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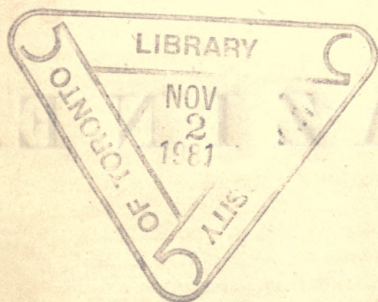
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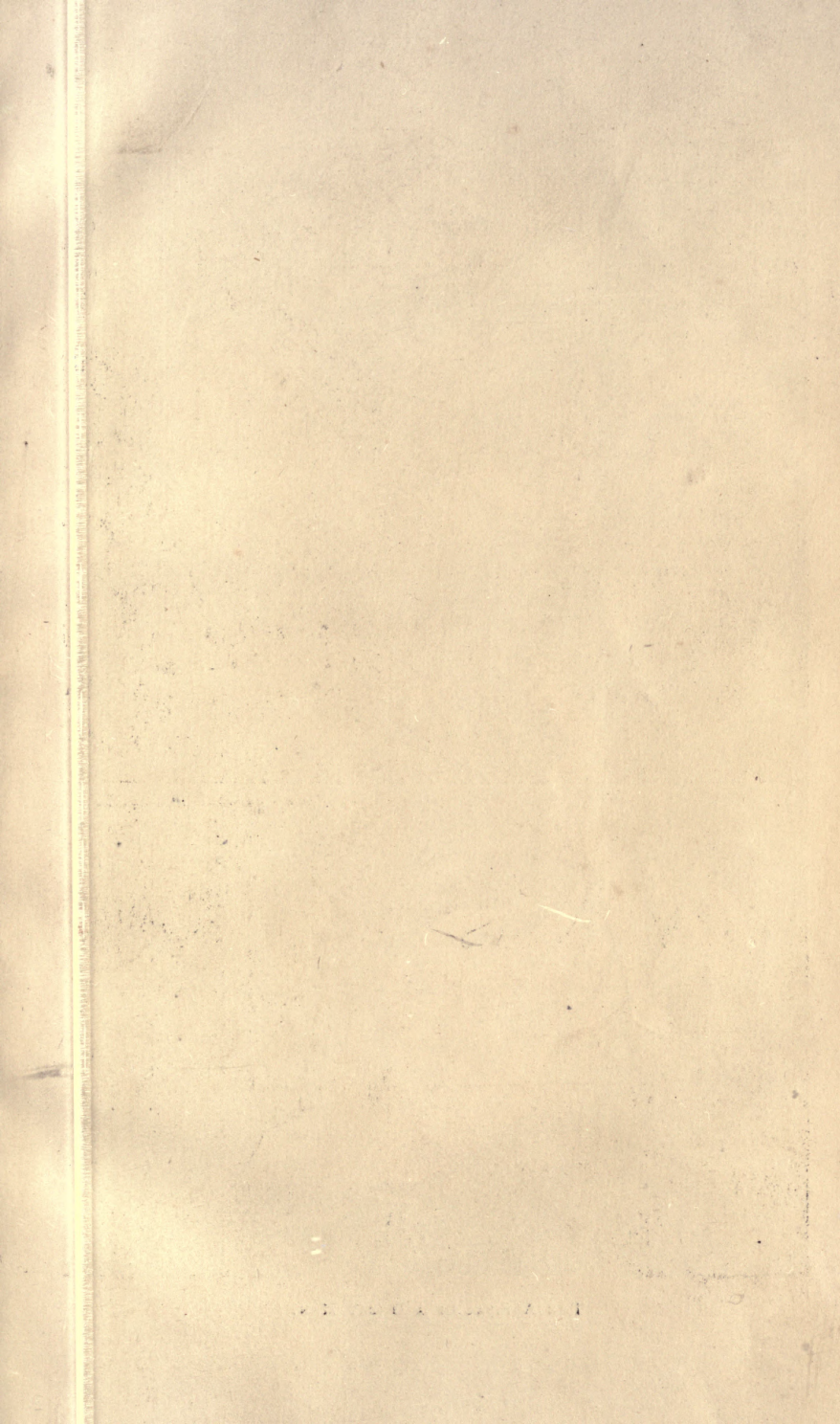
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THE ARRIVAL OF A GREAT MAN.

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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1867.

The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.

CHAPTER VI.

UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.



ABOUT eighteen miles from Bishop's Folly, and in the very midst of the Mourne Mountains, a low spur of land projects into the sea by a thin narrow promontory, so narrow, indeed, that in days of heavy sea and strong wind, the waves have been seen to meet across it. Some benevolent individual had once conceived the idea of planting a small lighthouse here, as a boon to the fishermen who frequent the coast. The lighthouse was built, but never occupied, and after standing some years in a state of half ruin, was turned into a sort of humble inn or shebeen, most probably a mere pretext to cover its real employment as a depôt for smuggled goods; for in the days of high duties French silks and brandies found many channels into Ireland beside the road that lay through her Majesty's customs. Mr., or, as he was more generally called, Tim Mackessy, the proprietor, was a well-known man in those parts. He followed what in Ireland for some years back has been as much a profession as law or physic, and occasionally a more lucrative line than either—Patriotism. He was

one of those ready, voluble, self-asserting fellows, who abound in Ireland, but whose favour is not the less with their countrymen from the fact of their frequency. He had, he said, a father, who suffered for his country in ninety-eight; and he had himself maintained the family traditions by being twice imprisoned in Carrickfergus Gaol, and narrowly escaping transportation for life. On the credit of this martyrdom, and the fact that Mr. O'Connell once called him honest Tim Mackessy, he had lived in honour and repute amongst such of his countrymen as "feel the yoke and abhor the rule of the Saxon."

For the present, we are, however, less occupied by Tim and his political opinions than by two guests, who had arrived a couple of days before, and were, at the moment we are now at, seated at breakfast in that modest apartment called the best parlour. Two men less like in appearance might not readily be found. One, thin, fresh-looking, with handsome but haughty features, slightly stooped, but to all seeming as much from habit as from any debility, was Lord Culduff; his age might be computed by some reference to the list of his services, but would have been a puzzling calculation from a mere inspection of himself: In figure and build, he might be anything from five-and-thirty to two or three and forty; in face, at a close inspection, he might have been high up in the sixties.

His companion was a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with a head of bushy curly black hair, a round bullet head, wide-set eyes, and a short nose, of the leonine pattern; his mouth, large and thick-lipped, had all that mobility that denotes talker and eater; for Mr. Cutbill, civil engineer and architect, was both garrulous and gourmand, and lived in the happy enjoyment of being thought excellent company, and a first-rate judge of a dinner. He was musical too; he played the violoncello with some skill, and was an associate of various philharmonies, who performed fantasias and fugues to dreary old ladies and snuffy old bachelors, who found the amusement an economy that exacted nothing more costly than a little patience. Amongst these Tom Cutbill was a man of wit and man of the world. His career brought him from time to time into contact with persons of high station and rank, and these he ventilated amongst his set in the most easy manner, familiarly talking of Beaufort, and Argyle, and Cleveland, as though they were household words.

It was reported that he had some cleverness as an actor; and he might have had, for the man treated life as a drama, and was eternally representing something,—some imaginary character,—till any little fragment of reality in him had been entirely rubbed out by the process, and he remained the mere personation of whatever the society he chanced to be in wanted or demanded of him.

He had been recommended to Lord Culduff's notice by his lordship's London agent, who had said,—“He knows the scientific part of his business as well as the great swells of his profession, and he knows the world a precious sight better than they do. *They* could tell you if you have coal, but he will do that and more; *he* will tell you what to do with

it.' It was on the advice thus given Lord Culduff had secured his services, and taken him over to Ireland. It was a bitter pill to swallow, for this old broken-down man of fashion, self-indulgent, fastidious, and refined, to travel in such company; but his affairs were in a sad state, from years of extravagance and high living, and it was only by the supposed discovery of these mines on this unprofitable part of his estate that his creditors consented to defer that settlement which might sweep away almost all that remained to him. Cutbill was told, too,—“His lordship is rather hard-up just now, and cannot be liberal as he could wish; but he is a charming person to know, and will treat you like a brother.” The one chink in this shrewd fellow's armour was his snobbery. It was told of him once, in a very dangerous illness, when all means of inducing perspiration had failed, that some one said,—“Try him with a lord, it never failed with Tom yet.” If an untitled squire had proposed to take Mr. Cutbill over special to Ireland for a hundred-pound note and his expenses, he would have indignantly refused the offer, and assisted the proposer besides to some unpalatable reflections on his knowledge of life; the thought, however, of journeying as Lord Culduff's intimate friend, being treated as his brother, thrown, from the very nature of the country they travelled in, into close relations, and left free to improve the acquaintance by all those social wiles and accomplishments on which he felt he could pride himself, was a bribe not to be resisted. And thus was it that these two men, so unlike in every respect, found themselves fellow-travellers and companions.

A number of papers, plans, and drawings littered the breakfast-table at which they were seated, and one of these, representing the little promontory of arid rock, tastefully coloured and converted into a handsome pier, with flights of steps descending to the water, and massive cranes swinging bulky masses of merchandise into tall-masted ships, was just then beneath his lordship's double eyeglass.

“Where may all this be, Cutbill? is it Irish?” asked he.

“It is to be out yonder, my lord,” said he, pointing through the little window to the rugged line of rocks, over which the sea was breaking in measured rhythm.

“You don't mean there?” said Lord Culduff, half horrified.

“Yes, my lord, there! Your lordship is doubtless not aware that of all her Majesty's faithful lieges the speculative are the least gifted with the imaginative faculty, and to supply this unhappy want in their natures, we, whose function it is to suggest great industrial schemes or large undertakings,—we ‘Promoters,’ as we are called, are obliged to supply, not merely by description, but actually pictorially, the results which success will in due time arrive at. We have, as the poet says, to annihilate ‘both time and space,’ and arrive at a goal which no effort of these worthy people's minds could possibly attain to. What your lordship is now looking at is a case in point, and however little promising the present aspect of that coast-line may seem, time and money,—yes, my lord, time and

money—the two springs of all success—will make even greater change than you see depicted here.” Mr. Cutbill delivered these words with a somewhat pompous tone, and in a voice such as he might have used in addressing an acting committee or a special board of works; for one of his fancies was, to believe himself an orator of no mean power.

“I trust, I fervently trust, Mr. Cutbill,” said his lordship nervously, “that the coal-fields are somewhat nigher the stage of being remunerative than that broken line of rock is to this fanciful picture before me.”

“Wealth, my lord, like heat, has its latent conditions.”

“Condescend to a more commonplace tone, sir, in consideration of my ignorance, and tell me frankly, is the mine as far from reality, as that reef there?”

Fortunately for Mr. Cutbill perhaps, the door was opened at this critical juncture, and the landlord presented himself with a note, stating that the groom who brought it would wait for the answer.

Somewhat agitated by the turn of his conversation with the engineer, Lord Culduff tore open the letter, and ran his eyes towards the end to see the signature. “Who is Bramleigh—Temple Bramleigh? Oh, I remember, an attaché. What’s all this about Castello? Where’s Castello?”

“That’s the name they give the Bishop’s Folly, my lord,” said the landlord, with a half grin.

“What business have these people to know I am here at all? Why must they persecute me? You told me, Cutbill, that I was not to be discovered.”

“So I did, my lord, and I made the *Down Express* call you Mr. Morrice, of Charing Cross.”

His lordship winced a little at the thought of such a liberty, even for a disguise, but he was now engaged with the note, and read on without speaking. “Nothing could be more courteous, certainly,” said he, folding it up, and laying it beside him on the table. “They invite me over to—what’s the name?—Castello, and promise me perfect liberty as regards my time. ‘To make the place my head-quarters,’ as he says. Who are these Bramleighs? You know every one, Cutbill; who are they?”

“Bramleigh and Underwood are bankers, very old-established firm. Old Bramleigh was a brewer, at Slough; George the Third never would drink any other stout than Bramleigh’s. There was a large silver flagon, called the ‘King’s Quaigh,’ always brought out when his Majesty rode by, and very vain old Bramleigh used to be of it, though I don’t think it figures now on the son’s sideboard—they have leased the brewery.”

“Oh, they have leased the brewery, have they?”

“That they have; the present man got himself made Colonel of militia, and meant to be a county member, and he might too, if he hadn’t been in too great a hurry about it; but county people won’t stand being carried by assault. Then they made other mistakes; tried it on with the Liberals, in a shire where everything that called itself gentleman was Tory; in fact, they plunged from one hole into another, till they regularly swamped them-

selves ; and as their house held a large mortgage on these estates in Ireland, they paid off the other encumbrances and have come to live here. I know the whole story, for it was an old friend of mine who made the plans for restoring the mansion."

"I suspect that the men in your profession, Cutbill, know as much of the private history of English families as any in the land?"

"More, my lord ; far more even than the solicitors, for people suspect the solicitors, and they never suspect us. We are detectives in plain clothes." The pleasant chuckle with which Mr. Cutbill finished his speech was not responded to by his lordship, who felt that the other should have accepted his compliment, without any attempt on his own part to enhance it.

"How long do you imagine I may be detained here, Cutbill?" asked he after a pause.

"Let us say a week, my lord, or ten days at furthest. We ought certainly to see that new pit opened, before you leave."

"In that case I may as well accept this invitation. I can bear a little boredom if they have only a good cook. Do you suppose they have a good cook?"

"The agent, Jos Harding, told me they had a Frenchman, and that the house is splendidly got up."

"What's to be done with *you*, Cutbill, eh?"

"I am at your lordship's orders," said he, with a very quiet composure.

"You have nothing to do over at that place just now?—I mean at the mine."

"No, my lord. Till Pollard makes his report, I have nothing to call me over there."

"And here, I take it, we have seen everything," and he gave a very hopeless look through the little window as he spoke.

"There it is, my lord," said Cutbill, taking up the coloured picture of the pier, with its busy crowds, and its bustling porters. "There it is!"

"I should say, Cutbill, there it is not!" observed the other bitterly. "Anything more unlike the reality is hard to conceive."

"Few things are as like a cornet in the Life Guards, as a child in a perambulator——"

"Very well, all that," interrupted Lord Culduff impatiently. "I know that sort of argument perfectly. I have been pestered with the acorn, or rather, with the unborn forests in the heart of the acorn, for many a day. Let us get a stride in advance of these platitudes. Is the whole thing like this?" and he threw the drawing across the table contemptuously as he spoke. "Is it all of this pattern, eh?"

"In one sense it is very like," said the other, with a greater amount of decision in his tone, than usual.

"In which case, then, the sooner we abandon it the better," said Lord Culduff, rising, and standing with his back to the fire, his head high, and his look intensely haughty.

"It is not for me to dictate to your lordship—I could never presume to do so—but certainly it is not every one in Great Britain who could reconcile himself to relinquish one of the largest sources of wealth in the kingdom. Taking the lowest estimate of Carrick Nuish mine alone,—and when I say the lowest, I mean throwing the whole thing into a company of shareholders, and neither working nor risking a shilling yourself,—you may put from twenty to five-and-twenty thousand pounds into your pocket within a twelvemonth."

"Who will guarantee that, Cutbill?" said Lord Culduff, with a faint smile.

"I am ready myself to do so, provided my counsels be strictly followed. I will do so, with my whole professional reputation."

"I am charmed to hear you say so. It is a very gratifying piece of news for me. You feel, therefore, certain that we have struck coal?"

"My lord, when a young man enters life from one of the universities, with a high reputation for ability, he can go a long way—if he only be prudent—living on his capital. It is the same thing in a great industrial enterprise; you must start at speed, and with a high pressure—get way on you, as the sailors say—and you will skim along for half a mile after the steam is off."

"I come back to my former question. Have we found coal?"

"I hope so. I trust we have. Indeed there is every reason to say we have found coal. What we need most at this moment is a man like that gentleman whose note is on the table—a large capitalist, a great City name. Let him associate himself in the project, and success is as certain as that we stand here."

"But you have just told me he has given up his business life—retired from affairs altogether."

"My lord, these men never give up. They buy estates, they go live at Rome or Paris, and take a château at Cannes, and try to forget Mincing Lane and the rest of it; but if you watch them, you'll see it's the money article in *The Times* they read before the leader. They have but one barometer for everything that happens in Europe—how are the exchanges? and they are just as greedy of a good thing as on any morning they hurried down to the City in a hansom to buy in or sell out. See if I'm not right. Just throw out a hint, no more, that you'd like a word of advice from Colonel Bramleigh about your project; say it's a large thing—too large for an individual to cope with—that you are yourself the least possible of a business man, being always engaged in very different occupations,—and ask what course he would counsel you to take."

"I might show him these drawings—these coloured plans."

"Well, indeed, my lord," said Cutbill, brushing his mouth with his hand, to hide a smile of malicious drollery, "I'd say I'd not show him the plans. The pictorial rarely appeals to men of his stamp. It's the multiplication-table they like, and if all the world were like them one would never throw poetry into a project."

"You'll have to come with me, Cutbill; I see that," said his lordship, reflectingly.

"My lord, I am completely at your orders."

"Yes; this is a sort of negotiation you will conduct better than myself. I am not conversant with this kind of thing, nor the men who deal in them. A great treaty, a question of boundary, a royal marriage,—any of these would find me ready and prepared, but with the diplomacy of dividends, I own myself little acquainted. You must come with me."

Cutbill bowed in acquiescence, and was silent.

CHAPTER VII.

AT LUNCHEON.

As the family at the Great House were gathered together at luncheon on the day after the events we have just recorded, Lord Culduff's answer to Temple Bramleigh's note was fully and freely discussed.

"Of course," said Jack, "I speak under correction; but how comes it that your high and mighty friend brings another man with him? Is Cutbill an attaché? Is he one of what you call 'the line?'"

"I am happy to contribute the correction you ask for," said Temple haughtily. "Mr. Cutbill is not a member of the diplomatic body, and though such a name might not impossibly be found in the Navy List, you'll scarcely chance upon it at F. O."

"My chief question is, however, still to be answered. On what pretext does he bring him here?" said Jack, with unbroken good-humour.

"As to that," broke in Augustus, "Lord Culduff's note is perfectly explanatory; he says his friend is travelling with him; they came here on a matter of business, and, in fact, there would be an awkwardness on his part in separating from him, and on ours, if we did not prevent such a contingency."

"Quite so," chimed in Temple. "Nothing could be more guarded or courteous than Lord Culduff's reply. It wasn't in the least like an Admiralty minute, Jack, or an order to Commander Spiggins, of the *Snarler*, to take in five hundred firkins of pork."

"I might say, now, that you'll not find that name in the Navy List, Temple," said the sailor, laughing.

"Do they arrive to-day?" asked Marion, not a little uncomfortable at this exchange of tart things.

"To dinner," said Temple.

"I suppose we have seen the last leg of mutton we are to meet with till he goes," cried Jack; "that precious French fellow will now give his genius full play, and we'll have to dine off 'salmis' and 'suprêmes,' or make our dinner off bread and cheese."

"Perhaps you would initiate Bertond into the mystery of a sea-pie, Jack," said Temple, with a smile.

“And a precious mess the fellow would make of it! He'd fill it with cocks' combs and mushrooms, and stick two skewers in it, with a half-boiled truffle on each—lucky if there wouldn't be a British flag in spun sugar between them; and he'd call the abomination ‘pâté à la gun-room,’ or some such confounded name.”

A low, quiet laugh was now heard from the end of the table, and the company remembered, apparently for the first time, that Mr. Harding, the agent, was there, and very busily engaged with a broiled chicken. “Ain't I right, Mr. Harding?” cried Jack, as he heard the low chuckle of the small, meek, submissive-looking little man, at the other end of the table. “Ain't I right?”

“I have met with very good French versions of English cookery abroad, Captain Temple.”

“Don't call me ‘Captain,’ or I'll suspect your accuracy about the cookery,” interrupted Jack. “I fear I'm about as far off that rank as Bertond is from the sea-pie.”

“Do you know Cutbill, Harding?” said Augustus, addressing the agent in the tone of an heir expectant.

“Yes. We were both examined in the same case before a committee of the House, and I made his acquaintance then.”

“What sort of person is he?” asked Temple.

“Is he jolly, Mr. Harding?—that's the question,” cried Jack. “I suspect we shall be overborne by greatness, and a jolly fellow would be a boon from heaven.”

“I believe he is what might be called jolly,” said Harding cautiously.

“Jolly sounds like a familiar word for vulgar,” said Marion. “I hope Mr. Harding does not mean that.”

“Mr. Harding means nothing of the kind, I'll be sworn,” broke in Jack. “He means an easy-tempered fellow, amusing and amusable. Well, Nelly, if it's not English, I can't help it—it ought to be; but when one wants ammunition, one takes the first heavy thing at hand. Egad! I'd ram down a minister plenipotentiary, rather than fire blank-cartridge.”

“Is Lord Culduff also jolly, Mr. Harding?” asked Eleanor, now looking up with a sparkle in her eye.

“I scarcely know,—I have the least possible acquaintance with his lordship; I doubt, indeed, if he will recollect me,” said Harding, with diffidence.

“What are we to do with this heavy swell when he comes, is the puzzle to me,” said Augustus, gravely. “How is he to be entertained,—how amused? Here's a county with nothing to see—nothing to interest—without a neighbourhood. What *are* we to do with him?”

“The more one is a man of the world, in the best sense of that phrase, the more easily he finds how to shape his life to any and every circumstance,” said Temple, with a sententious tone and manner.

“Which means, I suppose, that he'll make the best of a bad case,

and bear our tiresomeness with bland urbanity?" said Jack. "Let us only hope, for all our sakes, that his trial may not be a long one."

"Just to think of such a country!" exclaimed Marion; "there is absolutely no one we could have to meet him."

"What's the name of that half-pay captain who called here t'other morning?—the fellow who sat from luncheon till nigh dusk?" asked Jack.

"Captain Craufurd," replied Marion. "I hope nobody thinks of inviting *him*; he is insufferably vulgar, and presuming besides."

"Wasn't that the man, Marion, who told you that as my father and Lady Augusta didn't live together the county gentry couldn't be expected to call on us?" asked Augustus, laughing.

"He did more: he entered into an explanation of the peculiar tenets of the neighbourhood, and told me if we had had the good luck to have settled in the south or west of Ireland they'd not have minded it, 'but here,' he added, 'we are great sticklers for morality.'"

"And what reply did you make him, Marion?" asked Jack.

"I was so choked with passion that I couldn't speak, or if I did say anything I have forgotten it. At all events he set me off laughing immediately after, as he said,—'As for myself, I don't care a rush. I'm a bachelor, and a bachelor can go anywhere.'"

She gave these words with such a close mimicry of his voice and manner, that a general burst of laughter followed them.

"There's the very fellow we want," cried Jack. "That's the man to meet our distinguished guest; he'll not let him escape without a wholesome hint or two."

"I'd as soon see a gentleman exposed to the assault of a mastiff as to the insulting coarseness of such a fellow as that," said Temple, passionately.

"The mischief's done already; I heard the governor say, as he took leave,—'Captain Craufurd, are you too straitlaced to dine out on a Sunday? if not, will you honour us with your company at eight o'clock?' And though he repeated the words 'eight o'clock' with a groan like a protest, he muttered something about being happy, a phrase that evidently cost him dearly, for he went shuffling down the avenue afterwards with his hat over his eyes, and gesticulating with his hands as if some new immorality had suddenly broke in upon his mind."

"You mean to say that he is coming to dinner here next Sunday?" asked Temple, horrified.

"A little tact and good management are always sufficient to keep these sort of men down," said Augustus.

"I hope we don't ask a man to dinner with the intention to 'keep him down,'" said Jack, sturdily.

"At all events," cried Temple, "he need not be presented to Lord Culduff."

"I suspect you will see very little of him after dinner," observed Harding, in his meek fashion. "That wonderful '32 port will prove a detainer impossible to get away from."

"I'll keep him company then. I rather like to meet one of these cross-grained dogs occasionally."

"Not impossibly you'll learn something more of that same 'public opinion' of our neighbours regarding us," said Marion, haughtily.

"With all my heart," cried the sailor, gaily; "they'll not ruffle my temper, even if they won't flatter my vanity."

"Have you asked the L'Estranges, Marion?" said Augustus.

"We always ask them after church; they are sure to be disengaged," said she. "I wish, Nelly, that you, who are such a dear friend of Julia's, would try and persuade her to wear something else than that eternal black silk. She is so intently bent on being an Andalusian. Some one unluckily said she looked so Spanish, that she has got up the dress, and the little fan coquetry, and the rest of it, in the most absurd fashion."

"Her grandmother was a Spaniard," broke in Nelly, warmly.

"So they say," said the other, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"There's a good deal of style about her," said Temple, with the tone of one who was criticizing what he understood. "She sings prettily."

"Prettily?" groaned Jack. "Why where, except amongst professionals, did you ever hear her equal?"

"She sings divinely," said Ellen; "and it is, after all, one of her least attractions."

"No heroics, for heaven's sake; leave that to your brothers, Nelly, who are fully equal to it. I really meant my remark about her gown for good nature."

"She's a nice girl," said Augustus, "though she is certainly a bit of a coquette."

"True; but it's very good coquetry," drawled out Temple. "It's not that jerking, uncertain, unpurpose-like style of affectation your English coquette displays. It is not the eternal demand for attention or admiration. It is simply a desire to please thrown into a thousand little graceful ways, each too slight, and too faint, to be singled out for notice, but making up a whole of wonderful captivation."

"Well done, diplomacy; egad, I didn't know there was that much blood in the Foreign Office," cried Jack, laughing; "and now I'm off to look after my night lines. I quite forgot all about them till this minute."

"Take me with you, Jack," said Nelly, and hastened after him, hat in hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARRIVAL OF A GREAT MAN.

It was within a quarter of eight o'clock—forty-five minutes after the usual dinner-hour—when Lord Culduff's carriage drove up to the door.

"The roads are atrocious down here," said Temple, apologizing in advance for an offence which his father rarely, if ever forgave. "Don't you think you ought to go out to meet him, sir?" asked he, half timidly.

"It would only create more delay; he'll appear, I take it, when he is dressed," was the curt rejoinder, but it was scarcely uttered when the door was thrown wide open, and Lord Culduff and Mr. Cutbill were announced.

Seen in the subdued light of a drawing-room before dinner, Lord Culduff did not appear more than half his real age, and the jaunty stride and the bland smile he wore,—as he made his round of acquaintance, might have passed muster for five-and-thirty; nor was the round vulgar figure of the engineer, awkward and familiar alternately, a bad foil for the very graceful attractions of his lordship's manner.

"We should have been here two hours ago," said he, "but my friend here insisted on our coming coastwise to see a wonderful bay—a natural harbour one might call it. What's the name, Cutbill?"

"Portness, my lord."

"Ah, to be sure, Portness. On your property, I believe?"

"I am proud to say it is. I have seen nothing finer in the kingdom," said Bramleigh; "and if Ireland were anything but Ireland, that harbour would be crowded with shipping, and this coast one of the most prosperous and busy shores of the island."

"Who knows if we may not live to see it such? Cutbill's projects are very grand, and I declare that though I deemed them Arabian Night stories a few weeks back, I am a convert now. Another advantage we gained," said he, turning to Marion; "we came up through a new shrubbery, which we were told had been all planned by you."

"My sister designed it," said she, as she smiled and made a gesture towards Ellen.

"May I offer you my most respectful compliments on your success? I am an enthusiast about landscape-gardening, and though our English climate gives us many a sore rebuff in our attempts, the soil and the varied nature of the surface lend themselves happily to the pursuit. I think you were at the Hague with me, Bramleigh?" asked he of Temple.

"Does he know how late it is?" whispered Augustus to his father. "Does he know we are waiting dinner?"

"I'll tell him," and Colonel Bramleigh walked forward from his place before the fire. "I'm afraid, my lord, the cold air of our hills has not given you an appetite?"

"Quite the contrary, I assure you. I am very hungry."

"By Jove, and so are we!" blurted out Jack; "and it's striking eight this instant."

"What is your dinner-hour?"

"It ought to be seven," answered Jack.

"Why, Cutty, you told me nine."

Cutbill muttered something below his breath, and turned away; and Lord Culduff laughingly said, "I declare I don't perceive the connection. My friend, Colonel Bramleigh, opines that a French cook always means nine-o'clock dinner. I'm horrified at this delay: let us make a hasty toilette, and repair our fault at once."

"Let me show you where you are lodged," said Temple, not sorry to escape from the drawing-room at a moment when his friend's character and claims were likely to be sharply criticized.

"Cutty's a vulgar dog," said Jack, as they left the room. "But I'll be shot if he's not the best of the two."

A haughty toss of Marion's head showed that she was no concurring party to the sentiment.

"I'm amazed to see so young a man," said Colonel Bramleigh. "In look at least, he isn't forty."

"It's all make-up," cried Jack.

"He can't be a great deal under seventy, taking the list of his services. He was at Vienna as a private secretary to Lord Borchester——" As Augustus pronounced the words Lord Culduff entered the room in a fragrance of perfume and a brilliancy of colour that was quite effective; for he wore his red ribbon, and his blue coat was lined with white silk, and his cheeks glowed with a bloom that youth itself could not rival.

"Who talks of old Borchester?" said he gaily. "My father used to tell me such stories of him. They sent him over to Hanover once, to report on the available princesses, to marry the Prince: and, egad! he played his part so well that one of them—Princess Helena, I think it was—fell in love with him; and if it wasn't that he had been married already,—May I offer my arm?" And the rest of the story was probably told as he led Miss Bramleigh in to dinner.

Mr. Cutbill only arrived as they took their places, and slunk into a seat beside Jack, whom, of all the company, he judged would be the person he could feel most at ease with.

"What a fop!" whispered Jack, with a glance at the peer.

"Isn't he an old humbug?" muttered Cutbill. "Do you know how he managed to appear in so short a time? We stopped two hours at a little inn on the road while he made his toilette; and the whole get-up—paint and padding and all—was done then. That great fur pelisse in which he made his entrance into the drawing-room removed, he was in full dinner dress underneath. He's the best actor living."

"Have you known him long?"

"Oh, yes! I know all of them," said he, with a little gesture of his hand: "that is, they take devilish good care to know *me*."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jack, in the tone which seemed to ask for some explanation.

"You see, here's how it is," said Cutbill, as he bent over his plate and talked in a tone cautiously subdued: "all those swells—especially that generation yonder—are pretty nigh aground. They have been living for forty or fifty years at something like five times their income; and if it hadn't been for this sudden rush of prosperity in England, caused by railroads, mines, quarries, or the like, these fellows would have been swept clean away. He's watching me now. I'll go on by-and-by. Have you any good hunting down here, Colonel Bramleigh?" asked he of the host, who sat half hid by a massive centre-piece.

"You'll have to ask my sons what it's like, and I take it they'll give you a mount too."

"With pleasure, Mr. Cutbill," cried Augustus. "If we have no frost, we'll show you some sport on Monday next."

"Delighted,—I like hunting of all things."

"And you, my lord, is it a favourite sport of yours?" asked Temple.

"A long life out of England,—which has unfortunately been my case,—makes a man sadly out of gear in all these things; but I ride, of course," and he said the last words as though he meant to imply "because I do everything."

"I'll send over to L'Estrange," said Augustus; "he's sure to know where the meet is for Monday."

"Who is L'Estrange?" asked his lordship.

"Our curate here," replied Colonel Bramleigh, smiling. "An excellent fellow, and a very agreeable neighbour."

"Our only one, by Jove!" cried Jack.

"How gallant to forget Julia," said Nelly tartly.

"And the fair Julia,—who is she?" asked Lord Culduff.

"L'Estrange's sister," replied Augustus.

"And now, my lord," chimed in Jack, "you know the whole neighbourhood, if we don't throw in a cross-grained old fellow, a half-pay lieutenant of the Buffs."

"Small but select," said Lord Culduff quietly. "May I venture to ask you, Colonel Bramleigh, what determined you in your choice of a residence here?"

"I suppose I must confess it was mainly a money consideration. The bank held some rather heavy mortgages over this property, which they were somewhat disposed to consider as capable of great improvement, and as I was growing a little wearied of City life, I fancied I'd come over here and—"

"Regenerate Ireland, eh?"

"Or, at least, live very economically," added he, laughing.

"I may be permitted to doubt that part of the experiment," said Lord Culduff, as his eyes ranged over the table set forth in all the splendour that plate and glass could bestow.

"I suspect papa means a relative economy," said Marion, "something very different from our late life in England."

