they had first commenced their packing, but now it was grown wearisome, dull, and distasteful. Indeed so much of it was done that but little was left to employ them, except those final strappings and fastenings, and that last collection of odds and ends which could not be accomplished till they were absolutely on the point of starting. The squire had said that unpacking would be easier than packing, and Mrs. Dale, as she wandered about among the hampers and cases, began to consider whether the task of restoring all the things to their old places would be very disagreeable. She said nothing of this to Lily, and Lily herself, whatever might be her thoughts, made no such suggestion to her mother.

“I think Hopkins will miss us more than any one else,” she said. “Hopkins will have no one to scold.”

Just at that moment Hopkins appeared at the parlour window, and signified his desire for a conference.

“You must come round,” said Lily. “It's too cold for the window to be opened. I always like to get him into the house, because he feels himself a little abashed by the chairs and tables; or, perhaps, it is the carpet that is too much for him. Out on the gravel-walks he is such a terrible tyrant, and in the greenhouse he almost tramples upon one!”

Hopkins, when he did appear at the parlour door, seemed by his manner to justify Lily's discretion. He was not at all masterful in his

tone or bearing, and seemed to pay to the chairs and tables all the deference which they could have expected.

"So you be going in earnest, ma'am," he said, looking down at Mrs. Dale's feet.

As Mrs. Dale did not answer him at once, Lily spoke:—"Yes, Hopkins, we are going in a very few days, now. We shall see you sometimes, I hope, over at Guestwick."

"Humph!" said Hopkins. "So you be really going! I didn't think it'd ever come to that, miss; I didn't indeed,—and no more it oughtn't; but of course it isn't for me to speak."

"People must change their residence sometimes, you know," said Mrs. Dale, using the same argument by which Eames had endeavoured to excuse his departure to Mrs. Roper.

"Well, ma'am; it ain't for me to say anything. But this I will say, I've lived here about t' squire's place, man and boy, jist all my life, seeing I was born here, as you knows, Mrs. Dale; and of all the bad things I ever see come about the place this is a sight the worst."

"Oh, Hopkins!"

"The worst of all, ma'am; the worst of all! It'll just kill t' squire! There's ne'ery doubt in the world about that. It'll be the very death of t' old man."

"That's nonsense, Hopkins," said Lily.

"Very well, miss. I don't say but what it is nonsense; only you'll see. There's Mr. Bernard,—he's gone away; and by all accounts he never did care very much for the place. They all say he's a-going to the Hingies. And Miss Bell is going to be married,—which is all proper, in course: why shouldn't she? And why shouldn't you, too, Miss Lily?"

"Perhaps I shall, some day, Hopkins."

"There's no day like the present, Miss Lily. And I do say this, that the man as pitched into him would be the man for my money." This, which Hopkins spoke in the excitement of the moment, was perfectly unintelligible to Lily, and Mrs. Dale, who shuddered as she heard him, said not a word to call for any explanation. "But," continued Hopkins, "that's all as it may be, Miss Lily, and you be in the hands of Providence,—as is others."

"Exactly so, Hopkins."

"But why should your mamma be all for going away? She ain't going to marry no one. Here's the house, and there's she, and there's t' squire; and why should she be for going away? So much going away all at once can't be for any good. It's just a breaking up of everything, as though nothing wasn't good enough for nobody. I never went away, and I can't abide it."

"Well, Hopkins; it's settled now," said Mrs. Dale, "and I'm afraid it can't be unsettled."

"Settled;—well. Tell me this: do you expect, Mrs. Dale, that he's to live there all alone by hisself, without any one to say a cross word to,

—unless it be me or Dingles; for Jolliffe's worse than nobody, he's so mortal cross hisself. Of course he can't stand it. If you goes away, Mrs. Dale, Mister Bernard, he'll be squire in less than twelve months. He'll come back from the Hingies, then, I suppose?"

"I don't think my brother-in-law will take it in that way, Hopkins."

"Ah, ma'am, you don't know him,—not as I knows him;—all the ins and outs and crinks and crannies of him. I knows him as I does the old apple-trees that I've been a-handling for forty year. There's a deal of bad wood about them old cankered trees, and some folk say they ain't worth the ground they stand on; but I know where the sap runs, and when the fruit-blossom shows itself I know where the fruit will be the sweetest. It don't take much to kill one of them old trees,—but there's life in 'm yet if they be well handled."

"I'm sure I hope my brother's life may be long spared to him," said Mrs. Dale.

"Then don't be taking yourself away, ma'am, into them gashly lodgings at Guestwick. I says they are gashly for the likes of a Dale. It is not for me to speak, ma'am, of course. And I only came up now just to know what things you'd like with you out of the greenhouse."

"Oh, nothing, Hopkins, thank you," said Mrs. Dale.

"He told me to put up for you the best I could pick, and I means to do it;" and Hopkins, as he spoke, indicated by a motion of his head that he was making reference to the squire.

"We shan't have any place for them," said Lily.

"I must send a few, miss, just to cheer you up a bit. I fear you'll be very dolesome there. And the doctor,—he ain't got what you can call a regular garden, but there is a bit of a place behind."

"But we wouldn't rob the dear old place," said Lily.

"For the matter of that what does it signify? T' squire'll be that wretched he'll turn sheep in here to destroy the place, or he'll have the garden ploughed. You see if he don't. As for the place, the place is clean done for, if you leave it. You don't suppose he'll go and let the Small House to strangers! T' squire ain't one of that sort any ways."

"Ah me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as soon as Hopkins had taken himself off.

"What is it, mamma? He's a dear old man, but surely what he says cannot make you really unhappy."

"It is so hard to know what one ought to do. I did not mean to be selfish, but it seems to me as though I were doing the most selfish thing in the world."

"Nay, mamma; it has been anything but selfish. Besides, it is we that have done it; not you."

"Do you know, Lily, that I also have that feeling as to breaking up

one's old mode of life of which Hopkins spoke. I thought that I should be glad to escape from this place, but now that the time has come I dread it."

"Do you mean that you repent?"

Mrs. Dale did not answer her daughter at once, fearing to commit herself by words which could not be retracted. But at last she said, "Yes, Lily; I think I do repent. I think that it has not been well done."

"Then let it be undone," said Lily.

The dinner-party at Guestwick Manor on that day was not very bright, and yet the earl had done all in his power to make his guests happy. But gaiety did not come naturally to his house, which, as will have been seen, was an abode very unlike in its nature to that of the other earl at Courcy Castle. Lady de Courcy at any rate understood how to receive and entertain a housefull of people, though the practice of doing so might give rise to difficult questions in the privacy of her domestic relations. Lady Julia did not understand it; but then Lady Julia was never called upon to answer for the expense of extra servants, nor was she asked about twice a week who the ——— was to pay the wine-merchant's bill? As regards Lord de Guest and the Lady Julia themselves, I think they had the best of it; but I am bound to admit, with reference to chance guests, that the house was dull. The people who were now gathered at the earl's table could hardly have been expected to be very sprightly when in company with each other. The squire was not a man much given to general society, and was unused to amuse a table full of people. On the present occasion he sat next to Lady Julia, and from time to time muttered a few words to her about the state of the country. Mrs. Eames was terribly afraid of everybody there, and especially of the earl, next to whom she sat, and whom she continually called "my lord," showing by her voice as she did so that she was almost alarmed by the sound of her own voice. Mr. and Mrs. Boyce were there, the parson sitting on the other side of Lady Julia, and the parson's wife on the other side of the earl. Mrs. Boyce was very studious to show that she was quite at home, and talked perhaps more than any one else; but in doing so she bored the earl most exquisitely, so that he told John Eames the next morning that she was worse than the bull. The parson ate his dinner, but said little or nothing between the two graces. He was a heavy, sensible, slow man, who knew himself and his own powers. "Uncommon good stewed beef," he said, as he went home; "why can't we have our beef stewed like that?" "Because we don't pay our cook sixty pounds a year," said Mrs. Boyce. "A woman with sixteen pounds can stew beef as well as a woman with sixty," said he; "she only wants looking after." The earl himself was possessed of a sort of gaiety. There was about him a lightness of spirit which often made him an agreeable companion to one single person. John Eames conceived him to be the most sprightly old man of his day,—an old man with the fun and frolic

almost of a boy. But this spirit, though it would show itself before John Eames, was not up to the entertainment of John Eames's mother and sister, together with the squire, the parson, and the parson's wife of Allington. So that the earl was overweighted and did not shine on this occasion at his own dinner-table. Dr. Crofts, who had also been invited, and who had secured the place which was now peculiarly his own next to Bell Dale, was no doubt happy enough; as, let us hope, was the young lady also; but they added very little to the general hilarity of the company. John Eames was seated between his own sister and the parson, and did not at all enjoy his position. He had a full view of the doctor's felicity, as the happy pair sat opposite to him, and conceived himself to be hardly treated by Lily's absence.

The party was certainly very dull, as were all such dinners at Guestwick Manor. There are houses, which, in their every-day course, are not conducted by any means in a sad or unsatisfactory manner,—in which life, as a rule, runs along merrily enough; but which cannot give a dinner-party; or, I might rather say, should never allow themselves to be allured into the attempt. The owners of such houses are generally themselves quite aware of the fact, and dread the dinner which they resolve to give quite as much as it is dreaded by their friends. They know that they prepare for their guests an evening of misery, and for themselves certain long hours of purgatory which are hardly to be endured. But they will do it. Why that long table, and all those supernumerary glasses and knives and forks, if they are never to be used? That argument produces all this misery; that and others cognate to it. On the present occasion, no doubt, there were excuses to be made. The squire and his niece had been invited on special cause, and their presence would have been well enough. The doctor added in would have done no harm. It was good-natured, too, that invitation given to Mrs. Eames and her daughter. The error lay in the parson and his wife. There was no necessity for their being there, nor had they any ground on which to stand, except the party-giving ground. Mr. and Mrs. Boyce made the dinner-party, and destroyed the social circle. Lady Julia knew that she had been wrong as soon as she had sent out the note.

Nothing was said on that evening which has any bearing on our story. Nothing, indeed, was said which had any bearing on anything. The earl's professed object had been to bring the squire and young Eames together; but people are never brought together on such melancholy occasions. Though they sip their port in close contiguity, they are poles asunder in their minds and feelings. When the Guestwick fly came for Mrs. Eames, and the parson's pony phaeton came for him and Mrs. Boyce, a great relief was felt; but the misery of those who were left had gone too far to allow of any reaction on that evening. The squire yawned, and the earl yawned, and then there was an end of it for that night.

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## CHAPTER LIV.

## THE SECOND VISIT TO THE GUESTWICK BRIDGE.

BELL had declared that her sister would be very happy to see John Eames if he would go over to Allington, and he had replied that of course he would go there. So much having been, as it were, settled, he was able to speak of his visit as a matter of course at the breakfast table, on the morning after the earl's dinner-party. "I must get you to come round with me, Dale, and see what I am doing to the land," the earl said. And then he proposed to order saddle-horses. But the squire preferred walking, and in this way they were disposed of soon after breakfast.

John had it in his mind to get Bell to himself for half an hour, and hold a conference with her; but it either happened that Lady Julia was too keen in her duties as a hostess, or else, as was more possible, Bell avoided the meeting. No opportunity for such an interview offered itself, though he hung about the drawing-room all the morning. "You had better wait for luncheon, now," Lady Julia said to him about twelve. But this he declined; and taking himself away hid himself about the place for the next hour and a half. During this time he considered much whether it would be better for him to ride or walk. If she should give him any hope, he could ride back triumphant as a field-marshal. Then the horse would be delightful to him. But if she should give him no hope,—if it should be his destiny to be rejected utterly on that morning,—then the horse would be terribly in the way of his sorrow. Under such circumstances what could he do but roam wide about across the fields, resting when he might choose to rest, and running when it might suit him to run. "And she is not like other girls," he thought to himself. "She won't care for my boots being dirty." So at last he elected to walk.

"Stand up to her boldly, man," the earl had said to him. "By George, what is there to be afraid of? It's my belief they'll give most to those who ask for most. There's nothing sets 'em against a man like being sheepish." How the earl knew so much, seeing that he had not himself given signs of any success in that walk of life, I am not prepared to say. But Eames took his advice as being in itself good, and resolved to act upon it. "Not that any resolution will be of any use," he said to himself, as he walked along. "When the moment comes I know that I shall tremble before her, and I know that she'll see it; but I don't think it will make any difference in her."

He had last seen her on the lawn behind the Small House, just at that time when her passion for Crosbie was at the strongest. Eames had gone thither impelled by a foolish desire to declare to her his hopeless love, and she had answered him by telling him that she loved Mr. Crosbie better than all the world besides. Of course she had done so, at that



time; but, nevertheless, her manner of telling him had seemed to him to be cruel. And he also had been cruel. He had told her that he hated Crosbie,—calling him “that man,” and assuring her that no earthly consideration should induce him to go into “that man’s house.” Then he had walked away moodily, wishing him all manner of evil. Was it not singular that all the evil things which he, in his mind, had meditated for the man, had fallen upon him. Crosbie had lost his love! He had so proved himself to be a villain that his name might not be so much as mentioned! He had been ignominiously thrashed! But what good would all this be if his image were still dear to Lily’s heart. “I told her that I loved her then,” he said to himself, “though I had no right to do so. At any rate I have a right to tell her now.”

When he reached Allington he did not go in through the village and up to the front of the Small House by the cross street, but turned by the church gate, and passed over the squire’s terrace, and by the end of the Great House through the garden. Here he encountered Hopkins. “Why, if that b’aint Mr. Eames!” said the gardener. “Mr. John, may I make so bold?” and Hopkins held out a very dirty hand, which Eames of course took, unconscious of the cause of this new affection.

“I’m just going to call at the Small House, and I thought I’d come this way.”

“To be sure; this way, or that way, or any way, who’s so welcome, Mr. John? I envies you; I envies you more than I envies any man. If I could a got him by the scuff of the neck, I’d a treated him jist like any wermin;—I would, indeed! He was wermin! I ollays said it. I hated him ollays; I did, indeed, Mr. John, from the first moment when he used to be niggig away at them foutry balls, knocking them in among the rhododendrons, as though there weren’t no flower blossoms for next year. He never looked at one as though one were a Christian; did he, Mr. John?”

“I wasn’t very fond of him myself, Hopkins.”

“Of course you weren’t very fond of him. Who was?—only she, poor young lady. She’ll be better now, Mr. John, a deal better. He wasn’t a wholesome lover,—not like you are. Tell me, Mr. John, did you give it him well when you got him? I heerd you did;—two black eyes, and all his face one mash of gore!” And Hopkins, who was by no means a young man, stiffly put himself into a fighting attitude.

Eames passed on over the little bridge, which seemed to be in a state of fast decay, unattended to by any friendly carpenter, now that the days of its use were so nearly at an end; and on into the garden, lingering on the spot where he had last said farewell to Lily. He looked about as though he expected still to find her there; but there was no one to be seen in the garden, and no sound to be heard. As every step brought him nearer to her whom he was seeking, he became more and more conscious of the hopelessness of his errand. Him she had never loved, and why should he venture to hope that she would love him now? He would have turned

back had he not been aware that his promise to others required that he should persevere. He had said that he would do this thing, and he would be as good as his word. But he hardly ventured to hope that he might be successful. In this frame of mind he slowly made his way up across the lawn.

"My dear, there is John Eames," said Mrs. Dale, who had first seen him from the parlour window.

"Don't go, mamma."

"I don't know; perhaps it will be better that I should."

"No, mamma, no; what good can it do? It can do no good. I like him as well as I can like any one. I love him dearly. But it can do no good. Let him come in here, and be very kind to him; but do not go away and leave us. Of course I knew he would come, and I shall be very glad to see him."

Then Mrs. Dale went round to the other room, and admitted her visitor through the window of the drawing-room. "We are in terrible confusion, John, are we not?"

"And so you are really going to live in Guestwick?"

"Well, it looks like it, does it not? But, to tell you a secret,—only it must be a secret; you must not mention it at Guestwick Manor; even Bell does not know;—we have half made up our minds to unpack all our things and stay where we are."

Eames was so intent on his own purpose, and so fully occupied with the difficulty of the task before him, that he could hardly receive Mrs. Dale's tidings with all the interest which they deserved. "Unpack them all again," he said. "That will be very troublesome. Is Lily with you, Mrs. Dale?"

"Yes, she is in the parlour. Come and see her." So he followed Mrs. Dale through the hall, and found himself in the presence of his love.

"How do you do, John?" "How do you do, Lily?" We all know the way in which such meetings are commenced. Each longed to be tender and affectionate to the other,—each in a different way; but neither knew how to throw any tenderness into this first greeting. "So you're staying at the Manor House," said Lily.

"Yes; I'm staying there. Your uncle and Bell came yesterday afternoon."

"Have you heard about Bell?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Oh, yes; Mary told me. I'm so glad of it. I always liked Dr. Crofts very much. I have not congratulated her, because I didn't know whether it was a secret. But Crofts was there last night, and if it is a secret he didn't seem to be very careful about keeping it."

"It is no secret," said Mrs. Dale. "I don't know that I am fond of such secrets." But as she said this, she thought of Crosbie's engagement, which had been told to every one, and of its consequences.

"Is it to be soon?" he asked.

"Well, yes; we think so. Of course nothing is settled."

"It was such fun," said Lily. "James, who took, at any rate, a year or two to make his proposal, wanted to be married the next day afterwards."

"No, Lily; not quite that."

"Well, mamma, it was very nearly that. He thought it could all be done this week. It has made us so happy, John! I don't know anybody I should so much like for a brother. I'm very glad you like him;—very glad. I hope you'll be friends always." There was some little tenderness in this,—as John acknowledged to himself.

"I'm sure we shall,—if he likes it. That is, if I ever happen to see him. I'll do anything for him I can if he ever comes up to London. Wouldn't it be a good thing, Mrs. Dale, if he settled himself in London?"

"No, John; it would be a very bad thing. Why should he wish to rob me of my daughter?"

Mrs. Dale was speaking of her eldest daughter; but the very allusion to any such robbery covered John Eames's face with a blush, made him hot up to the roots of his hair, and for the moment silenced him.

"You think he would have a better career in London?" said Lily, speaking under the influence of her superior presence of mind.

She had certainly shown defective judgment in desiring her mother not to leave them alone; and of this Mrs. Dale soon felt herself aware. The thing had to be done, and no little precautionary measure, such as this of Mrs. Dale's enforced presence, would prevent it. Of this Mrs. Dale was well aware; and she felt, moreover, that John was entitled to an opportunity of pleading his own cause. It might be that such opportunity would avail him nothing, but not the less should he have it of right, seeing that he desired it. But yet Mrs. Dale did not dare to get up and leave the room. Lily had asked her not to do so, and at the present period of their lives all Lily's requests were sacred. They continued for some time to talk of Crofts and his marriage; and when that subject was finished, they discussed their own probable,—or, as it seemed now, improbable,—removal to Guestwick. "It's going too far, mamma," said Lily, "to say that you think we shall not go. It was only last night that you suggested it. The truth is, John, that Hopkins came in and discoursed with the most wonderful eloquence. Nobody dared to oppose Hopkins. He made us almost cry; he was so pathetic."

"He has just been talking to me, too," said John, "as I came through the squire's garden."

"And what has he been saying to you?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Oh, I don't know; not much." John, however, remembered well, at this moment, all that the gardener had said to him. Did she know of that encounter between him and Crosbie? and if she did know of it, in what light did she regard it?

They had sat thus for an hour together, and Eames was not as yet an inch nearer to his object. He had sworn to himself that he would not

leave the Small House without asking Lily to be his wife. It seemed to him as though he would be guilty of falsehood towards the earl if he did so. Lord De Guest had opened his house to him, and had asked all the Dales there, and had offered himself up as a sacrifice at the cruel shrine of a serious dinner-party, to say nothing of that easier and lighter sacrifice which he had made in a pecuniary point of view, in order that this thing might be done. Under such circumstances Eames was too honest a man not to do it, let the difficulties in his way be what they might.

He had sat there for an hour, and Mrs. Dale still remained with her daughter. Should he get up boldly and ask Lily to put on her bonnet and come out into the garden? As the thought struck him, he rose and grasped at his hat. "I am going to walk back to Guest-wick," said he.

"It was very good of you to come so far to see us."

"I was always fond of walking," he said. "The earl wanted me to ride, but I prefer being on foot when I know the country, as I do here."

"Have a glass of wine before you go."

"Oh, dear, no. I think I'll go back through the squire's fields, and out on the road at the white gate. The path is quite dry now."

"I dare say it is," said Mrs. Dale.

"Lily, I wonder whether you would come as far as that with me." As the request was made Mrs. Dale looked at her daughter almost beseechingly. "Do, pray do," said he; "it is a beautiful day for walking."

The path proposed lay right across the field into which Lily had taken Crosbie when she made her offer to let him off from his engagement. Could it be possible that she should ever walk there again with another lover? "No, John," she said; "not to-day, I think. I am almost tired, and I had rather not go out."

"It would do you good," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't want to be done good to, mamma. Besides, I should have to come back by myself."

"I'll come back with you," said Johnny.

"Oh, yes; and then I should have to go again with you. But, John, really I don't wish to walk to-day." Whereupon John Eames again put down his hat.

"Lily," said he; and then he stopped. Mrs. Dale walked away to the window, turning her back upon her daughter and visitor. "Lily, I have come over here on purpose to speak to you. Indeed, I have come down from London only that I might see you."

"Have you, John?"

"Yes, I have. You know well all that I have got to tell you. I loved you before he ever saw you; and now that he has gone, I love you better than I ever did. Dear Lily!" and he put out his hand to her.

"No, John; no," she answered.

"Must it be always no?"

"Always no to that. How can it be otherwise? You would not have me marry you while I love another!"

"But he is gone. He has taken another wife."

"I cannot change myself because he is changed. If you are kind to me you will let that be enough."

"But you are so unkind to me!"

"No, no; oh, I would wish to be so kind to you! John, here; take my hand. It is the hand of a friend who loves you, and will always love you. Dear John, I will do anything,—everything for you but that."

"There is only one thing," said he, still holding her by the hand, but with his face turned from her.

"Nay; do not say so. Are you worse off than I am? I could not have that one thing, and I was nearer to my heart's longings than you have ever been. I cannot have that one thing; but I know that there are other things, and I will not allow myself to be broken-hearted."

"You are stronger than I am," he said.

"Not stronger, but more certain. Make yourself as sure as I am, and you, too, will be strong. Is it not so, mamma?"

"I wish it could be otherwise;—I wish it could be otherwise! If you can give him any hope——"

"Mamma!"

"Tell me that I may come again,—in a year," he pleaded.

"I cannot tell you so. You may not come again,—not in this way. Do you remember what I told you before, in the garden; that I loved him better than all the world besides? It is still the same. I still love him better than all the world. How, then, can I give you any hope?"

"But it will not be so for ever, Lily."

"For ever! Why should he not be mine as well as hers when that for ever comes? John, if you understand what it is to love, you will say nothing more of it. I have spoken to you more openly about this than I have ever done to anybody, even to mamma, because I have wished to make you understand my feelings. I should be disgraced in my own eyes if I admitted the love of another man, after—after—. It is to me almost as though I had married him. I am not blaming him, remember. These things are different with a man."

She had not dropped his hand, and as she made her last speech was sitting in her old chair with her eyes fixed upon the ground. She spoke in a low voice, slowly, almost with difficulty; but still the words came very clearly, with a clear, distinct voice which caused them to be remembered with accuracy, both by Eames and Mrs. Dale. To him it seemed to be impossible that he should continue his suit after such a declaration. To Mrs. Dale they were terrible words, speaking of a perpetual widowhood, and telling of an amount of suffering greater even than that

which she had anticipated. It was true that Lily had never said so much to her as she had now said to John Eames, or had attempted to make so clear an exposition of her own feelings. "I should be disgraced in my own eyes if I admitted the love of another man!" They were terrible words, but very easy to be understood. Mrs. Dale had felt, from the first, that Eames was coming too soon, that the earl and the squire together were making an effort to cure the wound too quickly after its infliction; that time should have been given to her girl to recover. But now the attempt had been made, and words had been forced from Lily's lips, the speaking of which would never be forgotten by herself.

"I knew that it would be so," said John.

"Ah, yes; you know it, because your heart understands my heart. And you will not be angry with me, and say naughty, cruel words, as you did once before. We will think of each other, John, and pray for each other; and will always love one another. When we do meet let us be glad to see each other. No other friend shall ever be dearer to me than you are. You are so true and honest! When you marry I will tell your wife what an infinite blessing God has given her."

"You shall never do that."

"Yes, I will. I understand what you mean; but yet I will."

"Good-by, Mrs. Dale," he said.

"Good-by, John. If it could have been otherwise with her you should have had all my best wishes in the matter. I would have loved you dearly as my son; and I will love you now." Then she put up her lips and kissed his face.

"And so will I love you," said Lily, giving him her hand again. He looked longingly into her face as though he had thought it possible that she also might kiss him; then he pressed her hand to his lips, and without speaking any further farewell, took up his hat and left the room.

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Dale.

"They should not have let him come," said Lily. "But they don't understand. They think that I have lost a toy, and they mean to be good-natured, and to give me another." Very shortly after that Lily went away by herself, and sat alone for hours; and when she joined her mother again at tea-time, nothing further was said of John Eames's visit.

He made his way out by the front door, and through the churchyard, and in this way on to the field through which he had asked Lily to walk with him. He hardly began to think of what had passed till he had left the squire's house behind him. As he made his way through the tombstones he paused and read one, as though it interested him. He stood a moment under the tower looking up at the clock, and then pulled out his own watch, as though to verify the one by the other. He made, unconsciously, a struggle to drive away from his thoughts the facts of the late scene, and for some five or ten minutes he succeeded. He said to himself a word or two about Sir Raffle and his letters, and laughed inwardly as he remembered the figure of Rafferty bringing in the

knight's shoes. He had gone some half mile upon his way before he ventured to stand still and tell himself that he had failed in the great object of his life.

Yes; he had failed: and he acknowledged to himself, with bitter reproaches, that he had failed, now and for ever. He told himself that he had obtruded upon her in her sorrow with an unmannerly love, and rebuked himself as having been not only foolish but ungenerous. His friend the earl had been wont, in his waggish way, to call him the conquering hero, and had so talked him out of his common sense as to have made him almost think that he would be successful in his suit. Now, as he told himself that any such success must have been impossible, he almost hated the earl for having brought him to this condition. A conquering hero, indeed! How should he manage to sneak back among them all at the Manor House, crestfallen and abject in his misery? Everybody knew the errand on which he had gone, and everybody must know of his failure. How could he have been such a fool as to undertake such a task under the eyes of so many lookers-on? Was it not the case that he had so fondly expected success, as to think only of his triumph in returning, and not of his more probable disgrace? He had allowed others to make a fool of him, and had so made a fool of himself that now all hope and happiness were over for him. How could he escape at once out of the country,—back to London? How could he get away without saying a word further to any one? That was the thought that at first occupied his mind.

He crossed the road at the end of the squire's property, where the parish of Allington divides itself from that of Abbot's Guest in which the earl's house stands, and made his way back along the copse which skirted the field in which they had encountered the bull, into the high woods which were at the back of the park. Ah, yes; it had been well for him that he had not come out on horseback. That ride home along the high road and up to the Manor House stables would, under his present circumstances, have been almost impossible to him. As it was, he did not think it possible that he should return to his place in the earl's house. How could he pretend to maintain his ordinary demeanour under the eyes of those two old men? It would be better for him to get home to his mother,—to send a message from thence to the Manor, and then to escape back to London. So thinking, but with no resolution made, he went on through the woods, and down from the hill back towards the town till he again came to the little bridge over the brook. There he stopped and stood awhile with his broad hand spread over the letters which he had cut in those early days, so as to hide them from his sight. "What an ass I have been,—always and ever!" he said to himself.

It was not only of his late disappointment that he was thinking, but of his whole past life. He was conscious of his hobbledehoyhood,—of that backwardness on his part in assuming manhood which had rendered him

incapable of making himself acceptable to Lily before she had fallen into the clutches of Crosbie. As he thought of this he declared to himself that if he could meet Crosbie again he would again thrash him,—that he would so belabour him as to send him out of the world, if such sending might possibly be done by fair beating, regardless whether he himself might be called upon to follow him. Was it not hard that for the two of them,—for Lily and for him also,—there should be such punishment because of the insincerity of that man? When he had thus stood upon the bridge for some quarter of an hour, he took out his knife, and, with deep, rough gashes in the wood, cut out Lily's name from the rail.

He had hardly finished, and was still looking at the chips as they were being carried away by the stream, when a gentle step came close up to him, and turning round, he saw that Lady Julia was on the bridge. She was close to him, and had already seen his handiwork. "Has she offended you, John?" she said.

"Oh, Lady Julia!"

"Has she offended you?"

"She has refused me, and it is all over."

"It may be that she has refused you, and that yet it need not be all over. I am sorry that you have cut out the name, John. Do you mean to cut it out from your heart?"

"Never. I would if I could, but I never shall."

"Keep to it as to a great treasure. It will be a joy to you in after years, and not a sorrow. To have loved truly, even though you shall have loved in vain, will be a consolation when you are as old as I am. It is something to have had a heart."

"I don't know. I wish that I had none."

"And, John;—I can understand her feeling now; and, indeed, I thought all through that you were asking her too soon; but the time may yet come when she will think better of your wishes."

"No, no; never. I begin to know her now."

"If you can be constant in your love you may win her yet. Remember how young she is; and how young you both are. Come again in two years' time, and then, when you have won her, you shall tell me that I have been a good old woman to you both."

"I shall never win her, Lady Julia." As he spoke these last words the tears were running down his cheeks, and he was weeping openly in presence of his companion. It was well for him that she had come upon him in his sorrow. When he once knew that she had seen his tears, he could pour out to her the whole story of his grief; and as he did so she led him back quietly to the house.







Engr. by J. H. Simpson

Wm Thackeray

From a Drawing by Samuel Lawrence.

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Denis Duval.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY TREE.



O plague my wife, who does not understand pleasantries in the matter of pedigree, I once drew a fine family tree of my ancestors, with Claude Duval, captain and highwayman, *sus. per coll.* in the reign of Charles II., dangling from a top branch. But this is only my joke with her High Mightiness my wife, and his Serene Highness my son. None of us Duvals have been *suspercollated* to my knowledge. As a boy, I have tasted a rope's-end often enough, but not round my neck: and the persecutions endured by my ancestors in France for our Protestant religion, which we early received and steadily maintained, did not bring death upon us, as upon many of our faith, but only fines and poverty, and exile from our native country.

The world knows how the bigotry of Lewis XIV. drove many families out of France into England, who have become trusty and loyal subjects of

the British crown. Among the thousand fugitives were my grandfather and his wife. They settled at Winchelsea, in Sussex, where there has been a French church ever since Queen Bess's time, and the dreadful day of Saint Bartholomew. Three miles off, at Rye, is another colony and church of our people: another *fester Burg*, where, under Britannia's sheltering buckler, we have been free to exercise our fathers' worship, and sing the songs of our Zion.

My grandfather was elder and precentor of the church of Winchelsea, the pastor being Monsieur Denis, father of Rear-Admiral Sir Peter Denis, Baronet, my kind and best patron. He sailed with Anson in the famous *Centurion*, and obtained his first promotion through that great seaman: and of course you will all remember that it was Captain Denis who brought our good Queen Charlotte to England (7th September, 1761) after a stormy passage of nine days, from Stade. As a child I was taken to his house in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London, and also to the Admiral's country seat, Valence, near Westerham, in Kent, where Colonel Wolfe lived, father of the famous General James Wolfe, the glorious conqueror of Quebec.\*

My father, who was of a wandering disposition, happened to be at Dover in the year 1761, when the Commissioners passed through, who were on their way to sign the Treaty of Peace, known as the Peace of Paris. He had parted, after some hot words, I believe, from his mother, who was, like himself, of a quick temper, and he was on the look-out for employment when Fate threw these gentlemen in his way. Mr. Duval spoke English, French, and German, his parents being of Alsace, and Mr. ——— having need of a confidential person to attend him, who was master of the languages, my father offered himself, and was accepted mainly through the good offices of Captain Denis, our patron, whose ship was then in the Downs. Being at Paris, father must needs visit Alsace, our native country, and having scarce one guinea to rub against another, of course chose to fall in love with my mother and marry her out of hand. *Mons. mon père*, I fear, was but a prodigal; but he was his parents' only living child, and when he came home to Winchelsea, hungry and penniless, with a wife on his hand, they killed their fattest calf, and took both wanderers in. A short while after her marriage, my mother inherited some property from her parents in France, and most tenderly nursed my grandmother through a long illness, in which the good lady died. Of these matters I knew nothing personally, being at the time a child two or three years old; crying and sleeping, drinking and eating, growing, and having my infantile ailments, like other little darlings.

A violent woman was my mother, jealous, hot, and domineering, but generous and knowing how to forgive. I fancy my papa gave her too

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\* I remember a saying of G— Aug—st—s S—lw—n, Esq., regarding the General, which has not been told, as far as I know, in the anecdotes. A Macaroni guardsman, speaking of Mr. Wolfe, asked, "Was he a Jew? Wolfe was a Jewish name." "Certainly," says Mr. S—lw—n, "Mr. Wolfe was the *Height of Abraham*."

many opportunities of exercising this virtue, for, during his brief life, he was ever in scrapes and trouble. He met with an accident when fishing off the French coast, and was brought home and died, and was buried at Winchelsea; but the cause of his death I never knew until my good friend Sir Peter Denis told me in later years, when I had come to have troubles of my own.

I was born on the same day with his Royal Highness the Duke of York, viz. the 13th of August, 1763, and used to be called the Bishop of Osnaburg by the boys in Winchelsea, where between us French boys and the English boys I promise you there was many a good battle. Besides being *ancien* and precentor of the French church at Winchelsea, grandfather was a perruquier and barber by trade, and, if you must know it, I have curled and powdered a gentleman's head before this, and taken him by the nose and shaved him. I do not brag of having used lather and brush: but what is the use of disguising anything? *Tout se sçait*, as the French have it, and a great deal more too. There is Sir Humphrey Howard, who served with me second-lieutenant in the *Meleager*—he says he comes from the N—f—lk Howards; but his father was a shoemaker, and we always called him Humphrey Snob in the gunroom.

In France very few wealthy ladies are accustomed to nurse their children, and the little ones are put out to farmers' wives and healthy nurses, and perhaps better cared for than by their own meagre mothers. My mother's mother, an honest farmer's wife in Lorraine (for I am the first gentleman of my family, and chose my motto\* of *fecimus ipsi* not with pride, but with humble thanks for my good fortune), had brought up Mademoiselle Clarisse de Viomesnil, a Lorraine lady, between whom and her foster-sister there continued a tender friendship long after the marriage of both. Mother came to England, the wife of Monsieur mon papa; and Mademoiselle de Viomesnil married in her own country. She was of the Protestant branch of the Viomesnil, and all the poorer in consequence of her parents' fidelity to their religion. Other members of the family were of the Catholic religion, and held in high esteem at Versailles.

Some short time after my mother's arrival in England, she heard that her dear foster-sister Clarisse was going to marry a Protestant gentleman of Lorraine, Vicomte de Barr, only son of M. le Comte de Saverne, a chamberlain to his Polish Majesty King Stanislas, father of the French Queen. M. de Saverne, on his son's marriage, gave up to the Vicomte de Barr his house at Saverne, and here for a while the newly married couple lived. I do not say the young couple, for the Vicomte de Barr was five-and-twenty years older than his wife, who was but eighteen when her parents married her. As my mother's eyes were very weak, or, to say truth, she was not very skilful in reading, it used to be my lot as a boy to spell out my lady Viscountess's letters to her *sœur de lait*, her good

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\* The Admiral insisted on taking or on a bend sable, three razors displayed proper, with the above motto. The family have adopted the mother's coat of arms.

Ursule : and many a smart rap with the rolling-pin have I had over my noddle from mother as I did my best to read. It was a word and a blow with mother. She did not spare the rod and spoil the child, and that I suppose is the reason why I am so well grown—six feet two in my stockings, and fifteen stone four last Tuesday, when I was weighed along with our pig. Mem.—My neighbour's hams at Rose Cottage are the best in all Hampshire.

I was so young that I could not understand all I read. But I remember mother used to growl in her rough way (she had a grenadier height and voice, and a pretty smart pair of black whiskers too)—my mother used to cry out, “She suffers—my Biche is unhappy—she has got a bad husband. He is a brute. All men are brutes.” And with this she would glare at grandpapa, who was a very humble little man, and trembled before his *bru*, and obeyed her most obsequiously. Then mother would vow she would go home, she would go and succour her Biche; but who would take care of these two imbeciles? meaning me and my grandpapa. Besides, Madame Duval was wanted at home. She dressed many ladies' heads, with very great taste, in the French way, and could shave, frizz, cut hair and tie a queue along with the best barber in the county. Grandfather and the apprentice wove the wigs; when I was at home, I was too young for that work, and was taken off from it, and sent to a famous good school, Pocock's grammar-school at Rye, where I learned to speak English like a Briton—born as I am—and not as we did at home, where we used a queer Alsatian jargon of French and German. At Pocock's I got a little smattering of Latin, too, and plenty of fighting for the first month or two. I remember my patron coming to see me in uniform, blue and white laced with gold, silk stockings and white breeches, and two of his officers along with him. “Where is Denis Duval?” says he, peeping into our school-room, and all the boys looking round with wonder at the great gentleman. Master Denis Duval was standing on a bench at that very moment for punishment for fighting I suppose, with a black eye as big as an omelette. “Denis would do very well if he would keep his fist off other boys' noses,” says the master, and the captain gave me a seven-shilling piece, and I spent it all but twopence before the night was over, I remember. Whilst I was at Pocock's, I boarded with Mr. Rudge, a tradesman, who besides being a grocer at Rye, was in the seafaring way, and part owner of a fishing-boat; and he took *some very queer fish* in his nets, as you shall hear soon. He was a chief man among the Wesleyans, and I attended his church with him, not paying much attention to those most serious and sacred things in my early years, when I was a thoughtless boy, caring for nothing but lollipops, hoops, and marbles.

Captain Denis was a very pleasant, lively gentleman, and on this day he asked the master, Mr. Coates, what was the Latin for a holiday, and hoped Mr. C. would give one to his boys. Of course we sixty boys shouted yes to that proposal; and as for me, Captain Denis cried out, “Mr. Coates, I *press* this fellow with the black eye here, and intend to take him to dine





LITTLE DENIS DANCES AND SINGS BEFORE THE NAVY GENTLEMEN.



with me at the Star." You may be sure I skipped off my bench, and followed my patron. He and his two officers went to the Star, and after dinner called for a crown bowl of punch, and though I would drink none of it, never having been able to bear the taste of rum or brandy, I was glad to come out and sit with the gentlemen, who seemed to be amused with my childish prattle. Captain Denis asked me what I learned, and I daresay I bragged of my little learning: in fact I remember talking in a pompous way about Corderius and Cornelius Nepos, and I have no doubt gave myself very grand airs. He asked whether I liked Mr. Rudge, the grocer, with whom I boarded. I did not like him much, I said, but I hated Miss Rudge and Bevil the apprentice most because they were always . . . here I stopped. "But there is no use in telling tales out of school," says I. "We don't do that at Pocock's, we don't."

And what was my grandmother going to make of me? I said I should like to be a sailor, but a gentleman sailor, and fight for King George. And if I did I would bring all my prize-money home to Agnes, that is, almost all of it—only keep a little of it for myself.

"And so you like the sea, and go out sometimes?" asks Mr. Denis.

Oh, yes, I went out fishing. Mr. Rudge had a half share of a boat along with grandfather, and I used to help to clean her, and was taught to steer her, with many a precious slap on the head if I got her in the wind; and they said I was a very good look-out. I could see well, and remember bluffs and headlands and so forth; and I mentioned several places, points of our coasts, ay, and the French coast too.

"And what do you fish for?" asks the captain.

"Oh, sir, I'm not to say anything about that, Mr. Rudge says!" on which the gentlemen roared with laughter. *They* knew Master Rudge's game, though I in my innocence did not understand it.

"And so you won't have a drop of punch?" asks Captain Denis.

"No, sir, I made a vow I would not, when I saw Miss Rudge so queer."

"Miss Rudge is often queer, is she?"

"Yes, the nasty pig! And she calls names, and slips down stairs, and knocks the cups and saucers about, and fights the apprentice, and—but I mustn't say anything more. I never tell tales, I don't!"

In this way I went on prattling with my patron and his friends, and they made me sing them a song in French, and a song in German, and they laughed and seemed amused at my antics and capers. Captain Denis walked home with me to our lodgings, and I told him how I liked Sunday the best day of the week—that is, every other Sunday—because I went away quite early, and walked three miles to mother and grandfather at Winchelsea, and saw Agnes.

And who, pray, was Agnes? To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard-by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her. To win such a prize in life's lottery is given but to very very few. What I have done (of any worth) has been done in trying to

to serve her. I might have remained, but for her, in my humble native soil, to be neither honest nor happy, but that my good angel yonder succoured me. All I have I owe to her: but I pay with all I have, and what creature can do more?

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE HOUSE OF SAVERNE.

MADemoiselle de Saverne came from Alsace, where her family occupied a much higher rank than that held by the worthy Protestant elder from whom her humble servant is descended. Her mother was a Viomesnil, her father was of a noble Alsatian family, Counts of Barr and Saverne. The old Count de Saverne was alive, and a chamberlain in the court of his Polish Majesty good King Stanislas at Nanci, when his son the Vicomte de Barr, a man already advanced in years, brought home his blooming young bride to that pretty little capital.

The Count de Saverne was a brisk and cheery old gentleman, as his son was gloomy and severe. The count's hotel at Nanci was one of the gayest of the little court. His Protestantism was by no means austere. He was even known to regret that there were no French convents for noble damsels of the Protestant confession, as there were across the Rhine, where his own two daughters might be bestowed out of the way. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne were ungainly in appearance, fierce and sour in temper, resembling, in these particulars, their brother Mons. le Baron de Barr.

In his youth, Monsieur de Barr had served not without distinction, being engaged against Messieurs the English at Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, where he had shown both courage and capacity. His Protestantism prevented his promotion in the army. He left it, steadfast in his faith, but soured in his temper. He did not care for whist or music, like his easy old father. His appearance at the count's little suppers was as cheerful as a death's-head at a feast. M. de Barr only frequented these entertainments to give pleasure to his young wife, who pined and was wretched in the solitary family mansion of Saverne, where the Vicomte took up his residence when first married.

He was of an awful temper, and subject to storms of passion. Being a very conscientious man, he suffered extremely after one of these ebullitions of rage. Between his alternations of anger and remorse, his life was a sad one; his household trembled before him, and especially the poor little wife whom he had brought out of her quiet country village to be the victim of his rage and repentances. More than once she fled to the old Count of Saverne at Nanci, and the kindly selfish old gentleman used his feeble endeavours to protect his poor little daughter-in-law. Quickly after these quarrels letters would arrive, containing vows of the

most abject repentance on the baron's part. These matrimonial campaigns followed a regular course. First rose the outbreak of temper; then the lady's flight ensued to papa-in-law at Nanci; then came letters expressive of grief; then the repentant criminal himself arrived, whose anguish and cries of *mea culpa* were more insupportable than his outbreaks of rage. After a few years, Madame de Barr lived almost entirely with her father-in-law at Nanci, and was scarcely seen in her husband's gloomy mansion of Saverne.

For some years no child was born of this most unhappy union. Just when poor King Stanislas came by his lamentable death (being burned at his own fire), the old Count de Saverne died, and his son found that he inherited little more than his father's name and title of Saverne, the family estate being greatly impoverished by the late count's extravagant and indolent habits, and much weighed down by the portions awarded to the Demoiselles de Saverne, the elderly sisters of the present elderly lord.

The town house at Nanci was shut up for a while; and the new lord of Saverne retired to his castle with his sisters and his wife. With his Catholic neighbours the stern Protestant gentleman had little communion; and the society which frequented his dull house chiefly consisted of Protestant clergymen who came from the other side of the Rhine. Along its left bank, which had only become French territory of late years, the French and German languages were spoken indifferently; in the latter language M. de Saverne was called the Herr von Zabern. After his father's death, Herr von Zabern may have melted a little, but he soon became as moody, violent, and ill-conditioned as ever the Herr von Barr had been.

Saverne was a little country town, with the crumbling old Hôtel de Saverne in the centre of the place, and a straggling street stretching on either side. Behind the house were melancholy gardens, squared and clipped after the ancient French fashion, and, beyond the garden wall, some fields and woods, part of the estate of the Saverne family. These fields and woods were fringed by another great forest, which had once been the property of the house of Saverne, but had been purchased from the late easy proprietor, by Messieurs de Rohan, Princes of Empire, of France, and the Church, Cardinals, and Archbishops of Strasbourg, between whom and their gloomy Protestant neighbour there was no good-will. Not only questions of faith separated them, but questions of *chasse*. The Count de Saverne, who loved shooting, and beat his meagre woods for game with a couple of lean dogs, and a fowling-piece over his shoulder, sometimes came in sight of the grand hunting-parties of Monseigneur the Cardinal, who went to the chase like a prince as he was, with piqueurs and horn-blowers; whole packs of dogs, and a troop of gentlemen in his uniform. Not seldom his Eminence's keepers and M. de Saverne's solitary garde-chasse had quarrels. "Tell your master that I will shoot any red-legs which come upon my land," M. de Saverne said in one of these controversies as he held up a partridge which he had just brought down; and the keeper knew the moody nobleman would be true to his word.

Two neighbours so ill-disposed towards one another were speedily at law: and in the courts at Strasbourg a poor provincial gentleman was likely to meet with scanty justice when opposed to such a powerful enemy as the Prince Archbishop of the province, one of the greatest noblemen of the kingdom. Boundary questions, in a land where there are no hedges, game, forest, and fishery questions—how can I tell, who am no lawyer, what set the gentlemen at loggerheads? In later days I met one M. Georgel, an Abbé who had been a secretary of the Prince Cardinal, and he told me that M. de Saverne was a headlong, violent, ill-conditioned little *mauvais coucheur*, as they say in France, and ready to quarrel with or without a reason.

These quarrels naturally took the Count de Saverne to his advocates and lawyers at Strasbourg, and he would absent himself for days from home, where his poor wife was perhaps not sorry to be rid of him. It chanced, on one of these expeditions to the chief town of his province, that he fell in with a former comrade in his campaigns of Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, an officer of Soubise's regiment, the Baron de la Motte.\* Lamotte had been destined to the Church, like many cadets of good family, but, his elder brother dying, he was released from the tonsure and the seminary, and entered the army under good protection. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne remembered this M. de la Motte at Nanci in old days. He bore the worst of characters; he was gambler, intriguer, duellist, profligate. I suspect that most gentlemen's reputations came off ill under the tongues of these old ladies, and have heard of *other countries* where *mesdemoiselles* are equally hard to please. "Well, have we not all our faults?" I imagine M. de Saverne saying, in a rage. "Is there no such thing as calumny? Are we never to repent, if we have been wrong? I know he has led a wild youth. Others may have done as much. But prodigals have been reclaimed ere now, and I for my part will not turn my back on this one." "Ah, I wish he had!" De la Motte said to me myself in later days, "but it was his fate, his fate!"

One day, then, the Count de Saverne returns home from Strasbourg with his new friend; presents the Baron de la Motte to the ladies of his house, makes the gloomy place as cheerful as he can for his guest, brings forth the best wine from his cave, and beats his best covers for game. I myself knew the baron some years later;—a handsome, tall, sallow-faced man, with a shifty eye, a soft voice, and a grand manner. Monsieur de Saverne for his part was short, black, and ill-favoured, as I have heard my mother say. But Mrs. Duval did not love him, fancying that he ill-treated her Biche. Where she disliked people, my worthy parent would never allow them a single good quality; but she always averred that Monsieur de la Motte was a perfect fine gentleman.

The intimacy between these two gentlemen increased apace. M. de

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\* That unlucky Prince de Rohan was to suffer by another Delamotte, who, with his "Valois" of a wife, played such a notorious part in the famous "diamond necklace" business, but the two *worthies* were not, I believe, related.—D. D.

la Motte was ever welcome at Saverne : a room in the house was called his room : their visitor was an acquaintance of their enemy the Cardinal also, and would often come from the one château to the other. Laughingly he would tell how angry Monseigneur was with his neighbour. He wished he could make peace between the two houses. He gave quite good advice to Monsieur de Saverne, and pointed out the danger he ran in provoking so powerful an adversary. Men had been imprisoned for life for less reason. The Cardinal might get a *lettre de cachet* against his obstinate opponent. He could, besides, ruin Saverne with fines and law-costs. The contest between the two was quite unequal, and the weaker party must inevitably be crushed, unless these unhappy disputes should cease. As far as the ladies of the house dared speak, they coincided in the opinion of M. de la Motte, and were for submission and reconciliation with their neighbours. Madame de Saverne's own relations heard of the feud, and implored the count to bring it to an end. It was one of these, the Baron de Viomesnil, going to command in Corsica, who entreated M. de Saverne to accompany him on the campaign. Anywhere the count was safer than in his own house with an implacable and irresistible enemy at his gate. M. de Saverne yielded to his kinsman's importunities. He took down his sword and pistols of Laufeldt from the wall, where they had hung for twenty years. He set the affairs of his house in order, and after solemnly assembling his family, and on his knees confiding it to the gracious protection of heaven, he left home to join the suite of the French General.

A few weeks after he left home—several years after his marriage—his wife wrote to inform him that she was likely to be a mother. The stern man, who had been very unhappy previously, and chose to think that his wife's barrenness was a punishment of Heaven for some crime of his or hers, was very much moved by this announcement. I have still at home a German Bible which he used, and in which is written in the German a very affecting prayer composed by him, imploring the Divine blessing upon the child about to be born, and hoping that this infant might grow in grace, and bring peace and love and unity into the household. It would appear that he made no doubt he should have a son. His hope and aim were to save in every possible way for this child. I have read many letters of his which he sent from Corsica to his wife, and which she kept. They were full of strange minute orders, as to the rearing and education of this son that was to be born. He enjoined saving amounting to niggardliness in his household, and calculated how much might be put away in ten, in twenty years, so that the coming heir might have a property worthy of his ancient name. In case he should fall in action, he laid commands upon his wife to pursue a system of the most rigid economy, so that the child at coming of age might be able to appear creditably in the world. In these letters, I remember, the events of the campaign were dismissed in a very few words: the main part of the letters consisted of prayers, speculations, and prophecies regarding the child, and sermons couched in the language of the writer's stern creed. When

the child was born, and a girl appeared in place of the boy, upon whom the poor father had set his heart, I hear the family were so dismayed, that they hardly dared to break the news to the chief of the house.

Who told me? The same man who said he wished he had never seen M. de Saverne: the man for whom the unhappy gentleman had conceived a warm friendship:—the man who was to bring a mysterious calamity upon those whom, as I do think, and in his selfish way, he loved sincerely, and he spoke at a time when he could have little desire to deceive me.

The lord of the castle is gone on the campaign. The *châtelaine* is left alone in her melancholy tower with her two dismal duennas. My good mother, speaking in later days about these matters, took up the part of her Biche against the Ladies of Barr and their brother, and always asserted that the tyranny of the duennas, and the meddling, and the verbosity, and the ill-temper of M. de Saverne himself, brought about the melancholy events which now presently ensued. The Count de Saverne was a little man (my mother said) who loved to hear himself talk, and who held forth from morning till night. His life was a fuss. He would weigh the coffee, and count the lumps of sugar, and have a finger in every pie in his frugal house. Night and morning he preached sermons to his family, and he continued to preach when not *en chaire*, laying down the law upon all subjects, untiringly voluble. Cheerfulness in the company of such a man was hypocrisy. Mesdames de Barr had to disguise weariness, to assume an air of contentment, and to appear to be interested when the count preached. As for the count's sisters, they were accustomed to listen to their brother and lord with respectful submission. They had a hundred domestic occupations: they had baking and boiling, and pickling, and washing, and endless embroidery: the life of the little château was quite supportable to them. They knew no better. Even in their father's days at Nancy, the ungainly women kept pretty much aloof from the world, and were little better than domestic servants in waiting on Monseigneur.

And Madame de Saverne, on her first entrance into the family, accepted the subordinate position meekly enough. She spun and she bleached, and she worked great embroideries, and busied herself about her house, and listened demurely whilst Monsieur le Comte was preaching. But then there came a time when her duties interested her no more, when his sermons became especially wearisome, when sharp words passed between her and her lord, and the poor thing exhibited symptoms of impatience and revolt. And with the revolt arose awful storms and domestic battles; and after battles, submission, reconciliation, forgiveness, hypocrisy.

It has been said that Monsieur de Saverne loved the sound of his own croaking voice, and to hold forth to his home congregation. Night after night he and his friend M. de la Motte would have religious disputes together, in which the Huguenot gentleman flattered himself that he constantly had the better of the ex-pupil of the seminary. I was not present naturally, not setting my foot on French ground until five-and-

twenty years after, but I can fancy Madame the Countess sitting at her tambour frame, and the old duenna ladies at their cards, and the combat of the churches going on between these two champions in the little old saloon of the Hôtel de Saverne. "As I hope for pardon," M. de la Motte said to me at a supreme moment of his life, "and to meet those whom on earth I loved and made unhappy, no wrong passed between Clarisse and me, save that wrong which consisted in disguising from her husband the regard we had for one another. Once, twice, thrice, I went away from their house, but that unhappy Saverne would bring me back, and I was only too glad to return. I would let him talk for hours—I own it—so that I might be near Clarisse. I had to answer from time to time, and rubbed up my old seminary learning to reply to his sermons. I must often have spoken at random, for my thoughts were far away from the poor man's *radotages*, and he could no more change my convictions than he could change the colour of my skin. Hours and hours thus passed away. They would have been intolerably tedious to others: they were not so to me. I preferred that gloomy little château to the finest place in Europe. To see Clarisse, was all I asked. Denis! There is a power irresistible impelling all of us. From the moment I first set eyes on her, I knew she was my fate. I shot an English grenadier at Hastenbeck, who would have bayoneted poor Saverne but for me. As I lifted him up from the ground, I thought, 'I shall have to repent of ever having seen that man.' I felt the same thing, Duval, when I saw you." And as the unhappy gentleman spoke, I remembered how I for my part felt a singular and unpleasant sensation as of terror and approaching evil when first I looked at that handsome, ill-omened face.

I thankfully believe the words which M. de la Motte spoke to me at a time when he could have no cause to disguise the truth; and am assured of the innocence of the Countess de Saverne. Poor lady! if she erred in thought, she had to pay so awful a penalty for her crime, that we humbly hope it has been forgiven her. She was not true to her husband, though she did him no wrong. If, while trembling before him, she yet had dissimulation enough to smile and be merry, I suppose no preacher or husband would be very angry with her for *that* hypocrisy. I have seen a slave in the West Indies soundly cuffed for looking sulky; we expect our negroes to be obedient and to be happy too.

Now when M. de Saverne went away to Corsica, I suspect he was strongly advised to take that step by his friend M. de la Motte. When he was gone, M. de la Motte did not present himself at the Hôtel de Saverne, where an old school-fellow of his, a pastor and preacher from Kehl, on the German Rhine bank, was installed in command of the little garrison, from which its natural captain had been obliged to withdraw; but there is no doubt that poor Clarisse deceived this gentleman and her two sisters-in-law, and acted towards them with a very culpable hypocrisy.

Although there was a deadly feud between the two châteaux of Saverne—namely, the Cardinal's new-built castle in the Park, and the

count's hotel in the little town—yet each house knew more or less of the other's doings. When the Prince Cardinal and his court were at Saverne, Mesdemoiselles de Barr were kept perfectly well informed of all the festivities which they did not share. In our little Fareport here, do not the Miss Prys, my neighbours, know what I have for dinner, the amount of my income, the price of my wife's last gown, and the items of my son's, Captain Scapegrace's, tailor's bill? No doubt the Ladies of Barr were equally well informed of the doings of the Prince Coadjutor and his court. Such gambling, such splendour, such painted hussies from Strasbourg, such plays, masquerades, and orgies as took place in that castle! Mesdemoiselles had the very latest particulars of all these horrors, and the Cardinal's castle was to them as the castle of a wicked ogre. From her little dingy tower at night, Madame de Saverne could look out, and see the Cardinal's sixty palace windows all aflame. Of summer nights gusts of unhallowed music would be heard from the great house, where dancing festivals, theatrical pieces even, were performed. Though Madame de Saverne was forbidden by her husband to frequent those assemblies, the townspeople were up to the palace from time to time, and Madame could not help hearing of the doings there. In spite of the count's prohibition, his gardener poached in the Cardinal's woods; one or two of the servants were smuggled in to see a fête or a ball; then Madame's own woman went; then Madame herself began to have a wicked longing to go, as Madame's first ancestress had for the fruit of the forbidden tree. Is not the apple always ripe on that tree, and does not the tempter for ever invite you to pluck and eat? Madame de Saverne had a lively little waiting-maid, whose bright eyes loved to look into neighbours' parks and gardens, and who had found favour with one of the domestics of the Prince Archbishop. This woman brought news to her mistress of the feasts, balls, banquets, nay, comedies, which were performed at the Prince Cardinal's. The Prince's gentlemen went hunting in his uniform. He was served on plate, and a lacquey in his livery stood behind each guest. He had the French comedians over from Strasbourg. Oh, that M. de Molière was a droll gentleman, and how grand the "Cid" was!

Now, to see these plays and balls, Martha, the maid, must have had intelligence in and out of both the houses of Saverne. She must have deceived those old dragons, Mesdemoiselles. She must have had means of creeping out at the gate, and silently creeping back again. She told her mistress everything she saw, acted the plays for her, and described the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen. Madame de Saverne was never tired of hearing her maid's stories. When Martha was going to a fête, Madame lent her some little ornament to wear, and yet when Pasteur Schnorr and Mesdemoiselles talked of the proceedings at Great Saverne, and as if the fires of Gomorrah were ready to swallow up that palace, and all within it, the lady of Saverne sate demurely in silence, and listened to their croaking and sermons. Listened? The pastor exhorted the household, the old ladies talked night after night, and poor Madame de Saverne never



heeded. Her thoughts were away in Great Saverne; her spirit was for ever hankering about those woods. Letters came now and again from M. de Saverne, with the army. They had been engaged with the enemy. Very good. He was unhurt. Heaven be praised; and then the grim husband read his poor little wife a grim sermon; and the grim sisters and the chaplain commented on it. Once, after an action at Calvi, Monsieur de Saverne, who was always specially lively in moments of danger, described how narrowly he had escaped with his life, and the chaplain took advantage of the circumstance, and delivered to the household a prodigious discourse on death, on danger, on preservation here and hereafter, and alas, and alas, poor Madame de Saverne found that she had not listened to a word of the homily. Her thoughts were not with the preacher, nor with the captain of Viomesnil's regiment before Calvi; they were in the palace at Great Saverne, with the balls, and the comedies, and the music, and the fine gentlemen from Paris and Strasbourg, and out of Empire beyond the Rhine, who frequented the Prince's entertainments.

What happened where the wicked spirit was whispering, "Eat," and the tempting apple hung within reach? One night when the household was at rest, Madame de Saverne, muffled in cloak and calash, with a female companion similarly disguised, tripped silently out of the back gate of the Hôtel de Saverne, found a carriage in waiting, with a driver who apparently knew the road and the passengers he was to carry, and after half an hour's drive through the straight avenues of the park of Great Saverne, alighted at the gates of the château, where the driver gave up the reins of the carriage to a domestic in waiting, and, by doors and passages which seemed perfectly well known to him, the coachman and the two women entered the castle together, and found their way to a gallery in a great hall, in which many lords and ladies were seated, and at the end of which was a stage, with curtain before it. Men and women came backwards and forwards on this stage, and recited a dialogue in verses. O mercy! it was a comedy they were acting, one of those wicked delightful plays which she was forbidden to see, and which she was longing to behold! After the comedy was to be a ball, in which the actors would dance in their stage habits. Some of the people were in masks already, and in that box near to the stage, surrounded by a little crowd of dominoes sat Monseigneur the Prince Cardinal himself. Madame de Saverne had seen him and his cavalcade sometimes returning from hunting. She would have been as much puzzled to say what the play was about as to give an account of Pasteur Schnorr's sermon a few hours before. But Frontin made jokes with his master Damis; and Géronte locked up the doors of his house, and went to bed grumbling; and it grew quite dark, and Mathurine flung a rope-ladder out of window, and she and her mistress Elmire came down the ladder; and Frontin held it, and Elmire, with a little cry, fell into the arms of Mons. Damis; and master and man, and maid and mistress, sang a merry chorus together, in which human frailty was very cheerfully depicted; and when they had done, away they went

to the gondola which was in waiting at the canal stairs, and so good night. And when old G eronte, wakened up by the disturbance, at last came forth in his night-cap, and saw the boat paddling away out of reach, you may be sure that the audience laughed at the poor impotent raging old wretch. It was a very merry play indeed, and is still popular and performed in France, and elsewhere.

After the play came a ball. Would Madame dance? Would the noble Countess of Saverne dance with a coachman? There were others below on the dancing-floor dressed in mask and domino as she was. Who ever said she had a mask and domino? You see it has been stated that she was muffled in cloak and calash. Well, is not a domino a cloak? and has it not a hood or calash appended to it? and, pray, do not women wear masks at home as well as the Ridotto?

Another question arises here. A high-born lady entrusts herself to a charioteer, who drives her to the castle of a prince her husband's enemy. Who was her companion? Of course he could be no other than that luckless Monsieur de la Motte. He had never been very far away from Madame de Saverne since her husband's departure. In spite of chaplains, and duennas, and guards, and locks and keys, he had found means of communicating with her. How? By what lies and stratagems? By what arts and bribery? These poor people are both gone to their account. Both suffered a fearful punishment. I will not describe their follies, and don't care to be Mons. Figaro, and hold the ladder and lantern, while the count scales Rosina's window. Poor, frightened, erring soul! She suffered an awful penalty for what, no doubt, was a great wrong.

A child almost, she was married to M. de Saverne, without knowing him, without liking him, because her parents ordered her, and because she was bound to comply with their will. She was sold, and went to her slavery. She lived at first obediently enough. If she shed tears, they were dried; if she quarrelled with her husband, the two were presently reconciled. She bore no especial malice, and was as gentle, subordinate a slave as ever you shall see in Jamaica or Barbadoes. Nobody's tears were sooner dried, as I should judge: none would be more ready to kiss the hand of the overseer who drove her. But you don't expect sincerity and subservience too. I know, for my part, a lady who only obeys when she likes: and faith! it may be it is *I* who am the hypocrite, and have to tremble, and smile, and swindle before *her*.

When Madame de Saverne's time was nearly come, it was ordered that she should go to Strasbourg, where the best medical assistance is to be had: and here, six months after her husband's departure for Corsica, their child, Agnes de Saverne, was born.

Did secret terror and mental disquietude and remorse now fall on the unhappy lady? She wrote to my mother, at this time her only confidante (and yet not a confidante of all!)—"O Ursule! I dread this event. Perhaps I shall die. I think I hope I shall. In these long days, since he has been away, I have got so to dread his return, that I believe I shall go

mad when I see him. Do you know, after the battle before Calvi, when I read that many officers had been killed, I thought, is M. de Saverne killed? And I read the list down, and his name was not there: and, my sister, my sister, I was not glad! Have I come to be such a monster as to wish my own husband . . . No. I wish I was. I can't speak to M. Schnorr about this. He is so stupid. He doesn't understand me. He is like my husband; for ever preaching me his sermons.

"Listen, Ursule! Speak it to nobody! I have been to hear a sermon. Oh, it was indeed divine! It was not from one of our pastors. Oh, how they weary me! It was from a good bishop of the *French Church*—not our *German Church*—the Bishop of Amiens—who happens to be here on a visit to the Cardinal Prince. The bishop's name is *M. de la Motte*. He is a relative of a gentleman of whom we have seen a great deal lately—a great friend of M. de Saverne, *who saved my husband's life* in the battle M. de S. is always talking about.

"How beautiful the cathedral is! It was night when I went. The church was lighted like the stars, and the music was like *Heaven*. Ah, how different from M. Schnorr at home, from—from somebody *else* at my new home who is *always* preaching—that is, when he is at home! Poor man! I wonder whether he preaches to them in Corsica! I pity them if he does. Don't mention the cathedral if you write to me. The dragons don't know anything about it. How they would scold if they did! Oh, how they ennuyent me, the dragons! Behold them! They think I am writing to my husband. Ah, Ursule! When I write to him, I sit for hours before the paper. I say nothing; and what I say seems to be lies. Whereas when I write to you, my pen runs—runs! The paper is covered before I think I have begun. So it is when I write to . . . I do believe that *vilain dragon* is peering at my note with her spectacles! Yes, my good sister, I am writing to M. le Comte!"

To this letter a postscript is added, as by the countess's command, in the German language, in which Madame de Saverne's medical attendant announces the birth of a daughter, and that the child and mother are doing well.

That daughter is sitting before me now—with spectacles on nose too—very placidly spelling the Portsmouth paper, where I hope she will soon read the promotion of Monsieur Scapegrace, her son. She has exchanged her noble name for mine, which is only humble and honest. My dear! your eyes are not so bright as once I remember them, and the raven locks are streaked with silver. To shield thy head from dangers has been the blessed chance and duty of my life. When I turn towards her, and see her moored in our harbour of rest, after our life's chequered voyage, calm and happy, a sense of immense gratitude fills my being, and my heart says a hymn of praise.

The first days of the life of Agnes de Saverne were marked by incidents which were strangely to influence her career. Around her little cradle a double, a triple tragedy was about to be enacted. Strange that

death, crime, revenge, remorse, mystery, should attend round the cradle of one so innocent and pure—as pure and innocent, I pray Heaven, now, as upon that day when, at scarce a month old, the adventures of her life began.

That letter to my mother, written by Madame de Saverne on the eve of her child's birth, and finished by her attendant, bears date November 25, 1768. A month later Martha Seebach, her attendant, wrote (in German) that her mistress had suffered frightfully from fever; so much so that her reason left her for some time, and her life was despaired of. Mesdemoiselles de Barr were for bringing up the child by hand; but not being versed in nursery practices, the infant had ailed sadly until restored to its mother. Madame de Saverne was now tranquil. Madame was greatly better. She had suffered most fearfully. In her illness she was constantly calling for her foster-sister to protect her from some danger which, as she appeared to fancy, menaced Madame.

Child as I was at the time when these letters were passing, I remember the arrival of the next. It lies in yonder drawer, and was written by a poor fevered hand which is now cold, in ink which is faded after fifty years.\* I remember my mother screaming out in German, which she always spoke when strongly moved, "Dear Heaven, my child is mad—is mad!" And indeed that poor faded letter contains a strange rhapsody.

"Ursule!" she wrote (I do not care to give at length the words of the poor wandering creature), "after my child was born the demons wanted to take her from me. But I struggled and kept her quite close, and now they can no longer hurt her. I took her to church. Martha went with me, and He was there—he always is—to defend me from the demons, and I had her christened Agnes, and I was christened Agnes too. Think of my being christened at twenty-two! Agnes the First, and Agnes the Second. But though my name is changed, I am always the same to my Ursule, and my name now is, Agnes Clarisse de Saverne, born de Viomesnil."

She had actually, when not quite mistress of her own reason, been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church with her child. Was she sane, when she so acted? Had she thought of the step before taking it? Had she known Catholic clergymen at Saverne, or had she other reasons for her conversion than those which were furnished in the conversations which took place between her husband and M. de la Motte? In this letter the poor lady says, "Yesterday two persons came to my bed with gold crowns round their heads. One was dressed like a priest; one was beautiful, and covered with arrows, and they said, 'We are Saint Fabian and Saint Sebastian; and to-morrow is the day of Saint Agnes: and she will be at church to receive you there.'"

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\* The memoirs appear to have been written in the years '20, '21. Mr. Duval was gazetted Rear-Admiral and K.C.B. in the promotions on the accession of King George IV.

What the real case was I never knew. The Protestant clergyman whom I saw in after days could only bring his book to show that he had christened the infant, not Agnes, but Augustine. Martha Seebach is dead. Lamotte, when I conversed with him, did not touch upon this part of the poor lady's history. I conjecture that the images and pictures which she had seen in the churches operated upon her fevered brain; that, having procured a Roman Calendar and Missal, she knew saints' days and feasts; and, not yet recovered from her delirium or quite responsible for the actions which she performed, she took her child to the cathedral, and was baptized there.

And now, no doubt, the poor lady had to practise more deceit and concealment. The "demons" were the old maiden sisters left to watch over her. She had to hoodwink these. Had she not done so before—when she went to the Cardinal's palace at Saverne? Wherever the poor thing moved I fancy those ill-omened eyes of Lamotte glimmering upon her out of the darkness. Poor Eve,—not lost quite; I pray and think,—but that serpent was ever trailing after her, and she was to die poisoned in its coil. Who shall understand the awful ways of fate? A year after that period regarding which I write, a lovely Imperial Princess rode through the Strasbourg streets radiant and blushing, amidst pealing bells, roaring cannon, garlands and banners, and shouting multitudes. Did any one ever think that the last stage of that life's journey was to be taken in a hideous tumbrel, and to terminate on a scaffold? The life of Madame de Saverne was to last but a year more; and her end to be scarcely less tragical.

Many physicians have told me how often after the birth of a child the brain of the mother will be affected. Madame de Saverne remained for some time in this febrile condition, if not unconscious of her actions, at least not accountable for all of them. At the end of three months she woke up as out of a dream, having a dreadful recollection of the circumstances which had passed. Under what hallucinations we never shall know, or yielding to what persuasions, the wife of a stern Protestant nobleman had been to a Roman Catholic church, and had been christened there with her child. She never could recall that step. A great terror came over her as she thought of it—a great terror and a hatred of her husband, the cause of all her grief and her fear. She began to look out lest he should return; she clutched her child to her breast, and barred and bolted all doors for fear people should rob her of the infant. The Protestant chaplain, the Protestant sisters-in-law looked on with dismay and anxiety; they thought justly that Madame de Saverne was not yet quite restored to her reason; they consulted the physicians, who agreed with them; who arrived, who prescribed; who were treated by the patient with scorn, laughter, insult sometimes; sometimes with tears and terror, according to her wayward mood. Her condition was most puzzling. The sisters wrote from time to time guarded reports respecting her to her husband in Corsica. He, for his part, replied instantly with volumes of

his wonted verbose commonplace. He acquiesced in the decrees of Fate, when informed that a daughter was born to him; and presently wrote whole reams of instructions regarding her nurture, dress, and physical and religious training. The child was called Agnes? He would have preferred Barbara, as being his mother's name. I remember in some of the poor gentleman's letters there were orders about the child's pap, and instructions as to the nurse's diet. He was coming home soon. The Corsicans had been defeated in every action. Had he been a Catholic he would have been a knight of the King's orders long ere this. M. de Viomesnil hoped still to get for him the order of Military Merit (the Protestant order which his Majesty had founded ten years previously). These letters (which were subsequently lost by an accident at sea\*) spoke modestly enough of the count's personal adventures. I hold him to have been a very brave man, and only not tedious and prolix when he spoke of his own merits and services.

The count's letters succeeded each other post after post. The end of the war was approaching, and with it his return was assured. He exulted in the thought of seeing his child, and leading her in the way she should go—the right way, the true way. As the mother's brain cleared, her terror grew greater—her terror and loathing of her husband. She could not bear the thought of his return, or to face him with the confession which she knew she must make. His wife turn Catholic and baptize his child? She felt he would kill her, did he know what had happened. She went to the priest who had baptized her. M. Georgel (his Eminence's secretary) knew her husband. The Prince Cardinal was so great and powerful a prelate, Georgel said, that he would protect her against all the wrath of all the Protestants in France. I think she must have had interviews with the Prince Cardinal, though there is no account of them in any letter to my mother.

The campaign was at an end. M. de Vaux, M. de Viomesnil, both wrote in highly eulogistic terms of the conduct of the Count de Saverne. Their good wishes would attend him home Protestant as he was, their best interest should be exerted in his behalf.

The day of the count's return approached. The day arrived: I can fancy the brave gentleman with beating heart ascending the steps of the homely lodging where his family have been living at Strasbourg ever since the infant's birth. How he has dreamt about that child: prayed for her and his wife at night-watch and bivouac—prayed for them as he stood, calm and devout, in the midst of battle. . . .

When he enters the room, he sees only two frightened domestics and the two ghastly faces of his scared old sisters.

"Where are Clarisse and the child?" he asks.

The child and the mother were gone. The aunts knew not where.

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\* The letters from *Madame de Saverne* to my mother at Winchelsea were not subject to this mishap, but were always kept by Madame Duval in her own escritoire.

A stroke of palsy could scarcely have smitten the unhappy gentleman more severely than did the news which his trembling family was obliged to give him. In later days I saw M. Schnorr, the German pastor from Kehl, who has been mentioned already, and who was installed in the count's house as tutor and chaplain during the absence of the master. "When Madame de Saverne went to make her *coucher* at Strasbourg" (M. Schnorr said to me), "I retired to my duties at Kehl, glad enough to return to the quiet of my home, for the noble lady's reception of me was anything but gracious; and I had to endure much female sarcasm and many unkind words from Madame la Comtesse, whenever, as in duty bound, I presented myself at her table. Sir, that most unhappy lady used to make sport of me before her domestics. She used to call me her gaoler. She used to mimic my ways of eating and drinking. She would yawn in the midst of my exhortations, and cry out, 'O que c'est bête!' and when I gave out a Psalm, would utter little cries, and say, 'Pardon me, M. Schnorr, but you sing so out of tune you make my head ache;' so that I could scarcely continue that portion of the service, the very domestics laughing at me when I began to sing. My life was a martyrdom, but I bore my tortures meekly, out of a sense of duty and my love for M. le Comte. When her ladyship kept her chamber I used to wait almost daily upon Mesdemoiselles the count's sisters, to ask news of her and her child. I christened the infant; but her mother was too ill to be present, and sent me out word by Mademoiselle Marthe that *she* should call the child Agnes, though I might name it what I please. This was on the 21st January, and I remember being struck, because in the Roman Calendar the feast of St. Agnes is celebrated on that day.

"Haggard and actually grown grey, from a black man which he was, my poor lord came to me with wildness and agony of grief in all his features and actions, to announce to me that Madame the Countess had fled, taking her infant with her. And he had a scrap of paper with him, over which he wept and raged as one demented; now pouring out fiercer imprecations, now bursting into passionate tears and cries, calling upon his wife, his darling, his prodigal, to come back, to bring him his child, when all should be forgiven. As he thus spoke his screams and groans were so piteous, that I myself was quite unmanned, and my mother, who keeps house for me (and who happened to be listening at the door), was likewise greatly alarmed by my poor lord's passion of grief. And when I read on that paper that my lady countess had left the faith to which our fathers gloriously testified in the midst of trouble, slaughter, persecution, and bondage, I was scarcely less shocked than my good lord himself.

"We crossed the bridge to Strasbourg back again and went to the Cathedral Church, and entering there, we saw the Abbé Georgel coming out of a chapel where he had been to perform his devotions. The Abbé, who knew me, gave a ghastly smile as he recognized me, and for a pale man, his cheek blushed up a little when I said, 'This is Monsieur the Comte de Saverne.'

“ ‘Where is she?’ asked my poor lord, clutching the Abbé’s arm.

“ ‘Who?’ asks the Abbé, stepping back a little.

“ ‘Where is my child? where is my wife?’ cries the count.

“ ‘Silence, Monsieur!’ says the Abbé. ‘Do you know in whose house you are?’ and the chant from the altar, where the service was being performed, came upon us, and smote my poor lord as though a shot had struck him. We were standing, he tottering against a pillar in the nave, close by the christening font, and over my lord’s head was a picture of Saint Agnes.

“ ‘The agony of the poor gentleman could not but touch any one who witnessed it. ‘M. le Comte,’ says the Abbé, ‘I feel for you. This great surprise has come upon you unprepared—I—I pray that it may be for your good.’

“ ‘You know, then, what has happened?’ asked M. de Saverne; and the Abbé was obliged to stammer a confession that he *did* know what had occurred. He was, in fact, the very man who had performed the rite which separated my unhappy lady from the church of her fathers.

“ ‘Sir,’ he said, with some spirit, ‘this was a service which no clergyman could refuse. I would to Heaven, Monsieur, that you, too, might be brought to ask it from me.’

“ ‘The poor count, with despair in his face, asked to see the register which confirmed the news, and there we saw that on the 21st January, 1769, being the Feast of St. Agnes, the noble lady, Clarisse, Countess of Saverne, born de Viomesnil, aged twenty-two years, and Agnes, only daughter of the same Count of Saverne and Clarisse his wife, were baptized and received into the Church in the presence of two witnesses (clerics) whose names were signed.

“ ‘The poor count knelt over the registry book with an awful grief in his face, and in a mood which I heartily pitied. He bent down, uttering what seemed an imprecation rather than a prayer, and at this moment it chanced the service at the chief altar was concluded, and Monseigneur and his suite of clergy came into the sacristy. Sir, the Count de Saverne, starting up, clutching his sword in his hand, and shaking his fist at the Cardinal, uttered a wild speech calling down imprecations upon the church of which the prince was a chief: ‘Where is my lamb that you have taken from me?’ he said, using the language of the Prophet towards the King who had despoiled him.

“ ‘The Cardinal haughtily said the conversion of Madame de Saverne was of Heaven, and no act of his, and, adding, ‘Bad neighbour as you have been to me, sir, I wish you so well that I hope you may follow her.’

“ ‘At this the count, losing all patience, made a violent attack upon the Church of Rome, denounced the Cardinal, and called down maledictions upon his head; said that a day should come when his abominable pride should meet with a punishment and fall; and spoke, as, in fact, the poor gentleman was able to do only too readily and volubly, against Rome and all its errors.



“The Prince Louis de Rohan replied with no little dignity, as I own. He said that such words in such a place were offensive and out of all reason: that it only depended on him to have M. de Saverne arrested, and punished for blasphemy and insult to the Church: but that, pitying the count’s unhappy condition, the Cardinal would forget the hasty and insolent words he had uttered—as he would know how to defend Madame de Saverne and her child after the righteous step which she had taken. And he swept out of the sacristy with his suite, and passed through the door which leads into his palace, leaving my poor count still in his despair and fury.

“As he spoke with those Scripture phrases which M. de Saverne ever had at command, I remember how the Prince Cardinal tossed up his head and smiled. I wonder whether he thought of the words when his own day of disgrace came, and the fatal affair of the diamond necklace which brought him to ruin.”\*

“Not without difficulty” (M. Schnorr resumed) “I induced the poor count to quit the church where his wife’s apostasy had been performed. The outer gates and walls are decorated with numberless sculptures of saints of the Roman Calendar: and for a minute or two the poor man stood on the threshold shouting imprecations in the sunshine, and calling down woe upon France and Rome. I hurried him away. Such language was dangerous, and could bring no good to either of us. He was almost a madman when I conducted him back to his home, where the ladies his sisters, scared with his wild looks, besought me not to leave him.

“Again he went into the room which his wife and child had inhabited, and, as he looked at the relics of both which still were left there, gave way to bursts of grief which were pitiable indeed to witness. I speak of what happened near forty years ago, and remember the scene as though yesterday: the passionate agony of the poor gentleman, the sobs and prayers. On a chest of drawers there was a little cap belonging to the infant. He seized it: kissed it: wept over it: calling upon the mother to bring the child back and he would forgive all. He thrust the little cap into his breast: opened every drawer, book, and closet, seeking for some indications of the fugitives. My opinion was, and that even of the ladies, sisters of M. le Comte, that Madame had taken refuge in a convent with the child, that the Cardinal knew where she was, poor and friendless, and that the Protestant gentleman would in vain seek for her. Perhaps when tired of that place—I for my part thought Madame la Comtesse a light-minded, wilful person, who certainly had no *vocation*, as the Catholics call it, for a religious life—thought she might come out after a while, and gave my patron such consolation as I could devise, upon this faint hope. He who was all forgiveness at one minute, was all wrath at the next. He would

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\* My informant, Protestant though he was, did not, as I remember, speak with very much asperity against the Prince Cardinal. He said that the prince lived an edifying life after his fall, succouring the poor, and doing everything in his power to defend the cause of royalty.—D. D.

rather see his child dead than receive her as a Catholic. He would go to the King, surrounded by harlots as he was, and ask for justice. There were still Protestant gentlemen left in France, whose spirit was not altogether trodden down, and they would back him in demanding reparation for this outrage.

“I had some vague suspicion, which, however, I dismissed from my mind as unworthy, that there might be a third party cognizant of Madame’s flight; and this was a gentleman, once a great favourite of M. le Comte, and in whom I myself was not a little interested. Three or four days after the Comte de Saverne went away to the war, as I was meditating on a sermon which I proposed to deliver, walking at the back of my lord’s house of Saverne, in the fields which skirt the wood where the Prince Cardinal’s great Schloss stands, I saw this gentleman with a gun over his shoulder, and recognized him—the Chevalier de la Motte, the very person who had saved the life of M. de Saverne in the campaign against the English.

“M. de la Motte said he was staying with the Cardinal, and trusted that the ladies of Saverne were well. He sent his respectful compliments to them: in a laughing way said he had been denied the door when he came to a visit, which he thought was an unkind act towards an old comrade: and at the same time expressed his sorrow at the count’s departure—‘for, Herr Pfarrer,’ said he, ‘you know I am a good Catholic, and in many most important conversations which I had with the Comte de Saverne, the differences between our two churches was the subject of our talk, and I do think I should have converted him to ours.’ I, humble village pastor as I am, was not afraid to speak in such a cause, and we straightway had a most interesting conversation together, in which, as the gentleman showed, I had not the worst of the argument. It appeared he had been educated for the Roman Church, but afterwards entered the army. He was a most interesting man, and his name was le Chevalier de la Motte. You look as if you had known him, M. le Capitaine—will it please you to replenish your pipe, and take another glass of my beer?”

I said I had *effectivement* known M. de la Motte; and the good old clergyman (with many compliments to me for speaking French and German so glibly) proceeded with his artless narrative. “I was ever a poor horseman: and when I came to be chaplain and major-domo at the Hôtel de Saverne, in the count’s absence, Madame more than once rode entirely away from me, saying that she could not afford to go at my clerical jog-trot. And being in a scarlet amazon, and a conspicuous object, you see, I thought I saw her at a distance talking to a gentleman on a schimmel horse, in a grass-green coat. When I asked her to whom she spoke, she said, ‘M. le Pasteur, you radotez with your grey horse and your green coat! If you are set to be a spy over me, ride faster, or bring out the old ladies to bark at your side.’ The fact is, the countess was for ever quarrelling with those old ladies, and they were a yelping ill-natured pair. They treated me, a pastor of the Reformed Church of the Augsburg

Confession, as no better than a lacquey, sir, and made me eat the bread of humiliation; whereas Madame la Comtesse, though often haughty, flighty, and passionate, could also be so winning and gentle, that no one could resist her. Ah, sir!" said the pastor, "that woman had a coaxing way with her when she chose, and when her flight came I was in such a way that the jealous old sisters-in-law said I was in love with her myself. Pfui! For a month before my lord's arrival I had been knocking at all doors to see if I could find my poor wandering lady behind them. She, her child, and Martha her maid, were gone, and we knew not whither.

"On that very first day of his unhappy arrival, M. le Comte discovered what his sisters, jealous and curious as they were, what I, a man of no inconsiderable acumen, had failed to note. Amongst torn papers and chiffons, in her ladyship's bureau, there was a scrap with one line in her handwriting. '*Ursule, Ursule, le tyran rev. . .*' and no more.

"Ah! M. le Comte said, 'She is gone to her foster-sister in England! Quick, quick, horses!' And before two hours were passed he was on horseback, making the first stage of that long journey."

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TRAVELLERS.

THE poor gentleman was in such haste that the old proverb was realized in his case, and his journey was anything but speedy. At Nanci he fell ill of a fever, which had nearly carried him off, and in which he unceasingly raved about his child, and called upon his faithless wife to return her. Almost before he was convalescent, he was on his way again, to Boulogne, where he saw that English coast on which he rightly conjectured his fugitive wife was sheltered.

And here, from my boyish remembrance, which, respecting these early days, remains extraordinarily clear, I can take up the story, in which I was myself a very young actor, playing in the strange, fantastic, often terrible, drama which ensued a not insignificant part. As I survey it now, the curtain is down, and the play long over; as I think of its surprises, disguises, mysteries, escapes, and dangers, I am amazed myself, and sometimes inclined to be almost as great a fatalist as M. de la Motte, who vowed that a superior Power ruled our actions for us, and declared that he could no more prevent his destiny from accomplishing itself, than he could prevent his hair from growing. What a destiny it was! What a fatal tragedy was now about to begin!

One evening in our Midsummer holidays, in the year 1769, I remember being seated in my little chair at home, with a tempest of rain beating down the street. We had customers on most evenings, but there happened to be none on this night: and I remember I was puzzling over a bit of

Latin grammar, to which mother used to keep me stoutly when I came home from school.

It is fifty years since.\* I have forgotten who knows how many events of my life, which are not much worth the remembering; but I have as clearly before my eyes now a little scene which occurred on this momentous night, as though it had been acted within this hour. As we are sitting at our various employments, we hear steps coming up the street, which was empty, and silent but for the noise of the wind and rain. We hear steps—several steps—along the pavement, and they stop at our door.

“Madame Duval. It is Gregson!” cries a voice from without.

“Ah, bon Dieu!” says mother, starting up and turning quite white. And then I heard the cry of an infant. Dear heart! How well I remember that little cry!

As the door opens, a great gust of wind sets our two candles flickering, and I see enter. . . . .

A gentleman giving his arm to a lady who is veiled in cloaks and wraps, an attendant carrying a crying child, and Gregson the boatman after them.

My mother gives a great hoarse shriek, and crying out, “Clarisse! Clarisse!” rushes up to the lady, and hugs and embraces her passionately. The child cries and wails. The nurse strives to soothe the infant. The gentleman takes off his hat and wrings the wet from it, and looks at me. It was then I felt a strange shock and terror. I have felt the same shock once or twice in my life: and once, notably, the person so affecting me has been my enemy, and has come to a dismal end.

“We have had a very rough voyage,” says the gentleman (in French) to my grandfather. “We have been fourteen hours at sea. Madame has suffered greatly, and is much exhausted.”

“Thy rooms are ready,” says mother, fondly. “My poor Biche, thou shalt sleep in comfort to-night, and need fear nothing, nothing!”

A few days before I had seen mother and her servant mightily busy in preparing the rooms on the first floor, and decorating them. When I asked whom she was expecting, she boxed my ears, and bade me be quiet; but these were evidently the expected visitors; and, of course, from the names which mother used, I knew that the lady was the Countess of Saverne.

“And this is thy son, Ursule?” says the lady. “He is a great boy! My little wretch is always crying.”

“Oh, the little darling,” says mother, seizing the child, which fell to crying louder than ever, “scared by the nodding plume and bristling crest” of Madame Duval, who wore a great cap in those days, and indeed looked as fierce as any Hector.

When the pale lady spoke so harshly about the child, I remember myself feeling a sort of surprise and displeasure. Indeed, I have loved

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\* The narrative seems to have been written about the year 1820.

children all my life, and am a fool about them (as witness my treatment of my own rascal), and no one can say that I was ever a tyrant at school, or ever fought there except to hold my own.

My mother produced what food was in the house, and welcomed her guests to her humble table. What trivial things remain impressed on the memory! I remember laughing in my boyish way because the lady said, "*Ah! c'est ça du thé? je n'en ai jamais goûté. Mais c'est très mauvais, n'est ce pas, M. le Chevalier?*" I suppose they had not learned to drink tea in Alsace yet. Mother stopped my laughing with her usual appeal to my ears. I was daily receiving that sort of correction from the good soul. Grandfather said, if Madame the Countess would like a little tass of real Nants brandy after her voyage, he could supply her; but she would have none of that either, and retired soon to her chamber, which had been prepared for her with my mother's best sheets and diapers, and in which was a bed for her maid Martha, who had retired to it with the little crying child. For M. le Chevalier de la Motte an apartment was taken at Mr. Billis's the baker's, down the street:—a friend who gave me many a plum-cake in my childhood, and whose wigs grandfather dressed, if you must know the truth.

At morning and evening we used to have prayers, which grandfather spoke with much eloquence; but on this night, as he took out his great Bible, and was for having me read a chapter, my mother said, "No. This poor Clarisse is fatigued, and will go to bed." And to bed accordingly the stranger went. And as I read my little chapter, I remember how tears fell down mother's cheeks, and how she cried, "*Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! ayez pitié d'elle,*" and when I was going to sing our evening hymn, "*Nun ruhen alle Wälder,*" she told me to hush. Madame upstairs was tired, and wanted to sleep. And she went upstairs to look after Madame, and bade me be a little guide to the strange gentleman, and show him the way to Billis's house. Off I went, prattling by his side; I dare say I soon forgot the terror which I felt when I first saw him. You may be sure all Winchelsea knew that a French lady, and her child, and her maid, were come to stay with Madame Duval, and a French gentleman to lodge over the baker's.

I never shall forget my terror and astonishment when mother told me that this lady who came to us was a Papist. There were two gentlemen of that religion living in our town, at a handsome house called the Priory; but they had little to do with persons in my parents' humble walk of life, though of course my mother would dress Mrs. Weston's head as well as any other lady's. I forgot also to say that Mrs. Duval went out sometimes as ladies' nurse, and in that capacity had attended Mrs. Weston, who, however, lost her child. The Westons had a chapel in their house, in the old grounds of the Priory, and clergymen of their persuasion used to come over from my Lord Newburgh's of Slindon, or from Arundel, where there is another great Papist house; and one or two Roman Catholics—there were very few of them in our town—were buried

in a part of the old gardens of the Priory, where a monks' burying-place had been before Harry VIII.'s time.

The new gentleman was the first Papist to whom I had ever spoken; and as I trotted about the town with him, showing him the old gates, the church, and so forth, I remember saying to him, "And have you burned any Protestants?"

"Oh, yes!" says he, giving a horrible grin, "I have roasted several, and eaten them afterwards." And I shrank back from him, and his pale grinning face; feeling once more that terror which had come over me when I first beheld him. He was a queer gentleman; he was amused by my simplicity and odd sayings. He was never tired of having me with him. He said I should be his little English master; and indeed he learned the language surprisingly quick, whereas poor Madame de Saverne never understood a word of it.

She was very ill—pale, with a red spot on either cheek, sitting for whole hours in silence, and looking round frightened, as if a prey to some terror. I have seen my mother watching her, and looking almost as scared as the countess herself. At times, Madame could not bear the crying of the child, and would order it away from her. At other times, she would clutch it, cover it with cloaks, and lock her door, and herself into the chamber with her infant. She used to walk about the house of a night. I had a little room near mother's, which I occupied during the holidays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, when I came over from Rye. I remember quite well waking up one night, and hearing Madame's voice at mother's door, crying out, "Ursula, Ursula! quick! horses! I must go away. He is coming; I know he is coming!" And then there were remonstrances on mother's part, and Madame's maid came out of her room, with entreaties to her mistress to return. At the cry of the child, the poor mother would rush away from whatever place she was in, and hurry to the infant. Not that she loved it. At the next moment she would cast the child down on the bed, and go to the window again, and look to the sea. For hours she sate at that window, with a curtain twisted round her, as if hiding from some one. Ah! how have I looked up at that window since, and the light twinkling there! I wonder does the house remain yet? I don't like now to think of the passionate grief I have passed through, as I looked up to yon glimmering lattice.

It was evident our poor visitor was in a deplorable condition. The apothecary used to come and shake his head, and order medicine. The medicine did little good. The sleeplessness continued. She was a prey to constant fever. She would make incoherent answers to questions put to her, laugh and weep at odd times and places; push her meals away from her, though they were the best my poor mother could supply; order my grandfather to go and sit in the kitchen, and not have the impudence to sit down before her; coax and scold my mother by turns, and take her up very sharply when she rebuked me. Poor Madame Duval was scared by her foster-sister. She, who ruled everybody, became humble

before the poor crazy lady. I can see them both now, the lady in white, listless and silent as she would sit for hours taking notice of no one, and mother watching her with terrified dark eyes.

The Chevalier de la Motte had his lodgings, and came and went between his house and ours. I thought he was the lady's cousin. He used to call himself her cousin; I did not know what our pastor M. Borel meant when he came to mother one day, and said, "Fi, done, what a pretty business thou hast commenced, Madame Denis—thou an elder's daughter of our Church!"

"What business?" says mother.

"That of harbouring crime and sheltering iniquity," says he, naming the crime, viz. No. VII. of the Decalogue.

Being a child, I did not then understand the word he used. But as soon as he had spoken, mother, taking up a saucepan of soup, cries out, "Get out of there, Monsieur, all pastor as you are, or I will send this soup at thy ugly head, and the saucepan afterwards." And she looked so fierce, that I am not surprised the little man trotted off.

Shortly afterwards grandfather comes home, looking almost as frightened as his *commanding officer*, M. Borel. Grandfather expostulated with his daughter-in-law. He was in a great agitation. He wondered how she could speak so to the pastor of the Church. "All the town," says he, "is talking about you and this unhappy lady."

"All the town is an old woman," replies Madame Duval, stamping her foot and *twisting her moustache*, I might say, almost. "What? These white-beaks of French cry out because I receive my foster-sister? What? It is wrong to shelter a poor foolish dying woman? Oh, the cowards, the cowards! Listen, petit-papa; if you hear a word said at the club against your *bru*, and do not knock the man down, I will." And, faith, I think grandfather's *bru* would have kept her word.

I fear my own unlucky simplicity brought part of the opprobrium down upon my poor mother, which she had now to suffer in our French colony; for one day a neighbour, Madame Crochu by name, stepping in and asking, "How is your boarder, and how is her cousin the count?"

"Madame Clarisse is no better than before," said I (shaking my head wisely), "and the gentleman is not a count, and he is not her cousin, Madame Crochu!"

"Oh, he is no relation?" says the mantua-maker. And that story was quickly told over the little town, and when we went to church next Sunday, M. Borel preached a sermon which made all the congregation look to us, and poor mother sate boiling red like a lobster fresh out of the pot. I did not quite know what I had done: I know what mother was giving me for my pains, when our poor patient, entering the room, hearing, I suppose, the hissing of the stick (and never word from me, I used to bite a bullet, and hold my tongue), rushed into the room, whisked the cane out of mother's hand, flung her to the other end of the room with a strength quite surprising, and clasped me up in her arms and began pacing

up and down the room, and glaring at mother. "Strike your own child, monster, monster!" says the poor lady. "Kneel down and ask pardon: or, as sure as I am the queen, I will order your head off!"

At dinner, she ordered me to come and sit by her. "Bishop!" she said to grandfather, "my lady of honour has been naughty. She whipt the little prince with a scorpion. I took it from her hand. Duke! if she does it again: there is a sword, I desire you to cut the countess's head off!" And then she took a carving knife and waved it, and gave one of her laughs, which always set poor mother a-crying. She used to call us dukes and princes—I don't know what—poor soul. It was the Chevalier de la Motte, whom she generally styled duke, holding out her hand, and saying, "Kneel, sir, kneel, and kiss our royal hand." And M. de la Motte would kneel with a sad, sad face, and go through this hapless ceremony. As for grandfather, who was very bald, and without his wig, being one evening below her window culling a salad in his garden, she beckoned him to her smiling, and when the poor old man came, she upset a dish of tea over his bald pate, and said, "I appoint you and anoint you Bishop of St. Denis!"

The woman Martha, who had been the companion of the Countess de Saverne in her unfortunate flight from home—I believe that since the birth of her child the poor lady had never been in her right senses at all—broke down under the ceaseless watching and care her mistress's condition necessitated, and I have no doubt found her duties yet more painful and difficult when a second mistress, and a very harsh, imperious, and jealous one, was set over her in the person of worthy Madame Duval. My mother was for ordering everybody who would submit to her orders, and entirely managing the affairs of all those whom she loved. She put the mother to bed, and the baby in her cradle; she prepared food for both of them, dressed one and the other with an equal affection, and loved that unconscious mother and child with a passionate devotion. But she loved her own way, was jealous of all who came between her and the objects of her love, and no doubt led her subordinates an uncomfortable life.

Three months of Madame Duval tired out the countess's Alsatian maid, Martha. She revolted and said she would go home. Mother said she was an ungrateful wretch, but was delighted to get rid of her. She always averred the woman stole articles of dress, and trinkets, and laces, belonging to her mistress, before she left us: and in an evil hour this wretched Marthe went away. I believed she really loved her mistress, and would have loved the child, had my mother's rigid arms not pushed her from its cot. Poor little innocent, in what tragic gloom did thy life begin! But an unseen Power was guarding that helpless innocence: and sure a good angel watched it in its hour of danger!

So Madame Duval turned Martha out of her tent as Sarah thrust out Hagar. Are women pleased after doing these pretty tricks? Your ladyships know best. Madame D. not only thrust out Martha, but flung stones after Martha all her life. She went away, not blameless perhaps



but wounded to the quick with ingratitude which had been shown to her, and a link in that mysterious chain of destiny which was binding *all* these people—me the boy of seven years old; yonder little speechless infant of as many months; that poor wandering lady bereft of reason; that dark inscrutable companion of hers who brought evil with him wherever he came.

From Dungeness to Boulogne is but six-and-thirty miles, and our boats, when war was over, were constantly making journeys there. Even in war-time the little harmless craft left each other alone, and, I suspect, carried on a great deal of peaceable and fraudulent trade together. Grandfather had share of a "fishing" boat with one Thomas Gregson of Lydd. When Marthe was determined to go, one of our boats was ready to take her to the place from whence she came, or transfer her to a French boat, which would return into its own harbour.\* She was carried back to Boulogne and landed. I know the day full well from a document now before me, of which the dismal writing and signing were occasioned by that very landing.

As she stepped out from the pier (a crowd of people, no doubt, tearing the poor wretch's slender luggage from her to carry it to the *Customs*) almost the first person on whom the woman's eyes fell was her master the Count de Saverne. He had actually only reached the place on that very day, and walked the pier, looking towards England, as many a man has done from the same spot, when he saw the servant of his own wife come up the side of the pier.

He rushed to her, as she started back screaming and almost fainting, but the crowd of beggars behind her prevented her retreat. "The child, does the child live?" asked the poor count, in the German tongue which both spoke.

The child was well. Thank God, thank God! The poor father's heart was freed from *that* terror, then! I can fancy the gentleman saying, "Your mistress is at Winchelsea, with her foster-sister?"

"Yes, M. le Comte."

"The Chevalier de la Motte is always at Winchelsea?"

"Ye—oh, no, no, M. le Comte!"

"Silence, liar! He made the journey with her. They stopt at the same inns. M. le Brun, merchant, aged 34; his sister, Madame Dubois, aged 24, with a female infant in arms, and a maid, left this port, on 20th April, in the English fishing-boat *Mary*, of Rye. Before embarking they slept at the *Écu de France*. I knew I should find them."

"By all that is sacred, I never left Madame once during the voyage!"

"Never till to-day? Enough. How was the fishing-boat called which brought you to Boulogne?"

One of the boat's crew was actually walking behind the unhappy

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\* There were points for which our boats used to make, and meet the French boats when not disturbed, and do a great deal more business than I could then understand.—D. D.

gentleman at the time, with some packet which Ursule had left in it.\* It seemed as if fate was determined upon suddenly and swiftly bringing the criminal to justice, and under the avenging sword of the friend he had betrayed. He bade the man follow him to the hotel. There should be a good drink-money for him.

"Does he treat her well?" asked the poor gentleman, as he and the maid walked on.

"Dame! No mother can be more gentle than he is with her!" Where Marthe erred was in not saying that her mistress was utterly deprived of reason, and had been so almost since the child's birth. She owned that she had attended her lady to the cathedral when the countess and the infant were christened, and that M. de la Motte was also present. "He has taken body and soul too," no doubt the miserable gentleman thought.

He happened to alight at the very hotel where the fugitives of whom he was in search had had their quarters four months before (so that for two months at least poor M. de Saverne must have lain ill at Nanci at the commencement of his journey). The boatman, the luggage people, and Marthe the servant followed the count to this hotel; and the femme de chambre remembered how Madame Dubois and her brother had been at the hotel—a poor sick lady, who sat up talking the whole night. Her brother slept in the right wing across the court. Monsieur has the lady's room. How that child did cry! See, the windows look on the port.

"Yes, this was the lady's room."

"And the child lay on which side?"

"On that side."

M. de Saverne looked at the place which the woman pointed out, stooped his head towards the pillow, and cried as if his heart would break. The fisherman's tears rolled down too over his brown face and hands. *Le pauvre homme, le pauvre homme!*

"Come into my sitting-room with me," he said to the fisherman. The man followed him, and shut the door.

His burst of feeling was now over. He became entirely calm.

"You know the house from which this woman came, at Winchelsea, in England?"

"Yes."

"You took a gentleman and a lady thither?"

"Yes."

"You remember the man?"

"Perfectly."

"For thirty louis will you go to sea to-night, take a passenger, and deliver a letter to M. la Motte?"

The man agreed: and I take out from my secretary that letter, in its tawny ink of fifty years' date, and read it with a strange interest always.

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\* I had this from the woman herself, whom we saw when we paid our visit to Lorraine and Alsace in 1814.

*“To the Chevalier FRANCOIS JOSEPH DE LA MOTTE, at Winchelsea,  
in England.”*

“I knew I should find you. I never doubted where you were. But for a sharp illness which I made at Nanci, I should have been with you two months earlier. After what has occurred between us, I know this invitation will be to you as a command, and that you will hasten as you did to my rescue from the English bayonets at Hastenbeck. Between us, M. le Chevalier, it is to life or death. I depend upon you to communicate this to no one, and to follow the messenger, who will bring you to me.

*“Count DE SAVERNE.”*

This letter was brought to our house one evening as we sat in the front shop. I had the child on my knee, which would have no other playfellow but me. The countess was pretty quiet that evening—the night calm, and the windows open. Grandfather was reading his book. The countess and M. de la Motte were at cards, though, poor thing, she could scarce play for ten minutes at a time; and there comes a knock, at which grandfather puts down his book.\*

“All’s well,” says he. “Entrez. Comment, c’est vous, Bidois?”

“Oui, c’est bien moi, patron!” says Mons. Bidois, a great fellow in boots and petticoat, with an eelskin queue hanging down to his heels. “C’est là le petit du pauv’ Jean Louis? Est i genti le pti patron!” And as he looks at me, he rubs a hand across his nose.

At this moment Madame la Comtesse gave one, two, three screams, a laugh, and cries—“Ah, c’est mon mari qui revient de la guerre. Il est là; à la croisée. Bon jour, M. le Comte! Bon jour. Vous avez une petite fille bien laide, bien laide, que je n’aime pas du tout, pas du tout, pas du tout! He is there! I saw him at the window. There, there! Hide me from him. He will kill me, he will kill me!” she cried.

“Calmez vous, Clarisse,” says the chevalier, who was weary, no doubt, of the poor lady’s endless outcries and follies.

“Calmez vous, ma fille!” sings out mother, from the inner room, where she was washing.

“Ah, Monsieur is the Chevalier de la Motte?” says Bidois.

“Après Monsieur,” says the chevalier, looking haughtily up from the cards.

“In that case, I have a letter for M. le Chevalier;” and the sailor handed to the Chevalier de la Motte that letter which I have translated, the ink of which was black and wet then, though now it is sere and faded.

This chevalier had faced death and danger in a score of daredevil expeditions. At the game of steel and lead there was no cooler performer. He put the letter which he had received quietly into his pocket, finished

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\* There was a particular knock, as I learned later, in use among grandpapa’s private friends, and Mons. Bidois no doubt had this signal.

his game with the countess, and telling Bidois to follow him to his lodgings, took leave of the company. I daresay the poor countess built up a house with the cards, and took little more notice. Mother, going to close the shutters, said, "It was droll, that little man, the friend to Bidois, was still standing in the street." You see we had all sorts of droll friends. Seafaring men, speaking a jargon of English, French, Dutch, were constantly dropping in upon us. Dear Heaven! when I think in what a company I have lived, and what a *galère* I rowed in, is it not a wonder that I did not finish where some of my friends did?

I made a *drôle de métier* at this time. I was set by grandfather to learn his business. Our apprentice taught me the commencement of the noble art of wig-weaving. As soon as I was tall enough to stand to a gentleman's nose I was promised to be *promoted* to be a shaver. I trotted on mother's errands with her bandboxes, and what not; and I was made dry-nurse to poor Madame's baby, who, as I said, loved me most of all in the house; and who would put her little dimpled hands out and crow with delight to see me. The first day I went out with this little baby in a little wheel chair mother got for her the town boys made rare fun of me: and I had to fight one, as poor little Agnes sate sucking her little thumb in her chair, I suppose; and whilst the battle was going on, who should come up but Doctor Barnard, the English rector of Saint Philip's, who lent us French Protestants the nave of his church for our service, whilst our tumble-down old church was being mended. Doctor Barnard (for a reason which I did not know at that time, but which I am compelled to own now was a good one) did not like grandfather, nor mother, nor our family. You may be sure our people abused him in return. He was called a haughty priest—a villain beeg-veeg, mother used to say, in her French-English. And perhaps one of the causes of her dislike to him was, that his *big vig*—a fine cauliflower it was—was powdered at another barber's. Well, whilst the battle royal was going on between me and Tom Caffin (dear heart! how well I remember the fellow, though—let me see—it is fifty-four years since we punched each other's little noses), Doctor Barnard walks up to us boys and stops the fighting. "You little rogues! I'll have you all put in the stocks and whipped by my beadle," says the doctor, who was a magistrate too: "as for this little French barber, he is always in mischief."

"They laughed at me and called me Dry-nurse, and wanted to upset the little cart, sir, and I wouldn't bear it. And it's my duty to protect a poor child that can't help itself," said I, very stoutly. "Her mother is ill. Her nurse has run away, and she has nobody—nobody to protect her but me—and 'Notre Père qui est aux cieux;'" and I held up my little hand as grandfather used to do; "and if those boys hurt the child I *will* fight for her."

The doctor rubbed his hand across his eyes; and felt in his pocket and gave me a dollar.

"And come to see us all at the Rectory, child," Mrs. Barnard says, who

was with the doctor ; and she looked at the little baby that was in its cot, and said, " Poor thing, poor thing ! "

And the doctor, turning round to the English boys, still holding me by the hand, said, " Mind, all you boys ! If I hear of you being such cowards again as to strike this little lad for doing his duty, I will have you whipped by my beadle, as sure as my name is Thomas Barnard. Shake hands, you Thomas Caffin, with the French boy ; " and I said, " I would shake hands or fight it out whenever Tom Caffin liked ; " and so took my place as pony again, and pulled my little cart down Sandgate.

These stories got about amongst the townspeople, and fishermen, and seafaring folk, I suppose, and the people of our little circle ; and they were the means, God help me, of bringing me in those very early days *a legacy* which I have still. You see, the day after Bidois, the French fisherman, paid us his visit, as I was pulling my little cart up the hill to a little farmer's house where grandfather and a partner of his had some pigeons, of which I was very fond as a boy, I met a little dark man whose face I cannot at all recall to my mind, but who spoke French and German to me like grandfather and mother. " That is the child of Madame von Zabern ? " says he, trembling very much.

" Ja, Herr ! " says the little boy. . . . .

O Agnes, Agnes ! How the years roll away ! What strange events have befallen us : what passionate griefs have we had to suffer : what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little car, in which his child lay sleeping ! I have the picture in my mind now. I see a winding road leading down to one of the gates of our town ; the blue marsh-land, and yonder, across the marsh, Rye towers and gables ; a great silver sea stretching beyond ; and that dark man's figure stooping and looking at the child asleep. He never kissed the infant or touched her. I remember it woke smiling, and held out its little arms, and he turned away with a sort of groan.

Bidois, the French fisherman I spoke of as having been to see us on the night before, came up here with another companion, an Englishman, I think.

" Ah ! we seek for you everywhere, Monsieur le Comte," says he. " The tide serves and it is full time."

" Monsieur le Chevalier is on board ? " says the Count de Saverne.

" Il est bien là," says the fisherman. And they went down the hill through the gate, without turning to look back.

Mother was quite quiet and gentle all that day. It seemed as if something scared her. The poor countess prattled and laughed, or cried in her unconscious way. But grandfather at evening prayer that night making the exposition rather long, mother stamped her foot, and said, " Assez bavardé comme ça, mon père," and sank back in her chair with her apron over her face.

She remained all next day very silent, crying often, and reading in our great German Bible. She was kind to me that day. I remember her

saying, in her deep voice, "Thou art a brave boy, Denikin." It was seldom she patted my head so softly. That night our patient was very wild; and laughing a great deal, and singing so that the people would stop in the streets to listen.

Doctor Barnard again met me that day, dragging my little carriage, and he fetched me into the Rectory for the first time, and gave me cake and wine, and the book of the *Arabian Nights*, and the ladies admired the little baby, and said it was a pity it was a little Papist, and the doctor hoped I was not going to turn Papist, and I said, "Oh, never." Neither mother nor I liked that darkling Roman Catholic clergyman who was fetched over from our neighbours at the Priory by M. de la Motte. The chevalier was very firm himself in that religion. I little thought then that I was to see him on a day when his courage and his faith were both to have an awful trial.

. . . I was reading then in this fine book of Monsieur Galland which the doctor had given me. I had no orders to go to bed, strange to say, and I daresay was peeping into the cave of the Forty Thieves along with Master Ali Baba, when I heard the clock whirring previously to striking twelve, and steps coming rapidly up our empty street.

Mother started up looking quite haggard, and undid the bolt of the door. "C'est lui!" says she, with her eyes starting, and the Chevalier de la Motte came in, looking as white as a corpse.

Poor Madame de Saverne upstairs, awakened by the striking clock perhaps, began to sing overhead, and the chevalier gave a great start, looking more ghastly than before, as my mother with an awful face looked at him.

"Il l'a voulu," says M. de la Motte, hanging down his head; and again poor Madame's crazy voice began to sing.

#### REPORT.

"On the 27th June of this year, 1769, the Comte de Saverne arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and lodged at the Écu de France, where also was staying M. le Marquis du Quesne Menneville, Chef d'Escadre of the Naval Armies of his Majesty. The Comte de Saverne was previously unknown to the Marquis du Quesne, but recalling to M. du Quesne's remembrance the fact that his illustrious ancestor the Admiral Duquesne professed the Reformed religion, as did M. de Saverne himself, M. de Saverne entreated the Marquis du Quesne to be his friend in a rencontre which deplorable circumstances rendered unavoidable.

"At the same time, M. de Saverne stated to M. le Marquis du Quesne the causes of his quarrel with the Chevalier Francis Joseph de la Motte, late officer of the regiment of Soubise, at present residing in England in the town of Winchelsea, in the county of Sussex. The statement made by the Comte de Saverne was such as to convince M. du Quesne of the count's right to exact a reparation from the Chevalier de la Motte.

"A boat was despatched on the night of the 29th June, with a

messenger bearing the note of M. le Comte de Saverne. And in this boat M. de la Motte returned from England.

"The undersigned Count de Bérigny, in garrison at Boulogne, and an acquaintance of M. de la Motte, consented to serve as his witness in the meeting with M. de Saverne.

"The meeting took place at seven o'clock in the morning, on the sands at half a league from the port of Boulogne: and the weapons chosen were pistols. Both gentlemen were perfectly calm and collected, as one might expect from officers distinguished in the King's service, who had faced the enemies of France as comrades together.

"Before firing, M. le Chevalier de la Motte advanced four steps, and holding his pistol down, and laying his hand on his heart, he said,—'I swear, on the faith of a Christian, and the honour of a gentleman, that I am innocent of the charge laid against me by Monsieur de Saverne.'

"The Count de Saverne said,—'M. le Chevalier de la Motte, I have made no charge; and if I had, a lie costs you nothing.'

"M. de la Motte, saluting the witnesses courteously, and with grief rather than anger visible upon his countenance, returned to his line on the sand which was marked out as the place where he was to stand, at a distance of ten paces from his adversary.

"At the signal being given both fired simultaneously. The ball of M. de Saverne grazed M. de la Motte's side curl, while his ball struck M. de Saverne in the right breast. M. de Saverne stood a moment, and fell.

"The seconds, the surgeon, and M. de la Motte advanced towards the fallen gentleman; and M. de la Motte, holding up his hand, again said,—'I take Heaven to witness the person is innocent.'

"The Comte de Saverne seemed to be about to speak. He lifted himself from the sand, supporting himself on one arm: but all he said was,—'You, you——' and a great issue of blood rushed from his throat, and he fell back, and, with a few convulsions, died.

(Signed) "Marquis DU QUESNE MENNEVILLE,  
 "Chef d'Escadre aux Armées Navales du Roy.  
 "Comte DE BÉRIGNY, Brigadier de Cavalerie."

#### SURGEON'S REPORT.

"I, Jean Batiste Drouot, surgeon-major of the Regiment Royal Cravate, in garrison at Boulogne-sur-Mer, certify that I was present at the meeting which ended so lamentably. The death of the gentleman who succumbed was immediate; the ball, passing to the right of the middle of the breast-bone, penetrated the lung and the large artery supplying it with blood, and caused death by immediate suffocation."

## The Two Aspects of History.

HISTORY is the story of Humanity, the records of the evolution of our collective Life. And there are two aspects in which it is regarded: one darkened by a mournful sadness, the other brightened by a radiant hope; one presenting a panorama of successive nations, civilizations, and dynasties, as so many fleeting, perishing efforts of the race to attain stability, or to achieve an ideal standard; the other unfolding the successive episodes of Progress. Which is the true aspect? Is the story one of hopeless *corso ricorso*, of rising and falling, or one of gradual though laborious evolution? The records tell of one nation after another appearing on the scene, struggling, conquering, and succumbing. The arts which were the glories of the time; the knowledge which was amassed with so much toil, and was guarded with so much jealousy; the wealth which was stored up—all are dissipated, all disappear. The great peoples of antiquity have perished, and even the language in which their traditions were preserved has vanished. Where now are Babylon and Nineveh, and what has become of their wealth, their arts, their civilization? Where are Jerusalem, Athens, Alexandria, Bagdad, and Bassora?

Philosophy accepts the facts, but sees a higher fact which saves us from despair: that fact is the existence of Humanity as a collective Life, of which nations are the organs, and individuals the units. The present is the offspring of the past, and is big with the future. Every successive episode may not seem an improvement, but it is a stage of evolution; just as in the development of an animal organism some changes seem an apparent undoing of what had been effected—as when a mass of cells dissolve, or when a provisional organ disappears—but in a little while a higher form emerges. Nations perish, individuals vanish, but the Race survives, and, surviving, advances towards completer life. Those who deplore the destruction of ancient civilizations will, nevertheless, see without despair the old man grey with knowledge and experience drop into his grave, to be succeeded by an infant who begins the career afresh. The existence of the old man has prepared that of the infant. Though much seems to perish, much is known to be immortal. The old man leaves his legacy. True it is that much valuable personal experience must perish with him, because it is personal. But his life has been an influence, for evil or for good. His work has enriched the world. His deeds and words, the gravest and the lightest, in due proportion, have modified the lives of his contemporaries, and must in turn thereby modify successors. Even a modest life helps to keep up the sense of nobleness and worth; perhaps adds something to the sharpness of that sense. With moral as with physical wealth the case is



analogous: if a man leaves no fortune to his heirs, no accumulated surplus which will manifestly increase their power, he has, at least, by his labour kept up the general wealth of the community.

The history of our globe tells of gradual progress towards higher, that is, more complex, life. The soil must be prepared, the climate must be prepared, before a rich and varied vegetation can flourish in it. One great mode of preparation is the decay of vegetable remains. On the herbless granite nothing but simple lichens can find a home; they multiply, die, and their remains form a nidus for a higher life. It is the same with the history of Humanity. Our life is in many aspects obviously moulded by the past; and where this is not obvious, we have still reason to believe the influence exists. Take only our language, and at once you read in it the legacies of centuries, and of widely-diversified nations. Take our simplest arts, our vulgarest tools, and the same fact appears.

I do not sympathize with that Optimism which denies the presence of evil or of failure, nor with that optimist view of History which regards whatever has occurred as the best conceivable for the welfare of the race; but I hold that for good, or for evil, nothing is done in vain; no effort is without influence; and even in the presence of facts so striking as the destruction of Athenian civilization, or the barbarian invasions, with the "dark ages" as a result, I see no final retardation of the progress of Humanity. Athens perished, and the loss may stir our regrets, as our regrets are stirred when a wise or good man dies. But although Athens perished, the world was Hellenized. In spite of her genius and her success, in spite of her splendour in art, philosophy, political and military energy, her organization was in many respects too narrow for complete life: it was not fitted for empire; it did not satisfy the ideal of man, and it perished, as all incomplete forms must perish. Let us not wail over the ruins of temples trodden under barbarian feet, or if we wail, let the regret be tempered by other thoughts; just as in gazing on the faded splendour of some lovely woman, we remember how a few years gone she charmed the eye and softened the roughness of beholders, and thus her perishable beauty has had imperishable influence. The world is richer for Athenian effort. The visible products have almost entirely disappeared; but the invisible products are active to this very day, and their influence is, in conjunction with many other influences, moulding the destinies of the world.

How do I know that this invisible influence exists? As I know that the rivers poured into the sea exist in the sea, commingling with all other rivers, and making the sea what it is, although no trace of any river can now be followed. All trace of Greek influence has not vanished. But if every vestige had been swept away—if Europe had not been consciously moved by Homer, Sophocles, or Phidias, never occupied with the thoughts of Plato, Aristotle, or Hippocrates—we could still point to one great and undeniable source of Grecian influence (and of Athenian through Grecian) in many doctrines of the Christian Church. The very name of Chris-

tianity is Greek; and, as Herder \* finely says, "If Jerusalem was its cradle, Alexandria was its school." To the same effect Dean Milman: "Though the religion of Christ had its origin among a Syrian people—though its Divine Author spoke an Aramaic dialect—Christianity was from the first a Greek religion." It was in the Greek language that the Christian writings appeared; and that language was spoken from India to the Atlantic, from Lybia to Thule. St. Paul was a Greek Jew. St. John platonized. The early Fathers were reared in Greek philosophy; and that philosophy moulded their religious conceptions. "For some considerable (it cannot but be an indefinable) part of the three first centuries, the Church of Rome, and most if not all the churches of the West, were, if we may so speak, Greek religious colonies. Their language was Greek, their organization was Greek, their writers Greek, their Scriptures Greek; and many vestiges and traditions show that their ritual, their liturgy, was Greek. Through Greek the communication of the churches of Rome and of the West was constantly kept up with the East; and through Greek every heresiarch, having found his way to Rome, propagated with more or less success his peculiar doctrines. Greek was the commercial language throughout the empire; by which the Jews before the destruction of their city, already so widely disseminated through the world, and altogether engaged in commerce, carried on their affairs. The Greek Old Testament was read in the synagogues of the foreign Jews. The Gospels and Apostolic writings, so soon as they became part of the public worship, would be read, as the Septuagint was, in their original tongue. All the Christian extant writings which appeared in Rome and in the West are Greek, or were originally Greek. So, too, it was in Gaul: here the first Christians were settled chiefly in the Greek cities, which owned Marseilles as their parent, and which retained the use of the Greek as their vernacular tongue." † Nay, it is only in the subtle and flexible Greek language that many of the doctrines and heresies which animated and sometimes maddened the fervent speculative crowds, could be rendered intelligible. In Europe, at the present day, it is found difficult to understand the passion for such extremely remote distinctions as those which disturbed the early church; but to minds educated in Grecian subtlety and Oriental mysticism, such distinctions were vital. As Dr. Stanley says of the hotly-debated Arian controversy, "When we perceive the abstract questions on which it turned,—when we reflect that they related not to any dealings of the Deity with man, not even properly speaking to the Divinity or Humanity of Christ, nor to the doctrine of the Trinity (for all these points were acknowledged by both parties)—but to the ineffable relations of the Godhead before the remotest beginning of time, it is difficult to conceive that by such inquiries the passions of mankind should be roused to fury. Yet so it was; at least in Egypt, where it first began. All classes took part in it,

\* HERDER: *Ideen*, ii. p. 329.

† MILMAN: *History of Latin Christianity*, 1854, vol. i., p. 27.

and almost all took part with equal energy. 'Bishop rose against bishop,' says Eusebius, 'district against district, only to be compared to the Symplegades dashed against each other on a stormy sea.' So violent were the discussions that they were parodied in Pagan theatres, and the Emperor's statues were broken in the public squares in the conflicts which took place. The common name by which the Arians and their system were designated was the Maniacs—the Ariomaniacs; and their frantic conduct on public occasions afterwards goes far to justify the appellation. Sailors, millers, and travellers sang the disputed doctrines at their occupations, or on their journeys; 'every corner, every alley of the city' (this was said afterwards of Constantinople, and must have been still more true of Alexandria) was full of discussions—the streets, the market-places, the drapers, the money-changers, the victuallers. Ask any man, How many oboli, he answers by dogmatizing on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, and you are told the Son is subordinate to the Father. Ask if the bath is ready, and you are told the Son arose out of nothing."\* Ludicrous as such a picture may seem, it gives a vivid idea of the fervour of speculative activity which then animated society. That this fervour was as yeast to the nations no one will deny. We cannot always trace its visible effects, but we know that it must have effected much. And if the Dark Ages followed, were they ages of retrogression and death, as well as of darkness, or did their darkness foster germination? Considered solely with reference to Letters and Science, the period is discouraging; considered with reference to the evolution of Humanity, it is one of potent germinal development. Out of it issued the modern world, so incomparably greater than the ancient world, greater not simply in all social aspects, but also in letters and science. I do not mean that Shakspeare and Dante were greater poets than Sophocles and Virgil, or that Newton and Cuvier were greater philosophers than Hipparchus and Aristotle; but the reach and range of modern poetry and science are higher and wider than the ancient; as the range and complexity of modern social life are greater than those of ancient civilization. What we call the Dark Ages was a period of dissolution and of reconstruction. The old world was breaking up, and the new world reconstructing itself on the ruins. By the universal substitution of serfage for slavery, and the gradual emancipation of the serfs, a revolution was effected more far-reaching and more full of germinal potency than perhaps any revolution which had before been known. The People appeared upon the scene. With the People there rose into adequate power the Industrial Order, which has profoundly modified the world, and will continue to change it.

The modern world is notoriously a great advance upon the ancient world. It has new *capacities* of development. It has developed, among other things, the complete idea of Freedom. The ancients, it is true, had an idea of Freedom, but of Freedom based on slavery, consequently relating only to individuals. We admire their splendid rhetoric on Liberty, but

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\* STANLEY: *Lectures on History of the Eastern Church*, 1861. p. 98.

know that it never concerned the people; just as we admire the solid grandeur of the Roman roads, but know that these noble highways were without byways: the broad road went straight from city to city; but the country on each side of it was one unbroken plain of tillage, or of forest and morass, without intersecting roads and lanes. The Germans—to whom it is usual to attribute the introduction of the idea of Freedom—had no more sense of it than the Greeks or Romans. Their slaves were serfs. The modification is no doubt important, but it is only a modification. The true conception of Freedom as a sacred human right arose in modern times; its nursery was the Industrial Order; and even in our own day it is among the eminently industrial nations, English, American, Dutch, and Swiss, that the idea is most completely realized.

Thus even in the much-decried Middle Ages we see a great travail of nations. The belief in Progress is based upon a more or less distinct conception of the great Human Existence made up of the countless individual existences. Is there evidence for such a conception? Many philosophers believe the evidence to be overwhelming. They affirm that just as the individual organism is made up of countless microscopic cells, each of which has its own independent life, is born, is developed, and dies, subserving by its life the general life of which it is a unit; in like manner Humanity is made up of countless individual lives, each independent, yet each subserving the general end. Both conceptions are modern. It was long before Biology was enabled to show that the organism was composed of countless cells. It was long before Philosophy could show that the individual existences made one collective life; but when once this had been shown, its value became irresistible. We then first understood the meaning of the old phrase, "the Human Family," obscurely and fitfully as the phrase was used. We understood that if the family had one life and one story—if the nation had one life and one story—all nations and all families must have one life and one story. We understood that if the wide seas rolled between two peoples, if centuries divided their histories, if no direct visible bond of interest united them, they were, nevertheless, necessarily, though perhaps invisibly, united, and were all unconsciously working towards a common end. Sad experience is now bringing this home to thousands, who are made to feel how their life is affected by what is going on at the other ends of the earth. Starving Lancashire can understand how an iniquity perpetrated on the coasts of Africa is not without a Nemesis whose footprints are visible in Manchester. If every tree that is cut down by squatters in a primeval forest affects the climate of the world, if every invention increases the wealth of the world, it is by devious and invisible routes, which are not the less effective because they escape our notice; and in all periods of History, could we read them aright, we should see the progress of Evolution where a despairing philosophy can see nothing but the planless episodes of destruction and change.

## The Theatre in China.



THE Chinese have a tradition that, on the seventh day of the seventh month, Nin-lang and Chih-nii, the patron saints of agriculture and weaving, are allowed to meet. According to the legend, these personages were at one time man and wife. The Milky Way (imagined to be a river by the Chinese) flowed between and separated them; but on the seventh day of the seventh month the magpies gather together from all parts of the world, to unite their bodies in a long bridge, across which the husband can reach his beloved; and hence the magpie is so sacred a bird in China that it is thought a sin to deprive it of life.

On the evening of this memorable day, in the year 745, K'aeyuen, the sixth emperor of the Sang dynasty, with his queen, the celebrated Yangkweifè, stood gazing on the starlit sky; and she, remembering the occasion, broke into protestations of affection, assuring him that she would never leave him in this life, and that they would tread the spiritual walks of eternity inseparable. So runs tradition; which further says that the emperor resolved to reward the love of his young queen by discovering a novel amusement for her. Now this was a great thing for K'aeyuen to do; for he was an austere prince, who, disgusted with the frivolities of his ancestors, had resolved to purge the empire of the extravagance and debauchery which was ruining it. He proceeded so far in this direction that he soon arrived at the other extreme; and his court, filled with learned men and persons of useful but dry accomplishments, afforded few pleasures to his young bride and her attendants.

After some consideration, the emperor summoned before him his chief minister, and instructed him to select from the families of the numerous court attendants a number of young children, who, having been carefully instructed and handsomely dressed, should recite before the beautiful Yangkweifè the heroic deeds of his ancestors; and this was the beginning of the theatre in China. The performances of these juvenile actors usually took place in a pavilion in the open air, among

fruit-trees; hence they were called the Children of the Pear-garden, a name which has since been universally applied to play-actors.

There are now about 10,000 men engaged in this profession, and of these about 7,000 come from one place, namely, the Hwingning district of Nganching-foo, the capital of the province of Ngan Hwing. There are scarcely any female performers throughout China. They are only known at Peking, the capital, at Soochow, and at Yangchow, the two gayest cities in the empire. The Chinese have, however, provided a very good substitute: they select male children of effeminate appearance, and carefully train them to speak in the high-pitched, jarring tone of voice peculiar to Chinese women; their eyebrows are shaved off, and replaced by the gracefully curved "willow-line" in black pigment; their hair is arranged like that of a woman, and many of them bind their feet tightly with linen bandages, and accustom themselves to walk on the points of their toes, so that while actually on the stage they are enabled to wear the hoof-like shoes of the women—completing the illusion. Indeed, if it were not well known that women do not appear on the stage, it would be hard to convince a beholder that the gaudily-dressed, painted figure before him, tottering along with uncertain step on the famous "golden lilies," and, perhaps, leaning on the shoulder of a child, was a man.

The drama in China is not divided, like ours, into tragedy and comedy, but into three principal divisions, viz., Kwän Keang, the Urh-hwang-teaon, and the Se-pe-teaon. These divisions relate rather to the accompaniments, and the general manner of performing the piece, than to the style of the play itself, which, in nine cases out of ten, represents the historically recorded deeds of the sovereigns of former dynasties, never those of the reigning one.

The Kwän Keang is the one most in vogue among the higher orders, and is decidedly the most worthy of notice. The actors in it, which never exceed four or five, are generally the pick of the corps, and are much better paid than the rest. The musical accompaniment is softer than in the others, and usually consists of flutes and the three-stringed guitar. The general style of the piece is of a mournful tendency; the aim of the actor being to excite the pity and compassion of the beholders; and nearly the whole performance is carried on in singing. It is, in fact, the opera of China.

The Urh-hwang-teaon and the Se-pe-teaon, on the other hand, are of a more stirring character, representing court intrigues, battles, and so forth,—in which as many as forty to fifty people appear on the stage at one time. The musical accompaniment is of the most thrilling and distressing nature. It consists of shrill pipes, sonorous gongs, and an abominable instrument of auricular torture, called a Tă drum—a thing about the size and shape of half an ordinary-sized melon, on which an indefatigable performer keeps up an incessant tattoo, only relieved at intervals by his recruiting exhausted nature with a cup of tea. Nearly

the whole repertory of a theatre consists of historical pieces; representations of domestic life on the stage being almost unknown. In their general character, they often resemble the "moralities" of the early English stage, setting forth the senses, affections, virtues, and vices of mankind.

The Chinese possess but few regular theatres entirely devoted to these performances: they take place in temples, on temporary stages, or in private houses. In the south theatres are unknown, but in Peking there are seven, and in Soochow five. Allowing a few more for some of the principal cities, it is believed on good authority that the whole number of these edifices throughout the empire would not amount to twenty. Every day performances are held in them, not as in Europe, during the evening, but lasting the whole day. Their shape is a parallelogram, one of the long sides being occupied by the stage, the other three by the boxes (of which there are two tiers) and the pit. Both stage and boxes are covered in, but the pit is exposed to the open air. The upper tier corresponds to our "dress circle," which is again divided into boxes in which are arranged tables, chairs, and all the accessories for a feast; for the lessee of the theatre combines the restaurant with the drama, and while he provides food for the mind, gives every facility for performing the like good office to the body. To this "dress circle" the gentleman who desires to give an entertainment invites his friends, sometimes for a week, sometimes even for ten days; and here, day after day, they sit listlessly watching the performance, and enjoying the luxurious entertainment provided for them. But our hospitable host has to pay heavily for all this; a box with commanding position in the dress circle being let at not less than twenty to thirty strings of cash of a thousand each, equivalent in English money to about 6*l.* 10*s.* This sum secures the exclusive use of the box during the entire performance, and an elegant repast in constant readiness for the host and his friends, with wines, tea, &c. *ad libitum.*

The second tier is not subdivided into boxes, but is simply provided with rows of chairs, a small tea-poy being set between each pair. To this tier shopkeepers and the small gentry resort, and are provided with a seat, tea, and cakes, for a daily sum of 400 or 500 cash, equivalent in English to about half-a-crown.

To the pit crowd the canaille, beggars, itinerant tradesmen, barbers, all who cannot or do not like to pay: for the pit is free. Seats there are none here, and in fact they would be worse than useless; for every now and then a gang of "roughs" comes rushing in, anxious to secure a view of the stage, and drive the mass before them. The crowd now sways backwards and forwards, as they are pushed on by fresh comers and back again by the unfortunate occupants of the front row—these being driven by the pressure completely under the stage, where, of course, they can see nothing, and are consequently excited to greater efforts to regain their lost position. These scenes of tumult evidently originated the expression of the "sea," applied by the Chinese to the pit.

The theatres in the temples are the same as those just described, only on a much smaller scale. They have only one tier of boxes facing the stage; they are usually allotted to the ladies—a piece of gallantry very uncommon among the Celestial lords of the creation, who are by no means given to depriving themselves of any advantage for the benefit of women. In the pit of the temple theatres gentlemen can hire chairs at a cost of about one penny per day.

The performances in these temple theatres do not take place every day, but when some one desires to return thanks to his god for a benefit received, or wishes to entertain his friends; or on the occasion of the religious celebration of the festival of the god within whose temple the performances take place. In this last case the entertainment is got up by the priests, who send their neophytes round with a subscription paper, and then engage as large and skilful a company of actors as their funds will allow. In the case of a person desirous of giving an entertainment to his friends, an agreement is made with the priest for the stage and boxes for a certain number of days at about five shillings a day.

There are only two temples in China in which these performances are not allowed, namely, those dedicated to Confucius and to the god of war.

Acting is often hereditary in families, and in many instances goes on from generation to generation without any other profession being thought of. This arises from the fact that actors, in common with boatmen, barbers, and some other classes, are debarred from taking literary rank: consequently, they never enter upon the requisite preliminary course of study. And not only is a play-actor forbidden to enter himself as a candidate for examination, but his descendants are also debarred from so doing to the third generation.

It may be readily imagined, therefore, that no one, unless driven to it by the direst misfortune, would think of joining this proscribed body. However, they get over the difficulty of recruiting their forces by purchasing young children from poverty-stricken parents, and carefully training them. When these are old enough to appear in public, they enter into an agreement with the manager of the company, binding themselves to serve him and the company for a certain period of years, usually about six to eight. At the end of this time they are allowed either to return home, to renew their engagement, or to join some other company.

Some of these companies are very large. The great company of Foochow, called the Ta-ke-shing, or the Company of Great Prosperity, comprises about 110 persons, inclusive of musicians, porters, &c. Many others contain sixty and seventy, and the smallest not more than twenty. They usually reside together in some large establishment, whence they are constantly being hired out by mandarins or private gentlemen. They have a great dread of being summoned to perform before officials, who never give them more money than is barely sufficient to purchase food, and perhaps a small douceur; altogether, about a day's pay among the



company. They fare better at the hands of the guests, each of whom usually gives them money equivalent to about fifteen or twenty shillings; but the poor fellows get little of this, for greedy official retainers prowl about them, and "squeeze" a good half of it, which they dare not withhold, fearing to get into trouble. On the other hand, they are always pleased to receive a summons to perform in some gentleman's private house, where they are usually well paid. A company of some sixty or seventy performers receive from the master of the house about twenty-five strings of cash per diem, that is, about five pounds sterling, or half-a-crown each for the best actors, a shilling each for the next, and sixpence for the supernumeraries and porters.

The last class of actors are the itinerants, who constantly travel from place to place. These are mostly engaged by the poorer classes and petty shopkeepers, who form a large proportion of the inhabitants of a Chinese city. On festive occasions a whole street will club together and engage a dramatic corps to perform before them, sometimes only for one evening, sometimes for two or three days. Matters being arranged, in due course the company arrives. Depositing the "properties" on the ground, they set to work to construct their theatre—an indispensable preliminary, to which no one in China seems at present to have directed his attention. But the actors do not venture to put up the edifice in any of the more frequented thoroughfares. In about an hour it is complete; and the visitor sees before him a rough platform of planks, laid on trestles, and stretching across and up and down the street: this platform is about fifteen feet square. One end has the top and sides screened by coarse matting, supported by long bamboos; the rest is open. The theatre being ready, the properties are brought out and the stage furnished, which operation consists in arranging a throne (a property box), a rickety table, and two helpless-looking stools.

While the actors are dressing behind the piece of matting, which, hanging behind the throne, is so contrived as to render them partially invisible to the spectators, the musicians take their places in front in one corner of the stage, bringing with them their musical instruments, tea-pot, and tobacco-pipes. The man who has charge of the horrible Tă drum, eyeing it, apparently, with great affection, and eagerly grasping the sticks, seems to wait impatiently the signal to begin. One might almost fancy that he was chuckling with delight at the prospect of the abominable noise he was about to make: the lobster and clarionet blowers prepare their instruments, and the gentleman with the gong gives it a preliminary tap, to intimate that all is ready. Hark! the overture commences. And what an overture! All the discords of Pandemonium are assembled in it! And yet Chinamen enjoy the performance, obviously.

And now the play commences: the deeds of illustrious bygone emperors are rehearsed by these strolling players before the crowd of gaping shopkeepers. And admirably do these poor creatures perform their various parts, notwithstanding their miserable appearance, their

mat-screens, and their ridiculous scenery. The modulation of voice, expression of countenance, and performance generally, would be creditable to many actors of those countries where means and opportunities of acquiring the histrionic art abound, and where the remuneration is comparatively liberal; while these poor strollers get perhaps fourpence as their highest pay, for acting for several hours without hardly an instant's rest.

The dresses of the performers are very beautiful. They are all taken from those of the last dynasty—the Ming—and are about the most picturesque the Chinese have ever had.

All large companies have two managers, called the Paowchoo and the Changpan. The first of these is the manager *par excellence*. He performs the duties of the Lord Chamberlain; and no piece is acted by the company which has not first been revised by him or received his sanction. He keeps the treasury, and engages or dismisses performers. The other manager has the more immediate superintendence of the members of the company—caters for them, and is held responsible for their good behaviour on all occasions. Both these managers are old play-actors.

In the Chinese drama, certain words or characters are chosen to point out the general characteristics of the different *dramatis personæ*, and these particular words are used in every play indiscriminately, whether its complexion be tragic or comic. No similar usage can be found on the European stage, unless, indeed, we except the invariable terms of harlequin, clown, pantaloon, &c. in the English pantomime, which mark with precision the nature and character of the several performers, however varied may be the action of the piece. The words usually employed by the Chinese to represent these characters are six. The first of these generally typifies the principal character as a father, uncle, &c., or any person somewhat advanced in age. It is the *père noble* of the French stage. The second is called "tsǎng," and is applied to the characters with painted faces, who put a daub of colour—red, black, or more commonly white—across the bridge of the nose and under the eyes, giving the idea of a great piece of sticking-plaster being put over the face. Hence, this class is subdivided into red, black, and white "tsǎng." The third-class, "sǎng," is a male character. He is the chief performer, or rather the hero of the piece. The fourth class, the "tan," is the female character, subdivided into the principal, the second, the old, and the standing, respectively answering to the *premier rôle*, *première ingénue*, *mère noble*, and *soubrette* of the French stage. The fifth division, "chow," seems to typify a character disagreeable either from personal deformity or some other cause. The last, "wae," is a painted-faced character, the clown or merryman of the company, and is often decorated with a fine grotesque beard.

The great divisions of the piece, or the acts, as we style them, exist perhaps rather in the book than in the representation, not being so distinctly marked on the Chinese stage as on ours, by the supposed lapse of intervals of time.

The commencement of the piece is called "sie-tsz," which means literally a door, or the side-posts of a door, and hence, metaphorically, the opening. The rest are styled "che," or breaks. The words "shang" and "hea," to ascend and descend, are used for *enter* and *exit*.

Every theatrical company has a stock of about forty or fifty pieces, all of which are thoroughly known to the actors, who could go through any one of them at a moment's notice. The manager has a slip of ivory about twelve inches by two, on which are written in red or gold letters the names of these plays. When a gentleman has invited a party of friends to witness one of these entertainments, and the guests are seated, a female actor comes forward with this list, and hands it to the master of the house, who presents it to the guest on his left—the post of honour. The guest selects a piece, and proclaims it aloud. Two or three other pieces are probably selected by other guests, and the list is then returned. Or sometimes the master of the house obtains the list beforehand, and provides copies on red paper for each of the assembled guests. The performances commence with the piece first selected, the others following in their regular order. When these are concluded, others are chosen, and so on till the guests are tired.



## Sentence of Death Recorded.

—♦—  
 With years we are detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.—W. S. LANDOR.  
 —♦—

UPON minds leavened with ignorance, and hands stained by crime, sentence of death falls, so far as we know, with a dead weight, the full burden of which is never at the moment accurately ascertained, because of its benumbing power; but the effect is generally to produce, in the first instance, either an obstinate sullenness or a hardened levity. Afterwards complete isolation of the condemned man from his companions in guilt, and from worldly influences of any sort; the daily interview with the minister of religion, and, perhaps, more than all, the absolute and crushing certainty that *so it must be*—these things combined commonly bring about, in a very short space of time, a palpable change of demeanour. In the majority of cases some sort of confession is made, and penitence and resignation are exhibited in a greater or lesser degree.

The case of an innocent man suddenly and wrongfully condemned to die by a judicial tribunal, is of a widely different kind. Such things have occurred times uncounted in all ages; and so long as human justice is imperfect, human passion strong, and human ignorance great, they must and will occur. The sense of grievous wrong endured, which is surely created in the minds of men so condemned, generates an amount of indifference to, or contempt for, the world's opinion, which prevents them taking any further thought or endeavour to enlighten or change that opinion. Like St. Paul, they are not careful to justify themselves, and they show this best not by their speech, but by their silence. What is chiefly noteworthy respecting them is the gentle, patient, and courageous frame of mind generally evinced by them. In the first place they are and must be greatly sustained by conscious rectitude; and along with the stern experience of man's injustice, comes also the conviction of man's impotency. His body men's hands may indeed destroy—they can neither touch his past life, nor affect his future destiny; and profound resignation follows the dawning belief that it is better to fall into the hands of God than of man.

“For neither will Melitus nor Anytus harm me, nor have they the power, for I do not think that it is possible for a better man to be injured by a worse,” says the noble Athenian. “Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,” were the dying words of the martyr Stephen, and though approaching in various degrees of nearness to this standard of thought, it is certain that such has been the spirit of most of those who have been killed for offences of which they were unquestionably innocent.

So far as records treat concerning them, there is little to tell either of violent and recriminatory speech, or servile and abject supplication.

But how is it when without conviction—without even challenge or warning, and upon a person not only innocent and unsuspecting, but unaccused—sentence of death is recorded by one of those who are, as we are taught to think, specially commissioned to guard mortality, and to stand between Death and his victim? A man goes into the consulting-room of a physician, a little ailing, as he himself acknowledges; he comes out at the end of a quarter of an hour, but during those few minutes sentence of death has been recorded. The sky still bends over him, and the sun shines as it did before; men pass and repass him by unnoticing; he is to them the same as he was the day or the hour before. The man is outwardly the same, and yet altogether changed from that time. Then come to him in quick succession sensations altogether new and strange. He has no indecision about facing this sudden horror, for *that* would imply the possibility of escape, or even of feeble defiance, and hope of that kind he has none; but in view, and in near view of the fast approaching peril, comes the irresistible craving for some wild excitement, some prodigious physical exertion, some desperate contest by which the mind should become inured to the nearness of death, or thought itself be mastered by fatigue. The immediate effect of a sudden sentence of this kind is to confuse and confound, not the one who pronounces it, but the person that receives it; for of all the vast group of up-turned faces at an execution, it is only the man about to die who cannot see the sharp gleam of the axe as it falls upon him, and he who stands closest to the death-bell hears least distinctly the message it gives, while far off the tones ring with a sad and sweet clearness in the ears of the listeners.

With those whose nearest and ultimate consolation has always been found in books or their pen, after the first great shock there is often experienced an intense fervid desire to concentrate all their doomed faculties on some particular aim or work which they yearn to accomplish before they go, and to make that which *they* know to be their final effort also their most excellent and best, so that their last deeds shall be accounted honourable, their last counsels of "heroic wisdom set to perfect words." We can hardly tell how often a secret knowledge of this kind has been the real source of the eloquence which is so penetrative and sympathetic in spirit as to astonish men by the light which it casts on the hidden workings of the human heart.

To a sanguine, hopeful temperament, the blow is perhaps the most overwhelming at the moment, and yet the most quietly and peacefully accepted at last; but where a regretful, casuistical, and conscientious mind is combined with an earnest and inflexible spirit, there arise reactionary perplexities, fears, and doubts, which often severely harass the man whose span of life is so swiftly closing in. Unquestionably, there are natures endowed with a faculty of such singular precognition in human affairs, that they literally foresee, that is, they arrive at conclusions, not

by aid of reason and calculation, but by absolute prescience, as if gifted with the second-sight. Just as a man by daylight recognizes at once his own reflection in a mirror, whereas, in darkness, he would with difficulty, and by groping, as it were, in his memory, recall, one by one, his own particular features, and so, slowly and step by step, attains to a recollection of the sort of appearance he generally presented. Men thus endowed are generally of a nature at once apprehensive, regretful, and resolute; and of them it may truly be affirmed that they die a thousand times before they die, and suffer every pain many times over in anticipation, and tenfold in actual amount of agony. Change is strong, but habit is stronger, and he cannot cast the one for the other, as he would his raiment. Apprehensive, I have said. Much to do, and so little time left me to do it, is the burden of his thought: "If such a combination should now turn out ill or differently to what I expect, if all I have reason to rely on should fail me in the critical time, how then? what to do? Is there one possible contingency I have not mentally confronted? If so, what is it?" This is what he says or thinks. Regretful: "This I might have foreseen, that I might have prevented, a word more here, many words less or different there, and this or that misery would never have been." Resolute: "So it shall be, in such a way and no other will I act—it is my fixed purpose from which I will not swerve." Vain words! vain hopes! and even, as they pass through his brain, he knows them to be so. But, in the presence of a silent, near, and resistless danger, thoughts, questions, and answers like these succeed each other with bewildering confusion; yet in all this dark sea of sadness, rarely does one doubt suggest itself as to the actual truth of a verdict, which is instinctively felt to be recorded by a tribunal more than human, and which man may neither set aside nor alter.

Often an intense momentary longing is experienced to bid farewell in some sort to all that he has loved best, he yearns to touch and retouch every familiar hand and thing, to see once again each face or scene that has been held dear; but, in the very midst of it, the sentence recorded recurs to memory, and colour and warmth fade swiftly from his wishes—"desire fails" when the world and the things of the world grow shadowy and dim.

Then follows perhaps, for a brief instant, a frenzied beseeching, or a mortal anguish, and then—a great calm, and sometimes an immunity from even the fear of dissolution; for our spirit becomes dominant as our body grows cold and helpless, and the frosts of death, as they creep through the dying nerves, paralyze the hand and tongue, but not the soul. During this ordeal, the conscience is purified as by fire, and the nature even of a very secretive man will become of a transparent truthfulness. There is a certain fruit known, I think, as the Siberian glass apple, which, as it ripens, increases in a pellucid clearness, until, just before it falls from the tree, it appears as though it were enclosed in crystal. In this way death purges the soul of deceptions. With such a narrow margin of time to work in, what is there worth a lie or an unkind word? The worst nature is

slow to take offence on the eve of a long journey; and it is hard to say how much we cannot forgive when we are quite sure that we are near our final moment. For death is a potent spell, and in its shadow the querulous grow patient, the rough man gentle, and those who never before consulted pleasure other than their own become painfully anxious to spare the labour of others, so that the many trifling offices which the hand of love only can perform may be as few and light as possible. Illness takes away or adds to the poetry of death accordingly as it is borne—sadly, murmuringly, or heroically. It is one of the most pathetic circumstances attendant on such changes, that natural affection is thereby so much deepened as greatly to multiply the pangs of dissolution; and yet, that the last-named, being twofold in their nature, should be experienced in a proportion comparatively infinitesimal by the one most nearly concerned. The full severity of the physical pain he must bear; *that* the watchers can neither prevent nor take away; but, by the operation of a most merciful law, they may and do vicariously endure most of the mental suffering.

And so approaches the last act of the drama, the prologue only of which was spoken in the consulting-room of the physician.

But how if at the very instant that such condemnation was recorded, a reprieve was born, not into the world, but into the knowledge of man, and a discovery till then unheralded by science, was destined to loom from out the actual darkness into the light. A respite, startling by its unexpectedness, is at once granted—qualified indeed so that upon certain conditions of observance and abstinence—by an especial control of emotions and passions, the progress of a malady held to be of all others most fatal in its nature should be arrested, and not death in the future, but the present terror of death, or at least of sudden death, should fade away.