"Yes, my last three years have been very costly ones," said Colonel Bramleigh, sighing. "I lost heavily by the sale of Earlshope, and my unfortunate election too was an expensive business. It will take some retrenchment to make up for all this. I tell the boys they'll have to sell their hunters, or be satisfied, like the parson, to hunt one day a week." The self-complacent, mock humility of this speech was all too apparent.

"I take it," said Cuduff authoritatively, "that every gentleman"—and he laid a marked emphasis on the "gentleman"—"must at some period or other of his life have spent more money than he ought, more than was subsequently found to be convenient."

"I have repeatedly done so," broke in Cutbill, "and invariably been sorry for it afterwards, inasmuch as each time one does it the difficulty increases."

"Harder to get credit, you mean?" cried Jack, laughing.

"Just so; and one's friends get tired of helping one. Just as they told me, there was a fellow at Blackwall used to live by drowning himself. He was regularly fished up once a week and stomach-pumped and 'cordialled' and hot-blanketed, and brought round by the Humane Society's people, till at last they came to discover the dodge, and refused to restore him any more; and now he's reduced to earn his bread as a water bailiff—cruel hard on a fellow of such an ingenious turn of mind."

While the younger men laughed at Cutbill's story, Lord Cuduff gave him a reproving glance from the other end of the table, palpably intended to recall him to a more sedate and restricted conviviality.

"Are we not to accompany you?" said Lord Cuduff to Marion, as she and her sister arose to retire. "Is this barbarism of sitting after dinner maintained here?"

"Only till we finish this decanter of claret, my lord," said Colonel Bramleigh, who caught what was not intended for his ears.

"Ask the governor to give you a cigar," whispered Jack to Cutbill; "he has some rare Cubans."

"Now, this is what I call regular jolly," said Cutbill as he drew a small spider table to his side, and furnished himself with a glass and a decanter of Madeira, "and," added he in a whisper to Jack, "let us not be in a hurry to leave it. We only want one thing to be perfect, Colonel Bramleigh."

"If I can only supply it, pray command me, Mr. Cutbill."

"I want this, then," said Cutbill, pursing up his mouth at one side, while he opened the other as if to emit the smoke of a cigar.

"Do you mean smoking?" asked Colonel Bramleigh, in a half irritable tone.

"You have it."

"Are you a smoker, my lord?" asked the host, turning to Lord Cuduff.

"A very moderate one. A cigarette after breakfast, and another at bed-time, are about my excesses in that direction."

"Then I'm afraid I must defraud you of the full measure of your enjoyment, Mr. Cutbill; we never smoke in the dining-room. Indeed, I myself have a strong aversion to tobacco, and though I have consented to build a smoking-room, it is as far off from me as I have been able to contrive it."

"And what about his choice Cubans, eh?" whispered Cutbill to Jack.

"All hypocrisy. You'll find a box of them in your dressing-room," said Jack, in an undertone, "when you go upstairs."

Temple now led his distinguished friend into those charming pasturages where the flocks of diplomacy love to dwell, and where none other save themselves could find herbage. Nor was it amongst great political events, of peace or war, alliances or treaties, they wandered—for perhaps in these the outer world, taught as they are by newspapers, might have taken some interest and some share. No; their talk was all of personalities, of Russian princes and grandees of Spain, archduchesses and "marchesas," whose crafts and subtleties, and pomps and vanities, make up a world like no other world and play a drama of life—happily, it may be for humanity, —like no other drama that other men and women ever figured in. Now it is a strange fact, and I appeal to my readers if their experience will not corroborate mine, that when two men thoroughly versed in these themes will talk together upon them, exchanging their stories and mingling their comments, the rest of the company will be struck with a perfect silence, unable to join in the subject discussed, and half appalled to introduce any ordinary matter into such high and distinguished society. And thus Lord Culduff and Temple went on for full an hour or more, pelting each other with little court scandals and small state intrigues, till Colonel Bramleigh fell asleep, and Cutbill, having finished his Madeira, would probably have followed his host's example, when a servant announced tea, adding in a whisper, that Mr. L'Estrange and his sister were in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER IX.

OVER THE FIRE.

In a large room, comfortably furnished, but in which there was a certain blending of the articles of the drawing-room with those of the dining-room, showing unmistakably the bachelor character of the owner, sat two young men at opposite sides of an ample fireplace. One sat, or rather reclined, on a small leather sofa, his bandaged leg resting on a pillow, and his pale and somewhat shrunken face evidencing the results of pain and confinement to the house. His close-cropt head and square-cut beard, and a certain mingled drollery and fierceness in the eyes, proclaimed him French, and so M. Anatole Pracontal was; though it would have been difficult to

declare as much from his English, which he spoke with singular purity and the very faintest peculiarity of accent.

Opposite him sat a tall well-built man of about thirty-four or five, with regular and almost handsome features, marred, indeed, in expression by the extreme closeness of the eyes, and a somewhat long upper lip, which latter defect an incipient moustache was already concealing. The colour of his hair was however that shade of auburn which verges on red, and is so commonly accompanied by a much freckled skin. This same hair, and hands and feet almost enormous in size, were the afflictions which imparted bitterness to a lot which many regarded as very enviable in life; for Mr. Philip Longworth was his own master, free to go where he pleased, and the owner of a very sufficient fortune. He had been brought up at Oscot, and imbibed, with a very fair share of knowledge, a large stock of that general mistrust and suspicion which is the fortune of those entrusted to priestly teaching, and which, though he had travelled largely and mixed freely with the world, still continued to cling to his manner, which might be characterized by the one word—furtive.

Longworth had only arrived that day for dinner, and the two friends were now exchanging their experiences since they had parted some eight months before at the second cataract of the Nile.

“And so, Pracontal, you never got one of my letters?”

“Not one,—on my honour. Indeed, if it were not that I learned by a chance meeting with a party of English tourists at Cannes that they had met you at Cairo, I'd have begun to suspect you had taken a plunge into the Nile, or into Mohammedom, for which latter you were showing some disposition, you remember, when we parted.”

“True enough; and if one was sure never to turn westward again, there are many things in favour of the turban. It is the most sublime conception of egotism possible to imagine.”

“Egotism is a mistake, *mon cher*,” said the other; “a man's own heart, make it as comfortable as he may, is too small an apartment to live in. I do not say this in any grand benevolent spirit. There's no humbug of philanthropy in the opinion.”

“Of that I'm fully assured,” said Longworth, with a gravity which made the other laugh.

“No,” continued he, still laughing. “I want a larger field, a wider hunting-ground for my diversion than my own nature.”

“A disciple, in fact, of your great model, Louis Napoleon. You incline to annexations. By the way, how fares it with your new projects? Have you seen the lawyer I gave you the letter to?”

“Yes. I stayed eight days in town to confer with him. I heard from him this very day.”

“Well, what says he?”

“His letter is a very savage one. He is angry with me for having come here at all; and particularly angry because I have broken my leg, and can't come away.”

“What does he think of your case, however?”

“He thinks it manageable. He says, as, of course, I knew he would say, that it demands most cautious treatment and great acuteness. There are blanks, historical blanks, to be filled up; links to connect, and such like, which will demand some time and some money. I have told him I have an inexhaustible supply of the one, but for the other I am occasionally slightly pinched.”

“It promises well, however?”

“Most hopefully. And when once I have proved myself—not always so easy, as it seems—the son of my father, I am to go over and see him again in consultation.”

“Kelson is a man of station and character, and if he undertakes your cause it is in itself a strong guarantee of its goodness.”

“Why, these men take all that is offered them. They no more refuse a bad suit than a doctor rejects a hopeless patient.”

“And so will a doctor, if he happen to be an honest man,” said Longworth, half peevishly. “Just as he would also refuse to treat one who would persist in following his own caprices in defiance of all advice.”

“Which touches me. Is not it so?” said the other laughing. “Well, I think I ought to have stayed quietly here, and not shown myself in public. All the more, since it has cost me this,” and he pointed to his leg as he spoke. “But I can’t help confessing it, Philip, the sight of those fellows in their gay scarlet, caracoling over the sward, and popping over the walls and hedges, provoked me. It was exactly like a challenge; so I felt it, at least. It was as though they said, ‘What! you come here to pit your claims against ours, and you are still not gentleman enough to meet us in a fair field and face the same perils that we do.’ And this, be it remembered, to one who had served in a cavalry regiment, and made campaigns with the Chasseurs d’Afrique. I couldn’t stand it, and after the second day I mounted, and—” a motion of his hand finished the sentence.

“All that sort of reasoning is so totally different from an Englishman’s that I am unable even to discuss it. I do not pretend to understand the refined sensibility that resents provocations which were never offered.”

“I know you don’t, and I know your countrymen do not either. You are such a practical people that your very policemen never interfere with a criminal till he has fully committed himself.”

“In plain words, we do not content ourselves with inferences. But tell me, did any of these people call to see you, or ask after you?”

“Yes, they sent the day after my disaster, and they also told the doctor to say how happy they should be if they could be of service to me. And a young naval commander,—his card is yonder,—came I think three times, and would have come up if I had wished to receive him; but Kelson’s letter, so angry about my great indiscretion as he called it, made me decline the visit, and confine my acknowledgment to thanks.”

“I wonder what my old gatekeeper thought when he saw them, or their liveries, in this avenue?” said Longworth, a peculiar bitterness in his tone.

“ Why, what should he think,—was there any feud between the families ? ”

“ How could there be ? These people have not been many months in Ireland. What I meant was with reference to the feud that is six centuries old, the old open ulcer, that makes all rule in this country a struggle, and all resistance to it a patriotism. Don't you know,” asked he, almost sternly, “ that I am a Papist ? ”

“ Yes, you told me so.”

“ And don't you know that my religion is not a mere barrier to my advancement in many careers of life, but is a social disqualification—that it is, like the trace of black blood in a creole, a ban excluding him from intercourse with his better-born neighbours—that I belong to a class just as much shut out from all the relations of society, as were the Jews in the fifteenth century ? ”

“ I remember that you told me so once, but I own I never fully comprehended it, nor understood how the question of a man's faith was to decide his standing in this world, and that, being the equal of those about you in birth and condition, your religion should stamp you with inferiority.”

“ But I did not tell you I was not their equal,” said Longworth, with a slow and painful distinctness. “ We are *novi homines* here ; a couple of generations back we were peasants,—as poor as anything you could see out of that window. By hard work and some good luck—of course there was luck in it—we emerged, and got enough together to live upon, and I was sent to a costly school, and then to college, that I might start in life the equal of my fellows. But what avails it all ? To hold a station in life, to mix with the world, to associate with men educated and brought up like myself, I must quit my own country and live abroad. I know, I see, you can make nothing of this. It is out and out incomprehensible. You made a clean sweep of these things with your great Revolution of '93. Ours is yet to come.”

“ Per Dio ! I'd not stand it,” cried the other passionately.

“ You couldn't help it. You must stand it ; at least, till such time as a good many others, equally aggrieved as yourself, resolve to risk something to change it ; and this is remote enough, for there is nothing that men,—I mean educated and cultivated men,—are more averse to, than any open confession of feeling a social disqualification. I may tell it to you here, as we sit over the fire, but I'll not go out and proclaim it, I promise you. These are confessions one keeps for the fireside.”

“ And will not these people visit you ? ”

“ Nothing less likely.”

“ Nor you call upon them ? ”

“ Certainly not.”

“ And will you continue to live within an hour's drive of each other without acquaintance or recognition ? ”

“ Probably,—at least we may salute when we meet.”

“ Then I say the guillotine has done more for civilization than the schoolmaster,” cried the other. “ And all this because you are a Papist ? ”

"Just so. I belong to a faith so deeply associated with a bygone inferiority that I am not to be permitted to emerge from it,—there's the secret of it all."

"I'd rebel. I'd descend into the streets!"

"And you'd get hanged for your pains."

A shrug of the shoulders was all the reply, and Longworth went on:—

"Some one once said, 'It was better economy in a state to teach people not to steal than to build gaols for the thieves;' and so I would say to our rulers: it would be cheaper to give us some of the things we ask for than to enact all the expensive measures that are taken to repress us.

"What chance have I then of justice in such a country?" cried the foreigner passionately.

"Better than in any land of Europe. Indeed I will go further, and say it is the one land in Europe where corruption is impossible on the seat of judgment. If you make out your claim, as fully as you detailed it to me, if evidence will sustain your allegations, your flag will as certainly wave over that high tower yonder as that decanter stands there."

"Here's to *la bonne chance*," said the other, filling a bumper and drinking it off.

"You will need to be very prudent, very circumspect; two things which I suspect will cost you some trouble," said Longworth. "The very name you will have to go by will be a difficulty. To call yourself Bramleigh will be an open declaration of war; to write yourself Pracontal is an admission that you have no claim to the other appellation."

"It was my mother's name. She was of a Provençal family, and the Pracontals were people of good blood."

"But your father was always called Bramleigh?"

"My father, *mon cher*, had fifty aliases; he was Louis Lagrange under the Empire, Victor Cassagnac at the Restoration, Carlo Salvi when sentenced to the galleys at Naples, Erocle Giustiniani when he shot the Austrian colonel at Capua, and I believe when he was last heard of, the captain of a slaver, he was called, for shortness' sake, 'Brutto,' for he was not personally attractive."

"Then when and where was he known as Bramleigh?"

"Whenever he wrote to England. Whenever he asked for money, which, on the whole, was pretty often, he was Montagu Bramleigh."

"To whom were these letters addressed?"

"To his father, Montagu Bramleigh, Portland Place, London. I have it all in my note-book."

"And these appeals were responded to?"

"Not so satisfactorily as one might wish. The replies were flat refusals to give money, and rather unpleasant menaces as to police measures if the instance were continued."

"You have some of these letters?"

"The lawyer has, I think, four of them. The last contained a bank order for five hundred francs, payable to Giacomo Lami, or order."

"Who was Lami?"

"Lami was the name of my grandmother ; her father was Giacomo. He was the old fresco-painter who came over from Rome to paint the walls of that great house yonder, and it was his daughter that Bramleigh married."

"Which Bramleigh was the father of the present possessor of Castello?"

"Precisely. Montagu Bramleigh married my grandmother here in Ireland, and when the troubles broke out, either to save her father from the laws or to get rid of him, managed to smuggle him out of the country over to Holland,—the last supposition, and the more likely, is that he sent his wife off with her father."

"What evidence is there of this marriage?"

"It was registered in some parish authority ; at least so old Giacomo's journal records, for we have the journal, and without it we might never have known of our claim ; but besides that, there are two letters of Montagu Bramleigh's to my grandmother, written when he had occasion to leave her about ten days after their marriage, and they begin, 'My dearest wife,' and are signed, 'Your affectionate husband, M. Bramleigh.' The lawyer has all these."

"How did it come about that a rich London banker, as Bramleigh was, should ally himself with the daughter of a working Italian tradesman?"

"Here's the story, as conveyed by old Giacomo's notes. Bramleigh came over here to look after the progress of the works for a great man, a bishop and a lord marquis too, who was the owner of the place ; he made the acquaintance of Lami and his daughters ; there were two ; the younger only a child, however. The eldest, Enrichetta, was very beautiful, so beautiful indeed, that Giacomo was eternally introducing her head into all his frescoes ; she was a blonde Italian, and made a most lovely Madonna. Old Giacomo's journal mentions no less than eight altar-pieces where she figures, not to say that she takes her place pretty frequently in heathen society also, and if I be rightly informed, she is the centre figure of a ceiling in this very house of Castello, in a small octagon tower, the whole of which Lami painted with his own hand. Bramleigh fell in love with this girl and married her."

"But she was a Catholic."

"No. Lami was originally a Waldensian, and held some sort of faith, I don't exactly know what, that claimed affinity with the English church ; at all events, the vicar here, a certain Robert Mathews,—his name is in the precious journal,—married them, and man and wife they were."

"When and how did all these facts come to your knowledge?"

"As to the when and the how, the same answer will suffice. I was serving as sous-lieutenant of cavalry in Africa when news reached me that the *Astradella*, the ship in which my father sailed, was lost off the Cape Verde islands, with all on board. I hastened off to Naples, where a Mr. Bolton lived, who was chief owner of the vessel, to hear what tidings had reached him of the disaster, and to learn something of my father's affairs, for he had been, if I might employ so fine a word for so small a function, his banker for years. Indeed, but for

Bolton's friendship and protection—how earned I never knew—my father would have come to grief years before, for he was a thorough Italian, and always up to the neck in conspiracies; he had been in that Bonapartist affair at Rome; was a Carbonaro and a Camorrist, and Heaven knows what besides. And though Bolton was a man very unlikely to sympathize with these opinions, I take it my respected parent must have been a *ben diable* that men who knew him would not willingly see wrecked and ruined. Bolton was most kind to myself personally. He received me with many signs of friendship, and without troubling me with any more details of law than were positively unavoidable, put me in possession of the little my father had left behind him, which consisted of a few hundred francs of savings and an old chest, with some older clothes and a mass of papers and letters—dangerous enough, as I discovered, to have compromised scores of people—and a strange old manuscript book, clasped and locked, called the *Diary of Giacomo Lami*, with matter in it for half-a-dozen romances; for Giacomo, too, had the conspirator's taste, had known Danton intimately, and was deep in the confidence of all the Irish republicans who were affiliated with the French revolutionary party. But besides this the book contained a quantity of original letters; and when mention was made in the text of this or that event, the letter which related to it, or replied to some communication about it, was appended in the original. I made this curious volume my study for weeks, till, in fact, I came to know far more about old Giacomo and his times than I ever knew about my father and his epoch. There was not a country in Europe in which he had not lived, nor, I believe, one in which he had not involved himself in some trouble. He loved his art, but he loved political plotting and conspiracy even more, and was ever ready to resign his most profitable engagement for a scheme that promised to overturn a government or unthroned a sovereign. My first thought on reading his curious reminiscences was to make them the basis of a memoir for publication. Of course they were fearfully indiscreet, and involved reputations that no one had ever thought of assailing; but they were chiefly of persons dead and gone, and it was only their memory that could suffer. I spoke to Bolton about this. He approved of the notion, principally as a means of helping me to a little money, which I stood much in need of, and gave me a letter to a friend in Paris, the well-known publisher Lecoq, of the Rue St. Honoré.

“As I was dealing with a man of honour and high character, I had no scruple in leaving the volume of old Giacomo's memoirs in Lecoq's hands; and after about a week I returned to learn what he thought of it. He was frank enough to say that no such diary had ever come before him—that it cleared up a vast number of points hitherto doubtful and obscure, and showed an amount of knowledge of the private life of the period absolutely marvellous; ‘but,’ said he, ‘it would never do to make it public. Most of these men are now forgotten, it is true, but their descendants remain, and live in honour amongst us. What a terrible scandal it would be to proclaim to the world that of these people many were illegitimate, many in the enjoyment of large fortunes to which they had not a shadow of a title;

in fact, said he, it would be to hurl a live shell in the very midst of society, leaving the havoc and destruction it might cause to blind chance. But,' added he, 'it strikes me there is a more profitable use the volume might be put to. Have you read the narrative of your grandmother's marriage in Ireland with that rich Englishman?' I owned I had read it carelessly, and without bestowing much interest on the theme. 'Go back and re-read it,' said he, 'and come and talk it over with me to-morrow evening.' As I entered his room the next night he arose ceremoniously from his chair, and said, in a tone of well-assumed obsequiousness, 'Si je ne me trompe pas, j'ai l'honneur de voir Monsieur Bramleigh, n'est ce pas?' I laughed, and replied, 'Je ne m'y oppose pas, Monsieur;' and we at once launched out into the details of the story, of which each of us had formed precisely the same opinion.

"Ill luck would have it, that as I went back to my lodgings on that night I should meet Bertani, and Varese, and Manini, and be persuaded to go and sup with them. They were all suspected by the police, from their connection with Orsini; and on the morning after I received an order from the Minister of War to join my regiment at Oran, and an intimation that my character being fully known, it behoved me to take care. I gave no grounds for more stringent measures towards me. I understood the 'caution,' and, not wishing to compromise M. Lecoq, who had been so friendly in all his relations with me, I left France, without even an opportunity of getting back my precious volume, which I never saw again till I revisited Paris eight years after, having given in my démission from the service. Lecoq obtained for me that small appointment I held under M. Lesseps in Egypt, and which I had given up a few weeks before I met you on the Nile. I ought to tell you that Lecoq, for what reason I can't tell, was not so fully persuaded that my claim was as direct as he had at first thought it; and indeed his advice to me was rather to address myself seriously to some means of livelihood, or to try and make some compromise with the Bramleighs, with whom he deemed a mere penniless pretender would not have the smallest chance of success. I hesitated a good deal over his counsel. There was much in it that weighed with me, perhaps convinced me; but I was always more or less of a gambler, and more than once have I risked a stake, which, if I lost, would have left me penniless; and at last I resolved to say, *Va Banque*, here goes; all or nothing. There's my story, *mon cher*, without any digressions, even one of which, if I had permitted myself to be led into it, would have proved twice as long."

"The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, the engineers tell us," said Longworth, "and it is the same with evidence. I'd like to hear what Kelson says of the case."

"That I can scarcely give you. His last letter to me is full of questions which I cannot answer; but you shall read it for yourself. Will you send upstairs for my writing-desk?"

"We'll con that over to-morrow after breakfast, when our heads will be clearer and brighter. Have you old Lami's journal with you?"

"No. All my papers are with Kelson. The only thing I have here is a sketch in coloured chalk of my grandmother, in her eighteenth year, as a Flora, and, from the date, it must have been done in Ireland, when Giacomo was working at the frescoes."

"That my father," said Pracontal, after a pause, "counted with certainty on this succession all his own papers show, as well as the care he bestowed on my early education, and the importance he attached to my knowing and speaking English perfectly. But my father cared far more for a conspiracy than a fortune. He was one of those men who only seem to live when they are confronted by a great danger, and I believe there has not been a great plot in Europe these last five-and-thirty years without his name being in it. He was twice handed over to the French authorities by the English Government, and there is some reason to believe that the Bramleighs were the secret instigators of the extradition. There was no easier way of getting rid of his claims."

"These are disabilities which do not attach to you."

"No, thank heaven. I have gone no farther with these men than mere acquaintance. I know them all, and they know me well enough to know that I deem it the greatest disaster of my life that my father was one of them. It is not too much to say that a small part of the energy he bestowed on schemes of peril and ruin would have sufficed to have vindicated his claim to wealth and fortune."

"You told me, I think, that Kelson hinted at the possibility of some compromise,—something which, sparing *them* the penalty of publicity, would still secure to *you* an ample fortune."

"Yes. What he said was, 'Juries are, with all their honesty of intention, capricious things to trust to;' and that, not being rich enough to suffer repeated defeats, an adverse verdict might be fatal to me. I didn't like the reasoning altogether, but I was so completely in his hands that I forbore to make any objection, and so the matter remained."

"I suspect he was right," said Longworth, thoughtfully. "At the same time, the case must be strong enough to promise victory, to sustain the proposal of a compromise."

"And if I can show the game in my hand why should I not claim the stakes?"

"Because the other party may delay the settlement. They may challenge the cards, accuse you of a rook, put out the lights, anything, in short, that shall break up the game."

"I see," said Pracontal, gravely; "the lawyer's notion may be better than I thought it."

A long silence ensued between them, then Longworth, looking at his watch, exclaimed, "Who'd believe it? It wants only a few minutes to two o'clock. Good-night."

The Love of the Alps.

OF all the joys in life, none is greater than the joy of arriving on the outskirts of Switzerland at the end of a long dusty day's journey from Paris. The true epicure in refined pleasures will never travel to Basle by night. He courts the heat of the sun and the uninteresting monotony of French plains,—their sluggish streams and never-ending poplar-trees,—for the sake of the evening coolness and the gradual approach to the great Alps which await him at the close of day. It is about Mulhausen that he begins to feel a change in the landscape. The fields broaden into rolling downs, watered by clear and running streams; the green Swiss thistle grows by river-side and cowshed; pines begin to tuft the slopes of gently rising hills; and now the sun has set, the stars come out, first Hesper, then the troop of lesser lights; and he feels,—yes, indeed, there is now no mistake,—the well-known, well-loved, magical fresh air that never fails to blow from snowy mountains and meadows watered by perennial streams. The last hour is one of exquisite enjoyment, and when he reaches Basle, he scarcely sleeps all night for hearing the swift Rhine beneath the balconies, and knowing that the moon is shining on its waters, through the town, beneath the bridges, between pasture lands and copses, up the still mountain-girdled valleys to the ice-caves where the water springs. There is nothing in all experience of travelling like this. We may greet the Mediterranean at Marseilles with enthusiasm; on entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, we may reflect with pride that we have reached the goal of our pilgrimage, and are at last among world-shaking memories. But neither Rome nor the Riviera wins our hearts like Switzerland. We do not lie awake in London thinking of them; we do not long so intensely, as the year comes round, to revisit them. Our affection is less a passion than that which we cherish for Switzerland.

Why, then, is this? What, after all, is the love of the Alps, and when and where did it begin? It is easier to ask these questions than to answer them. The classic nations hated mountains. Greek and Roman poets talk of them with disgust and dread. Nothing could have been more depressing to a courtier of Augustus than residence at Aosta, even though he found his theatres and triumphal arches there. Wherever classical feeling has predominated, this has been the case. *Cellini's Memoirs*, written in the height of pagan Renaissance, well express the aversion which a Florentine or Roman felt for the inhospitable wildernesses of Switzerland.

Dryden, in his dedication to *The Indian Emperor*, says, "High objects, it is true, attract the sight; but it looks up with pain on craggy rocks and

barren mountains, and continues not intent on any object which is wanting in shades and green to entertain it."

Addison and Gray had no better epithets than "rugged," "horrid," and the like for Alpine landscape. The classic spirit was adverse to enthusiasm for mere nature. Humanity was too prominent, and city life absorbed all interests,—not to speak of what perhaps is the weightiest reason—that solitude, indifferent accommodation, and imperfect means of travelling, rendered mountainous countries peculiarly disagreeable. It is impossible to enjoy art or nature while suffering from fatigue and cold, dreading the attacks of robbers, and wondering whether you will find food and shelter at the end of your day's journey. Nor was it different in the Middle Ages. Then individuals had either no leisure from war or strife with the elements, or else they devoted themselves to the salvation of their souls. But when the ideas of the Middle Ages had decayed, when improved arts of life had freed men from servile subjection to daily needs, when the bondage of religious tyranny had been thrown off and political liberty allowed the full development of tastes and instincts, when moreover the classical traditions had lost their power, and courts and coteries became too narrow for the activity of man; then suddenly it was discovered that Nature in herself possessed transcendent charms. It may seem absurd to class them all together; yet there is no doubt that the French Revolution, the criticism of the Bible, Pantheistic forms of worship, landscape-painting, Alpine travelling, and the poetry of Nature, are all signs of the same movement—of a new Renaissance. Limitations of every sort have been shaken off during the last century, all forms have been destroyed, all questions asked. The classical spirit loved to arrange, model, preserve traditions, obey laws. We are intolerant of everything that is not simple, unbiassed by prescription, liberal as the wind, and natural as the mountain crags. We go to feed this spirit of freedom among the Alps. What the virgin forests of America are to the Americans the Alps are to us. What there is in these huge blocks and walls of granite crowned with ice that fascinates us it is hard to analyze. Why, seeing that we find them so attractive, they should have repelled our ancestors of the fourth generation and all the world before them, is another mystery. We cannot explain what *rapport* there is between our human souls and these inequalities in the surface of the earth which we call Alps. Tennyson speaks of—

Some vague emotion of delight
In gazing up an Alpine height,—

and its vagueness eludes definition. The interest which physical science has created for natural objects has something to do with it. Curiosity and the charm of novelty increase this interest. No towns, no cultivated tracts of Europe, however beautiful, form such a contrast to our London life as Switzerland. Then there is the health and joy that comes from exercise in open air; the senses freshened by good sleep; the blood quickened by a lighter and rarer atmosphere. Our modes of life, the

breaking down of class privileges, the extension of education, which contribute to make the individual greater and society less, render the solitude of mountains refreshing. Facilities of travelling and improved accommodation leave us free to enjoy the natural beauty which we seek. Our minds, too, are prepared to sympathize with the inanimate world; we have learned to look on the universe as a whole, and ourselves as a part of it, related by close ties of friendship to all its other members. Shelley's, Wordsworth's, Goethe's poetry has taught us this; we are all more or less Pantheists, worshippers of "God in Nature," convinced of the omnipresence of the informing mind.

Thus, when we admire the Alps we are after all but children of the century. We follow its inspiration blindly; and, while we think ourselves spontaneous in our ecstasy, perform the part for which we have been trained from childhood by the atmosphere in which we live. It is this very unconsciousness and universality of the impulse we obey which makes it hard to analyze. Contemporary history is difficult to write; to define the spirit of the age in which we live is still more difficult; to account for "impressions which owe all their force to their identity with themselves" is most difficult of all. We must be content to feel, and not to analyze.

Rousseau has the credit of having invented the love of Nature. Perhaps he first expressed, in literature, the pleasures of open life among the mountains, of walking tours, of the "*école buissonnière*," away from courts, and schools, and cities, which it is the fashion now to love. His bourgeois birth and tastes, his peculiar religious and social views, his intense self-engrossment, all favoured the development of Nature-worship. But Rousseau was not alone, nor yet creative in this instance. He was but one of the earliest to seize and express a new idea of growing humanity. For those who seem to be the most original in their inauguration of periods are only such as have been favourably placed by birth and education to imbibe the floating creeds of the whole race. They resemble the first cases of an epidemic which become the centres of infection and propagate disease. At the time of Rousseau's greatness the French people were initiative. In politics, in literature, in fashions, and in philosophy they had for some time led the taste of Europe. But the sentiment which first received a clear and powerful expression in the works of Rousseau soon declared itself in the arts and literature of other nations. Goethe, Wordsworth, and the earlier landscape-painters, proved that Germany and England were not far behind the French. In England this love of Nature for its own sake is indigenous, and has at all times been peculiarly characteristic of our genius. Therefore it is not surprising that our life, and literature, and art have been foremost in developing the sentiment of which we are speaking. Our poets, painters, and prose writers gave the tone to European thought in this respect. Our travellers in search of the adventurous and picturesque, our Alpine Club, have made of Switzerland an English playground.

The greatest period in our history was but a foreshadowing of this. To return to Nature-worship was but to reassume the habits of the Elizabethan age, altered indeed by all the changes of religion, politics, society, and science, which the last three centuries have wrought, yet still in its original love of free open life among the fields and woods, and on the sea, the same. Now the French national genius is classical. It reverts to the age of Louis XIV., and Rousseauism in their literature is as true an innovation and parenthesis as Pope-and-Drydenism was in ours. As in the age of the Reformation, so in this, the German element of the modern character predominates. During the two centuries from which we have emerged, the Latin element had the upper hand. Our love of the Alps is a Gothic, a Teutonic, instinct; sympathetic with all that is vague, infinite, and unsubordinate to rules, at war with all that is defined and systematic in our genius. This we may perceive in individuals as well as in the broader aspects of arts and literatures. The classically-minded man, the reader of Latin poets, the lover of brilliant conversation, the frequenter of clubs and drawing-rooms, nice in his personal requirements, scrupulous in his choice of words, averse to unnecessary physical exertion, preferring town to country life, *cannot* deeply feel the charm of the Alps. Such a man will dislike German art, and, however much he may strive to be catholic in his tastes, will find as he grows older, that his liking for Gothic architecture and modern painting diminish almost to aversion before an increasing admiration for Greek peristyles and the Medicean Venus. If in respect of speculation all men are either Platonists, or Aristotelians, in respect of taste, all men are either Greek or German.

At present the German, the indefinite, the natural, commands; the Greek, the finite, the cultivated, is in abeyance. We who talk so much about the feeling of the Alps, are creatures, not creators of our cultus,—a strange reflection, proving how much greater man is than men; the common reason of the age in which we live than our own reasons, its constituents and subjects.

Perhaps it is our modern tendency to "individualism" which makes the Alps so much to us. Society is there reduced to a vanishing point,—no claims are made on human sympathies,—there is no need to toil in yoke-service with our fellows. We may be alone, dream our own dreams, and sound the depths of personality without the reproach of selfishness, without a restless wish to join in action or money-making, or the pursuit of fame. To habitual residents among the Alps this absence of social duties and advantages is of necessity barbarizing, even brutalizing. But to men wearied with too much civilization, and deafened by the noise of great cities, it is beyond measure refreshing. Then again among the mountains history finds no place. The Alps have no past nor present nor future. The human beings who live upon their sides are at odds with nature, clinging on for bare existence to the soil, sheltering themselves beneath protecting rocks from avalanches, damming up destructive streams, all but annihilated every spring. Man who is all things in the plain is nothing

here. His arts and sciences, and dynasties, and modes of life, and mighty works, and conquests and decays, demand our whole attention in Italy or Egypt. But here the mountains, immemorially the same, which were, which are, and which are to be, present a theatre on which the soul breathes freely and feels herself alone. Around her on all sides is God and Nature, who is here the face of God, and not the slave of man. The spirit of the world hath here not yet grown old. She is as young as on the first day; and the Alps are a symbol of the self-creating, self-sufficing, self-enjoying universe which lives for its own ends. For why do the slopes gleam with flowers, and the hillsides deck themselves with grass, and the inaccessible ledges of black rock bear their tufts of crimson primroses, and flaunting tiger-lilies? Why, morning after morning, does the red dawn flush the pinnacles of Monte Rosa above cloud and mist unheeded? Why does the torrent shout, the avalanche reply in thunder to the music of the sun, the trees and rocks and meadows cry their "Holy, Holy, Holy?" Surely not for us. We are an accident here, and even the few men whose eyes are fixed habitually upon these things are dead to them—the peasants do not even know the names of their own flowers, and sigh with envy when you tell them of the plains of Lincolnshire or Russian steppes.

But indeed there is something awful in the Alpine elevation above human things. We do not like Switzerland merely because we associate its thought with recollections of holidays and health and joyfulness. Some of the most solemn moments of life are spent high up above among the mountains, on the barren tops of rocky passes, where the soul has seemed to hear in solitude a low controlling voice. It is almost necessary for the development of our deepest affections that some sad and sombre moments should be interchanged with hours of merriment and elasticity. It is this variety in the woof of daily life which endears our home to us; and, perhaps, none have fully loved the Alps who have not spent some days of meditation, or it may be of sorrow, among their solitudes. Splendid scenery, like music, has the power to make "of grief itself a fiery chariot for mounting above the sources of grief," to ennoble and refine our passions, and to teach us that our lives are merely moments in the years of the eternal Being. There are many, perhaps, who, within sight of some great scene among the Alps, upon the height of the Stelvio, or the slopes of Mürren, or at night in the valley of Cormayeur, have felt themselves raised above cares and doubts and miseries by the mere recognition of unchangeable magnificence; have found a deep peace in the sense of their own nothingness. It is not granted to us every day to stand upon these pinnacles of rest and faith above the world. But having once stood there, how can we forget the station? How can we fail, amid the tumult of our common life, to feel at times the hush of that far-off tranquillity? When our life is most commonplace, when we are ill or weary in London streets, we can remember the clouds upon the mountains we have seen, the sound of innumerable waterfalls, and the scent of countless flowers. A photograph of Bisson's, the name of some well-

known valley, the picture of some Alpine plant, rouses the sacred hunger in our souls, and stirs again the faith in beauty and in rest beyond ourselves which no man can take from us. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to everything which enables us to rise above depressing and enslaving circumstances, which brings us nearer in some way or other to what is eternal in the universe, and which makes us feel that, whether we live or die, suffer or enjoy, life and gladness are still strong in the world. On this account, the proper attitude of the soul among the Alps is one of reverential silence. It is almost impossible without a kind of impiety to frame in words the feelings they inspire. Yet there are some sayings, hallowed by long usage, which throng the mind through a whole summer's day, and seem in harmony with its emotions—some portions of the Psalms or lines of greatest poets, inarticulate hymns of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, waifs and strays not always apposite, but linked by strong and subtle chains of feeling with the grandeur of the mountains. This reverential feeling for the Alps is connected with the Pantheistic form of our religious sentiments to which we have before alluded. It is a trite remark, that even devout men of the present generation prefer temples *not* made with hands to churches, and worship God in the fields more contentedly than in their pews. What Mr. Ruskin calls "the instinctive sense of the divine presence not formed into distinct belief" lies at the root of our profound veneration for the nobler aspects of mountain scenery. This instinctive sense has been very variously expressed by Goethe in Faust's celebrated Confession of Faith, by Shelley in the stanzas of *Adonais* which begin, "He is made one with nature," and by Wordsworth in the lines on Tintern Abbey. It is more or less strongly felt by all who have recognized the indubitable fact that religious belief is undergoing a sure process of change from the dogmatic distinctness of the past to some at present dimly descried creed of the future. Such periods of transition are of necessity full of discomfort, doubt, and anxiety, vague, variable, and unsatisfying. The men in whose spirits the fermentation of the change is felt, who have abandoned their old moorings, and have not yet reached the haven for which they are steering, cannot but be indistinct and undecided in their faith. The universe of which they form a part becomes important to them in its infinite immensity; the principles of beauty, goodness, order, and law, no longer definitely connected in their minds with certain articles of faith, find symbols in the outer world; they are glad to fly at certain moments from mankind and its oppressive problems, for which religion no longer provides a satisfactory solution, to Nature, where they vaguely localize the spirit that broods over us controlling all our being. Connected with this transitional condition of the modern mind is the double tendency to science and to mysticism, to progress in knowledge of the world around us, and to indistinct yearnings after something that has gone away from us or lies in front of us. On the one side we see chemists and engineers conquering the brute powers of Nature, on the other jaded, anxious, irritable men adrift upon an ocean of doubt and ennui. With regard to the former

class there is no difficulty: they swim with the stream and are not oppressed by any anxious yearnings: to them the Alps are a playground for refreshment after toil—a field for the pursuit of physical experiment. But the other class complain, “Do what we will, we suffer; it is now too late to eat and drink and die obliviously; the world has worn itself to old age; a boundless hope has passed across the earth, and we *must* lift our eyes to heaven.” The heaven to which they have to lift their eyes is very shadowy, far off, and problematical. The temple of their worship is the Alps; their oracles are voices of the winds and streams and avalanches; their Urim and Thummim are the gleams of light on ice or snow; their Shekinah is the sunrise and the sunset of the mountains.

Of the two tendencies here broadly indicated, the former is represented by physical research—the science of our day; the latter by music and landscape painting—the art of our day. There is a profound sympathy between music and fine scenery: they both affect us in the same way, stirring strong but undefined emotions, which express themselves in “idle tears,” or evoking thoughts “which lie,” as Wordsworth says, “too deep for tears,” beyond the reach of any words. How little we know what multitudes of mingling reminiscences, held in solution by the mind, and colouring its fancy with the iridescence of variable hues; go to make up the sentiments which music or which mountains stir. It is the very vagueness, changefulness, and dreamlike indistinctness of these feelings which cause their charm; they harmonize with the haziness of our beliefs and seem to make our very doubts melodious. For this reason it is obvious that unrestrained indulgence in the pleasures of music or of scenery must destroy habits of clear thinking, sentimentalize the mind, and render it more apt to entertain embryonic ideas than to bring thoughts to definite perfection. As illustrating the development of music in modern times, and the love of Switzerland, it is not a little remarkable that the German style of music has asserted an unquestionable ascendancy, that the greatest lovers of this art prefer Beethoven’s symphonies to merely vocal music, and that harmony is even more regarded than melody. That is to say, the vocal element of music has been comparatively disregarded for the instrumental; and the art, emancipated from its subordination to words, has become the most accurate interpreter of all the vague and powerful emotions of yearning and reflective and perturbed humanity. If some hours of thoughtfulness and seclusion are necessary to the development of a true love for the Alps, it is no less essential to a right understanding of their beauty that we should pass some wet and gloomy days among the mountains. The unclouded sunsets and sunrises which often follow one another in September in the Alps have something terrible. They produce a satiety of splendour, and oppress the mind with the sense of perpetuity. I remember spending such a season in one of the Oberland valleys, high up above the pine-trees, in a little chalet. Morning after morning I awoke to see the sunbeams glittering on the Eiger and the Jungfrau; noon after noon the snowfields blazed beneath a steady fire; evening after evening they shone like beacons

in the red light of the setting sun. Then peak by peak they lost the glow; the soul passed from them, and they stood pale and garish against the darkened sky. The stars came out, the moon shone, but not a cloud sailed over the untroubled heavens. Thus day after day for several weeks there was no change, till I was seized with an overpowering horror of unbroken calm. I left the valley for a time; and when I returned to it in wind and rain I found that the partial veiling of the mountain heights restored the charm which I had lost and made me feel once more at home. The landscape takes a graver tone beneath the mist that hides the higher peaks, and comes drifting, creeping, feeling, through the pines upon their slopes—white, silent, blinding vapour wreaths around the sable spires. Sometimes the cloud descends and blots out everything. Again it lifts a little, showing cottages and distant Alps beneath its skirts. Then it sweeps over the whole valley like a veil, just broken here and there, above a lonely chalet, or a thread of distant dangling torrent foam. Sounds, too, beneath the mist are more strange. The torrent seems to have a hoarser voice and grinds the stones more passionately against its boulders. The cry of shepherds through the fog suggests the loneliness and danger of the hills. The bleating of penned sheep or goats, and the tinkling of the cow-bells, are mysteriously distant in the dull dead air. Then again, how immeasurably high above our heads appear the domes and peaks of snow revealed through chasms in the drifting cloud; how desolate the glaciers and the avalanches in gleams of light that struggle through the mist! There is a leaden glare peculiar to clouds, which makes the snow and ice more lurid. Not far from the house where I am writing, the avalanche that swept away the bridge last winter is lying now, dripping away, dank and dirty, like a rotting whale. I can see it from my window, green beech-boughs nodding over it, forlorn larches bending their tattered branches by its side, splinters of broken pine protruding from its muddy caves, the boulders on its flank, and the hoarse hungry torrent tossing up its tongues to lick the ragged edge of snow. Close by the meadows, spangled with yellow flowers, and red and blue, look even more brilliant than if the sun were shining on them. Every cup and blade of grass is drinking. But the scene changes; the mist has turned into rain-clouds, and the steady rain drips down, incessant, blotting out the view.

Then, too, what a joy it is if the clouds break towards evening with a north wind, and a rainbow in the valley gives promise of a bright to-morrow. We look up to the cliffs above our heads, and see that they have just been powdered with the snow that is a sign of better weather. Such rainy days ought to be spent in places like Seelisberg and Murreu, at the edge of precipices, in front of mountains, or above a lake. The cloud-masses crawl and tumble about the valleys like a brood of dragons; now creeping along the ledges of the rock with sinuous self-adjustment to its turns and twists; now launching out into the deep, repelled by battling winds, or driven onward in a coil of twisted and contorted serpent curls. In the midst of summer these wet seasons often end in a heavy fall of snow.

You wake some morning to see the meadows which last night were gay with July flowers huddled up in snow a foot in depth. But fair weather does not tarry long to reappear. You put on your thickest boots and sally forth to find the great cups of the gentians full of snow, and to watch the rising of the cloud-wreaths under the hot sun. Bad dreams or sickly thoughts, dissipated by returning daylight or a friend's face, do not fly away more rapidly and pleasantly than those swift glory-coated mists that lose themselves we know not where in the blue depths of the sky.

In contrast with these rainy days nothing can be more perfect than clear moonlight nights. There is a terrace upon the roof of the inn at Cormayeur where one may spend hours in the silent watches when all the world has gone to sleep beneath. The Mont Chétif and the Mont de la Saxe form a gigantic portal not unworthy of the pile that lies beyond. For Mont Blanc resembles a vast cathedral; its countless spires are scattered over a mass like that of the Duomo at Milan, rising into one tower at the end. By night the glaciers glitter in the steady moon; domes, pinnacles, and buttresses stand clear of clouds. Needles of every height and most fantastic shapes rise from the central ridge, some solitary like sharp arrows shot against the sky, some clustering into sheaves. On every horn of snow and bank of grassy hill stars sparkle, rising, setting, rolling round through the long silent night. Moonlight simplifies and softens the landscape. Colours become scarcely distinguishable, and forms, deprived of half their detail, gain in majesty and size. The mountains seem greater far by night than day—higher heights and deeper depths, more snowy pyramids, more beetling crags, softer meadows, and darker pines. The whole valley is hushed, but for the torrent and the chirping grasshopper and the striking of the village clocks. The black tower and the houses of Cormayeur in the foreground gleam beneath the moon until she reaches the edge of the firmament, and then sinks quietly away, once more to reappear among the pines, then finally to leave the valley dark beneath the shadow of the mountain's bulk. Meanwhile the heights of snow still glitter in the steady light: they, too, will soon be dark, until the dawn breaks, tinging them with rose.

But it is not fair to dwell exclusively upon the mere sombre aspect of Swiss beauty when there are so many lively scenes of which to speak. The sunlight and the freshness and the flowers of Alpine meadows form more than half the charm of Switzerland. The other day we walked to a pasture called the Col de Checruit, high up the valley of Cormayeur, where the spring was still in its first freshness. Gradually we climbed by dusty roads, and through hot fields where the grass had just been mown, beneath the fierce light of the morning sun. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the heavy pines hung overhead upon their crags, as if to fence the gorge from every wandering breeze. There is nothing more oppressive than these scorching sides of narrow rifts, shut in by woods and precipices. But suddenly the valley broadened, the pines and larches disappeared,

and we found ourselves upon a wide green semicircle of the softest meadows. Little rills of water went rushing through them, rippling over pebbles, rustling under dockleaves, and eddying against their wooden barriers. Far and wide "you scarce could see the grass for flowers," while on every side the tinkling of cow-bells, and the voices of shepherds calling to one another from the Alps, or singing at their work, were borne across the fields. As we climbed we came into still fresher pastures where the snow had scarcely melted. There the goats and cattle were collected, and the shepherds sat among them, fondling the kids and calling them by name. When they called, the creatures came, expecting salt and bread. It was pretty to see them lying near their masters, playing and butting at them with their horns, or bleating for the sweet rye-bread. The women knitted stockings, laughing among themselves, and singing all the while. As soon as we reached them they gathered round to talk. An old herdsman, who was clearly the patriarch of this Arcadia, asked us many questions in a slow deliberate voice. We told him who we were, and tried to interest him in the cattle-plague, which he appeared to regard as an evil very unreal and far away,—like the murrain upon Pharaoh's herds which one reads about in Exodus. But he was courteous and polite, doing the honours of his pasture with simplicity and ease. He took us to his chalet and gave us bowls of pure cold milk. It was a funny little wooden house, clean and dark. The sky peeped through its tiles, and if shepherds were not in the habit of sleeping soundly all night long they might count the setting and rising stars without lifting their heads from the pillow. He told us how far pleasanter they found the summer season than the long cold winter which they have to spend in gloomy houses in Cormayeur. This indeed is the true pastoral life which poets have described,—a happy summer life among the flowers, well occupied with simple cares, and harassed by "no enemy but winter and rough weather."

Very much of the charm of Switzerland belongs to simple things, to greetings from the herdsmen, the "Guten Morgen" and "Guten Abend," that are invariably given and taken upon mountain paths; to the tame creatures, with their large dark eyes, who raise their heads one moment from the pasture while you pass; and to the plants that grow beneath your feet. It is almost sacrilegious to speak of the great mountains in this hasty way. Let us, before we finish, take one glance at the multitude of Alpine flowers.

The latter end of May is the time when spring begins in the high Alps. Wherever sunlight smiles away a patch of snow the brown turf soon becomes green velvet, and the velvet stars itself with red and white and gold and blue. You almost see the grass and lilies grow. First come pale crocuses and lilac soldanellas. These break the last dissolving clods of snow, and stand up on an island, with the cold wall they have thawed all round them. It is the fate of these poor flowers to spring and flourish on the very skirts of retreating winter; they soon wither—the frilled chalice of the soldanella shrivels up and the crocus fades away before the grass has grown; the

sun, which is bringing all the other plants to life, scorches their tender petals. Often when summer has fairly come, you still may see their pearly cups and lilac bells by the side of avalanches, between the chill snow and the fiery sun, blooming and fading hour by hour. They have, as it were, but a Pisgah view of the promised land, of the spring which they are foremost to proclaim. Next come the clumsy gentians and yellow anemones, covered with soft down like fledgeling birds. These are among the earliest and hardiest blossoms that embroider the high meadows with a drift of blue and gold. About the same time primroses and auriculas begin to tuft the dripping rocks, while frail white fleurs-de-lis, like flakes of snow forgotten by the sun, and golden-balled ranunculuses, join with forget-me-nots and cranesbill in a never-ending dance upon the grassy floor. Happy, too, is he who finds the lilies of the valley clustering about the chestnut boles upon the Colma, or in the beechwood by the stream at Macugnaga, mixed with fragrant white narcissus, which the people of the villages call "Angiolini." There, too, is Solomon's seal, with waxen bells and leaves expanded like the wings of hovering butterflies. But these lists of flowers are tiresome and cold; it would be better to draw the portrait of one which is particularly fascinating. I think that botanists have called it *saxifraga cotyledon*; yet, in spite of its long name, it is a simple and poetic flower. London pride is the commonest of all the saxifrages; but the one of which I speak is as different from London pride as a Plantagenet upon his throne from that last Plantagenet who died obscure and penniless some years ago. It is a great majestic flower, which plumes the granite rocks of Monte Rosa in the spring. At other times of the year you see a little tuft of fleshy leaves, set like a cushion on cold ledges and dark places of dripping cliffs. You take it for a stone crop—one of those weeds doomed to obscurity, and safe from being picked because they are so uninviting—and you pass it by incuriously. But about June it puts forth its power, and from the cushion of pale leaves there springs a strong pink stem, which rises upward for a while, and then comes down and breaks into a shower of snow-white blossoms. Far away the splendour gleams, hanging, like a plume of ostrich-feathers, from the roof of rock, waving to the wind, or stooping down to touch the water of the mountain stream that dashes it with dew. The snow at evening, glaring with a sunset flush, is not more rosy pure than this cascade of pendent blossoms. It loves to be alone—inaccessible ledges, chasms where winds combat, or moist caverns overarched near thundering falls, are the places that it seeks. I will not compare it to a spirit of the mountains or to a proud lovely soul, for such comparisons desecrate the simplicity of nature, and no simile can add a glory to the flower. It seems to have a conscious life of its own, so large and glorious it is, so sensitive to every breath of air, so nobly placed upon its bending stem, so gorgeous in its solitude. I first saw it years ago on the Simplon, feathering the drizzling crags above Isella. Then we found it near Baveno, in a crack of sombre cliff beneath the mines. The other day we cut an armful

opposite Varallo, by the Sesia, and then felt like murderers; it was so sad to hold in our hands the triumph of those many patient months, the full expansive life of the flower, the splendour visible from valleys and hillsides, the defenceless creature which had done its best to make the gloomy places of the Alps most beautiful.

After passing many weeks among the high Alps it is a great pleasure to descend into the plains. The sunset, and sunrise, and the stars of Lombardy, its level horizons and vague misty distances, are a source of absolute relief after the narrow skies and embarrassed prospects of a mountain valley. Nor are the Alps themselves ever more imposing than when seen from Milan or the terrace of Novara, with a foreground of Italian corn-fields and old city towers, and rice-grounds golden green beneath a Lombard sun. Half-veiled by clouds the mountains rise like visionary fortress walls of a celestial city—unapproachable, beyond the range of mortal feet. But those who know by old experience what friendly chalets, and cool meadows, and clear streams are hidden in their folds and valleys, send forth fond thoughts and messages, like carrier-pigeons, from the marble parapets of Milan, crying, “Before another sun has set I too shall rest beneath the shadow of their pines!” It is in truth not more than a day’s journey from Milan to the brink of snow at Macugnaga. But very sad it is to *leave* the Alps, to stand upon the terraces of Berne and waft our ineffectual farewells. The unsympathizing Aar rushes beneath; and the snow-peaks, whom we love like friends, abide untroubled by the coming and the going of the world. The clouds drift over them—the sunset warms them with a fiery kiss. Night comes, and we are hurried far away to wake upon the shores of unfamiliar Seine, remembering, with a pang of jealous passion, that the flowers on Alpine meadows are still blooming, and the rivulets still flowing with a ceaseless song, while Paris shops are all we see, and all we hear is the dull clatter of a Paris crowd.

Culture and its Enemies.*



IN one of his speeches last year, or the year before last, that famous liberal, Mr. Bright, took occasion to have a fling at the friends and preachers of culture. "People who talk about what they call *culture!*" said he, contemptuously; "by which they mean a smattering of the two dead languages of Greek and Latin." And he went on to remark, in a strain with which modern speakers and writers have made us very familiar, how poor a thing this culture is, how little good it can do to the world, and how absurd it is for its possessors to set much store by it. And the other day a younger liberal than Mr. Bright, one of a school whose mission it is to bring into order and system that body of truth which the earlier liberals merely touched the outside of, a member of this university, and a very clever writer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, developed, in the systematic and stringent manner of his school, the thesis which Mr. Bright had propounded in only general terms. "Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day," said Mr. Frederic Harrison, "is the cant about culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and sits well on a possessor of *belles lettres*; but as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action. The man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive. For simple pedantry and want of good sense no man is his equal. No assumption is too unreal, no end is too unpractical for him. But the active exercise of politics requires common-sense, sympathy, trust, resolution and enthusiasm, qualities which your man of culture has carefully rooted up, lest they damage the delicacy of his critical olfactories. Perhaps they are the only class of responsible beings in the community who cannot with safety be entrusted with power." Now for my part I do not wish to see men of culture asking to be entrusted with power; and, indeed, I have freely said, that in my opinion the speech most proper, at present, for a man of culture to make to a body of his fellow-countrymen who get him into a committee-room, is Socrates's, *Know thyself*; and that is not a speech to be made by men wanting to be entrusted with power. For this very indifference to direct political action I have been taken to task by the *Daily Telegraph*, coupled, by a strange perversity of fate, with just that very one of the Hebrew prophets whose style I admire the least, and called "an elegant Jeremiah." It is because I say (to use the words which the *Daily Telegraph* puts in my mouth):—"You mustn't make a fuss because you have no vote—that is vulgarity; you mustn't hold big meetings to agitate for reform bills and to repeal corn

* What follows was delivered as Mr. Arnold's last lecture in the Poetry Chair at Oxford, and took, in many places, a special form from the occasion. Instead of changing the form to that of an essay to adapt it to this Magazine, it has been thought advisable, under the circumstances, to print it as it was delivered.

laws—that is the very height of vulgarity,”—it is for this reason that I am called, sometimes an elegant Jeremiah, sometimes a spurious Jeremiah, a Jeremiah about the reality of whose mission the writer in the *Daily Telegraph* has his doubts. It is evident, therefore, that I have so taken my line as not to be exposed to the whole brunt of Mr. Frederic Harrison's censure. Still, I have often spoken in praise of culture; I have striven to make my whole passage in this chair serve the interests of culture; I take culture to be something a great deal more than what Mr. Frederic Harrison and others call it,—“a desirable quality in a critic of new books.” Nay, even though to a certain extent I am disposed to agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison, that men of culture are just the class of responsible beings in this community of ours who cannot properly, at present, be entrusted with power, I am not sure that I do not think this the fault of our community rather than of the men of culture. In short, although, like Mr. Bright and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and a large body of valued friends of mine, I am a liberal, yet I am a liberal tempered by experience, reflection, and renouncement, and I am, above all, a believer in culture. Therefore, as this is the last time that I shall have an opportunity of speaking from this place, I propose to take the occasion for inquiring, in the simple unsystematic way which best suits both my taste and my powers, what culture really is, what good it can do, what is our own special need of it; and I shall try to find some plain grounds on which a faith in culture,—both my own faith in it and the faith of others,—may rest securely.

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us. I have before now pointed out that in English we do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense: with us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense; a liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, Monsieur Sainte Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it, in my judgment, was; its inadequacy consisting chiefly in this, that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp Monsieur Sainte Beuve with blame if it was said that he

was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that Monsieur Sainte Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it is really worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity,—a desire for the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are,—which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity.

Montesquieu says :—“ The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.” This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion ; and it is a worthy ground, though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it. But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it ; a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for stopping human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing the sum of human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it—motives eminently such as are called social—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and primary part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection ; it is a study of perfection. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu’s words : “ To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent ! ” so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can take than these words of Bishop Wilson : “ To make reason and the will of God prevail ! ” Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act ; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, proceeding from its own state of development and sharing in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action ; what distinguishes culture is that it is possessed by the scientific passion, as well as by the passion of doing good ; that it has worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them ; and that, knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which are not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before

its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than the other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine—social, political, religious—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded; the danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail in it. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to, to learn, in short, the will of God,—the moment, I say, culture is considered not as the endeavour to merely *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavour, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavour to see and learn it for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for it, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself, and not only in its caricature and degeneration; but perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavour of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience, does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to

ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail, but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture—seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution—likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you*; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an internal condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality, in the ever-increasing efficaciousness and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: “It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture.” Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion. And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest, or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a general expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated: the individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward; and here, once more, it lays on us the same obligation as religion. Finally, perfection—as culture, from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience, learns to conceive it—is an harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here it goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances,—it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other liberals suppose, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the civilization of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilization tends to take everywhere, is shown

in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an inward condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilization in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a general expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." The idea of perfection as an harmonious expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to do in this country; and its preachers have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it, and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs, than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere; and meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, may be made quite clear to any one who will look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are religious organizations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have once before noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?"—Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying,—has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way *The Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behaviour of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

In the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must

have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what is greatness?—culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind,—would most, therefore, shew the evidences of having possessed greatness,—the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are and on fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed,—the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call the Philistines. Culture says: “Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?” And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men’s thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it cannot save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigour, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around

us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, I have heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of *The Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of large families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right! Bodily health and vigour, it may be said, are not to be classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarizing a worship as that is. Every one with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigour and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the author of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly:—"Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*" But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assign to it, a special and limited character,—this point of view, I say, of culture, is best given by these words of Epictetus:—"It is a sign of *ἀφροία*," says he,—that is, of a nature not finely tempered,—“to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done *merely by the way*: the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern.” This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek words *ἀφροία*, *ἄφροια*, a finely tempered nature, a coarsely tempered nature, give exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive of it: a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites “the two noblest of things,” as Swift who of one of the two at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*,—“the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light.*” The *εὐφρόνης* is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the *ἀφρόνης* is precisely our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and it is in itself a kind of homage to it.

It is by thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, that culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. I have called religion a more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side, which is the dominant idea of religion, has been enabled to have ; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other. The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was,—as, having regard to the human race in general, and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own,—a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fibre in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection so present and paramount ; it is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount ; only the moral fibre must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection is wanting or misapprehended amongst us, and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely as we do on our religious organizations, which in themselves do not and cannot give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then, I say, we fall into our common fault of overvaluing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the most obvious faults of our animality with what I may call absolute inward peace and satisfaction—the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection, and not merely to moral perfection, or rather to relative moral perfection. And no people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this relative moral perfection than our English race has ; for no people in the world has the command to *resist the Devil*, to *overcome the Wicked One*, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, had such a pressing force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which our obedience to this command has brought us, but also, and far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me nothing is more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts towards perfection have brought them, use concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organizations within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete

perfection, and is a far-off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself supplies in abundance this grand language which is really the severest criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organizations.

The impulse of the English race towards moral development and self-conquest has nowhere so powerfully manifested itself as in Puritanism; nowhere has Puritanism found so adequate an expression as in the religious organization of the Independents. The modern Independents have a newspaper, the *Nonconformist*, written with great sincerity and ability, which serves as their organ. The motto, the standard, the profession of faith which this organ of theirs carries aloft, is: "The dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." There is sweetness and light, and an ideal of complete harmonious human perfection! One need not go to culture and poetry to find language to judge it. Religion, with its instinct for perfection, supplies language to judge it: "Finally, be of one mind, united in feeling," says St. Peter. There is an ideal which judges the Puritan ideal!—"The dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." And religious organizations like this are what people believe in, rest in, would give their lives for! Such, I say, is the wonderful virtue of even the beginnings of perfection, of having conquered even the first faults of our animality, that the religious organization which has helped us to do it can seem to us something precious, salutary, and to be propagated, ever when it wears such a brand of imperfection on its forehead as this. And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special application, of making it a mere jargon, that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organizations they have no ear; they are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture, like poetry, speaking a language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing these organizations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage to perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organizations to have helped us to subdue. True; they do often so fail: they have often had neither the virtues nor the faults of the Puritan; it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense; they have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable; they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty and sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he

did well he has been abundantly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakspeare or Virgil—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakspeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organizations which we see all round us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not let us fail to see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion will never bring humanity to its true goal. As I said with regard to wealth,—let us look at the life of those who live in and for it;—so I say with regard to the religious organizations. Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist*;—a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

Another newspaper, representing, like the *Nonconformist*, one of the religious organizations of this country, was, a few days ago, giving an account of the crowd at Epsom on the Derby day, and of all the vice and hideousness which was to be seen in that crowd; and then the writer turned suddenly round upon Professor Huxley, and asked him how he proposed to cure all this vice and hideousness without religion. I confess I felt disposed to ask the asker this question: And how do you propose to cure it, with such a religion as yours? How is the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection, as is the life of your religious organization as you yourself image it, to conquer and transform all this vice and hideousness? Indeed, the strongest plea for the study of perfection as pursued by culture, the clearest proof of the actual inadequacy of the idea of perfection held by the religious organizations,—expressing, as I have said, the most wide-spread effort which the human race has yet made after perfection,—is to be found in the state of our life and society with these in possession of it, and having been in possession of it I know not how many years. We are all of us enrolled in some religious organization or other; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion which I have before noticed, *children of God*. Children of God—it is an immense pretension!—and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak? And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our *city*, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and its internal canker of *publicè egestas, privatim opulentia*,—to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome,—unequaled in the world! The word which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is

the *Daily Telegraph*! I say, that when our religious organizations,—which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made—land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection, to see whether it does not leave out of account sides and forces of human nature which we might turn to great use; whether it would not be more operative if it were more complete. And I say that the English reliance on our religious organizations and on their ideas of human perfection just as they stand, is like our reliance on freedom, on muscular Christianity, on population, on coal, on wealth,—mere belief in machinery and unfruitful; and is wholesomely counteracted by culture bent on seeing things as they are, and on drawing the human race onwards to a more complete perfection.

Culture, however, shows its single-minded love of perfection, its desire simply to make reason and the will of God prevail, its freedom from fanaticism, by its attitude towards all this machinery, even while it insists that it is machinery. Fanatics, seeing the mischief men do themselves by their blind belief in some machinery or other,—whether it is wealth and industrialism, or whether it is the cultivation of bodily strength and activity, or whether it is a political organization, or whether it is a religious organization,—oppose with might and main the tendency to this or that political and religious organization, or to games and athletic exercises, or to wealth and industrialism, and try violently to stop it. But the flexibility which sweetness and light give, and which is one of the rewards of culture pursued in good faith, enables a man to see that a tendency may be necessary, and as a preparation for something in the future, salutary, and yet that the generations or individuals who obey this tendency are sacrificed to it, that they fall short of the hope of perfection by following it; and that its mischiefs are to be criticised, lest it should take too firm a hold and last after it has served its purpose. Mr. Gladstone well pointed out, in a speech at Paris, and others have pointed out the same thing, how necessary is the present great movement towards wealth and industrialism, in order to lay broad foundations of material well-being for the society of the future. The worst of these justifications is, that they are generally addressed to the very people engaged, body and soul, in the movement in question; at all events, that they are always seized with the greatest avidity by these people, and taken by them as quite justifying their life, and that thus they tend to harden them in their sins. Culture admits the necessity of the movement towards fortune-making and exaggerated industrialism, readily allows that the future may derive benefit from it; but insists, at the same time, that the passing generations of industrialists—forming, for the most part, the stout main body of Philistinism—are sacrificed to it. In the same way, the result of all the games and sports which occupy the passing generation of boys and young men may be the establishment of a better and sounder physical type for the future to work with. Culture does not set itself against the games and sports; it congratulates the future, and hopes it will make a good use of its improved physical basis; but it points

out that our passing generation of boys and young men are sacrificed. Puritanism was necessary to develop the moral fibre of the English race, Nonconformity to break the yoke of ecclesiastical domination over men's minds and to prepare the way for freedom of thought in the distant future ; still, culture points out that the harmonious perfection of generations of Puritans and Nonconformists have been in consequence sacrificed. Freedom of speech is necessary for the society of the future, but the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* in the meanwhile are sacrificed. A voice for every man in his country's government is necessary for the society of the future, but meanwhile Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaugh are sacrificed.