Such cases do unquestionably occur, and are likely to do so in increased proportion as time rolls on, until it seems not unreasonable to hope that gradually there will be no such thing as any one disease for which there is neither alleviation nor cure. Precisely as in comparison with the old modes of locomotion, the swiftness of railway travelling involves a danger more absolute and widely destructive to life and limb, so does the high pressure of civilization draw on the constitution and nervous force of man in a greater and more terrible excess. But the effect of civilization is not only more disease, but more science to meet disease, and the poison and the antidote go hand in hand. Whether the discovery of remedies will keep pace with the number and variety of maladies, it would be hazardous to pronounce. It is certain that all misery and every disease are caused by our running counter to God's laws. Had we knowledge to understand and wisdom to obey, we might live happy and sinless lives, and die of the natural exhaustion of old age. It is said of the Laps that, uncleanly and uncivilized as they are, judging them by the European standard, they yet in their lives follow so implicitly the laws of their condition, and do so with such hearty content, that they know no disease but old age, and when they take to their beds, it is to

the bed of death. I have heard of men thus sentenced and reprieved almost as strangely affected by the sudden restoration of hope as by the previous announcement of impending death. For a man to have been thus situated by no means implies a mistake on the part of the physician. "I can give you honestly no prospect of victory or even of a long struggle with your malady," the latter will say; "it is one for which our art knows *no* cure and little alleviation." And in a little while he may be able to assert truthfully, "I can now bid you hope, a remedy has been found, and the disease so long thought incurable, can be arrested, though not rooted out. By such means as I will indicate, and vigilant and unceasing care in the use of them, you may yet live and not die."

Then as the warm flush of confidence steals and circulates along the limbs frozen by fear, there comes a vivid sense of peril postponed but not escaped, and a passionate desire to purify the new-found happiness, and cleanse the future from the very shadow of self-reproach. A good man with the knowledge that his tenure of life is still uncertain in a sense far beyond that in which the phrase is usually employed, acquires almost insensibly a tenderness of heart, a constant charity, and a disposition to exaggerate no faults but his own. I can conceive of no more mighty privilege falling to any man than this, to have experienced the bitterness of death and from it to be recalled to life, to learn so quickly that disciplined knowledge which is of all others the most actual, intimate and powerful, and habitually to feel that chastened awe which is wholly without alloy of ignoble terror.

Any careful observer will have had occasion to remark how quickly refined and spiritualized the countenance becomes of one who habitually, in his own secret thought, anticipates death without dread as without defiance. And of this, the most touching outward sign, and one of itself, to the eye of the experienced physician, diagnostic of disease bound but not destroyed, baffled but not conquered, is that wistful, patient, far-off look in the eyes which so certainly speaks of long contemplation of the silent land. Not from death, not even from sudden death, but from unprepared death, may we all be delivered.

We no longer toll the passing bell in our land for the dying—as the tree falls so it must lie, is the stern verdict of a protesting faith. No duty sought out and fulfilled, no supererogation of good deeds to the account of the dead; no additional prayers, prolonged vigils, no penance, mental or bodily, on the part of the living, can avail to lessen regrets or smooth the path of the departed. But not the less the passing bell sounds in our hearts, yet, as one by one they pass forward alone and undismayed into the mists of death, the truth dawns faintly on our minds, that if, in our petitions for the enemy to spare us, we, Tithonus-like, were to be cursed by a granted prayer, and lose the ultimate hope that we too might one day die, no greater calamity could be imagined for any human being. "Power to die disproveth right to grieve." Death is even a better gift than life, and *abiit ad plures* is often the happiest thing that can be said of any man.



## The Small House at Allington.

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### CHAPTER LV.

#### NOT VERY FIE FIE AFTER ALL.

It will perhaps be remembered that terrible things had been foretold as about to happen between the Hartleap and Omnium families. Lady Dumbello had smiled whenever Mr. Plantagenet Palliser had spoken to her. Mr. Palliser had confessed to himself that politics were not enough for him, and that Love was necessary to make up the full complement of his happiness. Lord Dumbello had frowned latterly when his eyes fell on the tall figure of the duke's heir; and the duke himself,—that potentate, generally so mighty in his silence,—the duke himself had spoken. Lady De Courcy and Lady Clandilem were, both of them, absolutely certain that the thing had been fully arranged. I am, therefore, perfectly justified in stating that the world was talking about the loves,—the illicit loves,—of Mr. Palliser and Lady Dumbello.

And the talking of the world found its way down to that respectable country parsonage in which Lady Dumbello had been born, and from which she had been taken away to those noble halls which she now graced by her presence. The talking of the world was heard at Plumstead Episcopi, where still lived Archdeacon Grantly, the lady's father; and was heard also at the deanery of Barchester, where lived the lady's aunt and grandfather. By whose ill-mannered tongue the rumour was spread in these ecclesiastical regions it boots not now to tell. But it may be remembered that Courcy Castle was not far from Barchester, and that Lady De Courcy was not given to hide her lights under a bushel.

It was a terrible rumour. To what mother must not such a rumour respecting her daughter be very terrible? In no mother's ears could it have sounded more frightfully than it did in those of Mrs. Grantly. Lady Dumbello, the daughter, might be altogether worldly; but Mrs. Grantly had never been more than half worldly. In one moiety of her character, her habits, and her desires, she had been wedded to things good in themselves,—to religion, to charity, and to honest-hearted uprightiness. It is true that the circumstances of her life had induced her to serve both God and Mammon, and that, therefore, she had gloried greatly in the marriage of her daughter with the heir of a marquis. She had revelled in the aristocratic elevation of her child, though she continued to dispense books and catechisms with her own hands to the children of the labourers

of Plumstead Episcopi. When Griselda had first become Lady Dumbello the mother feared somewhat lest her child should find herself unequal to the exigencies of her new position. But the child had proved herself more than equal to them, and had mounted up to a dizzy height of success, which brought to the mother great glory and great fear also. She delighted to think that her Griselda was great even among the daughters of marquises; but she trembled as she reflected how deadly would be the fall from such a height—should there ever be a fall!

But she had never dreamed of such a fall as this! She would have said,—indeed, she often had said,—to the archdeacon that Griselda's religious principles were too firmly fixed to be moved by outward worldly matters; signifying, it may be, her conviction that that teaching of Plumstead Episcopi had so fastened her daughter into a groove, that all the future teaching of Hartlebury would not suffice to undo the fastenings. When she had thus boasted no such idea as that of her daughter running from her husband's house had ever come upon her; but she had alluded to vices of a nature kindred to that vice,—to vices into which other aristocratic ladies sometimes fell, who had been less firmly grooved; and her boasting had amounted to this,—that she herself had so successfully served God and Mammon together, that her child might go forth and enjoy all worldly things without risk of damage to things heavenly. Then came upon her this rumour. The archdeacon told her in a hoarse whisper that he had been recommended to look to it, that it was current through the world that Griselda was about to leave her husband.

“Nothing on earth shall make me believe it,” said Mrs. Grantly. But she sat alone in her drawing-room afterwards and trembled. Then came her sister, Mrs. Arabin, the dean's wife, over to the parsonage, and in half-hidden words told the same story. She had heard it from Mrs. Proudie, the bishop's wife. “That woman is as false as the father of falsehoods,” said Mrs. Grantly. But she trembled the more; and as she prepared her parish work, could think of nothing but her child. What would be all her life to come, what would have been all that was past of her life, if this thing should happen to her? She would not believe it; but yet she trembled the more as she thought of her daughter's exaltation, and remembered that such things had been done in that world to which Griselda now belonged. Ah! would it not have been better for them if they had not raised their heads so high! And she walked out alone among the tombs of the neighbouring churchyard, and stood over the grave in which had been laid the body of her other daughter. Could it be that the fate of that one had been the happier.

Very few words were spoken on the subject between her and the archdeacon, and yet it seemed agreed among them that something should be done. He went up to London, and saw his daughter,—not daring, however, to mention such a subject. Lord Dumbello was cross with him, and very uncommunicative. Indeed both the archdeacon and

Mrs. Grantly had found that their daughter's house was not comfortable to them, and as they were sufficiently proud among their own class they had not cared to press themselves on the hospitality of their son-in-law. But he had been able to perceive that all was not right in the house in Carlton Gardens. Lord Dumbello was not gracious with his wife, and there was something in the silence, rather than in the speech, of men, which seemed to justify the report which had reached him.

"He is there oftener than he should be," said the archdeacon. "And I am sure of this, at least, that Dumbello does not like it."

"I will write to her," said Mrs. Grantly at last. "I am still her mother;—I will write to her. It may be that she does not know what people say of her."

And Mrs. Grantly did write.

*Plumstead, April, 186—*

DEAREST GRISELDA,

It seems sometimes that you have been moved so far away from me that I have hardly a right to concern myself more in the affairs of your daily life, and I know that it is impossible that you should refer to me for advice or sympathy, as you would have done had you married some gentleman of our own standing. But I am quite sure that my child does not forget her mother, or fail to look back upon her mother's love; and that she will allow me to speak to her if she be in trouble, as I would to any other child whom I had loved and cherished. I pray God that I may be wrong in supposing that such trouble is near you. If I am so you will forgive me my solicitude.

Rumours have reached us from more than one quarter that—Oh! Griselda, I hardly know in what words to conceal and yet to declare that which I have to write. They say that you are intimate with Mr. Palliser, the nephew of the duke, and that your husband is much offended. Perhaps I had better tell you all, openly, cautioning you not to suppose that I have believed it. They say that it is thought that you are going to put yourself under Mr. Palliser's protection. My dearest child, I think you can imagine with what an agony I write these words,—with what terrible grief I must have been oppressed before I could have allowed myself to entertain the thoughts which have produced them. Such things are said openly in Barchester, and your father, who has been in town and has seen you, feels himself unable to tell me that my mind may be at rest.

I will not say to you a word as to the injury in a worldly point of view which would come to you from any rupture with your husband. I believe that you can see what would be the effect of so terrible a step quite as plainly as I can show it you. You would break the heart of your father, and send your mother to her grave;—but it is not even on that that I may most insist. It is this,—that you would offend your God by the worst sin that a woman can commit, and cast yourself into a depth of infamy in which repentance before God is almost impossible, and from which escape before man is not permitted.

I do not believe it, my dearest, dearest child,—my only living daughter; I do not believe what they have said to me. But as a mother I have not dared to leave the slander unnoticed. If you will write to me and say that it is not so, you will make me happy again, even though you should rebuke me for my suspicion.

Believe that at all times and under all circumstances, I am still your loving mother, as I was in other days.

SUSAN GRANTLY.

We will now go back to Mr. Palliser as he sat in his chambers at the Albany, thinking of his love. The duke had cautioned him, and the

duke's agent had cautioned him; and he, in spite of his high feeling of independence, had almost been made to tremble. All his thousands a year were in the balance, and perhaps also everything on which depended his position before the world. But, nevertheless, though he did tremble, he resolved to persevere. Statistics were becoming dry to him, and love was very sweet. Statistics, he thought, might be made as enchanting as ever, if only they could be mingled with love. The mere idea of loving Lady Dumbello had seemed to give a salt to his life of which he did not now know how to rob himself. It is true that he had not as yet enjoyed many of the absolute blessings of love, seeing that his conversations with Lady Dumbello had never been warmer than those which have been repeated in these pages; but his imagination had been at work; and now that Lady Dumbello was fully established at her house in Carlton Gardens, he was determined to declare his passion on the first convenient opportunity. It was sufficiently manifest to him that the world expected him to do so, and that the world was already a little disposed to find fault with the slowness of his proceedings.

He had been once at Carlton Gardens since the season had commenced, and the lady had favoured him with her sweetest smile. But he had only been half a minute alone with her, and during that half-minute had only time to remark that he supposed she would now remain in London for the season.

"Oh, yes," she had answered, "we shall not leave till July." Nor could he leave till July, because of the exigencies of his statistics. He therefore had before him two, if not three, clear months in which to manœuvre, to declare his purposes, and prepare for the future events of his life. As he resolved on a certain morning that he would say his first tender word to Lady Dumbello that very night, in the drawing-room of Lady De Courcy where he knew that he should meet her, a letter came to him by the post. He well knew the hand and the intimation which it would contain. It was from the duke's agent, Mr. Fothergill, and informed him that a certain sum of money had been placed to his credit at his banker's. But the letter went further, and informed him also that the duke had given his agent to understand that special instructions would be necessary before the next quarterly payment could be made. Mr. Fothergill said nothing further, but Mr. Palliser understood it all. He felt his blood run cold round his heart; but, nevertheless, he determined that he would not break his word to Lady De Courcy that night.

And Lady Dumbello received her letter also on the same morning. She was being dressed as she read it, and the maidens who attended her found no cause to suspect that anything in the letter had excited her ladyship. Her ladyship was not often excited, though she was vigilant in exacting from them their utmost cares. She read her letter, however, very carefully, and as she sat beneath the toilet implements of her maidens thought deeply of the tidings which had been brought to her. She was angry with no one;—she was thankful to no one. She felt no special love

for any person concerned in the matter. Her heart did not say, "Oh, my lord and husband!" or, "Oh, my lover!" or, "Oh, my mother, the friend of my childhood!" But she became aware that matter for thought had been brought before her, and she did think. "Send my love to Lord Dumbello," she said, when the operations were nearly completed, "and tell him that I shall be so glad to see him if he will come to me while I am at breakfast."

"Yes, my lady." And then the message came back: "His lordship would be with her ladyship certainly."

"Gustavus," she said, as soon as she had seated herself discreetly in her chair, "I have had a letter from my mother, which you had better read;" and she handed to him the document. "I do not know what I have done to deserve such suspicions from her; but she lives in the country, and has probably been deceived by ill-natured people. At any rate you must read it, and tell me what I should do."

We may predicate from this that Mr. Palliser's chance of being able to shipwreck himself upon that rock was but small, and that he would, in spite of himself, be saved from his uncle's anger. Lord Dumbello took the letter and read it very slowly, standing, as he did so, with his back to the fire. He read it very slowly, and his wife, though she never turned her face directly upon his, could perceive that he became very red, that he was fluttered and put beyond himself, and that his answer was not ready. She was well aware that his conduct to her during the last three months had been much altered from his former usages; that he had been rougher with her in his speech when alone, and less courteous in his attention when in society; but she had made no complaint or spoken a word to show him that she had marked the change. She had known, moreover, the cause of his altered manner, and having considered much, had resolved that she would live it down. She had declared to herself that she had done no deed and spoken no word that justified suspicion, and therefore she would make no change in her ways, or show herself to be conscious that she was suspected. But now,—having her mother's letter in her hand,—she could bring him to an explanation without making him aware that she had ever thought that he had been jealous of her. To her, her mother's letter was a great assistance. It justified a scene like this, and enabled her to fight her battle after her own fashion. As for eloping with any Mr. Palliser, and giving up the position which she had won;—no, indeed! She had been fastened in her grooves too well for that! Her mother, in entertaining any fear on such a subject, had shown herself to be ignorant of the solidity of her daughter's character.

"Well, Gustavus," she said at last. "You must say what answer I shall make, or whether I shall make any answer." But he was not even yet ready to instruct her. So he unfolded the letter and read it again, and she poured out for herself a cup of tea.

"It's a very serious matter," said he.

"Yes, it is serious; I could not but think such a letter from my mother to be serious. Had it come from any one else I doubt whether I should have troubled you; unless, indeed, it had been from any as near to you as she is to me. As it is, you cannot but feel that I am right."

"Right! Oh, yes, you are right,—quite right to tell me; you should tell me everything. D—— them!" But whom he meant to condemn he did not explain.

"I am above all things averse to cause you trouble," she said. "I have seen some little things of late——"

"Has he ever said anything to you?"

"Who,—Mr. Palliser? Never a word."

"He has hinted at nothing of this kind?"

"Never a word. Had he done so, I must have made you understand that he could not have been allowed again into my drawing-room." Then again he read the letter, or pretended to do so.

"Your mother means well," he said.

"Oh, yes, she means well. She has been foolish to believe the tittle-tattle that has reached her,—very foolish to oblige me to give you this annoyance."

"Oh, as for that, I'm not annoyed. By Jove, no. Come, Griselda, let us have it all out; other people have said this, and I have been unhappy. Now, you know it all."

"Have I made you unhappy?"

"Well, no; not you. Don't be hard upon me when I tell you the whole truth. Fools and brutes have whispered things that have vexed me. They may whisper till the devil fetches them, but they shan't annoy me again. Give me a kiss, my girl." And he absolutely put out his arms and embraced her. "Write a good-natured letter to your mother, and ask her to come up for a week in May. That'll be the best thing; and then she'll understand. By Jove, it's twelve o'clock. Good-by."

Lady Dumbello was well aware that she had triumphed, and that her mother's letter had been invaluable to her. But it had been used, and therefore she did not read it again. She ate her breakfast in quiet comfort, looking over a milliner's French circular as she did so; and then, when the time for such an operation had fully come, she got to her writing-table and answered her mother's letter.

DEAR MAMMA (she said),

I THOUGHT it best to show your letter at once to Lord Dumbello. He said that people would be ill-natured, and seemed to think that the telling of such stories could not be helped. As regards you, he was not a bit angry, but said that you and papa had better come to us for a week about the end of next month. Do come. We are to have rather a large dinner-party on the 23rd. His Royal Highness is coming, and I think papa would like to meet him. Have you observed that those very high bonnets have all gone out: I never liked them; and as I had got a hint from Paris, I have been doing my best to put them down. I do hope nothing will prevent your coming.

Your affectionate daughter,

Carlton Gardens, Wednesday.

G. DUMBELLO.

Mrs. Grantly was aware, from the moment in which she received the letter, that she had wronged her daughter by her suspicions. It did not occur to her to disbelieve a word that was said in the letter, or an inference that was implied. She had been wrong, and rejoiced that it was so. But nevertheless there was that in the letter which annoyed and irritated her, though she could not explain to herself the cause of her annoyance. She had thrown all her heart into that which she had written, but in the words which her child had written not a vestige of heart was to be found. In that reconciling of God and Mammon which Mrs. Grantly had carried on so successfully in the education of her daughter the organ had not been required, and had become withered, if not defunct, through want of use.

"We will not go there, I think," said Mrs. Grantly, speaking to her husband.

"Oh, dear, no; certainly not. If you want to go to town at all, I will take rooms for you. And as for his Royal Highness——! I have a great respect for his Royal Highness, but I do not in the least desire to meet him at Dumbello's table."

And so that matter was settled, as regarded the inhabitants of Plumstead Episcopi.

And whither did Lord Dumbello betake himself when he left his wife's room in so great a hurry at twelve o'clock? Not to the Park, nor to Tattersall's, nor to a committee-room of the House of Commons, nor yet to the bow-window of his club. But he went straight to a great jeweller's in Ludgate-hill, and there purchased a wonderful green necklace, very rare and curious, heavy with green sparkling drops, with three rows of shining green stones embedded in chaste gold,—a necklace amounting almost to a jewelled cuirass in weight and extent. It had been in all the exhibitions, and was very costly and magnificent. While Lady Dumbello was still dressing in the evening this was brought to her with her lord's love, as his token of renewed confidence; and Lady Dumbello, as she counted the sparkles, triumphed inwardly, telling herself that she had played her cards well.

But while she counted the sparkles produced by her full reconciliation with her lord, poor Plantagenet Palliser was still trembling in his ignorance. If only he could have been allowed to see Mrs. Grantly's letter, and the lady's answer, and the lord's present! But no such seeing was vouchsafed to him, and he was carried off in his brougham to Lady De Courcy's house, twittering with expectant love, and trembling with expectant ruin. To this conclusion he had come at any rate, that if anything was to be done, it should be done now. He would speak a word of love, and prepare his future in accordance with the acceptance it might receive.

Lady De Courcy's rooms were very crowded when he arrived there. It was the first great crushing party of the season, and all the world had been collected into Portman Square. Lady De Courcy was smiling as

though her lord had no teeth, as though her eldest son's condition was quite happy, and all things were going well with the De Courcy interests. Lady Margareta was there behind her, bland without and bitter within; and Lady Rosina also, at some further distance, reconciled to this world's vanity and finery because there was to be no dancing. And the married daughters of the house were there also, striving to maintain their positions on the strength of their undoubted birth, but subjected to some snubbing by the lowness of their absolute circumstances. Gazebee was there, happy in the absolute fact of his connection with an earl, and blessed with the consideration that was extended to him as an earl's son-in-law. And Crosbie, also, was in the rooms,—was present there, though he had sworn to himself that he would no longer dance attendance on the countess, and that he would sever himself away from the wretchedness of the family. But if he gave up them and their ways, what else would then be left to him? He had come, therefore, and now stood alone, sullen, in a corner, telling himself that all was vanity. Yes; to the vain all will be vanity; and to the poor of heart all will be poor.

Lady Dumbello was there in a small inner room, seated on a couch to which she had been brought on her first arrival at the house, and on which she would remain till she departed. From time to time some very noble or very elevated personage would come before her and say a word, and she would answer that elevated personage with another word; but nobody had attempted with her the task of conversation. It was understood that Lady Dumbello did not converse,—unless it were occasionally with Mr. Palliser.

She knew well that Mr. Palliser was to meet her there. He had told her expressly that he should do so, having inquired, with much solicitude, whether she intended to obey the invitation of the countess. "I shall probably be there," she had said, and now had determined that her mother's letter and her husband's conduct to her should not cause her to break her word. Should Mr. Palliser "forget" himself, she would know how to say a word to him as she had known how to say a word to her husband. Forget himself! She was very sure that Mr. Palliser had been making up his mind to forget himself for some months past.

He did come to her, and stood over her looking unutterable things. His unutterable things, however, were so looked, that they did not absolutely demand notice from the lady. He did not sigh like a furnace, nor open his eyes upon her as though there were two suns in the firmament above her head, nor did he beat his breast or tear his hair. Mr. Palliser had been brought up in a school which delights in tranquillity, and never allows its pupils to commit themselves either to the sublime or to the ridiculous. He did look an unutterable thing or two; but he did it with so decorous an eye, that the lady, who was measuring it all with great accuracy, could not, as yet, declare that Mr. Palliser had "forgotten himself."



There was room by her on the couch, and once or twice, at Hartlebury, he had ventured so to seat himself. On the present occasion, however, he could not do so without placing himself manifestly on her dress. She would have known how to fill a larger couch even than that,—as she would have known, also, how to make room,—had it been her mind to do so. So he stood still over her, and she smiled at him. Such a smile! It was cold as death, flattering no one, saying nothing, hideous in its unmeaning, unreal grace. Ah! how I hate the smile of a woman who smiles by rote! It made Mr. Palliser feel very uncomfortable;—but he did not analyze it, and persevered.

“Lady Dumbello,” he said, and his voice was very low, “I have been looking forward to meeting you here.”

“Have you, Mr. Palliser? Yes; I remember that you asked me whether I was coming.”

“I did. Hm— Lady Dumbello!” and he almost trenched upon the outside verge of that schooling which had taught him to avoid both the sublime and the ridiculous. But he had not forgotten himself as yet, and so she smiled again.

“Lady Dumbello, in this world in which we live it is so hard to get a moment in which we can speak.” He had thought that she would move her dress, but she did not.

“Oh, I don’t know,” she said; “one doesn’t often want to say very much, I think.”

“Ah, no; not often, perhaps. But when one does want! How I do hate these crowded rooms!” Yet, when he had been at Hartlebury he had resolved that the only ground for him would be the crowded drawing-room of some large London house. “I wonder whether you ever desire anything beyond them?”

“Oh, yes,” said she; “but I confess that I am fond of parties.”

Mr. Palliser looked around and thought that he saw that he was unobserved. He had made up his mind as to what he would do, and he was determined to do it. He had in him none of that readiness which enables some men to make love and carry off their Dulcineas at a moment’s notice, but he had that pluck which would have made himself disgraceful in his own eyes if he omitted to do that as to the doing of which he had made a solemn resolution. He would have preferred to do it sitting, but, *faute de mieux*, seeing that a seat was denied to him, he would do it standing.

“Griselda,” he said,—and it must be admitted that his tone was not bad. The word sank softly into her ear, like small rain upon moss, and it sank into no other ear. “Griselda!”

“Mr. Palliser!” said she;—and though she made no scene, though she merely glanced upon him once, he could see that he was wrong.

“May I not call you so?”

“Certainly not. Shall I ask you to see if my people are there?” He stood a moment before her hesitating. “My carriage, I mean.” As she

gave the command she glanced at him again, and then he obeyed her orders.

When he returned she had left her seat; but he heard her name announced on the stairs, and caught a glance of the back of her head as she made her way gracefully down through the crowd. He never attempted to make love to her again, utterly disappointing the hopes of Lady De Courcy, Mrs. Proudie, and Lady Clandidlem.

As I would wish those who are interested in Mr. Palliser's fortunes to know the ultimate result of this adventure, and as we shall not have space to return to his affairs in this little history, I may, perhaps, be allowed to press somewhat forward, and tell what Fortune did for him before the close of that London season. Everybody knows that in that spring Lady Glencora MacGhuskie was brought out before the world, and it is equally well known that she, as the only child of the late Lord of the Isles, was the great heiress of the day. It is true that the hereditary possession of Skye, Staffa, Mull, Arran, and Bute went, with the title, to the Marquis of Auldreekie, together with the counties of Caithness and Ross-shire. But the property in Fife, Aberdeen, Perth, and Kincardineshire, comprising the greater part of those counties, and the coal-mines in Lanark, as well as the enormous estate within the city of Glasgow, were unentailed, and went to the Lady Glencora. She was a fair girl, with bright blue eyes and short wavy flaxen hair, very soft to the eye. The Lady Glencora was small in stature, and her happy round face lacked, perhaps, the highest grace of female beauty. But there was ever a smile upon it, at which it was very pleasant to look; and the intense interest with which she would dance, and talk, and follow up every amusement that was offered her, was very charming. The horse she rode was the dearest love;—oh! she loved him so dearly! And she had a little dog that was almost as dear as the horse. The friend of her youth, Sabrina Scott, was—oh, such a girl! And her cousin, the little Lord of the Isles, the heir of the marquis, was so gracious and beautiful that she was always covering him with kisses. Unfortunately he was only six, so that there was hardly a possibility that the properties should be brought together.

But Lady Glencora, though she was so charming, had even in this, her first outset upon the world, given great uneasiness to her friends and caused the Marquis of Auldreekie to be almost wild with dismay. There was a terribly handsome man about town, who had spent every shilling that anybody would give him, who was very fond of brandy, who was known, but not trusted, at Newmarket, who was said to be deep in every vice, whose father would not speak to him;—and with him the Lady Glencora was never tired of dancing. One morning she had told her cousin the marquis, with a flashing eye,—for the round blue eye could flash,—that Burgo Fitzgerald was more sinned against than sinning. Ah me! what was a guardian marquis, anxious for the fate of the family property, to do under such circumstances as that?

But before the end of the season the marquis and the duke were both happy men, and we will hope that the Lady Glencora also was satisfied. Mr. Plantagenet Palliser had danced with her twice, and had spoken his mind. He had an interview with the marquis, which was pre-eminently satisfactory, and everything was settled. Glencora no doubt told him how she had accepted that plain gold ring from Burgo Fitzgerald, and how she had restored it; but I doubt whether she ever told him of that wavy lock of golden hair which Burgo still keeps in his receptacle for such treasures.

“Plantagenet,” said the duke, with quite unaccustomed warmth, “in this, as in all things, you have shown yourself to be everything that I could desire. I have told the marquis that Matching Priory, with the whole estate, should be given over to you at once. It is the most comfortable country-house I know. Glencora shall have The Horns as her wedding present.”

But the genial, frank delight of Mr. Fothergill pleased Mr. Palliser the most. The heir of the Pallisers had done his duty, and Mr. Fothergill was unfeignedly a happy man.

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## CHAPTER LVI.

### SHOWING HOW MR. CROSBIE BECAME AGAIN A HAPPY MAN.

It has been told in the last chapter how Lady De Courcy gave a great party in London in the latter days of April, and it may therefore be thought that things were going well with the De Courcys; but I fear the inference would be untrue. At any rate, things were not going well with Lady Alexandrina, for she, on her mother's first arrival in town, had rushed to Portman-square with a long tale of her sufferings.

“Oh, mamma! you would not believe it; but he hardly ever speaks to me.”

“My dear, there are worse faults in a man than that.”

“I am alone there all the day. I never get out. He never offers to get me a carriage. He asked me to walk with him once last week, when it was raining. I saw that he waited till the rain began. Only think, I have not been out three evenings this month,—except to Amelia's; and now he says he won't go there any more, because a fly is so expensive. You can't believe how uncomfortable the house is.”

“I thought you chose it, my dear.”

“I looked at it, but, of course, I didn't know what a house ought to be. Amelia said it wasn't nice, but he would have it. He hates Amelia. I'm sure of that, for he says everything he can to snub her and Mr. Gazebee. Mr. Gazebee is as good as he, at any rate. What do you think? He has given Richard warning to go. You never saw him, but he was a very good servant. He has given him warning, and he is not

talking of getting another man. I won't live with him without somebody to wait upon me."

"My dearest girl, do not think of such a thing as leaving him."

"But I will think of it, mamma. You do not know what my life is in that house. He never speaks to me,—never. He comes home before dinner at half-past six, and when he has just shown himself he goes to his dressing-room. He is always silent at dinner-time, and after dinner he goes to sleep. He breakfasts always at nine, and goes away at half-past nine, though I know he does not get to his office till eleven. If I want anything, he says that it cannot be afforded. I never thought before that he was stingy, but I am sure now that he must be a miser at heart."

"It is better so than a spendthrift, Alexandrina."

"I don't know that it is better. He could not make me more unhappy than I am. Unhappy is no word for it. What can I do shut up in such a house as that by myself from nine o'clock in the morning till six in the evening? Everybody knows what he is, so that nobody will come to see me. I tell you fairly, mamma, I will not stand it. If you cannot help me, I will look for help elsewhere."

It may, at any rate, be said that things were not going well with that branch of the De Courey family. Nor, indeed, was it going well with some other branches. Lord Porlock had married, not having selected his partner for life from the choicest cream of the aristocratic circles, and his mother, while endeavouring to say a word in his favour, had been so abused by the earl that she had been driven to declare that she could no longer endure such usage. She had come up to London in direct opposition to his commands, while he was fastened to his room by gout; and had given her party in defiance of him, so that people should not say, when her back was turned, that she had slunk away in despair.

"I have borne it," she said to Margaretta, "longer than any other woman in England would have done. While I thought that any of you would marry——"

"Oh, don't talk of that, mamma," said Margaretta, putting a little scorn into her voice. She had not been quite pleased that even her mother should intimate that all her chance was over, and yet she herself had often told her mother that she had given up all thought of marrying.

"Rosina will go to Amelia's," the countess continued; "Mr. Gazebee is quite satisfied that it should be so, and he will take care that she shall have enough to cover her own expenses. I propose that you and I, dear, shall go to Baden-Baden."

"And about money, mamma?"

"Mr. Gazebee must manage it. In spite of all that your father says, I know that there must be money. The expense will be much less so than in our present way."

"And what will papa do himself?"

"I cannot help it, my dear. No one knows what I have had to bear. Another year of it would kill me. His language has become worse and worse, and I fear every day that he is going to strike me with his crutch."

Under all these circumstances it cannot be said that the De Courcy interests were prospering.

But Lady De Courcy, when she had made up her mind to go to Baden-Baden, had by no means intended to take her youngest daughter with her. She had endured for years, and now Alexandrina was unable to endure for six months. Her chief grievance, moreover, was this,—that her husband was silent. The mother felt that no woman had a right to complain much of any such sorrow as that. If her earl had sinned only in that way, she would have been content to have remained by him till the last!

And yet I do not know whether Alexandrina's life was not quite as hard as that of her mother. She barely exceeded the truth when she said that he never spoke to her. The hours with her in her new comfortless house were very long,—very long and very tedious. Marriage with her had by no means been the thing that she had expected. At home, with her mother, there had always been people around her, but they had not always been such as she herself would have chosen for her companions. She had thought that, when married, she could choose and have those about her who were congenial to her; but she found that none came to her. Her sister, who was a wiser woman than she, had begun her married life with a definite idea, and had carried it out; but this poor creature found herself, as it were, stranded. When once she had conceived it in her heart to feel anger against her husband,—and she had done so before they had been a week together,—there was no love to bring her back to him again. She did not know that it behoved her to look pleased when he entered the room, and to make him at any rate think that his presence gave her happiness. She became gloomy before she reached her new house, and never laid her gloom aside. He would have made a struggle for some domestic comfort, had any seemed to be within his reach. As it was, he struggled for domestic propriety, believing that he might so best bolster up his present lot in life. But the task became harder and harder to him, and the gloom became denser and more dense. He did not think of her unhappiness, but of his own; as she did not think of his tedium, but of hers. "If this be domestic felicity!" he would say to himself, as he sat in his arm-chair, striving to fix his attention upon a book.

"If this be the happiness of married life!" she thought, as she remained listless, without even the pretence of a book, behind her teacups. In truth she would not walk with him, not caring for such exercise round the pavement of a London square; and he had resolutely determined that she should not run him into debt for carriage hire. He was not a curmudgeon with his money; he was no miser. But he had found that

in marrying an earl's daughter he had made himself a poor man, and he was resolved that he would not also be an embarrassed man.

When the bride heard that her mother and sister were about to escape to Baden-Baden, there rushed upon her a sudden hope that she might be able to accompany the flight. She would not be parted from her husband, or at least not so parted that the world should suppose that they had quarrelled. She would simply go away and make a long visit,—a very long visit. Two years ago a sojourn with her mother and Margaretta at Baden-Baden would not have offered to her much that was attractive; but now, in her eyes, such a life seemed to be a life in Paradise. In truth, the tedium of those hours in Princess Royal Crescent had been very heavy.

But how could she contrive that it should be so? That conversation with her mother had taken place on the day preceding the party, and Lady De Courcy had repeated it with dismay to Margaretta.

"Of course he would allow her an income," Margaretta had coolly said.

"But, my dear, they have been married only ten weeks."

"I don't see why anybody is to be made absolutely wretched because they are married," Margaretta answered. "I don't want to persuade her to leave him, but if what she says is true it must be very uncomfortable."

Crosbie had consented to go to the party in Portman-square, but had not greatly enjoyed himself on that festive occasion. He had stood about moodily, speaking hardly a word to any one. His whole aspect of life seemed to have been altered during the last few months. It was here, in such spots as this that he had been used to find his glory. On such occasions he had shone with a peculiar light, making envious the hearts of many who watched the brilliance of his career as they stood around in dull quiescence. But now no one in those rooms had been more dull, more silent, or less courted than he; and yet he was established there as the son-in-law of that noble house. "Rather slow work; isn't it?" Gazebee had said to him, having, after many efforts, succeeded in reaching his brother-in-law in a corner. In answer to this Crosbie had only grunted. "As for myself," continued Gazebee, "I would a deal sooner be at home with my paper and slippers. It seems to me these sort of gatherings don't suit married men." Crosbie had again grunted, and had then escaped into another corner.

Crosbie and his wife went home together in a cab,—speechless both of them. Alexandrina hated cabs,—but she had been plainly told that in such vehicles, and in such vehicles only, could she be allowed to travel. On the following morning he was at the breakfast-table punctually by nine, but she did not make her appearance till after he had gone to his office. Soon after that, however, she was away to her mother and her sister; but she was seated grimly in her drawing-room when he came in to see her, on his return to his house. Having said some word which

might be taken for a greeting, he was about to retire; but she stopped him with a request that he would speak to her.

"Certainly," said he. "I was only going to dress. It is nearly the half-hour."

"I won't keep you very long, and if dinner is a few minutes late it won't signify. Mamma and Margaretta are going to Baden-Baden."

"To Baden-Baden, are they?"

"Yes; and they intend to remain there—for a considerable time." There was a little pause, and Alexandrina found it necessary to clear her voice and to prepare herself for further speech by a little cough. She was determined to make her proposition, but was rather afraid of the manner in which it might be first received.

"Has anything happened at Courcy Castle?" Crosbie asked.

"No; that is, yes; there may have been some words between papa and mamma; but I don't quite know. That, however, does not matter now. Mamma is going, and purposes to remain there for the rest of the year."

"And the house in town will be given up?"

"I suppose so, but that will be as papa chooses. Have you any objection to my going with mamma?"

What a question to be asked by a bride of ten weeks' standing! She had hardly been above a month with her husband in her new house, and she was now asking permission to leave it, and to leave him also, for an indefinite number of months,—perhaps for ever. But she showed no excitement as she made her request. There was neither sorrow, nor regret, nor hope in her face. She had not put on half the animation which she had once assumed in asking for the use, twice a week, of a carriage done up to look as though it were her own private possession. Crosbie had then answered her with great sternness, and she had wept when his refusal was made certain to her. But there was to be no weeping now. She meant to go,—with his permission if he would accord it, and without it if he should refuse it. The question of money was no doubt important, but Gazebee should manage that,—as he managed all those things.

"Going with them to Baden-Baden?" said Crosbie. "For how long?"

"Well; it would be no use unless it were for some time."

"For how long a time do you mean, Alexandrina? Speak out what you really have to say. For a month?"

"Oh, more than that."

"For two months, or six, or as long as they may stay there?"

"We could settle that afterwards, when I am there." During all this time she did not once look into his face, though he was looking hard at her throughout.

"You mean," said he, "that you wish to go away from me."

"In one sense it would be going away, certainly."

"But in the ordinary sense? is it not so? When you talk of going

to Baden-Baden for an unlimited number of months, have you any idea of coming back again?"

"Back to London, you mean?"

"Back to me,—to my house,—to your duties as a wife! Why cannot you say at once what it is you want? You wish to be separated from me?"

"I am not happy here,—in this house."

"And who chose the house? Did I want to come here? But it is not that. If you are not happy here, what could you have in any other house to make you happy?"

"If you were left alone in this room for seven or eight hours at a time, without a soul to come to you, you would know what I mean. And even after that, it is not much better. You never speak to me when you are here."

"Is it my fault that nobody comes to you? The fact is, Alexandrina, that you will not reconcile yourself to the manner of life which is suitable to my income. You are wretched because you cannot have yourself driven round the Park. I cannot find you a carriage, and will not attempt to do so. You may go to Baden-Baden if you please;—that is, if your mother is willing to take you."

"Of course I must pay my own expenses," said Alexandrina. But to this he made no answer on the moment. As soon as he had given his permission he had risen from his seat and was going, and her last words only caught him in the doorway. After all, would not this be the cheapest arrangement that he could make? As he went through his calculations he stood up with his elbow on the mantelpiece in his dressing-room. He had scolded his wife because she had been unhappy with him; but had he not been quite as unhappy with her? Would it not be better that they should part in this quiet, half-unnoticed way;—that they should part and never again come together? He was lucky in this, that hitherto had come upon them no prospect of any little Crosbie to mar the advantages of such an arrangement. If he gave her four hundred a year, and allowed Gazebee two more towards the paying off of encumbrances, he would still have six on which to enjoy himself in London. Of course he could not live as he had lived in those happy days before his marriage, nor, independently of the cost, would such a mode of life be within his reach. But he might go to his club for his dinners; he might smoke his cigar in luxury; he would not be bound to that wooden home which, in spite of all his resolutions, had become almost unendurable to him. So he made his calculations, and found that it would be well that his bride should go. He would give over his house and furniture to Gazebee, allowing Gazebee to do as he would about that. To be once more a bachelor, in lodgings, with six hundred a year to spend on himself, seemed to him now such a prospect of happiness that he almost became light-hearted as he dressed himself. He would let her go to Baden-Baden.



There was nothing said about it at dinner, nor did he mention the subject again till the servant had left the tea-things on the drawing-room table. "You can go with your mother if you like it," he then said.

"I think it will be best," she answered.

"Perhaps it will. At any rate you shall suit yourself."

"And about money?"

"You had better leave me to speak to Gazebee about that."

"Very well. Will you have some tea?" And then the whole thing was finished.

On the next day she went after lunch to her mother's house, and never came back again to Princess Royal Crescent. During that morning she packed up those things which she cared to pack herself, and sent her sisters there, with an old family servant, to bring away whatever else might be supposed to belong to her. "Dear, dear," said Amelia, "what trouble I had in getting these things together for them, and only the other day. I can't but think she's wrong to go away."

"I don't know," said Margaretta. "She has not been so lucky as you have in the man she has married. I always felt that she would find it difficult to manage him."

"But, my dear, she has not tried. She has given up at once. It isn't management that was wanting. The fact is that when Alexandrina began she didn't make up her mind to the kind of thing she was coming to. I did. I knew it wasn't to be all party-going and that sort of thing. But I must own that Crosbie isn't the same sort of man as Mortimer. I don't think I could have gone on with him. You might as well have those small books put up; he won't care about them." And in this way Crosbie's house was dismantled.

She saw him no more, for he made no farewell visit to the house in Portman-square. A note had been brought to him at his office: "I am here with mamma, and may as well say good-by now. We start on Tuesday. If you wish to write, you can send your letters to the housekeeper here. I hope you will make yourself comfortable, and that you will be well. Yours affectionately, A. C." He made no answer to it, but went that day and dined at his club.

"I haven't seen you this age," said Montgomerie Dobbs.

"No. My wife is going abroad with her mother, and while she is away I shall come back here again."

There was nothing more said to him, and no one ever made any inquiry about his domestic affairs. It seemed to him now as though he had no friend sufficiently intimate with him to ask him after his wife or family. She was gone, and in a month's time he found himself again in Mount Street,—beginning the world with five hundred a year, not six. For Mr. Gazebee, when the reckoning came, showed him that a larger income at the present moment was not possible for him. The countess had for a long time refused to let Lady Alexandrina go with her on so

small a pittance as four hundred and fifty;—and then were there not the insurances to be maintained?

But I think he would have consented to accept his liberty with three hundred a year,—so great to him was the relief.

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## CHAPTER LVII.

### LILIAN DALE VANQUISHES HER MOTHER.

MRS. DALE had been present during the interview in which John Eames had made his prayer to her daughter, but she had said little or nothing on that occasion. All her wishes had been in favour of the suitor, but she had not dared to express them, neither had she dared to leave the room. It had been hard upon him to be thus forced to declare his love in the presence of a third person, but he had done it, and had gone away with his answer. Then, when the thing was over, Lily, without any communion with her mother, took herself off, and was no more seen till the evening hours had come on, in which it was natural that they should be together again. Mrs. Dale, when thus alone, had been able to think of nothing but this new suit for her daughter's hand. If only it might be accomplished! If any words from her to Lily might be efficacious to such an end! And yet, hitherto, she had been afraid almost to utter a word.

She knew that it was very difficult. She declared to herself over and over that he had come too soon,—that the attempt had been made too quickly after that other shipwreck. How was it possible that the ship should put to sea again at once, with all her timbers so rudely strained? And yet, now that the attempt had been made, now that Eames had uttered his request and been sent away with an answer, she felt that she must at once speak to Lily on the subject, if ever she were to speak upon it. She thought that she understood her child and all her feelings. She recognized the violence of the shock which must be encountered before Lily could be brought to acknowledge such a change in her heart. But if the thing could be done, Lily would be a happy woman. When once done it would be in all respects a blessing. And if it were not done, might not Lily's life be blank, lonely, and loveless to the end? Yet when Lily came down in the evening, with some light, half-joking word on her lips, as was usual to her, Mrs. Dale was still afraid to venture upon her task.

"I suppose, mamma, we may consider it as a settled thing that everything must be again unpacked, and that the lodging scheme will be given up."

"I don't know that, my dear."

"Oh, but I do,—after what you said just now. What geese everybody will think us!"

"I shouldn't care a bit for that, if we didn't think ourselves geese, or if your uncle did not think us so."

"I believe he would think we were swans. If I had ever thought he would be so much in earnest about it, or that he would ever have cared about our being here, I would never have voted for going. But he is so strange. He is affectionate when he ought to be angry, and ill-natured when he ought to be gentle and kind."

"He has, at any rate, given us reason to feel sure of his affection."

"For us girls I never doubted it. But, mamma, I don't think I could face Mrs. Boyce. Mrs. Hearn and Mrs. Crump would be very bad, and Hopkins would come down upon us terribly when he found that we had given way. But Mrs. Boyce would be worse than any of them. Can't you fancy the tone of her congratulations?"

"I think I should survive Mrs. Boyce."

"Ah, yes; because we should have to go and tell her. I know your cowardice of old, mamma; don't I? And Bell wouldn't care a bit, because of her lover. Mrs. Boyce will be nothing to her. It is I that must bear it all. Well, I don't mind; I'll vote for staying if you will promise to be happy here. Oh, mamma, I'll vote for anything if you will be happy."

"And will you be happy?"

"Yes; as happy as the day is long. Only I know we shall never see Bell. People never do see each other when they live just at that distance. It's too near for long visits, and too far for short visits. I'll tell you what; we might make arrangements each to walk half-way, and meet at the corner of Lord De Guest's wood. I wonder whether they'd let us put up a seat there. I think we might have a little house and carry sandwiches and a bottle of beer. Couldn't we see something of each other in that way?"

Thus it came to be the fixed idea of both of them that they would abandon their plan of migrating to Guestwick, and on this subject they continued to talk over their tea-table; but on that evening Mrs. Dale ventured to say nothing about John Eames.

But they did not even yet dare to commence the work of reconstructing their old home. Bell must come back before they would do that, and the express assent of the squire must be formally obtained. Mrs. Dale must, in a degree, acknowledge herself to have been wrong, and ask to be forgiven for her contumacy.

"I suppose the three of us had better go up in sackcloth, and throw ashes on our foreheads as we meet Hopkins in the garden," said Lily, "and then I know he'll heap coals of fire on our heads by sending us an early dish of peas. And Dingles would bring us in a pheasant, only that pheasants don't grow in May."

"If the sackcloth doesn't take an unpleasant shape than that, I shan't mind it."

"That's because you've got no delicate feelings. And then uncle Christopher's gratitude!"

"Ah! I shall feel that."

"But, mamma, we'll wait till Bell comes home. She shall decide. She is going away, and therefore she'll be free from prejudice. If uncle offers to paint the house,—and I know he will,—then I shall be humbled to the dust."

But yet Mrs. Dale had said nothing on the subject which was nearest to her heart. When Lily in pleasantry had accused her of cowardice, her mind had instantly gone off to that other matter, and she had told herself that she was a coward. Why should she be afraid of offering her counsel to her own child? It seemed to her as though she had neglected some duty in allowing Crosbie's conduct to have passed away without hardly a word of comment on it between herself and Lily. Should she not have forced upon her daughter's conviction the fact that Crosbie had been a villain, and as such should be discarded from her heart? As it was, Lily had spoken the simple truth when she told John Eames that she was dealing more openly with him on that affair of her engagement than she had ever dealt, even with her mother. Thinking of this as she sat in her own room that night before she allowed herself to rest, Mrs. Dale resolved that on the next morning she would endeavour to make Lily see as she saw and think as she thought.

She let breakfast pass by before she began her task, and even then she did not rush at it at once. Lily sat herself down to her work when the teacups were taken away, and Mrs. Dale went down to her kitchen as was her wont. It was nearly eleven before she seated herself in the parlour, and even then she got her work-box before her and took out her needle.

"I wonder how Bell gets on with Lady Julia," said Lily.

"Very well, I'm sure."

"Lady Julia won't bite her, I know, and I suppose her dismay at the tall footmen has passed off by this time."

"I don't know that they have any tall footmen."

"Short footmen then,—you know what I mean; all the noble belongings. They must startle one at first, I'm sure, let one determine ever so much not to be startled. It's a very mean thing, no doubt, to be afraid of a lord merely because he is a lord; yet I'm sure I should be afraid at first, even of Lord De Guest, if I were staying in the house."

"It's well you didn't go, then."

"Yes, I think it is. Bell is of a firmer mind, and I dare say she'll get over it after the first day. But what on earth does she do there? I wonder whether they mend their stockings in such a house as that."

"Not in public, I should think."

"In very grand houses they throw them away at once, I suppose. I've often thought about it. Do you believe the Prime Minister ever has his shoes sent to a cobbler?"

"Perhaps a regular shoemaker will condescend to mend a Prime Minister's shoes."

"You think the are mended, then? But who orders it? Does he see

himself when there's a little hole coming, as I do? Does an archbishop allow himself so many pairs of gloves in a year?"

"Not very strictly, I should think."

"Then I suppose it comes to this, that he has a new pair whenever he wants them. But what constitutes the want? Does he ever say to himself that they'll do for another Sunday? I remember the bishop coming here once, and he had a hole at the end of his thumb. I was going to be confirmed, and I remember thinking that he ought to have been smarter."

"Why didn't you offer to mend it?"

"I shouldn't have dared for all the world."

The conversation had commenced itself in a manner that did not promise much assistance to Mrs. Dale's project. When Lily got upon any subject, she was not easily induced to leave it, and when her mind had twisted itself in one direction, it was difficult to untwist it. She was now bent on a consideration of the smaller social habits of the high and mighty among us, and was asking her mother whether she supposed that the royal children ever carried halfpence in their pockets, or descended so low as fourpenny-bits.

"I suppose they have pockets like other children," said Lily.

But her mother stopped her suddenly,

"Lily, dear, I want to say something to you about John Eames."

"Mamma, I'd sooner talk about the Royal Family just at present."

"But, dear, you must forgive me if I persist. I have thought much about it, and I'm sure you will not oppose me when I am doing what I think to be my duty."

"No, mamma; I won't oppose you, certainly."

"Since Mr. Crosbie's conduct was made known to you, I have mentioned his name in your hearing very seldom."

"No, mamma, you have not. And I have loved you so dearly for your goodness to me. Do not think that I have not understood and known how generous you have been. No other mother ever was so good as you have been. I have known it all and thought of it every day of my life, and thanked you in my heart for your trusting silence. Of course, I understand your feelings. You think him bad and you hate him for what he has done."

"I would not willingly hate any one, Lily."

"Ah but you do hate him. If I were you, I should hate him; but I am not you, and I love him. I pray for his happiness every night and morning, and for hers. I have forgiven him altogether, and I think that he was right. When I am old enough to do so without being wrong, I will go to him and tell him so. I should like to hear of all his doings and all his success, if it were only possible. How, then, can you and I talk about him? It is impossible. You have been silent and I have been silent;—let us remain silent."

"It is not about Mr. Crosbie that I wish to speak. But I think you

ought to understand that conduct such as his will be rebuked by all the world. You may forgive him, but you should acknowledge——”

“Mamma, I don't want to acknowledge anything;—not about him. There are things as to which a person cannot argue.” Mrs. Dale felt that this present matter was one as to which she could not argue. “Of course, mamma,” continued Lily, “I don't want to oppose you in anything, but I think we had better be silent about this.”

“Of course I am thinking only of your future happiness.”

“I know you are; but pray believe me that you need not be alarmed. I do not mean to be unhappy. Indeed, I think I may say I am not unhappy; of course I have been unhappy,—very unhappy. I did think that my heart would break. But that has passed away, and I believe I can be as happy as my neighbours. We're all of us sure to have some troubles, as you used to tell us when we were children.”

Mrs. Dale felt that she had begun wrong, and that she would have been able to make better progress had she omitted all mention of Crosbie's name. She knew exactly what it was that she wished to say,—what were the arguments which she desired to expound before her daughter; but she did not know what language to use, or how she might best put her thoughts into words. She paused for a while, and Lily went on with her work as though the conversation was over. But the conversation was not over.

“It was about John Eames, and not about Mr. Crosbie, that I wished to speak to you.”

“Oh, mamma!”

“My dear, you must not hinder me in doing what I think to be a duty. I heard what he said to you and what you replied, and of course I cannot but have my mind full of the subject. Why should you set yourself against him in so fixed a manner?”

“Because I love another man.” These words she spoke out loud, in a steady, almost dogged tone, with a certain show of audacity,—as though aware that the declaration was unseemly, but resolved that, though unseemly, it must be made.

“But, Lily, that love, from its very nature, must cease; or, rather, such love is not the same as that you felt when you thought that you were to be his wife.”

“Yes, it is. If she died, and he came to me in five years' time, I would still take him. I should think myself constrained to take him.”

“But she is not dead, nor likely to die.”

“That makes no difference. You don't understand me, mamma.”

“I think I do, and I want you to understand me also. I know how difficult is your position; I know what your feelings are; but I know this also, that if you could reason with yourself and bring yourself in time to receive John Eames as a dear friend——”

“I did receive him as a dear friend. Why not? He is a dear friend. I love him heartily,—as you do.”

“You know what I mean?”

"Yes, I do; and I tell you it is impossible."

"If you would make the attempt, all this misery would soon be forgotten. If once you could bring yourself to regard him as a friend who might become your husband, all this would be changed,—and I should see you happy!"

"You are strangely anxious to be rid of me, mamma!"

"Yes, Lily;—to be rid of you in that way. If I could see you put your hand in his as his promised wife, I think that I should be the happiest woman in the world."

"Mamma, I cannot make you happy in that way. If you really understood my feelings, my doing as you propose would make you very unhappy. I should commit a great sin,—the sin against which women should be more guarded than against any other. In my heart I am married to that other man. I gave myself to him, and loved him, and rejoiced in his love. When he kissed me I kissed him again, and I longed for his kisses. I seemed to live only that he might caress me. All that time I never felt myself to be wrong,—because he was all in all to me. \* I was his own. That has been changed,—to my great misfortune; but it cannot be undone or forgotten. I cannot be the girl I was before he came here. There are things that will not have themselves buried and put out of sight, as though they had never been. I am as you are, mamma,—widowed. But you have your daughter, and I have my mother. If you will be contented, so will I." Then she got up and threw herself on her mother's neck.

Mrs. Dale's argument was over now. To such an appeal as that last made by Lily no rejoinder on her part was possible. After that she was driven to acknowledge to herself that she must be silent. Years as they rolled on might make a change, but no reasoning could be of avail. She embraced her daughter, weeping over her,—whereas Lily's eyes were dry. "It shall be as you will," Mrs. Dale murmured.

"Yes, as I will. I shall have my own way; shall I not? That is all I want; to be a tyrant over you, and make you do my bidding in everything, as a well-behaved mother should do. But I won't be stern in my orderings. If you will only be obedient, I will be so gracious to you! There's Hopkins again. I wonder whether he has come to knock us down and trample upon us with another speech."

Hopkins knew very well to which window he must come, as only one of the rooms was at the present time habitable. He came up to the dining-room, and almost flattened his nose against the glass.

"Well, Hopkins," said Lily, "here we are." Mrs. Dale had turned her face away, for she knew that the tears were still on her cheek.

"Yes, miss, I see you. I want to speak to your mamma, miss."

"Come round," said Lily, anxious to spare her mother the necessity of showing herself at once. "It's too cold to open the window; come round, and I'll open the door."

"Too cold!" muttered Hopkins, as he went. "They'll find it a deal

colder in lodgings at Guestwick." However, he went round through the kitchen, and Lily met him in the hall.

"Well, Hopkins, what is it? Mamma has got a headache."

"Got a headache, has she? I won't make her headache no worse. It's my opinion that there's nothing for a headache so good as fresh air. Only some people can't abear to be blowed upon, not for a minute. If you don't let down the lights in a greenhouse more or less every day, you'll never get any plants,—never; and it's just the same with the grapes. Is I to go back and say as how I couldn't see her?"

"You can come in if you like; only be quiet; you know."

"Ain't I ollays quiet, miss? Did anybody ever hear me rampage? If you please, ma'am, the squire's come home."

"What, home from Guestwick? Has he brought Miss Bell?"

"He ain't brought none but hissself, 'cause he come on horseback; and it's my belief he's going back almost immediate. But he wants you to come to him, Mrs. Dale."

"Oh, yes, I'll come at once."

"He bade me say with his kind love. I don't know whether that makes any difference."

"At any rate I'll come, Hopkins."

"And I ain't to say nothing about the headache?"

"About what?" said Mrs. Dale.

"No, no, no," said Lily. "Mamma will be there at once. Go and tell my uncle, there's a good man," and she put up her hand and backed him out of the room.

"I don't believe she's got no headache at all," said Hopkins, grumbling, as he returned through the back premises. "What lies gentlefolks do tell! If I said I'd a headache when I ought to be out among the things, what would they say to me? But a poor man mustn't never lie, nor yet drink, nor yet do nothing." And so he went back with his message.

"What can have brought your uncle home?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Just to look after the cattle, and to see that the pigs are not all dead. My wonder is that he should ever have gone away."

"I must go up to him at once."

"Oh, yes, of course."

"And what shall I say about the house?"

"It's not about that,—at least I think not. I don't think he'll speak about that again till you speak to him."

"But if he does?"

"You must put your trust in Providence. Declare you've got a bad headache, as I told Hopkins just now; only you would throw me over by not understanding. I'll walk with you down to the bridge." So they went off together across the lawn.

But Lily was soon left alone, and continued her walk, waiting for her mother's return. As she went round and round the gravel paths,



she thought of the words that she had said to her mother. She had declared that she also was widowed. "And so it should be," she said, debating the matter with herself. "What can a heart be worth if it can be transferred hither and thither as circumstances and convenience and comfort may require? When he held me here in his arms"—and, as the thoughts ran through her brain, she remembered the very spot on which they had stood—"oh, my love!" she had said to him then as she returned his kisses—"oh, my love, my love, my love!" "When he held me here in his arms, I told myself that it was right, because he was my husband. He has changed, but I have not. It might be that I should have ceased to love him, and then I should have told him so. I should have done as he did." But, as she came to this, she shuddered, thinking of the Lady Alexandrina. "It was very quick," she said, still speaking to herself; "very, very. But then men are not the same as women." And she walked on eagerly, hardly remembering where she was, thinking over it all, as she did daily; remembering every little thought and word of those few eventful months in which she had learned to regard Crosbie as her husband and master. She had declared that she had conquered her unhappiness; but there were moments in which she was almost wild with misery. "Tell me to forget him!" she said. "It is the one thing which will never be forgotten."

At last she heard her mother's step coming down across the squire's garden, and she took up her post at the bridge.

"Stand and deliver," she said, as her mother put her foot upon the plank. "That is, if you've got anything worth delivering. Is anything settled?"

"Come up to the house," said Mrs. Dale, "and I'll tell you all."

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## Phosphorus and Civilization.

PHILOSOPHY enables us to bear with great equanimity the misfortunes of others. Science, on the other hand, has the bad character of being an alarmist; it is constantly prophesying terrible consequences, or consequences that would be terrible did not Philosophy step in to reassure us by pointing out that our alarm is needless, since the predictions concern our descendants rather than ourselves. For example, Science has calculated the period at which all our coal, now so prodigally burned, will have dwindled to its last seam; but this destruction of our greatest source of wealth is contemplated with much calmness, because Philosophy not only points out that the period is still distant, but serenely relies on Science finding a substitute for coal when the coal is exhausted. *What substitute?* It is not the business of Philosophy to discover one; she merely says that Heat having been declared to be merely a mode of Motion,\* some other means of getting the requisite motion will surely be found—and leaves you to find it.

This is very consoling. Can we not get a similar relief from a wide-sweeping view of another alarming state of things? I allude to the gradual degeneration of the race consequent upon a gradual exhaustion of our stock of phosphorus. Like coal, the quantity of phosphorus on the crust of this agreeable planet is limited; and, unlike coal, its place cannot be supplied. Nations have done without coal, and may again do without it; but without phosphorus men and animals cannot exist; and without abundance of phosphorus they will be stunted and rickety. Nor will any other element play its part.

Consider for a moment: every adult human being requires at least four pounds of phosphates to build up his bony framework, quite apart from the quantities used up in his softer parts. This amount is sequestered from the earth, and never returns to it. Yet the earth without phosphates refuses to grow plants. Think of the millions upon millions of pounds which are drawn away from the primitive stock, and you will understand why vast stretches of Asia Minor are barren, why parts of Sicily, Palestine, Arabia Felix (once so fertile), and the plains of Babylon, are deserts. These lands have been robbed of their phosphates. If Egypt

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\* "Heat only a mode of Motion!" Such may be the dictum of Science; but Philosophy, jealous of accuracy in language, may not improperly ask, And pray, what is Motion a mode of? Surely it is the manifestation of Force, and Heat likewise is a manifestation of Force, most probably of the *same* Force, but assuredly not of Motion, otherwise it would be the manifestation of a manifestation.

still preserves her ancient fertility it is because the annual inundation of the Nile renews the precious phosphates.

Philosophy considers this, as requested, and straightway begins to theorize upon it. She bids us remark the law of History (she is fond of such "laws"), that nations after emerging from barbarism into civilization, after growing in wealth, skill, luxury, and populousness, are always submerged by some fresh wave of barbarism. The puny citizen, enervated by luxury, cannot withstand the stalwart barbarian. So it has been; so it will ever be. All the skill, and all the appliances which make men formidable to beasts, fail to make men formidable to barbarians. With knowledge and wealth has come the corruption of Luxury. It is that which has destroyed the rude and manly *virtus* of an elder time; it is that which makes men dissolute, selfish, timid, without fervour, without patriotism.

Are you quite sure of this, O philosopher? Is Luxury so universal in civilized communities that nations no less than individuals are enfeebled by it? Have the millions been accustomed to Capuan indulgences? Let us abandon rhetoric for a moment, and see whether the enfeeblement of nations may not be traced less to the excess of civilization than to the deficiency of phosphorus. It is a paradox I set before you, no doubt; but it is not less likely to be a truth because it contradicts your opinions—which is the meaning of a paradox.

Did the barbarians always conquer because they were ignorant? No; because they were strong. They were truly the "sons of the soil," and of a soil not robbed of its phosphates, like the soil of old and crowded nations. The civilized Roman trembled at the presence of the gigantic Gaul; but the descendant of that Gaul is so little of a giant that he now boasts of his stature when he is four feet six!\* It was remarked by Pliny that the Romans were rapidly degenerating in stature, and that sons were rarely so tall as their fathers; but he attributed this degeneration to the exhaustion of the vital sap, not knowing that a Liebig would come to proclaim the exhaustion of precious phosphorus.† What a prospect for man! His stature dwindles as phosphorus disappears. His race has been constantly robbing the soil of precious material which has not been returned to it, as nature requires, and the effect of this at last will be national bankruptcy.

Plants impoverish the soil; but all they snatch from it to build up their existences may be returned to it, and often is returned, though civilized ignorance often wastes it. The animals eat the plants, and take up the phosphates into their own bodies. A judicious system of

\* A conscript once objected that he was below the standard height; the recruiting officer eyed him kindly, and exclaimed, "Four feet four—without your shirt—*c'est magnifique!*"

† "In plenum autem cuncto mortalium generi minorem in dies fieri, propemodum observatur: rarasque patribus proceriores, consumente ubertatem seminum exustione."  
—*Hist. Nat.*, vii. 16.

agriculture would restore all this to the soil, by careful distribution of the sewage, and by using the bones as manure. Even the quantities used up by man might also be restored, if the sewage were skilfully distributed, and if our practice of burial did not annually hide away the enormous quantities stored up in man's bony structure. The bones of men are buried, and thus, in a loose, unscientific sense, may be said to return to earth the phosphates originally derived from earth. But this is loose talk. The bones keep all their phosphates. It is only the organic matters which are decomposed in the grave; the phosphates remain and are not redistributed through the soil.

"The only real loss of elements," says Liebig, "which we are unable to prevent, is of the phosphates, in so far as these, in accordance with the customs of modern nations, are deposited in the grave. For the rest, every part of that enormous quantity of food which a man consumes during his lifetime, which was derived from the fields, can be returned to them. We know with absolute certainty that we receive back in sewage all the salts and alkaline bases, all the phosphates of lime and magnesia, which the animal consumed in its food."

It is not probable that men will give up the practice of burial, so that all the phosphates stored up in their skeletons must needs be withheld from the soil; but it is probable that the growing necessities of men will force them into something like a rational use of sewage. We shall learn not to waste the tons of precious material which is hourly poured into rivers and seas; we shall have our guano in abundance and near at hand. Unless we learn this, our case is desperate. If men persist in consuming phosphorus, and in wasting it as they do now, Science foresees the end.

Yet Philosophy is calm, because the end is distant. Were it not so, the alarm would embitter our pleasant lives. We should be eternally fidgeting about phosphorus. Some dreadful statist would oppress us with his calculations, showing the effect of lucifer-matches upon Europe. He would exclaim: "Sir, lucifer-matches have wasted an amount of phosphorus which might have equipped a mighty nation with its necessary bones." And our only reply would be, "Then let the mighty nation do with cartilage." We could not patiently listen to such croakings. Every time we lighted a cigar we should think we were hastening the irruption of the Barbarians. Intolerable!

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## The Fashion of Furniture.

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THERE is an idle expression in vogue among certain honest folks who, while modestly disclaiming connoisseurship in matters of taste, desire to remind you that they have not, nevertheless, abandoned all opinion on the subject. "I know what I like," is the not over sapient remark made on such occasions by those who affect, and frequently feel, an interest in some particular class of art which they are neither prepared to justify nor to transfer in any other direction. They assign no better reason for their choice than the gentleman to whom the unoffending Dr. Fell became an object of such inexplicable antipathy. To know what one likes, and what one dislikes, seems the simplest thing in the world, and yet there are matters of every-day life in which even this faculty seems doubtfully exercised by the million.

Let us take a familiar instance by way of illustration:—A newly-married couple, of average means, intelligence, and education, desire to furnish their house. The house itself, especially if it be in London, will have no pretensions to beauty. Indeed, it has come by degrees to be admitted that the plainer a town dwelling is on the outside, the more respectable is its appearance. All that is demanded, therefore, is that the stucco shall be fresh and clean, the window-frames recently painted, and the bricks neatly picked out with cement. The future tenant cannot alter his street front if he would. That is past praying for. In this respect he must be content with what his next-door neighbour has—with what all his neighbours, up and down the whole street, have. But the interior of the house is a field in which his taste, or his wife's taste, may find full scope. That they have a taste probably neither of them doubts for an instant. Let us grant the fact, for argument's sake, and then watch how they exercise it. At the furniture warehouse, they are in the upholsterer's hands; at the china-shop, they are as easily talked over by the obsequious vendor of wine-glasses and dinner-plates. The carpet merchant leads them by the nose. They fancy they are choosing chairs, and rugs, and crockery;—in reality, they only look on while their tradesmen select for them. The young couple will probably be told that a Turkey carpet and a dark paper are proper for a dining-room, while a light paper and a Brussels carpet must adorn the drawing-room. There must be a straight fender in the library, and a curvilinear fender upstairs. The chairs on which they sit to eat may be of oak or mahogany; the chairs on which they sit to talk must be of walnut or rosewood. A square table must be in such a room; a round one somewhere else. In the matter of paper-hangings, they would be literally at sea, but for

the suggestions of the ingenious gentleman on the other side of the counter, who kindly informs them which patterns are "elegant," which are "genteel," "neat," or "much in request," and it is remarkable that he applies one or another of these epithets to every fresh piece which engages their attention. They may have rose-sprigs interlaced with satin ribbon, or crimson "flock" designs set in panels of sham perspective, or Mooresque intricacies surrounded by a border of wild-flowers. "We sell a great deal of this," says the indefatigable shopman, after turning over some hundred pages of his sample-book; and probably "this" is selected for no better reason.

The same farce is played over at the draper's, where the window-curtains and tablecloths are chosen. It is of course *de rigueur* that the former must be either suspended on a huge brass pole, which blossoms out into a gigantic fuchsia at each end, with rings as large as a man's arm, or hang from a weakly iron rod which is concealed by what is called a gilt cornice, and of which no mortal man has ever been able to divine the object, except that, as the upholsterer would say, it "gives a *finish* to the room." It is absolutely necessary, moreover, to meet the requirements of modern fashion, that the curtains should be about a yard too long, in order that they may be looped up on either side, and thus afford receptacles for dust, besides being cut to pieces by the awkward, ugly-looking brass hook which is to keep them in their place. The idea of hanging curtains of only the *requisite* length straight down from a small, strong brass rod, over which stout little rings would easily slip, and omitting the "finish" above, is of course too obvious and heterodox a notion to be entertained. With regard to the nature of the materials of which these articles are composed, I have observed that the all-important point in the upholstering mind is that they shall match the rest of the furniture in colour. What is the prevailing tint on your carpet?—Crimson? Then you must have crimson curtains, crimson sofa, crimson everything. It would not be good taste to have a contrast. Of course not—there is no such thing in nature.

When the young couple come to buy their chairs and tables, a new difficulty presents itself. What is the proper shape for a chair? Accepting the venerable tradition that a dining-room chair must be of oak and covered with leather (excellent conditions in themselves, by the way), they generally choose something with a broad back that looks as if it could not easily be kicked over. And here I must admit that there has been a slight improvement lately in the way of dining-room chairs. You may buy some of a really fair design even in Tottenham-court Road—that Vanity Fair of cheap and flimsy uglinesses.

But the design of drawing-room furniture remains in *statu quo*. Unstable, rickety sticks of walnut or rosewood, inlaid, perhaps, with mother-of-pearl which no one sees, or twisted into "fancy" backs which torture the sitter or break beneath his weight, constitute the "occasional" chairs which are so much in request by the British public. Sofas, having

no more shape than a feather-bed thrown into a corner would assume, without being nearly so comfortable, are called "elegant" and "luxurious." Luxurious they are, no doubt, for those who wish to sleep all night on them without taking off their clothes. But under such circumstances people generally prefer to go to bed. It is difficult to conceive anything in the whole range of upholstery uglier than the modern settee or couch. The foolish twisting and curving of its sides and seat, the careful concealment of its structure (a fatal mistake in the design of all useful objects), and its general puffy and blown-out appearance, combine to make it a thoroughly unartistic object. The old quasi-Greek sofa used in the early part of this century was a much better form, and quite as comfortable as any but sluggards need desire.

It is not too much to say that there is hardly an article to be found for sale in a modern upholsterer's shop which will bear evidence of even the commonest principles of good design. The individual merits of Gothic or classic art are not here questioned. Our furniture has *no style at all*. The wonder is, who supplies the patterns for this endless variety of absurdities; who is responsible for the "shaped" backs of sideboards and washing-tables, and the bandy-legged seats which we occupy. No doubt there are many "leading firms" who flatter themselves that the contents of their warehouses are exceptions to the general rule; and, indeed, if high prices and sound workmanship ensured good taste, there would be no lack of the latter. But, unfortunately, of furniture which is—to use a trade expression—kept on stock, the more expensive it is, the uglier it is sure to be.

I do not propose to allude here to the present condition of what are generally known as the fine arts in England, except in so far as it influences the design of modern manufacture. Of painting and sculpture (in the ordinary sense of the word) we cannot be said ever to have had national schools. But we had a national architecture, and there is this difference between its history and that of other countries. They possess theirs, for the most part, in a degraded form. We have lost our own altogether, and with it that capability of distinguishing right from wrong form in objects of every-day use, which may be said to constitute a national taste.

However strange it may seem, we are more likely, in our present state of civilization, to rightly appreciate the grace and loveliness of nature than to form (untaught) a just estimate of the artistic value of human handiwork. And, to complete the paradox, men, in a rude and unsophisticated state of life, though they may express little admiration at what is no more than the ordinary fulfilment of nature's laws, are often on a better road to a certain order of art than if their judgment had been trammelled by the conventionalities of an art education.

The eye requires less elementary education, at least in uncivilized life, than the ear, and its earliest instinct declares more for decorative art than for natural beauties. The New Zealander, who may be equally unmoved by pastoral symphonies and pastoral landscape, can often carve a

canoe-head, or whittle a battle-club, in a better style of ornament than any pupil in our schools of design. No one who examined the specimens of bead-embroidery and needlework by the North-American Indians in the Great Exhibition of 1862 can fail to have been struck by the exquisite feeling for colour, and judicious arrangement of material, displayed in the dresses and accoutrements of the Meliceet and other tribes. Again, the commonest articles of hardware—wooden bowls, boxes, and cottage furniture—produced by the Norwegian peasantry, although of the rudest description, bear evidence of a judicious taste, which all the Kensington lectures could not improve.

This faculty of decorating articles of common use—especially those of textile fabric—fitly, by keeping the nature of their material in view, and putting the right sort of ornament in the right place, is one which seems the natural inheritance of most nations in their early and primitive state, and even long afterwards, where the progress of modern manufacture has not interfered with it. No doubt it is, to some extent, influenced by tradition; but, in the main, it is an instinctive ability, and, in its exercise, is the more valuable *because* it is instinctive; just as every movement of a child is sure to be graceful until the dancing-master comes, with his toes turned outwards, and teaches it deportment.

It may indeed be argued, in answer to this parallel, that a well-bred and comely woman will have, by-and-by, a grace of her own, independent of drill and backboards, but on which those exercises may have had a beneficial influence; and so I do not mean to pretend that the moccasins of an Indian squaw, and the notchings on a Feejee spear-handle, represent the highest aim of decorative art. But it is certain that the best designs in that art have resulted either from education of the most refined order, or from no education at all. "A little knowledge," says the poet-philosopher, "is a dangerous thing." The aphorism is nowhere more applicable than in the field of art. A Marquesas Islander may produce good ornament without rule or method, just as English shepherds, who never saw a coin of Antiochus, have idly cut the pentalpha out on turf. Venetian workmen of the 13th century produced designs which were the result of the highest order of art education. Bating the difference which must of course ensue from the use of rich material and good tools, on the one hand, and the rude appliances of uncivilized life on the other, these remotely separated classes of decorative art will be found identical in motive. But we Englishmen of the 19th century, having lost for centuries our own indigenous spirit of design, perplexed by the doctrines of widely-opposed schools, and sophisticated by, rather than learned in, their various principles, borrow now from the ancient art of Greece, now from Italian Renaissance; sometimes seek our inspiration from the meretricious prettiness of French Rococo, sometimes launch into vagaries which represent a silly jumble of all three, but oftener sink into a hopeless vulgarity of style which cannot be said to have relation to either.

All artists know that, in every country, the articles of common use,



which are of too humble a description to be subject to the vitiating influence of cheap and tawdry manufacture, will always be found in better taste than a great deal which is contained in drawing-rooms. The design of Flemish beer-cups and of Roman peasants' scarfs, for instance, is good, because it is traditional and has been handed down from an age of good art. One of the few specimens of honest English manufacture which remain in this country is the ordinary Windsor chair, some very pretty types of which may be sometimes seen in our cottages or round a kitchen fire. Its price is about three or four shillings. A modern upholsterer in Oxford Street would probably be surprised to hear it compared with the elegancies in his shop which cost nearly as many guineas. Yet, in point of taste, this common Windsor chair, the design of which has probably varied little for the last two centuries, is infinitely superior to them. It is exceedingly comfortable, well made, and picturesque. The first two qualities will recommend it to utilitarians. In the latter is afforded the simplest test by which all true lovers of art can distinguish good work from bad. Will it look well in a painting? If so, we may be sure it has some artistic merit.

There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that the interest of picturesqueness in architecture and still life is wholly derived from age and dilapidation. Young ladies may like to believe that the ruins of Netley Abbey and Carisbrooke Castle afford good subjects for their albums, simply because they are *ruins*. But what future Roberts would care to paint a scene in Pimlico, although its walls were roofless, and streets choked up with briar? A fine old sturdy chair of the "Cromwell" type may become old and worm-eaten. The embossments of its leather may be obliterated, the velvet cushion worn and threadbare, but it is dignified in its old age. Our modern furniture grows shabby with a few years' wear. Within a man's lifetime it becomes a mean and dishonourable wreck.

When, therefore, we hear of a house being *tastefully* fitted up from an upholsterer's shop, we may be sure that it means nothing but *expensively* fitted up. There is a slight improvement, it is true, noticeable here and there in the way of carpets and paper-hangings; but the mass of buyers are unable to avail themselves even of these exceptions. Should a stray connoisseur now and then attempt to furnish designs, even of the simplest description, for his furniture, he will find himself involved in at least double the expense which he would incur if he bought his sofas and tables ready made; and this not owing to any extra cost of material or elaboration, but because the cabinet-maker would be called on to make what he had not made in precisely the same form before. Our joiners, as a rule, work in this manner, like machines. One man devotes himself to legs, another to backs, another to seats of chairs—hundreds at a time, and each precisely like the last. This is division of labour; no doubt a useful thing in its way, but utterly opposed to any chance of originality or departure from those designs which are thus confirmed in their ugliness by a species of tradition.

It is true that furniture once produced in a good style might be as easily multiplied, and, in course of time, be offered for sale at the same price as that in a bad style; but the question is, how this reformation is to be effected? An upholsterer's idea of artistic furniture is very much the same as a milliner's idea of taste in dress. Both are regulated by fashion. Neither will produce at an outlay of capital what is supposed there will be no demand for. But while the upholsterer is waiting for demand, the public is waiting for supply. It cannot be expected that people of ordinary means, who are capable of appreciating the merits of a good design, will be at the trouble and expense of having furniture made expressly for them. They can only select from what is offered for sale. The growing taste for mediæval art in England has induced a feeling for what Pugin called the "true principles" of design. There is no reason why those principles should not be applied to the simplest article of domestic use. But this idea has never been carried out by any tradesman. The so-called Gothic furniture, which is occasionally exposed for sale, is at once needlessly elaborate, cumbrous, and expensive. What is wanted is a class of goods which shall be designed by those who have really made a study of decorative art, and which, while it meets the requirements of the present age in point of convenience, will also bear competition with ordinary furniture in regard to price.

There are, of course, among our educated architects, men who could easily prepare designs which should fulfil these conditions; but upholsterers do not avail themselves of their assistance. The artistic spirit must be met by commercial interest before any improvement can be effected.

The truth is, that there are few questions on which the general public are so ignorant and so jealous as in matters of taste, in the commonest acceptation of the word. It seems to be looked on as an intuitive quality by some people. It is confessed that a man must have a musical education before he enjoys good music. He must have read or studied long, before he can appreciate the highest qualities of the painter's art. But we think ourselves competent to judge of the pattern of a carpet or the shape of a water-bottle, without any teaching at all. The familiar tone adopted by the general press in deciding the style of a public monument is not more amusing than the easy confidence which every one has in his own taste. A man will yield to another in any sort of controversy—religious, social or political—sooner than abandon his beau-ideal of art work, if he cares for art at all. Even those who are really indifferent on the subject are prone to affect a decided opinion. "Tastes, madam!" cries poor Sir Peter Teazle, to his vain and headstrong wife, who has been recounting her extravagances. "Zounds, madam, when you married me, you'd *no* taste." It is, indeed, not impossible that an affected preference of style may in due time assume a more genuine shape. "A learned critic," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of his lectures, "recommends us to feign a relish till we find a relish come, and feel that what began in fiction terminates in reality."

One thing is certain, that good taste for art in our present state of

civilization must in some way be an acquired taste. All so-called natural taste in this country, while we are surrounded by vulgarities of design from our youth up, must be bad. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it would lead men, left to themselves, to prefer elaboration to simplicity, direct imitation of nature to the chaste and sober conventionalities of ornament, crude and violent contrasts of primary colour to the refined association of delicate tints. The natural taste of our day would soon, without teaching, weave the likeness of Bengal tigers on our hearth-rugs, commit young ladies to the copying of popular paintings in Berlin wool, turn the carpet under our feet into the likeness of an unweeded garden. Its tendency is to twist everything that should be straight, to cut and carve, and fritter with worthless finery, all that depends for its very dignity on plain and solid workmanship.

The worth of all true and good ornament will be in proportion to the enduring pleasure which it gives the eye. Who looks at a photograph on a coal-box, when the latter has been a week in the house? Who cares for the foolish complexity of gilt flourishes about a drawing-room mirror after the first day of its possession, or the machine-made mouldings which adorn our woodwork? These are instances of ornament which is uninteresting either in itself, or because it is misplaced. We feel instinctively that a delicate portrait or landscape is degraded by its association with dirty fuel. A bargeman in white kid-gloves would not be a more ridiculous object. We know that those rococo scrolls and tortuous nonentities at the foot of yon gilded frame, which pretend to be the result of so much labour, are chopped out by the dozen out of the meanest material and in the meanest manner, before they are glued into their places. We know that our doors could be framed as well (and often better) without the silly lines and strips of wood which run round their panels. Such "ornament" as this adds to our expense, without adding to our pleasure. It might all be absent, and we should not miss it. Not so with good and judicious decoration. The eye returns again and again with satisfaction to a well-designed wall-paper or to a window-curtain in which the tints are harmonious. Good drawing and good colour, in their proper place, never become uninteresting; but how seldom are they seen in modern work!

One of the most remarkable facts in connection with art manufacture is the unequal progress of its various branches. Textile, fictile, and metallic designs have made rapid strides within the last ten years. Minton's plates and Hardman's locks and gas-fittings are not, indeed, yet within the reach of the million; still, those who can afford to pay for such ware may have it. But upholstery seems in a state of stagnation. Its design appears to have deteriorated rather than advanced. There is not a single establishment in London which produces what any competent judge would describe as artistic furniture for ordinary sale.

It is to be feared that the tendency of art-impulse in England has up to this time been too neglectful of common things. We have learned how to paint fine costumes within a gilded frame, but not how to stencil a

plastered wall. We have fashioned out the deities of Olympus in white marble, but cannot vie with the old English sculptors who carved their freestone into mirthful satire. We have tried to build monuments, without first trying our hand at cottages, and, lost in the study of palaces, have forgotten to look about us for a chair. Yet in all good ages of art we find it expressed among the necessities, as well as the poetry of life, not more earnestly in the artist's studio, than in the carpenter's shop. A great authority has shown us that the only true historical painting of all nations has been that which illustrated its own time. Can we hope for such an art, while we are surrounded by objects which it would be impossible for the painter to invest with interest? The modern school of pre-Raphaelites set out with the idea of portraying the heroic incidents of every-day life. The notion was an excellent one, and promised a healthy and honest phase of art in this country. But among the early promoters of the movement, few have adhered to their original intention, and the reason, though, perhaps, unacknowledged, is evident enough.

It is impossible to associate with a poetical conception the crude and vulgar shapes which become the accessories of a modern background. The ordeal was too severe even for the brush of Hunt or Millais. Those who have seen and have admired such works as the *Awakening Conscience*, will remember how impossible it was to look for an instant on the mean adjuncts of even a noble picture, without feeling that they deprived the composition of half its poetry. The eye was shocked by the intrusion of modern upholstery in a scene which demanded from the spectator the highest order of sympathy and emotion. That such pictures became attractive at all, was owing to the master hands which had worked upon them. The subjects themselves, considered with reference to costume and still life, were as ugly as could be imagined. And what master hands did with difficulty, inferior artists failed to do altogether. It is not too much to say that of those exhibited paintings in which year by year it is endeavoured to derive sentiment from episodes of drawing-room and boudoir life, nine-tenths are passed over by people of sound taste with indifference or contempt. The very presence of our ugly chairs and tables in a picture makes one regret that time should have been wasted in perpetuating the likeness of such uninteresting work. Far different was it in the best ages of art. Then the painter was not ashamed of his backgrounds, but lavished as much care on the shape of a settle, or the diapered pattern of a curtain, as on the features of his hero. There is a picture by Van Eyck (once known as "the Betrothal") in the National Gallery. The accessories of this picture are as interesting as the figures themselves.\* A brazen lamp hanging from the ceiling, and a convex mirror attached to the wall, are painted with such consummate care that their design might be reproduced by any intelligent artificer. And the labour has not been mis-spent, for they are works of art in themselves,

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\* Now ascertained to be portraits of Jean Arnolfini and Jeanne de Chenany, his wife.

and worthy of the age in which the picture was painted. Would that we could say as much for the Brummagem goods displayed in the windows of Oxford Street!

One obstacle which impedes the progress of art-manufacture in common things, is the fatal mistake which people make in supposing that extravagance of form and excessive ornamentation are necessary conditions of good design. There is a ridiculous word in use among upholsterers to indicate the unnecessarily twisted outline which is characteristic of modern furniture. When the back of a side-board, or marble washing-stand is cut about into ogival or parabolic curves, it is called "shaped" in shopman's slang. This *shaping* materially increases the expense of the article, without adding any real pleasure to the eye. Yet so long have the public been accustomed to this silly style of ornamentation, that it has come to be considered "elegant" by those whose only idea of beauty is regulated by the fashion of the day. Much money is wasted in this direction, and in loading with mouldings and machine-made carving, objects of common use; and the result is that we either have to pay dearly for bad art, or sustain an equivalent loss in inferior workmanship. The best made furniture of the present day is needlessly dear, but the bargains in cheap-furniture "marts" are infinitely dearer in the end. We often congratulate ourselves on the comparatively low price of certain articles for which our forefathers paid so much. But we forget that furniture in their days often lasted a life-time, much of ours becomes rickety within a short time after purchase, and before many years has to be replaced altogether. There is a want of solidity about it, and a want of purpose about it which tends to this result.

It is an advantage that a drawing-room chair, for instance, should be light and capable of being handed about easily, but it is absurd that to attain this object the chair should be made of such flimsy materials that the mistress of a house is afraid to ask her stoutest friends to sit upon it. There is an unreasonableness, too, in its shape. One of the earliest types of chair (often represented in old Italian pictures), had a broad band of stout leather which stretched between the back-rails, just beneath the shoulder-blades of the sitter, accommodated itself easily to the form, and was about the best and most comfortable support that could be devised. In later days this strap was replaced by the padded back of our "Cromwell" chair, and in the early part of this century by the flat cross-rail, which, though not so luxurious, answered the same purpose. But now, for the sake of lightness and so-called "elegance," we have to endure the galling of a cruel wooden *rod*, which, twisted into an indescribable curve behind us, denies all rest to weary shoulders. One of the great arguments brought by the ignorant against the re-introduction of mediæval furniture is the alleged discomfort which its use involves. This arises from a thoroughly false notion of the appliances of mediæval design. We may be sure of one thing, that the furniture of that period was quite as comfortable as people wished. If not, the ingenuity of ancient handicraft

would soon have met the difficulty. The invention of the "miserere" seat—a compromise between the exigencies of ritual and a due sense of canonical comfort—is an instance among many which might be brought forward of such ingenuity. It is often simply because the *proportions* of old furniture are so much at variance with that which we are accustomed to see about us, that we ignorantly associate the former with inconvenience. The high-backed chair, with the *low seat*, which was its invariable accompaniment, will really be found, on a fair trial, far more fitted for a posture of rest, than many which modern notions of luxury have devised.

If upholsterers could only lay aside the conventionalities of fashion, and work in a more independent and less sophisticated manner, keeping the object and ultimate use of their work more in view than (what they consider) the elegance of its appearance, it would soon have a genuine interest of its own, and much foolish expense would be saved; while the addition of judicious ornament, designed by really able hands, would present no difficulty, if demand were made by those who could afford it. As it is, cheap furniture, like cheap jewelry, aims in a tawdry manner at the elaboration which can only honestly be produced at a price infinitely beyond its marketable value.

There is a direct analogy between the spirit which induces a vulgar woman to dress beyond her station in life at a sacrifice of more necessary requirements, and the silly demand of small householders that the fittings of their dwellings should ape those of a much higher rent. If stone dressings to the external face of doors and windows are costly luxuries, there must be gimerack imitations of them in plaster. If oak and mahogany cannot be afforded, veneer and paint are employed to supply the deficiency. The chimney-piece may be the insecurest sham; thin strips of material barely cemented together—but it must be a *white marble* chimney-piece, or what tenant would take the house? The same desire for elegance and modernism involves the use of door-handles and locks, in which soundness of construction is sacrificed to a showy appearance, and the consequence is, that in small tenements they are continually out of order. The humbler but more honestly-made appliances, which satisfied our forefathers in this and many other respects, would be discarded by the gentility of suburban villas.

It is well known by those who are familiar with the mysteries of the trade, that a large majority of the bargains picked up at mock auctions and (so-called) second-hand furniture shops, consist of worthless articles, never really used before, but hastily knocked up by inferior ill-paid hands, to be foisted on the public as genuine and useful goods. A little paint and varnish go far towards deceiving the unwary, and it is only some weeks after purchase that the possessor begins to find out the real nature of his investment. The green unseasoned wood, of which his hanging-press is made, splits right across a panel. Trumpery castors (perhaps attached by *one* screw) recede from the legs of his couch, while buttons disappear one by one from its cushion. Arm-chairs are found

to be weak in the spine, and sofas frequently suffer from some internal complaint, which precludes the possibility of lying on them with comfort. The carved "enrichment," on the beauties of which Mr. Shadrach's young man so warmly expatiated, proves to be nothing but a conglomeration of little lumps of wood and glue. Even the dining-room table (lately the property of a distinguished gentleman) slides out with difficulty, and, once extended, declines to slide in at all.

These are misfortunes befalling that section of the British public which insists upon the "elegance" of furniture at any price. Strong, useful, homely articles might be made, in better taste, for less money, but the exigencies of fashion forbid their use, and thus indirectly prevent their manufacture.

Much expense might be saved in the way of material. Of all woods used in joinery there is no doubt that oak is by far the most durable, and, for general purposes, the most pleasing in appearance. But it is dear and too heavy for the construction of furniture which we require to move readily. Beech, on the contrary, is a much lighter and far cheaper material than oak or mahogany. It is easily worked, and can be brought to a smooth surface; when stained, it reveals a pretty grain, and might be much more extensively employed than it is at present, in the manufacture of chairs, &c., for the benefit of those who cannot afford the luxury of a rosewood or walnut *suite*.

With all due respect for the turner's trade, it must occur to those who look on furniture with an artist's eye, that the forms it produces in our day are generally devoid of interest. The pear-shaped unit which is so often multiplied in the legs of our chairs and tables has neither strength nor beauty to recommend it, and might almost always be omitted with advantage. Yet the lathe, properly used, might become, and indeed once was, an efficient and perfectly legitimate means of decorating woodwork cheaply. In this, as in many other cases, it is not the appliances of manufacture which are wanting, but the design which should direct their employment.

Among the many fashions of the day which tend to unpicturesqueness and expense without any corresponding advantages in point of comfort, is that of cutting out and fitting our carpets so as to exactly follow the plan-outline of the room. Yard upon yard of stuff is wasted in the earnest endeavour to cover up the floor in every recess occasioned by a window or the projection of a chimney breast. Nor is this all, for the carpet thus once laid down will not again fit any other room without a further sacrifice of material. This inconvenience might easily be avoided by allowing the carpet to assume the form of a simple parallelogram, not extending further in any direction than the inmost projections of the area. When carpets were first used, a broad margin of floor was thus left all around the room, and the effect, as we now sometimes see it in old country houses, is infinitely more telling than that of London drawing-rooms. It is true that modern deal flooring forms a poor substitute for the polished

oak once used; but good "floor-cloth," or a little of the staining fluid now so commonly employed in church wood-work, would meet this objection in ordinary houses, while borders of inlaid parquetry, for those who can afford it, would hardly involve more expense than the carpet itself.

While on this subject, I cannot refrain from alluding to the absurd practice which exists among certain people of shrouding up their furniture in chintz covering, and overlaying their Brussels carpets with common drugget. If the silk or damask with which their sofas and chairs are covered is actually of too delicate a fabric to endure ordinary wear, why use it at all? Besides, this undue thriftiness really defeats its own object. The richer material is exposed to hardly less friction when covered than when uncovered, and the consequence is that it is worn out without having been seen or appreciated on more than a score of *soirées*. In the same way a highly-polished surface of rosewood or Spanish mahogany is kept in order now-a-days, apparently for no other purpose but to reflect the features of the housemaid who rubs it over every morning. The white cloth is so seldom removed now before dessert, and the dining-table during the rest of the day is so carefully enveloped, that the festive board might as well be of deal, or at least of unpolished mahogany. It is not that people do not spend money enough about their houses, but that they do not spend it in the right direction. The sheen and polish which well-seasoned wood acquires by *actual use* is a good artistic quality, but the silky gloss produced by artificial varnishes and furniture paste is a meretricious prettiness which no true painter would care to represent. It is money wasted. The use of plate-glass in second-rate houses is another luxury, the cost of which might be frequently better applied. It renders the sash unduly heavy, and seen from the outside is exceedingly cold and ugly in its colour. The only real advantage to be derived from it is, apparently, that it affords greater facility for idle people to look out of window. But even this plea will not suffice in London, where it is chiefly confined to dining-room windows, the lower half of which alone commands a view of the street, and that half is almost always obscured by a wire screen.

It would not be difficult to multiply instances of lavish expenditure upon mere luxury, at the sacrifice of good design, and often of good workmanship. Wealth, of course, might always command a combination of these qualities; but if people of moderate resources had to choose between fashion and fitness of design, we fear the majority would declare in favour of the former. The eye, long accustomed to the conventional glitter of a Mayfair drawing-room, requires no little education before it can be brought to perceive that the forms by which it is surrounded might be varied at all with advantage. But that they should exchange their pseudo-elegance for the simplicity of outline which is the chief characteristic of good design, would seem unreasonable to many who flatter themselves that they possess "a taste." Yet it is only by such means that we can hope for a reformation in art manufacture. Let us first make our furni-



ture *serviceable*, laying aside the traditions of shape and ornament which have reached us in so perverted a manner. The best and most interesting form will generally be that which is suggested by expedience. When this *obvious* usefulness is rightly indicated, it will be time enough to think of elaboration.

It will be naturally asked how this change is to be brought about. Our national schools of art promised much, but have effected little. It is an inestimable advantage to the young designer that he should be able to draw the figure correctly, but if his skill only leads him to model athletic Cupids supporting candelabra, and twist little mermaids round the handle of a beer jug, he has not gained much by his experience. The pupil spends months in correctly copying the outlines of vegetable form. But this avails him little if he does not at the same time learn how to apply them judiciously; nor is it easy to find any system of instruction except that followed by architectural students of the best class, which at present may be relied on.

It is generally considered that the state of art manufacture in France is infinitely superior to our own, and, indeed, the fertility of invention and power of drawing which her workmen possess, throw our productions completely in the shade. But this facility is even more dangerous than our own ignorance. The eye is so fascinated by mere cleverness of execution that the purpose of the article designed, and the motive of the ornament introduced, are quite forgotten, and a meretricious extravagance is tolerated for its *own* sake, rather than for that of the object which it is supposed to decorate.

An attempt has been made by an association of young men—some of them painters—to form a new school of art furniture. Some result of their labours might be seen in the Mediæval Furniture court of the last Great Exhibition. Their specimens of tapestry, worked on the old principle, were justly admired by connoisseurs, but their woodwork chiefly depended for its beauty on the figure-painter's art. Cabinets and bookcases were covered from head to foot with that class of subjects and method of treatment which Mr. Rossetti was the first to introduce—admirably adapted to the purpose, it is true, but at once involving an amount of expense which no purchaser of ordinary means would care to incur. Our joiner's work ought to be artistic *in itself*, and produced at a price which the general public will pay, before we call in the painter's aid to please those who can afford a luxury.

The question, in short, still remains to be solved,—Shall we ever have an honest style of furniture again? Will any London tradesman take up the matter in something better than a mere commercial spirit, and set the example of reform? It is certain that to attain such an object he could command most valuable assistance from the artistic world, and, provided his goods were produced at a fair and marketable price, there is no doubt that they would, when known, secure for him an amply remunerative custom.

## The Forest of Essex.

THERE is a tendency in all great cities to be continually stretching into the country; London is constantly going out of town. The process is a double one. There is the steady pushing out of house after house from the suburbs, to meet the needs of those whose means compel them to live within walking distance, or the conveyance of a cheap omnibus; and there is the London-related colony of wealthier men, to whom the use of ten miles of railway, or a four-horse coach, offers no pecuniary difficulty. Then follows the operation of joining the outlying settlement to the actual suburb, and when some public-spirited parishioner at the far end proposes gas and water, the subjugation of the country is complete.

This is a serious matter to the citizen. Some physiologists have gone so far as to declare that a family living continually in London would not prolong itself beyond three generations. Not but what the city of London is, for a city, remarkably healthy. The facilities for living without wear and tear, the reduction to a minimum of all friction as regards intercourse, and the ease with which money procures the necessaries and the comforts of life, all tend to the diminution of painful disease; but a constant canopy of burnt air and carbon-loaded cloud and human exhalation, a mixture and a medium through which the sun itself can hardly shine brightly,—in the sense of brightness as we think of it on the side of a Highland moor or a Surrey down,—cannot be sufficient for creatures whose lungs are planned to bring fresh air to deteriorated blood, in order that that blood may take in the freshness and let the foulness go.

It is a long time since the poet Cowley strengthened his image of a reverse to that which, even then, he called "the monster London," by threatening that it—

A village less than Islington should be,

A solitude almost.

But the gradual obliteration of all the solitudes gives a gravity to the discussion which from time to time takes place with reference to the enclosure of what remains of Epping or Waltham Forest, that being itself a remnant of the original great forest which extended, in a desultory manner, over the larger part of the county of Essex.

The district now known as Epping Forest lies to the north and north-east of London, and comprises a series of woodland ranges which may be said to begin at Leytonstone, seven miles from London, and end at Epping, eight miles farther on; a tract on an average three or four miles wide, the wood being thickest about Loughton or Buckhurst Hill. In ancient times it would appear that the whole county was forestal, and the following

rhyming charter of Edward the Confessor, relating to a remoter part of it, is said to be taken from the Forest Rolls of Essex:—

Ic Edward Koning,  
 Have yeven of my forest the keeping,  
 Of the hundred of Chelmer and Dancing,  
 To Randolf, Peperking, and his kindling,  
 Wyth heose and hynde, doe and bock,  
 Hare and foxe, cat and brocke,  
 Wylde fowel with his flock,  
 Partrich, fesant hen and fesant cock,  
 Wyth green and wylde stob and stock,  
 To keepen and to yemen by all her might,  
 Both by day and eke by night.  
 And hounds for to hold  
 Good and swift, and bold ;  
 Four greyhounds and six racches  
 For hare and foxe and wilde cattes  
 And therefor iche made him my broke,  
 Witness the bishop Wolston  
 And brooke ylerd many on,  
 And Swein of Essex our brother  
 And taken him many other,  
 And our steward Howelin  
 That by sought me for him.

This king is also said to have had a park at Havering, enclosing it from the forest. Tendring Hundred was disafforested by Stephen : all that part of the forest which lay to the north of the highway from Stortford to Colchester met with the same treatment at the hands of John ; and Henry III. allowed the making of another park at Theydon Mount, at the same time giving John de Lexington leave to hunt in what was still the forest of Essex. Then came another large enclosure for the great people at Theydon Garnon, but the Mountfitchets of Havering seem to have been hereditary grand wardens of the main forest so far back as Stephen. Then it passed to the De Clares ; from them, diminished to the wardenship of Epping Forest, to the Earls of Oxford ; but Henry VIII. took so kindly to it that the earl of the period surrendered his wardenship to the king for the time, in order that the royal hunter might have it all his own way. Elizabeth was like-minded with her father about it, and hunted in it constantly. King James gave it back to the Oxfords ; they conveyed it to the Exeters ; one of those earls in turn to the Earl of Lindsay, from whom it passed to Sir R. Child, and descended through the families of Tylney and of Long to the Earls of Mornington, with whose representative, if the office still exists, it must now be.

Those great people had elaborate staffs of officers under them. There were lieutenants and verderers, riding foresters, purlieu rangers, stewards master-keepers and regards ; and Forest Courts, called Forty-day Courts, were held, at which all forestal questions were considered. Where enclosures were allowed the fences were kept low enough for the deer to leap ;

unauthorized dogs were sharply dealt with, and poachers, when they were caught, severely handled.

Nevertheless, through all these successive wardenships the forest portions of the county were gradually passing over into the class of reclaimed lands. The main road to it lay through the east end of London, through Whitechapel, and that Stratford atte Bowe, so celebrated for its French in Chaucer's time, one of whose heroines was

Taught at the schoole of Stratford atte Bowe,  
Tho' French of Paris was to her unknowe.

The old bridge over the dividing river at Bow was, perhaps, one of the oldest stone arches in the country. Crossing it, the wayfarer gets on to a causeway across the marsh, where Danish boats are still sometimes dug out, and where the great sewer now passes with an almost Roman grandeur. This is a land of streams, as the names of the villages imply; for there is Old Ford, and Strat-ford or Straight-ford, and Il-ford, and Rom-ford or Rome-ford, Snares-brook, A-bridge, Chig-well Chingford, and Woodford.

It was, until recently, at one of the Stratford bridges—there are five within a mile—that the first trace of the old forest customs was found; by the demand of a toll from carts, &c., during one month in the year, to support the forest gaol at Stratford. And this toll was continued long after the gaol was pulled down, until it occurred to some malcontent that if he did not pay there was no prison to put him in, and with that discovery the custom ceased.

The Stuarts did a good deal of hunting in this forest; we still show the house where Charles II., using his sword for a carving-knife, patted the joint of beef with it and made it a Sir Loin. And in his father's time there seems to have been considerable anxiety as to whether the woods were not running away into the farmyards, and a solemn inquest was taken to determine boundaries. Forty gentlemen took a walk which looks all the more conducive to their healths from the too probable eating and drinking connected with it having slipped out of the record; but starting from Stratford bridge, called Bow, they glanced at West and East Ham, got to Ilford and Romford, came near there upon an exotic curiosity at "a certain quadrivium (or way leading four ways) called the four wants, where late was placed, and yet is, a certain side of a whale called the Whalebone." And then they saw landmark after landmark, and looked up the various "meers, metes, bounds, and limits of the forest aforesaid," until every man must have earned any amount of dinner, and we hear of them at Epping and Harlow, and then among the marshes of the Lea at Waltham Abbey, the monks of which were, at one time, large proprietors and lords of manors in the district; and so on "to a bridge called Lock bridge, now broken down, where now for passage is used Trajetus (a ferry), and from thence by the same river Lea" (which bounded at once the forest and the county), "to the fore-nominated bridge of Stratford Bow."

The relation of the dwellers in the forest villages to the lords of the manors has always been a source of fruitful grievance, from the time when, without ceasing to be villeins, they grew into being poachers. In some of the manors the soil was vested in the squire, the Crown merely holding the right of feed and protection for the deer, and the people, or "commoners," claiming pasturage for cows and horses; but at Chingford there is a hunting lodge still standing, with tapestry yet hanging on its walls,

Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blows  
His wreathèd bugle horn,

which lodge belonged to Queen Elizabeth; and one day in gracious mood, she being Grand Warden by inheritance from her father, granted from it the privilege of wood-cutting (top-logging) to the poor of the neighbouring parishes, "upon the tenor of observing the rule which she gave them, and which they were to retain as their charter; which was, to strike the axe into the boughs of the trees at the midnight of the 11th November in each year, so as to begin to cut the wood as nearly as possible between the 11th and 12th of that month only, after which they were to cut it, and bring it home at their pleasure throughout the season." The result of this may have been a benefit to the poor, though that is open to great doubt, but it was a source of constant irritation to those who inherited the respective manors. It is continued to this day in certain parishes, and the consequence is that such a thing as a real natural tree is hardly to be found.

It is very surprising in such a wood as Loughton, where there are more than a thousand acres of waste, and perhaps a million of trees, to note how not a single one escapes lopping. The visitor from London, walking there in the summer time when the lopping is not taking place, and there is nothing to call the villagers into the wood, is struck with the silence and the solitude; but if he begins to indulge any fancies about primeval wastes unspoiled by man, a glance at the trees will correct him. They are not, strictly speaking, trees at all, but strange, fantastic, vegetable abortions. Their trunks, seldom more than a foot or eighteen inches in diameter, are gnarled, writhed, and contorted; and at about six feet from the ground, just within reach of the axe, they spread into huge overhanging crowns, from which spring branches which are cut every other year or so, and never long escape the spoiler; then, baffled in their natural instinct to grow into branches, the trees throw up spurs and whips from their roots, and every pollard stump—more or less rotten at the core—is surrounded with a belt of suckers and of spew. Enchanted bands of Circe's transformed revellers, struggling Laocoons, Dantean forms in pitiless Infernos—the general effect, particularly in the season of wildflowers, is something strangely weird and, in a sense, intensely beautiful, but it is no more nature's notion of primeval woodland than are closely cropped hair and shaven lip and chin her intention for the real expression of the human face.

Many attempts have been made to stop this top-logging. The charter is, that the cutting shall begin at midnight of the 11th November. In the parish of Waltham, the villagers lost the privilege through a *ruse*. On the 11th November, 1641, the poor were invited to a general "drunk" and supper, and the programme was so well carried out, especially, perhaps, as regards the item of "drunk," that night came and went and no wood was cut; and when midnight of the 11th November, 1642, arrived, those who had provided the bygone supper took care to point out that no wood *could* be cut, and that the charter was forfeit. When the local historian of the district, who tells the story, adds, "This information the writer derived from an old manuscript book of the Pigbones (an ancient family of Waltham), the writer's grandmother being of that family," one begins to wonder whether Dryasdust is poking his fun, or the writers of the comic histories in *Punch* are annotating. Perhaps, in accordance with the development theory, the ancient Pigbones family of Waltham may have once enjoyed their forestal rights on all fours, and chiefly with a view to the consumption of beech-mast and acorns, until, rising into a grandmother capable of setting store by an ancient manuscript book, they have culminated into a learned and painstaking historian to whom the present writer is very much indebted.

In another manor this plan of a general "drunk" would not do. Tradition says there was a supper and, probably, some drunk, but that the bulk of those attending, although they snatched a fearful joy at the eatables and drunkables, had an eye to time and place. More than one man had brought his axe to supper with him, and when, at a quarter to twelve, an adjournment to the wood being proposed, all doors and windows were found to be unaccountably barred, brawny arms and sharpened axes made short work of the hindrances, and it is greatly to be regretted that there was no ancient Pigbones present on that occasion to do justice to a dramatic tableau, showing triumphant villagers, broken furniture, and a discomfited plotter picking himself up in the corner.

The connection of the Crown with these manors afforded a hope at one time, to those whose wishes went in that direction, that the keeping open of the "waste," as it is called, might be secured. In Hainault Forest, which adjoined that of Epping, the Crown had the right, over 290 acres, to the soil and timber, and the Commissioners of Woods have made such good use of this lordship that, after selling the timber, &c. for 42,000*l.* (it was a forest in which top-logging had never been allowed), and setting off some compensation land and recreation ground for the commoners, they have brought land into cultivation, with the proceeds of that sale, which yields the country a rental of 4,000*l.* a year. But in other manors the Crown for many years past has owned nothing but the venison vert, that is, the pasture for deer; and it was hoped by the opponents of enclosures that by placing this right, which implied the maintenance of a very considerable breadth of open land, in opposition to the right of the lord of the manor, whose tendency was to

make grants from the waste, a compromise might have been effected and large tracts kept unenclosed. But practically it was found impossible to keep the deer. The woods were accessible everywhere, and intersected with many roads. A deer, of the small sort common to the forest, is easily noosed and quickly killed, then tossed into the tail of a cart, in an hour it is in London. Or, since the deer preferred the garden produce of the cottager to the pasture of the wood, and browsed conveniently in the dusk, the head, the umbles, and the skin, manured the garden, and the royal haunch saved butcher's meat until another haunch was ready. Under these circumstances, the creatures being missing, the Commissioners evidently thought that it would not do to make too much fuss about their pasture, and that the best thing they could do would be to sell it. This they did in more than one manor, and retired; leaving the lord of the manor (who is lord of the soil), and the copyholders and freeholders (who claim certain rights of pasturage, top-logging, fern-cutting, &c.) Grants are now made through the machinery of the Copyhold Courts, upon condition of fines and annual quit-rents, and as these are redeemable by the tenant under the Enfranchisement Act, the grants can be converted into freeholds.

The process is a painful one for the citizen to watch, no doubt. It always has been. It is many years ago since Cobbett put his bitter query,—

It has not been a thing uncommon,  
To steal a goose from off a common;  
But what shall be that man's excuse  
Who steals the common from the goose ?

And although a goose has never been a commonable creature in our forests, because its broad flat foot spoils the pasture for the deer, the pungency of the question remains. Mr. Barnes, too, in more recent times has recorded the grave belief of the Dorset countryman that

The goocoo wull soon be committed to cage,  
Vor a trespass in zomebody's tree ;

but, of course, law, property, and sound political economy, have something to say on the other side.

It is quite clear that at the time these forests were maintained as open wastes by the early Plantagenet kings to whom they belonged, they were not kept so for the enjoyment of the Londoners. A ruralizing cockney in those days would have been classified with poachers, and sent back maimed, like other vermin; nor where the right of the soil was conceded to individuals can we find any reservation in favour of excursionists. The demand for land, and the value of it for building sites, is rapidly increasing, but there is still so much unenclosed that it might be possible, and desirable, to secure a park for the people in this locality; and if a thickly wooded part were selected, the land drained, the wood judiciously thinned, and no suggestion of gardening introduced, as in the London parks, by shrubs or flowers, a natural, and in a sense a primeval, character might gradually be attained, which would be infinitely better for all per-

sons concerned than the present distorted scrubbiness, unwholesome swamp, and noisy licence which is not liberty.

The historical associations of our district, if not pre-eminent, are highly respectable. It would appear that we were Trinobantes before we were anything else. Caractacus had a good deal to do with us, and Boadicea was finally beaten "somewhere between Epping and Waltham." Then we had kings of Essex in the Saxon times, and Mellitus, the friend of St. Augustin, was our first bishop. Since then we have suffered in the cause of faith by giving, in Mary's reign, nineteen persons (seven of them women) to be burnt; and seven of the greater monasteries were suppressed from out our county. In things relating more especially to wood-craft and sylvan lore we are not particularly strong. The "Ancient Foresters" that have, from time to time, come down to us—from London, by the excursion trains—are hardly to be distinguished from "Odd Fellows;" whilst for Robin Hood we have only Dick Turpin, and although he would sometimes tell an old woman or a poor man that "the moon was up," or give them some such other password, to protect them from his band, Turpin was a sorry substitute for the Sherwood forester. We have traces of the Romans still amongst us, in certain potsherds, coins and ornaments which turn up beneath our spades, and perhaps they made or used a high ridgeway through the woods, still used by us. Amersbury Banks, near Epping, was certainly once a fortified camp, and in one or two families of the poor the blue black hair, a certain squareness of build, and a peculiar manner in which the women carry their heads, suggest the old dominant race very strongly. Queen Elizabeth was constantly in our neighbourhood, and we believe, of course, that Shakspeare came hunting in her train, or as companion to some of her nobles. The Earls of Dorset, although they took their second title of "Buckhurst" from Sussex, and not from the Buckhurst Hill in our county, had a home among us, and poetry was written there of the right ring. Then George Herbert lived for a while at Woodford for the benefit of his health, and in modern days Tennyson has passed a good deal of his time in our midst. There are many thickets in our neighbourhood, "where Claribel low lieth." At Christmas eve we hear "four voices from four hamlets round," and although the "Ode to Memory" must have been written mainly of Lincolnshire, our brooks—too few, alas, and far between—reveal that which we would fain desire this article to present and be—

The filter'd tribute of the rough wood-land.

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## Notes of the late Campaign on the Punjab Frontier.

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In the autumn of 1863, a force was ordered to assemble in the Yusufzi country, north-east of Peshawur, for the purpose of chastising the Hindustanee fanatics, who have for years past infested the hills on the right bank of the Indus. These fanatics were descendants of the followers of the Syud Ahmed, of Barcilly, who some forty years ago headed an expedition, in which the neighbouring hill-tribes of Yusufzi joined him, against the Sikhs. Those of his followers who survived the defeat they then met with, and a subsequent general massacre of their fellows by the Yusufzi people, found a refuge at Satanah on the Mahabun,\* a mountain on the right bank of the Indus. Here they were joined from time to time—and especially during the Mutiny of 1857—by many adventurers, outlaws, and discontented subjects of the British Crown. Their constant depredations on the frontier caused an expedition to be undertaken for their punishment in 1858 by Sir Sydney Cotton, who drove them from Satanah and razed their dwellings to the ground.

They then retired further into the interior of the mountain fastnesses, and settled at Mulkah, on a northern spur of the Mahabun range, where they seem to have thought themselves beyond the reach of British power. During the last four years, and particularly since the commencement of 1863, they have made frequent raids into British territory, attacking the frontier villages, and slaying, or carrying off for the sake of ransom, the peaceful subjects of her Majesty. These fanatics have never engaged in agricultural pursuits, being well supplied with money by sympathizers in the plains of India.

The following troops assembled in Yusufzi in October, 1863, to take part in the expedition against Mulkah:—The 71st Highland Light Infantry, the 101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers, C Battery 19th Brigade Royal Artillery, the Hazara Mountain Train (two 3-lb. guns and two 12-lb. howitzers), the Peshawur Mountain Train, 100 sabres 11th Bengal Cavalry, 100 sabres Guide Cavalry, the 1st Punjab Infantry, the 3rd Punjab Infantry, the 5th Punjab Infantry, the 6th Punjab Infantry, 20th Native Infantry, 32nd Native Infantry, the 5th Goorkhas, the Guide Infantry, and two companies of Sappers and Miners.

Colonel Reynell Taylor, C.B., officiating Commissioner of Peshawur, accompanied the force as her Majesty's Commissioner. The Staff consisted of Major T. Wright, deputy adjutant-general; Lieutenant-Colonel G.

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\* *i. e.* "The great forest." The highest peak is about 7,800 feet above the level of the sea.

Allgood, deputy quartermaster-general; Lieutenant Mackenzie, staff officer, Punjab Irregular Force; Major Harding, orderly officer; Lieutenant Jarrett; Major Johnstone; Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, C.B., Royal Engineers; Captain Tulloh, commanding Royal Artillery. The Rev. J. Löwenthal, of the American Presbyterian Mission, officiated as chaplain with the force, until the arrival of the Rev. W. G. Cowie from the Viceroy's camp at Meean Meer.

On the 19th October, a column under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilde, C.B. (of the Guides), left Naokilla at 9 P.M. for Machlee, and there joined a force under Major Keyes, which had marched by a different route. Keyes had, as a feint, threatened the Chinglah Pass (by which Sir Sydney Cotton advanced in 1858), in order to draw off the attention of the Boneyr tribes, and also to separate them from the Hindustanees, whilst the main force made its way close to the Boneyr territory *viâ* the Umbeyla Pass and the Chumla Valley, so as to come down from the north-west on the stronghold of the fanatics, and drive them towards the frontier.

The Boneyrwals (as the people of this tribe are called) quoted this piece of strategy against us afterwards, in justification of their conduct in opposing our march along the borders of their territory. They asked why we should have practised such deceit, if our object in entering their territory without first obtaining, or even asking their permission, was not to invade and take possession of their country? It is indeed difficult to justify this part of our conduct; for we had no more right to lead a force through the Umbeyla Pass without the sanction of the Boneyr tribes, than the Emperor of the French would have to march an army without leave across the States of Germany.

The two columns which had united at Machlee marched on together to Rustum\* (five miles), where they halted till daylight on the 20th, when they proceeded up the Umbeyla Pass, reaching the top of it about 3.30 P.M. The original plan had been that they should halt the first day at Khoga, six miles farther on; but the march up the pass proved to be much longer and more difficult than was anticipated. Indeed, the mules had to be unladen at different parts of the route to enable them to get along, and it was wonderful how the elephants, with the light field-guns on their backs, managed to travel over the road at all. The whole of the baggage was not up until the 24th.

The rest of the force, commanded by Sir Neville Chamberlain in person, began to arrive at the head of the pass on the afternoon of the 20th, but it was 10 P.M. before the whole had reached the top.

The whole force bivouacked for the night on the crest of the pass looking towards the Chumla Valley. The European troops had started with only half a day's rations in their havresacks, and no more food was issued to them till next morning. The native troops were better supplied, having brought a whole day's rations with them.

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\* A dépôt for the sick and for commissariat supplies, &c., was established here.

During the night of the 21st, a few shots were exchanged between our pickets and the enemy. Next day Lieutenant-Colonel Probyn, of the 11th Bengal Cavalry, went out to reconnoitre along the Chumla Valley, supported by the 20th Native Infantry. On his advance he met with no opposition, but rather with courtesy, from the people of the neighbouring village of Umbeyla; but on his return, his men were fired at by people at or near the village, when he charged and killed a few of them. The 32nd Punjabees (pioneers) were sent out to assist him, and the rest of the force stood to their arms in case of need. The Boneyrwals (who had hitherto been supposed friendly to us) followed our men back to the pass, and after dark kept up a random fire on our position. Lieutenant Gillies, of the Hazara Mountain Train, was killed by a chance shot while standing by his guns about 9 P.M. During the night the enemy came straight up to our breastwork, and one of them leapt over it, and wounded Lieutenant Brown, of the Engineers. The nature of the ground, and the confined space in which the troops were, did not admit of tents being pitched; fortunately however the weather was fine. Three men were killed and twenty-three wounded, during the day and night.

It now became clear that the force would have to contend with the Boneyr and other tribes, as well as with the fanatics whose punishment was the object of the expedition, and some modification in the original plan of operations became necessary.

October 23rd and 24th were spent in fortifying our position in the crest of the pass with sungas (breastworks of large stones).

On the 25th October, Major Keyes captured a rocky mound to the right of our position, looking towards Chumla, which was afterwards known as the "Conical Hill." It is about 150 feet high, rising abruptly from a plateau 250 yards across from our nearest picket. The enemy vacated their defences on the crest of the hill before our people could get at them, but not till Lieutenant Pemberton, of the Peshawur Mountain Train, had, with his first shell, knocked over three men and a standard on the top of the hill. This movement of Keyes was in anticipation of an attack on his picket by the enemy in great force. They had discovered that the regiment which held the picket (called the "Crag") during the night, was always withdrawn in the morning, only a few men being left to guard it during the day. They accordingly planned a surprise, intending to rush up and take the Crag just after Keyes had gone back to his camp. Keyes was just about to march his regiment off as usual that morning, when he heard the cries of a syce (or native groom) who had fallen into the enemy's hands, and was being killed by them. Their impatience to shed blood thus frustrated their designs; for Keyes was led to examine the place where the cries came from, and soon discovered that the enemy were there in great force. Keyes lost only one man (wounded) in this brilliant exploit. The troops principally engaged were the Peshawur Mountain Train, some marksmen of the 71st and 101st, the 1st Punjabees, and 5th Goorkhas. The fighting was all over at 2 P.M.

The enemy having also during the day vacated the "Eagle's Nest," a post which they had held on the left of our camp, it was occupied shortly after daybreak on the 26th by about seventy marksmen of the 71st and 101st, under Captain Butler, V.C., of the 101st; eighty men of the 20th Native Infantry, under Lieutenant Richmond; fifty of the 6th Punjab Infantry, under Captain Hoste (who was afterwards relieved by Captain Rogers, of the 20th Native Infantry), and a few of the 3rd Punjab Infantry, the whole under Major Brownlow. At about 10 A.M., the Hazara Mountain Train, 200 of the 71st Highlanders, and the 5th and 6th Punjab Infantry, all under Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan, were sent up to the left of the Eagle's Nest, to take off the attention of the enemy from a convoy of sick and wounded proceeding down the Umbeyla Pass, *en route* for Rustum in the rear.

From the foot of the Eagle's Nest the ground was level for about eighty yards to the base of a wooded hill fronting the Nest and overlooking Vaughan's post. About noon the Boneyrwals, who had been observed on this hill all the morning, began to advance towards the Eagle's Nest. They did this with admirable skill, the matchlockmen posting themselves under cover in the wood, and pouring in a destructive fire, while the swordsmen came forward boldly across the level to the charge, actually planting their standards within a few yards of the breastwork. Vaughan diverted their attention for awhile, ordering the 6th Punjab Infantry to advance against them in skirmishing order. This was done in gallant style, and the enemy were driven off with great loss. When the Punjabees retired to their position again, the enemy made another dashing assault on the Eagle's Nest, but were finally repulsed in spite of their great bravery, the marksmen of the 71st and 101st doing splendid service. At the Eagle's Nest, Lieutenant G. Richmond and thirteen men were killed, and thirty-six of all ranks wounded. Lieutenant Clifford was killed while heading a sally against the enemy from a position among the rocks below the Nest. Our total casualties this day amounted to upwards of 100; those of the 28th Native Infantry being twenty-three, and those of the 6th Punjab Infantry fifty-four. Two officers, Lieutenants Drake and Barrow, were wounded.

On the 27th two 24-lb. howitzers, under Captain Salt, and the 14th (Ferozepore) Native Infantry, under Major C. C. Ross, joined the force, which was further increased on the 29th by the 4th Goorkhas, under Captain Chester.

Early on the 30th the enemy attacked and took the Crag picket on the right of our position, then held during the day by a havildar and twelve men. Major Keyes went up at once with the 1st Punjabees, and retook the post before 6 A.M. The capture by the enemy took place before it was light, so that our people did not know what force was opposed to them. Major Keyes lost two fingers in this fight. The enemy left about sixty killed (chiefly Hindustanees) round about the Crag. At the same time the enemy were driven off from the front, which they had

attacked simultaneously with the Crag, chiefly by the 5th Goorkhas, who behaved with their usual gallantry. The enemy came up so close to Griffin's guns, that a gunner knocked one of them down with a blow on the head from his rammer. Our loss during the day was eleven killed and thirty-five wounded. The fighting was over by 10 A.M., but firing on both sides continued all day. The enemy left forty-six dead in front of our lower sunga, and at least 150 altogether about the position. They must have carried off a great many more. All was quiet after this till the 6th of November.

Working parties had been for some days employed in making a zigzag road up the face of the hill to the right of our position, to open communication with Pamouli, where a standing camp of reserve was established. On the 6th, Major Harding commanded the covering party, which consisted of some of the 71st Highlanders, under Captain Mounsey, and some of the 20th Native Infantry, under Lieutenant Rogers. About midday, the working party returned to camp; but Harding, not having received a definite order to retire with them, remained where he was. The enemy, seeing his predicament, began by degrees to surround him. About three in the afternoon, the Peshawur Mountain Train went out about a mile beyond the outposts to aid in keeping off the enemy, and helping him to retire. It would appear that poor Harding could not make up his mind to come away and leave his dead and wounded to fall into the hands of the enemy, and so at last his party became completely surrounded, and he himself was killed. The men of his party kept coming into camp during the night. Lieutenant Oliphant, of the 5th Goorkhas, and Lieutenant Battye, of the Guides, were brought in wounded. Ensign Murray, of the 71st, and Lieutenant Dougal, of the 79th,\* were missing. Private Rogers, V.C., of the 71st, was out all night, concealed under a bush. Two detachments of the enemy passed within a few yards of him. One man in each detachment carried a light to direct the others, who appeared to Rogers to be engaged in carrying off their dead. Rogers got back to camp early in the morning, and declares that the challenge he received on reaching our breastworks was the sweetest sound he ever heard in all his life.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wilde went out at dawn on the 7th with a strong force to recover the bodies of our people. Fifty-two were found; amongst them, three officers, one sergeant, and three privates of the European regiments. It was supposed that the enemy had only lost about thirty killed, while our casualties in all amounted to eighty. After this all was quiet again—with the exception of the usual complimentary exchange of shots between our pickets and the enemy—till the 12th, when the enemy were collected in large masses during the day, threatening our whole line of defences. At 10 P.M., Major Brownlow, on the Crag, sounded "commence firing." The Crag was defended that night by 100 of the 20th, Lieutenant Fosbery and

\* A volunteer with the 71st.

fifteen marksmen of the 101st, and about twenty men of the 14th Native Infantry. It had been agreed beforehand that, when Brownlow sounded "commence firing," the Peshawur Mountain Train in the main picket should shell the enemy. There were constant attacks made all night, which were repulsed by Brownlow's men and the mountain train. One native was killed and four wounded in the Crag. Towards daylight the enemy retired for a short time, but about 9 A.M. they came on again in greater force than ever. The picket in the Crag had been relieved in the meantime, and it was now held by Captain J. P. Davidson, of the 1st Punjab Infantry, with 100 of his men, part of the 14th Native Infantry, and the European marksmen still left there. At ten the Crag was taken by the enemy, Davidson dying nobly at his post; but our people still held Keyes' picket till the 101st and the rest of the 14th Native Infantry came up. The latter made a gallant attempt to retake the Crag, but were too weak, and were obliged to retire, when the 101st advanced and drove the enemy out. The 1st Punjabees lost on this occasion 105, the Peshawur Train eight, and the 14th Native Infantry about fifty killed and wounded. Among the latter was Lieutenant Pitcher. A Boneyr man, after peace was made, told us that he was engaged in this attack; and, describing Davidson's appearance exactly, said that the sahib had given them much trouble, and was a terrible fellow to encounter. He had observed him fighting alone in one part of the Crag, and saw him wounded in the forehead with a spear after he had killed two of the enemy with his own hand.

Things now remained quiet till the 18th November, when, the road having been made so as to keep up our communication with Pamouli, the camp was moved from the gorge, the left being abandoned altogether, and a new position taken up on the right hill looking down the Chumla Valley. Our force moved across to the right without firing a shot—a most difficult operation, considering the nature and extent of the ground covered.

When the enemy found our left deserted, they thought we were retiring altogether, and came rushing up the Chumla Valley into the gorge till they were checked by Griffin's guns. They attacked and carried the lower picket at 11 A.M., but it was retaken at once by the 14th Native Infantry and the 5th Goorkhas. They then made successive attacks, with increased numbers, till four o'clock, when the position was relinquished, the enemy being on all sides. The 14th Native Infantry, who at first held the picket alone, lost Lieutenant Mosley and thirty-four men killed, and fifty-one wounded, out of 135 engaged. The company of the 71st which came to their assistance lost two officers killed—Captain C. F. Smith, 71st, Lieutenant T. S. Jones, 79th\*—and ten men killed and wounded. The 101st, out of fifteen men engaged, lost their adjutant, Lieutenant H. H. Chapman, killed, and six men killed and wounded. The 5th Goorkhas lost nine killed and six wounded. Chapman had been sent with a message to Major Ross, commanding the 14th Native Infantry, who asked him

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\* Volunteer with the 71st.

to remain with him. Chapman did so, and seeing Captain Smith on the ground badly wounded, went to help him, and while thus engaged was himself shot. The generous fellow begged Major Ross to get Captain Smith carried off, and not to mind *him*, as he knew he was mortally wounded. Mosley, after his party had fired away all their ammunition, leapt over the breastwork with his remaining men, and charged into the enemy. The enemy retired again from the picket at nightfall. Major Ross and Lieutenant Inglis were wounded.

On the 19th Captain Aldridge, of the 71st, was shot dead whilst posting sentries in the Water picket. Two of his men were killed, and Lieutenant Stockley, of the 101st, was wounded, at the same time. This was a point in the same range as the Crag, taking its name from covering the water down below. The enemy's advanced breastwork was about 200 yards to the right on the same hill.

The enemy were seen collecting in force early in the morning of the 20th, keeping up a heavy matchlock fire on the Crag. They were checked by shells from the Peshawur Mountain Train until 3 P.M., when they succeeded in taking the Crag\* from 100 of the 101st and fifty of the 20th Native Infantry. Ensign Sanderson and Dr. Pile, of the 101st, fell there at their posts. The enemy then commenced firing down on the camp and throwing over large stones. Every gun in camp was brought to bear on them, and they were kept from advancing beyond it. Sir Neville Chamberlain—always at the post of danger—accompanied the 71st and 5th Punjabees in their advance up the hill to retake the Crag, which was most gallantly done,—Lieutenant Beckett, of the 5th, being the first man into the Crag. Colonel Hope, of the 71st, was wounded in the leg whilst showing his regiment the way; and Sir Neville himself was so badly hurt in the arm as to be compelled to resign his command. The enemy's loss was not ascertained; but it is supposed to have been severe, as they were for half an hour under fire from our guns. Our total casualties this day were 130. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilde, of the Guides, now assumed the command, pending the arrival of Major-General Garvoek, who took command on the 30th. Meanwhile, a telegram was received from Sir Hugh Rose, announcing that Lieutenant Beckett had been rewarded\* for his conduct, and expressing the Commander-in-Chief's satisfaction at the gallantry displayed by all in the recapture of the Crag.

All was quiet now for some days; but the Crag picket being separated from the enemy's most advanced picket only by a dip in the hill, a man had only to show his head over our breastwork, to be saluted by a shower of bullets from the enemy. Now and then a Minié ball would come from the ammunition captured by the enemy on the 20th. On the other hand the Afghans in our service often interchanged courtesies and "chaff" with their brethren in the opposite ranks. The day after the Crag picket

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\* The Crag was the key of the position, being about 700 feet above the new camp.

was captured by them, one of our people said to his countryman on the other side, a sharpshooter at the advanced post of the enemy, "You don't call that shooting, do you? Your bullets come a mile too high." "Yes," replied the fellow, "I can't do anything to-day, with this stupid rifle which I took from your picket yesterday." On one occasion one of our Afghans called out to the enemy, behind some neighbouring rocks, "Let us have a song." "Very good," they replied; and both sides commenced singing some well-known national ballad, verse about, first the enemy, and then our people. As soon as they had finished, the pickets on both sides started up, and blazed into one another with their muskets! In this war, sons on one side have fought against their fathers on the other, and brothers have often met in the midst of the fray, and cut one another down. After one of the earlier fights, an orderly of Colonel Probyn's went over the field of battle to look at the dead, and amongst them recognized the body of his own father.

From a large rock across the valley, about 700 yards from camp, a fellow whom our men call Peter used to fire at us from morning till night. Poor fellow! he had lost three sons in the war, and was nearly mad in consequence. Three of his friends constantly attended him, to prevent him from walking across into our camp; consoling him by telling him, on every discharge of his gun, that he had killed an infidel.

After the 18th, the 71st and 101st took it in turns on alternate days to defend the heights, the whole regiment going on duty together for twenty-four hours. The nights became bitterly cold, and even at mid-day the mountain breezes cut like a knife. No tents could, of course, be taken up to the heights, and men and officers fared alike, as was only right. They made themselves as warm as they could by huddling together in their great-coats and under their blankets; and to show how precious such comforts had become, it may be stated that at a sale of the effects of officers killed on the 20th, an old blanket full of holes went for thirty-two shillings, whilst a new full-dress hat with gold lace and plume, in a tin case, was sold for ten shillings. Two of the commonest kind of plates fetched four shillings.

When feeling cold at night in camp, it would almost make one warmer to think of the men on duty on the top of the Crag, or of the enemy in their blue cotton coats, shivering on the hill-side. Still, all uncovered as they were in the pouring rain on the night of the 7th, they managed to send a few shots into the camp about eleven o'clock. It was pitch dark, and the rain coming down as if from a spout. Four hundred daring swordsmen might have caused immense confusion, and inflicted endless loss, if they had jumped over our defences and slashed about amongst us; for, in the dark, and crowded as the camp was, we could not have distinguished friend from foe.

The letter-bag from our camp was never captured by the enemy, but great fears were entertained for it every day. The mounted postman, armed to the teeth, could only go at a foot's pace, on account of the



unmade state of the path, and the constant presence in the neighbourhood of the enemy's sharpshooters.

The 7th Fusiliers—Colonel Shipley in command—came into camp on the 5th of December, looking as clean and fresh after their long march uphill as if they had just turned out for an inspection. They are supplied with drab canvas coats, worn over the regular uniform, rendering the men almost invisible at a little distance. The 93rd Highlanders joined on the 9th, toiling up the hill through the rain, which came down incessantly. Their baggage arrived next day, having had rather a narrow escape of falling into the enemy's hands. Meanwhile preparations had been made for the advance to Mulkah. Sick and weakly men were sent back to the plains on the 6th, in order to enable the force to move rapidly. All superfluous baggage was discarded, one mule only being allowed to two officers, seven to a hundred European soldiers, and five to as many native troops, no one animal to carry more than 200 lb. weight.

The Boneyrwals now sent in a deputation of their principal men to say that the tribes were willing to make peace with us. They had seen 400 cavalry under Colonel Probyn come up the hill—200 men of the 11th, and 200 of the Guides; and this addition to our force probably brought the Boneyr people to their senses. For several days we went on treating with them, and soldiers now began to fear that the campaign would be "spoilt" by the politicals. The 93rd were anxious to have "just one roosh at the beggars" on the level before it was all over. On the 14th, the Boneyr tribe withdrew from the number of our foes, and the advance became comparatively easy.

On the morning of the 15th a column was formed in two brigades—the first, under Colonel W. Turner (of H.M.'s 97th. Regiment), consisting of the 7th Fusiliers, the Hazara Train, the 3rd Punjabees, 4th Goorkhas, and 23rd and 32nd Muzbees; the second, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilde, consisting of the 101st Fusiliers, the Peshawur Train, the 3rd Sikhs, 5th Goorkhas, and the Guides. The 1st brigade crossed the hill to the north-east of the camp, passing under the Water picket in the direction of Laloo, a village of the fanatics, situated on the top of another hill about four miles off. The 2nd brigade took a more northerly direction under the Crag picket, towards the Conical Hill, which was taken by Major Keyes on the 25th October, but which had been since abandoned by us. At 10 A.M., the 2nd brigade were within shot of the enemy, and the guns of the Hazara Train commenced shelling their position on the cone. The bugles of the 101st sounded the advance, and away went the line down the slope and across about 200 yards of the level. They re-formed at the foot of the cone, the side of which was composed of large loose boulders, with a strong breastwork at the top full of the enemy, and, clambering up the rocks, rushed into the defences. Most of the occupants fled when they saw the 101st "meant it," only a few daring fellows stood—to the last—firing and rolling down rocks on them. A standard was captured, which was fixed on the summit of the position.

On it was embroidered in Persian,—“He who prays to God before battle shall obtain victory.”

Meanwhile the 1st brigade had advanced on the right and had taken and set fire to the village of Laloo. The foe were in no hurry to leave the heights, but fired on us incessantly as they descended into the Chumla Valley. A wing of the 101st was ordered back to near the Crag, as the enemy threatened to make an effort to cut off the column from the camp. The 3rd Sikhs and 5th Goorkhas made a most spirited attack on a breast-work, from behind which the enemy were firing at our people, and made them scud away from rock to rock, down the hill on the left. About the same time the gallant Keyes made a splendid dash at another body of brave fellows. His regiment, the 1st Punjabees, or Coke-ke-pultun, as they are called from his famous predecessor, had eight killed and fourteen wounded in this affair, which terminated the serious fighting of the day. Crowds of the men in blue with matchlocks, spears, and standards, were seen streaming back to Umbeyla from every part of the range which we had traversed. Our total casualties amounted to fourteen killed and sixty wounded. No officers were hurt. According to a moderate computation, four hundred of the enemy were killed, and as many wounded. The troops remained in their several positions for the night.

Next morning the column moved about nine, the 1st brigade taking a circuit of a crescent-shaped ridge to the right, so as to enter the valley opposite the village of Umbeyla; the 2nd directing their course straight down to a point in the valley about a mile south of Umbeyla, winding in and out in single file over rocks, down nullahs, through forest and brushwood. The enemy were observed crowding the lower hills above the valley on the other side in a defiant manner, with innumerable triangular standards, red, black, and white, planted among the trees. A halt by the side of a rivulet—a torrent, no doubt, in the rainy season—refreshed both men and officers, while the column was being got together after the difficulty of the descent, and the guns were coming up. Probyn's men were seen leading their horses down the hill, between the two brigades. The field-guns not being up by half-past twelve, the general determined to go on without them. The 2nd brigade was formed for the attack of a hill in its front. When the advance was sounded, our fellows dashed up and clambered into the fortified post, just in time to see the last of the enemy rushing up the hill to the left. The village of Umbeyla was soon in flames, Probyn's cavalry having set fire to it. The 1st brigade having now descended into the valley, formed up at the foot of the hills, and swept across the plain at a rapid pace towards the enemy. The 23rd and 32nd Muzbees were in front, supported by four companies of the 7th Fusiliers. As they went on, leaving the burning village on their right, the ravines prevented the cavalry from covering their flanks. A few volleys were sent into the supposed cover of the enemy; when out of a ravine dashed some 250 blue-clad fanatics, in the most gallant style, waving their banners and brandishing their swords. The 2nd brigade on

the hill rent the air with shouts of encouragement. The Muzbees were checked for a moment by the desperate advance of the enemy; but went forward again like a whirlwind, leaving a long trail of bodies behind them, as they bore back the brave enemy by main force, leaving the disappointed 7th nothing to do. Lieutenant Alexander was killed, and Captain Charles Chamberlain (commanding the 23rd), Lieutenant Nott, Major Wheler, Lieutenant Marsh, and thirty-two rank and file wounded. The whole encounter scarcely lasted ten minutes, and yet 200 of the enemy lay upon the ground! They were all said to be Hindustanees.

After this fight was over, all that could be done was to fire shot and shell at the enemy as they retreated up the hill toward the Boneyr Pass. The firing ceased about half-past four, and the troops, after taking up their positions for the night, set to work with a will to cut wood for the bivouac. Very cold it was. Some of the officers had their great-coats; but the men, poor fellows! had parted with theirs in the morning; and few, tired though they were, attempted to sleep on the cold rocky ground in the heavy dew. They crouched or stood round the fires all night, gossiping and joking, maintaining the character of the British soldier for being jolly under the most trying circumstances.

After this the Boneyrwals showed that they really meant peace, and agreed to our terms, giving their chiefs as hostages, and engaging to assist in destroying Mulkah. Some of their chiefs accordingly accompanied Colonel Taylor and the Guides to Mulkah, and used their influence in preventing further hostilities, while the stronghold of the fanatics was levelled with the ground.

A field-force order was published on the 23rd December, announcing that "the enemy had been completely beaten in the open field, and had acknowledged his defeat by unconditional submission, and unhesitating acceptance of the terms imposed upon him by her Majesty's Commissioner, and that he had himself at our dictation levelled Mulkah with the ground—the mountain stronghold of the Hindustanee fanatics, which it was the primary object of the expedition to destroy." This order also expressed to officers and men the Commander-in-Chief's "entire approbation of their endurance of hardship, and of their good and gallant conduct."

On the 26th, a brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilde started to exact hostages from the Judoon and Othmanzi tribes, who had broken the agreement they made with Sir Sydney Cotton in 1858, by allowing the fanatics to return to Satanah. After this has been done, the force will return to the plains and go into quarters.

## Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### LISABETH'S LETTER.



WHEN we got home, it appeared to me that we had been absent not five weeks, but five years. I seemed to have lived so long since old Lisabeth curtsayed her good-by at the gate, that when she came out to curtsy a welcome home again it was a surprise to me that she had not changed. And so with everything in the house. I found myself wandering from room to room, gazing on this and touching that, as one might do who had been carried back into another period of existence, once familiar but now dead and strange. And, fortunately, neither madame nor her daughter had any inclination to talk that evening; for what they did say sounded to my ears like the conversation of those forlorn old women who chatter in Monday morning's empty church, while they clean it. Everybody knows what it is when silence seems to be condensed into a wall before the doors of his lips, so that they *cannot* open, and thus it was with me. I declare that when, on my way upstairs to rest that night, I went into the schoolroom, and opened the old tall cabinet piano there, and touched the keys which had tortured my fingers when they were so very small, I did not expect any answering sound. That was because I myself felt so distant and ghostlike. However, sounds came; but as they were only my old "first lessons" that I played, and bits of improvised maunding which began and ended with no more method than the wind had which swept through the boughs without, there was nothing in them to alter my mood. More or less, the old music and the new was all about a life which had ceased, and another which had commenced—

dim, doubtful, little understood by the heart which prophesied it—namely, my own.

Here Lisabeth found me—standing before the piano in the bare cold schoolroom, whose darkness was only awakened to a drowsy gloom by my chamber candle. Lisabeth was very old, but she was straight and comely, with all the severe though homely dignity which one would expect to find in a picture of “The Burgomaster’s Mother.” She came in so quietly that I was unaware of her presence till she stood at my side. Not that she startled me, as she might have done if my mind had not been so far gone in the way which leads out of the world of fact into the world of dreams.

Lisabeth was never in a hurry to speak; and now she stood gravely silent, and I took no notice of her, for several moments. At last she said,—

“I’ve heard about the accident.”

“Yes,” said I, still playing in a one-handed way.

“I’ve heard about it, what they tell me, and I can’t say but what it makes me uneasy—very uneasy. Our madame and Miss Charlotte say it’s not much, and I don’t like to be inquisitive. But you were there, my dear—*Is it?*”

“The injury is not dangerous.”

“Is that what the doctor says, child?”

“I believe so.”

“Believing don’t go far. Who’s tending him?”

“Nobody, Lisabeth. He’s in an hotel, that’s all.” And I looked at her, red and confused; and she looked at me, grey and suspicious.

“You’re not deceiving of me,” she whispered; “you don’t mean hospital?”

“Indeed I do not.”

“Because when he was here last he looked more like the workhouse! Well,” she added, “I see what *you* think about it, and I don’t mind telling you, though I’ve lived near forty years in our madame’s service, that I don’t approve of unkindness between flesh and blood. And I’ve a mighty good mind to go and tend him myself!”

• Therewith, Lisabeth stalked out of the room as she came in—erect and severe.

This little speech of hers sent me to rest half rested. Naturally, I was no longer at ease with madame and her daughter. It seemed to me that we could never be familiar again—or not for a long time to come; but perhaps I could talk with Lisabeth, and Lisabeth with me, and that would be something. She might advise me what to do if I could not remain at Valley House. Mr. Denzil had said my school-days were nearly over, and I felt now, when I shut down the piano upon my jangling old exercises, that those days were already past.

And so they were, in effect. Before school had assembled again—that is to say, a day or two after our arrival at home—madame handed me a

letter from Mr. Denzil, from which it appeared that I was to be merely a pupil no longer. I copy this letter in fairness to him; for it is a kind, generous letter, and puts his conduct in an honest light, as I would always have it seen; notwithstanding what has happened miserably to me.

MY DEAR MARGARET—

I DON'T know what you may think, but I feel that we were all out of gear at Brighton. Don't you think me cross, or meddling, or wanting to be tyrannical in any way, simply because Providence gave me the chance of taking you from people who were no more your parents than I am, and helping to make you what you are—a lady. But if you are not a *happy* lady, of course I might as well have left you in the wood: depend upon it I shan't forget that, my dear, whatever happens. Whereas you will not forget, I'm sure, that you've no other friends than me and Madame Lamont, and you will listen to what we may advise for your good. You know what I mean. Don't mind me if I say young heads get mischievous fancies into them sometimes, which *don't abide when you are led astray by them*. And then you're in a pretty plight. I won't mince matters, but tell you I'm alluding to Mr. Lamont; and that is all I need say. You think him hardly used; I don't. And I should be a great deal worse than sorry if my dear little girl were to do what she is warned of in Scripture (if I remember rightly)—*lean her side against a broken reed*.

But I know what you'll say when you read this—at least, I know what I should say if I was in your place—that when people who are dependent are offered advice it comes as sharp as a command. Now that's the bother. I've been thinking about it very seriously indeed; and for a variety of reasons that you will understand clearer by-and-by, I am resolved to put an end to it. The sooner you become independent of everybody now, my dear, the better; and from this time I drop the name of Guardian (though you cannot tell how I have liked to hear myself spoken of by that name), and am only your friend as long as you choose. Madame Lamont has been lucky enough to get three new pupils this half-year, at the last moment; and I have made an arrangement with her that you are to remain now as under governess, I suppose you may call it, for two years, *at a salary*: you having still the advantage of the masters who come from Weymouth. The salary is not much, but with economy it will do. And this is the last thing I expect of you, to accept the arrangement. At the end of two years you will be fit to set up as a governess where you please; and though I do not like the idea of your being a drudge, as governesses often are, it is all that lies before you, except a happy marriage; which I hope my dear will make *in time*.

And so I have done with you as a guardian. Accept the little note I enclose to set you up at starting; it is the last I shall offer you, unless you are in need. You do not misunderstand? You are your own mistress a little earlier than you might have been, that's all. Only I hope you'll take no important step yet awhile without consulting me; but I shall feel comfortabler with less responsibility, and I daresay we shall make no more mistakes because you have greater liberty to choose for yourself. Trusting you will see my motives clearer by-and-by than I can express them now, I remain,

Your affectionate

JOHN ARNEY DENZIL.

P.S.—One thing more. I send you a dozen of gloves, because ladies like to have them nice, I know; and they are not easy bought by little governesses on twelve pounds a year.

In this letter my guardian did me an injustice. He supposed I should misconstrue his motives—that I should understand them “by-and-by.” They were clear to me in a moment; for during these last eventful days

there were times when I had done *him* the injustice of fearing he might always expect submission in return for the benefits he had conferred on me. Strange to say, my absolute dependence on his kindness came home to me for the first time when he asked at Brighton what I had thought about my future : and now I was touched beyond measure to find that no sooner had an occasion risen when kindness might have passed into tyranny, than he took means to make me "my own mistress." Of course there were other motives of which I had no conception then, but they all were linked with the generous determination to relinquish *control* over one who owed to him all the good she had found in the world, and who had no other friend.

That was a proud and happy day for me. The climax was reached when madame—after making me blush with a playfully ceremonious speech, addressed to her dear Miss Forster—led me to a pleasant little sitting-room on a level with the garden, and told me that in future it was to be mine. "You will like to be alone, sometimes," said she, "to read your own books and build your air-castles, and so we have furnished up this retreat for you. Lisabeth calls it Miss Forster's room, already; and we, the *other* schoolmistresses, will be careful to respect it accordingly."

Very bewildering but delightful was all this. My own mistress—earning bread and wage, and therewith the dignity of a private sitting-room, besides the sweet privacy of it for my books and thoughts, which was better than all. To be sure, there was some embarrassment to suffer at first, from the resentment of young ladies who had been my fellow pupils, and who could not tolerate my rise in the world; but I invited them to tea in my dear little room sometimes, and managed so well as to keep their love for Margaret, while I gained their respect for Miss Forster.

The quiet unostentatious deference of Lisabeth contributed greatly to this result. Indeed, we two became close friends, just as I imagined we should become. Not that there was much conversation between us; but Lisabeth seemed always to remember the one secret point of agreement where our minds met, and so did I. And it was comfortable to know that my thoughts about Arthur Lamont were not the thoughts of a foolish girl only, but of a wise old woman too—excepting the nonsense-thoughts, of course. She had no knowledge of them, or I should have been denied the information that "a letter has come from Brighton this morning," or "a letter gone to Brighton to-day," which was all I ever heard about Mr. Lamont after our arrival home—all that even Lisabeth said. Madame and her daughter kept strictly silent; and I understood what that signified too well to inquire. Besides, the effect of Mr. Denzil's letter was to make me more than ever unwilling to do or dream what might displease him.

But the nonsense-thoughts did come in sometimes—I confess it; not, however, in what might be called a melancholy or a yearning way by

a poet, but rather as a bridge over which I passed, on evenings specially sweet and still, into the land which is peopled by love-dreams. What these dreams were I do not know, and never fairly knew. Who can say more of them? They permit no interpreters in their own domain; and when you come back there is nothing in your memory, only that you have *been there*. It is with you as it once was with good-natured housewives: fairy-folk have come while you are asleep, and have swept the house for you, and ordered it. When you wake, the house is swept, the heart is purified, even your eyes seem purged of the "light of common day;" but they who have done all this are gone: the good folk vanished at the first gleam of morning—the dreams at the first glimpse of returning consciousness.

Nevertheless, it was no more than natural, I hope, that I did think a great deal of Mr. Lamont, even apart from his sad story and his misfortunes. In the quiet of my little room I had so much leisure to ponder that saying of his—how he felt that in leaving me his very last chance was gone; and given a soft October evening, with a great round moon risen before her time, it was not hard to make out all he meant by that. The hardship was rather in the bashful thought that his last chance was a love he could not gain, or dare not ask. Now in every woman there is a belief, beginning with her first breath, that the love of some *one* woman has virtue enough to breed courage in a coward's heart, strength in his feeble will, goodness in his evil; and though the woman may not love the man, yet when he says, "You are my last chance," her heart quakes at the thought of denying him. Who is she that she should not risk a sacrifice which may end in a triumph more glorious than the delight of those who rejoice over the "one sinner that repenteth?" And the sacrifice—if it come to that—is *natural*, for she is only a woman, he is a man.—It may not be quite fair to confess the profounder instincts of the womanly heart, but this is one of them: I found it out, as I tell you, on a soft October evening, sitting in the half-dark and thinking of Mr. Lamont.

Since this was the state of my mind, it is a little surprising that Lisabeth had no suspicion of it. She had many opportunities too: for she was often in the garden of an evening, pottering about my window with watering-can or garden shears, and all for the pleasure of seeing me and exchanging a word or two—if not on the subject she would have chosen, some other.

On one of these occasions she came tapping at the window, and I opened it, and she asked whether I had heard anything about "our Mr. Arthur" lately.

"Nothing," said I.

"Because," the old woman went on, "there have been no letters now for a fortnight and more, and I can't help misdoubting me things aren't as they ought to be. He's got worse, or he's going about like a beggar again—od rat him for a foolish young man! There's no mentioning of



his name to madame, and I don't write fit for him to see; but I'm a good mind to send to that place and see if he's there yet! I've been worrying my brains for an excuse, and can't think of nothing but houseleek. Well, houseleek used to be good for sprains when I was a gal. There'd be no harm in writing, would there?"

I could not suppose so.

"Only I forget the directions," said Lisabeth. "If you'd oblige me with *them*, I'll do it this night before I sleep!"

My writing-case was at hand, and I addressed an envelope, which the old woman carried off well pleased.

Next morning I learned how inconsiderate I had been in granting her request.

"It's gone!" said she.

"What is gone?"

"My letter. I say *my*, but the best-looking part of it was yours—the directions."

"Surely you did not send the envelope I addressed, Lisabeth?"

"What harm, miss? I couldn't have copied it decent; and gentle-folk are not pleased at letters coming to them with writing outside that looks like old hooks and skewers."

"But what will *he* think?"

"Think!" exclaimed the unsuspecting old woman, "that whoever did that was a credit to the school, my dear!"

Lisabeth's innocence was well for her, but not for me. All day long the unlucky accident disturbed me; for I felt sure Mr. Lamont would know who had addressed the letter, and it was impossible to say what fancies he might take about it. And what was in the letter itself? That was really an important question; and oh, how the day lingered!—how long it seemed before I might satisfy myself to what extent Lisabeth's indiscretions affected me!

The hour came at length, and the woman:—the good old woman with her close muslin cap like a widow's, and the snowy "tucker" that surmounted the short-bodied gown of a bygone generation. She came to my room on some trifling service, and I mustered courage enough to ask—

"What did you say in your letter to Mr. Lamont, Lisabeth? Will you tell me?"

"To be sure I will," she answered. "As far as I can remember, I said, 'Mr. Arthur, dear sir, you'll excuse the liberties'—but I've got one of 'em in my pocket—one of them that I wrote before it was done well enough to please me."

Lisabeth handed me the careful old scribble, and, impressed anew with the responsibility of her performance, solemnly seated herself while I read somewhat as follows:—

"Mr. Arthur, dear sir. You'll excuse the liberty of these few lines which I now take up my pen to indite, hoping you'll excuse an old woman

that was your mother's maid before you was born, and have been called Lisabeth ever since, though seventy-two last birthday. I heard of your accident, Mr. Arthur, and, if you believe me, much I grieved, being no secrets that you had no one to tend you, but was lone and friendless, such as made my heart ache when you come here looking like Pharaoh's poor lean kind, and all adust, and would not take bit or sup. It's a freedom to mention it; but then I was almost your mother as much as madame when an infant and growing up; so you'll kindly excuse. Likewise the liberty I now take in asking *how you are getting on*, Mr. Arthur, because I have not seen any letters come from you lately. To make houseleek ointment, good for sprains. Take a handful of the leaves gathered in the morning before sun up, and brayed them in a mortar, smashing with a rolling-pin will do; and that's all you've got to do. Very cooling. Try this, Mr. Arthur, and don't mind humouring an old servant to let me know whether you are there, because Miss Forster and me we hear nothing, whether you are ill or well, sick or sorry, and you *must know* how uncomfortable it makes us, thinking and thinking. I say, don't mind humouring an old servant, Mr. Arthur; but being such, and no right to be sending letters to you, perhaps you will write to Miss Forster instead, *who is a governess now*, which makes a difference. I now conclude," &c. &c.

Could anything be more unfortunate than this? To be sure, it was little likely that Mr. Lamont would suspect me of any part in the concoction of the letter; but such dreadful significance appeared in it—especially in the last sentence—that my eyes grew dizzy reading. "Send to Miss Forster, who is a governess now, *which makes a difference!*" what would he think of that? What would Mr. Denzil think, could he see the letter?

The "difference" *they* would recognize was my greater independence; and one would say, "She is poor, and free to choose then!" while as for the other, I knew how shocked he would be to imagine his "dear Margaret" so bold, so cunning, so ungrateful, as was suggested by this unhappy letter. And it was addressed in my handwriting, without doubt!

"Why, what's the matter?" Lisabeth exclaimed. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Very wrong, or very unfortunate. I can only say, Lisabeth, that if Mr. Lamont writes to me, as you have asked him to do, I must burn the letter unopened!"

"Burn it!"

"I *must*, or hand it to madame!"

"Oh, indeed!" said the old woman, and well I remember the really grand air with which she rose and walked out of the room at the same moment. "Then, of the two, perhaps you'll oblige me by burning it, miss!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE PARABLE OF THE SWORD.

LISABETH was no more seen before my window in the garden ; and whenever we happened to meet in passages or on the stairs, the old lady was generally engaged humming some psalm tune in a half-conscious way—signifying that while her mind was occupied neither in love nor hatred to me, it *was* occupied ; so that any chance word of courtesy in passing might easily be dispensed with on either side. I had offended her ; at the best, she “ could not make me out ; ” and now I began to feel lonely, shut out as I was from all apparent, active sympathy on every hand.

For several days, indeed, there was enough to think about in the prospect of a letter from Mr. Lamont : the letter which—dreaded at first, dreaded less as time went by, and at last almost desired—never came ! Well, there could be only one explanation of that : he had got cured sooner than had been anticipated, and was already on his way to exile before Lisabeth's untoward composition arrived in Brighton. Yes, he must have *gone* ; and then I discovered that at the bottom of my heart I never believed he would go !

Heaven knows whether I am more wicked or unreasonable than other women ; but Miss Lamont fell sick about this time, and I declare I was not very, very sorry ; for it gave me something new to think of. Much weariness, a little irritation, and too frequent a mind to brood over the differences between my lot and that of my companions, quickly succeeded the brief period when the delights of independence and the indulgence of innocent youthful dreams made every day pleasant. If Mr. Lamont had gone, there was an end to all speculation about omens, you see. Obedience to my guardian's wishes was no longer a merit ; and the pretty parliament of thoughts and fancies which used to assemble in my heart to discuss these things might as well be dismissed. And how could I spare them, since there was nothing to fill their place ? For meanwhile I had got back no nearer to madame or her daughter. Common kindness never failed amongst us, but we knew we were at cross purposes about Arthur Lamont, and the delicacy which veiled our contrary ideas on that subject muffled our sympathies also. But when Charlotte fell sick new sympathies were awakened, fresh interests were excited : and that is why I was not exceedingly sorry for it.

Fever it was which seized Miss Lamont—a low fever ; not dangerous but very troublesome. All madame's pupils were sent home as a matter of prudence, and (without my knowledge) Mr. Denzil was consulted about me. In his answer he said he himself was in great trouble, and could only suggest that if there was any danger of infection, the doctor might be induced to take me into his house for a while ; but he left the ques-

tion entirely to my feeling and discretion. I chose to remain of course; slipping a little note into madame's reply, to tell him how glad I should be if I could turn his trouble into happiness, in requital for his generosity to me.

As soon as the pupils had gone away, and the house was hushed, and life was all resolved into a plan for nursing Charlotte, matters began to mend. We were drawn together again—madame, Lisabeth, Charlotte, and myself—and were quite happy with our fever. Valley House was turned into a sort of nunnery for the nonce—with liberty of speech enough, if it were only soft and kind, and charming sloppy meals and sweet spoon-meats all day long. Never was there hate with chicken-broth or jealousy with jellies. Our differences were subdued: in the presence of sickness we each forgot the world—I my Mr. Lamont and his omens, madame her debts, Lisabeth her suspicion and resentment, and Charlotte—no, it would be too much to say she ever forgot that which had made her heart a desolation and a solitude, though she became more gentle, more human than I had ever known her to be.

Indeed, it was not long before I found that Charlotte accepted this illness as the natural but tardy end of her injuries, or cheated her imagination with that view of it.

I was sitting with her one afternoon when she lay very pale and weak, but with a lustre in her eyes which seemed to cast a light, a *borrowed* light, over all her face. And they were usually as dull as drowned eyes, and so heavy that you might count one, two, three, while they moved to look at you. She herself was conscious how they were burning now, for she asked me to give her her hand-glass, and stared into these eyes, saying—"I thought so!"

"And what did you think?" I asked, prepared to combat any evil auguries she might have found in her face.

"Why, don't you see how brilliant I am?"

"But is it not always so with people in these dreadful fevers?"

"Yes," said she, with her brother's very voice and manner, "all these dreadful fevers:—fever of youth, fever of love, fever of death. This is how I used to look, Margaret, when I was as young as you are; but those other two fevers have cooled out years ago. This is the third, I suppose."

"You know you do not suppose so, really. What does Doctor Mitchell say?"

"Give me that book," pointing to a volume which lay on a little table at her bedside, "and I'll read you a story."

"But what Doctor Mitchell says *isn't* a story," I said, trying a little joke since she would be so serious.

"He would find it difficult, though, to explain my case so well as this legend does."

Thereupon she began to read from the book—a volume of Scandinavian legends printed in the German tongue. The story I half forget, and shall

spoil it in telling. It was about a smith who made armour for heroes, shirts of iron that were soft as flax, and impenetrable as the rock. But presently a sword was forged which no mail could keep out. The smith thought and hammered, and hammered and thought, to no purpose. The sword clove the work of weary days and nights at a blow. But the smith would not be discouraged, and at last, with infinite labour and cunning, he forged a shirt of mail ten times finer and stronger than any he had made before. He put it on, and going to the hero of the sword, bade him strike. "I had better not," said he. "Strike!" cried the smith; "you are afraid your fine blade will be broken." The other struck a downright stroke, and the smith laughed, for he had not even felt the blow. "Shake yourself!" said the swordsman. The smith shook himself and fell apart: he was cloven asunder.

"There!" said Miss Lamont, as the book dropped from her tired hand.

"I make nothing of that, except that it is a ghastly story, unfit for you to read just now."

"On the contrary, a very fit one; besides, it is familiar enough to me. Shall I tell you? Many years ago, I was stricken like that. My heart was cloven asunder; and I have been obliged to keep very still to keep alive. But it will hold together no longer, I think. It has been shaken by the hand that dealt the blow."

Shaken by the hand that dealt the blow! Is it so? thought I. Has Mr. Lamont told her, then, that her lover was a cheat and perfidious?—Perhaps he had done so before he went away. But probable as this explanation of Charlotte's figurative language appeared, I could not conceive it to be the true one; and, encouraged by the confidence she had shown me, I began to consider whether I might not ask her whose was the hand she spoke of, when I saw that she had fallen asleep.

Idly—for I understood little of German—I took up the book from which she had read, to pass away the moments with romance, while she had gone to learn once more that death may be sweeter than life. And as soon as I opened the leaves I made a discovery.

True, no instinct, no voice of nature told me, when my eyes rested on a paper covered with verses, that I looked on my father's handwriting! But I recognized it as the same as that which Charlotte had tested my acquirements with on my first evening at Valley House. I knew that the lines before me had been traced by the false lover and unfaithful friend, who, without being wickeder than many a man who goes about the world free and honoured, had ruined two lives beside his own. Two? Three! four! if I had only known it: but much of my knowledge was yet to come.

The eagerness with which I gazed on this yellow leaf blinded me for a long while to the words written on it. I saw there only pictures out of the story Mr. Lamont had told me; and glad I am to remember that it

was the *best* pictures I saw. The scenes wherein the captain of hussars appeared conscience-stricken and foreboding, the memory that "he would not fire, for he was tired of his life"—these things always occurred to me first, and remained in my mind last, whenever I thought of him. I never imagined him the handsome, high-bred young man, winning as a woman; he was always to me the changed and remorseful figure which stalked away from Mr. Lamont's tent "in such a mood that I lost all my anger." How glad I am that it was so—I, his daughter!

Presently these obscuring visions floated from between my eyes and the paper. I read; and found it to be a poem based on the very legend Charlotte had repeated! The verses were written, apparently, just after the "pleasant afternoon of agony" of which Mr. Lamont had spoken, and they compared her broken heart to the cloven man, exactly as she had compared it. Moreover, there were phrases in the poem which she had used: "keep very still to keep alive," and "shook by the hand that dealt the blow." Only, the writer evidently meant his own hand; for the gist of the poem was that he feared to meet her any more, lest, trembling at his presence, the sundered heart should fall apart: whereas, if she kept very still, it might be healed by the slow-distilling balsams of time.

I was now satisfied that when Charlotte Lamont said her heart had been shaken asunder by her brother's hand (for it was that which dealt the blow, according to her belief), she spoke of nothing he had revealed, but uttered an unconscious prophecy of what he *could* reveal! How many times have we all delivered such chance prophecies, in times of sickness or excitement! What Miss Lamont meant to say, and what she thought she felt, was that her brother's reappearance had shocked her so much that her health had given way; but this was a fond, flattering delusion, cherished for its own sake, as all the delusions of her life had been cherished for many a year. She little knew how easily he could shake to the ground her very self, which, as it now existed, was nothing but a *mistake*.

Thinking all this, and much beside—painfully thinking how easy it is to fill the world with pain—I glanced from the old faded paper in my hand to her who had read it so many times with grateful grief, and saw that she was awake again, and watching me.

I stammered excuses, but she put them aside.

"No matter," said she—her mind fevered as well as her body—"I've had an opportunity of seeing that a poet can not only infuse his soul into his reader's soul, but into his face too. Read those verses for me, Margaret."

"No," said I, "we have had enough of murdered men and broken hearts."

"And yet you have a heart of your own to break, and I know, poor little fool, it is in a fair way of breaking now! But we will take care of that—I'll take care of that! Whether I get well, or whether I am to die, I'll tell you my story for your own sake; and if after that you fondle your illusions, so much the worse for you."

“And if you do,” I thought to myself as I left the room rather angry, “I may be obliged to tell you *his* story; and if that destroys *your* illusions, so much the better for you! For they have lost all life and grace; they are nothing but dry bones; and it would be well if you left off fondling them, and turned to your own flesh and blood!”

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## CHAPTER XV.

## OLD HOPES AND NEW.

AFTER a little while Charlotte Lamont began to recover—unwillingly, I do believe. Much of her later life must have been tinctured by secret misgivings that she had kept up her romance too long; and it was a sincere pleasure to her to think that her brother's return had kindled the smouldering ashes of her sorrow into a blaze, that its fires had seized upon her blood, and that she should die because of her faithful blighted love at last. This idea, this romantic hope it was that made her so much more gentle and human for a time. But she recovered; and when the doctor insisted on her leaving her sick-room “for a change” every day, there was an end to all that: she became her cold perverted self again—colder, indeed, and more perverse than ever.

At length the house was purged of the last breath of infection; Charlotte needed no other nursing than the cook's; and madame made a journey to London to see the parents of her pupils, and arrange for their return.

The next day after her departure was Sunday—one of those sweet Sabbaths when the very earth seems to rest from labour and change, and the air has nothing to do but to spread abroad the praise that ascends from the churches. Charlotte had not yet ventured from the house; but the afternoon was sunny and warm as any day in spring, though November had come; and I proposed to her that we should go to church together—a walk of nearly half a mile. “Not to-day,” she said; “Lisabeth shall send us some tea into your room, and there we'll sit and look into the garden and talk.”

We went to my room, and Lisabeth sent in the tea, and we sat and looked into the garden; but we did not talk very readily. Not a word was said, except some few about currant-bushes and currant-jelly, for half an hour.

But Miss Lamont had come to speak of more momentous things, and presently she began. I have said before that her speech was cold and distant, like an echo.

“I am going to redeem my promise, Margaret,” she said abruptly. “Do you remember the first evening you passed in this house I gave you a book to read? I pretended, you know, that I wanted to learn how you had been taught; but the truth is I had been struck by your voice, which

is wonderfully like the voice of a man who was to have been my husband. Perhaps you remember, too, that I chose a book in which my name appeared, coupled with exclamations of love: that, of course, was for the miserable delight of hearing 'dear Charlotte, dear Charlotte,' repeated by a little girl with a voice like *his*. For he loved me as well as I loved him! I knew he loved me at that moment, though we had been long cruelly separated; and if he is alive he loves me at *this* moment; I am sure of it! For if ever there was a true heart——"

So she went on, extolling his beauty, his genius, his kindness, and declaring that she thought herself the happiest creature on the face of the earth when she found he loved her, and that she might hope to be his wife. Spite of the hardness of her manner, no one could have heard her without being affected, or convinced she had loved him very dearly; but side by side with her picture of her lover I had to place Arthur Lamont's, and I believed it to be the true one.

"And now I have to speak of some one else," she continued, "some one who was not my lover, nor anybody's but his own." And then she repeated very much what Arthur Lamont had told me,—the same story, with such differences as may be imagined: they were nothing in fact, but everything in effect. She described a morning's happiness when her mother had driven her to a charming little house at Kensington, which she had bought, all furnished, "for a bride." She described the evening's misery, the evening of that same day, when they learned that Arthur had been taken to prison, and that they were irretrievably ruined.

"Godfrey brought the news; and he who never squandered a shilling, and who had been saving like a miser for me, was more distressed even than we were. I see him now pacing the room, asking what he could do, over and over again: and I had to answer that, for one thing, he must give up all idea of marrying a girl who had nothing but disgrace and poverty to bring him. And that is how our hopes ended! We parted. The house which was bought for a bride was sold to get a spendthrift out of prison. My mother and I had to begin a life of poverty, of debt, of hopeless slavery for our very bread, and that he preyed upon without scruple. Margaret, I know you have thought me unkind to Arthur, and I believe you think him a martyr. Now you know better: he is a shiftless, heartless sentimentalist, and if you ever cared for *him*, rejoice that he has been sent away from you."

Thus she ended the recital.

"And has Mr. Lamont been sent away?" I asked after a little while, during which time Charlotte's last words reverberated in my mind, calling on me to answer them.

"He has gone, at any rate: promising once more that he'll never come back."

"Then I do not rejoice. I am very sorry."

"I dare say, Margaret; but be content at his having ruined one woman's life, and that one not your own."



"If it was so!"

"If it was so?" she repeated in amazement. "What do you doubt?"

Carried away by a determination to do Arthur Lamont some degree of justice since his sister challenged it, I answered that I doubted whether she knew the truth.

"And what is the truth?" she asked, under her breath.

"He would never have told you himself, Charlotte, but he has borne unjust blame too long. You ought to have known years ago that——"

"That *he* was the injured party?" suggested Miss Lamont, seeing that I hesitated.

"Yes! As much as you yourself!"

The exclamation was too blunt. A change so dreadful passed over her face that I was appalled. It was not sudden, but gradual, as if she died and came to life again; or rather as if her old being writhed out of her brain and a new being possessed it. I was silenced.

After a few moments she drew her chair closer to mine where I sat by the window, took my hand in hers that was cold as ice, and said in a voice changed as her looks, "You do not go on." Upon which I made matters worse by answering in candid alarm, "I am afraid!"

"Afraid to acquaint me with the truth?" said she, laughing for the first time since I had known her. "It must be very terrible, then. But proceed, Margaret. 'As much injured as I myself:' how do you explain that?"

"He was deceived: that's all!"

"Deceived by——"

"His friend!"

"And his friend was Godfrey Wilmot. Who deceived me too, perhaps."

"Dear Charlotte, I do not think he deceived you purposely! He may have been sincere in his affection for you, though he could not have loved your brother to join in those debts with him, and then deny his share."

"Was it so?"

"It was. And they gambled. And Mr. Wilmot won your brother's money!"

"So this is how we were beggared! Did Mr. Lamont explain why he concealed his innocence so long, and why he never dared to say to *his* face what he has said to you?"

"But he did accuse Mr. Wilmot."

"No, Margaret—of nothing shameful. If he had done so, Mr. Wilmot would have killed him!"

Her cold hand tightened upon mine as she said this, and I shuddered to think how nearly she had approached the truth. But there was no emotion in her changed voice. All in the same tone she continued—

"And his mother, his sister—surely they were interested in this

revelation. Why was it never made to *me*? Did he explain that to you?"

I returned no answer.

"Did he tell you that?"

"Yes," said I, determined by her persistency. "Because he wished to spare your feelings, Charlotte! He thought it enough for you to be brought to poverty and disappointment, without knowing that Mr. Wilmot himself, whom you and everybody loved so much, had caused it all."

"Then I understand 'the truth' to be that he was a cheat, a dissembler, a villain! Now hear me, Margaret. I say it is false! and may heaven requite your lover's lies!"

With this startling exclamation she rose and left the room proudly. But I saw that insurrection had broken out in her heart, however she might strive to keep it down. She doubted: for her face still wore that changed look, which was never to depart from it.

I walked into the garden, longing to be refreshed by the cool air and the sweet evening scents. Lisabeth appeared there five minutes afterwards, humming her psalm-tunes as usual, but looking quite placid and friendly again. Little did I guess, little did she know as she sauntered toward me, affecting to be interested in myrtles and gooseberry-bushes, what magazines of disturbance slumbered in her pocket.

When she had approached near enough to be heard speaking softly, she said—

"You did not notice me come into your room, Miss Forster, to borrow your big-print Bible."

"Certainly not."

"But I did though, and took the book. And as it turned out I chanced to hear you say you were very sorry for something. Well, *he's not gone!*"

"How do you know that?"

"By what you said you'd burn! One came on Wednesday—another soon after I wrote, you know."

"Addressed to me?"

"To you, miss. But I misjudged about you; and I thought if you'd a mind to burn 'em without reading, or to show 'em to madame, I might as well keep 'em in my pocket till happen you thought better of it."

I held out my hand, Lisabeth gave me the letters, and left me to go my way to the further end of the garden, where there was a stile leading out to the meads.

There I sat, doubtful whether I would read what Mr. Lamont had written or not. One of the notes was an enclosure, and had evidently spent several weeks in Lisabeth's custody. The other had been sent direct to me from Brighton only a day or two before. If I read them,

which should I open first? Trifling with my curiosity, it soon got the better of me: I broke the seals and read.

Then I discovered how just had been my fears of the interpretation Arthur Lamont would put upon Lisabeth's letter. Without saying so directly, without penning a word that was not delicate and respectful, he evidently assumed that he might write without offence, and allowed his gladness that I had not forgotten him to appear in every line. It was more than gladness. There was gratitude and triumph in all he had to say: the burden of which was, that his omen was coming true!

"Behold whence I date this letter," he wrote; "not from the pauper's room of an hotel, but from a great handsome house, which, for anything I observe to the contrary, belongs to me. And, if so, it is your gift; for you gave me courage, energy. Do you know what I did with the miserable little book you brought me? I put it on my table whenever I ate; at night I placed it on my bed, vowing by the hand I could see upon it always that I would go adrift and be a wreck no more. If I say, this was for your sake, I only mean that you would rejoice to know me leading a useful life at last: and that, for my part, I covet the good opinion of the wisest heart that was ever so young."

And then he went on to say that, having thought of me and resolved, he thought of me and accomplished the resolution. Was there not an old gentleman he had heard of in the town whose sons had been taken from a public school, because one of them had been ignominiously thrashed in the playground? And was not the gentleman a soldier? "'I will go to this ancient monsieur,' said I. 'He loved to talk with me in the coffee-room here about my campaigns, and the art of war, and his sons, and vintages. I will think of Margaret Forster, and demand to be made tutor to those indefensible boys! He may resist, but the signs are against him!'

"I went—he was helpless. A few formalities—a letter from my colonel in England, one from my general in Africa (who know what *you* know), one from my own old tutors—the affair is complete! I am military and general tutor, secretary and gossip, at a hundred guineas a year, table, suite of rooms, projects of travel—voilà! But I beg you to observe, this is only the beginning. Proceeding in my scholastic career, I am already building a military academy—in the air—and have invented five-and-twenty infants in preparation for that academy. They are irreproachable infants. Their parents are rich and generous.

"Trifling apart, this good fortune you have brought to me—you alone; but I meant to have kept it secret awhile. Madame and my sister think I am gone to kill or be killed in the Caucasus; and I, being good-natured, would not undeceive them too soon. To you I dared not write; but Mistress Elisabeth—once my nurse, always my friend—sends me a kind letter of inquiry, and she says *you are a governess now!* I know not what that means. Are guardians like friends and sisters? What has happened to cast you upon the world? I tremble when I ask myself this

question: surely it is a momentous one. Will you let Lisabeth tell me? If it be so, may I know it? Or, better tell me if it is *not* so: I am desperate enough to say *silence is what I wish.*"

And the letter having been kept in Lisabeth's pocket, silence had answered him as he desired!

Was it possible to misconceive the gaiety that animates this letter, or not to see the hopes that peep out between the lines? As for the other one, a glance at the seal and I saw enough. It was stamped with a new device—a hand clutching a flower, with "Omen" for motto!

I hardly know how I read the later note. Its purport was that he could not tell what a perverse and unreasonable pleasure he had found in the no-answer to his letter which declared me friendless; but silence for ever would be no delight. The father of his pupils had proposed a six-months' tour on the Continent with the boys; and though he (Arthur Lamont) was once upon a time resigned to going from England without exchanging another word with me, he could only do so now at my command. "Not that I would put you to the pain of saying 'No.' It will be enough to tell Lisabeth to send me her precious receipt for salve over again, if I am to be bruised by a refusal. But if you do not forbid me, I will be at Valley House on Sunday, to confound Charlotte with my respectability, and to take—I hope—fresh courage from the new governess."

Sunday? This was Sunday! Oh, Lisabeth, Lisabeth, what a mischievous old woman were you!

The day began to wane—perhaps he would not come! I listened—all was still. I looked over the meadows, ribanded by a path which led from the highway to the House—no one was in sight. So I read those melancholy letters again, and laid them in my lap to think of them,—of them, and of Charlotte, and how those two would meet now, if he carried out his purpose of coming. There was so much to think of, indeed, that I forgot to look over the meadow again, till a gay "Holà!" sounded not fifty yards away.

I started to my feet, and of course Arthur Lamont knew they were *his* letters that fluttered from my lap to the ground.

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SPW/M. 86

LAST MOMENTS OF THE COUNT DE SAVERNE

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1864.

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Denis Duval.

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CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.



HAT last night which he was to pass upon earth, M. de Saverne spent in a little tavern in Winchelsea, frequented by fishing people, and known to Bidois, who, even during the war, was in the constant habit of coming to England upon errands in which Mons. Grandpapa was very much interested—precentor, elder, perruquier, as he was.

The Count de Saverne had had some talk with the fisherman during the voyage from Boulogne, and more conversation took place on this last night, when the count took Bidois partly into his confidence; and, without mentioning the precise cause of his quarrel with M. de la Motte, said that it was inevitable; that the man was a villain who ought not to be allowed to pollute the earth; and that no criminal was ever more righteously executed than this chevalier would be on the morrow, when it was agreed that the two were to meet.

The meeting would have taken place on that very night, but M. de la Motte demanded, as indeed he had a right to do, some hours for the settlement of his own affairs; and preferred to fight on French ground rather than English, as the survivor of the quarrel would be likely to meet with very rough treatment in this country.

La Motte betook himself then to arranging his papers. As for the Count de Saverne, he said all his dispositions were made. A dowry—that which his wife brought—would go to her child. His own property was devised to his own relations, and he could give the child nothing. He had only a few pieces in his purse, and, “Tenez,” says he, “this watch. Should anything befall me, I desire it may be given to the little boy who saved my—that is, her child.” And the voice of M. le Comte broke as he said these words, and the tears ran over his fingers. And the seaman wept too, as he told the story to me years after, nor were some of mine wanting, I think, for that poor heart-broken, wretched man, writhing in helpless agony, as the hungry sand drank his blood. Assuredly, the guilt of that blood was on thy head, Francis de la Motte.

The watch is ticking on the table before me as I write. It has been my companion of half a century. I remember my childish delight when Bidois brought it to me, and told my mother the tale of the meeting of the two gentlemen.

“You see her condition,” M. de la Motte said to my mother at this time. “We are separated for ever, as hopelessly as though one or other were dead. My hand slew her husband. Perhaps my fault destroyed her reason. I transmit misfortunes to those I love and would serve. Shall I marry her? I will if you think I can serve her. As long as a guinea remains to me, I will halve it with her. I have but very few left now. My fortune has crumbled under my hands, as have my friendships, my once bright prospects, my ambitions. I am a doomed man: somehow, I drag down those who love me into my doom.”

And so indeed there was a *Cain mark*, as it were, on this unhappy man. He *did* bring wreck and ruin on those who loved him. He was as a lost soul, I somehow think, whose tortures had begun already. Predestined to evil, to crime, to gloom; but now and again some one took pity upon this poor wretch, and amongst those who pitied him was my stern mother.

And here I may relate how it happened that I “saved” the child, for which act poor M. de Saverne rewarded me. Bidois no doubt told that story to M. le Comte in the course of their gloomy voyage. Mrs. Marthe, the countess’s attendant, had received or taken leave of absence one night, after putting the child and the poor lady, who was no better than a child, to bed. I went to my bed, and to sleep as boys sleep; and I forget what business called away my mother likewise, but when she came back to look for her poor Biche and the infant in its cradle—both were gone.

I have seen the incomparable Siddons, in the play, as, white and terrified, she passed through the darkened hall after King Duncan’s



murder. My mother's face wore a look of terror to the full as tragical, when, starting up from my boyish sleep, I sate up in my bed and saw her. She was almost beside herself with terror. The poor insane lady and her child were gone—who could say where? Into the marshes—into the sea—into the darkness—it was impossible to say whither the countess had fled.

"We must get up, my boy, and find them," says mother, in a hoarse voice; and I was sent over to Mr. Bliss's the grocer's in East Street where the chevalier lived, and where I found him sitting (with two priests, by the way, guests, no doubt, of Mr. Weston, at the Priory), and all these, and mother, on her side, with me following her, went out to look for the fugitives.

We went by pairs, taking different roads. Mother's was the right one as it appeared, for we had not walked many minutes, when we saw a white figure coming towards us, glimmering out of the dark, and heard a voice singing.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" says mother, and "Gott sey dank," and I know not what exclamations of gratitude and relief. It was the voice of the countess.

As we came up, she knew us with our light, and began to imitate, in her crazy way, the cry of the watchman, whom the poor sleepless soul had often heard under her windows. "Past twelve o'clock, a starlight night!" she sang, and gave one of her sad laughs.

When we came up to her, we found her in a white wrapper, her hair flowing down her back and over her poor pale face, and again she sang, "Past twelve o'clock."

*The child was not with her.* Mother trembled in every limb. The lantern shook so in her hand I thought she would drop it.

She put it down on the ground. She took her shawl off her back, and covered the poor lady with it, who smiled in her childish way, and said, "*C'est bon; c'est chaud ça; ah! que c'est bien!*"

As I chanced to look down at the lady's feet, I saw one of them was naked. Mother, herself in a dreadful agitation, embraced and soothed Madame de Saverne. "Tell me, my angel, tell me, my love, where is the child?" says mother, almost fainting.

"The child, what child? That little brat who always cries? I know nothing about children," says the poor thing. "Take me to my bed this moment, madam! How dare you bring me into the streets with naked feet!"

"Where have you been walking, my dear?" says poor mother, trying to soothe her.

"I have been to Great Saverne. I wore a domino. I knew the coachman quite well, though he was muffled up all but his nose. I was presented to Monseigneur the Cardinal. I made him such a curtsy—like this. Oh, my foot hurts me!"

She often rambled, about this ball and play, and hummed snatches

of tunes and little phrases of dialogue, which she may have heard there. Indeed, I believe it was the only play and ball the poor thing ever saw in her life; her brief life, her wretched life. 'Tis pitiful to think how unhappy it was. When I recall it, it tears my heart-strings somehow, as it doth to see a child in pain.

As she held up the poor bleeding foot, I saw that the edge of her dress was all wet, and covered *with sand*.

"Mother, mother!" said I, "she has been to the sea!"

"Have you been to the sea, Clarisse?" asks mother.

"J'ai été au bal; j'ai dansé; j'ai chanté. J'ai bien reconnu mon cocher. J'ai été au bal chez le Cardinal. But you must not tell M. de Saverne. Oh, no, you mustn't tell him!"

A sudden thought came to me. And, whenever I remember it, my heart is full of thankfulness to the gracious Giver of all good thoughts. Madame, of whom I was not afraid, and who sometimes was amused by my prattle, would now and then take a walk accompanied with Martha her maid, who held the infant, and myself who liked to draw it in its little carriage. We used to walk down to the shore, and there was a rock there, on which the poor lady would sit for hours.

"You take her home, mother," says I, all in a tremble. "You give me the lantern, and I'll go—I'll go"—I was off before I said where. Down I went, through Westgate; down I ran along the road towards the place I guessed at. When I had gone a few hundred yards, I saw in the road something white. It was *the countess's slipper*, that she had left there. I knew she had gone that way.

I got down to the shore, running, running with all my little might. The moon had risen by this time, shining gloriously over a great silver sea. A tide of silver was pouring in over the sand. Yonder was that rock where we often had sate. The infant was sleeping on it under the stars unconscious. He, Who loves little children, had watched over it . . . I scarce can see the words as I write them down. My little baby was waking. She had known nothing of the awful sea coming nearer with each wave; but she knew me as I came, and smiled, and warbled a little infant welcome. I took her up in my arms, and trotted home with my pretty burden. As I paced up the hill, M. de la Motte and one of the French clergymen met me. By ones and twos, the other searchers after my little wanderer came home from their quest. She was laid in her little crib, and never knew, until years later, the danger from which she had been rescued.

My adventures became known in our town, and I made some acquaintances who were very kind to me, and were the means of advancing me in after-life. I was too young to understand much what was happening round about me; but now, if the truth must be told, I must confess that old grandfather, besides his business of perruquier, which you will say is no very magnificent trade, followed others which were far less reputable. What do you say, for instance, of a church elder, who lends money *à la*

*petite semaine*, and at great interest? The fisherman, the market-people, nay, one or two farmers and gentlemen round about, were beholden to grandfather for supplies, and they came to his, to be *shaved* in more ways than one. No good came out of his gains, as I shall presently tell: but meanwhile his hands were for ever stretched out to claw other folks' money towards himself; and it must be owned that *madame sa bru* loved a purse too, and was by no means scrupulous as to the way of filling it. Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte was free-handed and grand in his manner. He paid a pension, I know not how much, for the maintenance of poor Madame de Saverne. He had brought her to the strait in which she was, poor thing. Had he not worked on her, she never would have left her religion: she never would have fled from her husband: that fatal duel would never have occurred: right or wrong, he was the cause of her calamity, and he would make it as light as it might be. I know how, for years, extravagant and embarrassed as he was, he yet supplied means for handsomely maintaining the little Agnes when she was presently left an orphan in the world, when mother and father both were dead, and her relatives at home disowned her.

The ladies of Barr, Agnes's aunts, totally denied that the infant was their brother's child, and refused any contribution towards her maintenance. Her mother's family equally disavowed her. They had been taught the same story, and I suppose we believe willingly enough what we wish to believe. The poor lady was guilty. Her child had been born in her husband's absence. When his return was announced, she fled from her home, not daring to face him; and the unhappy Count de Saverne died by the pistol of the man who had already robbed him of his honour. La Motte had to bear this obloquy, or only protest against it by letters from England. He could not go home to Lorraine, where he was plunged in debt. "At least, Duval," said he to me, when I shook hands with him, and with all my heart forgave him, "mad and reckless as I have been, and fatal to all whom I loved; I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort, when I was myself almost without a meal." A bad man no doubt this was; and yet not utterly wicked: a great criminal who paid an awful penalty. Let us be humble, who have erred too; and thankful, if we have a hope that we have found mercy.

I believe it was some braggart letter, which La Motte wrote to a comrade in M. de Vaux's camp, and in which he boasted of making the conversion of a *petite Protestante* at Strasbourg, which came to the knowledge of poor M. de Saverne, hastened his return home, and brought about this dreadful end. La Motte owned as much, indeed, in the last interview I ever had with him.

Who told Madame de Saverne of her husband's death? It was not for years after that I myself (unlucky chatterbox, whose tongue was always blabbing) knew what had happened. My mother thought that she must have overheard Bidois, the boatman, who told the whole

story over his glass of Geneva in our parlour. The countess's chamber was overhead, and the door left open. The poor thing used to be very angry at the notion of a locked door, and since that awful escapade to the sea shore, my mother slept in her room, or a servant whom she liked pretty well supplied mother's place.

In her condition the dreadful event affected her but little; and we never knew that she was aware of it until one evening when it happened that a neighbour, one of us French people of Rye, was talking over the tea-table, and telling us of a dreadful thing he had seen on Penenden Heath as he was coming home. He there saw *a woman burned at the stake* for the murder of her husband. The story is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1769, and that will settle pretty well the date of the evening when our neighbour related the horrible tale to us.

Poor Madame de Saverne (who had a very grand air, and was perfectly like a lady) said quite simply, "In this case, my good Ursule, I shall be burned too. For you know I was the cause of my husband being killed. M. le Chevalier went and killed him in Corsica." And she looked round with a little smile, and nodded; and arranged her white dress with her slim hot hands.

When the poor thing spoke, the chevalier sank back as if he had been shot himself.

"Good night, neighbour Marion," groans mother; "she is very bad to-night. Come to bed, my dear, come to bed." And the poor thing followed mother, curtseying very finely to the company, and saying, quite softly, "Oui, oui, oui, they will burn me; they will burn me."

This idea seized upon her mind, and never left it. Madame la Comtesse passed a night of great agitation; talking incessantly. Mother and her maid were up with her all night. All night long we could hear her songs, her screams, her terrible laughter. . . . Oh, pitiful was thy lot in this world, poor guiltless, harmless lady. In thy brief years, how little happiness! For thy marriage portion only gloom, and terror, and submission, and captivity. The awful Will above us ruled it so. Poor frightened spirit! it has woke under serener skies now, and passed out of reach of our terrors, and temptations, and troubles.

At my early age I could only be expected to obey my elders and parents, and to consider all things were right which were done round about me. Mother's cuffs on the head I received without malice, and if the truth must be owned, had not seldom to submit to the *major* operation which my grandfather used to perform with a certain rod which he kept in a locked cupboard, and accompany with long wearisome sermons between each cut or two of his favourite instrument. These good people, as I gradually began to learn, bore but an indifferent reputation in the town which they inhabited, and were neither liked by the French of their own colony, nor by the English among whom we dwelt. Of course, being a simple little fellow, I honoured my father and mother as

became me—my grandfather and mother, that is—father being dead some years.

Grandfather, I knew, had a share in a fishing-boat, as numbers of people had, both at Rye and Winchelsea. Stokes, our fisherman, took me out once or twice, and I liked the sport very much: but it appeared that I ought to have said nothing about the boat and the fishing—for one night when we pulled out only a short way beyond a rock which we used to call the Bull Rock, from a pair of horns which stuck out of the water, and there we were hailed by my old friend Bidois, who had come from Boulogne in his lugger—and then . . . well then, I was going to explain the whole matter artlessly to one of our neighbours who happened to step into supper, when grandpapa (who had made a grace of five minutes long before taking the dish-cover off) fetched me a slap across the face which sent me reeling off my perch. And the chevalier who was supping with us only laughed at my misfortune.

This being laughed at somehow affected me more than the blows. I was used to those, from grandfather and mother too; but when people once had been kind to me I could not bear a different behaviour from them. And this gentleman certainly was. He improved my French very much, and used to laugh at my blunders and bad pronunciation. He took a good deal of pains with me when I was at home, and made me speak French like a little gentleman.

In a very brief time he learned English himself, with a droll accent, to be sure, but so as to express himself quite intelligibly. His head-quarters were at Winchelsea, though he would frequently be away at Deal, Dover, Canterbury, even London. He paid mother a pension for little Agnes, who grew apace, and was the most winning child I ever set eyes on. I remember, as well as yesterday, the black dress which was made for her after her poor mother's death, her pale cheeks, and the great solemn eyes gazing out from under the black curling ringlets which fell over her forehead and face.

Why do I make zigzag journeys? 'Tis the privilege of old age to be garrulous, and its happiness to remember early days. As I sink back in my arm-chair, safe and sheltered *post tot discrimina*, and happier than it has been the lot of most fellow-sinners to be, the past comes back to me—the stormy past, the strange unhappy yet happy past—and I look at it scared and astonished sometimes; as huntsmen look at the gaps and ditches over which they have leapt, and wonder how they are alive.

My good fortune in rescuing that little darling child caused the chevalier to be very kind to me; and when he was with us, I used to hang on to the skirts of his coat, and prattle for hours together, quite losing all fear of him. Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first *gentleman* I ever met in intimacy—a gentleman with many a stain, nay crime, to reproach him; but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling towards that fatal man. I see myself a child prattling at his coat-skirts, and trotting along our roads and

marshes with him. I see him with his sad pale face, and a kind of *blighting* look he had, looking at that unconscious lady, at that little baby. My friends the Neapolitans would have called his an evil eye, and exorcised it accordingly. A favourite walk we had was to a house about a mile out of Winchelsea, where a grazing farmer lived. My delight then was to see, not his cattle, but his pigeons, of which he had a good stock, of croppers, pouters, runts, and turbits; and amongst these, I was told there were a sort of pigeons called carriers, which would fly for prodigious distances, returning from the place to which they were taken, though it were ever so distant, to that where they lived and were bred.

Whilst I was at Mr. Perreau's, one of these pigeons actually came in flying from the sea, as it appeared to me: and Perreau looked at it, and fondled it, and said to the chevalier, "There is nothing. It is to be at the old place." On which M. le Chevalier only said, "C'est bien," and as we walked away told me all he knew about pigeons, which, I daresay, was no great knowledge.

Why did he say there was nothing? I asked in the innocence of my prattle. The chevalier told me that these birds sometimes brought messages, written on a little paper, and tied under their wings, and that Perreau said there was nothing because there was nothing.

Oh, then! he sometimes *does* have messages with his birds? The chevalier shrugged his shoulder, and took a great pinch out of his fine snuff-box. "What did papa Duval do to you the other day when you began to talk too fast?" says he. "Learn to hold thy little tongue, Denis, mon garçon! If thou livest a little longer, and tellest all thou seest, the Lord help thee!" And I suppose our conversation ended here, and he strode home, and I trotted after him.

I narrate these things occurring in childhood by the help of one or two marks which have been left behind—as ingenious Tommy Thumb found his way home by the pebbles which he dropped along his line of march. Thus I happen to know the year when poor Madame de Saverne must have been ill, by referring to the date of the execution of the woman whom our neighbour saw burned on Penenden Heath. Was it days, was it weeks after this that Madame de Saverne's illness ended as all our illnesses will end one day?

During the whole course of her illness, whatever its length may have been, those priests from Slindon (or from Mr. Weston's the Popish gentleman's at the Priory) were constantly in our house, and I suppose created a great scandal among the Protestants of the town. M. de la Motte showed an extraordinary zeal in this business; and, sinner as he was, certainly was a most devout sinner, according to his persuasion. I do not remember, or was not cognizant, when the end came; but I remember my astonishment, as, passing by her open chamber door, I saw candles lighted before her bed, and some of those clergy watching there, and the Chevalier de la Motte kneeling in the passage in an attitude of deep contrition and grief.

On that last day there was, as it appeared, a great noise and disturbance round our house. The people took offence at the perpetual coming in and out of the priests, and on the very night when the coffin was to be taken from our house and the clergymen were performing the last services there, the windows of the room, where the poor lady lay, were broken in by a great volley of stones, and a roaring mob shouting, "No Popery, down with priests!"

Grandfather lost all courage at these threatening demonstrations, and screamed out at his *bru* for bringing all this persecution and danger upon him. "*Silence, misérable!*" says she. "Go sit in the back kitchen, and count your money-bags!" *She* at least did not lose her courage.

M. de la Motte, though not frightened, was much disturbed. The matter might be very serious. I did not know at the time how furiously angry our townspeople were with my parents for harbouring a Papist. Had they known that the lady was a converted Protestant, they would, doubtless, have been more violent still.

We were in a manner besieged in our house; the garrison being—the two priests in much terror; my grandfather, under the bed for what I know, or somewhere where he would be equally serviceable; my mother and the chevalier, with their wits about them; and little Denis Duval, no doubt very much in the way. When the poor lady died it was thought advisable to send her little girl out of the way; and Mrs. Weston at the Priory took her in, who belonged, as has before been said, to the ancient faith.

We looked out with no little alarm for the time when the hearse should come to take the poor lady's body away; for the people would not leave the street, and barricaded either end of it, having perpetrated no actual violence beyond the smashing of the windows as yet, but ready no doubt for more mischief.

Calling me to him, M. de la Motte said, "Denis, thou rememberest about the carrier pigeon the other day with nothing under his wing?" I remembered, of course.

"Thou shalt be my carrier pigeon. Thou shalt carry no letter, but a message. I can trust thee now with a secret." And I kept it, and will tell it now that the people are quite out of danger from *that* piece of intelligence, as I can promise you.

"You know Mr. Weston's house?" Know the house where Agnes was—the best house in the town? Of course I did. He named eight or ten houses besides Weston's at which I was to go and say, "The mackerel are coming in. Come as many of you as can." And I went to the houses, and said the words; and when the people said, "Where?" I said, "Opposite our house," and so went on.

The last and handsomest house (I had never been in it before) was Mr. Weston's, at the Priory: and there I went and called to see him. And I remember Mrs. Weston was walking up and down a gallery over the hall with a little crying child who would not go to sleep.

"Agnes, Agnes!" says I, and that baby was quiet in a minute, smiling, and crowing and flinging out her arms. Indeed, mine was the first name she could speak.

The gentlemen came out of their parlour, where they were over their pipes, and asked me, surly enough, "What I wanted?" I said, "The mackerel were out, and the crews were wanted before Peter Duval's the barber's." And one of them, with a scowl on his face, and an oath, said they would be there, and shut the door in my face.

As I went away from the Priory, and crossed the churchyard by the Rectory gate, who should come up but Doctor Barnard in his gig, with lamps lighted; and I always saluted him after he had been so kind to me, and had given me the books and the cake. "What," says he, "my little shrimper! Have you fetched any fish off the rocks to-night?"

"Oh, no, sir," says I. "I have been taking messages all round."

"And what message, my boy?"

I told him the message about the mackerel, &c.; but added, that I must not tell the names, for the chevalier had desired me not to mention them. And then I went on to tell how there was a great crowd in the street, and they were breaking windows at our house.

"Breaking windows? What for?" I told him what had happened. "Take Dolly to the stables. Don't say anything to your mistress, Samuel, and come along with me, my little shrimper," says the doctor. He was a very tall man in a great white wig. I see him now skipping over the tombstones, by the great ivy tower of the church, and so through the churchyard gate towards our house.

The hearse had arrived by this time. The crowd had increased, and there was much disturbance and agitation. As soon as the hearse came, a yell rose up from the people. "Silence. Shame! Hold your tongue! Let the poor woman go in quiet," a few people said. These were the men of the mackerel fishery; whom the Weston gentlemen presently joined. But the fishermen were a small crowd; the townspeople were many and very angry. As we passed by the end of Port Street (where our house was) we could see the people crowding at either end of the street, and in the midst the great hearse with its black plumes before our door.

It was impossible that the hearse could pass through the crowd at either end of the street, if the people were determined to bar the way. I went in, as I had come, by the back gate of the garden, where the lane was still quite solitary, Doctor Barnard following me. We were awfully scared as we passed through the back kitchen (where the oven and boiler is) by the sight of an individual who suddenly leapt out of the copper, and who cried out, "O mercy, mercy, save me from the wicked men!" This was my grandpapa, and, with all respect for grandpapas (being of their age and standing myself now), I cannot but own that mine on this occasion cut rather a pitiful figure.

"Save my house! Save my property!" shouts my ancestor, and the doctor turns away from him scornfully, and passes on.



In the passage out of this back kitchen we met Monsieur de la Motte, who says, "Ah, c'est toi, mon garçon. Thou hast been on thy errands. Our people are well there!" and he makes a bow to the doctor, who came in with me, and who replied by a salutation equally stiff. M. de la Motte, reconnoitring from the upper room, had no doubt seen his people arrive. As I locked towards him I remarked that he was armed. He had a belt with pistols in it, and a sword by his side.

In the back room were the two Roman Catholic clergymen, and four men who had come with the hearse. They had been fiercely assailed as they entered the house with curses, shouts, hustling, and I believe even sticks and stones. My mother was serving them with brandy when we came in. She was astonished when she saw the rector make his appearance in our house. There was no love between his reverence and our family.

He made a very grand obeisance to the Roman Catholic clergymen. "Gentlemen," said he, "as rector of this parish, and magistrate of the county, I have come to keep the peace; and if there is any danger, to share it with you. The lady will be buried in the old churchyard, I hear. Mr. Trestles, are you ready to move?"

The men said they would be prepared immediately, and went to bring down their melancholy burden. "Open the door, you!" says the doctor. The people within shrank back. "I will do it," says mother.

"Et moi, parbleu!" says the chevalier, advancing, his hand on his hilt.

"I think, sir, I shall be more serviceable than you," says the doctor, very coldly. "If these gentlemen my confrères are ready, we will go out; I will go first, as rector of this parish." And mother drew the bolts, and he walked out and took off his hat.

A Babel roar of yells, shouts, curses, came pouring into the hall as the door opened, and the doctor remained on the steps, bareheaded and undaunted.

"How many of my parishioners are here? Stand aside all who come to my church!" he called out very bold.

At this arose immense roars of "No Popery! down with the priests! down with them! drown them!" and I know not what more words of hatred and menace.

"You men of the French church," shouted out the doctor, "are you here?"

"We are here; down with Popery," roar the Frenchmen.

"Because you were persecuted a hundred years ago, you want to persecute in your turn. Is that what your Bible teaches you? Mine doesn't. When your church wanted repair, I gave you my nave, where you had your service, and were welcome. Is this the way you repay kindness which has been shown to you, you who ought to know better? For shame on you! I say, for shame! Don't try and frighten *me*. Roger Hooker, I know you, you poaching vagabond; who kept your wife and children when you were at Lewes Gaol? How dare *you* be persecuting

anybody, Thomas Flint? As sure as my name is Barnard, if you stop this procession, I will commit you to-morrow."

Here was a cry of "Huzzay for the doctor! huzzay for the rector!" which I am afraid came from the *mackerels*, who were assembled by this time, and were *not* mum, as fish generally are.

"Now, gentlemen, advance, if you please!" This he said to the two foreign clergymen, who came forward courageously enough, the Chevalier de la Motte walking behind them. "Listen, you friends and parishioners, Churchmen and Dissenters! These two foreign dissenting clergymen are going to bury, in a neighbouring churchyard, a departed sister, as you foreign dissenters have buried your own dead without harm or hindrance; and I will accompany these gentlemen to the grave prepared for the deceased lady, and I will see her laid in peace there, as surely as I hope myself to lie in peace."

Here the people shouted; but it was with admiration for the rector. There was no outcry any more. The little procession fell into an orderly rank, passed through the streets, and round the Protestant church to the old burying-ground behind the house of the Priory. The rector walked between the two Roman Catholic clergymen. I imagine the scene before me now—the tramp of the people, the flicker of a torch or two; and then we go in at the gate of the Priory ground into the old graveyard of the monastery, where a grave had been dug, on which the stone still tells that Clarissa, born de Viomesnil, and widow of Francis Stanislas, Count of Saverne and Barr in Lorraine, lies buried beneath.

When the service was ended, the Chevalier de la Motte (by whose side I stood, holding by his cloak) came up to the doctor. "Monsieur le Docteur," says he, "you have acted like a gallant man; you have prevented bloodshed——"

"I am fortunate, sir," says the doctor.

"You have saved the lives of these two worthy ecclesiastics, and rescued from insult the remains of one——"

"Of whom I know the sad history," says the doctor, very gravely.

"I am not rich, but will you permit me to give this purse for your poor?"

"Sir, it is my duty to accept it," replied the doctor. The purse contained a hundred louis, as he afterwards told me.

"And may I ask to take your hand, sir?" cries the poor chevalier, clasping his own together.

"No, sir!" said the doctor, putting his own hands behind his back. "Your hands have that on them which the gift of a few guineas cannot wash away." The doctor spoke a very good French. "My child, good night; and the best thing I can wish thee is to wish thee out of the hands of that man."

"Monsieur!" says the chevalier, laying his hand on his sword mechanically.

"I think, sir, the last time it was with the pistol you showed your

skill!" says Doctor Barnard, and went in at his own wicket as he spoke, leaving poor La Motte like a man who has just been struck with a blow; and then he fell to weeping and crying that the curse—the curse of Cain was upon him.

"My good boy," the old rector said to me in after days, while talking over these adventures, "thy friend the chevalier was the most infernal scoundrel I ever set eyes on, and I never looked at his foot without expecting to see it was cloven."

"And could he tell me anything about the poor countess?" I asked. He knew nothing. He saw her but once, he thought. "And faith," says he, with an arch look, "it so happened that I was not too intimate with your *own* worthy family."

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## CHAPTER V.

### I HEAR THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

WHATEVER may have been the rector's dislike to my parents, in respect of us juniors and my dear little Agnes de Saverne he had no such prejudices, and both of us were great favourites with him. He considered himself to be a man entirely without prejudices; and towards Roman Catholics he certainly was most liberal. He sent his wife to see Mrs. Weston, and an acquaintance was made between the families, who had scarcely known each other before. Little Agnes was constantly with these Westons, with whom the Chevalier de la Motte also became intimate. Indeed, we have seen that he must have known them already, when he sent me on the famous "mackerel" message which brought together a score at least of townspeople. I remember Mrs. Weston as a frightened-looking woman, who seemed as if she had a ghost constantly before her. Frightened, however, or not, she was always kind to my little Agnes.

The younger of the Weston brothers (he who swore at me the night of the burial) was a red-eyed, pimple-faced, cock-fighting gentleman for ever on the trot, and known, I daresay not very favourably, all the country round. They were said to be gentlemen of good private means. They lived in a pretty genteel way, with a post-chaise for the lady, and excellent nags to ride. They saw very little company; but this may have been because they were Roman Catholics, of whom there were not many in the county, except at Arundel and Slindon, where the lords and ladies were of too great quality to associate with a pair of mere fox-hunting, horse-dealing squires. M. de la Motte, who was quite the fine gentleman, as I have said, associated with these people freely enough: but then he had interests in common with them, which I began to understand when I was some ten or a dozen years old, and used to go to see my little Agnes at the Priory. She was growing apace to be a fine lady. She had dancing-masters,

music-masters, language-masters (those foreign *tonsured* gentry who were always about the Priory), and was so tall that mother talked of putting powder in her hair. Ah, belle dame! another hand hath since whitened it, though I love it ebony or silver!

I continued at Rye School, boarding with Mr. Rudge and his dram-drinking daughter, and got a pretty fair smattering of such learning as was to be had at the school. I had a fancy to go to sea, but Doctor Barnard was strong against that wish of mine: unless indeed I should go out of Rye and Winchelsea altogether—get into a King's ship, and perhaps on the quarter-deck, under the patronage of my friend Sir Peter Denis, who ever continued to be kind to me.

Every Saturday night I trudged home from Rye, as gay as schoolboy could be. After Madame de Saverne's death the Chevalier de la Motte took our lodgings on the first floor. He was of an active disposition, and found business in plenty to occupy him. He would be absent from his lodgings for weeks and months. He made journeys on horseback into the interior of the country; went to London often; and sometimes abroad with our fishermen's boats. As I have said, he learned our language well, and taught me his. Mother's German was better than her French, and my book for reading the German was Doctor Luther's Bible; indeed, that very volume in which poor M. de Saverne wrote down his prayer for the child whom he was to see only twice in this world.

Though Agnes's little chamber was always ready at our house, where she was treated like a little lady, having a servant specially attached to her, and all the world to spoil her, she passed a great deal of time with Mrs. Weston, of the Priory, who took a great affection for the child even before she lost her own daughter. I have said that good masters were here found for her. She learned to speak English as a native, of course, and French and music from the fathers who always were about the house. Whatever the child's expenses or wants were, M. de la Motte generously defrayed them. After his journeys he would bring her back toys, sweetmeats, knick-knacks fit for a little duchess. She lorded it over great and small in the Priory, in the *Perruquery*, as we may call my mother's house, ay, and in the Rectory too, where Dr. and Mrs. Barnard were her very humble servants, like all the rest of us.

And here I may as well tell you that I was made to become a member of the Church of England, because mother took huff at our French Protestants, who would continue persecuting her for harbouring the papists, and insisted that between the late poor countess and the chevalier there had been an unlawful intimacy. M. Borel, our pastor, preached at poor mother several times, she said. I did not understand his inuendos, being a simple child, I fear not caring much for sermons in those days. For grandpapa's I know I did not; he used to give us half an hour at morning, and half an hour at evening. I could not help thinking of grandfather skipping out of the copper, and calling on us to spare his life on that day

of the funeral; and his preaching went in at one ear and out at t'other. One day—àpropos of some pomatum which a customer wanted to buy, and which I know mother made with lard and bergamot herself—I heard him tell such a fib to a customer, that somehow I never could respect the old man afterwards. He actually said the pomatum had just come to him from France direct—from the Dauphin's own hair-dresser: and our neighbour, I daresay, would have bought it, but I said, "Oh, grandpapa, you must mean some other pomatum! I saw mother make this with her own hands." Grandfather actually began to cry when I said this. He said I was being his death. He asked that somebody should fetch him out and hang him that moment. Why is there no bear, says he, to eat that little monster's head off and destroy that prodigy of crime? Nay, I used to think I *was* a monster sometimes: he would go on so fiercely about my wickedness and perverseness.

Doctor Barnard was passing by our pole one day, and our open door, when grandfather was preaching upon this sin of mine, with a strap in one hand, laying over my shoulders in the intervals of the discourse. Down goes the strap in a minute, as the doctor's lean figure makes its appearance at the door; and grandfather begins to smirk and bow, and hope his reverence was well. My heart was full. I had had sermon in the morning, and sermon at night, and strapping every day that week; and heaven help me, I loathed that old man, and loathe him still.

"How can I, sir," says I, bursting out into a passion of tears; "how can I honour my grandfather and mother if grandfather tells such d—— lies as he does?" And I stamped with my feet, trembling with wrath and indignation at the disgrace put upon me. I then burst out with my story, which there was no controverting; and I will say grandfather looked at me as if he would kill me; and I ended my tale sobbing at the doctor's knees.

"Listen, Mr. Duval," says Dr. Barnard, very sternly; "I know a great deal more than you think about you and your doings. My advice to you is to treat this child well, and to leave off some practices which will get you into trouble, as sure as your name is what it is. I know where your pigeons go to, and where they come from. And some day, when I have you in my justice-room, we shall see whether I will show you any more mercy than you have shown to this child. I know you to be . . ." and the doctor whispered something into grandfather's ear, and stalked away.

Can you guess by what name the doctor called my grandfather. If he called him hypocrite, *ma foi*, he was not far wrong. But the truth is he called him smuggler, and that was a name which fitted hundreds of people along our coast, I promise you. At Hythe, at Folkestone, at Dover, Deal, Sandwich, there were scores and scores of these gentry. All the way to London they had depôts, friends, and correspondents. Inland and along the Thames there were battles endless between them and the revenue people. Our friends "the mackerel," who came out at Monsieur de la Motte's summons, of course were of this calling. One day when he came home from one of his expeditions, I remember jumping forward

to welcome him, for he was at one time very kind to me, and as I ran into his arms he started back, and shrieked out an oath and a *sacred-blue* or two. He was wounded in the arm. There had been a regular battle at Deal between the dragoons and revenue officers on the one side, and the smugglers and their friends. Cavalry had charged cavalry, and Monsieur de la Motte (his smuggling name, he told me afterwards, was Mr. Paul, or Pole) had fought on the *mackerel* side.

So were my gentlemen at the Priory of the Mackerel party. Why, I could name you great names of merchants and bankers at Canterbury, Dover, Rochester, who were engaged in this traffic. My grandfather, you see, howled with the wolves; but then he used to wear a smug *lamb's-skin* over his wolf's hide. Ah, shall I thank Heaven like the Pharisee, that I am not as those men are? I hope there is no harm in being thankful that I have been brought out of temptation; that I was not made a rogue at a child's age; and that I did not come to the gallows as a man. Such a fate has befallen more than one of the precious friends of my youth, as I shall have to relate in due season.

That habit I had of speaking out everything that was on my mind brought me, as a child, into innumerable scrapes, but I do thankfully believe has preserved me from still greater. What could you do with a little chatterbox, who, when his grandfather offered to sell a pot of pomatum as your true Pommade de Cythère, must cry out, "No, grand-papa, mother made it with marrow and bergamot?" If anything happened, which I was not to mention, I was sure to blunder out some account of it. Good Doctor Barnard, and my patron Captain Denis (who was a great friend of our rector), I suppose, used to joke about this propensity of mine, and would laugh for ten minutes together, as I told my stories; and I think the doctor had a serious conversation with my mother on the matter; for she said, "He has reason. The boy shall not go any more. We will try and have *one* honest man in the family."

Go any more *where*? Now I will tell you (and I am much more ashamed of this than of the barber's pole, Monsieur mon fils, that I can promise you). When I was boarding at the grocer's at Rye, I and other boys were constantly down at the water, and we learned to manage a boat pretty early. Rudge did not go out himself, being rheumatic and lazy, but his apprentice would be absent frequently all night; and on more than one occasion I went out as odd boy in the boat to put my hand to anything.

Those pigeons I spoke of anon came from Boulogne. When one arrived he brought a signal that our Boulogne correspondent was on his way, and we might be on the look-out. The French boat would make for a point agreed upon, and we lie off until she came. We took cargo from her: barrels without number, I remember. Once we saw her chased away by a revenue cutter. Once the same ship fired at us. I did not know what the balls were, which splashed close alongside of us; but I remember the apprentice of Rudge's (he used to make love to Miss R.,

and married her afterwards), singing out, "Lord, have mercy," in an awful consternation, and the chevalier crying out, "Hold your tongue, misérable! You were never born to be drowned or shot." He had some hesitation about taking me out on this expedition. He was engaged in running smuggled goods, that is the fact; and "smuggler" was the word which Doctor Barnard whispered in my grandfather's ear. If we were hard pressed at certain points which we knew, and could ascertain by cross-bearings which we took, we would sink our kegs till a more convenient time, and then return and drag for them, and bring them up with line and grapnel.

I certainly behaved much better when we were fired at, than that of a Bevil, who lay howling his "Lord, have mercy upon us," at the bottom of the boat; but somehow the chevalier discouraged my juvenile efforts in the smuggling line, from his fear of that unlucky tongue of mine, which would blab everything I knew. I may have been out *a-fishing* half-a-dozen times in all; but especially after we had been fired at, La Motte was for leaving me at home. My mother was averse, too, to my becoming a seaman (a smuggler) by profession. Her aim was to make a gentleman of me, she said, and I am most unfeignedly thankful to her for keeping me out of mischief's way. Had I been permitted to herd along with the black sheep, Doctor Barnard would never have been so kind to me as he was; and indeed that good man showed me the greatest favour. When I came home from school he would often have me to the Rectory, and hear me my lessons, and he was pleased to say I was a lively boy of good parts.

The doctor received rents for his college at Oxford, which has considerable property in these parts, and twice a year would go to London and pay the moneys over. In my boyish times these journeys to London were by no means without danger; and if you will take a *Gentleman's Magazine* from the shelf you will find a highway-robbery or two in every month's chronicle. We boys at school were never tired of talking of highwaymen and their feats. As I often had to walk over to Rye from home of a night (so as to be in time for early morning school), I must needs buy a little brass-barrelled pistol, with which I practised in secret, and which I had to hide, lest mother or Rudge, or the schoolmaster, should take it away from me. Once as I was talking with a schoolfellow, and vapouring about what we would do, were we attacked, I fired my pistol and shot away a piece of his coat. I might have hit his stomach, not his coat—Heaven be good to us!—and this accident made me more careful in the use of my artillery. And now I used to practise with small shot instead of bullets, and pop at sparrows whenever I could get a chance.

At Michaelmas, in the year 1776 (I promise you I remember the year), my dear and kind friend, Doctor Barnard, having to go to London with his rents, proposed to take me to London to see my other patron, Sir Peter Denis, between whom and the doctor there was a great friendship: and it is to those dear friends that I owe the great good fortune

which has befallen me in life. Indeed when I think of what I might have been, and of what I have escaped, my heart is full of thankfulness for the great mercies which have fallen to my share. Well, at this happy and eventful Michaelmas of 1776, Doctor Barnard says to me, "Denis, my child, if thy mother will grant leave I have a mind to take thee to see thy godfather, Sir Peter Denis, in London. I am going up with my rents, my neighbour Weston will share the horses with me, and thou shalt see the Tower and Mrs. Salmons' wax-work before thou art a week older."

You may suppose that this proposition made Master Denis Duval jump for joy. Of course I had heard of London all my life, and talked with people who had been there, but that I should go myself to Admiral Sir Peter Denis's house, and see the play, *St. Paul's*, and Mrs. Salmons, here was a height of bliss I never had hoped to attain. I could not sleep for thinking of my pleasure: I had some money, and I promised to buy as many toys for Agnes as the chevalier used to bring her. My mother said I should go like a gentleman, and turned me out in a red waistcoat with plate buttons, a cock to my hat, and ruffles to my shirts. How I counted the hours of the night before our departure! I was up before the dawn, packing my little valise. I got my little brass-barrelled pocket-pistol, and I loaded it with shot. I put it away into my breast-pocket; and if we met with a highwayman I promised myself he should have my charge of lead in his face. The doctor's postchaise was at his stables not very far from us. The stable lanterns were alight, and Brown, the doctor's man, cleaning the carriage, when Mr. Denis Duval comes up to the stable door, lugging his portmanteau after him through the twilight. Was ever daylight so long a-coming? Ah! There come the horses at last; the horses from the King's Head, and old Pascoe, the one-eyed postilion. How well I remember the sound of their hoofs in that silent street! I can tell everything that happened on that day; what we had for dinner—viz. veal cutlets and French beans, at Maidstone; where we changed horses, and the colour of the horses. "Here, Brown! Here's my portmanteau! I say, where shall I stow it?" My portmanteau was about as large as a good-sized apple-pie. I jump into the carriage and we drive up to the Rectory: and I think the doctor will never come out. There he is at last: with his mouth full of buttered toast, and I bob my head to him a hundred times out of the chaise window. Then I must jump out, forsooth. "Brown, shall I give you a hand with the luggage?" says I, and I daresay they all laugh. Well, I am so happy that anybody may laugh who likes. The doctor comes out, his precious box under his arm. I see dear Mrs. Barnard's great cap nodding at us out of the parlour window as we drive away from the Rectory door to stop a hundred yards farther on at the Priory.

There at the parlour window stands my dear little Agnes, in a white frock, in a great cap with a blue riband and bow, and curls clustering over her face. I wish Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted thee in those days, my



dear: but thou wert the very image of one of his little ladies, that one who became Duchess of Buccleugh afterwards. There is my Agnes, and now presently comes out Mr. Weston's man and luggage, and it is fixed on the roof. Him his master, Mr. James Weston, follows. This was the most good-natured of the two, and I shall never forget my sensation of delight, when I saw him bring out two holster pistols, which he placed each in a pocket of the chaise. Is Tommy Chapman, the apothecary's son of Westgate, alive yet, and does he remember my wagging my head to him as our chaise whirled by? He was shaking a mat at the door of his father's shop as my lordship accompanied with my noble friends passed by.

First stage, Ham Street. The Bear. A grey horse and a bay to change, I remember them. Second stage, Ashford. Third stage . . . . I think I am asleep about the third stage: and no wonder, a poor little wretch who had been awake half the night before, and no doubt many nights previous, thinking of this wonderful journey. Fourth stage, Maidstone, the Bell. "And here we will stop to dinner, Master Shrimpcatcher," says the doctor, and I jump down out of the carriage nothing loth. The doctor followed with his box, of which he never lost sight.

The doctor liked his ease in his inn, and took his sip of punch so comfortably, that I, for my part, thought he never would be gone. I was out in the stables and looking at the horses, and talking to the ostler who was rubbing his nags down. I daresay I had a peep into the kitchen, and at the pigeons in the inn yard, and at all things which were to be seen at the Bell, while my two companions were still at their interminable punch. It was an old-fashioned inn, with a gallery round the court-yard. Heaven bless us! Falstaff and Bardolph may have stopped there on the road to Gadshill. I was in the stable looking at the nags, when Mr. Weston comes out of the inn, looks round the court, opens the door of the post-chaise, takes out his pistols, looks at the priming, and puts them back again. Then we are off again, and time enough too. It seemed to me many hours since we had arrived at that creaking old Bell. And away we go through Addington, Eynesford, by miles and miles of hop-gardens. I daresay I did not look at the prospect much, beautiful though it might be, my young eyes being for ever on the look-out for Saint Paul's and London.

For a great part of the way Doctor Barnard and his companion had a fine controversy about their respective religions, for which each was alike zealous. Nay: it may be the rector invited Mr. Weston to take a place in his post-chaise in order to have this battle, for he never tired of arguing the question between the two churches. Towards the close of the day Master Denis Duval fell asleep on Dr. Barnard's shoulder, and the good-natured clergyman did not disturb him.

I woke up with the sudden stoppage of the carriage. The evening was falling. We were upon a lonely common, and a man on horseback was at the window of the post-chaise.

"Give us out that there box! and your money!" I heard him say

in a very gruff voice. O heavens! we were actually stopped by a highwayman! It was delightful.

Mr. Weston jumped at his pistols very quick. "Here's our money, you scoundrel!" says he, and he fired point-blank at the rogue's head. Confusion! The pistol missed fire. He aimed the second, and again no report followed!

"Some scoundrel has been tampering with these," says Mr. Weston, aghast.

"Come," says Captain Macheath, "come, your——"

But the next word the fellow spoke was a frightful oath; for I took out my little pistol, which was full of shot, and fired it into his face. The man reeled, and I thought would have fallen out of his saddle. The postilion, frightened no doubt, clapped spurs to his horse, and began to gallop. "Shan't we stop and take that rascal, sir?" said I to the doctor. On which Mr. Weston gave a peevish kind of push at me, and said, "No, no. It is getting quite dark. Let us push on." And, indeed, the highwayman's horse had taken fright, and we could see him galloping away across the common.

I was so elated to think that I, a little boy, had shot a live highwayman, that I daresay I bragged outrageously of my action. We set down Mr. Weston at his inn in the Borough, and crossed London Bridge, and there I was in London at last. Yes, and that was the Monument, and then we came to the Exchange, and yonder, yonder was St. Paul's. We went up Holborn, and so to Ormond Street, where my patron lived in a noble mansion; and where his wife, my Lady Denis, received me with a great deal of kindness. You may be sure the battle with the highwayman was fought over again, and I got due credit from myself and others for my gallantry.

Sir Peter and his lady introduced me to a number of their acquaintances as the little boy who shot the highwayman. They received a great deal of company, and I was frequently had in to their dessert. I suppose I must own that my home was below in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Jellicoe; but my lady took such a fancy to me that she continually had me upstairs, took me out driving in her chariot, or ordered one of the footmen to take me to the sights of the town, and sent me in his charge to the play. It was the last year Garrick performed; and I saw him in the play of Macbeth, in a gold-laced blue coat, with scarlet plush waistcoat and breeches. Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, was on the outskirts of the town then, with open country behind, stretching as far as Hampstead. Bedford House, north of Bloomsbury Square, with splendid gardens, was close by, and Montague House, where I saw stuffed camel-leopards, and all sorts of queer things from foreign countries. Then there were the Tower, and the Wax-work, and Westminster Abbey, and Vauxhall. What a glorious week of pleasure it was! At the week's end the kind doctor went home again, and all those dear kind people gave me presents, and cakes, and money, and spoilt the little boy who shot the highwayman.

The affair was actually put into the newspapers, and who should come to hear of it but my gracious sovereign himself. One day, Sir Peter Denis took me to see Kew Gardens and the new Chinese pagoda her Majesty had put up. Whilst walking here, and surveying this pretty place, I had the good fortune to see his M-j-sty, walking with our most gracious Qu—n, the Pr—nce of W—s, *the Bishop of Osnaburg*, my namesake, and, I think, two, or it may be three, of the Princesses. Her M-j-sty knew Sir Peter from having sailed with him, saluted him very graciously, and engaged him in conversation. And the Best of Monarchs, looking towards his humblest subject and servant, said, "What, what? Little boy shot the highwayman. Shot him in the face. Shot him in the face!" On which the youthful Pr—nces graciously looked towards me, and the King asking Sir Peter what my profession was to be, the admiral said I hoped to be a sailor and serve his Majesty.

I promise you I was a mighty grand personage when I went home; and both at Rye and Winchelsea scores of people asked me what the King said. On our return, we heard of an accident which had happened to Mr. Joseph Weston, which ended most unhappily for that gentleman. On the very day when we set out for London he went out shooting—a sport of which he was very fond; but in climbing a hedge, and dragging his gun incautiously after him, the lock caught in a twig, and the piece discharged itself into the poor gentleman's face, lodging a number of shot into his left cheek, and into his eye, of which he lost the sight, after suffering much pain and torture.

"Bless my soul! A charge of small shot in his face! What an extraordinary thing!" cries Dr. Barnard, who came down to see mother and grandfather the day after our return home. Mrs. Barnard had told him of the accident at supper on the night previous. Had he been shot or shot some one himself, the doctor could scarce have looked more scared. He put me in mind of Mr. Garrick, whom I had just seen at the playhouse, London, when he comes out after murdering the king.

"You look, docteur, as if you done it yourself," says M. de la Motte, laughing, and in his English jargon. "Two time, three time, I say, Weston, you shoot 'yourself, you carry you gun that way, and he say he not born to be shot, and he swear!"

"But my good chevalier, Doctor Blades picked some bits of crape out of his eye, and thirteen or fourteen shot. What is the size of your shot, Denny, with which you fired at the highwayman?"

"*Quid autem vides festucam in oculo fratris tui*, doctor?" says the chevalier; "that is good doctrine—Protestant\* or Popish, eh?" On which the doctor held down his head, and said, "Chevalier, I am corrected; I was wrong—very wrong."

"And as for crape," La Motte resumed, "Weston is in mourning. He go to funeral at Canterbury four days ago. Yes, he tell me so. He and my friend Lutterloh go." This Mr. Lutterloh was a German living near Canterbury, with whom M. de la Motte had dealings. He had dealings

with all sorts of people ; and very queer dealings, too, as I began to understand now that I was a stout boy approaching fourteen years of age, and standing pretty tall in my shoes.

De la Motte laughed then at the doctor's suspicions. "Parsons and women all the same, save your respect, ma bonne Madame Duval, all tell tales ; all believe evil of their neighbours. I tell you I see Weston shoot twenty, thirty time. Always drag his gun through hedge."

"But the crape——?"

"Bah ! Always in mourning, Weston is ! For shame of your *cancans*, little Denis ! Never think such thing again. Don't make Weston your enemy. If a man say that of me, I would shoot him myself, parbleu !"

"But if he has done it?"

"Parbleu ! I would shoot him so much ze mor !" says the chevalier, with a stamp of his foot. And the first time he saw me alone he reverted to the subject. "Listen, Denisol !" says he ; "thou becomest a great boy. Take my counsel, and hold thy tongue. This suspicion against Mr. Joseph is a monstrous crime, as well as a folly. A man say that of me—right or wrong—I burn him the brain. Once I come home, and you run against me, and I cry out, and swear and pest. I was wounded myself, I deny it not."

"And I said nothing, sir," I interposed.

"No, I do thee justice ; thou didst say nothing. You know the *métier* we make sometimes ? That night in the boat" ("zat night in ze boat," he used to say), "when the revenue cutter fire, and your poor grandpapa howl—ah, how he howl. You don't suppose we were there to look for lobstare-pot, eh ? Tu n'as pas bronché, toi. You did not crane ; you show yourself a man of heart. And now, petit, apprends à te taire !" And he gave me a shake of the hand, and a couple of guineas in it too, and went off to his stables on his business. He had two or three horses now, and was always on the trot ; he was very liberal with his money, and used to have handsome entertainments in his upstairs room, and never quarrelled about the bills which mother sent in. "Hold thy tongue, Denisol," said he. "Never tell who comes in or who goes out. And mind thee, child, if thy tongue wags, little birds come whisper me, and say, 'He tell.'"

I tried to obey his advice, and to rein in that truant tongue of mine. When Dr. and Mrs. Barnard themselves asked me questions I was mum, and perhaps rather disappointed the good lady and the rector too by my reticence. For instance, Mrs. Barnard would say, "That was a nice goose I saw going from market to your house, Denny."

"Goose is very nice, ma'am," says I.

"The chevalier often has dinners ?"

"Dines every day, regular, ma'am."

"Secs the Westons a great deal ?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say, with an indescribable heart-pang. And the

cause of that pang I may as well tell. You see, though I was only thirteen years old, and Agnes but eight, I loved that little maid with all my soul and strength. Boy or man I never loved any other woman. I write these very words by my study fire in Fareport with madam opposite dozing over her novel till the neighbours shall come in to tea and their rubber. When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayer shall toll for a certain D. D., you will please, good neighbours, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan, when her turn shall arrive.

Now in the last year or two, since she had been adopted at the Priory, Agnes came less and less often to see us. She did not go to church with us, being a Catholic. She learned from the good fathers her tutors. She learned music and French and dancing to perfection. All the county could not show a finer little lady. When she came to our shop, it was indeed a little countess honouring us with a visit. Mother was gentle before her—grandfather obsequious—I, of course, her most humble little servant. Wednesday (a half-holiday), and half Saturday, and all Sunday I might come home from school, and how I used to trudge, and how I longed to see that little maiden, any gentleman may imagine who has lost his heart to an Agnes of his own.

The first day of my arrival at home, after the memorable London journey, I presented myself at the Priory, with my pocket full of presents for Agnes. The footman let me into the hall civilly enough: but the young lady was out with Mrs. Weston in the post-chaise. I might leave my message.

I wanted to *give* my message. Somehow, in that fortnight's absence from home, I had so got to long after Agnes that I never had my little sweetheart quite out of my mind. It may have been a silly thing, but I got a little pocket-book, and wrote in French a journal of all I saw in London. I daresay there were some pretty faults in grammar. I remember a fine paragraph about my meeting the royal personages at Kew, and all their names written down in order; and this little pocket-book I must needs send to Mademoiselle de Saverne.

The next day I called again. Still Mademoiselle de Saverne was not to be seen: but in the evening a servant brought a little note from her, in which she thanked her dear brother for his beautiful book. That was some consolation. She liked the pocket-book anyhow. I wonder, can you young people guess what I did to it before I sent it away? Yes, I did. "One, tree, feesty time," as the chevalier would say. The next morning, quite early, I had to go back to school, having promised the doctor to work hard after my holiday; and work I did with a will, at my French and my English, and my Navigation. I thought Saturday would never come: but it did at last, and I trotted as quick as legs would carry me from school to Winchelsea. My legs were growing apace now; and especially as they took me homewards, few could outrun them.

All good women are match-makers at heart. My dear Mrs. Barnard saw quite soon what my condition of mind was, and was touched by my boyish fervour. I called once, twice, thrice, at the Priory, and never could get a sight of Miss Agnes. The servant used to shrug his shoulder and laugh at me in an insolent way, and the last time—"You need not call any more. We don't want our hair cut here, nor no pomatum, nor no soap, do you understand that?" and he slammed the door in my face. I was stunned by this insolence, and beside myself with rage and mortification. I went to Mrs. Barnard and told her what had happened to me. I burst into tears of passion and grief as I flung myself on a sofa by the good ladies. I told her how I had rescued little Agnes, how I loved the little thing better than all the world. I spoke my heart out, and eased it somewhat, for the good lady wiped her eyes more than once, and finished by giving me a kiss. She did more; she invited me to tea with her on the next Wednesday when I came home from school, and who should be there but little Agnes. She blushed very much. Then she came towards me. Then she held up her little cheek to be kissed, and then she cried—oh, how she did cry! There were three people whimpering in that room. (How well I recollect it opening into the garden, and the little old blue dragon tea-cups and silver pot!) There were three persons, I say, crying: a lady of fifty, a boy of thirteen, and a little girl of seven years of age. Can you guess what happened next? Of course the lady of fifty remembered that she had forgotten her spectacles, and went upstairs to fetch them; and then the little maiden began to open her heart to me, and told her dear Denny how she had been longing to see him, and how they were very angry with him at the Priory; so angry that his name was never to be spoken. "The chevalier said that, and so did the gentlemen—especially Mr. Joseph, who had been dreadful since his accident, and one day (says my dear) when you called, he was behind the door with a great horse-whip, and said he would let you in, and flog your soul out of your body, only Mrs. Weston cried, and Mr. James said, 'Don't be a fool, Joe.' But something you have done to Mr. Joseph, dear Denny, and when your name is mentioned, he rages and swears so that it is dreadful to hear him. What can make the gentlemen so angry with you?"

"So he actually was waiting with a horse-whip, was he? In that case I know what I would do. I would never go about without my pistol. I have hit one fellow," said I, "and if any other man threatens me I will defend myself."

My dear Agnes said that they were very kind to her at the Priory, although she could not bear Mr. Joseph—that they gave her good masters, that she was to go to a good school kept by a Catholic lady at Arundel. And oh, how she wished her Denny would turn Catholic, and she prayed for him always, always! And for that matter I know some one who never night or morning on his knees has forgotten that little maiden. The father used to come and give her lessons three or four times in the week, and she used to learn her lessons by heart, walking up and down

in the great green walk in the kitchen-garden every morning at eleven o'clock. I knew the kitchen-garden! the wall was in North Lane, one of the old walls of the convent: at the end of the green walk there was a pear-tree. And that was where she always went to learn her lessons.

And here, I suppose, Mrs. Barnard returned to the room, having found her spectacles. And as I take mine off my nose and shut my eyes, that well-remembered scene of boyhood passes before them—that garden basking in the autumn evening—that little maiden with peachy cheeks, and glistening curls, that dear and kind old lady, who says, “’Tis time now, children, you should go home.”

I had to go to school that night; but before I went I ran up North Lane and saw the old wall and the pear-tree behind it. And do you know I thought I would try and get up the wall, and easy enough it was to find a footing between those crumbling old stones; and when on the top I could look down from the branches of the tree into the garden below, and see the house at the farther end. So that was the broad walk where Agnes learned her lessons? Master Denis Duval pretty soon had that lesson by heart.

Yes: but one day in the Christmas holidays, when there was a bitter frost, and the stones and the wall were so slippery that Mr. D. D. tore his fingers and his small-clothes in climbing to his point of observation, it happened that little Agnes was *not* sitting under the tree learning her lessons, and none but an idiot would have supposed that she would have come out on such a day.

But who should be in the garden, pacing up and down the walk all white with hoar-frost, but Joseph Weston with his patch over his eye. Unluckily he had one eye left with which he saw me; and the next moment I heard the *report* of a tremendous oath, and then a brickbat came whizzing at my head, so close that, had it struck me, it would have knocked out my eye and my brains too.

I was down the wall in a moment: it was slippery enough: and two or three more brickbats came *à mon adresse*, but luckily failed to hit their mark.

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## A Gossip on Royal Christenings.

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WHEN it is remembered that the first English Prince of Wales was created (at the age of seventeen) in the year 1301, it must be confessed that England was kept long waiting—no less than four hundred and sixteen years—before it saw, even through the then dim medium of the newspapers, a prince with that territorial title present at the christening of his own child. When this latter event did occur, it was not under happy or edifying auspices, for the solemn ceremony well-nigh ended in a fight between the princely sire and the ducal godfather.

That such a lapse of time should have occurred, that England should have had fourteen Princes of Wales—Plantagenet, York, Lancaster, Tudor, and Stuart—without seeing one of them carry a son to the font, till Brunswick had long been settled on the throne, is easily accounted for. Previous to the last-named era, only three Princes of Wales had married while they bore that title, namely, Edward the Black Prince, Edward son of Henry VI., and Arthur son of Henry VII. Neither of these married princes ascended the throne: they all died in the lifetime of their fathers. The Black Prince passed away exhausted by the burden of his glory; the later Edward fell, not murdered in the tent, but, as Prévost says, fairly fighting in the field, at Tewkesbury; and the pale and sickly Arthur withered away more ingloriously, under the effect of his cloistered life at Ludlow, with his wife “Catalina of the Golden Hair.”

Of the marriages of those princes, one alone was not childless; nor were the christenings which followed it void of quaint grandeur. But the two children of Edward of Woodstock were born and baptized in France—the short-lived Edward at Angoulême, the less happy Richard at Bordeaux. Of the baptism of the latter alone are some few circumstances known. Before noticing these, and the occurrences which distinguished the baptismal ceremonies by which the children of other Princes of Wales were made members of the Church, we will glance at that of the first prince, the sad child of bright promise, who was *not* born in the Eagle Tower, at Caernarvon, as guides inform you. This solemnity was distinguished by the rare good-luck of the episcopal godfather.

Never was such a noble christening-fee given as that bestowed on Anian, Bishop of Bangor, for holding at the font, in some part of the unfinished Castle of Caernarvon, the young Edward, in whom begins the roll of our Princes of Wales. His father, on receiving the news of his birth, had, in his joy, made a knight of the messenger, stuffed his pouch with gold pieces, and bestowed on him a knightly house and ample acres. On the Bishop of Bangor, for his graceful performance of his duty at a



ceremony, the glory of which rendered celebrated the year 1284, the king heaped half-a-dozen estates, manors, and regalities. He threw in therewith a couple of ferries over the Menai, the tolls for conveyance of passengers going thenceforth into the episcopal, instead of into the royal, pocket. Such an example has never been followed, but the bishopric of Bangor long profited—perhaps still profits—by this christening gift, and grateful prelates thought pleasantly of the royal liberality, joyfully murmuring, as they counted rents and ferry tolls that came of the baptismal rite, “Eich Dyn!” *this* was your man!

Let us now look back at those few Princes of Wales who have gladdened the world with gay christenings of *their* children.

The marriage of the Black Prince with Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, was a true love-match, made after some sprightly wooing; albeit the lady was a widow, had been betrothed to a second lover, and was four years older than the gallant Edward. Both their children were born abroad—Edward, who died early, at Angoulême; and Richard, who was christened in his native city of Bordeaux. The ceremony of his christening made the old city delirious with delight. To render due honour to the occasion, knights bruised one another in jousts, and battered each other in tournaments. There was a twanging of harps and a ringing of joyous choruses in the market-place and at street-corners. There was gay and frolicsome dancing by the glad young of both sexes, and there was a drinking of Gascony wine to an extent that might have won envy or admiration from Gargantua himself. Two of the young prince’s godfathers were kings. Small kings they were, it is true. One was Charles, King of Navarre, the other, James, King of Minorca. The first kept the more joyous court; the latter the more ceremonious; for it was not lawful for the King of Minorca to be merry, except on great festivals, and surely this was one,—the christening of the son of the noble Prince of Wales. How this son came by his name of Richard once puzzled archæologists. He derived it from his third sponsor, Richard, Bishop of Agen, and good people were relieved of some of their perplexities by this audacious condescension on the part of the prelate. He would hardly (they thought) have given his own name to the little prince if he had felt any doubts touching that little prince’s legitimacy.

It must be confessed that many orthodox persons looked with strong suspicion as to the legality of the marriage of Edward and Joan. There was a kinship between them, in the third degree; there was a previous contract with another wooer, Lord Salisbury; and, more fatal obstruction still, the Prince of Wales had himself stood godfather to a son of Joan by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. The contract was soon pronounced invalid, and the kinship was excused, but Rome was puzzled touching this sponsorship. A sponsor could not wed with the mother of his godchild; but the Roman doctors found their way out of the difficulty, and the Pope issued a decree, legalizing the marriage, on the ground that at the baptism of Joan’s child the princely father had not touched her

son, nor any of his clothes. "Non recordatur, quod ipse dictum filium vel aliquos ejus panniculos tetigerit!"

Many years elapsed before a Prince of Wales was again present at the christening of his own child. When George Augustus of Hanover was invested with that title, after the accession of his father as George the First, he was already the sire of four children, born in Germany—Frederick, Anne, Amelia, and Caroline. The first child born alive, after the Prince and Princess of Wales were established in this country, was the short-lived George William, at whose baptism some of the august company had nearly come to fisticuffs! The King had undertaken to stand sponsor, and he had consented to accept his brother, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, for his fellow gossip. But on that gloomy christening day of November, 1717, his Majesty appeared in the Princess's bedchamber, where the ceremony was to be performed, with the man whom, of all others, the Prince of Wales most cordially hated—the Duke of Newcastle—that Pelham, whom Foote has unpleasantly immortalized as Matthew Mug, in the "Mayor of Garratt."

This baptism was not only mean in the manner of it, but ignoble in the conduct of some who were present. It was properly said to have been done in "hugger mugger." While the officiating prelate read the prayers, at the foot of the bed, on which the Princess reclined, the Prince stood on one side, fuming with ill-suppressed rage. The King and Newcastle, whom his Majesty insisted upon having as a fellow-sponsor, stood on the opposite side, not ill-pleased to witness the vexation of which they were the cause. But when Wake had closed his book, and his chaplain had murmured *Amen*, the Prince of Wales stretched across the couch, thrust his fist towards Newcastle's face, saluted him with a hearty "You rascal!" and pelted him with menaces of hereafter "finding" or "fighting him." It cannot be disguised that in St. James's Palace there was emphatically a *row* of a very vulgar sort. And it terminated by the King turning son, daughter-in-law, and grandson, into the street, on that very wretched November afternoon. Where they were to go he neither knew nor cared. At all events they should not stay there! Here was a close to a christening festival! What was to be done? The Prince and Princess looked at their chamberlain, the Dutch Lord Grantham, the D'Overquerque who, at King William's death, had assumed the name of Nassau (in spite of the old King's prohibition), and thus had manifested his pride in being even illegitimately descended from Maurice of Nassau. The Prince and Princess looked at their chamberlain, and Lord Grantham invited them to his house, in Albemarle Street, where they lived in "private lodgings" for well nigh a whole twelvemonth.

The baby, thus unmannerly christened, soon after died. The Duke of Newcastle, by virtue of his office in the royal household, had to arrange the funeral in the abbey. Satirical persons, thereupon, observed that the duke had introduced the little prince, not only into the bosom, but also into the bowels of the Church!

The honest English folk would gladly have seen some counterfeit presentment of this first son of a Prince of Wales born in England. The shortness of his life prevented this, but Bakewell of Cornhill did, as he thought, the next best thing, by publishing a portrait of the wet-nurse! The good lady is seated, full front, with ample demonstration of her qualifications for her office. A poor closely-swathed baby lies in her extensive lap, careless, as it would seem, or unable to profit by the good things ostentatiously offered to him. But the gossips, even before the christening, augured ill of this little fellow, for no other reason than that his grandsire had created him Duke of Gloucester! It was a name of ill omen, they said. Was not Thomas of Gloucester smuggled to Calais, and butchered there? Was not Duke Humphrey murdered in prison? Richard of Gloucester was slain, they believed, at Bosworth; Duke Henry, son of Charles the First, died in his bright youth; and, barely seventeen years before, there had perished in his sad youth William Duke of Gloucester, the last of Queen Ann's seventeen children! Burnet had just been grinding this poor lad at a sort of encyclopædic education, crowned by the history of the Gothic constitution and of the beneficiary and feudal laws! The sickly prince died just after his eleventh birth-day anniversary. Burnet complacently thought that the pupil whom he had helped to christen and to kill, died of a surfeit of birth-day jollification! And because of all this the ducal title of *Gloucester* sounded ill in the ears of the gossips.

These ceremonies had, by this time, lost nearly all the splendour which used to attend their celebration. None of the children of Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George II., was christened with any outward form of state, to show that the nation was interested in the matter. The baptism of the youngest child of Frederick, named after his father, is open to remark only because the circumstance of his having been christened about three weeks after he was born, seems to have been considered a scandalous delay. The birth took place on May 30, 1750, the baptism on the 17th of the following month (old style). Chesterfield, writing to Dayrolles, on the 19th, observes: "The Prince of Wales's last child was, at last, christened the day before yesterday, after having been kept at least a fortnight longer than it should have been out of a state of salvation, by the jumble of the two Secretaries of State, whose reciprocal despatches carried, nor brought, nothing decisive."

George, the eldest son of Frederick, was baptized in the mansion in which he was born, Norfolk House, St. James's Square, and he was the last of our bachelor Princes of Wales. In the person of his granddaughter, however, we once more witness the baptism of a child of a Prince of Wales. It was celebrated on the 11th of February, 1796. The ceremony was private, and rather "shabby" than otherwise. For this, the princely father excused himself on the ground of his "*circumstances.*" When the Princess Charlotte was barely three weeks old, her father had been compelled to reduce his establishment to the lowest point

at which a prince could live with decency. At least, he said so, by way of apology for his not receiving the Corporation of London (whose members went up with a congratulatory address), with a little state and a large hospitality. On the day of the christening at Carlton House, there was only a family party assembled, to which the poor, frivolous mother of the princess performed the part of hostess for the last time in her life. A dinner preceded the ceremony, to which the King and Queen and their daughters drove, in private carriages, from Buckingham House, at various hours, in the course of the afternoon. It was a late dinner for George III., but an inconveniently early one for his son. The party sat down at half-past four, and must have enjoyed themselves in some degree according to the convivial fashion of the time, for it was not till near ten that the King called for the baby and the archbishop, both of whom, at that hour, would have been much better, for their health's sake, in bed.

Nevertheless, Moore, the Archbishop, and Loughborough, the Chancellor, with the latter of whom the prince was not on friendly terms, and several state officials, with a few guests, assembled in the Audience Chamber, where the little princess lay, in a gaily decorated cradle, half surrounded by attendants. She was taken up and held by Lady Townshend, held indeed so long that the poor lady, who was in very delicate health, could hardly sustain the precious load, light as was the freight.

The Princess of Wales, with some tenderness of feeling, respectfully asked the Queen if she would graciously permit Lady Townshend to be seated; but Queen Charlotte, who would not even allow her own daughters to sit, when *etiquette* demanded that they should be erect in her presence, only blew her snuff from the tips of her gloves, and answered—"No! no! She may stand; she may stand!"

If Lady Townshend had let fall the little princess, what a coil would have been made for what she could not prevent! But she loyally contrived to bear the royal infant to the end of a ceremony at which the King and the Duke of York were the godfathers, and the Queen, with the Duchess of Brunswick, by proxy, the illustrious but not too affectionate godmothers.

There followed what was called "a general distribution of refreshments" to wind up the day which had begun with a dinner. The earlier banquet was of two courses, with a desert which was marked "by elegance,—and frugality." The refreshing "distribution," at the close of the evening, had indications, it is said, of "distinct economy."

Having recorded thus much in illustration of the baptism of the children of the few Princes of Wales who have been fathers while they bore that title, let us now glance at that of the eldest sons of kings who received the territorial dignity at or about the period of their christening. In honour of the late happy celebration at Buckingham Palace, we have placed the heirs of the Princes of Wales before their sires. The christenings of the latter did not, invariably, pass over in as much harmony as grandeur. We have already adverted to the first celebration of the rite at Caer-

narvon. The Welsh looked on the royal child born there as their prince, from his birth. When he in turn became a father, the christening of his son by Isabel of France was not brought to a happy end without some dissension. The Queen's uncle Louis, Count of Evreux, was then a guest at the English court, and as intended godfather to the child, he suggested that the boy should bear the name he and the heir to the crown of France bore,—that of Louis. All the French ladies and nobles tarrying at court for the solemnity, thought the idea charming, and Isabel herself was disposed to adopt it. But the English king declared that the boy should have none but an English name, and when English folk heard of the monarch's declaration, they cried ay! to it with all their hearts. One result was, that the French count withdrew, in dudgeon. But the sovereign found a brace of bishops, a duke from Bretagne, and an English earl and knight, who accepted the office of gossips with alacrity, and the name of Edward, was given to the child, to the intense delight of all Englishmen, who pledged him in hogsheads of light wine, such as used to be given to thirsty folk disposed to get loyally drunk.

At the above christening, the joy was all the greater, as the distribution of wine to the people (the government had generous ideas for the benefit of the folk in those days) was on an unusually liberal scale. At that of the Black Prince, the chief charm was in the picture of the beautiful infant and his incomparable mother. As Philippa sat with him on her lap, the group was so inexpressibly affecting, that the idea of the Madonna and Child was in the mind of all who were present; and it was not forgotten by contemporary and later artists. At the baptism of Edward, son of Henry VI., in 1453, the royal Margaret saw her doomed child carried to the font by a lady in waiting. The time was one of the utmost distress, and men marvelled at the extravagant splendour of the prince's mantle, which cost 544*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*, "hundreds" which would barely now be represented by "thousands." But it probably only cost this sum to the poor vendor, for King and Queen were not in circumstances to pay for it, and their inability only became greater as years advanced. Brilliant as the scene was, there was a cloud above the horizon which overshadowed it with gloom. The nobles dazzled the eyes of the spectators by the bravery of their apparel; but, within a few years, half of them were slain in the wars of the Roses, or slaughtered at the block by their triumphant captors.

The baptismal rite of the prince who was, subsequently, for a few dreary weeks, Edward V., was under the shadow of a greater gloom than that which rested on his young predecessor's. The son of Edward IV. was born when his mother was in sanctuary, at Westminster, and if the consequent rites were not maimed, they at least were shorn of all splendid unrealities. The provident monks generously contributed some wax tapers. The prior and the abbot consented to stand as godfathers, Lady Scrope, the fugitive Queen's woman being their gossip, and Mother Cobb, an honest woman, who had made the sanctuary rooms as com-

fortable as circumstances would permit, was, for all practical purposes, as useful as the proudest duchess of them all, in carrying young Edward to the font. But there was haste with scant solemnity, in this affair; as the old annotator of an old chronicler quaintly remarks, "the whole ceremony of the christening was as mean as a poor man's child."

What the order was of that which made a Christian of Edward of Middleham, before his father, the Duke of Gloster, had ascended the throne, as Richard the Third, no record sayeth. Richard was then in his twenty-second, his wife in her nineteenth year. They kept more joyous house than Lancastrian writers care to avow; and Louis XI. rendered it none the less joyous by sending wine of "La Haute France" to its princely owners. The tenderness of Richard's love for this boy was manifested in the frenzy of his despair when he had lost him. If any oral legends of the christening are extant, it must be in Wensley Dale, where Richard was affectionately regarded, as indeed he was throughout the North; where the poor yet profit by some of his charities, and where, in the words of Bacon, "the memory of King Richard was so strong that it lay, like lees in the bottom of men's hearts, and if the vessel was but stirred, it would come up."

While we know little concerning the baptism of Edward of Middleham, we may, in the mind's eye, see all that passed at that of the next Prince of Wales, Arthur of Winchester, son of Henry VII. We may readily imagine all that gold, and crimson velvet, and flaunting plumes, and flashing jewellery, and irrepressible joyousness effected on that occasion, for there is record of the same which dazzles in manner and matter, and wearies and perplexes by its length. Amid the shifting and restlessly gorgeous spectacle, we see that new silver gilt font, hallowed only yesterday by Bishop Alcock, made expressly for the occasion. *There*, comes sedately the Queen, her sedate sister Anne, with a "rich chrysom pinned at her breast," and her not less grave sister Cicely carrying the child in her arms. The King has not much love for these ladies, his "poor relations," and still less for one of the two noblemen who escort Cicely and the baby. That one (the Earl of Dorset is the other), is John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, whose mother, Elizabeth, was a sister of Richard III. Henry hated him because of that drop of Plantagenet blood, in virtue of which Richard had thought of his nephew John as his successor. But let Earl John pass on; next year, he will be lying stark and bloody, on the field of Stoke. Meanwhile, the procession moves along. The King and Queen are spectators rather than actors. There is a settling and unsettling of groups, and a carrying in and out of the infant prince, and an anxious looking towards the chief gate of Winchester Cathedral, for the coming of the most noble godfather, the Earl of Oxford. Hour after hour passes away, and still he cometh not; but the proud De Vere has to ride from Suffolk, and the roads, or the gigantic ruts which pass for them, are almost impassable, from the recent heavy rains. The priests begin to look vexed, but Oxford is not the man to

hurry himself because of *them*. He it was who successfully argued that point, in parliament, whereby he established the precedency of the temporal over the spiritual barons. Yet he might prick his steele a little, were it only out of homage to his sovereign, and love for the ladies. Six hours, sovereign and ladies and officials had waited for him, when the wearied King nominated the Earl of Derby as Oxford's substitute, and commanded that the ceremony should be no longer delayed. The little prince had just received that British name of Arthur, the very sound of which, it was thought, would strike terror into the hearts of all foreign nations, and he had just been immersed bodily in the deep water of the capacious font, and *Te Deum* was on the point of being shouted, not only in the cathedral, but in every church in Winchester,—the bells were already “firing” in joyous thunderings of clamour—when the tardy Oxford, booted and spurred, was seen coming up the centre aisle. He was in time, at all events, to see his godchild properly cared for, after his immersion, and to place him on the high altar, where he lay during the celebration of the evening service. No point of form was omitted which could add lustre to a ceremony which proved to be the last according to the Roman Catholic ritual, by which a Prince of Wales was made regenerate. And the conclusion was worthy of the occasion, for then, the chief personages assembled around the shrine of St. Swithin, where they ate “spices,” and drank hippocras to the health of Prince Arthur, under the shadow of the thirstiest of saints.

Whether Prince Arthur was, or was not, the last little gentleman of his rank who was baptized by immersion, we are unable to say, but we may state, on the authority of Sir John Floyer, the physician, that baptism by immersion continued in general use till the year 1600; and its disuse is, with him, a matter of much regret. He looks on the sanitary, not on the theological side of the question, whether princes or people be concerned. “The English,” he says, “will at last return to it, when physic has given them a clear proof, by divers experiments, that cold baths are both safe and useful. They did great injury to their children and all posterity who first introduced the alteration of this truly ancient ceremony of immersion, and were the occasion of a degenerate, sickly, tender race ever since. Instead of prejudicing the health of their children, immersion would prevent many hereditary diseases, if it were still practised,”—and princes and people are now of the same opinion as Sir John Floyer, but they give it more practical application than even he thought of.

Nothing is said of immersion at the christening of Arthur's brother, Henry; and there was nothing remarkable at that (in Scotland) of the two sons of James I., who were successively Princes of Wales, except that the King behaved with no more decorum than was expected of him.

There are two circumstances which render the christening of Charles Stuart, afterwards Charles II., interesting. One is, that it was the last celebration of the rite with anything like the old-fashioned gorgeous accompaniments. The other is that one of the proxies for godmother

was the ex-wife of a city vintner! On the 27th of June, 1730, the day being Sunday, the Chapel Royal was crowded by a brilliant assembly, especially of peeresses, whose looks and tire out-flourished the month itself. Some of the gayer of these prophesied more truly than Dame Eleanor Davies of the lately-born prince, for they augured that as the planet Venus had blazed out, at full noon, on the day of his birth, he would necessarily become a gallant cavalier among maids and matrons. The peers, all on the opposite side of the chapel, who had nothing original of their own to advance, may have borrowed Mr. Fuller's remark on the appearance of the star, the silvery splendour of which had saluted the entrance of Charles, as Lord Foppington might say, "into human nature,"—namely, that "Heaven had opened one eye more than usual on the occasion," and that the royal Christian would, of course, be well looked after. Speculation, however, soon yielded to what was passing before them. Four royal chaplains, with the gentlemen of the King's Chapel, and some less-dignified officials, were seen issuing, all in surplices and copes, from the entrance of the chapel. There was a whisper—"They are going to fetch the baby!" They had scarcely knocked at the nursery door than it was opened, and buxom Mrs. Wyndham, with a blooming Welsh wet-nurse at her side, appeared on the threshold, with the future Charles II. in her arms, as fat as young Bacchus, and as swart as a raven. Old Archbishop Abbot, who had run a race of servility and adulation with Whitgift, as some persons believe, received this interesting company as they came within sight of the chapel door. Then the heralds and masters of ceremonies had some trouble in exercising their vocation, till, at length, every person was in his proper place, and evening prayer was read and the anthem was sung. Then the child-prince was carried to the font, his train held by two countesses, and he and Mrs. Wyndham flanked by two great lords. All things having been brought to this point, a gentleman-usher passed from the King's pew with his Majesty's orders to the sponsors as to the name to be given to his son. Trumpets and organ, blasts from the one, billows of sound from the other, attended on this ceremony. And then, the solemnity was carried through, according to the rubric, and evening prayer came to an end, with a command from the King that "the Thanksgiving should be sung as set by Craufurd,"—a composer patronized by royalty, but unknown to fame. Lastly, the sponsors having renounced, on behalf of the infant, all the pomp and vanities of this wicked world, that tremendous personage, Garter-King-of-Arms, under a very hurricane of "blazon" from the silver trumpets of the attendants on such "kings," proclaimed such a roll of titles appertaining to his princely highness in long clothes, as to prove that pomps and vanities went for something in this best of all possible worlds, after all.

Not yet, however, was the ceremony brought to a close. At a burst from the organ, the prince was carried up to the altar, where he put, or had put for him, in the hands of the dean, his "offering." The sponsors



and proxies did likewise, and indeed there was a general paying of very heavy "forfeits," for the honour of officiating, or of being present at this last of right-royally celebrated christenings.

Next to the baby, on that day, the most important personage was his mother; but Henrietta Maria would not attend a Protestant service, though there was little in it that differed from that of her own church. We have spoken of sponsors and proxies, but only the latter were present. The Marquis of Hamilton was the representative of Frederick, the "Winter King of Bohemia." Subsequently, the latter lost his crown, the former his head. The other proxies represented Roman Catholic principals,—the Duke of Lennox for Louis XIII. of France; the dowager Duchess of Richmond stood for that king's mother, Marie de Medicis.

Perhaps, of all the persons present on this christening-day, there was none so remarkable as this dowager-duchess. She was the widow of three husbands, the first of whom was a city vintner named Prannell. She was in her youth the fairest of the daughters of Lord Howard of Bindon, Frances by name. But "pretty Fanny's way" led her to wed with the vintner. Subsequently when, a dazzling young widow, she married the Earl of Hertford, a despairing lover, Sir George Rodney, ran himself through with his sword, and left her a farewell sonnet written in his blood. When a widow for the second time, she took for her third husband the noble Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond, who had long been more than half-mad for this wonderful creature. And now, at the time of this christening, she was nearly fifty years of age, and had not passed through much more than half her earthly pilgrimage. As she was borne through the streets in her "caroche and six," people admired the group of knights who rode with her; but they probably did not believe what was reported—that she gave to each 50*l.* for a guerdon, or that she bestowed the same sum on the royal coachman who had charge of her, or 10*l.* on each of the running footmen, who preceded the vehicle. When the gifts to the royal baby were carried from the vestry, the spectators talked of the gorgeous jewel, worth 7,000*l.* which the duchess had offered to the child. Mrs. Walton, the Welsh wet-nurse, wore a gold chain, valued at 200*l.* of the duchess's giving. She had sent services of massive plate to the "wise-woman," and Mrs. Wyndham; and cups, salt-cellars, and dozens of spoons, solid silver all, were generously sent by her to the cradle-rockers. So said public report; but Queen Marie de Medicis herself, who was as poor as the duchess, could not have paid for things which only existed in the imagination of the people, based on the easy assertions of the dowager. This triple widow, who had even "set her cap" at King James in his widowhood, was of a most prolific imagination. When she stood godmother to one of the Queen of Bohemia's children, the lady announced that she had forwarded a magnificent service of gold plate to the princess; and the inventory was circulated at every party between Wallingford House and Fenchurch Street; but the splendid liberality was but a vision—one which flattered the half-crazed pride of a singular woman. When such pride

sometimes troubled the ordinary equanimity of her second husband, he used to gently tap her on the shoulder, and cry, "Frank, Frank! how long is it since you married the vintner?" Such was the maddest proxy that ever did duty at a royal baptism.

If we except the private christening and "gazetting" of the son of James the Second, in 1688, on which occasion it is uncertain whether the then so-called Prince of Wales was named by the papal nuncio "James Francis Edward," or "Innocent Leon Francis James"—nor is the matter of much importance,—with the exception indicated, a Prince of Wales was not again christened in England till the year 1762, when George Augustus Frederick, afterwards George the Fourth, was baptized at St. James's, by Archbishop Secker. Walpole remarked that his birth did not improve the prospects of the Pretender, while orthodox people shook their heads at Archbishop Secker, who had not only baptized, confirmed, crowned, and married George the Third, but had survived to christen the first son of that monarch. These good folk shook their head, not because they doubted the learning or piety of Secker, but because they doubted the validity of the ordinance as administered by him, for Secker was born and bred a Dissenter, and had never been baptized after the form ordained by the Episcopal Church. They thought the necessary virtue was not in him, and that consequently the third George and his son were as good, or as bad, as not baptized at all. The ceremony was not, at all events, a gorgeous one, but it was marked by an old custom which has ceased to be observed. In the drawing-room at St. James's, where the rite was celebrated, access to which was given to such of the nobility as happened to know that the privilege was general, a tasteful and magnificent bed was erected, on which Queen Charlotte lay, or sat, in state while the ceremony proceeded. The infant's grandmother, and the Dukes of Cumberland and Mecklenburgh were the sponsors, and as soon as the private form of administration had been gone through, the respective persons withdrew. Compared with the christenings of the Black Prince, Prince Arthur, or Charles Stuart, this was but a mean and sorry affair. But the nation was not discontented. If there was not much grandeur within, whereby trade might profit, and no *largesse* without, wherewith thirsty folk might slake and create thirst in honour of the prince, there was an heir of whom the poets and other soothsayers declared that he would be the father of a line of kings—but the prophets were very much mistaken in their vaticinations.

Looking back on the baptisms of our princesses, none so well illustrates the ancient glory of the solemn rite as that of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, who was the last little royal lady who was christened in the old-fashioned state, and with the old-fashioned ceremonies. Seymour, Lord Hertford, carried the baby in his arms; Bouchier, Lord Essex, stood by with the gold basons; Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, had charge of the wax; Dorset had no heavier burden than the salt; Lord Hussey walked in the train, with the graceful rhymer Lord Rochford; and

Cranmer, one of the godfathers, was near the royal mother of the well-attended infant. Nothing could well seem more gay and gorgeous, more real in present enjoyment, more full of future promise. But the gloomy future marred the fair precedent. Every one of the above-named persons, save the baby herself, came to violent deaths. All the men, except one, perished on the scaffold. The one excepted was the godfather, who died at the stake. The mother suffered as her great officers did, tasting of the axe and the sawdust; and some others of the glittering company, though they tasted not of such grief themselves, endured the next degree of bitterness, through their relatives. There was, for instance, the Earl of Derby, who would not, perhaps, have been so expansive in his mirth, had he been aware that his daughter's husband, Lord Stourton, would come to be hanged, and would well-merit his destiny.

Perhaps the most startling circumstance in reference to the Christianizing of a young prince, was the making him a bishop *before* he was made a Christian! When the second son of George III. was born, he who was subsequently Duke of York, the bishopric of Osnaburgh happened to be vacant. The nomination was alternately in a Roman Catholic and a Protestant German state,—the latter being Hanover. George III., as elector, and influenced by Queen Charlotte, named his newly-born son; after which, the boy-bishop was carried up to be christened! There were, of course, no duties, but there was 2,000*l.* a year, till his Royal Reverence was eighteen, and 25,000*l.* annually, which he enjoyed for the remainder of his life!

The last-named sovereigns brought no such good fortune to the children of the aristocracy, to whom they condescended to become sponsors. To one child their presence was fatal. In 1778, they "stood" to the infant daughter of the last Duke and Duchess of Chandos. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury (the Sunday drums of whose wife, at Lambeth Palace, scandalized the "religious world"), officiated. The baby overwhelmed by whole mountains of lace, lay in a dead faint. Her mother was so tender on the point of etiquette, that she would not let the little incident trouble a ceremony at which a king and queen were about to endow her child with the names of Georgina Charlotte! As Cornwallis gave back the infant to her nurse, he remarked that it was the quietest baby he had ever held. Poor victim of ceremony! It was not quite dead, but dying; in a few unconscious hours, it calmly slept away into an immortal waking.

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## Pagan and Christian Religious Sentiment.

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I READ the other day in the *Dublin Review*:—"We Catholics are apt to be cowed and scared by the lordly oppression of public opinion, and not to bear ourselves as men in the face of the anti-Catholic society of England. It is good to have an habitual consciousness that the public opinion of Catholic Europe looks upon Protestant England with a mixture of impatience and compassion, which more than balances the arrogance of the English people towards the Catholic Church in these countries."

The Holy Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman, can take very good care of herself, and I am not going to defend her against the scorns of Exeter Hall. Catholicism is not a great visible force in this country, and the mass of mankind will always treat lightly even things the most venerable, if they do not present themselves as visible forces before its eyes. In Catholic countries, as the *Dublin Review* itself says with triumph, they make very little account of the greatness of Exeter Hall. The majority has eyes only for the things of the majority, and in England the immense majority is Protestant. And yet, in spite of all the shocks which the feeling of a good Catholic, like the writer in the *Dublin Review*, has in this Protestant country inevitably to undergo, in spite of the contemptuous insensibility to the grandeur of Rome which he finds so general and so hard to bear, how much has he to console him, how many acts of homage to the greatness of his religion may he see if he has his eyes open! I will tell him of one of them. Let him go in London to that delightful spot, that Happy Island in Bloomsbury, the reading-room of the British Museum. Let him visit its sacred quarter, the region where its theological books are placed. I am almost afraid to say what he will find there, for fear Mr. Spurgeon, like a second Caliph Omar, should give the library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of the Abbé Migne, lording it over that whole region, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. Protestantism is duly represented; indeed, Mr. Panizzi knows his business too well to suffer it to be otherwise; all the varieties of Protestantism are there; there is the Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, learned, decorous, exemplary, but a little uninteresting; there are the works of Calvin, rigid, militant, menacing; there are the works of Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch thistle valiantly doing duty as the rose of Sharon, but keeping something very Scotch about it all the time; there are the works of Dr. Channing, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where every one has some culture and where superiorities are discountenanced,—the flower of moral and intelligent mediocrity. But

how are all these divided against one another, and how, though they were all united, are they dwarfed by the Catholic Leviathan, their neighbour! Majestic in its blue and gold unity, this fills shelf after shelf and compartment after compartment, its right mounting up into heaven among the white folios of the *Acta Sanctorum*, its left plunging down into hell among the yellow octavos of the *Law Digest*. Everything is there, in that immense *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*, in that *Encyclopédie Théologique*, that *Nouvelle Encyclopédie Théologique*, that *Troisième Encyclopédie Théologique*; religion, philosophy, history, biography, arts, sciences, bibliography, gossip. The work embraces the whole range of human interests; like one of the great Middle-Age Cathedrals, it is in itself a study for a life. Like the net in Scripture, it drags everything to land, bad and good, lay and ecclesiastical, sacred and profane, so that it be but matter of human concern. Wide-embracing as the power whose product it is! a power, for history, at any rate, eminently *the Church*; not, I think, the Church of the future, but indisputably the Church of the past, and, in the past, the Church of the multitude.

This is why the man of imagination, nay, and the philosopher too, in spite of her propensity to burn him, will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. The mention of other religious bodies, or of their leaders, at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type as their adherents; the mention of Catholicism suggests no such special following. Anglicanism suggests the English episcopate; Calvin's name suggests Dr. Candlish, Chalmers's, the Duke of Argyll, Channing's, Boston society; but Catholicism suggests—what shall I say?—all the pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays. This abundance the Abbé Migne's collection faithfully reflects. People talk of this or that work which they would choose, if they were to pass their life with only one; for my part I think I would choose the Abbé Migne's collection. *Quicquid agunt homines*,—everything, as I have said, is there. Do not seek in it splendour of form, perfection of editing; its paper is common, its type ugly, its editing indifferent, its printing careless. The greatest and most baffling crowd of misprints I ever met with in my life occurs in a very important page of the introduction to the *Dictionnaire des Apocryphes*. But this is just what you have in the world,—quantity rather than quality. Do not seek in it impartiality, the critical spirit; in reading it you must do the criticism for yourself; it loves criticism as little as the world loves it. Like the world, it chooses to have things all its own way, to abuse its adversary, to back its own notion through thick and thin, to put forward all the *pros* for its own notion, to suppress all the *contras*; it does just all that the world does, and all that the critical spirit shrinks from. Open the *Dictionnaire des Erreurs Sociales*: "The religious persecutions of Henry the Eighth's and Edward the Sixth's time abated a little in the reign of Mary, to break out again with new fury in the reign of Elizabeth." There is a summary of the history of religious persecution under the

Tudors ! But how unreasonable to reproach the Abbé Migne's work with wanting a criticism, which, by the very nature of things, it cannot have, and not rather to be grateful to it for its abundance, its variety, its infinite suggestiveness, its happy adoption, in many a delicate circumstance, of the urbane tone and temper of the man of the world, instead of the acrid tone and temper of the fanatic !

Still, in spite of their fascinations, the contents of this collection sometimes rouse the critical spirit within one. It happened that lately, after I had been thinking much of Marcus Aurelius and his times, I took down the *Dictionnaire des Origines du Christianisme*, to see what it had to say about paganism and pagans. I found much what I expected. I read the article, *Révélation Évangélique, sa Nécessité*. There I found what a sink of iniquity was the whole pagan world ; how one Roman fed his oysters on his slaves, how another put a slave to death that a curious friend might see what dying was like ; how Galen's mother tore and bit her waiting-women when she was in a passion with them. I found this account of the religion of paganism : " Paganism invented a mob of divinities with the most hateful character, and attributed to them the most monstrous and abominable crimes. It personified in them drunkenness, incest, kidnapping, adultery, sensuality, knavery, cruelty, and rage." And I found that from this religion there followed such practice as was to be expected ; " What must naturally have been the state of morals under the influence of such a religion, which penetrated with its own spirit the public life, the family life, and the individual life of antiquity ? "

The colours in this picture are laid on very thick, and I for my part cannot believe that any human societies, with a religion and practice such as those just described, could ever have endured as the societies of Greece and Rome endured, still less have done what the societies of Greece and Rome did. We are not brought far by descriptions of the vices of great cities, or even of individuals driven mad by unbounded means of self-indulgence. Feudal and aristocratic life in Christendom has produced horrors of selfishness and cruelty not surpassed by the noble of pagan Rome ; and then, again, in antiquity there is Marcus Aurelius's mother to set against Galen's. Eminent examples of vice and virtue in individuals prove little as to the state of societies. What, under the first emperors, was the condition of the Roman poor upon the Aventine compared with that of our poor in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green ? What, in comfort, morals, and happiness, were the rural population of the Sabine country under Augustus's rule, compared with the rural population of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire under the rule of Queen Victoria ?

But these great questions are not for me. Without trying to answer them, I ask myself, when I read such declamation as the foregoing, if I can find anything that will give me a near, distinct sense of the real difference in spirit and sentiment between paganism and Christianity, and of the natural effect of this difference upon people in general. I

take a representative religious poem of paganism,—of the paganism which all the world has in its mind when it speaks of paganism. To be a representative poem, it must be one for popular use, one that the multitude listens to. Such a religious poem may be found at the end of one of the best and happiest of Theocritus's idylls, the fifteenth. In order that the reader may the better go along with me in the line of thought I am following, I will translate it; and, that he may see the medium in which religious poetry of this sort is found existing, the society out of which it grows, the people who form it and are formed by it, I will translate the whole, or nearly the whole, of the idyll (it is not long) in which the poem occurs.

The idyll is dramatic. Somewhere about two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, a couple of Syracusan women, staying at Alexandria, agreed on the occasion of a great religious solemnity, the feast of Adonis, to go together to the palace of King Ptolemy Philadelphus, to see the image of Adonis, which the queen, Arsinoe, Ptolemy's wife, had had decorated with peculiar magnificence. A hymn, by a celebrated performer, was to be recited over the image. The names of the two women are Gorgo and Praxinoe; their maids, who are mentioned in the poem, are called Eunoe and Eutychis. Gorgo comes by appointment to Praxinoe's house to fetch her, and there the dialogue begins:—

*Gorgo.*—Is Praxinoe at home?

*Praxinoe.*—My dear Gorgo, at last! Yes, here I am. Eunoe, find a chair—get a cushion for it.

*Gorgo.*—It will do beautifully as it is.

*Praxinoe.*—Do sit down.

*Gorgo.*—Oh, this gad-about spirit! I could hardly get to you, Praxinoe, through all the crowd and all the carriages. Nothing but heavy boots, nothing but men in uniform. And what a journey it is! My dear child, you really live *too* far off.

*Praxinoe.*—It is all that insane husband of mine. He has chosen to come out here to the end of the world, and take a hole of a place—for a house it is not—on purpose that you and I might not be neighbours. He is always just the same—anything to quarrel with one! anything for spite!

*Gorgo.*—My dear, don't talk so of your husband before the little fellow. Just see how astonished he looks at you. Never mind, Zopyrio, my pet, she is not talking about papa.

*Praxinoe.*—Good heavens! the child does really understand!

*Gorgo.*—Pretty papa!

*Praxinoe.*—That pretty papa of his the other day (though I told him beforehand to mind what he was about), when I sent him to a shop to buy soap and rouge, brought me home salt instead—stupid, great, big, interminable animal!

*Gorgo.*—Mine is just the fellow to him. . . . But never mind now,

get on your things and let us be off to the palace to see the Adonis. I hear the queen's decorations are something splendid.

*Praxinoe.*—In grand people's houses everything is grand. What things you have seen in Alexandria! What a deal you will have to tell to anybody who has never been here!

*Gorgo.*—Come, we ought to be going.

*Praxinoe.*—Every day is holiday to people who have nothing to do. Eunoe, pick up your work; and take care, lazy girl, how you leave it lying about again; the cats find it just the bed they like. Come, stir yourself, fetch me some water, quick. I wanted the water first, and the girl brings me the soap. Never mind; give it me. Not all that, extravagant! Now pour out the water—stupid! why don't you take care of my dress? That will do. I have got my hands washed as it pleased God. Where is the key of the large wardrobe? Bring it here—quick.

*Gorgo.*—Praxinoe, you can't think how well that dress, made full, as you've got it, suits you. Tell me, how much did it cost—the dress by itself, I mean?

*Praxinoe.*—Don't talk of it, Gorgo: more than eight guineas of good hard money. And about the work on it I have almost worn my life out.

*Gorgo.*—Well, you couldn't have done better.

*Praxinoe.*—Thank you. Bring me my shawl, and put my hat properly on my head—properly. No, child (*to her little boy*), I am not going to take you; there's a bogy on horseback, who bites. Cry, as much as you like. I'm not going to have you lamed for life. Now we'll start. Nurse, take the little one and amuse him; call the dog in, and shut the street-door. (*They go out.*) Good heavens! what a crowd of people! How on earth are we ever to get through all this? They are like ants: you can't count them. My dearest Gorgo, what will become of us? here are the royal Horse Guards. My good man, don't ride over me! Look at that bay horse rearing bolt upright; what a vicious one! Eunoe, you mad girl, do take care—that horse will certainly be the death of the man on his back. How glad I am now, that I left the child safe at home!

*Gorgo.*—All right, Praxinoe, we are safe behind them; and they have gone on to where they are stationed.

*Praxinoe.*—Well, yes, I begin to revive again. From the time I was a little girl I have had more horror of horses and snakes than of anything in the world. Let us get on; here's a great crowd coming this way upon us.

*Gorgo (to an old woman).*—Mother, are you from the palace?

*Old Woman.*—Yes, my dears.

*Gorgo.*—Has one a tolerable chance of getting there?

*Old Woman.*—My pretty young lady, the Greeks got to Troy by dint of trying hard; trying will do anything in this world.

*Gorgo.*—The old creature has delivered herself of an oracle and departed.



*Praxinoe*.—Women can tell you everything about everything, Jupiter's marriage with Juno not excepted.

*Gorgo*.—Look, Praxinoe, what a squeeze at the palace gates!

*Praxinoe*.—Tremendous! Take hold of me, Gorgo; and you, Eunoe, take hold of Eutychis—tight hold, or you'll be lost. Here we go in all together. Hold tight to us, Eunoe. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Gorgo, there's my scarf torn right in two. For heaven's sake, my good man, as you hope to be saved, take care of my dress!

*Stranger*.—I'll do what I can, but it doesn't depend upon me.

*Praxinoe*.—What heaps of people! They push like a drove of pigs.

*Stranger*.—Don't be frightened, ma'am, we are all right.

*Praxinoe*.—May you be all right, my dear sir, to the last day you live, for the care you have taken of us. What a kind, considerate man! There is Eunoe jammed in a squeeze. Push, you goose, push. Capital! We are all of us the right side of the door, as the bridegroom said when he had locked himself in with the bride.

*Gorgo*.—Praxinoe, come this way. Do but look at that work, how delicate it is—how exquisite! Why, they might wear it in heaven.

*Praxinoe*.—Heavenly patroness of needlewomen, what hands were hired to do that work? Who designed those beautiful patterns? They seem to stand up and move about, as if they were real—as if they were living things, and not needlework. Well, man is a wonderful creature! And look, look, how charming he lies there on his silver couch, with just a soft down on his cheeks, that beloved Adonis—Adonis, whom one loves, even though he is dead!

*Another Stranger*.—You wretched women, do stop your incessant chatter! Like turtles, you go on for ever. They are enough to kill one with their broad lingo—nothing but *ā, ā, ā*.

*Gorgo*.—Lord, where does the man come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Order about your own servants. Do you give orders to Syracusan women? If you want to know, we came originally from Corinth, as Bellerophon did; we speak Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorian women may be allowed to have a Dorian accent.

*Praxinoe*.—Oh, honey-sweet Proserpine, let us have no more masters than the one we've got! We don't the least care for *you*; pray don't trouble yourself for nothing.

*Gorgo*.—Be quiet, Praxinoe! That first-rate singer, the Argive woman's daughter, is going to sing the *Adonis* hymn. She is the same who was chosen to sing the dirge last year. We are sure to have something first-rate from *her*. She is going through her airs and graces ready to begin.

So far the dialogue; and, as it stands in the original, it can hardly be praised too highly. It is a page torn fresh out of the book of human life. What freedom! What animation! What gaiety! What naturalness! It is said that Theocritus, in composing this poem, borrowed from a work of Sopliron, a poet of an earlier and better time; but, even if this is so, the form is still Theocritus's own, and how excellent is

that form, how masterly ! And this in a Greek poem of the decadence ; for Theocritus's poetry, after all, is poetry of the decadence. When such is Greek poetry of the decadence, what must be Greek poetry of the prime ?

Then the singer begins her hymn :—

“ Mistress, who lovest the haunts of Golgi, and Idalium, and high-peaked Eryx, Aphrodite that playest with gold ! how have the delicate-footed Hours, after twelve months, brought thy Adonis back to thee from the ever-flowing Acheron ! Tardiest of the immortals are the boon Hours, but all mankind wait their approach with longing, for they ever bring something with them. O Cypris, Dione's child ! thou didst change—so is the story among men—Berenice from mortal to immortal, by dropping ambrosia into her fair bosom ; and in gratitude to thee for this, O thou of many names and many temples ! Berenice's daughter, Arsinoe, lovely Helen's living counterpart, makes much of Adonis, with all manner of braveries.

“ All fruits that the tree bears are laid before him, all treasures of the garden in silver baskets, and alabaster boxes, gold-inlaid, of Syrian spikenard ; and all confectionery that cunning women make on their kneading-tray, kneading up every sort of flowers with white meal, and all that they make of sweet honey and of delicate oil, and all winged and creeping things are here set before him. And there are built for him green bowers with wealth of tender anise, and little boy-loves flutter about over them, like young nightingales trying their new wings on the tree, from bough to bough. Oh, the ebony, the gold, the eagle of white ivory that bears aloft his cup-bearer to Kronos-born Zeus ! And up there, see, a second couch strewn for lovely Adonis, scarlet coverlets softer than sleep itself (so Miletus and the Samian wool-grower will say) ; Cypris has hers, and the rosy-armed Adonis has his, that eighteen or nineteen-year-old bridegroom. His kisses will not wound, the hair on his lip is yet light.

“ Now, Cypris, good-night, we leave thee with thy bridegroom ; but to-morrow morning, with the earliest dew, we will one and all bear him forth to where the waves plash upon the sea-strand, and letting loose our locks, and letting fall our robes, with bosoms bare, we will set up this, our melodious strain :

“ ‘ Beloved Adonis, alone of the demigods (so men say) thou art permitted to visit both us and Acheron. This lot had neither Agamemnon, nor the mighty moon-struck hero Ajax, nor Hector the first-born of Hecuba's twenty children, nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus who came home from Troy, nor those yet earlier Lapithæ and the sons of Deucalion, nor the Pelasgians, the root of Argos and of Pelops' isle. Be gracious to us now, loved Adonis, and be favourable to us for the year to come ! Dear to us hast thou been at this coming, dear to us shalt thou be when thou comest again.’ ”

The poem concludes with a characteristic speech from Gorgo :—

“ Praxinoe, certainly women are wonderful things. That lucky woman to know all that ! and luckier still to have such a splendid voice ! And

now we must see about getting home. My husband has not had his dinner. That man is all vinegar, and nothing else, and if you keep him waiting for his dinner, he's dangerous to go near. Adieu, precious Adonis, and may you find us all well when you come next year ! ”

So, with the hymn still in her ears, says the incorrigible Gorgo.

But what a hymn that is ! Of religious emotion, in our acceptation of the words, and of the comfort springing from religious emotion, not a particle. And yet many elements of religious emotion are contained in the beautiful story of Adonis. Symbolically treated, as the thoughtful man might treat it, as the Greek mysteries undoubtedly treated it, this story was capable of a noble and touching application, and could lead the soul to elevating and consoling thoughts. Adonis was the sun in his summer and in his winter course, in his time of triumph and his time of defeat; but in his time of triumph still moving towards his defeat, in his time of defeat still returning towards his triumph. Thus he became an emblem of the power of life and the bloom of beauty, the power of human life and the bloom of human beauty, hastening inevitably to diminution and decay, yet in that very decay finding

Hope, and a renovation without end.

But nothing of this appears in the story as prepared for popular religious use, as presented to the multitude in a popular religious ceremony. Its treatment is not devoid of a certain grace and beauty, but it has nothing whatever that is elevating, nothing that is consoling, nothing that is in our sense of the word religious. The religious ceremonies of Christendom, even on occasion of the most joyful and mundane matters, present the multitude with strains of profoundly religious character, such as the *Kyrie eleison* and the *Te Deum*. But this Greek hymn to Adonis adapts itself exactly to the tone and temper of a gay and pleasure-loving multitude—of light-hearted people, like Gorgo and Praxinoe, whose moral nature is much of the same calibre as that of Phillina in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, people who seem never made to be serious, never made to be sick or sorry. And, if they happen to be sick or sorry, what will they do then? But that we have no right to ask. Phillina, within the enchanted bounds of Goethe's novel, Gorgo and Praxinoe, within the enchanted bounds of Theocritus's poem, never will be sick and sorry, never can be sick and sorry. The ideal, cheerful, sensuous, pagan life is not sick or sorry. No; yet its natural end is in the sort of life which Pompeii and Herculaneum bring so vividly before us; a life which by no means in itself suggests the thought of horror and misery, which even, in many ways, gratifies the senses and the understanding; but by the very intensity and unremittingness of its appeal to the senses and the understanding, by its stimulating a single side of us too absolutely, ends by fatiguing and revolting us; ends by leaving us with a sense of tightness, of oppression, with a desire for an utter change, for clouds, storms, effusion and relief.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the clouds and storms

had come, when the gay sensuous pagan life was gone, when men were not living by the senses and understanding, when they were looking for the speedy coming of Antichrist, there appeared in Italy, to the north of Rome, in the beautiful Umbrian country at the foot of the Apennines, a figure of the most magical power and charm, St. Francis. His century is, I think, the most interesting in the history of Christianity after its primitive age; more interesting than even the century of the Reformation; and one of the chief figures, perhaps the very chief, to which this interest attaches itself, is St. Francis. And why? Because of the profound popular instinct which enabled him, more than any man since the primitive age, to fit religion for popular use. He brought religion to the people. He founded the most popular body of ministers of religion that has ever existed in the Church. He transformed monachism by uprooting the stationary monk, delivering him from the bondage of property, and sending him, as a mendicant friar, to be a stranger and sojourner, not in the wilderness, but in the most crowded haunts of men, to console them and to do them good. This popular interest of his is at the bottom of his famous marriage with poverty. Poverty and suffering are the condition of the people, the multitude, the immense majority of mankind, and it was towards this *people* that his soul yearned. "He listens," it was said of him, "to those to whom God himself will not listen."

So in return, as no other man he was listened to. When an Umbrian town or village heard of his approach, the whole population went out in joyful procession to meet him, with green boughs, flags, music, and songs of gladness. The master, who began with two disciples, could in his own lifetime (and he died at forty-four) collect to keep Whitsuntide with him, in presence of an immense multitude, five thousand of his Minorites. He found fulfilment to his prophetic cry: "I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of all the nations who shall come unto us; Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen. The Lord will make of us a great people, even unto the ends of the earth."

Prose could not satisfy this ardent soul, and he made poetry. Latin was too learned for this simple, popular nature, and he composed in his mother tongue, in Italian. The beginnings of the mundane poetry of the Italians are in Sicily, at the court of kings; the beginnings of their religious poetry are in Umbria, with St. Francis. His are the humble upper waters of a mighty stream; at the beginning of the thirteenth century it is St. Francis, at the end, Dante. Now it happens that St. Francis, too, like the Alexandrian songstress, has his hymn for the sun, for Adonis; *Canticle of the Sun*, *Canticle of the Creatures*, the poem goes by both names. Like the Alexandrian hymn, it is designed for popular use, but not for use by King Ptolemy's people; artless in language, irregular in rhythm, it matches with the childlike genius that produced it, and the simple natures that loved and repeated it.

"O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honour, and all blessing.

“Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendour; O Lord, he signifies to us thee.

“Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

“Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

“Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

“Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

“Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colours, and grass.

“Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure; for thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

“Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body; from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

“Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto him, and serve him with great humility.”

It is natural that man should take pleasure in his senses. It is natural, also, that he should take refuge in his heart and imagination from his misery. When one thinks what human life is for the vast majority of mankind, how little of a feast for their senses it can possibly be, one understands the charm for them of a refuge offered in the heart and imagination. Above all, when one thinks what human life was in the Middle Ages, one understands the charm of such a refuge.

Now, the poetry of Theocritus's hymn is poetry treating the world according to the demand of the senses; the poetry of St. Francis's hymn is poetry treating the world according to the demand of the heart and imagination. The first takes the world by its outward, sensible side; the second by its inward, symbolical side. The first admits as much of the world as is pleasure-giving, the second admits the whole world, rough and smooth, painful and pleasure-giving, all alike, but all transfigured by the power of a spiritual emotion, all brought under a law of supernatural love, having its seat in the soul. It can thus even say: “Praised be my Lord for *our sister, the death of the body.*”

But these very words are an indication that we are touching upon an extreme. When we see Pompeii, we can put our finger upon the pagan sentiment in its extreme. And when we read of Monte Alverno and the *stigmata*, when we read of the repulsive, because self-caused, sufferings of the end of St. Francis's life, when we find him saying: “I have sinned

against my brother the ass," meaning by these words that he had been too hard upon his own body, when we find him doubting "whether he who had destroyed himself by the severity of his penances could find mercy in eternity," we can put our finger on the mediæval Christian sentiment in its extreme. Human nature is neither all senses and understanding, nor all heart and imagination. Pompeii was a sign that for humanity at large the measure of sensualism had been over-passed; St. Francis's doubt was a sign that for humanity at large the measure of spiritualism had been over-passed. Humanity, in its violent rebound from one extreme, had swung from Pompeii to Monte Alverno; but it was sure not to stay there.

The Renaissance is, in part, a return towards the pagan spirit, in the special sense in which I have been using the word pagan; a return towards the life of the senses and the understanding. The Reformation, on the other hand, is the very opposite to this; in Luther there is nothing Greek or pagan; vehemently as he attacked the adoration of St. Francis, Luther had himself something of St. Francis in him; he was a thousand times more akin to St. Francis than to Theocritus or to Voltaire. The real Reformation, Luther's Reformation, the German Reformation, was a reaction of the moral and spiritual sense against the carnal and pagan sense; it was a religious revival like St. Francis's, but this time against the Church of Rome, not within her; for the carnal and pagan sense had now, in the government of the Church of Rome herself, its prime representative. The grand reaction against the rule of the heart and imagination, the strong return towards the rule of the senses and understanding, is in the eighteenth century. And this reaction has had no more brilliant champion than a man of the nineteenth, of whom I have already spoken here; a man who could feel not only the pleasureableness but the poetry of the life of the senses (and the life of the senses has its deep poetry); a man who, in his very last poem, divided the whole world into "barbarians and Greeks,"—Henrich Heine. No man has reproached the Monte Alverno extreme in sentiment, the Christian extreme, the heart and imagination subjugating the senses and understanding, more bitterly than Heine; no man has extolled the Pompeii extreme, the pagan extreme, more rapturously.

"All through the Middle Age these sufferings, this fever, this over-tension lasted; and we moderns still feel in all our limbs the pain and weakness from them. Even those of us who are cured have still to live with a hospital-atmosphere all round us, and find ourselves as wretched in it as a strong man among the sick. Some day or other, when humanity shall have got quite well again, when the body and soul shall have made their peace together, the factitious quarrel which Christianity has cooked up between them will appear something hardly comprehensible. The fairer and happier generations, offspring of unfettered unions, that will rise up and bloom in the atmosphere of a religion of pleasure, will smile sadly when they think of their poor ancestors, whose life was passed in melancholy abstinence from the joys of this beautiful earth, and who

faded away into spectres, from the mortal compression which they put upon the warm and glowing emotions of sense. Yes, with assurance I say it, our descendants will be fairer and happier than we are ; for I am a believer in progress, and I hold God to be a kind being who has intended man to be happy."

That is Heine's sentiment, in the prime of life, in the glow of activity, amid the brilliant whirl of Paris. I will no more blame it than I blamed the sentiment of the Greek hymn to Adonis. I wish to decide nothing as of my own authority ; the great art of criticism is to get oneself out of the way and to let humanity decide. Well, the sentiment of the "religion of pleasure" has much that is natural in it; humanity will gladly accept it if it can live by it; to live by it one must never be sick or sorry, and the old, ideal, limited, pagan world never, I have said, *was* sick or sorry, never at least shows itself to us sick or sorry :

What pipes and timbrels! what wild ecstasy!

For our imagination, Gorgo and Praxinoc cross the human stage chattering in their blithe Doric—*like turtles*, as the cross stranger said—and keep gaily chattering on till they disappear. But in the new, real, immense, post-pagan world, in the barbarian world, the shock of accident is unceasing, the serenity of existence is perpetually troubled, not even a Greek like Heine can get across the mortal stage without bitter calamity. How does the sentiment of the "religion of pleasure" serve then? does it help, does it console? Can a man live by it? Heine again shall answer; Heine just twenty years older, stricken with incurable disease, waiting for death:—

"The great pot stands smoking before me, but I have no spoon to help myself. What does it profit me that my health is drunk at banquets out of gold cups and in the most exquisite wines, if I myself, while these ovations are going on, lonely and cut off from the pleasures of the world, can only just wet my lips with barley-water? What good does it do me that all the roses of Shiraz open their leaves and burn for me with passionate tenderness? Alas! Shiraz is some two thousand leagues from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where in the solitude of my sick chamber all the perfume I smell is that of hot towels. Alas! the mockery of God is heavy upon me! The great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, has determined to make the petty earthly author, the so-called Aristophanes of Germany, feel to his heart's core what pitiful needle-pricks his cleverest sarcasms have been, compared with the thunderbolts which his divine humour can launch against feeble mortals! . . . .

"In the year, 1840, says the 'Chronicle of Limburg,' all over Germany everybody was strumming and humming certain songs more lovely and delightful than any which had ever yet been known in German countries; and all people, old and young, the women particularly, were perfectly mad about them, so that from morning till night you heard nothing else. Only, the 'Chronicle' adds, the author of these songs happened to be a young clerk afflicted with leprosy, and living apart from all

the world in a desolate place. The excellent reader does not require to be told how horrible a complaint was leprosy in the Middle Ages, and how the poor wretches who had this incurable plague were banished from society, and had to keep at a distance from every human being. Like living corpses, in a grey gown reaching down to the feet, and with the hood brought over their face, they went about, carrying in their hands an enormous rattle, called Saint Lazarus's rattle. With this rattle they gave notice of their approach, that every one might have time to get out of their way. This poor clerk, then, whose poetical gift the 'Limburg Chronicle' extols, was a leper, and he sat moping in the dismal deserts of his misery, whilst all Germany, gay and tuneful, was praising his songs.

"Sometimes, in my sombre visions of the night, I imagine that I see before me the poor leprosy-stricken clerk of the 'Limburg Chronicle,' and from under his grey hood his distressed eyes look out upon one in a fixed and strange fashion ; but the next instant he disappears, and I hear dying away in the distance, like the echo of a dream, the dull creak of Saint Lazarus's rattle."

We have come a long way from Theocritus there ; the expression of that has nothing of the clear, positive, happy pagan character ; it has much more the character of one of the indeterminate grotesques of the suffering Middle Age. Profoundness and power it has, though at the same time it is not truly poetical ; it is not natural enough for that, there is too much waywardness in it, too much bravado. But as a condition of sentiment to be popular, to be a comfort for the mass of mankind, under the pressure of calamity, to live by, what a manifest failure is this last word of the religion of pleasure ! One man in many millions, a Heine, may console himself and keep himself erect in suffering by a colossal irony of this sort, by covering himself and the universe with the red fire of this sinister mockery ; but the many millions cannot—cannot if they would. That is where the sentiment of a religion of sorrow has such a vast advantage over the sentiment of a religion of pleasure, in its power to be a general, popular, religious sentiment, a stay for the mass of mankind, whose lives are full of hardship. It really succeeds in conveying far more joy, far more of what the mass of mankind are so much without, than its rival. I do not mean joy in prospect only, but joy in possession, actual enjoyment of the world. Mediæval Christianity is reproached with its gloom and austerities ; it assigns the material world, says Heine, to the devil. But yet what a fulness of delight does St. Francis manage to draw from this material world itself, and from its commonest and most universally enjoyed elements—sun, air, earth, water, plants ! His hymn expresses a far more cordial sense of happiness, even in the material world, than the hymn of Theocritus. It is this which made the fortune of mediæval Christianity—its gladness, not its sorrow ; not its assigning the spiritual world to Christ and the material world to the devil, but its drawing from the spiritual world a source of joy so abundant that it ran over upon the material world and transfigured it.



I have said a great deal of harm of paganism; and, taking paganism to mean a state of things which it is commonly taken to mean, and which did really exist, no more harm than it well deserved. Yet I must not end without reminding the reader that before this state of things appeared, there was an epoch in Greek life—in pagan life—of the highest possible beauty and value; an epoch which alone goes far towards making Greece the Greece we mean when we speak of Greece,—a country hardly less important to mankind than Judæa. The poetry of later paganism lived by the senses and understanding; the poetry of mediæval Christianity lived by the heart and imagination. But the main element of the modern spirit's life is neither the senses and understanding, nor the heart and imagination; it is the imaginative reason. And there is a century in Greek life,—the century preceding the Peloponnesian war, from about the year 530 B.C. to about the year 430,—in which poetry made, it seems to me, the noblest, the most successful effort she has ever made as the priestess of the imaginative reason, of the element by which the modern spirit, if it would live right, has chiefly to live. Of this effort, of which the four great names are Simonides, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, I must not now attempt more than the bare mention; but it is right, it is necessary, after all I have said, to indicate it. No doubt that effort was imperfect. Perhaps everything, take it at what point in its existence you will, carries within itself the fatal law of its own ulterior development. Perhaps, even of the life of Pindar's time, Pompeii was the inevitable bourne. Perhaps the life of their beautiful Greece could not afford to its poets all that fulness of varied experience, all that power of emotion, which

. . . . the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world

affords to the poet of after-times. Perhaps in Sophocles the thinking-power a little overbalances the religious sense, as in Dante the religious sense overbalances the thinking-power. The present has to make its own poetry, and not even Sophocles and his compeers, any more than Dante and Shakespeare, are enough for it. That I will not dispute. But no other poets so well show to the poetry of the present the way it must take; no other poets have lived so much by the imaginative reason; no other poets have made their work so well balanced; no other poets, who have so well satisfied the thinking-power, have so well satisfied the religious sense.

“Oh, that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that in the highest empyrean had their birth, of which Heaven is the father alone, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep. The power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old.”

Let Theocritus or St. Francis beat that!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## On Words best Left Unsaid.

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IN Walter Savage Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia* there occurs the following little passage: "My opinion is, that what is best for us is our admiration of good;" one of many excellent observations in a very charming book. And not only the best, but by far the pleasantest thing for us too, one would be inclined to think, this same admiration for what is good, if one were not met by the melancholy fact that for a single chivalrous heart content, after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, to devote a lifetime of generous patience to the rehabilitation of a Bacon, one sees hundreds who appear only to exist for the strange pleasure of "lending a hand at undoing."

Yet when the charmed hours have gone by unheeded in the delighted perusal of such books as Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*, Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving*, and Lewes's *Goethe* (where, in spite of a strong vein of enthusiastic partiality, all the many sides of the complicated human machine are given with tolerable fairness, and the reader left, according to his own lights, to piece together the character of the man described), one wonders where can be found the market for the biographical notices of distinguished persons which occasionally come before the world, and in which there does not appear to exist the trace of a belief in any one great quality of their nature in any even accidental good action of their lives, or even in any occasional fine movement of their hearts; and one can but marvel how, in such cases, the ungrateful task should ever have been undertaken.

What could be more painful than the mention made of Nelson in Mrs. Trench's diary? And if after the lapse of years this brief, incidental, but deplorable notice was so unspeakably disagreeable, what shall be said of the more important articles that, at different times, have made their appearance in various reviews upon Rossini still living—and whose sensitiveness to the opinion of his fellow creatures may well have been stung by the picture given of him to the world?

I came, not very long ago, upon a biographical sketch of his life, in which every quality, great or small, the possession of which makes men to be respected when living, and honoured when dead, was denied to him. Intriguing, unscrupulous, irretrievably false, irredeemably base, and of an envious jealousy, that rendered him incapable of appreciating or allowing the merit of any other man; these are the chief characteristics of the portrait drawn of him in a very generally read journal; and while numberless degrading anecdotes (raked from what miry sources Heaven only knows!) were brought in evidence of these various accusa-

tions, not one was recollected that could tell of happier moments of his mind. Yet one would think that, over so large a space of existence, there must have shone some occasional ray, however faint, of a diviner light, for the benefit of such of his biographers as did not close their eyes against it.