We in Oxford, brought up amidst beauty and sweetness, have not failed to seize the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this truth, I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. I say boldly that this our sentiment for beauty and sweetness, our sentiment against hideousness and rawness, has been at the bottom of our attachment to so many beaten causes, of our opposition to so many triumphant movements. And the sentiment is true, and has never been wholly defeated, and has shown its power even in its defeat. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance ; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future. Look at the course of the great movement which shook this place to its centre some thirty years ago ! It was directed, as any one who reads Dr. Newman's *Apology* may see, against what in one word may be called "liberalism." Liberalism prevailed ; it was the appointed force to do the work of the hour ; it was necessary, it was inevitable that it should prevail. The Oxford movement was broken, it failed ; our wrecks are scattered on every shore :—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

And what was this liberalism, as Dr. Newman saw it, and as it really broke the Oxford movement ? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics ; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes ; in the religious sphere, the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. I do not say that other and more intelligent forces than this were not opposed to the Oxford movement : but this was the force which really beat it ; this was the force which Dr. Newman felt himself fighting with ; this was the force which till only the other day seemed to be the paramount force in this country, and to be in possession of the future ; this was the force whose achievements fill Mr. Lowe with such inexpressible admiration, and whose rule he is so horror-struck to see threatened. And where is this great force of Philistinism now ? It is thrust into the second rank, it is become a power of yesterday, it has lost the future. A new

power has suddenly appeared, a power which it is impossible yet to judge fully, but which is certainly a wholly different force from middle-class liberalism; different in its cardinal points of belief, different in its tendencies in every sphere. It loves and admires neither the legislation of middle-class Parliaments, nor the local self-government of middle-class vestries, nor the unrestricted competition of middle-class industrialists, nor the dissidence of middle-class dissent and the Protestantism of middle-class Protestant religion. I am not now praising this new force, or saying that its own ideals are better; all I say is, that they are wholly different. And who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movement, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism,—who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under the self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner may it long continue to conquer!

In this manner it works to the same end as culture, and there is plenty of work for it yet to do. I have said that the new and more democratic force which is now superseding our old middle-class liberalism cannot yet be rightly judged. It has its main tendencies still to form: we hear promises of its giving us administrative reform, law reform, reform of education, and I know not what; but those promises come rather from its advocates, wishing to make a good plea for it and to justify it for superseding middle-class liberalism, than from clear tendencies which it has itself yet developed. But meanwhile it has plenty of well-intentioned friends against whom culture may with advantage continue to uphold steadily its ideal of human perfection; that it is an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy. Mr. Bright, who has a foot in both worlds, the world of middle-class liberalism and the world of democracy, but who brings most of his ideas from the world of middle-class liberalism in which he was bred, always inclines to inculcate that faith in machinery to which, as we have seen, Englishmen are so prone, and which has been the bane of middle-class liberalism. He complains with a sorrowful indignation of people who "appear to have no proper estimate of the value of the franchise;" he leads his disciples to believe,—what the Englishman is always too ready to believe,—that the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature. Or else he cries out to the democracy,—"the men," as he calls them, "upon whose shoulders the greatness of England rests"—he cries out to them: "See what you have done! I look over this country and see the cities you have built, the railroads you have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the

ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen ! I see that you have converted by your labours what was once a wilderness, these islands, into a fruitful garden ; I know that you have created this wealth, and are a nation whose name is a word of power throughout all the world." Why, this is just the style of laudation with which Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Lowe debauch the minds of the middle classes, and make such Philistines of them. It is the same fashion of teaching a man to value himself not on what he is, not on his progress in sweetness and light, but on the number of the railroads he has constructed, or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built. Only the middle classes are told they have done it all with their energy, self-reliance, and capital, and the democracy are told they have done it all with their hands and sinews. But teaching the democracy to put its trust in achievements of this kind is merely training them to be Philistines to take the place of the Philistines whom they are superseding ; and they too, like the middle class, will be encouraged to sit down at the banquet of the future without having on a wedding garment, and nothing excellent can come from them. Those who know their besetting faults, those who have watched them and listened to them, or those who will read the excellent account recently given of them by one of themselves, the *Journeyman Engineer*, will agree that the idea which culture sets before us of perfection—an increased spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy—is an idea which the new democracy needs far more than the idea of the blessedness of the franchise or the wonderfulness of their own industrial performances.

Other well-meaning friends of this new power are for leading it, not in the old ruts of middle-class Philistinism, but in ways which are naturally alluring to the feet of democracy, though in this country they are novel and untried ways. I may call them the ways of Jacobinism. Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future,—these are the ways of Jacobinism. Mr. Frederic Harrison and other disciples of Comte—one of them, Mr. Congreve, is an old acquaintance of mine, and I am glad to have an opportunity of publicly expressing my respect for his talents and character—are among the friends of democracy who are for leading it in paths of this kind. Mr. Frederic Harrison is very hostile to culture, and from a natural enough motive ; for culture is the eternal opponent of the two things which are the signal marks of Jacobinism,—its fierceness, and its addiction to an abstract system. A current in people's minds sets towards new ideas ; people are dissatisfied with their old narrow stock of Philistine ideas, Anglo-Saxon ideas, or any other ; and some man, some Bentham or Comte, who has the real merit of having early and strongly felt and helped the new current, but who brings plenty of narrownesses and mistakes of his own into his feeling and help of it, is credited with being the author of the whole current, the fit person to be entrusted with its regulation and to guide the human race. The excellent German historian of

the mythology of Rome, Preller, relating the introduction at Rome under the Tarquins of the worship of Apollo, the god of light, healing, and reconciliation, observes that it was not so much the Tarquins who brought to Rome the new worship of Apollo, as a current in the mind of the Roman people which set powerfully at that time towards a new worship of this kind, and away from the old run of Latin and Sabine religious ideas. In a similar way, culture is always assigning to the system-maker and the system a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like.

Culture feels even a pleasure, a sense of an increased freedom and of an ampler future, by so doing. I remember when I was under the influence of a mind to which I feel the greatest obligations, the mind of a man who was the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense, a man the most considerable, it seems to me, whom America has yet produced,—Benjamin Franklin—I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common-sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and thence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation: "Then Satan answered the Lord and said: 'Doth Job fear God for nought?'" Franklin makes this: "Does Your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief, and said to myself: "After all, there is a stretch of humanity behind Franklin's victorious good sense!" So, after hearing Bentham cried loudly up as the renovator of modern society, and Bentham's mind and ideas proposed as the rulers of our future, I open the *Deontology*. There I read: "While Xenophon was writing his history and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretence of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience." From the moment of reading that, I am delivered from the bondage of Bentham; the fanaticism of his adherents can touch me no longer, I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas for being the rule of human society, for perfection. Culture tends always thus to deal with the men of a system, with disciples, of a school, with men like Comte, or the late Mr. Buckle, or Mr. Mill. It remembers the text: "Be not ye called Rabbi!" and it soon passes on from any Rabbi. But Jacobinism loves a Rabbi; it does not want to pass on from its Rabbi in pursuit of a future, and unreachèd perfection; it wants its Rabbi and his ideas to stand for perfection that they may with the more authority recast the world; and for Jacobinism, therefore, culture—eternally passing onwards and seeking—is an impertinence and an offence. But culture, just because it resists this tendency of Jacobinism to impose on us a man with limitations and errors of his own along with the true ideas of which he is the organ, really does the world and Jacobinism itself a service.

So, too, Jacobinism, in its fierce hatred of the past and of those whom it makes liable for the sins of the past, cannot away with culture, culture with its inexhaustible indulgence, its consideration of circumstances, its severe judgment of actions joined to its merciful judgment of persons. "The man of culture is in politics," cries Mr. Frederic Harrison, "one of the poorest mortals alive." Mr. Frederic Harrison wants to be doing business, and he complains that the man of culture stops him with a "turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action." Of what use is culture, he asks, except for "a critic of new books or a professor of *belles lettres*?" Why, it is of use because, in presence of the fierce exasperation which breathes, or rather, I may say, hisses, through the whole production in which Mr. Frederic Harrison asks that question, it reminds us that the perfection of human nature is sweetness and light. It is of use because, like religion,—that other effort after perfection,—it testifies that, where bitter envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work.

On this the last time that I am to speak from this place, I have permitted myself, in justifying culture and in enforcing the reasons for it, to keep chiefly on ground where I am at one with the central instinct and sympathy of Oxford. The pursuit of perfection is the pursuit of sweetness and light. Oxford has worked with all the bent of her nature for sweetness, for beauty; and I have allowed myself to-day chiefly to insist on sweetness, on beauty, as necessary characters of perfection. Light, too, is a necessary character of perfection; Oxford must not suffer herself to forget that! At other times, during my passage in this chair, I have not failed to remind her, so far as my feeble voice availed, that light is a necessary character of perfection. I never shall cease, so long as anywhere my voice finds any utterance, to insist on the need of light as well as of sweetness. To-day I have spoken most of that which Oxford has loved most. But he who works for sweetness works in the end for light also; he who works for light works in the end for sweetness also. He who works for sweetness and light works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has but one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. Yes, it has one yet greater—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. I have again and again insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must

be *real* thought and *real* beauty ; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. The religious organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I disparage neither ; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes ; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords ; but it seeks to do away with classes, to make all live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, and use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,—to be nourished and not bound by them. This is the *social idea* ; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time ; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive ; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages ; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century ; and their services to Germany were inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany, and yet their names will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. Because they *humanized* knowledge ; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence ; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said : “ Let us not leave Thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness ; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times ; for the old order is passed and the new arises ; the night is spent, the day is come forth ; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth labourers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs ; when thou shalt send forth new labourers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet.”

Stone Edge.

CHAPTER IX.

BESSIE'S BURYING.



HE boy German was the only one of his family who attended old Bessie's funeral. Ashford at the last moment declared that he was obliged to obey a summons from his landlord, who lived at a distance and only visited his estate in the hills from time to time on business, and was now at the old manor-house for a few days.

"Th' auld squire have a sent for me to see him punctial some time to-day at the 'Knob house,' and I canna go to Youcliffie; ye may tell 'um a' down there. And you mind to be home betimes, German, or you'll catch it," he called out as the boy went off.

The friends and neighbours collected for the "beryin'" looked upon this message as a mere excuse, and public opinion declared itself strongly against old Ashford.

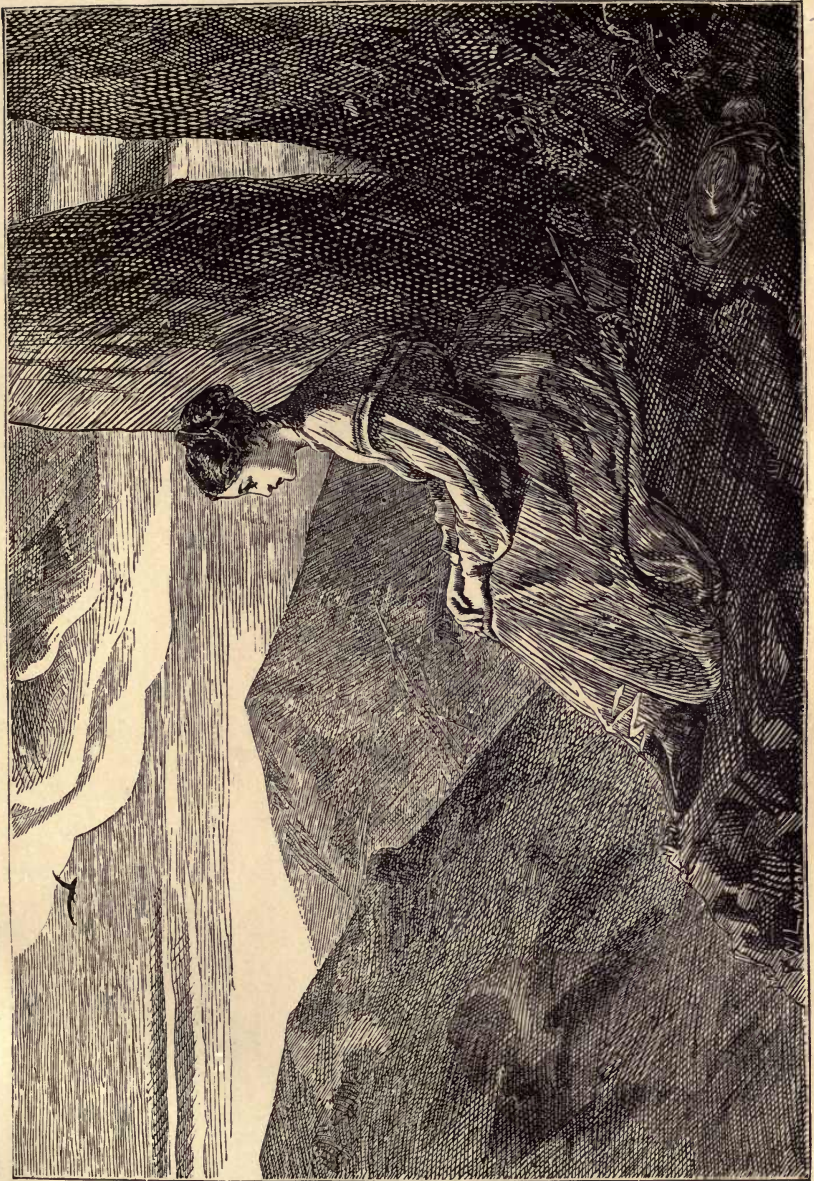
"Sure ill will should ha' died wi' death," said one; "and hur a leavin' sich a lot o' money to his daughter, too."

"'Twill hurt nobody but hisself; his room's better nor's company any time is Ashford's," said another.

The world was likewise scandalized at Roland's absence. "She were like a mother to un," said society; "he should a strove to come home for to her respect; he know'd she'd a had a fit, Nathan says."

The old woman was buried under the shadow of the spire which she was so proud of. "'Tis a cheerful pleasant place, like hersen," said Nathan to his nephew as they came away together, "and hur will be close to the pathway where her friends can come nigh her, and alongside o' her father for company like, till I come; 'twon't be long first. I've a ordered a headstone," ended the old man, sadly, "and it says,—

All you young men as passes by,
 Throw a look and cast an eye;
 As you is now, so once was I,
 Prepare to live, as you must die.—



for to learn um how they're here one hour and shed the next, like a poppy-head," sighed he, picking one as he passed. Then, as German was taking his leave, he called him back. "The money for Cassie is a lent to Jones, and I shall put in her name immediate and mak' it all right. Anyhow 'tain't mine, and I wanna ha' thy feyther cryin' out like as if he were burnt, and going about 'callin' o' me and saying as how I'd choused Cassie. But ye may mak' as though I'd ha' said it shouldna be done till such times as he'd gied his consent to her marrying wi' Roland. If yer aunt hadna been tuk so sudden as there isn't a mossel o' paper about it, I'm sure she'd a left it so. It's queer, too, about Roland," the old man went on. "I canna think what ails him to kip away so long. I've got it set in my mind it's about thae York lassies, for young uns is wonderful soon took up wi' a pretty face,—and they fa's into love and out again like as if it were a pond.—And 'tain't allus such a clean one either," moralized Nathan; "a lot o' muck they picks up whiles. Therefore I dunna mak' sich a stand-up fight for Roland as I mid ha' done a while back till I sees my ways more plain. Man is but flesh, and flesh is wonderful weak by times," said Nathan the wise, skilled in human nature, "and you'd best say Cassie's to have him as she wishes to wed wi' an she's to get her aurt's money."

German returned home big with the importance of his mission, and entered the house with a sense of dignity as the protector and arbiter of his sister's future. He found to his great relief that he was beforehand with his father, who had not yet returned from the squire; the kitchen was empty and he passed through to the garden on the other side, where he found the women busy hanging out the last results of a great wash. The ornamental ground had all been dug up and planted with vegetables, but there still remained a sort of raised flagged terrace at the upper end, sheltered by a great yew hedge, flanked with what had once been pyramids and "shapes" cut out in yew, which had grown all awry and deformed, for nobody at Stone Edge had any time for garden decorations. And here German betook himself directly to deliver his unaccustomed budget of news and give his opinion on family affairs of moment.

"Well-a-day!" said Lydia, sadly; "it mun ha' been a sore sight to see yer aunt laid i' th' ground, and hur took so sudden; but she were a well-livin' 'ooman as ivir were, and set her trust and her heart steadfast i' th' Lord."

"To be sure she did," replied the lad. And after a pause he went on, "'Twere a gran' dooment anyhow" (he was very fond of his aunt, but he could not help enjoying what, to him, had been a great entertainment). "There were a sight o' vittles and drink to be sure, and heaps o' folk was there to do her respect; and Martha Savage (as uncle Nathan had in for to help) a takin' on herself and wagging her tongue as uppish as mid be! 'And dunno ye sit there,' and 'Dunno ye bide so long there,' says she, catching everybody up like anythink. I raly didna know the place, and aunt Bessie, who'd iver the welcome i' her face and the

welcome i' her hand, and now she lay there so quiet, and couldn't so much as say a word!"

"And how did uncle Nathan abide Martha's takin' on herself so?" said Cassie, rather indignantly.

"I dunno think he see'd or heerd owt as were a goin' on, he were so sore put about to have lost her as was gone. He sot there i' his chair quite lost like when they'd a' left but me, and then he telled me about Cassie's money. He wouldna let me go, but he says, 'Bide wi' me a bit, my lad; ye was her nevvie, and she held to ye both at Stone Edge a very deal.' And when Martha put in her word, he just tuk his hat silent, and come on wi' me a bit o' the road home out o' the way o' her tongue."

At this point in the discourse Ashford's loud harsh voice was heard; he had just come home, and was calling on his womankind. "I'll go in to your feyther," said Lydia; "thee canst stop and hear all about it."

German had climbed, parenthetically as it were, during the interval, on to the top of a high wall, whence his long legs hung down as a sort of fringe. He went on: "Arter a while uncle Nathan talked wi' me a deal about Roland, Cassie—what for had no one see'd him this ever such a while? and that he'd a sent up a purpose for to tell him as aunt Bessie had a fit afore he went away. And Dick the joiner and the young man from the forge would ha' it Roland was agone courtin' down to York, and her name it were Mitchell, and she'd such cows and pigs to her portion as niver were." (Indeed rumour, assisted by Joshua, had worked so hard that it was only wonderful that Roland was not married already, in public report, to "the lass t'other side York.")

Cassie was silent, taking the dry clothes from off the line. "And Dick laughs and says, 'Ah, Roland's a deep un; he's just kippin' away till he sees whether yer uncle gies Cassie her aunt's money or no.'"

"I dunna believe that," said Cassie, with rising colour. "It's no more like Roland than as a fish can fly."

"And then another he says as Roland were summat changeable, and that ye must not trust to his father's son," said the lad, insisting on his point, and quite unconscious of the sharpness of the thrusts which he was driving into his sister's heart.

"I'm sure we've no reason for to think him changeable," answered the poor girl, turning away as she clutched an armful of linen spasmodically to her breast.

"Ye dunna know nowt about it, Cassie. How should ye? They says as how one time he were all so much for short-horns and sich like, and now he's all for them heifers from Durham. Thee hastna seen him this age; how canst thee tell?" said the lad, with an air of superiority, from the top of the wall where he had perched himself, and picking off little bits of stone and mortar, which he shied with great justness of aim at an old sow in the straw-yard commanded from his lofty position. "I hit hur that time i' th' left ear," added he, in an undertone, with a satisfied nod of his head.

It irritated poor Cassie's nerves to that degree to have her fate, as it were, and Roland's principles discussed in the intervals of the sow's complaints, that she could not contain herself any longer. "You've a tore poor Roland's character to rags among ye anyhow," she said, as an old shirt of her brother's came to pieces in her hands, which she had taken off the line more vehemently than its age and circumstances demanded. "And I wanna stay for to hear ye ballragging one as has iver been kind and true to us all." And she went hurriedly back into the house with her load of linen, her lips quivering and her eyes flashing, and with the greatest difficulty restraining a great burst of tears.

"Well, surely!" said the boy, wonderingly to himself, as he came down from his throne. "Whativer have she a took that so queer for? I've a said nowt she should take amiss! On'y warning of her like, and telling of her what they thinks at Youlecliffe, as is my duty. How's she to know what's what an her brother doesna look arter her when feyther's no good at all?" soliloquized German to himself with much dignity, striding across the cabbages with his hands in his pockets, and kicking an unoffending head of "early sprouts" from him as he spoke.

Still, though Cassie opposed outwardly a firm front to the enemy, she was cut to the heart within, and her confident trust sank when she found herself alone. The strife seems so unequal when you have only a conviction in your own mind to oppose to facts and general public opinion; it is like drawing supplies out of a single well, when your foes have the command of a whole river. Her very modesty concerning herself made her feel doubtful as to her claims upon Roland.

CHAPTER X.

HOW IS THE RENT TO BE MADE?

ALTHOUGH there was no doubt that Ashford might have gone to his sister-in-law's funeral if he had been so minded, his excuse had been so far a true one that he had really been sent for to speak to his landlord.

The present "squire" had inherited the estate towards the end of his life from a spendthrift nephew, who had died after running through everything but the bare acres; and in his old age he had not cared to leave his comfortable square stone house in the capital city of the county—which in those days was a sociable place, frequented during the winter months by most of the aristocracy thereabouts—to come and dwell among these inhospitable hills. He treated the property as a thing to get money out of, and having been very comfortable, not to say rich, upon his small annuity, was now persuaded of his extreme poverty on coming into a large estate. He killed off the deer, cut down the timber, and would have let the old house itself if he could; but as no one could be found to hire its somewhat dreary halls, he had turned it into an additional farm-

house, only reserving a couple of rooms for himself when he came there on business.

Not a word, however, did Ashford vouchsafe to his family concerning his interview at the great hall when he returned that evening. Ever since the rent-day he had been even more moody and sullen than his wont, snapping at his wife and snarling at his children; but to-night his visit to his landlord seemed to have brought things to a crisis. Everything that was said and done served only to make matters worse, and at last he became so insupportable that one by one they all took refuge in the cheese-room under some pretence or other. The cheese was kept in the "Bower-room," the apartment of ceremony at Stone Edge, which in its time had evidently been beautifully fitted up; the oak panelling still remained on the walls, and a great projecting chimney-piece with coats of arms and twisted monograms supported by griffins, and "Lux tua vita mea" engraved round a rude emblematic picture in the centre, set round with rays of the sun, and a man standing beneath it in point of art much like the forked radishes in *Quarles' Emblems*. Not a particle of furniture remained in the room. An old pillion lay in one corner, on which Cassie's mother used to ride behind her husband to Youleliffe in happier days (Lydia had never reached such a pitch of dignity, or even desired it), while the floor was strewn with cheeses in different stages of perfection.

Lydia stood close up to the window, trying to catch the last gleams of the fading light on the great blue stocking which she was mending, while Cassie sat near her on a low cricket (a three-legged stool) which she had brought in with her, and repeated sadly what German had told her, pondering grievously over his words.

The secluded home in which she dwelt gave her so little clue to the circumstances in which Roland's life was passed, that her imagination almost refused to follow him among the perils of deep waters in which he seemed to her to be engulfed. Right and wrong might be quite different in the great world, as she thought it, in which he lived, as she put it modestly to herself.

"Seems as if p'r'aps they mid ha a different pennyworth nor ourn down i'th' town," she explained; "like as they has for pot-herbs and cotton thread. What's worth a deal to us they think nowt on, and what they'll pay money for is like weeds up here."

A woman is hard driven before she will allow even to herself that her "friend" can be in the wrong. She will far rather accuse herself and her own expectations as unreasonable.

"Nay, dearie," answered Lydia; "I canna think that. Right's right, and wrong's wrong anywheres and anyhow, I tak' it. There's them letters and things upo' th' chimbley. When the auld Squire Tracey, as yer feyther talks sa mich about, were here t'other year, he read out and 'splained what they was. I canna well mind the words, but the meanin' was as how God's light were to shine on our hearts for um to see plain, like as the sun on one's path to walk right; and 'twould nivir do an the

light shined crooked and telled one man one way and another different. It mid be a' right as Roland should wait for's father's leave, but if it's as they says at Youlcliffe, I tak' it he should mind and be clean off wi' thee, dearie, afore he's on wi' another lass. That's what I should say to German an he were so minded."

She smiled sorrowfully at the boy, who followed them into their retreat and sat down on the floor near them, with his back against the wall and his arms round his knees. He did not add much, however, to the enlivening of the company, for he fell asleep almost immediately. The women went on talking in a low voice.

"And how iver am I to know what he's thinkin' of now my aunt's dead as could ha' axed me down to Youlcliffe? I've got such an ache in my heart wi' niver hearin' a word," said the poor girl, leaning her head against Lydia, who put down her stocking and stroked her shining hair in silence, as she revolved all sorts of combinations for their meeting in her head.

"And then it's so far for him to get here," Cassie went on. "It's like as if I were the cock upo' th' top o' Youlcliffe steeple. I mid a'most as well be there or 'i th' moon for seein' or hearin' owt about any one."

"Sure thy uncle will be main glad to have thee, my darlin', afore long; and thy father canna well refuse him, and them so kind about thy portion. We'll send in German happen in a bit to see what's stirrin'."

The lad woke up suddenly at the sound of his name.

"I think as I'd be a'most as well abed. I'm as weary wi' my out as if I'd been shearing a' day. I mun go back to father, though. I havena telled him yet what uncle Nathan bid me. I'd mebbe best do it at oncst now, though he's uncommon queer to-night. I canna think what's took him. It mun be summat as squire have a said."

The old man sat alone in the kitchen in sullen, moody misery. It was a pathetic sight, all the more because his isolation in his distress (whatever it might be) was the doing of his own temper. Man seems to think it absolves him from the burden of his pity to his fellow, to say it was his own fault, as if it did not aggravate the wretchedness tenfold.

German stood at the door looking in at the dismal picture. He was much afraid of rousing the sleeping lion, but it was better to have it over; there was nothing to be gained by delay, and at last he walked straight up to his father, and delivered Nathan's message in the fewest possible words. To his surprise, Ashford made no observation whatever upon it. He simply lifted up his bloodshot eyes and great overhanging eyebrows and fixed them on his son. "Say that again, lad," he said, sternly. German repeated the words. His father listened intently, and then rose and went off to bed in silence without an additional syllable.

All night, however, his mutterings kept his poor wife awake, bursting out sometimes into a rage of words. "I wunnot go, I tell 'ee. I've more right nor he; puttin' my own until the land for so many year!"

The next morning the trouble came out. "Cass," he said, as she

looked in from the dairy, "I want to speak to ye. Stop the noise o' that wheel d'reckly; I tell ye it'll drive me cracked," he added, turning to his wife, who was spinning. "Hear, both on ye. Th' auld squire" (with an oath) "have a told me I shanna keep the farm arter Lady-day. I that have a been on the land longer nor he, and am a better man nor he, ten times over."

"But why, father?" said Cassie, in a low voice. "He wouldn't do it not for nothing."

"I've a bin a bit behindhand i'th' rent now this many year. I've never got over that time wi' bad harvest as Joshuay choused me, and we've a had two bad year sin', ye know. And now we mun go, bag and baggage, out i' th' wide world, unless you give me that sixty-eight pound, Cass. By right it were yer mother's, and I ought to ha' had it afore. I'll pay ye the interest all right, and I'll gie my consent for yer marrin' o' that fool, the son o' th' knave, and yer uncle Nathan says he wunna let yer hae the money without, an ye choose it. If so be he'll take ye wi' nothing," he added with a fierce grin; "for it's my opinion he's only lookin' arter yer brass."

"He know'd nought about it when he ast her," said Lyddy stoutly, treading the wheel of her spinning mechanically as she spoke.

"Nay, but he know'd Sally Broom's niece weren't likely not to come in for summat good out o' th' pot. It ought to ha' been her mother's, and it's mine by rights," he went on repeating violently, as if to mask his own deed to himself.

"But it's Cassie's now, and she ought to hae it for her housekeeping when she marries," said Lydia, boldly.

Old Ashford glared on her angrily.

"Ye shall hae the money, father, whether or no," put in Cassie, gently. "I'll risk Roland takin' o' me."

To accept a favour gratefully and gracefully is a more difficult thing than people fancy (I mean to teach it in my new and perfect system of education). To receive an obligation heartily requires humility and generosity both. Old Ashford was neither grateful nor graceful, neither humble nor generous, and a grunt was his only reception of his daughter's gift, though he knew and she knew, and he knew that she knew, that she would never see the money again.

"Ye mun go over, German, and see what's come o' Roland. Surely he'll be back by now, and yer father canna fault ye after what he's said but now," said Lydia, as they left the room, moved by the trembling of Cassie's lips, though no sound came from them. "'Twould be poor work for thee to wed wi' one as had his eyes on thy pocket instead of upon thee, dearie; but when all's said, 'tis nowt but folks' talk as we've a heard till now about un. We dunna know a bit what he'd say for hissen, poor lad."

"Anyhow, no one can't say he's lookin' after this world's goods an he comes up to me now," said Cassie, determinedly, though her lips were very white.

German was sometimes now sent by his father, as his bones grew stiffer, to do his business, and he made his way over to Youcliffe as soon as he could, with the best desire to do his sister's pleasure. He rode boldly up to Joshua's house in the market-place, and hammered for some time at the closed door, but he had been late in starting, and although he heard that Roland had returned from his journey to York he somehow could not hit upon him. In answer to his inquiries Roland was always "on'y just gone past," or "he's mebbe turned the corner, he were here a minit back." Old Nathan was also absent, and there was no one with whom he dared leave a message. Altogether his mission was a failure. He had done his best, however, so that it was mortifying to see Cassie shrugging her shoulders and twisting her hands together, though she did not say a word, and even the implied blame of Lydia's reiterated questions was trying. "What, ye couldn't find 'im anywhere i' th' town? nor yer uncle neither,—and ye couldn't hear on um?"

"Thae women allus think they could ha' done it handier themselves," he muttered to himself, "and it's very aggravating, it is, to a chap!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE ONE-EYED HOUSE.

A DAY or two after old Bessie's funeral Roland returned to Youcliffe. He had been working his heart out trying to sound and set right that bottomless pit (to an honest man) his father's affairs; and he found on his return, after little more than three weeks, that his dear old friend was gone, and he had not even been present to pay her the last respect. He now felt sure that his father had purposely sent him on a fool's errand, and he resented doubly the being treated as a child, kept from home under false pretences, taught to believe that he was doing his father a service when he was only helping to break his own heart. He was more angry and hurt than Joshua could have conceived possible, and the annoyance did not go off. What might not Cassie think of his absence, of his having allowed himself to be kept away at such a time?

He went down to make his peace with old Nathan, whom he found sitting dismally by the fire, as he looked ruefully at the vacant chair on the other side—he seemed ten years older.

"Nobody can't tell how bare and lonesome it is," said he, "now she be gone. I've got a sorrow down my back-bone wi' thinkin' o' her." Then after a long pause: "I want Bessie, I want my wife!" said he with a loud and bitter cry. "What iver will I do wi'out her!"

"You'll mebbe get o'er it, Master Nathan, after a bit. She were a well-livin' 'ooman, yer know, and for sure she's gone to glory, and all happy and comfortable by now," observed Roland, with the best intentions towards consolation.

"Ah, lad, you see it ain't you as have a lost her, it's easy talkin',—the

heart knoweth its own bitterness, and it's him as wears the shoe as is hurted by it. It's all day long and every day as I misses her; and then ye comes and tells me as she's gone to glory and all happy and comfortable up there i' th' clouds! I'm sure she ain't," said the old man with great energy. "I'm sure as how she's a thinkin' 'What's my old man a doin' wi'out me? and how's he a gettin' on all his lone?' and that'll fret her and worrit her; and 'tain't reasonable to tell me she've a forgotten a' about me, as she were allus fettlin' for and bustlin' about and humouring, any more than I has about her. That's what I think," ended Nathan, passing the back of his hard horny hand over his old wrinkled face, as a solitary tear, more pathetic than a whole bucketful from younger eyes, rolled slowly down his cheek.

Roland was silent; and there are cases when silence is the best speech and the truest consolation,—there are deeper and more eloquent expressions of feeling than any that words can give. Nathan was soon placated by it.

"Why wast thou not at the burying, lad?" he said kindly, after a bit. "My Bessie thowt a deal about thee. Thee should'st ha' made a shift to get back for't."