Some few years back, before he went to Paris, where he is now permanently established, I, who am writing this, had the fortunate chance of seeing a good deal of him; he had been for a long while ill, and was then in an altogether deplorable condition of both mind and body: yet even under these adverse circumstances, how charming his company was!

A shrewd observer—a brilliant satirist—in his manner courteous and kind—his judgments full of a fine discrimination and the wisest common sense—his conversation brimming over with fancies the wildest, wittiest, and most humorous—what dazzling company it was! A burning, shining light, not to be extinguished by suffering, or subdued even by the forlorn aspect of a hired lodging in an Italian country town, and the incessant attendance of three medical men.

For a certain droll happiness of expression, I have never seen his equal. Latterly, among the many musical burdens which his eminent position in the artistic world compels him to carry, there arrived at his house an unfortunate gentleman, with musical glasses (finger glasses) so harmoniously tuned together, as to admit a fatal possibility of executing upon them the well-known "*Dal tuo stellato soglio*"—the famous prayer from the *Mosè in Egitto*—of the great master himself; a tribute the luckless performer thought certain to touch the heart and propitiate the vanity of the composer. Rossini, driven beyond all bounds of patience by the abomination of the thing, fled into another apartment, followed by some of his friends, who for a little while endeavoured in vain to persuade him to return. At length, upon its being represented to him that the poor professor's feelings would be wounded by his prolonged absence during the performance, he said, with an accent of profound melancholy, "*C'est bon—c'est bon—je reviendrai aussitôt que ce monsieur aura fini de rincer ma prière.*"

Who that heard it can ever forget the humorous description he gave one evening of a certain carnival season, during the whole of which he assiduously attended every masked ball that took place, for the sole pleasure of contemplating a stout middle-aged English gentleman who never missed one of them, who was there from the first note to the last of each; who never, on any one occasion, opened his lips to a living soul; and who was never once himself addressed by a single human creature; but who continued to prosper, night after night, in a state of mysterious but perfect contentment, attired as Harlequin?

Nothing can be less true than that Rossini does not do proper justice to the genius of other composers. As a general rule, he has less sympathy with German than with Italian art, but this is simply a matter of national feeling; and he is far too great himself not to know what is great in others,

though their manner may not be his. He is familiar with the works of all the most eminent German masters, and used frequently to speak with delight of Weber, whose abundant flow of clear melody appealed strongly to his southern organization.

On one occasion, happening to mention some music which had been executed at my house on the previous evening, he inquired what we had sung.

"Something of Rossini's," said I.

"Do not sing that music, it is out of date!" he answered, with a gentle irony. "And what beside?"

"Something of Mendelssohn's," I replied.

"Then you sang something that was beautiful, and distinguished, and tender, and delicate," was his immediate observation; the warmest and readiest acknowledgment of the genius of another man, evidently entirely sincere, from the admirable spontaneous selection of the particular epithets used, and a very sufficient refutation of the stupid calumny which would deny to a man of his brains (putting the question as one of mere intelligence) the capability of admiring the work of any other master.

On another occasion, when I was spending the evening at his house, an animated conversation arose, in which the unavoidable and desirable necessity of lying in all its various forms was advocated by the whole society; and to cringe, intrigue, flatter, and deceive, was unanimously declared to be the obvious and inevitable duty of every one who meant to find his proper place, and hold it, in the world. The grand argument was, that as no one could or would endure the truth, there was nothing left for it but to lie, if one did not wish to see one's friends converted into deadliest enemies. I mentioned the circumstance of a man who, at a single sitting, had sung me twelve of his own compositions, one more hideous than other, to whom I had honestly told my mind, and who had remained my fast friend nevertheless. Rossini immediately capped this with a whimsical description of a visit which he had once received from a gentleman who had brought an opera with him: "As he told me," said Rossini, "for the sincere expression of my opinion, the advantage of my criticism, and, above all, for the benefit of my suggestions. He lied himself when he said it: what he wanted was what they all want—not at all one's opinion, but one's unqualified approval. We put the music on the piano, and he began—I listened with patience to some twenty pages, and then—'You wish me to be really sincere?' said I, and I pointed out a passage that was more particularly objectionable than the rest. He hardly gave me time to speak—'Dear master,' he replied, 'I think if you will only reconsider the page which precedes, you must see that the passage you condemn is a strictly necessary consequence.' 'If it is necessary, let us speak of it no more,' said I, and proceeded. After a little while, I ventured to indicate some slight modification of another part which called loudly for correction. 'But,' said he, 'dear master, if you will only give one glance at the page which follows, I am sure you will

perceive that this is absolutely essential, and that any alteration here would ruin the whole effect.' 'If it would ruin the effect,' said I, 'of course it is not to be thought of'—and we went on: at last it became wearisome, so I shut the book, and said to him, 'Mio caro signore, questa vostra musica è la musica la più — (a vigorous Italian adjective, for which he had the grace to beg our pardon), 'ch'io abbia mai sentito in vita mia.' 'Eh bien, ce monsieur ne m'a jamais plus aimé!'"\* he added, in a plaintive voice, and looking round upon us with a kind of mild surprise that made us all die of laughing.

There was abundance of droll and clever talk among that small knot of unscrupulous Italians, as, half in jest, half in earnest, they propped their pleasant little theory of falsehood. But the whole thing by degrees grew to be very dreary and ugly; and, drearier than all the rest, the master himself, bowed down with pain and sickness, pacing backwards and forwards in the midst of us, and stopping every now and then to place some felicitous cynical remark, or to tell some irresistibly humorous story entirely to the honour of the father of lies. At last, as he came up to the end of the room where I sat, and was preparing to turn, I stopped him, and asked whether he supposed that Felix Mendelssohn had achieved his earthly honours through cringing, lying, or baseness of any sort?

"Ah, let us not speak of him!" he said, immediately becoming serious; and then added, with the deepest feeling, "Mendelssohn was an angel on the earth."

This was no tribute of his intelligence to genius, but the loving acknowledgment of something nobler and better still—the single nature of one of the purest-hearted of men.

One day when he was calling upon us, a lady came in who had been a professional singer, but who had long since left the stage, and was now among the most constant of his visitors and devoted of his admirers.

"How well I remember you at Bologna, with your father," he said; "that was years ago. You never once came to see me then, though. All the other prime donne used to come; why didn't you?"

"Because they did," she replied. "You were all-potent there then, and you might have fancied I came for the use you could be of to me; now I no longer need you, and when I come I know you are sure that only respect and pure gratitude bring me." He burst into tears, and, taking both her hands, exclaimed, "Oh cara, cuori così non si trovano più in questo mondo—no, non si trovano più!" †

What thieves the man must have fallen among to be so overcome by a simple expression of disinterested regard!

I have seen Rossini's eyes fill with tears at the beauty of a little child,

\* "My dear sir, this music of yours is the most — music that I ever heard in the whole course of my life.' Well, that gentleman never loved me any more afterwards."

† "Ah, my dear, such hearts are to be found no more in this world—no, they are to be found no more!"

and although this manifestation of emotion may possibly have indicated nothing of much greater value than a rather refined degree of artistic sensibility, those dews of tenderness might have blazed out as jewels of virtue from the midst of the collection of dismal anecdotes which his biographers have cared to treasure up against him.

Another very hopeless piece of private history is the *Life of Mademoiselle Rachel*, which I met with in a country house the other day, and took up to my room to read, as my custom is, before going to sleep at night; and as I read I could not help wondering what could have been the temptation, artistic or other, for laying bare to the world such dry and cheerless details of any human soul, and how any one who had ever thrilled with the terrible grace of her "Roxane," or been haunted by the woe-begone pathos of her "Oh, mon cher Curiace!" should not have shrunk back from the act, as from one almost of ingratitude. The book recalled very vividly to my mind a circumstance which I had almost forgotten, but which at the time made a considerable impression upon me, and, as our French neighbours say, "gave me to think."

Some years ago, when Mademoiselle Rachel was trying the climate of Egypt as a sort of forlorn hope during the fatal illness which deprived the world of an unrivalled artist, she suddenly sent directions to Paris for the sale of her furniture and of the small hotel in which she had resided. I was living in Paris at the time, and having been told by some one who had been to see the rooms, of a certain wonderful Italian cabinet, went to ascertain whether it might be likely to suit the dimensions of my purse, and of an apartment I was just then engaged in furnishing. There was a curious want of taste apparent in every detail of the decoration of the house. Rachel's costumes upon the stage had always been so admirably devised, that one would have imagined that some trace of the artistic feeling which had guided her so successfully in this minor branch of her art, would probably again be found in the objects by which she had lived surrounded. But no; there were many costly things, hardly any beautiful ones; and all looked too large for the places they occupied, and as if in the selection of them their money value had been the only matter taken into consideration. On looking at them, one came to the conclusion that her perfect theatrical dresses were probably not the work of her own fancy, but invented for her by some clever painter among her friends. The house was a miniature compendium of discomfort; the rooms as stuffy, small, and low as the ladies' cabin of a small steamer; and the ceilings and walls overlaid in every direction with massive gilding that looked heavy enough to pull them down; on the chimney-piece in the tiny drawing-room stood some colossal candelabra with gigantic branches, which would hardly have looked small upon the Place de la Concorde. The only article of real beauty in the way of furniture, was the ebony cabinet I had gone to see, which had been banished to a loge in the entrance court just opposite the concierge's den, where persons who

came upon business were made to wait until the great actress chose to be visible.

Everything was just as she had left it, for the poor thing had gone off, they said, almost at a moment's notice; and it was painful to see the crowd carelessly handling the little intimate knick-knacks, so worthless and withal perhaps so precious, which were lying about in every direction, and which, in that desperate flight for life into a warmer air, had been forgotten and left behind. There was nothing the women of the party did not pry into and overhaul; even unhooking the family miniatures from the wall for more minute inspection, in spite of the information gratuitously tendered by the concierge that "those were not to be included in the sale."

Rather annoyed by the clamorous remarks and somewhat indecorous curiosity of my fellow sight-seers, I let the string of visitors proceed upstairs to the rooms upon the second floor, before I made my way into a little dark hole leading out of the drawing-room, which I had heard my noisy predecessors dignify by the high-sounding title of the *Boudoir Chinois*. It was an absolute hole, and so pitch dark, that I was for some minutes in it before my eyes were able to distinguish a Chinese paper, with birds and flowers upon it, and one or two little brackets supporting Chinese pots, which stood in the angles of the walls, and in virtue of which I suppose the room obtained its name. I was just preparing to go upstairs, when a bust in white marble, which stood upon the chimney-piece, attracted my attention; the head was of a young and handsome man, with a shortish beard divided into two points, and round the neck there hung a rosary—forgotten like so many other things in the distress of that departure. I was greatly struck by this detail, and waited impatiently for the return of the concierge, whom I heard conveying the other party to the door.

At last he came, and anxious to ascertain on which of her adorers poor Rachel had left this singular necklace hanging, I immediately inquired—"De qui est ce buste?"

"C'est de Canova," was the reply.

"Mais de qui est-ce le portrait?" I persisted, under the impression that the man did not know what he was speaking about.

"C'est le portrait du Christ."

The ebony cabinet was too large for my room, and I left the house somewhat bewildered with the confusion of ideas created by the curious assemblage of heterogeneous objects I had seen there, and strangely moved by the remembrance of that image of our blessed Lord in Rachel's Chinese boudoir with the poor dying Jewess's rosary hung about his neck. Surely when nothing can be added to a great name, it might be permitted to lie still.

## The Small House at Allington.

### CHAPTER LVIII.

#### THE FATE OF THE SMALL HOUSE.



HERE was something in the tone of Mrs. Dale's voice, as she desired her daughter to come up to the house, and declared that her budget of news should be opened there, which at once silenced Lily's assumed pleasantries. Her mother had been away fully two hours, during which Lily had still continued her walk round the garden, till at last she had become impatient for her mother's footstep. Something serious must have been said between her uncle and her mother during those long two hours. The interviews to which Mrs. Dale was occasionally summoned at the Great House did not

usually exceed twenty minutes, and the upshot would be communicated to the girls in a turn or two round the garden; but in the present instance Mrs. Dale positively declined to speak till she was seated within the house.

"Did he come over on purpose to see you, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe so. He wished to see you, too; but I asked his permission to postpone that till after I had talked to you."

"To see me, mamma? About what?"

"To kiss you, and bid you love him; solely for that. He has not a word to say to you that will vex you."

"Then I will kiss him, and love him too."

"Yes, you will when I have told you all. I have promised him solemnly to give up all idea of going to Guestwick. So that is over."

"Oh, oh! And we may begin to unpack at once? What an episode in one's life!"



"We may certainly unpack, for I have pledged myself to him; and he is to go into Guestwick himself and arrange about the lodgings."

"Does Hopkins know it?"

"I should think not yet."

"Nor Mrs. Boyce! Mamma, I don't believe I shall be able to survive this next week. We shall look such fools! I'll tell you what we'll do;—it will be the only comfort I can have;—we'll go to work and get everything back into its place before Bell comes home, so as to surprise her."

"What! in two days?"

"Why not? I'll make Hopkins come and help, and then he'll not be so bad. I'll begin at once and go to the blankets and beds, because I can undo them myself."

"But I haven't half told you all; and, indeed, I don't know how to make you understand what passed between us. He is very unhappy about Bernard; Bernard has determined to go abroad, and may be away for years."

"One can hardly blame a man for following up his profession."

"There was no blaming. He only said that it was very sad for him that, in his old age, he should be left alone. This was before there was any talk about our remaining. Indeed he seemed determined not to ask that again as a favour. I could see that in his eye, and I understood it from his tone. He went on to speak of you and Bell, saying how well he loved you both; but that, unfortunately, his hopes regarding you had not been fulfilled."

"Ah, but he shouldn't have had hopes of that sort."

"Listen, my dear, and I think that you will not feel angry with him. He said that he felt his house had never been pleasant to you. Then there followed words which I could not repeat, even if I could remember them. He said much about myself, regretting that the feeling between us had not been more kindly. 'But my heart,' he said, 'has ever been kinder than my words.' Then I got up from where I was seated, and going over to him, I told him that we would remain here."

"And what did he say?"

"I don't know what he said. I know that I was crying and that he kissed me. It was the first time in his life. I know that he was pleased,—beyond measure pleased. After a while he became animated, and talked of doing ever so many things. He promised that very painting of which you spoke."

"Ah, yes, I knew it; and Hopkins will be here with the peas before dinner-time to-morrow, and Dingles with his shoulders smothered with rabbits. And then Mrs. Boyce! Mamma, he didn't think of Mrs. Boyce; or, in very charity of heart, he would still have maintained his sadness."

"Then he did not think of her; for when I left him he was not at all sad. But I haven't told you half yet."

"Dear me, mamma; was there more than that?"

"And I've told it all wrong; for what I've got to tell now was said before a word was spoken about the house. He brought it in just after what he said about Bernard. He said that Bernard would, of course, be his heir."

"Of course he will."

"And that he should think it wrong to encumber the property with any charges for you girls."

"Mamma, did any one ever——"

"Stop, Lily, stop; and make your heart kinder towards him if you can."

"It is kind; only I hate to be told that I'm not to have a lot of money, as though I had ever shown a desire for it. I have never envied Bernard his man-servant, or his maid-servant, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his. To tell the truth I didn't even wish it to be Bell's, because I knew well that there was somebody she would like a great deal better than ever she could like Bernard."

"I shall never get to the end of my story."

"Yes, you will, mamma, if you persevere."

"The long and the short of it is this, that he has given Bell three thousand pounds, and has given you three thousand also."

"But why me, mamma?" said Lily, and the colour of her cheeks became red as she spoke. There should if possible be nothing more said about John Eames; but whatever might or might not be the necessity of speaking, at any rate, let there be no mistake. "But why me, mamma?"

"Because, as he explained to me, he thinks it right to do the same by each of you. The money is yours at this moment,—to buy hair-pins with, if you please. I had no idea that he could command so large a sum."

"Three thousand pounds! The last money he gave me was half-a-crown, and I thought that he was so stingy! I particularly wanted ten shillings. I should have liked it so much better now if he had given me a nice new five-pound note."

"You'd better tell him so."

"No; because then he'd give me that too. But with five pounds I should have the feeling that I might do what I liked with it;—buy a dressing-case, and a thing for a squirrel to run round in. But nobody ever gives girls money like that, so that they can enjoy it."

"Oh, Lily; you ungrateful child!"

"No, I deny it. I'm not ungrateful. I'm very grateful, because his heart was softened,—and because he cried and kissed you. I'll be ever so good to him! But how I'm to thank him for giving me three thousand pounds, I cannot think. It's a sort of thing altogether beyond my line of life. It sounds like something that's to come to me in another world, but which I don't want quite yet. I am grateful, but with a misty, mazy sort of gratitude. Can you tell me how soon I shall have a new pair of Balmoral boots because of this money? If that were brought home to me I think it would enliven my gratitude."

The squire, as he rode back to Guestwick, fell again from that animation which Mrs. Dale had described, into his natural sombre mood. He thought much of his past life, declaring to himself the truth of those words in which he had told his sister-in-law that his heart had ever

been kinder than his words. But the world, and all those nearest to him in the world, had judged him always by his words rather than by his heart. They had taken the appearance, which he could not command or alter, rather than the facts, of which he had been the master. Had he not been good to all his relations?—and yet was there one among them that cared for him? “I’m almost sorry that they are going to stay,” he said to himself;—“I know that I shall disappoint them.” Yet when he met Bell at the Manor House he accosted her cheerily, telling her with much appearance of satisfaction that that flitting into Guestwick was not to be accomplished.

“I am so glad,” said she. “It is long since I wished it.”

“And I do not think your mother wishes it now.”

“I am sure she does not. It was all a misunderstanding from the first. When some of us could not do all that you wished, we thought it better——” Then Bell paused, finding that she would get herself into a mess if she persevered.

“We will not say any more about it,” said the squire. “The thing is over, and I am very glad that it should be so pleasantly settled. I was talking to Dr. Crofts yesterday.”

“Were you, uncle?”

“Yes; and he is to come and stay with me the day before he is married. We have arranged it all. And we’ll have the breakfast up at the Great House. Only you must fix the day. I should say some time in March. And, my dear, you’ll want to make yourself fine; here’s a little money for you. You are to spend that before your marriage, you know.” Then he shambled away, and as soon as he was alone, again became sad and despondent. He was a man for whom we may predicate some gentle sadness and continued despondency to the end of his life’s chapter.

We left John Eames in the custody of Lady Julia, who had overtaken him in the act of erasing Lily’s name from the railing which ran across the brook. He had been premeditating an escape home to his mother’s house in Guestwick, and thence back to London, without making any further appearance at the Manor House. But as soon as he heard Lady Julia’s step, and saw her figure close upon him, he knew that his retreat was cut off from him. So he allowed himself to be led away quietly up to the house. With Lady Julia herself he openly discussed the whole matter,—telling her that his hopes were over, his happiness gone, and his heart half-broken. Though he would perhaps have cared but little for her congratulations in success, he could make himself more amenable to consolation and sympathy from her than from any other inmate in the earl’s house. “I don’t know what I shall say to your brother,” he whispered to her, as they approached the side door at which she intended to enter.

“Will you let me break it to him? After that he will say a few words to you of course, but you need not be afraid of him.”

"And Mr. Dale?" said Johnny. "Everybody has heard about it. Everybody will know what a fool I have made myself." She suggested that the earl should speak to the squire, assured him that nobody would think him at all foolish, and then left him to make his way up to his own bedroom. When there he found a letter from Cradell, which had been delivered in his absence; but the contents of that letter may best be deferred to the next chapter. They were not of a nature to give him comfort or to add to his sorrow.

About an hour before dinner there was a knock at his door, and the earl himself, when summoned, made his appearance in the room. He was dressed in his usual farming attire, having been caught by Lady Julia on his first approach to the house, and had come away direct to his young friend, after having been duly trained in what he ought to say by his kind-hearted sister. I am not, however, prepared to declare that he strictly followed his sister's teaching in all that he said upon the occasion.

"Well, my boy," he began, "so the young lady has been perverse."

"Yes, my lord. That is, I don't know about being perverse. It is all over."

"That's as may be, Johnny. As far as I know, not half of them accept their lovers the first time of asking."

"I shall not ask her again."

"Oh, yes, you will. You don't mean to say you are angry with her for refusing you."

"Not in the least. I have no right to be angry. I am only angry with myself for being such a fool, Lord De Guest. I wish I had been dead before I came down here on this errand. Now I think of it, I know there are so many things which ought to have made me sure how it would be."

"I don't see that at all. You come down again,—let me see,—it's May now. Say you come when the shooting begins in September. If we can't get you leave of absence in any other way, we'll make old Buffle come too. Only, by George, I believe he'd shoot us all. But never mind; we'll manage that. You keep up your spirits till September, and then we'll fight the battle in another way. The squire shall get up a little party for the bride, and my lady Lily must go then. You shall meet her so; and then we'll shoot over the squire's land. We'll bring you together so; you see if we don't. Lord bless me! Refused once! My belief is, that in these days a girl thinks nothing of a man till she has refused him half-a-dozen times."

"I don't think Lily is at all like that."

"Look here, Johnny. I have not a word to say against Miss Lily. I like her very much, and think her one of the nicest girls I know. When she's your wife, I'll love her dearly, if she'll let me. But she's made of the same stuff as other girls, and will act in the same way. Things have gone a little astray among you, and they won't right themselves all in a minute. She knows now what your feelings are, and she'll

go on thinking of it, till at last you'll be in her thoughts more than that other fellow. Don't tell me about her becoming an old maid, because at her time of life she has been so unfortunate as to come across a false-hearted man like that. It may take a little time; but if you'll carry on and not be down-hearted, you'll find it will all come right in the end. Everybody doesn't get all that they want in a minute. How I shall quiz you about all this when you have been two or three years married!"

"I don't think I shall ever be able to ask her again; and I feel sure, if I do, that her answer will be the same. She told me in so many words——; but never mind, I cannot repeat her words."

"I don't want you to repeat them; nor yet to heed them beyond their worth. Lily Dale is a very pretty girl; clever, too, I believe, and good, I'm sure; but her words are not more sacred than those of other men or women. What she has said to you now, she means, no doubt; but the minds of men and women are prone to change, especially when such changes are conducive to their own happiness."

"At any rate I'll never forget your kindness, Lord De Guest."

"And there is one other thing I want to say to you, Johnny. A man should never allow himself to be cast down by anything,—not outwardly, to the eyes of other men."

"But how is he to help it?"

"His pluck should prevent him. You were not afraid of a roaring bull, nor yet of that man when you thrashed him at the railway station. You've pluck enough of that kind. You must now show that you've that other kind of pluck. You know the story of the boy who would not cry though the wolf was gnawing him underneath his frock. Most of us have some wolf to gnaw us somewhere; but we are generally gnawed beneath our clothes, so that the world doesn't see, and it behoves us so to bear it that the world shall not suspect. The man who goes about declaring himself to be miserable will be not only miserable, but contemptible as well."

"But the wolf hasn't gnawed me beneath my clothes; everybody knows it."

"Then let those who do know it learn that you are able to bear such wounds without outward complaint. I tell you fairly that I cannot sympathize with a lackadaisical lover."

"I know that I have made myself ridiculous to everybody. I wish I had never come here. I wish you had never seen me."

"Don't say that, my dear boy; but take my advice for what it is worth. And remember what it is that I say; with your grief I do sympathize, but not with any outward expression of it;—not with melancholy looks, and a sad voice, and an unhappy gait. A man should always be able to drink his wine and seem to enjoy it. If he can't, he is so much less of a man than he would be otherwise,—not so much more, as some people seem to think. Now get yourself dressed, my dear fellow, and come down to dinner as though nothing had happened to you."

As soon as the earl was gone John looked at his watch and saw that it still wanted some forty minutes to dinner. Fifteen minutes would suffice for him to dress, and therefore there was time sufficient for him to seat himself in his arm-chair and think over it all. He had for a moment been very angry when his friend had told him that he could not sympathize with a lackadaisical lover. It was an ill-natured word. He felt it to be so when he heard it, and so he continued to think during the whole of the half-hour that he sat in that chair. But it probably did him more good than any word that the earl had ever spoken to him,—or any other word that he could have used. "Lackadaisical! I'm not lackadaisical," he said to himself, jumping up from his chair, and instantly sitting down again. "I didn't say anything to him. I didn't tell him. Why did he come to me?" And, yet, though he endeavoured to abuse Lord De Guest in his thoughts, he knew that Lord De Guest was right, and that he was wrong. He knew that he had been lackadaisical, and was ashamed of himself; and at once resolved that he would henceforth demean himself as though no calamity had happened to him. "I've a good mind to take him at his word, and drink wine till I'm drunk." Then he strove to get up his courage by a song.

If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how—

"But I do care. What stuff it is a man writing poetry and putting into it such lies as that! Everybody knows that he did care,—that is, if he wasn't a heartless beast."

But nevertheless, when the time came for him to go down into the drawing-room he did make the effort which his friend had counselled, and walked into the room with less of that hang-dog look than the earl and Lady Julia had expected. They were both there, as was also the squire, and Bell followed him in less than a minute.

"You haven't seen Crofts to-day, John, have you?" said the earl.

"No; I haven't been anywhere his way!"

"His way! His ways are every way, I take it. I wanted him to come and dine, but he seemed to think it improper to eat two dinners in the same house two days running. Isn't that his theory, Miss Dale?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Lord De Guest. At any rate, it isn't mine."

So they went to their feast, and before his last chance was over John Eames found himself able to go through the pretence of enjoying his roast mutton.

There can, I think, be no doubt that in all such calamities as that which he was now suffering the agony of the misfortune is much increased by the conviction that the facts of the case are known to those round about the sufferer. A most warm-hearted and intensely-feeling young gentleman might, no doubt, eat an excellent dinner after being refused by the girl of his devotions, provided that he had reason to believe that none of those in whose company he ate it knew anything of his rejection. But

the same warm-hearted and intensely-feeling young gentleman would find it very difficult to go through the ceremony with any appearance of true appetite or gastronomic enjoyment, if he were aware that all his convives knew all the facts of his little misfortune. Generally, we may suppose, a man in such condition goes to his club for his dinner, or seeks consolation in the shades of some adjacent Richmond or Hampton Court. There he meditates on his condition in silence, and does ultimately enjoy his little plate of whitebait, his cutlet, and his moderate pint of sherry. He probably goes alone to the theatre, and, in his stall, speculates with a somewhat bitter sarcasm on the vanity of the world. Then he returns home, sad indeed, but with a moderated sadness, and as he puffs out the smoke of his cigar at the open window,—with perhaps the comfort of a little brandy-and-water at his elbow,—swears to himself that, “By Jove, he’ll have another try for it.” Alone, a man may console himself, or among a crowd of unconscious mortals; but it must be admitted that the position of John Eames was severe. He had been invited down there to woo Lily Dale, and the squire and Bell had been asked to be present at the wooing. Had it all gone well, nothing could have been nicer. He would have been the hero of the hour, and everybody would have sung for him his song of triumph. But everything had not gone well, and he found it very difficult to carry himself otherwise than lackadaisically. On the whole, however, his effort was such that the earl gave him credit for his demeanour, and told him when parting with him for the night that he was a fine fellow, and that everything should go right with him yet.

“And you mustn’t be angry with me for speaking harshly to you,” he said.

“I wasn’t a bit angry.”

“Yes, you were; and I rather meant that you should be. But you mustn’t go away in dudgeon.”

He stayed at the Manor House one day longer, and then he returned to his room at the Income-tax Office, to the disagreeable sound of Sir Raffle’s little bell, and the much more disagreeable sound of Sir Raffle’s big voice.

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## CHAPTER LIX.

### JOHN EAMES BECOMES A MAN.

EAMES, when he was half way up to London in the railway carriage, took out from his pocket a letter and read it. During the former portion of his journey he had been thinking of other things; but gradually he had resolved that it would be better for him not to think more of those other things for the present, and therefore he had recourse to his letter by way of dissipating his thoughts. It was from Cradell, and ran as follows:—

*Income-tax Office, May —, 186—.*

MY DEAR JOHN,—I hope the tidings which I have to give you will not make you angry, and that you will not think I am untrue to the great friendship which I have for you because of that which I am now going to tell you. There is no *man*—[and the word *man* was underscored]—there is no *man* whose regard I value so highly as I do yours; and though I feel that you can have no just ground to be displeased with me after all that I have heard you say on many occasions, nevertheless, in matters of the heart it is very hard for one person to understand the sentiments of another, and when the affections of a lady are concerned, I know that quarrels will sometimes arise.

Eames, when he had got so far as this, on the first perusal of the letter, knew well what was to follow. "Poor Caudle!" he said to himself; "he's hooked, and he'll never get himself off the hook again."

But let that be as it may, the matter has now gone too far for any alteration to be made by me; nor would any mere earthly inducement suffice to change me. The claims of friendship are very strong, *but those of love are paramount*. Of course I know all that has passed between you and Amelia Roper. Much of this I had heard from you before, but the rest she has now told me with that pure-minded honesty which is the most remarkable feature in her character. She has confessed that at one time she felt attached to you, and that she was induced by your perseverance to allow you to regard her as your fancy. [Fancy-girl he probably conceived to be the vulgar English for the elegant term which he used.] But all that must be over between you now. *Amelia has promised to be mine*—[this also was underscored]—and mine I intend that she shall be. That you may find in the kind smiles of L. D. consolation for any disappointment which this may occasion you, is the ardent wish of your true friend,

JOSEPH CRADELL.

P.S.—Perhaps I had better tell you the whole. Mrs. Roper has been in some trouble about her house. She is a little in arrears with her rent, and some bills have not been paid. As she has explained that she has been brought into this by those dreadful Lupexes, I have consented to take the house into my own hands, and have given bills to one or two tradesmen for small amounts. Of course she will take them up, but it was the credit that was wanting. She will carry on the house, but I shall, in fact, be the proprietor. I suppose it will not suit you now to remain here, but don't you think I might make it comfortable enough for some of our fellows; say half-a-dozen, or so? That is Mrs. Roper's idea, and I certainly think it is not a bad one. Our first effort must be to get rid of the Lupexes. Miss Spruce goes next week. In the meantime we are all taking our meals up in our own rooms, so that there is nothing for the Lupexes to eat. But they don't seem to mind that, and still keep the sitting-room and best bedroom. We mean to lock them out after Tuesday, and send all their boxes to the public-house.

Poor Cradell! Eames, as he threw himself back upon his seat and contemplated the depth of misfortune into which his friend had fallen, began to be almost in love with his own position. He himself was, no doubt, a very miserable fellow. There was only one thing in life worth living for, and that he could not get. He had been thinking for the last three days of throwing himself before a locomotive steam-engine, and was not quite sure that he would not do it yet; but, nevertheless, his place was a place among the gods as compared to that which poor Cradell had selected for himself. To be not only the husband of Amelia Roper, but to have been driven to take upon himself as his bride's fortune the whole of his future mother-in-law's debts! To find himself the owner of a



very indifferent lodging-house;—the owner as regarded all responsibility, though not the owner as regarded any possible profit! And then, above and almost worse than all the rest, to find himself saddled with the *Lupexes* in the beginning of his career! Poor Cradell indeed!

Eames had not taken his things away from the lodging-house before he left London, and therefore determined to drive to Burton Crescent immediately on his arrival, not with the intention of remaining there, even for a night, but that he might bid them farewell, speak his congratulations to Amelia, and arrange for his final settlement with Mrs. Roper. It should have been explained in the last chapter that the earl had told him before parting with him that his want of success with Lily would make no difference as regarded money. John had, of course, expostulated, saying that he did not want anything, and would not, under his existing circumstances, accept anything; but the earl was a man who knew how to have his own way, and in this matter did have it. Our friend, therefore, was a man of wealth when he returned to London, and could tell Mrs. Roper that he would send her a cheque for her little balance as soon as he reached his office.

He arrived in the middle of the day,—not timing his return at all after the usual manner of Government clerks, who generally manage to reach the metropolis not more than half an hour before the moment at which they are bound to show themselves in their seats. But he had come back two days before he was due, and had run away from the country as though London in May to him were much pleasanter than the woods and fields. But neither had London nor the woods and fields any influence on his return. He had gone down that he might throw himself at the feet of Lily Dale,—gone down, as he now confessed to himself, with hopes almost triumphant, and he had returned because Lily Dale would not have him at her feet. “I loved him,—him, Crosbie,—better than all the world besides. It is still the same. I still love him better than all the world.” Those were the words which had driven him back to London; and having been sent away with such words as those, it was little matter to him whether he reached his office a day or two sooner or later. The little room in the city, even with the accompaniment of Sir Raffle’s bell and Sir Raffle’s voice, would now be more congenial to him than Lady Julia’s drawing-room. He would therefore present himself to Sir Raffle on that very afternoon, and expel some interloper from his seat. But he would first call in Burton Crescent and say farewell to the Ropers.

The door was opened for him by the faithful Jemima. “Mr. Heames, Mr. Heames! ho dear, ho dear!” and the poor girl, who had always taken his side in the adventures of the lodging-house, raised her hands on high and lamented the fate which had separated her favourite from its fortunes. “I suppose you knows it all, Mister Johnny?” Mister Johnny said that he believed he did know it all, and asked for the mistress of the house. “Yes, sure enough, she’s at home. She don’t

dare stir out much, 'cause of them Lupexes.' Ain't this a pretty game? No dinner and no nothink! Them boxes is Miss Spruce's. She's agoing now, this minute. You'll find 'em all upstairs in the drawn-room." So upstairs into the drawing-room he went, and there he found the mother and daughter, and with them Miss Spruce, tightly packed up in her bonnet and shawl. "Don't, mother," Amelia was saying; "what's the good of going on in that way? If she chooses to go, let her go."

"But she's been with me now so many years," said Mrs. Roper, sobbing; "and I've always done everything for her! Haven't I, now, Sally Spruce?" It struck Eames immediately that, though he had been an inmate in the house for two years, he had never before heard that maiden lady's Christian name. Miss Spruce was the first to see Eames as he entered the room. It is probable that Mrs. Roper's pathos might have produced some answering pathos on her part had she remained unobserved, but the sight of a young man brought her back to her usual state of quiescence. "I'm only an old woman," said she; "and here's Mr. Eames come back again."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Roper? how d'ye do, — Amelia? how d'ye do, Miss Spruce?" and he shook hands with them all.

"Oh, laws," said Mrs. Roper, "you have given me such a start!"

"Dear me, Mr. Eames; only think of your coming back in that way," said Amelia.

"Well, what way should I come back? You didn't hear me knock at the door, that's all. So Miss Spruce is really going to leave you?"

"Isn't it dreadful, Mr. Eames? Nineteen years we've been together; —taking both houses together, Miss Spruce, we have, indeed." Miss Spruce at this point struggled very hard to convince John Eames that the period in question had in truth extended over only eighteen years, but Mrs. Roper was authoritative, and would not permit it. "It's nineteen years if it's a day. No one ought to know dates if I don't, and there isn't one in the world understands her ways unless it's me. Haven't I been up to your bedroom every night, and with my own hand given you——" But she stopped herself, and was too good a woman to declare before a young man what had been the nature of her nightly ministrations to her guest.

"I don't think you'll be so comfortable anywhere else, Miss Spruce," said Eames.

"Comfortable! of course she won't," said Amelia. "But if I was mother I wouldn't have any more words about it."

"It isn't the money I'm thinking of, but the feeling of it," said Mrs. Roper. "The house will be so lonely like. I shan't know myself; that I shan't. And now that things are all settled so pleasantly, and that the Lupexes must go on Tuesday—— I'll tell you what, Sally; I'll pay for the cab myself, and I'll start off to Dulwich by the omnibus to-morrow, and settle it all out of my own pocket. I will indeed. Come; there's the cab. Let me go down, and send him away."

"I'll do that," said Eames. "It's only sixpence, off the stand," Mrs. Roper called to him as he left the room. But the cabman got a shilling, and John, as he returned, found Jemima, in the act of carrying Miss Spruce's boxes back to her room. "So much the better for poor Candle," said he to himself. "As he has gone into the trade it's well that he should have somebody that will pay him."

Mrs. Roper followed Miss Spruce up the stairs and Johnny was left with Amelia. "He's written to you, I know," said she, with her face turned a little away from him. She was certainly very handsome, but there was a hard, cross, almost sullen look about her, which robbed her countenance of all its pleasantness. And yet she had no intention of being sullen with him.

"Yes," said John. "He has told me how it's all going to be."

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" said he.

"Is that all you've got to say?"

"I'll congratulate you, if you'll let me."

"Psha;—congratulations! I hate such humbug. If you've no feelings about it, I'm sure that I've none. Indeed I don't know what's the good of feelings. They never did me any good. Are you engaged to marry L. D.?"

"No; I am not."

"And you've nothing else to say to me?"

"Nothing,—except my hopes for your happiness. What else can I say? You are engaged to marry my friend Cradell, and I think it will be a happy match."

She turned away her face further from him, and the look of it became even more sullen. Could it be possible that at such a moment she still had a hope that he might come back to her?

"Good-by, Amelia," he said, putting out his hand to her.

"And this is to be the last of you in this house?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I'll come and call upon you, if you'll let me, when you're married."

"Yes," she said, "that there may be rows in the house, and noise, and jealousy,—as there have been with that wicked woman upstairs. Not if I know it, you won't! John Eames, I wish I'd never seen you. I wish we might have both fallen dead when we first met. I didn't think ever to have cared for a man as I've cared for you. It's all trash and nonsense and foolery; I know that. It's all very well for young ladies as can sit in drawing-rooms all their lives, but when a woman has her way to make in the world it's all foolery. And such a hard way, too, to make as mine is!"

"But it won't be hard now."

"Won't it? But I think it will. I wish you would try it. Not that I'm going to complain. I never minded work, and as for company, I can put up with anybody. The world's not to be all dancing and fiddling

for the likes of me. I know that well enough. But ——," and then she paused.

"What's the 'but' about, Amelia?"

"It's like you to ask me; isn't it?" To tell the truth he should not have asked her. "Never mind. I'm not going to have any words with you. If you've been a knave I've been a fool, and that's worse."

"But I don't think I have been a knave."

"I've been both," said the girl; "and both for nothing. After that you may go. I've told you what I am, and I'll leave you to name yourself. I didn't think it was in me to have been such a fool. It's that that frets me. Never mind, sir; it's all over now, and I wish you good-by."

I do not think that there was the slightest reason why John should have again kissed her at parting, but he did so. She bore it, not struggling with him; but she took his caress with sullen endurance. "It'll be the last," she said. "Good-by, John Eames."

"Good-by, Amelia. Try to make him a good wife and then you'll be happy." She turned up her nose at this, assuming a look of unutterable scorn. But she said nothing further, and then he left the room. At the parlour door he met Mrs. Roper, and had his parting words with her.

"I am so glad you came," said she. "It was just that word you said that made Miss Spruce stay. Her money is so ready, you know! And so you've had it all out with her about Cradell. She'll make him a good wife, she will indeed;—much better than you've been giving her credit for."

"I don't doubt she'll be a very good wife."

"You see, Mr. Eames, it's all over now, and we understand each other; don't we? It made me very unhappy when she was setting her cap at you; it did indeed. She is my own daughter, and I couldn't go against her;—could I? But I knew it wasn't in any way suiting. Laws, I know the difference. She's good enough for him any day of the week, Mr. Eames."

"That she is,—Saturdays or Sundays," said Johnny, not knowing exactly what he ought to say.

"So she is; and if he does his duty by her she won't go astray in hers by him. And as for you, Mr. Eames, I'm sure I've always felt it an honour and a pleasure to have you in the house; and if ever you could use a good word in sending to me any of your young men, I'd do by them as a mother should; I would indeed. I know I've been to blame about those Lupexes, but haven't I suffered for it, Mr. Eames? And it was difficult to know at first; wasn't it? And as to you and Amelia, if you would send any of your young men to try, there couldn't be anything more of that kind, could there? I know it hasn't all been just as it should have been;—that is as regards you; but I should like to hear you say that you've found me honest before you went. I have tried to be honest, I have indeed."

Eames assured her that he was convinced of her honesty, and that he

had never thought of impugning her character either in regard to those unfortunate people, the Lupexes, or in reference to other matters. "He did not think," he said, "that any young men would consult him as to their lodgings; but if he could be of any service to her, he would." Then he bade her good-by, and having bestowed half-a-sovereign on the faithful Jemima, he took a long farewell of Burton Crescent. Amelia had told him not to come and see her when she should be married, and he had resolved that he would take her at her word. So he walked off from the Crescent, not exactly shaking the dust from his feet, but resolving that he would know no more either of its dust or of its dirt. Dirt enough he had encountered there certainly, and he was now old enough to feel that the inmates of Mrs. Roper's house had not been those among whom a resting-place for his early years should judiciously have been sought. But he had come out of the fire comparatively unharmed, and I regret to say that he felt but little for the terrible scorchings to which his friend had been subjected and was about to subject himself. He was quite content to look at the matter exactly as it was looked at by Mrs. Roper. Amelia was good enough for Joseph Cradell—any day of the week. Poor Cradell, of whom in these pages after this notice no more will be heard! I cannot but think that a hard measure of justice was meted out to him, in proportion to the extent of his sins. More weak and foolish than our friend and hero he had been, but not to my knowledge more wicked. But it is to the vain and foolish that the punishments fall;—and to them they fall so thickly and constantly that the thinker is driven to think that vanity and folly are of all sins those which may be the least forgiven. As for Cradell I may declare that he did marry Amelia, that he did, with some pride, take the place of master of the house at the bottom of Mrs. Roper's table, and that he did make himself responsible for all Mrs. Roper's debts. Of his future fortunes there is not space to speak in these pages.

Going away from the Crescent, Eames had himself driven to his office, which he reached just as the men were leaving it, at four o'clock. Cradell was gone, so that he did not see him on that afternoon; but he had an opportunity of shaking hands with Mr. Love, who treated him with all the smiling courtesy due to an official big-wig,—for a private secretary, if not absolutely a big-wig, is semi-big, and entitled to a certain amount of reverence;—and he passed Mr. Kissing in the passage, hurrying along as usual with a huge book under his arm. Mr. Kissing, hurried as he was, stopped his shuffling feet; but Eames only looked at him, hardly honouring him with the acknowledgment of a nod of his head. Mr. Kissing, however, was not offended; he knew that the private secretary of the First Commissioner had been the guest of an earl; and what more than a nod could be expected from him? After that John made his way into the august presence of Sir Raffle, and found that great man putting on his shoes in the presence of FitzHoward. FitzHoward blushed; but the shoes had not been touched by him, as he took occasion afterwards to inform John Eames.

Sir Raffle was all smiles and civility. "Delighted to see you back, Eames: am, upon my word; though I and FitzHoward have got on capitally in your absence; haven't we, FitzHoward?"

"Oh, yes," drawled FitzHoward. "I haven't minded it for a time, just while Eames has been away."

"You're much too idle to keep at it, I know; but your bread will be buttered for you elsewhere, so it doesn't signify. My compliments to the duchess when you see her." Then FitzHoward went. "And how's my dear old friend?" asked Sir Raffle, as though of all men living Lord De Guest were the one for whom he had the strongest and the oldest love. And yet he must have known that John Eames knew as much about it as he did himself. But there are men who have the most lively gratification in calling lords and marquises their friends, though they know that nobody believes a word of what they say,—even though they know how great is the odium they incur, and how lasting is the ridicule which their vanity produces. It is a gentle insanity which prevails in the outer courts of every aristocracy; and as it brings with itself considerable annoyance and but a lukewarm pleasure, it should not be treated with too keen a severity.

"And how's my dear old friend?" Eames assured him that his dear old friend was all right, that Lady Julia was all right, that the dear old place was all right. Sir Raffle now spoke as though the "dear old place" were quite well known to him. "Was the game doing pretty well? Was there a promise of birds?" Sir Raffle's anxiety was quite intense, and expressed with almost familiar affection. "And, by-the-by, Eames, where are you living at present?"

"Well, I'm not settled. I'm at the Great Western Railway Hotel at this moment."

"Capital house, very; only it's expensive if you stay there the whole season." Johnny had no idea of remaining there beyond one night, but he said nothing as to this. "By-the-by, you might as well come and dine with us to-morrow. Lady Buffle is most anxious to know you. There'll be one or two with us. I did ask my friend Dumbello, but there's some nonsense going on in the House, and he thinks that he can't get away." Johnny was more gracious than Lord Dumbello, and accepted the invitation. "I wonder what Lady Buffle will be like?" he said to himself, as he walked away from the office.

He had turned into the Great Western Hotel, not as yet knowing where to look for a home; and there we will leave him, eating his solitary mutton-chop at one of those tables which are so comfortable to the eye, but which are so comfortless in reality. I speak not now with reference to the excellent establishment which has been named, but to the nature of such tables in general. A solitary mutton-chop in an hotel coffee-room is not a banquet to be envied by any god; and if the mutton-chop be converted into soup, fish, little dishes, big dishes, and the rest, the matter becomes worse and not better. What comfort are you to have, seated

alone on that horsehair chair, staring into the room and watching the waiters as they whisk about their towels? No one but an Englishman has ever yet thought of subjecting himself to such a position as that! But here we will leave John Eames, and in doing so I must be allowed to declare that only now, at this moment, has he entered on his manhood. Hitherto he has been a hobbledehoy,—a calf, as it were, who had carried his calfishness later into life than is common with calves; but who did not, perhaps, on that account, give promise of making a worse ox than the rest of them. His life hitherto, as recorded in these pages, had afforded him no brilliant success,—had hardly qualified him for the rôle of hero which he has been made to play. I feel that I have been in fault in giving such prominence to a hobbledehoy, and that I should have told my story better had I brought Mr. Crosbie more conspicuously forward on my canvas. He at any rate has gotten to himself a wife,—as a hero always should do; whereas I must leave my poor friend Johnny without any matrimonial prospects.

It was thus that he thought of himself as he sat moping over his solitary table in the hotel coffee-room. He acknowledged to himself that he had not hitherto been a man; but at the same time he made some resolution which, I trust, may assist him in commencing his manhood from this date.

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## CHAPTER LX.

### CONCLUSION.

It was early in June that Lily went up to her uncle at the Great House, pleading for Hopkins,—pleading that to Hopkins might be restored all the privileges of head gardener at the Great House. There was some absurdity in this, seeing that he had never really relinquished his privileges; but the manner of the quarrel had been in this wise.

There was in those days, and had been for years, a vexed question between Hopkins and Jolliffe the bailiff on the matter of — stable manure. Hopkins had pretended to the right of taking what he required from the farmyard, without asking leave of any one. Jolliffe in return had hinted, that if this were so, Hopkins would take it all. “But I can’t eat it,” Hopkins had said. Jolliffe merely grunted, signifying by the grunt, as Hopkins thought, that though a gardener couldn’t eat a mountain of manure fifty feet long, and fifteen high,—couldn’t eat it in the body,—he might convert it into things edible for his own personal use. And so there had been a great feud. The unfortunate squire had of course been called on to arbitrate, and, having postponed his decision by every contrivance possible to him, had at last been driven by Jolliffe to declare that Hopkins should take nothing that was not assigned to him. Hopkins,

when the decision was made known to him by his master, bit his old lips, and turned round upon his old heel, speechless. "You'll find it's so at all other places," said the squire, apologetically. "Other places!" sneered Hopkins. Where would he find other gardeners like himself? It is hardly necessary to declare that from that moment he resolved that he would abide by no such order. Jolliffe on the next morning informed the squire that the order had been broken, and the squire fretted and fumed, wishing that Jolliffe were well buried under the mountain in question. "If they all is to do as they like," said Jolliffe, "then nobody won't care for nobody." The squire understood that an order if given must be obeyed, and therefore, with many inner groanings of the spirit, resolved that war must be waged against Hopkins.

On the following morning he found the old man himself wheeling a huge barrow of manure round from the yard into the kitchen garden. Now, on ordinary occasions, Hopkins was not required to do with his own hands work of that description. He had a man under him who hewed wood and carried water and wheeled barrows,—one man always, and often two. The squire knew when he saw him that he was sinning, and bade him stop upon his road.

"Hopkins," he said, "why didn't you ask for what you wanted, before you took it?" The old man put down the barrow on the ground, looked up in his master's face, spat into his hands, and then again resumed his barrow. "Hopkins, that won't do," said the squire. "Stop where you are."

"What won't do?" said Hopkins, still holding the barrow from the ground, but not as yet progressing.

"Put it down, Hopkins," and Hopkins did put it down. "Don't you know that you are flatly disobeying my orders?"

"Squire, I've been here about this place going on nigh seventy years."

"If you've been going on a hundred and seventy it wouldn't do that there should be more than one master. I'm the master here, and I intend to be so to the end. Take that manure back into the yard."

"Back into the yard?" said Hopkins, very slowly.

"Yes; back into the yard."

"What,—afore all their faces?"

"Yes; you've disobeyed me before all their faces."

Hopkins paused a moment, looking away from the squire, and shaking his head as though he had need of deep thought, but by the aid of deep thought had come at last to a right conclusion. Then he resumed the barrow, and putting himself almost into a trot, carried away his prize into the kitchen garden. At the pace which he went it would have been beyond the squire's power to stop him, nor would Mr. Dale have wished to come to a personal encounter with his servant. But he called after the man in dire wrath that if he were not obeyed the disobedient servant should rue the consequences for ever. Hopkins, equal to the occasion, shook his head as he trotted on, deposited his load at the foot of the cucumber frames,



and then at once returning to his master, tendered to him the key of the greenhouse.

"Master," said Hopkins, speaking as best he could with his scanty breath, "there it is;—there's the key; of course I don't want no warning, and doesn't care about my week's wages. I'll be out of the cottage afore night, and as for the work'us, I suppose they'll let me in at once, if your honour'll give 'em a line."

Now as Hopkins was well known by the squire to be the owner of three or four hundred pounds, the hint about the workhouse must be allowed to have been melo-dramatic.

"Don't be a fool," said the squire, almost gnashing his teeth.

"I know I've been a fool," said Hopkins, "about that 'ere doong; my feelings has been too much for me. When a man's feelings has been too much for him, he'd better just take hisself off, and lie in the work'us till he dies." And then he again tendered the key. But the squire did not take the key, and so Hopkins went on. "I s'pose I'd better just see to the lights and the like of that, till you've suited yourself, Mr. Dale. It 'ud be a pity all them grapes should go off, and they, as you may say, all one as fit for the table. It's a long way the best crop I ever see on 'em. I've been that careful with 'em that I haven't had a natural night's rest, not since February. There ain't nobody about this place as understands grapes, nor yet anywhere nigh that could be got at. My lord's head man is wery ignorant; but even if he knew ever so, of course he couldn't come here. I suppose I'd better keep the key till you're suited, Mr. Dale."

Then for a fortnight there was an interregnum in the gardens, terrible in the annals of Allington. Hopkins lived in his cottage indeed, and looked most sedulously after the grapes. In looking after the grapes, too, he took the greenhouses under his care; but he would have nothing to do with the outer gardens, took no wages, returning the amount sent to him back to the squire, and insisted with everybody that he had been dismissed. He went about with some terrible horticultural implement always in his hand, with which it was said that he intended to attack Jolliffe; but Jolliffe prudently kept out of his way.

As soon as it had been resolved by Mrs. Dale and Lily that the fitting from the Small House at Allington was not to be accomplished, Lily communicated the fact to Hopkins.

"Miss," said he, "when I said them few words to you and your mamma, I knew that you would listen to reason."

This was no more than Lily had expected; that Hopkins should claim the honour of having prevailed by his arguments was a matter of course.

"Yes," said Lily; "we've made up our minds to stay. Uncle wishes it."

"Wishes it! Laws, miss;—it ain't only wishes. And we all wishes it. Why, now, look at the reason of the thing. Here's this here house——"

"But, Hopkins, it's decided. We're going to stay. What I want to know is this; can you come at once and help me to unpack?"

"What! this very evening, as is——"

"Yes, now; we want to have the things about again before they come back from Guestwick."

Hopkins scratched his head and hesitated, not wishing to yield to any proposition that could be considered as childish; but he gave way at last, feeling that the work itself was a good work. Mrs. Dale also assented, laughing at Lily for her folly as she did so, and in this way the things were unpacked very quickly, and the alliance between Lily and Hopkins became, for the time, very close. This work of unpacking and resettling was not yet over, when the battle of the manure broke out, and therefore it was that Hopkins, when his feelings had become altogether too much for him "about the doong," came at last to Lily, and laying down at her feet all the weight and all the glory of his sixty odd years of life, implored her to make matters straight for him. "It's been a killing me, miss, so it has; to see the way they've been a cutting that sparagus. It ain't cutting at all. It's just hocking it up;—what is fit, and what isn't, altogether. And they've been a putting the plants in where I didn't mean 'em, though they know'd I didn't mean 'em. I've stood by, miss, and said never a word. I'd a died sooner. But, Miss Lily, what my sufferings have been, 'cause of my feelings getting the better of me about that—you know, miss—nobody will ever tell;—nobody—nobody—nobody." Then Hopkins turned away and wept.

"Uncle," said Lily, creeping close up against his chair, "I want to ask you a great favour."

"A great favour. Well, I don't think I shall refuse you anything at present. It isn't to ask another earl to the house,—is it?"

"Another earl!" said Lily.

"Yes; haven't you heard? Miss Bell has been here this morning, insisting that I should have over Lord De Guest and his sister for the marriage. It seems that there was some scheming between Bell and Lady Julia."

"Of course you'll ask them."

"Of course I must. I've no way out of it. It'll be all very well for Bell, who'll be off to Wales with her lover; but what am I to do with the earl and Lady Julia, when they're gone? Will you come and help me?"

In answer to this, Lily of course promised that she would come and help. "Indeed," said she, "I thought we were all asked up for the day. And now for my favour. Uncle, you must forgive poor Hopkins."

"Forgive a fiddlestick!" said the squire.

"No, but you must. You can't think how unhappy he is."

"How can I forgive a man who won't forgive me. He goes prowling about the place doing nothing; and he sends me back his wages, and he looks as though he were going to murder some one; and all because he wouldn't do as he was told. How am I to forgive such a man as that?"

"But, uncle, why not?"

"It would be his forgiving me. He knows very well that he may come back whenever he pleases; and, indeed, for the matter of that he has never gone away."

"But he is so very unhappy."

"What can I do to make him happier?"

"Just go down to his cottage and tell him that you forgive him."

"Then he'll argue with me."

"No; I don't think he will. He is too much down in the world for arguing now."

"Ah! you don't know him as I do. All the misfortunes in the world wouldn't stop that man's conceit. Of course I'll go if you ask me, but it seems to me that I'm made to knock under to everybody. I hear a great deal about other people's feelings, but I don't know that mine are very much thought of." He was not altogether in a happy mood, and Lily almost regretted that she had persevered; but she did succeed in carrying him off across the garden to the cottage, and as they went together she promised him that she would think of him always,—always. The scene with Hopkins cannot be described now, as it would take too many of our few remaining pages. It resulted, I am afraid I must confess, in nothing more triumphant to the squire than a treaty of mutual forgiveness. Hopkins acknowledged with much self-reproach that his feelings had been too many for him; but then, look at his provocation! He could not keep his tongue from that matter, and certainly said as much in his own defence as he did in confession of his sins. The substantial triumph was altogether his, for nobody again ever dared to interfere with his operations in the farmyard. He showed his submission to his master mainly by consenting to receive his wages for the two weeks which he had passed in idleness.

Owing to this little accident, Lily was not so much oppressed by Hopkins as she had expected to be in that matter of their altered plans; but this salvation did not extend to Mrs. Hearn, to Mrs. Crump, or, above all, to Mrs. Boyce. They, all of them, took an interest more or less strong in the Hopkins controversy; but their interest in the occupation of the Small House was much stronger, and it was found useless to put Mrs. Hearn off with the gardener's persistent refusal of his wages, when she was big with inquiry whether the house was to be painted inside, as well as out. "Ah," said she, "I think I'll go and look at lodgings at Guestwick myself, and pack up some of my beds." Lily made no answer to this, feeling that it was a part of that punishment which she had expected. "Dear, dear," said Mrs. Crump to the two girls; "well, to be sure, we should a been lone without 'ee, and mayhap we might a got worse in your place; but why did 'ee go and fasten up all your things in them big boxes, just to unfasten 'em all again?"

"We changed our minds, Mrs. Crump," said Bell, with some severity.

"Yees, I know ye changed your mindses. Well, it's all right for the loiks o' ye, no doubt; but if we changes our mindses, we hears of it."

"So, it seems, do we!" said Lily. "But never mind, Mrs. Crump. Do you send us our letters up early, and then we won't quarrel."

"Oh, letters! Drat them for letters. I wish there weren't no sich things. There was a man here yesterday with his imperence. I don't know where he come from,—down from Lun'on, I b'leeve; and this was wrong, and that was wrong, and everything was wrong; and then he said he'd have me discharged the sarvice."

"Dear me, Mrs. Crump; that wouldn't do at all."

"Discharged the sarvice! Tuppence farden a day! So I told 'un to discharge hisself, and take all the old bundles and things away upon his shoulders. Letters, indeed! What business have they with post-misuses, if they cannot pay 'em better nor tuppence farden a day?" And in this way, under the shelter of Mrs. Crump's storm of wrath against the inspector who had visited her, Lily and Bell escaped much that would have fallen upon their own heads; but Mrs. Boyce still remained. I may here add, in order that Mrs. Crump's history may be carried on to the farthest possible point, that she was not "discharged the sarvice," and that she still receives her twopence farthing a day from the Crown. "That's a bitter old lady," said the inspector to the man who was driving him. "Yes, sir; they all says the same about she. There ain't none of 'em get much change out of Mrs. Crump."

Bell and Lily went together also to Mrs. Boyce's. "If she makes herself very disagreeable, I shall insist upon talking of your marriage," said Lily.

"I've not the slightest objection," said Bell; "only I don't know what there can be to say about it. Marrying the doctor is such a very commonplace sort of thing."

"Not a bit more commonplace than marrying the parson," said Lily.

"Oh, yes, it is. Parsons' marriages are often very grand affairs. They come in among county people. That's their luck in life. Doctors never do; nor lawyers. I don't think lawyers ever get married in the country. They're supposed to do it up in London. But a country doctor's wedding is not a thing to be talked about much."

Mrs. Boyce probably agreed in this view of the matter, seeing that she did not choose the coming marriage as her first subject of conversation. As soon as the two girls were seated she flew away immediately to the house, and began to express her very great surprise,—her surprise and her joy also,—at the sudden change which had been made in their plans. "It is so much nicer, you know," said she, "that things should be pleasant among relatives."

"Things always have been tolerably pleasant with us," said Bell.

"Oh, yes; I'm sure of that. I've always said it was quite a pleasure to see you and your uncle together. And when we heard about your all having to leave——"

"But we didn't have to leave, Mrs. Boyce. We were going to leave because we thought mamma would be more comfortable in Guestwick; and now we're not going to leave, because we've all 'changed our mindses,' as Mrs. Crump calls it."

"And is it true the house is going to be painted?" asked Mrs. Boyce.

"I believe it is true," said Lily.

"Inside and out?"

"It must be done some day," said Bell.

"Yes, to be sure; but I must say it is generous of the squire. There's such a deal of wood-work about your house. I know I wish the ecclesiastical commissioners would paint ours; but nobody ever does anything for the clergy. I'm sure I'm delighted you're going to stay. As I said to Mr. Boyce, what should we ever have done without you? I believe the squire had made up his mind that he would not let the place."

"I don't think he ever has let it."

"And if there was nobody in it, it would all go to rack and ruin; wouldn't it? Had your mamma to pay anything for the lodgings she engaged at Guestwick?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. Bell can tell you better about that than I, as Dr. Crofts settled it. I suppose Dr. Crofts tells her everything." And so the conversation was changed, and Mrs. Boyce was made to understand that whatever further mystery there might be, it would not be unravelled on that occasion.

It was settled that Dr. Crofts and Bell should be married about the middle of June, and the squire determined to give what grace he could to the ceremony by opening his own house on the occasion. Lord De Guest and Lady Julia were invited by special arrangement between her ladyship and Bell, as has been before explained. The colonel also with Lady Fanny came up from Torquay on the occasion, this being the first visit made by the colonel to his paternal roof for many years. Bernard did not accompany his father. He had not yet gone abroad, but there were circumstances which made him feel that he would not find himself comfortable at the wedding. The service was performed by Mr. Boyce, assisted, as the *County Chronicle* very fully remarked, by the Reverend John Joseph Jones, M.A., late of Jesus College, Cambridge, and curate of St. Peter's, Northgate, Guestwick; the fault of which little advertisement was this,—that as none of the readers of the paper had patience to get beyond the Reverend John Joseph Jones, the fact of Bell's marriage with Dr. Crofts was not disseminated as widely as might have been wished.

The marriage went off very nicely. The squire was upon his very best behaviour, and welcomed his guests as though he really enjoyed their presence there in his halls. Hopkins, who was quite aware that he had been triumphant, decorated the old rooms with mingled flowers and greenery with an assiduous care which pleased the two girls mightily. And during this work of wreathing and decking there was one little morsel of feeling displayed which may as well be told in these last lines.

Lily had been encouraging the old man while Bell for a moment had been absent.

"I wish it had been for thee, my darling!" he said; "I wish it had been for thee!"

"It is much better as it is, Hopkins," she answered, solemnly.

"Not with him, though," he went on, "not with him. I wouldn't a hung a bough for him. But with t'other one."

Lily said no word further. She knew that the man was expressing the wishes of all around her. She said no word further, and then Bell returned to them.

But no one at the wedding was so gay as Lily,—so gay, so bright, and so wedding-like. She flirted with the old earl till he declared that he would marry her himself. No one seeing her that evening, and knowing nothing of her immediate history, would have imagined that she herself had been cruelly jilted some six or eight months ago. And those who did know her could not imagine that what she then suffered had hit her so hard, that no recovery seemed possible for her. But though no recovery, as she herself believed, was possible for her,—though she was as a man whose right arm had been taken from him in the battle, still all the world had not gone with that right arm. The bullet which had maimed her sorely had not touched her life, and she scorned to go about the world complaining either by word or look of the injury she had received. "Wives when they have lost their husbands still eat and laugh," she said to herself, "and he is not dead like that." So she resolved that she would be happy, and I here declare that she not only seemed to carry out her resolution, but that she did carry it out in very truth. "You're a dear good man, and I know you'll be good to her," she said to Crofts just as he was about to start with his bride.

"I'll try, at any rate," he answered.

"And I shall expect you to be good to me, too. Remember you have married the whole family; and, sir, you mustn't believe a word of what that bad man says in his novels about mothers-in-law. He has done a great deal of harm, and shut half the ladies in England out of their daughters' houses."

"He shan't shut Mrs. Dale out of mine."

"Remember he doesn't. Now, good-by." So the bride and bridegroom went off, and Lily was left to flirt with Lord De Guest.

Of whom else is it necessary that a word or two should be said before I allow the weary pen to fall from my hand? The squire, after much inward struggling on the subject, had acknowledged to himself that his sister-in-law had not received from him that kindness which she had deserved. He had acknowledged this, purporting to do his best to amend his past errors; and I think I may say that his efforts in that line would not be received ungraciously by Mrs. Dale. I am inclined therefore to think that life at Allington, both at the Great House and at the Small, would soon become pleasanter than it used to be in former days. Lily

soon got the Balmoral boots, or, at least, soon learned that the power of getting them as she pleased had devolved upon her from her uncle's gift; so that she talked even of buying the squirrel's cage; but I am not aware that her extravagance led her as far as that.

Lord De Courcy we left suffering dreadfully from gout and ill-temper at Courcy Castle. Yes, indeed! To him in his latter days life did not seem to offer much that was comfortable. His wife had now gone from him, and declared positively to her son-in-law that no earthly consideration should ever induce her to go back again;—"not if I were to starve!" she said. By which she intended to signify that she would be firm in her resolve, even though she should thereby lose her carriage and horses. Poor Mr. Gazebee went down to Courcy, and had a dreadful interview with the earl; but matters were at last arranged, and her ladyship remained at Baden-Baden in a state of semi-starvation. That is to say, she had but one horse to her carriage.

As regards Crosbie, I am inclined to believe that he did again recover his power at his office. He was Mr. Butterwell's master, and the master also of Mr. Optimist, and the major. He knew his business, and could do it, which was more, perhaps, than might fairly be said of any of the other three. Under such circumstances he was sure to get in his hand, and lead again. But elsewhere his star did not recover its ascendancy. He dined at his club almost daily, and there were those with whom he habitually formed some little circle. But he was not the Crosbie of former days,—the Crosbie known in Belgravia and in St. James's Street. He had taken his little vessel bravely out into the deep waters, and had sailed her well while fortune stuck close to him. But he had forgotten his nautical rules, and success had made him idle. His plummet and lead had not been used, and he had kept no look-out ahead. Therefore the first rock he met shivered his bark to pieces. His wife, the Lady Alexandrina, is to be seen in the one-horse carriage with her mother at Baden-Baden.

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## A Day with the Emperor's Hounds.



HERE is probably no human being more dogmatical than your thorough British sportsman. He firmly believes that but one correct and orthodox system of dealing with the *feræ naturæ* exists, and that that is the traditional system which has been practised time out of mind by his own countrymen. He cannot persuade himself that "Frenchmen"—in which comprehensive denomination he conveniently includes all mankind who are not British subjects—can either ride, shoot, hunt, or fish, save after the abortive and unsatisfactory methods peculiar to "tailors" and "muffs." A "foreigner's" account of a day's sport of any kind convulses him with contemptuous laughter,

for he at once detects in it a thousand unimportant flaws and blemishes which confirm him in his creed, that "Frenchmen" are pre-ordained by nature to be, and to remain, ignorant all their lives of everything which a thorough British sportsman ought instinctively to know. "How, indeed," will he ask, "is it possible to listen gravely to a fellow who talks of 'a covey' of snipe, 'a couple' of partridges, or 'the tail' of a fox?"

I confess that I am not without serious misgivings that this intolerant spirit may not be confined to British sportsmen, but that it may equally prevail amongst the sportsmen of other nations; that American backwoodsmen may very possibly hold the solemn English swells who write pretentious books about buffalo hunting quite as cheap as we hold "foreigners" in general, in all matters pertaining to English wood-craft; and that a Gaucho rough-rider may, on his own ground, justly consider himself a better man across country than the best of our Leicestershire chivalry, if, indeed, the Gaucho has ever heard of the existence of those gentlemen.

It is, therefore, with some diffidence that I proceed, at the instigation of my friends, Messrs. Smith and Elder, to jot down on paper my recollections of a day's stag hunting, which it was once my good fortune to see with the French Emperor's hounds in the forest of Compiègne. I must premise by stating that I know nothing of the noble science of venery as practised by the high school of French sportsmen; that I knew next to



nothing of the localities in which the hunt I am about to describe took place, and that I knew scarcely any of the sportsmen or women who were present at it, even by sight. I fear, therefore, that this paper may appear as entirely and hopelessly absurd in the eyes of the members of the Imperial Hunt as would, to the readers of *Bell's Life* or the *Field*, a narrative by one of Mr. Leech's most egregious hunting "mossoos" of "a clipping thing with the Queen's," from Ivor Heath or Salt Hill.

Stag hunting, as practised in the immediate neighbourhood of London, cannot, I imagine, be considered, even by its most enthusiastic votaries, as a very elevated branch of the wild sports of Middlesex. You do not, indeed, hunt a wild animal at all; you hunt a wretched tame brute, kept up in a stable, fed upon the best of beans, oats, and old hay, and chased round a paddock daily for the improvement of its wind and condition. You convey it to the place of execution in a van drawn by post-horses; you flavour it highly with aniseed in order to solve all doubts and difficulties as to scent; as the clock strikes eleven you "enlarge" it, and "chivy" it furiously for half a mile with horsewhips and execrations "to give it a start," and you then lay on your hounds.

As the poor beast generally prefers running along the roads,—if the weather is dry and the roads hard,—its feet soon give way and it is easily taken; but if the roads chance to be soft, or if it betakes itself, as it sometimes will, to the ploughed lands, the chase is longer, and usually ends in some pond or stream, into which the hot and wearied deer rushes when it is utterly blown. Occasionally, the hounds maul and mangle it so badly before the huntsmen can ride up to save it, that it has to be killed then and there, for, as its horns are sawn off, it has no means of defending itself; oftener, however, it is secured by the aid of hunting whips and ropes, and is hauled into the nearest barn or coach-house, where it remains a prisoner until its van arrives to convey it home again. A few weeks' nursing qualifies it to appear in public once more, and so its miserable life passes away, until some sad day its feet are entirely destroyed by the Macadam, or the hounds, distancing the huntsmen, tear it to pieces. Between the fate of a badger, kept in a box to be "drawn," and that of a deer kept in a paddock to be hunted, there is, in fact, very little to choose.

I have prefixed this bald sketch of our method of hunting the tame deer in Middlesex to the present paper in order to bespeak from my English readers some indulgence—if they discover during the course of my narrative that the sportsmen of France, in finding, hunting, and killing the wild stag in its native forest, do not carry on their operations precisely in the same way as Mr. Davis, the Queen's huntsman, does. *Tot homines quot sententiæ*. There is, doubtless, a good deal to be said in favour of both systems; yet I am convinced that, were I a stag, I should approve of neither, and should denounce them as equally cruel and unfair.

On a fine sharp November morning, in the year 1862, I left Paris by the Northern Railway at 9 A.M., having sent on my horses the day before

to the *Hotel de la Cloche*, at Compiègne, in order to have a day with the Emperor's hounds. I knew nobody connected with the Court, nor did I even know whether I had any business, as a stranger, to join the Imperial Hunt at all. Nevertheless, I had heard so much of the beauty of the forest, and the splendour of the pageant, that I determined to take my chance as to the reception which an uninvited and unknown stranger would receive from the *Grand Veneur*.

The journey to Compiègne was accomplished in about an hour and a half. In the carriage with me were several gentlemen wearing the livery of the Hunt—a very neat and becoming dress. It consists of a small tricorn hat, a loose dark green cutaway coat, and a red waistcoat, all richly bound and braided with gold, white leather breeches, Napoleon boots, and a *couteau de chasse*. An omnibus conveyed us across the river Oise and up the steep streets of the town to the *Hotel de la Cloche*, where we found breakfast prepared for us. The inn stables were crowded with grooms and hunters awaiting their masters from Paris, and two or three very light open carriages, kept for the purpose, drawn by white post-horses, were ready to convey to the meet several other parties, who, like myself, had come to see the show. One of the first persons I stumbled across was a stableman I recollected to have seen in the service of Mr. Z., the well-known London horse-dealer. I asked him what he was doing at Compiègne. "Brought over a couple of hesses, sir, for Miss —, to sell to the Hemperor;" and, sure enough, there was that accomplished little heart- and horse- breaker attired in one of Poole's neatest riding-habits, standing smiling at my elbow, booted and spurred, and eager for the fray.

As soon as I could find my servant and horses, I mounted, and rode slowly on towards the meet. The forest commences the moment you leave the town. It covers 30,000 acres of ground, contains several large pieces of water, and is bounded on its western side by the Oise. Its soil appeared to me to be green sand upon clay; it rode quite as clean and sound as the Nottinghamshire dukeries ride, and it grows finer oaks than either Clumber Welbeck or Worksop can boast. It is pierced in all directions by no less than 1100 *kilomètres* of wide, well-kept rides; and, at intervals of about two miles, are open spaces called *carréfours de chasse*, about as big as Berkeley Square, from each of which these rides diverge in eight different directions. Innumerable guide-posts direct the stranger through what would be a hopeless labyrinth without them.

The meet on the occasion of which I am writing was the *Carréfour du Puits du Roi*, six miles from Compiègne.

On entering the forest I overtook the hounds, upwards of thirty couples of large, strong, and rather coarse dogs. They were attended by four *valets de chiens*, on foot, and by two *piqueurs*, riding handsome English horses. These servants were dressed in the Imperial livery, and carried around them French horns, the footmen wearing long white stockings gartered with black garters below their knees, and high-low

shoes; with their tricorn hats they looked very much like Knaves of Spades. They were short, sturdy fellows, and during the day they had plenty of opportunities of showing that they knew their craft right well, and were gifted with wonderful speed and bottom. A portion of the hounds had soft white cords coiled round their necks, raising in the minds of the uninitiated doubts whether they were going to hunt or going to be hanged. But it was explained to me, that it is the custom with French stag hunters to station in various parts of the forest *relais*, consisting of two or three couples of hounds, in charge of a *valet*, in order that they may be *lancés* on the stag if he happens to come near them, and that these cords were required to lead the *relais* to their posts, and to restrain them till the moment arrived for slipping them.

In company with the hounds we jogged on, passing alternately under lofty timber and by low copse, along firm sandy rides until we reached the *Carréfour du Puits du Roi*. We there found eight *gens-d'armes* in full uniform, mounted on tall bay Norman horses, one being posted at each of the eight entrances to the *carréfour*. At two or three small stalls women were selling coffee, brandy, bread, and roasted chestnuts; a large wood fire was blazing and crackling away merrily, sending its tall column of grey smoke up amongst the trees by which our place of *rendezvous* was overshadowed, and half-a-dozen light carriages filled with ladies were drawn up on the edge of the wood, so as to leave the space within the *carréfour* quite free. The hounds grouped themselves on the green sward around the Knaves of Spades who had them in charge; and we all betook ourselves to drinking coffee and burning *gloria*, and munching bread and chestnuts, and smoking—and waited.

Presently we espied, far away down one of the green rides, a troop of horsemen slowly approaching. As it closed up, we discovered it to consist of fifty prime English hunters, covered with green and gold clothing, marked with the Imperial crown and *chiffre*, and ridden and led by twenty-five neat grooms in the Imperial liveries. Five or six of the horses bore ladies' saddles. This cavalcade entered the *carréfour* and drew up in line on the side opposite to that on which the hounds were rolling, gambolling, and fighting. Then there was another very long pause, only broken by the occasional arrival of a *calèche* and posters, or of a gentleman in the livery of the Hunt. At last a prodigious cracking of whips and jingling of bells announced that the *cortége* from the Castle was at hand. And exactly at 1 P.M. ten *chars à banc* dashed into the *carréfour*, preceded by the *Grand Veneur* on horseback. Each *char à banc* carried twelve persons, sitting, three abreast, on four seats, and was drawn by six horses and attended by two mounted *piqueurs*. The horses were all bay Percheron mares about 15.3 in height, handsome, round, and strong, and very fast trotters; their manes were plaited, their tails clubbed, their rope traces preposterously long, their small neat heads abundantly garnished with bells and badger fur. The postilions and *piqueurs* all wore round glazed hats, powder, pigtails, green and gold

jackets, and red waistcoats, leather breeches, and heavy jack-boots, after the fashion of the olden time, and wielded their whips with deafening dexterity.

The Emperor did not hunt on this occasion, having to attend a Council of State. But in the front seat of the first *char à banc* sat the Empress and the Princess Anna Murat, with a gentleman whose name I could not learn. These two ladies also wore the livery of the Hunt, less—of course—the breeches, boots, and *couteaux de chasse*, the Empress's tricorne having the distinctive ornament of a white ostrich feather coiled around its crown. Amongst the company in the *chars à banc* I recognized a couple of English dukes, and some half dozen other English personages of note. Horses were provided for everybody who chose to ride, and several of the English visitors availed themselves of the Emperor's liberality in this respect, but the greater portion of the party from the Castle appeared to prefer following the hunt on wheels.

As soon as the Empress and Princess Murat had mounted, the *Grand Veneur* informed her Majesty that two stags had been rounded up in the early morning by the keepers and their *limiers*, and were known to be within a short distance of the meet. The Empress at once indicated the direction in which she preferred that the sport should commence, and cantered off with her party, followed by about forty gentlemen wearing the livery of the Hunt, the Imperial *chars à banc*, a few officers in uniform belonging to the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* in garrison at Compiègne, a good many *gens d'armes* who perform the police of the forest, and a perfect cloud of *piqueurs* and grooms. I and a little niece of mine, who had accompanied me on her pony, were the only two "civilians" present on horseback, save and except the pretty little horse-dealing horsebreaker; and the very strong doubts which I entertained whether we might not be looked upon as intruders induced me to keep aloof from the Imperial party, and to ride within the margin of the forest.

On reaching the next *carréfour*, we learned that the stag, disturbed by the noise of the approaching throng, was already afoot, and had just crossed it. A sort of semicircle was therefore formed, of which the Empress was the centre, and the hounds were brought by their *valets* to be laid on the scent. Before this ceremony took place, my little niece said to me, "I am sure that the Empress is looking at us. See, she is sending that gentleman to tell us to go away," and, sure enough, at that very moment an *aide-de-camp*, who had been speaking to her Majesty, hat in hand, suddenly turned his horse round, and galloped straight up to the spot where we were standing. I was preparing to apologize for my intrusion, and to beat a retreat with the best grace I could, when the "Frenchman" courteously addressed us, saying, "The Empress requests that the young English lady on the piebald pony will ride up to her side, where she will see the sport much better than where she is now placed," and accordingly the young English lady, who was but fourteen years old, did canter up to where the Empress of the French

stood, and rode by the side of that kind lady during a great portion of the day. When she is at home, in England, she lives in a midland county, near one of the exiled princes of the House of Orleans, who is as popular with his neighbours as such a courteous, manly, and intelligent gentleman deserves to be; and until her memorable ride in the forest of Compiègne, I am convinced that my little niece May was one of the most devoted adherents the Orleans dynasty had; but such is the frailty and corruption of the female heart, that from that day forward her views on French politics have undergone an entire change. She has, I lament to say, been ever since a rank Imperialist, and I doubt whether even Mr. Kinglake's celebrated fourteenth chapter would succeed in inducing the grateful and proud little girl to think any ill of the terrible Man of December, whose beautiful and gentle wife was so thoughtful and good-natured to her, a child and a stranger, during their pleasant gallop through the forest of Compiègne on that bright November morning. It seems so easy for royalty to win popularity by small courtesies like these, that I often wonder why the attempt is so seldom made. I never saw it made before, and I can answer for it that on this occasion it succeeded perfectly.

As soon as the hounds were away, the sport proceeded as prosperously as woodland hunting on a good scenting day generally does. We galloped up one ride and down another, guided chiefly by the *cors de chasse* of the huntsmen, which made known to the initiated the direction in which the stag was tending. At one time he was declared to be making straight for the *Etangs de St. Pierre*, at another for the *Grands Reservoirs*, and we varied our course accordingly. At last, after running within the forest for upwards of an hour and a half, he broke cover, crossed a strip of cultivated land about a mile in width, and plunged into the Oise, followed by the hounds. In an incredibly short time all the huntsmen, horse and foot, were collected on the bank of the river, encouraging the hounds with their voices and their horns; and they were soon joined by the Empress and her party. The *chars à banc*, which had followed the chase with great spirit and success as long as the stag remained in cover, were here thrown out, not being able to get across the deep ploughed land, and came to a halt in the high road which runs between the forest and the river.

At this moment a curious little episode in the day's sport occurred. A light *calèche* drove noisily up, drawn by four of the Imperial horses, and out of it two ladies handed the *Prince Imperial*, a sturdy comely boy of seven years old, with chubby cheeks and crisp curling black hair. He, too, was dressed in the livery of his father's Hunt, wearing a little tricorne hat with an ostrich feather, a little green cut-away coat and a little red waistcoat laced with gold, little white leather breeches, and little Napoleon boots, and I am obliged to confess that he looked extremely like General Tom Thumb. A mite of a pony, as narrow as a penknife, was in waiting for him. He mounted it with great confidence, and proceeded

to canter boldly and easily across the plough to the river side to join his mother and witness the death of the stag. His governor rode by his side, two grooms followed, and four *gens d'armes* watchfully prevented the crowd from pressing too close upon his heels.

The sight, when we reached the river, was very striking. Under the bank were grouped the *valets de chiens* and the huntsmen in a high state of excitement; above it stood the Empress, the *Prince Imperial*, and their *suite*, and on the opposite side of the Oise were about a hundred men in blue blouses—the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, who had turned out to see the fun. Behind us were the tall dark timber trees of the forest, in front a wide open cultivated plain, and high up on our left, the town and castle of Compiègne, distant about five miles. The stag was swimming about at his ease in the river, the hounds seemed much distressed, and a couple of huntsmen in a punt, with short carbines, were endeavouring to get into a position from which they could shoot the animal without danger to the hounds or to the people on the banks. After a good deal of dodging and one or two misses, a lucky shot struck it in the neck, when it turned short round, met the hounds, and was almost instantly drowned by them.

The day's sport was then over, and we devoted our best energies to getting back to Compiègne as fast and as fussily as we could. Why we were in such a hurry I cannot say. A wonderfully well-appointed *calèche* awaited the Empress in the high road, and trotted off with her and Princess Anna Murat; another, in which the *Prince Imperial's* governess and *bonne* were waiting for him, reconveyed that precocious young potentate back to his nursery; the *chars à banc* followed in their wake, as did the sportsmen and women on horseback and the crowd of grooms and *piqueurs*, the hounds remaining in charge of the footmen. Such a brilliant scramble and scurry I never before witnessed, such cracking of whips and jingling of bells and trotting of horses; the stout Percheron mares, in spite of the unsparing way in which they had been "bucketed" up and down the forest rides for several hours, taking home their heavy *chars à banc* with the greatest ease at the rate of eleven miles an hour.

At the *Cloche*, at Compiègne, a *table d'hôte* was ready for us hungry hunters as soon as we arrived. Overtures were made to me during the evening for the purchase both of my own horse and my niece's pony on such tempting terms that I found it very difficult to resist them; a corpulent capitalist, who had lazily passed the day in one of the Imperial *chars à banc*, sending me word that he would give any price in reason for "*le merveilleux cob*" which the tall Englishman had ridden—the said cob being sixteen hands high and eighteen years old! We were told that we ought to repair at nine o'clock to the courtyard of the castle, where the *curée*, or breaking up of the stag, would take place by torchlight, in presence of the Emperor and the Court. But at nine o'clock the last train started for Paris—so the *curée* we could not and did not see. But my groom—a grumbling Englishman—who hated being away from his wife and his beer, and

who voted Paris "a poor place," and declared that English horses must inevitably become broken-winded if they eat French hay—did see it, and told me, to my surprise, that it was such a "stunning" sight that he would have walked all the way from England rather than have missed it. Being a man of few words, he would not or could not explain to me what there was in the ceremony which struck his torpid fancy so much, but such was Jack Raven's report of the *curée* by torchlight at Compiègne, and I give it for what it may be worth.

At the railway station we entered an empty carriage, from which we were speedily ejected by the station-master, who told us that it was specially reserved for a great lady from the Castle, and, presently, the pretty little horsebreaker, who had been had over "special" from London to exhibit and sell Mr. Z.'s horses to the Emperor, but who had failed in her mission in consequence of his Majesty's absence on affairs of state, was ceremoniously handed into it by the Emperor's head groom, the guard blew his horn—the train started—we all fell asleep—and by half-past ten we were drinking tea and talking over our day's sport in our apartments at the *Grand Hotel du Louvre*.



## On an Old Muff.

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TIME has a magic wand !  
 What is this meets my hand,  
 Moth-eaten, mouldy, and  
     Covered with fluff ?  
 Faded, and stiff, and scant,—  
 Can it be ? no, it can't—  
 Yes,—I declare 'tis Aunt  
     Prudence's Muff !

Years ago—twenty-three !  
 Old Uncle Barnaby  
 Gave it to Aunt P.—  
     Laughing and teasing—  
 “Pru., of the breezy curls,  
 Whisper these solemn churls,  
*What holds a pretty girl's*  
     *Hand without squeezing ?”*

Uncle was then a lad  
 Gay, but, I grieve to add,  
 Gone to what's called “the bad”—  
     Smoking . . . and worse !  
 Sleek sable then was this  
 Muff, lined with *pinkness*—  
 Bloom to which Beauty is  
     Seldom averse.

I see in retrospect  
 Aunt, in her best bedeck'd,  
 Gliding, with mien erect,  
     Gravely to Meeting :  
 Psalm-book, and kerchief new,  
 Peeped from the Muff of Pru.—  
 Young men—and pious too—  
     Giving her greeting.

Pure was the life she led  
 Then—from her Muff, 'tis said,  
 Tracts she distributed :—  
     Scapegraces many,  
 Seeing the grace they lack'd,  
 Follow'd her—One attack'd  
 Prudence—and got his tract  
     Oft'ner than any !

Love has a potent spell !  
 Soon this bold Ne'er-do-well,  
 Aunt's sweet susceptible  
     Heart undermining,  
 Slipped, so the scandal runs,  
 Notes in the pretty nun's  
 Muff—triple-corner'd ones—  
     Pink as its lining !

Worse even, soon the jade  
 Fled (to oblige her blade !)  
 Whilst her friends thought that they'd  
     Lock'd her up tightly :  
 After such shocking games  
 Aunt is of wedded dames  
 Gayest—and now her name's  
     Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct flaw  
 Sadder I never saw,  
 Still I've faith in the law  
     Of compensation.  
 Once Uncle went astray—  
 Smoked, joked, and swore away—  
 Sworn by, he's now, by a  
     Large congregation !

Changed is the Child of Sin  
 Now he's (he once was thin)  
 Grave, with a double chin,—  
     Blest be his fat form !  
 Changed is the garb he wore,—  
 Preacher was never more  
 Prized than is Uncle for  
     Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits  
 Mortals of slender wits,  
 Then beg this Muff, and its  
     Fair Owner pardon :  
*All's for the best*,—indeed  
 Such is my simple creed—  
 Still I must go and weed  
     Hard in my garden.



## Bookselling in the 13th Century.

In a former article\* an attempt was made to dispel the popular error respecting the scarcity of books under the Roman Empire, and to show that, even without the aid of the Printing Press, books were both numerous and inexpensive, thanks to slave-labour on the one hand, and to a brisk demand for books on the part of the Roman people. We have no such error to dispel in our present article. No one is misled as to the small place occupied by books and bookselling in the days before printing was invented; and we have therefore no paradox with which to pique curiosity. All we wish to do is to lay before our readers such scanty facts as we have gleaned respecting the condition of bookselling at its origin in modern times—at the very close of the Middle Ages, and commencement of the new era.

If in the Middle Ages books were rare and costly, it was not, as many suppose, because printing was unknown, nor was it because slave-labour had ceased, but mainly because the ignorance and apathy of the public in all directions opened by literature, reduced the demand for books to a minimum, and because this feeble demand permitted the production of books to become more and more costly, keeping the art of producing them in a few hands. In those ages only the clergy could read and write; nor could they *always* boast of these small accomplishments. The ignorance of many of the lower clergy may be estimated by an anecdote and a decree. The anecdote is preserved in the epistles of Boniface, where we read that Pope Zacharias complained of having heard a priest in Bavaria baptize a child *in nomine Patria, et Filia, et Spiritus Sancti!* This proves that he must have learned the Church Service by rote. The decree is that of the Council of Toledo, which forbids any one being ordained as a priest *unless* he can read the psalms and has some knowledge of the ceremonies.† If such was the culture of the clergy, we may suppose a complete ignorance on the part of the laity; and the learned Benedictines assure us that during the tenth and eleventh centuries it was rare to find a layman in France who could read and write.‡ Did not the name of clerk long continue the synonyme of one who could read and write? Even kings were seldom able to sign their names. Our series of royal autographs begins with Richard II.

\* "Publishing before the Age of Printing."—*Cornhill Magazine*, January 1864.

† *Concil. Tolet. VIII. c. 8*, decrevimus, ut nullus cujuscunque dignitatis ecclesiastice deinceps percipiat gradum, qui non psalterium vel canticorum usualium et hymnorum sive baptizandi perfecte noverit supplementum.—EICHORN: *Allgemeine Geschichte der Cultur*, 1799, II. 14.

‡ *Histoire littéraire de la France*, VII. 2.

For such a public, books would have been about as appetizing as apple-dumplings to a lion. It was only in the Church and in the extremely restricted circle of jurists and doctors, that literature had any existence. The Church was forced to keep some small culture alive, and monks were copyists by necessity as well as by inclination. Partly because the parchment on which they wrote was costly, and partly because the art of copying was pursued at leisure and under no great stimulus, the manuscripts became more and more splendid and elaborate. Whoever has cast a glance at the Illuminated Manuscripts which are still preserved, will understand the sarcasm of the Bolognese jurist, Odofredi, who in the thirteenth century said that writers were no longer writers but painters.\* A division of labour soon became established, one writing the letters, another designing the initials and borders. In several old manuscripts we see places left for the illuminator, which have not been filled up. Nor was this luxury of "getting-up" confined to Bibles and Missals. Even law books, which are now so plain, were then splendid; and a writer in the twelfth century complains that in Paris the Professor of Jurisprudence required two or three desks to support his copy of Ulpian, gorgeous with golden letters.†

When, therefore, we read, as we often read, of the enormous sums paid for books in the Middle Ages, we should remember that these prices represent what in our days would be prices paid for works of art or *virtu*. Respecting the actual cost of any manuscript which was simply a copy of some ancient or contemporary work, we have tolerably precise information, since the sum is often named in the work itself. The prices varied according to the extent, age, rarity, and popularity of the original.‡ In general, a work was copied then, as it would be by our law-stationers now, at a fixed sum per folio.

At first there was no sale of books. The monks were employed in various monasteries copying works, and these copies were exchanged for others, or sent away as presents. Gradually, a sort of commerce sprang up. And when universities were founded, the demands of students and professors caused a greater activity, to supply which there arose a regular class of copyists. The invention of paper, which in the thirteenth century came into general use, was of great importance; not only did it replace the expensive parchment, and enable copies to be made at a comparatively trifling cost, but it put a stop to the wholesale destruction of ancient manuscripts by the ignorance and cupidity of monks, who sold valuable works as mere parchment, or erased the productions of Greek and Roman

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\* *Hodie scriptores non sunt scriptores, imo pictores, unde dicimus quod chartæ cedunt literis, secus ac olim, cum boni erant pictores mali scriptores, tabula cedebat picturæ, literæ cœlebant chartæ.*—FATTORINI: *De claris archigymnasii Bononiensis professoribus a sæculo XI. usque ad XIV.* 1769, I. 187.

† MEINERS: *Historische Vergleichung der Sitten, &c.* 1793, II. 538.

‡ KIRCHOFF, in his erudite little work, *Die Handschriftenhändler des Mittelalters*, Leipzig, 1853, has given a long list of prices paid for various manuscripts.

thinkers to replace them with their own foolish legends and homilies. Benvenuto da Imola has told us what Boccaccio, his venerable master, had related to him of his experience at the celebrated monastery of Monte Casino, one of the very earliest founded, and long renowned for its classic treasures. He asked to see the library, and found it a mere lumber-room. On inquiring why so many priceless works were mutilated as he saw them, he was told that when the monks were in need of a few pence, they took a sheet, erased the writing, and replaced it by a psalm.\*

When paper came into use, and a small public of students was ready, what was the position of booksellers? Very different from that of the magnates of the Row in our day; though, even in our day, certain lingering traces of the old conditions are discernible. Booksellers were at first mainly book-lenders, and hardly to be called publishers at all. They did sell books, but their chief trade was in Mr. Mudie's way. They were called stationers, *stationarii*; and the name still lingers in Stationer's Hall, the great fountain of legalized publication. Why they were so named is by no means clear. Crevier tells us that one of the meanings of the Latin word *statio* is *entrepôt*, and he adds that the booksellers did little else in those days than furnish a place of deposit where private persons could send their manuscripts for sale.† Kirchoff intimates that *stationarii* meant stationary or resident booksellers, as distinguished from wandering pedlars. Does the fact that in those days‡ the vendors of drugs were also styled stationers, throw any light upon the subject; and does it account for the general practice on the Continent, and in our smaller provincial towns, of combining the sale of stationery with that of drugs and groceries?

It is certain that the stationers not only lent books, but also acted as commission agents for the sale of books deposited with them. And what a commission! Think of it, ye magnificent bibliopoles who quaff your champagne out of author's skulls (which every one knows is the daily practice), think of your commission being limited to one or two per cent., and, on very rare transactions, for very small sums! Think of being by law forbidden to buy any work yourself which had been deposited with you for sale, or to get any one else to buy it for you, unless it had been with you for a whole month! For those were not the days of liberty, least of all of free trade. All trades and professions were jealously controlled by the strong but not discriminating hand of Government. No one was supposed to understand his own interest so well as the paternal Government understood it. No one was thought able to manage his business without aid from those who had no interest in it. The *stationarii* were under the control of the universities; and in 1275, that of Paris published a statute, which forced every stationer to take the oath of allegiance once a year; and forced him to do many other things which

\* *BENVENUTI IMOLENSIS: Comment. in Dantis Commed.* quoted in MURATORI.

† CREVIER: *Hist. de l'Université de Paris.* 1761, II. 66.

‡ MEINERS: *op. cit.* II. 539.

would cause the Row to murmur somewhat rebelliously. He was obliged to exhibit every book at once, announcing both the title and its price. If a purchaser came, the bookseller was not trusted with receiving the money; he could only stand by and see it paid over to the proprietor, receiving at the same time his commission. There was not much champagne quaffed out of *that*, I imagine. If this restricted bookseller was guilty of any fraud or contravention of the statutes, he was fined heavily, deprived of his office, and all teachers and students were forbidden to have dealings with him, on penalty of losing their privileges.

In 1292, the bookselling corporation of Paris consisted of twenty-four copyists, seventeen bookbinders, nineteen parchment dealers, thirteen illuminators, and eight simple dealers in manuscripts. In 1323, the number of *stationarii* and *librarii* was twenty-nine—of whom, two were women: a detail which reminds us that women have ever since continued to figure as publishers and printers in France; and only in the last few years have we known such things in England.

Jews were, for some reason or other, forbidden to sell books; nor have they ever shown a very lively desire to quaff their champagne through the agency of literature. But in the 13th century, if any Jew had a manuscript for sale, he was obliged to employ a stationer. Such was the law. It is needless to say that the Jews found little difficulty in evading it.

Besides the stationers, Paris had several pedlars, or, as we should call them, stall-keepers, not attached to the university, yet not free from university control: such, for example, as the rule forbidding them to sell any work at a higher price than ten sous (a proof that *all* books were not beyond the reach of slender purses); and the rule which denied them the right of selling in shops or booths, permitting them only to exhibit their wares under the free heaven. Who does not recognize the descendants of these pedlars? Will you ever again spend a morning turning over the volumes ranged along the parapets of Paris quays, or on the benches by the Palazzo Riccardi in the Via Larga of Florence, or in the Place du Panthéon at Rome, without thinking of the Middle Ages? Will you ever pass an inverted umbrella, with its prints and old books, erect by the curbstone of Oxford Street, or Tottenham Court Road, and not see in it the lineal descendant of the unattached Parisian bookseller?

In Bologna the stationers were obliged to be men of learning, capable of looking after the correctness of the manuscript they lent. A heavy fine for every incorrectness sharpened their vigilance. In these university towns the sale of books might be small, but the loan of books was tolerably active. Each book was divided into regular parts (*petiis*—or folios, as we should now call them), and the price for the loan of each part was fixed: sometimes it was only a few farthings, sometimes several shillings, and in very rare cases, pounds. Thus while the ordinary school-books were accessible even to poor students, the more valuable books were not even to be read without a long purse. It was the sense of this

that induced a certain Archdeacon of Canterbury to leave, by will, all his theological works to the Chancellor of the Église de Paris, who was also a librarian, with the express command that they were to be lent gratuitously to poor students.\*

How seldom books were bought may be estimated from what Savigny says, that in the thirteenth century the libraries of many eminent jurists consisted of only four or six books. And, as if to keep the trade low, the university decreed that no stationer should be allowed to sell or give books to any other university; † nor was he allowed to put a higher price on the books than had been fixed in former days. Nay, the very students were forbidden to take a book away from the city unless under express permission. In Paris also it was forbidden to sell any book without the permit of the University, "afin qu'il soit pris des mesures pour d'une part ne point empêcher le gain du libraire, et de l'autre faire en sorte que l'université ne soit point privée de l'usage d'un exemplaire qui peut lui être utile." ‡ Students were allowed to make copies of works for themselves, if they deposited a sufficient pledge with the stationer; but this was a luxury few students indulged in.

However, the protectionist policy may have obstructed the trade of literature, it is clear that the great obstacle lay in the public apathy. No sooner was there a demand for books than the means of supplying that demand were found. Had the masses needed literature, copyists would have been as plentiful as gardeners are now. In the middle of the fourteenth century when the intellectual ferment was beginning to work, Milan alone had as many as forty professional scribes; and it soon became the fashion to possess manuscripts. Philip of Burgundy is said by his secretary to have kept scribes very much as the Romans did: "pour être garni d'une librairie non pareille à toutes," says Aubert; "il a dès son jeune eige eu à ses geiges plusieurs traducteurs grands clercs, experts orateurs, historiens et escrivains, et en diverses contrées en gros nombre diligemment labourans." § And the practice of copying was continued long after the invention of printing, copies being made even from printed books. Greek books were copied until the 16th century, when the labours of Aldus, Froben, and Estienne finally established the supremacy of type.

\* CREVIER: *op. cit.*

† "Statuimus, ut stationarii exempla tenentes nunc vel in futurum non presumant vendere, vel alio modo alienare, ut portentur ad studium alterius civitatis."—FATTORINI: *op. cit.* II. 224; MEINERS: *op. cit.* II. 541; KIRCHOFF: *op. cit.* 22.

‡ CREVIER: II. 285.

§ *Hist. des bibliothèques publiques de Bruxelles*, 1840, p. 20, quoted by KIRCHOFF.

## Club-House Sobriety.

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OF all the many changes which of late years have occurred in the habits and manners of the English people, there is perhaps not one more striking than that which has reversed the truth of the proverb "As drunk as a lord." At the time it arose, like most other proverbs, it was founded on truth; the nobility, as well as the middle classes, not only considered drunkenness as no disgrace, but not unfrequently looked at it as the characteristic of a good fellow. In those days a three-bottle man was considered as a being to be envied, and one who took regularly his bottle of port a day as a good-natured estimable man. In the present day is there such a being as a drunken lord? We by no means profess to have a very large acquaintance with the peerage, but the result of our experience is, that we have never met with a drunken nobleman. Nor is this extraordinary sobriety characteristic only of the aristocracy; the middle classes, and those principally in direct association with the latter, fully share in the credit due to temperance. It can, without the slightest difficulty, be proved, and by undoubted statistics, that the middle and higher orders of Englishmen are now the most sober body of men in Europe, while so great was formerly their reputation for intemperance, that the scandal is not even yet extinct in France, notwithstanding better acquaintance with our nation. The Englishman of their farces is almost always a hard drinker.

Whence, then, this extraordinary change in the drinking habits in the middle and higher orders of Englishmen? Many reasons have been given for it, such as the introduction of the lighter French and German wines, after the cessation of the war. Possibly this might have had some effect, but not to the extent imagined, because claret was as well known and as much drunk before the war as it is now, and our countrymen had even then the reputation of being hard drinkers; and it is more than probable that the proverb, "As drunk as a lord," arose before port wine was much in vogue in England. Another reason has been given—that the example of sobriety shown us by foreigners has been imitated; but this appears not only uncomplimentary to the intelligence of our higher orders, who have been in communication with them, but invalid as concerns the poorer of the middle orders who cannot afford to travel, and yet are perhaps the most sober portion of our population. The temperance shown by shopmen and clerks in our larger business establishments is most praiseworthy. True, occasionally one of these, when out for his holiday, may make a simpleton of himself, by imitating the manners of a fast young man, as portrayed in some farce he may have seen, or become over-heated by some abominable mixture he may have swallowed at a singing or smoking saloon; but a

severe headache the next day, and a smart reproof from his employer generally atones for the indiscretion, and during the next six months he is content with the exceedingly innocent table-beer of the establishment.

Perhaps to no cause can the extraordinary revolution in the drinking habits of the higher and middle classes of society in this country be more distinctly traced than to the introduction of the club-house system. It may be said that club-houses existed for the aristocracy long before this drinking reformation commenced, but this is not altogether correct. That White's, Boodle's, and Brook's, may have been founded many years before sobriety became the distinctive characteristic of a gentleman is true; but they were very different in their organization from modern clubs, and, in fact, from the habits of their own members at the present day. Had Sir Richard Mayne existed half a century since, and those clubs had been allowed to remain in their then state without any interference, he would have been most justly accused of neglect of duty; they would, to a certainty, have been indicted as nuisances by such a body of men as generally, with all their faults, compose our modern parochial boards. Even in later times, not more than thirty years since, this total disregard to decency in the management of our clubs existed, and the notorious Crockford's may be quoted as an example. They carried with them, also, a certain sort of absolution. To become one of their members seemed to give a licence to behave like a "roué," or a blackleg, if it pleased them, without remark or objection. It is occasionally amusing to note our "honest John Bull" contempt of our French neighbours' "extenuating circumstances," and then examine a little into the manner in which we used to find extenuating circumstances in the lives and habits of those who lived upon gambling, and that too of a description which occasionally not only bordered closely on swindling, but sometimes passed the limits. It is curious for those old enough to look back on the leaders of fashion in those days, and imagine in what repute they would be held in the present.

But to return to the subject matter of our paper—the change in the drinking habits of the middle and higher orders. It appears to have commenced about the time the club-house system, in the present acceptation of the word, began to be in fashion. In a club a member is not obliged to drink for the benefit of the house. In hotels, on the contrary, it is almost an absolute necessity. Consider a member of parliament, or a lord, remaining for a fortnight or three weeks at an hotel without drinking wine, and then imagine the amount of respect "mine host" would have for him at the expiration of his sojourn. It is, perhaps, this one principle in the club-house system which renders it far more conducive to temperance than the tavern or public-house. A considerable disturbance took place some few years since in London, in consequence of an attempt to close public-houses on the Sunday, and the public press to a great extent sympathised with the rioters, justly considering that if the rich man's public-house (his club) was allowed to remain open, it was a gross piece of despotism to deny the poor man a similar advantage.

Although the argument had great reason in it, at the same time it was hardly perfect. The great objection to the public-house being open was, the frequent desecration of the Sabbath which arose from it. The same objection does not apply to clubs—and why? The members are already educated in temperance, and have no part in those disturbances which mark on the police-court registers on Monday, how hard it is for the working population to resist the temptation of open public-houses on Sunday. Few of our readers are aware of the immense sums spent in these places by the London workmen. An advertisement some time since appeared in the *Dispatch* newspaper, for the sale of a large public-house in Edgeware Road, the returns of which were 240*l.* a week. This is an amount equal to the whole expenditure for wine, beer, and spirits, of the Athenæum, Reform, and Conservative clubs put together, with a balance of more than a thousand a year to spare. The returns of the Trevor Hall, Knightsbridge, are said to exceed the expenditure in alcoholic liquors of the four largest clubs in St. James's put together, and yet there are seventeen other public-houses, all doing a flourishing trade, within a radius of three hundred yards of the building.

If, then, the club-house system, by shielding its members from the necessity of drinking for the benefit of the house, has had so beneficial an effect on the middle and higher classes of Englishmen, why may not a similar effect be obtained by its introduction among working-men? The amount spent in drink in many of the trades appears almost fabulous. A gang of three hundred excavators were employed last year on a certain Government work. The contractor hired, for twelve months, a small public-house near the spot where they were employed. At the end of the year, he found his men had expended at the house 7,500*l.* for beer and spirits—or an average of nearly ten shillings per head per week. Compare this with the expenditure of the different West-end clubs, and the conclusion will appear very surprising. The average weekly expenditure of each member of the Reform Club for wine, beer, and spirits is 1*s.* 3*d.*; that of the Athenæum, less than half that sum. True, it may be said that the club members have the power of drinking at home. This will make but little difference in the result. A bottle of club claret, which will cost three or four shillings, will not possess more intoxicating power than a pot of genuine stout; and if, instead of the money spent, the comparative amount of alcoholic spirit consumed with these fluids could be taken, the difference would be still more remarkable.

Apart from the demoralization attendant on intemperance, few who have not gone deeply into the matter can form an idea of the terrible effect the present habit of hard drinking has upon the welfare of our working classes. From the disgust which advocates of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins school of sobriety have occasioned in the minds of many, by their absurd denunciations of the most moderate use of stimulating drinks, the subject rarely obtains just consideration in the minds of the thinking public. There are, nevertheless, grave reasons for their moral intervention in the



subject. Let us take for our text-book that very unpoetical matter-of-fact production, the *London Post-office Directory*, and we shall find in it somewhere about ten thousand public-houses and beer shops, exclusive of inns, taverns, hotels, eating-houses, clubs, and all other establishments where fermented or distilled liquors are sold. Give every public-house or beer shop in London an average frontage of twenty-one feet, and we shall find, if placed side by side, they would make a row of houses thirty-nine miles in length. To find the amount of money spent annually in these establishments would require more time and space than we could bestow upon the question, but we will take one portion of it alone; the rent, taxes, gas, and establishment charges—all of which the customer has, indirectly, to pay for before he obtains the commodity he requires. Let us assume, then, that the average rent, taxes, and establishment charges of the London public-house to be 125*l.* per annum. This sum is far below the real amount, but we like always to work on minimum data. Let us find what the aggregate amount of the whole would represent in different items of our municipal expenditure. In the first place it would pay the maintenance of our metropolitan police-courts, including magistrates' salaries of 74,000*l.*; also, the maintenance of the metropolitan police force, 140,000*l.* It would further maintain the 7,000 beds of the metropolitan hospitals, at an average expenditure of 40*l.* per bed. Beyond that it would pay for the whole maintenance of the metropolitan poor, 700,000*l.* a year, and then leave a surplus beyond all, sufficient for national education as well. It is assumed that, in public-house expenditure, the rent averages one-fifth part of the gross returns. If, then, the working-man, without becoming a teetotaler, drank only one-fifth less than he does at present, what an immense amount of domestic comfort he might obtain from his abstinence.

But if this immense advantage to his physical and moral welfare may be obtained by greater sobriety in the working-man, which the middle and higher classes already possess, ought not the latter to instruct and assist the working-man to obtain the same end? We have no lack of other missions to the working-classes,—why should we omit the one which we can, with the best possible conscience, preach—namely, sobriety? Nothing can be easier if the end is to be obtained by the formation of working-men's clubs; and we maintain that it can. It has been argued that to establish a club on a proper footing, it should be regulated and governed by the members themselves; and so great is the desire for stimulating drinks among our working-classes, that they would be able to give full sway to their darling vice of drinking in these establishments. At the present time public-houses are under the surveillance of the law, and if a publican conducts his house in an improper manner, the magistrates have the power of depriving him of his licence, but over the clubs they would have no control, and the evils at present complained of would then simply be worse. Unfortunately, working-men's clubs are as yet not sufficiently numerous for us to give a direct negative to the assertion,

though the few proofs we could offer would all tend to a totally different result. One case in point we will quote.

A certain Miss Adeline Cooper, a lady taking great interest in the poor of the lower parts of Westminster, succeeded in establishing a costermonger's club in Duck Lane. It was to be organized on the same liberal footing as the Pall Mall clubs,—every member having the right to a voice in the framing or altering the rules for its government. A number of rules had already been decided on, when the question was raised, whether beer should be sold on the premises? Here poor Miss Cooper was in a state of great trepidation, her club consisting of one hundred and twenty members, twenty-five being teetotalers, and ninety-five drinking men. On the night appointed for considering the question, the chairman put it to the meeting. The first speaker was a drinking man, in the full, even fullest, acceptance of the term.

“Now I'll tell you what my opinion about this is,” he said. “I ain't a teetotaler, nor I don't intend being one, and that's more; and when I want a glass of beer, I intend having it, if I can afford to pay for it. But, as matters at present stand, if I want a pint of beer I can go to the public-house for it; and if I want to get away from beer, and I very often do, I can come here. Now, if beer is sold here, I don't see the difference between this and a public-house, and I shall hold up my hand against it.” And, to Miss Cooper's intense satisfaction, the remaining ninety-four drinking men all followed the speaker's example; and beer is not allowed to be sold in their club.

In the establishment of working-men's clubs, proper care does not generally seem to be practised in making them sufficiently attractive in appearance, and comfortable; in fact, most of them have a very squalid and poverty-stricken appearance, for which there is no real necessity. In no case, perhaps, is the economy of co-operation more distinguishable than in the formation of a club; but, unfortunately, the working-men of London, although willing enough to combine for defence, are hardly sensible to the advantages to be derived from mutual assistance; and, in those instances where they attempt to practise it, they ignore the principle that the greater the number of co-operators, if the machinery be proportionably well arranged, the greater the benefit to the association.

A lecture was last winter given by a gentleman to a large number of costermongers in the neighbourhood of the Borough, on the value of prudence, and the necessity of setting by something for a rainy day. He dwelt strongly on his subject, and his eloquence had a visible effect on his auditory. When he had finished, an animated conversation took place between him and some of the costermongers.

“You seem to think, sir,” said one, “that costermongers are a very imprudent set, but we are not. Now, down here, we subscribe to a benefit society, and we pay up our money regularly. There has not been a man among us behind-hand during the whole winter.”

“But how much do you put by a week?” asked the lecturer.

"Sixpence a week, sir."

"Where does your club hold its meetings?"

"At the King's Head, sir," was the reply.

"But why do you hold it at a public-house?"

"To save money, sir. The landlord is a very kind-hearted man, and he lets us have the room for nothing."

"That seems all very well; but what do you spend at his house in the week?" inquired the lecturer.

"Well, one with another, sir, about a shilling a week."

This answer the lecturer knew perfectly well was dictated by the man's modesty. Half-a-crown a week would most probably have been far under the mark.

"What a pity it is," he observed, "that a large number of you working men do not combine together, and get up a good club, with a room or building of your own for your meetings! you would be much more comfortable than you are at present."

"Now, sir," said the costermonger, "how can you talk in that manner? With you gentlemen it is all very well; but how are a number of poor men such as we are to get the money together for any thing of the kind? Why, our rent alone would be more than two hundred pounds a year!"

"You say," said the lecturer, "that you spend one shilling a week with the landlord, and save sixpence. Let a thousand of you join together and give me the eighteen-pence a week, and instead of two hundred a year for your rent, I will pay five hundred; I will pay one hundred a year more for repairs and taxes, two hundred more for fuel and gas, three hundred more for clerk and servants to keep up the place. I will allow you one hundred newspapers a day, I will allow you five hundred a year to purchase books for your library and pay lecturers to instruct you, and I will then hand over to your benefit fund two thousand a year more."

"It is impossible, sir."

"Calculate it yourself,—you costermongers are generally very quick at figures."

The man did so, and found to his great astonishment, that the lecturer's calculation was correct.

But to make the working men understand the advantages of the club-house system, it is necessary that those instructed in the matter should combine and teach them. They would be certain to be received with respect. Any one accustomed to mix much with the English working classes will endorse the statement that, if addressed as men, and not as children, they listen attentively and thankfully, and any suggestions which may be offered for their improvement they will readily adopt. And perhaps no better time than the present could be named for a movement of the kind, for large numbers of the more intelligent working men are adopting temperance principles, not on account of any imaginary sin concealed in the beer they drink, but simply because they are better able to

support excessive fatigue without it. An experiment in proof was tried about a year since, in some brick-fields near Fulham. A gang of temperance men, drinking water or cold tea, challenged a gang of drinking men to a trial of strength. They were to work for a certain number of days, and at the end, the party who should have made the greater number of bricks should be declared the winner. The temperance men beat their opponents by several thousand. Now, with the exception of excavators, no class of workmen drink more beer than brick-makers—four or five gallons a day being no unusual quantity when at full work in hot weather. Many working men in other trades are discovering the advantages of temperance in a physiological point of view. Almost all the glass-blowers and gas furnace men in Southwark have adopted it, from their greater ability to support fatigue without drinking beer. Last year a farmer in Hampshire hired a gang of reapers to mow and harvest several large fields of wheat, and the work was to be done by contract. When the price had been agreed on, the farmer addressed them in something like the following terms:—"Now it is as much to your advantage as mine that this wheat should be got in as quickly as possible. Work well, and you shall have as much good beer or cold tea as you choose to drink during the time, and I will give you a good harvest supper when you have done." To the farmer's great surprise, all the hands chose the cold tea; but as if to show that this was done on no moral principle, but simply from a conviction that they were better able to support fatigue upon the tea, they all got conscientiously drunk at the harvest supper.

Many other instances and arguments might be brought to show the probable advantages of the adoption of the club-house system among our working classes, but want of space will not allow us to go deeper into the subject. Suffice it to say, that any gentlemen acquainted with club management, and who may have some idle time on their hands, would do really a good and great work if they would assist in the working man's club movement.

## A Child of Nature.



HERE are men, generally popular, with whom I confess to an imperfect sympathy. The "large-hearted man" is one; another is "the child of Nature." I may have been unfortunate in my experiences, and may have known the less amiable specimens of the class, but it happens that whenever I have known a "large-hearted man," he has been one supremely careless about money (the money of others), indifferent to most of the ordinary duties of life, neglectful of his children, except in fondling them, but full of "generous sentiments" for mankind at large, and

for any one who has no special claims upon him. I cannot sympathize with such a nature. I cannot admire the generosity which ignores duty, and which seeks its objects away from those who have a righteous claim upon it. To smile upon your neighbour's wife is cheap amiability. Nor does it appear very difficult to be above small economies, when you are not above running freely into debt. If a large-hearted man refuses to muddle away his income in paying tradesmen's bills, it is easy for him to have a few sovereigns disengaged for charity or hospitality. In like manner, if he abstains from bringing his "generous sentiments" to the control of daily duties, he can afford to keep a large stock of sentiment on hand. One cannot help admiring a noble thought, or a generous phrase, let it come from whom it may; but it should be a living bud upon a living stem, not worn in the button-hole as an ornament. What especially offends in the large-hearted man, is the open self-glorification, the shameless eulogies which he bestows on his own moral character, sometimes by implication only, sometimes by direct self-praise. He will discourse to you of his feelings, pretending to treat them as failings, with an amount of self-laudation which if it related to his beauty or accom-

plishments would call forth shouts of laughter, or words of scorn. He has no moral modesty.

In this respect the French are great offenders. They have adopted the unpleasant trick of claiming for *La France* as a nation, and for themselves individually, the constant guidance of the noblest motives. Every week, journalists and statesmen gravely assure the world that England is only actuated by selfish commercial motives, *tandis que la France*—she is the willing victim of generous sentiments, her polity is based on great ideas. France is a large-hearted nation; but, perhaps, there is not more work-day virtue there than elsewhere.

In a somewhat similar way, one is repelled by the "child of nature." The man who claims this title is always justifying his failures and imperfections by the quiet implication of a superiority to ordinary humanity. He has none of the dross which mingles with common metal. He wants you to believe that his careless disregard of others is owing to the simplicity of his uncorrupted nature. He rejects conventions; and with him duties are very apt to wear the aspect of conventions. The world and the world's ways are not for such as he. His motives are *instincts*, and his instincts, I observe, generally tend in the direction of what is pleasant to himself. He is eloquent on Manhood; on the duties of citizenship he is silent. He is all-heart,—if you will believe him, which you can't.

The child of nature is very popular with those who have not much to do with him, and very exasperating to those who have claims upon him, especially to those who have business transactions with him. The exasperation is increased because he spreads over his conduct a sort of virtuous varnish, which places him in an attitude of superiority. It is the same with the wicked things perpetrated in the name of Religion; you resent them the more because you are called on to respect the motive, and you know that in any other name such actions dare not be avowed.

Children of nature are, of course, like other men, of a mixed kind; some are really amiable, others very selfish. In some the chief defect is a sort of *blarney*; and this was the case with poor T., now no longer living, who was one of the least objectionable specimens I ever knew. T. had the pleasant Irish nature which fascinates even those who most keenly perceive its defects. He had a touch of genius, too, in his way, and was one of those men of whom it is commonly said, that they are no man's enemies but their own; a foolish saying, I believe, since he who is his own enemy, is the enemy of all men brought into relation with him.

I was never thrown into any relation with T. more direct than mere acquaintanceship. My sympathy with him was an imperfect sympathy. I liked his heartiness, his kindly manner, and his Irish accent; but I never felt quite comfortable in his presence, because it was impossible to believe in his sincerity. He seemed always acting a part. There was always a suspicion of rouge on the cheek of that innocence.

T. called himself a child of nature. He forgot to specify *what* nature. One day Douglas Jerrold, who liked and laughed at him,

happening to quote a familiar passage from Milton, T. exclaimed with enthusiasm—

“That’s fine! Who said that!”

“Come, T., don’t pretend that you don’t know it’s Milton.”

“Me dear boy, I’ve never read him.”

“Never read Milton! and you a poet!”

“I’ve scarcely read anything. I was suckled at the breasts of Nayture herself.”

“Yes,” retorted the terrible Jerrold, “but you put a deal of rum in her milk.”

I remember one night being with him at the theatre when some maudlin domestic piece, which he persisted in admiring, was wearying the pit. In answer to my criticisms, he closed his eyes with an air of ineffable superiority, and said,—

“The fact is, me boy, I can’t criticize. I’m a perfect choild at the play. Me harrt is young.”

“Yes, but you are a dramatist, and your intellect is not that of a child.”

“What seems to you critics trash as leeterature, touches me as Nayture.”

And he meant me to understand that an unsophisticated heart would find good in everything, even in maudlin melodramas. So audacious was his assumption of simplicity, that at times it had the aspect of the wildest burlesque. Thus, one evening at Covent Garden during the performance of *La Sonnambula* (or some such opera, in which the tenor has to maltreat the heroine for a time), T. went round to the green-room, after the second act, and addressing the tenor with great fervour, said,—

“Me dear boy, ye’re playing this deloightfully—to perfection.”

“I’m very much flattered, Mr. T. Praise from you is indeed a compliment.”

“Ye deserve it intirely. But tell me”—with sudden eagerness—

“I can’t stay—I’ve an engagement—tell me, d’ye mârry the girl in the thirrd act?”

The tenor, somewhat puzzled at this question, perhaps also by the strange interest with which it was asked, had barely answered “yes,” when T. seized him by the hand, with an expression of affectionate gratitude, and exclaimed—

“Ye do? God bless ye! ye’re a goodfellow! Good-by; ye’re a fine fellow! God bless ye!”

And he hurried away, leaving every one to form his own conclusions as to such simplicity in a dramatist of fifty.

Perhaps the reader may be charitable enough to believe that in the two foregoing anecdotes there was really more sincerity than would be credited by those unacquainted with very simple people; and that T., in spite of a life-long acquaintance with the theatre, may have preserved his childlike belief in the stage. Here are two other anecdotes which may perhaps throw light on this point.

One day I went with him to Covent Garden Theatre to see the manager, and as we entered at the stage-door we found the old door-keeper engaged cooking a chop over his small fire. He welcomed T. with a respectful greeting. T. seized him by the hand as if overjoyed at the sight of an old friend.

"And how d'ye find yerself, me friend—well? That's harrty! I'm deloighted! That's harrty! And how's yere dear wife?"

"I haven't a wife, Mr. T."

"No more ye have," said the unabashed child of nature; "of course ye haven't. But ye're well? That's right. That's harrty! Ye can't think how glad I am to see ye."

And we passed into the theatre, leaving the old man convinced that Mr. T. was a very pleasant gentleman, who would have been glad to hear of the wife's health,—had there been a wife. When I related this to Jerrold he capped it with the following story—

He was one day walking with T. down Holborn, when a gentleman came up, and was welcomed by T. with overflowing cordiality, which the stranger suddenly interrupted with—

"But you *never* came to dine the other day!—we waited for you over an hour. It was such a disappointment!"

T. struck his forehead, as if remonstrating with his oblivious weakness, and replied—

"No more I did! It escaped me memory, intirely. But I tell ye hwat, I'll dine with ye on Saturday next."

"Will you, Mr. T.?"

"I will."

"Without fail?"

"Without fail. At what hour?"

"Six, if agreeable."

"At six!"

"Then we may expect you next Saturday?"

"Next Saturday, at six. Good-by, God bless ye!"

"Good-by; and mind you don't forget Saturday."

"I'll be there! God bless ye! Saturday, at six—good-by—at six——"

The stranger departed, and T. continued shouting good-by's after him; then putting his arm within Jerrold's, he walked on a few paces in silence, and at length said, quietly—

"I wonder hwat the divil his name is now?"

Jerrold used to tell of his trying to get T. to write a Life of Shakspeare for a bookseller, who offered to pay liberally for it. T. was standing behind the scenes at the Haymarket when the proposal was made, and, to the amusement of Jerrold and the actors, he exclaimed—

"Me dear Jerrold! I *couldn't*—indeed, I couldn't! Don't ask it! I *couldn't*. Me rivrence for that *immortal* bard is such—don't ask it! A Life of Shakspeare? I couldn't touch it."



“Nonsense, T.: no man would do it better.”

“Write Shakspeare's life? Think of it, me boy! Think of me feelings. I couldn't—no money could induce me. Besides,” he added, as if this were quite by the way—“besides, *I know very little about him.*”

T. was one day talking in a strain of great seriousness on the importance of making the Bible the only rule of life. What he said was full of sound sense; and yet, somehow, its effect was diminished by our unconquerable suspicion of his *blarney*; and, perhaps, also by the smell of that stimulant he was supposed to have mingled with Nature's milk. Judge, then, of our gravity, when he said—

“I speak from me own expeerience. I've always stood by me Bible at ony cost. I've known trouble: it has saved me. I've known hwat it is to want a penny, but I've stood by me Bible, and it has always been a shilling!”

Some one suggested—

“What! you pawned it?”

But he answered this ribaldry, which set us off laughing, by closing his eyes, as if mentally retiring upon his serene conviction.

Let me say, however, that if T. had abundance of blarney, he was wholly without guile. I believe he was a truly affectionate man, and that his friends were very fond of him, overlooking all his little failings as the natural consequences of his childlike nature. They defended him on the pretext that he had an Irish heart. A better heart than the Irish does not exist; but my regard for Erin will not permit my accepting T. as a type of her best order of men. Kindliness is a national characteristic, and blarney is the weak side of that kindliness: the desire to give pleasure overcoming an imperfect sincerity. I never heard T. say an ill-natured word of anybody. I never knew him do an ill-natured thing. And yet such was the effect of his transparent insincerity, that one never knew what to believe of his kindly phrases. This much, at least, was childlike in him, that he had no sense of serious responsibility, and no suspicion of his self-betraysals.

The anecdote which may fitly conclude this sketch, is eminently characteristic of the headlong inconsiderateness with which he would plunge into flattery. He was the pride of a small club over which he presided, somewhere in Camden Town. The members met weekly, or monthly, I forget which, in the parlour of a quiet inn, where they supped plainly, and passed the night over their pipes and grog, in chatting, varied by dreary comic songs and dreary sentimental ballads. The members were mostly small tradesmen, with justly enough tincture of literature to make them regard T. as a very great man indeed; and to be respectful to the one or two literary men who were attracted there by him. One night after a longer absence than usual, T. again took his place at the head of the table, amid uproarious cheering. His *amour propre* was tickled, nay, not tickled, it was luxuriously stroked by the flattering speeches in which the members expressed at once their regret at having

been so long deprived of his illustrious presence, and their gratitude at his return.

His speech, in reply, was unforgettable. With one hand lovingly caressing his glass of brandy and water, and with the other carelessly dropped inside his breast, the Child of Nature proved himself at the height of the occasion. I cannot, of course, pretend to give all his speech, but some fragments are worth preserving :—



“I’ve been long away from ye, me friends, but me harrt has always been here. (Cheers.) I’ve had to go into society, but it was against the grain. In the saloons of fashion me thoughts have wandered to the Red Lion. And shall I tell ye hwhy? Shall I tell ye hwhy society is always wearisome to me? It is because of all things I want to feel myself in the presence of harrts—simple, manly harrts—and ye know how little there is of *that* hidden under conventional trappings. (Cheers, and clatter of pipes and glasses.) No, me friends, there can be no pleasure where there is not *manhood*. (Hear, hear!) The deloight I expeerience in this room, is the deloight of feeling the presence of *man*. Here we cast aside the pitiful artifices of society—here we only recognize simple nayture. (Hear! hear!)”

A particularly shrill voice was heard squeaking amid the "hear, hears." It issued from a small humpbacked tailor seated on the orator's right, who, with pipe suspended in the air, was looking up into his face with enthusiastic admiration. The squeak arrested the orator's attention. Pausing for a moment, and then triumphantly pointing at the little man, with the air of a professor demonstrating from a diagram, he continued:—

"Me friend, here, is a tailor, is he not? (He is! he is!) Well, and hwat of that? He's a tailor, but, I ask, is he no *more* than tailor? Yes—he's *man!*"

The wild applause which welcomed this Demosthenic burst drowned the laughter of those few who perceived its incongruousness. And with it we may bid adieu to T.

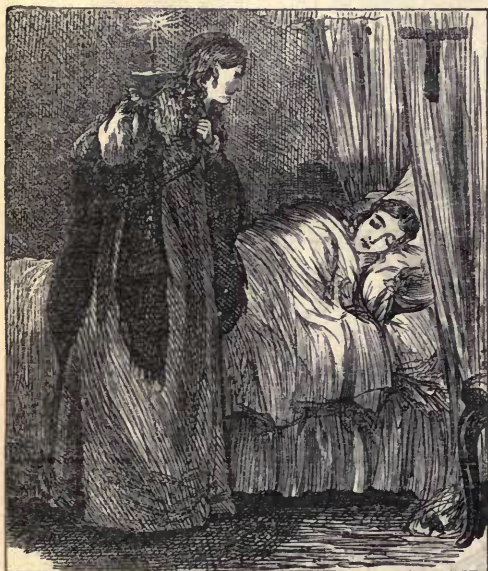


## Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A DECLARATION.



HERE lay the letters, and there stood I, confounded—not so much with shame or vexation, as with an overwhelming sense of the fatality which had led me into a position scarcely equivocal. To be discovered romantically disposed upon a stile, with her lover's letters in her lap, is what no woman not love-sick or a "little fool" would choose; and yet that was the situation into which I had been betrayed by the Fate which amuses herself with making stories of men's lives, as mortals write a novel

or a play. Not that I was the leading character in this episode: accident made sport of me, but only to make choicer sport of him.

That Arthur Lamont knew the letters to be his, was manifest from his pretending not to observe them. I did not take them up, nor would he; but strode over them as if, being only his, and having done their errand, they were things of no further account to anybody.

"Dear Margaret," said he, lifting my unwilling hand, "how fortunate I am!"

"Are you?" I answered, startled by his "dear Margaret" out of a more reasonable reply.

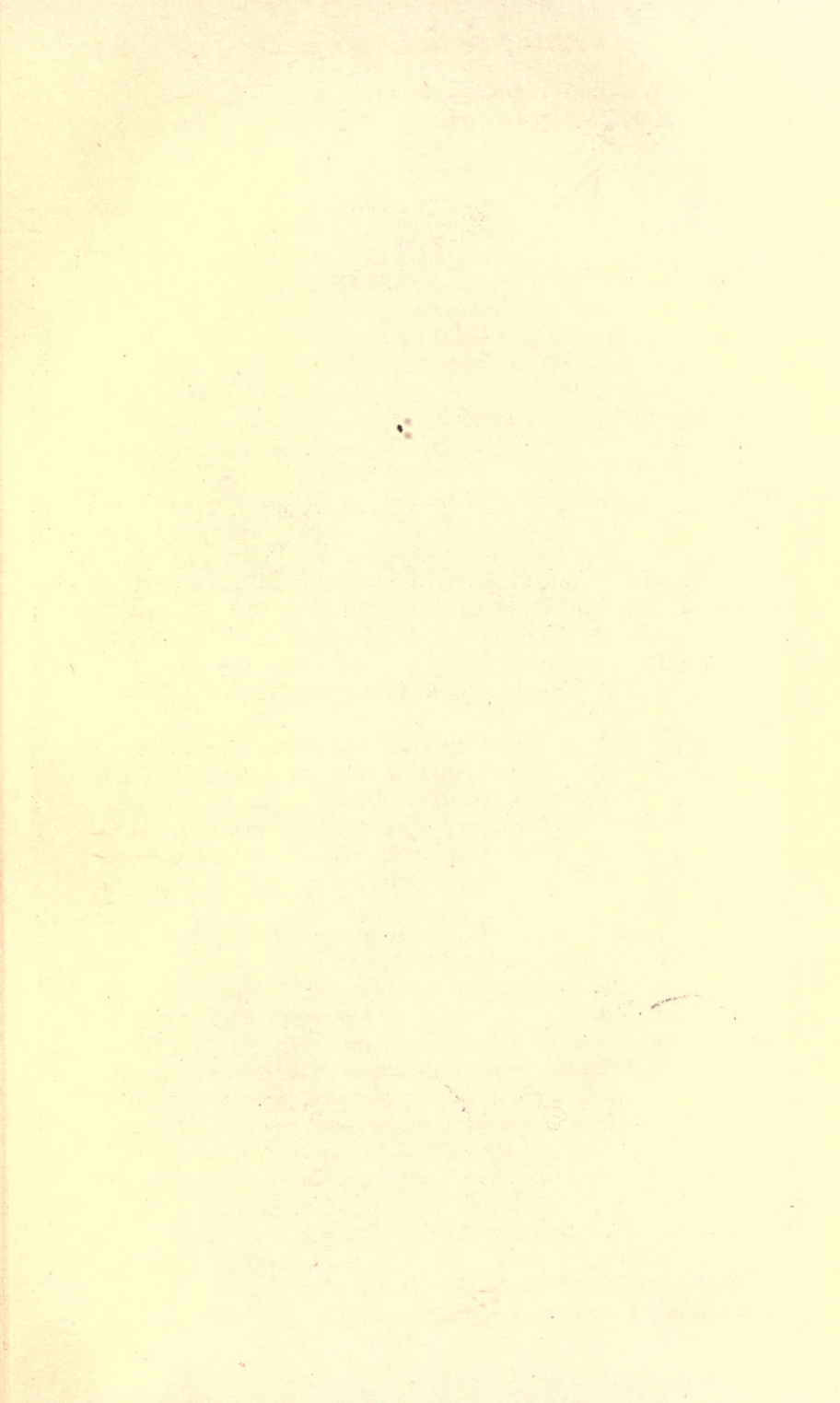
"So fortunate that I begin to be afraid, and wonder how it is all meant to end. My mother is at church?"

"She is in London."

"There again! why, then, I have a double chance of your company.



AT THE STILE.



Margaret, you have seen Arthur Lamont—a shabby gentleman: no money: no credit: maunderer, vagabond: appeared at Brighton a few months since. *Am I the same?*”

“You are very like him, but not *quite* the same,” as indeed he was not, but a wholly different man—erect, confident, indescribably *glad*; and I was only too conscious of the reason why.

“Ah, now I shall learn!” said he, with mock gravity. “You are sure I am not a young woman with a basket of eggs on my head? Nor one of those in the Arabian Nights—a vendor of crockery? Well, they were fabulous persons to be sure, and I may consider myself real. But when one has only to dream like the crockery man and his dreams come true, he begins to doubt whether anything is true at all. Will you believe,” he continued, as we walked side by side along the hedge-row (I had not courage enough to lead him at once to the house, as I ought to have done, for that would have been hastening him to meet his sister)—“Will you believe that I discovered you sitting here while I was yet forty miles away?”

“But what if I was *not* sitting here then?”

“All the same, I saw you: or if you must have greater wonders, foresaw you. This is how it happened. I enter a railway-carriage, where I am alone,—as I wish to be. I look out upon the houses, and fields, and gardens, and I think of you.”

“Better to have thought about the fields and gardens,” said I, vaguely intending to discourage him.

“What difference? *that* was thinking of you. ‘The landscape could have little beauty,’ I say to myself, ‘without labour, as well as the sun and rain. But without sun and rain, who labours? and who knows that better than Arthur Lamont, tutor and capitalist’ (I declare I’ve nearly ten pounds of ready money!), ‘whose life was a horrible desert, like the Dead Sea shore, till somebody raised over it a heaven like that!’” lifting his hand toward the sky.

I was answered. Obviously, it was not for me to provoke any further revelation of the enthusiastic fancies he had indulged on the way.

“Well,” continued Mr. Lamont, in the same tone of confidence, gay but impressive, “I go on to wonder how we shall meet. Where shall it be? I ask myself; and I am so hard to please with time and place, that I get quite—what shall I say?—quite infumed about it. Not in madame’s drawing-room: there it is so dull that one feels sure there must be some such disorder as mahogany madness. In the road to church? Yes, if I dared to go to church too. And then I consider whether I might not venture to do so now—since everything has changed with me—when suddenly I think of the stile at the end of madame’s garden; and from that moment to the close of the journey, I have a hundred fancies of you standing alone there, where I can see you all across the meadows. And just as I fancied, so it happened, you know!”

I was obliged to confess it was rather a strange coincidence.

“Coincidence! It is more than that to me; for I have something to say, something to ask, which I might not have found courage to venture on between four walls.”

“It is about my being a governess!” I exclaimed hurriedly, feeling that I must make a stand before his confidence carried me quite away.

“To begin with. Tell me, Margaret—”

“Mr. Lamont, let me speak. I only addressed Lisabeth’s letter, without knowing it was so stupid, or what she had written, indeed. And I never saw your own letters till an hour ago!”

He made no answer; but what I had said had such an effect, that in one moment his old appearance of long-familiar helplessness came back; and that went to my heart.

“Then I am all wrong again,” he muttered presently. “It is just as I said: the illusion is ended, and over goes the crockery basket. If you did not get my letters I have no business here, Miss Forster, and I ought to beg your pardon. And yet—what if you *had* seen them soon enough to forbid my coming? Will you let me speak now that I am here?”

What could I do? He took both my hands and spoke. I hung my head and listened, or rather I did not listen, for I knew as well as he did all he had to say. That is the use of love-dreams. I had already spoken for him, in my heart, the very language he used now; and though he repeated it so passionately, what I heard was rather the original voice, speaking within me.

The burden of his impetuous speech was still “you are my last chance!”—it was more like begging for mercy than asking for love. “Look at me. I am no longer the hopeless idle fellow of your first acquaintance, and only you, I do believe, could have given me grace and strength to become a man again. It is hard to live year after year without a word of sympathy from any creature—not even from any woman; but at last you believed me; you understood that I was not a rascal, and might yet achieve as much as others. You liked me a little, too, I thought; and so I hoped that if I earned a new character under the inspiration of your own sympathy, you might stand by me yet, and perhaps—by-and-by—marry me! Heaven knows, I am not ignorant of what I am saying! I am dull enough, but not to my own audacity in talking like this. Still—you *do* like me a little, is it not so?—while as for me, it is one thing or the other, life or death. Don’t tell me I have been tricked by Fate again; for I confess I have been living in a fool’s paradise ever since Lisabeth’s letter arrived, and still more since I found you did not rebuke my writing to you. Why, I was even vain enough to imagine you had come out on purpose to meet me this evening!—Margaret, you do not speak! Give me a little hope to take back on this blundering journey!”

So he went on, all the more fluently because he had a passive, pensive listener. But though I did not interrupt, I could not answer him. My



mind was confused, my tongue untrustworthy; and therefore I blessed my favouring stars when, on turning about to avoid Mr. Lamont's almost pitifully eager scrutiny, I beheld Charlotte! She, who had feared to go out into the open air earlier in the day, was standing, uncovered, exactly where we two had met! She had her brother's unlucky letters in her hand (did I not leave them where they fell?), and she seemed to have just ceased reading them to fix her regards upon us.

All this boded ill, too clearly: however, my way out of one pressing difficulty was found.

"There is your sister, Mr. Lamont," said I. "Let us hasten to join her."

"One word, and I will face fifty Charlottes: without it, I'm a donkey man. Make me happy enough to bless or mad enough to bite her. Have I offended you?"

"Not at all!"

"Then think of what I have said, and tell me in a word, to-morrow, whether I may go back to my fool's paradise. I never hoped for anything more than a 'perhaps,' you know. I must go on striving a long while yet for your 'yes,' of course. But, believe me, I had almost rather be deluded than denied!"

All this while we were approaching Charlotte Lamont. *He* did not understand the terrible look frozen on her face: indeed, he was so anxious to end what he had to say that he spoke too long, allowing her to overhear those last words of his. And considering what those words were, it was easy to foresee what would happen.

"Whose delusions are we discussing, Arthur? Yours or mine?" said she, without any more ceremonious greeting.

"None at all, I hope, Charlotte. I was only explaining that sometimes it may be pleasanter to be deluded than—than otherwise."

"And Miss Forster is of your opinion."

"I do not know that. She has not our experience, Charlotte; and never will have, I trust."

"But why? Not if she is very willing to acquire it?" and here Miss Lamont, looking all the while at her brother, coolly handed me his letters, open as she had read them.

"You are too unkind," he replied, reddening (as for me, I know how I blushed), "and too curious it seems. You have been reading those letters, haven't you?"

"I admit it, Arthur."

"You do? Then allow me to say you are too courageous also."

"One need be bold to protect your honour, which, unluckily, is one of my duties."

"Charlotte," replied her brother as soon as his startled wits had time to return—or some of them—"pray do not insult me before Miss Forster. She may misunderstand you. Let her pass into the house."

"But I particularly wish Miss Forster to understand *you*—for reasons

more than justifiable. Say, in her presence, whether you think it honourable to tamper with my mother's servants, and send clandestine letters to her pupils!"

He made no answer.

"Confess how many lies there are in those letters!"

"Go away, Margaret," said he, in a troubled voice, "and leave me to answer this madwoman alone." But the madwoman had possessed herself of my hand, holding me to her side.

"How many?" she repeated.

"Expect no reply to such an odious question."

"But this one I have a right to ask. Did you not pledge your honour never to attempt to see Miss Forster here, or to correspond with her secretly?"

Again Arthur Lamont was silent; but from the anxious look he cast on me, I could not doubt what was the true answer.

"Yes or no, Arthur? and then Miss Forster may go in, if she wishes to do so."

"I did!"

"There, Margaret," exclaimed she, releasing me at the same moment; "so much you have heard already. And I promise you that within an hour Mr. Lamont shall deny the ingenious slanders he has abused your mind with."

Glad was I to escape a scene at which I could do nothing but tremble; for Miss Lamont had put me also in the wrong, and any explanation I might have made was impossible at such a moment.

Nor had the scene ended yet. As I passed into the garden (not very briskly), I heard Mr. Lamont say, in that voice of suave irony with which I had become familiar in our conversation on the cliff—

"And now, my sister, we will come to a reckoning—for your good and mine. I comprehend what you mean by my ingenious slanders, but you credit me with too much invention. My modesty declines the compliment; and you—you would have the slanders established as truth?"

"I will have them denied!"

"Impossible. I cannot oblige you so far as to proclaim myself a liar. Enough of that! You have had no mercy for me—I'll not trifle with you; and at the end of the hour we shall see! But you tremble—you are cold! Shall we go in too?"

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### CHARLOTTE'S VICTORY.

THE dread of being overtaken by those two—the mere imagination of how they looked upon each other while those few last words were said—hurried me to the house quickly enough; and yet, when I had reached the

threshold, I could not resist the temptation of turning to glance at them, as they came on slowly side by side. Both were very pale, both their heads bent toward the ground, and in that moment they appeared strikingly alike. People of the same family, who have little resemblance to each other in life, are often alike in death. These two were not dead; but they looked awfully as if they were going to execution.

Satisfied with one glance, I ran into my room, locking the door softly just as they passed it; and there I was left, to wait, and wonder, and tremble.

To divert my mind from what had passed between Charlotte and her brother, and still more from what I knew must be passing between them now, I endeavoured to think only of what Arthur Lamont had said to me, of his hapless errand, and of what it would be best for me to do. Their interview would end I dare not conjecture how; but whatever their differences, and however settled, I had a part to choose at once. Judge how difficult was the choice! Still, bred as I had been, with no one to think for me, no one to help me with my little troubles or even to listen to them—this was an easier task to me than it would have been to many other girls: and then much is determined in a woman's mind before she questions it.

What *should* I do? I had little apprehension that at the end of the hour so confidently assigned, Charlotte would keep her promise to produce her brother with *peccavi* on his lips, or that I should see either of them any more that evening. My idea about it was, that determined to vindicate himself at last—determined now that he had a hold upon life to keep it against aspersion, and, above all, not to let suspicion of his honesty stand between him and even such faint hopes of me as he had declared—he would spare no details to convince Charlotte of the truth of his story; that then he would quit the house; while as for his sister—bitter as the trial would be for her—she would be only too glad of a long solitude, to break or mend under the revelation.

But though I was probably safe for to-night, to-morrow would come, and what should I say to Mr. Lamont? Well do I recall how the debate on this momentous question went on—or rather roundabout in circles like other storms—and how I made portraits of him at my writing-table all the while, till I had covered a sheet of paper with his effigies unconsciously. And this is what I thought:—

“I am sure he loves me very much. Nobody in the world cares for him. I do—a little—because I think it's a shame! Everybody has lots of people to care for, excepting him and me. Only I have seen no one but madame, and Charlotte, and the girls, and Mr. Denzil”—(Here I impatiently scratch out the portrait I am engaged on, which stands for scratching out the thought of Mr. Denzil)—“while *he* has been all over the world, and it is just the same! Do I like him very much? Suppose I were never to see him again?—suppose he were to die? Should I grieve exceedingly?” (I imagined a great grief, and found I should

not.) "Well, *that's* a shame! For he does love me! No one cares for him. Even *I* don't! But this I know, he would be very happy if I did! He is so clever too: I believe he could do anything, or be anything, if he really tried; and I *should* like to see him become rich and prosperous—all through me! And it would be *all* through me, every bit. Would not madame be glad! I fancy myself going to her with him, taking that little black book and a great deal of money, and 'Here's your book again, madame; and now for a receipt and a bonfire!' She'd never have done kissing me! But he will not try if I say he isn't to speak to me any more; and oh dear, I wish he had never seen me—though then, of course, he'd have gone to kill or be killed in the Caucasus! Still, it is very hard for me. If he had not said anything about marrying——" (Unconsciously I cease drawing, and write Wife!—The word starts up at me as if it were alive; and I kill it instantly with a thousand scribbles. Wife! it was as if I had been called upon to become five-and-twenty and a saint directly.) "He did not consider what he was talking about, and I'll say No. I'll say, You must not speak of this again at present. 'Perhaps' is the word he wants me to give him, apparently, and it is not much. But suppose I had to answer to myself the very *very* thing I feel, what would it be? Well, then—I like him because no one else does, because he has been so unfortunate, because he loves me, because he *depends on me*, who am only a girl; and if I can only love him a little more by and by, he shall not go back into his bad ways through *me*. I'll say—Yes!"

These last words were uttered aloud; and starting up at the sound of my own voice, I caught the reflection of a face so flushed and full of fire, that I was ashamed of it, and sat down again.

But though thus rebuked out of existence for a moment, the decision came quickly back to take possession of my mind. Not undisturbed, however; for what was my duty to Mr. Denzil? Calmer reflection, and the memory of his most kind letter, showed me that I could do nothing properly without his sanction, especially as Arthur Lamont's letters (no secrets now!) cast too much suspicion on my gratitude, candour, modesty. But Arthur's altered prospects and the explanation of his past life changed everything; or whether they changed Mr. Denzil's opinion or not, I could do without shame all my heart prompted—which was: To answer Mr. Lamont as I had answered myself, *because it was the truth*. Not that I would see him again to-morrow—how could I? I would write down what I had to say, and Lisabeth should give him the paper; and he should understand that I would not try to like him better than I did if he could not convince Mr. Denzil and madame that I wasn't foolish to encourage him. Now I felt pretty sure that he could.

After this recital, it is not necessary to explain how well I succeeded in diverting my mind from vain and fretful speculations as to what was passing above stairs between brother and sister. Indeed, by this time their quarrel had been pushed to a very distant place in my thoughts,

spite of a momentary haunting expectation of hearing Arthur Lamont come down from the interview. At frequent intervals throughout these disorderly cogitations, which here appear so brief and methodical, I fancied I heard his footsteps on the stairs: and why did I not? The hour had passed long ago; as I discovered when, on attempting to write my note to Mr. Lamont, so as to dispose of his solicitations at once, I found the evening had slipped on so far that it had become too dark to guide a pen.

Moreover, on looking about me I saw that the aspect of everything had changed. Within the gloom was sulky and cold; without—at the coming of darkness all the beauty of the day had gone. Overhead, swift blue-black clouds were rushing upon the yellow west: below in the garden, branches tossed and whirled at the mere threatenings of the wind (for no wind could be heard), like scared horses tossing their manes; while as for the little bushes, the fast-closing gloom made them look as if they were huddling together for fear of being scattered.

There is nothing new in such a sight as this, but there is always something that seems ominous. To-night it brought to my mind a crowd of vague forebodings—passing in and out like ghosts in a city of ghosts. While these went about their business in my heart, I looked upon the restive trees and the trooping clouds till looking became listening; and then I was dismayed indeed. Not only without the house, but within it, I could hear no sound! It was as if the whole world had been stricken breathless. This may have been because I listened with such eagerness for one sound—Arthur's voice or Charlotte's; but if *anything* had been audible to my over-reaching senses, I should have been pacified. Nothing, however, was audible to me.

There is a silence which palpitates in horrible quick time; defend me from it! That evening I learned what it is too well. Do you listen to it?—or does it listen to *you*? I do not know; but I am sure of this, the operation might very well drive one mad, if it lasted long. I tried my best to endure it, but could not for more than a few minutes; still less because, when I asked myself what it was or what it meant, I fancied it a part of a yet more intense and dreadful silence flowing through the house from that room where Arthur and Charlotte were!

I went to my door, unlocked it with a thief's care, and passed out to listen in the hall. There I quite expected to learn something strange and terrible, for by this time the vague bodings I have spoken of had become clear and confident; and therefore it was like waking from a dream to see Lisabeth coming downstairs with her customary deliberation, murmuring her hymns. "There is a fountain filled with blood," sang she, in her crooning, quavering old voice—a hymn I never heard without wanting to cry, or without being lifted away into a solitude, from all my troubles apart. And now one familiar, softening sound reaches me, so do many more. The clock in the hall begins to tick; there is a clattering of pans in the dairy kitchen; the wind rushes past audibly enough; and the

“coop coop” of a cow-boy is blown in at an open door. All is well in the world, then—it goes on. Lisabeth—who has been upstairs—proceeds upon her household errands undisturbed; and what she sings is that at the worst “There is a fountain filled with blood,” to renew them that are wicked, or suffer and die.

This time I thought the hymn should have its way with me. I went back to my room *intending* to cry, in order to break up the oppression of too much care, too much thought, which had almost stopped the beating of my heart. And I did cry; though, of course, there was no more grief in my tears than in the rain which now fell in a close, swift shower. We began at about the same moment, I think—the shower and I; but it was my privilege to leave off first, and to be soothed not only by my own tears, but by the sound of those other drops plashing on the leaves without.

Always unreasonable in such matters, I cannot help thinking, to this day, that my little paroxysm of terror was not wholly hysterical, or the consequence of overstrained emotion. I believe, almost, that that palpitating silence in horrible quick time *was* a part of something more intense and dreadful, flowing from the room where Charlotte and Arthur were; and when I come to relate what happened there, it will not be difficult to mark the moment when a dreadful silence *did* fall between them at any rate.

But whether it be called hysteria, or some indefinable intelligence, the feeling passed away as I have described, leaving me only so much calmer—for the time. How stupid have I been! thought I. If it were possible to see those two, I should probably find that instead of murder being done, they had simply quarrelled and worried out an explanation which (thanks to me for a meddler!) was not new to Charlotte when he began it; and that all being discovered, they were gradually talking themselves into a spirit of reconciliation. Mr. Lamont could not fail to show that he had acted very tenderly by his sister; while, as for the rest, they had been mutually deceived: which was a reason why they should end their conversation by becoming more friendly, and not more angry. For my part, I would take care, in future, to be as kind to Charlotte as ever I could. Meanwhile; it was a pity I had left off thinking of my own difficulties with Mr. Lamont to fill my head with troublesome fancies: suppose I took pen and paper and considered my note to him? That would be pleasanter pastime than getting frightened and hysterical without reason.

So, in defence of myself, I drew the curtains, and lit my lamp, and deliberately began,—“Dear Mr. Lamont.” This was easily written; so easily, that before I was aware, I had written it three or four times over, like a school-room copy. Commencing anew, I got no further than “your last request;” indeed, I only succeeded in discovering beyond doubt that the attempt was useless—that I was nerveless, fevered, utterly distraught. Then I would do as Lisabeth did in like circumstances. She comforted herself with hymns, so would I. There was a piano in my

room (as there was in almost every room in the house, of one sort or another), and a book of hymns, with music. I need not sing and play loud, but to myself very softly. That would pass the time away *safely* until the supper hour, when I must learn something of Charlotte and her brother, and so end a suspense haunted by wild images which were no sooner banished than they came back again.

Naturally enough, I opened the book at the hymn Lisabeth had been humming, and had already struck the first notes when the old lady came hastily to the door.

"Miss Charlotte will be glad to see you in the drawing-room, if you please."

Now when I declare that I should not have been surprised had Lisabeth said, "If you please there's somebody dead in the drawing-room," how welcome this commonplace message was will be plain enough. "Glad to see me in the drawing-room!" Then they were reconciled! Care expired with one great gasp; and off I hurried, joyfully thinking to myself, "Is not this always the way? Dread much, have little fear! Overmuch hope is a dupe, and overmuch fear a fool."

I enter the room, which is very large and gloomy by night. It is lit now by two candles, and as these stand at either end of the mantel-piece, little of their light falls upon the two figures seated at a table beyond the centre of the room. But they are distinct enough when the first shock of surprise is over. Charlotte sits erect. Her brother is prostrate: his arms folded upon the table and his face hidden on them!

Plainly, this was not a scene of reconciliation, but of bitter conquest and bitterer defeat.

"Margaret," says Miss Lamont, with a monstrous composure, "I have not succeeded so quickly as I boasted I should, you see. The hour has expired long since; but Mr. Lamont had a tedious story to tell, and he was obstinate and desperate naturally. Won't you take a chair?—well, you need not be detained to hear the story, for you know it already. The contradiction is briefer, of course."

Here she ceased, looking towards her brother as if it was now his turn to speak. But he made no sign: none except a sign of anguish, for his hands were clenched so tightly that his arms quivered under the strain.

"Mr. Lamont does not speak," Charlotte continued, presently, "and so I must talk for him. He wishes you to understand *now*—since I have discovered and explained certain things to him—that Mr. Wilmot was not a scoundrel; and that he made a serious mistake when he represented him to you as anything of the kind. Is it not so, Arthur?"

Still he never moved.

"One word—I must and will have it! Do you speak *this* time? Or shall I go on? You had courage enough—then! Lift up your face and admit it's you who are false!"

He obeyed her; only in lifting up his face he shaded it with both his hands.

"Margaret, for your sake I do as I am bid; let that suffice. Heaven will judge us in his own day . . . let that suffice!"

With this, his head sank upon the table again; while Charlotte (herself glad to terminate an interview which was wringing the last drop of blood from her heart) said with a last effort, "There, Margaret, you understand the case. First, Mr. Lamont consents to be maligned for *my* sake, and when he is no longer permitted to enjoy that merit, he maligns himself for *your* sake. Let that suffice!"

I afterwards remembered that not once from the moment I entered the room to the moment I quitted it, did Charlotte Lamont, any more than Arthur, look me in the face. At the time, indeed, I noticed nothing consciously; and the scene was so brief, so strange, so startling, that when I got fairly back into my own little retreat—the lamp burning, the music open on the piano, all so *natural*—I scarcely knew whether I had not been tricked by my senses. Reflection, even then, was quite out of my power; or how was it that, instead of trying to understand what I had or had not seen, what I had or had not heard, I went to the piano and continued the hymn, just as if the interruption had been trivial and momentary?

But here I am a little confused, because next day it was found that I had taken Charlotte's malady, and had a rambling mind. And may be, because that same mind was already overburdened and could bear no more, an instinct of self-preservation stifled all power of thinking, and led me to sit down and go on with my hymn. Or may be I was under more blessed guidance, that made me sing it to save *him* from self-destruction. Or may be it is all a delusion of a mind which had begun to ramble already. But it is so real to me, that now again I can hear myself quietly singing those verses from end to end,—

There is a fountain filled with blood  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief—

But they need not be repeated. When they are done I stand and tremble in the silence that follows. And I fancy I hear a sobbing at my window; and I pull aside the curtains; and there is Arthur Lamont kneeling on the ground with the rain beating upon him, and his face laid upon the stone sill. The outpouring light startles him; he looks up, and what a terrible painful face it is, the lamp shining full upon it—a white mask upon the black night!

Since he extends his hands to me, what can I do but open the window? I open it, and the rain beats in upon me also.

"Oh Margaret, Margaret, I'll live! I came here to look at you through the window if I could, or if not, to kiss the wall, before I killed myself. And *you*, you who know nothing, commence to sing your innocent



hymns and drive the temptation away! I'll live, but how miserable I am! One of these days you shall learn—when I am dead, and gone to reckon with Him for my sufferings here! Bid me farewell! Kiss me—not for love, dear child—for forgiveness!”

And I pity him so much, and am altogether so bewildered, that I kiss him. The rain comes driving in, and I close the window, for he is gone.

What happened to me after that I am still less clear about. Some there are who, in trying times, faint away body and spirit; others there are from whom the spirit seems rather to depart, or to take refuge in some secret chamber in the brain, while the senses continue to carry on the business of living, by the mere accumulated impulse of wont and use. I think I must belong to the latter class; for though this scene eclipsed my last glimmer of consciousness, I got to bed without exciting suspicion that anything extraordinary had happened. Lisabeth afterwards remembered, indeed, that I looked “peculiar,” when she passed me, candle in hand, upon the stairs—so peculiar that she did not like to speak to me; but she had good reasons for knowing I might have been “put out,” and did not wonder much at a very white face or a pair of bright eyes “like artificial.” What I remember only are two things: first, an exquisite sense of refreshment when my burning face was laid upon the cold pillow; and next, my waking in the night. To fall to sleep as I did was grateful beyond description—to wake as I did, more terrible than words can tell; but what I saw when I woke must be prefaced by an explanation of what was going on between Charlotte and her brother, while contagion and mental disorder were surely preparing for me the fever which was blown to a flame through that open window. How I came to know what did pass between them is explained by Arthur Lamont's last words,—“One of these days you shall learn——”

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE DUELLISTS.

I HAVE said in what mood these two went into the house together—pale, with heads downcast, and hearts full alike of passion and of mis-giving: though as for Charlotte, determined neither to forgive nor to believe. They went to the room where I found them, where they sat down, I fancy, like duellists who fight over the table where they have quarrelled at cards. *They* quarrelled with a game at which neither had won: it was an invisible devil who held the winning hand.

“Begin,” said Charlotte.

But it seems that, whether from cowardice, or from guilt, or from an over-tenderness of heart, even then Arthur Lamont hesitated. But indeed

he had reason enough to do so without being either guilty or a coward ; or, perhaps—half believing, as he did, in a fate constantly mocking and adverse—he felt that a crisis had come too tempting for the mocker, and that the interview might end in an evil way for him after all.

“Begin,” said she, “or do you prefer to spare yourself the humiliation of repeating your mean and foolish fables to *me*? Plead guilty at once, and have done with dishonesty !”

He replied that if he hesitated it was only to spare her (“That ruse is discovered !” she exclaimed, interrupting him), and warned her that she had better be content to believe or to doubt as much as she had already heard, than insist on a vindication which would cost him much pain to make, and her more to listen to. She laughed ; answering, she supposed the pain he talked of was self-contempt for his share, and shame for hers.

“But may be,” she continued, “you will contrive to find an easier way out of the difficulty—the difficulty, I mean, of substantiating your inventions—if I tell you that Miss Forster is really nothing but a governess now.”

“What then ?”

“Why, then, there is no longer a prospect of her endowing any one with Mr. Denzil’s fortune, and you need descend to artifice no longer to secure it. Do I speak clearly? Because I wish to show you that your plans are futile as well as wicked: though they were always too plain to succeed. Still, I could not have dreamed that you would have been base enough to make for yourself a false character out of the ruins of your friend’s honour. You might have spared yourself the pains, too. Margaret was ignorant of the particulars of your career; she knew nothing of the folly (as I suppose you call it) which you have endeavoured to turn into romance by fixing it as villany on him.”

“She knows it all now, at any rate.”

“Your account of it, which you are about to oblige me by contradicting.”

“Pardon me; that is not the errand which brought us into this room.”

“But you will comply before you leave it, I am persuaded.”

“And if I do not ?”

“Why then—but let me first explain why I insist. Nearest to my heart is the determination that his good name shall be cleared by the voice that slandered it.”

“In other words, you are determined not to believe you were deceived eighteen years ago.”

“I *am*, on any testimony but his own, and that I shall never see. Next, it is my duty, as well as my mother’s, not to allow Margaret Forster to be deluded into running away with Poverty, even though Poverty be Arthur Lamont; and that also will be best accomplished by your admitting that you have practised on her sympathies by maligning a truer man than yourself.”

“That is for our discussion presently. But you have not said what is to happen if I do not comply.”

“In that case I shall ask you to prove your truth; or else to secure the poor girl whom you have already half-ruined—yes, half-ruined!—for what do you think has induced Mr. Denzil to abandon his guardianship of her but a dread of being marked down as a prey by adventurers?—to secure her, I say, from *absolute* ruin, by keeping your word never to see her again; and to keep it either in another country or in a debtor's prison! I am in earnest, you see—as a woman usually is who has been outraged. Choose between proof, denial, or arrest.”

“I choose proof. And if, in doing so, I give you pain, remember that you put me to the trial. Consider that if you loved Godfrey Wilmot, I love Margaret Forster, governess or no governess. He trifled with you—she cares not for me; but I value her good opinion as well as you cherish what you call his good name, and I will not permit that she think me a rascal because you would have him thought to be heroic; or even because it is my misfortune to have punished him.”

“Punished him!”

“Too much, my sister!”

“And here,” says Mr. Lamont, from whom this narration came long afterward, when all was over and done, as his misfortunes were, “she had so dreadful a look, and my own conscience smote me so sorely, that I was in danger of giving in yet once more. Though truth be expelled with a fork, it returns; and I believe that from the beginning, my unhappy sister half anticipated what she would not be convinced of. When I said I had punished you know whom (Heaven forgive me!), perhaps *all* the truth rushed into her mind. What do we know?”

Arthur Lamont then took from his pocket a satchel, which contained, among other things, a certain soft leathern purse: the other things were two letters—one sealed, the other open. These he placed upon the table ceremoniously—“watching my sister's face, with a desperate hope that she herself would yield the dispute where it stood, and remain in doubt rather than encounter the proof when it appeared thus formidably arranged before her. The distress which I myself felt I saw plainly reflected in her, which encouraged me to trifle with those things—placing and displacing them, folding and unfolding papers, pretending to search my pockets for others. ‘If I delay a little while,’ thought I, ‘she will break down; and then I can reserve all this for madame, who can reveal it to her more kindly—as much of it as she pleases.’ But I overdid my part. Charlotte either detected my purpose or misinterpreted it; and ‘Go on!’ said she, looking up and trying to smile. ‘If you are not afraid, I am not.’ The time had come: there was no help for it.

“Do you know whose writing is this,” said I, showing her the open letter at a distance.

“His, or a forgery.”

“Of that you shall judge at leisure presently. But if it is *not* a

forgery, you behold here what you thought never to see—Wilmot's own testimony to the truth."

"The truth of what? That he cheated you—robbed you at play?"

"That he dealt ill with me in money matters!"

"And does the same paper contain a confession that he wilfully tricked and betrayed a gentlewoman?"

"By implication, without doubt."

"Implication is a juggler's word, and without doubt your confession is forged! Other men have been base enough to do what you accuse him of, but no man ever avowed the baseness."

"Have patience; you will be convinced only too soon. What do you think of this watch?"

"I think it very pretty. Did Captain Wilmot steal it?"

"It is a lady's watch, as you see! Look at the initials at the back. W. stands for Wilmot, but M. does not begin Godfrey!"

"That I have learned, but what is it you wish me to understand further?"

"The watch belonged to Wilmot's wife! He married within two months after your engagement ended."

What unutterable mortification this intelligence must have been to her, we know; but was it a surprise? I doubt. If she was hit, she did not fall. She took the watch into her hand with little appearance of curiosity; but she could not conceal the pallor of her face, and her voice was faint when she said, after a silence,—

"What else?"

"Nothing, if you are convinced."

"Convinced?" she repeated, in a tone which I had not learned to interpret yet, "I have to see the confession first. Your words prove nothing. This trinket proves nothing."

"Nor this?" and here I exhibited the sealed letter, whereon was written (as you know, Margaret), "For my daughter, Magdalen Wilmot?"

A different thing this! Now the unhappy woman my sister rose up, and stood trembling like a spear cast into the ground.

"Arthur, it is my turn to warn *you*! Carry the plot no farther: this is not Godfrey's writing!"

"Or rather, it is what you persuade yourself he could not have written."

"I am persuaded that I know his hand. He never wrote in this careful and tremulous way. It is a fabrication!"

"Pardon me, I will explain. He wrote love-letters to you—neither careful nor tremulous, as may be well understood. This is a love-letter of another sort—to his daughter."

"And how should a letter to his daughter get into your possession? When?"

"I am coming to that, Charlotte, since you will have it. On the day when I got this bullet in my side!"

You ask, what need was there that I should distress my sister with that miserable episode? This need: she would never have believed me had I not shown her his letter—it was all my proof; and his letter (you have it, Margaret, and may see) itself reveals that it was written the night before our fatal encounter. And I thought it kinder, safer, to prepare her by hints for what must otherwise greet her in his own hand, and in the very first line.

But Charlotte did not understand me yet; though of course she could not avoid the suggestion that Captain Wilmot had been killed: a shock severe enough, no doubt.

“Am I to understand, then,” said she, firmly restraining her emotion, “that he was with the French army in Algeria like yourself? And do you mean——? Go on, Arthur.”

“I mean that Wilmot was a captain of my regiment in Algeria; and that there came a night when he had reason to think of his daughter, and of the injuries he had done me. It was then he wrote what you see; next morning he carried it to the ground in his bosom. His handwriting careful and tremulous?—yes! That question is answered; and also how a letter addressed to his daughter should come into my possession. The packet which contained these things, he sent to me as I lay wounded, as he lay dying—together with a sacred message of injunction, unfulfilled yet. He sat up to see it brought to me over that fatal thirty paces; as I received it we looked at each other for the last time.”

I thought my unhappy sister would have swooned at this moment; but in another she had recovered herself, desperately struggling back into unbelief.

“Over that fatal thirty paces!” said she. “Now you spoil the story again. It is well conceived for a young girl like Margaret, but, between ourselves, it is too romantic. No doubt, Captain Wilmot must go to Algeria to give you a chance of murdering him in such a way that nobody learns anything about it, but what should take him there?”

“Do not deceive yourself, Charlotte,” said I. “It is useless to *pretend* to be incredulous.”

“Is it?” she exclaimed in a terrible voice, too significant of the rage and fear which she no longer endeavoured to conceal. “Do you seriously wish me to believe you did murder that man?”

Then I gave her the letter. As for me, I knew every line of it by heart—from the melancholy, “If I go down before your weapon to-morrow, Lamont—and I believe I shall”—at the beginning, to the solemn “God forgive me and protect my poor little girl” at the end; and though Charlotte took the letter to a window to read it, standing with her back toward me, I imagined I could see every word entering her mind.

She read, but she did not return to the table. Again she read, breaking off more than once to gaze out of window, in what I could but think were intervals of poignant misery—as doubtless they were. I cursed my unhappy fate; I pitied her with all my heart; and was picturing how

terrible a spectacle it must be when so stubborn a heart as hers gave way, when she came back to her seat looking more horribly composed even than you saw her look when you entered the room.

"I am not satisfied," said she.

"Not satisfied!"

"And I propose that we send for Margaret Forster at once to hear the denial I promised myself and her."

"You are mad, Charlotte. Why will you persist in the face of reason and justice?"

"Because, if you please, I persist."

"Then I have no more to say."

"Indeed, you have—for Margaret Forster's sake. If you do not avow that you have traduced her father, I will tell her you have murdered him!"

This, then, was what my sister had been cogitating in those bitter intervals. Looking out on the threatening night with his letter in her hand, she had seen more in ten minutes than I had guessed at in half as many months—much as I had thought of you, Margaret.

But no sooner had she uttered these words than I knew she was right. In a moment I heard again your voice, calling to me when I was so angry with madame at Brighton, on the beach there: the voice so like his that it touched me then, just as it convinced me now. Convinced, and crushed. Charlotte talked on, but little that she uttered reached my ears. What was it to me? What she had revealed had passed through me like a blaze of light, illuminating and destroying in a moment all the aspirations of those later days—all the happiness I had or hoped for. If I possessed a mind any longer, it was like a forest that fire has traversed, leaving nothing behind it but red smoke and black ashes.

What need of more? I was conquered, and gave in. Not for my life would I have you know, as yet, that the man of whose infidelities I had talked so glibly that you yourself cried out on him—not for my life would I have you discover that he whom I had followed to Algeria, and provoked and killed, was no other than your father. Already you were lost to me—that was settled when he fell. I could not knowingly offer you the hand which was stained that morning. But you need not hate me, I thought, till I was dead, and dead you *would not* hate me. The denial to-night then, since Charlotte insisted, and death to-morrow.

The end I need not tell. You remember how you were called to the room and what you saw and heard; you remember who sang a hymn which saved me from suicide; and now you know why it is that I have been unfaithful to his dying injunctions all these years: because I could not endure that you should think ill of me. As for the rest—you have not waited long.

Here Arthur Lamont comes to an end. Of course I was in utter ignorance of the details that night. All I knew was what I myself had seen and heard; but these particulars, taken from my after-knowledge, are

necessary to explain so much of my history as leaves me without a lover to dispose of, and with a fever eager to dispose of me.

Arthur Lamont had gone his despairing way through the rain and darkness, and Charlotte brooded awake in her room, and I slept fitfully in mine. Charlotte brooded awake, I say, for how could she sleep? I know a reason, for one; she was longing to pry into the face which she had not courage to glance at a little while ago, with all her coolness and self-command. She thought, perhaps, that if she could read my features undisturbed, she could learn for certain whether I was Captain Wilmot's daughter or no; or (sure of that already) she was impatient to recall anew the looks of the man whose deceitful love she had cherished so obstinately; or may be she longed to stamp upon her heart some image of my mother's face, to hate it.

Meanwhile, I was dreaming. Because of the heat and fever of my blood, that ran ringing with speed through every vein, I dreamed first of our garden trees tossing in the rain, and then of the forest where I was born, and then of the brook which led me dancing into an adventure at once strange and terrible. Never forgotten, but set aside as "stupid" whenever a thought of it intruded, the whole scene was now repeated in my dreams. A child again, there I sit by the stream (it was an open window with the rain blowing in at first) watching the water as it rolls over the worn white stones, or thrids the sedges with a tangle of sweet whispers. And there am I, my shoes laced round my neck, leaping down the brook from stone to stone, or wading along the pebbly bottom. It is open glade on either side. It is dense underwood—thick sedges below, with boughs growing close above; and the brook and I have to make a great rustling as we push our way through. It is a pool enclosed in the copse; and right above it stands the moon. I plunge into the pool, but its waters flow round my limbs without touching to cool them. I try to drink, with my lips held to the surface; and a strange beautiful white face comes up and kisses them. It kisses them, and I sink to the bottom of the pool, which will neither cool me nor give me to drink. I rise again, and now, instead of the moon, the beautiful white face looks down on me from the clouds. I am not afraid, and say, "Who are you, shining there? The answer I get is nonsense, "Like her!" hisses along the water seemingly, and then I wake.

I wake, and my room is full of fire. It is in a glow like a furnace, with ten thousand thousand threads of light darting from side to side; and who stands there white and cold in the midst of the red heat? It is Charlotte! I know her, though she has got so monstrously tall and great; and I cry out that she is a witch, for it is she who is weaving and weaving those threads of flame. She holds a distaff, such as I have seen in prints; and as she whirls it in her hand, the myriad threads dart out from it into the air. "You are a witch!" I cry. "You have drowned your brother, and now you burn me! But when the time comes, you shall be burnt to everlasting!"

Poor me ! What I really behold is nothing but this unhappy woman standing at my bedside with a candle in her hand. After midnight, finding she could not rest till she had taken a long look at that Magdalen Wilmot whom *he* had remembered so tenderly in his dying hours (when she herself was forgotten, apparently, notwithstanding all the verses he had written and she had committed to heart), Charlotte had stolen into my room to feed her imagination through her eyes. And it was she, probably, who had said under her breath (for the voice certainly hissed), "Like her!" thinking of my mother.

As soon as I started up in my bed to upbraid the witch, she vanished; and then followed a darkness so dense that it was like the silence in which I was entranced a few hours before. The one recalled the other; and that recalled the ticking of the hall-clock; and then I found myself clinging to the pendulum of Time itself—a huge beam which swung in space, and beat order for the planets and Life and Death. Swing! and we swept this way with a noise like that of a rocket. Swing! and we rushed back again, swifter and farther than a falling star. Sometimes I thought I was bound to this mighty pendulum as a punishment for having addressed Lisabeth's letter; sometimes it appeared that I had been appointed to take charge of it and keep it ticking, so that it might never stop again, to distract poor girls with a palpitating silence. But whether by destiny or free will, there was I clinging to the pendulum, and swinging with it through maddening miles of space and darkness unutterable; and there I might have swung still, if the moon—no, not the moon, but the beautiful face had not burst through the night, and startled me, so that I lost my grasp, and fell head-long into the infinite abyss.

How far I should have fallen who can tell, if Lisabeth and her maids had not heard me scream? But they did hear me and hastened to my assistance. They caught me up, and satisfied me after some difficulty that I was restored to the bed I had never stirred in; at the same time satisfying themselves that I had become delirious with a fast-consuming fever.

And that is the end of it—the end of one half of my life. When I shut down the window upon Arthur Lamont's retreating footsteps, the curtain fell upon another act in the drama; when it rose again I was already in new scenes, and very sweet and peaceful they were.







EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

THE  
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Denis Duval.

CHAPTER VI.

I ESCAPE FROM A GREAT DANGER.



I SPOKE of the affair of the brick-bats, at home, to Monsieur de la Motte only, not caring to tell mother, lest she should be inclined to resume her box-on-the-ear practice, for which I thought I was growing too old. Indeed, I had become a great boy. There were not half-a-dozen out of the sixty at Pocock's who could beat me when I was thirteen years old, and from these champions, were they ever so big, I never would submit to a thrashing, without a fight on my part, in which, though I might get the worst, I was pretty sure to leave some ugly marks on my adversary's nose and eyes. I remember one lad especially, Tom Parrot by name, who was three years older than myself, and whom I could no more beat than a frigate can beat a seventy-four; but we engaged nevertheless, and, after we

had had some rounds together, Tom put one hand in his pocket, and, with a queer face and a great black eye I had given him, says—"Well,

Denny, I could do it—you know I could: but I'm so lazy, I don't care about going on." And one of the bottle-holders beginning to jeer, Tom fetches him such a rap on the ear, that I promise you he showed no inclination for laughing afterwards. By the way, that knowledge of the noble art of fisticuffs which I learned at school, I had to practise at sea presently, in the cockpit of more than one of his Majesty's ships of war.

In respect of the slapping and caning at home, I think M. de la Motte remonstrated with my mother, and represented to her that I was now too old for that kind of treatment. Indeed, when I was fourteen, I was as tall as grandfather, and in a tussle I am sure I could have tripped his old heels up easily enough, and got the better of him in five minutes. Do I speak of him with undue familiarity? I pretend no love for him; I never could have any respect. Some of his practices which I knew of made me turn from him, and his loud professions only increased my distrust. *Monsieur mon fils*, if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, "I loved him," when the daisies cover me.

La Motte, then, caused "the abolition of torture" in our house, and I was grateful to him. I had the queerest feelings towards that man. He was a perfect fine gentleman when he so wished; of his money most liberal, witty (in a dry, *cruel* sort of way)—most tenderly attached to Agnes. *Eh bien!* As I looked at his yellow, handsome face, cold shudders would come over me, though at this time I did not know that Agnes's father had fallen by his fatal hand.

When I informed him of Mr. Joe Weston's salute of brickbats, he looked very grave. And I told him then, too, a thing which had struck me most forcibly—viz., that the shout which Weston gave, and the oath which he uttered when he saw me on the wall, were precisely like the oath and execration uttered by *the man with the craped face*, at whom I fired from the post-chaise.

"*Bah, bêtise!*" says La Motte. "What didst thou on the wall? One does not steal pears at thy age."

I daresay I turned red. "I heard somebody's voice," I said. "In fact, I heard Agnes singing in the garden, and—and I got on the wall to see her."

"What, you—you, a little barber's boy, climb a wall to speak to Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne, of one of the most noble houses of Lorraine?" La Motte yelled, with a savage laugh. "*Parbleu!* Monsieur Weston has well done!"

"Sir!" said I, in a towering rage. "Barber as I am, my fathers were honourable Protestant clergymen in Alsace, and we are as good as highwaymen, at any rate! Barber, indeed!" I say again. "And now I am ready to *swear* that the man who swore at me, and the man I shot on the road, are one and the same; and I'll go to Dr. Barnard's, and swear it before him!"

The chevalier looked aghast, and threatening for awhile. "*Tu me menaces, je crois, petit manant!*" says he, grinding his teeth. "This is too strong. Listen, Denis Duval! Hold thy tongue, or evil will come to thee. Thou wilt make for thyself enemies the most unscrupulous, and the most terrible—do you hear? I have placed Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne with that admirable woman, Mistriss Weston, because she can meet at the Priory with society more fitting her noble birth than that which she will find under your grandfather's pole—*parbleu*. Ah, you dare mount on wall to look for Mademoiselle de Saverne? *Gare aux manstraps, mon garçon! Vive Dieu*. If I see thee on that wall, I will fire on thee, *moi le premier!* You pretend to Mademoiselle Agnes. Ha! ha! ha!" And he grinned and looked like that cloven-footed gentleman of whom Dr. Barnard talked.

I felt that henceforward there was war between La Motte and me. At this time I had suddenly shot up to be a young man, and was not the obedient, prattling child of last year. I told grandfather that I would bear no more punishment, such as the old man had been accustomed to bestow upon me; and once when my mother lifted her hand, I struck it up, and griped it so tight that I frightened her. From that very day she never raised a hand to me. Nay, I think she was not ill pleased, and soon actually began to spoil me. Nothing was too good for me. I know where the silk came from which made my fine new waistcoat, and the cambric for my ruffled shirts, but very much doubt whether they ever paid any duty. As I walked to church, I daresay I cocked my hat, and strutted very consequentially. When Tom Billis, the baker's boy, jeered at my fine clothes, "Tom," says I, "I will take my coat and waistcoat off for half an hour on Monday, and give thee a beating if thou hast a mind; but to-day let us be at peace, and go to church."

On the matter of church I am not going to make any boast. That awful subject lies between a man and his conscience. I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings. There was a little old man at home—Heaven help him!—who was of this sort, and who, when I came to know his life, would put me into such a rage of revolt whilst preaching his daily and nightly sermons, that it is a wonder I was not enlisted among the scoffers and evil-doers altogether. I have known many a young man fall away, and become utterly reprobate, because the bond of discipline was tied too tightly upon him, and because he has found the preacher who was perpetually prating over him lax in his own conduct. I am thankful, then, that I had a better instructor than my old grandfather with his strap and his cane; and was brought (I hope and trust) to a right state of thinking by a man whose brain was wise, as his life was excellently benevolent and pure. This was my good friend Dr. Barnard, and to this day I remember the conversations I had with him, and am quite sure they influenced my future life. Had I been altogether reckless and as lawless as many people

of our acquaintance and neighbourhood, he would have ceased to feel any interest in me; and instead of wearing his Majesty's epaulets (which I trust I have not disgraced), I might have been swabbing a smuggler's boat, or riding in a night caravan, with kegs beside me and pistols and cutlasses to defend me, as that unlucky La Motte owned for his part that he had done. My good mother, though she gave up the practice of smuggling, never could see the harm in it; but looked on it as a game where you played your stake, and lost or won it. She ceased to play, not because it was wrong, but it was expedient no more; and Mr. Denis, her son, was the cause of her giving up this old trade.

For me, I thankfully own that I was taught to see the matter in a graver light, not only by our doctor's sermons (two or three of which, on the text of "Render unto Cæsar," he preached to the rage of a great number of his congregation), but by many talks which he had with me; when he showed me that I was in the wrong to break the laws of my country to which I owed obedience, as did every good citizen. He knew (though he never told me, and his reticence in this matter was surely very kind) that my poor father had died of wounds received in a smuggling encounter: but he showed me how such a life must be loose, lawless, secret, and wicked; must bring a man amongst desperate companions, and compel him to resist Cæsar's lawful authority by rebellion, and possibly murder. "To thy mother I have used other arguments, Denny, my boy," he said, very kindly. "I and the Admiral want to make a gentleman of thee. Thy old grandfather is rich enough to help us if he chooses. I won't stop to inquire too strictly where all his money came from; \* but 'tis clear we cannot make a gentleman of a smuggler's boy, who may be transported any day, or, in case of armed resistance, may be——" And here my good doctor puts his hand to his ear, and indicates the punishment for piracy which was very common in my young time. "My Denny does not want to ride with a crape over his face, and fire pistols at revenue officers! No! I pray you will ever show an honest countenance to the world. You will render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and—the rest, my child, you know."

Now, I remarked about this man, that when he approached *a certain subject*, an involuntary awe came over him, and he hushed as it were at the very idea of that sacred theme. It was very different with poor grandfather prating his sermons (and with some other pastors I have heard), who used this Name as familiarly as any other, and . . . but who am I to judge? and, my poor old grandfather, is there any need at this distance of time that I should be picking out the *trabem in oculo tuo*? . . . . Howbeit, on that night, as I was walking home after drinking tea with my dear doctor, I made a vow that I would strive henceforth to lead an honest life; that my tongue should speak the truth,

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\* Eheu! where a part of it *went to*, I shall have to say presently.—D. D.

and my hand should be sullied by no secret crime. And as I spoke I saw my dearest little maiden's light glimmering in her chamber, and the stars shining overhead, and felt—who could feel more bold and happy than I?

That walk schoolwards by West Street certainly was a *détour*. I might have gone a straighter road, but then I should not have seen *a certain window*: a little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock. T'other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a post-chaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I went through the old tears, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy. I used as a boy to try and pass that window at nine, and I know a prayer was said for the inhabitant of yonder chamber. She knew my holidays, and my hours of going to school and returning thence. If my little maid hung certain signals in that window (such as a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross-curtain, and so forth), I hope she practised no very unjustifiable stratagems. We agreed to consider that she was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and we had few means of communication save these simple artifices, which are allowed to be fair in love and war. Monsieur de la Motte continued to live at our house, when his frequent affairs did not call him away thence; but, as I said, few words passed between us after that angry altercation already described, and he and I were never friends again.

He warned me that I had another enemy, and facts strangely confirmed the chevalier's warning. One Sunday night, as I was going to school, a repetition of the brickbat assault was made upon me, and this time the smart cocked hat which mother had given me came in for such a battering as effectually spoiled its modish shape. I told Dr. Barnard of this second attempt, and the good doctor was not a little puzzled. He began to think that he was not so very wrong in espying a beam in Joseph Weston's eye. We agreed to keep the matter quiet, however, and a fortnight after, on another Sunday evening, as I was going on my accustomed route to school, whom should I meet but the doctor and Mr. Weston walking together! A little way beyond the town gate there is a low wall round a field; and Dr. Barnard, going by this field *a quarter of an hour before my usual time for passing*, found Mr. Joseph Weston walking there behind the stone enclosure!

"Good-night, Denny," says the doctor, when he and his companion met me; but surly Mr. Weston said nothing. "Have you had any more brickbats at your head, my boy?" the rector continued.

I said I was not afraid. I had got a good pistol, and *a bullet* in it this time.

"He shot that scoundrel on the same day you were shot, Mr. Weston," says the doctor.

"Did he?" growls the other.

"And your gun was loaded with the same-sized shot which Denis used to pepper *his* rascal," continues the doctor. "I wonder if any of the crape went into the rascal's wound?"

"Sir," said Mr. Weston, with an oath, "what do you mean for to hint?"

"The very oath the fellow used whom Denny hit when your brother and I travelled together. I am sorry to hear you use the language of such scoundrels, Mr. Weston."

"If you dare to suspect me of anything unbecoming a gentleman, I'll have the law of you, Mr. Parson, that I will!" roars the other.

"*Denis, mon garçon, tire ton pistolet de suite, et vise moi bien cet homme là,*" says the doctor; and gripping hold of Weston's arm, what does Dr. Barnard do but plunge his hand into Weston's pocket, and draw thence *another* pistol! He said afterwards he saw the brass butt sticking out of Weston's coat, as the two were walking together.

"What!" shrieks Mr. Weston; "is that young miscreant to go about armed, and tell everybody he will murder me; and ain't I for to defend myself? I walk in fear of my life for him!"

"You seem to me to be in the habit of travelling with pistols, Mr. Weston, and you know when people pass sometimes with money in their post-chaises."

"You scoundrel, you—you boy! I call you to witness the words this man have spoken. He have insulted me, and libelled me, and I'll have the *lor* on him as sure as I am born!" shouts the angry man.

"Very good, Mr. Joseph Weston," replied the other fiercely. "And I will ask Mr. Blades, the surgeon, to bring the shot which he took from your eye, and the scraps of crape adhering to your face, and we will go to *lor* as soon as you like!"

Again I thought with a dreadful pang how Agnes was staying in that man's house, and how this quarrel would more than ever divide her from me; for now she would not be allowed to visit the rectory—the dear neutral ground where I sometimes hoped to see her.

Weston never went to law with the doctor, as he threatened. Some awkward questions would have been raised, which he would have found a difficulty in answering: and though he averred that his accident took place on the day before our encounter with the *beau masque* on Dartford Common, a little witness on our side was ready to aver that Mr. Joe Weston left his house at the Priory before sunrise on the day when we took our journey to London, and that he returned the next morning with his eye bound up, when he sent for Mr. Blades, the surgeon of our town. Being awake, and looking from her window, my witness saw Weston mount his horse by the stable-lantern below, and heard him swear at the



groom as he rode out at the gate. Curses used to drop naturally out of this nice gentleman's lips; and it is certain in his case that bad words and bad actions went together.

The Westons were frequently absent from home, as was the chevalier our lodger. My dear little Agnes was allowed to come and see us at these times; or slipped out by the garden-door, and ran to see her nurse Duval, as she always called my mother. I did not understand for a while that there was any prohibition on the Westons' part to Agnes visiting us, or know that there was such mighty wrath harboured against me in that house.

I was glad, for the sake of a peaceable life at home, as for honesty's sake too, that my mother did not oppose my determination to take no share in that smuggling business in which our house still engaged. Any one who opposed mother in her own house had, I promise you, no easy time: but she saw that if she wished to make a gentleman of her boy, he must be no smuggler's apprentice; and when M. le Chevalier, being appealed to, shrugged his shoulders and said he washed his hands of me—" *Eh bien, M. de la Motte!*" says she, "we shall see if we can't pass ourselves of you and your patronage. I imagine that people are not always the better for it." "No," replied he, with a groan, and one of his gloomy looks, "my friendship may do people harm, but my enmity is worse—*entendez vous?*" "Bah, bah!" says the stout old lady. "Denisot has a good courage of his own. What do you say to me about enmity to a harmless boy, M. le Chevalier?"

I have told how, on the night of the funeral of Madame de Saverne, Monsieur de la Motte sent me out to assemble his Mackerel men. Among these was the father of one of my town play-fellows, by name Hookham, a seafaring man, who had met with an accident at his business—strained his back—and was incapable of work for a time. Hookham was an improvident man: the rent got into arrears. My grandfather was his landlord, and I fear me, not the most humane creditor in the world. Now, when I returned home after my famous visit to London, my patron, Sir Peter Denis, gave me two guineas, and my lady made me a present of another. No doubt I should have spent this money had I received it sooner in London; but in our little town of Winchelsea there was nothing to tempt me in the shops, except a fowling-piece at the pawnbroker's, for which I had a great longing. But Mr. Triboulet wanted four guineas for the gun, and I had but three, and would not go into debt. He would have given me the piece on credit, and frequently tempted me with it, but I resisted manfully, though I could not help hankering about the shop, and going again and again to look at the beautiful gun. The stock fitted my shoulder to a nicety. It was of the most beautiful workmanship. "Why not take it now, Master Duval?" Monsieur Triboulet said to me; "and pay me the remaining guinea when you please. Ever so many gentlemen have been to look at it; and I should be sorry now, indeed I should, to see such a beauty go out of the town." As I was talking to

Triboulet (it may have been for the tenth time), some one came in with a telescope to pawn, and went away with fifteen shillings. "Don't you know who that is?" says Triboulet (who was a chatter-box of a man). "That is John Hookham's wife. It is but hard times with them since John's accident. I have more of their goods here, and, *entre nous*, John has a hard landlord, and quarter-day is just at hand." I knew well enough that John's landlord was hard, as he was my own grandfather. "If I take my three pieces to Hookham," thought I, "he may find the rest of the rent;" and so he did; and my three guineas went into my grandfather's pocket out of mine; and I suppose some one else bought the fowling-piece for which I had so longed.

"What, it is *you* who have given me this money, Master Denis?" says poor Hookham, who was sitting in his chair, groaning and haggard with his illness. "I can't take it—I ought not to take it."

"Nay," said I; "I should only have bought a toy with it, and if it comes to help you in distress, I can do without my plaything."

There was quite a chorus of benedictions from the poor family in consequence of this act of good nature; and I daresay I went away from Hookham's mightily pleased with myself and my own virtue.

It appears I had not been gone long when Mr. Joe Weston came in to see the man, and when he heard that I had relieved him, broke out into a flood of abuse against me, cursed me for a scoundrel and impertinent jackanapes, who was always giving myself the airs of a gentleman, and flew out of the house in a passion. Mother heard of the transaction, too, and pinched my ear with a grim satisfaction. Grandfather said nothing, but pocketed my three guineas when Mrs. Hookham brought them; and, though I did not brag about the matter much, everything is known in a small town, and I got a great deal of credit for a very ordinary good action.

And now, strangely enough, Hookham's boy confirmed to me what the Slindon priests had hinted to good Dr. Barnard. "Swear," says Tom (with that wonderful energy we used to have as boys)—"swear, Denis, 'So help you, strike you down dead!' you never will tell!"

"So help me, strike me down dead!" said I.

"Well, then, those—you know who—the gentlemen—want to do you some mischief."

"What mischief can they do to an honest boy?" I asked.

"Oh, you don't know what they are," says Tom. "If they mean a man harm, harm will happen to him. Father says no man ever comes to good who stands in Mr. Joe's way. Where's John Wheeler, of Rye, who had a quarrel with Mr. Joe? He's in gaol. Mr. Barnes, of Playden, had words with him at Hastings market: and Barnes' ricks were burnt down before six months were over. How was Thomas Berry taken, after deserting from the man-of-war? He is an awful man, Mr. Joe Weston is. Don't get into his way. Father says so. But you are not to tell—no, never, that he spoke about it. Don't go alone to Rye of nights, father

says. Don't go on any—and you know what not—any *fishing* business, except with those you know.” And so Tom leaves me with a finger to his lip and terror in his face.

As for the *fishing*, though I loved a sail dearly, my mind was made up by good Dr. Barnard's advice to me. I would have no more night-fishing such as I had seen sometimes as a boy; and when Rudge's apprentice one night invited me, and called me a coward for refusing to go, I showed him I was no coward as far as fisticuffs went, and stood out a battle with him, in which I do believe I should have proved conqueror, though the fellow was four years my senior, had not his ally, Miss Sukey Rudge, joined him in the midst of our fight, and knocked me down with the kitchen bellows, when they both belaboured me, as I lay kicking on the ground. Mr. Elder Rudge came in at the close of this dreadful combat, and his abandoned hussy of a daughter had the impudence to declare that the quarrel arose because I was rude to her—I, an innocent boy, who would as soon have made love to a negress, as to that hideous, pock-marked, squinting, crooked, tipsy Sukey Rudge. I fall in love with Miss Squintum, indeed! I knew a pair of eyes at home so bright, innocent, and pure, that I should have been ashamed to look in them had I been guilty of such a rascally treason. My little maid of Winchelsea heard of this battle, as she was daily hearing slanders against me from those *worthy* Mr. Westons; but she broke into a rage at the accusation, and said to the assembled gentlemen (as she told my good mother in after days), “Denis Duval is *not* wicked. He is brave and he is good. And it is not true, the story you tell against him. It is a lie!”

And now, once more it happened that my little pistol helped to confound my enemies, and was to me, indeed, a *gute Wehr und Waffen*. I was for ever popping at marks with this little piece of artillery. I polished, oiled, and covered it with the utmost care, and kept it in my little room in a box of which I had the key. One day, by a most fortunate chance, I took my schoolfellow, Tom Parrot, who became a great crony of mine, into the room. We went upstairs, by the private door of Rudge's house, and not through the shop, where Mademoiselle Figs and Monsieur the apprentice were serving their customers; and arrived in my room, we boys opened my box, examined the precious pistol, screw, barrel, flints, powder-horn, &c., locked the box, and went away to school, promising ourselves a good afternoon's sport on that half-holiday. Lessons over, I returned home to dinner, to find black looks from all the inmates of the house where I lived, from the grocer, his daughter, his apprentice, and even the little errand-boy who blacked the boots and swept the shop stared at me impertinently, and said, “Oh, Denis, ain't you going to catch it!”

“What is the matter?” I asked, very haughtily.

“Oh, my lord! We'll soon show your lordship what is the matter.” (This was a silly nickname I had in the town and at school, where, I believe, I gave myself not a few airs since I had worn my fine new clothes,

and paid my visit to London.) "This accounts for his laced waistcoat, and his guineas which he flings about. Does your lordship know these here shillings and this half-crown? Look at them, Mr. Beales! See the marks on them which I scratched with my own hand before I put them into the till from which my lord took 'em."

Shillings—till? What did they mean? "How dare you ask, you little hypocrite!" screams out Miss Rudge. "I marked them, shillings and that half-crown with my own needle, I did; and of that I can take my Bible oath."

"Well, and what then?" I asked, remembering how this young woman had not scrupled to bear false witness in another charge against me.

"What then? They were in the till this morning, young fellow; and you know well enough where they were found afterwards," says Mr. Beales. "Come, come. This is a bad job. This is a sessions job, my lad."

"But where *were* they found?" again I asked.

"We'll tell you that before Squire Boroughs and the magistrates, you young vagabond!"

"You little viper, that have turned and stung me!"

"You precious young scoundrel!"

"You wicked little story-telling, good-for-nothing little thief!" cry Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge in a breath. And I stood bewildered by their outcry, and, indeed, not quite comprehending the charge which they made against me.

"The magistrates are sitting at Town Hall now. We will take the little villain there at once," says the grocer. "You bring the box along with you, constable. Lord! Lord! what will his poor grandfather say?" And, wondering still at the charge made against me, I was made to walk through the streets to the Town Hall, passing on the way by at least a score of our boys, who were enjoying their half-holiday. It was market-day, too, and the town full. It is forty years ago, but I dream about that dreadful day still; and, an old gentleman of sixty, fancy myself walking through Rye market, with Mr. Beales' fist clutching my collar!

A number of our boys joined this dismal procession, and accompanied me into the magistrates' room. "Denis Duval up for stealing money!" cries one. "This accounts for his fine clothes," sneers another. "He'll be hung," says a third. The market people stare, and crowd round, and jeer. I feel as if in a horrible nightmare. We pass under the pillars of the Market House, up the steps, to the Town Hall, where the magistrates were, who chose market-day for their sittings.

How my heart throbbed, as I saw my dear Dr. Barnard seated among them.

"Oh, doctor!" cries poor Denis, clasping his hands, "*you* don't believe me guilty?"

"Guilty of what?" cries the doctor, from the raised table round which the gentlemen sate.

"Guilty of stealing."

"Guilty of robbing my till."

"Guilty of taking two half-crowns, three shillings, and twopence in copper, all marked," shriek out Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge, in a breath.

"Denny Duval steal sixpences!" cries the doctor; "I would as soon believe he stole the dragon off the church-steeple!"

"Silence, you boys! Silence in the court, there; or flog 'em and turn 'em all out!" says the magistrates' clerk. Some of our boys—friends of mine—who had crowded into the place, were hurrying at my kind Doctor Barnard's speech.

"It is a most serious charge," says the clerk.

"But what *is* the charge, my good Mr. Hickson? You might as well put me into the dock as that——"

"Pray, sir, will you allow the business of the court to go on?" asks the clerk, testily. "Make your statement, Mr. Rudge, and don't be afraid of anybody. You are under the protection of the court, sir."

And now for the first time I heard the particulars of the charge made against me. Rudge, and his daughter after him, stated (on oath, I am shocked to say) that for some time past they had missed money from the till; small sums of money, in shillings and half-crowns, they could not say how much. It might be two pounds, three pounds, in all; but the money was constantly going. At last, Miss Rudge said, she was determined to mark some money, and did so; and that money was found in that box which belonged to Denis Duval, and which the constable brought into court.

"Oh, gentlemen!" I cried out in an agony, "it's a wicked, wicked lie, and it's not the first she has told about me. A week ago she said I wanted to kiss her, and she and Bevil both set on me; and I never wanted to kiss the nasty thing, so help me——"

"You did, you lying, wicked boy!" cries Miss Sukey. "And Edward Bevil came to my rescue; and you struck me, like a low, mean coward; and we beat him well, and served him right, the little abandoned boy."

"And he kicked one of my teeth out—you did, you little villain!" roars Bevil, whose jaw had indeed suffered in that scuffle in the kitchen, when his precious sweetheart came to his aid with the bellows.

"He called me a coward, and I fought him fair, though he is ever so much older than me," whimpers out the prisoner. "And Sukey Rudge set upon me, and beat me too; and if I kicked him, he kicked me."

"And since this kicking match they have found out that you stole their money, have they?" says the doctor, and turns round, appealing to his brother magistrates.

“Miss Rudge, please to tell the rest of your story,” calls out the justices’ clerk.

The rest of the Rudges’ story was, that, having their suspicions roused against me, they determined to examine my cupboards and boxes in my absence, to see whether the stolen objects were to be found, and in my box they discovered the two marked half-crowns, the three marked shillings, a brass-barrelled pistol, which were now in court. “Me and Mr. Bevil, the apprentice, found the money in the box; and we called my papa from the shop, and we fetched Mr. Beales, the constable, who lives over the way; and when that little monster came back from school, we seized upon him, and brought him before your worships, and hanging is what I said he would always come to,” shrieks my enemy Miss Rudge.

“Why, I have the key of that box in my pocket now!” I cried out.

“We had means of opening of it,” says Miss Rudge, looking very red.

“Oh, if you have another key—,” interposes the doctor.

“We broke it open with the tongs and poker,” says Miss Rudge, “me and Edward did—I mean Mr. Bevil, the apprentice.”

“When?” said I, in a great tremor.

“When? When you was at school, you little miscreant! Half an hour before you came back to dinner.”

“Tom Parrot, Tom Parrot!” I cried. “Call Tom Parrot, gentlemen. For goodness’ sake call Tom!” I said, my heart beating so that I could hardly speak.

“Here I am, Denny!” pipes Tom in the crowd; and presently he comes up to their honours on the bench.

“Speak to Tom, Doctor, dear Doctor Barnard!” I continued. “Tom, when did I show you my pistol?”

“Just before ten o’clock school.”

“What did I do?”

“You unlocked your box, took the pistol out of a handkerchief, showed it to me, and two flints, a powder-horn, a bullet-mould and some bullets, and put them back again, and locked the box.”

“Was there any money in the box?”

“There was nothing in the box but the pistol, and the bullets and things. I looked into it. It was as empty as my hand.”

“And Denis Duval has been sitting by you in school ever since?”

“Ever since—except when I was called up and caned for my *Corde-rius*,” says Tom, with a roguish look; and there was a great laughter and shout of applause from our boys of Pocock’s when this testimony was given in their schoolfellow’s favour.

My kind doctor held his hand over the railing to me, and when I took it, my heart was so full that my eyes overflowed. I thought of little Agnes. What would she have felt if her Denis had been committed as a thief? I had such a rapture of thanks and gratitude that I think the pleasure of the acquittal was more than equivalent to the anguish of the

accusation. What a shout all Poccock's boys set up, as I went out of the justice-room! We trooped joyfully down the stairs, and there were fresh shouts and huzzays as we got down to the market. I saw Mr. Joe Weston buying corn at a stall. He only looked at me once. His grinding teeth and his clenched riding-whip did not frighten me in the least now.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## THE LAST OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

As our joyful procession of boys passed by Partlett's the pastrycook's, one of the boys—Samuel Arbin—I remember the fellow well—a greedy boy, with a large beard and whiskers, though only fifteen years old—insisted that I ought to stand treat, in consequence of my victory over my enemies. As far as a groat went, I said I was ready: for that was all the money I had.

“Oh, you storyteller!” cries the other. “What have you done with your three guineas which you were bragging about and showing to the boys at school? I suppose they were in the box when it was broken open.” This Samuel Arbin was one of the boys who had jeered when I was taken in charge by the constable, and would have liked me to be guilty, I almost think. I am afraid I had bragged about my money when I possessed it, and may have shown my shining gold pieces to some of the boys in school.

“I know what he has done with his money!” broke in my steadfast crony Tom Parrot. “He has given away every shilling of it to a poor family who wanted it, and nobody ever knew *you* give away a shilling, Samuel Arbin,” he says.

“Unless he could get eighteenpence by it!” sang out another little voice.

“Tom Parrot, I'll break every bone in your body, as sure as my name is Arbin!” cried the other, in a fury.

“Sam Arbin,” said I, “after you have finished Tom, you must try me; or we'll do it now, if you like.” To say the truth, I had long had an inclination to try my hand against Arbin. He was an ill friend to me, and amongst the younger boys a bully and a usurer to boot. The rest called out, “A ring! a ring! Let us go on the green and have it out!” being in their innocent years always ready for a fight.

But this one was never to come off: and (except in later days, when I went to revisit the old place, and ask for a half-holiday for my young successors at Poccock's), I was never again to see the ancient schoolroom. While we boys were brawling in the market-place before

the pastrycook's door, Dr. Barnard came up, and our quarrel was hushed in a moment.

"What! fighting and quarrelling already?" says the doctor, sternly.

"It wasn't Denny's fault, sir!" cried out several of the boys. "It was Arbin began." And, indeed, I can say for myself that in all the quarrels I have had in life, and they have not been few, I consider I *always* have been in the right.

"Come along with me, Denny," says the doctor, taking me by the shoulder: and he led me away and we took a walk in the town together: and as we passed old Ypres Tower, which was built by King Stephen, they say, and was a fort in old days, but is used as the town prison now, "Suppose you had been looking from behind those bars now, Denny, and awaiting your trial at assizes? Yours would not have been a pleasant plight," Dr. Barnard said.

"But I was innocent, sir! You know I was!"

"Yes. Praise be where praise is due. But if you had not providentially been able to prove your innocence—if you and your friend Parrot had not happened to inspect your box, you would have been in yonder place. Ha! there is the bell ringing for afternoon service, which my good friend Dr. Wing keeps up. What say you? Shall we go and—and—offer up our thanks, Denny—for the—the immense peril from which—you have been—delivered?"

I remember how my dear friend's voice trembled as he spoke, and two or three drops fell from his kind eyes on my hand, which he held. I followed him into the church. Indeed and indeed I was thankful for my deliverance from a great danger, and even more thankful to have the regard of the true gentleman, the wise and tender friend, who was there to guide, and cheer, and help me.

As we read the last psalm appointed for that evening service, I remember how the good man, bowing his own head, put his hand upon mine; and we recited together the psalm of thanks to the Highest who had had respect unto the lowly, and who had stretched forth His hand upon the furiousness of my enemies, and whose right hand had saved me.

Dr. Wing recognized and greeted his comrade when service was over: and the one doctor presented me to the other, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at the time of my trial. Dr. Wing asked us into his house, where dinner was served at four o'clock, and of course the transactions of the morning were again discussed. What could be the reason of the persecution against me? Who instigated it? There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak. Should I do so, I must betray secrets which were not mine, and which implicated I knew not whom, and regarding which I must hold my peace. Now, they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up. Grandfather, Rudge, the chevalier, the gentlemen of the



Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its depôts all along the coast and inland, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace. I have said as a boy how I had been on some of these "fishing" expeditions; and how, mainly by the effect of my dear doctor's advice, I had withdrawn from all participation in this lawless and wicked life. When Bevil called me coward for refusing to take a share in a night-cruise, a quarrel ensued between us, ending in that battle royal which left us all sprawling, and cuffing and kicking each other on the kitchen floor. Was it rage at the injury to her sweetheart's teeth, or hatred against myself, which induced my sweet Miss Sukey to propagate calumnies against me? The provocation I had given certainly did not seem to warrant such a deadly enmity as a prosecution and a perjury showed must exist. Howbeit, here was a reason for the anger of the grocer's daughter and apprentice. They would injure me in any way they could; and (as in the before-mentioned case of the bellows) take the first weapon at hand to overthrow me.

As magistrates of the county, and knowing a great deal of what was happening round about them, and the character of their parishioners and neighbours, the two gentlemen could not, then, press me too closely. Smuggled silk and lace, rum and brandy? Who had not these in his possession along the Sussex and Kent coast? "And, Wing, will you promise me there are no ribbons in your house but such as have paid duty?" asks one doctor of the other.

"My good friend, it is lucky my wife has gone to her tea-table," replies Dr. Wing, "or I would not answer for the peace being kept."

"My dear Wing," continues Dr. Barnard, "this brandy punch is excellent, and is worthy of being smuggled. To run an anker of brandy seems no monstrous crime; but when men engage in these lawless ventures at all, who knows how far the evil will go? I buy ten kegs of brandy from a French fishing-boat, I land it under a lie on the coast, I send it inland ever so far, be it from here to York, and all my consignees lie and swindle. I land it, and lie to the revenue officer. Under a lie (that is a mutual secrecy), I sell it to the landlord of the 'Bell' at Maidstone, say—where a good friend of ours, Denny, looked at his pistols. You remember the day when his brother received the charge of shot in his face? My landlord sells it to a customer under a lie. We are all engaged in crime, conspiracy, and falsehood; nay, if the revenue looks too closely after us, we out with our pistols, and to crime and conspiracy add murder. Do you suppose men engaged in lying every day will scruple about a false oath in a witness-box? Crime engenders crime, sir. Round about us, Wing, I know there exists a vast confederacy of fraud, greed, and rebellion. I name no names, sir. I fear men high placed in the world's esteem, and largely endowed with its riches too, are concerned in the pursuit of this godless traffic of smuggling, and to what does it not lead them? To falsehood, to wickedness, to murder, to——"

"Tea, sir, if you please, sir," says John, entering. "My mistress and the young ladies are waiting."

The ladies had previously heard the story of poor Denis Duval's persecution and innocence, and had shown him great kindness. By the time when we joined them after dinner, they had had time to perform a new toilette, being engaged to cards with some neighbours. I knew Mrs. Wing was a customer to my mother for some of her French goods, and she would scarcely, on an ordinary occasion, have admitted such a lowly guest to her table as the humble dressmaker's boy; but she and the ladies were very kind, and my persecution and proved innocence had interested them in my favour.

"You have had a long sitting, gentlemen," says Mrs. Wing; "I suppose you have been deep in politics, and the quarrel with France."

"We have been speaking of France, and French goods, my dear," said Dr. Wing, dryly.

"And of the awful crime of smuggling and encouraging smuggling, my dear Mrs. Wing!" cries my doctor.

"Indeed, Dr. Barnard!" Now, Mrs. Wing and the young ladies were dressed in smart new caps, and ribbons, which my poor mother supplied; and *they* turned red, and I turned as red as the cap-ribbons, as I thought how my good ladies had been provided. No wonder Mrs. Wing was desirous to change the subject of conversation.

"What is this young man to do after his persecution?" she asked. "He can't go back to Mr. Rudge—that horrid Wesleyan who has accused him of stealing."

No, indeed, I could not go back. We had not thought about the matter until then. There had been a hundred things to agitate and interest me in the half-dozen hours since my apprehension and dismissal.

The doctor would take me to Winchelsea in his chaise. I could not go back to my persecutors, that was clear, except to reclaim my little property and my poor little boxes, which they had found means to open. Mrs. Wing gave me a hand, the young ladies a stately curtsey; and my good Dr. Barnard putting a hand under the arm of the barber's grandson, we quitted these kind people. I was not on the quarter-deck as yet, you see. I was but a humble lad belonging to ordinary tradesmen.

By the way, I had forgotten to say that the two clergymen, during their after-dinner talk, had employed a part of it in examining me as to my little store of learning at school, and my future prospects. Of Latin I had a smattering; French, owing to my birth, and mainly to M. de la Motte's instruction and conversation, I could speak better than either of my two examiners, and with quite the good manner and conversation. I was well advanced, too, in arithmetic and geometry; and Dampier's Voyages were as much my delight as those of Sinbad or my friends Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. I could pass a good examination in

navigation and seamanship, and could give an account of the different sailings, working-tides, double altitudes, and so forth.

“And you can manage a boat at sea, too?” says Dr. Barnard, dryly. I blushed, I suppose. I *could* do that, and could steer, reef, and pull an oar. At least I could do so two years ago.

“Denny, my boy,” says my good doctor, “I think 'tis time for thee to leave this school at any rate, and that our friend Sir Peter must provide for thee.”

However he may desire to improve in learning, no boy, I fancy, is very sorry when a proposal is made to him to leave school. I said that I should be too glad if Sir Peter, my patron, would provide for me. With the education I had, I ought to get on, the doctor said, and my grandfather he was sure would find the means for allowing me to appear like a gentleman.

To fit a boy for appearance on the quarter-deck, and to enable him to rank with others, I had heard would cost thirty or forty pounds a year at least. I asked, did Dr. Barnard think my grandfather could afford such a sum?

“I know not your grandfather's means,” Dr. Barnard answered, smiling. “He keeps his own counsel. But I am very much mistaken, Denny, if he cannot afford to make you a better allowance than many a fine gentleman can give his son. I believe him to be rich. Mind, I have no precise reason for my belief; but I fancy, Master Denis, your good grandpapa's *fishing* has been very profitable to him.”

How rich was he? I began to think of the treasures in my favourite *Arabian Nights*. Did Dr. Barnard think grandfather was *very* rich? Well—the doctor could not tell. The notion in Winchelsea was that old Mr. Denis was very well to do. At any rate I must go back to him. It was impossible that I should stay with the Rudge family after the insulting treatment I had had from them. The doctor said he would take me home with him in his chaise, if I would pack my little trunks; and with this talk we reached Rudge's shop, which I entered not without a beating heart. There was Rudge glaring at me from behind his desk, where he was posting his books. The apprentice looked daggers at me as he came up through a trap-door from the cellar with a string of dip-candles; and my charming Miss Susan was behind the counter tossing up her ugly head.

“Ho! he's come back, have he?” says Miss Rudge. “As all the cupboards is locked in the parlour, you can go in, and get your tea there, young man.”

“I am going to take Denis home, Mr. Rudge,” said my kind doctor. “He cannot remain with you, after the charge which you made against him this morning.”

“Of having our marked money in his box? Do you go for to dare for to say we put it there?” cries miss, glaring now at me, now at Doctor Barnard. “Go to say that. Please to say that once, Dr. Barnard,

before Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Scales" (these were two women who happened to be in the shop purchasing goods). "Just be so good for to say before these ladies, that we have put the money in that boy's box, and we'll see whether there is not justice in Hengland for a poor girl whom you insult, because you are a doctor and a magistrate indeed! Eh, if I was a man, I wouldn't let some people's gowns, and cassocks, and bands, remain long on their backs—that I wouldn't. And some people wouldn't see a woman insulted if they wasn't cowards!"

As she said this, Miss Sukey looked at the cellar-trap, above which the apprentice's head had appeared, but the doctor turned also towards it with a glance so threatening, that Bevil let the trap fall suddenly down, not a little to my doctor's amusement.

"Go and pack thy trunk, Denny. I will come back for thee in half an hour. Mr. Rudge must see that after being so insulted as you have been, you never as a gentleman can stay in his house."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed!" ejaculates Miss Rudge. "Pray, how long since was barbers gentlemen, I should like to know? Mrs. Scales mum, Mrs. Barker mum,—did you ever have your hair dressed by a gentleman? If you want for to have it, you must go to Mounseer Duval, at Winchelsea, which one of the name was hung, Mrs. Barker mum, for a thief and a robber, and he won't be the last neither!"

There was no use in bandying abuse with this woman. "I will go and get my trunk, and be ready, sir," I said to the doctor; but his back was no sooner turned than the raging virago opposite me burst out with a fury of words that I certainly can't remember after five and forty years. I fancy I see now the little green eyes gleaming hatred at me, the lean arms a-kinbo, the feet stamping as she hisses out every imaginable imprecation at my poor head.

"Will no man help me, and stand by and see that barber's boy insult me?" she cried. "Bevil, I say—Bevil! 'Elp me!"

I ran upstairs to my little room, and was not twenty minutes in making up my packages. I had passed years in that little room, and somehow grieved to leave it. The odious people had injured me, and yet I would have liked to part friends with them. I had passed delightful nights there in the company of Robinson Crusoe, mariner, and Monsieur Galland and his Contes Arabes, and Hector of Troy, whose adventures and lamentable death (out of Mr. Pope) I could recite by heart; and I had had weary nights, too, with my school-books, cramming that crabbed Latin grammar into my puzzled brain. With arithmetic, logarithms, and mathematics I have said I was more familiar. I took a pretty good place in our school with them, and ranked before many boys of greater age.

And now my boxes being packed (my little library being stowed away in that which contained my famous pistol), I brought them downstairs, with nobody to help me, and had them in the passage ready against

Dr. Barnard's arrival. The passage is behind the back shop at Rudge's—(dear me! how well I remember it!)—and a door thence leads into a side-street. On the other side of this passage is the kitchen, where had been the fight which has been described already, and where we commonly took our meals.

I declare I went into that kitchen disposed to part friends with all these people—to forgive Miss Sukey her lies, and Bevil his cuffs, and all the past quarrels between us. Old Rudge was by the fire, having his supper; Miss Sukey opposite to him. Poulson, as yet, was minding the shop.

“I have come to shake hands before going away,” I said.

“You're a-going, are you? And pray, sir, whereever are you a-going of?” says Miss Sukey, over her tea.

“I am going home with Dr. Barnard. I can't stop in this house after you have accused me of stealing your money.”

“Stealing? Wasn't the money in your box, you little beastly thief?”

“Oh, you young reprobate, I am surprised the bears don't come in and eat you,” groans old Rudge. “You have shortened my life with your wickedness, that you have; and if you don't bring your good grandfather's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, I shall be surprised, that I shall. You, who come of a pious family—I tremble when I think of you, Denis Duval!”

“Tremble! Faugh! the wicked little beast! he makes me sick, he do!” cries Miss Sukey, with looks of genuine loathing.

“Let him depart from among us!” cries Rudge.

“Never do I wish to see his ugly face again!” exclaims the gentle Susan.

“I am going as soon as Dr. Barnard's chaise comes,” I said. “My boxes are in the passage now, ready packed.”

“Ready packed, are they? Is there any more of our money in them, you little miscreant? Pa, is your silver tankard in the cupboard, and is the spoons safe?”

I think poor Sukey had been drinking to drive away the mortifications of the morning in the court-house. She became more excited and violent with every word she spoke, and shrieked and clenched her fists at me like a mad woman.

“Susanna, you have had false witness bore against you, my child; and you are not the first of your name. But be calm, be calm; it's our duty to be calm!”

“Eh!” (here she gives a grunt) “calm with that sneak—that pig—that liar—that beast. Where's Edward Bevil? Why don't he come forward like a man, and flog the young scoundrel's life out?” shrieks Susanna. “Oh, with this here horsewhip, how I would like to give it you!” (She clutched her father's whip from the dresser, where it commonly hung on two hooks.) “Oh, you—you villain! you have got your pistol,

have you? Shoot me, you little coward, I ain't afraid of you! You have your pistol in your box, have you?" (I uselessly said as much in reply to this taunt.) "Stop! I say, Pa!—that young thief isn't going away with them boxes, and robbing the whole house as he may. Open the boxes this instant! We'll see he's stole nothing! Open them, I say!"

I said I would do nothing of the kind. My blood was boiling up at this brutal behaviour; and as she dashed out of the room to seize one of my boxes, I put myself before her, and sat down on it.

This was assuredly a bad position to take, for the furious vixen began to strike me and lash at my face with the riding-whip, and it was more than I could do to wrench it from her.

Of course, at this act of defence on my part, Miss Sukey yelled for help, and called out, "Edward! Ned Bevil! The coward is a striking me! Help, Ned!" At this, the shop door flies open, and Sukey's champion is about to rush on me, but he breaks down over my other box with a crash of his shins, and frightful execrations. His nose is prone on the pavement; Miss Sukey is wildly laying about her with her horsewhip (and I think Bevil's jacket came in for most of the blows); we are all *higgledy-piggledy*, plunging and scuffling in the dark—when a carriage drives up, which I had not heard in the noise of action, and, as the hall door opened, I was pleased to think that Dr. Barnard had arrived, according to his promise.

It was not the doctor. The new comer wore a gown, but not a cassock. Soon after my trial before the magistrates was over, our neighbour, John Jephson, of Winchelsea, mounted his cart and rode home from Rye market. He straightway went to our house, and told my mother of the strange scene which had just occurred, and of my accusation before the magistrates and acquittal. She begged, she ordered Jephson to lend her his cart. She seized whip and reins; she drove over to Rye; and I don't envy Jephson's old grey mare that journey with such a charioteer behind her. The door, opening from the street, flung light into the passage; and behold, we three warriors were sprawling on the floor in the *higgledy-piggledy* stage of the battle as my mother entered!

What a scene for a mother with a strong arm, a warm heart, and a high temper! Madame Duval rushed instantly at Miss Susan, and tore her shrieking from my body, which fair Susan was pummelling with the whip. A part of Susan's cap and tufts of her red hair were torn off by this maternal Amazon, and Susan was hurled through the open door into the kitchen, where she fell before her frightened father. I don't know how many blows my parent inflicted upon this creature. Mother might have slain her, but that the chaste Susanna, screaming shrilly, rolled under the deal kitchen table.

Madame Duval had wrenched away from this young person the horsewhip with which Susan had been operating upon the shoulders of her

only son, and snatched the weapon as her fallen foe dropped. And now my mamma, seeing old Mr. Rudge sitting in a ghastly state of terror in the corner, rushed at the grocer, and in one minute, with butt and thong, inflicted a score of lashes over his face, nose, and eyes, for which anybody who chooses may pity him. "Ah, you will call my boy a thief, will you? Ah, you will take my Denny before the justices, will you? Prends moi ça, greudin! Attrape, lâche! Nimmt noch ein paar Schläge, Spitzbube!" cries out mother, in that polyglot language of English, French, High-Dutch, which she always used when excited. My good mother could shave and dress gentlemen's heads as well as any man; and faith I am certain that no man in all Europe got a better dressing than Mr. Rudge on that evening.

Bless me! I have written near a page to describe a battle which could not have lasted five minutes. Mother's cart was drawn up at the side-street whilst she was victoriously engaged within. Meanwhile, Dr. Barnard's chaise had come to the front door of the shop, and he strode through it, and found us conquerors in possession of both fields. Since my last battle with Bevil, we both knew that I was more than a match for him. "In the king's name, I charge you drop your daggers," as the man says in the play. Our wars were over on the appearance of the man of peace. Mother left off plying the horsewhip over Rudge; Miss Sukey came out from under the table; Mr. Bevil rose, and slunk off to wash his bleeding face; and when the wretched Rudge whimpered out that he would have the law for this assault, the doctor sternly said, "You were three to one during part of the battle, three to two afterwards, and after your testimony to-day, you perjured old miscreant, do you suppose any magistrate will believe you?"

No. Nobody did believe them. A punishment fell on these bad people. I don't know who gave the name, but Rudge and his daughter were called Ananias and Sapphira in Rye; and from that day the old man's affairs seemed to turn to the bad. When our boys of Pocock's met the grocer, his daughter, or his apprentice, the little miscreants would cry out, "Who put the money in Denny's box?" "Who bore false witness against his neighbour?" "Kiss the book, Sukey my dear, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, do you hear?" They had a dreadful life, that poor grocer's family. As for that rogue Tom Parrot, he comes into the shop one market-day when the place was full, and asks for a penn'orth of sugar-candy, in payment for which he offers a penny to old Rudge sitting at his books behind his high desk. "It's a good bit of money," says Tom (as bold as the brass which he was tendering). "It ain't marked, Mr. Rudge, like Denny Duval's money!" And, no doubt, at a signal from the young reprobate, a chorus of boys posted outside began to sing, "Ananias, Ananias! He pretends to be so pious! Ananias and Saphia——" Well, well, the Saphia of these young wags was made to rhyme incorrectly with a word beginning with L. Nor was this the only punishment which befell the unhappy Rudge:

Mrs. Wing and several of his chief patrons took away their custom from him and dealt henceforth with the opposition grocer. Not long after my affair, Miss Sukey married the toothless apprentice, who got a bad bargain with her, sweetheart or wife. I shall have to tell presently what a penalty they (and some others) had to pay for their wickedness; and of an act of contrition on poor Miss Sukey's part, whom, I am suere, I heartily forgive. Then was cleared up that mystery (which I could not understand, and Dr. Barnard could not, or would not) of the persecutions directed against a humble lad, who never, except in self-defence, did harm to any mortal.

I shouldered the trunks, causes of the late lamentable war, and put them into mother's cart, into which I was about to mount, but the shrewd old lady would not let me take a place beside her. "I can drive well enough. Go thou in the chaise with the doctor. He can talk to thee better, my son, than an ignorant woman like me. Neighbour Jephson told me how the good gentleman stood by thee in the justice-court. If ever I or mine can do anything to repay him, he may command me. Houp, Schimmel! Fort! Shalt soon be to house!" And with this she was off with my bag and baggage, as the night was beginning to fall.

I went out of the Rudges' house, into which I have never since set foot. I took my place in the chaise by my kind Dr. Barnard. We passed through Winchelsea gate, and dipped down into the marshy plain beyond with bright glimpses of the Channel shining beside us, and the stars glittering overhead. We talked of the affair of the day, of course—the affair most interesting, that is, to me, who could think of nothing but magistrates, and committals, and acquittals. The doctor repeated his firm conviction that there was a great smuggling conspiracy all along the coast and neighbourhood. Master Rudge was a member of the fraternity (which, indeed, I knew, having been out with his people once or twice, as I have told, to my shame). "Perhaps there were other people of my acquaintance who belonged to the same society?" the doctor said, dryly. "Gee up, Daisy! There were other people of my acquaintance, who were to be found at Winchelsea as well as at Rye. Your precious one-eyed enemy is in it; so, I have no doubt, is Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte; so is—can you guess the name of any one besides, Denny?"

"Yes, sir," I said, sadly; I knew my own grandfather was engaged in that traffic. "But if—if others are, I promise you, on my honour, I never will embark in it," I added.

"'Twill be more dangerous now than it has been. There will be obstacles to crossing the Channel which the contraband gentlemen have not known for some time past. Have you not heard the news?"

"What news?" Indeed I had thought of none but my own affairs. A post had come in that very evening from London, bringing intelligence of no little importance even to poor me, as it turned out. And the news was that his Majesty the King, having been informed that a treaty of



amity and commerce had been signed between the Court of France and certain persons employed by his Majesty's revolted subjects in North America, has judged it necessary to send orders to his ambassador to withdraw from the French Court, . . . and relying with the firmest confidence upon the zealous and affectionate support of his faithful people, he is determined to prepare to exert, if it should be necessary, all the forces and resources of his kingdoms, which he trusts will be adequate to repel every insult and attack, and to maintain and uphold the power and reputation of this country."

So as I was coming out of Rye court-house, thinking of nothing but my enemies, and my trials, and my triumphs, post-boys were galloping all over the land to announce that we were at war with France. One of them, as we made our way home, clattered past us with his twanging horn, crying his news of war with France. As we wound along the plain, we could see the French lights across the Channel. My life has lasted for fifty years since then, and scarcely ever since, but for very, very brief intervals has that baleful war-light ceased to burn.

The messenger who bore this important news arrived after we left Rye, but, riding at a much quicker pace than that which our doctor's nag practised, overtook us ere we had reached our own town of Winchelsea. All our town was alive with the news in half an hour; and in the market-place, the public-houses, and from house to house, people assembled and talked. So we were at war again with our neighbours across the Channel, as well as with our rebellious children in America; and the rebellious children were having the better of the parent at this time. We boys at Pocock's had fought the war stoutly and with great elation at first. Over our maps we had pursued the rebels, and beaten them in repeated encounters. We routed them on Long Island. We conquered them at Brandywine. We vanquished them gloriously at Bunker's Hill. We marched triumphantly into Philadelphia with Howe. We were quite bewildered when we had to surrender with General Burgoyne at Saratoga; being, somehow, not accustomed to hear of British armies surrendering, and British valour being beat. "We had a half-holiday for Long Island," says Tom Parrot, sitting next to me in school. "I suppose we shall be flogged all round for Saratoga." As for those Frenchmen, we knew of their treason for a long time past, and were gathering up wrath against them. *Protestant* Frenchmen, it was agreed, were of a different sort; and I think the banished Huguenots of France have not been unworthy subjects of our new sovereign.

There was one dear little Frenchwoman in Winchelsea who I own was a sad rebel. When Mrs. Barnard, talking about the war, turned round to Agnes, and said, "Agnes, my child, on what side are you?" Mademoiselle de Barr blushed very red, and said, "I am a French girl, and I am of the side of my country. Vive la France! vive le Roi!"

"Oh, Agnes! oh, you perverted, ungrateful little, little monster!" cries Mrs. Barnard, beginning to weep.

But the doctor, far from being angry, smiled and looked pleased; and making Agnes a mock reverence, he said, "Mademoiselle de Saverne, I think a little Frenchwoman should be for France; and here is the tray, and we won't fight until after supper." And as he spoke that night the prayer appointed by his Church for the time of war—prayed that we might be armed with His defence who is the only giver of all victory—I thought I never heard the good man's voice more touching and solemn.

When this daily and nightly ceremony was performed at the Rectory, a certain little person who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith used to sit aloof, her spiritual instructors forbidding her to take part in our English worship. When it was over, and the doctor's household had withdrawn, Miss Agnes had a flushed, almost angry face.

"But what am I to do, aunt Barnard?" said the little rebel. "If I pray for you, I pray that my country may be conquered, and that you may be saved and delivered out of our hands."

"No, faith, my child, I think we will not call upon thee for Amen," says the doctor, patting her cheek.

"I don't know why you should wish to prevail over my country," whimpers the little maid. "I am sure I won't pray that any harm may happen to you, and aunt Barnard, and Denny—never, never!" And in a passion of tears she buried her head against the breast of the good man, and we were all not a little moved.

Hand in hand we two young ones walked from the Rectory to the Priory House, which was only too near. I paused ere I rang at the bell, still holding her wistful little hand in mine.

"You will never be my enemy, Denny, will you?" she said, looking up.

"My dear," I faltered out, "I will love you for ever and ever!" I thought of the infant whom I brought home in my arms from the seashore, and once more my dearest maiden was held in them, and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

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## Garibaldi's Invisible Bridge.

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AMONG the pleasant memories of personal contact with Garibaldi the Liberator of the Two Sicilies, none rise so vividly before my mind as the early morning rides about Palermo and its neighbourhood during the month that elapsed between the taking of that city and the battle of Milazzo. The organization of the "army of the south," state affairs, adjusting municipal quarrels, calming the *trop de zèle* of political friends, disarming the malice of political foes—such were the occupations of the day, and they left the Dictator weary enough at night: for to his simple solitude-loving nature the constant din of eager voices was in itself a severe trial of patience. But the dawn ever found him fresh and radiant after a cup of coffee.

One morning we visited the Castello sul Mare, which the people of Palermo, in accordance with a dictatorial decree, were demolishing with hearty good-will. Encouraged by the priests, who did not hesitate to denounce the Pope as "antichrist," the Bourbons as "assassins," while Garibaldi was the "messenger of God," that gigantic fabric, with its ample barracks and magazines, its hideous prisons where political offenders, including the seven hostages of the 6th of April, had been confined; that fortress, the terror of the Palermitans, as St. Elmo of the Neapolitans, was melting like a snow-giant in the sun at the bidding of the Liberator. Hundreds of eager hands were demolishing the ramparts, hurling down the ruins into the deep wide ditch.

"And they say that these southern people are indolent," exclaimed the general, as we reined up our horses on the town-side of the castle to watch their proceedings.

Frequent were the morning visits paid to the convents, in which the city and its environs abound. The nuns had been severe sufferers by the bombardment; the convents of St. Catherine and of Martorana were one mass of ruins, and several others were partially damaged. Nevertheless the romantic figure of Garibaldi had turned the heads of the saintly sisterhood, who were one and all piously enamoured of him. Not a day passed but offerings of candied fruits, preserves, syrups, sweetmeats, *cognate bocche di dama*, arrived at the Dictator's residence, arranged in curiously-wrought baskets, interspersed with artificial flowers, filigree work, embroidered handkerchiefs and banners, accompanied by an inscription in gold letters on white satin, of which the following is a specimen:—

"To thee, Giuseppe! Saint and hero! Mighty as St. George!  
Beautiful as the seraphim! Forget not the nuns of ———, who love thee

tenderly ; who pray hourly to Santa Rosalia that she may watch over thee in thy sleeping and thy waking hours !”

One morning, in accordance with a previous invitation, we visited the famous convent of — outside the Porta —. The lady abbess met us at the vestibule, and taking the general by the hand, led the way to the refectory, where the tables spread for breakfast resembled a fancy fair—sugar castles, cupolas, temples, palaces and domes ; and in the centre a statue of Garibaldi, in sugar. The patient ingenuity of the nuns must have exhausted itself in the ornamental department of that sumptuous repast. With the exception of one or two venerables and a few middle-aged, all the nuns were young, most of them of noble birth. As the general entered, the tress-shorn maidens clustered round him with timorous and agitated mien, but the benign and smiling countenance of the far-famed captain, the manners of the perfect gentleman, which are so essentially his, reassured them at once.

“How beautiful,” exclaimed one. “He is the image of *Nostro Signore*,” whispered another ; while a third, in the heat of her enthusiasm seized his hand and kissed it ; he withdrew it, and she, springing on his neck, impressed a fervent kiss upon his lips. Her audacity proved contagious ; it spread first to her young companions, then to the middle-aged, to the venerables, and finally to the abbess, who at first seemed scandalized. We stood by, spectators !

In the course of a month the general had visited nearly all the convents and charitable establishments. But it was not always an affair of kisses and sugar-plums. His aim was to penetrate the hitherto inviolable mysteries of those anti-social institutions ; to discover and punish speculation, redress hidden wrongs, soothe misery, and by a stroke of the dictatorial pen put an end to abuses which long years of oppression had sanctioned. Many a victim of parental avarice or ambition found in him an instrument of providential justice.

I think I have never seen him more deeply moved than during a visit to a female Foundling Hospital, where several hundred children were immured. From their own lips he heard the piteous story of their daily sufferings, tasted the mouldy bread, the yet more loathsome soup, while the foul odour that pervaded the rooms, the filthy rags that hung on the emaciated frames of the helpless creatures whose misfortune was visited on them as a crime, their haggard faces, the dilated pupils of their eyes, set the seal of truth on their harrowing stories. I saw the general's eye fill with tears as he stood in the midst of that group of misery, clinging to his knees, to his sword, to his hands ; and when the brutal guardians attempted to explain or excuse their conduct, one glance of terrible scorn flashed upon the speaker silenced him more effectually than any spoken words.

Leaving two of his aides to purchase food for the day, then to investigate and report, Garibaldi mounted his horse in silence, and we in silence followed. As we neared the Porta Nuova, he turned to the left, and keeping on the outside of the city wall we crossed the spacious Piazza d'Arme, which

extends from the eastern side of the city up to the foot of Mount San Pellegrino, and entered the shady avenue of the royal gardens—*della Favorita*. The roll of drums, and a cry of Galibardo! Galibardo! echoed from the underwood, whence issued helter-skelter a swarm of boys in red cotton shirts, out at elbow, barefoot, and for the most part bareheaded. It should be said that as soon as he entered Palermo, the general ordered one of his old comrades of Montevideo to collect as many boys as he could and drill them. The piazza was the theatre of their daily manœuvres, the ex-royal gardens serving as a cool retreat for their hours of repose.

Major Rodi, whose left hand lost in the Montevidean campaign was replaced by a wooden one, now came galloping along the front of his impish legion, shouting, Eyes right! dress! then reining up his horse he said,—“General! at dawn a hundred barbers, got together with no small difficulty, came down to the sea-shore and shaved the boys’ heads; then I had them well soaped and dipped—they swim like fishes. Now, one can approach them without danger.”

At this piece of information Garibaldi burst out laughing,—“How many boys have you collected?” he asked.

“Nearly two thousand. With the help of the three taris (about one shilling,) we shall have all the progeny of Palermo.”

“My commissary-general grumbles sadly at the three taris, but I tell him that no benefit we can confer on these brave islanders can equal that of making soldiers of their sons.”

“And soldiers they will make, general! and we shall have a regiment fit for fighting in a trice.” So saying, the major galloped off to incite his boys to a further exhibition of their attainments, while the general, turning to me, said,—

“None of these poor children can either read or write; I wish you would set on foot a school for them.”

“With all my heart, general!”

“Think over it, and come up to the Pavilion with the plan.”

On the morrow, having completed a rough plan for a military college, I went to the Pavilion, to submit it to the general. No one who has visited Palermo since 1860 but will have been conducted by the complaisant cicerone to the elegant cupola-crowned edifice, built over the Porta Nuova, at the end of the ample terrace which forms the left wing of that multiform mass of buildings styled the “Royal Palace of the Normans.” That lofty isolated Pavilion, whose western gallery sustained by marble columns overlooks Via Toledo, while the eastern gallery commands a view of the grand semicircle of Monreale, the poet’s *Conca d’Oro*, was the Dictator’s residence in Palermo. The interior is composed of a large hall and two small oblong rooms. In the one overlooking Monreale slept the general, in the other his secretary; four beds, hidden by four screens in the four corners of the hall, were occupied by the four officers on duty; the remainder of the staff occupied the palace proper. I could see the Dictator pacing up and down the front gallery talking to an officer

of the American navy, and nothing loth I joined the merry crowds of Garibaldians, officers of the Sardinian, English, and American navies, and Palermitan ladies, who, as usual at the sunset hour, thronged the terrace and eastern gallery. Throughout the months of June and of July the smile of victory, the miraculous stories of the recent battles fought and won, the unrivalled beauty of the scene, the intoxicating perfumes wafted from the surrounding gardens, the radiant countenance of the victor, enthralled us. Garibaldi, in his pavilion, was a magician. Faith in the future was boundless; the passage to Naples, the entry into Rome, the storming of Verona, were spoken of as certainties ere the winter should set in. The place, the time, the events, produced a sort of delicious ecstasy which annihilated distances and transfigured facts. Nor was this a mere effect of the southern temperament, for English officers shared those emotions, those illusions, those errors of enthusiasm with the most romantic maidens of Palermo. And even now, when four disenchanting years have swept away belief and hope, there are times when I seem to stand upon that terrace, spellbound still, believing in the reality of the future which thence arose to view.

On the day of which I speak I found Major M——, the commander of the Genoese Carabineers, among the throng, and was pacing up and down with him, urging him to accept in his ranks Captain Migarelli, who to his command in the regular army preferred serving as a private in that chosen corps, when one of the aides on guard told me that eight young men were below demanding urgently to see me. "Let them pass," I answered, and the major added, laughingly, "One would think that, 'The staff holds its levées' on the terrace,' was posted on the walls, everybody comes here to find anybody."

As he spoke eight men, varying apparently from twenty to thirty years of age, advanced with vacillating steps. Hollow-eyed and haggard, their beards of a week's growth enhanced the sickly wanness of their faces, where deep lines were ploughed so prematurely that it was evident they had undergone great mental or physical sufferings. Their eyes wandered vaguely from group to group, they seemed to gaze without seeing.

"Who can they be? I don't know any of them," I whispered to the major; but they evidently knew me, for they hastened forward with a smile of recognition.

"Don't you know us? are we then so changed?" they exclaimed in a breath, evidently hurt at my hesitation and apparent coldness. "Your signora knew us at once: we found her at the hospital; she sent us here to you."

"And *voò scia*," said one, addressing the major in Genoese, "have you forgotten Rizzo, or Sant-Andrea, as Scia Carlo used to call him?"

The major flushed over with visible emotion, not at the name of Sant-Andrea, but at the vision of his own young brother Carlo lying dead at Calatafimi.

"We come from the galleys of Favignano," said the first speaker,

reluctantly abandoning the hope of recognition. "On the 22nd June, 1857, you accompanied Pisacane on board the *Cagliari*, and in the harbour of Genoa shook hands with us, saying 'to meet again soon.'" It was but three years ago!

We started. Could this, then, be the remnant of that band of heroes who abandoned home and friends and liberty in the hope of freeing Naples from the Bourbon yoke? One by one we embraced them with mingled sensations of sorrow, joy, and shame. I knew them now.

Many questions were asked and answered; and for the first time we gathered the true history of the fated expedition. At length I summoned courage to ask if any of them had seen Colonel Pisacane fall.

No one! Each gave a different version. One affirmed that after the last deadly struggle, when the inhabitants aided the Urban Guards to massacre the men who came to free them, for the sake of the gold with which they paid their way, two bodies were discovered which were supposed to be those of the two leaders, but they were so mutilated that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. When I recalled the fair hair and blue dancing eyes of Carlo Pisacane, the olive complexion, black eyes and hair and beard of Giovanni Falcone, I shuddered at the idea of what that mutilation must have been. Then, too, the sad certainty that both were lost to us for ever was brought home to our hearts, and we felt that we had been hoping against hope.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, anxious to dispel the gloom that was gathering over us all.

"Procure an entry for us into the corps of the Genoese Carabineers and present us to Garibaldi."

"Scia Antonio is the commander of the corps," I said, turning to my companion.

A look of glad surprise came over them as they gave the military salute, and fell into the position of "attention."

The major could not resist their eagerness, and then and there enrolled them in the most famous corps of the thousand of Marsala. As I saw Garibaldi taking leave of the American officer, I hastened to tell him that the surviving companions of Pisacane wished to be presented to him.

"Bring them in. How many are they?" he asked. They entered; he pressed their hands one after the other: their lips trembled; they could not speak.

"This," he said, turning to me, "is a type of human life. We, whom fortune favoured with victory, lodge in royal palaces; these brave fellows, because conquered, are buried in the vaults of Favignano; yet the cause, the undertaking, the audacity, was identical."

"But the time was not so well chosen nor the popularity of the leader so great," I replied.

"The first honours are due to Pisacane; he led the way, and these brave fellows were our pioneers," said the general, as he laid his arm caressingly on the shoulder of the nearest

His look, his tone, his ungrudging admiration of their beloved chief, seemed to electrify the men. All traces of the prison atmosphere disappeared; they felt themselves patriots and soldiers once more. Ordering food to be spread for them in the dining hall, the general gave each of them a few scudi, and dismissed them, bidding me come to his bedroom as soon as I had seen his order executed.

I found him on my return stretched on his little iron bed, his elbow on the pillow, his head upon his hand, evidently lost in thought. At the foot of the bed stood a small table, covered with papers, which served as his desk; in the opposite corner a basin and ewer; on the drawers a whip, or rather a slip of black leather, rolled up at one end to form a handle; a wide-awake, a bandanna, a sword, and a box of cigars. A Mexican saddle, which served for a bed in the camp, hung over the back of a chair; a second chair completed the furniture of the carpetless room.

"Sit down and smoke," said the general; "that box contains cigars from Nice; they are all that remain to me of my poor country." Then with true Ligurian economy, he broke one in halves and began to whiff in silence.

"We must provide for those brave fellows," he said at length.

"General! they have asked for admission into the Genoese Carabineers, and M—— has accepted them."

"*Davvero! Sempre i soliti straccioni.* Indeed! Nothing but tattered demalions!" Then after a pause,— "Have you drawn up the plan for our school?"

I handed him my rough plan for a military college for the whole of Sicily, capable of receiving 3,000 pupils, to be boarded, lodged, and educated gratuitously. He approved the project, but wished that the college should be adapted to 6,000 pupils.

"Organize it immediately—don't lose a moment," he said, with animation.

"Very good, general; but remember that I came to fight. Will you allow me to do this work gratuitously, and to follow you when you march?"

"Yes; but you must work vigorously."

"In order to do that, I must depend on you alone; if each step must await ministerial approbation, work that could be done in days will take as many months."

Without replying, he took up a sheet of paper and wrote as follows:—

"COMMAND-IN-CHIEF OF THE NATIONAL ARMY.

"Palermo, June 24, 1860.

"SIGNOR —— is by me authorized and ordered to organize the military college. For said organization he is to be supplied with all necessary means.

"G. GARIBALDI."

Furnished with this mandate I took my leave.



On the morrow the Foundling Hospital for male children outside the Porta Macqueda, endowed with an annual income of seventeen thousand ducats, was, by a dictatorial decree, turned into a military college, to the delight of the sixty boys, who found themselves transformed into little soldiers.

From the raw material collected by Major Rodi, I chose my first battalion of boys, varying from fourteen to seventeen years of age; these I clothed, fed, and lodged in the ex-hospital. So enthusiastic was the general about the boy-college, that assistance poured in on every side. Officers from the famous thousand of Marsala; doctors, lawyers, judges, and students who had enlisted as volunteers in the bands that now swarmed down on Sicily from Upper Italy, proffered their services as teachers, or as non-commissioned officers. This educated intelligence, combined with energy, was precisely adapted to tame the vivacious, impetuous, semi-barbarous elements with which we had to deal.

I contented myself with a complete course of elementary military education, reserving the superior branches for a later period. The course concluded, it would depend on the way in which the pupils passed their examinations whether they left the college with commissions. The only terms of entrance were the birth registers and medical certificate. The schools were soon opened by competent masters, and in less than a month proceeded with all the regularity of old establishments. Drill, gymnastics, fencing, and target-shooting, kept the boys employed from dawn to sunset, and it was wonderful how soon the *gamins* of Palermo, many of them corrupt, all impatient of rule, were transformed into orderly and intelligent scholars.

I appointed Major Rodi commander of the first battalion. During his long residence in the backwoods of America, ever at war with nature or the soldiers of Rosas, he had acquired certain looks, gestures, and movements suggestive of wild Indians. Some of his cries during drill, resembling the cries of certain animals, used to set my teeth on edge. His paternal tenderness for his *piccoli diavoli*, as he called the boys, was exceedingly touching, though once off parade, by no means conducive to discipline. Often after the reports made every evening by the captains of each company, I was compelled to condemn one or two of the boys to one, two, even five days of imprisonment. He would fidget, cough, rattle his wooden hand against his sword, in order to attract the attention of the informers.

“Signor Maggiore, I beg of you to let the officers do their duty.”

“Signor Comandante, you cannot suppose that I would hinder them? I only meant—— Poor little wretches! five days’ imprisonment during this heat. But I ask pardon.”

One day on visiting the prison, I surprised him in the act of handing up cakes to the prisoners on the point of his sword.

“Signor Comandante,” he said, looking much embarrassed, “I am bringing the delinquents to reason.”

“At the sword's point, major?”

“Che vuole! I found a cake in my pocket: they are such little gourmands!”

My visit was most opportune, as I found that the *piccoli diavoli* had broken the door, and were preparing for flight.

“What muscles! what sinews!” exclaimed the major, calling my attention to the æsthetic side of the misdemeanor. “They are as strong as Bedouins,” and he bestowed an affectionate thump on the nearest.

I ordered them all to be handcuffed; in vain the major looked appealingly into my face. I ordered the guard to be redoubled, and turned on my heel. He followed, shaking his fist at the delinquents, as much as to say, How could you get into a scrape out of which I can't extricate you. Then, in a stentorian voice, he ordered the sentinel to keep them in sight, and winking at the corporal, emptied his pockets of the remaining cakes, and made a sign to him to distribute them among the prisoners. The corporal, doubtless in the interests of law and order, ate the cakes himself. I saw all this unseen, so took no notice. On parade, however, the major was inexorable; in a month his battalion manœuvred like a corps of veterans. The winning goodness which sparkled on his bronzed and rugged face like a vein of gold in a block of quartz, tamed those volcanic natures as no mere disciplinarian could have done.

But despite all our pains, three or four boys were missing every morning at the muster. The vagabond liberty to which they had been accustomed all their lives, rendered the restrictions of the college irksome to many, and the remembrance of the *tre tari*, which of late they had been accustomed to receive, and for which their needy parents prudently hovered near at pay-time, sharpened the pangs of captivity, while the thought of the companions who still received that sum filled them with a sense of injustice. The college is a vast quadrilateral, built round a stone-paved court. The kitchen, refectory, magazines, schools, and offices are on the ground-floor, the upper story being divided into dormitories. At night, scrambling up on each other's shoulders, they managed to reach the lofty windows, where, using their sheets for ropes, they dropped into the street, ran home to change their Garibaldi uniform for their native rags, and presented themselves on the morrow to the recruiting officer to receive the *tre tari*.

In order to deliver them from temptation, I gathered the remaining thousand into the convent of S. Pol, which by another dictatorial decree had been annexed to the college, and hurried on the organization of the second battalion. With the aid of a corporal's guard, kindly furnished by Colonel D——, placed at the gate and at the four angles of the college, I hoped to have put a stop to further desertions. Colonel D—— was an Englishman empowered by the general to form a brigade of Sicilians, and anticipating a speedy renewal of hostilities, he was straining every nerve to fill up the vacancies. Seated in a chair in the middle of the

esplanade adjoining the college, dressed in a suite of Indian silk, he drilled his troops with admirable patience and energy. They were all dressed in white, he having persuaded the head of the commissariat to purchase a magazine full of ex-Bourbon uniforms at the modest price of eight piastres per soldier. His admiration for my first battalion was unbounded; "the martial aspect, the precise movements, the precocious physical development of those 'dear boys' was wonderful;" he was delighted that his men should assist in guarding that "gem of a college."

One morning, as we returned from the manœuvring ground, and crossed the esplanade, our band struck up, God save the Queen, which they had just learned. At midday the colonel redoubled the guard. We outvied each other in courtesies. Still the desertions continued.

A few days later I recognized in the white uniformed sentry one of the deserters.

"How came you here?" I asked.

He blushed, and hesitated.

"Speak out!" I said, seizing him by the collar.

"Signor Comandante! the sentinel sent here by *Milordo* told me that under *Milordo* I should go sooner to the wars with Galibardo, and he took me to the barracks."

"How many of your companions have followed your example?"

"Ever so many, Signor Comandante, but I don't know their names."

I had been guarding the windows, and my "dear boys" went out under my nose at the doors.

I dismissed the guard, and the desertions ceased, especially as the boys began to see an honourable and lucrative career opening out before them. Doubtless, *Milordo* the colonel thought that the "dear boys" came to him legitimately; he restored one or two, the rest had changed their names.

Pressed for time, anxious to set the college fairly going, and resolved to march with the general, I spared neither pains nor labour. I was on parade, present at the rehearsals of the band, at the lessons of the professors. I inspected the provisions, the distribution of the rations, the rooms, and despite the impoverished finances, succeeded in procuring the necessary accoutrements, uniforms, and equipments. I visited convents and public buildings that might be annexed to the college, and render it capable of housing the 6,000 pupils. I organized the administration in such a way that reciprocal scrutiny might offer the strongest possible guarantees against peculation. With the exception of one paymaster, whom I caused to be arrested and tried by court-martial, by which he was condemned to ten years of the galleys, I do not remember a single instance of dishonesty. All the officers, civil as well as military, vied with each other in integrity, abnegation, and hard work.

In order to protect the institution from the possible hostilities of the Government that would succeed to the dictator's, I christened it the "Garibaldi Military Institute," and to this hour the inscription is visible on the front of the establishment. It was protected, not only by the name,

but by public opinion, by the affection of the people, who gloried in their little *galantuomini*, as the respectable portion of society is called in the Two Sicilies.

To Garibaldi, who was the true founder, it was as the apple of his eye. Accompanied by his staff, he visited the institute frequently, and was present every morning on parade. Dismounting, he would review each company separately, give invaluable advice to the officials, and animate the little soldiers by his presence.

The fame of the college, the enthusiasm of the time, the increasing tendency towards equality which invariably follows on a revolution, the seductions of a military career during a time of war, and last, not least, the item *gratis*, caused application for admittance to pour in from all classes of Sicilians, and many were the demands from Upper Italy.

A few days after I received a summons to the Pavilion. "I shall not be present on parade to-morrow," said the general, as I joined him in the front gallery. "I am going to breakfast on board the English flag-ship; will you come?"

"Thanks, general! but to-morrow both battalions are to be reviewed. I am sorry that you cannot be present."

That morrow was the 18th of July, and when it dawned there seemed no reason why Palermitans should especially remember that date with sorrowful affection. Headed by the band, now composed of thirty-six young musicians, the two battalions marched in perfect order towards San Pellegrino, the last ranks composed of children of seven or eight years old; little muskets on shoulder, caps on one side, heads up; they marched in lines of half a company, kept their distances, kept step, broke up into columns when necessary, like old soldiers. Crowds of people lined the road, while numbers of women of the people followed weeping for very joy to see their children thus metamorphosed. I felt quite proud of my little army.

On our return one of the nurses from the hospital gave me a note from my wife, it ran as follows:—

"The general has left Palermo. The ambulance has orders to follow."

I thought that there must be some mistake, so I returned with the messenger, and found Dr. R—— half frantic, half bewildered; giving orders and counter-orders, and using his riding-whip pretty freely to enforce obedience. Doctors, surgeons, chemists, nurses hurrying to and fro, preparing the ambulance; patients with wounds but half healed, entreating to be allowed to join their respective companies lest they should be "left behind." My wife, who was filling bed-ticks with lint, bandages, and lemons, merely said, "Shall you be ready to come? We start to-morrow?"

"Take your time," I said, smiling in calm superiority; "the general has only gone to breakfast on board the English flag-ship."

"That's very likely!—when they are fighting at Meri!"

"How do you know?"

"F—— has been here with orders. The general started with the aides and guides who were with him and with the Cati brigade just arrived from Gaeta."

"Then he deceived me yesterday. I can't believe it!"

"Can't you, my young cock-sparrow," said a gruff voice behind me. "I, who was with him in Rome, in Lombardy, on board the *Piemonte*, by his side every step of the march from Marsala to Palermo—I have just received orders to *follow* with the ambulance."

I had heard enough. I flew to the palace. The Pavilion was indeed deserted, the bewildered Palermitans were clamouring to know whether Garibaldi had really abandoned them; aides and officers grumbling at being left behind. Finding that General S—— was invested with dictatorial powers during Garibaldi's absence, I presented myself with my resignation as comandante.

"Remain at your post," he answered, coolly; "you are not a boy, you have gained your spurs."

"General, I undertook the task conditionally; the dictator gave me his word that I should be free to march with him."

"Nevertheless you must remain at your post till your task is accomplished; a soldier more or less makes no difference. It would be a crime to allow that college to go to ruin."

"It will not suffer in the least by my absence. It runs on its own wheels. You have but to name my successor."

"I shall do no such thing. You are inscribed on the rolls as commander of a corps, with the grade of colonel."

"Surely, general, you can't think that I should seriously accept that grade. See, I am still in plain clothes. I have worked gratuitously. When I put on the red shirt it will be as a private."

"God grant me patience!" exclaimed the old soldier, who was himself inwardly chafing at the irksome duties which kept him from the camp, and which he abandoned at the first opportunity. "It seems to me that you are all gone mad. This is about the hundredth resignation which has been tendered during the last six hours. Remain—at—your post! Do you understand plain Italian?"

"Well, general," I persisted, "give me leave of absence. If the dictator refuses to grant my prayer, I pledge my word to return."

"Go to the dictator, or to——"

"Thanks, general!"

I sped off to the college, fully intending to start that night, if possible, nor was my eagerness diminished by meeting Colonel D—— marching his brigade down to the port, where, he told me, a steamer awaited them.

But when I reached the college, where the news had preceded me, I found cause to sympathize with General S——. Every volunteer from Upper Italy, whether commissioned or non-commissioned, officer or teacher, tendered his resignation. I stood aghast! How could I induce

them to remain at their posts when I abandoned mine? Yet how could I leave the college in that disorganized state?

"The vice-dictator has refused my resignation," I answered. "I cannot accept yours. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel; then, when I can honestly say to Garibaldi, The college will go on as well without us, I know that he will not refuse us."

It cost each of these brave youths a struggle to postpone, even for an hour, the long-desired march; still they consented to remain as long as I remained, and one suggested that each candidate for resignation should seek a fitting substitute. This proposition I gladly accepted, and before night fell a considerable number were found. Many of the wounded Garibaldians who were too weak to march, but who refused point-blank to remain at the hospital after their own doctors and nurses had departed, cheerfully consented to fill the vacancies of their more fortunate friends. The conflict that went on in poor Rodi's mind was painful to behold. Divided between his desire to join the general, "who had never been through a campaign without him since 1834," and his affection for his *piccoli diavoli*, who besought him with tears and sobs either to remain with them, or "take them to the wars," I only succeeded in inducing him to remain by reminding him how soon the first battalion would be ready to march.

"Signor comandante, they are ready now!" "But we have no orders." "Will you try and obtain them?" "I will." "Then I'll remain at my post."

This resolution lessened my difficulties considerably, still I could not depart with the certainty of never returning, until I had prepared a formal account of my stewardship, and put the various departments of the college into such a condition that my successor could carry on the direction without difficulty. It was only after four days and nights of hard work that I succeeded in getting off in time to reach Milazzo, when the victory was won!

I arrived at 8 p.m.; the general was already in bed. As I came out of the palace, where he had taken up his quarters, I heard my own name called from the opposite balcony by Major M——. Entering the large gateway, and crossing a grass-grown, cloistered square, I found myself in a quondam monastery, now converted into an hospital. In the long corridors lay the wounded of both camps, some on straw, but by far the greater number stretched on their cloaks, with their knapsacks for pillows. Major M—— looked pale and worn—literally broken down by fatigue. I asked him how the day had gone?

"It is ours! but the victory was dearly bought; my corps is decimated as usual."

"Did Ungarelli distinguish himself?"

"The balls distinguished him! One pierced his forehead, and he died on the field. We buried him yesterday."

I shuddered. So young, so handsome, so full of vigour and intelligence. I could not associate the idea of death with Ungarelli.

"And Pisacane's eight?" I asked.

"They fought like lions; my reason for coming to the hospital this evening was to get news of them."

"They are at Barcellona, major," said my wife, coming up just then, "and the noble people tend all our wounded as their own sons. Here, in Milazzo, we can't get straw to fill the bed-ticks which we bought; there, each family has sent one bed at least. Our wounded have fish, fowl, flesh and wine, and even ices in abundance."

"How many of my men have you?"

"Twenty, major, as far as I can tell; but they are dispersed throughout the various churches, some of which are damp. Dr. R—— is going to oust the monks from a splendid monastery on the hill; then we shall have space for all these unfortunates now lying here so neglected."

"How many of Pisacane's eight are wounded?" I asked.

"Five! Rota, Bonomi and Cori may recover, but I fear that Conti and Sant-Andrea never will."

The major sighed and turned away. As I passed down the left corridor, I heard a young voice crying, "Signor Comandante," and saw three lads lying on the straw, their once white uniforms stained with blood and mire.

"They are your boys; they deserted to D——," said my wife. "Come and see another," and she led me into a room opening out of the corridor, where, on one of the beds abandoned by the monks, lay a little fellow asleep, an ice-bladder on the stump of his lost left arm.

"He was amputated this afternoon," said my wife. "Poor little mite, he is only twelve. He said, 'I'll be good if you'll hold me, signora; if it hurts I won't scream. I'll only cry a little.' I held him on my lap; he kept his word, and told me afterwards that I cried more than he did, which was quite true. Then he went fast asleep, as they nearly all do after an operation."

"Are you angry with us, Signor Comandante?" asked one of the elder lads, taking my hand and stroking it as I returned to them. "Such lots of our brigade are wounded or killed; our colonel says that after the battle of Milazzo, no one can say again that the Sicilians never fight."

I felt choking, I could not speak. I kissed their pale brows, put some money into their hands, and rushed out into the open air. Sad, indeed, is the night of a victory to one who has not shared the battle!

On the morrow I returned to the palace; as I entered the general's room, he held out his hand, saying, "I expected you."

"After the battle, general? You forgot your promise——"

"I never forget! As I was rowing off to the flag-ship, I received Medici's telegram, and started with whoever was nearest at hand. Never mind! I will make amends."

"I know, general, that you exposed your life in a hand-to-hand combat with a Bourbon captain. Do you never remember that the success of the enterprise depends on your single life?"

"If that be true I shall live to accomplish it." Then after a brief silence he said, "Do you think that the newly granted constitution will suffice the Neapolitans?"

"It might have done so before the Marsala expedition. The King is young, and ought not to be held responsible for his father's crimes; but the Neapolitans hate the entire race for their hereditary perfidy. Moreover, Italian unity is the predominant idea of the day, and your expedition has brought down that idea from the regions of Utopia to the plains of reality. No mere amelioration of the condition of a single province will suffice the Italians henceforth."

"Up to the last moment of my stay in Palermo, I was tormented with the cut and dried cry for immediate annexation to Piedmont."

"That is but a party cry, general; if you give up Sicily before you win Naples, you will lose your basis of operation."

"Do you think that the Sicilians wish for the annexation?"

"They wish for Italian unity; they know no one but Galibardo."

"We must make the most of a fair wind."

The almost deferential courtesy with which the general ascertained the opinions of all who approached him, if he had faith in their disinterested patriotism, has led to the fallacious supposition that he is easily influenced. If ever a man acts out his own instincts and trusts to his own judgment, it is Garibaldi.

After informing him of the state of the college—of the change in the officers, I asked him to name my successor.

"There is no necessity," he replied; "keep the direction in your own hands, and choose a vice-director. Some day we will send for our first battalion, at present they are better where they are."

He then gave me some commissions which necessitated my return to Palermo. "You can join me at Messina," he said. "Bosco's troops are now embarking on board French transports. The decisive victory of the 20th has completed our work in Sicily."

Four days later I found myself at Messina with a red shirt on my back, and in my pocket a commission of ensign on the general's private staff. The festive gaiety of the Pavilion had entirely disappeared from the head-quarters of Messina. Pre-occupied by serious cares, Garibaldi had grown taciturn; his brow, hitherto so open and serene, was often clouded. Always once, and sometimes twice a day, he went backwards and forwards from Messina to the Faro, to superintend the mounting of the batteries, the fitting up of gunboats, or the organization of his troops who occupied the wretched village, or bivouacked along the sandy scorching beach. Once with another aide I accompanied him in a carriage; arrived at the Faro, he ascended the lofty lighthouse, remained there for more than an hour with his spy-glass turned to the opposite coast: not a word was spoken either in going or returning.

Political problems alone had power to perplex him—the ways and means of crossing the strait were clear to him from the first, but royal



agents were for ever swooping down upon him from Piedmont, with *moral* obstacles. At last came the King's letter, ordering him to lay aside all idea of freeing Naples. His reply is well known. "The people call me. I should fail in my duty, damage the Italian cause, were I to disobey the summons."

This answer despatched, all doubt and hesitation ceased. His whole being was concentrated on the construction of an invisible bridge, over which his legions could cross from Charybdis to Scylla; he was in his element; you felt it in his look, his voice, his step, his hand-clasp. On the 7th of August I was on guard at the palace; he called me into his room.

"Would you like to take part in a daring, perhaps decisive enterprise?"

"Nothing would please me better, general."

"Be at the Faro at 4 P.M. to-morrow; your companions will be chosen men, but few."

I started for the Faro at 2 P.M. on the morrow. On the road I met Dr. R——, and told him whither I was bound.

"Have you any idea of the nature of the enterprise?"

"I have told you all I know; I suppose we can make a rough guess as to our destination."

"I shall come too," said the old soldier doctor, who could not swallow the fact that he had missed the battle of Milazzo.

"What will become of the chief ambulance?"

"That will follow."

Garibaldi was on board the *Aberdeen* anchored in the bay; we embarked, and found him pacing the deck.

"I am here, general."

"You will follow Colonnello Muss; you are on his staff for the time being."

"General!" said R——, "I shall accompany —— if you will allow me."

"It is not an affair for you, you are too old," replied the general, with a caressing smile and kindly irony.

At these words a burning crimson overspread the bronzed face of the veteran, then the blood receding left him deadly pale for a moment; he stood like one turned to stone, then gathering up his strength with a supreme effort, he wrung my hand, seized a rope fastened to the steamer's side, swung himself into the boat and rowed off to shore.

Towards dark four officers came on board to inform the general that their men were ready at the appointed place.

"Good! return to them and wait for me."

A quarter of an hour later, followed by General M——, two aides and myself, Garibaldi left the steamer in a skiff. Placing himself at the helm, he glided unobserved in the midst of a number of boats, and entered a narrow canal that winds round the fortifications of the Faro. Towards the mouth of that canal as many as seventy boats were collected, while along the shore stood groups of armed men—musketeers, chasseurs, and a

few of "the guides," the general's own body-guard. Not a voice was heard among them, whereas on the adjoining beach thousands of soldiers were laughing, shouting, and talking out the hour that precedes the *retreat*.

The general bid me see three men into each boat; all were manned with a helmsman and four Sicilian rowers. This done, he divided the boats rapidly into squadrons, giving each a number—then he ordered each to push off to sea, our skiff leading the way. At first there was some slight confusion: the scaling-ladders, the revolvers, some of the soldiers and a portion of the ammunition were missing. At last all seemed ready, when suddenly the "guides," who were armed with Enfields, discovered that the cartridges were too large.

"General!" cried the commander of the expedition, incautiously, "the cartridges don't fit the rifles." The moment was supreme, all delay might prove fatal. Promptly, and in a voice of command, the general answered—  
"Use your fists."

A collective and enthusiastic *Si* rose up for our reply.

Telling me to enter the commander's boat, he began, with wondrous skill, to manœuvre the little fleet that coiled about his skiff like a spiral curve. The drums had now beaten the retreat, silence reigned around. We heard the general's voice from time to time, sonorous, firm, omnipotent.

"Oh, Rossi!" he cried at last, in broad Genoese vernacular. "Glide close along the shore and make for the lighthouse."

Rossi, a Genoese captain, stood at the helm of the first boat, occupied by Colonnello Muss, two guides, and myself. Manœuvring his skiff up and down the line, the general established the distance between boat and boat, squadron and squadron; then making straight for the Faro, he gained it just as our boat touched the farthest extremity of Charybdis, and the wondrous spectacle of the two seas opened out before us.

"Oh, Rossi!"

"General!"

"Make for Altafiumara: keep to the right when you gain the shore, and let the boats land their passengers to your left."

Then raising his voice sufficiently to be heard by all, he said,—

"Yours be the honour of preceding me; this is a daring enterprise, but I have no misgivings. I know you man by man. To meet again soon!" and the little fleet defiled before him.

It was 10 P.M. The sea was slightly ruffled; the currents of the straits impelled us to the left, so that, steering to a fixed point, the little fleet found a magnificent arch, which I, from my boat at the head of the column, saw gradually traced upon the waters. The night was calm and starlit; fantastic wreaths of cloud veiled the moon; the darkness favoured our passage. As we started the captain's practised eye noted two Bourbon men-of-war, which, passing in front of Altafiumara, made direct for Scylla; and when we reached the middle of the straits, the red beacon-lights, and the noise incidental to the letting of them off, warned us that two or three others were at hand.

I asked the commander, who was a friend of mine, in what our enterprise consisted.

"In the sudden assault this night of the Fort of Altafumara. A few days since I crossed over to Calabria, which is, as you know, my native province, saw several non-commissioned officers, who assured me that we may count on a considerable portion of the garrison. Masters of the Faro, the taking of the Fort of Altafumara will ensure the passage of our army, as the batteries of the two forts will hinder the approach of the enemy's ships."

"Have you brought Calabrian guides?"

"No! they await us on the shore. As soon as we land, do you divide our entire force into three companies, take the command of the right wing, ascend the bed of the torrent quietly, until you reach the high road, then turn to the left and attack the fort from above. The other companies will invest it from below. See that the scaling-ladders are given, one to every five men. I have the promise of an open gate; for the rest of the work we must trust to our revolvers and our bayonets. A cannon-shot will announce our success to the dictator."

"Santo diavolone! a steamer! a steamer! we are lost," cried our boatmen in despair.

The cry of terror spread from boat to boat like an echo a hundred times repeated. As I looked back, an oscillating movement agitated the magic floating curve, visible alone by the silver furrow on the waters and the phosphoric sparks produced by the oar-strokes. But these boats contained intrepid hearts, to whom a grave in the sea would have been preferable to "turning back."

"Look there to the right, she's bearing down upon us," cried the rowers in chorus, flinging themselves flat on their faces in the bottom of the boat as if its sides could shelter them. We seized them by their hair, and holding our revolvers to their ears compelled them to rise. As soon as we got them on their legs they fell on their knees, and in words broken by sobs implored us to have pity on their families in the name of Santa Rosalia and the Madonna dei Sette Dolori. Then they took up the oars and tried to turn the boats round, on which we seized them and began to row; similar scenes occurred in each boat.

"She's down on us! She's down on us!" was the next cry, and a heavy black mass advanced towards us.

"Halt!" cried the captain, who as usual maintained his perfect *sang-froid*.

"As well be shot as sunk," said I; "why not try and board her?"

"She's swifter than we are," answered Rossi, smiling at my ignorance; "she would not allow us to approach, but would send us to the bottom in the twinkling of an eye." Nevertheless, he gave orders that in case of an attack we were to board the enemy.

Nearer and nearer it approached, no longer black but particoloured.

"It's a merchant brig," cried the rowers in a breath.

"A brig! a brig!" echoed along the line; and sure enough, her sails

swelling in the wind, the brig passed within a few yards of us, and swerving to the west, rapidly disappeared.

The rowers, relieved from their apprehension, redoubled their efforts. "Those three lights," said one of them, pointing to three beacons one lower than the rest, "denote two steamers and a gun-boat."

"That's true," said Rossi, in an under-tone. "I've been watching them ever since we started; if they see us we are not within gun-shot."

Another quarter of an hour and the long livid line of beach was visible against the dark tideless sea.

"Avanti!" cried Rossi. "Run your boats on shore, each to the left of the foremost. Pass the order." Then turning to us—"To your seats, gentlemen, and be silent."

"Pull away, my men," he cried once more, and in a few minutes we could feel the sands beneath our keel. Anxious to be the first to touch the Calabrian soil, I sprang on shore. The rowers landed their passengers in perfect silence, fear had paralyzed their tongues, and as soon as might be each pushed off. As the last man disembarked Rossi returned to his boat, and guided his fleet back to the Faro.

Two hundred and ten Garibaldians had crossed their chief's invisible bridge—alighted in the midst of fourteen thousand Bourbon soldiers! It was a bold enterprise, but not destined to succeed just then.

On the other side of the strait, at Messina, men were gazing into the darkness, and listening with painful tension of nerve for the first signal to cross:—Garibaldi, with two thousand men, was ready to sail over the strait at the first sign of success. They were on board a transport, all armed, all eager, and willing to risk life and limb under the spell of Garibaldi's bidding. But the signal came not. There was a crackle of musketry and the boom of a gun on the mountain side. Then all was dark and silent over the still waters. In the midst of the suspense of the ardent Garibaldini, the boats were seen returning to the Sicilian shore. Then it was known how the daring handful had failed to surprise the fort, but had got safely off into the friendly shelter of the Aspromonte, to wait patiently for a chief who, they knew, would not fail to come and restore to Italy a province snatched from the Bourbons.

## Thoughts on Half-Holidays.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, in her little manual, *Notes on Nursing*, has laid down some very wise and profound, though simple, rules and suggestions with regard to the giving of food to the sick. Do not let your jellies, your blancmanges, your grapes, oranges, apricots (she advises), remain always, or for long, by the bedside of the patient. He will take a disgust at them, always having them before his eyes. Their very profusion will beget loathing in his mind. The very consciousness that he may have any amount of them at any time that he likes, will prevent his desiring them much, or at all.

What invalid does not know, by experience, the truth of these remarks? And yet how constantly, in visiting sick-rooms, do I find the neglected dainties stewing in the frowsy room, on a chair by the bedside of the patient, and piling the drawers, until the mere sight of them gives him a nausea, which, even if he endeavours to do so, he scarcely manages to hide from the well-meaning kindness which presses on him, from time to time, that which now his soul abhors.

Try another plan, my well-meaning, but unthinking friend. Don't even tell him beforehand that Mrs. Calvesfoot has sent him some jelly, or Lord Sweetwater some choice white grapes. Rather take up, quite as a surprise, two or three spoonfuls in a tempting little block, on a small glass plate, of the one, or a plump, blooming little segment of the other, a pyramid of some six or eight grapes, semi-transparent, with their soft grey-green bloom, upon their own vine-leaf; or a melting half of a delicious peach. Or, if it be winter, a tiny little cup, with a cover, of beef-tea, and, beside it, two thin slips of crisp toast, fresh from the fire—and not yet grown tough and supple, and suggestive of a strip from the sole of an old boot.

Try, I say, this kindly scheming, suggested in that wise little book, and the result will reward your care; notice the sparkle of the dull and languid eye (these trifles make the small events of the sick man's days); the relish in eating; perhaps the regret at the conclusion of the repast—a regret to which you must shut your eyes, and be obdurate, cloying being by all means to be avoided. Notice these things, and contrast them with the disgust and loathing occasioned by the attempt to swallow a less quantity from a plateful that had been kept all day within reach of the patient's eye and hand.

And, having done all this, or assented to the theory of it, own that, by analogy, we have hit exactly upon the special peculiar charm, felt

most keenly by the young, but, more or less, by all, to exist in the very word—half-holiday !

Wednesdays and Saturdays;—who cannot recall the sweetness of waking on those mornings with a sudden warm thought of the half-holiday bidding the young limbs bound out of bed. We seemed superior to the morning's lessons: the very lesson-hours seemed shorter. The masters appeared less severe,—no doubt mollified already by the influence of the near approach of those hours which should bring, for a while, rest from school drill and discipline—those hours when they would share the manly sports of the boys; or, perhaps, stand about the playground, leaning lazily, like apricot-trees, against the warm sunny school-house, just looking up, now and then, from their reading, with sharp, short words, if the fun became too uproarious.

But take the case at its highest ideal of delight—at its point of contact with the above analogy. You were sitting at your desk in the school an hour before the morning lessons were over. The day was neither Wednesday nor Saturday, but—all the more tantalizing—it was one of June's loveliest. Never, you fancied, lay the squares of sunshine in such tempting glory upon the floor of the schoolroom; never buzzed the flies and blue-bottles with more lazy enjoyment upon the wired panes, or circled and turned more languidly in the air, dodging each other, and darting off with sudden turns to avoid a meeting with some fly of the opposite side doubtless, in their game. Never did it seem more hard to fix the attention upon the tirades of pious Æneas, or the exclamations of the chorus over the devotion of Alcestis; never did you feel so disinclined for work; never, in short, had you such a very pining for a burst out into the warm air. How sweet it appeared to your dreaming mind, as you sat there and yearned for liberty! how the scent of lilac stole in at the open window above your head! how you longed to be on the grass, or even in the white, shadow-edged playground, with the deep blue sky above!

The head master had been called out half an hour ago. Slowly, slowly, the hand of the clock has moved, as you watched it, until the dial is bisected. You felt indignant with life. The very idea of being imprisoned in a long dusty schoolroom, while the leaves outside were moving in that idle, leisurely manner. It was a hard case,—too bad!

But a deeper hush comes over the school, that before was quiet. The head master holds open the door for a stranger to enter; a tall, dark, sallow stranger, muffled in many shawls and comforters. He stands near the doorway, and looks about with some emotion upon that long dusty room, with its (to you) commonplace, if not dreary aspect, and ranked desks of boys. He is, indeed, a stranger here now, he feels. No one remembers him; his name has died out even from the traditions of the school. But he was one of the boys, yea, one of the heroes of that school once; and old thoughts are busy with him now, as he stands there, a little bent, mild-faced, and gentlemanly; his hat in his hand; the mark of all

those unsympathizing young eyes. He has travelled far, has been long years away from England, and now, standing here, he for the first time realizes how very far behind him in life those days of boyhood are. Often has he thought of this place, and that extinct generation of light-hearted beings of which he was one :

And often, with a faded eye,  
Would look behind, and send a sigh  
Towards that merry ground.

But he has ended his musings. There is a strange, unreasonable pain to him in the fact that he *is* entirely a stranger here. He has not the heart to tell the boys that which he came to tell them, and had looked forward to telling them, nor to proclaim that once he was an urchin in the old school. He turns to go, but the head master, as he reaches the door, announces to the boys that Mr. Rees, his own old schoolfellow, in that very school, has begged for them a half-holiday, and that they can break up at once, with three cheers for Mr. Rees.

How the young throats go it! He leaves the playground with that blithe, hearty sound ringing in his ears. Much the same, it might seem, as that which pealed after him last time he left that playground, as ex-head boy of the school, only that forty years have joined eternity since then. There is a pardonable sadness in the smile with which he bows, taking his leave; a pardonable dew, it may be, in his eyes. But the old man, older in constitution than in years, is not really sad, only hushed and subdued in spirit since those days. Nor does he spend his thought in mournful backward looks after that light, careless glee which, after all, had much of the mere animal in its enjoyment. No, his looks are bent forward,—that happy, invalid old man. For he has spent life's school-days at his Master's feet; and now the long holidays are near, and then—hurrah for home!

Well, *you* are not stopping to muse thus gravely on the benefactor, having quite enough to do with the benefit conferred. You sum his whole biography into one expressive word; henceforth, to you, he is known as a "brick." And bang go the lids of the school-desks, into which have been stuffed the closed books, the slates, and pens. With one pivot turn, over go the legs to the liberty side of the form; caps are snatched or not, and fifty boys pour out into the summer air, under the June blue. A whole half-holiday (pardon the solecism), broad, and fair, and unexpected! Oh, the warmth and sweetness of the air, the exhilaration and life of being out in it! Oh, the glory of that band which marches, dinner being over, in a straggling string, across the fields towards that cricket-ground a mile away (ours was on a cliff, overlooking the twinkling wide sea); the chiefs with baize-covered bats on the shoulder, the next important members each with a swinging stump in the hand. Then the halt at the apple-garden on the way; the arriving at the burnt smooth field, well worn in patches here and there; the pitching of the wickets; the exciting game; the

innings (not out, fifty), that made you the hero of the day, young aspirants being proud to walk home with you, and deferentially to receive your dictum,—nay, even to share with you their just-purchased “*grub* ;” —can you not recall it all ?

Also the incursions—whilst your side was in—into the town after said provisions ; or the gathered group, lying upon their coats, upon the hillock that overlooked the sea, and, with sobered but not quenched delight, the return walk over the cooling fields ; the pacing (after tea) round the playground, discoursing of the game. Surely, from beginning to end, a half-holiday—above all, if unexpected—is the most enjoyable kind of holiday that there is at all.

For several reasons. One : it is, in its nature, short. There is not enough of it to give you time to regret its hours as they fly, so you must just enjoy them without thought of their evanescence. But if you have a week, a day or two, even a whole day, often there even begins with it a shadow, a tinge of regret—a forecast of its drawing to an end. One day gone out of the week ; half the day spent ; regret almost keeps pace with enjoyment in the longer space of holiday-time. So a boy will spend a sixpence and enjoy it, while he puts the pound into his money-box. So a man who has but a five-pound note will often be lavish with it ; be hospitable, jovial, and free. But let a large sum be left to him, and perhaps he is chary forthwith of his expenses, grudging even the deduction of necessary shillings that make the sum-total less imposing. Extremes meet. Often the spendthrift is only not a miser, because he has nothing worth hoarding.

Another reason : the short interval between glowing anticipation and fond memory precludes the possibility of pausing to ask whether this was indeed that delight to which we had looked forward so eagerly—and whether, after all, now it has come, it is quite that which we had imaged to the mind. Before we can arrive at this reflective stage, the brief hours have passed, and the pleasures of hope have been straightway exchanged for the pleasures of memory. It is a terrible ordeal to which to bring a possessed mundane delight, the having time to sit down and compare the reality with the anticipation ; to set the filled-up, finished picture side by side with that first bright sketch, so full of undefined and dreamy light and shade and colours, that the mind could fill in for itself with a thousand ever-varying, unreal, exquisite images.

Yes—and here we get the cream of my opening analogy—there is a rarer, choicer zest in having one’s holidays served up in little, soon-eaten platefuls, than in having an always accessible, seemingly endless, six weeks’ stock of them placed beside us, in easy reach and undisputed power. We feel that we *ought* to enjoy that great slice of the year to which we have been looking forward so eagerly. But still, often we feel that somehow we *don’t*. We grow weary in the absence of regular compelled employment. We pick the sugar off our lump of cake, then the almond stuff, and then remains a somewhat heavy and indigestible mass of over-rich and cloying



sweet. So we lounge and loiter about, and don't enjoy our idleness, though of course we don't wish for school again just yet. And at this stage it is—to add to our uneasiness—that sisters and servants begin to discover that we are *tiresome boys*. In short, the long holidays are best for looking forward to; the half-holiday is the thing for present enjoyment.

These musings were, I think, suggested, in the first place, by three lines quoted in a magazine review of some pantomime. Their modest self-depreciation led me into this train of thought; and finally to the resolve to defend and assert the graceful, humble little speaker (Fairy Half-holiday) against herself. Hear her pretty speech:—

I'm only a half-holiday, you know,  
But I have relatives who come out strong;  
Christmas, for instance, who is six weeks long.

Whosoever the idea of this loving personification of the bright brief hours that danced by on such butterfly wings, the thought was sweet and graceful, and I hereby thank him for the gentle fancy. It peeped out, a very primrose, from the page on which I read; and, perhaps before I had lit upon it, I had not really consciously known and apprehended what a delicious joyous thing a half-holiday was. I had, no doubt, a pleasant general abstract idea; but this has fixed it, once for all, in a tangible concrete.

And so I found it a pleasing employment to sit down and call back, from the haze of the past, those merry sprite-like seasons, that all died when I left school; all, that is, of that wildly, unreflectingly joyous species, albeit some graver sisters, yet with sweet quiet eyes, more peaceful if less full of glee than that boyhood rout, pass sometimes before my path.

I have my work in the small country village in which I dwell. I am known well of the inhabitants in it; I am, indeed, honoured by much of their confidence, and by being often made their adviser and friend. My presence is a matter of course in those houses in which sorrow has set her rest, and in which the visit of almost any other would be regarded as an intrusion. It is not only allowed, but it is mostly expected that I should come, with soft step and gentle tap, and enter quietly, and after a little subdued talk downstairs, ascend the steps or the ladder, and draw the chair to the bedside; and there watch the last breathings of the dying, or kneel beside the low couch, together with the wife and children, and hear the fast-ebbing voice strive yet to join in with the old familiar words—words heard for many years now, on the working man's rest-day, in that one house in which rich and poor *should* be equal: words never perhaps felt to be more striking and appropriate than now, when uttered for the last time, after the reading of the *Nunc dimittis*—that anthem in which, long years ago, another old man took his leave of this work-a-day world.

And it would be taken unkindly from me if I did not come, some decent interval after that solemn parting day, to ascend once more into that room—so unnaturally quiet now;—and, the covering having been withdrawn, to stand once more, and for the last time here, face to face with that old parishioner and friend. And when he is brought to his last room in earth's wayside inn, there am I, standing by the gate, ready to precede him, and to show him his bed, and to smooth it—at least for those who stand around and weep—with those high and holy utterances which change the cry of defeat into the pæan of victory.

And in less matters, too, I am the referee and expected sympathizer. Has Bill Simpson a bad leg? I must watch bandage after bandage unrolled, and fully contemplate the whole evil. Has Sally Stokes an ulcer on her side? Neither entreaties, nor yet commands, were I inexperienced enough to try them, would hinder her from displaying her trouble to my eye—taught long ago, by a loving desire to win affection and confidence, and thereby influence over my people for good, not to quail or flinch, whatsoever I may be called upon to behold.

And then if Jem Jessop, of whom I had such hopes at school, begin gradually to frequent the alehouse; or if Tom Andrews has turned out his wife lightly clad into the night; if old good ways are deteriorating in one, or new bad ways gaining hold upon another, and too many immortal beings living much the life of the cattle that they feed, why, then, all these things are *my* concern, *my* anxiety, as well as theirs. They are nothing to you, perhaps, my friend,—these things that go on about you in the parish,—so long as you yourself keep the straight way. But to me they are matters of careful planning and anxious thought; of musings upon my bed, and (not to speak here too gravely) upon my knees; of walks with a trouble upon me during the walk, and perhaps a disheartening at its end; of puzzlings, and devisings, and stratagem, and assault.

And on Sunday my people collect in the little gray church, in which I am not one of the congregation that gathers by units and groups into the pews; but I am to lead their prayers and their praises. And then to speak words as earnest as I can, perhaps prepared when body was unwell and brain unstrung; at any rate, that seem to me weak and cold enough, when I see the upturned attentive faces, and realize the opportunity that is mine. And thus weekdays and Sundays I am busy, at least fully occupied, though not overburdened. And thus, in the little village in which I dwell, the day's work comes with the day.

You will have gathered from the manner in which I speak of it, that that work is not irksome work; is, indeed, dear and loved work to me. Still, even from work so precious and so dear, rest is sometimes desirable, and change necessary. And here again, it is not the fortnight or three weeks that gives the most enjoyable recreation perhaps, but the modest half-holiday.

It may be that you close your Chrysostom at the end of a homily, just

as lunch is coming in. There is little or no sickness in the parish. You saw Lucy Staples (confined to bed with rheumatism) yesterday; your ordinary parish round is just concluded; you have all well in hand. So the bright idea flashes upon your mind at lunch-time that that afternoon shall be a half-holiday. Your wife readily—too readily you sometimes fear—abets you in the determination; and the little anxieties of your little realm are, for that afternoon, dismissed from your mind. It is to be an afternoon of gardening; you will cut down those laurels and open the prospect; you will roll away the thin brown-lined turf, and remodel the shape of that bed. Besides the pleasure that you anticipate in the act of doing it, there is the enjoyment to be looked forward to of looking out of window next day, and for several days, and seeing and criticizing the effect of the change.

So with what a fresh light-hearted feeling you don your garden gloves, and bring out your implements and set to work. Now and then you retire to the open window at which sits your wife at her work to ask her opinion, or rather demand her admiration, as the change, the improvement, develops. And, the work being done, and the afternoon ended, you pull off soiled gloves and caked boots with a weary satisfaction; and sitting down by the window (at a point whence the eye may take in the alteration effected), quaff, with a labourer's enjoyment, your well-earned glass of bitter-ale. That Fairy Half-holiday has been at work in the chambers of your brain, and has dusted and swept them, and cleared ever so many cobwebs out. And, dinner over, feeling pleasantly fatigued, you give this evening to Shakspeare, or to Wordsworth, or Tennyson; or it may be, for once in the way, to *Framley Parsonage*, or *Clerical Sketches*. Or possibly, if the work has really been pretty tough, turning to your wife, you remark, "My love, I positively think that I must have forty winks," and so become oblivious until Emma brings in the tea.

This is one way of spending your half-holiday, when you have decided that you are fairly entitled to one, and able to afford it. But of course the ways of spending it are many.

For instance, you have long promised your wife to make a sally with her into the copse, in order to accumulate choice moss for her window-garden; or to collect primrose-roots for that bank opposite the window; or to dig up a stock of ferns for that fernery that you composed from those capital old ash-roots on your last half-holiday. Accoutred, therefore, in character, and each armed with a basket, and trowel or fork, you start forth. Down the lane you go, over the stile, across the meadow, wondering at the advance that spring has made, at the quite large honeysuckle leaves, at the bright emerald buds that are glorifying the cropped hedgerows, here and there just bursting into patches; at the first scent of the sweet-briar. And you find yourself carrying *both* baskets, when, having despoiled the rich copse of a few of its superabundant treasures, you trace back your way to the little green gate. But let us recall one of

those rarer and extra-delightful half-holidays, which come but once in a way in a year, and which approximate more nearly than any to that old mad delight of freed boyhood long ago.

You were sitting at your study table, frowning intently over the piled volumes, endeavouring to unravel Stier's meaning, if his tangled expression concealed any, with regard to this knotty passage. You had tried and been dissatisfied with Bengel, Estius, Ellicot;—Alford had bothered you, Winer did not help you;—the point being critical, you knew that it would be of no use to consult the earlier commentators. You had recurred again to the naked text, with the context, and half an hour's close thought had brought you a dawn of the meaning. Half an hour, you know it has been,—for it is now half-past eleven, and last time you looked up in puzzled thought, you watched mechanically the thin, puffed, sunlit track of steam rise, and diffuse, and melt above the fields through which the eleven o'clock train was gliding in the distance. There was a ring at the door two minutes ago. But you heard it without hearing it, for you are expecting no one.

A tap, however, at your study door; it widely opens, and in walk, perhaps, two of your London brothers, last seen at Christmas,—perhaps, two old Oxford friends. You start up with joyful alacrity—a good-by to the commentators for that day. “My dear fellows, how uncommonly glad I am to see you! Who would have thought of your coming down to-day? And now we'll have a glorious day together.”

You find that they have left London with the full intention of doing this. You stand for a time in the bow window of the study, and talk; you go into the drawing-room to your wife and sisters, and talk; you step out of the drawing-room into the garden, and stand, and sit, and saunter about, and talk, talk, talk hard. There is a most immense arrear of talk to be got through in a short time; besides, you have for some weeks seen no new face, and interchanged thoughts with no new mind. And the wine of life, that was so still and quiet, bursts into excitement and sparkle, now that this new arrival has, on a sudden, drawn the cork.

But presently you come in together, with quick step, from the garden. One of the visitors has asked, “How about the picnic excursion that we were to make to Hawley Wood? We had something of an eye to that, when we started this morning.”

Glorious idea! “Girls, wife, what do you say to starting for Hawley Wood this afternoon?”

Say! The very thing, to be sure, of all others, for that queen of summer days. They are forthwith on the move, ready to

Put on with speed their woodland dress.

It is decided to have a light lunch now, and to send on George with the commissariat, so that you may dine whenever you like.

There are a couple of miles to walk, and many nooks to be ex-

plored in the wood and valley,—a hidden rivulet among the moss and long grass,

That, to the sleeping woods all night,  
Singeth a quiet tune:

a waterfall trickling down through some lichened boulders, spattering here and there the bobbing ferns; a small tarn with snipes and moorhens, paved, over part of its surface, with water-lilies. All these you purpose to investigate, while the ladies work and read in that little smooth-turfed dell, from which the brushwood recedes on all sides, through which the little brook meanders; and in which you mean to discuss the goodly fare that the provident secretary for the home department has skilfully extemporized.

And so you start. Delicious and abundant interchange of thought and reminiscence; untiring, without pause. Over the sweet hay-meadows you struggle, assembled again by the little pause of the many stiles:—

All the land in flowery squares,  
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,  
Smells of the "juvent" summer, as one large cloud  
Draws downward; but all else of heaven is pure  
Up to the sun.

Then, a delicious beanfield or two, with its under-music of bees; a wide fragrant-breathing magenta-sheet of clover; and, by the side of the shaded meadow path,

From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented doves;  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,  
But shook his song together as he neared  
His happy home, the ground. To left and right  
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;  
The mellow onzel fluted in the elm,  
The redcap whistled.

And so the short (to-day, *very* short) two miles are ended, and you enter the wood. Oh, the delight of it to those London friends,—and your personal interest and pride in their admiration! The excitement, to them, of those headlong rabbits that scud across the narrow, winding path; their emotion at coming suddenly upon that long-tailed bird with the scarlet about his head, standing in full view for a few minutes under the old oak, in a patch of clearing!—their fresh delight (almost worth living in London to own) at the spreading myriads of bent blue hyacinth bells, and the milky way of starry wood-anemones that glimmers far into the deepening wood! And their sobered intensity of appreciation, when you wander into a graver part of the wood, where

With dun-red bark  
The fir-trees, and the unfrequent, slender oak,  
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake  
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault  
High o'er you, murmuring like a distant sea.

And at last you wander back to that soft-swarded nook, with its bright flower-bed of ladies; and gather about them, and lie in all sorts of attitudes, and

Talk, the stream beneath you runs,  
The wine-flask lying conched in moss,  
Or cooled within the glooming wave.

You right heartily enjoy and go in for the

Dnsky loaf that smells of home,  
And half-cut down,—a pasty costly made,  
Where quail and pigeou, lark and leveret—

(or something equally good)

Lie,  
Like fossils of the rock, with golden rolls  
Embedded and injellied.

Also the great cabbage-leaves of strawberries that you fish out of the basket, fresh, and just picked, and that never were crushed in a pottle. And then you lean back, and tranquilly take in summer, converse, quiet, until the sweet day draws near to an end. Then you gather the débris together; the ladies assume their baskets, and you wind back, cheerful at heart and refreshed, retracing the midday track—

Through the late twilight; and though now the bat  
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,  
Yet still the solitary humble bee  
Sings in the bean-flower.

And you come upon two or three glow-worms in a constellation; and over the woods so full, in the daytime, of busy song and murmuring dove-notes, a tender silence has fallen; but a nightingale is flooding the evening with ravishing song; another, a field or two away, is answering him; and quite in the distance, the ear now and then catches the hushed melody of two or three more.

Enough; your half-holiday has done you a wonderful amount of good, and you have thoroughly enjoyed it. Nor is it yet over: there is tea by the open window, above the scent of mignonette; and the willing girls take turns to sing old songs, and to play old pieces, that you have long ago loved together. And years after, even, that half-holiday is not all over—is still keenly enjoyed; and when you three old fellows meet, with a streak of grey in your hair, the eyes yet sparkle, and the faces light up, when one says, “Ah, do you remember that day, twenty years ago, when we came down to see you, at your first curacy, and spent the afternoon in Hawley Wood?”

Half-holiday! It is, in truth, a sweet little fairy, gamesome and mad as Puck in boyhood; tender and delightful as Ariel when graver years have come. I fancied that it might be even pleasant to read about; and that to many minds, congenial with my own, this pen might prove a wand to wave back a glad and merry gathering of the tiny winged things, to

dance, as gnats, in life's afternoon sun. I have no weighty moral to append; nor must I, though I easily might, add to these few specimens that I have selected and pinned down in my cabinet. Surely each, out of his own experience, can catch one or more for himself, and spread out the wings and arrange the legs.

Only this let me say, that I am heartily glad to feel that the claims of my little client are becoming more and more recognized, and its beauty and usefulness approved. I like to know that the city clerk is now often turned loose at midday on Saturday from his humdrum treadmill life, to open his shoulders and his lungs on the cricket-field; or to lie his length in the deep daisied grass under the apple-blossom or laburnum. I like, if possible even more, to think of a free half-day in the week for the tired shopman, who has so little of anything enjoyable in life; who, all the week, from early morning to late night, has been showing dresses, linens, and calicoes, at the very look and smell of which at last his heart must sicken. And I urge on all who have ever had and enjoyed a half-holiday, this rule:—"DON'T SHOP AFTER TWELVE ON A SATURDAY." The soul need not be starved for the body's play, nor Sunday be made a day of mere thoughtless world's enjoyment. Let your hard-worked brother have Sunday for thoughts that, at least one day, he will very much wish to have had. And, if we really care for his bodily recreation and enjoyment, and desire, more than in mere talk, the unwrinkling of his forehead and the unbending of his back, remember that *others* can do—what perhaps you call impossible—and *give a half-holiday on the Saturday!*

This last, of course, to employers. And, I add, that the better work that you will get out of those lighter hearts and refreshed bodies will ensure you against being losers in the end by your indulgence; by such pauses for the oiling of the machinery. And if you ever delight in a half-holiday yourself—ay, if the dry world's dust having now choked that once joyous little spring for you, you yet did *once* own the capacity of enjoying those brief fairy hours—then call to mind the dead sweetness of your own past half-holidays, and

GIVE A HALF-HOLIDAY WHENEVER YOU CAN!

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## Money and Manners.

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THAT living becomes every year more expensive in all the great cities of Europe, and that even the unfrequented byways,—formerly no less alluring in their cheapness than in their sequestered simplicity,—are rapidly rising to the tariff of towns, are facts painfully impressed on all residents and travellers whose purses are more flaccid than their desires. We know odious people who look with satisfaction on this state of things. They boast of it as an index of flourishing commerce and high civilization. To such men, civil war is admirable, if it stimulates the demand for fire-arms; an earthquake would be a blessing if it were “good for trade.” Now, although trade is a very good thing, although much of our intellectual and moral progress can be distinctly traceable to the influence of commerce, yet we require little reflection to see that trade brings with it many evil influences, and that what is good for trade is often very bad for Humanity.

With regard to the expensiveness of living, it is a profound mistake to suppose that commercial activity is the chief cause. Any one who looks at Paris at the present day, and deplores its hideous extravagance, will see that the vanities and not the honest industries are at work there. Trade flourishes, no doubt; the vanities stimulate production; but that which makes living so expensive is not the plethora of wealth, but the restlessness of ostentation. Venice and Genoa, England and Holland, have been commercially active enough, and wealthy enough in all conscience, at periods when living was cheap. The wealth was then expended on the luxuries of the few; now it is greatly absorbed by the futilities of the many. There can be no comparison between the wealth of Augsburg with its great banking-houses, or Nuremberg with its countless hives of industry, and Hanover which has no trade to boast of; yet living in Hanover is very much dearer than living in Augsburg or Nuremberg, simply because Hanover has more aristocratic pretensions.

Whoever wanders over Europe, taking out-of-the-way places in his route, will be surprised at the inexplicable differences in the prices of living which various towns and villages present. In Switzerland and the Tyrol, for example, it is difficult now for the traveller to discover any of the once-famed spots in which “living costs next to nothing;” this is owing to the crowds of tourists who have everywhere raised the prices by raising the standard of ordinary requirements; yet, even here, the range of prices varies inexplicably. In Germany again, although, as a rule, it is true that the south is cheaper than the north, and the sequestered spots cheaper than the great highways, you will not unfrequently find on the



mountain ridges and valleys of Middle and Northern Germany, that the expense of living is higher than in many old-fashioned high-roads in the mountainous districts of Upper Germany.

The philosophic pedestrian, Riehl, whose admirable works on German life have gained him a wide reputation, has treated this subject of comparative prices in his *Culturstudien*.\* He mentions, that in his wanderings near Cuxhaven, he one night was forced to stop at a miserable-looking inn, the public room of which strongly resembled those of similar inns in the poor hilly districts of Middle Germany; but, to his surprise, the landlord served the supper in an ambitious room decorated in the style of town hotels:—"He even placed before me two kinds of bread, and two kinds of plates, quite in style, for the ham and eggs. In ale-houses, of fully equal respectability, amidst the hills of my Middle German home, instead of such table luxuries you might much rather expect the landlady to ask you whether you wanted a knife? and if you were so unfortunate as not to carry one in your pocket, she would clean a dirty hacked thing before your eyes, by wiping it upon her apron. I made a note of the circumstance, thinking that it would be of some service to me in my meditations upon the difference in the value of money in Northern and Southern Germany. For, as a matter of course in the reckoning, which was considerably higher than it would have been in a South German public-house of the same rank, I had not only paid for the food and drink, but also for the cushioned chairs and embroidered curtains, and for the two kinds of plates and forks, as well as for the unasked-for knife, the cleaning of which had not been transacted before my eyes." Riehl asked himself what he had been paying for? and found that whether or not he appreciated the extra splendour of this northern alehouse, he had at least paid for it. Every one knows that in those happy places where inn-reckonings are charmingly small, inn-comforts are apt to be amazingly restricted. For a change we may not object to this. It may even sharpen our enjoyment. A little of the primitive simplicity of living keeps up the quiet romance of our expedition. Provided the beds are clean and . . . . but in primitive simplicity, there are many details which may be laughed over in subsequent talk, or may be laughingly endured at the time, yet we should never forget that the smallness of the bill is dependent upon things which we would gladly see altered.

In the old Bavarian inns, as Riehl tells us, the bread is always charged separately, no matter how long the bill may be. Where this is not done, the traveller should regard it with suspicion: it means either that the host charges double, or that you have got into an *hotel*. The custom of charging for bread as a separate item has a social basis: it presupposes that a part of the guests bring their piece of bread in their pockets, according to the fashion of the workpeople and peasants. That is to say, in these inns, which, in other respects, may be excellent town-like places of entertainment, the whole company is dealt with in a manner appropriate

\* RIEHL:—*Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten*. 1859.

to the lower and middle, not the higher classes. This is an extremely important characteristic, which appears not only in the separate reckoning of a farthing's worth of bread at the inn, but also in the whole social life, and by which a great portion of Upper Germany is distinguished from all the rest, viz., that the common social customs, to a very large extent, are rooted in the traditions of the citizens and peasantry, and not in those of aristocratic and courtly circles.

The unknown man in a respectable coat, and with semi-respectable manners, is treated in Northern Germany as a "gentleman." This word "gentleman," and also the word "comfort," threaten to have a fatal influence upon the people. Both proceed upon the supposition, or rather the hypocritical pretence, that the average portion of society belongs to the aristocracy, not to the middle class of citizens. When the stranger is at the outset supposed to be a gentleman, then, of course, he must pay like a lord; when, however, he is taken for a simple citizen, the charges are adapted to this condition. The immediate influence of the value of money in England upon the value of money in the cities of the northern coasts, is scarcely more powerful than the influence of English manners. If any one doubts this, it will only be necessary to place at his right "a gentleman," and at his left a citizen of Upper Germany, who puts his piece of bread into his pocket before going to the inn. He will soon be convinced. As long as the Upper German simplicity of manner prevailed in Switzerland, living was cheap there; but when English and American tourists came, with their great pretensions and demands, and brought with them the idea of "gentleman" and "comfort," *i.e.*, their English manners and requirements, without the English trade and commerce, the prices became at once "gentlemanly," and shot up into the sky, contrasting with the continued cheapness of the unvisited places, as an Alpine range contrasts with the plain.