"Tweren't by my own will, Master Nathan. My feyther 'd a sent me after no end o' cattle and debts and coils and things t'other side York; and he somehow kep' it from me as he'd heerd she were ill that day afore I went away. I niver know'd nowt till I come home."

"'Twere just Joshuay all over," answered the old man. "It's a kittle thing for to deal wi' such as he. I'd a took it into my head it were along o' some sweetheart as thou'st a found i' those parts, thou wast biding such a time away; thy father went on telling sa mich about Mitchell's daughter. I wish I'd a know'd thou wast a' right, I'd a made more o' a struggle for thee along o' Cassie's portion. I've a set it down now in her name. But I'd no power for to bind Ashford; and 'twill hardly help thee wi' him, he'll be so cockey now, whatever it may do wi' thy feyther. You've got your handful with them two, Roland. I were in too great a hurry mebbe to pay the money; but I couldn't abide as any one should say I kep' what weren't mine. My Bessie used allus for to say I took too much account o' what man could say o' me. Hur were a very wise 'ooman were my Bessie," said the old man, shaking his head sadly; "much wiser nor me as sets up for it sa mich."

Roland went moodily home to his father's house, which stood back in a corner of the irregular, uneven old market-place. The dwelling part was over a sort of low stable opening on to the cattle-sheds, which had another entrance from the close behind: a deep, dark stone archway led into them, by which he could bring out his beasts to market when he wished. The three rooms which the father and son inhabited were only approached by an outside stone stair, making the house into a sort of fortalice, which no one could enter without notice; and this suited Joshua. There was an unused garret lighted by a large round unglazed lucarne in

the tall gable, which looked like a great hollow eye. Two of the windows below had been walled up to save window-tax, as the rooms had a look-out behind; and altogether the place had a grim closed-up look, and went by the name of the "one-eyed house."

Joshua was standing upon his steps as his son came up.

"Well, Nathan have a kep' the money for 's life now, haven't he?" said he, eagerly, hardly leaving room for Roland to pass.

"He set it in Cassie's name at Jones's yesterday," answered his son, shortly, as he turned into the house, scarcely looking round.

Joshua started with a long whistle: it was so unlike what he would have done himself that he could hardly believe it even now, and went hastily away. He began to think that he had outwitted himself. In his extreme dislike to the marriage he had determined in his own mind that Nathan would never allow the money to go away during his lifetime. His own affairs had reached such a pass that he would willingly have obtained such a sum as Cassie's dower even at the sacrifice of his own ill-will and temper, and now he had himself put his son out of the way of securing it! Moreover, he disliked the sort of armed peace of their intercourse: it deranged his selfishness, if not his heart, it made the house gloomy and uncomfortable, and he did not like being uncomfortable.

Having smoked the pipe of reflection in the little public he returned into the kitchen about an hour afterwards. Roland had fetched in water and coals, and done the various little household "jobs" as usual; for since his wife's death his father had resisted the entrance of any other woman inside his doors. "We do a deal better by ourselves," he always said whenever the subject came up; "I dunno want any woman to come potterin' and dawmlin' and gossipin' about. Roland's very handy." And he did not spare his son.

He had soon finished his work out of doors; there were but few cattle now in the sheds to look after. Some rude sort of cookery for his father's supper was going on, and he sat moodily over a pretence of fire, considering his woes. Even if Joshua gave his consent, Ashford, now that his daughter was an heiress, was less likely to allow the marriage than before in her poverty. Chewing the cud of his bitter thoughts, and ingeniously tormenting himself with all the possible chances against his love, he sat with his head in his hand, thinking sadly of his mother, of whom he had been extremely fond. "She wouldn't ha' let feyther serve me so," he said to himself. The poor woman had led a sad time of it with her husband; she was a "strivin' pious 'ooman," and a most tender mother to her only child, and as long as her life lasted Joshua had been kept somewhat more straight, but she had been dead three years, and Roland knew that the downward course was becoming faster. His father's affairs began to weigh very heavily on his mind. Until the journey to York he had been kept almost entirely in the dark concerning them, but he could tell now how serious they were becoming. There was particularly a tangled skein concerning Jackman the horsedealer, which he could not unravel. Debts, bargains, "set-offs," and

loans were all mixed together in Joshua's version of the affair in inextricable confusion. He had vainly tried to come to some arrangement with the fellow, and remembered particularly the unpleasant look on his face as he said,—“You may tell your father as I shall come over soon for a settlement.”

“See thee, lad,” said his father, coming up behind him suddenly and taking him gently by the shoulder. ‘Fair play’s a jewel,—sin’ thy mind is so set upo’ this lass, if you choose to go in for her and ma’ her lend me this money her aunt left her gin yer married, I’m game—tho’ it’s a poor creatur’s daughter to wed wi’. Sammy Elliot’s been here again outrageous for’s brass, and I dunna know where to turn for some.’”

“What, refuse Cassie when she’d nought, and offer for her fleece like as if she were a sheep!” said Roland, fiercely, in a tone which he had never used to his father before. “I’m none so base!”

“Well, ye may please yersen, it’s your matter more nor mine. The business and a’ will fall through an this goes on; but I’m getting an old man, so p’r’aps it dunno sinnify. Why, I’d wed wi’ the Devil’s daughter if so be she’d money, and bide wi’ the old folk an I were you, Roland, and wanted brass as we do now!” said his father, with a grin. And then a little sorry to have shown his cards so plainly, he went on, “And ye was so sore set upo’ the lass a while back, and thought no end o’ her for a’ the fine things under the sun when I were t’ other way, and now when I’m come over, ye’re so contrary, like a woman as doesna know her own mind!”

He went out of the room as he spoke, and let the temptation work. It is a very good plan to treat conscientious scruples as if they were mere marks of weakness and indecision; few can help being influenced more or less by the look which their deeds bear in the eyes of others.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DRUID’S STONES.

FOR a few days Roland was firm against the idea; at the end of that time, however, he heard that German had been inquiring for him. He dared not go up to Stone Edge with his bad conscience about him, poor fellow. “She’s a rich ’ooman now,” he muttered; but he thought there would be no harm in lighting a fire on the rock. “Who knows whether she mightn’t look out?” The first time nothing came of it, no one had seen his sign; the next night the wind blew out his fire; but the third time German, as he drove the cows home, saw the little pale blue column rising in the still evening air, and went and fetched his sister and lit the return fire. The original signal was suddenly trampled out, and German, as he watched it, pointed this out, and said, with some compunction for his doubts as to Roland’s good faith, “He sees ourn, lass; I shouldn’t wonder if he’ll be here afore long.”

Restless and uneasy, she hurried down to the house again to tell Lydia.

“Sit thee down, dear child. Even if he be coming, he canna be up at the Stones for this hour welly an he had wings.”

“Dunna stop me, dear, I canna bide still; let me go up there and wait a bit; ’twill do me good even he dunna come. I feel as if the room were stiflin’ o’ me.” Lydia said no more, but followed her up to the summit.

It was not often that the winds were still on that exposed point, but this evening there was hardly a breath stirring, as the shadows gradually sank over the magnificent view at their feet. Folds of hill, deep clefts in the rock, open dales with the blue river tracing out its own course, and catching golden reflections on its windings here and there; beyond all, the purple moors, which stretched without a break, it was said, right on over the border.

At the foot of the great dark stones which had seen such strange sights in their youth, grim, grey, and terrible in themselves and their recollections, sat the two women, in perfect silence. Cassie had clasped her arms round her knees and laid her head upon them, till Lydia, in the dumb pain of seeing such self-concentration, lifted it up without speaking, and laid her own head there. The movement broke the spell of silent grief, and she burst into tears.

“Suppose it should be as father and they all says?” she sobbed. “One ’ud think if he’d cared he might ha’ come back frae York or sent a’ that time I were wi’ aunt Bessie; he mun ha’ knowed I should be there.”

Lydia soothed and petted her. “I’m hoping as he’ll soon be here, my darlin’, and once ye can see intil each other’s eyes mebbe all will be plain.” And then in terror lest old Ashford should miss them from their work and come out after them, she whispered, “I’ll send German to thee,” and went off in haste.

The shadows fell darker and darker as the afterglow departed, but a great bank of magnificent fleecy clouds, heaped in masses many thousand feet high, and tinged with gorgeous sunset hues, moved in stately procession across the valley. The sun set, the earth grew dim, but their lofty eminences caught the rays long after the world was in shadow, till at last their splendid tints died away into a hectic paleness like that of Mont Blanc himself when left by the sun’s light.

It was so striking that Cassandra’s attention was diverted, and she watched the death-like change as a sort of omen with a deep sigh, when behind her she heard a motion and turned suddenly, for “the Stones” had a bad name as an eerie place, though she was fearless of such things at that moment. It was only Roland, out of breath with his rush up the hill.

She sprang up and he seized both her hands, but somehow the thought of the mean bargain he was sent there to drive, threw a constraint over his manner which Cassandra saw immediately and felt keenly.

"I wanted to see yer—to tell yer"—she began, constrainedly too. "Have yer heard, Roland," she added, more naturally, "that my uncle have a paid me the sixty-eight pounds? and I wanted to say that th' ould squire will ha' his back rents, and so feyther mun take it to pay him wi'. You know it were my mother's by right, and so he ought to ha' had it before," she repeated mechanically. "But he'll gie his consent, happen you'll take me without it," said the poor girl with a tearful smile.

"Oh, Cassie! and my father's sent me up to say I may marry thee an thou't lend *him* the money!" groaned Roland, leaving hold of her hands.

The poison of mistrust had entered into poor Cassie's soul, and she shivered within herself: "I mun let my own father hae what I hae got," she said aloud gravely.

Nature had endowed Cassandra with a most imperial presence not at all matching the tender heart within, and as she turned away with her majestic manner, repeating, "There's no one else has a right to't," poor Roland's soul sank within him. He had no courage to explain that he knew he could not and ought not to leave his father. It was not so much that it was quite impossible for Joshua to get on at all without some one he could rely on to look after his affairs, and attend to the cattle and horses as they were bought and sold, but that deep in his heart was the conviction that the love of his son was the only tender point in the unscrupulous Joshua's character, and that it kept him from some evil things. Yet such a house could only be bearable to Cassie if she came with his father's full consent; he could not even think otherwise of asking her to live with them. All this trembled on his lips, but found no expression; it sounded to him too bald and cold to put into words, to sacrifice her thus, as it were, to one so little worthy; and poor Cassie, after waiting a moment for him to say more, for the word which she had predetermined must vindicate him from her father's taunt, turned away with the outward self-control which her life of trial had taught her.

"Ye'r not goin' to leave me so," said poor Roland passionately. She turned irresolutely for a moment, and he seized her in his arms and kissed her hands, her shoulders, everything but her lips, fervently; but she drew herself away, when still he said no more, and moved quietly towards German, who was standing waiting for her by the rude stone-wall which fenced in the wild bit of moor-land where stood the Druid's temple, and went off silently into the grey evening.

"She haven't even looked round," said the poor fellow, flinging his arms over his head and turning headlong down the steep hill-side.

Cassandra went straight into the house with a fixed expression in her face which frightened Lydia's anxious heart; but words there were none, and she seemed glad to occupy herself by obeying her father's impatient demands for bread-and-cheese and beer. Only once, as she and Lyddy met in the dark passage that led to the kitchen, she whispered in answer to a loving pressure of her hand,—

"His father sent him to chaffer for the money hissen."

“Not for hissen!”

Lydia's incredulous tone was balm to the poor girl's heart. Later, when each had retired to rest and all the house was still, Lydia crept quietly to the upper chamber where Cassie abode. She had thrown herself, half kneeling half sitting, on a low box at the foot of her little bed, her face hidden on her outstretched arms. Lydia knelt down by her in silence and put her arms round her waist.

“And that he should ha' cared for me only so long as he hoped I'd brass to gie him,” she said with a quivering sob.

“I dunnot b'lieve it,” said Lyddy.

“Then why didn't he say he'd marr' me, pounds or no pounds?” said poor Cassie, anxious to be contradicted.

“Dear heart, I weren't there, I canna speak to it. Mebbe he canna manage other wi' that old rogue his father. But he'd surely not ha' come nigh thee now an it werena false about the Mitchell lass—and we wunna give up one as has a been good and true till now an we ha' more knowledge nor this. And now get to bed, my darlin'. I munna ha' thee sick.” And before she left her she had seen her laid in her little white nest.

But in the middle of the night Lydia rose gently and went to see how her child fared. Her tall white figure looked so spirit-like, in the light which the late moon poured through the low window, that Cassie gave a little cry as she entered.

“Oh, Lyddy dear, I'd a been prayin' so hard that God A'mighty would make all straight and bring us thegether agin, that I'm sure it'll come to pass; it seemed to me as though I'd wrestled and won, and then I thought thee wast the angel happen come to tell me so. Dost thou not think we get what we pray for with all our hearts?”

Lydia's mild eyes were clouded, and as Cassie urged her again, she answered. “Yes, I believe that God gives his blessing on all earnest prayer. Sleep, dearie—take thy rest now.”

The next day Cassandra was apparently cheerful and relieved; she went about in the triumph of her belief: but the day after her spirit flagged again, and a restless depression came over her which struck deep into Lydia's heart. In the afternoon, as she sat before the never-ending heap of mending which she generally took on herself—as Cassie “never could abide” sitting still—the poor girl went in and out in a sort of aimless tidying of what was already spotless neatness, as if she could only keep her mind quiet by perpetual motion of her limbs. At last she came and leant over the back of Lydia's chair, so that she might not see the working of her face.

“Lyddy, you b'lieve in prayer?”

“Yes, dearie, or I should lay me down and die.”

“Nay, I dunna mean that. I mean as how if we pray fervently we git what we ask,” she repeated anxiously.

“Dear lass t' other night when thee spoke on't, my thoughts was like

this skein—tangled, and I couldna speak what was in my heart. I think it's o' this wise, but we're poor creeturs to understan' Him as the heavens cannot contain. Mebbe thou didst na heed last Sabbath, i' th' churchyard, Farmer Jones, as is new churchwarden, said as how he'd put up parson to hae a prayer for fine weather—for, says he, 'My sister throwed it at me as they was a prayin' for it at Hassop, and I don't see but how we've as good a right as they has to a prayer.' And young Elliott he ups and says, 'Oh, they're prayin' at Hassop for fine weather, be they? that's because their hay's down. I was wi' my uncle at Toad-i'-th'-Hole last Sabbath—'tain't a mile off t'other side the road—and they was a prayin' for rain, cos theim's up, and they're such farmers for turmits. How's God A'mighty to serve 'em both, I wonder: rain one side road, shine t'other?' And I thought to myself that even He'd be rare put about to do this and not do it i' th' same place as 'twere. And that it were more like as how He'd just gie um what was right for um, wi'out mindin' what they axed; that what they had to pray for was to be content either way. Seems to me wi' my own baby I'd ha' gi'en him what was right wi'out waiting to be axed, and if he prayed and cried ever so I wouldn't gie him what were wrong for him, and that he ought to trust me to do right by him. Dear heart, don't He know much better nor we what we want? 'His will, not mine,' said even the greatest. Suppose He gied thee what thee wanted because thee axed, thou'st be 'sponsible as it were, not He. Would thou dare to take thy will so?"

Cassie was silent.

"I've tried it, my dearie, and found what stubble before the wind 'twere. I prayed God for another child—oh, Cassie, how I prayed, and the more I prayed the more miserable I grew; and one morning before light as I sat up in bed and wrestled like Jacob, I saw the words, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' writ up as in fire i' th' air (they'd been i' th' chapter I'd read last thing at night, but I didna mark them), and I knew my prayer were answered; but 'twere by the resting of my longing heart, the bendin' o' my will to His, not His to mine."

Cassandra looked down on the pale upturned face and knew that these were no words, but the experience of one purified by fire of affliction; the face was rapt like a saint's. "But then I'm so much older than thee," she added, with a sad smile.

And Cassie seized her in one of her impulsive passionate embraces and went off without a word. It was difficult indeed to believe that there was only three years' difference between the two: the one with all the overflowing life, the impulse, and rich hopes and imaginations of youth; the other with every wish and thought chastened by sorrow and under strict control. But the greatest contrasts often make the strictest friendships, so long as one is as it were the complement of the other.

Cassie was quieter and better next day, and went about her cheese-making—no doubt cheese is a great help when one is crossed in love. It is much more so, for instance, than lounging in an armchair with some

ugly worsted-work, and then taking "an airing" in a carriage; but still, though this was a consolation in which old Ashford was not likely to stint her, the breaking of her love fell heavy on poor Cassie's bright and sunny nature. In youth one thinks that no such misfortune has ever happened to any other human being before, and it therefore seems strange to be marked out for peculiar suffering. Later in life one realizes the woes of others in a wider range of sympathy, and the personal grief, though no less painful, seems less bitter as a drop in the vast ocean of man's suffering. She wandered often up to the great grave old stones, as if she could collect there the lost pieces of her broken happiness. The wind was sharp and the cold nipping, as the winter drew on, but she seemed to find a sort of comfort there.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARKET-DAY AT YOULCLIFFE.

OLD Nathan was so indignant when he heard what Cassie had done that he sent her word by Nanny that he would not let her come near his house. 'She shouldna ha' had the money to waste un so, an I could stop it,' said he. "What's the use o' thrift I'd like to know? And to ha' a' them good pounds as me and Bessie have a spared these long years just flung away like as if they was dirt, along o' Ashford's muddlin' ways, it's enough to make one mad. They might all one hae been throwed into the bury-hole for a' the good they'll do him too. A fool and his money's soon parted."

Indeed the universal disapprobation was so great, that it seemed as if the poor girl had committed some great fault in giving up every halfpenny she had in the world and her hopes of happiness with it; and Ashford was more intolerably cross even than usual, when she came down with him to sign the paper necessary for her father to get the money. But gratitude is a capricious product, which must not be overladen, or, like the camel, it will refuse to move at all. If you give up your life or your fortune, ten to one the burden is too heavy, and its reply is poor and grudging, while a handful of flowers or a bunch of grapes will produce an extravagant amount of thankfulness. Wordsworth indeed declares that "the gratitude of man has oftener left him mourning" than its reverse. But people are grateful in proportion to the pleasure they receive; not according to the value of the gift or the sacrifice to the giver. It is as in the great scheme of the world: mistake, failure are punished quite irrespective of "good intentions." The universe has no time for good intentions.

So though poor Cassie was giving up her all, old Ashford knew that it was pouring water into a sieve, and did not feel in the least grateful. Only in her case she did it with her eyes open, quite simply, as the only thing possible, and expected neither gratitude for herself nor much good for him.

Her father had taken her down to Youcliffe on a pillion behind him. "That's how yer mother used to go afore ye," said the old man. He was not quite sure himself, however, whether this mode of progression was in order to do her honour, or to ensure her safe return with any dangerous meetings. Let him have the benefit of the doubt. The old mare objected, however, so much to the double burden, and went so slowly, that by the time they reached the beginning of the lone moor it fell dark. "Ye mun walk, Cass, while I lead the mare," said Ashford. As she stumbled along the deep ruts of the track across the dark and desolate moor, she saw the little glimmer, like a glowworm, of the candle which Lydia had set high up in the front window of the old hall to help to guide them on their road home. It shone steadily, though faintly, on their dreary way.

"There ain't as much hope in my love as 'ud make the light of yon candle," said the poor girl to herself; "but it ain't quite dead either. How far it do shine, for sure," she added gratefully for the omen.

There was no communication whatever with Youcliffe possible for either Cassie or German during the next two or three months. Ashford's rheumatism was better, and he insisted on going himself whenever there was anything necessary to be done there.

The time for paying his rent came on only too quickly for the old farmer. It always took place just after market-day, for the convenience of many of the squire's tenants, and German drove down some sheep and a calf to Youcliffe early in the morning, the sale of which was to make up the rent along with poor Cassie's money.

It was a stormy black day, with gusts of sleet and drizzle at intervals which promised to become worse—cold, dark, and disagreeable as was Ashford's temper that morning. He rode down himself, and sent his son home as soon as the cattle were safe in the market.

Everything seemed to go wrong with him: when he went up to receive the money belonging to Cassie, the lawyer through whose hands it passed greeted him with, "So you're taking your daughter's portion, I hear?" As he came out of the door, thrusting the notes into his pocket and swearing terribly, he almost ran against the hated Joshua—who, however, turned quickly up an alley, as if to get out of his way; and Ashford went back to the narrow irregular old grey market-place, where at that moment a great brown mass of cattle, sheep, and pigs were swaying and surging hither and thither, lowing and bleating and screeching in every variety of sound of fright and distress, to which no one paid the smallest heed.

In the midst rose a tall mutilated stone cross, set on a high square flight of steps. The unobjectionable shaft was all that was left: the arms had been broken off by pious Puritans, apparently that their protest against all the cruelty and suffering that was going on below might not be seen. The gospel of mercy to beasts has hardly yet been preached. The Church of Rome did her best for them, most unsuccessfully, by giving them a saint all to themselves to look after them, and appointing a day for their blessing at

Rome,—with what effect the Catholic cruelties of Spain and Naples show. In England the Puritans almost took the other tack: the infliction of pain was never wrong in their eyes; and, as Lord Macaulay says, they objected to bull-baiting, not because it gave pain to the beasts, but because it gave pleasure to the men. We have been no better than our neighbours, and it is curious how entirely we have forgotten that cock-fighting and bull-baiting lasted well into this century. But however this may be, market-day at Youlcliffe was not a pleasant sight. A great drove had come in from Scotland, which added to the confusion and press. From time immemorial they had always been driven across the moors, camping out every night without paying anything: but the cultivated land had gradually encroached on the waste; and the drover, in a loud, harsh, Scotch accent, was declaiming on his wrongs,—how, where last year was open heather, he had found stone-walls enclosing fields, and, horror of horrors, had had to pay a pike! He evidently thought the ruin of a country which enclosed its moors must be near at hand.

“It’s a real shame,” he shouted, “a spoilin’ o’ puir honest bodies ganging o’ their lawfu’ traffic.”

“I dunno see why we should spend our brass a makin’ rowads for you to mar un, and kip yourn in your pockets,” said a shrewd local. There was much to be said on both sides in such a cause.

The bystanders were listening to the dispute. There was a greater abundance than usual of stock of all kinds, and Ashford did not get the attention he thought he ought or the price he expected for his sheep.

“Why, Joshua Stracey have a sold two in the last hour, and got more nor *that*,” said an ill-looking fellow, a sort of horsedealer, who stood by.

“He cheated me, and he’s like to ha’ cheated you,” shouted the old man.

“That mayna be althegether the same thing,” said the fellow, tauntingly. “Ye may hoodwink the crow, but hardly the kestrel; but it werena me that bought un.”

Ashford threw him an angry answer, and went on.

But the negotiations for the calf were quite as stormy with the next purchaser. They were only haggling over a few shillings, but the stranger stood by, and managed to throw in a dash of bitterness which delayed them when they were nearly agreed, and the quarrel grew more and more furious.

“Well, come in, and let’s ha’ a glass of yale, and ha’ done wi’ it,” said the buyer, at last wearied out. “It’s getting quite late; it’s nigh on four o’clock.”

The public, with its sanded floor and great old open fire-place, looked very tempting, though a wet circle of rain stood round every new-comer. The fire-light shone on the pewter pots and gleamed on the rows of plates on the dresser, and there was a fiddle going at intervals: an unorthodox innovation, over which Nathan, who had formerly been the owner, shook

his head severely whenever he heard it mentioned. "It warn't nivr so in my day, and comes to no good," said he.

Within this charmed circle the company sat, "o'er all the ills of life victorious;" and the dark night and cold gusts of rain without seemed to grow less and less pleasant to face as the time went on. Moreover, the dear delights of quarrelling, for those who enjoy that exercise like old Ashford, are not easily foregone.

Even the mollifying effects of ale and the money for the calf did not put an end to it. The horsedealer would not let Ashford alone, and the old farmer went on doggedly drinking glass for glass and answering taunt by taunt.

"I'll bet ye anything ye please you'll not sell that lot o' heifers for nothing like what ye giv' for 'um."

"And what business is that o' yourn, I'd like to know? they're as good beasts as iver was bred, and 'll fetch their money anywhere."

"Arena ye coming, Ashford? ye mun make haste; it's coming on to blow, and 'twill be a dark night," said Buxton, who belonged to the farm nearest Stone Edge, and had arranged to ride back with him and a third farmer. "Three's better nor one along that lonesome road; you'd best come home wi' me and Antony."

"I'm old enough to know what's best mysen," said Ashford, on whom the ale began to tell.

The horsedealer went on baiting him. "And how much did ye get for the dun cow? Twenty pund? No, nor the half on it; them cows here is of a very poor breed."

"I canna wait any longer, Ashford," said the farmer; "we mun be going."

"I'm comin' arter ye; get along," said he angrily, and by this time half-tipsy. "I know well enough what I'm about. Ye won't catch old Ashford tripping," he added, with drunken pride. "I'll catch ye up afore ye're at the Windy Gap," and he returned to his quarrel and his beer.

At this moment Joshua looked in at the door and asked for a glass of gin—then, pointing with his thumb at Ashford, who sat with his back to the door, made signs that he would return. "There's been rowing enough to-night," he said in a low voice; "a body canna speak wi' him i' th' road. I'll come back for 't when he's flitted."

In a few minutes the horsedealer got up and went out to fetch his horse, saying, "The cob will ha' hard work to get to Hawkesley; 'twill be an awful night for man and beast."

And old Ashford suddenly seemed to bethink himself how the short twilight was closing in, that he had a large sum of money about him, and six miles of lonely road before him. It seemed to sober him at once. Buxton had not been gone above a quarter of an hour, when he rose and hurried to the stable for his horse. He was a long time fumbling over it, however. The bridle was mislaid: he swore at the ostler, but it was

several minutes before it could be found, and nearly dark before he started; and then he waited a few minutes more for a man who was going part of the same way: the road, however, forked off a mile or so from the town—his companion took the other turn, and he rode on alone,

“I were the biggest fool i’ th’ market,” muttered Ashford to himself, as he felt for the roll of notes in one breast-pocket and the bag of sovereigns in the other, and rode on in the increasing darkness. The sleet was driving in his face and the wind rising—the old mare going slower as the weather grew worse and he urged her more.

“I shanna catch them up nohow; how could I be such an ass?” thought he. He was still a strong man, and his cudgel was heavy, but his bones were growing stiff, as he knew. The old mare went sliding on through the thick mud and the streams which poured down the road, and at one place came to a dead halt. He listened, and thought he heard horses’ steps ahead, and pressed on, hoping it might be Buxton, but his progress was slow.

He had reached a dark part of the road, where the trees, leafless though they were, shut out even the little that remained of the dim evening light. The mare stumbled over a big stone, which must have been placed there on purpose, in the bed of a watercourse which crossed the road, and over which the torrent was rising. Before he recovered himself he had received a violent blow from behind on the back of his head. He turned stoutly to defend himself, but his foot had been jolted out of the stirrup with the stumble; a second blow disabled his arm, and in another minute he was dragged off his horse, while the cudgel was descending a third time.

Coolie Labour and Coolie Immigration.

THE pressing and increasing cry for field-labour in our intertropical colonies and dependencies, and in other countries lying within or adjacent to the tropics, has turned the attention of cultivators and of governments to that available supply which, under the comprehensive name of Coolies, embraces the yellow-skinned men of China and the darker races of India. The production of sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, and tobacco is so dependent for the future on Oriental labourers, who must take the place of, or at least supplement, the African negro, diminished in numbers and no longer economical in husbandry, that Europeans have ceased to regard the subject of coolie labour with apathy, and feel the sincere interest which arises when the supply of accustomed comforts is endangered.

In presenting the following particulars and statistics relating to coolie labour and immigration, we have availed ourselves largely of the enlightened reports furnished to the Hawaiian Government by Dr. Hillebrand, the commissioner despatched by that government to travel in China, India, and through other regions whence a supply of labour might be expected. We commence with the Chinese emigrants.

The principal ports from which coolies are drawn are Hong Kong, Macao, Canton, Amoy, and Swatow. Emigration from the North of China has been attempted, but without success. The Northern Chinese are greatly attached to their homes, poor and miserable as these are, and they look with suspicion upon any proposal which would remove them from their accustomed haunts. The French Government endeavoured to induce the peasantry to emigrate by issuing advertisements, with detailed conditions, in some of the principal Northern cities; but their invitations produced no effect on the population. Bonded coolies are demanded by and deported to the following places, which are arranged in the order of their importance and urgency of demand:—To Peru, to Cuba, to the British West Indies (principally Demerara and Trinidad), to Dutch Guiana, to Tahiti, to India, and to Java. The coolie trade to Peru and to Cuba is entirely in the hands of private contractors—Peruvians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and French. It is carried on entirely from Macao, with the exception of one establishment at Canton, that of a Frenchman, who ships to Havana.

There are at Macao six or eight depôts, from which about 30,000 to 40,000 coolies are shipped every year to Peru and Cuba. The coolies are furnished to the depôts by recruiting-agents, Chinese or Portuguese, many of them men of very disreputable character, and not a few more

than suspected of being connected with piracy. It is almost needless to remark that they resort to most unscrupulous means for obtaining recruits. The firms in Macao which they supply are very well aware of their character; but the demand for coolies is too active to allow them to inquire particularly into the means employed to obtain them. The laws regulating the trade enacted by the government at Macao are fair and humane, but they are habitually disregarded or evaded. One salutary regulation exists, that all intending emigrants shall have free ingress and egress at the depôts till two days previous to their sailing; but it is well understood in Macao that no Chinaman once entering the depôt will leave it again before his departure. Recruiting under these circumstances is very unpopular, difficult, and dangerous. It is also, as a consequence, expensive. Coolies delivered at a Macao depôt cost the trader from 35 to 70 dollars each, head-money. The number of ships at the disposal of the Macao traders is limited, English and American ships being forbidden to carry Macao coolies, and it being seldom that German vessels can be induced to engage in this service. Freights are therefore high. The ships employed are under military equipment and discipline, somewhat resembling English convict-ships; the coolies on board them are only allowed an airing on deck by squads of twenty to forty together, and the whole proceeding resembles the middle-passage in its general features; but the coolies being far less submissive than negroes, revolts and mutinies frequently occur.

Suicides are common, and the mortality is very great, averaging as high as 25 per cent. A frightful disaster happened in April, 1866, when 50 Chinamen were burned to death on board the ship *Napoleon Canavero*, in a conflagration purposely kindled by some mutineers. During the eight months, from August, 1865, to April, 1866, no less than sixteen cases of nautiny—many of them having very serious results—were reported in Hong Kong papers; all but two of them having occurred on board ships sailing from Macao. These circumstances tend to raise the price of a Macao coolie. At Callao they are “sold” at an average price of 300 dollars, and at Cuba they often “fetch” 500 dollars.* The contracts run for eight years. The Macao coolies are all males, no women being ever shipped there; the men are selected entirely for physical qualities. It is quite a relief to turn from this account to the ameliorated system pursued under the agency of the British West India colonies in Canton. A depôt is there established large enough for the reception of several hundred emigrants at a time. The present agent receives a standing salary. No head-money is permitted, and no contractors are dealt with. The establishment is conducted according to the laws and regulations of the British Government, and is placed under the supervision of the regular

* We leave these naïve expressions, which may have escaped unperceived from Dr. Hillebrand's pen, without other comment than inverted commas. They are sufficiently suggestive of some unexpressed truths lying behind the details of “free coolie labour.”

consular authorities. The doors of the depôt remain open, and the emigrants are free to go in or out till the day before their sailing. Ships are despatched only during the north-east monsoon. Single-decked vessels are alone employed, and not more than 500 coolies are sent in a ship of 1,300 tons. The average length of the voyage is from 86 to 120 days; and the mortality ranges from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The entire cost of the coolies, when landed in Trinidad or Demerara, is from 23*l.* to 26*l.* for each individual. 30 per cent. of women are sent from Canton. These receive a bonus of 20 dollars, and are not bound by any contract to work. The planter who takes the husband takes the wife with him, pays her cost, and maintains her. The colonial governments which conduct the immigration business defray one-third of the expense from the public treasury, and the planters pay an even rate for men and women. In the colonies mentioned, both Chinese and Indian labourers are employed. The colonists seem hitherto to have been well satisfied with the mixed emigrants; but of late the question has been under discussion whether it would not be desirable for the future to draw the whole supply from China, a rise being anticipated in the cost of labourers from India.