Riehl points to the fact that in the larger towns of Northern Germany the quiet and respectable inns of the middle class, with the old German name upon the signboard, have almost entirely disappeared, and the choice now only remains between first-class and very miserable houses. The greater cheapness of travelling in Upper Germany consists in the fact that there a man of the first rank may always put up at an old-fashioned, middle-class, but at the same time extremely comfortable and respectable inn. As the separate reckoning of the farthing's-worth of bread in Old Bavaria contains the symbol of a social truth, so the separate reckoning of the *bougies* in the hotels of Northern Germany furnishes us with a vivid illustration of the customs, and of the dearness of living, in that part of the country. These two so-called *bougies* are placed upon our dressing-table in the evening, whether we want them or not, and next morning they are set down in the bill at sixpence or a shilling (a whole pound costs only about fourteen-pence), although we have perhaps only burned half a finger's length of them. A young married couple from Southern Germany, who made a wedding tour to the North, took with them a sepa-

rate box for these *bougies*, in order that upon their return home they might, at least, have the full benefit of such a costly illumination. In general, however, people quietly submit to such impositions, and do not pocket the candles. For is it not a most gentlemanly sort of thing to use a shilling's-worth of light simply to undress by? This is exactly as much as the entire accommodation for the night (including candles) costs at a respectable inn in Munich—for example, the *Leinfelder Hof*.

It is not the things which are used in Northern Germany which are dearer, but the manner in which they are used. We must not suppose that because we have to pay three times as much for a cutlet in Hanover as we pay in Augsburg, that the price of meat in the former city is three times as high as in the latter. For in Augsburg we get simply a cutlet; in Hanover we get a cutlet—and three waiters; three waiters, who speak English, French, and German, and who are dressed with almost greater elegance than ourselves. The citizen with the greatest satisfaction pays these waiters twice over, viz., once in the prices charged in the bill of fare, and then under the heading “service.” And why should not the “gentleman” pay for this “service” with pleasure? Has he not been most promptly and submissively served, almost like a nobleman, and certainly in a style which he will never equal in his own house? In the plebeian brew-houses in Munich, the guests have to fetch the beer themselves, and are even obliged sometimes to bring a glass with them, if they would not, like Diogenes, drink out of the hand.

People, very properly, smile at the extravagance which in the middle ages led to the maintenance of an unnecessary number of servants, and which is still in some degree continued in countries, such as Spain and Russia, where the feudal system yet lingers. Our nobles, indeed, do not now move from place to place attended by an endless train of idlers, but instead of that, persons of almost every class, except the genuine peasant, allow themselves to have countless small services performed for them by a whole army of messengers, cabdrivers, hired servants, waiters, day-labourers, and even by tradespeople, which everybody, without loss of time, could just as well perform for himself, and which in our fathers' days every one did perform for himself without any compromise of his respectability. It can scarcely be said, therefore, that the unnecessary extravagance in the number of servants has disappeared; that extravagance has only passed into other forms, and extended itself over a larger portion of society. For if one hundred thousand human beings are ashamed to carry their light and extremely portable travelling-bags to the railway station, and by this means the continual service of some fifty porters is made necessary, this is, in the long run, not a smaller extravagance than if a great lord should have, as formerly, fifty servants in his train. The fashion of requiring such unnecessary services makes all fine people in the end helpless in the simplest matters of every-day life, and destroys their reliance upon their own power. It obviously contributes also to the increase of the expensiveness of living.

With the necessaries of life it is as with the ornaments ; we frequently pay more for the fashion of the thing than for its intrinsic value. We are attended upon like lords ; and pay like lords ; we dress like lords, we furnish our houses like lords, we give entertainments like lords—at least as much like them as we possibly can ; and it is not the dress, or the food, or the enjoyment we pay heavily for, but the vanity of seeming to share the wealth of our superiors. The tyranny of fashion is irresistible. Riehl tells us that in a romantic old country church he saw some tombs of the peasants of the 16th and 17th centuries. The effigies of the old fellows were hewn out in high relief, wearing the Spanish cloak, bonnet on the head, sword by the side, on the hilt of which the hand rested defiantly, as if the man had been a count or baron, not a peasant. And the descendants of these peasants are quite as grand as their ancestors. It is true that they still live in the old-fashioned Saxon house, with immense thatched roof, to which the principal entrance is through the cowstall. But we also find state apartments of quite another sort,—rooms furnished with the richest and most town-like comfort, adorned with carpets and mahogany furniture, and splendid mirrors and pictures, according to the most modern style ; and even an elegant little library is sometimes seen. The garden, too, behind the house, is not a peasant's garden, but quite an elegant plot of ground with the clipped lime and yew trees of one hundred years ago.

As the marsh with its monotonous aspect, often impassable, and exposed to a continual battle with wind and water, presents little inducement to the people to go out of doors, the rich ones act wisely, in making their house and garden as attractive as possible ; and if they keep their house like the English, and their garden like the Dutch, we English must help them to pay for it. The English bull, with his printed and credulously received pedigree of more than four ancestors, grazes in the marshes, and the English boar, a walking cylinder of fat, with four contemptible legs, spends his time in eating and sleeping ; but then in exchange for these the fattened oxen of the marsh, so artistically fed up that you can take a quadratic measure of their hind quarters with a carpenter's square, go back (not gratuitously) by whole shiploads to London.

Riehl raises the question, whether these householders with their extensive housekeeping, with their town-luxuries and town-education, can still be rightly called *peasants*?—a question which cannot be answered off-hand with yes or no. Without doubt they represent the social strength of the peasantry of the entire country ; for the little man settled in their neighbourhood, the *Köthner* (the lowest class of field-labourers), who indeed still lives in perfect peasant simplicity, and amongst other things, to say nothing of curtains at kitchen windows, never possesses a chimney or a hearth, but, like the Laplanders and Finlanders, allows the smoke to escape at door and window, and, therefore, in case of necessity could cure his hams in the dwelling-house or cowstall ; this *Köthner* is without any independent social importance. The peasant civilization,

too, is in fact represented by these rich householders. They have for generations transplanted town-education and town-luxury to the country, that is to say, a host of ideal and imaginary, important and unimportant, requirements have become universal in the country, and by *this* means, living has become more expensive. The things themselves did not at first rise in price, but expensive requirements increased in number. If, however, the whole of the influential portion of society admit such requirements, these requirements become the custom of the country, and even amongst persons of the humblest conditions of life are reckoned as necessaries. It is not at first the actual cost of things which increases, but the mode of living becomes dearer, and customs more expensive, by which means a real rise in the cost of things must take place.

In the luxuriant corn-land of the Danubian district between Regensburg and Passau you may still see rich peasant-women in holiday attire, which in costliness can only be matched by the dresses of the aristocracy. For the cape, skirt, and bodice are made of the heaviest silk material, covered with gold spangles, the bodice hung with gold chains, medals, and other massive ornaments,—and sometimes cape, bodice, and shoes are adorned with real jewels. But the whole is, nevertheless, peculiarly a peasant's garb, not at all comparable with the dress of the masters of those old Wurster peasants; and the peasant-woman who once a year puts on such a dress, limits herself all the rest of the time to simple necessaries, and lives cheaply in spite of this enormous expenditure.

Thus preposterous as were the old sumptuary laws, there lay nevertheless a sound idea at the root of them. They went upon the principle, that indulgence in luxuries beyond one's proper condition in life tends most towards making living expensive. Therefore these laws have not been urged by householders amongst the people, but by those who considered themselves the appointed guardians of public morality—theologians. An extravagance within the limits of the customs peculiar to a certain class may remain isolated; an extravagance beyond those limits, never. A scholar may spend 200*l.* a year in books, and yet in everything else be as moderate in his expenditure as before; but if he spend 200*l.* a year upon his carriage he will double his other requirements. If, then, the customs of any class of persons are overstepped in a single particular, and this excess become general in a whole community, there follows forthwith a decided increase in the expense of living. In a country, then, where the peasants still live in a manner befitting their condition,—other things being equal,—living will be cheaper, than in a country where there is a more *townish* peasantry. Indeed, we may say briefly, that wherever a genuine people's costume is worn, there we can live cheaply. For the peasant dress is the token of a simple peasant-condition, in which few artificial necessities are known, although, perhaps, in particular points,—at weddings, festivals, &c.,—there may be an exceptional luxury, or indeed a senseless extravagance. Therefore most manufacturers and merchants, as also, hawkers and pedlars, with good reason, despise and

contemn the peasant costume, for its continued prevalence promises them but a poor market for their wares.

Lately it has been complained that in the whole of Lower Saxony, from the south-western corner of Westphalia as far as Schleswig-Holstein, the rich grand peasant, who until now has always been considered as firm and hard as oak in his adherence to the customs of his class, has visibly been more given to town enjoyments. By this means, of course, the expensiveness of living in the north-west of Germany is increased, even when those peasants themselves do not spend a farthing more upon their new town luxuries than upon their old peasant habits. Indeed in some particulars it may be cheaper to visit a casino in the long winter-evenings than to entertain company upon soup in the spinning-room according to the paternal usage. Nevertheless, such a village casino will immediately make living in general dearer, for with the town-word comes the elegant town-building and town dress, and a thousand really foolish town-customs until then unknown, which at last reverse the whole mode of living, and which, with the *apparent* rise in the cost of things, make a *real* rise necessary.

Customs are just as decisive with respect to cheapness of living in any particular locality as the high or low prices of the common necessaries of life. Even the history of the price of corn receives many a new ray of light from the history of manners. Continual dearness of corn is an advantage only to the rich agriculturist; the more humble peasant is oppressed by the time of dearness just as much as the citizen. When there is a long succession of poor harvests the rich farmer becomes more a corn-dealer than an agriculturist, and with this citizen's occupation he brings, beside his full purse, all sorts of town-luxuries into the country. If even now many Westphalian farmers turn their backs upon their possessions during a part of the year, in order to spend "the season" in the city, and then establish casinos in their villages, or upon their farms, where people dance the polka and play at whist, this is quite certain to be a result of several years' dearness of corn. But through the introduction of more expensive manners, the living not only of the individual who adopts the new mode will be made more expensive, but gradually living throughout the country will become dearer. For amongst the peasant people an example given by an upper rank of their own class works with peculiar energy, and the more humble peasant, who has not been himself enriched by the time of dearness, is drawn at last into the more pretentious style of living. A social increase of expense thus associates itself with the domestic increase. The domestic increase of expense decreases, for after seven poor years come at last seven rich ones,—the social increase, on the contrary, remains. It is unheard-of that a people peacefully and voluntarily turned back from luxurious manners to more simple ones. Dreadful wars and revolutions, the emigration or destruction of a people, in short only the heaviest judgments of God, are sufficient to work such a miracle. Therefore it is that the increased expensiveness

of manners in the country, which almost always follows dear years, contributes to prevent living ever becoming so cheap as it was before, notwithstanding many favourable harvests afterwards. An important modification, or even the entire abandonment, of a special popular costume comes almost invariably with, and after, high corn prices.

It might, however, be thought that even if a dear time lead the peasant to more luxurious habits, it would, on the contrary, compel the citizen to live more scantily; and thus one influence would be set against the other, and the effect upon the expensiveness of living throughout the country would be nil. For a time it may be that years of scarcity will compel the citizen to adopt a poor method of living. But it lies in the nature of the active citizen to make up very speedily for that which he has lost as soon as he has a favourable opportunity. In the peasant, on the contrary, there rests the conservative power of custom, and if he begin to live more expensively, it makes no difference to him that people in the city have become more economical; living, upon the whole, will still become more expensive. When in the 17th century the aristocracy indulged in the most extravagant expenditure, and adopted the most expensive manners, living was, notwithstanding, far cheaper than at present, when the noble is economical and the peasant begins to live in luxury. The village is, or should be, the stronghold of simplicity of manners. As long as the citadel is held, but little harm is done if the outworks fall.

While Riehl justly traces much of the increased expensiveness of living to the adoption of luxuries in the place of necessaries, and the destruction of the simplicity of peasant life, he is too good a political economist to overlook the other causes. Among these he specially mentions the increased value of *time*, as a thing to be paid for highly in the North, whereas in the South it is of small value; and hence the South of Germany is cheaper than the North. Often when people think they have only paid for the idle luxury of fashion they have, in fact, been purchasing that expensive article, Time. Thus in the cheap Bavarian inns you must be thankful if you get a bit of meat an hour after it is ordered; it will cost you fourpence; if you pay a shilling in Northern Germany for a similar dish, the difference in price is explained when you reflect that you got the meat as soon as ordered. To the idle wanderer or pleasure-seeker, the indifference to the value of time which seems universally manifested in the South, may be of little moment; but to the man who can appreciate the value of time, the extra cheapness which such indifference brings, is recognized as extravagance. Peasants and children have always plenty of time on their hands. As the world becomes older, more educated, and, let us add, more aristocratic in its requirements, time becomes more precious. With the rise in the value of time, the value of money sinks. We can, therefore, live most cheaply where people have most time, since they are willing to give their costliest article, Time, almost for nothing.

Riehl has in several places worked out his idea that the differences between Southern and Northern German life are mainly founded on the citizen standard being taken in the south, and the aristocratic standard in the north. On the first mention this sounds like a paradox. The South has so long been considered as peculiarly aristocratic; and numerous have been the sarcasms on the servility of the Bavarian and Austrian, who will call every well-dressed man, "your honour," or "my lord." This custom, however, is by no means based upon an immoderate respect for nobility. On the contrary, by this means the mere titles, being misused, in course of time completely lose their value. The custom referred to is simply an old citizen's flourish handed down from the last century, and which may continue in use quite in harmony with, and resting upon the same basis as, a simplicity of manners quite as old-fashioned, and which seems to us almost democratic. It appears to us accordant with the same old-fashioned, ancestral manners, when the shopkeeper, whom we visit as purchasers, deals with us in a way positively rude, according to our notions, but when we go, "begs most submissively that we will soon again do him the honour." Where such an excess of politeness is found closely associated with so much rudeness, there cheapness will be the general rule. In the same beer-house in Upper Germany in which we are addressed as "my lord," we shall not be served better by one hair's-breadth than the peasant and citizen of the lowest class, who sit beside us at the same table. If we should require an attention which lies beyond the most simple hereditary household arrangements, we must expect from the rich landlord,—who, by the way, considers himself much more the lord, and looks upon us, noble lords, as promiscuously assembled people,—the most obvious contempt. Here there is no trace anywhere of the "gentleman," but only of the citizen. And when, only a short time ago, ministers and diplomatists used to give dinners at the "Green Tree" in Munich, the inn frequented by the raftsmen, they were not distinguished by an attention very much superior to that bestowed upon the raftsmen themselves. They had just the same kind of fare,—for the raftsmen know well enough what is good to eat,—and finally just as cheap a reckoning.

The fact that in Upper Germany generally the small citizen gives the tone to manners, while in Lower Germany only the manners of the aristocratic world have for a long time been predominant, indicates a marked difference of character in the people. There are two ways in which we can flatter our pride of rank. First, by sunning ourselves according to the method, and within the circle, of the most aristocratic world into which we can possibly get, and by this means feeling our own importance clearly expressed and recognized; or, secondly, by moving in a lower sphere than that to which we belong, and thus feeling the more proud of our hidden worth, and our importance increased in our own eyes by the force of contrast. The first method is very characteristic of the Northern Germans; the second of the Southern. "In the most polite circles," says Riehl, "I, a modest southern, have not felt half so proud as when, upon pedestrian



excursions, I have now and then taken up my quarters in a public-house, over the door of which was written: 'Here no traveller will be received until he has proved that he possesses three-farthings with which to pay for a bed, and twopence for refreshments.' Under such circumstances, one has quite the feeling of a prince travelling incognito, and the reckonings are cheap into the bargain. The North German much prefers travelling ostensibly like a prince; and it is well-known that that is ten times more expensive. Estimated morally, both forms of pride may come to the same thing; but so far as dear or cheap living is concerned, they produce, not only during journeys, but in our whole life, an incredible difference."

We have given Riehl's views, often in nearly his own language, because they are the views of a thoughtful and experienced man, accustomed to study every variety of German life; and it is obvious that what he says of Germany applies equally to Europe: prices are everywhere rising, because everywhere the aristocratic pretensions of the masses are destroying the peasant simplicity and bourgeois ideal of plenty and comfort, replacing them with attempts, which deceive no one, to imitate the splendour of their superiors. What Goethe sarcastically says of writers, that now-a-days every one wishes to be a poet, no one a cobbler—

Niemand will ein Schuster seyn,  
Jederman ein Dichter—

is true in other directions. And the influence of railways rapidly causes the manners of various districts to blend; because it is not in human nature, voluntarily, to adopt a curtailment of luxuries, but eagerly to adopt any addition; and the constant sight of elegancies, futilities, and extravagancies has the inevitable effect of making the spectator desire them. How much toil, heartache, and early death in our professional and commercial circles, have their origin in the frivolous desires of wives and daughters to "live in style!" How much of the comfort and happiness of life is sacrificed to ostentation which brings no real comfort to any! But to preach on this text is to preach in the desert.

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## The Socrates of the Athenian People.

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WHAT is the value of the portrait which the old philosophers have left us of Socrates? Is our Socrates the Socrates of the Athenian people? or are we accepting a myth made to the image of our own likings as the man whom we claim to have given Greece the highest of all human teachings, and to have illustrated them by the highest of all human traits? Why that homage paid to him by a posterity removed from his day by a generation, and that indifferent credit in which he lived among the accomplished citizens who knew him best, and to whom he was nearly as familiar as the members of their own households? Odd as it is that the antiquity posterior to his own times, and the people of our own, so differently circumstanced as to almost every ingredient in the formation of opinion, should be found taking precisely the same high estimate; it is still more curious that some of the most enlightened of his contemporaries, his own near neighbours, should have discredited him as a buffoon, or eccentric busybody during life, and should have made him end it as a malefactor.

It would be pleasant in this age of historical doubt to make up debateable ground out of a character so solidly established in public opinion; and the discussion might prove quite as prolific as any we have had out of the difficulties of celebrated biography. It so happens that the anomaly is so well authenticated that it is almost as easy to have, as not to have, doubts about its cause; for the great man lived in an age and country of eminent historians and acute-minded philosophers—little as his doom suggests the fact—thanks to whose full records and exuberant commentaries, we know him nearly as well as, following the precept of the Delphic temple, he endeavoured to know himself; that is to say, a great deal better than we know our own Shakspeare, or the Italians their Correggio or Dante.

Another of the strange inconsistencies in the celebrity of Socrates is that, unexampled as it is, it was raised on no better foundation than talking. As the great men we have named are known to us only by what they did, he is known to us only by what he said. Beyond a poetic trifle or two, with which he amused himself in prison, he wrote nothing; and he is all he is with us, because of certain homely oral expositions of social and moral well-being which he made to his fellow-citizens. That he lived the life he taught; that he died the death his principles demanded; that his practice, in fact, did not discredit his teachings, opens quite another subject, namely, that inner excellence, which is rarely considered in our estimates of a human greatness. The obvious facts are, that in a country where the government, the army, and the arts

offered the only openings to high distinction, it was not his lot to command in war or lead the councils of his country in peace; that it was not his glory to save it from the shame of foreign conquest, or that injury of domestic tyranny which he shared with it; that he was no orator, no poet, and left behind him none of those excellent works in history, philosophy, or literature, such as have made immortal not a few of his contemporaries. How, then, has it happened that the most unconsidered character in Athenian public life has become the most commanding figure in its history? To what chance do we owe it, that a repute the most equivocal in the roll of philosophers during his life, should have merged on his death into the most assured and illustrious of celebrities?

In trying to understand how this great teacher stood in so unfortunate a relation to his epoch, we cannot do better than take a mental photograph of him as he stood in the ripened greatness of his later years, winding up his mission of usefulness in the midst of the citizens who were so soon to give it its due climax; taking him as he stood in some favourite spot in the most beautiful city of the world, at that moment, however, shorn of many of the glories in the midst of which, for half a century or more, it had flourished as the queen and mistress of the civilized world. There, in the centre of the city, stands the Arthur's Seat of Athens, the sacred Acropolis, with its circuit of two miles, where temples, and institutions, and porticoes, and marble gates, and colossal statues of deities, and of men nearly as divine, tower aloft over the citizens, standing out in the clearest sky and balmiest climate in the world, in the most beautiful proportions the skill and genius of inspired men had ever given to the work of their hands. On one side of the great city flows the rapid Ilissus, under its fringed canopies of plane-trees, fed at this point by the wilder Eridanus. There, on the other side, runs the torrent-like Cephissus, both meandering in crystal clearness and delicious freshness towards the sea, that may be seen a few stones'-throw off, glistening like a colossal mirror, waiting to receive their waters. Filled with a lively population of some hundred thousand citizens, strangers, and slaves—whom Paris, after the humiliating campaign of 1814, may recall to us—there is one thing human—and, as far as we know, only one thing human—that has survived unchanged the half century of incredible vicissitudes which the city has passed through—Socrates, now an institution, rather than a man. To-day we have him in the meadow alongside of the Ilissus, accompanied by Xenophon, Plato, and a few of the more accomplished or enthusiastic of his pupils. To-morrow his morning will be spent in some of the gymnasias, or if the Agora has its meeting, or some other public place has drawn its crowd, there will stand the well-known form of Socrates, waiting his occasion to turn some event or person into missionary account. We have intimated what in fame he now is to us. What seems he there to the acute and highly-gifted citizens who have seen so much of him, have heard so much more about him, and who are just now puzzling their active fancies as to the position they accord or will accord him? How adjudge they the

strange-looking old man by their side with that emphatic personality of his which in the largest assembly would be the first to attract the artist's attention, and which may safely be pronounced the most prominent of objects wheresoever he goes? To this stranger, just come from unfortunate Corcyra, he looks as though one of the marble Sileni he has been studying in a niche of yon temple of Bacchus had taken flesh under the prayer of the Pygmalion who had carved it, and stepping down from its pedestal, were busying itself inquiring what these Athenian worshippers were thinking about with their recent niggardliness in its patron's worship. He has the bare ponderous head with shining bald crown, large, prominent eyes, thick lips, and flat turn-up nose, with huge exposed nostrils, under which the Athenian artists impersonated their ideal of Bacchanal enjoyment. As you are studying that meanly-robed, bare-footed figure, of robust health and rude physical enjoyment, you see him marking out his man, seizing him by the button, or the appendage that does duty for it, and learn, as the victim is addressed by name, that he is a rich tanner,\* who has a reputation for ability on which he claims to be one of the leaders of his fellow-citizens. A ring forms of half-laughing, half-sulking spectators, curious to see how the aspiring candidate will fare in the little discussion into which they are sure he will be inveigled. A few homely questions, followed by as many answers, and the gentleman who felt competent to govern the State stands convicted of knowing nothing of the first elements of the science on which he fancied he was so well informed. There is consolation, however, for him under his defect, if he only knows how to apply it. The man who has unhorsed him has been declared the wisest of mankind by Apollo, and yet is no better than himself on the same subject—that is, knows no more than he, except for the circumstance that he knows his ignorance—knows that he knows nothing. The *flaneurs* laugh, turn on their heel; the vanquished disputant sneaks off with the assurance, "I can't say I like it;" and the philosopher, confiding himself to a friend or two who remain by his side, and who remind him that he has made another enemy, and can afford it, says, "Ay, and the advantage on his side, nothing; on that of the public, simply that the Athenians know what our great statesmen are made of."

And this suggestion of an added danger brings us to the inquiry, What really is the place which the great philosopher occupies in the love and hatred of the sovereign townsmen who hold in their hands the power of life and death over him? What are the feelings, what the opinions of the twenty thousand free citizens about him during this incubation in their midst of the most remarkable historical greatness men have ever been called upon to admire? The contrast is the humiliating one so often shown in the annals of every people, between the lot of the man of genius himself and of the honours accorded to his memory.

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\* ANTYTUS.

Yet for the Athenians there is an explanation which, if it does not diminish our regret, at all events takes away our surprise. While *we* see but the immortal genius great in thought, but still more illustrious in the consistency of action by which it was sustained, *they* saw little more than an eccentric old gentleman, poor, and of no great social or civic repute, who was meeting them daily at every point and corner of the city with ideas and recommendations opposed to their dearest instincts and oldest prejudices. We all live with our fellows under the pressure of the external. Their characters with us are chiefly things of outsides, save as tempered by scandal more or less characteristic, and it must be admitted as to the old philosopher, that both outsides and characteristic scandal were little in his favour.

The picturesque ugliness of his person was so far from being set off by any of the imposing advantages of costume, that in a city renowned for its fine gentlemen his dress attracted attention, and disgusted it by its homely meanness. It was the same in summer and winter, and the independence of his spirit had for it the further evidence furnished by the eccentric economy of his going about barefooted in all seasons. The gossip about his home was not all in his favour. He has some independent property, but it affords his family straitened means of living, and while doing nothing to increase it, he is too independent to receive the assistance offered by friends whom he has attached to him by his teachings and companionship. His wife is young; his three children young—one of them in arms. The mother's temper is at once the worst and the best known in Athens; and though the philosophic husband claims everywhere that it gives him an admirable aid to practise his superiority over the smaller ills of life, he practically shows how small a sense he has of the obligation by constantly living in public, and being never so little at home as when at home. Her brawling and vixen treatment of him have made him the laughing-stock of his fellow-citizens, and they remember, among other illustrations of her temper, that on one occasion when she had sequestered his homely clothing, he could only appear in the public places he loved to haunt by wrapping himself up in the hide of some animal.

The eccentric repute thus suggested is aided by the general knowledge that he claims to be accompanied by a protecting spirit he calls his demon, which, ever near, contents itself with notifying the fidelity of its attendance by warnings to him whenever there is danger. Discredited by some of the citizens, he gains little by the belief of the rest; for they say, "What means this reformer of his century, who, doubting our Jupiter and Minerva, believes in some heterodox little deity of his own?"

For the most part they have settled, to his disadvantage, the question of his claims as a public citizen. He has shared in two or three of his country's campaigns, risked himself in some of its battles—with some personal distinction, too, as to courage, for he obtained the prize of valour; and his two distinguished pupils, Xenophon and Alcibiades, are living to

attest that he risked his life to save theirs. But he had never been general, never in any prominent position as chief; and the ill-omen of defeat had come in to throw its cold shadow over his obscure heroism. In the civic contests of the little State he was still more unfortunate. He rarely agreed with the measures of his fellow-citizens, and would rather, it was suspected, see the administration of affairs, and especially of justice, confided to the enlightened few than to the ignorant many. He had shown, it is true, on two or three celebrated occasions, the honesty and fearlessness of his manhood by setting his duty over the dangers threatened him under the passionate impulses of the people, and the crafty policy of the thirty tyrants who had just been enslaving them; but it was remembered that one of the thirty he had thus heroically resisted had been his own pupil, Critias; that another pupil, Alcibiades, had dishonoured the religion and compromised the safety of his country; that he himself had chiefly shown his love of the Demos by the freedom of his censures; and that, despite the law of Solon against political indifference, he never meddled with politics when he could escape them.

His great glory with us—his position as a moral teacher—must have been a very equivocal one with them. They must have looked on him much as we do on one of our Sunday preachers in the parks. They were not obliged to recognize the full extent of the extraordinary genius concealed *inculto hoc sub corpore*. Vindicated only in conversational discussion, it was, after all, but an affair of impression or memory, and could remain little more than an uncertain quantity with the many. They never before had this open-air preaching about new views of society or morals forced upon them, whether they would or no, in whatever corner they happened to find themselves, by a shabby-looking eccentric man, who did nothing else, and whose suggestions were not those which harmonized with the opinions of the day, or the traditional teachings of their country's religion. It was easier to laugh at him with Aristophanes than admire him with Xenophon, when he explained or referred to such homely topics in natural or domestic science as the extraordinary buzz of the gnat, or extraordinary leap of the flea, compared with their size; the intermediate action of the clouds, rather than the immediate action of Jupiter, in giving rain, or causing thunder and lightning; the comfort of lying in a hammock, or suspended cradle; the useful lesson suggested by the fact that the wonderful State of Athens was only a point on the surface of the globe; and, finally, the advantage to everybody of his opening "a shop" where he could help the people to think, and to dress their minds with as much care as a stable-boy attends to his horses, or a sculptor shapes his marble. What recommendation to them was it that he had what they called the atheistic opinions which a man of genius must have formed even in that day on such subjects as the sky, the earth, and the things under the earth, in their relations to the mundane economy,\* that he was ever and anon suggesting that the

\* See the charges against him on his trial, and the imputations made on him in *The Clouds* of Aristophanes.

fables of the poets on gorgons, sphinxes, centaurs, hypogriffs, harpies, and other wonders of pagan mythology, had an easy and natural explanation? How must their opinions have tended when, worshipping the most vindictive of deities, as the protecting power of Athens, they heard him enlarge on the duties of humanity, brotherly forbearance, and mutual forgiveness?—when, respecting as the chief of gods the adulterous Jupiter, they found him enforcing respect for the rights of married life?—when sacrificing of their abundance to uphold the worship of Mercury—the thief *par excellence*—they heard Socrates enlarging on the baseness and cruelty of despoiling one's neighbour? Did the sage glance at politics, and they not divine that he condemned a system which appointed magistrates by lot, and made the most important national decisions depend on the sudden votes of excited crowds? Did he lecture on morals and they not see that the mutual kindness and mutual justice he was for ever preaching offered the most striking contrast to the qualities they were enduring in nearly every action of their lives? The truth is, there could be no such practical antithesis as that offered during the last years of his life by Socrates and the Athenian people. His whole intellectual and moral being was at war with theirs; in systematic revolt against their prejudices, against their opinions, against their belief, against their practices, against all their institutions, political, social, and religious, at the same time that it was his enforced mission—as he held it—to be everlastingly opening their eyes for them, and everlastingly revealing the immense gulf that stood beneath them and between them.

It is easy to see, under these circumstances, that whatever he said, or whatever he did, must have suggested to his hearers that he did not look on the phenomena of nature, or the attributes of the deities, or the action of the State, as they did, and that if he were not an atheist and seditious citizen—by secret principle at all events—it was difficult to discover the little link which kept him bound to the common faith and patriotism of his country. It was in vain that he offered sacrifices at home, and paid his devotions in the temples like the rest. It was to little purpose that he made large verbal concessions on the points of divination and the consulting of oracles. It was something for his peace, but not enough for his safety, that he abandoned in later years the teaching of natural philosophy, and notwithstanding the commandment of Solon, kept himself aloof from the public business of his country. It was remembered that he had been the friend and pupil of Aspasia, who, tried for atheism and irreligion, had barely escaped, and of Prodicus, who had been tried for the like offence and been condemned; that he had been the preceptor of Critias, their tyrant, and of Alcibiades, their worst traitor. Whatever he said, whatever he did, it was felt that his inner convictions did not go along with those of the rest of the world, and so far, despite the enthusiasm of his personal friends, he stood condemned in the general opinion of his fellow-citizens long before the Heliastic tribunal ordered him to drink the fatal poison.

Nor should it be forgotten that there was so little prudery in the morals of Socrates, and that as a practical moralist he was so little distinguishable from the fellow-citizens he sought to reform, that the stranger would probably have provoked ridicule who should have pointed him out as the founder of a new system of morals, and held him up as the man above all others who, in following it, exalted our common nature and showed best what it is capable of. It was known that during the brighter days of Athens he had spent much of his time with the enchantress whose easy morals and lax faith had brought her into the trouble we have just noticed, and whose charms of person and mind had enabled her to reign over the powerful genius who was so long the master of Greece. His customary society were young men of good family, sharing too commonly in the luxurious vices of the time; and a narrative left us by one of the most eager of his admirers almost warrants the belief that on one occasion he took no shame to spend the night, with the early hours of the morning, amid the revels of some of the wildest of the companions of Alcibiades, testing against them, in the course of his customary exertions, his success in resisting the power of their wine. To be only real is an element of personal happiness, but even in social affairs must often involve some cost of public influence. Socrates felt, no doubt, like Dr. Johnson on a like occasion, that he had neither right nor power to interfere with the entertainment of his hosts, and that while the young men could do him no harm, his presence could only be of use to them; but where exists a state of popular opinion in which the knowledge of such an incident would not have discredited among his fellow-citizens one who had no mission except to enforce on them the decencies and duties of social life?

It was, perhaps, small set-off to this account that the morals he taught were not more transcendental than the practice with which he thus illustrated them. There were none of those recommendations of extraordinary self-sacrifice which have since made men seek opportunities of laying down their lives for an abstract principle. There were no encouragements to an unexampled austerity of moral conduct, like that shown by the early recluses of Christianity. There was no urging men to an almost celestial exemption from earthly attachments and mundane enjoyments, like that so eloquently advocated by Thomas à Kempis and sought by the philosophers of Port Royal. Sum up the ten thousand sermons he must have given his fellow-citizens, and the total would amount to no more than that men are the work of a Divine Maker; and that, as they can only find their happiness in a reasonable use of all the gifts He has given them, they should avoid everything that breeds useless action or causes uneasy feeling, and look for the true end of their being in doing nothing but good to themselves and those about them.

The acknowledgment is to be added, to complete our explanation, that the long and busy mission of Socrates proved, after all, a failure, so far as it concerned his fellow-citizens. The months and later years that



preceded his death were a melancholy time both for him and Athens. He was living the survivor of his country's greatness, and about him was nothing that did not remind him of the double adversity. He had seen Athens in its day of highest glory and greatest power. His youth and early manhood were passed in the sunshine of her prosperity. The great age of Themistocles, with all its celebrity of peace and war, had shone on his cradle and early boyhood with the gentle and elevating influence of some brilliant sunrise; and as the ascent of Pericles, and of his surrounding glories, threw Attica into a noonday blaze of light, more dazzling in the proportion that it was less safe, the young philosopher entered on that scene of high studies and manly duties he was to quit only with his life. He had seen Phidias use his chisel on the immortal works of the Parthenon; might have banqueted again and again with the rival painters Zeuxis and Parrhasius; had heard Herodotus read his history to the Athenians; helped Euripides to write some of his immortal tragedies; and seen many a first night of the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes. He had gossiped *belles lettres* with Aspasia, discussed statesmanship with Pericles, studied music with Cosenus, philosophy with Anaxagoras and Prodicus. He might have personally consulted Hippocrates; have furnished Thucydides materials for his history; and enjoyed again and again the conversation of a couple of score or more of celebrities whose aggregate brilliancy has not, perhaps, been rivalled in any later era of human greatness. But a change has come over the spirit of this glorious vision. All that is left of this brilliancy of genius and achievement remains with himself and the few disciples, such as Plato, Xenophon, Antisthenes, Aristippus, and Zeno, who are to perpetuate and extend his school of thought for the education of all future ages. The splendid power of Pericles had set in a sea of carnage and disaster; and a foreign conquest, an unexampled plague, and a tyranny upheld by foreign swords, had brought down to the dust the splendid queen of civilization and unrivalled mistress of the nations. It was true that the tyranny had in its turn been conquered; that the spirited little State had once again vindicated its freedom; and once again a sovereign was now pluming its eagle wings to reassert some of its old claims to Greek ascendancy. But everywhere around in the defences and monuments of the city, but, above all, in the morals of its inhabitants, were the signs that the victorious enemy had been there, and had left behind them the seeds of a sure national decay. No more depraved population had ever troubled themselves or their neighbours with their bad practices or worse principles than that which had emerged from this extraordinary series of successes and adversities. A last excess of general licentiousness, dating from the plague, had taken possession of men's minds; might was accepted as the test of right; oaths had lost their sanctity; there was no obligation that could bind men, except mutuality in some secret and terrible crime; secret revenge did the work of private malice or public justice, by new and terrible punishments; and Athens, like the other States of Greece, lay honeycombed by secret brotherhoods,

that made all the relations of kindred and all the ties of morals subordinate to obligations of membership that were enforced by unheard-of cruelties.\*

The principle that made Socrates decline initiation in the Eleusinian mysteries probably kept him aloof from these secret organizations. He stood alone, therefore, among men who were not permitted to act except under concerted arrangements independent of their own volition; and if we would understand the full force of his courage, we have only to reflect that every foe his frankness made among the members of these secret societies commanded against him, probably, the hostility of the rest. They were the men, thus excited and organized, that brought Socrates to trial. The all-potent master of the weapons of rhetoric and logic had avenged, on the corrupt men who trafficked in the vices and weaknesses of their fellow-citizens, all the superiority of his genius and virtue; and, cut to the heart by rebukes that discredited their influence, they pursued him with all the malignity of natures that had been accustomed to look to the indulgence of their lowest instincts for the source of their pleasures. Strong, and numerous as they were strong, they chose the appropriate moment. The people, engaged in pleasures so far as they could command them, had no interest in his morals, and detested his politics. They knew all his stops, and, bored with his illustrations from homely life of truths they would have nothing to do with, were ready to do more than surrender their friend, to help to hunt him to the death. It was on this point that his three enemies—Melitus, backed by an organization of poets, Anytus, supported by an organization of government people, and Lycon, helped by an organization of rhetoricians or orators—brought him into court as a disloyal citizen and unbelieving worshipper.

The defence of Socrates—who must have known the ground he stood on—was a defiance and a despair. Foreseeing his doom, he welcomed it, and spoke for his honour, not his life. The secret societies were too much for him, the moral feeling of his countrymen not enough. The evil element he had been battling with all his life had conquered, and he surrendered with the wounded feeling but conscious honour of a beaten admiral of the fleet who gives up his sword. In his death, as in his life, “he marched with a victorious and triumphant pace, in pomp and at his ease, without opposition or disturbance.” No suppliant voice left his lips: “That lofty virtue of his did not strike sail in the height of its glory.”† But enough. As he wrapped his face in his robe, as the best gift his countrymen had for him began to do its work, we, who share their nature without being exempted, it may be, from their weaknesses, will withdraw our eyes from a survey which can only be continued under a sentiment of sorrow and humiliation.

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\* See the description which Thucydides gives of Greek manners in the narrative of the siege of Corcyra.

† MONTAIGNE.





THE TWO FACES.

## Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### OUT OF THE WAY.



O tell how I came into those new and peaceful scenes must be my next business.

Madame Lamont's absence from home has been already explained. Charlotte having been declared whole, and her physicians having certified that there was no longer anything to be apprehended from infection in the house, madame had gone to select her scattered pupils, knowing that her personal assurances of safety for them would have far greater effect than the most eloquent declarations by post. But her success was not perfect. In more than one case parents had proved stiffnecked, and

guardians unbelieving: these were the parents and guardians of the new pupils, whose acquisition had made up to madame the money-loss consequent upon my becoming a governess in her establishment. The older pupils she had reclaimed with a single exception; and the morning after I fell sick a letter was received from her announcing that she was about to return home with three or four of the young ladies in her charge. She was to be expected next day.

Meanwhile, what had happened? Dr. Mitchell had succeeded in casting out seven devils, but they had returned with seven others worse than they. Charlotte's illness might have led to disastrous consequences in a school of growing girls, but mine was still more likely to do so; and yet here were they preparing to return to-morrow. What was to be done? It was almost too late to warn Madame Lamont, and indeed to

reverse her arrangements now, on the ground of a second case of fever, would have been ruin.

The only way out of the difficulty, not ruinous, was that I should leave the house before madame arrived with her pupils: the cause of my leaving to be kept secret by the servants. Whose suggestion was it, when Charlotte's malady appeared, that Dr. Mitchell might be induced to take me into his house to avoid infection? It was a good suggestion any way; and by a little stretch of courtesy the doctor might be equally disposed to harbour me for the sake of averting the chance of my becoming a cause of infection to others. He was consulted; he consented; for though there was great risk to me in being transported through three or four miles of November weather, the risk to the school if I remained was greater still. Every one must admit, indeed, that there is something far more formidable in the extinction of a whole establishment for young ladies than in the mere probability that one of them may die. Nor is that all. Other reasons are conceivable why Charlotte Lamont might have been very willing to have me out of the house—out of her presence; while for my part I was only too eager at the prospect of going away.

Before noon of that day, then, the arrangement was completed. They placed me, swathed in blankets, into a close carriage; and with Lisabeth and Mrs. Mitchell for nurses, and the doctor himself attendant on the coach-box, the journey was made in such state as flattered the poor patient, while it answered by anticipation any future charge of neglect or cruelty. But of cruelty there was none—only a little natural rashness. As for neglect, no human creature was ever more gentle, more forbearing, more unwearied in kindness than was that dear old Mrs. Mitchell. For her sake it is that I love black silk mittens, and think no ancient lady perfectly benevolent who does not wear them. From her I got the notion that to preserve down to old age the voice of youth, all you have to do is to speak softly always and never unkindly. Her house was like herself: a beautiful little old house that sat squat amongst its flower-beds and lawny green spaces as if hugging the ground—a low, long, rambling house of two stories and no more; with comely thatched roof, hoary but trim; and climbing-plants twined round the door-posts; a place where, in summer, the roses ran right up to the chimney-stack and embraced that too. The room given to me was low and broad, like the forehead of a good woman: it was square-windowed; and it was all bedimmed with white drapery, which had in it yet the breath of the grass where it had lain all night, to be bleached with the dews and the morning sun. Originally the bed had been hung with Lord Howe's Victory, in chintz—a marriage-present sent from Portsmouth by Mrs. Mitchell's father, who fought in that action; "and very fine I thought it," she said, "in our old-fashioned humble way; but still I could not think it right for a baby to open its eyes on all that pother of gunpowder, and smoke, and fire, and bloodshed; and so before my Robert was born, I took it all down. And yet he *would* go for a sailor, my dear, and was killed in action all the same."

Well I remember my first conscious waking in that room. It was a keen bright afternoon; and as I lay, so snug and well cared for, looking out upon the frosty air, I felt as if fever was nothing but a luxurious bath, in which all weariness and vexation were done away. Above everything, I felt at peace. What had happened at Valley House seemed as far off as if I had died and gone to heaven; and as the days passed, and I became worse, and as the days passed and I grew better, the distance between then and now increased. If I thought of Charlotte Lamont, it was almost with indifference; if of Arthur Lamont, then I no longer fell into the dreams and agitations of another time. I had wearied of the hurly-burly, and I wanted to be at rest, and I was.

Not but that I felt exceeding pity when I remembered how confident, how glad, how thoroughly converted to work and hope he was, on that bright Sunday afternoon in the mead, and how, a few hours later, I found him utterly broken down before that remorseless madwoman, his sister. But it was *too much*. There was too little I could understand, too many concealments, too much confliction, as well as some reason for doubting whether Arthur Lamont was not what his own mother thought him—frivolous, insincere, a man ruled altogether by selfish impulses, and untruthful from the misgovernment of an unbalanced imagination. Not that I would permit myself to doubt, either; and therefore it came to this—I never willingly thought of him at all. It was over. There was a rapid crisis, a rapid decline; and my fever-bath of two months' duration softened out the marks which might otherwise have been left on me by the scenes and emotions of that one sad day.

My last serious time of it was when madame sent me a little present wrapped in a Russian newspaper! There was no difficulty in understanding what this meant. Sending the newspaper to England was Mr. Lamont's way of acquainting us that he had carried out his original intention of banishing himself into the Russian service. He supposed I was still at Valley House, and would be there to see the paper, though it was directed to his mother; and she, who had heard no more of his last visit than Charlotte chose to tell her, had sent it on to me in a manner which had the appearance of accident without being at all accidental. He was in Russia, then. His scholastic career was finished; with its hundred guineas a year, table, suite of rooms, projects of travel, it had ended like the military academies he had built in the air. And why, indeed, should he continue the effort to live his laborious new life, which was to confound Charlotte, repay mamma for a mother's worst disappointments, and win me? Me he had lost while I was yet a child, ranging the woods in a torn petticoat, or caged in academical bars and lady-like attire in Paris. Me he had lost: that is all I knew of it then; or what should I have done? Suppose I had known *how* he had lost me! Suppose I had understood his despair at my window! Suppose I had known all that the letter I have copied tells us, and therewith why he had declared himself false when he was not false! It is useless to wonder what then, but I confess (and my husband

will forgive me, I hope) that I do verily think I would have sent after him ; and I would have said this, or made him understand it : " Since it was my father whom you killed I cannot marry you of course ; though I do not know whether he, who beholds us and knows everything now, would not see something blessed, and not cursed, in whatever atonement his daughter's affection might make for the wrongs he did you, and in your love for her some recompense for your haste in doing " justice " on an already repentant man. I, who never saw his face, think he would ; but nevertheless I cannot marry you. But I can do this—marry nobody else. Let us go to your mother, and tell her all about it. She must forgive you ; I forgive you ; and if my father destroyed your sister's affections, I'll show that he has given you as good a sister in me." Now that would have been true poetical justice, to my mind ; and I can fancy that when, after many years, he and I grew older than passion, and died, and went where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, we three might have made an easier account with Him who is to judge between us. But what do I say ? Is it what we *do* only that is to be judged ? Then have we little hope. It is not only what we do : the doing is nothing more than the hand that *does* ; and I think we three shall stand together much the same as if that which did not happen did.\*

But these are after-thoughts, bred of a knowledge unhappily denied me then. How little I did know, how much of wearying confusion and contradiction troubled my mind till I had no longer any mind for it at all, has been explained.

Madame came frequently to see me during my long convalescence, and even Charlotte came,—a strangely altered woman. " I hope, my dear," said madame to me one day in her daughter's presence, " your illness will not change you so much as it has changed Charlotte. She alarms me sometimes. I tell her we had got used to her abominable indifference—it was at least well-regulated and invariable ; but now it is chequered by all sorts of fitful moods. A passing irritability, no doubt : but do not you give way to it, Margaret, if you wish to avoid being thought crazy." Our eyes met—Charlotte's and mine ; and she could no more conceal a certain lurid mortification than I an unfortunately candid sympathy for what had occasioned it. Madame need not have called my attention to the change. I was present when it commenced ; at a moment when her daughter seemed to die and come to life again.

Another visitor appeared one day—Mr. Denzil !

\* My forgiveness is not of much importance, then ; though for that matter I have nothing to forgive. It's all right, and I only wish I had headpiece enough to be reconciled to philosophy like this, which I understand too easily. My dear Margaret need not have written the above for *my* reading. I knew long ago that I am only an accidental sort of actor in these scenes ; and if so be that all is to happen at the last day as we are told, I shall stand with my Torment apart from those three—Lamont, Margaret, and her father : they will have a place together, from which I shall be separated. And I think that's hard.—J. D.



All the while I was in danger he was content with frequent messages. When I was pronounced convalescent, the messages ceased and no more was heard from him. He was in great trouble still, he informed us, and his letters had a black seal. I supposed some dear friend of his was dead; though he had told me on one occasion that he had not a friend in the world.

And to speak the truth, no sooner did I find that he neglected me than I resented his indifference, with a shamefaced resentment. I began to ponder whether he had any reserves in writing that letter—whether the true reason for his resolving to have done with me was that I had offended him at Brighton. If so, so much the worse; for, after all, he had been my only real friend, and though it was very easy to scribble him out of my thoughts as I had done during these cogitations about Mr. Lamont, it certainly was not a generous way of dealing with one who had given me everything, and who was only the less considered because he had asked for nothing in return—not even the obedience he would have exacted from a daughter. Now that I was stranded high above the distracting currents which had almost wrecked my existence, I could see clearer how diffident his kindness had always been—so diffident that it scarcely made itself manifest; and this is exactly the kindness which appeared to me, in the reactionary calmness of my mind, the best of all. It was like Mrs. Mitchell's and the doctor's; only in their case it was not so purely disinterested.

I wished he had not given me up completely. The independence I had once thanked him for looked very much like that which one gains by being set ashore on a lonely island. He had said, indeed, he hoped I should take no important step without consulting him; "but then" (I thought) "he must surely know for himself that I need some counsel by this time." For I had so far recovered as to be freed from all supervision by nurse and doctor, and Madame Lamont was perfectly aware of it, and yet she had nothing to say about my return to Valley House. Should I go back? *Must* I go back? And how could I voluntarily explain to Mr. Denzil why I wished not to do so?

In this state of affairs an idea occurred to me: could I not get myself transferred to some school in Germany, there to finish my governess training? and was not that a suggestion that could be made to Mr. Denzil without going for reasons beyond the ordinary advantages of such a course? Pleased with the idea, I was employed in rehearsing what I should write to him when Mr. Denzil appeared.

Two things were clear at the first glance: he had been to Madame Lamont's before coming to me, and he was very much excited. Indeed, I thought he was angry for a moment, his greeting was so abrupt and commonplace; but I soon saw that it was a prolonged and fretful anxiety which hardened the lines of his face, and that this anxiety was now wound-up to breaking-point.

Therefore I tried to overlook it, resolving to hide none of the pleasure

I had in seeing him again. Innocent of what was passing in his mind, I took both his great hands, and swung them together, saying I could see he was disappointed at my getting well in spite of his caring nothing at all about me; but the fact was, I hadn't got *quite* well till that moment, "and so I do not mind telling you." "And I wish I could believe it," said he. "But you do not?" I answered; "then no more secrets of mine shall be told to an unbeliever." Upon that he looked at me much as he must have gazed at the ships that sailed in and out of vision, once upon a time, when he lay castaway at sea in a boat.

"Well," said he, "that won't do either, Margaret; for you must know I have come to see whether we can't make an exchange of secrets, or whether you cannot confide in me at any rate. Silence is all very well, but there's no use in holding one's tongue for ever, or till it's too late. Come and sit down and tell me."

"What am I to tell you, sir?"

"Whatever you might wish to say if I were your father. As it is, I suppose I have not much right to ask questions, but I am sure you are not happy, and——"

"But indeed I am!" said I, answering his look by one equally frank.

"I've been to Valley House, you know, and learned the secret of this illness of yours: at least I think so. But if not, my dear——I would not distress you without reason, for the world; but can't you tell me whether you wish that man Lamont back, or not? Do you?"

"No, sir."

"You do not want to see him any more!"

"I'm sorry—I'm sure I am very sorry, but I do not wish to see him any more. I want to go away from this place altogether, and forget it. If Charlotte Lamont has told you anything——"

"Everything, I believe—that is to say, all about her brother's persecution of you."

"Pray do not think any the worse of me, and do not blame him too much either. It is all a sad, foolish muddle, and I am so glad it has ended you do not know!"

"I know how glad I am!" said he, and began to walk up and down the room. "But it will never do!—it will never do!"

Of course I discerned what I was to understand by that: it would never do to leave me to the wiles of needy or adventurous spirits, or to be made the sport of my own untutored affections. What else it meant I was to learn presently.

"Margaret," said he, resuming his seat, "you have not asked what *my* troubles have been!"

"No, but you will tell me."

"Yes, I'll tell you—by-and-by. But first let me inquire what your plans are for the future. Do you propose to go back to Madame Lamont's?"

"I do not wish it."

"That's right. But what then?"

"Well, if you had not given me up so completely, I should have asked you whether you could not help me to find some place in Germany where I might continue to teach little girls and learn to teach big ones. It is commonly done, isn't it?"

"I dare say, and a pretty business commonly comes of it. We have had enough of *one* foreigner. Do you know how handsome you are? Well, you need not be angry, Margaret. I'm not a boy to make stupid compliments, and I don't care whether you are handsome or not. But I know this—you shan't go to Germany with my consent, to be hustled for by a pack of mustachioed, shirt-collar gentry, who'd ask you to black their boots in a fortnight, if they happened to have any boots to black!"

"But what am I to do, sir?"

"Ah!" said he, looking down, "that is another thing. However, I won't go back without my errand, Margaret, and so I say, Stay with me!"

"With *you*, Mr. Denzil?"

"Yes, my dear, with me! I must take my chance of surprising you with such a proposition—perhaps you have heard enough already. But what is to be done? Listen. You don't know what the world is to a friendless young woman. I know what it is to a friendless man—that!" (snapping his fingers) "if you happen to be a philosopher, a treadmill if you ain't. I ain't; and I am sick of it, as you will be before your time, if you are bent on going abroad after your plan—which is pretty much like setting out on a whaling voyage in a Thames yacht. Don't you do it, my dear. Stay with me."

Here he stretched his arms across the table and took hold of my hands; upon which I immediately made a fancy picture of him grasping the rudder-wheel of the Thames yacht in a stormy north sea.

"Don't look at me," he continued, as I averted my face this way and that, "look out of window while I say thus much. When I met you in the forest, I said to myself, 'I shall never have a daughter of my own—it is not likely, fond as I am of little girls. But here's one that God Almighty has sent, and I won't lose my chance of her. She shall go to school, and when she has learnt the piano and all that, I'll have her home if she'll come; and if she does not love me it shan't be my fault.' I had a wife then, Margaret."

Now I declare that up to that moment I had never even speculated as to whether he had one or not. Of course, this sounds very absurd, but consider in what an out-of-the-world way I had been bred. Besides, a vague idea possessed me that sailors never did have wives.

"I had a wife then," he repeated, "and I'll say nothing about her—because she's dead."

"That is your trouble then? I'm so sorry!"

"Yes, that is my trouble—partly. But hers was an unhappy life, and so was mine. She liked me so much that she hated me for every dog I took a fancy to; and too much of that—more of it day after day,

and year after year—it was very miserable. I soon found I dare not say a word about *you*; and lately—well, it's over now, and I hope to my heart the poor crazy woman's happy at last. All this happened soon after I saw you at Brighton; and here I am without a relation or a friend in the world. Well, that is your case too; and I think—you know what I think. Consider the position of both of us. Now, for you to go into the world as a governess, and for me to go to sea again for want of something to do, something to live for—what do you say?"

I said nothing.

"Of course there are objections. In the first place, I am old enough to be your father, though not quite forty yet, you know; and then you can't like my coming down here before my first suit of black is worn out to talk about marrying again. But you see how it is—now or never! This bother about Lamont, and your illness, and the difficulty of knowing how to turn, and the bad chances a friendless girl like you has in going out governing she cannot choose where; and—in fact, I'm afraid of losing you in some miserable way or other if I do not speak now: that's the whole truth! I don't ask you to marry me next week—six months, twelve months hence if you please. Say you'll think of it! You'll never find a kinder husband, Margaret, that I am sure of. You'll be safe with me at least, my dear!"

This was not the courtship of my dreams; but it was offered when I was tired of romance, suspicious of sentiment, sober at heart, and very conscious of my helplessness. To be safe! And he had been so constant and so unceasing in his kindness, and he spoke now in what seemed so earnest and manly a way, and there is something so responsible, to a young girl's mind, in rejecting the preference of an experienced, steadfast man—I could not choose but "think of it."

"You will, won't you?" said he. And I said, "Yes, if you'll go away directly, now."

So he released my hands, and I hid my face with them: before I took them down again, my resolution was made. The question was sudden; the answer was as rapid. I did not argue the matter—I scarcely pondered it. It was as if something wiser than myself told me I should marry my kind guardian, and be *safe*.

[*Note*.—I can answer for it with a clear conscience, that if I did not say precisely what Margaret now puts into my mouth (about which I have no recollection), it is exactly what I felt. Above everything, I thought of her dangers; and I declare that if Lamont had been another sort of man, I should have done my very best to bring them together immediately, after what occurred at Brighton. See my previous note about that, where I explain how Lamont's appearance there, and his falling in love with Margaret, and the strange change the consciousness of his love (as I suppose I must call it) made in her, opened my eyes to my own jealous affection for the child; and not only that, but to more bitterness against my

own ill-luck at home than I ever thought would trouble me. Sin or no sin, I began to wish to my heart Fate had given me a chance of such a home as Margaret could make for a man, instead of the baracoon I lived in at Teddington; and I was all the more savage at thinking that but for the wrong-headedness of my Torment, she as well as myself might have been blessed with the pleasure of having a good girl at home to look up to us and take care of. But at *that* time I had no more notion of Margaret's ever being my wife, than of asking the Empress of Russia to run away with me, though she was a handsome woman, too. It was my Torment herself who first put the idea into my head, when I suspected she had followed me to Brighton, that she had watched me, and that I was indebted to her in some way for the return of "the rest of the charmin' bookay" I had bought for Margaret and thrown into the street. And when I imagined what she would say and do if she discovered I had been keeping my ward secret all these years—and especially if she saw what a beautiful girl Margaret had grown—I was very far from being comfortable. The anonymous note sent with the flowers showed exactly the sort of temper I had to fear; and more than all, I was warned long ago of her crazy belief that she would soon die, and that then I should have "a fine new miss for a wife," and a son to take her own poor boy's inheritance. Why, here was "the fine new miss," just as she had prophesied years before! Yes, by the time I got into town on that occasion, I saw clearly that I might bring endless misery on my little girl and on myself if I was not careful—or rather, if I did not give her up altogether. Of course I was brought to this unwelcome view of the case by the belief that my wife *had* followed me to Brighton; and that if I was lucky, I should have the pleasure of beholding her step out of the train at London Bridge terminus. But as we rattled along, I said to myself, "Well, whether it be so or not, I see the danger now, and will run no more risks, for everybody's sake." How I kept the resolution, Margaret has herself been kind enough to show, in that letter of mine sent to her two days afterwards.

That my wife's good-natured reception entirely removed my suspicions about her I have said before. The fact is, it *was* her figure that I recognized in the railway-carriage; but of course, being a woman, she contrived to get out of the station and home before I could, and found no difficulty in coming down to meet me, five minutes afterwards, in a cool home-keeping sort of dress, without a sign of having gone out of the regular course of life for an hour. There was the half-emptied cup of tea which she usually took about four o'clock of an afternoon (it being now long past that time), and her work-basket nicely disordered alongside of it. What is more, a very good dinner was prepared for herself and me. "I can't tell how it was, my dear," she said, "but I quite expected you home to dinner to-day. Wasn't it good of me?" How *this* was managed, I am ignorant still; but I know it perfectly convinced me I had been mistaken.

A great relief, this—"a lesson" I called it, and somehow began to take my wife's side of the question directly. "Suppose *I* was a woman," I said to myself as I ate my dinner opposite my Torment, who looked so ignorant and so unusually amiable—"and found myself getting old and rather ugly perhaps; and suppose I'd lost my only child and couldn't hope for any more; and then suppose I found that my husband, who was ever so much younger than myself, was spending his money and pretty well all his care in the education of a pretty young girl hidden somewhere in the country? Why, I should not like it a bit! It does not *seem* right, however good a thing it may be to do under the circumstances; and I've no business to be sowing a crop of worrying suspicions in anybody's mind. Besides, it is a misfortune more than a fault to have such a porcupine of a temper as she has got, with as many quills shooting inside as out; and it isn't a man's part to aggravate the misfortune. And then how pleasant she can be if she tries! Perhaps she is *going* to try! If so, by Jove I'll help her as much as I can, once more." That is the way I talked to myself, till at last, when she said something with another "my dear," I answered with a "my dear" too; and felt quite good and comfortable about it.

So we went on all dinner-time; but as for this state of things *lasting*, I ought to have known better than to have dreamt of it. I did begin to doubt, when, having got my cheroot alight, she came and stood by the mantelpiece to talk to me.

"And how did you find your friend the ocean?" she said, for I must confess my going to Brighton was under pretence of having a day or two near the sea for old time's sake.

"All right," said I. "There it is, the same as ever."

"It must be very fascinating to some men. Wasn't you tempted to take ship and go off again?"

"Not at all. I have had enough of shipboard life."

"But not to run away from an ugly old thing like me?"

Says I, trying to keep up the lively tone of the conversation, "There ought to be an Act of Parliament to prevent any woman calling herself old or ugly."

"Is that exactly what you mean, though? Don't you mean that there ought to be an Act of Parliament to prevent our *being* old and ugly?"

"Well, if we knew how to manage the difficulty, why then—with pleasure!"

"You might have us knocked on the head at forty—that would do it!"

"Of course!"

"And then there are always plenty of charming young girls growing up to replace us, you know!"

"Beg your pardon. I know nothing about it."

"Don't you?" said she, laughing and shaking her head quite playfully; "then take my word for it, dear!"

Now what was the meaning of this? It could not be that she had learned anything precise about Margaret; for it was not in her nature to be calm and agreeable immediately after finding me out, I felt sure. And yet, that bonnet in the train! I puzzled, and puzzled, and hoped I did not look confused (though of course I did), and finally began to feel angry and desperate.

My belief now is that it was exactly my Torment's motive to make me so. Her aim was not to conceal her discovery altogether, but to keep me constantly harassed with doubts about it—one day convincing me that she could not have been in Brighton while I was there, and next day dropping some observation, in a quiet way, that showed more knowledge than could have been obtained by watching me in that town. For instance, I got up one morning to find my favourite hound, Mog, christened Forestina! "Don't call the animal by that ridiculous name," says I. "Why not?" says she, looking me full in the face with a cheerful smile. "I thought it was a pretty, appropriate name for her! Besides, Mog's a Christian name, and should not be given to dogs: it's vulgar for Margaret, you know!"

Of course I had nothing to say after that, and it was only one of many things that came up from time to time in such a way that I was always in a fever. Forestina! Margaret! Where could she have learned anything about the forest? And the worst of it was that while it was impossible to take notice of these alarming inuendoes (fine sport for her!), my Torment behaved with such extraordinary civility betweenwhiles that I had no excuse for sulking; and consequently was always open to some new blow, more surprising and stunning than the last. What did it all mean? What was she driving at? What scheme was afoot? "Plague take the woman!" I cried out one day; "I wish she was in heaven!"

I happened to be smoking at an open window near the ground when this exclamation was bothered out of me, and she happened to be training sweet-peas on a trellis below. "Thank you, John!" says she, looking up with a deathly face. "I thought as much. But if I'm to be got out of the way, perhaps you'll kindly let me arrange it my own fashion!"

This was a little too serious to stand quietly. As soon as I could take my eyes off her, which was not easy, considering how she looked up at me, I told her to wait there, and I would come and talk to her.

We went down the garden to the river side, and, "Now," said I, "what do you mean by being got out of the way?"

"Being murdered," she answered, coolly.

"And who's to murder you?"

"You, when your mind's *quite* made up, and your beauty is ready to marry you."

"Are you going mad?"

"Not yet; and you shall not persuade me that I am. It would be

very convenient, no doubt; for I know all about your Forestina, and when you bought her, and who sold her, and what you paid for her, and how you have been breeding her up to spend my money like a lady when I'm out of the way. This is your wild-flower, whom you had the audacity to propose to bring under my roof, isn't it? And now she is grown up, you wish I was in heaven! Well, I'll go! Don't trouble yourself to play tricks with a wretched old woman like me. I'll manage to let you have your own way without that, if you'll give me a little time; and then—God bless you and her too!”

As soon as she had finished this speech, she turned and went back to the house before I had time to collect my senses. I followed her as rapidly as I could, but she had locked herself in her room. Fearful of what she might do in such a mad state of mind, I did not hesitate to burst in the door, since I found she would neither open nor answer to my knocking. I might have spared myself the pains. She only laughed as, popping my head in at the door, I discovered her quietly sitting at her dressing-table with her back toward me. Nodding at the reflection of my frightened face in the glass, she said, “There's no hurry for a few days, is there? Don't expect me to keep my word immediately!”

And then the maids came running up at the sound of the door being burst, and one of them—my Torment's confidant—begged me not to hurt her mistress!—another pretty thing. I called this woman into the study afterwards, and told her plainly that she had better keep a sharp watch on Mrs. Denzil, for I was rather afraid her mind was disturbed. “Yes sir! I dessay, sir!” says she, dropping an impudent curtsy. “And perhaps you know the reasons, poor thing!” Altogether, I had a very pleasant day of it.

Next morning, however, my wife came down to breakfast as civil as if nothing had happened. Civil! she was penitent, and yet I did not doubt she was sincere. In fact, I was so satisfied of her sorrow for what she had said yesterday, that I ventured on a mild rebuke, pointing out to her the serious unkindness of her goings on. I had it all my own way. She hung her head over her coffee, twiddled her spoon in a great state of distress, and finally, when I came to the end of my oration, began to cry. Now this is capital, thought I, and commenced again. However, she had heard enough. “Don't!” said she; “I haven't listened to half you have been talking, I am so vexed. Besides, I have made up my mind what to do—I'll go home!”

“To Bermuda?”

“Yes, to Bermuda. This country has always been hateful to me, as you well know. Nobody could be good-tempered in such a climate. If I stop, there'll be mischief done, I am sure. Let me go, John, and then you'll have no more trouble with me; though, as for that, I am determined I will go!”

“Well,” says I, “if you *will*, there's an end of it!” and I don't pretend I was sorry to hear of her resolution. I wasn't; for I was afraid of her.



Would I be kind enough to see about her passage? As for money, that need not trouble me. She would take four or five hundred pounds, which would probably last as long as she had to live; or if not, why I could easily send more to her sister's, with whom she meant to live. As for the rest of the money, she did not care what became of it.

I declined to see about her passage, or to have anything to do with the business, suspecting that my consent might be turned against me at a future time. "If you go, please make your own arrangements. I won't ask you to stay—I'll never say no, if you like to come back; but I'll have no hand in your going, depend on it."

Accordingly, she did make her own arrangements, as rapidly as if she was afraid her resolution would fail her. A berth was engaged in one of the regular packets, as I ascertained not only from a receipt for the passage-money that I saw lying about, but from inquiry at the offices in town; and in three days she was ready to start.

"Won't you see me to the packet?" she asked.

"No," said I, "I won't! I don't forget what you said about my wanting to get rid of you, and I should like to have it perfectly clear to everybody that you leave my house of your own free-will."

Off she went, with her servant; and for the rest of the day I was more miserable than ever. She was no sooner gone than I felt, first, that I might have been kinder to her, and next a disagreeable sensation that I had been outwitted in some way which I hadn't fathomed yet. It was this feeling that made me telegraph to one of the officers of the company at Southampton, asking whether Mrs. Denzil had arrived safely. "Yes," was the answer. "Arrived safely; saw her on board myself; sailed this morning." Then I was more satisfied.

"And now," said I to myself, "I'll settle about Margaret Forster—never under any circumstances to see her again for her own sake. There are those little notes she has sent me from time to time; they are innocent enough, heaven knows, but I'll burn them!" So I went to the drawer in my secretary where I had laid them up in lavender, and they were gone! The lock had been picked—no notes were there!

Now, I did not half like the look of that—for what possible reason could induce any one to take away a half-dozen school-girl's letters, with nothing in them but accounts of how her lessons were going on, I couldn't divine. But a more awful surprise was to come yet.

Three days after the packet in which my wife took passage had sailed, there came a letter addressed in the same hand which had scrawled the message left for me at the door of the hotel at Brighton. In it was a note in my wife's own writing and dated the previous day!—and this was how it ran:—

"By the time you get this I shall have kept my word; and I think you will say I have managed nicely. I'm sure you could not have got rid of me so well yourself, and as I am quite as ready to *go to heaven* as

you could wish, it is just as well that you should be saved any more trouble on *my account* after I am gone! You can take as much on your conscience as you like now—(a good deal, I should say)—and yet there is no occasion for you to be hanged. Is not that nice? First go to Southampton, and ask what sort of a person Mrs. Denzil was who sailed in the *Hannibal*, and you'll find it was a fair lady *younger* than me—a different person altogether, in fact—an obliging poor person, who has proved a good friend of mine. She's got my clothes for her trouble. I've got hers, which are quite good enough to drown oneself in. Inquire at the police stations near Waterloo Bridge to-morrow or next day; or perhaps you had better not *inquire*, but look at the bills they placard outside, and you'll see something about a woman, dark complexion, age about *ninety* (I daresay), with a straw bonnet and blue ribbons, a brown alpaca gown, black moreen petticoat, and side-lace boots. That's *me*. Don't fret, and don't do anything to make people think you drove me to commit suicide. There's no good in making a town talk. All you've got to do is, be quiet, and no one need know anything about it. I'm gone to Bermuda. And when that person I spoke of arrives, she'll post you a letter, as if from my sister, saying I died from exhaustion after the voyage. This you can show to anybody *interested in my death*, if necessary, and so you will be all right. But if you make a fuss at the police station the truth may leak out; there'll be a fine to-do about my going abroad by *deputy*, and you don't know what may happen. Good-by; try and be happy. I shan't grudge you that when I'm gone, for I've been a great plague to you, I know."

I suppose I need not describe my state of mind when I read this letter; it was something as near going crazy as I have ever experienced. What right she had to revenge herself in this horrible way, by fastening her death on me who never meant her harm, I could not understand. It was too bad! I couldn't and wouldn't take the responsibility of it, and was almost as mad against her as grieved about her.

But was it a trick? Of course that was possible. Accordingly, I made my way to town without loss of time; and, arrived there, prowled from one police station to another, till at last, in Smithfield, I saw the placard! It was now quite dark, the rain was falling, and in the miserable lamplight and drizzle I read: "Found drowned in Barking Creek, an elderly female," and so on. Bonnet, gown, boots, petticoat—just as she had described them.

Sick at heart, I turned in at the London Coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, to consider what I should do. What I ought to have done is plain: I ought to have gone back to the station and inquired openly about the matter. But I hesitated to do that—went to Barking early the next morning, asked the boatmen about "a woman found drowned the other day" with as much caution as if I had really murdered her, and learned that she was already buried! Again I weighed *pros* and *cons*. What she had

said about making a fuss told very strongly on my mind; it did not appear to me that I could really mend the disaster in any way, and so I resolved to leave it as I found it.

All this occurred about a month after the unlucky Brighton trip—that is to say, in September. It was just then that I was consulted about Margaret's going away from Valley House to avoid taking the fever Miss Lamont had got: and now I have explained why I would have nothing to say in the matter. With such an ugly little tragedy weighing on my mind, I was more than ever afraid to interfere about Margaret; and when, along with Madame Lamont's reply to my answer, Margaret's note came, in which she said how glad she should be if she could "turn my trouble into happiness, in requital for my generosity to her," I was immensely struck by the coincidence, of course, but I declare I was not at all delighted. She little knew, poor girl, what an awful tempting meaning there was in her innocent expression of gratitude. But the devil had a hand in this business from the beginning.

This was in September; Margaret herself fell ill in November; by which time I began to feel it rather hard that because of a downright mad piece of revenge I should hesitate to go and see my dear little girl. *She* wasn't to blame—I wasn't to blame; and yet there was the danger of seeming to justify my Torment's cruel and insane behaviour. However, I will not deny that week after week I cared less about it; and then I began to argue as to what earthly good would be served by abandoning Margaret to a fate as miserable as mine had been; and so it went on till I got defiant, went down to Madame Lamont's, heard a one-sided story which made me desperately anxious about Margaret, took a sudden resolution as I walked from Valley House to Dr. Mitchell's, and proposed to Margaret just as she has described. Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't she marry me, if it would make her happy and me too?

Well, I know what'll be said—that this is only *my* version of the story. I can't help it. My conscience is clear, and I don't care so far. What I do blame myself for, is for being a *fool*. However, we shall see about that, by-and-by; and at least I had one year of such happiness that it seems now to have lasted about half my life.—J. D.]

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## CHAPTER XX.

### I AM MARRIED.

It is a common experience, I suppose, to find the most important events of one's life—those which appear to depend altogether upon choice—settled for us, somehow, by impulses which have all the force of deliberate reason, and no deliberation or reason in them at all. Now, I had never conceived of Mr. Denzil as a husband till that evening; yet I felt sure I should accept him as soon as he spoke; and so I did.

He returned when it was nearly dark from what I daresay was a very meditative and anxious stroll, called me to the door, and simply said, "I must get back to Weymouth, Margaret. Shall I stay there for a little while?" "If you please," said I. "And may I come back again to-morrow, and have a talk with Mrs. Mitchell?" "If you please," I repeated; and that was all the answer I gave him. I tried to believe, indeed, when I was alone again, and fell into trepidation at the inevitable image of myself in a bridal dress, that my answer ought to be taken for nothing, or might easily be recalled. But when Mr. Denzil came the next day, *he* seemed to have accepted it as complete; and never another syllable of such declarations as lovers ask and give passed between us. They were scarcely in the nature of such an affection as he had for me and as I had for him. He established me at Mrs. Mitchell's, established himself at Weymouth, and I verily believe spent all his time in considering how mine might pass most pleasantly. For his own part, he looked handsomer, younger, brighter, every day. He was like a man who comes home to renew his earlier cheerfulness and vigour, after years of travail and privation in some remote, inclement land. At last I began to feel not a little proud of him; though at the bottom of my heart I had already found a better gift for his acceptance—a confident, grateful, quiet love. An affection without rapture, but not without repose—perfect content, perfect faith that, surrounded by his care, I should be kept safe and warm in the midst of a cold and dangerous world—this was what made me welcome him more heartily every time he came to see me. A side window in my room looked down into the road; a mile or so upon the road there was a hill; and whenever I saw a certain hat appear above the top of this incline, I knew that under it there was sure to be some honest thoughts and some new project of pleasure for me. Well, there was a great deal in that; and all handsome boys should learn that a girl in her teens must at least be flattered by the devotion of a man of forty. There is a homage in it which crowns her like a real queen, and not like a Queen of the May.

I wonder how many girls marry as I married, and how few are disappointed? As for me, I am ignorant. I can only imagine how Virginia loved Paul: Psyche's rapt happiness when Cupid came a-wooing I have had glimpses of—glimpses of natural insight, but of experience none. There was a time, you know, when I climbed like other little maids from the valley of childhood up to the hill-top, whence the promised land of love appears: "all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea; and the south, and the plains of the city of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar." Like the prophet, I saw it with mine eyes, but it was not for me to go over thither—not into *that* land of love. Is this ill or well? It must be very sweet to be Psyche for a while—to join hands with some young David—(he leaves his father's asses, he passes amongst all the other girls, and hastens to me),—and go down with him, a slayer of giants, beautiful, faithful, jealous, to live with

him in his vineyards and in his city of palm-trees. *Now* my heart is empty and heavy as an Egyptian stone-grave, but what of that? I know this must be as rapturous as if there were only one world, and one flower in it; and the sun burned for it alone; and its leaves being all grown, a hundred buds begin to quicken in innocent half-conscious wonder at themselves; till at last they burst into bloom, and look upon their lord with a hundred eyes of love, acknowledging him. But the sun shines not always; and if David happen to become over-busy with his own asses by-and-by, or fall to loving Bathsheba, then am I not so happy as Margaret Denzil was, who married without romance, and whose husband was more like a dear, good, kind friend, than a lover, from the first day to the last.

One of the peculiarities of my fortune was that I was ignorant of my birthday. No birthdays were ever kept for me at home in the forest, none at my French school; but knowing that other girls were blessed with such a distinction, and being informed that I *must* have a birthday, I asked my mother about it one vacation. She answered, the 31st of April. Perfectly satisfied, I resolved to save my few poor sous of pocket-money, and have a feast like my schoolfellows. I did save my money, through many sore temptations, compensated only by the pleasant pastime of forming plans to spend it on the great occasion; but not till the middle of April did I say anything to my schoolfellows about their prospects of a treat, for fear of being thought too conceited of my birthday honours. At length I announced the 31st as my *jour de naissance*, and a feast accordingly. A scream of laughter followed. "Yes, the 31st. We believe it; it is no day at all!" The rage and mortification of the untameable little Margaret of that time were such as I am ashamed of—though I could cry for pity of her too. However, I never asked about my birthday again; but finding a certain inconvenience in having none to own to, I adopted one for myself: the 1st of August.

On the 1st of August I was married. Till that time I remained with Mrs. Mitchell—up to the last month, when she accompanied me to make holiday in the Isle of Wight while Mr. Denzil went to town to prepare a new home for me. All this time I regarded myself as a lazy, too-much-considered sultana. I was ashamed when I measured what I was by what was thought of me. I was afraid when I viewed myself in the glass, and said, "You to be a wife? you to be dealt with as if you were a great prize, a blessing, the light or the darkness of a man's hearth, his whole hope, his whole reliance?" I was answered by nothing but a certain comeliness, of which I knew the true value, whatever he might think: and I say I was afraid. "He'll soon find me out. He supposes me very wonderful and precious, and I wish he didn't, for I am sure I am not to be set on a pedestal without an ultimate certainty of being taken down again. What is a woman more than a man, I wonder, that he should treat her as if she were less human than divine? He is very silly!" And so would many other women say, I think, if they chose to speak their honest

thought: that those are the best and happiest wives who acknowledge it to themselves, I am sure.

Godshill is a pretty village in the Isle of Wight; they call it by that name, perhaps, because of its church, which stands upon a knoll—a God's hill. There I was married: I and my husband both in a melancholy mood. A quiet wedding—like a marriage of a couple of field-mice, shy and dumb. Then we went to the Sandrock Hotel, where I found the charmingest little room to have my cry in; and then we met again and tried to dine as if nothing had happened. We were unattended, but for that very reason, perhaps, the effort on my part was totally unsuccessful. The end of it was that my husband came round to where I sat, lifted me, chair and all, carried me to a place beside him, and went on with his dinner as well as he could, considering that he had that hand of mine with the ring on it tucked under his arm.

But these are reminiscences scarcely to be told. What can be said of them? One after the other the days passed by, and all were alike. So even was their happiness that I can hardly distinguish now between those that were spent on the waters of the Mediterranean, and those on its shores, and those in my own home—of which I took possession with such pride in its perfect homeliness. My heart is good to dwell upon a period of my life when I had nothing to pray for save to be kept grateful for my good fortune and made more worthy of it; but he whose path lies along "the cool sequestered vale," what has he to say of his travels? You, my dear husband—I must call you so still sometimes—have suffered enough by me and through me since those days: take once more my thanks for their calm content. If we did not know how insecure they were and how soon they were to be ended, so much the better. There is nothing new in such a lot—nothing strange in the spectacle of Evil mounting to the highest pinnacles of life with Good, and toppling Good over into the abyss.

Certainly it was my case. My supremest moment of joy was the last of its kind, and the first of others very different that have lasted to this day. Do you know it? There is a little cot by my bedside,—the baby is mine! I am to rise and take baby in my arms, and go into the world again. "And now let me see what a mother is like?" I say, and go to my glass; and there appears a vision which it would have been well for you, dear husband, if I had never seen. Better still, if you had never—never seen me.

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## Blind Workers and Blind Helpers.

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FORTY-THREE years ago a man named Wilson, blind from his infancy, wrote an autobiography. He also collected accounts of the lives of fifty-four blind men and women, all of whom had attained some degree of eminence. Among them we find stories of poets, musicians, professors, and teachers; kings, tailors, and clergymen; mathematicians and mechanics; engineers, booksellers, and bell-ringers. And the one strong bond of interest uniting all is, that they did not simply endure the greatest known privation with cheerfulness—surely not a small thing in itself—but they lived useful and honourable lives, and were able to become the benefactors of others.

How difficult it is to realize all that is implied in the words “born blind,” “blind from infancy!” Imagine a man travelling into a country where the inhabitants possess an additional sense. He knows nothing about it in himself, and finds it difficult to realize what it can be in others, or what can be the nature of the impressions conveyed through the organ which is its medium. We may suppose him to find that, by means of it, those around him know all that is passing in any place, however distant; know every movement and every word of the absent, and communicate with them as freely as with a friend in the same room. They tell him that as he turns his eyes to look at his little daughter while she sits in her chair at work, so they seek and find the child who is separated by thousands of miles of sea and land. Now the effect of this is, that the man finds himself dwarfed of his true proportions; there is then something belonging to man as man of which he has been deprived; and his position may justly be compared to that which the blind occupy with regard to the sighted. Let us try to find out how our traveller would be treated by his more gifted fellow-men.

No doubt the compassion excited in every generous heart would exaggerate his deprivation. It would seem as if everything must be done for him; for how could a man be trusted to conduct his own affairs who could not tell from what distant quarter danger might assail him? And so mere pity and compassion and condolence would gradually incapacitate him; he would think it impossible to help himself, and would submit to guiding-strings for the rest of his life. If we imagine some of the inhabitants of the country reduced by accident or illness to the same condition as the traveller, an appeal to the charitable made in their favour, and a magnificent “asylum” or “institution” reared, in which they may spend the remainder of their lives, attendants whose duty it is to explain to them everything that is going on at a distance, and sympathizing visitors to condole with them; if we picture to ourselves all this, it will be

reproducing all that we had until recently done for the blind. The born blind, like our traveller, have wandered into a country where the inhabitants have a sense, and organs of sense which they do not possess. Their knowledge of the external world has limitations the very nature of which we cannot make them understand ; and they must interpret all that we tell them of the eyes and of sight by some other sense before it has any meaning for them. For example, a blind man once listened to an explanation of the colour red, what it is, what it is like, and what effect it produces. The explanation being finished, his friend asks what idea he now forms of the colour. "I think," he answers, "it is like the sound of a trumpet." How striking is this answer. One feels that he had realized the essential meaning of the colour, and translated it from the unknown to the known language.

The diseased, the blind, the lame, the deformed, are all dwarfed from their full stature ; they fall short of what we expect in man as man ; but since they have been sent into the world and are allowed to remain in this condition by One who orders all things in love, we may be sure that He has not simply set them apart to suffer. We must help them to realize the good intended for them, and to lead honourable and useful lives. In general, however, we do one of two things. We shut them out of society, and keep them apart in charitable institutions, or we say, "Go and beg." Surely in this case the old way is the wrong way. Instead of saying, "My blind friend, you have still your duty to do in the world, and it seems to us that we can help you and encourage you. If you are poor, we must teach you to work for yourself that you may be independent ; and if you are rich, we must teach you to work for others, that you may still be independent, may have resources of your own"—instead of this, we say, "Oh, my dear afflicted friend, sit still in a corner, and let me put your bread in your mouth for you ; and if I can only beg or borrow the money, I will build a house, and get fifty more afflicted friends, and you shall all live together."

Perhaps, however, it would be painful to urge the blind to activity if they did not themselves appeal to us, and that in the clearest and most forcible manner, to help them, and to consider them as fellow-workers. The lives of these fifty-four blind men and women are an appeal and a protest. We see them, when they have been thrown young on their own resources, making roads and planning bridges, carrying letters, and cutting out little wooden ships ; doing things in fact, which we, who cannot know what blindness means, should never have devised for them.

We find that if those who are born blind, or who have become blind through accident or disease, are so placed that they have the same possibility of free development or the same encouragement to it as the sighted, they will find for themselves careers for which they are most fitted.

And we may well ask why should the chief aim of those who have the care of the blind be to preserve them from accident ? Why should the blind boy not cut his fingers with knives and tools, and tear his clothes



with brambles, and meet with those numerous mishaps which we all agree are essential in the education of boys? What mother says to her boy, "I won't let you climb a tree, because you have not got wings like a bird, so if you slip you will tumble down with a great thud, and be brought home with a broken neck!"

What is the use of talking to a boy about bird's wings? Of course they would save him many a tumble, but he hasn't got them! And what is the use of harping on eyes to a blind boy? Help him to learn to rely on the senses he has got, and he will soon find, and you will find also, that he is not so badly off after all.

It is scarcely too much to say that misplaced pity and tenderness have been the curse of the blind. Instead of strengthening them to bear up against misfortune, we have helped them to succumb to it. We teach them first to be helpless, then when they have outlived those whose chief duty and first interest it has been to wait on and support them, they must sink into a lonely and neglected old age; if they are poor, into beggary and often into deepest degradation and vice.

The blind require a peculiar education; a training that shall differ not in degree but in *kind*, from that of the sighted. Instead of giving them this, even when any attempt at systematic education is made at all, they receive only a training which would be defective and unsatisfactory to a man with the use of his eyes, and which is almost worthless to one without eyes.

There is no systematic basis for their education, and we have not yet clearly learned where there is a difference between them and the sighted, and where there is no difference. For this reason, many things are attributed to their blindness which really arise from their inability to get at the aids which the sighted have, and which they also might have. For example, their nervous system is supposed to be peculiarly susceptible and delicate, and almost of necessity in an unhealthy state. Yet there is little doubt that this is merely the result of want of air and exercise. They cannot walk without a guide, the guide must be paid; so to the poor, fresh air and exercise are impossible luxuries. And yet their testimony on this point is very strong, and full, and clear, and unanimous. They say that, if only the faculty is strengthened by use, they have the means of guiding themselves in safety in almost all cases, and are not more liable to extraordinary accidents than the sighted. It is well known that the "blind bat," which has become a proverb, will thread the most intricate recesses of the darkest cavern, flying with unerring precision and great swiftness. It can do this because the membrane that covers the wing is of such exceeding delicacy that the little creature can *feel* the vibrations of the air, and can thus tell if the insects on which it preys are near it, and in what direction they are moving; and where the solid walls of the cavern project. In the same way, the blind in whom this power has been developed, tell us that they have *sensations* of the objects near them; can tell whether a thing is stationary or in motion, whether it is large or small, whether it is a tree or a man. They know whether they

are walking in a lane, or in a street, or in a field. If you ask them how, they say that it "feels different."

Some of the blind are said to be able to distinguish the difference of *colour* by the sense of *touch*. But very few can distinguish any other difference than that of texture; they say that if pieces of the same material but of different colours are placed before them, they can discern no difference in the "feel" of them.

The great acuteness of those senses which they possess is, no doubt, partly to be attributed to a special development of the organs, and partly, also, to the intentness of observation which they bring to bear on all that comes within their cognizance. The blind man has not the *distraction* of the number of objects presented by the sense of sight, and his greater concentration takes him deeper into the subject to which he is attending.

Coleridge says that while a diseased state of any organ of sense, or of the inner organs connected with it, will tamper with the understanding, and even sometimes overpower it, yet that if the organ is altogether obliterated, or the action of it suspended, then the mind applies some other organ to a double use. Perhaps he is not right in calling it "a double use." It may be that only when the sense of sight is altogether lost, do we discover how much we owe to hearing and touch; and when the organ of hearing is injured, we find how much we may learn without ears, and so on.

Coleridge tells of a man, blind from his infancy, whose chief amusement was "fishing on the wild and uneven banks of the riven Eden," in Westmoreland, and up the different tarns and streams among the mountains. He had an intimate friend, also stone-blind, who knew every gate and stile, far and near, throughout the country, and who was a dexterous card-player. The blind John Gough, of Kendal, was not only an excellent mathematician, but as a botanist and zoologist he was infallible. At the first touch he would correct the mistakes of the most experienced sportsmen with regard to the birds or vermin which they had killed; and as to plants and flowers, the rapidity of his touch appeared fully equal to that of sight, and the accuracy greater. But then, Coleridge adds, "It needs only to look at him! Why, his face sees all over! It is all one eye!"

There is great truth in this. The faces of some of the blind do "see all over." They are not only "all eye," but they are eyes that are watchful, anxious, apprehensive, that can never close peacefully or look out calmly and hopefully upon existence. The struggle is for them unequal and unfair. They have had no preparation, no training for the position they have to fill, and they can only surmount the difficulties and obstacles presented to them by a continuous effort. They must make their blindness as little of a hindrance as possible, and as they have received no help, no special training for this purpose, there must be a great strain on the mental powers. This strain reacts on the nervous system, and so we get that look preternaturally watchful and alive, which is at the same time the indication and the result of their condition.

It may be objected that as every blind man can strike out for himself a path which he can follow successfully, we are absolved from the duty of helping him, and may stand afar off and watch.

But so, and far more easily, can those who see; and yet for them we have discovered, within certain limits, almost everything that is practicable. The trades and professions lie ready to hand. They know there are some things which they can do with a certainty of success; there are others which they may attempt hopefully. They know, for all practical purposes, the limit of their powers. Now this is what is needed for the blind. The limitations caused by their calamity require to be carefully studied and accurately marked out. The advantages and facilities offered by their extraordinary delicacy and accuracy in touch, hearing, and smell, need also to be carefully studied and accurately marked out; and, lastly, their great facility for abstraction should be taken into account. Should it encourage or discourage us to find that this can be done effectually only by the sufferers themselves? Or is it cruel to say, that if anything is to be done for them, it is the blind who must do it? We can give them great help, we can place them in the most favourable position for making their experiments, we can help them with our sympathy and our means, and then we must stand on one side and wait for the result. It is the blind who must themselves discover what work the blind can do.

There are at the present time *thirty thousand* blind men and women in Great Britain and Ireland, and nearly all of them are poor. In every town, in almost every village, we find them,—young and old, healthy and infirm, idle and industrious. And in nearly all cases they are dependent; they must beg their bread from strangers or from their own kin; they cannot earn it. There are schools and asylums, but they are in every way inadequate. Nine-tenths of the blind lose their sight after the age of twenty-one, and only one or two of the schools receive adult pupils; there are, then, nearly twenty-seven thousand who are unprovided for. Again, they are not taught trades by which they can earn a living. They learn to make ropes and mats. But it is true, though strange, that this is an employment which is not remunerative to any honest labourer, whether blind or sighted. So much of this kind of work is done in the prisons, done so well, and sold so cheaply, that the criminals have really a monopoly of the market. On this account there is also a great prejudice against the trade. If a man makes mats, it is supposed that he must have been in prison.

The loss of sight by an adult is accompanied by almost hopeless depression. But if the sufferers can be roused from this, and can make the effort to retain all that is possible of their former powers, they have many advantages over the born blind. They do many things mechanically which the born blind must learn; and they have distinct ideas of external objects conveyed through the only medium which can give direct and accurate perceptions. But there is a great difference between those whose blindness is the result of accident, and those who lose their sight through fever or other illness. In the former case, nature tries to compen-

sate for the loss of sight by the increased acuteness of the other senses, but in the latter the fever or malady which has destroyed the eyes often affects other organs also ; the hearing especially is either impaired or lost.

This increases the difficulty of helping the sufferer, but does not render it impossible.

But we will find proofs for some of the foregoing assertions in Wilson's biographies.

Let us first look at the life of Wilson himself. He was born in America, in the year 1779, and at four years old he was on his way to England. But before the ship reached Belfast the child had been deprived of his sight by small-pox, and the parents who accompanied him were both dead. He would have been friendless and destitute, had it not been for the kindness of one of the passengers, who placed him under the charge of an old woman in Belfast. Soon after this his right eye was couched, and for a time he enjoyed the use of it. Writing more than thirty years later he says, "The recollection of it affords me pleasure even to the present day." But at seven years old he was attacked by a savage cow, and terribly injured. The accident nearly cost him his life, and quite destroyed his sight. At eight years old we find him a healthy, happy blind boy ; making windmills, cars, and wooden ships for his companions, or joining them in their sports ; gaining confidence, courage, and independence.

At fourteen he lost his kind old foster-mother, and was again forlorn, but this time not helpless ; he chose for himself the career of *letter-carrier*, and his despatch and punctuality were so great that he was generally employed in preference to the sighted, and often walked thirty or forty miles on important business. After this he was engaged by the editor of the *Belfast News Letter* to distribute the paper to subscribers, and received as wages two shillings a week and six of the *News Letters*. These papers he lent to tradesmen at a halfpenny an hour, and thus contrived to earn a living.

Later still a friend lent him a few pounds ; he bought a stock of hardware, and travelled through the country as a pedlar. And here, experienced traveller as he was, he speaks feelingly of the dangers and difficulties which the blind *must* meet in such a course of life. He tells how, with the thunder rolling overhead, and the rain drenching him from head to foot, he would often unconsciously pass by a place of shelter ; or would stand in the road bewildered and hopeless, not knowing that a house was only a few paces from him. In winter the blind man cannot pick his way ; he goes straight on through the pools of water and the mud ; and in summer he stumbles into the deep cart-ruts, and over any obstacles in his road. Walking is, therefore, much more laborious for him than for the sighted. Again, the blind traveller wanders out of the direct road into fields or by-paths, and may sometimes spend the whole day in seeking for the road which is only a few feet from him. These are his dangers, but his deprivations are far greater. He loses all the solace of the beauties of nature ; and how many a weary mile does this shorten !

In the year 1800 an asylum was opened at Belfast for the purpose of teaching the blind to support themselves. Our newsvender and pedlar was at this time twenty-one, and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity of learning a trade. He was entered on the books as an apprentice, and when he left the institution only a few months before its dissolution, he had acquired a knowledge of upholstery, and was for the rest of his life able to support himself by his work.

Previous to this he had been an eager listener to all works of fiction—prose or verse—and had proved himself to have a most retentive memory. He had also published a volume of poems of moderate merit, which had been favourably received. He now worked chiefly at the houses of friends who were interested in him, and while he was working some one would read to him. As the choice of the book depended on the reader, he seems to have enjoyed considerable variety, and to have had fiction and philosophy, poetry and history, biography and travels, in the course of the day. His chief interest was at all times in biography, and his attention soon became fixed on the biography of the blind. He knew from experience the almost insurmountable difficulties that beset the blind, and knew also the energy, perseverance, and industry required, if these difficulties were ever to be surmounted.

With great patience, and with no small amount of labour, he collected his materials, and gave to the public, as we have stated, an account of the lives of fifty-four blind men and women. We find the names of men eminent in science and in art, biographies with which we are all familiar; but Wilson was not wrong in supposing that the public would be interested in those of whom he wrote, not only as men, but as blind men.

His little volume was published in 1820, met with a very favourable reception, and passed through several editions.

Perhaps no life more fully illustrates much that has been said than that of John Metcalf. He was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, and became totally blind at six years old, after an attack of small-pox. But the boy was not kept in the house, watched and waited on, and treated as if his blindness had been imbecility; within six months he was associating with boys of his own age, and joining in their sports. Before long he was a fearless rider, an excellent swimmer, and a clever trader in almost everything that could be bought and sold. Not only this, but he built bridges, and constructed high-roads; nearly all the roads over the Peak, in Derbyshire, were altered in accordance with his directions; and he particularly distinguished himself by making a road over the marshes between Blackmoor and Standish Foot. His plan was deemed impossible by the surveyors and trustees, and, in answer to their immoveable opposition, he said, "Gentlemen, I propose to make the road over the marshes after my own plan, and if it does not answer, I will be at the expense of making it over again after yours."

They assented to this proposal, the road was made, and this particular part of it required no repairing for twelve years.

Metcalfe's whole life was one of incident and adventure; but only that phase of it has been alluded to which shows of how much active and useful work this blind man was capable.

Wilson relates a very touching anecdote of one "Blind Macguire." He was a tailor, and he worked with such accuracy that he could make a tartan suit. Now this is a difficult thing for any tailor, as the stripes and colours of the tartan must be joined with the greatest precision. Blind Macguire worked for a family in Invernesshire, and on the return of his master's brother from India, he received orders to make a complete Highland suit as quickly as possible. Late at night the gentleman for whom the suit was being made, passed through the room in which the tailor was at work, and there, in the darkness, he heard a low singing.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"I am here," was the answer, "at work."

"Why, how can you work without a candle?" was the exclamation, uttered in momentary forgetfulness of the man's blindness.

"Oh," was the reply, "midnight darkness is the same to me as noon-day."

Macguire is said to have been able to distinguish the colours of the tartan by touch.

The life of Dr. Henry Moyes is also full of interest. He was born at Kirkaldy, in Fifeshire, and died in the year 1807, at the age of fifty-seven. He lost his sight by the small-pox before he was three years old, and retained scarcely any recollection of having ever seen. And yet the one thing that he remembered shows in a very striking manner this tendency of his mind. He remembered once seeing a watermill in motion, and wondering why the water flowed in one direction while the wheel turned round in another; and he adds, that it was a long time before he was able to comprehend this. In his case the eyes were not totally insensible to intense light, as the rays refracted through a prism, when sufficiently vivid, produced certain effects on him. Red gave him a disagreeable sensation, which he compared to the touch of a saw; but the sensation produced by green pleased him; it was, he said, like passing his hand over a polished surface.

Dr. Moyes possessed extreme delicacy in the senses of touch and hearing. He had also a very retentive memory. It is said that one day a young friend spoke to him in the street, whom he had not met for several years, and his first remark was, "How much taller you have grown since we last met!" He was able to judge of his stature by the direction of the voice. Whenever he was in company he remained for some time silent. The sound of the different voices enabled him to judge of the form and dimensions of the room, and of the number of persons present; and it is said that he was very seldom mistaken on these points. He used to tell with great amusement how he was overturned in a stage-coach.

An old coachman is reported to have said that there were only

two kinds of stage-coach accidents. "Sometimes we scatters 'em, sometimes we throws 'em in a heap." Dr. Moyes' accident belonged to the latter class; for coach, horses, and passengers, were thrown into a ditch. The night was wet and very dark, and in this emergency they all applied to the blind man for assistance in extricating the horses. "As for me," he says, "after I had recovered from the astonishment of the fall, and discovered that I had escaped unhurt, I was quite at home in the dark ditch. The inversion of the order of things was amusing; I, that was obliged to be led about like a child in the glaring sun, was now directing eight persons to pull here, and haul there, with all the dexterity and activity of a man-of-war's boatswain."

Dr. Moyes was the first blind lecturer on chemistry and optics, and next to Saunderson, he affords the most striking example on record of "attainments in mathematics made without any assistance from the eye." He was entirely dependent on his own exertions, as a lecturer and man of science, for support; and he not only achieved this object, but by prudence and economy saved a considerable sum, which he bequeathed to his brother.

M. Diderot gives a very graceful account of Mademoiselle de Salignace, an amiable and accomplished French lady. She was born in 1741, lost her sight when she was about three years old, and died at the age of twenty-one. He tells us that "from her earliest youth it had been the study of those around her to improve her senses to the utmost; and it is wonderful to what a degree they succeeded. By feeling, she could distinguish peculiarities which might be easily overlooked by those who had the best eyes; her hearing and sense of smell were also exquisite. She knew by the state of the atmosphere whether it was cloudy or serene; whether she was in an open place or a close street; also, whether she was in the open air or in a room; or, if in a room, whether it was large or small. She could calculate the size of a circumscribed space, by the sound produced by her feet or her voice. When she had once gone over a house, she so well knew the plan of it, that she was able to warn others of any danger; she would say, 'Take care, the door is too low;' or, 'Do not forget that there is a step.' She spoke little, and listened much: 'I am like the birds,' said she, 'I learn to sing in darkness.'"

Again. "She understood the elements of astronomy, algebra, and geometry. Her mother sometimes read to her the Abbé de Caillé's book, and on asking her whether she understood it, she replied, 'Oh, perfectly! Geometry is the proper science for the blind, because no assistance is wanting to carry it to perfection; the geometrician passes almost all his life with his eyes shut.'"

She was questioned on that most difficult of all subjects for the blind, the sense of sight.

"I suppose," she said, "that the eye is a living canvass of infinite delicacy; the air strikes the object; from this object it is reflected towards the eye, which receives an infinite number of different impressions, accord-

ing to the nature, the form, and colour of the object, and perhaps the qualities of the air; these are unknown to me, and you do not know much more of them than myself; it is by the varieties of these sensations that they are painted to you. If the skin of my hand equalled the delicacy of your eyes, I should see with my hand as you with your eyes; and I sometimes figure to myself that there are animals which are blind, and are not the less clear-sighted."

How subtle and delicate this analogy. What a contrast between it and the rough vigour of the answer given by a blind man, who was asked what he thought eyes could be.

"Eyes," said he, "are organs which have the same relation to the body that my stick has to me. If I put my hand between your eyes and an object, my hand is present and the object is absent; and this is just what happens when I feel for one thing with my stick and touch another."

A very interesting experiment is now being tried in a small shop in a busy street in London. A blind lady has established there what she calls "An Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind." It is not an asylum where a few can receive shelter and food; it is not a school to which only children can be admitted. It is a manufactory, a workshop, an adult school; and in the hope of seeing in time such an association in every large town in Great Britain, we propose to give an account of it.

Miss Gilbert, the founder, is a daughter of the Bishop of Chichester; she has been blind from infancy, and the one interest of her life has been the endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the blind, and more especially of the blind poor. Her earnest efforts and her earnest thought have led her to the conviction that if it is necessary for blind men and women to earn their living, it is possible for them to do so. At the same time, she fully recognizes that there is an amount of dependence which the blind must bear as part of their trial; but as a part which sweetens instead of embittering it, and as a part in which the compassion of the sighted comes in as a very chief blessing.

We shall find these two elements—the struggle for independence and the submission to dependence—blending harmoniously in her work, and giving it a fulness of life and vigour which are the earnest of success. Miss Gilbert's object is, then, to help the blind to help themselves. In order to do this she has had first to ascertain at what trades they can work profitably, and next to enlist the sympathy of those who can help her in carrying out her aim. She has succeeded in both respects. Many good and eminent men spoke in praise of her work in June last at St. James's Hall; and Mr. Gladstone, one of the best and wisest men of our age, advocated it, so he said, not from motives of philanthropy, but as a political economist; he said that it was founded on principles of the soundest political economy.

Miss Gilbert has experimented on trades and occupations, accepted some and rejected many; and she has found a most intelligent and



enthusiastic assistant in Mr. William Hanks Levy, who is now the superintendent of the association. This excellent man, who is himself blind, devotes his whole life to the service of the blind. He has found by experience many trades in which they can be profitably employed, and has devised many simple and ingenious plans for writing, for teaching arithmetic, for playing chess, and such like, which are a great boon to the poor.

Those who have learned to write before losing their sight use a very simple apparatus, invented by Mr. Levy. A small frame contains a cardboard, with raised flat lines about half an inch apart. A sheet of letter-paper is stretched over the cardboard and fixed in the frame, and as the raised lines can be felt through the paper, they serve as a guide. This writing is always in pencil.

A blind man's writing-desk opens like a backgammon-board. On one side there is a large pad, over which the sheet of paper is fixed; and on each side of the frame are holes, so that a flat ruler can be pegged across. On the other side there are numerous little divisions, each containing a narrow bit of wood, about an inch long. At one end of these wooden types, short brass pins are inserted, so as to give the simplest form of the Roman letters. Perhaps a woman comes to you at the Association to write her name. She fixes the flat wooden ruler at the *bottom* of the page—this is for the letters to lie against, like the composing-stick of a printer; then she begins at the bottom of the page, reversing all the letters. She takes a P, presses it down gently; feels for an R, and presses that down by the P; next she replaces the P, and presses an I by the side of the R; puts back R, and places C after I; restores the I, and takes E. When this is done, she has embossed the word PRICE; so she puts a stop after it, and goes on to another. The *stop* has a single pin-point in it, and is placed after every word; a full stop has two pin-points. When the sheet of paper is reversed, the embossed writing can be seen by the sighted, and felt by the blind. Many of the latter can thus write and address their own letters. These letters pass through the post, and have even been sent in safety to America.

The types are not always replaced in the right divisions, but the blind tell by touch if they have the right letter, very often putting it to the *tongue*, which they use as a delicate and accurate organ of touch.

A more expensive but most ingenious writing frame was invented by a blind Frenchman, who brought it to the Great Exhibition of 1851. The blind lady sits to write with this frame upon her knee. It is about the size of a common slate, and contains a plate of zinc, a sheet of note-paper, and above this a sheet of carbon paper. There are holes down each side of this oblong frame, and a second narrow frame is pegged across it, and can be moved down step by step as each line of writing is finished. The fingers of her left hand play, with the most astonishing rapidity, over ten small keys fixed to the transverse frame; she presses them down for an instant, and they rebound from the zinc with a sharp click. Converging wires, with blunt points, are attached to these keys,

and, if the ten were struck one after the other, they would press the carbon paper on the white paper, and leave ten small black dots in a straight line, one under the other. But meanwhile, the right hand turns a small handle attached to a wheel, and the keys in their framework move slowly along a groove, and so the dots stand in succession, and form the letters. To make an O you press 5 and 6 with your left hand, turn the wheel half-way round with your right; press down 4 and 7, half a turn; then, again, 4 and 7, half a turn; then 5 and 6, and the O is finished: make two turns, and begin a fresh letter. But it cannot be described; the rapid fingers strike the little leather-tipped keys with the most marvellous rapidity and accuracy, and the right hand as swiftly turns the diminutive handle. It is a combination of Mr. Hallé and an Italian organ-boy, and the result is a neatly printed letter. Here is a specimen:—

It must tell you that it was principally from Mr. Levy that I had my information about the condition and wants of the Blind and he it was who gave me so to speak the design which would be thought most effectually accomplish my desire of employing and of thus helping the Blind to help themselves

The Association receives men and women at any age as apprentices, and they are taught one or more of the trades at which they can work profitably. They pay a small premium, and are apprenticed for two years; if they live at too great a distance to come to their work daily they also pay for their board. When the apprentices have learnt their trade they can choose whether to be employed in the institution or to seek work elsewhere; and of course it is also open to the institution to accept or decline their services. By far the greater number of workers are employed at their own homes, and this shows practically that Miss Gilbert's aim is to give the blind a home among the sighted, and not to separate them as a distinct class. The trades taught are the making of brushes, brooms, mops, and mats, in every variety; all kinds of wicker-work, bead-work, and ornamental leather-work, also carpentry and the chopping of firewood.

It is found as a general rule that the blind work as well, but seldom as quickly, as the sighted. With the blind it is the hand and not the eye which must find the tool that has been laid down; the material to be used must be carefully felt over, and the position of every article required must be ascertained by touch. And thus the most rapid blind worker must be slower than he who can look as he works, and watch his own progress, instead of needing to pause and *feel* it. Now, of course, half the

work means half the wages. And here it is that an association and the sympathetic help of his fellow-men come in to place the blind worker on an equal footing with other labourers. The association sells him the best material at cost-price, and then buys his finished work at the full selling price. He thus gets the tradesman's profit in addition to the workman's wages, and the two enable him to live. The expenses are meanwhile defrayed by the contributions of the charitable, and during the infancy of the association the advantages of such an arrangement are obvious, but to become permanent it must be self-supporting. In time there can be little doubt that the blind man, well trained to a work suited for him, and for which there is a constant demand, will earn wages on which he can live in comfort.

But let us visit the institution. It is in the Euston Road, London, No. 127. And as there is nothing to attract your attention you must really look for it, if you mean to find it. An ordinary shop you see at last, full of the work of the blind: passing through it you enter a narrow passage, ascend dark and narrow stairs, and enter a long low room on the first floor, in which about a dozen women are at work. Their ages vary from seventeen to forty, and their occupations vary also. Some are at bead-work and leather-work; some are making brushes, some are putting new cane bottoms to chairs; some are "clipping wings," and some are chopping wood. They are all cheerful; they look happy, and most of them are intensely interested in their work. The problem of the bead-workers is to discover and copy the construction of a small perambulator; the beads are threaded on wire, and beads of different colours are used alternately, although colour for these women is but a name.

A worker in leather cuts and stamps leather leaves and flowers very skilfully, and then arranges them with great taste, so as to form an ornamental wreath for a basket. But there is a merry voice and a merry laugh that draws you, and you turn and see a girl kneeling on the floor, her round red arms encircling the chair at which she is working. She is learning to put a new cane seat to an old chair; and of course she is doing it wrong, so she laughs. You try to help her, and go farther wrong than ever, and then she laughs more and more. She is an Irish girl, and a few years ago she was snatched from the streets and from beggary. She was such a wild little savage that she had to be *tamed* before she could be taught. She had an apparently incurable habit of coiling herself up, and going to sleep after a meal, so that she had to be *felt for* in all directions. But Margaret is now civilised and educated as well as instructed, and she carries to the workroom her fund of high spirits only, her Irish humour, and all the warmth and goodness of her nature. Her work at the chair, however, did not seem especially to her taste, and she was delighted at being asked to explain the meaning of "clipping wings." The long bristles round the end of a scrubbing-brush which are fixed sometimes at one and sometimes at both ends, are called the "wings;"

fixing these in and clipping them to the right length seemed to give Margaret great delight.

The wood is chopped for firewood, and made into bundles. The men saw it into logs of the required length, and then it is split and tied up by the women. This branch of their work is so well suited to their powers, that Mr. Levy thinks all the blind poor in London might be employed if they could only get customers for the wood.

Passing from the women's workrooms to the rooms for the men, you find the latter variously occupied. They are busy as carpenters and brush-makers chiefly. The brushmakers have an order from Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and are busy and happy making very large bass-brooms "for the Queen." And then we say that it is a pleasant thing to find our Queen wherever a good work is to be done. In a lower shop, long and narrow and very dark, one young man will attract your attention. You watch him, and cannot help remarking the astonishing celerity and accuracy of his work. But he goes on quite unmoved; you speak to him again, and then a fellow-workman tells you that Ayers is quite deaf as well as blind. Both sight and hearing were lost four years ago, when he was twenty. You take his hand, and, making on it the signs of the dumb alphabet, say a few words to him. You need not trouble yourself to spell out the words and sentences; he catches your meaning, and in a low slow voice repeats what you would have said. He cannot hear this voice, but with deliberate care he pronounces every syllable, that you may know whether he understands you aright, and then his answers show the intelligent, thoughtful workman.

The Association rescued this man also. Before his blindness he had supported his sisters, and was a very clever and promising workman. After it he fell as a burden on their hands. Deaf and blind! they knew no help for him, and he knew of no means of helping himself. When he recovered from his illness he could only sit despairing in a corner of the room; and when his sisters wanted him to take his meals, they made him understand by knocking him on the shoulder. In this condition Mr. Levy found him, and restored him to his place as a human being by teaching him the alphabet for the dumb. Once more able to communicate with his fellow-men, and there was hope for him. He could learn all that they could teach him, or could again work for himself and others. Not only is he now one of the most skilful of workers, but he is employed to teach others. He professes to teach *the blind*, but there are many others who will learn from him. Only think of the courage and the endurance, tried to the very uttermost, and yet springing up at the very first glimpse of a loophole by which to escape from his dark solitary prison. Everything to unlearn, even reading and writing, and life to begin again, at twenty and under such disadvantages. But "courage and forward" has been his motto, and see as he stands before you now, the man not less, but more intelligent than his fellows; higher than they are through his sufferings, his struggles, and his victory. And this we say is, and ought to be, a

model association. The blind who have time and money can labour for the blind poor as Miss Gilbert has done. They can help us to understand what their needs really are, and how we can give them assistance not only of the right kind, but in the right manner. They can teach us how to educate and instruct the blind; if they do not we shall never know. If there are no "blind helpers" there can be no "blind workers." Meanwhile our part is to give sympathy and support. We can buy what the associations sell, in preference to buying the same article elsewhere, and we can help the blind poor to obtain the instruction and employment offered to them.

This one association gives work to one hundred and sixty-eight blind men and women. There are two hundred and thirty more on the books, who are applying for instruction and employment. Let us remember, when all is said and done, how great is the privation which many of them learn to endure cheerfully. Think what a ride, a walk, a visit to the seaside, or a ramble among the hills, would be with eyes sealed up from the light, and then strive to lighten the burden that they *must* bear. Help them to eke out their powers to the uttermost, and do not add enforced beggary, and poverty, and dependence to their lot.



Lux in tenebris.

## Country Gentlemen.

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IN his fourth lecture upon the *English Humourists*, Mr. Thackeray draws an amusing picture of the unfavourable impression of literary life which was permanently stamped upon the English mind by Pope's *Dunciad*. "If authors," says he, "were wretched and poor before; if some of them lived in hay-lofts, of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffee-house, and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world [delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?] believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cow-heel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children, and clamorous landladies, were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the *Dunciad*; and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit."

We shall not, we think, be very far wrong if we assign a corresponding share in the growth of that estimate of "a country gentleman," which was for a long time the conventionally accepted one in England, to the wit of another class of writers belonging to about the same period—to the dramatists, namely, of the Restoration, and the essayists and novelists of the succeeding era—to Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Wycherley, to Steele, Addison, and Fielding. The first set laughed at him, because he was no longer in the fashion; the second set laughed at him, not only because he was unfashionable, but because he was supposed to be disloyal. And thus, by degrees, country gentleman and boor, country gentleman and sot, country gentleman and cuckold, fool, dunce, hog, and Jacobite, grew to be as inseparable ideas with a certain portion of the public, as author and duns, author and tripe, author and gin, and author sleeping in a cockloft.

However, as the satire of Pope, exaggerated though it might be, had nevertheless a foundation in truth, so, we believe, had the satire of his above-named contemporaries. Without giving an unqualified assent to the statements of Whig litterateurs, who were interested in depreciating a body of men which principally consisted of Tories, we cannot bring ourselves to doubt that their picture is in the main correct; that there were more Tory fox-hunters than Sir Roger de Coverleys, and more Squire Westerns than Squire Alworthys.

Nor is it difficult to account for the fact. The civil wars must have exercised a demoralizing effect upon the English gentry, both by the poverty and consequent recklessness to which many of them were thereby reduced, as well as by the actual licence and debauchery with which they were then for the first time brought in contact. As the king's cause declined, the soldiers of the king grew worse. Discipline was relaxed; and the example of the leading men, who had imparted into our quiet English villages the debauchery of the Thirty Years' War, speedily infected the whole Cavalier party. It is needless to say that the restoration of Charles II. did nothing towards purifying them from the taint. The expulsion of his family from the throne had a tendency to aggravate the evil. With all the immorality of the Restoration strong upon them, the great body of the English gentry found themselves suddenly cast off from all those humanizing influences which intercourse with the court and capital is calculated to exercise. They scorned to show themselves at St. James's under the régime of an usurper. They would be at feud with the magnate of their own county—the duke, the marquis, or the earl—who was probably a Whig; and with the bishop, who, according to the "Tory fox-hunter," was likely to be a Presbyterian. Thus they were thrown back entirely upon their own resources and their own society—and their vices, consequently, lost none of their enormity—without pretending any longer to refinement.

To these two causes of the inferiority of the landed gentry must be added the slowness and inconvenience of travelling, which made London more remote from Somersetshire at that time than St. Petersburg is at this. Hence there grew up a class of country gentlemen, who lived exclusively in the country, and never saw a town larger than Exeter or Salisbury from their cradles to their graves, except during the interval which, in time of peace, was devoted to the grand tour. And it was to this *species* of the *genus* that the name of country gentleman was limited by the wits of the Augustan age. Young swells about the Court of Charles II. who wrote verses, carried off actresses, and lost a year's rental in a single night at Whitehall, were as truly country gentlemen in the modern sense of the term, as Sir Geoffery Peveril or Will Wimble. But the owners of landed estates who came to London, sat in Parliament, frequented the clubs and theatres, and dressed themselves according to the fashions, as they betrayed none of the peculiarities which their home-staying fellow gentry acquired, were neither included in the ridicule, nor yet even known by the name, which attached to these last. Country gentleman *then* meant rustic gentleman; not simply one who had an estate in the country. The great advance towards making the two last expressions synonymous, which was effected at the Revolution, we have noticed already; but they never became quite so—a point that should always be remembered by the curious in English society. Still, even after 1760, when they once more rallied round the person of a Tory king, the old habits were surrendered very gradually; and, considering the

tenacity with which impressions of this nature hold their ground even when every shadow of justification for them has departed, it is not surprising that the old-fashioned idea of the squirearchy should have survived to the present day in sufficient force to make Mr. Bright's statements find credit with a majority of his audience.

A vast change, however, has been silently progressing in the condition of the English landed gentry since the days when George III. was king; and a change of which the consequences ought fairly to be recognized by the public.

'Tis education forms the common mind.

And it is the merest infatuation to blind ourselves to what cannot but be the fruits of such an education as the majority of country gentlemen receive. Their physical education, to begin with, is of unrivalled excellence; and we now know that there is a close connection between physical and mental health. The heir to five thousand a year, beside all the benefits of pure country air and healthy diet, is, as soon as he can bestride a Shetland, initiated into the mysteries of horsemanship, and taught to laugh at tumbles. He is speedily transferred to Eton, where he learns to swim, and to row, and to feel as much at home in deep water as on dry land. Cricket and football teach him a quick eye and hand, presence of mind, judgment, and indifference to pain. Fighting and fagging, whatever their demerits, at least teach the young aristocrat that he is not to have everything his own way in this world, and counteract the servility of nurses and footmen, by which the sons of all rich men, and not only country gentlemen, are beset. At college, the same athletic sports await him; and hunting and shooting soon complete what cricket and boating had begun. For that combined manliness and modesty which are the foundation of gentlemanly character, no specimen can be quoted like the young Englishman of three or four and twenty, on whom Eton or Winchester, and Oxford or Cambridge, have done their proper work.

The character of his intellectual training, moreover, is not determined by the fact that he is to be a country gentleman, but by the fact that he is to be a rich man. The heir to a landed estate and the heir to an estate invested in commerce, will work, the one just as much, or just as little, as the other. At the public schools and universities, the lucky lad whose future is assured is taken to the waters of the Muses; but nobody can make him drink. The best education in the world, confessedly the best education in the world for a future legislator, is there open to him, to take or to reject. The chances are that he does take a good deal of it. He may not, perhaps, become a finished scholar, or an advanced mathematician: he may not carry his studies to that point at which they become ends in themselves, and determine one's career in life: the point at which a man begins to see that his business for the future is to elucidate Homer and Virgil, or employ the differential calculus. He may not get this immediately useful



and remunerative effect out of his education. He doesn't want it; but he will get a good deal of the manuring and stimulating effect: he will get the culture. But be this as it may, the children of no other class in the community from which members of Parliament are likely to be taken in sufficient numbers to be worth noticing, have in this respect any advantage over the children of country gentlemen. What school and college make these it will likewise make them.

Up to the time of leaving college, then, the intellectual training of a country gentleman will leave him much the same as that of any other rich man who knew, when a boy, that he would not have to work for his living. The physical training may have been the same, or it may not. It will have been the same as far as school and college are concerned. But he may not have had the additional physical training which a country life at home implies. This, too, he easily may have had. But it is not, in his case, a certainty, as in that of the other. Both may have had equal advantages in the way of mixing with good society from their boyhood; of having been on familiar terms with highly-bred and well-taught women; a factor of incomparable value in the final product of education. But here again the *chances*, we should say, are rather in favour of the young squire.

It is on leaving college that the critical period in the life of the country gentleman occurs; or rather, we should say, on returning from that year or two of travel which most men still take before settling down in life. Four courses then are open to him. He may, if he has done his travelling in vacation time, go into the army; he may go straight into Parliament; he may go to the bar (a comparatively rare case); or he may sit down at home with his family. Of these various courses, the bar, we have no doubt, is the best, and settling down with his family the worst. The army is very well; but it is not a profession peculiarly calculated to enlarge the mind, or to fill up in any way the deficiencies to which a rich man's education is always liable. The bar is better for a year or two than Parliament, because it precisely does do this; or does it, at least, to some extent. On circuit, at sessions, if not in the pupil-room, the future county magistrate and gaol inspector gets some sound ideas of law, mixes with a different class of men, and is brought in contact with harder, rougher, and shrewder intellects than he could be by any other means. Four or five years spent in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple make him more a man of the world than any other way of spending his time would have done, and are worth any amount of lounging about garrison towns and flirting with garrison belles.

But it is when he settles down at home a young man of five-and-twenty, marries, becomes a magistrate, a game preserver, and a fox-hunter straight on end, without any other experience of the world or any other aims in future, that the country gentleman assumes his least inviting form. If he enter either Parliament or the army, he is sure to mingle with men who, both in wealth and birth, are his superiors, and

outshine him in his own sphere. If he go to the bar, he will find himself, at first perhaps much to his astonishment, but in the end much to his edification, among an able and accomplished class, with the majority of which neither wealth nor birth weighs so much as brains and knowledge. In either case he has a good chance of being brought to see his own position and his own advantages at something like their proper level. In colloquial phrase, he has the conceit taken out of him. No doubt he will find men, both in Westminster Hall and the adjoining "House," who will do obeisance to his social pretensions and sedulously fan his self-esteem. But, under these circumstances, he takes the complaint in a very mild form: influences are at work all about him to counteract its virus, and he finally settles down on his paternal acres as one, so to speak, vaccinated, and secure, at all events, against taking any harm from the adulation of grooms and gamekeepers.

But, if he undergo no such preparatory process, he is but too apt to settle down into that type which is assumed by the enemies of the landed interest to be the type of the entire class. The moral lessons, the equalizing tone, of his public school forgotten, he sinks at length under the influence of the atmosphere which he breathes; becomes a prey to inordinate egotism; and in all his relations with people in any way his inferiors is, indeed, that "petty tyrant" who has so often fed the pen of the satirist. But even in this, the worst case of all, we must remember that, if we turn from moral to mental and physical pretensions, we shall find nothing to lower the country gentleman to the level described by Mr. Bright. It is not, of course, fair to compare him with the professedly learned classes, or with the flower of the richer aristocracy, who are the patrons of art and literature. But compare him with the best samples of our merchants, with our great solicitors, with men high in the civil service; and the chances are that he suffers nothing by the comparison; that he knows as much literature, as much science, and has as much general information as the best of them. The advantage which a wholly different system in the publishing business alone gave the town over the country has now-a-days, for one thing, disappeared. The occupant of any old manor-house a hundred miles from London, who would formerly have been weeks, if not months, behind the London world in the knowledge of public events, remarkable discoveries, or new books, may now discuss at his dinner-party precisely the same subjects as are talked of in Pall Mall and Belgravia, with precisely the same degree of information and intelligence. Enter his home, and you find all the new periodicals, the daily and weekly papers, the last book of travels or history, strewn upon the table of his morning room, and, as you soon find out by the talk of both himself and family, if you are invited to stay to luncheon, not only tossed over, but read. There will doubtless be wanting in his conversation that personal element, that air of the initiated, which belongs to the conversation of a society including within its own bosom the very men who make the world's ideas. There are certain intellectual

fruits which will ripen only in the artificial warmth of a metropolis. And of course the conversation of country gentlemen, even of those who have in their younger days "drunk champagne with the wits," can lay no claim to such perfection. But then, even when reared, it is not the highest product of the human mind; while the want of it is most decidedly not confined to country gentlemen.

We maintain, then, that as far as *general* culture and *general* information extend, the average country gentleman is quite upon a level with the average town gentleman,—including, for the present, the large number of men who are both,—whether we seek the latter in the merchant's counting-house, the solicitor's office, or at the clerk's desk. Let us now look at him on his special, or, if we may so speak, his professional side, and see how he shows on that. The chief pursuits which occupy his time are manly, dignified, and invigorating to the mental faculties. Agriculture, pursued in that intelligent spirit with which every man of capital now does pursue it, requires as sound an understanding, and as disciplined a judgment, as any other science. The same is true, or nearly true, of grazing. A man of five thousand a year at the present day, whose "talk is of bullocks," is likely to talk very well about them. His conversation will relate not only to fairs, markets, and prices, like Justice Shallow's, but to the various natural and artificial processes by which animal life is sustained and stimulated, and must embrace, of consequence, many of the most interesting problems in physiology. If his taste leads him to attend personally to his timber and young woods, or to the rearing of game, and the habits and haunts of vermin, he becomes a practical student of dendrology and natural history—studies which both exercise the taste and enlarge the mind. On the bench of magistrates, even if he fail in that correcter knowledge of the law which is daily growing commoner with the younger generation of squires, threatening soon to put wholly out of countenance the good old joke against justices' justice, he learns a good deal which is unquestionably useful to himself:—to balance evidence; to check personal feeling; to restrain impulse; and to understand the rights of other classes. All this aids him very greatly should he, towards middle age, enter the House of Commons; and even if it is acquired at the expense of other people, what we maintain is, that it improves *him*. It is not, however, acquired at the expense of other people now nearly so often as it used to be. Country gentlemen between thirty and forty are awake to the responsibilities of their position, and to the social forces which are at work hostile to their existing privileges. You now find on almost every bench of country magistrates several men who understand the rules of evidence, the principle of construing Acts of Parliament, and feel sufficient confidence in themselves to be able to control the zeal of either counsel or attorneys. It is needless to say that when exercised with this degree of intelligence, the magisterial functions of a country gentleman are eminently calculated to improve his natural capacity, and make him a useful member of the commonwealth.

Thus we see that the life of the ordinary country gentleman is passed in a round of occupations which are quite adequate to keep him at the same intellectual level as the occupations of men of business. Whether he walks after breakfast, with his bailiff, to finger his stalled oxen and probe those huge dorsal dimples which have still to be filled up, or to see how his men are getting on with the new drain or in thinning the old copse; or take a round after luncheon with the keeper, who here suspects a polecat, or there an otter, and thinks it likely there will be woodcocks next week; or rides over on market-day to the country town, to adjudicate on rustic quarrels, pass sentence upon minor culprits, and inspect the discipline and general condition of the county gaol—he is doing just as much to keep himself up to the mark as if he were discounting bills, or gambling in stock, or looking after cargoes and bills of lading. The two kinds of work turn out two wholly different kinds of men, each very likely “dark as night” about the pursuits of the other, but neither entitled to boast of his superiority in that general intellectual vigour which belongs to the genus man, as distinct from the squire or the trader.

Feudalism, as an active system, has, we need not say, notwithstanding Mr. Bright's invectives, totally disappeared from England. But traces of the sentiment still linger in some of those sequestered corners of our rural counties which high roads and railways, and the whole bustle and traffic of the century, happen to have missed, and where the population, its habits, customs, and conditions, have remained almost immovable. As we write these words we think of a tall, handsome man, who bears a great historic name, but has only got a small estate, and lives in great retirement in Green-shire. His property is comparatively small, but then it has descended from father to son since the thirteenth century, and the present is the eleventh baronet. He enjoys, moreover, the advantage that it all lies together round his house, that the whole of one parish and one little village belongs to him, and that neither landed tritons nor large towns are in his neighbourhood. Now this man, let us call him Sir Richard, is still regarded with almost filial reverence by his tenants, while by the peasantry he is supposed to possess nothing short of the power of life and death. His wife, a rather young and pretty Lady Bountiful, is looked up to with the same kind of sentiment as was inspired in the heart of Burke by the vision of Marie Antoinette. The young farmers *would* mount their horses for her, we have no doubt, and ride as bravely as their ancestors rode before them under the famous fighting baronet in the Civil Wars. When either he or she comes among them now, every voice is hushed, every hat is lowered, every eye is respectfully cast downwards. When seen approaching in the distance, each rustic nudges the other to prepare himself for the august presence. And it is said that the parish clerk, who has held his office thirty years, cannot even now control his agitation as he observes, from the vestry window, the stately form of Sir Richard and my lady coming down the footpath to the church. “He's a-coming,” he

whispers on such occasions, with bated breath, to the parson, and rushes out to still the school children, and then to place himself duly in the porch to receive the august visitors.

These traits, however, are but the fast-disappearing relics of an antique faith; the paganism, so to speak, which still nestles in the far-off hills and drowsy, wood-girt villages, but has been driven out for ever from the more populous haunts of men. There is a considerable difference in this respect between the different parts of England. In the west and south-west counties, for instance, and in some of the extreme northern ones, the old sentiment is stronger now, and will probably hold out longer than in the midland and manufacturing counties. In fact, as the master is, the servant is. And where the country gentleman has no rivals in the shape of rich commercial men, who have bought estates in his neighbourhood, he will of course be likely to cherish the feudal idea, and prolong it among his dependants more than he could do when exposed to the dangers of competition. But on the whole, a contrary sentiment is now frequently discernible in the rising generation of country gentry. The landed gentry as a body, by which we mean the men of from two to ten thousand a year, have always had a strong spice of radicalism in their composition. The "country party" in the House of Commons was once the representative of liberty; and less than a hundred years ago Reformers sought to purify Parliament by taking away members from the towns and giving them to the counties. The French Revolution, however, threw for a long time this side of their character into the shade, and the great struggle over Protection caused it to be entirely forgotten. It was not dead, however, but only slumbered. The traditional jealousy of the provincial magnates, of the castle interest, the abbey interest, and what not, still lay alive in the bosoms of the lesser landowners. It made many of them Tories long ago, and keeps many of them so still. But with others, the younger men, it is once more cropping up in the shape of hostility to "bigwigs" of every kind—noble, clerical, or legal; persons, customs, or institutions. The game-keepers of such men complain that they won't prosecute poachers; and their friends have often to lament a corresponding scarcity of game. They are much given to philanthropy, to model schools, model farms, and model prisons. For politics, as such, they profess not to care at all, though not averse to let their light shine before men, if a fit object of compassion present himself in the shape of a true blue Tory. It is to be observed, however, that the radicalism of country gentlemen shows itself rather in a general scepticism, an indispotion to support than a desire to attack existing things; and in this, of course, they are at one with the distinguishing moral and intellectual tone of the present day. A sort of vague confidence that the world will get on very well under *any* conditions of being; a belief that property is at all events secure in *this* particular country; a feeling that, although the chief objects of veneration in the eyes of Conservatives may be all very well, they are not worth making a row about; make

up the aggregate of political thought which such gentlemen entertain. It may be new to many of our readers to be told that in that farming, grazing, fox-hunting, game-keeping, and generally bigoted class of people whom they read about in the London papers, such men are to be found. But they are. They leaven the ranks of the country gentry, of the "great Conservative party," much more than is suspected, and may, for all we know, have something to do with that inveterate numerical inferiority, which, even when most popular, it does not seem able to surmount. Those moral influences of the country which we have alluded to before as breeding a conservative tone of mind in "farmers," are counteracted in the case of their landlords by greater knowledge of the world, more frequent changes of scene, and the more constant detrition which they suffer from contact with antagonistic ideas. The wheel of time brings round many strange reproductions of the past. It is not absolutely impossible that we may again see in the English landed gentry a new "country party," distinguished solely by their resistance to the centralizing power of the crown aided and abetted by the largest territorial proprietors. A *Court* can reward those who are rich enough to mingle with its splendours. But it could never compensate the gentry for the loss of their provincial jurisdiction, which constitutes the whole of their importance.

Country hospitality is famous. But country gentlemen now-a-days are, on the whole, an abstemious race. So that the overworked man of letters who, like "the scientific gentleman" in *Pickwick*, feels the necessity of moistening his clay in order to quicken his ideas, does not always find a country house the most favourable retreat in the world for original composition. But, ye gods, be thanked! the present writer knows some glorious exceptions—festive nooks, where, to use the words of Andrew Fairservice, "It's naething but fill and fetch mair frae tae end of the twenty-four hours to th' ither." In the enjoyment of this harmless conviviality, we have observed the country gentleman at our ease—fondly, carefully, and philosophically, his reading noted, and his brains surveyed. The result of our diagnosis is now before the British public. With all their drawbacks, the landed gentry, as a class, form a sound, solid, and patriotic core to the heart of this nation—

Sic fortis Etruria crevit,  
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

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## A Day's Pleasure with the Criminal Classes.



IT is not the fault of the periodical press if the reading public has not by this time a pretty fair notion of what sort of thing a fight for the championship is. The railway terminus besieged by a moneyless crowd, collected partly for professional purposes, partly from pure enthusiasm, partly in the hope of slipping in surreptitiously: the moneyed and ticketed crowd on the platform, comprising peers, M.P.'s, and pugilists: the long vague journey in the early morning, whither, no one knows, save a few cautious organizers: the charming spot carefully selected in a peaceful neighbourhood, and the

amazement of the natives at the invasion of a thousand gentlemen thirsting for blood: the men, and how they looked: the bets and how they were booked: inner-ring, outer-ring, Corinthians and roughs—all these things are now as a tale that has been many times told. But he who fancies that such a description holds good as a description of events in the ring generally makes a great mistake. Between one of these exceptional affairs and one of those ordinary meetings which *Bell's Life* alone chronicles—quite unpretending little encounters of youths to Fortune and Fame unknown, for a poor five-and-twenty pounds aside—there is about the same difference as between—what shall I say? Hodge the ploughman, as he appears at an agricultural meeting, elaborately spruced up by his old woman, with snowy smock-frock, flowers in his bosom, and face shining and sheepish, listening to the laudatory remarks of the Earl of Jawborough who is about to present him with a prize pair of corduroys for having brought up thirteen children without assistance from the parish; and Hodge sitting at the plough tail, miry and easy, shovelling in cheese with his pocket-knife, while his horses take their noontide rest. In other words, the difference which exists between any man or thing on special and state occasions, or in his and its ordinary working dress. This kind of match compared with one of the more sensational sort, like that of King and Heenan the other day, is very much what “the Guineas,” or “the City and Suburban,” or some race of that description, is to the Derby. It has no attractions for your mere

amateur or dilettante ring-goer. Its patrons are the genuine working supporters of the ring, who, eager for the public good, attend for the purpose of watching for modest merit, encouraging rising talent, and recruiting the lower walks of the profession with such "Young 'uns" and "Big 'uns," and "Elastic pot-boys" as may show signs of future greatness. Involving no great outlay of capital, it is also extensively patronised by those classes who, possessing the tastes of their social superiors, are unable to gratify them at the cost of a three-guinea railway ticket. In fact an occasion of this sort is the "roughs'" holiday, and is pretty sure to attract a good sprinkling of those gentlemen, whose relations with society are chiefly of a predatory nature. Not, be it understood, from any base craving for filthy lucre: they do not appear professionally, but simply as private individuals, taking their recreation in the way that seems best to them.

Once, some years ago, it was my fortune to assist at one of these solemnities. Let not the gentle reader, who, doubtless, has witnessed (in print) the great battle of Wadhurst, disdain the short and simple annals of a "little mill down the river."

It was to the merest accident (accident, I have remarked, is always busy in such cases) that I owed my introduction to fistic society. One evening, passing the door of a certain West End house of entertainment, I remembered having read that "the whereabouts," as *Bell's Life* phrased it, of a fight to come off the next day, was to be learned there. The paragraph further stated that, "The Chelsea Pippin," one of the combatants, "held his levées" at the same establishment. "Pippin," I am aware, was not the precise term of endearment employed. I cannot call to mind either the real name or the professional sobriquet of the gentleman in question, and as I have never seen anything in the public records of his art to remind me of it, I am inclined to believe that his career was not a long or a brilliant one, and that he is now one of that mighty host who, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "must be content to be as though they had not been." "Pippin," however, is near enough for my purpose; it was some quaint dissyllable of the sort. His antagonist I have since seen warmly mentioned in print, on the score of his scientific attainments. In the natural course of things, therefore, it may be assumed that he took a public-house; and, possibly, by this time has raised himself, by his merits, to such a social position, that it may be more becoming to observe a decent reticence with regard to his name. Let me call him Bill Blank.

There was a fascination about the idea of this levée, and no sufficient reason for resisting it, so I took the liberty of introducing myself. As far as I could see, the levée, if it was to be considered as going on at all, was attended mainly by the cabmen of the neighbouring stand, in the robes and wearing the badges of their order. A printed bill, wafered against a richly gilt and varnished hogshead, purporting to contain Old Tom, set out the attractions of the morrow's treat. That swift steamer the *Dove*,



it said, had been secured regardless of expense. First-class refreshments of every description under the well-known management of Mr. Glossop, were to be obtainable on board, and the public was entreated to bear in mind that, as far as our limited prevision went, a merry mill might be expected. Behind the bar there was a young lady with more ringlets than I could have conceived art capable of producing out of one head of hair. When I say that she was the barmaid, it is unnecessary to add that she was scornful. To the end of time, at any rate until the period arrives when the quadrature of the circle becomes a problem in elementary geometry, and a fruitful source of tears to boys of tender age, we may expect this question to agitate men's minds: Why does the dispensing of refreshments of any sort (for the phenomenon is equally observable in confectioners' shops, and railway restaurants) always produce misanthropy in the female mind? Shallow reasoners or optimists, who refuse to think evil of lovely woman, will perhaps deny the fact, or seek to explain it away by the theory that a certain sternness of demeanour is assumed to repel passing attentions that cannot lead to anything; but this argues such an ignorance of the sex that it will not bear a moment's consideration. A friend of mine accounts for it by saying that every woman is something of a tyrant at heart, and that when man appears before her, weak, a suppliant, and completely in her power, she cannot resist the temptation to snub, subdue, and make him generally uncomfortable. He, however, is married, and notoriously henpecked, and therefore his opinion is to be received with caution. It may be that the constant contemplation of man as a mere swallowing animal, joined with a knowledge of the composition of what he swallows, leads to a belief that he must be physically dyspeptic, and morally depraved. Possibly an acquaintance with the structure of jam-puffs induces a suspicion that the world is hollow. Perhaps in process of time, pork-pie comes to force itself upon the imagination as an emblem of that cold, hard conglomerate, called society. But, however the change may be brought about, the melancholy fact remains, that standing behind a bar or restauration counter, or sitting in that seat of the scornful, the slim cane-bottomed chair in the far corner, does curdle the milk of human kindness in bosoms originally meant for love and tenderness.

I should as soon have thought of telegraphing to Buckingham Palace, as of applying to that haughty one in the ringlets for information, and I might have gone away, my thirst for knowledge unassuaged, but for the sudden appearance of a potman through a door artfully constructed in the partition which separated us, representatives of the miscellaneous and retail business, from the jug and bottle department. He was as communicative as could have been desired. As to the levée, he could not say much about that. There had been a few gents a-taking their liquor along of Mr. Glossop and the Pippin in the parlour, but they was mostly gone now. As we were speaking, a young man with a thin colourless face, and closely-cropped head, and buttoned up to the chin in a heavy

great-coat, passed out. "That's 'im," said my friend; "that's the Pippin—he's a-going to bed." I remarked that I thought he was residing in the house. "So he were," was the answer; "but to-night he puts up at another crib down East End way,"—here he executed an unfathomable wink. We picks him up to-morrow as we goes down, and he gets a couple of hours more rest by it." When I said I had dropped in for the sole purpose of an interview with the distinguished individual who had just left, he expressed the deepest sympathy. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. The Pippin himself was gone beyond recall, but he had not left an utter void behind him. They had his boots in the bar. Should I like to see 'em?

The offer was evidently made in a friendly spirit, so I replied that the spectacle would be a great comfort to me, and would console me, if anything could, for missing the society of the wearer.

"Miss Abbott," said the potman, addressing the maiden behind the bar, "will you show the Pippin's boots, if you please, miss."

Whether he effected it by some potent spell, or by the possession of some terrible secret, which placed her in his power, I cannot say, but he made this astounding request with perfect impunity, and Miss Abbott, not in the least indignant, only languidly contemptuous, placed upon the counter a pair of dapper lace-up boots, with soles plentifully studded with that description of nail to which the poetry of the trade has given the name of sparrow-bills.

I thought I had concealed my feelings at the sight of these suggestive objects, but I suppose my countenance must have betrayed some emotion, for my friend at once, without any disingenuous beating about the bush, whispered: "Come down and see him fight in 'em. Tickets here; boat at Cadogan Pier, Chelsea. Start at five. I'm a-going." If I had had any scruples about the propriety of the affair, the wording of the ticket which he produced would have set them at rest. A member of the Peace Society might have stuck it over his chimney-piece and felt no shame. It admitted the bearer, it said, to participation in an "excursion down the river;" as if it had been got up by a body of philanthropic gentlemen to familiarize the public with the scenery of the lower Thames. The object was lightly alluded to as being "to view"—observe the delicacy of that expression—"the contest for 50*l.* between the Chelsea Pippin and William Blank of Bermondsey!" If these two youths had been shepherds of the golden age about to contend in alternate strains upon rustic pipes for a chaplet of honeysuckles, the invitation could not have been more charmingly put. Was this, then, an instance of that institution which I had been so often told was a disgrace to our country, and a relic of barbarous times? Surely, I thought, we have been under a delusion, produced, perhaps, by the figurative language of sporting literature. "Conks" and "counters" must mean some kind of rural produce; "rib-roasters" and "potato-traps," agricultural implements of some description. It is not claret which is "tapped," but hydromel, and Pippin and Blank

are only Daphnis and Menalcaas, who "come up smiling;" while Theocritus, disguised as the reporter for *Bell's Life*, embalms them in an idyll.

I purchased that ticket, paying about as many shillings as the noblemen and gentlemen who went to Wadhurst paid guineas—no great sum for a trip into Arcadia.

On awaking next morning, the first question, "Shall I go?" being settled, there arose a second, about costume. Instinct told me it ought to be undemonstrative, likewise substantial. I remember feeling considerable difficulty touching collars. It might be that they were not generally worn on such occasions, and I did not wish to give offence by any singularity of appearance. However, I luckily found a collar of an unobtrusive make, and capable of being made invisible in case public opinion should declare itself strongly on the subject; also I availed myself of a specimen in my possession of that somewhat obsolete garment called the pea-jacket, which, it seemed to me, would form a happy compromise between the raffish and the respectable; and I hailed as a favourable omen the discovery of an ancient spotted cravat, bearing some distant resemblance to that peculiar tie which is beloved in sporting circles under the name of a "bird's-eye fogle." These, with a tourist's wide-awake hat, constituted a turn-out which I regarded with some pride, as being singularly appropriate to the approaching festivity, being partly nautical, partly sporting, withal modestly rakish, and conveying, upon the whole, an idea of something between Robinson Crusoe and an amateur rat-catcher. I need hardly add, that taking into consideration the pastoral simplicity of the forthcoming entertainment, I left behind me all articles belonging to an artificial state of society, such as watch and purse, and only encumbered myself with coins sufficient for the incidental expenses of the day.

It was gratifying to find that my costume met the approval of my friend the potman when I joined him at the establishment he adorned. Early as it was, the shutters were down—if they had been up at all—and the house generally was up and stirring. One or two gentlemen, whom I had seen the night before, were fortifying themselves with strong waters for the exertions of the day, and it seemed to me that their complexions did not look anything like so fresh by daylight. I caught a distant view of the barmaid too. She struck me as being sleepy rather than scornful now. Her ringlets had disappeared, and were replaced by an array of tight screws of newspaper, which gave her the appearance of having dressed her head professionally with pennyworths of tobacco; and—ha, ha!—her nose was red that fresh autumn morning.

In due course the steamer was reached, and we found a select party of the Fancy and its patrons whiling away the time with early beer and scientific conversation. Among them was an elderly gentleman whom I regarded with the deepest interest. His countenance was not, perhaps, a prepossessing one, for a long series of professional struggles had given it a disrupted appearance, like that of a country which has suffered severely from

volcanic action. Numerous extinct craters, both of elevation and depression, were perceptible about the regions of the jaw and forehead. Some terrible convulsion had shaken the foundations of his nose, which lay over on its side, half buried in the face, like an abandoned barge on a mud-bank, and, when he favoured society with a remark, he exhibited a vast extent of toothless gum. His hands were even more remarkable, seeming to consist chiefly of knuckles and knobs, the result, no doubt, of frequent fractures, and, as they lay folded before him on his knees, they strongly resembled the gnarled roots of some queer plant. At his feet lay the ropes and stakes which, when adjusted, form the Ring, and beside him was a long black leather case, containing, as I afterwards discovered, a choice collection of powerful gutta-percha whips, to assist the ring-keepers in maintaining discipline. He was Mr. Thomas Oliver, so frequently mentioned in reports of pugilistic proceedings, affectionately as "Old Tom," playfully as "the ould commissary." The latter title referred to his official position as custodian of the ropes, constructor of the ring, and general trustee of the portable property of the Pugilistic Association, which dignities had been conferred upon him in recognition of his long and valuable services in the cause. This, then, was the Lyndhurst of pugilism, the survivor of a whole generation of mighty ones—alas! since then he has rejoined them—a man who carried one back in fancy to the classic age of Cribb; who had stripped for combat with the stalwart Tom Spring; who had seen the rise and fall of Deaf Burke; and had his nose broken in battle years before Tom Sayers, that star of modern fistics, saw the light. And here was the good old man enjoying an old age, not indeed of peace, for, in the way of business, he helped to break it about once a week in the season, but of honourable ease; no longer personally taking part in the strife of the arena, but, like his great political counterpart, still serving the common weal with his wisdom and experience.

At last we were off and working slowly down the river, stopping occasionally to take in boat-loads of sportsmen. Off Lambeth we took in some; a few also at Hungerford. At London Bridge we remained for a long time, backing astern and going ahead, while boat after boat pulled alongside full of passengers eager for the fray; and the ticket-takers had to be doubled, and sometimes to use force to prevent enthusiasts unprovided with the card of admission from joining our select party. Again off Limehouse did we stop, for the convenience of the eminently sporting population of Stepney, Whitechapel, and the Commercial Road; and again at Blackwall, at which point the Pippin was brought on board with a charming affectation of mystery, and immediately stowed away somewhere below as if he were a bale of contraband goods. It was beyond expression delightful to watch the puzzled faces of the people on board the river steamers as they shot by and caught a glimpse of our motley crew; but the bargemen knew what it meant, and as we passed their lumbering vessels sidling crab-fashion down with the tide, they winked us sympathetic winks, and evinced the warmest interest in our enterprise. We

could not at any time have been described as a well-favoured assemblage, but by the time we had received the contributions of Eastern London we were upon the whole as hangdog-looking a ship's company as ever trod a deck. In the upper parts of the river the excursionists who joined us seemed to be chiefly sporting publicans and pot-boys, professional fighting men, and a few working men, bricklayers mostly, I fancied, as they generally wore fuzzy flannel jackets, and seemed to come from the vast building district of Pimlico. But from London Bridge downwards we began to take in a totally different sort of pleasure-seeker. There were youths of the unmistakeable coster type, in tight dark-coloured corduroys, long waistcoats with sleeves and mother-o'-pearl buttons, keen-eyed, wiry, generally swarthy, and with something undefinably Oriental about the cast of their features, possibly traceable to an infusion of gipsy blood. Staunch supporters of the ring these, when, as on this occasion, support is not an expensive luxury, and no mean exponents of its principles in an amateur way. Then there were second-rate pugilists, and also many quasi-pugilists, hangers-on at sporting public-houses, men who occasionally "set to" at the benefit of some reduced member of the Fancy, and on the strength of this affect outrageously the demeanour of the fighting man. Nor were specimens by any means scarce of a still lower grade of sporting parasite, the sort of gentleman who, a day or two after you have lost your favourite dog, hangs about your house and thinks he knows a party as knows them as has found him. It was comparatively easy, however, to distinguish the genuine fighting man. Not that he differed from those about him in being bigger or broader or brawnier. Slim or thickset, feather-weight or "big-'un," there was something about him which indicated his profession—a certain clearness of complexion and absence of colour about the face quite distinct from the pallor produced by ill-health or gin; a protuberance of cheekbone and brow, as though the protecting bones of the eye had received an unnatural development from repeated pommelling; a puffiness of the lips due possibly to the same cause; not to speak of the "tract of bare and sterile country behind each ear," which the keen eyes of Charles Dickens fixed upon as the most striking feature in "the Chicken's" personal appearance.

But by far the majority of the additions to our society were of a class not so clearly defined, but on the whole more forbidding than any of these. There was no very striking uniformity of countenance or costume. The prevailing expression, perhaps, was one of mingled impudence and cunning, and if any one style of garment was more popular than another, it was something in the nature of a very disreputable-looking shooting-jacket. Taste, too, seemed to run in favour of a soft pulpy kind of cap pulled tightly over the skull, so as to suggest the homely image of a pudding in its bag, and make the ears stick out like small wings from the side of the head. Beyond these there was nothing in common except, perhaps, a general greasiness of dress and person, inducing the idea that every gentleman systematically and on principle lubricated himself in

order the better to evade the grasp of the law, as represented by the policeman. But it did not require a very profound knowledge of life to make one suspect the existence of a subtle bond of union among these worthies, nor was it necessary to overhear some of their conversation to guess that they were representatives of a powerful and influential class to which society is indebted for some of its most time-honoured institutions.

These were those members of the community who mainly support some two dozen gentlemen sitting at the receipt of charges from ten to four in fragrant bowers in various parts of the metropolis. To the exertions of these we, to a great extent, owe the stately and substantial palaces which adorn some of our more unsightly districts, such as Millbank and Pentonville. For these, in their natural state believing nothing, and fearing the devil only when he appears in the form of a policeman, their country maintains an infinite variety of chaplains—Protestant, Catholic, Wesleyan, Mahomedan, Mormon, so nice do their religious scruples become after conviction; and for these—albeit when they live at their own charges they live on fried fish and gin—it is necessary to provide strengthening meats and nourishing soups lest that muscle, which they never employ but for the good of their species, should become wasted. I do not mean to say that every man in this section of our company was actually and professionally a thief, or even skittle-sharper, or common rogue and vagabond within the meaning of the Act. But it seemed to me, from what I chanced to overhear, that it was quite a matter of accident if he was not embarked in some one of these callings. The view which appeared to be generally taken of life was, that it was a state of natural antagonism to the law of the land, and the nearest approach to an elevated moral sentiment that I heard took somewhat the form of the opinion held by the turnkey in *The Old Curiosity Shop*—that felony was a kind of disorder, like scarlet fever or erysipelas: some people had it and some hadn't, just as it might be. In fact, if not all of the jail-bird species, they clearly belonged to the class from which that noble army of martyrs is chiefly recruited, and, next to the topic of the day, prisons, penitentiaries and houses of correction formed the staple of their conversation, as far as I could make out from the scraps it was my privilege to overhear. There was, however, no rancour or bitterness expressed about them. They seemed to be treated as things of course, and were discussed very much as continental hotels are discussed by a couple of newly returned tourists. Millbank was abused for its soup, or Coldbath-fields commended for its cocoa, precisely as the cuisines at different clubs are compared and criticised by West End men. Perhaps it is really in this light that these establishments come to be looked at in process of time by the criminal classes. For are not prisons in many respects their clubs—quiet havens of retirement from the cares and worries of domestic life, where they get a host of luxuries and comforts not obtainable at home, well lighted and airy rooms, good attendance, excellent cookery, and the use of a well-selected library? And might we not, in lieu of

their present unmeaning names, aptly rebaptize them as the "United Scoundrels," the "Prig and Burglar," the "Larcenæum," &c.?

I must do these gentlemen the justice of saying, that though they did talk a little "shop," they seemed to me, one and all, to have come out simply for enjoyment and not business, and I believe not one of them would have picked a pocket on this occasion unless under circumstances of irresistible temptation. The excursion was just the sort of one they could enjoy freely, and being distinctly unlawful, it did not compromise any of their principles. And here, it strikes me, is an argument in favour of prize-fights, especially of the humble sort. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, continual stealing and no recreation will certainly not make Prig a better member of society, and fights and executions furnish the only kind of recreation he cares about. As surely as there will be flies where there is garbage, so surely will there be criminal classes in a large city: sanitary reform may do a great deal, but the plague will always exist to some extent. In certain *cafés* in fly-plagued towns, they leave out lumps of sugar and messes of sweetstuff which become centres of insect enjoyment, and save some considerable consumption of the refreshments. In the same manner would London-gain if amusement were more liberally provided for its predatory tribes. Hangings now occur so rarely, and at such irregular intervals, that they can no longer be depended upon as a source of amusement, and perhaps we are to some extent bound to make up for the deficiency by an enlightened policy with regard to prize-fights.

The only exception to this general decency of behaviour, that I remember, was on the part of a young man, who, from his appearance, I would wager was never four and twenty consecutive hours out of the hearing of Bow Bells, but who, nevertheless, with a remarkable country accent and great simplicity of manner, asked me if I didn't think his mother would be greatly surprised when she heard he had been to a "proize battle," and then proposed to me to join in a game of chance with him and his pal in the cabin. I heard him afterwards talking to his pal, and from their conversation I think it probable his mother would not have been a bit surprised if she had heard of his being hanged in front of Newgate. A striking contrast to this insidious and self-seeking conduct was that of a venerable gentleman, who, in the most open-hearted way, communicated to me the newest and most approved plan for disposing of property feloniously acquired. Not to be personal he put an imaginary case, and showed how A B, having in a crowd possessed himself of a watch, might readily and safely convert it into money. I forget the process.

It must not be supposed that all, or even the greater number of us, were of this class. Among the better sort was one individual whose appearance contrasted most favourably with that of those about him. He was neatly and well, but very quietly dressed in a black frock-coat, black silk necktie, grey trousers, unexceptionable boots, and, perhaps, as glossy a hat as I ever saw. Personally, he was stout, inclining to

*embonpoint*, with pleasant features, and a merry dark eye. I do not say "black eye," because, considering that it was a fighting company, it might be open to misconstruction. I observed, too, that he was treated with marked respect by every one, from the pickpocket to the publican. This, my friendly potman informed me, was Mr. Adams, official inspector or superintendent of the ring-keepers, but in his private capacity styled "The scientific Ned Adams," from the elegance of his performance in battle on the ribs and noses of some of England's proudest gladiators. Being a person of such appearance and importance, it was gratifying when, in the course of the day, he addressed me in very nearly the words used by Johnson to Don Juan when they met among the rabble in the slave-market. *He* might have passed for a gentleman anywhere, but I should have preferred not to attempt to gain admission into any select circle in the costume in which he found me. His conversation was perfectly in accordance with his appearance. It was agreeable, humourous, and instructive, and altogether superior to what one might have expected from a member of a profession in which mental culture is quite subordinate to physical training. Through his means I came to have the pleasure of speech, and in one or two instances of refreshment also, with divers men of eminence in the world of science. There was the Spider, then champion of the featherweights and in the zenith of his fame, a pocket Hercules, and now, I am happy to believe, a prosperous publican. Also Mr. Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, celebrated, as Mr. Adams told me, for his capacity for punishment, in respect of which he possessed the virtue of gluttony—to use a technical term—to an extent that made him very generally beloved; and, indeed, his face looked about as impressionable as a street-door knocker. It was not many months after this, I think, that the terminator of delights and the separator of companions, as the *Arabian Nights* would say, removed this ornament of society from the trying sphere in which I met him, through his falling with his head against a stake, while in the active pursuit of his profession; and he died in that ring on which he had shed a lustre, surrounded by a circle of mourners who had backed him to win heavily.

In such society of course the hours flew lightly by, and I was under no temptation to kill time by excessive indulgence in the first-class refreshments. Indeed, from what I saw, I rather rejoiced that I had had the foresight to make as substantial a breakfast as the hour permitted before starting. The articles of food which the well-known management of Mr. Glossop had provided appeared to be simply bread, a large quantity of highly adipose boiled beef, and a collection of enormous hams of a white and flabby complexion like habitual dram-drinkers, which broke out into horrible and profuse perspirations of grease in the confined atmosphere of the cabin.

Bend after bend of the river was passed in the wake of our consort, the steamer which carried Mr. Blank and his fortunes, and we were soon in the heart of the Dutch scenery of the lower Thames. Here, after a good



deal of shouting and telegraphing from one vessel to the other, we came to a stop close into the Kentish side of the river. The place was as lonely and apparently as lifeless as a slice of the Great Desert; and where the boats came from—whether they dropped from the sky or rose from the mud of the river—I cannot say, but scarcely had the paddles ceased to work when we were surrounded by a small fleet of ricketty-looking tubs, whose owners competed furiously for the honour of taking us ashore. I was greatly pleased to observe here that, whatever might be said of the rest of us, our fighting men did not appear to belong to that division of mankind, described as the Great Unwashed. Most of them, in fact nearly all except those whose services were immediately required in arranging the preliminaries, stripped and were overboard in a twinkling, revelling in the enjoyment of a refreshing bath. I cannot say that I saw any of coster or criminal sections follow this excellent example, and it struck me that perhaps the phenomenon was one of the good results of the training the professional pugilist undergoes, in the course of which he becomes acquainted with the virtues of cold water, and acquires a taste for it, at least as an external application. Indeed the balance of personal cleanliness was with our fighting friends in a very marked degree, shabbily and poorly dressed though many of them were.

At the courteous invitation of Mr. Adams, I accompanied him and a select party to the shore. Climbing over the high bank of the river we descended upon one of those vast expanses of low-lying pasture-land which here stretch along both sides of the Thames for many miles. The scenery was perhaps tame, being, but for the line of hills in the distance, very like anywhere in Holland; but as no policeman showed within the visible horizon we all expressed ourselves charmed with the landscape. The order, smartness, and organization shown in making the arrangements, were really admirable. The ground was marked out, stakes driven down, ropes run through their rings rapidly, but without any noise or confusion, each worker obeying his orders with the quiet promptitude of a well-drilled soldier; and by the time the bathers rejoined us, we of the inner ring were seated comfortably, while those of the outer stood in a compact circle seven or eight feet farther off from the centre of attraction. In the intervening space the ring-constables were pacing about flourishing their mighty whips and driving back the crowd wherever it seemed inclined to bulge forward. A mere threat was generally sufficient, and no wonder, for with one of those fairy wands a man might have cut open a rhinoceros. Then two small processions might be seen descending the bank, and presently the Pippin threw his cap into the ring, and diving under the ropes followed it himself, and advanced to shake hands with Mr. Blank.

Let not my sensitive reader be under any apprehension that I am going into the details of the entertainment which followed. That has been already done many times by pens far more elegant and graphic than mine, for although of no public interest and for a small stake, this little encounter was upon the whole very much the sort of thing that has been

described so frequently of late. Besides, I have no gift for the sciences, exact or inexact, and should certainly break down were I to attempt to employ technical language. I think I should know an upper-cut again, if I should ever happen to meet one in society; for an instance of that charming manœuvre was pointed out to me, and, from the lively satisfaction with which we witnessed it, and the way we rubbed our noses in jubilant pantomime, I infer that it is considered to be attended with exquisite suffering when received on that sensitive feature. But beyond this, my acquaintance with the terminology of the ring is very superficial, and quite inadequate to the necessities of accurate description. Time after time the heroes met, and dodged, and feinted, and blows were stopped, or missed, or got in with a smart smacking sound, and then somehow one saw a pair of semi-naked bodies locked in a venomous embrace, belabouring rib, and head, and face with the disengaged arm; staggering about the ring, swaying to and fro, until they fell with a dull thud, on which it seemed to be the etiquette for each to lie on the broad of his back, and allow his seconds to carry him to his corner as much after the fashion of a corpse as possible. The ground grew more and more like mud, and the drawers of the men got dirtier and dirtier, and their faces,—at least that of our poor Pippin—more and more disfigured, and so the pleasant game went on. I must confess, however, that possibly owing to the deficiency I have above alluded to, I could not bring myself to regard it with the interest it deserved. It seemed to me to have more monotony and sameness about it than an exhilarating pastime ought to have, and after witnessing about a dozen rounds, I worked my way out through the crowd, and went and sat down on the top of the bank with some other sated excursionists.

Here, as from the top of some mountain ridge which keeps apart two races, we commanded a view of two widely different scenes. On the one side the broad shining river, placid as a mill-pond, and the rich green pastures of Essex, dotted with cattle, and overhung with a soft golden haze. On the other, a surging yelling crowd with a small clear space in its centre, where two figures, piebald with blood and dirt, tumbled about wildly. Out there Britannia is ruling the waves in her accustomed stately manner, but across our frontier here she is powerless. That tall ship sweeping slowly by astern of the fussy little tug is perhaps bound for New Zealand, and the gentleman in black on the poop may be a missionary going out to convert Maories. Ha! ha! if he only knew what was going on over here, perhaps he would think it hardly worth his while going so far. Here comes the Boulogne steamer with cher Alphonse, as yet not in the least unwell, on deck. When your Henri meets you at the railway-station to-morrow, Alphonse, after kissing him on both cheeks, you will tell him that England is the country the most sad, the country of the spleen, in short; but, *mon ami*, you have no notion how jolly we are on this side of the bank. Nor, for the matter of that, have the people on board the Margate boat, who look with wonder at a row of figures

perched on an embankment in such a desolate spot. A persevering band is musically examining Ben Bolt as to his recollection of the scenes and sounds among which he passed his boyhood; there is a mill at work here, to the "clack" of which it would rather puzzle Mr. Bolt to keep time in song, as we find he was fond of doing in his youth.

At last there is a great shout. It is over. The sponge has been thrown up, and the crowd is dancing round and embracing Mr. Blank. As for Pippin, he is a beaten man, and may go drown himself for aught we care. Him his faithful seconds, as in the case of that eminent heavy-weight Dares, *ducunt ad naves*—lead to the boats, *genua ægra trahentem, jactantemque utroque caput*, or,—to translate into *Bell's Life* English for the benefit of the ladies—with his knowledge-box all awry, and very groggy upon the pins. A critic near me pronounces the fight to have been "as one-sided a affair as ever he sec;" but from the glimpse I get, I should feel more inclined to apply that remark to the Pippin's face. I have seldom seen anything more one-sided in expression than that is. But what of that? He'll come all right again in time, and with this consoling reflection we embark and proceed on our homeward voyage in the highest spirits. We have had a charming day, and no interruption from the authorities; and though we are somewhat disappointed with the science and gluttony of the Pippin, we bear him no ill-will. On the contrary, when the Spider goes round with the cap, and, addressing us individually as "guvnor," urges us to "remember the beaten man, and chuck in a brown or two," we comply with a kind of contemptuous good-nature.

I know very well what is expected of me here. According to the strict rules of Art, I ought either to wind up with a few moral remarks on the brutality of the Ring, its degrading tendencies, &c. &c., quite in the style of a heavy father in a five-act comedy; or else, taking the perhaps more fashionable tone, conclude by upholding it as an institution calculated to cultivate the virtue of manliness among us, and promote physical training. But I prefer to let the reader moralize, if he will, in whichever direction his instinct leads him. The materials for reflection which I humbly offer to him have been collected in the most impartial spirit. I have not, consciously at least, exaggerated any of the details. We had no doubt as choice a collection of scoundrels as London could produce; and yet for such a company they were well behaved. The language used was of the strongest character, but the demeanour of the crowd, though frequently boisterous, was invariably good-humoured. Utterly lawless most of them unquestionably were, and yet there was an order and discipline, preserved, it seemed to me, more by common consent than by authority, which, all things considered, was very remarkable. In fact the most unpleasant impression I carried away arose, not from the actual spectacle itself—and after all there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the mere physical suffering of the performers in the ring—but from the heartless indifference with which the beaten man seemed

to be treated, and, still more, from the money-making element which appeared to underlie the whole business. To stand up in public and pummel and be pummelled for the space of an hour, may be a low and brutal way of earning five-and-twenty pounds; still five-and-twenty pounds is something to a poor man. But an evidently experienced gentleman with whom I discussed the point put it in a totally different light. "He don't get the five-and-twenty," said he, alluding to Mr. Blank, of whom I had observed that I supposed he would be the richer by that amount. "Bless you, it goes to his backers; them as found the money for him. In course they wants something for their risk." "Then what did he really get?" was the question I put timidly. "Well," said my friend sententiously, "he'll get a new suit of clothes, and—" after a pause—"perhaps they may give him a fiver if they're werry pleased with him."

Given, a suit of clothes and a remote chance of a fiver, as the rewards of the victor: to find, and reduce to pounds, shillings and pence, the *solatia victo*?







DENIS'S VALET

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1864.

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Denis Duval.

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CHAPTER VIII.



PROMISE you there was no doubt or hesitation next Sunday regarding our good rector's opinions. Ever since the war with America began, he had, to the best of his power, exhorted his people to be loyal, and testified to the authority of Cæsar. "War," he taught, "is not altogether an evil; and ordained of Heaven, as our illnesses and fevers doubtless are, for our good. It teaches obedience and contentment under privations; it fortifies courage; it tests loyalty; it gives occasion for showing mercifulness of heart; moderation in victory; endurance and cheerfulness under defeat. The brave who do battle victoriously in their country's cause leave a legacy of honour to their children. We English of the present day are the better for Crecy, and Agincourt, and Blenheim. I

do not grudge the Scots their day of Bannockburn, nor the French their Fontenoy. Such valour proves the manhood of nations. When we have conquered the American rebellion, as I have no doubt we shall do, I trust it

will be found that these rebellious children of ours have comported themselves in a manner becoming our English race, that they have been hardy and resolute, merciful and moderate. In that Declaration of War against France, which has just reached us, and which interests all England, and the men of this coast especially, I have no more doubt in my mind that the right is on our side, than I have that Queen Elizabeth had a right to resist the Spanish Armada. In an hour of almost equal peril, I pray we may show the same watchfulness, constancy, and valour; bracing ourselves to do the duty before us, and leaving the issue to the Giver of all Victory."

Ere he left the pulpit, our good rector announced that he would call a meeting for next market-day in our town-hall—a meeting of gentry, farmers, and seafaring men, to devise means for the defence of our coast and harbours. The French might be upon us any day; and all our people were in a buzz of excitement, Volunteers and Fencibles patrolling our shores, and fishermen's glasses for ever on the look-out towards the opposite coast.

We had a great meeting in the town-hall, and of the speakers it was who should be most loyal to king and country. Subscriptions for a Defence Fund were straightway set afoot. It was determined the Cinque Port towns should raise a regiment of Fencibles. In Winchelsea alone the gentry and chief tradesmen agreed to raise a troop of volunteer horse to patrol along the shore and communicate with depôts of the regular military formed at Dover, Hastings, and Deal. The fishermen were enrolled to serve as coast and look-out men. From Margate to Folkestone the coast was watched and patrolled: and privateers were equipped and sent to sea from many of the ports along our line. On the French shore we heard of similar warlike preparations. The fishermen on either coast did not harm each other as yet, though presently they too fell to blows: and I have sad reason to know that a certain ancestor of mine did not altogether leave off his relations with his French friends.

However, at the meeting in the town-hall, grandfather came forward with a subscription and a long speech. He said that he and his co-religionists and countrymen of France had now for near a century experienced British hospitality and freedom; that when driven from home by Papist persecution, they had found protection here, and that now was the time for French Protestants to show that they were grateful and faithful subjects of King George. Grandfather's speech was very warmly received; that old man had lungs, and a knack of speaking, which never failed him. He could spin out sentences by the yard, as I knew, who had heard him expound for half hours together with that droning voice which had long ceased (Heaven help me!) to carry conviction to the heart of grandfather's graceless grandson.

When he had done, Mr. James Weston, of the Priory, spoke, and with a good spirit too. (He and *my dear friend, Mr. Joe*, were both present, and seated with the gentlefolks and magistrates at the raised end of the hall). Mr. James said that as Mr. Duval had spoken for the French



Protestants, he, for his part, could vouch for the loyalty of another body of men, the Roman Catholics of England. In the hour of danger he trusted that he and his brethren were as good subjects as any Protestants in the realm. And as a trifling test of his loyalty—though he believed his neighbour Duval was a richer man than himself (grandfather shrieked a “No, no!” and there was a roar of laughter in the hall)—he offered as a contribution to a defence fund to lay down two guineas for Mr. Duval’s one!

“I will give my guinea, I am sure,” says grandfather, very meekly, “and may that poor man’s mite be accepted and useful!”

“One guinea!” roars Weston; “I will give a hundred guineas!”

“And I another hundred,” says his brother. “We will show as Roman Catholic gentry of England, that we are not inferior in loyalty to our Protestant brethren.”

“Put my fazer-in-law Peter Duval down for one ’ondred guinea!” calls out my mother, in her deep voice. “Put me down for twenty-five guinea, and my son Denis for twenty-five guinea! We have eaten of English bread and we are grateful, and we sing with all our hearts, God save King George!”

Mother’s speech was received with great applause. Farmers, gentry, shopkeepers, rich and poor, crowded forward to offer their subscription. Before the meeting broke up, a very handsome sum was promised for the arming and equipment of the Winchelsea Fencibles; and old Colonel Evans, who had been present at Minden and Fontenoy, and young Mr. Barlow, who had lost a leg at Brandywine, said that they would superintend the drilling of the Winchelsea Fencibles, until such time as his Majesty should send officers of his own to command the corps. It was agreed that everybody spoke and acted with public spirit. “Let the French land!” was our cry. “The men of Rye, the men of Winchelsea, the men of Hastings, will have a guard of honour to receive them on the shore!”

That the French intended to try and land was an opinion pretty general amongst us, especially when his Majesty’s proclamation came, announcing the great naval and military armaments which the enemy was preparing. We had *certain communications* with Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk still, and our fishing boats sometimes went as far as Ostend. Our informants brought us full news of all that was going on in those ports; of the troops assembled there, and royal French ships and privateers fitted out. I was not much surprised one night to find our old Boulogne ally Bidois smoking his pipe with grandfather in the kitchen, and regaling himself with a glass of his own brandy, which I know had not paid unto Cæsar Cæsar’s due. The pigeons on the hill were making their journeys still. Once, when I went up to visit Farmer Perreau, I found M. de la Motte and a companion of his sending off one of these birds, and La Motte’s friend said sulkily, in German, “What does the little *Spitzbube* do here?” “*Versteht vielleicht Deutsch,*” murmured La

Motte, hurriedly, and turned round to me with a grin of welcome, and asked news of grandfather and my mother.

This ally of the chevalier's was a Lieutenant Lutterloh, who had served in America in one of the Hessian regiments on our side, and who was now pretty often in Winchelsea, where he talked magnificently about war and his own achievements, both on the Continent and in our American provinces. He lived near Canterbury as I heard. I guessed, of course, that he was one of the "Mackerel" party, and engaged in smuggling, like La Motte, the Westons, and my graceless old grandfather and his ally, Mr. Rudge, of Rye. I shall have presently to tell how bitterly Monsieur de la Motte had afterwards to rue his acquaintance with this German.

Knowing the chevalier's intimacy with the gentlemen connected with the Mackerel fishery, I had little cause to be surprised at seeing him and the German captain together; though a circumstance now arose, which might have induced me to suppose him engaged in practices yet more lawless and dangerous than smuggling. I was walking up to the hill—must I let slip the whole truth, madam, in my memoirs? Well, it never did or will hurt anybody; and, as it only concerns you and me, may be told without fear. I frequently, I say, walked up the hill to look at these pigeons, for a certain young person was a great lover of pigeons too, and occasionally would come to see Farmer Perreau's columbarium. Did I love the sight of this dear white dove more than any other? Did it come sometimes fluttering to my heart? Ah! the old blood throbs there with the mere recollection. I feel—shall we say how many years younger, my dear? In fine, those little walks to the pigeon-house are among the sweetest of all our stores of memories.

I was coming away, then, once from this house of billing and cooing, when I chanced to espy an old schoolmate, Thomas Measom by name, who was exceedingly proud of his new uniform as a private of our regiment of Winchelsea Fencibles, was never tired of wearing it, and always walked out with his firelock over his shoulder. As I came up to Tom, he had just discharged his piece, and hit his bird too. One of Farmer Perreau's pigeons lay dead at Tom's feet—one of the carrier pigeons, and the young fellow was rather scared at what he had done, especially when he saw a little piece of paper tied under the wing of the slain bird.

He could not read the message, which was written in our German handwriting, and was only in three lines, which I was better able to decipher than Tom. I supposed at first that the message had to do with the smuggling business, in which so many of our friends were engaged, and Measom walked off rather hurriedly, being by no means anxious to fall into the farmer's hands, who would be but ill-pleased at having one of his birds killed.

I put the paper in my pocket, not telling Tom what I thought about the matter: but I did have a thought, and determined to commence with my dear Doctor Barnard regarding it. I asked to see him at the rectory,

and there read to him the contents of the paper which the poor messenger was bearing when Tom's ball brought him down.

My good doctor was not a little excited and pleased when I interpreted the pigeon's message to him, and especially praised me for my reticence with Tom upon the subject. "It may be a mare's nest we have discovered, Denny, my boy," says the doctor; "it may be a matter of importance. I will see Colonel Evans on this subject to-night." We went off to Mr. Evans's lodgings; he was the old officer who had fought under the Duke of Cumberland, and was, like the doctor, a justice of peace for our county. I translated for the colonel the paper, which was to the following effect:—

[Left blank by Mr. Thackeray.]

Mr. Evans looked at a paper before him, containing an authorized list of the troops at the various Cinque Port stations, and found the poor pigeon's information quite correct. Was this the chevalier's writing? the gentleman asked. No, I did not think it was M. de la Motte's handwriting. Then I mentioned the other German in whose company I had seen M. de la Motte: the Monsieur Lutterloh whom Mr. Evans said he knew quite well. "If Lutterloh is engaged in the business," said Mr. Evans, "we shall know more about it;" and he whispered something to Doctor Barnard. Meanwhile he praised me exceedingly for my caution, enjoined me to say nothing regarding the matter, and to tell my comrade to hold his tongue.

As for Tom Measom, he was less cautious. Tom talked about his adventure to one or two cronies; and to his parents, who were tradesmen like my own. They occupied a snug house in Winchelsea, with a garden and a good paddock. One day their horse was found dead in the stable. Another day their cow burst and died. There used to be strange acts of revenge perpetrated in those days; and farmers, tradesmen, or gentry, who rendered themselves obnoxious to *certain parties*, had often to rue the enmity which they provoked. That my unhappy old grandfather was, and remained in the smugglers' league, I fear is a fact which I can't deny or palliate. He paid a heavy penalty to be sure, but my narrative is not advanced far enough to allow of my telling how the old man was visited for his sins.

There came to visit our Winchelsea magistrates Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis* frigate, then in the Downs; and I remembered this gentleman, having seen him at the house of my kind patron, Sir Peter Denis, in London. Mr. Pearson also recollected me as the little boy who had shot the highwayman; and was much interested when he heard of the carrier pigeon, and the news which he bore. It appeared that he, as well as Colonel Evans, were acquainted with Mr. Lutterloh. "You are a good lad," the captain said; "but we know," said the captain, "all the news those birds carry."

At this time our whole coast was alarmed, and hourly expectant of a French invasion. The French fleet was said to outnumber ours in the

Channel : the French army, we knew, was enormously superior to our own. I can remember the terror and the excitement ; the panic of some, the braggart behaviour of others ; and specially I recall the way in which our church was cleared one Sunday, by a rumour which ran through the pews, that the French were actually landed. How the people rushed away from the building, and some of them whom I remember the loudest amongst the braggarts, and singing their " Come if you dare ! " Mother and I in our pew, and Captain Pearson in the rector's, were the only people who sate out the sermon, of which Doctor Barnard would not abridge a line, and which, I own, I thought was extremely tantalizing and provoking. He gave the blessing with more than ordinary slowness and solemnity ; and had to open his own pulpit-door and stalk down the steps without the accompaniment of his usual escort, the clerk, who had skipped out of his desk, and run away like the rest of the congregation. Doctor Barnard had me home to dinner at the rectory ; my good mother being much too shrewd to be jealous of this kindness shown to me and not to her. When she waited upon Mrs. Barnard with her basket of laces and perfumeries, mother stood as became her station as a tradeswoman. " For thee, my son, 'tis different," she said. " I will have thee be a gentleman." And faith, I hope I have done the best of my humble endeavour to fulfil the good lady's wish.

The war, the probable descent of the French, and the means of resisting the invasion, of course formed the subject of the gentlemen's conversation ; and though I did not understand all that passed, I was made to comprehend subsequently, and may as well mention facts here which only came to be explained to me later. The pigeons took over certain information to France, in return for that which they brought. By these and other messengers our Government was kept quite well instructed as to the designs and preparations of the enemy, and I remember how it was stated that his Majesty had occult correspondents of his own in France, whose information was of surprising accuracy. Master Lütterloh dabbled in the information line. He had been a soldier in America, a recruiting crimp here, and I know not what besides ; but the information he gave was given under the authority of his employers, to whom in return he communicated the information he received from France. The worthy gentleman was, in fact, a spy by trade ; and though he was not born to be hanged, came by an awful payment for his treachery, as I shall have to tell in due time. As for M. de la Motte, the gentlemen were inclined to think that his occupation was smuggling, not treason, and in that business the chevalier was allied with scores, nay hundreds, of people round about him. One I knew, my pious grandpapa : other two lived at the Priory, and I could count many more even in our small town, namely, all the Mackerel men to whom I had been sent on the night of poor Madame de Saverne's funeral.

Captain Pearson shook me by the hand very warmly when I rose to go home, and I saw, by the way in which the good doctor regarded me, that

he was meditating some special kindness in my behalf. It came very soon, and at a moment when I was plunged in the very dismalest depths of despair. My dear little Agnes, though a boarder at the house of those odious Westons, had leave given to her to visit Mrs. Barnard; and that kind lady never failed to give me some signal by which I knew that my little sweetheart was at the rectory. One day the message would be, "The rector wants back his volume of the *Arabian Nights*, and Denis had better bring it." Another time, my dearest Mrs. Barnard would write on a card, "You may come to tea, if you have done your mathematics well," or, "You may have a French lesson," and so forth—and there, sure enough, would be my sweet little tutoress. How old, my dear, was Juliet when she and young Capulet began their loves? My sweetheart had not done playing with dolls when our little passion began to bud: and the sweet talisman of innocence I wore in my heart hath never left me through life, and shielded me from many a temptation.

Shall I make a clean breast of it? We young hypocrites used to write each other little notes, and pop them in certain cunning corners known to us two. Juliet used to write in a great round hand in French; Romeo replied, I dare say, with doubtful spelling.

We had devised sundry queer receptacles where our letters lay *poste restante*. There was the China pot-pourri jar on the Japan cabinet in the drawing-room. There, into the midst of the roses and spices, two cunning young people used to thrust their hands, and stir about spice and rose-leaves, until they lighted upon a little bit of folded paper more fragrant and precious than all your flowers and cloves. Then in the hall we had a famous post-office, namely, the barrel of the great blunderbuss over the mantelpiece, from which hung a ticket on which "loaded" was written, only I knew better, having helped Martin, the doctor's man, to clean the gun. Then in the churchyard, under the wing of the left cherub on Sir Jasper Billing's tomb, there was a certain hole in which we put little scraps of paper written in a cipher devised by ourselves, and on these scraps of paper we wrote:—well, can you guess what? We wrote the old song which young people have sung ever since singing began. We wrote "Amo, amas," &c., in our childish handwriting. Ah! thanks be to heaven, though the hands tremble a little now, they write the words still! My dear, the last time I was in Winchelsea, I went and looked at Sir Jasper's tomb, and at the hole under the cherub's wing; there was only a little mould and moss there. Mrs. Barnard found and read one or more of these letters, as the dear lady told me afterwards, but there was no harm in them; and when the doctor put on his *grand sérieux* (as to be sure he had a right to do), and was for giving the culprits a scolding, his wife reminded him of a time when he was captain of Harrow School, and found time to write other exercises than Greek and Latin to a young lady who lived in the village. Of these matters, I say, she told me in later days: in all days, after our acquaintance began, she was my truest friend and protectress.

But this dearest and happiest season of my life (for so I think it, though I am at this moment happy, most happy, and thankful) was to come to an abrupt ending, and poor Humpty Dumpty having climbed the wall of bliss, was to have a great and sudden fall, which, for a while, perfectly crushed and bewildered him. I have said what harm came to my companion Tom Measom, for meddling in Monsieur Lutterloh's affairs and talking of them. Now, there were two who knew Meinherr's secret, Tom Measom, namely, and Denis Duval; and though Denis held his tongue about the matter, except in conversing with the rector and Captain Pearson, Lutterloh came to know that I had read and explained the pigeon-despatch of which Measom had shot the bearer; and, indeed, it was Captain Pearson himself, with whom the German had sundry private dealings, who was Lutterloh's informer. Lutterloh's rage, and that of his accomplice, against me, when they learned the unlucky part I had had in the discovery, were still greater than their wrath against Measom. The Chevalier de la Motte, who had once been neutral, and even kind to me, was confirmed in a steady hatred against me, and held me as an enemy whom he was determined to get out of his way. And hence came that catastrophe which precipitated Humpty Dumpty Duval, Esq., off the wall from which he was gazing at his beloved, as she disported in her garden below.

One evening—shall I ever forget that evening? It was Friday,

[Left blank by Mr. Thackeray]—after my little maiden had been taking tea with Mrs. Barnard, I had leave to escort her to her home at Mr. Weston's at the Priory, which is not a hundred yards from the rectory door. All the evening the company had been talking about battle and danger, and invasion, and the war news from France and America; and my little maiden sate silent, with her great eyes looking at one speaker and another, and stitching at her sampler. At length the clock tolled the hour of nine, when Miss Agnes must return to her guardian. I had the honour to serve as her escort, and would have wished the journey to be ten times as long as that brief one between the two houses. "Good night, Agnes!" "Good night, Denis! On Sunday I shall see you!" We whisper one little minute under the stars; the little hand lingers in mine with a soft pressure; we hear the servants' footsteps over the marble floor within, and I am gone. Somehow, at night and at morning, at lessons and play, I was always thinking about this little maid.

"I shall see you on Sunday," and this was Friday! Even that interval seemed long to me. Little did either of us know what a long separation was before us, and what strange changes, dangers, adventures I was to undergo ere I again should press that dearest hand.

The gate closed on her, and I walked away by the church-wall, and towards my own home. I was thinking of that happy, that unforgotten night of my childhood, when I had been the means of rescuing the dearest little maiden from an awful death; how, since then, I had cherished her with my love of love; and what a blessing she had been to my young life. For many years she was its only cheerer and companion. At home

I had food and shelter, and, from mother at least, kindness, but no society; it was not until I became a familiar of the good doctor's roof that I knew friendship and kind companionship. What gratitude ought I not to feel for a boon so precious as there was conferred on me? Ah, I vowed, I prayed, that I might make myself worthy of such friends; and so was sauntering homewards, lost in these happy thoughts, when—when something occurred which at once decided the whole course of my after-life.

This something was a blow with a bludgeon across my ear and temple which sent me to the ground utterly insensible. I remember half-a-dozen men darkling in an alley by which I had to pass, then a scuffle and an oath or two, and a voice crying, "Give it him, curse him!" and then I was down on the pavement as flat and lifeless as the flags on which I lay. When I woke up, I was almost blinded with blood; I was in a covered cart with a few more groaning wretches; and when I uttered a moan, a brutal voice growled out with many oaths an instant order to be silent, or my head should be broken again. I woke up in a ghastly pain and perplexity, but presently fainted once more. When I awoke again to a half-consciousness I felt myself being lifted from the cart and carried, and then flung into the bows of a boat, where I suppose I was joined by the rest of the dismal cart's company. Then some one came and washed my bleeding head with salt water (which made it throb and ache very cruelly). Then the man, whispering, "I'm a friend," bound my forehead tight with a handkerchief, and the boat pulled out to a brig that was lying as near to land as she could come, and the same man who had struck and sworn at me would have stabbed me once more as I reeled up the side, but that my friend interposed in my behalf. It was Tom Hookham, to whose family I had given the three guineas, and who assuredly saved my life on that day, for the villain who attempted it afterwards confessed that he intended to do me an injury. I was thrust into the forepeak with three or four more maimed and groaning wretches, and, the wind serving, the lugger made for her destination, whatever that might be. What a horrid night of fever and pain it was! I remember I fancied I was carrying Agnes out of the water; I called out her name repeatedly, as Tom Hookham informed me, who came with a lantern and looked at us poor wretches huddled in our shed. Tom brought me more water, and in pain and fever I slept through a wretched night.

In the morning our tender came up with a frigate that was lying off a town, and I was carried up the ship's side on Hookham's arm. The captain's boat happened to pull from shore at the very same time, and the captain and his friends, and our wretched party of pressed men with their captors, thus stood face to face. My wonder and delight were not a little aroused when I saw the captain was no other than my dear rector's friend, Captain Pearson. My face was bound up, and so pale and bloody as to be scarcely recognizable. "So, my man," he said, rather sternly, "you have been for fighting, have you? This comes of resisting men employed on his Majesty's service."

"I never resisted," I said; "I was struck from behind, Captain Pearson."

The captain looked at me with a haughty, surprised air. Indeed, a more disreputable-looking lad he scarcely could see. After a moment he said, "Why, bless my soul, is it you, my boy? Is it young Duval?"

"Yes, sir," I said; and whether from emotion, or fever, or loss of blood and weakness, I felt my brain going again, and once more fainted and fell.

When I came to myself, I found myself in a berth in the *Serapis*, where there happened to be but one other patient. I had had fever and delirium for a day, during which it appears I was constantly calling out, "Agnes, Agnes!" and offering to shoot highwaymen. A very kind surgeon's mate had charge of me, and showed me much more attention than a poor wounded lad could have had a right to expect in my wretched humiliating position. On the fifth day I was well again, though still very weak and pale; but not too weak to be unable to go to the captain when he sent for me to his cabin. My friend the surgeon's mate showed me the way.

Captain Pearson was writing at his table, but sent away his secretary, and when the latter was gone shook hands with me very kindly, and talked unreservedly about the strange accident which had brought me on board his ship. His officer had information, he said, "and I had information," the captain went on to say, "that some very good seamen of what we called the Mackerel party were to be taken at a public-house in Winchelsea," and his officer netted a half-dozen of them there, "who will be much better employed" (says Captain Pearson) "in serving the King in one of his Majesty's vessels, than in cheating him on board their own. You were a stray fish that was caught along with the rest. I know your story. I have talked it over with our good friends at the rectory. For a young fellow, you have managed to make yourself some queer enemies in your native town; and you are best out of it. On the night when I first saw you, I promised our friends to take you as a first-class volunteer. In due time you will pass your examination, and be rated as a midshipman. Stay—your mother is in Deal. You can go ashore, and she will fit you out. Here are letters for you. I wrote to Doctor Barnard as soon as I found who you were."

With this, I took leave of my good patron and captain, and ran off to read my two letters. One, from Mrs. Barnard and the doctor conjointly, told how alarmed they had been at my being lost, until Captain Pearson wrote to say how I had been found. The letter from my good mother informed me, in her rough way, how she was waiting at the Blue Anchor Inn in Deal, and would have come to me; but my new comrades would laugh at a rough old woman coming off in a shore-boat to look after her boy. It was better that I should go to her at Deal, where I should be fitted out in a way becoming an officer in his Majesty's service. To



Deal accordingly I went by the next boat; the good-natured surgeon's mate, who had attended me and taken a fancy to me, lending me a clean shirt, and covering the wound on my head neatly, so that it was scarcely seen under my black hair. "*Le pauvre cher enfant! comme il est pâle!*" How my mother's eyes kindled with kindness as she saw me! The good soul insisted on dressing my hair with her own hands, and tied it in a smart queue with a black ribbon. Then she took me off to a tailor in the town, and provided me with an outfit a lord's son might have brought on board; and when she saw me dressed in my midshipman's uniform, she put such a great heavy purse of guineas into my pocket, that I wondered at her bounty. I suppose I cocked my hat and strutted very consequentially by her side on the Mall. She had two or three friends, tradesfolk like herself, and partners no doubt in certain dubious maritime transactions at which I have hinted; but these she did not care to visit. "Remember, my son," said she, "thou art a gentleman now. Tradespeople are no company for thee. For me 'tis different. I am but a poor hair-dresser and shopkeeper." And such of her acquaintance as she met she saluted with great dignity, but never offered to present me to one of them. We supped together at the Anchor, and talked about home, that was but two days off, and yet so distant. She never once mentioned my little maiden to me, nor did I somehow dare to allude to her. Mother had prepared a nice bed-room for me at the inn, to which she made me retire early, as I was still weak and faint after my fever; and when I was in my bed she came and knelt down by it, and with tears rolling down her furrowed face offered up a prayer in her native German language, that He who had been pleased to succour me from perils hitherto, would guard me for the future, and watch over me in the voyage of life which was now about to begin. Now, as it is drawing to its close, I look back at it with an immense awe and thankfulness, for the strange dangers from which I have escaped, the great blessings I have enjoyed.

I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Barnard, narrating my adventures as cheerfully as I could, though, truth to say, when I thought of home and a little Someone there, a large tear or two blotted my paper, but I had reason to be grateful for the kindness I had received, and was not a little elated at being actually a gentleman, and in a fair way to be an officer in his Majesty's navy. My uniforms were ready in a very short time. Twenty-four hours after they were ordered Mr. Levy brought them to our inn, and I had the pleasure of putting them on; and walked on the Parade, with my hat cocked, my hanger by my side, and mother on my arm. Though I was perfectly well pleased with myself, I think she was the prouder of the two. To one or two tradesmen and their wives, whom she knew, she gave a most dignified nod of recognition this day; but passed on without speaking, as if she would have them understand that they ought to keep their distance when she was in such fine company. "Always respect yourself, my son," she said. "When I am in the shop, I am in the shop, and my customers' very humble servant; but when I

am walking on Deal Parade with thee, I am walking with a young gentleman in his Majesty's navy. And Heaven has blessed us of late, my child, and thou shalt have the means of making as good a figure as any young officer in the service."

As I was strutting on the Mall, on the second day of my visit to Deal, what should I see but my dear Doctor Barnard's well-known post-chaise nearing us from the Dover Road? The doctor and his wife looked with a smiling surprise at my altered appearance; and as they stepped out of their chaise at the inn, the good lady fairly put her arms round me, and gave me a kiss. Mother, from her room, saw the embrace, I suppose. "Thou hast found good friends there, Denis, my son," she said, with sadness in her deep voice. "'Tis well. They can befriend thee better than I can. Now thou art well, I may depart in peace. When thou art ill, the old mother will come to thee, and will bless thee always, my son." She insisted upon setting out on her return homewards that afternoon. She had friends at Hythe, Folkestone, and Dover (as I knew well), and would put up with one or other of them. She had before packed my new chest with wonderful neatness. Whatever her feelings might be at our parting, she showed no signs of tears or sorrow, but mounted her little chaise in the inn yard, and, without looking back, drove away on her solitary journey. The landlord of the Anchor and his wife bade her farewell, very cordially and respectfully. They asked me, would I not step into the bar and take a glass of wine or spirits? I have said that I never drank either; and suspect that my mother furnished my host with some of these stores out of those fishing-boats of which she was owner. "If I had an only son, and such a good-looking one," Mrs. Boniface was pleased to say (can I, after such a fine compliment, be so ungrateful as to forget her name?)—"If I had an only son, and could leave him as well off as Mrs. Duval can leave you, I wouldn't send him to sea in war-time, that I wouldn't." "And though you don't drink any wine, some of your friends on board may," my landlord added, "and they are always welcome at the Blue Anchor." This was not the first time I had heard that my mother was rich. "If she be so," I said to my host, "indeed it is more than I know." On which he and his wife both commended me for my caution; adding with a knowing smile, "We know more than we tell, Mr. Duval. Have you ever heard of Mr. Weston? Have you ever heard of Monsieur de la Motte? We know where Boulogne is, and Ost——" "Hush, wife," here breaks in my landlord. "If the captain don't wish to talk, why should he? There is the bell ringing from the Benbow and your dinner going up to the doctor, Mr. Duval." It was indeed as he said, and I sate down in the company of my good friends, bringing a fine appetite to their table.

The doctor on his arrival had sent a messenger to his friend, Captain Pearson, and whilst we were at our meal, the captain arrived in his own boat from the ship, and insisted that Dr. and Mrs. Barnard should take their dessert in his cabin on board. This procured Mr. Denis Duval

the honour of an invitation, and I and my new sea-chest were accommodated in the boat and taken to the frigate. My box was consigned to the gunner's cabin, where my hammock was now slung. After sitting a short time at Mr. Pearson's table, a brother-midshipman gave me a hint to withdraw, and I made the acquaintance of my comrades, of whom there were about a dozen on board the *Serapis*. Though only a volunteer, I was taller and older than many of the midshipmen. They knew who I was, of course—the son of a shopkeeper at Winchelsea. Then, and afterwards, I had my share of rough jokes, you may be sure; but I took them with good humour; and I had to fight my way as I had learned to do at school before. There is no need to put down here the number of black eyes and bloody noses which I received and delivered. I am sure I bore but little malice: and, thank Heaven, never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterwards. Certain men there were who hated *me*: but they are gone, and I am here, with a pretty clean conscience, Heaven be praised; and little the worse for their enmity.

The first-lieutenant of our ship, Mr. Page, was related to Mrs. Barnard, and this kind lady gave him such a character of her very grateful, humble servant, and narrated my adventures to him so pathetically, that Mr. Page took me into his special favour, and interested some of my messmates in my behalf. The story of the highwayman caused endless talk and jokes against me which I took in good part, and established my footing among my messmates by adopting the plan I had followed at school, and taking an early opportunity to fight a well-known bruiser amongst our company of midshipmen. You must know they called me "Soapsuds," "Powderpuff," and like names, in consequence of my grandfather's known trade of hair-dresser; and one of my comrades bantering me one day, cried, "I say, Soapsuds, where was it you hit the highwayman?" "There," said I, and gave him a clean left-handed blow on his nose, which must have caused him to see a hundred blue lights. I know about five minutes afterwards he gave me just such another blow; and we fought it out and were good friends ever after. What is this? Did I not vow as I was writing the last page yesterday that I would not say a word about my prowess at fisticuffs? You see we are ever making promises to be good, and forgetting them. I suppose other people can say as much.

Before leaving the ship my kind friends once more desired to see me, and Mrs. Barnard, putting a finger to her lip, took out from her pocket a little packet, which she placed in my hand. I thought she was giving me money, and felt somehow disappointed at being so treated by her. But when she was gone to shore I opened the parcel, and found a locket there, and a little curl of glossy black hair. Can you guess whose? Along with the locket was a letter in French, in a large girlish hand, in which the writer said, that night and day she prayed for her dear Denis. And where, think you, the locket is now? where it has been for forty-two years, and where it will remain when a faithful heart that beats under it hath ceased to throb.

At gunfire our friends took leave of the frigate, little knowing the fate that was in store for many on board her. In three weeks from that day what a change! The glorious misfortune which befel us is written in the annals of our country.

On the very evening whilst Captain Pearson was entertaining his friends from Winchelsea, he received orders to sail for Hull, and place himself under the command of the admiral there. From the Humber we presently were despatched northward to Scarborough. There had been not a little excitement along the whole northern coast for some time past, in consequence of the appearance of some American privateers, who had ransacked a Scottish nobleman's castle, and levied contributions from a Cumberland seaport town. As we were close in with Scarborough a boat came off with letters from the magistrates of that place, announcing that this squadron had actually been seen off the coast. The commodore of this wandering piratical expedition was known to be a rebel Scotchman: who fought with a rope round his neck to be sure. No doubt many of us youngsters vapoured about the courage with which we would engage him, and made certain, if we could only meet with him, of seeing him hang from his own yardarm. It was *Dix aliter visum*, as we used to say at Pocock's; and it was we threw *deuceace* too. Traitor, if you will, was Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterwards knight of his Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit; but a braver traitor never wore sword.

We had been sent for in order to protect a fleet of merchantmen that were bound to the Baltic, and were to sail under the convoy of our ship and the *Countess of Scarborough*, commanded by Captain Piercy. And thus it came about that after being twenty-five days in his Majesty's service, I had the fortune to be present at one of the most severe and desperate combats that has been fought in our or any time.

I shall not attempt to tell that story of the battle of the 23rd September, which ended in our glorious captain striking his own colours to our superior and irresistible enemy. Sir Richard has told the story of his disaster in words nobler than any I could supply, who, though indeed engaged in that fearful action in which our flag went down before a renegade Briton and his motley crew, saw but a very small portion of the battle which ended so fatally for us. It did not commence till nightfall. How well I remember the sound of the enemy's gun of which the shot crashed into our side in reply to the challenge of our captain who hailed her! Then came a broadside from us—the first I had ever heard in battle.

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## NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE readers of the *Cornhill Magazine* have now read the last line written by William Makepeace Thackeray. The story breaks off as his life ended—full of vigour, and blooming with new promise like the apple-trees in this month of May: the only difference between the work and the life is this, that the last chapters of the one have their little pathological gaps and breaks of unfinished effort, the last chapters of the other were fulfilled and complete. But the life may be let alone; while as for the gaps and breaks in his last pages, nothing that we can write is likely to add to their significance. There they are; and the reader's mind has already fallen into them, with sensations not to be improved by the ordinary commentator. If Mr. Thackeray himself could do it, that would be another thing. Preacher he called himself in some of the Roundabout discourses in which his softer spirit is always to be heard, but he never had a text after his own mind so much as these last broken chapters would give him *now*. There is the date of a certain Friday to be filled in, and Time is no more. Is it *very* presumptuous to imagine the Roundabout that Mr. Thackeray would write upon this unfinished work of his, if he could come back to do it? We do not think it is, or very difficult either. What Carlyle calls the divine gift of speech was so largely his, especially in his maturer years, that he made clear in what he *did* say pretty much what he *would* say about anything that engaged his thought; and we have only to imagine a discourse "On the Two Women at the Mill,"\* to read off upon our minds the sense of what Mr. Thackeray alone could have found language for.

Vain are these speculations—or are they vain? Not if we try to think what he would think of his broken labours, considering that one of these days our labours must be broken too. Still, there is not much to be said about it; and we pass on to the real business in hand, which is to show as well as we may what *Denis Duval* would have been had its author lived to complete his work. Fragmentary as it is, the story must always be of considerable importance, because it will stand as a warning to imperfect critics never to be in haste to cry of any intellect, "His vein is worked out: there is nothing left in him but the echoes of emptiness." The decriers were never of any importance, yet there is more than satisfaction, there is something like triumph in the mind of every honest man of letters when he sees, and knows everybody must see, how a genius which was sometimes said to have been guilty of passing behind a cloud toward the evening of his day, came out to shine with

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\* "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left."

new splendour before the day was done. "Denis Duval" is unfinished, but it ends *that* question. The fiery genius that blazed over the city in *Vanity Fair*, and passed on to a ripe afternoon in *Esmond*, is not a whit less great, it is only broader, more soft, more mellow and kindly, as it sinks too suddenly in "Denis Duval."

This is said to introduce the settlement of another too-hasty notion which we believe to have been pretty generally accepted: namely, that Mr. Thackeray took little pains in the construction of his works. The truth is, that he very industriously *did* take pains. We find that out when we inquire, for the benefit of the readers of his Magazine, whether there is anything to tell of his designs for "Denis Duval." The answer comes in the form of many most careful notes, and memoranda of inquiry into minute matters of detail to make the story *true*. How many young novelists are there who *haven't* much genius to fall back upon, who yet, if they desired to set their hero down in Winchelsea a hundred years ago for instance, would take the trouble to learn how the town was built, and what gate led to Rye (if the hero happened to have any dealings with that place), and who were its local magnates, and how it was governed? And yet this is what Mr. Thackeray did, though his investigation added not twenty lines to the story and no "interest" whatever: it was simply so much conscientious effort to keep as near truth in feigning as he could. That Winchelsea had three gates, "Newgate on S.W., Landgate on N.E., Strandgate (*leading to Rye*) on S.E.;" that "the government was vested in a mayor and twelve jurats, jointly;" that "it sends canopy bearers on occasion of a coronation," &c. &c. &c., all is duly entered in a note-book with reference to authorities. And so about the refugees at Rye, and the French reformed church there; nothing is written that history cannot vouch for. The neat and orderly way in which the notes are set down is also remarkable. Each has its heading, as thus:

*Refugees at Rye.*—At Rye is a small settlement of French refugees, who are for the most part fishermen, and have a minister of their own.

*French Reformed Church.*—Wherever there is a sufficient number of faithful there is a church. The pastor is admitted to his office by the provincial synod, or the colloquy, provided it be composed of seven pastors at least. Pastors are seconded in their duties by laymen, who take the title of Ancients, Elders, and Deacons-precantor. The union of Pastors, Deacons, and Elders forms a consistory.

Of course there is no considerable merit in care like this, but it is a merit which the author of *Denis Duval* is not popularly credited with, and therefore it may as well be set down to him. Besides, it may serve as an example to fledgling geniuses of what *he* thought necessary to the perfection of his work.

But the chief interest of these notes and memoranda lies in the outlook they give us upon the conduct of the story. It is not desirable to print them all; indeed, to do so would be to copy a long list of mere references to books, magazines, and journals, where such byway bits of illustration are to be found as lit Mr. Thackeray's mind to so vivid an insight into

manners and character. Still, we are anxious to give the reader as complete an idea of the story as we can.

First, here is a characteristic letter, in which Mr. Thackeray sketches his plot for the information of his publisher:—

MY DEAR S.,—

I was born in the year 1764, at Winchelsea, where my father was a grocer and clerk of the church. Everybody in the place was a good deal connected with smuggling.

There used to come to our house a very noble French gentleman, called the *COUNT DE LA MOTTE*, and with him a German, the *BARON DE LUTTERLOH*. My father used to take packages to Ostend and Calais for these two gentlemen, and perhaps I went to Paris once and saw the French queen.

The squire of our town was *SQUIRE WESTON* of the Priory, who, with his brother, kept one of the genteel houses in the country. He was churchwarden of our church, and much respected. Yes, but if you read the *Annual Register* of 1781, you will find, that on the 13th July, the sheriffs attended at the *TOWER OF LONDON* to receive custody of a *De la Motte*, a prisoner charged with high treason. The fact is, this Alsatian nobleman being in difficulties in his own country (where he had commanded the Regiment *Soubise*), came to London, and under pretence of sending prints to France and Ostend, supplied the French Ministers with accounts of the movements of the English fleets and troops. His gobetween was *Lutterloh*, a Brunswicker, who had been a crimping agent, then a servant, who was a spy of France and Mr. Franklin, and who turned king's evidence on *La Motte*, and hanged him.

This *Lutterloh*, who had been a crimping agent for German troops during the American war, then a servant in London during the Gordon riots, then an agent for a spy, then a spy over a spy, I suspect to have been a consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a German accent.

What if he wanted to marry *THAT CHARMING GIRL*, who lived with Mr. Weston, at Winchelsea? Ha! I see a mystery here.

What if this scoundrel, going to receive his pay from the English admiral, with whom he was in communication at Portsmouth, happened to go on board the *Royal George* the day she went down?

As for John and Joseph Weston, of the Priory, I am sorry to say they were rascals too. They were tried for robbing the Bristol mail in 1780; and being acquitted for want of evidence, were tried immediately after on another indictment for forgery—Joseph was acquitted, but George capitally convicted. But this did not help poor Joseph. Before their trials, they and some others broke out of Newgate, and Joseph fired at, and wounded a porter, who tried to stop him, on Snow Hill. For this he was tried and found guilty on the Black Act, and hung along with his brother.

Now, if I was an innocent participator in *De la Motte's* treasons, and the Westons' forgeries and robberies, what pretty scrapes I must have been in?

I married the young woman, whom the brutal *Lutterloh* would have had for himself, and lived happy ever after.

Here, it will be seen, the general idea is very roughly sketched, and the sketch was not in all its parts carried out. Another letter, never sent to its destination, gives a somewhat later account of Denis,—

My grandfather's name was Duval, he was a barber and perruquier by trade, and elder of the French Protestant Church at Winchelsea. I was sent to board with his correspondent, a Methodist grocer, at Rye.

These two kept a fishing-boat, but the fish they caught was many and many a barrel of Nantz brandy, which we landed—never mind where—at a place to us well

known. In the innocence of my heart, I—a child—got leave to go out fishing. We used to go out at night and meet ships from the French coast.

I learned to scuttle a marlinspike,  
reef a lee-scurpper,  
keelhaul a bowsprit

as well as the best of them. How well I remember the jabbering of the Frenchmen the first night as they handed the kegs over to us! One night we were fired into by his Majesty's revenue cutter *Lynx*. I asked what those balls were fizzing in the water, &c.

I wouldn't go on with the smuggling; being converted by Mr. Wesley, who came to preach to us at Rye—but that is neither here nor there . . .

In these letters neither "my mother," nor the Count de Saverne and his unhappy wife appear; while Agnes exists only as "that charming girl." Count de la Motte, the Baron de Lutterloh, and the Westons, seem to have figured foremost in the author's mind: they are historical characters. In the first letter, we are referred to the *Annual Register* for the story of De la Motte and Lutterloh: and this is what we read there,—

*January 5, 1781.*—A gentleman was taken into custody for treasonable practices, named Henry Francis de la Motte, which he bore with the title of baron annexed to it. He has resided in Bond Street, at a Mr. Otley's, a woollen draper, for some time.

When he was going up stairs at the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland Row, he dropped several papers on the staircase, which were immediately discovered by the messenger, and carried in with him to Lord Hillsborough. After his examination, he was committed a close prisoner, for high treason, to the Tower. The papers taken from him are reported to be of the highest importance. Among them, are particular lists of every ship of force in any of our yards and docks, &c. &c.

In consequence of the above papers being found, Henry Lutterloh, Esq., of Wickham, near Portsmouth, was afterwards apprehended and brought to town. The messengers found Mr. Lutterloh ready booted to go a hunting. When he understood their business, he did not discover the least embarrassment, but delivered his keys with the utmost readiness. . . . Mr. Lutterloh is a German, and had lately taken a house at Wickham, within a few miles of Portsmouth; and as he kept a pack of hounds, and was considered as a good companion, he was well received by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

*July 14, 1781.*—Mr. Lutterloh's testimony was of so serious a nature, that the court seemed in a state of astonishment during the whole of his long examination. He said that he embarked in a plot with the prisoner in the year 1778, to furnish the French court with secret intelligence of the Navy; for which, at first, he received only eight guineas a month; the importance of his information appeared, however, so clear to the prisoner, that he shortly after allowed him fifty guineas a month, besides many valuable gifts; that, upon any emergency, he came post to town to M. de la Motte, but common occurrences, relative to their treaty, he sent by the post. He identified the papers found in his garden, and the seals, he said, were M. de la Motte's, and well known in France. He had been to Paris by direction of the prisoner, and was closeted with Monsieur Sartine, the French Minister. He had formed a plan for capturing Governor Johnstone's squadron, for which he demanded 8,000 guineas, and a third share of the ships, to be divided amongst the prisoner, himself, and his friend in a certain office, but the French court would not agree to yielding more than an eighth share of the squadron. After agreeing to enable the French to take the commodore, he went to Sir Hugh Palliser and offered a plan to take the French, and to defeat his original project with which he had furnished the French court.



The trial lasted for thirteen hours, when the jury, after a short deliberation, pronounced the prisoner guilty, when sentence was immediately passed upon him; the prisoner received the awful doom (he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered), with great composure, but inveighed against Mr. Lutterloh in warm terms. . . . His behaviour throughout the whole of this trying scene exhibited a combination of manliness, steadiness, and presence of mind. He appeared, at the same time, polite, condescending, and unaffected, and, we presume, could never have stood so firm and collected at so awful a moment, if, when he felt himself fully convicted as a traitor to the State which gave him protection, he had not, however mistakenly, felt a conscious innocence within his own breast that he had devoted his life to the service of his country. . . .

M. de la Motte was about five feet ten inches in height, fifty years of age, and of a comely countenance; his deportment was exceedingly genteel, and his eye was expressive of strong penetration. He wore a white cloth coat and a linen waistcoat worked in tambour.—*Annual Register*, vol. xxiv., p. 184.

It is not improbable that from this narrative of a trial for high treason in 1781 the whole story radiated. These are the very men whom we have seen in Thackeray's pages; and it is a fine test of his insight and power to compare them as they lie embalmed in the *Annual Register*, and as they breathe again in "Denis Duval." The part they were to have played in the story is already intelligible, all but the way in which they were to have confused the lives of Denis and his love. "'At least, Duval,' De la Motte said to me when I shook hands with him and with all my heart forgave him, 'mad and reckless as I have been and fatal to all whom I loved, I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort when I myself was almost without a meal.'" What was the injury which Denis forgave with all his heart? Fatal to all whom he loved, there are evidences that De la Motte was to have urged Lutterloh's pretensions to Agnes: whose story at this period we find inscribed in the note-book in one word—"Henriette Iphigenia." For Agnes was christened Henriette originally, and Denis was called Blaise.\*

As for M. Lutterloh, "that consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a German accent"—having hanged De la Motte, while confessing that he had made a solemn engagement with him never to betray each other, and then immediately laying a wager that De la Motte *would* be hanged, having broken open a secretaire, and

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\* Among the notes there is a little chronological table of events as they occur—

Blaise, born, 1763.

Henriette de Barr was born in 1766-7

Her father went to Corsica, '68.

Mother fled, '68.

Father killed at B., '69.

Mother died, '70.

Blaise turned out, '79.

Henriette Iφιγεια, '81.

La Motte's catastrophe, '82.

Rodney's action, '82.

distinguished himself in various other ways—he seems to have gone to Winchelsea, where it was easy for him to threaten or cajole the Westons into trying to force Agnes into his arms. She was living with these people, and we know how they discountenanced her faithful affection for Denis. Overwrought by the importunities of Lutterloh and the Westons, she escaped to Dr. Barnard for protection; and soon unexpected help arrived. The De Viomesnils, her mother's relations, became suddenly convinced of the innocence of the countess. Perhaps (and when we say perhaps, we repeat such hints of his plans as Mr. Thackeray uttered in conversation at his fireside) they knew of certain heritages to which Agnes would be entitled were her mother absolved: at any rate, they had reasons of their own for claiming her at this opportune moment—as they did. Agnes takes Dr. Barnard's advice and goes off to these prosperous relations, who, having neglected her so long, desire her so much. Perhaps Denis was thinking of the sad hour when he came home, long years afterward, to find his sweetheart gone, when he wrote:—"O Agnes, Agnes! how the years roll away! What strange events have befallen us; what passionate griefs have we had to suffer: what a merciful heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little cot, in which his child lay sleeping!"

At the time she goes home to France, Denis is far away fighting on board the *Arethusa*, under his old captain, Sir Richard Pearson, who commanded the *Serapis* in the action with Paul Jones. Denis was wounded early in this fight, in which Pearson had to strike his own colours, almost every man on board being killed or hurt. Of Pearson's career, which Denis must have followed in after days, there is more than one memorandum in Mr. Thackeray's note-book.

*Serapis*, R. Pearson. *Beatson's Memoirs*.

*Gentleman's Magazine*, 49, pp. 484. Account of action with Paul Jones, 1779.

*Gentleman's Magazine*, 502, pp. 84. Pearson knighted, 1780.

Commanded the *Arethusa* off Ushant, 1781, } "Field of Mars,"  
in Kempenfeldt's action. } art. Ushant.

and then follows the question,—

*Qy.* How did Pearson get away from Paul Jones?

But before that is answered we will quote "the story of the disaster" as Sir Richard tells it, "in words nobler than any I could supply:" and, indeed, Mr. Thackeray seems to have thought much of the letter to the Admiralty-Office, and to have found Pearson's character in it.

After some preliminary fighting—

We dropt alongside of each other, head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close, fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half-past eight till half-past ten; during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matter which they threw in upon our decks, chains, and, in short, every

part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times, that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us the whole action and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks.

About half-past nine, a cartridge of powder was set on fire, which, running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the mainmast. . . . At ten o'clock they called for quarter from the ship alongside; hearing this, I called for the boarders and ordered them to board her, which they did; but the moment they were on board her, they discovered a superior number laying under cover with pikes in their hands ready to receive them; our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns till past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and, in short, impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success. I therefore struck. Our mainmast at the same time went by the board. . . .

I am extremely sorry for the misfortune that has happened—that of losing His Majesty's ship I had the honour to command; but, at the same time, I flatter myself with the hopes that their lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away, but that on the contrary every exertion has been used to defend her.

The *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, after drifting about in the North Sea, were brought into the Texel by Paul Jones; when Sir Joseph Yorke, our ambassador at the Hague, memorialized their high mightinesses the States-General of the Low Countries, requesting that these prizes might be given up. Their high mightinesses refused to interfere.

Of course the fate of the *Serapis* was Denis's fate; and the question also is, how did *he* get away from Paul Jones? A note written immediately after the query suggests a hair-breadth escape for him after a double imprisonment.

Some sailors are lately arrived from Amsterdam on board the *Latitia*, Captain March. They were taken out of the hold of a Dutch East Indiaman by the captain of the *Kingston* privateer, who, having lost some of his people, gained some information of their fate from a music-girl, and had spirit enough to board the ship and search her. The poor wretches were all chained down in the hold, and but for this would have been carried to perpetual slavery.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 50, pp. 101.

Do we see how truth and fiction was to have been married here? Suppose that Denis Duval, escaping from one imprisonment in Holland, fell into the snares of Dutch East Indiamen, or was kidnapped with the men of the *Kingston* privateer? Denis chained down in the hold, thinking one moment of Agnes and the garden wall, which alone was too much to separate them, and at the next moment of how he was now to be carried to perpetual slavery, beyond hope. And then the music-girl; and the cheer of the *Kingston's* men as they burst into the hold and set the prisoners free. It is easy to imagine what those chapters would have been like.

At liberty, Denis was still kept at sea, where he did not rise to the

heroic in a day, but progressed through all the commonplace duties of a young seaman's life, which we find noted down accordingly:—

He must serve two years on board before he can be rated midshipman. Such volunteers are mostly put under the care of the gunner, who caters for them; and are permitted to walk the quarter-deck and wear the uniform from the beginning. When fifteen and rated midshipmen, they form a mess with the mates. When examined for their commissions they are expected to know everything relative to navigation and seamanship, are strictly examined in the different sailings, working tides, days' works, and double altitudes—and are expected to give some account of the different methods of finding the longitudes by a time-keeper and the lunar observations. In practical seamanship they must show how to conduct a ship from one place to another under every disadvantage of wind, tide, &c. After this, the candidate obtains a certificate from the captain, and his commission when he can get it.

Another note describes a personage whose acquaintance we have missed:—

A seaman of the old school, whose hand was more familiar with the tar-brush than with Hadley's quadrant, who had peeped into the mysteries of navigation as laid down by J. Hamilton Moore, and who acquired an idea of the rattletraps and rigging of a ship through the famous illustrations which adorn the pages of Darcy Lever.

Denis was a seaman in stirring times. "The year of which we treat," says the *Annual Register* for 1779, "presented the most awful appearance of public affairs which perhaps this country had beheld for many ages;" and Duval had part in more than one of the startling events which succeeded each other so rapidly in the wars with France and America and Spain. He was destined to come into contact with Major André, whose fate excited extraordinary sympathy at the time: Washington is said to have shed tears when he signed his death-warrant. It was on the 2nd of October, 1780, that this young officer was executed. A year later, and Denis was to witness the trial and execution of one whom he knew better and was more deeply interested in, De la Motte. The courage and nobleness with which he met his fate moved the sympathy of Duval, whom he had injured, as well as of most of those who saw him die. Denis has written concerning him:—"Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first *gentleman* I ever met in intimacy, a gentleman with many a stain,—nay, crime to reproach him, but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling towards that fatal man."

Lutterloh's time had not yet come; but besides that we find him disposed of with the *Royal George* in the first-quoted letter, an entry in the note-book unites the fate of the bad man with that of the good ship.\*

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\* Contemporary accounts of the foundering of the *Royal George* represent her crowded with people from the shore. We have seen how Lutterloh was among these, having come on board to receive the price of his treason.

Meanwhile, the memorandum "Rodney's action, 1782," indicates that Duval was to take part in our victory over the French fleet commanded by the Count de Grasse, who was himself captured with the *Ville de Paris* and four other ships. "De Grasse with his suite landed on Southsea Common, Portsmouth. They were conducted in carriages to the *George*, where a most sumptuous dinner had been procured for the count and his suite, by Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, who entertained him and his officers at his own expense." Here also was something for Denis to see; and in this same autumn came on the trial of the two Westons, when Denis was to be the means—unconsciously—of bringing his old enemy, Joseph Weston, to punishment. There are two notes to this effect.

1782-3. Jo. Weston, always savage against Blaise, fires on him in Cheapside.

*The Black Act* is 9 George II, c. 22. The preamble says:—Whereas several ill-designing and disorderly persons have associated themselves under the name of Blacks, and entered into confederacies to support and assist one another in stealing and destroying deer, robbing warrens and fish-ponds . . . . It then goes on to enact that if any person or persons shall wilfully or maliciously shoot at any person in any dwelling-house or other place, he shall suffer death as in cases of felony without benefit of the clergy.

A Joseph Weston was actually found guilty under the Black Act, of firing at and wounding a man on Snow Hill, and was hanged with his brother. Mr. Thackeray's note-book refers him to "The Westons in 'Sessions Papers,' 1782, pp. 463, 470, 473," to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1782, to "Genuine Memoirs of George and Joseph Weston, 1782," and *Notes and Queries*, Series I. vol. x.\*

The next notes (in order of time) concern a certain very disinterested action of Duval's:—

#### *Deal Riots, 1783.*

DEAL.—Here has been a great scene of confusion, by a party of Colonel Douglas's Light Dragoons, sixty in number, who entered the town in the dead of the night in aid to the excise officers, in order to break open the stores and make seizures: but the smugglers, who are never unprepared, having taken the alarm mustered together, and a most desperate battle ensued.

Now old Duval, the perruquier, as we know, belonged to the great Mackerel party, or smuggling conspiracy, which extended all along the coast; and frequent allusion has been made to his secret stores, and to the profits of his so-called *fishing* expeditions. Remembering what has been written of this gentleman, we can easily imagine the falsehoods, tears, lying asseverations of poverty and innocence which old Duval must

\* These notes also appear in the same connection:—

"*Horse-Stealers.*" One Saunders was committed to Oxford gaol for horse-stealing, who appears to have belonged to a gang, part of whom stole horses in the north counties, and the other part in the south, and about the midland counties they used to meet and exchange.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 39, 165.

1783. *Capital Convictions.*—At the Spring Assizes, 1783, 119 prisoners received sentence of Death.

have uttered on the terrible night when the excise officers visited him. But his exclamations were to no purpose, for it is a fact that when Denis saw what was going on, he burst out with the truth, and though he knew it was his own inheritance he was giving up, he led the officers right away to the hoards they were seeking.

His conduct on this occasion Denis has already referred to where he says:—"There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak. . . . Now they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up." And therewith all old Duval's earnings, all Denis's fortune that was to be, vanished; but of course Denis prospered in his profession, and had no need of unlawful gains.\*

But very sad times intervened between Denis and prosperity. He was to be taken prisoner by the French, and to fret many long years away in one of their arsenals. At last the Revolution broke out, and he may have been given up, or—thanks to his foreign tongue and extraction—found means to escape. Perhaps he went in search of Agnes, whom we know he never forgot, and whose great relations were now in trouble; for the Revolution which freed him was terrible to "aristocrats."

This is nearly all the record we have of this part of Denis's life, and of the life which Agnes led while she was away from him. But perhaps it was at this time that Duval saw Marie Antoinette;† perhaps he found Agnes, and helped her to get away; or had Agnes already escaped to England, and was it in the old familiar haunts—Farmer Perreau's *Columbarium*, where the pigeons were that Agnes loved; the rectory garden basking in the autumn evening; the old wall and the pear-tree behind it; the plain from whence they could see the French lights across the Channel; the little twinkling window in a gable of the priory house, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock—that Denis and Agnes first met after their long separation?

However that may have been, we come presently upon a note of "a tailor contracts to supply three superfine suits for 11*l.* 11*s.*

\* Notices of Sussex smuggling (says the note-book) are to be found in vol. x. of *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, 69, 94. Reference is also made to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. viii. pp. 292, 172.

† The following memoranda appear in the note-book:—

"Marie Antoinette was born on the 2nd November, 1755, and her saint's day is the FÊTE DES MORTS.

"In the Corsican expedition the Legion de Lorraine was under the Baron de Viomesnil. He emigrated at the commencement of the Revolution, took an active part in the army of Condé, and in the emigration, returned with Louis XVIII., followed him to Gand, and was made marshal and peer of France after '15.

"Another Vi. went with Rochambeau to America in 1780."

(*Gazetteer and Daily Advertiser*);” and also of a villa at Beckenham, with “four parlours, eight bed-rooms, stables, two acres of garden, and fourteen acres of meadow, let for 70*l.* a year,” which may have been the house the young people first lived in after they were married. Later, they moved to Fareport, where, as we read, the admiral is weighed along with his own pig. But he cannot have given up the service for many years after his marriage, for he writes:—“T’other day when we took over the King of France to Calais (H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs have a post-chaise from Dover to look at that old window in the priory house at Winchelsea. I went through the old wars, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as vehemently after forty years as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy.”

“And who, pray, was Agnes?” he writes elsewhere. “To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her—to win such a prize in life’s lottery has been given but to very few. What I have done—of any worth—has been done by trying to deserve her.” . . . “*Monsieur mon fils*,—(this is to his boy)—if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, ‘I loved him,’ when the daisies cover me.” Once more of Agnes he writes:—“When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o’clock prayers shall toll for a certain D. D. ; you will please, good neighbours, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when her turn shall arrive.”

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## The Red Shirt in Calabria.

As the last boat pushed off from the Calabrian shore, I obeyed the commander's orders by forming the soldiers, who maintained perfect silence, into three columns. Above our heads on the nearest mountain slope towered the fort of Altafumara, which seemed to me already in our possession. When I joined the commander he told me that the promised guides had not made their appearance. "What shall we do?" I asked. "Do without," he replied.

Placing myself at the head of the fifty men who composed the right wing, we ascended the dry bed of the torrent of Altafumara, the bright white stones guiding our steps amid the deepening gloom. As we reached the high road, I arranged my men as skirmishers, in order to have a better chance of gaining the fort unperceived. We were soon overtaken by a carriage drawn by three horses; the occupants, whom I ordered to dismount, were evidently puzzled at our accent, and trembled when they found that we were armed:

"Whence do you come?" I asked.

"From Reggio, and we are bound for Scylla; we are townsfolk."

"Fear nothing! we will not harm you, but you must come with us for a time."

"Signori! We are honest-folk; we are going to Scylla on business of our own."

"If you belong to Reggio you must be acquainted with these districts?"

"I am," said the youngest of the group. "I am a sportsman; I know every inch of the ground."

"Then come with us for half an hour."

"Signore!" cried another of the party, "this is my only son; have pity on me! I also know this district; let me come in his stead."

"Come both of you," I answered, "and without loss of time. Will any one give me a cigar?"

"I will," they replied in a breath. One lit a match, and in the flickering light the red shirt was recognized. "Ah!" they exclaimed, drawing a long breath of relief, "you are Garibaldians. How many have landed? Is Garibaldi with you?" and showers of kisses on my hands and face were interspersed with the questions.

"Signore," said one of them, "scarcely ten minutes since we passed a battalion of Bourbonites going to Scylla to relieve the garrison."

Despatching a messenger to the commander with these important tidings, I inquired how many royal troops occupied the coast line between Scylla and Reggio.

"Fourteen thousand! How many Garibaldians have landed?"



"Our name is legion," I replied.

At this juncture a volley of musketry, followed by a cannon shot, was heard in the direction of the fort.

"You can continue the journey," I said to the occupants of the carriage; "these two," pointing to the father and son, "will be our guides."

We are discovered, I thought to myself; our enterprise has failed. Nothing remains now but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. I continued our march towards the fort, so as not to deviate from the instructions received, but in an oblique line, in hope of joining the remainder of our band, exposed to serious danger, shut in between the fort and the sea. We soon encountered a patrol of royalists, dispersed them with the bayonet, and took two prisoners; and this skirmish was hardly over when I heard the tramp of armed men along the torrent's bed. Ordering my soldiers not to fire, we advanced with a—"Chi va là?"—"Calabria!"—"Messina!" I replied. These were our watchwords.

"What's in the wind?" I asked of Major Miss, for it was he at the head of the "Guides" detached for the occasion from the General's own body-guard.

"We came to surprise the enemy, and the enemy has surprised us."

"Where is the rest of the column?"

"Marching in a parallel line with us in order to gain the mountain heights during the night."

"But how did it happen?"

"Happen! The commander is a know-nothing; didn't even know the position of the fort; but the least said the soonest mended. Our left wing had reached the bastions when they stumbled over a patrol, whom they summoned to surrender. The patrol replied with a discharge of musketry; our men charged gallantly with the bayonet, and the patrol fled precipitately into the fort, leaving several dead or wounded on the ground. The garrison fired an alarm gun, and a few moments after, by the beacon-lights, we saw two men-of-war approaching. Nothing remains but to gain the mountains as best we can."

"By concealing ourselves up there," I replied, pointing to the rising ground overhanging the main road, "we might take them by surprise, decimate them with our near fire, disperse them, and in some measure atone for our wretched failure."

"The precise orders are to take up a position on the mountain heights; the utmost we can do is to keep watch on the battalion's march, and protect our comrades in case they have not crossed the road in time. We must seek a guide at the first hut."

"I have two with me."

Placing a few scouts at short distances from the road, we wound for an hour to our left; then, when we had ascertained that our comrades had out-distanced the enemy's battalion, we followed the bed of the torrent, and continued our ascent by rocky and almost inaccessible paths, climbing up perpendicular juts sometimes ten feet high. If the darkness and the

exaggerated idea which, as we afterwards learned, the enemy had of our numbers had not deterred them from pursuit, we should have been inevitably cut to pieces. How we regretted the absence of the scaling-ladders which we had left behind when all hopes of surprising the fort were abandoned! In order to gain some of the rocky heights we were obliged to mount on each other's shoulders; then lower a musket to the last man, which he seized with both hands, and, pressing his feet against the slippery sides of the perpendicular wall, managed to struggle upwards until he came within reach of our grasp. Ready to drop with fatigue, the sweat running from us in rivulets, we followed the chamois paths throughout the night. Gloomy at our failure (we who were so used to victory) and grieved to think of Garibaldi's vexation, we were nevertheless frequently enlivened by the sallies of the soldiers, many of whom were university students, some having taken their degree.

"A hut! a hut!" shouted the first man who had gained the top of one of our most dangerous ascents, and the hope of finding water to drink quickened the movements of the rest. Suddenly a gun-shot echoed from hill to hill. Instinctively each man seized his musket. "It's nothing," said a soldier in Venetian dialect, "my gun's gone off and the shot has pierced my hand;" and in truth the palm was perforated by the bullet. We bound it up with our handkerchiefs and led him to the hut. The only doctor who had accompanied us was with the commander; so we dressed the wound as best we could, and the brave lad continued his disastrous march as if nothing had happened.

A small iron lamp sent flickerings of lurid light across the low-ceiled room of the hut, the atmosphere of which was impregnated with soot. Neither our words, nor the care we took to soften our voices, availed to pacify a woman and a girl coiled up on a heap of dirty straw in a corner, when they learned that it was our intention to take the husband and father as our guide to the mountain heights—hoping that an inhabitant of the district would lead us by easier paths than those known to our Reggian sportsman. We tried to excite their womanly compassion for our wounded comrade, we poured some pieces of silver into the wife's lap, we told her that we were Garibaldians come to free Calabria from the royal troops. It was all in vain; the convulsive sobs increased. Garibaldi was a personage and liberty an idea unknown to the inmates of that hovel. The appearance of such strange visitors all armed, in that hitherto inviolate solitude and at that hour of the night, had deprived them of all sensation save that of terror.

Finding that his dogged refusal to accompany us was followed by menaces on our part, the shepherd at last decided to get up and dress himself. First, he hauled on a pair of old fustian breeches which just reached below the knee, then fastened on a pair of sandals fashioned to a point and tied at the instep: both vamp and sole were made of goatskin, so that he walked as noiselessly as if he wore the shoes of Sleep. Placing on his head a cone-shaped hat of rusty black cloth, ornamented with

streamers of narrow velvet, he tucked a short jacket under his arm, and, his toilette completed, bade adieu to his wife and child, who clung to one another with the convulsive gestures of despair.

The shepherd led us by easier paths towards the mountain peak which we were bent on reaching, and which, as the sky cleared, we saw before us in the dim moonlight during two full hours of uninterrupted march. At our feet rose the lighthouse of Charybdis, beyond lay a long luminous strip of land which we knew to be Messina, and further still arose a colossal pyramid on which heaven's archway seemed to rest, and that was Etna. The night breeze, the rarefied air, the sight of the horizon, refreshed our failing strength; we marched briskly, as we were without the *impedimenta* of ambulance, provision, and ammunition trains, knapsacks or overcoats. Counting on a four hours' expedition, the soldiers had been ordered to leave all such encumbrances at the Faro; and now we found ourselves launched into the great unknown with twenty cartridges apiece—without rations, without cigars!

In reply to our reiterated questions our taciturn guide informed us that we were in Aspromonte; that for miles around the mountains were deserted; that the soil produced corn and potatoes; that the peasants came from the coast and from remote hamlets at seed and harvest time; and that the crops for the year were gathered in. Of these enlivening tidings the soldiers made the rarest fun, and towards dawn we gained the summit of the peak, when what was our astonishment as an interminable plateau spread out before our eyes, while in the far-off distance we descried a gigantic mountain towering to the skies. Seeing a hayrick near at hand we dismissed our guide, hastened towards it and sank exhausted on the ground; but the bitter cutting wind so froze our vitals that our teeth chattered in our very sleep.

Waking to discuss the necessity of a foraging expedition, we noted a horseman making towards us across the fields of stubble, and waving his hat as in token of recognition. Presently two mules, heavily laden, appeared in his track.

"I smell the animal fluid of ham," cried a soldier.

"And I the vegetable fluid of bread."

"And I see two barrels," said the major, using his spy-glass.

At this announcement a sweetly modulated flute sounded the notes of Ernani's drinking song:—

Beviam, beviam.

"A flute!" I exclaimed, looking round in surprise.

"It belongs to a young volunteer from Bergamo; he is the Orpheus of our expedition. He fights and marches with his flute in his pocket," said a soldier near.

The drinking song was followed by a polka. Blending their voices in a masterly accompaniment, several of our men produced a perfect imitation of violins and counterbass; the soldiers seized each other round the waist,

and danced like mad. We resembled a company of *virtuosi* at a country festival rather than a handful of militant patriots launched into the midst of a hostile army, divided from our own people by a series of fortifications by the sea and the enemy's fleet. The Ionian and the Tyrrhenian Sea kissed the Sicilian shores with their purple waves; the island, veiled in a mist of golden light, seemed to tremble in that mysterious embrace; the murmur of the pine forests which clothed the distant mountain slopes, echoing across the plain, gave tone and colour to the idyll. Meanwhile, the horseman drew near, and we rushed towards him with questions and glad welcome.

"In the night," he said, "the news of your landing reached Reggio, and learning your whereabouts, the secret committee sent me to tell you that you will be joined by bands of Calabrians. Six mules laden with provisions were despatched; four, alas! have fallen into the enemy's clutches, but they will now be replaced."

Major Miss and myself then drew our visitor aside, in order to gain a clear idea of our situation. He informed us that the country awaited Garibaldi with the utmost anxiety, that the populations were prepared to second his enterprise; that the Bourbon constitution had been hailed with contempt and derision; that any compromise with the reigning family was henceforward impossible; that the troops were faithful to their flag, and, despite their reverses in Sicily, would fight for their king to the last; that, besides the fifteen battalions echeloned along the coast, ten battalions occupied the strategic positions of Mileto, and would impede our entrance into Upper Calabria with numbers three times superior.

"Oh, that we will leave to Garibaldi," said the major; "he possesses the secret of conquering the many with the few—of storming fortresses without any help from cannon, as he did at Milazzo."

Concerning himself our visitor informed us that his name was G——, that he had been an exile for thirteen years, and had returned clandestinely to Calabria, to assist the revolutionary preparations. "Garibaldi," he said, "will be content with my native province." He then offered to cross the straits and convey our letters to the Dictator. We possessed a pencil, but no paper, and while we were canvassing the soldiers to find some, the mules arrived, and for the moment all thoughts save of appeasing our hunger were suspended.

"Here's paper!" cried the major, unrolling a form of *caciocavallo*.

Taking half, he drew up his report for the Dictator, and on the remainder I wrote to my wife, who I knew would not believe me in the land of the living unless she saw my handwriting.

"*Sans adieu!*" said G——, as he rode away. "I shall return to-morrow with a band of Calabrians."

He had hardly left us when the advanced sentinel of our little camp announced the approach of the commander's corps, and we suspended our repast to share it with our comrades.

By still steeper paths than those which we had trodden they had

gained the plateau, and arrived torn and worn; but the unexpected viands and the fabulous glass of wine distributed to each caused every one to forget the fatigues they had undergone. After breakfast we continued our march across the plain, and our Reggian sportsman led us to a factor's house, situate at the foot of the mountain of St. Angelo, where we took up our quarters. It looked like a castle strongly built around a courtyard; centenary firs encompassed it, temperating the almost tropical heat of August in that southernmost portion of Italy, and affording grateful shelter to our weary column. The commander and his staff ensconced themselves in the peasant's house facing the plateau, consisting of three low-roofed, smoke-blackened rooms; the rest of the edifice was divided into granaries devoid of grain, cellars without wine, haylofts where there was no hay, and stables untroubled by cattle.

The peasants gave us a cordial welcome, ceded their narrow nuptial bed to the commander, and helped us to settle ourselves on the benches or on heaps of straw. The "staff" was numerous, and its component parts worthy of note: one colonel, one major, four captains, one lieutenant, two ensigns. Three months previously, of these nine one was a poet, one a cloth-merchant, one a photographer, one an engineer, one a landed proprietor, one a farmer, one a notary, one a journalist, two were advocates. Nearly all had served as privates in the past wars for Italian independence, and therefore had been exiled or imprisoned; courage and intuition atoned for the utter absence of military science. The failure of the plan for surprising the fort had diminished the authority of the commander, hence he felt the necessity of deciding on our future steps according to the counsels of his staff. In the first sitting, held by the war council of nine on the morning of the 10th August, some proposed to march on Cosensa, and provoke an insurrection in Upper Calabria; others suggested an assault on Reggio; but the proposition that we should await the Calabrian reinforcements, and lay down as our object a series of sudden attacks in various parts of the coast in order to draw the enemy on our track, and so facilitate Garibaldi's landing, obtained a majority of votes. This plan commended itself to our judgment because, by establishing our basis of operations along the mountains of Aspromonte, we could at any moment receive orders from our general. The peasants informed us that we should find sheep, potatoes, and onions in many portions of that immense Alpine group, and limpid springs of water everywhere. Thus the all-important problem of food was resolved.

Before midday we were joined by a certain De L——, at the head of 120 Calabrians, dressed like our shepherd in conical hats, short breeches, and sandals; they were armed with guns, bayonets, and wore in their belts two flint-lock pistols and a knife. On the morrow at dawn another hundred arrived, led by P——, and on the eve of the same day yet another, with G—— at their head. With admiration I gazed on that group of one of the finest types of the human race. They were for the most part peasants from the coast bathed by the Ionian Sea. Of middle

stature, their limbs were vigorous and firmly knit; masses of raven black hair hid a portion of the full square brow, so like the antique statues, and beneath the finely-pencilled, slightly-arched eyebrows, shone the large almond-shaped eyes, a tinge of melancholy veiling the vivacity of the expression; the nose was refined, the tint olive, the lower part of the face almost covered with a massive beard. The head, by no means large, reposed on a Herculean neck, left bare owing to the extreme heat, and a portion of the breast, bare also, was covered with shaggy hair. The ancient race of Magna Græcia seemed here preserved in its integrity. Assuredly two entirely distinct families inhabit the opposite shores of the Straits of Messina: for while in Calabria one notes the Greek graft on the Italian trunk, in Sicily the African graft on the Italian trunk is everywhere visible. In short, the two countries, like the inhabitants, impress one with the idea of two different worlds!

Our council of war was now augmented by three new officers—De L—— of Reggio, and G—— of Catanzaro, who presented themselves with the rank of captain; and P——, from Reggio, who announced himself a colonel. Thus we became a council of twelve.

P—— came to share our fate, and to strengthen our military operations by his political influence: moreover, to surround his name in these heroic times with warlike fame, in order that he might present himself to Garibaldi on his landing as the natural governor of the province, or as head of the National Guard. His political talents would scarcely find scope in the deserted potato-fields, but we felt the practical benefit of his previous labours in several of the neighbouring villages, whence providential mules laden with food and wine reached us from time to time. He was about fifty years of age, quite the gentleman; tall and well-formed, his face and voice were sympathetic; his fluency gained willing listeners; his well-known personal and political relations with Count Cavour, while they diminished his popularity in our camp, where more advanced doctrines prevailed, gave weight and importance to his name and counsel. An exile for many years, versed in political struggles, he had acquired the art of managing the masses, and a dexterous flexibility which avoided discussions: never tiring his hearers with long tirades, from time to time he put forth an idea which he had deduced from a fact, without ever allowing it to be perceived that the idea was the moral of the fable. His presence perturbed the day-dreams of our commander. Both Calabrians, each aspired to supremacy in Calabria; each felt the other a stumbling-block in his path. The commander was a week-old Garibaldian and colonel; but the fact of his having headed the first expedition vexed P——; it was a leaf missing in his laurel crown. It chafed him; for although the attempt had failed, he knew that it gave a perilous renown to his rival.

The commander's exterior was not in his favour; he was a little bony livid man, possessing neither eloquence, military science, nor experience. He presented himself to Garibaldi with the grade of colonel,

affirming that he knew both Calabria and the Calabrians, and possessed friends among the officers of the Altafiumara garrison. His patriotism was proved; his courage taken for granted; his established relations and his influence believed in. This sufficed for the General to nominate him chief of the expedition, for the success of which he mainly trusted to the officers and men placed under him. The failure troubled the commander but little, the fact of encamping in Calabria seemed to suffice him. Some of the soldiers went so far as to say that he had never had any intention of taking the fort, and manifested their disinclination to obey a man whom they had not known previously upon the battle-field. Anxious to distinguish themselves in Garibaldi's eyes by some fact worthy of their past, the inaction of the present became insupportable to them. They wished Colonel Muss to resign his command in favour of Major Miss, the head of the Guides, a valorous and sympathetic officer, beloved by the whole army for his conduct at Milazzo, where, in a hand-to-hand combat, he killed two of the Bourbon officers who had attacked Garibaldi's person. Several members of the council of twelve seconded this desire, and a hot and painful dispute ensued. The Calabrian officers sided with the commander as their countryman, and as a man possessed of influence in the province. P—— himself stood by him as a defender of prudent measures and cautious strategy, whereas he knew into what serious danger the audacious major would be likely to lead him. Finally it was resolved that Colonel Muss, retaining the nominal command, should occupy himself with the political agitation of the provincials, and that Major Miss should assume the military command. A letter from Garibaldi, ordering the commander to act in harmony with the major, decided him to bow to this decision.

These tiresome preliminaries settled, the major, a Calabrian, and myself descended to the shore on mules, in order to explore the situation, strength, and movements of the enemy. Arrived at the height overlooking the fort of Torrecavallo, we saw a battalion of royalists just returned from mass, and hastening to the edge of the promontory, stood within musket range. The sudden apparition of two red shirts in the rear of the fort caused the assembly to be beaten; and after various evolutions we were saluted by a few shots which whistled harmlessly by. This experiment we repeated on various heights;—a portion of the enemy's troops trying to surround us, while others were placed as skirmishers. Believing that we were preparing an assault in large numbers, a defensive attitude was taken up for miles along the coast.

Towards evening we rejoined our comrades, and, breaking up the camp of St. Angelo, marched across Aspromonte in a north-westerly direction, and, ascending ever, reached at dawn the plateau of the Forestali, whence rises the loftiest peak of that gigantic group. This was the theatre of the tragedy enacted two years later in the self-same month of August. In an unfinished and deserted house called *dei Forestali*, we took up our quarters: it is situated precisely where

the picturesque peak rises from the level plain. Bright, pure water, flowing in perennial springs, everywhere abounds. Having slaked my thirst, I lay me down to sleep, but after a few hours of feverish torpor I started up, bewildered, anxious only to escape from that horrible house. Thousands of insects were walking over my body, and biting me without mercy; they seemed ants to the touch, but no! they were fleas of enormous dimensions. I ran to the brook, undressed myself, and drowned the impertinent intruders; then following the stream until it enlarged to a lake, I plunged in and enjoyed that luxury of luxuries—a cold bath. For five days no comb my hair had known, no water had refreshed my face, nor had my shirt been changed; though a pair of primrose kid gloves which I had found in my pocket had preserved my hands and nails tolerably clean. And now on issuing from my bath I remembered that I had no towels, and must e'en dry myself in the sun. This feat accomplished, I found a soft bed of leaves barren in the autumn, and beneath the shelter of a grand old oak I slept a dreamless sleep. When I woke I was sufficiently refreshed to enjoy the grandeur of the scene around me. Oaks and pines and firs grouped in curious masses the diverse greenery, the different structure forming a wonderful combination of lines and colour—robustness and antiquity being the only qualities in common. The groups being separated one from the other, the light that fell between them gave a transparency to these giant forms which rendered them both light and graceful; chestnut, walnut, and minor trees rose up between the groups, and the paths and soft greensward beneath seemed the work of art rather than of nature. Situate but a few steps from the rising summit, the soft temperature of spring was abruptly divided from African heat, but in the night the cold was intense; in short, the sun baked us, and the stars set our teeth chattering. The plain forms a circle of many miles radius, and lies above Torrecavallo, Scylla, and Bagnara. At wide intervals a few huts and sheep-folds broke the strange monotony of the scene; the only point visible on the horizon was Etna's purple cone. It was impossible, even in the hazardous project which absorbed us; not to be at times subdued by a mighty awe.

Rumours had reached the enemy that 3,000 Calabrians had joined us, and numerous patrols were sent as far as St. Angelo to reconnoitre, while two battalions were removed from Torrecavallo and St. Giovanni, and stationed along the heights. It seems that the peasants at the Fattoria had overheard the proposition of some of our number to assault Reggio, and interrogated by the enemy, had assured him that such was our intention. Indeed, on leaving St. Angelo, we had set our faces towards Reggio, but in the night had made a rear front move, and reached the Forestali.

A sudden assault on Bagnara was now proposed in the council of twelve. P—— resolutely opposed the project, affirming that in Bagnara alone there were 3,000 men, that the troops from Scylla would menace our flank, and that nothing would be easier than for the royalists to surround us from St. Angelo, and cut off our retreat upon the Forestali. He maintained



that by manœuvring along the heights we should carry out our original plan of drawing regiments on our track and ungarrisoning the shore, and that in the meantime fresh bands of Calabrians would come to our aid.

“Signor P——,” replied the major, “we are not used to count our foes. The thousand of Marsala were victors at Calatafimi, and such as were left of them stormed Palermo. We are consecrated unto death, and we mean to die worthily; if you and your followers decline to accompany us, we shall go alone.”

The partisans of the audacious project were in a majority, and the assault on Bagnara was resolved on. P—— having emptied his wallet of objections, turned to us and said,—“When I look at or listen to you brave boys, I adore you! but you are mad! Nevertheless, I shall follow where you lead.”

At midnight we set out on our march across the plain, and commenced the descent by paths hitherto untrodden by human foot. The moon courteously illumined the way, but down those steep declivities we rattled over more ground than we touched with our feet. A roar of laughter at every tumble kept the column in good humour, and enlivened a march of ten consecutive hours. The Calabrians never laughed. Owing to their goat-skin sandals they kept on their legs better than we did; moreover, the joviality and thoughtless gaiety which characterize the Italians of the North—especially the Venetians—form a strange contrast with the sad seriousness of the inhabitants of Southern Italy.

As we reached the spur which separates the slopes of Bagnara from those of Scylla, we stationed 300 Calabrians on the crest, under the command of the soldier-poet of the staff, in order to protect our left flank. Olive and lemon groves and vineyards, studding the luxuriant slope, soon assured us that we had gained an inhabited district; the sight of the azure sea, of Sicily; of the Liparian Isles, which owing to the wondrous purity of the atmosphere seemed close to us, and, above all, the finding a decent-looking inn, put us in the highest spirits. Our soldiers seated themselves under the festooned vines, and merrily plucked clusters of *zibibio*. As the staff advanced to the inn, the host met us at the threshold, hat in hand, with a double-barrelled gun upon his shoulder.

“Excellencies!” he said, his face beaming a welcome. “Viva l’Italia! Viva Garibaldi! I offer myself as your guide, and meanwhile make yourselves at home.” Over his shoulder two bright blue eyes gazed on us with girlish curiosity. “This is my daughter,” said the host, moving aside, “she will have the honour of waiting on you. She is dressed in her holiday costume, because she is a Garibaldian.”

“Gua!” I exclaimed, as a fair beautiful maiden of seventeen came forward and saluted us with easy grace, “here we have Andrea del Sarto’s Madonna del Sacco.” Whoever has visited the cloisters of the Annunziata, in Florence, will remember the wondrous frescoes of Andrea, and the gentle head of the Virgin, somewhat more human than Raphael’s Madonnas, yet more divine than Murillo’s; the Calabrian virgin might have sat for that

picture. A fourfold square of coffee-coloured cloth, bordered with golden fringe, covered her head and descended to her shoulders; over a white muslin dress she wore an elegant tunic of crimson stuff, somewhat shorter than her dress; a body of the same material, richly embroidered, especially above the elbow and at the border of the bell-shaped sleeves, was laced across her bosom, and rose gracefully on the shoulders, leaving bare her lovely neck adorned with four rows of pale coral.

The sight of such refined and delicate beauty took us all by surprise, and I could not help asking our host where he had found such a rare pearl.

"Her mother," he answered, "was of gentle blood. I was born and bred a servant in her parent's house. They said I was a handsome lad; however that may be, we fell in love, we fled and married clandestinely. Her parents disowned my wife, but we lived happily in our poverty. She died but two years since, and now my gains and my life are consecrated to Luisa. She has never served any one, as I mean her to marry well."

"When the war is finished," I replied, "some young Garibaldian will claim her for his bride, I expect, and I hope I shall be accepted as *compare*."

"Eccellenza," said the host, "I kiss your hand."

The maiden meanwhile had deftly spread our table beneath the shady porch, and now the host busied himself with the frying-pan I could not take my eyes off Luisa's tiny white hands, which a duchess might have envied, as she poured out the wine. When the baskets of bread and sausage and the flasks of wine which her father had sent for to the near village of Solano arrived, she passed along our whole line, dispensing food and enthusiasm.

We resumed our march at midday. The town seemed within gunshot. Along the shore we descried a line of boats, the inhabitants hurrying to and fro, bands of soldiers here and there. A man-of-war from Scylla anchored at a short distance from the beach, and a boat went off either to convey or receive despatches. No sign that the enemy suspected our vicinity was visible, but it would be difficult to avoid the spy-glasses from the steamer. Ordering the men to unfix their bayonets and trail their muskets, we advanced silently for half an hour, gliding behind trees, hedges, and vines—Bagnara seeming further off at every step. Suddenly we came on a rocky perpendicular descent, and were compelled literally to slide down a path hewed out in unequal steps, each fifty feet in depth. This difficulty surmounted, we reached vineyards and olive terraces, and going straight ahead, at half-past one stood right above Bagnara. I commanded the avant-guard, composed of skirmishers from Bounet's battalion, and on reaching the entrance of the chief street, a puerile desire to fire the first shot made me snatch a musket from the hands of the nearest soldier and gratify my caprice. A sharp exchange of shots ensued; an assault which seemed to come from the clouds spread

terror and confusion everywhere. The frantic shrieks of the inhabitants were painful to hear, as they rushed down to the sea-shore to seek refuge in the fishing boats. It is quite impossible to describe the panic that seized the Bourbonites for the first few minutes, but they numbered 3,000 men, and speedily recovered their self-possession. The assembly sounded, and in half-an-hour various companies of infantry closed in on us from different directions, but after a sharp fire we succeeded in repulsing them all. Meanwhile, from the upper portion of the town we noted a rapid movement on our right: infantry, cavalry, and mountain howitzers on mule-back were being sent in that direction, in order to cut off our retreat. Under a heavy fire we retraced our steps, carrying off our few wounded. This time I commanded the van, and by the time we reached the rocky staircase, my men had burnt their last cartridge, and the Bergamasco musician, taking out his flute, played *La Bella Gigogin*, an air of doubtful fame, which made much laughter. Baked by the burning sun-rays, how we reached the summit we never knew. The enemy thirsted for an engagement, but leaving the inn to our left we reached Solano ere the Bourbonites could come up and shut us out of that strategic pass, as they had hoped to do. At Solano we ate and drank heartily. I was lodged in the house of a priest, who brought me a smoking plate of macaroni flavoured with tomato sauce, and gave me a clean shirt in change for mine, which looked as if it had been used to clean a painter's palette: still it was of the finest linen, whereas the priest's was only a limp cotton rag.

"It is consecrated," he said, as he handed it to me with a knavish smile.

"And the one you get in exchange will buy you macaroni for the next three months to come," I replied.

But the smell of the wash-tub bore me into a new world; and in an ecstasy of comfort I was falling into slumber on the old-fashioned sofa, when a cry of "the enemy! the enemy!" sounded in my ear. "Come," said the priest, shaking me roughly, "get up and go; don't compromise me in return for my hospitality." I yawned, and left the house to join my companions on the piazza.

As I came up to them, a man rushed to us with outstretched arms; he had neither coat nor hat; his hair was standing on end, his face livid, despairing eyes half starting from his head! It was our host. "My child! my child! they have murdered my child!" was all he could articulate, ere he fell fainting at our feet. A cry of horror rose from the bystanders; the soldiers cursed the fate that had left them without ammunition. I bit my lips and strove to be calm, but the tears filled my eyes. A bucket of water brought the wretched father to his senses all too soon; then, in broken sentences, he told his tale:—It seemed that 1,500 men, proceeding by forced marches to Solano, in order to surround us, had halted at the inn, and threatened the young girl with death for having given food and shelter to Garibaldians; but offered her life in exchange for her honour. The father, who tried to defend her, was seized

and bound, and the awful tragedy was enacted before his eyes. The girl seized a kitchen knife, and vowed to stab whoever approached. A sergeant dexterously wrested it from her grasp. She struggled to free herself from his embrace, and one of his men wounded her in the face with his bayonet. The sight of her blood seemed to sharpen their savage appetite; they fell on her *en masse*, and despatched her with countless blows. Managing to escape from his captors, the unhappy father had fled on till he came up with us, and when, amid shrieks and sobs, he had completed his tale, there was not a dry eye among us.

Occupying a strong position above Solano, we awaited the enemy for full two hours, but, finding that they had failed in their efforts to surround us, they dare not even approach the town.

From that height my eyes rested on a spectacle such as I have never seen equalled before or since: the Archipelago, Eolio, the Gulf of Gioja, the Straits of Messina, and, at the two extremities of the scene, Etna and Stromboli. What a sea, what mountains, what light, what hues, what memories of races that had disappeared, of civilizations that have passed away. And now the sun, shrouded in a purple mist, rested for a moment on the summit of Stromboli, rising as a lone pyramid from the sea; then, flushing the eastern sky with tints ineffably beautiful, slowly faded from our sight. That magic sunset and the image of Luisa, whom at midday I had seen so radiant, so full of hope and promise, and who was now a corpse in her desecrated home, mingled unconsciously in my thoughts, as, with melancholy steps, I retraced the path to the Forestali. After six hours' march we gained the plateau, and, in the direction of the house, descried a light, which increased in brilliancy as we approached.

Thinking that the enemy had pushed on from St. Angelo we halted in order to dispose our columns to the best advantage. But two-and-twenty hours' march had exhausted their strength; hardly had they halted when numbers sank down asleep upon the stubble fields. The Calabrians, who had performed but two-thirds of the route, were fresh and strong, so we placed them in front to guard our camp during the hour of repose granted, and then, with the utmost difficulty, induced them to part with five of the fifty cartridges with which they were each supplied, to be distributed among such of our men as had used up their own. Executing a flank movement, in order to reach the slope of the mountain, we sent out skirmishers towards the light, which was evidently a camp-fire. They returned with the news that fifty Calabrians were awaiting us, and that they had prepared a supper of ham, wine and bread, and on hastening up we found them seated round a blazing fire which they had lighted near the house. We ate merrily and drank an extra glass of wine in honour of our new comrades, who assumed the watch for the rest of the night, while we slept peacefully till the morning. The impossibility of transporting our wounded up those fearful steepes had compelled us to leave them at Solano; the enemy took them prisoners after our departure, but treated them kindly, as we had several of their soldiers prisoners in our

hands. A messenger sent by a patrol from Solano told us that they had been conveyed to Reggio.

"Before the month is over we shall go and release them," said Major Miss. A rapid smile of incredulity flitted over the astute face of the mountaineer. The same sentiment rendered the Bourbon prisoners deaf to our revolutionary propaganda. In vain I set myself to instil into their minds the religion of an Italian fatherland—offering them their liberty and holding out the prospect of a glorious future. Compelled to follow all our movements, to share our perils and fatigues, we never succeeded in gaining the slightest hint as to the enemy's movements, since to all our questions their invariable reply was—*Non saccio*.

The mountaineer not daring to throw doubt on the major's assertion, nor choosing to carry adulation to the point of pretending to believe what he deemed absurd, made no reply, but handed over a box of medicines and a bag of lint and bandages which we had ordered and paid for at Solano. Now for the first time the wounded hand of the Venetian, who had kept up with Spartan courage, was properly dressed; the quinine cured some half dozen down with tertian fever, but *lacryma Christi* and beefsteaks alone could restore the exhausted strength of more than a dozen literally fainting from fatigue. A steaming soup made of ham-broth went far towards reviving the whole company, and the rest of the morning they spent along the side of the stream to which they had given the name of Jordan, some bathing, others washing their garments and drying them in the sun.

The council of twelve meanwhile held serious confabulation anent our situation. It was the seventh day since our landing in Calabria; comparatively few insurgents had joined us; no tidings of Garibaldi had reached us; the last letter from the Reggian committee was discouraging; provisions were uncertain, since the laden mules were almost always seized by the enemy; our ammunition was exhausted.

"Let us force our way into Upper Calabria," proposed Captain S—, just returned from one of his daily excursions to the outposts. The outposts were his *idée fixe*, and when the rest of the staff, after a long day's march, sank down overcome with fatigue, he cheerfully went on his way some seven or eight miles among the mountains in order to reconnoitre and post the sentinels. Born in the Abruzzi, he partook of the iron nature of his *compatriots*, the bears. "Let us now reach the district of Cosenza," he continued. "The brave population will rise at our approach, and we shall be able to offer Garibaldi a beach whereon to land, with an entire province as a basis for his continental operations. What can we hope by remaining in these deserted forests, these mountains and these precipices? Here, Cadmus-like, we may sow our teeth behind us, but we shall not reap patriots for our pains. If the enemy possess an ounce of common sense, with the aid of a few patrols he will cut off our supplies, and without conceding us the honour of a battle, force us to surrender within five days, or to strew this Calvary with our corpses."

The emphasis, the mixture of mythological and biblical allusions, the Abruzzio accent, the *crescendo* of the voice, the half comic face of the orator, the map of the world traced in sweat on the back of his brown holland tunic—a “Miga mal,” in Bergamasco from “our favourite” Nullo, who as usual stood gravely looking on, twirling his long moustache, and a “Bravo Cadmus!” from Major Miss, sent us off into a roar of laughter, in which the valorous and sympathetic Abruzzio heartily joined. But Colonel Muss, commander *in partibus*, arose and said,—“Wiser than you seem to think it, gentlemen, is the proposal of Captain S——. The expedition to the district of Cosenza will not prove less difficult or dangerous than our sojourn in Aspromonte—hence it might satisfy your appetites for glory; here we have neither ammunition nor chance of obtaining it, so you cannot gratify your desire for fighting. Born in the province of Cosenza, my relations, friends, and followers are numerous, and I may affirm without boasting that my name is very popular there! There the populations will respond to our appeal, here our mission is fulfilled, and seven days have passed since we have received tidings of the Dictator.”

Colonel P——, who while he blamed our daring enterprises à la Bagnara, relished still less the idea of seeing his rival borne in triumph through Upper Calabria, vehemently opposed the plan, declaring the influence of Colonel Muss in those parts exceedingly problematical. Hereupon the wave of wrath so long brimfull overflowed, and from livid lips the two colonels stung each other with cruel taunts.

Suggesting that they had better settle their quarrels elsewhere, with difficulty we recalled them to the question. Colonel P—— (who was the first to recover his habitual calm) proposed an expedition to Gerace, which would compel the enemy to detach numerous forces from his basis of operation in order to pursue us along the Ionian shores. “Thus,” said he, “we should avoid being cut to pieces at the passes of Mileto and Monteleone ere we reach Cosenza; we shall find ourselves in a populous and liberal district, and our ranks augmented, we can hold out a hand of fellowship to the patriots of Catanzaro, and establish in that city the hearth of the Calabrian insurrection.”

“This is our post,” said I, “the enemy is *down there*, and yonder are our comrades panting to cross. Don’t let us rest till we have enticed the Bourbonites towards us; what matters it if they surround, defeat, annihilate us, so that our army be enabled to land? Our descent on Bagnara succeeded admirably, let us repeat it elsewhere. Yesterday we stocked our ambulance, to-morrow we may fill our cartridge-boxes—moreover, the plain furnishes us with potatoes, and the mountains with fresh water.”

“Colonel Muss says that we know nothing of the Dictator’s movements,” exclaimed the other ensign, “but when Garibaldi is silent he acts. ‘Precede me, and we shall soon meet again,’ he said when we started, and he always performs more than he promises. Without men-

of-war we cannot attempt a landing on distant shores with numerous followers; but he is a bird of land and sea, and at this extreme end of the continent will alight sooner or later under the enemy's nose: here we ought to await him combating, ready to grasp his hand as he touches the shore."

"I purpose an expedition to Pedavoli," said Major Miss; "there we can procure ammunition, and organize revolutionary committees throughout the province; thence we can menace Palmi."

"To Pedavoli!" exclaimed Colonel P——, "there the patriot Romeo was murdered by the people. They will oppose our entrance, and we shall be compelled to stain our hands with citizen blood."

"Where the red shirt appears," said Nullo, "civil war is impossible! the red shirt is the people's uniform."

The march on Pedavoli was decided on, and athwart gigantic oak forests and through narrow gorges we pursued our way for eight hours. I had provided myself with a mule, which I mounted bareback, intending to economize my strength; but the mountain slopes were so steep that, in order not to perform a movement over the ears of the beast, I was compelled to dismount. Re-ascending, I tried it again, and this time went head over heels over the animal's tail, rolling down until a tree stopped my further descent. Nothing remained but to go on all fours, as even the Calabrians, despite their sandals and their special dexterity, were compelled to do. Halting his column on a plain shaded by chestnut trees overhanging the village, the commander and his staff entered the ill-famed walls. Pedavoli is a large village lying to the north of Aspromonte, built in a narrow gorge, containing over 2,000 inhabitants. On that day, the 15th August, it was bannered for the festival of the "Assumption," enlivened by two musical bands from Palmi, and crowded by mountaineers from the surrounding district. Stupefied by our inexplicable appearance, the holiday makers gazed at us with open mouths. We threaded the winding street in the midst of a crowd which gradually opened out in front of us and closed in behind us.

"That's the house where Romeo was murdered," said Captain S——, who, in '48, had served under that illustrious Calabrian martyr, and had been a witness to his tragic end. "We must avenge him."

As he spoke, the door of the house opened, and a handful of our own Calabrians issued thence. "They have fled," cried they. Soldiers of the murdered Romeo, they had quitted their company unperceived, and entered the house by the courtyard, with the intention of appeasing the ghost of the murdered patriot. But the family of murderers, fortunately for themselves, had escaped to Palmi on the first rumours of the vicinity of Garibaldians.

Sending back with severe reproofs the undisciplined band, we entered the town-hall. Plaster busts and portraits of the Bourbon family ornamented the walls; an old man, decrepit and deaf, was seated in a greasy, battered chair with his back to the door. He started as the major tapped

him on the shoulder, looked at us, recognized the uniform, stood up, pushed away his chair, and fell to wiping his spectacles.

"Are you the syndie?" asked the major.

"I'm his secretary, Eccellenza! I have served for forty-two years. I began my career as a jailor. I hope General Garibaldi——"

"Where's the syndie?"

"Giovanino," said the secretary to the porter, "go and call Don Sanerio. Tell him——"

"Look sharp!" interrupted the major.

"Yes, my son, make haste. Ask him to come at once."

Then turning to us, "Illustrious sirs! I am expecting soon to retire on full pay. Your excellencies will surely not turn me out into the street with my seven children? Viva Garibaldi for ever!"

"And these busts of Ferdinando II. and of Francisco II.?" asked Captain S——.

"I have two sons gendarmes: one an Urban guard, and one a jailor—office is traditional in my family."

"And pray what office may you have held when Romeo was murdered?"

"Ah, Romeo! Good soul! Pity for him that his fame should have been so stained."

"Stained, you wretched Bourbon sgeberri!" shrieked S——.

"Stained, your excellency! stained by the calumnies of the government of Ferdinando II. Romeo was a pearl. I knew him well, for I was his jailor in days gone by. Here is Don Sanerio."

The syndie welcomed us courteously, ordered rations for our soldiers, and insisted on our becoming his guests.

Despite our reprimand to the would-be avengers, the rumour had got afloat that vengeance was our mission in Pedavoli, and terror was written on every face; we, on the other hand, distrusted the inhabitants, and kept our soldiers on the plain awaiting us with ordered arms. Natural curiosity, however, attracted the multitude to look upon the terrible Garibaldians, concerning whom miracles (in which the devil's finger was apparent) passed from lip to lip. Tattered, sun-baked and emaciated, their refined countenances, easy deportment, and affable manners yet bespoke the intruders gentlemen. A ration of bread, wine, and sausage, and a cigar, being distributed, each paid punctually for his share, to the astonishment of the bystanders. Gradually the mutual distrust vanished, and villagers and soldiers began to fraternize. The musical bands were summoned, and the grand religious ceremony and the procession for the Madonna gave place to a ball, which lasted far into the night. Patriotic hymns, taught and learned in a trice, were sung in chorus, and by dint of this musical propaganda, with the aid of the Furlane, the Monferrine, the Tarantella, the villagers were soon filled with patriotic fire. They understood that we were not soldiers by profession, but that we were fighting for a holy cause; and soon their wives and children, forgetting their



fears, the Madonna and the church, joined in the song and dance, and became enthusiastic Garibaldine.

The syndic prepared a sumptuous repast, and invited the principal liberals of the town to meet the staff; but the Calabrian officers, who had led their followers to a sequestered slope in order to avoid coming in contact with the villagers, steadfastly refused to accept the invitation.

"Do come to Pedavoli?" I said to Colonel P——; as I arrived at his nook out of breath with hunting for him.

"To avenge Romeo?"

"No! to eat roast chicken."

"I fear poison, or a random shot from a window."

"I've just seen the syndic's table spread; flowers of macaroni, golden butter, hives of honey, choicest wines, fruits and flowers in abundance, sweet-scented linen, massive plate and beaming welcome await us. On these conditions, my dear colonel, it is worth while running the risk of being poisoned."

"Every one to his taste; I shan't come down."

Remonstrances were useless, so we dined without the Calabrian officers.

After dinner, in virtue of the political authority conferred on him by the council of war, Colonel Muss organized a revolutionary committee in Pedavoli, and sent circulars to all the principal towns and villages in Calabria, with instructions to collect arms, money, and men, and to break out into open insurrection as soon as Garibaldi's landing should take place. These circulars were signed as follows:—

"Muss, colonel of the staff, aide-de-camp of the Dictator, General Garibaldi, commander-in-chief of the first expedition to Calabria, endowed with plenipotentiary powers, civil and military."

Messengers were despatched to Palmi to purchase ammunition, and convey it to Aspromonte.

On the morrow we left Pedavoli, and at four p.m. regained our encampment at the Forestali. There we found a beautiful French lady awaiting us, the correspondent of the journal ——, who had quitted Messina on the over-night. She told us that the Dictator had vanished, that anxiety and perplexity reigned in the Garibaldian camp, and that we were mourned for dead. At six p.m. Captain S——, returning from the outposts, warned us that masses of troops were visible at the extremity of the plateau. Our Armida disappeared in a trice, bearing off a Rinaldo from our staff. Major Miss and myself pushed on beyond the outposts, and in less than half an hour descried a large corps of the enemy divided into three columns, the wings marching in advance of the centre. At half-past seven some four thousand men with mountain howitzers, drawn up in battle array, occupied a four miles' circuit. Their aim was evidently to cut off our retreat. Abandoning the house of the Forestali, we sent the Calabrians to occupy the mountain peaks, our own men taking up position on the slopes. The sick insisted on being transported, but the

doctor did not succeed in saving his ambulance traps, while the cooks left behind the sheep, the hams, and the bread which constituted our sole provisions. In a short time the enemy had gained the base of the mountain and penetrated into the forests on the slopes, while the centre pushed on within half a mile of the house, sending forward two companies of skirmishers to reconnoitre previous to taking possession.

"I don't see the fun," said Nullo, who commanded the guides with whom I remained in the rear, "of leaving our sick comrades without medicine, and ourselves without food. Who's for a venture?"

"I am! I am!" cried a chorus of voices, and in thirty minutes we re-descended. After exchanging a few shots, we made a dashing bayonet charge, and under a heavy fire, rendered harmless by the trees, shrubs, and darkness, we gained the house and carried off in triumph our provisions, medicines, bandages, pots and pans! Fifteen to the transport, fifteen to guard, and not an ounce of food was left for the poor skirmishers. We were, however, too weary to eat or to rejoice, and having succeeded in our aim of drawing the enemy on our track, three hours were granted for repose. I cannot say that I profited by the permission, for, protected only by a pair of linen trowsers and a shirt, I felt my vitals freeze within me. Under a wretched horse-cloth four officers lay crouching near me, and one of them told me afterwards that the piteous gesture with which I had extended my rigid arms towards it had so moved his compassion, that he had flung a corner across my knees. I remember that on that night I longed for death, and realized the *infinita vanità dell' tutto*.

My brain seemed as frozen as my limbs, yet I remember thinking that Cocito, where one freezes, was a far more terrible place of punishment than Malebolge, where one burns, could be, and that Dante understood what he was writing about.

At last the three murderous hours passed, and the order to march was given. After twenty steps taken like a drunken man, I gradually recovered the use of my limbs and senses, and became myself once more. We marched till dawn, and, among other consolations, had to wade up to our waist through a running stream; but we walked ourselves warm, and laughed at our troubles as usual. Straight as an arrow through forests and across mountains we sped northwards, in order to escape the enemy's embrace, which would inevitably have crushed us. The great grief of our sudden departure was the non-arrival of the ammunition, which we feared the enemy had surprised, and the absence of which rendered of no avail the natural fastnesses in which we found ourselves. We had eaten nothing since our breakfast at Pedavoli; the supper rescued on the over-night made a scant breakfast-to-day when divided among so many.

We were now on the loftiest summit of Aspromonte, and had bidden a sad adieu to the potatoes on the plain. Lying down to rest in the most splendid pine forest that I have ever seen, some one proposed that we should descend to inhabited regions, and changing our uniform for the Calabrian garb, cross over to Catania in fishing boats; another ventured

to remind us that in the morning the enemy had sent a flag of truce, offering to convey us to Sicily without disarming us, and with all the honours of war, but a shout of derision from the daring band covered the pusillanimous units with shame and confusion. Presently an enthusiastic cry of joy echoed through the wood. Two intrepid inhabitants of Pedavoli, guiding three loaded mules along those arduous paths, had eluded the enemy's vigilance, and had brought us cartridges and bread.

"Do you think the bread is poisoned?" I asked of Colonel P——. "Why?" "It was made at Pedavoli." "But Romeo's death?" "And our life?" "I see you mean to force me to forgive, and to eat the bread."

Calling our men around him, Major Miss, in a quiet voice, thus spoke:—"Hitherto our efforts have been successful; the enemy follows in our track, thus thinning his line along the coast. We are almost surrounded; it is hardly possible for us to hold out longer than three or four days; but now that the ammunition has arrived, we can at least die fighting. Yesterday morning I received honourable propositions to capitulate. I replied that Garibaldians never capitulate. Have I spoken out your minds?"

"Yes," shouted five hundred voices, "we will fight, and, if needs be, can die."

"But if any among you do not feel capable of this sacrifice, let him depart while there yet is time. In a few hours it will be too late."

He ceased, and a profound silence followed. Then he asked,—“Does any one depart?” The head of each company replied,—“No one.”

Keeping our faces southwards, we crossed the mountains from crest to crest, harassing the enemy by frequent skirmishes, luring him ever farther and in increasing numbers from the shore, but never allowing him to out-distance us. On the night of the 17th we quietly descended the opposite slope of the Apennines, and, after a disastrous march of twenty hours over the chalky soil, unsolaced by a tree or by a spring, we reached a steep and narrow valley to our left. On the slope of a rocky mountain we could distinguish the white houses of Bova, which mirrored themselves in the Ionian Sea; to our left, on a cone-shaped hill, stood the town of St. Lorenzo. Colonel P—— insisted on our going to Bova. "See," he exclaimed, pointing to it, "the position is impregnable; I know the inhabitants; I can answer for it that they will give us refuge within their walls."

"We are here to attack, and not to hide," interrupted the major, "at least, such, I imagine, was Garibaldi's idea when he confided this post of honour to our keeping. Let us go to St. Lorenzo; thence we can harass the enemy's line from Mileto to Reggio, as from Aspromonte we did between Torrecavallo and Palmi.

While we were discussing, the syndic of St. Lorenzo came to invite us, in the name of his fellow townsmen, to take up our lot with them for "life or for death." We accepted the invitation, and were welcomed with open arms by the whole population. The syndic insisted on entertaining the staff in his own house. On the morrow we appointed a committee of defence and a victualling commission. I was chosen president. My first

act was to send a squadron to purchase flour and oxen, and another to fortify the watermill half-way down the mountain; the defence of the position was entrusted to the Calabrese, while our own two hundred were ordered to harass the enemy by sudden assaults along the consular road which winds in a semicircle above the shore from Amendolio, Melito, Montebello, Motta-San-Giovanni, St. Lorenzo forming the centre.

Calling the syndic apart, I asked him whether he did not feel stirred up to secure for his native town the glory of being the first on that side the strait to proclaim the downfall of the hateful dynasty which for 120 years had dishonoured the brave southern populations, and the dictatorship of Garibaldi in the name of liberty and national unity?

"But who will protect the inhabitants from the king's vengeance?" he asked.

"We will! we who are determined to fight to our last breath. Besides, Garibaldi will soon be here."

The blood rushed to the cheeks of the brave old man, the perspiration stood in beads on his brow. "*Vedicimo!*" he exclaimed, and immediately summoned the town council.

In conical hats, short breeches, sandals, and shirt sleeves, the conscript fathers came; their hands were horny, their faces bronzed, but their hearts were strangers to fear. Rolling drums summoned the people to the piazza, and amid deafening shouts of joy and of applause the inauguration of a national government was proclaimed by the syndic from the balcony, and the unstained tricolour hoisted over the town-hall.

"You have taken on yourself too lightly a responsibility, which will result in the town being razed, and the inhabitants massacred," whispered in my ear the prudent Colonel P—— on the morrow, his dislike to all acts of a popular character oozing out.

"Well, I shan't have time to feel remorse," I answered, "considering that the first to be massacred will be ourselves."

The dialogue was interrupted by the roar of cannon near. We hastily recalled our men from the foraging expedition, for the certainty that Garibaldi had landed filled all our hearts. Marching in the direction of the cannonading, which never ceased, we met a messenger galloping towards us. He brought a note for Major Miss:—

"I have landed at Mileto. Come.—G. GARIBALDI."

At 7 P.M. we reached the mountain height overlooking Mileto. On a parallel mountain, divided by a steep and narrow gorge, Garibaldi was encamped with 4,000 men. As they descried us, caps were thrown up, and shouts of deafening welcome rent the air. On the shore the *Franklin* lay stranded, and the *Torino* was blazing furiously under the broadside of two Bourbon steamers, while a third sent us a thundering salutation in the shape of bombs and grenades.

On the morning of the 22nd we were below Reggio. Garibaldi, who had preceded us, had gained a height commanding the city, and had already begun the assault. We joined him at midday; he wrung our

hands, praised our line of conduct, and inebriated us with his wondrous smile. The enemy, having gained a height superior to ours, commenced a murderous fire, but the General soon dislodged them by a gallant bayonet charge: then finding that the fire from the fort of Reggio on our rear was very annoying, he ordered Major Miss to choose thirty of his best marksmen, to approach the fort cautiously, and pick off the gunners.

"March separately," he said, "and, if needs be, on all fours, to avoid the bombs; I forbid any one to get wounded!" And advancing to an overhanging ledge of rock he stood watching our descent.

Major Miss entrusted me with the command of the thirty. I led them within half a gun-shot of the fort, and so accurate was their aim that nearly all the gunners were killed or wounded at their pieces, and after two hours' incessant firing on both sides the garrison hoisted the white flag, and the fort surrendered.

On the same day, in consideration of the services rendered by the mice to the lion, all the staff were promoted, and I was made lieutenant.

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### Parting.

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O Brook, be still! O gentle South,  
Thy kisses cease amongst the noisy leaves,  
And only kiss my burning mouth!

O Stars, make all your light to pour  
On him whose love to me so fondly cleaves—  
On him who comes, to come no more!

For now indeed I cannot spare  
His first least footsteps; and I fain would see  
Far as I may how sad they fare.

Or shall I wish that unaware  
He should come near, and sweetly startle me,  
His hand upon my arm?—'Tis there!

O Brook, flow on! O amorous South,  
Kiss with a thousand kisses all the leaves!—  
His kisses tremble on my mouth!

But ah, kind Stars, let not your light  
Confuse the sweetness of my lover's eyes,  
That bid farewell to mine to-night!—  
Farewell! farewell to mine to-night!

## The Story of a Spoilt Life.

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THERE have been, at all times, men whose habits of life have been an enigma to those with whom they have been in daily intercourse; the more especially when those habits, with the rarest opportunities of advantage, are in direct opposition to the course best calculated to secure the goods for which all men strive. When we consider the errors of men of eminence, they strike us as greater than those of less gifted persons, though they are only rendered conspicuous by the talent wherewith they are associated. Artists are, proverbially, improvident; but an examination of special cases will show that the default has been less that of the will than the power. There has lately departed from among us, one whose end has been an astonishment to all whom the fame of his ability has reached. William Behnes, the sculptor, died in Middlesex Hospital in January last, after a celebrity of nearly fifty years—after a career which even to the last might have been splendid; for even his earliest essays in art raised him at once to distinction as a portraitist, equally in drawing, and in sculpture. Nollekens is believed to have executed more busts than any man that ever professed the art; with the exception of Nollekens, perhaps, no one has ever equalled the number of such works left by Behnes. His premises in Osnaburg Street were filled with portraiture in plaster, a hopeless embarrassment of busts and moulds, perfect and in fragments, of royalty, nobility, every denomination of excellency, every class of public manhood, and every degree of childhood. All his studies of children were more than portraits—in order to succeed with them even at sixty he put on the boy again, and his command of outside expression enabled him to light up infantine features with a smile of the most winning innocence. In this class of subjects Sir Thomas Laurence has had few equals, but he arrived at his results by means immensely laborious. Behnes's finished work was inferior in polish, but he came to his conclusions with singular rapidity and precision, and the nature of his work discoursed for itself.

Such substantial evidence of industry and remunerative labour always suggested to visitors convictions of the wealth of the artist. To one, who, after looking round, declared such impressions, the answer was—"When I die, be that event when it may, there will not be two penny pieces left to close my eyes." His sad prediction was realized to the letter.

Among the last of his works were the busts of the late Lord Elgin and Lord Palmerston. The former is in the possession of Lady Elgin, but the latter was never completed. It was kept so long in hand that Lord Palmerston declined continuing the sittings. This was at the time that the sculptor was busied with his two Havelock statues; the one for

Trafalgar Square, the other for Sunderland. It was on the occasion of, perhaps, the last sitting that Behnes opened the conversation with—"Any news, my lord, from France?—how do we stand with Louis Napoleon?"

Lord Palmerston raised his eyebrows for an instant, looked surprised, but quietly answered—"Really, Mr. Behnes, I don't know—I have not seen the newspapers."

Neither the sayings nor doings of friends or enemies made any lasting impression on him; but he confessed, more than once, that he never felt himself so small as on this occasion. He tried to rally, but without success, and that sitting was worse than useless. He committed many similar mistakes, all of which were essentially harmless; but although they had the effect of losing him patrons (many of whom might have been matured into friends), they were not of a colour to be magnified into crimes. On the occasion of a visit to Lord Egremont at Petworth, before he had passed twenty-four hours under that nobleman's roof, he was so unfortunate as to receive notice that the prolongation of his stay was not desired. The error he fell into here was that of ordering breakfast in his own room. Not, however, in any case was offence intended, where it was taken—a moment of reflection would have saved him from innumerable mortifications. But, thoughtless beyond the instant, he was continually liable to be borne away by boyish impulse, which was not understood by strangers, and this even in old age. Hard things said to himself, he generally received so playfully as to turn severe censure into gentle remonstrance; and he could not be convinced that his own sallies should be received in any other spirit.

Behnes was better than his reputation, for, to compensate any evil report, there was much good on the credit side. His studio was open to all comers, and he was ever ready with help and advice to students: some who were indebted to him for the basis of a sound art education, have risen to high places in the lists of good report.

William Behnes was born in London, in 1794. His father was the younger of two sons of a physician, who was in respectable practice in Hanover. The elder of the two was educated for his father's profession, and served in the British navy as a surgeon. The younger, the father of William Behnes, was apprenticed to a pianoforte-maker, and when he had completed his term of service he came to London and married an Englishwoman, by whom he had three sons, of whom William, the subject of this paper, was the eldest. The father is reported to have been skilful at his trade, but it is not certain that he ever rose above the condition of a journeyman. After the birth of the three boys the family removed to Dublin, where the eldest began to show a great natural taste for art. It was intended that he should learn his father's trade; and he did so, and soon excelled in the neatness and ingenuity of his work. But the father was proud of his boy's powers as a draughtsman, and referred with exultation to his successes in this direction. The taste was cultivated as

far as means and opportunities admitted, and William Behnes joined a school in Dublin, established for the study of the figure, where his progress was more rapid than could have been expected even from his rare gifts.

The family returned to London, and for a time lived somewhere near the Tower; the younger Behnes still working at the bench with his father; but as the former advanced in his knowledge of art, it was determined that the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe Highway was not a field favourable to the development of such a pursuit; the family, therefore, removed to Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, and here it was that Behnes was at length enabled, after years of painful aspiration, to adopt portraiture as his future means of support. Had not accident made him a sculptor, he would have been a painter, and to the last year of his life it was a source of regret to him that he had not adopted painting.

The house in which the family now settled was rented by a French emigrant, named Chenu, by profession a sculptor, and of considerable ability. From this man the second son Henry, who afterwards assumed the name of Burlowe, picked up some knowledge of modelling in clay, and this was a suggestion that formed the turning-point in the life of William Behnes. He frequently, in after years, referred to this as an accident much to be deplored. As a portrait-painter he would have taken a high position, even higher than as a sculptor.

In emulation of his brother he began to model under Chenu's instruction, and succeeded with little effort, so effective was his apprehension of form. The French sculptor, who was a man of refined feeling and much kindness of heart, must have been proud of his pupil, for he sat to him, and the result was an excellent bust. For Behnes there was an irresistible fascination in the new material, although he had already before him the prospect of a very lucrative practice as a portrait draughtsman. His portraits were drawn upon paper, and also on vellum. On the latter they were worked out to a finish, all but equal to engraving. His method was novel, and his taste and execution marvellously delicate. These small works became in their way the most remarkable of their time. They were the joint productions of perhaps the three brothers. Certainly of two of them, for the youngest, Charles, worked very assiduously at the backgrounds, the heads having been drawn and finished by William.

Although the second son began to study sculpture before his elder brother, no sooner did the latter touch the clay than his superiority became conspicuous. In all remembrance of the two brothers, by those who knew them well, the first thought might be of the impossibility of comparison as to genius; the second thought might be of the impossibility of comparison as to moral economy. One of the earliest patrons of Henry Behnes was Sir Bulwer Lytton, of whom he made a bust, which was engraved in the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." Although unqualified for the profession which he had chosen, he sustained himself in society by an honourable bearing and agreeable manners, and might have achieved a



certain standard in life, but less by his ability than his character. Had his busts been endued with any of the graces of those of his brother, it may be conceivable that, though deficient in the vivifying force possessed by the other, he might yet have been a more respectable poetic sculptor than his brother, but in his busts there was nothing whereon to ground such a supposition. William Behnes exhausted himself in his busts; he had not within any spring of poetry or touch of sentiment; the little that he did in poetic sculpture was difficult to him, but he deemed it a propriety; he would not be thought a bust-sculptor merely; he believed it due to himself to assert himself among the professors of poetic art.

Soon after the settlement of the family in Charles Street, Behnes became a student in the Royal Academy, where the beauty of his drawings in the life school attracted general admiration. His name stands in the records of the Academy as the winner of three silver medals, for drawing and modelling. But this did not satisfy him, he became a competitor for the gold medal about the year 1818. The subject was Jacob wrestling with the Angel, and he treated it with better feeling than he evinced in any ideal composition since that time; but it was still characterized by a certain dryness which appears more or less in all his subject studies. He—and his friends for him—made so sure of the gold medal, that his disappointment, when it was awarded to another student named Gott, was of the most poignant kind. He returned from the Academy much disheartened, and his two brothers, by whom he was accompanied, shared his depression. His three silver medals were no solace to him; he had fixed his heart on the gold medal, and had failed. One of the masterly drawings to which was awarded one of the silver medals hung for twenty-five years in one of the back rooms in Osnaburg Street. The loss of this relic, and some others to which attached the only refreshing memories of his long life-struggle, had some share in the subjugation of that buoyancy of heart which had been proof against misfortune in every other shape.

Behnes superseded at once the teaching of the good old Chenu—thus in the ordinary relations of master and pupil, he never had a master. It was enough for him to see the Frenchman's manner of dealing with his clay. Behnes's manner was entirely his own—his hand everywhere left on the surface the morbidezza of the Italians; a softness even in the marble, which would seem to yield to the touch. In sculpture there is greater need of a continuation of instruction than in painting. It is remarkable that all our best painters have become accomplished artists, without having passed through any term of pupilage, meaning that period of discipline in the atelier of a master which on the Continent is considered indispensable to the education of an artist. The result of this close and protracted relation between master and pupil is, that there is a traditional resemblance in all the productions of foreign schools; whereas among ourselves an unexampled freshness and an endless variety characterize works emanating from natural impulse. After the courses of academical

instruction have been fulfilled, the student of sculpture is yet much dependent on tuition before he can become accomplished in all the mechanism of his profession. Behnes saw Chenu model, and he did likewise, and at once excelled his friend. It is probable that he saw him also use the chisel—it is, however, certain that his first essay in carving was a bust unsurpassed in sweetness of finish. That delicacy and softness which from the beginning to the end constituted so much of the beauty of the works of this sculptor struck the artists of that time as something worthy of imitation, for the modelling of that period was generally hard and wiry.

About the year 1817, the family removed to a house in Newman Street, the eldest and the youngest of the brothers still working at their portraits, but the former intent upon sculpture, earnest in seeking commissions, and not unsuccessful in procuring them. The Bishop of Durham of that day, Dr. Barrington, became one of Behnes's earliest patrons. The bishop sat to him at his town house in Cavendish Square, and seasoned the sittings with excellent and friendly advice, not without an expressed suspicion that admonition was not unnecessary, and a feeling that he could offer it less offensively than many other persons.

But the bishop was more substantially friendly than in mere words, for he induced his nephew, Lord Barrington, the rector of Sedgfield, in his own diocese, to sit to the young sculptor, and it is probable that the perfect success of these busts led to the statue of young Lambton—the son of the first Earl of Durham—the same that had been painted in crimson velvet by Sir Thomas Laurence.

Behnes carved and finished the bust of the Bishop of Durham entirely himself, and it was altogether beautifully worked. Although now far beyond the instruction of Chenu, he could yet have had but little practice. The statue of Master Lambton was modelled at Lambton Castle, near Durham, and it occupied him six months, during which time everything at home was at a standstill. This statue bears evidence of study more mature and better applied than do his larger works, with a few exceptions.

Behnes was not rich in available ideas. Had it been otherwise, he could not have resisted the impulse to deal with subject sculpture, though with all his golden gifts the probability is that he would have failed, from a misapprehension, to name but one imperfection, of the graces of the female form. He was remarkably quick in seizing incident, but slow to utilize it when inapplicable to the bust. While yet in the North he was leaning one evening on the parapet of the bridge at Durham, and saw a groom ride a lady's horse down to the stream. Before stepping into the water the animal extended one of its fore legs and rubbed its nose. The groom was seated on a lady's saddle, and hence the sculptor conceived a statue of Lady Godiva; but the conception lay by for twenty-five years; in less than half of which time, had there been any succession of practicable thoughts, such an occurrence must have been superseded and forgotten. A statuette, however, was at length modelled—the horse having been

worked out by an artist who mounted Count D'Orsay's small bronzes, or those that came forth in his name. The statuette was produced in marble for Lord Chesterfield, and as a pendant to it a Europa was afterwards designed, which was sent to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, but was never put into marble.

In Newman Street, Behnes effectively established himself as a sculptor. He began there to receive pupils, and his pupils did him good service; this was during and after the year 1819. Some to whom he gave instruction have risen to distinction, but it was by the cultivation of a refinement which he could not teach them.

In consequence of his sudden affluence in commissions, the premises in Newman Street became too small, and a move was made to Dean Street, Soho, where there was space to build, and here began the troubles from a succession of which, during the remainder of his life, he was never free. The place was injudiciously chosen, and the alterations hastily undertaken. Too sanguine of immediate fortune, debts were contracted. A lapse so sudden into extremities of evil in the absence of the great vices which hurry men on the road to ruin, and when he was neither without profitable employment, nor slow to make the most of it, showed in Behnes the absence of even a modicum of that prudence whereby men, even habitually careless, endeavour to shape their course for the best; ever buoyant, and sanguine of a bright future, even long after the age of aspiration was passed, he did not hesitate to incur expense for what he regarded as professional necessaries. But he was at the same time fully alive to the liabilities wherewith he thus charged himself, and his conviction at the time was that he would duly meet them; but it generally happened that his calculations were inaccurate, and thence arose difficulties which it was found after all might have been easily avoided. The want of foresight in these matters occasioned heavy legal expenses, which in the end, however, were always paid, but after an amount of suffering which would have killed any other than Behnes. At this time his parents were dependent on him; his home was theirs, and we believe they resided with him until their death. His manner of living and personal habits were of the least expensive kind; whatever debts were incurred resulted from the prosecution of his profession; he was industrious and always employed, therefore was it inexplicable to his friends how he could be always in such straits. With any relief, however, even temporary, from the pressure which he at times endured, such was his natural elasticity, that he would go to the theatre on a full night, and while waiting at the pit door, startle the crowd by his exact imitation of the sharp howl of an unfortunate dog trodden on by the throng.

About this time, Henry Behnes changed his name to Burlowe, lest, as he said, his works should be confounded with those of his brother, of which there was not the slightest cause for apprehension. Henry Behnes, or Burlowe, as he chose to be called, was an excellent person, and would have made way in his profession, but not so much from admiration of his

works, as esteem for himself. He died in Rome about the year 1834, self-sacrificed to friends who were dying around him of cholera.

At length the premises in Dean Street were found inconvenient for the execution of such works as were now contemplated, and another move was made to No. 10, Osnaburg Street, where again costly adaptations were planned and begun, but never finished. At this time with common prudence Behnes might have realized a fortune; he had a succession of illustrious sitters, among whom were the Queen, then Princess Victoria, several members of the Royal family, and many persons of distinction. His carving room, modelling room, and gallery were thronged with casts of busts that had been paid for at the highest prices which were then given for such works. In looking, however, through his ateliers, it was remarkable how few women had sat to him. For this there were several reasons, of which one of the principal may be, that although tenderly susceptible of the sentiment of beauty, he treated his feminine portraits too much as he had been accustomed to deal with those of the other sex. Again, even for his male sitters, there was but a scant provision of comfort, or even of convenience, during the tedious processes of the modelling. Sitters were introduced through the dust of a confused workshop, to a large and lofty room, with bare brick walls, tapestried here and there with cobwebs, and crowded to repletion with casts. The value of a well-ordered and comfortable room for sitters did not occur to him. Friends again and again urged the necessity of all the comfort that could be offered to persons under such a trial as that of sitting for a bust, and everything was promised, but nothing was done. Men submitted without remark at the time, but not without surprise afterwards expressed at the discomforts and inconveniences of the place. Ladies walked through the rooms, carefully holding up their dresses, from which they shook the dust before entering their carriages, and having seen the place once, returned no more. One or two of his early female busts are charming, but at that time, perhaps, more earnest labour and the advice of friends supplied that, which might have been latterly deficient.

Some time after his removal to Osnaburg Street, he was commissioned to execute for Dublin a colossal statue of George IV., in the robes of the Bath. Before this statue was finished many years elapsed, and the mischief that this wrought him is incalculable, for he thus became notorious for delay; hence it was stipulated in many subsequent important works, that they should be completed before any portion of the money was paid. This arrangement would be ruinous to most sculptors, as it was to Behnes, whom it threw into the hands of money-lenders.

About the years 1846-47, a select circle sat to him. The persons were all known to each other. Among them were the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, and the Duke of Brunswick. Count D'Orsay was the last of the coterie that sat, and proud of his breadth of chest, he insisted on having the neck and shoulders perfectly nude. The artist was obliged to yield to the count's desire, and produced the bust exactly according to

the natural proportions—the chest being of a breadth sufficient for a figure of heroic stature. The resemblance, feature by feature, was perfect, but there was an absence of animation in the face, and the count's continual meddling and suggestions in a great degree destroyed that which, left to the discretion of the sculptor, would have constituted the essence of a fine work.

The count was ambitious of excelling as an artist; he professed both painting and sculpture. The only large bust perhaps exhibited by him, was one of, we think, Lady Canterbury, at which he had worked until he despaired of ever producing a resemblance. Behnes was requested to look at it, and on seeing it, seized the head—much to the count's horror—and brought it forward with a jerk. Having procured a piece of string, he quietly cut the head off and shortened the neck. In a few minutes the bust was posed into something like natural ease. Here Behnes showed himself the master—everything was wrong, and the sudden transition to right, in a wretched attempt of this kind, was much more conspicuous than even a great improvement would have been in a bust of his own. He played with the hair, caressed the features into form, and left the whole in a fit state for the count to take other sittings. These visits to Gore House were continued on Sunday mornings until the bust was finished. This was one of Behnes's good-natured acts, and they were not few; it is, however, to be regretted that he should have lent his hand to a deception of this kind.

The count enjoyed a reputation in a certain set, as an artist—but as in the above case, his fame was based upon the labours of others. We do not allude to those pencilled profiles of which he did so many, but to actual essays in the arena of art. The late Duke of Wellington sat to him for an oil portrait, so also did Lord Lyndhurst. Both of these portraits were profiles, and both, it is believed, were engraved. Independent of the assistance the count derived from Behnes, there were two persons regularly employed on his works—one was a painter, a man of skill and experience, who had for years been chief-assistant to Mr. Pickersgill the academician, and who had also assisted other artists of eminence. The other was an “animal draughtsman” and modeller, of great taste and ability, who had long been engaged in preparing drawings on wood for the engravings in a popular journal. These two persons were salaried, and in daily attendance at Gore House, until the French Revolution of 1848 induced Count D'Orsay's removal to Paris, where he was appointed to the office in which he was succeeded by Count Nieuwerkerke.

These artists worked either in separate rooms, or behind screens, but they retired on the announcement of visitors to whom it might be desirable to show the works. The results of these labours were a beautiful and minutely finished statuette of the late Duke of Wellington on horseback, which was cast in bronze. As a companion to it—the next work was a statuette of Napoleon, also mounted. At the latter work, the

present Emperor of the French assisted with suggestions and advice. A third was a similar portrait of the Marquis of Anglesea, also equestrian, and in the uniform of the Seventh Hussars. All these bronzes were, we believe, exhibited. These small works were a very long time in hand, as the modeller suffered so many checks from the count, who each time that he visited him, destroyed, by touching the figure or the horse, some of the delicate details—on one occasion he distorted the hind legs of the Marquis of Anglesea's horse, by patting him roughly on the back to give breadth to the hind quarters. The reparation cost a week's work.

The painter also had his troubles. After the count had been working on an oil portrait during an hour and a half, it was his duty to rectify the drawing, assisted by the count's suggestions. But he was in despair each time he was called upon to work on these portraits after the count.

The colours commonly used in flesh-painting, and their arrangement, were always a matter of embarrassment to Count D'Orsay, insomuch that he requested his painter to have some palettes made, with the names of the colours painted in their order on the rim. These palettes were made of zinc, by a tradesman in Oxford Street. At this time, Gore House was visited by many artists of high reputation—some of whom, at times, touched upon the pictures in progress. One of these touches surprised the assistant, who immediately exclaimed, that there had been one at work whose powers he revered perhaps more than those of any other member of our school. "Do you know the touch?" asked the count. "Indeed I do," said the other; and he named a distinguished member of the Royal Academy.

Soon after the accession of the Queen, Behnes was appointed sculptor in ordinary; but from his nomination to his death he was never, in virtue of that office, called upon to execute even one piece of sculpture. The appointment seemed to have been virtually cancelled, but no reason was ever assigned for it. The nomination was at least a mark of the Queen's remembrance of Behnes as the first sculptor to whom she had sat. Prominently among his children's busts stood that of the little Princess Victoria, with those of the present King of Hanover and the Duke of Cambridge, both then boys, with many others not less successful.

The best of his statues is that of Dr. Babington, in St. Paul's: it far excels every other subsequently made by him. The idea is entirely his own—the movement and the living relief—but the whole was carried out by Watson, a sculptor of exquisite feeling, who died when he was about to proclaim himself a worthy disciple of his great master, Flaxman. He was one of the successful competitors for one of the panels of the Nelson column. The statue of Sir W. Follett, in Westminster Abbey, was confided to Behnes, in consequence of the excellence of an antecedent bust. The head is unquestionably a portrait, but the studied maintenance of the drapery is too feminine for a man. His statues were not numerous, but although not numerous it is not necessary to name them all. That of Mr. Baines, at Leeds, was considered a success in that quality in which he

seldom failed—that is, resemblance ; and this although the work was, we believe, posthumous. There were perhaps three, but certainly two, statues of Sir Robert Peel by his hand—one in the City of London, another at Leeds, and perhaps a third in some other Northern town. For these statues there was a competition, and he won the commission, because his statue was considered the best likeness. His last and his worst were two of General Havelock, one of which is in Trafalgar Square, and the other is at Sunderland, the birthplace of Havelock. The history of these statues forms the most melancholy passage in this man's life.

It is by his heads that his name will live when his eccentricities are forgotten. His bust of Clarkson merits a place by the side of the rarest productions of the most renowned masters ; and scarcely less memorable are those of Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Grote, Mr. Disraeli, Dean Milman, the late and present Bishops of London, the Chevalier Bunsen, Mr. Macready, the late King of Hanover, and a catalogue of others, all remarkable for much of that excellence which marked all his portraiture. Of feminine sculpture little can be said. Even the coarse and ignorant Nollekens catalogued his duchesses and countesses : for although deficient in so much that helps a man on in the world, he yet did his best to gratify his sitters. Still, upon one occasion, even the wily Nollekens is said to have committed himself. The Duke of York, when sitting to him, said, " Mr. Nollekens, my brother the Prince Regent knows you very well." " Knows me ! " repeated Nollekens. " Oh, don't you believe it—it's only a bit of his brag ! " It was far from characteristic of Nollekens to give offence to his sitters ; nor did Behnes ever give offence with intent, although he would with the most perfect innocence introduce theology to Bishop Blomfield, finance to Mr. Disraeli, or challenge Lord Palmerston on questions of foreign policy.

It is at once seen from his statues that he had only studied the antique as a temporary expedient, and according to the feeling entertained by many of the greatest artists in Europe, he was right ;—but wrong according to the principles of the schools of his time. Since time was reckoned in Olympiads, there have been but very few men who have approached the Greeks in their own dear art—bas-relief. In modern times John Flaxman has rivalled them, but he lived too late or too soon—too late for the friendship of Pericles, and too soon for the just estimation of his own countrymen. What we mean by a man being impelled to action by a throng and continued succession of available ideas, is markedly shown in Flaxman. His commissions were not numerous, but the ideas that he was continually embodying on paper and in plaster would in description fill a long catalogue. He had experienced at the Royal Academy a disappointment similar to that sustained by Behnes. The two men cannot be compared, but in this they were alike—both on different occasions felt assured that the highest prize could be awarded only to themselves. Flaxman went so far as to invite his friends to celebrate the event. But the gold medal was awarded to Engleheart, and the circumstance roused Flaxman

to a course of self-examination, of which the result gave a colour of modesty and humility to all the transactions of his after-life. The extent of his study and professional knowledge was amply shown in the evidence that he gave in reference to the purchase of the Elgin Marbles.