Surinam and the whole of Dutch Guiana stand next in precedence in the demand for coolies from China. These colonies established an agency in 1863 or 1864, and have drawn probably up to the end of 1865 from 1,500 to 2,000 coolies. A return passage is secured to these emigrants, also the right of changing their masters. The rate of mortality during their transport does not usually exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and women and children accompany the men. Letters from Surinam express entire satisfaction with these emigrants.

Tahiti drew, in 1865-66, 500, and was continuing to import them. Very satisfactory accounts of them have reached Hong Kong from Tahiti, and from London, where the chief office of the company is established which has entered exclusively on the cultivation of cotton and sugar in Tahiti. This emigration is carried on by the same agency that acts for Surinam, but no women are sent to the South Pacific.

It is a remarkable fact that India should have entered the Chinese labour-market. In 1863, 3,000 Chinese coolies were sent from Hong Kong to Bombay to be employed on railroads. They were supplied through the agency of an English mercantile house in Hong Kong; they proved, however, so turbulent that they were returned before their term of contract expired. Nevertheless, the directors of a company formed for draining extensive marshes in the Sunderbunds contemplate introducing some 6,000 labourers from China for that work. It must be borne in mind with regard to India, that Calcutta and Bombay are themselves the principal marts of the labour-export from India to other countries.

Java again, although it has a population of thirteen millions, has sent to China for labourers to complete the first railroad in the island. During Dr. Hillebrand's visit to Hong Kong in April, 1865, the Dutch Government employed a commercial firm there to secure at least 5,000 men. Besides

these contract-exported coolies, there has been a steady voluntary emigration for many years from China to the Straits Settlements and all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, in most of which the Chinese monopolize the petty trade, and also perform a large proportion of the agricultural labour. There is also a steady influx of Chinese to Australia and California, and in California the railroad work is being monopolized by them, in spite of a violent prejudice against their race. Dr. Hillebrand thinks it also probable that the Chinese labourer will very shortly have made his entrance into the cotton and cane fields of the Southern States of the American Union.

The foregoing facts show the great importance of the Chinese labourer, humble as is his position or his individuality. He supplants the Malay or the negro: outdoes the Javanese and the Hindoo in their own countries, where wages do not average above 5 rupees per month; and he even begins to rival the white man in his own domain. There must be some potent reason for this preference, which overbalances the great moral defects inherent in the Chinese coolie. One point seems established, that their labour is more profitable than that of other races, except the negroes in slavery, and even that exception is not universal. It is of course unavoidable that any country importing coolies to a large extent will have a certain proportion of bad characters; especially as China is disorganized and demoralized by many years of civil war. The Chinese are, on the whole, peaceable and orderly, but their natural character is very different from the negro or Polynesian. They are tenacious of their rights, quick in temper and ready to fight, and accustomed to see death and suffering with indifference. In Hawaii, coolies are anxiously desired for the sake of their labour; though, owing to some atrocious crimes having been perpetrated by them there, there is among the non-employers of labour a considerable prejudice against them. Dr. Hillebrand is strongly persuaded of the extreme importance to other countries of coolie labour, and enters minutely into the plans for procuring it, securing a good quality of labourers, testing their capacity, avoiding fraud, regulating the expense, &c. He strongly urges the desirableness of importing women as well as men, considering that upon the association of the sexes greatly depends the difference between their condition and that of slaves. At the same time he perceives that this introduces a special difficulty in the choice of the men, healthy married women being preferable to others; but he mentions as disappointing to planters the ugliness and low stature of Chinese women of the labouring classes, accustomed to domestic drudgery and to field-work from their earliest childhood.

Passing now to the other great emporium of labour, coolies are imported from India to Ceylon, Bourbon, Mauritius, Demerara, Trinidad, St. Kitts, Santa Lucia, Jamaica, the Danish colony of St. Croix, and the French West India islands. Emigration to all these places is conducted by agents of the respective countries, except to Ceylon, to which island the flow is spontaneous.

Labourers can be drawn from India only under special treaty engagements by the several governments of the importing countries, Great Britain being exceedingly watchful over the rights of its Indian subjects, securing for them every possible guarantee for good treatment and fair dealing, and insisting on a free return passage for them or a commutation thereof in money. Dr. Hillebrand accords great praise to the Indian Government for the care and attention which is bestowed on this subject, and he was struck by the minuteness of the regulations issued by the Secretary for India and all the details bearing on the condition of the coolie.

The number of railroads to be constructed in India, the many fresh agricultural enterprises undertaken there, and the increasing tea and cotton cultivation, promise, however, so great and increasing a demand for labour, that in spite of the difference of wages obtainable elsewhere compared with the low payment in India, a feeling is rising there against the emigration of coolies, and there is an apparent probability of a rise in prices of exported labour. Labourers for the tea districts of Assam and Cachar are recruited from the low countries on both sides of the Ganges—from the hilly country south of Behar, and in less numbers from Nepaul. These coolies are shipped at the rate of from 1,500 to 2,000 a month. Their engagement is for three years, and they are paid 5 rupees a month, nine hours being reckoned the working day. A daily task is, however, generally assigned to them such as an ordinary labourer could accomplish in nine hours, and for what they do above that they receive extra payment. They are carried by railroad to Kooshtee, and thence in boats up the river, the voyage occupying from two to three weeks. The labourers drawn from the countries along the Ganges are low-caste Hindoos, not particularly strong or muscular, but hardy and accustomed to labour, and they bear the voyage well. The best of these are from the district of Shahabad. Those from the hill country, comprising the districts of Chotanagpore, Palamow, Ramgurh, Singbhoom, Dalbhoom, and Manbhoom, belong to various tribes of Koles, Sontals, and Dnuggurs. They are very dark and rather small, with a strongly developed thorax. They have lower foreheads, broader faces, and flatter noses than the Hindoos, and somewhat coarse hair. They are dirty in habit and very low in civilization, have no particular religion, and though docile and willing to work, they bear the voyage very badly. The mortality amongst them on journeys to the tea districts has been 20 to 25 per cent., and has even risen as high as 30 per cent. on a voyage to the Mauritius, on which account the planters there now refuse to take them, although they would otherwise choose them, especially as these coolies preferred remaining on the island at the expiration of their term of service to returning to India.

The coolies from Nepaul are considered too fiery and independent for use in agriculture, and they resent corporal punishment. They are of the Thibetan branch of the Mongolian race, and very similar to the Chinese. For recruiting labourers native officers are employed, and on being brought to Calcutta, the coolies are maintained at the depôt till the required

number is made up. They are then provided with everything necessary—clothing, provisions, bunks, medical attendance, &c. The expense up to the time of shipment, and apart from clothing, is from 21 to 25 rupees for each person. Freight to Mauritius, including all extras, has averaged from 48 to 52 rupees a head. This information was obtained from Messrs. Bernerly and Co., Emigration Agents, and was confirmed by Captain Bunbank, Protector of Emigrants. The latter estimated the average mortality on a voyage to the tea districts at 3 per cent. only. Mauritius draws coolies chiefly from Patna, Behar, Monghyr, Shahabad, Ghazee-pore, Azingurh, and Goruckpore. The West India colonies receive them from Benares, Cawnpore, Allahabad, and other districts farther up the river. The charges for recruiting vary according as the countries for which emigrants are sought are favourably known or otherwise. Mauritius is in great favour; whilst the tea districts have to pay the most, the people disliking to go to the highlands and wet forest districts, where the breaking up fresh ground for new plantations causes fevers and other diseases. The recruiting charges for Mauritius are 6 rupees; for the West India colonies, from 10 to 12 rupees; for the tea districts, 16 to 18 rupees. These charges are exclusive of the Calcutta agent's commission, and of the expenses of maintenance and at the depôt. Freight to Mauritius averages 55 rupees; to the West Indies, 12*l.* sterling. The agent for the West India colonies was allowed to draw for the expenses of each coolie till he is ready for shipment 3*l.* sterling, but latterly the amount has been increased to 3*l.* 5*s.* Mauritius allows one-third less. Captain Eales, agent for Mauritius, complains of the increasing difficulties thrown in the way of recruiting by planters, manufacturers, and all Europeans settled in the country. Lately it had been somewhat easier, on account of the famine caused by the failure of the rice-crop. During the year 1865 Demerara received 2,500 statute adults; Trinidad, 1,200; St. Croix and Grenada, 400. Coolies for Mauritius are engaged for five years. They receive for the first year 5 rupees per month, and are found in everything. Their wages increase regularly, up to 14 rupees a month in the fifth year. A back passage is not granted. In the West Indies a male adult can earn from 10 to 12 annas a day wages, equal to fifteenpence to eighteenthpence a day, pay being given for work above the regular task. A back passage is guaranteed, after ten years service in the colonies.

The great mortality amongst the Hill coolies alluded to is caused by cholera, and is ascribed chiefly to sudden change of diet. These poor people are accustomed, in their own country, to an insufficient supply of the worst and poorest food. As soon as they are on board ship, where they are able to eat well and abundantly, the effect on their digestive powers appears to be most disastrous. But for this mortality in transport, they would be very useful and desirable labourers.

During nine months of the year 1865 the number of emigrants from the three Presidencies of India amounted to 13,774 men, women, and children; and 3,500 more at sea—on their passage thence—made a total

of 17,274 persons. Deducting 2,274 for young children, and 4,000 women, there remain 11,000 males, a number evincing the willingness of East Indians to emigrate to Mauritius, while the comparatively small number returning speaks well for their satisfaction with the treatment they receive there. Dr. Hillebrand, comparing the relative merits of Indian and Chinese coolies, writes as follows:—"While the Indian coolie is easily managed and submissive—thanks to the low servile condition in which the low-caste Hindoos are born and brought up in their own land—the Chinaman is independent and fiery in his disposition, and violent in action. The former has hardly a conception of rights, while the latter will stick or fight for what he considers his rights and privileges. Supposed wrongs and insults he will at once oppose by force, while the Indian accepts them with apparent submission, quietly biding his time; with him poison takes the place of the knife. Their relations to the white race are alike unsatisfactory, but altogether different. The Chinese, in the vain conceit of the superiority of his race and civilization, looks on the white race as inferior—at least in this country. The Hindoo, under the external garb of submissiveness, bears and nourishes towards his white master an intense hatred. The Indian accommodates himself to circumstances, works himself readily into new conditions of life, change of food, dress, &c.; while the Chinaman will cling pertinaciously to the staple of his country—rice, and the final scope of his life and labour is always to return to the flowery kingdom, that his bones may find there a suitable burial-place—a notion with which the low-caste Hindoo is not tainted to any extent. He will be ready to emigrate with his wife and children, in the hope of bettering their circumstances, a resolution to which a true Chinaman can only be moved with difficulty. As to capacity for labour, the difference is very great: in general, the Chinaman is more muscular and bony, though small of stature; he has been accustomed to hard labour from childhood, is quick and energetic in his actions, and enduring in his labour—qualities which contrast strongly with the slow and lazy movements of the Indian. On the other hand, the Indian is less exclusive, and more likely to amalgamate and fix his permanent abode among other races."

The nineteenth century has witnessed the commencement of an exodus of labour, in several directions, from an empire which contains in itself one-third of the human race. It is as the first overflowings of some vast reservoir, or of a long-pent-up mountain lake. Our age has also seen the breaking down of national prejudices and the influx of European ideas in China. Whereas, formerly, death was the penalty on returning for those subjects who forsook her shores, no restriction now prevents the celestials visiting other countries. Twenty years ago an Englishman could only leave one of the five treaty ports for a few hours; at the present day the emissaries of Christianity may penetrate every part of the empire in freedom and in safety. The Chinese have already settled themselves in Australia, in the islands of the Pacific, in Mauritius, and elsewhere; and it seems likely that they will extend their march to other kindreds, nations,

and languages. Like all great emigrations, their arrival brings good and ill to the peoples among whom they carry their labour, or allow it to be carried. "The evil that men do lives after them." The Chinese are already sowing the seeds, in the countries which invite them, of some unknown vices and some new diseases. The former must be controlled and repressed by police regulations; the latter require the utmost vigilance to prevent their spread, and their becoming endemic in new abodes.

The most dreaded disease of China is leprosy, called there *Ma Fung*, which is apparently identical with the leprosy seen in Arabia and Hindostan, where it is named *Juzam* or *Judham*, from a root signifying amputation, because of the erosion or truncation of the fingers and toes which takes place in the last stage of the disease. This scourge is intertropical, and is clearly distinguishable in its symptoms and diagnosis from the European leprosy. It is hereditary, but is commonly believed in China to disappear in the fourth generation. It is uncongenial to cold climates, and apparently finds cleanliness as uncongenial. Persons afflicted with the disease are said to have lost it during a residence in Peking, but were attacked by it again on their returning to the South. Heat, dirt, the unwholesome diet of the poorer classes of the Chinese, swamps and stagnant water, are conditions favourable to the propagation and development of the disease, if they do not by themselves originally induce it. Doctor Lockhart mentions leprosy being very prevalent in a low-lying and much-flooded valley called Yen-tung. Goitre and cretinism in Switzerland abound under analogous circumstances. In a paper read before the Royal Asiatic Society in 1852, Dr. Benjamin Hobson, whose long residence as a physician in Canton had given him ample opportunities of studying the disease, collected in one view all that was up to that time known, believed, and surmised about leprosy. We may, therefore, spare ourselves many of its painful details. Among its first symptoms are a redness and numbness of parts of the body, hoarseness of voice, thinness of the hair, and often baldness, whitlows under the nails, &c. The Canton Leper House, at the time Dr. Hobson wrote, contained seven hundred patients of both sexes. The afflicted people themselves believed the disease to be incurable. Other information was furnished to Dr. Hobson by Dr. Mouat, Professor of Medicine in the Medical College of Calcutta; Dr. R. Stuart, in charge of the Calcutta Leper Asylum; and by Dr. W. Lockhart at Shanghai. The question of the malady being contagious is strongly debated. It would appear from the evidence to be so, but not upon slight contact. The Hindoos regard leprosy as highly contagious. Dr. Stuart entertains great doubts on this head, and says that he had only seen one case which appeared to have been the result of contagion, and that case was cured. There is, unhappily, a more universal consent as to the difficulty and rarity of cures, and the inefficiency of remedies for its relief.

It seems possible, then, that this miserable endemic, which affects the minds as well as the bodies of its victims, does not propagate itself by mere

contact, even in its true habitat : and in China there is no record of a time when leprosy did not exist among the people. It is probable that change of place and external circumstances may render Chinese emigrants more free from its approach themselves, and incapable of infecting with this disease the strangers among whom they sojourn. It was the appearance of a disease of this nature in the Hawaiian islands, called in the native tongue *Mai Pake*, which induced the government there not only to make arrangements for segregating and curing the patients attacked, by erecting a leper hospital near the capital, and forming a settlement on the neighbouring island of Molokoi, but to commission Dr. Hillebrand in China to visit the leper establishments there, and investigate the disease closely in that and other countries where it prevails. In pursuance of his instructions, Dr. Hillebrand studied the disease, and wrote the reports we have previously spoken of. He examined a considerable number of cases, and on a portion of these he made annotations, which he sent home to his government. The following is his description of one of the leper villages :—

“ At my request, Dr. Kerr accompanied me to the largest leper village near Canton. It is situated about two miles and a half from the suburbs of Canton, on a slight eminence, in the midst of cultivated fields, and accommodates between four and five hundred lepers, with their children born in the asylum. All persons recognized or declared by the authorities to be lepers are sent to these asylums, of which there are three in the neighbourhood of Canton. Neither husband, wife, nor children are allowed to accompany the leper to the asylum ; but they are allowed to choose themselves new conjugal mates from the inmates of the same. The children born from these unions remain in the village. I saw of them a great number, varying from the age of infancy to twenty-five years, and, in fact, judging from the great number of *sound* people in the establishment, the offspring would seem to be as numerous as the legitimate occupants of the place. Only one leper admitted that he was the son of another leper then in the place. As a rule, they try to conceal their descent from diseased parents. The village itself forms a rectangle, surrounded by a brick wall twelve feet high, with a gate which is closed every night. The following description may give you an idea of its inner arrangement. A street about fourteen feet wide (wider than any street in Canton) leads from the gate straight up to the temple or joss-house. From this street branch out at right angles on each side about fourteen narrow lanes, three feet and a half wide, each two separated by one single low building, partitioned again by a wall along its whole length, and crossways by twelve to fourteen cross-walls, so as to form twenty-four narrow apartments. In these small holes that whole mass of population is stowed away every night. Of course, I cannot speak with praise of its state of cleanliness—quite the reverse. During the day the gates are open, and the lepers roam about at liberty, to beg through the streets of Canton. They receive, besides, a small daily allowance from the Government, and the monopoly of the trade of coir-rope making, by which they

earn something in addition. The lepers leave the village in the day-time at pleasure, and their friends enter as freely to visit them, circumstances which go far to demonstrate the popular opinion that the contagion is not volatile or diffusible, or that it requires prolonged actual contact to communicate itself from one person to another. We had taken the precautionary measure to send a message to the village on the day previous that we were coming to distribute alms among them. In consequence of this, the greater portion of the lepers remained at home that day, and I had an opportunity of examining a great number." As a result of his investigation of cases, Dr. Hillebrand satisfied himself that there exist in Chinese leprosy three distinct varieties,—the tubercular form, the crysipelatous, and the simply paretic or paralytic. The latter form is often accompanied with inveterate psoriasis; and he had frequently seen this type of disease in the Hawaiian islands, but had not previously recognized it as leprosy.

To the Mongol, the Hindoo, and the remnant of earlier races that in India hover, like ghosts, about their ancient haunts, the world must look for its supply of tropical labour. For a time, at least, they will bring the energies of bone and muscle of peoples whose hereditary lot has been labour, but whose intellectual powers and whose education, low though it be, are higher than the African's; and they will give them in return for rice, for lodging, and some dollars. Whilst the emancipated Negro throws away his hoe, and dreams of political privileges, the Eastern immigration will be making a silent change in the countries where its labour is prized. These imported workers will not be easily dismissed when they have taken root, and a "miscegenation" not dreamed of by planters and governments will follow as a consequence. For good and for ill they will come into our colonies and dependencies, into that America which we are so often told is "for Americans," into the gold-fields of Australia, and into the scattered islands of the Pacific. Many of the Chinese will acquire property by their frugal and abstemious habits; but crimes of violence have already distinguished their settlements; and as they place little value on their own life, they do not respect the life of others, nor will the fear of death deter them from breaking into the "bloody house," when instigated by anger, jealousy, or the sense of wrong and injustice. Centuries perhaps will, however, have to elapse before the effect of the breaking forth of the old Mongol race among the nations of the earth is seen in its entirety.

Lorlotte and the Capitaine.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY—MADAME DUPONT'S BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS— THE CAPITAINÉ AGREES TO THE SUMMONING OF LORLOTTE.

THE Duponts rented a great perfumery shop in the Rue des Magasins, Paris, and lived in the *entresol*, with the whole air so penetrated and saturated with the sweet fumes of lavender, orange, and millefleurs, that the city home recalled vividly to one sense the barren cliffs, aromatic pastures, and sea-views of Provence. Madame Dupont's orange-tubs and violet-pots in her window were supernumeraries and purely æsthetical in their end.

Madame was the presiding genius of the whole place—*entresol* and shop—a born tradeswoman and manager, ugly, vivacious, lynx-eyed, but not wasting her powers on unnecessary irritability and acts of oppression to the bargain as it were, but calculating their value closely, and putting them out to interest as carefully as the rest of her stock. She regarded M. Dupont as a desirable adjunct to her business and family, was faithful to him in both lights, and even sharply indulgent to him; but she never dreamt of regarding him as anything but an adjunct and her inferior. M. Dupont, on his part, was quite content with his position. It saved him an infinite deal of trouble; it suited his *débonnaire* pleasure-loving disposition. M. Dupont was a dapper little man, with white teeth, a very pretty figure, and a very small foot, all which personal advantages madame had taken into consideration, and valued rather above than below their value in making her alliance with monsieur, qualified and skilled as she was in business transactions. But the strongest fortress has a weak point in its battlements, and the wisest woman's heart has the flaw of a folly.

For the rest, monsieur was idiotically vain, exceedingly good-natured, kind-hearted, and a good deal addicted to lying. Not the lie malicious and spiteful, but the purely gasconading lie, to glorify himself and all belonging to him. Madame and monsieur got on together admirably: he did the ornamental and madame the useful in their married life, and the only fault to be found with the performance was, that the traditional cast of characters in the play suffered a reversal.

The couple had no children, but one of madame's distinctive traits was that she was a great family woman, and acknowledged, brought forward, marshalled, and marched off the carpet, so far as settling them in life was concerned, the kinsmen and kinswomen of herself and monsieur to the remotest degree of consanguinity, with the greatest impartiality. She could afford herself the luxury, for the Duponts were of the substantial

and affluent order of tradespeople, and she took the best plan to be successful in such operations by carrying them on summarily, and without hesitation.

Madame had come upstairs from keeping shop on a fine afternoon in May, after the best hours for sales and for fashionable customers were over. She was in her invariable black gown and jacket, and black head dress ; the last brightened by a yellow rose, which summer and winter, in spite of decades of different makes, never faded or died out of madame's head. When she replaced the lace of the *coiffure* with fresh lace, she took out the immortal rose, pinched and shook it, and restored it in all its original crispness and yellowness to its niche over her right temple.

By way of rest, madame was sewing steadily and with astonishing rapidity,—mending, patching, turning upside down, and inside out, some mysterious portion of her wardrobe, while monsieur, who had done nothing all day save saunter from the *entresol* to the shop and back again, smoke cigarettes, read *Galignani* and the play-bills, lay in a chintz dressing-gown and a Greek cap, on a leopard-skin couch, amidst the white paint, marble, plate-glass, and gilding, with which madame had not failed to furnish and garnish, as the French have it properly, her little *salon*, in which she never sat, except for an hour, as a ceremony required of her by etiquette, every afternoon, or when she was receiving company. Monsieur lay with his eyes shut, except at intervals, when he opened those orbs, round, black, and twinkling, to their full extent, enlarging them, indeed, as far as he was able, to contemplate with intense interest and satisfaction in the mirror opposite him, the curl of his sleek moustache, or to regard with perfect approbation the general symmetry of his tiny foot, which he exerted himself to kick up at a right angle, in order to afford him a finer opportunity of inspection.

“Louis,” exclaimed madame, brusquely—(she had none of the cat-like ways of some of her countrywomen,—no slyness, no stealthy approach to her aim, and feint of retreat when she was about to attack ; though had she been an English woman, she would have been called blunt ; being French, she was now and then stigmatised as brutal)—“I shall have your cousin Lorlotte up from her English school at Boulogne next week, since she is idle, with the scarlet fever among the children.”

“My dear Paulette, you are an angel as usual, but you startle me a little, to the jarring of my teeth,” replied monsieur, with a delicate suggestion that madame's abruptness was too much for him. “Why should you have Lorlotte for the present ? Her great vacations are not till June, when she must come here or board herself, and the little one has no salary to spare after she has gowned, hatted, gloved, and shod herself. I believe she has inherited a slight weakness in the last respect. Never mind, in the meantime the school is obliged to keep her, and she has had the scarlet fever already. Pardon me for my dullness, my friend, but I do not comprehend your invitation,” observed monsieur, innocently.

The fact was, that as good a family woman as madame was, she was by

no means in the habit of treating her relations to bed and board *à la discretion* at all seasons.

"Bah!" ejaculated madame, coolly, "you never see beyond the end of your nose, and you have no end of the nose to speak of to turn the corner." She intermitted her stitching for a second to tap, by way of emphatic contrast, her own prominent, self-asserting, broadly-rooted nose, of which monsieur's smart pug was but a small edition.

"Then help my short sight, madame; you owe it to me," pleaded monsieur, not at all offended.

"My cousin the capitaine is with his regiment on duty at Fontainebleau; next month he will be gone to Cherbourg, or he may be ordered to Algérie. Do you understand?"

Monsieur leapt up so as to sit upright and stamp his foot on the parquetted floor. "*Voilà!* this is the scarlet fever at Paris, which is to supersede that at Boulogne."

Madame did not acknowledge the witticism, but she did not affect a shade of concealment: she nodded the yellow rose, and looked monsieur somewhat stolidly in the face with her green gray eyes. "I have fixed that Lorlotte is the *partie* for the capitaine, and the capitaine for Lorlotte. They meet here next week, are introduced, affianced, and she gets her trousseau without trouble, and they are married without delay. She does not return to her tasks as an instructress; he does not need to waste any more money as a bachelor, or to go to Algérie. Her dot, which has been out at nurse, will suffice for the requirements of the service; his pay will match the interest of her dot. It would have been otherwise had it been Lorlotte's cousin Agathe and her dot. Agathe must look higher. But this marriage is good, excellent for both our cousins; therefore, my child, the affair is fixed unalterably in my mind; it is all but a fact accomplished, and we have only the details to attend to."

Her "child," who served her as well as a child and a great deal better than a parrot or a dog, great or small, credited her statement implicitly; still he had his doubts and objections, and adjunct as monsieur was, he was in as full possession of the liberty of speech as any free-born Briton.

"But the capitaine has fifty years, and Lorlotte only twenty-two."

"Ah, well, so much the richer the capitaine!" madame distanced the objector with grim, disdainful humour.

"The capitaine is not a beau garçon. He is grey-headed. He looks as if he had swallowed his own sword without breaking it, and was not able to bend throughout its length. But Lorlotte is gentille, as gay as a chaffinch, and her English mistresses and pupils have rendered her wild."

"The capitaine is a very good example of a militaire: I should be proud of so warlike a husband," declared madame, in sudden parenthesis, with a strange suspicion of a spice of coquetry, like the most daring and presuming of fairies, lurking within the folds of the black jacket, and underneath the petals of the yellow rose. "And if Lorlotte is a little spei t

the more reason that she should be removed from these romantic, reckless English she is with. It is not possible that the child can have lost her morals in a year and a half's treat. She got a dispensation from her curé I know for her Catholic religion, but she got no dispensation that I heard of from her morals; I would not have permitted such a thing."

"Have you never heard, my dear, that the capitaine is a lion when he is roused; that he falls into the rage like an Englishman when he is provoked?"

"Chansons! we can have care of all that. The lion is the most generous of animals; does not La Fontaine say so? And you know she is used to those English—one of whom hanged himself because they had served him tea without sugar."

"The capitaine could never keep a sous of his pay since I had the honour of his acquaintance. He is not at all a *mauvais sujet*, agreed, madame. On the contrary, he is a father to the boys of his regiment since he entered it a simple soldier; but he spends on beer and pipes and flowers and children, on relieving his comrades from the Mont de Piété, and on charity to the poor, like a *mauvais sujet*."

"Ten thousand reasons why the poor man should marry and give his purse to another. Once Lorlotte is mistress of his *ménage* all that is changed."

Monsieur shrugged his shoulders expressively, as if with a lively realization of that obligation. "Ah! Well, also, Paulette, you are a charming intriguing, a Princess de Benvenuto; my wife, I felicitate you upon it. It is necessary that it is quite equal to me, to Lorlotte, and to the capitaine, since you wish it."

"Without doubt," acquiesced madame, coolly, and with entire conviction, "and I have need that you bring the capitaine to me to-morrow in order that he may be made *au fait* to my views."

"Certainly, madame; I shall seek him out at his café or his crémérie, if he is not in funds. We will take a little turn on the Boulevards: our styles suit: there are never so many dames look aside at me, flash a glance of approval at—my boot, shall I say, Paulette? as when I walk with a moustache grise, putting forth the paw of a polar bear. Ah! there was such a grand dame descending from her carriage in La Rue Lepelletier yesterday, who gave me a smile; but that I am your devoted servant, that smile would have drawn down an angel on his knees. But you are not jealous, ma belle; the foot is yours to run your errands, and I shall sound the capitaine as we take our turn on the Boulevards."

"By no means," negatived madame decidedly and imperatively, but without impatience or ill-humour, nay, she was specially gracious. "Make your foot as pretty as you please, Louis; that is your forte. I am not so *bête* as to quarrel with it. More than that I know it is my member, and, of course, other women envy me the possession of it. What did I marry for? But don't meddle in my matter of proposing his marriage to the capitaine. Mind your own affairs, my son. Hark! There is my bell." And madame gathered up her work and descended like a bee to hum over

the decanting of whole jars of heliotrope and attar of roses, the filling of little *flacons*, the mere waftings of perfume on handkerchiefs and gloves, doing all with conscious, consummate address, the exercise of which was in itself happiness ; while monsieur, like a butterfly, caught up his embroidered cap, exchanged his dressing gown for his dress coat, and sauntered out to flutter and flaunt and show off his pretty face and figure, which were part of madame's investments, and served her after their kind, by appearing in any public garden, or at any spectacle or *bourgeois* ball which might be worthy of their presence.

At the same hour next afternoon the capitaine reported himself duly in the boudoir at the *entresol* in obedience to the summons of the cousin, for whom he had much respect and some fear.

The capitaine was just such a military man as M. Dupont had described, about the antipodes of the popular English idea of a Frenchman : unmistakeably elderly, heavy, yet gaunt, so accustomed to face dangers and disagreeables in a long life of discipline, that he did everything, good and bad, with almost the same imperturbability of mien, stiff and stark in his dark blue uniform and high collar as the effigy of a man, unless when he blazed out in a Gallic childishness of passion, during which he was as dangerous to himself as to his neighbours.

Madame was the capitaine's junior by five years, as one counts the years of a man's life, but she was his senior by a century in worldly wisdom. She knew him well, took a family pride in his rank, his red riband, his distinctions, his courage and simplicity ; as in her catholicity of nature she took a pride in the good looks and bonhomie of her butterfly husband. She had helped the capitaine, Denis le Froy, before now, got him out of his spendthrift scrapes, and made a clear way for his soldier's tramp through the thicket of difficulties which hedge in a man whose very sous burn his pocket, until she had a right to counsel and direct him, and the capitaine, honest and honourable, admitted the right.

Madame, without persiflage and in strong terms, made out her case and her point. She did not spare the capitaine, while she did not omit the capabilities and good qualities of Lorlotte.

She convicted the poor capitaine, standing at attention on her own parquetted floor, disconcerted, troubled, all but shamed,—he was too pure a man to be out and out ashamed before her,—of mature age, of want of provision for the future. For example, he would need a nurse some day, perhaps soon, for he had suffered from yellow fever at Guadaloupe, cholera at Berbice, frost-bite in the Crimea, and ague near Solferino, and not without leaving their traces behind them ; and unless he went permanently into the hospital, or depended on one of the blessed sisters, who was to look after him ? His mother had died when he was a little fellow, his sisters were long married, and not having had the benefit of madame's advice in marriage, had wedded a couple of *roturiers*, needy and disreputable, and cared little for him, save to accept his gifts and strip him of as much of his pension as he was foolish enough to give them.

Would the capitaine not like to have two little apartments which he could call his own after all his wanderings, where he could retire when he was not in spirits for the barrack company, where he could rear his flowers on trellises in boxes in the windows or on his stove—a stove of his own, by which he might smoke and study his treatises on fortification and military memoirs without molestation? Would he not like a boy and girl of his own to bear his name, to enter the regiment as he had done, and rise to be a general, and to be dutiful to him, fond of him, and to mend his collars and sew on his buttons, and play *écarté* with him, and smooth the way to his seeing the priest, when her mother's eyes grew dim and her memory failed? In the meantime Lorlotte would be as gay as a bird, fluttering under his wing; and in the summer, when madame took her holiday, her one holiday in the year, they would all go together, monsieur and she, the capitaine and Lorlotte, to spend the day at Versailles or St. Cloud, to see the gardens or the manufactory of porcelain, and dîne in the forest or the meadows.

The capitaine heard his life in its landmarks pulled up and laid down afresh without resistance; he even assented submissively, “*Oui, oui, that is true;*” and warmed into a sudden ruddy glow which seemed out of proportion to the occasion, at the cunning mention of the flowers and the children. Still he said candidly, “*But, madame, will Mademoiselle Lorlotte put up with the pipe, and the comrades, and certain rough phrases we've grown into the use of? I could not give them up at once; there are some of them I might not give up—ever.*”

“*My dear cousin, Lorlotte is an obedient, affectionate child, more liberal than most girls, though she is also confirmed, and believes and worships as a good Catholic.*” Madame assured him, “*It is understood that all bachelors reform and become family men and Christians when they marry; but you have so little to reform by comparison, that the reformation may be by degrees.*”

“*But, madame my cousin, will Lorlotte bear with me when I am a madman? You know I do not mean it, and I do not think I would harm her; but I might frighten the poor child beside herself, notwithstanding.*” And the big, grey fellow fumbled with his belt, moved to being stonily abashed and distressed.

Madame smiled her superior smile, and waved her hand, dismissing the Quixotic scruple. “*Lorlotte has been accustomed to the English moods like the English fogs; do you think she will mind your thunderstorms, my old boy? And although it were so, she is out in the world alone, earning her bread. Say, do you not think there is more in the world, you who have seen its vices and crimes from east to west, to hurt an unprotected orphan girl, body and soul, than the idle blast, soon spent, of a few furious words and acts?*”

“*I believe it, I believe it, my good madame, and I thank you with all my heart.*” The capitaine took the propitiation gratefully, and with manifest relief. “*You trust me; I hope that I may never abuse your trust,*

and I think that I might make it up to her. But again, will not mademoiselle expect more than I can give her? You know that I am as poor as a rat, that I have not made hoards. *Sacré!* I can barely afford her food and clothes. Where all the fine cachmeres and silks, mirrors, and consoles like those around me, are to come from, for my life I cannot tell. We can have no better *ménage* than a student's den.

"To begin with, my capitaine," madame premised her anxious kinsman, "Lorlotte will mend all that in the cracking of the joint of a fore-finger. She is as sensible as a grandmother, that cricket of a girl. I should not wonder though you were to end the rich man of the family, and to leave behind you a hundred thousand francs to endow a military college when you are done with your fortune, and have provided for your children."

The capitaine laughed at that climax a hoarse laugh, and the interview terminated in madame's having her will, and getting *carte blanche* from the capitaine to bring Lorlotte to Paris to marry him.

CHAPTER II.

THE INGRATITUDE OF THE WORLD AND THE CONTUMACY OF LORLOTTE—MONSIEUR HYACINTH STEPS UPON THE SCENE AND AMAZES MADAME AND HER WORLD.

LORLOTTE was come. And without so much as a private conversation with madame, Lorlotte knew she was brought to Paris for a purpose; the first time the capitaine's name was mentioned she guessed the purpose, and alas! for madame's pet scheme and the capitaine's matrimonial prospects, she made up her mind to have nothing to say to him; so far had English communication corrupted French good manners. But Lorlotte was too wise, and, poor child, she was too dependent, to fly in the face of the great woman, Madame Dupont. Lorlotte would keep her own council and enjoy the season, the sweetest of the four, well expressed by the "grown green again" of its French description, *reverderies*—and *reverderies* in Paris. Without committing herself, Lorlotte was not quite ingenuous, disinterested, regardless of consequences; but what will you have, though she had lived eighteen months in an English school?

Lorlotte was happy in having a face and figure which in a degree interpreted the spirit within. She was a dark, bright, *espiegle* child, with a child's *naïveté*, contending with a woman's consciousness. Her figure was small, light, exquisitely dainty, even elegant in her spring muslins, and hats and bonnets trimmed and manufactured by her own lissome fingers, anticipating the season in their adornment of a single wild rose, a spray of hawthorn, a little plume of lilac. Her face was small too, and fine-featured in its youthful roundness, with delicate, slightly contracted, very expressive brown brows over violet eyes, a tinge of poppy red in the clear brown of her cheeks, a dimpled cleft cherry for a mouth, with its stone cleft for teeth.

You may observe that Madame Dupont had said not a word of Lorlotte's personal attractions to the capitaine. In the first place, they had nothing to do with the advantages of the match in madame's eyes; in the second, if they weighed at all in a man's foolish fancy, they would weigh with double weight coming upon him unexpectedly.

The effect which Lorlotte's attractions really had on the capitaine when they were formally presented to each other, and Lorlotte had executed her school-girl bow in return to the capitaine's salute, was not only that the capitaine was enslaved, but struck dumb in his slavery; while Lorlotte, the heedless, hard-hearted girl,—for young girls have at once the kindest and the most cruel of hearts in their inexperience and ignorance, laughed at him, turned up her fine little nose at him, set herself coolly to mock and make a cat's-paw of him, and as if that were not bad enough, privately to tease and vex him. Not only was there nothing in the capitaine to catch a girl's eye at first sight; there was not even anything to make him respectable to the sharp eyes of her cupidity. "The man is as poor as a Franciscan," Lorlotte exclaimed to herself in derision. "I heard him borrow a five-franc piece from madame the other day, and she told him to see that he made a note of it and paid her. I should have to work for him and cook for him. Perhaps I should have to take pupils again, when he went on half-pay or lost his month's income at a lottery. I suppose I am intended to serve as his bread-winner in his old age and infirmities," meditated Lorlotte saucily. "No, thank you, madame, I would rather not. I should prefer at least the hope of a strong arm to work for me and to lean upon, if not a heavy purse for me to empty, or the sympathies of a grand passion like what the English are not ashamed to speak of as coming even before marriage and lasting all the life afterwards."

But Lorlotte was not rebellious in the preliminaries before the capitaine's shyness had yielded to more energetic impulses, and caused him to empower madame to cross the rubicon and make his proposal, which was quite an understood thing, in form for him. Such behaviour on Lorlotte's part would have been regarded as an outrage on a young girl's sense of propriety, almost of decency, and would have been sufficient provocation to make her be packed off in dire disgrace back to her verbs and her scales at Boulogne. And Lorlotte dearly loved a holiday, above all a holiday in Paris in May; had a natural distaste to the comparative isolation, self-restraint, and drudgery of her school-room (though she was a favourite both with principals and pupils), and shrank from disgrace. So Lorlotte finessed, laughed, sparkled all over, protested,—and permitted the capitaine daily to stand sentry at her elbow, accepted his daily bouquets in neatly cut paper bouquetiers, inscribed in a stiff handwriting with fine flourishes, "the sweetest to the most sweet," and walked abroad with him and madame to church and market.

But madame was a shrewd woman, and far-sighted. As she had said, she saw through Lorlotte's pretended demureness and real evasions. She

did not altogether like the look of matters. The capitaine in his humility and blindness might be satisfied; madame was not content, and she had made known her wishes and so far staked her credit on the event. Madame delivered many a stinging stricture on the contumacy of girls, and the ingratitude of the world, in the ear of M. Dupont, who tried to reassure her in his light confident line that Lorlotte must do her duty. When was there ever heard such an enormity, absurdity, indelicacy as that of a young girl's having a mind of her own, and resisting the intentions of her best friends in her disposal in marriage?

At the same time madame acted warily; she was not double, but she was not rash. She did not want to come to close quarters with Lorlotte too soon, to push the perverted girl into the heinousness of defiance and righteous authority; and madame was a merciful woman, particularly when it would serve no purpose but the worst to be harsh. She would prefer to draw the lines of her strong tenacious will and Lorlotte's youthful frivolity and helplessness more and more tightly round the girl, till she was caught beyond escape, let her flutter ever so wildly. Madame's displeasure and indignation were reserved in the background, not altogether concealed, but not pouncing on their victim. For the present madame kept the peace with Lorlotte because there was no time to be lost. Within three weeks the capitaine's regiment would have quitted Fontainebleau, and madame had fixed unalterably that within that brief space the capitaine should have taken to himself a wife, retired from active service, and pitched his tent—that is, rented and filled a suite of rooms in a convenient quarter—which should be home for the rest of his days.

A *coup-de-main* was called for. Madame, in her philanthropy and family devotion, antedated her annual holiday. Every summer madame was in the habit of laying aside her black jacket, cap, and rose jaune, and arraying herself in an imposing—what monsieur called a sublime—black silk gown, with innumerable flounces, which passed the most of its existence in silver paper, a lace shawl, and a wonderful white capote, with a compliment of grand asters and nodding wheat ears—in a single stroke, airy and magnificent—and going, attended by her *joli garçon*, the most amiable of coxcombs, and provided with a huge hamper of simple dainty eatables by way of luggage, along with other pleasure-seekers, by an excursion train to the country to pay her respects to nature for the season.

Everybody knows that the most fossiliferous of lovers will burst into life and greenness under the influence of a holiday in the country. Madame afforded the capitaine the opportunity of liming a twig for Lorlotte.

There was madame, in the sublimely flounced silk gown and capote, seated with dignity, yet with more fervour in her very pursuit of an excursion than lingers in a middle-aged tradeswoman out of Paris, or an open-air beauty at the station, making the most of her ticket and her day abroad.

There was Lorlotte, in her simplest and most bewitching toilette—a

buff nankin cotton skirt, and jacket which would not crush, braided like a child's dress, and a garden hat with a dark green riband and a little knot of violets which could be thrown down with impunity among the long grass, and heaped up with the most poetically named of daisies,—the marguerites of May.

There was the capitaine, in his horribly unbecoming tight uniform, high collar, short grizzled hair in the regimental cut, covered by a small comical casquette, with a leather strap over his white bearded chin, moving his legs—right, left, right, left—in strides exactly as a child can draw out the legs of a whole platoon of toy wooden soldiers, guarding the women.

The three formed a suggestive group, among noisy *ouvriers*, long-haired students and clerks, picturesque farmers' wives and peasant-women of the country, smart *grisettes* of the city, their fellow pleasure-seekers. But monsieur should have formed the fourth, and he did not find his way to the platform till the last moment. Punctuality is not the virtue of *petits maitres*, and neither is discretion. When monsieur did turn up in his *outré* dandy costume—hunting boots (when monsieur had never so much as seen a hunt in his days), vest striped *à la jockey*, pin in the mould of a genuine English fox's head—he nearly exhausted the toleration which madame was wont to show to his shortcomings. He was not alone; he had a friend on his arm; a bachelor, a student from a neighbouring quarter. He introduced him volubly all round, he proposed him easily as a volunteer addition to the party.

Madame was one of the most catholic-minded of bees. It has been seen that she did not quarrel with butterflies, and she did not quarrel in the abstract with dragonflies. But the *contretemps* was cruel. She had arranged a *partie carrée*, which could easily fall into two couples, and here was five, an utterly unmanageable number, and the fifth, to say the least, more than a foil to the capitaine. M. Hyacinth Mussit was a handsome dashing young man of four-and-twenty—one year older than Lorlotte. She had heard of him already as the *beau garçon*; not only so—as the witty and wild misguiding star, chief lure of all the bachelors of his quarter, who wrote the cleverest *feuilletons* in the most reckless journals, and danced the hardest and the longest the most furious galop at the fastest dancing hall. Possibly, if you were very near him, you might get a coarse whiff of the strong smoke with which he and all his belongings were impregnated; you might detect that his linen had been frayed, rent, and darned several times—that his jaunty hat was napless. In the same way a subtle mind might discover that there were windy fumes in his eloquence, holes repaired as best might be in his philosophy, a baldness and hollowness in his assumption of universal learning and accomplishments and knowledge of the world. But a subtle mind was needed for the discovery. To an inexperienced little girl, conceited on her own account, M. Hyacinth was the pride and flower of the manliness, genius, and good looks of young France. And there was M. Hyacinth, bowing to Lorlotte with marked deferential gallantry, and staring at her admiringly with his great

black eyes till her violet eyes sank before his in pretty confusion, the poor capitaine keeping guard in vain. M. Dupont's *bêtise* was so monstrous, and he was so unconscious of it, that it was *piquante*; but madame could not enjoy it as she enjoyed many of his *bêtises*. The Duponts and their friends were going with the rest of the holiday world to Montmorenci, where there was a *fête*; but though they took advantage of the cheap trains there for the day, they considered themselves above disporting themselves with the multitude about the stalls, shows, and open-air lotteries. Madame Dupont and her cousin the capitaine were too erect and serious, because of their responsibilities and obligations. M. Dupont was too refined, notwithstanding he was dying to show off his airs and graces, his boots, and the silk lining of his paletot, his rings and charms,—with which madame supplied him liberally—to the gaping throng. M. Hyacinth and Mademoiselle Lorlotte were too intellectual when they happened to be in rarely congenial company; out of it, Lorlotte could head a village dance joyously, and Hyacinth prove the veriest mountebank of a fair.

The Dupont party strolled away from the hubbub of the shooting at a mark and the merry-go-rounds, to the natural attractions of Montmorenci on a May-day; sought out a little path past the lake, through vineyards, through a fragrant vista of walnut trees and feathery acacias, to a natural orchard, enamelled with jonquills below and apple-blossoms above, enough to make any cockney of London or Paris cry out to be allowed to “pick” on all sides, where they took possession of the enchanting dining-room, seated themselves on the turf, like a *bourgeois* version of a group by Watteau or Wouvermann, minus the horses and dogs, and were not so sentimental as to despise madame's provision basket, with its *patés* and spiced bread, its humble *eau de groseille*, and more pretentious sparkling Burgundy, which two *gamins* from the railway station carried in triumph behind them.

But there was a disadvantage in going a-Maying even when the weather was unexceptionable, with an end in view, when you were not sure of all your company. However the Duponts kept themselves distinct and apart from the lower orders, they could not altogether escape the freedom of tone implied in the association. Just when madame wanted to be most stringent in the enforcement of her *bourgeoise* etiquette, the student, M. Hyacinth, set her at nought and defied her, as he could not have done in her own house or in that of an acquaintance, attaching himself to Lorlotte, devoting himself to her, constituting himself her partner in place of the capitaine, unwarrantably and unceremoniously jostling aside the antique awkward warrior, as if Lorlotte was not a young *bourgeoise* under a married friend's wing, who ought not to have a word to say unless to her *fiancé* till she was married out of hand at least;—as if Lorlotte was no better than a workgirl, and he one of the workmen who had come to have a day's jollity and desperate flirtation with her, unmindful of the consequences, like so many of the visitors at Montmorenci,

The truth was, both Hyacinth and Lorlotte forgot themselves in an abandonment of youthful sentiment and gaiety; harangued and prattled, moralised and laughed, as if they had known each other all their lives, and had been brother's or sister's children at least. French men and women—the most artificial race on earth—are more enraptured and intoxicated with their glimpses of nature, perhaps by reason of its freshness and novelty to them, than English, Germans, or Italians. Positively M. Hyacinth became eloquent on his rhodomontades on primitive arcadia, truth, tenderness, and by a youthful analogy, death. His pale, large-eyed face, with its cloud of long hair and its traces of excess in all things, rather than dry addiction to law and physic, was lit up, not with passion, but with spirituality. On her side, Lorlotte's vivacity was softened and melted, and acquired a new grace without losing its spontaneous *naïveté*.

It was not all to nature, either, in the fields of Montmorenci or of young humanity, that these bewitching effects were due. If Lorlotte had known it, there was a foolish fond little face which had once bloomed as fair as Lorlotte's—a weak, unlawful tie, and sinful as it was, not the less influential, perplexing, distracting—the remembrance of which, unsought by M. Hyacinth, unacknowledged even to himself, blended with his May-day pleasure, and lent a wild pathos to his random talk and the expression of his great eyes as they dwelt on Lorlotte. Strange mortal that Frenchman who can extract a pungent sweetness from his own errors and their individual punishment, and indulge a Bohemian generosity in the fidelity which in a small measure redeems his vice and shields his victim! If M. Hyacinth had known it, Lorlotte was swelling and puffing out and pluming itself as a little bird plumes itself for a grand flight. “I am no longer behind the English girls,” she was saying to herself. “I have got a disinterested devotee, and oh! such a splendid young lover of my own, far before Miss Emma Herbert's sous-lieutenant, and Miss Clara Brown's curate. I have scorned my ancient admirer as they scorned the old general and the great merchant who lived to buy them with their rank and their bags of gold. My capitaine has only a little rank and no money, but I am a poor girl myself, and this is France—not England.”

Madame saw it all, still did not interfere much; too wise a woman to waste her artillery or bring it into disrepute by failure. She did not so much as rebuke Louis. “He does not comprehend,” she decided magnanimously, “and there is no use in trying to make him, for it is not in the boy.” With large even-handed justice she dealt the blame to herself principally. “I ought to have apprehended all the chances of a fête and not have risked them. M. Hyacinth is a gay young bachelor, a *vaurien*, and Lorlotte,—ouf! all girls are babies or hypocrites. They have been exposed to each other, they shall be exposed no more until after the marriage, and then the capitaine can see to it. For the rest, my poor dear capitaine, who has been nonplussed and made a fool of, is long-suffering and modest when he does not happen to have his rages. I must not let him get into one of the rages and he will make allowance for a

couple of silly young people in the woods, where, it is true, a silly old woman took them. It is an age since I read St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*, but bah ! I believe there is something immoral in trees and water."

Having mentally originated this atrocious sentiment, madame set herself to pay so much flattering attention to the capitaine that she should dissipate the glumness and the spasmodic restlessness which were becoming ominously visible in the worthy officer ; at the same time she kept a sharp eye on her two troublesome young people, and did not permit them to stray a couple of yards from her till she had them again safe in the oblivion of the crowd at the station.

But madame, sagacious and not to be surprised and put out as she was, did open her grey green eyes when M. Hyacinth, in the course of their little journey to Paris, with deliberate assurance and desperate earnestness asked permission to visit at the entresol above the shop in the Rue des Magasin, and accompanied his request by so pointed a reference to Mlle. Lorlotte's then favouring it with her presence, and to his vehement desire for the honour and delight of a prosecution of their acquaintance so auspiciously begun, with the countenance of her friends, that, however hasty and ill-timed, it was from a Frenchman little short of a proposal of marriage to Lorlotte ; who, whether from being so much in request, whether from supposing her rash little heart to be won in a flash to hang on madame's answer, blushed and trembled in her corner of the carriage, and waited breathlessly for the sovereign decree of open or closed doors.

It was quite on the cards that madame might have civilly or haughtily declined M. Hyacinth's overture. She might have said plainly, or hinted with high-flown but comprehensible ambiguity, that the ground was already walked over, and that, besides, M. Hyacinth was too fast in his approach ; that he ought to be provided with credentials from his relations expressing their approval, and informing her what they intended to do for their son, or nephew, or even their favourite *protégé*, with statements of his present funds and future prospects, with sure pledges that he was ready to relinquish his bachelor habits, reform, and be a steady family man, before he crossed her doorstep with an eye to her kinswoman—the *ci-devant* teacher Lorlotte.

Ah ! but madame was wise, and she was only baffled, not beaten, as the last step would have confessed her to be. She said to herself, " If M. Hyacinth has fallen so madly in love with Lorlotte, like Abelard and Héloïse, in one day, as to shoot himself, or propose for her hand on the spot, no prohibition of mine would restrain a clever, imprudent, extravagant young fellow, and the child, with her loose English notions, might be decoyed and dragged to ruin. I consent and I receive him, and have the two players under my forefinger, and see their cards, as I like to do when I mean to win the game. And I explain everything and keep the peace with my capitaine ; he is not English, but he is a modern Bayard, 'sans peur et sans reproche.' I tell him so, and that it is neither honest nor honourable not to give the girl a choice ; that he, a brave soldier, cannot object to an antagonist. It would be no compliment to Lorlotte

if there was none, when I shall take care that there is a fair field for both. But I cannot divine it. I have always heard M. Hyacinth was poor; I have always understood that he had brains. If Lorlotte had been her cousin Agathé, with thousands in place of hundreds of francs for her dowry, to sweep away his debts and pay a premium for a business or a journal to him, the whole affair would have been clear; but as it is, I declare I shall have to borrow spectacles to see to the end of the affair."

It is sufficient to write that madame did as she said, and within three days the whole quarter of the Duponts—all the houses and their occupants, from the comparative aristocrats on the ground floors to the mechanics and workwomen in the garrets—were ready to explode with the strange story of the mad romantic attachment of M. Hyacinth Mussit, in contention with the persevering ardour and noble neutrality of the capitaine. M. Hyacinth's folly excited the greatest sensation. True, he was to a certain extent a stranger among them, having come up, like other students, from the provinces, an utter stranger, to his lodging in the quarter two years before; and he might, for all the little world knew, be a prince in disguise, who could afford to make a love marriage with a Cinderella of a pretty all but penniless young teacher from Boulogne. But disinterested love matrimonial, even felt by princes in disguise, was a marvel in that surging, sparkling, calculating, base, kindly Parisian life.

CHAPTER III.

FI! FI! DONC!

LORLOTTE was in the seventh heaven: she adored her young handsome literary Bohemian lover—adored him with the silly, ignorant hankering after forbidden fruit all the more for what she could fancy of what had been his Bohemianism; adored him most of all for the sacrifice she was persuaded he was willing to make for her sake. It was a girl's first love in all its hare-brained enthusiasm and fanaticism. Lorlotte viewed M. Hyacinth's somewhat haggard and sallow young face as the face, not only of an Adonis and an Apollo, but as that of a hero—a saint to be, one day, in spite of his license and hardly veiled infidelity. She prized his languors, his distrait fits,—even his slight but not uncandid revelations of perversity, cynicism, tyranny, which madame was careful to point out to her before another lover's unbounded loyalty, unreserved homage, normal gentleness, generous concessions, lavish silent compliments.

Lorlotte was so entranced, so bigotted, so beside herself, that it was a wonder she did not suspect she was in a raging fever, a delirious dream, and dread the awakening;—that she could credit such bliss could last in a world of care. In the meantime, M. Hyacinth did what he could to maintain the delusion by his unmistakable suit, his handsome face and tongue winning in its very caprice and tragic airs.

And, alas! the poor capitaine did what he could to enable the enemy to scale the fortress, not only by being unable in his old-fashioned tactics to do more than bristle up beside his lady-love, grin like a ghastly opposing bastion in her face, bombard her like a performer at the carnival with a shower of flowers, so costly and exotic in their specimens as to dip him deep in his next instalment of pay, the incessant fall of which grew monotonous and wearisome even to a girl who loved flowers about twenty time less than the moustache grise loved them; by allowing M. Hyacinth, —more in mischief than malice,—to put him into one of his towering passions by villifying the Zouaves or impugning the tactics of Bonaparte, and provoke the capitaine to splutter and *sacré*, stamp up and down in his boots, rattle his sword, wax purple in the face. So great was the uproar that madame stood up, large, raw-boned and threatening, and looked as if she would have seized the poker had her stove furnished her with such a weapon; M. Dupont sprung nimbly behind a cupboard-door, M. Hyacinth desisted from drawing his fingers through his hair, and looked not gay, or melancholy, or defiant, as he was apt to do, but astounded. As for Lorlotte, she uttered a gasping cry of terror lest the capitaine should draw cold steel on Hyacinth, before he fell down, convulsed and foaming, in a fit at her feet. But the capitaine only stormed out of the company, and returned next day, self-condemned, shamed, with the ashes of penitence not the less thick on his grizzled head that he held it bolt upright in its military collar.

Madame was not conquered. She was not come to the last of her resources. She acquainted herself with certain particulars in M. Hyacinth's student life, taking advantage of her afternoon's snatch of womanly retirement and needlework in her salon *tête-à-tête* with Lorlotte, conveyed the gossip with deadly minuteness and accuracy of detail to the indignant un-receptive girl, notwithstanding that the unwritten pages of French girls' minds are even less frequently lumbered and soiled with the heavy knowledge of such sins and wrongs, than similar pages of girls' minds across the Channel.

Lorlotte was so far engrained with English earnestness that she did not receive the communication with the incomprehension of the giddiness or the stolidity of a child; and her incredulity, her mingled affront and scorn for madame's unflinching determination and imperturbability, would have made a picture.

“You slander him to me, madame, who will believe in him! What do such words signify?” exclaimed Lorlotte, in a grand, vague triumph of faith.

“To see is to believe with the greatest infidel; is it not so, Lorlotte? I work no miracle, but I can convince you. He has not parted from the girl to this day; he has put her out of his lodging, but he cannot tear himself from the poor miserable altogether. That young man has a heart somewhere,” declared madame,—forced to do so by clear, impartial instinct,—“though not for you. No, I cannot tell what he means by

paying his addresses to you ; I am lost there," continued madame, frankly, staring with her small grey eyes into vacancy, and shaking her yellow rose in a state of prostration at being puzzled. "All the same he goes to see the grisette in her lodging near St. Denis. He takes her out for a turn on the nearest boulevard, when he is gone from us, or before he comes to us, when he is certain we are out of the way. He will be there to-night, within this hour, since Nôtre Dame has struck five. If you like, I'll give up the shop to the shopmen and women, and I'll stay at home to receive and entertain the capitaine. Ah, there is a valiant and true heart for you, naughty girl ; without a thought for so much as a vivandiere, save as a sister, since he quitted his mother's side. But are you brave and honest, Lorlotte ? You doubt my information ; will you come with me, and see and believe ?"

"I will come to prove that the words you have repeated are false, madame. You ought to be undeceived ; you are too true a woman, you have been too good to me,"—with a quick, quivering, girlish sob in the middle of her fiery heroics,—“to act as a spy and a scandal-monger.”

Madame did not stay even to shrug her shoulders, but went promptly to procure shawls and bonnets,—plain shrouding shawls and bonnets, such as were worn in general by poorer tradeswomen out on errands,—and a thick veil for Lorlotte, and took the girl on her arm, but neither drooping nor clutching her support, to the boulevard.

There, at the gayest hour of gay spring Paris,—when the world is out on evening airings and diversions,—when the air is balmy, not with cigars alone, but full of the bitter sweetness, the lusciousness, the languor of the scent of sheaves of late wallflower, hyacinths, narcissuses, contesting the field of the air with the more delicate, fresher and more honeyed fragrance of early blushing roses on budding rose-trees, and blossoming over boxes of light green feathery mignonette,—at the season when the brilliant boulevards form the most brilliant mosaic of gorgeous shops and tender green leaves, among the well-pleased loungers and animated domino players, madame and Lorlotte passed. With a great start, as if her heart had given a mighty throb, from Lorlotte,—and even a little thrill from the calm, philanthropic heart of madame,—the two watchers descried the couple they sought a few yards before them on the quieter side of the way, beside the railings—strolling apart, and engrossed as if they were the only pair in the thronged world ; the tall figure of the man bending down to the woman, whose little band-box he carried openly, well nigh ostentatiously, and occasionally touching her shoulder with his disengaged hand familiarly and caressingly ; the woman creeping close to him for protection from the carriages which drove close by and from other assailants, reaching up to him to hear and answer his continued speech ; but a broken-down, rather than a pert figure. There was no mistaking M. Hyacinth's step, air, profile ; and the woman with him was in a grisette's working dress, with her cap, neckerchief, and apron, clean, but not smart ; and a face

which might have been pretty when it was round and dimpled, but now had no more attraction than the pitiful interest of the contrast between its youthfulness and thinness. It was no older a face yet than Lorlotte's; and its eyes still retained the arch habit of continually lifting up and letting fall their glances, though it was no more now than a mechanical trick of the eyelids, red and swollen.

After the first terrible throb of Lorlotte's heart, which madame both saw and felt, and which frightened her a little, lest the girl should become ill, have to be carried into a shop, cause an esclandre, Lorlotte turned of her own accord and walked home so fast that madame had difficulty in keeping up with her. When they reached the shop in the Rue des Magasins Lorlotte took no notice of M. Dupont, who was in the confidence of madame, and had prepared an extravagant pantomime of sympathy, made no inquiry after the capitaine, but proceeded straight to her little bedroom, locked herself in, and remained deaf and dumb to all invitations to join the family at supper, all requests to see whether she was ailing, or what comfort of chocolate or coffee with milk she could receive under the circumstances.

It was childish behaviour, and madame left the offending child to herself, notwithstanding monsieur's horrified insinuations that Lorlotte might have a chafing dish and charcoal in her private possession, or that she might steal out in the course of the evening, before the doors were locked, and have recourse to the Seine. Think of the little man's utter discomfiture and strange misery if he should be called upon to go to the Morgue and identify the drowned draggled body of the wayward little cousin, instead of filling the office of young father in giving away the little cousin to a husband old enough to be her father—the trusty capitaine. But for that matter, all who liked to go with “the steps of a fox,” and listen outside Lorlotte's chamber-door, could assure themselves quietly of the baselessness of the charcoal and the Seine visions by the muffled sounds of the impulsive sobs and simple wails with which the Gallic nature of the girl asserted itself.

Madame considered that she had administered to Lorlotte bitter medicine, which could not be swallowed without a grimace, but which would begin very soon—next morning, perhaps—to work its cure. Madame was once more mistaken. In the marrying of Lorlotte she had to endure not one alone, but a series of surprises and checks.

Lorlotte came down to the second breakfast with shining eyes and flaming cheeks, and announced to madame, as soon as monsieur had strutted out on his daily round of enjoyments, that M. Hyacinth was the victim of a conspiracy—that she, Lorlotte, was sure of it. He was the prey of a designing depraved woman, a monster of iniquity, seeking to lure him to his destruction. Of course she, Lorlotte, would no more give him up than she would surrender without a thought of saving him, a friend who was slipping within the bars of a cage to encounter the claws and the teeth of the fiercest tigress in the Jardins des Plantes, or crossing a

threshold to meet the scorching air and crushing beams of a house on fire.

Madame had a little qualm that Lorlotte's flights were getting beyond parallel, except in the cells in Bicêtre; but she bethought herself of the unlucky English association and mania, and condescended to remonstrate. "M. Hyacinth is not a little boy; he is five-and-twenty, and has seen the world." "Some men are never spoilt by worldly wisdom, are always guileless enough to be deceived, especially by a woman. Madame has heard his beautiful sentiments." Madame slightly raised her straight, thick eyebrows, and sniffed with her powerful nose. "Yes, heard and forgotten. I do not give a sniff of eau-de-cologne for beautiful sentiments; they are like the essence of the flowers, here this moment, gone the next—except musk, and it is not made of flowers, but of rats' tails and the débris of great fishes; and it is vulgar, bourgeoise, I suppose, like plain virtues and *ménages*. But, Lorlotte, one ought not to be unjust, cruel, even to a hated rival, a poor fallen girl. M. Hyacinth's grisette, Minie, has not borne a bad name, except in keeping house for him, and thus yielding to a great temptation, which only one in a thousand, like my capitaine, tramples under foot, as St. George trampled the dragon," protested madame, rising from her dire prosaicness, in the excitement of the emergency, to a poetical image. "Minie is younger than M. Hyacinth, *ma foi!* as young as you. It is she who has been the seduced, by the bold, clever, scoffing, sentimentalizing young man, according to all the laws of nature and reason. Besides, it is certain, and you are a fool if you cannot see it, that he would have no difficulty in parting from her if she had not been altogether faithful to him; he would not be torn in two and tortured as you see he is, no, nor so grossly imprudent, if they had not loved each other, if he had found any hole, however small, in her conduct, out of which he could have cast in a heap his old regard, kindness, constancy."

"It is not true," persisted Lorlotte, half sullenly, half passionately. "Why does he come to me if it is so? He can make no horrible sordid *mariage de convenance* with me, as you would have me make with your stupid raging old man,—your kinsman, the capitaine. M. Hyacinth loves me,—poor, obscure, ignorant, silly girl as I am; and he is mine, *à moi*, my beautiful, gifted, noble young lover. Ordinary minds cannot understand him, but I can understand him. I stand by him, he has not trusted me in vain."

"Truly, mademoiselle, you had better be sure whom you trust," commented madame, with a sneer. "I pass over that you are disobedient, insolent, ungrateful—I say nothing of it; but I warn you, though M. Hyacinth has asked permission to visit here while you are with us, he does not advance in his suit. *Ma foi*, there may be double treachery."

The warning only drove Lorlotte wild.

"You insult me, madame; you insult both him and me. I believe you are in a conspiracy against us, but I shall not give him up for anything you have told me, nor for what I have seen. He would not do it if

I were with him, if he knew how I adore him. I shall save him if I can. At least I shall be his ; I shall have ventured all for him, I shall perish with him."

"Lorlotte, you are a mad, wicked girl," madame continued, her eyes looming large and grim as she pronounced the sentence. "You are not worthy of my cousin the capitaine, and, I shall have nothing more to do with you to get disgraced by you. If you do not repent and submit to your superiors like a modest girl, I send you back in eight little days, my outrageous mademoiselle, to Boulogne, to your school dormitories and *livres de version*. I refuse on principle ever to see your kitten's face again."

"Very well, madame ; I go back to Boulogne in a moment, and you and I bid each other an eternal adieu," assented Lorlotte as proud as a countess, as if she had a château and a provincial court to go to. And had she not Hyacinth her student, and his garret-lodging and Spartan fare to share ? and was not that better than all the châteaux in and out of Spain, and courts in the holy Roman Empire ?