Behnes was unquestionably endowed with a transcendent talent, but his great and deplorable error was that he left it in the rough, as nature had given it—and yet in this state looked to it to give him everything; and, moreover, that in his case, it would reverse the righteous judgment which the world passes on abuse of opportunities. He was called upon very early in life to contribute to the means of the parental home, and this he did most willingly, taking upon him a great share of worldly care at that time which should be devoted to education.

The two statues of Sir Henry Havelock were the last of this class that he made. He had got up a posthumous bust of General Havelock for the family of the general, which was considered a very good likeness; he had, therefore, some advantage in the competition which was held for the selection of a sculptor, and this advantage gained him a majority of the votes.

It is a continual source of surprise that so many of our public statues should be of so low a standard of excellence. This arises from the fact that artists of eminence decline entering a competition presided over by committees without knowledge or taste. A case may be supposed—a person of distinguished merit dies, and, naturally enough, his friends desire to commemorate his worth by something in addition to written eulogy. A committee is accordingly formed of persons perhaps excellent in everything, but entirely destitute of even the rudiments of art-knowledge. Certain of them know a young man of brilliant talent, to whom only such a chance is wanting for the establishment of his name. Thus the prize is run for by aspirants without experience, and who have never really done anything in support of the partiality entertained for them by their friends. The monument is, of course, adjudged to him who can secure the most votes. Such is nearly the brief history of many of our bad statues, and the prominence of some of them impresses foreigners with the conclusion that we have no artists equal to a great work; for assuredly, say they, your best men would occupy the best sites. Immediately after the French Revolution of 1848 there was an influx of French artists, who left their country with the impression that there was neither painting nor sculpture in England. Among them a sculptor named Cumberworth, a pupil of Pradier, and French in everything but name, called with a letter of introduction on the writer of this paper. He was the author of several statuettes, in the manner of his master, which had become popular on the Continent, and in this country; notably, two figures called the "Hawking Party"—a lady with a hawk on her wrist, and a gentleman sounding a horn. M. Cumberworth said he knew there was no sculpture in England, but he wished to see any attempts that might have been made, or were now being made, in that line, as he had



made up his mind to settle in England. He was shown some of Chantrey's heads and figures, by which he was much impressed. He was then conducted through Macdowall's studio, and confessed that he did not expect to meet with anything like the tenderness displayed in the figures of that artist. He had never seen anything like what he called the *élan* of Behnes's heads. On entering the passage of Baily's house, who then lived in Newman Street, he stopped to look at the original model of the figure known as Baily's "Eve," and remarked that he had never seen so perfect a cast. "This," he said, enthusiastically, "I have always considered Canova's finest work — it has more of the soul of poetry, and less of theatrical exaggeration than all else he has done." It was doubted for an instant that he could be in earnest, but he was perfectly serious. Mr. Baily was visible at a little distance, directing some passage in the carving of one of his large statues. M. Cumberworth was asked if he saw the man in the blue-checked dressing-gown at the end of the passage, for he was the sculptor of the statue in question. In reply, he only stared at his conductor, and observed with a sneer, that everybody in the foreign schools knew it as a work of Canova. M. Cumberworth was introduced, and Mr. Baily was informed that his "Eve" was, in France, attributed to Canova; and although the French artist saw before him the author of "Eve," he was not convinced, so rooted was his belief in its being a work of Canova. Baily bowed with a grim smile, but did not seem to feel complimented that Canova should rob him of the glory of his "Eve." Cumberworth did not desire to see more—he returned to Paris a few days afterwards.

The engagements formed by Behnes relative to the Havelock statues were, in brief, that no money should be paid until the works were finished. This obliged him to have recourse to a money-lender in the City, into whose hands he fell so helplessly and entirely, that money was doled out to him a few pounds at a time, and this state of things continued until both statues were finished. When the accounts were made up, the sculptor expected that he had yet three hundred pounds to receive, but, according to the statement of his creditor, he had overdrawn the sum agreed upon. The price fixed for the statue in Trafalgar Square was somewhere about twelve hundred pounds, and for that at Sunderland about eleven hundred pounds were paid. In both cases the leading condition was, that both sums should be received directly from the committees by the lender. This, we believe, was carried out, and while the sculptor was making frequent appeals for some portion of what he believed to be his due, the money-lender died suddenly; he was found, it was stated, dead in his bed.

He had relied upon this small balance out of these two sums to discharge his immediate liabilities, which, after all, were principally an accumulation of rent and taxes overdue, for his own wants scarcely exceeded a minimum of the necessities of life, and this made his case so much the more deplorable.

His disappointments with respect to these statues caused the break-up of his home in Osnaburg Street. This was, we believe, in 1861. He then took a miserable lodging in the lower part of Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, where he obtained a few small commissions, but his spirit was broken, his health began to give way, and he shrank from making known his condition to friends who would have assisted him.

There were, however, two creatures that continued to bear with his peculiarities to the last; these were a deaf and dumb sculptor named Gawn, to whom Behnes had shown much kindness, and who had been more useful to him than he could have been to any one else, because both communicated readily by means of the manual alphabet. The other was a black dog—a rough mongrel of no recognized breed, and very unprepossessing to look at. This animal had adopted the sculptor for his master so many years ago that, as a dog, he must have been as old as his master. The latter tried, on several occasions, to lose him purposely in the City, at Hampstead and at Greenwich, but he always returned to Osnaburg Street, and showed an overpowering excess of pleasure on again seeing his master. After such a show of attachment the affection became mutual, and the dog was only absent from the sculptor's side when it was impossible that he could be with him. If Behnes took a cab the dog at once occupied the right-hand seat, but if an omnibus was the vehicle, the animal hastened home, and there listened to every footfall until he recognized that of his master.

After leaving Osnaburg Street our sculptor was no longer sustained by that vivacity which had in a great measure upheld him in his severest trials. In his poor abode in Charlotte Street he surrounded himself with a meagre salvage from the dispersion of his works. He maintained the appearance of occupation; there was always a wet clay bust in the room, but his sitters were few, and they now paid indifferently. He was much concerned about his dog, which was complained of by the landlady, but he said with deep feeling that, after a warm attachment on both sides for so many years, he could not poison him.

A fortnight before his death he complained of tingling and twitching at his finger ends, and some short time afterwards he fell suddenly in the street. The same thing occurred a second time, after which he was conveyed to Middlesex Hospital, where he received every attention. He was not aware that death was so near at hand, although he felt he had not long to live. He was visited by his deaf and dumb assistant, with whom he communicated freely by means of the manual alphabet and signs. Behnes threw his head back, and placed his fingers on his eyelids, as if closing them. His companion nodded. The sculptor's next act was to convey his wish that a cast of his features should be taken after death, which he did by running his fingers round his face from the forehead to beneath the chin. His deaf and dumb friend again nodded. He instantly understood a sign, but the dying sculptor, for such in truth then was his condition, was precise in his instructions. Having assured himself that

Gawn perfectly understood him, he wished to express "not yet," for his own impression was, that he had some time to live; and this he did, it is reported, by applying his thumb to his nose, so making a sign that in street slang is called "taking a sight."

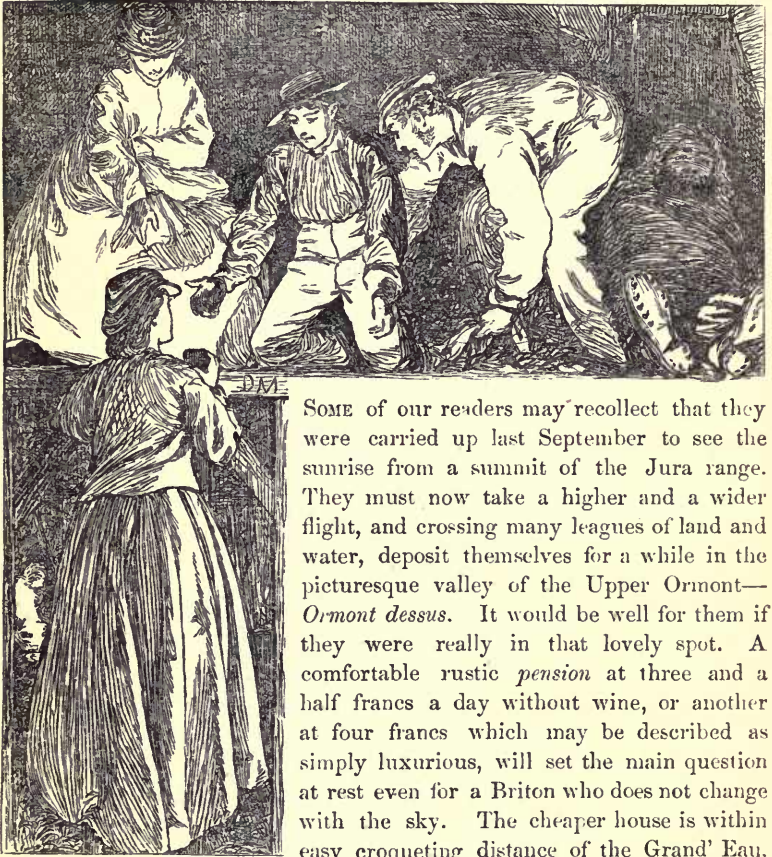
The poor deaf and dumb sculptor, who had been many years faithful to him, carried out his instructions—a cast was taken, from which it is proposed to execute a bust for presentation to the Royal Portrait Gallery.

As soon as Behnes's death, and the circumstances in which he had died, were known, there was a movement among members of his own profession for the creditable interment of his remains. His pupils were the first to claim personally the privilege of paying the last tributes. They are all men of high standing in their profession. Mr. Butler was the first pupil Behnes ever had, the second was Mr. Weekes the Royal Academician, subsequently Mr. Foley the Academician, and Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Woolner and others, in sculpture; and many others to whom he gave gratuitous instruction in drawing. All these men have distinguished themselves highly, and each has yet a growing reputation.

Thus, when all is told, the wonder increases, that Behnes should have failed to amass a fortune. His life was a long term of never-ceasing toil, and his personal expenses were trifling. But, on the other hand, all his works were produced at very great cost, and the needless extent of his premises was the cause of the endless absorption of his means; thus the pressure under which he lived resulted from the absence of economy in great as well as small things. From what he has left behind him arises the thought of what he might have left, and then the inevitable conviction of a life wasted in struggles with gratuitous difficulties.

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## How we Mounted the Oldenhorn.



SOME of our readers may recollect that they were carried up last September to see the sunrise from a summit of the Jura range. They must now take a higher and a wider flight, and crossing many leagues of land and water, deposit themselves for a while in the picturesque valley of the Upper Ormont—*Ormont dessus*. It would be well for them if they were really in that lovely spot. A comfortable rustic *pension* at three and a half francs a day without wine, or another at four francs which may be described as simply luxurious, will set the main question at rest even for a Briton who does not change with the sky. The cheaper house is within easy croqueting distance of the Grand' Eau,

whose rising and falling with the waxing and waning power of the sun on the glaciers close at hand may be watched from hour to hour, sometimes from minute to minute; on the tamer side of the valley, though such an epithet even in comparison is strangely out of place, the world is shut out by the lofty green and grey range over which Chaussy and La Parc and Isenaux preside; while the opposite barrier is formed by the inexpressible grandeur of the amphitheatre which contains the *Creux de Champ*, formed of perpendicular rocks down which the glaciers creep wherever they find an exception to the prevailing perpendicularity, and countless cascades of

every size and shape wherein most beauty may be found, come tumbling headlong with no such careful search. Once in the Creux de Champ it might be supposed that its precipices reach the skies; but on emerging it is found that nature has reared a higher trophy still, for clear above all stretches up a steep and iceless mass of rock, the queen of all that region—the Oldenhorn.

It was currently reported in the Upper Ormont valley that two English ladies had ascended this mountain a year or two before, and on inquiry at the *pension* it was found that a son of the house had been one of the guides on that occasion. What had once been done by two English ladies, two English ladies might do again, and A. and M. had accordingly set their hearts upon making the attempt as soon as G. joined them, for, as in the previous year, that male person's holidays began rather late. In the Pension Gottraux there was a somewhat motley collection of guests, and among them a remarkably pleasant family whose oldest son was a manly Swiss of sixteen or seventeen with much of botanical and other knowledge: Madame D'E. was anxious that her son should prove a good mountaineer, and to the great satisfaction of the English trio she proposed that he should accompany them to make trial of his powers.

It was about half-past three in the afternoon when the party left the *pension*, the Oldenhorn overhead gazing with defiant contempt upon the many adieux. Never was an excursion commenced with such evil promise. M. had privately confessed to A. a violent headache, with intermittent dizziness, while A., in her anxiety to cure a blister, had aggravated it to an all but incapacitating extent; D'E. had run the point of an alpenstock into the top of his foot a day or two before, and G. suffered silently spasmodic premonitions. And never was such promise so belied; for the result was one grand total of utter enjoyment.

The work for the evening was to be a four hours' walk by the *Col de Pillon*, and up the left bank of the Reuschbach to the *Châlets d'Audon*, which were to be reached between eight and nine o'clock and left at two or three the next morning, some one having picked up an idea that beds were to be procured in the straw in one of the cluster of *châlets*. The Grand' Eau has two main sources; the one from the Creux de Champ, consisting of the water which pours down from innumerable points of the Sexrouge glacier, and also of large supplies welling up from dozens of limpid sources in the level meadows at the mountain foot; the other sent forth by the northern slope of the same glacier, and bursting from the rocks in a clear arch for the last hundred feet or two of its fall. This is the *Dard*, and up its course their path lay until the fall was passed on the right hand. There are few things more charming among Alpine delights than to lie on a summer's day on the richly flowered grass, beyond the farthest point to which the spray of a glacier fall can fly, and watch the span of the arch becoming broader with the growing power of the sun upon the ice: as the forenoon minutes pass swiftly on, the unbroken

stream flies farther and farther from the face of the rock, its volume sensibly increasing; trout might rise where in the morning all was dry gravel, and by the time that hunger steps in to end the romance, the whole scene has passed through innumerable variations of beauty, each in its turn the most beautiful. This evening, however, their minds were intent upon other things; the Dard might leap and dance in its wild fall as madly as it chose, they had no eyes for its grand and graceful fling: the thoughts of to-morrow's labours and dangers sat visibly upon more than one brow, and perhaps some fear of coming beds intruded itself among loftier cares.

After a time a small stream was reached which flowed eastwards, the Dard having passed away to the west, and for the rest of the way the glacier falls precipitated themselves into this stream, which carries their waters into the Saane, and thence by the Aar and the Rhine to the German Ocean; so that of two falls from the same glacier, within rifle-shot of each other, one carries the débris of the Oldenhorn to puzzle the delicate fish of the Mediterranean, and the other will float a piece of Olden pine to be picked up on the silent sands of Scarborough.\* Even this phenomenon did not engage their attention long, for now Alexandre, our guide, suddenly left the beaten track which would have led to La Reusch and Gsteig (Châtelet), and, crossing the stream, plunged into a steep and pathless pine forest, at the upper end of which he expected to strike a path skirting the foot of the precipices on the right, by which means "a good half-hour" could be saved. But short cuts are bad roads. After a mile or two of very hard work, each difficult step rewarded it is true by some fresh majesty in the surrounding trees, the party was brought to a sudden stop by a scene of such chaotic confusion as defies description by pen or pencil. "Behold a true *éboulement!*" was all that Gottraux could say, referring to the *éboulement* of the Diablerets which was to be the next *course* attempted by the three English. And indeed that was exactly what it was: a vast mountain of rock had fallen, leaving a deep chasm from top to bottom of the precipice overhead, and sweeping down in its course a broad belt of the forest, and alas! the very path for which the travellers had been making. It seemed at the first glance impossible to cross the track of the rock avalanche; but in the Alps, as in other parts of the world, impossibilities are wont to melt before determination and care, and in no long time the path was struck on the opposite side, at the point where its continuity had met with so sudden a solution. But the word "path" is a misnomer, if it conveys any such idea as it might do on a Scotch or English hill-side: it was a thing of faith rather than of sight; and to "miss the path" amounted to a shallow euphemism for

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\* Murray does not allow this. In his "Cline Map of Switzerland" (9th edition, 1861), he makes the Saane flow on contentedly till it has passed Freiburg, and almost reached the battlefield of Laupen, when some evil impulse turns it southward to be finally lost in the Schwarze Sec; whereas the local belief is, that it flows past Laupen and falls into the Aar some fifteen miles below Berne.

breaking one's neck. Unfortunately the latter was the form in which the affair presented itself to A.'s mind, and accordingly she did not display too much alacrity when the path came periodically to more complete disappearances at the critical points. Gottraux confessed the next day that he had brought them by this path in order to test their powers of head and legs, and that at one peculiarly awkward place he had turned to D'E. and whispered that the great demoiselle could not manage the Oldenhorn. He had not taken national character into his calculations, however, and A. nobly proved him wrong when it came to the point.

As considerable time had been lost in one way or other they now made what haste they could, stopping, however, to admire to the full the grand loveliness of the broken falls of the Reusch, and before very long had ascended by a series of zigzags, with a constant lift as severe as the Lantern Tower of York Minster, to the top of the precipitous rocks, when they found themselves on the edge of a small and almost level pasturage—the Olden Alp, down the middle of which the Reusch cut its noisy way with the puerile waste of power of one whose first important plunge has not been made. The pleasant grass was dotted thickly with cows and goats, and the large cluster of *châlets* lay agreeably near, the whole hemmed in on the east by the harsh and naked mass of the Sanetsehorn, too grand to be grotesque, yet bordering closely on the fanciful in some of its forms, and on the west by the suspended precipices round whose other side their way had lain; while at the farther end, as there was still light enough to perceive, were massed the snows at the base of the Oldenhorn, whose inhospitable steepness affords them no long resting-place on its sides. Above the snow, and more to the left, the edge of the *Sanstfeuron* glacier (patois *Tzanstfeuron*) frowned seemingly close at hand, and brought home to their hearts, not without an accompanying impulse of chill awe, the fact that they were approximating at this late hour of the night to the regions of perpetual ice and snow.

At last the right *châlet* was reached, and they entered without much ceremony. There were human beings within, for grunts plusquam-porcine issued from the darkness, and as Gottraux's tongue was only French, and the party had now passed from Vaud to Berne, D'E. inquired in his worst German whether beds were to be had there. The inmates evidently did not understand him, nor he their rejoinder; but the others were hungry and tired, and so took a hopeful view of the matter and boldly interpreted the sounds to mean yes and a welcome; then something shuffled along the floor and began to blow, and in a few seconds the smouldering embers produced a blaze, and a motionless figure in an apology for a gown was seen holding a piece of unlighted candle, promptly put to its natural use by the new-comers. Knapsacks were taken off, a board was propped up to form a table, bread and *wurst* and tea and coffee were unpacked, and at last the landlady was galvanized into exposing a three-legged pan of water to the now handsome blaze, and producing a vessel of cream two feet high, from which they baled for themselves full

basins until all were for the present appeased. The fire was in the middle of the earthen floor, kept within moderate bounds by three stone walls about the height of the cream-jug, on which dusky human figures



began to make their appearance, creeping out from different corners and sitting in lumps on the walls to enjoy the new warmth. Fortunately the housewife was a very superior woman, who comprehended that when a thing was asked for she must get it if she had it; one of the men, too, was good for an answer or at least a responsive motion about twice out of three times, so that what with signs and what with broken German words, all things necessary were procured, with the sole and strange exception of butter, for converting what had been brought into a most promising meal.

Suddenly, however, as they were on the point of sitting down to enjoy it, a rush of many feet was heard outside the *châlet*, the door flew open, and with screams and yells a dirtier half-dozen precipitated themselves through the opening, and banged the door behind them. The first impulse of one at least of the invaded party was to open in his pocket a large knife carried for feeding purposes; but before he could do so, and before A. and M. had time or breath to scream, the intruders ranged themselves against the wall on either side of the door, and relapsed into total inanimateness: at the same time a rapid succession of angry roars, accompanied by sounds which showed that some horned beast was charging the *châlet* walls—choosing, let us hope, the soft places—explained the irruption of men. The woman muttered something of which the word *Stier* formed a part, and pointed to a dark corner whence the men drew each a long pole; and then, sallying forth as if moved by very deliberate clock-work,



they belaboured the unfortunate bull until he took himself off. "He is diabolical when strangers come," she was understood to explain, "and the very *Teufel* if they are women."

Tea was a delightful success, notwithstanding a practical difficulty which arose from the obstinacy of a rickety old bench. That piece of furniture was equal to standing safely by itself, and did not quite fall when one sat at each end and one in the middle, but under no other condition was equilibrium possible. This was only learned by the experience of two catastrophes, when the rising of one of the party was followed by the subsidence of the other two amid avalanches of plates and cups and food, after which it was enacted that no one must get up without giving due warning. When tea was finished, the subject of beds came naturally into prominence, and D'E. asked the woman to show the way to the expected straw. She shook, or rather swung, her head in a hopelessly puzzled way, but at length, on constant reiteration of the word *Stroh* in connection with bed, she seemed to understand what was wanted, and opening a sort of door in the side of the place where they had fed, went through with the candle and pointed into the half-victorious darkness. She was not the only one of the group to point! This, then, at length, was the meaning of *Stroh*—the darkest, dirtiest little cupboard four feet high resting on the ground, with two beds berthwise in its height stuffed with squalid patchwork, the whole propped against the wall, and used as a table. The face of the upper layer of reclining humanity would be within an inch or two of the under-side of the table, a favourable position, doubtless, for speculating upon the materials that might be thrown on to it during occupancy, while the lower layer could enjoy the tattoo of a drowsy cowherd, sitting on the table and making music with his pendant iron heels. A. said, "Never!" and M. said, "Never!" and the party fled.

It now struck G. that, as corn is not grown in great quantities at glacier altitudes, dried grass might convey more meaning than *Stroh* to their hostess's mind, and accordingly he put his idea into such words as his ignorance suggested, and also made imaginary hay. Now, at length, they were on the right track; sleeping on hay was clearly a routine affair, whereas *Stroh* was an unknown bed. This time she led the way with alacrity through a hole in the opposite wall, and ushered the sleep-desiring five—for Gottraux accompanied them with a lighted lantern he had picked up in detachments—into the stable where the cows were milked, empty now of all but one sick heifer. About eight feet from the ground a large shelf decked with abundant cobweb stood out from the wall, with a ladder leading up to it: holding the candle so that the hay on the shelf might be seen, the woman pointed silently to the primitive staircase, and departed.

They looked at the shelf, and they looked at each other. A. was seen to shrink into smaller compass as the involuntary hand drew in her draperies, while a blank grey look came over her face, such as was wont to

appear there when impossibilities presented themselves for performance. Gottraux was the first to move : he had borrowed a dried calfskin from one of the men, and with this clutched about him, and a fiery handkerchief tied round his bushy black head and swarthy face, he mounted the ladder and flung himself down in an uncouth heap at one end of the shelf; D'E. ascended next, then G. was ordered up, and M. led jauntily the female division. A. being tall, five or six steps of the ladder brought her face to a level with the shelf, and there it remained for some time significantly expressing unwillingness to proceed; for Gottraux was now sitting up on end, and with his calfskin, hair outwards, and red head-dress, and the pattern of the lantern-slide projected on his face, he made that part of the shelf look the reverse of tempting, while in its way A.'s own end contrived to look equally uninviting: however it must be done, and at length she crept up and subsided with a protesting shudder. But Gottraux was not satisfied; he called attention to some foreign substance which cropped up here and there at the female end, and bade them extract it from the hay, when to every one's surprise it proved to be an opportune *duvet*, with which A. and M. at once gladly covered themselves.

The order of arrangement was this: the five lay parallel, Gottraux at the extreme right, and at a small interval D'E., with G. near him; then after a considerable gap came M., flanked by A. The lantern was put out, though not without dissentient votes, and then it was found that to those who were so inclined the holes in the roof presented favourable opportunities for observing the transit of the stars. But little was done in that way, for the business of the night soon commenced in real earnest: it may be summed up in one word, fleas. If a supplementary word be required it is forthcoming, and it is—snores. The former will convey a depth of meaning to many a troubled mind, but it is probable that the full force of the latter was never so completely felt as on this occasion; for, considering all the circumstances, there was something so uniquely horrible in Alexandre Gottraux's snore, that its victims doubt the possibility of a successful rival performance. It was two distinct snores, the ascending and the descending, each frightfully complicated and subject to astonishing maxima in its execution, maxima being the opposite of lulls; sometimes the ascent was a loud and jubilant trumpeting, ringing out clearly through the cold night air, and then again it was subtle music of more dirge-like type; the descent was a deep prolonged groan, which shook the rafters of the building, and cruelly wrung the English nerves. Only the English nerves, for fortunate D'E. was so fast asleep that even an injustice to which he was subjected by G. failed to rouse him. Ideas of space and position become shockingly confused under such circumstances as the present, and perhaps G.'s bodily torments did not allow much calculation on his part; at any rate, he conceived the idea that the snores proceeded from D'E.'s averted head, and consequently admonished him with gentle heel in the hope of mitigating the nuisance. This having no effect, he became enraged and struck out with his left

elbow, taking poor D'E. in the short ribs: D'E. flinched palpably, but the snore—at that moment in the full swing of a triumphant ascent—went serenely on, without the gasp which is usually observed to follow an aggressive measure of this description, from which G. understood that he had made a mistake. Another disturbing element most unexpectedly appeared in the shape of loud idiotic explosions of laughter which broke at intervals from various members of the chalet family; not choruses, but solitary roars, as each one realized some unwonted scene of the evening. It was consoling to humanity to know that there was so much of life in these fellow-creatures, but the noise was a most aggravating anti-soporific.

About one o'clock things became a little better; each member of the family in the next compartment had laughed, the fleas had exhausted their powers, and the snoring had become a normal condition of existence: it seemed almost possible to sleep. But it was not to be. The heifer below had so far been quiet; it now began to dance, and mountain heifers sound or sick wear bells. For a few minutes this was writhingly endured: then one after another started up, and declared it was time for breakfast; Gottraux and D'E. were maltreated into waking, a match was struck while they were still in the hay, and then the party descended.

Breakfast did not occupy much time, for no one was inclined to eat anything, though large demands were made upon the pitchers in which tea and coffee had been brewed; all were in a state of half-feverish impatience to be off, and about half-past two the start was made, under the guidance of a glittering frosty moon which seemed to give a new character to everything on which its rays fell. The moon is in the way of doing this, reaching farther than the surface and planting a spark of ghostly life in the heart of inanimate things. The English members of the party were by this time familiar enough with the appearance of a glacier, but seen by moonlight the blue dip of the Sanfeuron was something entirely new to them. It was a living thing, possessed of divers orders of spiritual existence, and they walked along in silent awe, as in the confessed presence of these.

Half an hour of this, a sharp look-out being kept by Gottraux for the diabolic bull, brought them to something more practical in the shape of the first snow, forming a bridge over the infant Reusch—strictly infant now, for its sources were bound up by a biting frost. The snow was smooth and level and delightfully crisp, and the fresh crystals—one taken up after another in ceaseless succession by the swiftly-moving eye—seemed to dance exultingly in the presence of unwonted admirers. Day soon began to break, marking its appearance in their immediate neighbourhood by a change rather in the character than in the amount of light, though on the proud crests of the surrounding precipices an imperceptible warmth of colour was suggested, to the mental rather than as yet to the bodily eye, which spoke of some influence more impassioned than the convent coldness of the virgin wanderer of the skies. After a time D'E. startled the party by announcing that he had two shadows, and when they all

stood in a row to mark the curious phenomenon, the effect of the ten shade-pictures was very strange; if Peter Schlemil had been there, he might have come to some more satisfactory arrangement, but he must have made haste, for the conquering sun banished the left-hand shadows before many yards more of snow had been traversed.

But now the snow was no longer level; smooth still, for it lay on a sheet of ice, but very steep; and Gottraux cut foot-holes athwart the slope, by which means the highest point of snow was reached at the foot of the precipices on which it had been unable to lodge. These were now to be skirted eastward until they should assume an assailable character, and the skirting process was no pleasant one: there was not a level inch for the foot to rest upon, the steep slope commencing from the solid perpendicular rock; moreover, the snow reached within four or five inches of the foot of the precipices, and that extent of sloping shale was accordingly the whole available path; while here and there the snow encroached, not soft and deep, but frozen into thin ice of most persuasive slipperiness, as the edges of such snow-fields usually are. It might be nothing to a practised mountaineer, but it was very trying for beginners, inasmuch as the slightest slip must have led to a long glissade down a slope of forty or fifty degrees, with ragged boulders below stretching up inhospitable arms to receive the prey.

At length Gottraux came to a stand, and announced that they must now go up the rock on the right. It certainly was lower than it had so far been, and the surface was more broken, but still it looked alarmingly like a ruinous house side, and even Gottraux's goat-like ascent failed to inspire confidence into the dismayed adventurers: it was mere ignorance on their part, and before the day was half over they had learned to look upon such things as a matter of course, and had risen to the requirements of the situation; but they shuddered now—and the chair seems to sink through the floor as the scene returns—when the eye wandered disobediently to the slope of snow, and suggested the only possible result of a fall. This was the first of many like difficulties, for they had reached that part of the mountain which Mr. Hinchliff has graphically likened to a giant staircase with sloping steps; the edges, too, of the steps were frittered away, and the loose shale lurked treacherously at the steepest points, like some ruined stair at the foot of which our explorations of an abbey or a castle are brought to an end. Every angular point of the body must serve for a hand or a crimped foot; the elbows must know how to cling grimly, and the knees, and on occasion the very nose, must be ready to save a slip of half an inch from becoming a fatal fall. And thus they crept slowly up, Gottraux approving himself a perfect lady's guide, always cheerful, and taking a pleasure in making their difficult work less hard; encouraging them up the possible places, and dragging them up the impossible with the handle of his axe, they all the while feeling like infinitesimal units clinging to nothing, and oppressed by the conviction which hangs about the face of a precipice, that the slightest

puff of wind must blow them off. But there was a grandeur of penetration in the absolute beauty of each vocal peak and mountain-top, which crushed scornfully through such human weaknesses as fear half undiscovered and incipient fatigue, and made its way irresistibly to those recesses of the heart where dwells the nearest approach to the appreciation of more than mortal loveliness.



In course of time they came to the true level of the Sanfleuron glacier, and some of the party were anxious to make a digression on to its smooth and tempting surface, which extended without an apparent break for leagues and leagues towards the east, and south, and west; but some roughish country lay between their present position and the nearest edge of the glacier, so the more prudent heads decided that it was best to get to the top of the Oldenhorn first, and take the Sanfleuron on their way down, if they had not found out by that time that merely up and down the mountain would be quite sufficient for their powers.

Their work now lay before them; for the Oldenhorn rises in a sheer precipice from the west side of the glacier, and the ridge up whose edge their way must lie sprang from the spot where they stood, and lay extended as it were up the mountain's side like the contorted back of some huge antediluvian. Along this they toiled, a mark for the blazing sun, until the base of the final cone was reached, whose only accessible side was a mass of loose shaly stones moving down bodily when a step was made in advance, and carrying the climber back through half the length of his stride. Here Gottraux made a determined stand on a narrow ledge which afforded no room for sitting down, but had the advantage of an agreeable back to lean against, and commanded an uninterrupted view of the vast Sanfleuron far below, from its very edge at the foot of the precipice on whose face they stood: they must get some *force*, their careful guide told them, before the last struggle. So the bottles were brought out, and they proceeded to get what *force* they could. None of the four will ever forget that ledge of rock; for there, for the first time, they saw in its full beauty the suggestive elegance of the chamois. Even that cabined creature which feeds on the sugar and bread of charity at the Giessbach Falls is a perfect incarnation of all that is sprightly and soft; and the mere offer of a piece of *Gemse* at a table d'hôte always stirs up a sort of appetizing romance, notwithstanding the suspicion before tasting that some kid has died to furnish that luxury, while after trial made the kid too often becomes an old goat, and suspicion becomes certainty; but in its wild state the chamois is irresistible, and the glasses were never out of use, watching his graceful course as he traversed the glacier below, or stopped with head erect seeking intently and painfully the origin of Gottraux's alarming whistle. G. had directed the guide to procure a rifle the day before, but unfortunately that was the day of the *tir* at Aigle, and not a rifle or a powder-horn was to be found in all the valley. It made no difference to the chamois one way or the other, for he was quite safe in G.'s hands; but in descending they came close upon three more, penned up in so narrow a cleft of the rock that it would have been very difficult for even him to miss them all.

When the chamois had disappeared it was time to start again, and up the shifting shale they ploughed stiffly and somewhat wearily. Did any one ever reach the top of a mountain, or indeed any other great object of desire, without coming upon it at last unexpectedly? It is always a surprise in the last few yards or the last few minutes as the case may be, and so it was now. Hitherto they had seen on the right hand the smiling valleys of Vaud, and on the left, many glimpses of the world-renowned giants which lie between the lake of Thun and Monte Rosa, but the ponderous mass of the Oldenhorn itself had shut out all the south-west view. No words can express their amazement and delight when this seemed suddenly to melt away with the last three steps, and they found nothing but the telescopic atmosphere on any side. It would be tedious and impossible to tell what old and new friends flashed out from every

point of the perfect horizon: a negative list would be much more simple, for the peaks that cannot be seen from that vantage-ground of 10,290 feet are very few. On their way to the summit, the Combin had been the easternmost of the mountains visible on the left hand, and had stood out with such massive prominence that they had believed for a time that in it they saw Mont Blanc; for a different stand-point so entirely changes the character of a mountain that their familiar knowledge of Mont Blanc from another side was held to be no rule for their present position. But now they were indeed undeceived, when the veritable giant stood revealed in all that calm bewildering grandeur which its closer converse with the heavens has won. There is always a something about this mountain which appeals to a subjective magnifier in the heart, and the higher the observer rises the greater the magnifying power; that is to say, the mountain looks disproportionately high as compared with other mountains. This is usually attributed to the comparative solitariness of the whole position, but constant familiarity with the soaring outline seems to put a deeper meaning into it than this; at any rate even Monte Rosa, never a very striking mountain from the distant north, is dwarfed into a thoroughly secondary place for spectators from the Oldenhorn, in the presence of its great rival.

There was not a cloud in the whole sky, so long as the back was turned on Eastern France; but over that country the white clouds lay fleecily, their upper side presenting the appearance of a large army under canvas, thousands of tent-like cones rising up skyward and clearly seen from above. Over no other point of the vast field of view was there any barrier between earth and heaven. The mountains clothed from base to summit in glacial dress looked like some white-clad early Christian crowd at baptismal Easter-tide, raising the clasped hands of prayer and adoration; with here one and there springing up into the eager attitude of praise, and seeking with aspiring palms enveloped in the bright garments of the new birth, to grasp the incomprehensible, to attain to the infinite. And the answering rays came down with abiding softness, and played as it were lovingly around the adoring head and on the hands of prayer; and they sweetly lighted up the ascribing palms with divine phosphorescence. And the spotless virgin in pure Cistercian garb of jewelled ice and snow, at whose voice when raised in wrath the Wengern Alp is seen to tremble, and the rugged Carmelite at her side from beneath his concealing cowl, renewed evermore their worship and their vows; and the ministering Engel-hörner softly lurked behind. And nature unisonant seemed to sing *Te Deum*; and antiphonal harmonies replied, for Jacob's dream was there. But yet from all this loveliness the eye wandered continually to the lovely Sanfleuron; a thousand feet below it lay the fair bodily form of the spirit of peace and repose, hymning heavenward its silent lullaby which soothed the weary climbers as it passed.

However, frail mortality has other senses than that of sight, and a certain unromantic member of its animal economy is possessed of a voice,

and of power to make it heard. A lady, in writing of such a situation as the present, has spoken of the rich sweet thankfulness in being able to enjoy, which fills the eyes with happy tears; but the males at least of the party omitted that ceremony, and proceeded instead to the enjoyment of a well-seasoned *wurst*. There was barely room for the five to sit, and on all sides except the shaly approach the precipices fell sheer down; nevertheless, they made a perfect dinner, body and soul enjoying an inimitable repast. One creature comfort the former found very unexpectedly, the keenness of the night's frost having caught a small patch of snow before it had time to slip off, and pinned it there for icing the half-churned wine.

When the meal was finished, they opened the *cache* and drew out the collection of wooden labels on which the names of all their predecessors were carved or written. A. and M. sought eagerly for the two English ladies of whom they had so often heard, and at length found them, one bearing a ducal surname, with a Christian name now honoured by royalty. Some of the ascents dated as far back as the beginning of the century, and there were names among them that the world has heard; but, to A. and M.'s great delight, no female name appeared excepting on the one label. G. at once set to work to carve a memorial on a piece of wood brought up for the purpose, and when it was finished they all agreed that it was more complete than anything the Oldenhorn had so far possessed. By this time Gottraux was fast asleep, and as they kept an eye upon him lest he should roll off, it was seen that he was going through some lively adventure: D'E. was in the act of remarking that the dreams should be very romantic on such a couch, when he suddenly awoke and parodied the romance by exclaiming in the husky voice of returning consciousness, "*Le matelas est bien dur, Monsieur D'Espine!*" When asked to give an account of his dreams, he said that he had been beating an engineer for declaring that the road from Gsteig into the Ormonts, over the Col de Pillon, could not be made: this road had long been hoped for by the inhabitants of the valley, and curiously enough the engineer was at this moment prospecting on the Col, and he told the party in the evening that he had watched them through his glass as they rested on the summit of the Oldenhorn.

After two hours and a half had passed away with that ruthless rapidity which marks the march of moments of delight, they sorrowfully determined that it was time to start. They gazed on the charms they now must leave, with the long lingering look with which it is supposed that in an earlier stage of civilization a lover was wont to part from his mistress; nor was the mistress in this case unresponsive, for when the heart yearns to some snow-clad mountain, and cries aloud with the silent eloquence of the eye to its valleys and crags, each atom of the mountain has its voiceless answer ready, and gives it with abundant sympathy. But at length they forced themselves to rise, and once on their feet were soon equipped. The descent of the highest cone was a very simple matter, for it was only



necessary to plant themselves every now and then afresh, and the moving shale carried them down without any effort beyond that by which equilibrium was maintained. This effort D'E. fancied that A. found it difficult to make, so he went to her assistance, and the two came sliding down hand in hand, preceded by a rattling avalanche of stones. The others of the party had reached the bottom of the cone, M. going a tremendous pace with the support of Gottraux's hand which reassured the dizziness she



still felt, and on looking back up the slope they were considerably struck by the picturesque appearance presented by A. and D'E. From head to foot A. was clothed in dove-coloured grey, save where a brown hat and corresponding ribs of colour at the other extremity broke the Quaker-like monotony. D'E., on the contrary, rejoiced in white trowsers and a flaming red shirt and a white straw hat, with a new botanical tin of the brightest possible green. Both of them were tall and slight, and in the course of their mutual efforts to save each other from falling their hands

had been gradually raised up high between them, and they looked like those ornamental dancers who perform on China mugs and gaudy tea-trays.

There was another reason for M.'s greater speed, which partook of the nature of a female mystery and was only explained later. Both A. and M. were carefully looped up, but the sharp-pointed rocks which cropped up here and there knew how to catch the festoons and hold them impaled. M.'s was an elderly gown, and with a finished grace it always gave way on these occasions and offered no resistance to the rocks; but A. was more stiffly clad, and her festoons struggled with their captors, while polite D'E. was always ready to stop and assist in their release. So that although M. reached the foot of the cone long before A. she reached it more or less in ribbons, whereas A.'s more stately paces were encompassed to the end by untattered habiliments.

At length the level of the Sanfleuron was once more reached, and as they all felt perfectly fresh a digression was made on to the glacier; their enjoyment of it may be gathered from a remark made in stepping from it to the rocks again, "I could have walked there for ever." The popular idea of a glacier gives it a surface like water frozen as it chops and churns in some narrow sea, and the cockney glaciers of Grindelwald confirm and generalize the impression; but a more smooth and level plain than the Sanfleuron cannot well be imagined, excepting in the Sanetsch corner, where crevasses prevail to an alarming extent.

If the glacier had looked beyond expression lovely from the height of the Oldenhorn, the mountain in its turn looked beyond expression grand from the surface of the glacier. The whole sea of ice was hemmed in by masses of rock of most striking character, but none rose with such glorious abruptness as that which had now been made a friend for life. The melancholy remnants of the three fallen Diablerets stood out with an air which told a part of their story, a story told in full detail by the chaos in which the Lac Derborence has found a home, while the two that are yet to fall reared themselves to the skies with a full measure of preparatory pride. It had once been the ambition of A. and M. to ascend these, and there is certainly a strange fascination in the idea of standing on the summit of a mountain ten thousand feet high, whose companions lie in shattered heaps in the valleys below, confidently expecting the fall of the remnant that is still left standing. But the ascent to the bird's-eye view of the *éboulement* involves a long *cheminée*, and A. and M. did not care to have their clothes torn off their backs, while the real ascent of the Diablerets presents glacial difficulties through which no local guide would undertake a lady; so that on the whole they were prudently satisfied with the graceful and more possible summit of the Oldenhorn.

The glacier only escapes beyond its rocky margin at two points: the one between the Oldenhorn and the Diablerets, where its overflow forms the Sexrouge, a glacier which some weeks before had hurled down huge masses of ice upon A. and M.,—those rash adventurers having climbed up to its lowest point in a dense mist,—but had hurled them with so

merciful a discretion that only one small piece took effect; the other outlet between the Oldenhorn and the Sanetsch, down which gap they were now to endeavour to make their way to the chalets d'Audon, for they had determined that the route by which they had ascended to the level of the glacier was impracticable for the descent, when the whole giddy height and the steep slopes of ice and snow would lie before their eyes, demonstratively visible at every step they took.

They certainly did eventually get down, but to this day one or two of them scarcely know how. Gottraux, in his anxiety to prove the way easy—for he had quite come into the view he had at first opposed—went down thirty or forty yards of the ice slope like lightning, thus tempting D'E. also to try a glissade. Poor D'E., however, got under weigh before he was ready for a start, and he shot down shapeless, providentially taking a line which brought him within reach of Gottraux's powerful arm. Had that chance of safety failed, the inevitable boulders were ready for him below; but as it was he merely lost a little skin and his eau de cerise. Gottraux then came back, and piloted M. down in safety, G. undertaking A. and bringing her also down after various little accidents. She was sometimes not very sure-footed, and at the steeper points his only plan was to fix his alpenstock firmly in the ice a little in advance, and against this to place his foot, then A., holding his left hand, was to let herself glide gently down till she rested on the upper side of this foot, when she could get a good hold with her own alpenstock, and then the slow process could be repeated. But she did not always hit the foot in sliding down, and on such occasions her feet of course slipped from under her, and with a wild shriek of "Oh, George!" she flung her left arm blindly round his neck, and the two rolled chaotically down till one or other caught at something. One of these rolls was alarmingly long, for A. missed her accustomed clutch of G.'s shoulder, and brought her left hand, still tightly grasping her alpenstock, heavily upon his unfortunate nose, so that he commenced the roll in a half-stunned state. M. and Gottraux were not without their tumbles too, but the others were far too much occupied to take any notice of them.

At the foot of the glacier they spent a long time in collecting the lovely flowers which have chosen that inclement region for their habitation; one, the fairest of them all, *la frêle soldanelle*, with its delicate lilac fringes, bursting through the hard crusted edges formed by the frozen meltings of the snow and ice. Each of the five contrived to find a better specimen than the others of the happily-named velvet *ped de lion*, so prettily introduced in a German tale of conjugal happiness restored: the *arabette*, with leaves like those of the plants which lower latitudes call ice-plants, seemed to fill its proper place at the edge of the Sanfleuron; while various ranunculaceæ, the small red glacial ranunculus, the white clusters of the anemone à *fleurs de Narcisse*, and the large white Alpine anemone, rewarded their enthusiastic search. Then the chalets d'Audon were at length reached, the only disappointment having been that not one of the

marmots which abound in that valley had made itself visible. Gottraux had no object now in trying the heads and legs of the party, so the path which had suffered from the *éboulement* was prudently avoided, and the better and more beautiful route by the course of the Reusch was chosen. They were met by Madame D'E. with a party, in great anxiety for her son's safety, four hours from home, and regaled by her with a banquet of cream in a *châlet*; the two parties then united and reached the *pension*, with flags improvised and few or no signs of fatigue, at seven o'clock in the evening, the five having thus made a hard day of seventeen hours after a hard night of three. But even then, and much more now, they could think only of the delights of the day, for all its hardships were pleasures and its dangers triumphs; and of the night it may be said, that in the course of time they have come to look upon it as a most amusing experience.







MY BABY.

## Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### MY NEW HOME.



WE were away from England eight months after our marriage—that is to say, from the autumn of one year to the spring of the next; and all this time was spent in scenes which kept me in a swiftly changing rhapsody of surprise. Now at last I saw the world: strange seas, strange skies, strange cities, and what was still more unknown to me, men and women; for of them I had little experience till now, nor had I ever troubled my fancy more with what I

sometimes heard of as “society” than with what I read of as the South Sea Islands. This lack of curiosity I attribute to my breeding in the forest, where I had never any sympathy except such as an imaginative self-contenting child may find in trees and clouds and clods, and the moss on the trees, and the tiny busy things that creep in the clods, and the thousand sounds of nature which, when you have learnt them, make up a language that fills the mind with a pagan learning and a pagan faith more subtle than any gained from books—that satisfies the mind more, and keeps it more like a wholesome breezy field, and less like a hot and noisy factory. Well, seas, skies, and cities were beautiful to my eyes and easy to read; but as for those others, the men and women, they were more difficult. I saw that the veils of convention they wore were comely and charming, but somehow I did not like the charm. Character which appeared to be dressed *à la mode* three times a day made me more timid than ambitious; indeed, I often felt the same sort of resentful proud shamefacedness that an innocent pretty savage in her half-nakedness might feel, paraded as a *lionne* in some London drawing-room.

Nowhere was I considered leonine, of course ; but all the same I was very much stared at. Especially in our excursions on the Mediterranean, which my husband enjoyed so heartily, I was often cruelly conscious of that kind of admiration which gentlemen swear to by Jove. Moreover, people everywhere showed a certain tendency to distinguish between my husband and myself, and to separate us. This, of course, was because of his blunter manners, his no-conversation, his homely modes of speech, his *je ne sais quoi* of being "nobody;" and—who knows?—perhaps there was something in the fact that while his wife was yet in her teens, he had attained the age of forty.

More than once this condition of things set my mind in such a mood that it was as if the leaf resolutely folded itself back into the bud again. More than once, in other moods, I had to conceal a quick little pang of pleasure at seeing how troubled and puzzled my husband looked when a knot of young gallants, beautifully whiskered, assembled to talk opera about my deck chair, or when one of them would do me some trifling service obviously needed, but which *he* never saw must be welcome till it was accomplished : accomplished, too, very often, with an ostentation meant to point a husband's indifference or stupidity. Ah, but it was messieurs the gallants who were stupid. What did *they* know? If they detected any flutterings of satisfaction on my face, I hope they were not deceived : it was only because of that little pang of delight at *his* troubled countenance, which had its most grateful response far deeper in my heart than could be reached by any ceremonial kindness of handing a chair or a shawl. Why should it not be my duty to hand chairs and wraps for *him*?

But it did not please me that he should be vexed without reason, or made to feel ashamed when there was no shame. It did not please me that he should take the subtle small distinctions that were made between us with less resentment than I did—as though they were natural, or a price to be paid for one who was the very creature of his kindness. They offended me—they could not have been delightful to him ; and yet wherever amusement and gay company were accessible (it was winter then, you know), there he took me most faithfully. "You came to see the world, my dear," said he, "and it is nothing but right you should do so. You are not to be a hermit or a nurse yet awhile ; and if I don't show much pleasure in this sort of thing, I feel it all the same." But I was not to be deceived by such disingenuous generosity ; while for my own part, what he called the "world" propounded too many puzzles of act and motive to be enjoyed without fear. My happiest days were spent in travel on the road ; the most welcome mornings were those when I woke in some rustic villa ; and as soon as I thought I could do so without seeming ungrateful or sentimental, I asked to be taken home. And by this time I had found for that request the sweetest excuse that can be.

Another reason : I had not yet seen the home that was to be mine. Of course I was intensely curious about it, but I resolutely disciplined



my curiosity—asking no questions that the gift might come with all its due surprises; and my husband said nothing about it either, for the same reason.

Well, I was gratified at last! There it was—a most cozy, comely house in a great old walled garden that sloped down to the river near Twickenham. Without, it was simply a large, handsome cottage of no particular pretensions, but within, I can't say how charming it was: so bright, so rich, so homelike all the while, I had seen nothing like it. How should I, with my experiences confined to boarding-schools and hotels? And yet I felt rather as if I had returned to an old half-forgotten home than come to a new one. Every room seemed to embrace me when I entered it; and I was so grateful and foolish that I would have embraced every room, had that been possible.

Whether the house was new or old was not very clear from appearances, for the builder had modelled it very much upon the plan of the edifice which stood there more than two hundred years before, and I thanked him for it; for thus the house was kept in harmony with the ancient garden. Especially at the river front of the house: where it rested on a terrace, whose slope to the garden was broken by a flight of shallow broad stone steps, widening, and edged with a low parapet; and along each parapet crept evergreen vines in long straight lines—a stream of verdure flowing to the lawn. The garden itself was strikingly antique—quaintly antique, solemnly old. Though it had been kept with exceeding care, the care was strictly conservative. Change had never entered the gates after its first gardeners had done with it; and all the sweepings, and clippings, and trimmings that had gone on there since only added to it the neatness we see in an ancient faded gentleman. It was still an Italian garden, with fountained nooks grown hoary in seclusion, with avenues of limes too close to rustle—though I fancied a rustling *was* to be heard there on many a still evening, when the ghosts of grand ladies in silken sacs, and whispering swains in silk and satin and buckram too, walked down them once more, witty and wicked and gossiping. The sward seemed to repose on a dozen old grey swards, so soft it was: you said, "It is like tapestry," and not, "It is like a carpet." There was a grotto. Once there had been a labyrinth, but that *had* gone. The sundial remained, but it was rather too quaint: a black boy with a turban on, who, kneeling, presented the dial to the sun, on a stone cushion that looked at a little distance like a wash-hand basin.

A mere view of this charming old place from a window was not enough. He who gave it me longed for his dinner; *I* longed to go and take possession of my territory at once; and it promised so much in the way of discovery that I seized an opportunity of making the expedition alone. And a delightful dreamy ramble I had over the lawns and in and about the alleys, for it was a soft April evening, and a shower had fallen; and that well over, the sun came out to shine, and birds set up their throats to sing, for one half hour more. Where the house was hidden

by tall "memorial elms," all but a gable or so, there you were fairly shut in with the eighteenth century. At any moment Mr. Pope might appear, attendant on some one of the brocaded dames whom he knew too well and respected too little.

But instead of the fine romantic personages of that time, what should I behold approaching me by-and-by but a little odd figure in the black of our own day—a wizen, wigged little figure, bowing very much, and smiling very much, with a face like a winter russeting long forgotten in a cupboard. He appeared so suddenly from behind a clump of evergreens, when I thought myself quite alone, that I was startled out of all composure; but the small, small gentleman did his best to reassure me, bowing at every other step.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, in the cracked voice that was expected of him, "but I'm only an old fellow—a neighbour of yours—who hates the world and loves a little quiet meditation; and so I prevailed upon your housekeeper — you *are* Mrs. Denzil, I presume, whom we have been expecting so long?"

I bowed of course—but not graciously.

"Yes? I prevailed upon your housekeeper, then, to give me leave to stroll in your nice old garden occasionally, till you came home. And, I assure you," with another simper which might have meant anything, "I have had many profitable and pleasant reflections here."

I told him I was very glad to hear it.

"*Very* pleasant," said he. "But I cannot intrude any longer, of course. Permit me to restore the wicket key your housekeeper was good enough to lend me. *Good* evening! I wish you joy of your delightful residence."

He handed me the key with another bow, and shuffled off, smiling still. "Thanks for the key that locks you out," said I to myself, shivering. "I don't like you. You shall not come creeping here any more—like a great old black beetle." And in truth, the apparition of this mystical person, and his too impressive manners, put an end to the pleasures of my ramble. The interview was over in three or four minutes, but in that interval time and place had changed. The sun had set, the slatey gloom of an April evening had fallen everywhere; and not till I was seated with my happy husband in the light of half-a-dozen candles, and we found ourselves so charmingly "at home," did I forgive that malappropiate little man.

After a few days of rest in this pretty place (the selection of which for *me* argued such instinctive penetration that I respected my husband ever so much more now), I began to make acquaintances. All round about I had pleasant homely people for neighbours—families of the hereditary merchant class—not very rich families, but full of sons and daughters and decorous bonhomie. First, the parson called on me, and was so agreeable as never to say a word about the charities or pieties of the parish during the half hour he sat and chatted, with his long black

legs bent at acute angles on the littlest chair in the room. And I suppose I pleased *him*; though my part of the conversation was hampered by a naughty troublesome nursery rhyme which repeated itself in my mind the whole time. The legend is well known—it is about a Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet (probably a settee), and about a great spider who sat down beside her, and frightened Miss Muffet away.

However, I was not *much* frightened, and it was due to this interview, I suppose, that before the end of a week two or three of the nicest mothers came to call on me, with their daughters; and I liked the mothers best; and they liked me; and soon I found myself as welcome as the daughters themselves in the half-dozen houses which made up the friendliest and best community of the place.

By some rare concurrence of circumstance, taste, and feeling, it was, indeed, like one great family; and I was assured that no stranger had been admitted within its comfortable bounds for a long time past, save myself and “oh, such a nice, funny old gentleman,”—a doctor retired from his profession, who had come to settle in the village six months before our arrival. I found presently that to this gentleman belonged the quaint figure that had surprised me when I went to take possession of my garden; and he *always* surprised me: the impression he made upon my mind at first remained in full force after more meetings than one. Mr. Calamy was not often met, indeed. He was rarely seen at our neighbourly evening assemblies, but was chiefly known to the afternoon tea-tables of the ladies, where he enjoyed a certain popularity, first for his charities, and next for his eccentric manners and opinions; which added something piquant and original to the humdrum society on whose outskirts he preferred to dwell. He was a physician who railed against physic, and an old bachelor who disliked not the *other* sex, but his own. It was whispered everywhere, in a mysterious way, that he was very clever, though nobody could vouch for any particular instances of successful practice; and now it was too late to ask advice of him, for he would give none. On the very first occasion of my meeting the doctor in company, I heard him ridicule the pretensions he had resigned. “Let me alone,” said he, in his high cracked voice, to some poor lady who had ventured to hint at her chronic headaches and his well-known skill. “Don’t tempt me to risk another murder. I have no wish to add to the ill-gained guineas which would burn my pocket out if I did not give some of them now and then to your Dorcas work. Prescribe! there isn’t a drug in Polson’s shop that I know any more about than Polson’s shop-boy does. We are nothing but a pack of experimentalists, I tell you. Half the disease in the world is caused by experiments on the other half; and when all’s done, we are as much in the dark as ever!”

“Then you’ll positively have nothing to do with us,” said the disappointed woman.

“Not one of you!” he answered. “Nobody here shall persuade me to be the death of her—unless,” he added in a lower voice, and turning

to me with a smile that was meant to be polite and pleasant, no doubt, but which looked rather grim upon that withered face—"unless it be *you*."

"I hardly know how to take your reservation," said I.

"Well, don't take my drugs, Mrs. Denzil, and then you'll be perfectly safe," he answered, smiling again; and I certainly felt as if in that particular alone would I trust him. Nevertheless, Mr. Calamy always treated me with such anxious courtesy (especially when we happened to meet rambling or riding in the neighbourhood, which was pretty often,) that I was convinced he gave me the greater share of his goodwill. As for the rest, how could he help having such a strange old figure, or the ugly oddity of his looks?

And thus commenced the very happiest period of my life. Behold how dignified I was—a wife and mistress at eighteen! How rich, with all those pretty bonnets, and wonderful fine dresses, and delicate lawns and laces! How healthy, and strong, and handsome too! All is vanity, saith the Preacher, but who can help rejoicing in her strength and beauty when they and happiness are so much in accord that they seem to sing together through all her limbs? I rejoiced. As Earth is conscious, day and night, of the rustling of her trees, and the noise of her streams, and the humming of the air, so I felt my life busy in my veins always: sometimes, indeed, I almost fancied I could see it in hand or foot, as one sees light in a leaf. And ah, if you only knew how proud and exultant I was! Altogether, my heart was nothing but a little musical box, tinkling with harmonies shut in. Or to make a bigger comparison, it was like the "sleeping woods in the leafy month of June," whereto the hidden brook "all night singeth a quiet tune." Not one brook either, but several mingling; the sweetest being the one which was hidden most.

Ah me! how many afternoons hot and still, how many soft dun evenings have I spent listening to *that* little chattering stream of thoughts about my baby that was to be! What a busy little chattering stream of thoughts, half choked by the verdure, the happiness it nurtured! I had plenty of time and solitude to enjoy it, for my husband had now embarked in some city business (also for the prospective baby's sake, I do believe), and went with his neighbours to town every day.\* Besides,

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\* The baby was partly my motive, no doubt; but there were others. It was some consideration that Margaret could not want me always at home; and, I'd a notion, that when husband and wife are not on what I may call sentimental sweet-heating terms, all sugar and bread and butter, it is best for them to be apart a good time during the day. But, more particularly, as to money matters. Our investments, I mean the first Mrs. Denzil's and mine, had not been very lucky; so that, spite of our economical way of living and saving, the fortune she left me with was no greater than it was when we married. In fact, I found on making my calculations, just before I bought the Twickenham house, that it amounted to precisely the same sum, within a trifle,—taking into account an exchequer bill for two or three hundred pounds, which she must have carried away, sent to her sister, I imagined. Now, I did not like finding myself with exactly our original fortune, *her* original fortune,

this is not a happiness that can be shared, or even indulged when any one is by. What do persons engaged in shipping business, and freights, and exchange, know about the rhapsodies of little laced caps and tiny gowns which possess other people when they are young women, and, to their own intensest wonder, going to be mothers? And yet I wished there had been somebody to whom I might open my heart a little, for sympathy and guidance sake; but there was none.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### MY MOTHER THE PEDLAR.

THIS wish spoke rather despairingly in my mind one day, when I went out for my morning's drive in the modest little carriage which I had learnt to manage myself. It was a day in the sullen heats of July—the sky pale, the air dizzy, every beetle drunk, every bird dumb with heat. Happy you, O songster, then who—

Sitting still,  
With that cold dagger of thy bill  
Fretted the summer jenneting,

in the cool branches of the jenneting tree, where no dust was. As for wayside trees and hedges, and the weeds under the hedges, they were white and withering with dust: there was not a breath of wind to brush the choking load away. Only a little more heat, and it seemed that in the roads themselves the dust would swarm into life, take wing, and devour every green thing in the land. I fancied there was a lively venom, already, in the way in which the clouds rose under the horses' feet, and followed them as long as their sullen flight could last. Yet I must have my drive, were it only for the sake of observing all this.

But whether because of the sultriness of the day, or for reasons that cannot be acknowledged as reasons, I felt more despondent than at any time since my marriage. The musical box had stopped. What I have called "that little chattering stream of thought" flowed thin and muddy through my mind, and all the fine joy-flags that waved therein drooped and draggled in the channel. There came a tramp-woman down the road with a baby bundled in a shawl at her back. The child, clean as a pebble, bright-eyed as a lizard, sat up and stared at me as I rolled listlessly by; and whereas I had never seen a baby of any sort for many a week

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I may say—somehow: not only because I wished Margaret to live in a better style than the money would safely warrant, but because it was the other one's money, with scarcely any additions of my own. On all these accounts, I readily accepted a small partnership in a shipping house, offered by one of my neighbours; and it turned out so fortunate that, in a month or two, I found myself living in a moderately handsome way, on what, I suppose, were my own gains, though her capital supplied the start.—J. D.

past without instantly wanting to hug it, to this pretty brown creature and its nightcap I was totally indifferent. And yet I might have seen—nay, I did see, that the little cap was white as snow, though it surmounted a bundle of tatters; and at another time I should have thought with a grateful tenderness of how the poor mother, buying her pennyworth of soap with her pennyworth of bread in some village chandlery, had painfully washed that rag white in a brook, while I was contemplating my laced finery in secret at home. Nothing of the sort occurred to me. What did occur to me, in an apprehensive, unwholesome way, was that perhaps it was as well for a baby to begin life on the back of a tramp as in a cushioned cradle, since nobody knows what is to come after.

So on I went, growing more and more peevish. Presently I descried another woman loitering in the road ahead; but she had no child with her, only a pedlar's basket with laces dangling over the side, and pin-cushions and kettle-holders and other cottage gauds in patchwork. Her I would not look upon; for she had her eyes fixed on me, gradually slackening her pace as I approached her. But when, as I was about to pass by, she suddenly stopt altogether, and then staggered with an inarticulate cry toward a milestone as if for support, it was impossible to forego a scrutinizing glance at the woman. Only a momentary glance, for we were abreast when I turned my head; but one that was enough to thrill me with a vague and terrified sense of recognition.

Where had I seen that face? Whose was it? That I should find an answer to those questions seemed at the moment as necessary as if my whole happiness depended on it. This was why I had been so dull then, I argued. It was a presentiment that I should meet this woman that had troubled me: and yet now I could not decide whether I had really seen her before, or whether I was only possessed with an apprehension that I should meet her again in some way that would be disastrous. Meanwhile every moment carried me farther and farther away from her; she might leave the road by any one of the many turnings; and therefore, if I could not remember at once who she was, I should have little chance of overtaking her though I wished to do so ever so much. Still, search as I would, I could find no clue to her identity in my mind except this: somehow I associated her with soldiers! Soldiers at a barrack-door! A barrack-door? Now if you remember a certain description in the first page of this history, you understand an association of ideas tormenting in its persistency and its seeming childishness till I understood it. "It was not like a cottage at all. Much more did it resemble a slice of a barrack—so formal and heavy, with its walls of dull red brick, its cold slate roof on which no bird ever alighted, and its narrow windows viciously staring like little Malayan eyes without eyebrows. There was not a flower nor a shrub about it: nothing prettier than a patch of houseleek that squatted like a toad over the sentry-box that shaded the doorway." This barrack-like cottage was that in which I was born, you know. The woman was my mother!

As the recognition flashed into existence, like light from confusing

vapours, the reins fell from my hands, and before I had recovered from the poignant shock of the discovery my horse had stopped, and was pushing his unsatisfied nose through the dusty grass by the road side. Poignant, I say, for—I confess it—no tender instincts were awakened, only such bewildered ones as were lost in a medley of other instincts warning and apprehensive. Certainly the shock was not a joyful one. You know how little I had been loved at home—how little reason I had to love the despot of that dreary, ice-bound household of three. Why now, when her figure first started out of my memory, it was as she stood, with set teeth, wringing my hand till the joints cracked, on an occasion heretofore described. And how was it that she mocked poor me, a child of thirteen, with courtesies and obeisances, when I was imprisoned in my bedroom? And what did the mockery mean? And why was she here? Well, she could not carry me away to the barrack again, could she? for I was married and had a husband.

Encouraged by this reflection, my unreasonable panic began to abate; and then it soon appeared not only foolish but unnatural also. Why was she here? Her pedlar's basket answered that question, most fully. She had always been poor—her most favourite and frequent description of herself was “a poor wretch who hadn't a farden between her and the work-house;” and if her husband had died—(he, at least, had been kind to me, in his narrow way)—what was to keep her from actual pauperism but some such business as this of hawking laces from place to place—like poor old Betty Prior, whose face was so well known in the villages of the New Forest? Betty had a hunch of bread and a draught of water whenever she called at my mother's door; and how hungry might the donor of those welcome morsels be now? Did I not see how faint and tired she looked as she staggered to the milestone? And what could she think of me, who after staring her full in the face, drove on with no more heed? *She* could not know that I had not yet recognized her then; and though my first thoughts about her might be intelligible, they were odiously selfish and unchristian.

So my better mind decided; and turning about, I hurried back as fast as I dare drive, resolved to overtake her and make amends. It was too late. She had disappeared. No soul did I see from one end of the high road to the other; but there were narrow paths on either side, any one of which she might have chosen to slink away, and there I could not follow her in a carriage.

The rest of my way home was taken at a careless irregular jog-trot in accordance with the vexed and self-accusing nature of my meditations. How stupid I had been! How mean and cruel I must appear!—ashamed, of course, to acknowledge relationship with any poor creature reduced to selling bobbins in the street, though my childhood was passed on the house-floor of this same poor creature, and I had become a “lady” by accident. Besides, who had been wishing, only an hour ago, for somebody who might help her to understand her dear secret? Well, this

woman had been my nursing mother, which is always a great deal; and how could I tell what *she* was now, or what comfort she might have been to me? Instead of that, she was probably hurrying away from the place, cursing my cruel pride: and there are times when curses fall with peculiar force—when, though they be ever so foolish and undeserved, they are dreaded almost as much as if they were certainly the breath of inspiration.

Arrived at home, I hoped and feared in pretty equal parts that my mother might ask her way to the house. For a long hour I watched at the windows, all a-tremor, but she came not. Ought I to send in search for her then? It was awkward, but ought I not? Just as I had decided to do so, Mr. Calamy was announced. He wished to see me very particularly.

Being so very much distracted, I “bothered” Mr. Calamy, but admitted him.

This was the first time the doctor had entered my husband's house; but being in it, he devoured it. By which I mean that Mr. Calamy was eccentric enough to scan ravenously, with those rapid black eyes of his, everything from end to end of my pretty drawing-room before he looked at me. He glanced about him, standing: “Pray take a chair,” said I, and then he gazed about him sitting; and his first observation (though I did not suppose it actually made to me) was—“Quite in style! quite luxurious, I declare!”

I now thought it time to ask the doctor whether he did not think it an insufferably hot day.

“Insufferable to whom?” he piped in answer, his voice bland as the reedy hautboy. “Not to you, Mrs. Denzil, who can do as you please whether you drive about in it or lounge here in the shade of this—this really beautiful apartment! But it is not every woman that is born to such good fortune as comes to you naturally; and perhaps you were thinking of others. The poor wretches who toil in the roads and fields, they find the heat insufferable enough, no doubt. Nor do poor old gentlemen like it who have to go trudging about on their little bits of charitable errands. I'm here on what you may call a mission of mercy to-day, you must know; a true mission of mercy.”

“Yes! and how can I help you?” said I, not at all understanding why Mr. Calamy should chuckle as if he had uttered a bon mot, and a little uneasy at his reference to poor people who toil in the roads and fields.

“Mrs. Denzil,” he answered slowly and impressively, “if I am not bamboozled (and really the world is so full of impostors that one never knows who one's talking to), you may be of immense service to an old servant of yours?”

“Of mine, Mr. Calamy? I never had a servant of my own till I came to live here!”

“Beg your pardon, I should have said servant of your *family*,” replied



the doctor, with an elaborate bow. "At least, so the woman calls herself. A woman, I mean, whom I found very sick and sad, resting in the ditch in Johnson's lane. In fact, she was half famished, and could scarcely move. A pedlar woman. I think she said you passed her on the road. Did you?"

I confessed (with how much confusion!) that I had seen such a person, but only for a moment—the merest glance!

"Precisely: that is what I told her when she went on so bitterly about your passing her. I knew you would not have left one of your own sex sick and fainting in the road, if you had the slightest knowledge of her. Well, she's Betsy Forster, she says, and was once a servant, a nurse—I hardly remember what it was to you. Her husband is dead, and she is obliged to tramp about the country for her bread, without getting much of it. Just now she is in a very bad way. I took her to my place, of course; gave her the only medicine I believe in—some bread, and beef, and wine; and promised I would come and tell you all about it while she took a nap on my servant's bed. So there it is all out, and I hope you'll excuse the liberty I have taken."

"Excuse you! I thank you very much."

"Well, I must confess I don't think I could have done less," answered the doctor significantly, as he rose to go. "What shall I say to Betsy Forster, Mrs. Denzil?"

"If you please I'll go with you to see her."

The proposition was not acceptable to the doctor apparently. He hesitated, considered, reminded me that it was now high noon and the day too hot for me to be abroad, and declared he saw no reason why Betsy Forster should not wait on me, or for me. But I was impatient, and pressed to be permitted to go back with him. "As you please," said he at last. "But I must warn you that mine is a very humble little place for a fine lady like you to honour, and Mr. Denzil will naturally be angry if you risk such a complexion as yours. That's all!" These doctors, especially the retired ones, often talk coarsely, and always give themselves considerable liberty of speech.

Mr. Calamy's protest notwithstanding, I found him lodged handsomely enough in the house of a blind widow and her purblind daughter, on the outskirts of the village. His servant, a Scotchwoman large and bony enough to have gone for a soldier, opened the door to us, and led me to her master's sitting-room while he went to prepare "Betsy Forster" to receive me. "She doesn't expect *this*, you know," said Mr. Calamy, "though I'll be bound she thinks it nothing but her due! It's the way of these old servants—isn't it, Maclowd?" Maclowd answered that she did not know, she was sure; and shut me into her master's room with a bang which seemed to express a sense of injury. The doctor reproved her rudeness, I hope; for I heard him address her briskly as the door clapt to.

It took so long to prepare my mother—and only to see me!—that I

had time to weary of all the books in the room, which were two. One was a novel by Monsieur Dumas, and soon disposed of; but the other had some interest for me, even at so anxious a moment as that. It was a defence of mesmerism; and in an appendix there was a collection of opinions adverse to the science of medicine, gathered from the dicta of its most eminent practitioners. Reading these opinions, I presently came upon almost the very words Mr. Calamy used in speaking of his profession; and discovering that a score of men like Sir Astley Cooper held precisely the same language as the doctor, I began to suspect my own ignorant opinion of him, which was not a respectful one. After all, then, he was an honest, original, disinterested little man. True, it did not occur to me—since I had heard him *first*—that Mr. Calamy might have borrowed the views as easily as he adopted the language of those gentlemen: though I *was* surprised when, idly playing with the rose-leaves in an old china bowl, I brought from the bottom of it a pill-box with the name of a most famous quack on the lid! A great pill-box it was, too, made of wood. Now, that a physician should abstain from the drugs he offered others was comprehensible, but that he should abuse them to others and swallow them himself I did not so clearly understand. Nor is it certain that I should have come to a just conclusion if my mind had been void of other perplexities, as it was not. One thing it was clear about, however—that Mr. Calamy would not be pleased to see the pill-box under inspection; and therefore I buried it beneath the rose-leaves again as soon as I heard footsteps approaching.

Not the doctor, but my mother entered—entered and closed the door, and there stood, with an aspect rather combative than dejected, spite of her humble glances and her dreadfully poverty-stricken attire; not an article of which could have been meant to fit *her*. She was so changed that her own husband might have passed her by unknowing; and yet after a moment's scrutiny her face took back all its old looks, so that I began to feel quite like a little girl again.

“Well, mother!” said I, giving her my hand.

“Well, Margaret, you know me now, then? But don't call me mother, or else I shall be found out telling lies for your sake. He's a very *very* kind old gentleman, and has acted like the good Samaritan to me if anybody did, and I shall always regard him wheresoever I may be; but I daresay he'd just as soon make a talk all over the neighbourhood as anybody else, which isn't your game, my dear. I told him,” she said, winking, “that I was an old servant that had nursed you in your childhood—and so I did, God knows, Margaret—though I must call you ma'am now, and it's no matter to *me*, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and a ditch will be my dying bed—through a many weary days and nights. No, no, I won't disgrace you, though my child you are. It would be funny if I did, after spending all my hard-earned savings in sending you to boarding-school on the Continent, for I always said you should be a lady, and a lady you are, my dear, and that's enough for me!”

I listened to this long harangue blushing, ashamed of my blushes, and troubled by doubts as to whether it was all true. A question that had ceased to trouble me lately, but which was now brought out with new emphasis, rushed to my lips; they trembled with eagerness to ask downright whether she really was my mother; but she spoke so precisely that I had not courage to speak. Besides, after my having passed her in the street, the question would only fix whatever suspicion she might harbour that I was resolved to get rid of a mamma so poor and ignorant and vulgar as Mrs. Forster.

By a great effort, therefore, I contrived to strangle the question in my throat—a little to her surprise, I think; for all the while she spoke, and after she spoke, she watched my face as if she expected some protest or denial.

“Well, my dear, what have you got to say to me?” she asked, finding me still silent. “A cat may look at a king they say, but perhaps the king’s too proud to look at the cat.”

“Too proud? Don’t talk so cruelly. Already I am vexed beyond measure that I did not recognize you in the road there. But to see you a—a——”

“Beggar, my dear; don’t mind me! I’m not particular!”

“Selling things in a basket, so far from home too, was not at all to be expected; was it?”

“Certainly not. You’re quite right, and I’ve no grudge against you, heaven forbid. Still I couldn’t help crying, that I couldn’t! It looked so unnatural.” And here she began to cry again.

“Well, never mind,” said I to soothe her, “you need not sell things in a basket any more. I’ll take care of you!”

“Bless you for that!” she exclaimed, drying her tears. “But you was always a dear child, though children will be children sometimes. Do you remember how you slapped my face once, Margaret? Dear heart! I’ve laughed over it often and often since?” (She did not laugh at the time, as I remembered vividly.) “And so you *will* take care of me, won’t you?”

“To be sure I will.”

“Not that I would be any trouble to you, nor any disgrace. Wealth is yours, enjoy it and God bless you. Give me my bit of tea and sugar, my crust of bread, and my half-pint of beer—which, if you believe me, Margaret, I haven’t tasted a drop since Tuesday—and I don’t envy Victoria on her throne! And if ever you have a child of your own . . . Oh, now you’ve done it!” she crowed with sudden vivacity, as she saw how I reddened. “If *that’s* the case, don’t think of getting rid of your old mother yet awhile. Why it’s like a dispensations of Providence! Don’t you see how we can manage it! I’ll nurse you; and then you’ll sure to be taken care of, while I shan’t be eating the bread of idleness, and so no obligations on either side. Don’t say another word!”

“But Mr. Denzil?” I suggested feebly; for the proposition gave

me quite a little shock of pleasure—she seemed so eager and kind about it.

“Mr. Denzil be bothered! If he has any objections he’s a brute; and that I’m sure he isn’t. As a *servant*, understand! You *don’t* suppose I’d want to go into Mr. Denzil’s house as your mother, to breed ill friends between you? Besides, say what you will, I’d prefer it to anything. Of course nobody’s to know me in your house. Now, look here: from this very moment, you’re Mrs. Denzil and I’m Betsy Forster. We’re as good as strangers as it is: and though if you was to call me mother twenty times a day, I’ll give you back nothing but ma’am.”

“But you could not be my nurse for ever, like that?”

“Of course not, neither do I wish it. I get a good bed and good fiving in your house for a month or two to set me up, and then you put a sovereign in my pocket, and away I go like other nurses. Get another place, and have a start that way, perhaps! Don’t deny me, Mrs. Denzil, I should be so pleased, and it would be the salvation of me!— Oh, sir” (this to Mr. Calamy, who knocked and glided in at that moment), “what reasons I have for blessing this day!”

“Ah!” said he, drily. “What’s Mrs. Denzil going to do for you? Give you some new clothes? Get you into an almshouse?”

“Almshouse? No, sir. I’m going to be her nurse! To think of that! First to her, and then hers!”

“Well, then, you’re a very lucky woman!”

“But I really must speak to Mr. Denzil,” I persisted, a little frightened at the matter being settled so suddenly, though I wished more and more that my mother’s suggestion could be carried out.

“Yes, yes! Quite right!” said the doctor, as if reference to Mr. Denzil was a formal thing of no importance to the result; and so with a few more words, in which my mother bore her part of old servant—delighted, grateful, but perfectly respectful and subdued—as naturally as if she knew no other, I bade them good-by: Mr. Calamy accompanying me to the door to congratulate me on my kindness, and prophesying that I should never repent it.

But no sooner had I left the house than I began to repent already. Or rather, I was troubled with a smoky smouldering doubt whether an arrangement which had been more or less forced on me could be a good one; and yet when I recalled how eager and delighted my mother seemed, how loudly had been stricken that chord of sympathy which I could but believe made all womankind one, and when, moreover, I thought of how nice it would be to have her with me if she only proved kind and faithful, the smoke cleared away and I was glad. It is not a time to mistrust anybody when you are trembling, as I was, at the beginning of a new life—rather it seems as if the Age of Innocence is to commence all over again, with *your* little innocent and its mind like a sheet of blank paper. What Mr. Denzil might say, however, was a very serious consideration in the matter. He was not a man of sentiment; his views of life were few,

and close, and stern; and I dreaded his return home that evening almost as much as if I had to confess some wrong-doing.

But why did I fear? My husband, who had come home in high spirits, looked very grave while I told him the story, and asked many questions; but as to the result, my perturbation was argument enough for him. He saw what I wished him to say, and he said it: nay, his willingness to please me carried him farther than that.

Said he, "I don't much like the woman, you know; as for her still pretending to be your mother, it is simply ridiculous; but she is sure to behave well to you just now, and if she likes to come on those terms, why you can't do better than have her, I think. Besides, I don't know whether her wishes aren't entitled to consideration, if she really *does* wish to come."

"Oh yes, that I am sure she does! And it is so natural she should do so, isn't it?" said I, delighted that my husband's judgment should concur with my own desires so handsomely.

"To be sure it is! But who is that doctor—Calamy, didn't you say? Well, hadn't you better ask him not to gossip about our domestic affairs? We don't want to be talked about, my dear, and it may be just as well not to indulge your neighbours' curiosity with a romantic tale of old servants picked off the streets to nurse you!"

So the great question was settled. My mother remained at Mr. Calamy's till she was properly provided with clothes, in exchange for her medley of ill-fitting rags, and then she came to me as Mrs. Forster, recommended by Mr. Calamy.

[NOTE.—"My husband came home in high spirits." Yes. I had made a capital stroke of business that day, and of course was disposed to be particularly kind and generous: otherwise—that is to say, if I had made a *bad stroke* of business—it is very doubtful whether Betsy Forster would have been permitted to darken my doors. That's the way things happen all the world round. But my good humour hadn't all to do with it. First, there were Margaret's wishes to be considered, which amounted to a good deal in my mind, and then I argued the matter this way: "If this woman, being poverty-stricken and old, chooses to make herself useful and pleasant, there's no excuse for turning her away; if, on the other hand, she has a mind to be *unpleasant*, why we had better have the game played under our eyes here, where we may deal with it quicker and easier. And, to begin with, I'll have a little private conversation with her, so that there may be no misunderstanding between her and me at any rate."

Accordingly, I took her aside the morning she came (and uncommonly clean, and nice, and motherly she looked) to say to her—

"Mrs. Forster, it's a strange accident that brings you to my house. Were you ever in Twickenham before?"

"Never, that I know of, sir!"

"Well, I am very glad you've found your way to us, anyhow; because I'm sure you'll take care of Margaret."

"Who, sir?" says she.

"Margaret—Mrs. Denzil."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I wasn't aware!"

"Very good!" said I, laughing at the shrewd, resolute way in which Betsy Forster had taken up her part already. "But there's nobody by, I haven't had the pleasure of speaking to you before, and I think it's as well if we come to a thorough understanding at starting. Let me tell you in the first place that it's all rubbish your pretending to be Margaret's mother! It won't do!"

"Sir!" she exclaimed, in astonishment, her eyes twinkling as if with ten thousand winks all the time, "I don't think it's fair your making game of an old woman like me? I'm a nuss, but I'm respectable!"

"Come, come, that's all very well, but let us be serious for five minutes!" I began to get impatient.

"It's not me that's joking, sir; please remember that."

"You mean you are serious when you admit the pretence is what we call a hum!"

"Drat the man!—I truly beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure. But if you will worrit me with talking what I don't understand, you must have it. Hum here, hum there, I don't know what you're humming at, Mr. Denzil; and, if you please, I'm wanted."

"Stop!" cried I, seeing that Mrs. Forster was curtsying herself to the door. "If you mean to carry on as you've begun, I've nothing more to say. Only, depend upon it, it's the best thing you can do."

"Thank you, sir, and much obliged. I *do* mean to carry on as I've begun; and when you find me doing any other, I'll thank you to give me a week's warning. And if, sir, you'll be kind enough never to speak any more as you have a done this morning to a lone woman who only wants to do her duty to your good lady—God bless her!—according to agreement, I'll take it kind of you!"

"Go away with you," says I. And when she was gone out of the room—grinning as she turned her head—I could not help laughing at the way she beat me and yet satisfied me too. I *was* perfectly satisfied. But of course I resolved on keeping Mrs. Forster strictly to her own line, and insisted on Margaret's doing the same thing.—J. D.]

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MY BABY.

BEFORE Mrs. Forster had been in my house a week, I was grateful to the chances which had brought her there. Even Mr. Calamy was welcome now, whenever he chose to make a morning call, for he had been the means

of saving her for me, and his opinion as well as mine was that Mrs. Forster was a treasure. She looked the perfect nurse to begin with; she was neat and orderly to a fault; and so dexterous in every little service that I wondered where she had acquired a skill not at all to be expected of one who had been the wife of a labourer first, a "tramp" afterwards. When I questioned her about it, she said she had been in service before she was married,\* and I was fain to accept the explanation, though one could not tell whether it was not a part of the amiable deception she maintained so scrupulously. My husband had told me how signally he had failed to make her put it aside even for a moment, though he wanted to talk to her seriously on that very subject; and his rather comical story piqued me to try whether she was resolved to be so severely judicious with me. Besides, there were times when I longed intensely to know more of her and of my childhood; but no attempts of mine succeeded in the least degree. If I laughed at the absurdly stringent observance of our agreement, she never smiled in return; if I grew vexed, she began to hum tunes just as old Lisabeth used to do; and that was all. Only once, when I was very urgent, did she step aside to say,—

"If I was you, ma'am, I'd let well alone! I don't suppose you'd be any happier than you are if you was as wise as King Solomon. You've got a good husband, and everything that heart can wish—leastways, you soon will, I suppose. Why ain't you contented?"

"Because I want to know——"

"Well, I'll tell you, over again, ma'am, that as far as I know you can run up against all the relations you've got in the world any day in your own house. If you was to ask me to the day of judgment I couldn't say no more; and so there!"

After that, I remained content; not so much because of any satisfaction to be found in her last statement, but because I was struck by the force of her recommendation to "let well alone!" In itself it was a great proof of her kindness and good sense, I thought; and henceforth our relations were precisely what she seemed to desire—those that exist between friend and servant and mistress and friend. As for my part of the compact, indeed, my husband enjoined me not to go beyond it, with a more serious demand for obedience than he burdened any other request: and he did not scruple to make his mind clear to the old woman, either. But "mother" was the name for her still in my thoughts; and I sometimes doubted very much whether she was as satisfied with her position in our house as she wished to give us reason to suppose. And to be sure, my husband might have been less rigorous with her.

The day long-looked for came at last—a blessed dawn of day in mid-September, when my baby-boy and all the cocks in the neighbourhood set up their throats together. I could laugh at the chorus, then;

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\* She did not say anything about having been chambermaid at an hotel!—J. D.

and while the birds whooped, and the boy responded with an angry "La—ah!" of prodigious power, chided that naughty baby for being so very cross all because the chickens had wakened him. I bade Mrs. Forster repeat to him what Dr. Watts says in the poem about

Children, you should never let  
Your angry passions rise,

and issued orders in his hearing that he wasn't to be brought to me to be kissed till he had learned to be a good child.

This in an exultation not easily understood; for all the while I was surprised and disappointed at heart, feeling no particular love for the child. My anticipations of that hour had been filled full with a certainty of too much joy; and then not to feel any joy at all! "Is hope *always* sweeter than possession?" I asked myself.

Disregarding my injunctions (or perhaps he had repented), they presently brought me the child to kiss—and "we shall see *now*," thought I. I took him in my arms and kissed him; and then, indeed, my heart stirred, but not much. Nor did my baby seem so pretty as I imagined it would be; though perhaps it was unreasonable to expect all at once the bright open eyes, the fair white forehead, the blushing cheeks, the perfect nose of my imagination. No, not unreasonable—ignorant. Nevertheless, I insisted on having him by my side, with his toes to hold while I dropt to sleep; which appeared to me the only thing worth doing in the world.

At nightfall the meadow is green—in the morning it is all shining gold; and surely our feelings grow and change in sleep, like leaves in the night. Long I lay in deep slumber. Waking again with those small feet clasped in my hand, I was conscious at once of a wonderful sweet perturbation of spirit—gentle, coy, scarcely daring to make itself known. At the same time baby woke too, crying plaintively, as if it *was* so injured; and then—then my heart quaked, and in a moment a new fount of love burst up, carrying all before it. Not till that moment did I know what a mother's love is; but the knowledge was at once full to running over. Much remained to be enjoyed, nothing to learn.

If there be a greater joy, a more blessed gift, a good more divine than her firstborn is to a woman, I cannot conceive it. My mind rises in unreasonable rebellion at the thought of such a thing: I *will* not conceive it. I know that in a maiden's eyes mine is not the greatest prize. She laughs in her heart, thinking of *him* and his love—recalling the rapture of his touch when he took her hand and first said "my dear," when he kissed her lips and there was no more doubt; but wait, child, till you wake from a sleep like mine, to feel two little puds (as we call them) struggling in your embrace, and a little face moving from side to side in search of mother's bosom. Then you will know better: especially if this happiness come to you in the days of your youth. To be a mother is



always to be blest, but to be a young mother is to be lifted to the supremest pinnacle of happiness. Though it is so high, yet how serene and sure it is. If my lover ceases to love me, then am I wretched; but as for my baby, my love for *it* is my delight; and that nobody can take away. Riches, honours, power, a lover's faithfulness, a husband's love, these are insecure, they may perish in a day; but my babe is mine: the joy I have in it is in my own keeping, subject to heaven alone—and I *know it*.

My husband's delight in his child was almost as profound as my own: I think, indeed, that I never loved it so well as when it was in his arms—it was so obviously between us then. But he was summoned away soon after the boy's birth—had to go down to Liverpool, to give some technical evidence in the case of a ship which was supposed to have been lost through her commander's negligence or incapacity. How reluctant he was to go I remember well, and have reason to remember. He lingered at home while messages arrived daily, urgently demanding his attendance at the trial. Twice after he had bidden me good-by and kissed his little Jack, he came back again; and I believe he would not have been sorry if one of us had fallen conveniently ill, so that he might have had a good answer to the people who were plaguing him for his presence elsewhere. I told him so, and he did not deny it.

“But go,” said I. “See how hearty and happy we are; we will not run away, if that is what you fear.”

“I don't know what I fear,” he answered. “But I suppose it is natural I should not like to leave you now, and I don't. Well, once more!”

He folded us in his arms, both in one embrace; and now I was troubled, for those arms plainly trembled with apprehension that they might not encompass us any more. Still I thought it best not to show that I had noticed what after all was nothing but the cowardice of affection probably, uttering my good-by with as cheerful and confident a voice as I could command.

For a brief hour after his departure, the contagion of my husband's misgivings had its way with me; but since these misgivings could only be regarded as so many proofs of his tenderness, I soon found more pleasure than pain in them. If he had shown any particular anxiety about baby, then I should have been alarmed indeed; but his solicitude was all for me, apparently, who was so well cared for and so strong. “My pigeon! my lovely little Jack! papa likes us too much. It frets him that I look pale—if I do look pale—and he cannot stand your being so very small. Let us exert ourselves, poppet; so that when he comes home he shall have a robust mamma to make tea for him, and a fine boy whom he can fondle without fear of breakages!”

This is the way I talked to my son (such a son! such a Jack! twenty inches high at least!) before the day had ended. Next morning a letter came to say Mr. Denzil had arrived safely, and with that under my

pillow, and papa's representative within arm's length, who so much in love with life as I?

The little one was now a week old. He could open his eyes and stare beautifully; the grip of his fist upon one's finger was quite surprising; and then he was such a *good* boy. To be sure, I could not help wishing very much sometimes that his father had not gone to that busy city so far away, especially when the hour came when we were supposed to be tucked in for the night; we who were always a-bed. It was not much satisfaction to turn my face and the little one's toward the way to Liverpool (which I had puzzled out in my head as I lay), and say, "Good night, dear husband; good night, dear father;" still less because the way to Liverpool was so provoking as to lie directly through a wardrobe and a wall. But since my boy of boys got lovelier and lovelier every hour, and grew so fast that at the end of every nap you could see the difference—at least, *I* could—since there was an ever-new unending delight in clasping the fat fists, in gazing on that sweetest of small small mouths, Time passed in a dream and all went well. "Let me kiss you and go mad!" I cried in my heart, when, as I watched him sleeping, first there came a little sigh, and then a flush like daybreak, and then the eyes opened broad awake in a moment, bright, cool, innocent, like two starry blue flowers moist with dew.

Many graver hours of course I had, at intervals; such as when I fancied my baby grown up to be a young man, and wondered whether the little girl was born yet who was to fall in love with him most; and if so, what sort of a baby *she* was. Or when I wondered how many mothers there had been, just as happy as myself, since the world began, and what had become of the happiness. It was an inexplicable marvel to think that a hundred years before, when people wore high-heeled shoes, and towering edifices of ribbons and flowers on their heads—and a hundred years before that, when those wicked beautiful women painted in Hampton Court Palace were alive—and hundreds of years before that, when Ivanhoe loved Rowena, and Gilbert à Becket's Saracen maid came over the sea to find him, and marry him, and bear him his famous son—that then and every day there were plenty of youthful women like me, who hugged each one a secret belief that she was the only *real* mother in the world! I thought of the captive women pictured on Assyrian walls, going into captivity with their children astride upon their shoulders: how long was that ago? I thought of Hagar and *her* little boy; and how, if anybody could only find it, there was the very place now where she lay him down to die, and where she went aside to watch him "a good way off."

But how could any one find it? for since then the desert winds had blown over the place, heaping it with sands and scourging them away again to the bare rock a thousand thousand times, it was so long ago. And yet all this while the same story had been repeated every hour of the day; and a thousand years to come the world would be born anew

on the bosoms of myriads of fair women, who would take all the credit to themselves, without considering that it had once been commenced by me and my little Jack. Was that fair? But at any rate we were safe. "You and I, little one, are not to go into captivity, we are to stop at home. There are no wicked women in this house to make a Hagar of me and an Ishmael of you—it cannot be done, can it, nurse Forster?" says I.

She understood me to be talking nonsense to the baby, I suppose, and answered accordingly.

"No that there aint—no wicked women, and none shall come to it while its old Forster's in the way! But what do you mean," changing her tone, "by being made a Ager of, ma'am? I've heard of niggers, but I never heard of an Ager."

"Have you not read that sad story in the Bible, then, about Hagar and Ishmael?"

"No!" said my nurse, in a determined manner, and rather as if she was on her defence, and had been cautioned not to commit herself.

"Then give me my Bible, and I'll find the place for you to read it now."

Mrs. Forster handed me the book, muttering something to the effect that she was much obliged to me, and that if I turned down the leaf, it would be nice for her to read on Sunday.

"Sunday! But I want you to read it this minute!" said I, searching for the story.

At this moment Mr. Calamy was announced, and entered. He had often come to see me in a half-professional way since my husband had been from home, a kindness I could not very well resent, though my old repugnance to the doctor had been revived lately, because he had got so very brusque in his manner, and he looked so unkindly on the boy. But my mother seemed to think his visits of great consequence. She consulted him about my health, apparently, for they had little whispered conferences of half-a-dozen words or so whenever he came.

"Good morning, doctor," said I, closing the book to greet him. "Your visits must be forbidden though, I think."

"And why, madam?" he asked sharply, in that high-pitched voice of his.

"Because I haven't given you leave to poison me! Are you surprised? Well, you insist that your profession is murder, and yet you come to practise on poor me! Do you think I haven't noticed your conferences with nurse here? If you two are not plotting to poison—of course I mean prescribe—I should like to know."

It was a harmless joke, but it told on Mr. Calamy so forcibly that his wizen brown face first turned pale, and then flushed with something like anger as he turned on my mother, and confused her with a keen inquiring stare.

"You haven't betrayed me?" said he.

"Betrayed your recommending barley-water, sir!" she exclaimed; at which he burst into a laugh, and the joke was exploded.

"Go and look at my precious in his cradle there," I said to Mr. Calamy, meaning to please him after my stupid attempt at pleasantry, "while I find the story of Hagar and Ishmael for nurse to read."

"Who was Hagar?" he replied carelessly, and *without* going to the cradle.

"Who? Now don't say *you* are ignorant of her!"

"I am, though," he answered, with obvious sincerity.

"Then *you* shall read it."

Astonished that a man of any education should have to admit what Mr. Calamy had admitted, I handed him the book, indicating where he should begin.

With an appearance of real curiosity the doctor read aloud:

"And Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had borne unto Abraham, mocking. Therefore she said unto Abraham, 'Cast out this bondwoman and her son; for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac.'"

There the doctor's voice suddenly ceased. He read on eagerly, but it was to himself. When he had finished, he glanced up at me from the open page with so much scrutiny and speculation in his keen face, that I fancied him moved by the story, and seeking its true pathos by applying it as a possibility to me and mine. And so he was, in a way which I little understood.

"You are thinking how terrible for *me* would be Hagar's portion, aren't you now?" I said.

"You are right," said he. "I am!" Closing the book, he flung it aside impatiently, and walked away from my bedside.

"Heathen!" I exclaimed in my heart, no longer believing that the story had affected him a bit, but rather that his agitation manifested the same repugnance which Somebody else must have for what he is said to quote occasionally for his own purposes—"heathen; to throw my bible down in that way!—and to live to sixty years and never to have read it too! My mother only feigned ignorance, I am sure: she wished me not to sit up and read, and that was kind of her."

What Mr. Calamy had to say after this I paid little attention to. Not that he had much to say. He lingered longer than usual, though, fidgeted, glanced frequently toward the cot wherein my baby lay with anything but an amiable aspect; and so, after delivering himself of a dozen common-place remarks, uttered with as much absence of mind as they were listened to, he went away.

Mrs. Forster followed him. When she returned, she looked so pale, so unquiet and absorbed, that she alarmed me.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "What has the doctor said to frighten you?" (For suppose the queer looks he had cast at my boy were not unfriendly, but over-anxious!)

"Frighten me, ma'am? Nothing. I am not frightened!"

"Don't tell me so, you are as white as death!"

"Always am when I run up and down stairs quick, ma'am."

"Is your heart bad, then?" I asked, using the homely language that one speaks under such circumstances.

At this my mother turned paler still; and then I thought I had discovered the secret of the brief whispered conferences, the mysterious something, which I had *almost* suspected to exist between those two many a time, but which, now that I glanced back, appeared too plain ever to have been overlooked.

"Pray be careful!" said I, as my mother did not answer. "Mr. Calamy has told you how dangerous it is!"

"You mean the heart-disease, ma'am? No, he says nothing about the *danger!*"

"Then I must. You should be very quiet, and never get angry; and you must not run up and down stairs. I don't want to alarm you, but it is best for you to know in time what may happen if you are not careful. Why, there are instances of people who have fallen down dead!"

How I could speak so bluntly I cannot imagine now, but before the words had fairly passed my lips I could have bitten those inconsiderate babblers in revenge—my mother was so painfully shocked. She turned her head away suddenly, but I had time to see a look upon her face that was much more than pitiful.

However, no more was said; and I hastened to make amends by all sorts of kind and cheerful speeches for whatever pain I had given her, considering that after all, my mother was in no great danger, probably—that sudden death had extraordinary terrors for superstitious, untaught minds—and that to alarm her was as stupid as it was cruel in any case. But she paid no heed to my repentant efforts, passing so completely into her old stolid manner, that before night all was forgotten.

On my part, at least; but later a tap came to the door, and Mrs. Forster left the room, shutting the door hastily after her; nevertheless, she did not succeed in shutting out the message my nursemaid had brought for her. "Doctor Calamy says he'll be here to-morrow morning."

"Poor woman!" thought I, "then I have frightened her indeed! Well, my best plan is to take no further notice at present either of her misfortune or of Mr. Calamy's unpleasant visits. I'll still understand that they are made to me alone."

And thus I dismissed the events of another day, little knowing that there would come a time when every word I have recorded of them, and what he said, and she said, and I said, would come back with new and startling significance.

Soon, too. The time of which I speak commenced the very next day; and I might have known some trouble impended, I was so un-

reasonably happy. When I woke I found my heart singing already, as birds wake to sing in the half-dark. When my chocolate came, I thought there never was such chocolate in the world. When that dear delight of mine was brought up in his blue shoulder-ribbons, fresh from his bath, rosy red and passionate with hunger, I felt a flashing mad impulse to hug him to death at once and put an end to over-joy. And then I felt so strong (as I was)—longing to be out in the world again. And——Why, I had never yet seen what I looked like now I was a mother! They had dressed me as they pleased, and it hadn't occurred to me to take so much as a peep in a glass.

The idea was enough. "I'll get up, Mrs. Nurse, and dress, and go to that looking-glass and see what a mother is like!" "Don't excite yourself!" said she; and indeed I found myself trembling all over with a crazy, superstitious turmoil of expectations. And then I had thought so much of what a mother is and should be, that my mind was agape for any marvel.

Do you know what a woman is like, in the first days of her maternity? or how the coarsest creature looks almost saintlike at such a time, with that fine pallor which transfigures her face, dwelling on it like reflected light? If so, you may understand better what I saw when I stood before the glass. Not *my* face at all, but hers whom I had seen in the pool! The very same—pale, with dilated eyes and flowing hair. We start as if in recognition; we stare at each other; and it seems to me that those other eyes search mine with reproaches.

I understand it: those are my own features, but changed as the features of the dead change, so that father and mother appear in them where they had never appeared before. Nevertheless, the look was a look of reproach—reproach that I had forgotten her even at such a time as this.

Turning savagely upon my nurse, I drew her to the glass, pointed to the reflected figure in it, and asked—

"Who is that?"

"That's you!" she answered, faltering.

"And who else?"

"Your mother, Margaret!"

"And now, Mrs. Forster," said Mr. Calamy, who had found his way into the room meanwhile, "you had better come out with the truth!"

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## Devon Lanes and their Associations.

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THE great Italian poet at the commencement of his song finds himself lost in a wood, dark, rugged, and solitary. We shall begin by placing our readers in a labyrinth, bright, smiling, and picturesque. Nothing is easier than to find this maze in the outskirts of most Devonshire villages. The West is proverbially the land of green lanes, and though you must not go too far west, or the stone walls of the Cornish hills will disenchant you, no one can find it hard to lose himself in the network of lanes that surround any village in Devon. Let us transport our reader then to the lanes that skirt the myrtles and fuchsias of Budleigh-Salterton. Much like the "hollow lanes" of Hampshire, about which Gilbert White discourses so lovingly, they far surpass them in prodigality of floral wealth, and abrupt change of scenery. Curious legends and old-world characters are to be found in them; railroads have for the most part avoided them, and there are no more pleasant associations than those which crowd upon the mind in threading these lanes at any season of the year.

Labyrinthine, indeed, are the lanes of South Devon to the stranger who wanders in them, hopelessly enclosed by lofty banks crowned with tall hedges, that twist in and out, and are interlaced by others, and circle round again under the blue spring sky, like the fabled stream that never blent its waters with the ocean. Passing beautiful, too, are they, filled with a changeful loveliness of bright-coloured flowers and pendent ferns and darting dragon-flies; while creeping bindweeds knot themselves round gnarled oak-stems, with leaves more artistically cut than those of the acanthus, and berries, green, black and red, like the wampum on an Indian warrior. Here the hedges almost meet overhead, and graceful festoons of flowers depend like *lianas* in a tropical forest, as you will see them nowhere else in England. There the bank on one side falls gently, and what a prospect opens on the view! Fair meadows bathed in sunshine, with the Otter river winding through them, lie below; yonder are the red Devon steers grazing up to their dewlaps in buttercups; beyond them dusky moors melt into purple haze, and every here and there you catch a glimpse of the far-off Tors on Dartmoor simmering in the mid-day glare. Then again, the other side of our lane sinks abruptly, and the sea spreads out far below, with a white sail specking it here and there to take away from its oppressive infinity. And birds sing and bees hum amongst the bright yellow furze-flowers, and a stream that like yourself has lost its way tinkles merrily adown the bank from the coppice. The lazy hawk hovering on your right does not even deem it needful to wheel off in alarm. So irresistible is Devon in her beauty that

you fall in love at first sight, and may be quite sure that like every lovable maiden, the more you see of her the more will her unobtrusive gentleness endear her to you.

A glance at the physical features of the country shows how these picturesque lanes were formed. The aboriginal trackway over hill and dale, rudely marked out by stones laid at intervals, just as the Devon coastguardsmen still guide themselves over the cliffs at night by lines of stones so deposited, sank gradually into the soil. Mud from the path was flung on either side. Violent rains cut deep furrows in the road; during winter the path became a water-course where it was not a bog, and this continued for centuries. Then came an age of improvement; the adjoining moor was divided from the road, after the native fashion, by banks of earth, trees and bushes took possession of them; and while every season washes the road away, every time the farmer mends his fences the banks above gain height. Thus each year deepens the lane. Frost often brings down one of these banks, which are topped by hedges, in some cases thirty feet above the traveller's head; and this "rougement," as they call it in Devon, must be replaced before the lane is passable, so that their depth seldom diminishes, and perpetually increases.

Many of these lanes are extremely ancient. Round Dartmoor especially they go back to Celtic times, or, beyond them, to that dim pre-historic antiquity, where even archæology loses itself. Their natural formation, as we have described it above, overthrows a theory which has before now found favour with ethnologists, and which would contrast the generous open-hearted Roman with the skulking Celt. The Roman shows his character according to this fancy by his wide elevated streets, driven for the most part in a straight line through the length and breadth of the land; while the other's nature was to hide in circuitous hollow lanes, fighting in trenches, as it were, while the legions manœuvred in the open. What little the ancients have told us of the Celts negatives this view. Though superior force and a higher civilization drove the ancient Briton to the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall, the Celt was brave to rashness.

Returning to the lanes, another feature which strikes the stranger, besides their twistings up and down the hill-sides, and their depth, is their narrowness. It is very difficult, and in many cases impossible, for one vehicle to pass another in them. Sometimes a gate has to be opened, and one or other must drive into the field; sometimes by waiting in a more open space it is just possible for the coming vehicle to graze by. When the great man of the country drives in them he has outriders to clear the way for him. This narrow roadway gives the history of locomotion in Devon. Originally these lanes would only be traversed by foot-passengers and beasts of burden, the predecessors of the pack-horses, laden with "crooks" of faggots or furze, so often met in them at the present day. Then came the broadest view on the subject of transport our forefathers could hold. The curious narrow wain, without wheels, consisting of a



rough body, drawn on two thick shafts which rest on the ground behind, came into vogue. Specimens of it may still be seen in use on the hill farms.

Amongst the minor embarrassments of these old lanes is meeting an infuriated ox running amuck. If you are not prepared to scale the steep banks at a moment's notice, you should be ready-witted enough to provide yourself beforehand with a straw. It is a west-country superstition, that even if you meet his satanic majesty you can cut him in half with a straw. We hesitate about giving another receipt, as we never came to such close quarters as to give us the opportunity of trying its efficacy. It is of little use to ladies, who are most likely to be caught in the plight we have fancied, still here it is. You have only to spit over his horns, whether it be ox or devil, and he will instantly disappear!

There is another bit of Devon folk-lore we may as well mention, for a traveller in these intricate lanes will often have the chance of putting it in practice. If you lose your way, take off your coat, and having turned it inside out, put it on again. You will immediately find the right track. It may easily be conjectured that the proverb, "It is a long lane which has no turning," could never have been coined in Devonshire, although that other equally true one, of marriage being like a lane, from which, when once you are in, there is no getting out, is manifestly indigenous.

Autumn brings a beauty of its own to these quiet lanes. Heather and golden gorse stray from the moorland down their banks—the last bright flowers of the year—just as two or three purple and pink cloud-flakes often linger in the west long after a glorious sunset. The tall hedges are a tangle of convulvulus and honeysuckle, filling the calm evening hours with fragrance. Midday, which, sooth to say, is during July somewhat oppressive in these still retreats, has now its own clear, sharp breeze. Deeper shades of red and yellow are passing over the leaves. You may often meet here two or three bare-armed children from the cottage on the hill-side, staring at you with round blue eyes as they gather blackberries, which have left numerous specimens of nature-printing on their cheeks. The biggest boy maybe stands on a donkey's back under the nut-trees, clutching at their treasures, with no fear of the patient animal beneath him moving on. Mother is far away on the moors gathering "worts" (whortleberries), to sell to visitors at the neighbouring sea-side village. Home life is very uneventful to these cottagers. The children tell you, "Vather be to the zyder-press," and this answer will apply equally well to him, good honest man, any day from August to November.

The stranger rambling in these Devon lanes is frequently surprised at a turn of the road to find before him in its sheltered "combe" an old mansion now converted into a farmhouse. Very picturesque does the transformation render it, with its thatched gables, deeply sunk dormer windows, and large lower casements, lighting what was the common hall, but is now the goodwife's kitchen. Merry beards once wagged there, and the best families of Devon—the Mohuns, Carews, Champenounes—

may have flourished in the massive walls, whose heavy mullioned windows you see blinking in the sunshine. Gilbert and Drake may have circumnavigated the world there to an admiring audience over oceans of cider. All these worthies have long since passed away, but nature is still unchangeable. The heavily-laden horsechestnut-trees bow before the gentle breeze sweeping round the garden, and the Virginian creeper over the windows reddens, as they may have done one summer when shouts told far and wide that the Armada was in our seas.

Just such a house may be seen in a lane near Budleigh-Salterton Sir Walter Raleigh was born in it. Its projecting porch and heavily thatched gables have an old-world look about them; but on the whole it takes its fame as a matter of course, and makes no great pretensions to be anything more than an Elizabethan country house. The hills rise above it at the back, stacks close in round it, you hear the cows lowing from the "linneys," the garden is full of old-fashioned flowers, and a genial atmosphere of peace hangs over it. The general features of the place must have changed very little since Sir Walter rambled about the quiet woodland ways which hem it in. Here he cherished boundless dreams of El Dorado galleons and ingots. Hayeswood in front and the hills behind must often have seen him, like another Alexander, chafing at the narrow horizon of his world. The first pipe smoked in England may have been puffed on the mossy bank where you sit at present. It is impossible to refrain from associating this calm spot with the courtier's after life. How often must he have turned in fancy to this little homestead when fainting under a tropical sun, or chafing as a prisoner in the Tower! The mind, they say, often revisits early scenes in the moments of death. Raleigh may have seemed to hear the sheep bleat, and called up in fancy the well-remembered outline of Hayes Farm against yonder green hill-side, as he closed his eyes and laid his head on the block.

Expeditions to such famous spots should be undertaken if possible during summer. Candour compels us to state that no one would care to walk lightly shod in winter through the Devon lanes. The road which in more civilized counties November converts into "feather-bed lane," becomes here, in the native term, "mucksy lane." You long, as you flounder in the mire, for the ten-foot stride of the giant Ordulph, who lies buried at Tavistock. As the hedges lose their bravery, the red sandstone stares in all its nakedness from the banks. No storm or wet daunts the pretty blue periwinkle from flowering here during the winter months, and there is sure to be a plentiful supply of wormwood at every corner, "good to prevent weariness in travellers," according to Pliny's old-world wisdom. As the long evenings close in, you may hear "eldritch skirls" in the coppices around. That silent spectre passing overhead so silently as hardly to disturb the streams of moonlight is only the owl on his way, as in Shakspeare's days, "to woo the baker's daughter." You need not mistake it for something uncanny. The last of the Devonshire witches—Temperance Lloyd, Mary Trembles, and Susannah Edwards—were exe-

cuted at Exeter Castle in 1682, though many a poor old woman in out-of-the-way districts is still suspected of being "a white witch."

It is still thought dangerous, though, to disturb "the little people" at their revels on the sward by the lane-side which falls back to the oak wood. You will do this if you whistle as you pass by. Let them be in peace, unless you wish to be "pixy-led," and left "stogged" in a deep swamp. It is ticklish work meddling with Elbricht and his fairy folk. Be forbearing, even you, my irate British farmer, if they will gallop your horses over the moor at night, and Dobbin, your faithful market steed, be discovered all over foam in his stall on two or three mornings during winter. Why should the pixies be debarred from a night with "the wish hounds" occasionally? Open your window the next frosty midnight, and you will hear the rout sweeping merrily away towards Dartmoor. Do not even let your better half exasperate you by complaints of her dairy being rifled by them. It is true she has never ceased twitting you for that unlucky night's work, when you went down to the cellar, after she had retired to the upper regions, and unfortunately dropping the candle and the cork of the cider-barrel, had to stand all night with your finger in the bung-hole, to prevent the precious liquor running out. But bid her wink at fairy misdemeanors, and remind her she may then be invited to fairyland herself, and come back wonderfully enriched. Perhaps she may even stay there altogether. Such cases are not unknown in the West. In 1696, it is upon record that a certain Ann Jefferies, in Cornwall, "was fed for six months by a small sort of airy people called fairies," and performed many strange and wonderful cures on her return home with salves and medicines she received from them, for which she never took a penny from her patients.

The Devon peasantry are very superstitious, and the long moonlit nights of Christmas, which are so fascinating to most people, bring their special terrors to the lone farmhouse, or the cottage half hidden by the pines at the side of these lanes. These fancies do not for the most part take the fatalistic hue of the Welsh countryman or the still more gloomy complexion of the superstitions of the Channel Islander. The Devon yeoman has no fear of meeting a coffin obstructing his path when benighted in the narrow lanes, which is sure to betoken his own if he knocks it roughly over, or is otherwise than scrupulously polite in taking off the lid and replacing it the wrong way, when it instantly disappears. It is rather an undefined dread that something *might* come, which oppresses him as he looks over the glimmering waste of snow. Something did assuredly come, some thirteen or fourteen years ago, to the very neighbourhood wherein we have fancied our traveller rambling, the angle formed about Salterton by the left bank of the Exe and the sea. In the outskirts of Topsham to the lanes which ramify from there into the country, were noticed on several wintry mornings mysterious footsteps over the virgin snow, having great affinity (so the natives affirmed) to the cloven hoofs popularly assigned to a certain nameless personage. These

tracks advanced steadily without any apparent divarication, walking over roofs, walls, and other obstacles that might reasonably be supposed capable of baffling a heaxer. The story quickly spread to the London papers, and all kinds of guesses were made respecting the footprints. Some ascribed them to natural causes, such as the visit of a large wild-fowl, &c., but found small favour with the country-side for their trouble. The mystery was never satisfactorily cleared up. Long after most people, however, had forgotten the whole occurrence, the neighbouring peasants did not dare to stir from their hearths after nightfall.

Often as we have threaded Devon lanes after sunset, we cannot testify to having seen anything more fearsome than bats or owls. They are full of beauty (as well as mud) even in winter. Here a delicate snow-wreath glitters in the moonlight, waiting for sunrise to lend its pink and amber flushes, the death-tints of its graceful folds. There a deep recess in the bank bristles with icicle spears, as if determined that summer shall never more hang fondly over the ferny treasures within. The old trees sigh overhead as their last leaf flutters to the ground; and now a deeper plunge than usual into the quagmire recalls us to the sterner realities of life. We were fast nearing some enchanted land of fancy, and lo! we find ourselves ankle-deep in mud!

Pluck up courage and press on through the wintry lanes a little farther. The faint chimes of St. Mary's at distant Ottery are flinging their Christmas greeting over many a mile of moorland. We are passing the old "cob" walls and grey-headed barns of a substantial farmstead. The cocks will crow here all the night before Christmas-day, according to the beautiful legend of the county, to bid

Each fettered ghost slip to his several grave,

and the very oxen at midnight will fall down on their knees before the manger. The next turn brings us to the Otter, rushing along some forty feet below with angry stream, very different to the pleasant murmur with which it glides through the land in summer. Notice how abrupt are the transitions of the lanes. We can now catch the distant roar which tells of the sea chafing awfully amidst the rocks of the Salterton reef. How changed, too, are its waves from those which in August ripple gently over the many-coloured pebbles on the beach, much as some gigantic Viking might have dallied with the yellow curls of his princess. Now they form a black seething torrent, flashing here and there into huge foam-crested rollers, that chase each other wildly on, and leap, and strike, and roar again with rage as the sturdy rocks stand firm, and they can only swirl round and break against their next neighbours in the mighty charge. Fully to appreciate the Devon sea, it should be visited from one of the quiet lanes that open on to the beach, when a good southerly breeze brings it in, and all the green expanse is flecked with many a white "sea-horse" riding gallantly on, as though after some imaginary hero of Ivry.

One more Christmas association, and then we will pass to a brighter

scene. Curiously enough, the blue scented violet which lends such a charm to the lanes of other counties, is very rare in Devon, and the mistletoe is never found there. Glastonbury seems its head-quarters in England, and whole truck-loads of it are imported every Christmas for the festivities in the West. Its absence in Devon and Cornwall calls up an awful picture of the womankind of other days, when such amatory trifles as violets and mistletoe were not encouraged in the land. In some such mood do the Latin poets look back with reverence on the austere virtues of the Sabine dames, who dismissed their husbands to work in the fields while they ruled the house and spun quietly at home. Doubtless the Devon swains are duly grateful as they see the pearly berries littering the stations on the Great Western, that their lines have fallen upon more osculatory days.

If the Devon lanes are fair in summer, fairer in autumn, and not without a certain loveliness in winter, in spring they are simply radiant with beauty. Let us breast yonder hill with April's sunshine fleeting in vast sheets of splendour over the heather. The lanes are rather intricate, and if a damp place here and there speaks of spring-showers, you will often recover your equanimity by finding some rare plant, such as the pretty little *pinguicola Lusitanica*. On these spangled banks, all the wild-flowers of the West seem following the example of the hares, and running riot over mossy cushions and ivy-clad stumps. But we are out of the lanes now, and with just one look from the hill-side, plunge into the glades on the other side, and soon reach my favourite grange.

Can anything be more spring-like than those whitewashed cob-walls covered with roses? Through the "barton," past the Alderneys, looking so well pleased with their lot, we will approach the house. The entrance is very massive and low. Follow me through the flagged passage to the parlour. Here is our hostess, with the heartiest of welcome to sit down and rest after our ramble. And now Lucy comes in, with the fair hair and blue eyes of the West, like her mother "on hospitable cares intent." What will we have? New milk? cider? cream? Take my advice and choose the latter. Here it is in a lordly dish, mantled with gold and redolent (as good Devonshire cream should be) of wood ashes. Lucy will pile you up a platter of it, with plenty of preserved "mazzards" (wild cherries), and if you have not enjoyed your ramble through the lanes, I am sure I shall earn your gratitude by introducing you to such a repast. Now that we have seated you in the low window-sill, by the large beaupot of roses, we bid you heartily farewell, and will tell you in conclusion, that whoever you be, and wherever you may ramble through the Devon lanes, you will find their beauty much heightened by the courtesy, hospitality, and kindness you will invariably experience from those who live amongst them. One of the greatest pleasures of after life will be to look back, from toil and care and anxieties, to the sunny hours you have loitered away in the lanes of Devonshire.

## The Church as a Profession.

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COMPLAINTS of the falling off of the influence and ability of the clergy are becoming so general, and proceed from quarters which must be so well informed, and can have so little inclination to say anything that can be disadvantageous to the Church, that the subject must attract the anxious attention of the laity. There is, of course, one part of the question which cannot properly be handled here, though it is the most interesting of all. This is the effect which the existing state of theological controversy, and the state of the law as to clerical subscriptions, exercise upon the inclination of young men of ability to take orders. Such subjects ought to be discussed adequately or not at all, and we prefer the latter branch of the alternative. There is, however, another part of the question which admits of being considered independently. This is the character of the Church considered as one of the three or four liberal professions. No doubt the leading motive which ought to induce a man to take orders is a wish to promote the general, and especially the spiritual, welfare of his fellow-creatures. If he has strong religious views, a deep conviction of their importance to the world, and an earnest desire to devote his life to their propagation, he will probably consider that to become a clergyman is the most obvious way of obtaining his object, and will view the conveniences or inconveniences of the calling as it is practised in this country, merely as matters which may affect his comfort, and even his usefulness and success in his profession, but which cannot affect his adoption of it. But many young men who think of taking orders have no very strong feelings of this kind. They may even feel, one would suppose, that they are neither old nor experienced enough to have anything very important to say to people far more advanced in life than themselves, and may thus propose to become clergymen as learners rather than teachers. Such a person might naturally and properly say, Every lawful calling must, from the nature of the case, be a good one if the general result of human society, taken as a whole, is good. Hence the clergy are not entitled to any special or exclusive claim to be distinguished from the rest of the world by the circumstance that the objects of their calling are benevolent, whilst those of other callings are selfish; and hence again it follows that in choosing a profession I ought not to consider that some are in themselves better than others, and that I ought to choose the best, but I ought to assume that all are good, though not in the same way, and choose that which is best suited to my own personal character. This will naturally suggest the question, What is the nature of this profession, considered as a pro-

fession merely? what sort of things shall I have to do, and what kind of talents will help me in doing them? Another question which will always be asked, and which had better be asked openly, is, What shall I get? what are the terms offered me? To a generous mind the second question ought to be subordinated to the first. In every walk of life which is followed in anything like a high-minded way, the occupation comes first, and the pay afterwards, so long, that is, as the pay is reasonably sufficient. A man whose gifts lie entirely in one direction, would be a very mean creature if he followed another calling simply because he had a prospect of getting more money by it. Suppose a man for instance had a strong military turn, and was conscious of possessing all the qualities which make a good soldier, he would act both meanly and foolishly if he took orders simply because there was a large living in the family, even if he had no particular disinclination for the Church. A man who had a very fine voice, but a great dislike for the profession of a public singer, and a great liking for medicine, clearly ought to be a medical man, even if he knew that he should make less as a doctor than as a singer at concerts. The question as to the nature of the work to be done has the priority over the question as to the wages to be got.

What, then, is the sort of duty that a clergyman has to perform, and what sort of talents does its performance require? The general outline of his duties is obvious and familiar. He has to preach, to teach, to exhort those who are in need of his exhortations, to visit the sick, to care for and promote, and, if necessary, to originate the institutions of which a parish stands in need, such as schools, reading-rooms, clubs of various sorts, lectures, and in a word, everything that can humanize or improve the position of the population at large. To do all this well requires a frame of mind which is by no means uncommon, but of which many excellent people are utterly destitute. A clergyman's day is never his own. It is cut up by small interruptions into all manner of pieces, and is open to calls of all kinds which can hardly be reduced to system. He is hardly ever called upon to give sustained or severe attention to anything. He has to settle a vast number of questions, no one of them very difficult, or intricate, or capable of any very minute and careful adjustment, but all requiring a certain exercise of judgment, tact, and good feeling. His pursuits are, moreover, distinguished from those of other professional men by one great peculiarity. They depend to a great extent on himself. There must always no doubt be a certain routine of services and visits, but on the whole a clergyman regulates his duties to a very great degree by his own notion of their importance, and he has to act for the most part on his own sense of duty, with little, if any, interference or superintendence on the part of any official superior. This has, no doubt, its pleasures and advantages; but, on the other hand, it deprives a man of a great satisfaction, which the members of other professions usually enjoy. It is a great thing to have your path traced out for you, to feel that there are a certain number of patients or clients whose business must be done, and will not on any consideration

be put on one side ; to know that it does not depend in the least degree on your own choice whether or not you will do certain things at a certain time ; and, above all, to be always able to measure precisely the result which you produce. A clergyman's work is, after all, and always must be, extremely indefinite. He cannot say, I have attended so many patients of whom so many have recovered and so many died ; I have held so many briefs, and the results have been so and so ; I have painted so many pictures, and have got so much money for them, and there they are for all the world to see. He works, too, in the dark. He is but one amongst a great number of influences. He preaches to his congregation ; but so do the newspapers. He helps to promote education ; but others also help. He cannot expect, under common circumstances, and especially if his parish is a large one, to be able to lay his finger on any very definite result of his labours. He has preached, and taught, and lived so many years in such a place. Its state is so and so when he leaves it,—it was so and so when he came to it. It is hardly possible to measure the difference between the two conditions at different times. It is quite impossible to say how far he has contributed to producing that difference. The indefinite character of a clergyman's duties is made apparent in the highest degree in his intercourse with individuals. In most other walks of life, a professional man's relations with those who require his professional services are definite, and, so to speak, decisive. A man has a disease, and a doctor attends him till it is cured ; or he has to build a house, and his relations with his architect continue till it is built ; or to buy one, and he sees his attorney till the deed is drawn. The clergyman has no such definite relations with any one. He advises, he talks, he befriends in a variety of ways, but there is no definite thing forming an essential part of the common routine of life which somebody must do, and which he actually does. He does indeed marry and bury, but these duties are merely ceremonials, and he reads the Church Service, but this occupies a small part of his time, and exercises only a small part of his mind—more of it, however, than many clergymen suppose. Now and then, too, he has plans, which admit of being specifically carried out. He determines to establish a school, and he does establish it ; he carries the point of getting the parish to repair the church, or put up a new steeple ; but, speaking generally, preaching may be taken as the type of his duties. No particular effect can be referred to any one act. Look at each sermon by itself, and you cannot say that it makes much difference whether it is preached or not. It may make such a difference or it may not ; but it is matter of conjecture. It is a shot fired at random,—a stone thrown in the dark.

There is a kind of mind to which occupations of this sort are congenial, and there is also a kind of mind to which they are so irksome that any one who is conscious of possessing it ought to think many times before he enters the clerical profession. The life of a parish clergyman affords little scope for severe intellectual training. There is hardly any profession—certainly no liberal profession—which makes such small demands



on the mere intellect, the power of thinking and weighing arguments. A man with quick sympathies, business-like habits, and some power of expression, has pretty nearly all the intellectual gifts that an average clergyman requires. He never has anything hard to learn at any period of his life. The greatest intellectual task that a clergyman has to perform—in fact, the only one which requires anything beyond business-like habits, gentlemanly tact, and kind feeling—is the composition of his sermons. It is usual to wonder at the result which has become almost proverbial. No doubt, if it can be shown that we have not in the present day as large a sprinkling of considerable men amongst the clergy as were to be found in earlier times—if, as is sometimes asserted to be the case, the best preachers in these days are feeble and either ignorant or unimpressive, the cause must lie deep, and there must be something wrong in the state of things by which such a result can be produced. However this may be (and the inquiry would be unsuited for these pages), it is certain that the common run of sermons can never have been much better or much worse than they are, and it is curious that people should be surprised at their quality. The sermon is to last half an hour, and there are to be two a week. Any ordinary sermon would, if printed, fill, perhaps, ten pages of this Magazine, and thus the sermons of two clergymen preaching twice every Sunday for a month would fill a number, and fill it with general reflections on religion and morality. Is there any one in England, however brilliant, profound, or learned, who could produce that amount of original matter for any length of time, if he gave up his whole mind to the composition of the sermons and to the reading necessary to produce them? Probably no one could do it for a year; but to suppose that some 20,000 people will go on doing it for all the years of their life, is to indulge a hope which is altogether chimerical. The truth is, that not one man in a thousand is capable of making interesting reflections at all. Any ordinary conversation turns almost entirely upon facts, and upon observations or arguments about them. If a man does diverge into generalities, it is rarely possible to listen to him with satisfaction; yet with regard to the clergy, it is expected, or, rather, the complaints against their sermons seem to imply that it is expected, that they should be able constantly to produce matter worth attending to at a rate at which the greatest genius could hardly produce it, and in relation to a subject which nothing but genius can handle in such a manner as to command attention. The really remarkable point about sermons is that there are so many preachers who do succeed in getting a certain kind of attention from their hearers, and in exercising a perceptible influence over many of their minds. It is true, however, that men are usually reasonably considerate. They pitch their expectations at a rational level, and make allowances for a class which is certainly placed under great difficulties. Besides this, it must be remembered that, apart from any question of subscriptions or conformity with the doctrines of the Church, a clergyman is placed by public opinion and the ordinary practice of his profession under considerable restraints as to what he can say as regards both style

and matter, and it must also be borne in mind that the pulpit in our own times has lost its old monopoly. It has a formidable rival in the press, through which any man who is conscious of possessing knowledge, power, and the faculty of expressing his thoughts in a manner welcome to the public, may preach pretty much what he pleases without being answerable to any one, and also may or may not, as he thinks right, take his chance of making his name known to the world. For all these reasons, preaching, the only distinctly intellectual part of a clergyman's duty, is not only less attractive than it used to be to men of more than the average amount of power, but is in many cases positively repulsive. In times not very remote the Church might be called, by way of distinction, the learned profession. A clergyman and a scholar went together, as naturally as an officer and a gentleman. The obvious thing for a man to do who wanted to lead a studious life, was to take orders. This is no longer the case. There is probably no walk of life which has been more deeply influenced by the pushing character of the age. It appears to be thought almost indispensable that a good clergyman should be engaged in a whole network of schemes for the general improvement of the parish in which he lives. He is full of a mass of small engagements which cut his day to pieces, and dissipate his mind even more than they disturb his leisure. Even if he should get made a canon or a dean, it is ingeniously contrived that he is to go to church twice a day, say, from eleven to near one, and from half-past three till between four and five, during the whole of his residence, an arrangement which may look as if it laid a trifling burden on his time, but which in truth cuts it, when added to the natural division by meals, into no less than seven small pieces, most inconveniently devised for any sort of systematic exertion. There is the time before breakfast, assuming the dignitary to be an early riser, the time between breakfast and church, church itself, the time between morning and afternoon church, from which must be taken an allowance for luncheon, afternoon church, the time between that and dinner, and the evening. Now the really fruitful and valuable part of the day, the part during which all the real business of life is transacted, is from breakfast to dinner, say from nine to seven, or half-past seven. It is then that men of business are at their various places of business, and it is then, or during some part of the time, that men of learning ought to do their reading and writing. Cathedrals, if they are of any use at all, ought to be seats of learning, but their regulations are such as inevitably to discourage every one who is not a man of most unusual energy and determination from prosecuting any considerable work. This, of course, is a matter of detail. From the nature of the case it can affect only a very small number of persons, but it is a characteristic detail. It shows how little the habits and convenience of men of learning were studied by those who devised the rules, which, whatever they do in fact, ought in reason to apply specially to learned men. Even at the universities, the business of teaching has so much increased, and the number of persons engaged upon it is so much larger than was formerly the case, that Fellows of colleges have probably

less inducement and less time to be learned than formerly. They are tutors and schoolmasters, rather than scholars.

There are a certain number of exceptions. Dr. Milman may vie in point of learning with any living Englishman, probably with most living men, and there are others whom it might be invidious to name, but their number is not large in proportion to what it once was, and all the habits of the age, and of the profession itself as it exists, tend to diminish that number. The Church of England considered merely on its professional side, has come to resemble other English professions. It is full of busy, kindly men, engaged in a thousand schemes, benevolent and useful in various degrees, preaching moderate and sensible sermons, pious leading articles put into conventional language, which, like Farmer Jones's address to his son in *Crabbe's Tales*, "Are good advice and mean, my son, be good," and leading the sort of life that they preach.

To see what sort of man is exactly suited to the Church of England, as it is, we have only to consider what kind of people become bishops. A bishop is not, generally speaking, a man of aristocratic family or connections. No doubt such connections do him no harm if he has the other qualifications required, but it is fair to admit that they are no longer a sufficient qualification of themselves. The times are passed when a noble name, or an accidental connection with a great family, would put a man on the bench. Nor again are men made bishops in the present day merely for the sake of scholarship. It does a man no harm to know Greek, but Greek is not what it was thirty or forty years ago as a stepping-stone towards the mitre. The road to being a bishop in the present day is to get a large parish into good order, to persuade the people to come to church, to have good schools, and clubs, and benefit societies, to organize a good system for visiting the poor, and relieving their wants, to hit off in the pulpit and in publications that particular tone of thought and writing which the public are prepared to recognize as at once pious and reasonable. This in a general way must be the foundation, to which if a man can add scholarship, high connections, or a university reputation, it is so much the better for him. A certain number of bishoprics are given on other grounds. There is a sort of learning by which they may be got, but it is a miracle of ingenuity or felicity to hit precisely the right kind of learning, the golden (literally golden) mean between the two extremes which the public and their representatives regard with terror.

If we pass from the question of the work which a clergyman has to do, and the character which he requires in order to succeed in it, to the question of the prospects which the profession considered exclusively as a profession holds out to him, it must be admitted that its attractions are by no means great to an ambitious man who is not rich, though in many cases they are most attractive to a rich man who is not ambitious. There is one circumstance connected with the matter which, no doubt, exercises a considerable influence over many minds, and which is entirely the creature of express legislation. This is the legal recognition of the maxim that orders are indelible,—once a clergyman always a clergyman. This matter can

hardly fail to weigh heavily with a young man who is choosing his profession. He is probably fully conscious that he knows little of the world. It is from the nature of the case improbable, not to say impossible, that he should have any experience of his profession, or at least any experience that can go for much, and yet he has to commit himself for life and debar himself altogether from other callings for which as time goes on he may discover that he was much better suited. No doubt there are grounds on which it may be argued that the fact that a man has once devoted himself to the Church as a profession lays upon him a conscientious obligation not to turn back his hand from the plough. This may be, but why should the law add its sanction to the sanction of conscience? Why convert a conscientious and religious duty into a legal obligation? What good can the Church get from the services of an unwilling officer, who justifies to his own mind his conduct in occupying a position for which, as he is inwardly certain, he is unfit; perhaps even his conduct in preaching doctrines which he has ceased to believe, or, at all events, to care about, by the reflection that he is debarred by law from following any other of the few callings which his habits and education have left open to him? Or suppose that from a conscientious conviction that he has mistaken his position, and that he can no longer discharge its duties with comfort to himself or with advantage to his parishioners, a man resigns his preferment, and as far as in him lies gives up his profession. What object can possibly be gained by restraining him by force of law from employing himself in other ways? On what other intelligible ground can the maintenance of such a law be grounded than that it gratifies the feelings of those who, being themselves well satisfied with their profession, think it a crime, or something very like one, to be dissatisfied with it, and like to see a man punished who is guilty of such an offence? Be the sentiment right or wrong, there is no greater reason why it should be legally enforced than there is for the legal enforcement of other religious duties. All modern legislation has proceeded on the principle of leaving conscience to fight its own battles; and strong reasons ought to be alleged for maintaining this one exception. It is just one of those cases—of more frequent occurrence than people are usually willing to believe—in which the rights of a small minority are deliberately sacrificed by a powerful majority for no reason whatever except that the majority feel a certain sort of pleasure in maintaining associations which would be disturbed by an act of justice. The legal recognition of the notion that orders are indelible is a relic of a state of things in which the clergy and their claims were far more highly thought of in all respects than is now the case, and it is accordingly maintained, though it inflicts cruel injustice on a few and does no good to any one.

Suppose, however, that the resolution is formed to take what is legally though not practically an irrevocable step. What sort of professional prospect lies before a young clergyman? At the beginning of his profession it is a better prospect than any other liberal calling opens. He earns an income at once, and without any professional education at all, or, at any rate, without any other education than every one in the position of

a gentleman receives, and the income which he earns is probably enough to enable him to live frugally as a single man. This in itself is a considerable thing. In all the other learned professions there is a long education during which a great deal of money has to be spent, there is then a long period of apprenticeship during which no money is earned, and, lastly, there are great professional expenses to be met as a means towards earning money in future.

Unless a man can live for at least three years like a gentleman, without even pretending to earn anything at all; unless he can also pay very heavy fees to an Inn of Court, and still heavier fees for tuition, he cannot be called to the bar at all. When he is called he must, usually, wait for years before he earns a shilling, and during the whole of this time of waiting he is subject to expenses for chambers, and perhaps also for circuit expenses, which he will find it difficult to reduce below 150*l.* a year. If he means to be an attorney, he has to pay about 300*l.* for his articles, and to maintain himself as an articulated clerk for five years, after which he has to wait for practice, and, in the meanwhile, to pay for an office and clerks. In medicine the same thing happens,—an expensive education, prolonged waiting for business, and the necessity of keeping up a considerable appearance and establishment. It must also be remembered that the general education required by a barrister or a physician is, at least, as expensive as that which is required of any clergyman. It is true that there are a certain number of clergymen who would not go to a university at all unless they proposed to take orders, and their university course may be said to correspond to the special education required in other professions. On the other hand, however, a large and increasing number of clergymen are ordained without a university education, or anything remotely resembling one. A course of study at a cheap theological college is by far the cheapest form of anything that can be called liberal education that is to be met with in this country; and thus it may be said to be true, in general terms, that no liberal profession can be approached so cheaply, or affords so immediate and sure a return for the money laid out in entering upon it, as the Church. It must also be admitted that there is no profession in which mediocrity is so tolerable. Few men will make a living; no one can make more than the very barest and most hardly-earned living as a barrister or a physician, unless he has either unusual abilities, or some special advantages in the way of connection. A man who has either or both of these gifts may make a great fortune in either of these walks of life, or, on the other hand, he may not; but if he has only moderate abilities, average energy, and no particular connection, he will find it next to impossible to marry on his profession alone. An average curate has a much better chance. Notwithstanding all that is said in novels and elsewhere, he may fairly expect that in the course of ten years, during which his profession will, at any rate, secure him bread and cheese, he will obtain permanent preferment. Mere age, character, and decency go much further with a clergyman than with any other professional man, and age and character come naturally in course of time to a decent man who wishes conscientiously

to do his duty. The Church is pretty nearly the only market where a stupid, good sort of man can be reasonably sure of disposing of himself to a fair advantage; the terms of the contract being that he shall live like a gentleman, and not overwork himself. The lowness of the money payment which the clergy are willing to take is the measure of the value which is usually attached to these conditions.

It must also be remembered that there are two supplementary callings which a clergyman may pursue. He may if he has it in him, and if other circumstances are favourable, be an author, and if his turn in this direction is strong enough to make literature his main interest in life, there is no other calling in which he can indulge his taste so easily, though the interruptions, as we have already observed, are many. Every one who knows anything of literature knows how important it is to a literary man to have some other calling. It improves not only his position in life, but his powers as a writer, and gives him that practical acquaintance with men and things without which literature is but a poor affair. On the other hand, there is no profession which goes so well with literature as the Church, for none is so independent. The lawyer or doctor can write only when his clients and patients allow him to do so, and, if he writes too much, he is apt to find that they will leave him much more leisure than he desires; but a beneficed clergyman is thoroughly independent. He can, within limits, do as he pleases, and is responsible to no one.

This resource, however, is open to few from the nature of the case. There is another which is wider. A clergyman may be a schoolmaster, not only without injury to his strictly professional prospects, but often with great advantage to them. Indeed, the ablest men who have entered the Church of late years, and risen to eminence in it, have been engaged in education in one way or another. Both the archbishops and many of the other bishops have been thus employed, either at the universities or the great public schools. There can, indeed, be no doubt that this is the only temporal attraction which the Church, considered merely as a profession, holds out in the present day to men of great ability. To be head-master of a large public school is a high, and by no means an inadequately paid position, and it leads to higher positions still. To a man who likes influence, and believes himself capable of exercising a good influence over large numbers of people, hardly any position can be so attractive. Given two men of equal ability, the one by nature grave, saturnine, and more or less severe, and the other warm-hearted, sympathetic, and disposed to kindly views of life, and it is as natural for the latter to wish for a position like Dr. Arnold's, as for the other to wish to go circuit as a judge, and sentence men to be hung for murder.

This is the bright side of a clergyman's temporal prospects. There is a dark side, and it must be owned that of the two it is the more conspicuous. The entrance into the Church is easy, and the first part of a clergyman's life profitable, especially for a second-rate man; but as time goes on the bargain does not improve, and for a superior man it becomes intolerably bad. With fair good fortune, fair ability, and a good character,

the man who begins as a curate may reasonably hope that he will before middle life have a living worth say 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year, but when he has got it his troubles begin. The income is perfectly unelastic: no exertions of his can increase it. He is almost obliged to marry, not merely by the motives which appeal to every man, but by the circumstance that an unmarried clergyman is deprived of help and sympathy of which he specially stands in need, living, as he very probably does, in a place where he is thrown much on his own resources, and also because he has to discharge a variety of duties in which the fact that he is married gives him both weight with others and confidence in himself. As his family increases his income does not increase, and even if the means of adding to it by writing or taking pupils are to be found, he may very probably feel that conscience forbids him to give up to such pursuits the time which he owes to his parish. Hence often come difficulties and cares of which we all hear more than enough, and which certainly are as perplexing as any that can be imagined. They form a dull, heavy, uninstructional burden which simply disturbs a man's mind and diminishes his power of doing his duty. There is one special aggravation of the discomforts of a clergyman in respect of money which is often overlooked. He is liable not only to call upon his charity to a greater extent than other men, but also to a contingency which has involved hundreds of excellent men in inextricable difficulties. In one of Mr. Dickens's novels a prisoner for debt is introduced who attributes his misfortunes in life to the fact that some one left him 1,000*l.*, which led to litigation, which led to costs, which led to ruin and the Fleet Prison. To many a clergyman promotion leads to something of the same sort. After arranging all his affairs, cutting his coat to his cloth, sending his sons to school, and settling himself down in the place allotted to him, a man is presented, as a mark of approval for his energy and goodness, to a living of 1,000*l.* a year. This may look at first sight like the appropriate reward of virtue, the sort of event which would be introduced into a novel as the result of the hero's goodness. Often it is something quite different. The fortunate presentee goes down to his new living. He finds that he has to make a journey half across England with his family and furniture. The house is out of repair, the last incumbent died so poor that if his family is sued for dilapidations they will be deprived of the last farthing they have in the world. All the parish institutions are in disorder, three curates must be kept if the duty is to be properly done. The 1,000*l.* a year, after deductions, leaves perhaps something like 600*l.* to spend in a place where a good deal is expected from the vicar in the way of appearance and hospitality, and something like 1,000*l.* of ready money to make the change, repair the house, and set everything going. In short, to take the living is to get into debt, to refuse it is to throw away the only chance which is ever likely to occur of rising in the world. This is by no means a pleasant state of things, but it is not a very uncommon one.

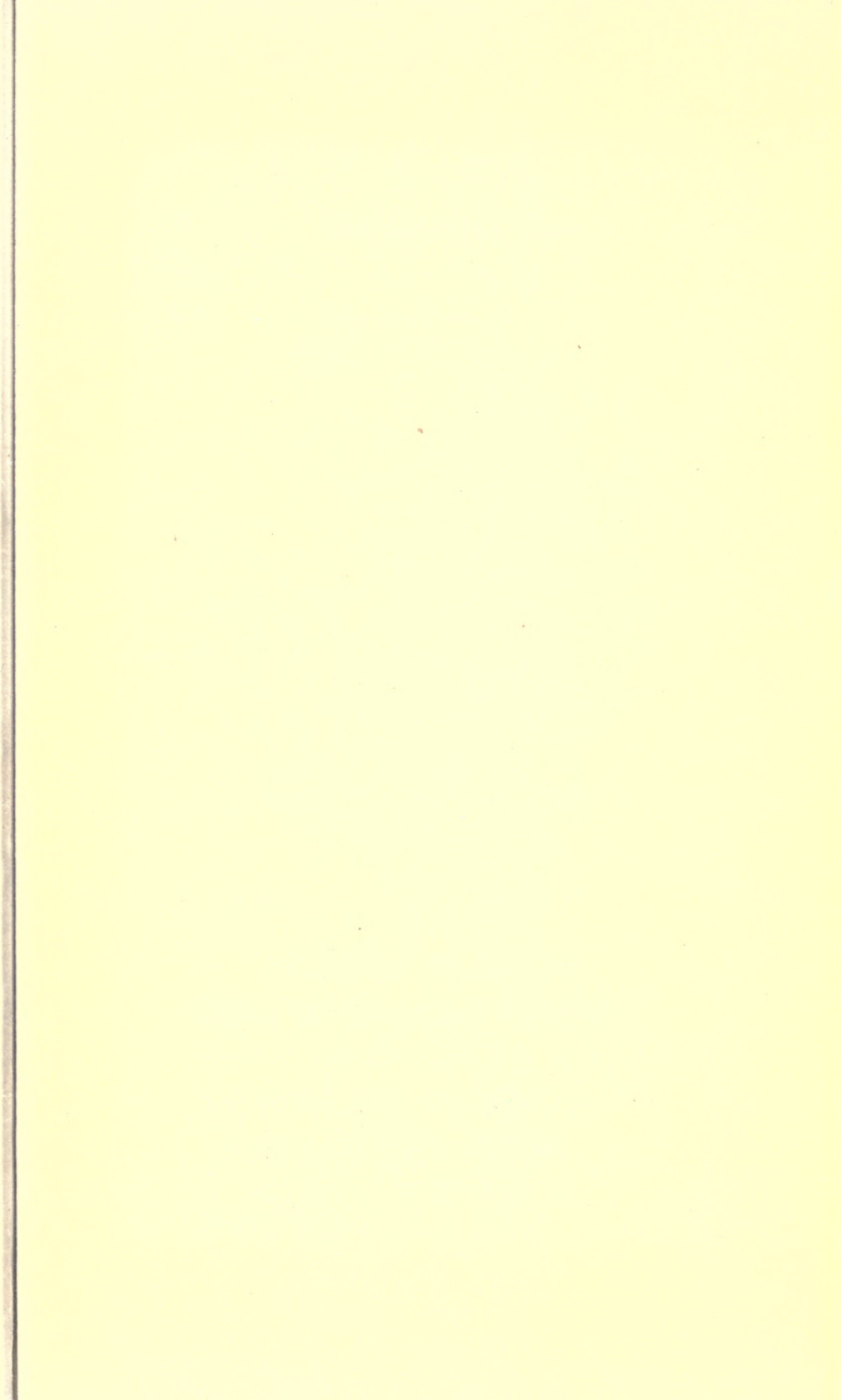
Even the great prizes of the Church are by no means very attractive when measured in money. A dean gets a house, and say 1,200*l.* a year.

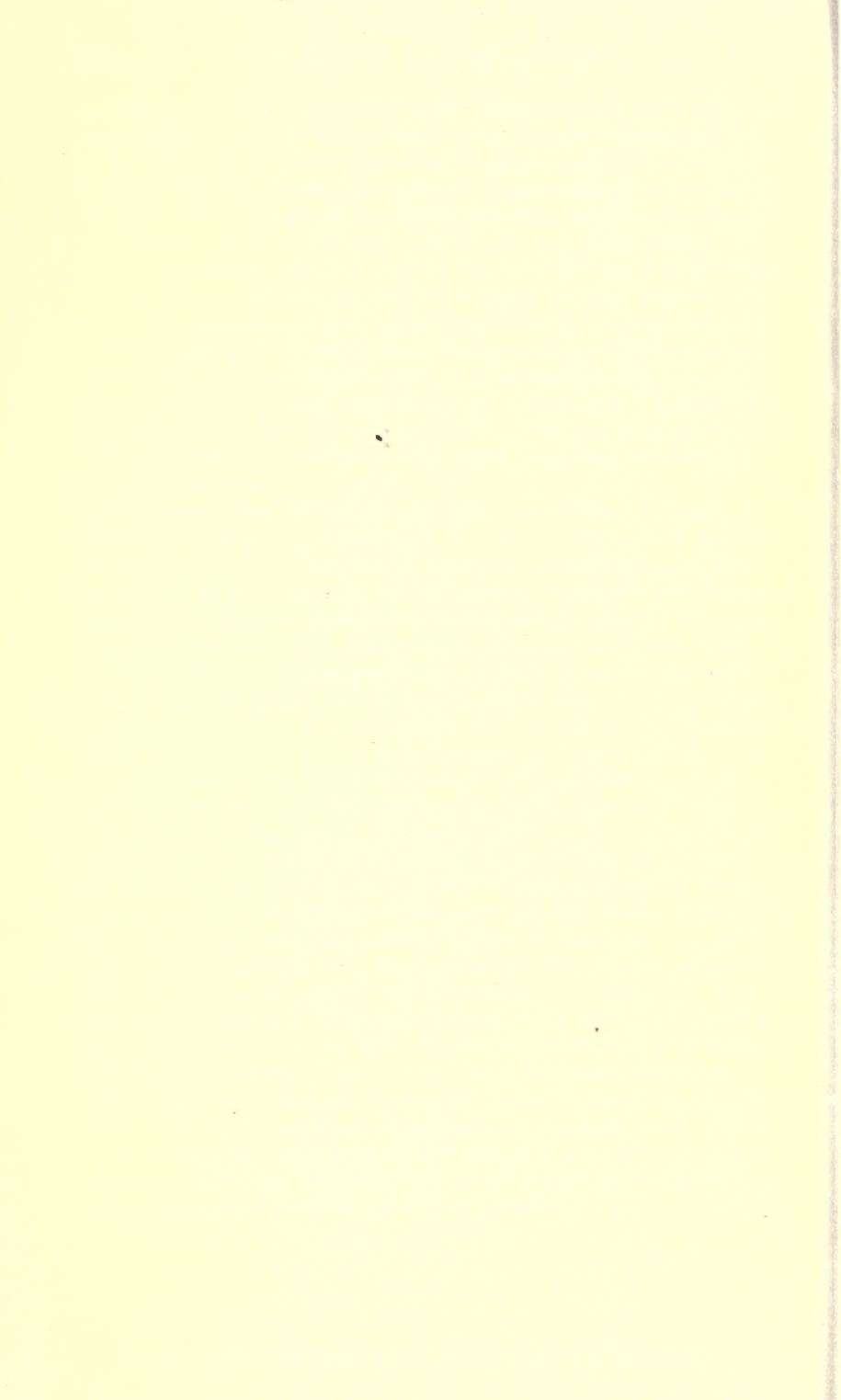
A bishop gets a palace and 4,500*l.*; but compare a dean with a county court judge, or a bishop with a superior judge. A lawyer may live where he likes and as he pleases; he does his public duty and retires into absolute obscurity, if such is his pleasure. Deans, and still more bishops, are public men. They must live in the deanery or the palace and keep it up, and live also like rich men; and if they save money out of their income, they are not altogether unjustly reproached for it. It is true that, socially, they are greater men than the lawyers, but social dignity is not only a poor plaster for a light purse, but to force it on a poor man is to add insult to injury. Besides this, a bishop or a dean has seldom had anything like the professional income of a successful lawyer. Probably most men who take judicial appointments of any kind make some sacrifice of income for the sake of security, and have been in a position to save money, but this can seldom be the case with a clergyman, who lives on his clerical income alone.

The general result of the whole is that, considered as a profession, the Church is a very good profession for a rich man, and not a very bad one for the sort of man who is extremely anxious to be considered a gentleman, and who, if he had been employed by a bustling shopkeeper, would never have had any chance of being taken into partnership. For an ambitious, able, intellectual man, who is also poor, no profession can well be worse.

We should be sorry to close what we have to say on the subject without guarding against the misapprehension which is always produced by taking partial views of great subjects. The Church may be considered merely as a profession, as a walk in life through the ways of the world, and its character as a profession must, and will, and probably ought to influence the views of those who have to make their choice between it and other callings; but to a really considerable man these matters would be mere cobwebs hardly worthy of notice. If a man really believed and felt assured in his own mind that he had matters of infinite importance to teach to his neighbours, and that a pulpit in the Church of England was the place from which he ought to teach them, no power on earth would hold him back from doing so. The question of money, even the question of natural disposition, would be subordinate to the great leading motive of discharging a most sacred duty in a becoming way. The money question, after all, resolves itself into the question, "When shall I marry?" and a man who really has a great duty to be done, and really feels that he knows in what direction lies the path which leads to it, would be a very poor creature if he could not do without a wife if necessary. He ought to feel that such a sacrifice was worth making, and that if he could not bring himself to make it, he had nothing that could be called a vocation to so great an office.







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