So a matrimonial scheme of madame's was for the first time in her experience to fall ignominiously to the ground, its wreck damaging in place of benefiting its subject. But madame had a week to come and go upon, and there was still the chapter of accidents. She found herself compelled however to break to the capitaine what remained to be broken to him of the fact that the peaceful home and the blessed family life which had been in store for him, were fading and crumbling away, matched against the levity and obstinacy of a girl, an orphan teacher in a school.

The intimation did not put the capitaine in one of his rages, it was trifling contradictions which overcame him in that disagreeable manner. He bore great misfortunes like a man, like a good man, meekly as well as mournfully. The capitaine even interposed and interceded for the incorrigible culprit Lorlotte. He alleged that since he had consented to an open field and to do battle with another combatant, for his bride, he the vanquished man must conform to the rules of civilized warfare, surrender and withdraw his claim, without complaint or molestation either of the victor or the prize he had won. During the days that Lorlotte stood at bay after the glaring impropriety of her resistance to fate and madame, the capitaine not only did not reproach her and urge her, but was so studiously, wistfully polite to her that the rigidity of his bearing took a special tender inclination towards her ; which though she wilfully misnamed it hypocritical assumption, of a piece with the stratagem which was to have married her off-hand to the elderly, thriftless, turbulent-tempered soldier, unconsciously soothed her wounded spirit and tempted the troubled aggrieved girl to fly for refuge to the honour and humanity of her natural enemy. Madame's hawk's eyes detected and darted on the single favourable symptoms.

"I do not give it up yet. I do not forbid the patterns of the trousseau. My capitaine has not departed from Fontainebleau. My cat of a mademoiselle

is not packed off to Boulogne again. Perhaps, who knows? I may shrug my shoulders at the whole set when Denis does not go to Algérie after all."

CHAPTER IV.

LORLOTTE MAD, THE CAPITAINE HER KEEPER.

THERE was a crisis at the door more imminent and conclusive than madame could have hoped for. In that merry month of May, so fertile in revolutions at Paris, M. Hyacinth suddenly vanished from the entresol in the Rue des Magasins to the last hair of his beard, and made no sign at the very moment when Lorlotte was in tribulation because of him, when as a preux chevalier he should have stood by her to death and marriage.

For three whole days M. Hyacinth did not show himself at the Duponts, did not send explanation or apology. He was no longer visible in the streets or the gardens; was no longer to be heard of as seen or spoken to in any company. It looked as if he had dissolved in thin air, and become impalpable as any ghost, ancient or modern.

Madame vouchsafed no remark on the secession from her society; but there was a repressed glance in her grey-green eyes which told its tale. Monsieur chattered his wonder, called himself back, and swallowed his words a dozen times a day.

Lorlotte was staggered, stunned, scared; but here she would not be affronted. She stared at madame as if she would look her through and through. Had she done this thing? But no; madame was honest in her bluntness, downrightness, imperiousness, and madame's face was that of an innocent ignorant woman.

Lorlotte was looking out of one of the windows of madame's salon which dominated over a back view, somewhat of a Savoyard's view of roofs and chimneys; but it also commanded an ancient grand house in a court, long abandoned by the quality, and used as a warehouse. Desolation reigned in the old court and garden; bent, withered, moss-grown trees, which no summer would make young again, plants clinging to the walls, tiger-cats watching Jean Jaques' sparrows, were all the life there. The profound forlornness and decay of the hotel contrasted with the bourgeoisie glitter and lacquer of madame's salon, and something in the contrast made Lorlotte clench her small hands and whisper to the capitaine to speak with her in the window.

"Will you see what has come to him? There is only you who has still any regard for me, so that I can ask you to serve me; if you refuse I must find some other messenger."

He did not refuse; the brick-red colour rose to the roots of his close-clipped grizzled hair, but he saluted her with his hand to his livid forehead and accepted her commission in half military phrase,—“Yes, my mademoiselle, without fail,”—and went away on the instant.

He came back in the evening much hotter than could be accounted for from his march in double quick time to and from M. Hyacinth's lodgings. He was perturbed, distressed. He knew he was going to hurt, shame, break the heart of the little girl who had been proposed to him as his wife. It would be saying little to assert that the capitaine would rather have marched up to the cannon's mouth, for he had seen smoke with the stern joy of a brave man, a born soldier; he would sooner have retreated, with borne down colours and trailing pikes, before the foe. But mademoiselle had elected him to the duty of relieving her devouring anxiety, and he would relieve it, though she would hate him for ever afterwards; and there was every facility afforded for *tête-à-tête* between the capitaine and Lorlotte.

"Where is M. Hyacinth?" demanded Lorlotte, laying aside all her coyness in her bewilderment and apprehension. "Why is he not here? Has he been interdicted, insulted?" pressed Lorlotte, her questions following each other like successive flashes of lightning, her bright cheeks stained and dyed like poppies, no longer like June roses, but flushed and heavy with passion, her violet eyes distended, her nostrils quivering.

"M. Hyacinth is particularly engaged, mademoiselle," growled the capitaine, low and slow, and hanging his head in spite of the stiffness of his collar.

"But how? I will know," cried Lorlotte, beating her hands together, and stamping her foot. "Mon Dieu! he is ill, he is dead."

"Oh, not at all, mademoiselle; anything but that," exclaimed the capitaine, blowing his nose sonorously.

"Did he not bid you tell me then?"

"I did not wait for his bidding. I am afraid he was too much occupied to think of it, but I said I should inform you that—that M. Hyacinth Mussit was married at noon this day at the bureau of the district mayor, and immediately afterwards at the nearest church—for Mademoiselle Minie is a good Catholic—to Mademoiselle Minie Virien, late sewing-girl at an outfit shop in some quarter or other—*tête bleu!* I forget the name," blustered the capitaine, in a clumsy effort to conceal his consciousness.

"You are like the rest," cried the poor girl, turning upon him with blind, random blows, in her agony resisting and fighting to the last. "You are hired to deceive and betray me."

"My mademoiselle, hear me," he pleaded. He did not heed her ingratitude and recklessness, he could no more have been incensed by her words than he could have been enraged by a poor dog which had licked his hand an hour before, snapping at him as he strove to pluck a knife from its side. He was only eager to disabuse her, to open her eyes, though she might be shocked, driven to despair. "M. Hyacinth was arrested for debt in bed on the morning of the 17th, three days ago. He has been in prison ever since till this morning. He knew what was coming, and, pardon me, mademoiselle, wanted to save himself with your fortune. He thought it was thousands, not hundreds. M. Dupont made a mistake in stating the number the day he brought him to the railway

station, when he proposed to accompany you to Montmorenci, and M. Hyacinth had heard a rumour of Mademoiselle Agathe's dot, and stranger as he was, confused the relations."

Lorlotte was subdued now; she was shrinking down and hiding her face with her hands. "All base," she muttered bitterly, "from first to last."

But the capitaine, though his heart bled for her, did not know what it was to leave a tale unfinished, or to kick a man with his back at the wall, and trample on the fallen.

"M. Hyacinth was a desperate man," he continued, "and M. Hyacinth is arrested—the 17th, as I said—and is taken away without any noise. He goes without saying that he desires to keep the mystery as quiet as possible, and to pass off the officers in plain clothes as friends from the country, as we all do, mademoiselle; but the quieter he keeps it, the longer he is likely to be of getting his release. Now, what does that brave girl Minie do?" went on the capitaine, warming with his subject, and forgetting for a moment the interest of his auditor. "She is acquainted with the accident; she gives up work, food, rest, everything, for the next three days and nights. The faithful girl flies about—doing it by stealth, keeping his secret all the time—you comprehend?—to all the journal offices who owe money to M. Hyacinth, and all the friends who have borrowed of him, and must pay him before his day of reckoning. She adds her little store to it; she has a sale of the small effects in her garret, and adds that also, till she makes up the requisite sum, and has out her friend, a free man again, in triumph this morning; only there is nothing but bare walls to go to, for his creditors have taken away his bed, his chairs. It is to her equal, more than equal; she has not even bare walls to go to, and she may beg in the streets, because she has been dismissed by her employers for him."

"Stop there, monsieur the capitaine," commanded Lorlotte, putting down her hands, and looking at the speaker with a white, contracted face. "She has done all for him. He would have been a brute if he had not done what he could for her in return. Ah! she has the best right to him; and she may take him," added Lorlotte, with a hysterical laugh, passing swift as an arrow-flight to the painful process called trying to "pluck up a spirit." "Much good may he do her."

The capitaine did not admire and applaud the process; he rebuked it in the simple gravity and persistence with which he pursued his narrative and gave its sequel. "They are sitting hand in hand within the bare walls, she is fainting on his breast with hunger and with the bliss of being his wife. He is feeding her with the only crust and drop of wine he can procure, and crying over her, and vowing to cherish her and live for her. He begs you to forgive and forget him utterly; and you forgive the poor young miserables, and bless, not curse, them, mon enfant," implored the capitaine.

But Lorlotte broke away from him with a wild "Moi! I have nothing to forgive and forget. But there is one person to whom I owe something.

I shall not forget you, my capitaine. I love you." A perverse, regardless, unblushing speech, but one which caused the capitaine's brain to reel as if a mine had sprung beneath it.

Lorlotte did not fall ill on the demolition of her romance, she was of too healthy a nature. Neither did she run away back to Boulogne to escape lectures, blame, condolence, fresh schemes for her establishment. She was too matter-of-fact, in spite of her spice of romance and her rebellious adventure, and too dependent. She accepted the situation, and lived on in the Rue des Magasins, but listless and heartsick to begin with, not caring what became of her, who talked of and to her, and that the capitaine had not suspended his visits to the entresol, when he was off duty, for a single day, or intermitted a single bouquet; and madame was as pointed as ever in presenting Lorlotte with the largest and the choicest of the flowers.

What will the world think if it is informed that in about seven days Lorlotte began to recover a little from her mortal malady of a broken heart? Before condemning Lorlotte for fickleness and levity, reflect that she had only known M. Hyacinth for a wonderful fortnight; now the girl's heart which is broken by the startling, sad, mortifying end of even the rapture of a fortnight, must be fragile indeed.

Lorlotte's heart was made of stouter stuff. She had only come to that trying stage of her girl's history when she must be taught that life and happiness is not hers to have and to hold; when, on the contrary, she must awake some fine morning and rise and go up with her fond dreams, eager ambitions, heart desires, and bind them, lay them there on the altar of burnt offerings, slay, and kindle the pile, and leave them there in ashes. Well for her if the will is taken for the deed, and the ram caught in the thicket substituted for the son, the only son Isaac;—if it is but the light tracteries of fancy, vanity, and passion of the young girl, and not the tender affections, the cherished memories and hopes, all the delicate clinging fibres of the woman's heart.

In seven more days of judicious neglect from madame, inconsequent mercurialism from monsieur, old-world loyalty of homage from the capitaine, of May and of Paris, Lorlotte arrived at looking up and looking about her again, at shaking out her flowing muslin skirts, and twirling her waves of glossy hair, at lingering over the arrangement of the capitaine's great stars of Cape jessamine, coral fuchsias, moss rosebuds, even at being guilty of something like delight when the capitaine brought the ladies of the family tickets for a popular vaudeville. Lorlotte was but a bigger child; she had rejected monsieur's sugar almonds, but she grasped at the vaudeville, though she recollected herself in time to relapse the next moment into the gloom befitting the blighted heroine of a tragedy.

The wounds of the young heal fast; but the month of May was ending as fast as Lorlotte's mourning for her short-lived dream; and so was the term of the capitaine's regiment's sojourn at Fontainebleau. Before Lorlotte had time to think of it, the capitaine, looking graver and

gaunter than usual, approached her where she sat among madame's flowers in the background of the salon, while madame played propriety, stitched, and went through the part of consulting M. Dupont on domestic affairs in the foreground, and addressed her,—

“I have come to take my leave, my good mademoiselle. We have the *route* in twenty-four hours, and I shall be very busy in the interval.”

Lorlotte looked up, taken by surprise, and forced to stand aghast and feel forlorn, seeing not the capitaine gone alone, but her holidays over, herself back at Boulogne, presiding over the milk-soup in the refectory, setting copies in the schoolroom, teased by the little girls, snubbed by some of the big ones, without the old light heart to keep her own among them, and the realization supplied her with becoming sympathy for the capitaine's position. Tears gathered quickly, and dimmed the brightness of the violet eyes, the corners of the mouth drooped disconsolately. “I am very sorry, M. le Capitaine, I am going to lose one who has been my friend.” She said it with breaks, and oh, such a long, deep, fluttering sigh from the bottom of her girlish heart.

“Mademoiselle has many friends,” suggested the capitaine, pulling his wiry, straight moustache *à l'Empereur*.

“I do not know that,” replied Lorlotte, briskly and naively. “I have offended madame beyond redemption, and I daresay I shall offend my Boulogne friends too. These strong, self-restrained English, when they find I have grown cross and wretched, subject to *migraine* (I know I shall slap and shake the little ones, and have hysteria) will preach to me, and doctor me every hour of the day, and when they find it does not answer I shall perhaps be turned off like that girl Minie. Oh, it will be *triste*, horrible,” ended Lorlotte, letting her head fall as low as her arms, for she had not intended to say so much, and she would fain stay before they were seen those tears which had broken all bounds, and were dropping in a heavy shower in her lap.

“Mademoiselle Lorlotte, promise to tell me, to send me word directly,” stammered the capitaine.

She shook her head smiling faintly like the sun through a shower.

“I wish I had no more than M. Hyacinth's years, or had not been a foolish old spendthrift, but had saved my pay, and that I were anything save a brawling dog whose bark is worse than his bite maybe, but who disturbs the quarter with his howling, all the same,” regretted the capitaine idly.

Lorlotte stopped crying on the instant, and looked up with tears like dewdrops hanging on her cheeks, and her lips like the cleft cherry parted in breathless expectation, so that he could not choose but finish his speech. “For then I might have been able to protect and pet my little darling.”

“Do you mean it, my capitaine?” cried Lorlotte with a quaver in the clear treble of her voice.

“Without doubt, mademoiselle.” The old soldier confirmed his words, struck by his own boldness.

“Ah! I am so glad and grateful I would say,” explained Lorlotte, nodding and flushing violently at the indiscreet slip of her nimble tongue. “I was not so ungrateful as people thought, when you were so noble even to sinners, and bore with me and pitied me in the punishment of my naughtiness. I am tired of the young people, and the communion of souls; I shall have nothing more to say to them. I want only a brave, kind man, whom I can reverence and be fond of, to take good care of me, and I shall take good care of him and his *ménage*, if he will let me. As for his rages, I have no fear of them when I know that though he would think nothing of shooting a Russian or stabbing an Austrian when it was necessary, he would not willingly harm a fly; and as for unwillingly, if he is to go mad and hurt anybody when he does not intend it,” concluded Lorlotte with the utmost gravity, “say, is it not fitter that he should hurt his own wife, who will understand it and take it in good part, than a stranger, who might say he did it on purpose?”

So madame mounted the breach at last a conqueror, and the capitaine did not march to Algérie. Lorlotte was as good as her word; stored the capitaine’s stray francs of pay, marketed and bargained for him, kept his rooms clean and bright, and his models of fortification and his military memoirs in beautiful order; and was not only not frightened at the poor fellow in his constitutional frenzies, but would keep her hand on his arm till he calmed down, mollified, mesmerised. Nay, Lorlotte blossomed so sweetly and cheerily, and remained so child-like by the capitaine’s stove and his window-frame, on his promenades and in the dances at the rural *fêtes* which the capitaine and Madame Le Froy shared, according to provision, with Madame and M. Dupont, that Lorlotte well nigh made the capitaine be faithless to his old French soldier’s deepest love of flowers and children, being herself always the freshest of his flowers, the youngest-hearted of his children.

The Classics in Translations.

WE seem to be arriving at a general agreement on the question of the part which the ancient literature ought to play in a liberal education. Some thirty-five years ago, when all such subjects were discussed with great energy, it seemed possible that the reaction against Latin and Greek might be pushed to an extent very dangerous to the culture of the country. But what strikes one in watching the discussion in our own time is, that the old tongues receive support from quarters where their partisans feel hardly entitled to look for it. Let a general reader, for instance, turn over the highly interesting blue-books containing the Report of the Commission on Public Schools. He will think it quite natural that the orthodox doctrine on the subject of classical education should be maintained,—as it is with great elegance and ingenuity,—by a man like Dr. Temple, of Rugby. But he will scarcely be prepared for the friendly tone towards it of Professor Owen, who represents a class of subjects with which it is supposed to interfere unjustly; or of Dr. Max Müller, who, as a Professor of Modern Languages, might be imagined to hold his office aggrieved by its predominance. Even these cases, however, will startle him less than the discourse of Mr. Mill, as Rector of St. Andrews, where a philosopher of the most advanced type is found defending the ancient system with a decision as remarkable as his ability. There are still differences of opinion on details,—such as the degree of prominence which ought to be given to Latin and Greek composition, and so forth. But there is substantial agreement among men of the greatest weight in all positions, as to the main fact that the classics ought to continue to be the basis of the higher education. Other studies are properly receiving more attention than they used to do. But the corner-stone of the edifice will still be taken from the Greek temple and the Roman bridge; from the race which taught Europe to think and feel, and the race which taught Europe to organize and govern.

People are apt, however, to forget the essentially twofold and peculiar position of the classical writers, arising from the fact that their books are not only works of literature but school-books. Tennyson is a poet; but Horace is a poet and a schoolmaster at the same time; and the natural result is that many who have read him in boyhood, lay him by afterwards as something belonging to their boyish years. This, to be sure, is less true of Horace than of nearly any other ancient; but it is true of them all, and his name will do to point our illustration. Every man of the world must be surprised at the rarity even among highly educated men, of men who continue to read the classical literature *as a literature*; who turn from

Byron and De Musset to Catullus or the Greek Anthology; and from Chatham and Erskine to Demosthenes and Cicero; with the feeling that they are comparing brothers who differ in language and period, but are akin in genius and aspiration. Many lose the power of the familiar perusal of these masters by continuous neglect of the language; and some indeed have, with every advantage, failed to attain it. Of many more it may be said that "the world is too much with them,"—with all its struggles and temptations,—for that kind of thing; while the immense extent of modern literature offers to others a more intellectual excuse. But outside the comparatively small circle of the most highly educated class, lies a vast body of intelligent men, eager for knowledge, fond of reading, but to whom, from their want of early training in the subject, the Greek and Latin authors must for ever remain,—as regards the originals,—a fountain sealed up. Now, are either of the types of which we have been speaking,—those who have forgotten their classics, and those who never knew them,—quite aware of all the extent of the material at their disposal, with which to make up for the deficiency? Have they any conception of the amount, or the excellence, of those translations of the classics, which from the great age of Elizabeth downwards have formed such an important part of the literature of England? We think not. We think that the translators are unreasonably neglected; and we propose to illustrate our statement, partly by showing the utility of such versions; and partly by noticing the best specimens of them, on such a humble scale as the limits of a Magazine permit.

In the first place, it is not easy to exaggerate the degree to which translation has been useful in the modern world. The Greek writers, to begin with, were invariably published long after the revival of letters with Latin versions; and some Latin versions, like the celebrated Plato of Marsilius Ficinus, from an MS. of the Medici family, supplied the Platonic doctrines to whole generations of scholars. It is probable that Bacon read the Greek philosophers in Latin, which has always, indeed, been the more literary language in modern Europe, of the two; and what may confidently be assumed of Bacon, may be fairly conjectured of other great men. But vernacular translation has even a more illustrious history. The *Virgil* of Phaer, the *Homer* of Chapman, the *Seneca* and *Pliny* of Holland were, as Warton says, "the classics of Shakspeare;" while Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch's Lives*, rendered from the French of Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, furnished him with the materials from which he constructed *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. North's *Plutarch* was, beyond doubt, the *Plutarch* of Clarendon and Sidney, as the Drydenian and Langhornian versions were of later generations. It was in a French translation that Rousseau read *Plutarch*, and Napoleon, too, who loved him so well. Frederick the Great perused the classics in French. A translation of *Cæsar's Commentaries* was one of three books which always lay within reach by the bedside of the Duke of Wellington; and it is in translations, we believe, that the present Emperor of the

French studies the history of the great Roman. With so much high association in its favour, translation can hardly be accused of want of dignity. There is no doubt an impression that all translation must be a faint image of the original, which indisposes many people to meddle with it. And this impression is not wholly unreasonable. Without going so far as Lamartine did, when he said that nobody could be translated, we may admit that very excellent rendering is rare—as rare, as very excellent original writing. But we must not make the case worse than it is; for, in the first place, there is much more first-rate translation than is commonly believed; and, in the next place, it is by no means of equal importance how well each author is dealt with. The poets lose most; and those historians, like Tacitus, who have a very striking and peculiar and distinctive manner, and stand alone in their art, with Rembrandt in painting, or Rabelais in comic fiction. But sometimes even these fall into the hands of a man of genius; while authors in whom style is less important or remarkable may be less skilfully handled, with little comparative mischief. Plutarch is quite as enjoyable in English as in Greek; and all a sensible reader would care for in an English Pliny the Elder, or Quintilian, or Athenæus, would be some reasonable guarantee for its accuracy. In short, by reading the cream of the translations of the poets, and contenting himself with good business-like ones of the other books of antiquity, an English reader may acquire not only a mass of positive knowledge about the ancient world, but a very fair notion of the type and character of the genius of the most wonderful of its writers. He will do well, of course, to acquaint himself with the old geography, from a good classical map, and with the antiquities, from some lucid solid book, like the *Roman Antiquities* of Professor Ramsay,—a worthy *Greek* companion of which is much wanted. We assume, too, that he is not likely to be ignorant of the best works in his own language on the history of the classical nations, such as those of Dr. Arnold and Mr. Grote; or that, at least, he has learned the general facts of their history from the narratives of good school-books of the stamp of those of Keightley and Dr. Schmitz. For, without collateral knowledge of these different kinds, much in the mere text of the ancients would be unintelligible, or half-intelligible; and the whole literature would have a vague unreal air essentially disappointing.

Translations of the Homeric poems—especially of the *Iliad*—have been so numerous lately that the subject threatens to become wearisome. And yet we are still without any work which adequately represents *all* the qualities of the *Iliad*. We are still obliged to select from the mass of versions (forming a literature in themselves) those which best express—each in its own way—some characteristic of the incomparable original. Homer's is the only poetry existing which combines the true fresh homeliness, simplicity, and nature of the primæval world with a grandeur of thought and felicity of expression which the most civilized ages can never sufficiently admire. Here lies the difficulty of reproducing him in a modern language; and we must be content to gather something of the different

elements of his charm from translators separated by whole generations. Chapman, Pope, and Lord Derby may be drawn out from the multitude, and may stand for representatives of various kinds of merit, and of the qualities of three queenly ages, each of which has produced a characteristic type of thought and taste. Chapman is the most essentially poetical of the group. His old-fashioned poem, in fourteen-syllable metre, with the ballad *lilt* in its simple music, lies, by its very oddity, nearer the antique world than the conventional brilliance of Pope, or the somewhat severe and stately elegance—the conscious and cultivated simplicity—of Lord Derby. Chapman catches, with peculiar success, the “infantine, familiar clasp of things divine,” which Mrs. Browning so happily attributes to our own Homeric Chaucer. How delicious his name for Ἡὼς, Aurora—“the Lady of the Light!” How tenderly he describes Athené, the “blue-eyed maid” of other translators,—

Then, taking breakfast, a big bowl filled with the purest wine,
They offered to the Maiden Queen that hath the azure eyne.

How homely, and yet beautiful, his rendering of βοῶπις—“she with the cow’s fair eyes;” and with what a rough vigour he brings out all the force of a famous simile in the following passage:—

As when the harmful king of beasts (sore threatened to be slain
By all the country up in arms) at first makes coy disdain
Prepare resistance, but at last when any one hath led
Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turns yawning head,
Fell anger lathers in his jaws, his great heart swells, his stern
Lasheth his strength up, sides and thighs waddled with stripes to learn
Their own powers, his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,
Secure of killing,

It was this wild strength of Chapman’s, this clinging to all the primitive raciness of the original, which made Keats sit up over him at their first acquaintance till the Lady of the Light herself showed her saffron robe in the east. And yet the “unconquerable quaintness” of Chapman, noted by Lamb, as when he makes Achilles say,—

I will not use my sword
On thee, or any, for a wench,—

prevents one from accepting him as a sole and all-sufficient translator of Homer. For, though he gives, with a wonderful happiness belonging to the early period in which he lived, what may be called the ballad side of Homer, there is a side to those poems which only a more cultivated age than Chapman’s can do justice to. There is a side by which they appeal to the nicety and subtlety of taste of Augustan eras, in which power of Chapman’s sort appears somewhat rude and unfamiliar. Now, that Pope’s *Homer* is founded on essential misconception we readily admit; nor do we believe that it will ever again hold in the eyes of men of letters the rank which it held in those of Dr. Johnson and his school. The characteristic Homeric naturalness appears nowhere in Pope. We need not expose once

more the famous night-piece, the moonlight scene at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, which Wordsworth selected as a typical specimen of the false in poetic art. For the same kind of fault meets one everywhere in his translations; all is conventional; we have,—

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb,—

when the original so affectingly tells us only, that “the life-nourishing earth held ‘Helen’s brothers’ in their loved fatherland.” Pope is best in moral as distinct from tender or descriptive passages; for instance, in such scenes as the meeting at which Thersites is chastised by Ulysses, in the second book of the *Iliad* :—

But if a clam'rous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows;
Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield,
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye gods, what dastards would our host command!
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd,
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway,
His are the laws, and him let all obey.

And even where a different tone is required, as in the memorable interview between Hector and Andromache in book sixth, Pope executes the work with a high vivacious spirit and rhetorical swing, under the charm of which we are apt to forget that Popian qualities and Homeric qualities are two different things :—

There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Pope was in fact so great a writer, and so full of the brilliant spirit of the age of Marlborough and Bolingbroke, that by sheer ability and skill he imposed a Popian Homer as a Homeric Homer upon the English people for a hundred years. There were grumblers all along from Bentley onwards, but the tide of popularity was too strong. One good effect was produced so far, that all England learned the stories of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and formed some conceptions of their grand and shadowy heroes, from the figures, clad in the silk of Queen Anne's age, which stalked loftily through the pages of the wonderful little bard. But Chapman was forgotten till Coleridge and Lamb's time, when, as usual,

there was a reaction, during which Pope's *Homer* was treated with gross injustice, and reviled for want of likeness to the original by men who had no personal knowledge as to what the original *was* like. The ballad theory was pushed to an extent which threatened us with a *Homer* from the establishment of Mr. Catnach in Seven Dials. But we have now arrived at an age of reconciliation and compromise; and Lord Derby's *Iliad* is the worthy exponent of this condition of things. It is at once more natural than Pope's and more cultivated than Chapman's, and though probably inferior in power to both, is, from its harmony with that indefinable agency, the spirit of the age, likely to be much more read for years to come than either. Lord Derby's style is chaste, elegant, modern, without the conventional falsetto of Pope. His blank verse suits admirably the Homeric dignity, without being fatal to the Homeric freshness; and while free from that elaborate Miltonism which makes the blank verse of Cowper, in spite of all his ability, so tedious by its constant suggestion of incongruous associations. Any reader who compares the Earl's version of the celebrated suppliant visit by Priam to Achilles, in the twenty-fourth book, with Pope's, will readily observe the good effect produced by the Wordsworthian revival. We transcribe the most important portion of it containing the old Trojan monarch's speech:—

Think, great Achilles, rival of the Gods,
 Upon thy father, ev'n as I myself
 Upon the threshold of unjoyous age:
 And haply he, from them that dwell around,
 May suffer wrong, with no protector near
 To give him aid; yet he rejoicing, knows
 That thou still livest; and day by day may hope
 To see his son returning safe from Troy;
 While I, all hapless, that have many sons,
 The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy
 Begotten, deem that none are left me now.
 Fifty there were, when came the sons of Greece;
 Nineteen the offspring of a single womb;
 The rest the women of my household bore.
 Of these have many by relentless Mars
 Been laid in dust; but he my only one,
 The city's and his brethren's sole defence,
 He, bravely fighting in his country's cause,
 Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n:
 On his behalf I venture to approach
 The Grecian ships; for his release to thee
 To make my pray'r, and priceless ransom pay.
 Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods;
 And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down
 On me, more needing pity; since I bear
 Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,
 Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son.
 Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast
 Fond memory of his father rose; he touch'd
 The old man's hand and gently put him by;
 Then wept they both by various mem'ries stirred.

One prostrate at Achilles' feet bewailed
 His warrior son ; Achilles for his sire,
 And for Patroclus wept, his comrade dear ;
 And through the house their weeping loud was heard.

There is a grave quiet melancholy about all this, which is very impressive. Pope blazes away in his own great manner :—

Ah, think, thou favour'd of the pow'r's divine,
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
 In me that father's rev'rend image trace,
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face, &c.

It is magnificent, we exclaim for the hundredth time with the French general ; it is magnificent, but it is not Homer. Nevertheless, Pope must be read for that marvellous power ; and he who to Pope and Chapman adds Lord Derby, and the delightful *Odyssey* of the late Mr. Worsley, will have done his duty as an Englishman to Homer in English. Were this a paper on translations of Homer only, we should rejoice to extract largely from the *Odyssey* of Mr. Worsley. The flow of his sweet Spenserian stanza seems the echo of the waves which beat on the coast of the country of the lotus-eaters ; and the pleasant illusion of a Mediterranean atmosphere hangs about his whole book.

We must proceed, however, to the Greek tragedians, with regard to whom we are glad to observe that good translation from them is on the increase. The venerable Æschylus, with his lofty grandeur and deep piety of thought, may be studied to advantage in the prose version of his excellent editor Mr. Paley ; and his two masterpieces have been translated in our time, by two masters,—the *Prometheus* by Mrs. Browning, and the *Agamemnon* by Dean Milman. Let us take, from the latter, Clytemnestra's renowned description of the signalling by beacon-fires from Troy to Argos, which told the great wicked queen that the enemy's city had fallen before her husband's army :—

CHORUS.

How long is't since the ruined city fell ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

This day, I say, born of this very night.

CHORUS.

What messenger hath hither flown so swiftly ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The Fire-God, kindling his bright light on Ida !
 Beacon to beacon fast and forward flashed
 An estaffete of fire, on to the rocks
 Of Hermes-hallowed Lemnos ; from that isle
 Caught, thirdly, Jove-crowned Athos, the red light
 That broader, skimming o'er the shimmering sea,
 Went travelling in its strength. For our delight
 The pine-torch, golden glittering like the sun,

Spoke to the watchman on Macistus height.
 Nor he delaying, nor by careless sleep
 Subdued, sent on the fiery messenger :
 Far o'er Euripus' tide the beacon-blaze
 Signalled to the Messapian sentinels.
 Light answering light, they sent the tidings on,
 Kindling into a blaze the old dry heath ;
 And mightier still, and waning not a whit,
 The light leaped o'er Asopus' plain, most like
 The crescent moon, on to Cithæron's peak,
 And woke again another missive fire.
 Nor did the guard disdain the far-scen light,
 But kindled up at once a mightier flame.
 O'er the Gorgopian lake it flashed like lightning
 On the sea-beaten cliffs of Megaris ;
 Woke up the watchman not to spare his fire,
 And, gathering in its unexhausted strength,
 The long-waving bearded flame from off the cliffs
 That overlook the deep Saronian gulf,
 As from a mirror streamed. On flashed it ; reached
 Arachne, our close neighbouring height, and there
 Not un-begotten of that bright fire on Ida,
 On sprang it to Atrides' palace-roof.

Here we have the true classical concentration, the pithy grace, which wastes no word or epithet ; and it is useful to contrast the Dean's piece of work with the loose clever rhyming paraphrases of the same passage in Lord Lytton's *Athens, its Rise and Fall*. Would that the Dean had tried his hand on the noble description of the battle of Salamis in the *Persæ* ! But the volume from which we have just quoted contains a most interesting rendering of the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, a poet to whom English translators have paid little attention. Sophocles, meanwhile, has recently found a loyal and skilful interpreter of all his tragedies in Mr. E. H. Plumptre, whose book is an addition of solid value to the branch of English literature under review. When one of Plutarch's heroes was asked to come and listen to a man who imitated the nightingale, he said that he had heard the nightingale herself. But one may have heard the nightingale of Colonos herself, and still enjoy her in Mr. Plumptre's *Ædipus at Colonos* in the chorus that all scholars love :—

STROPH. 1.

Chor. Of all the land that counts the horse its pride
 Thou com'st, O stranger, to the noblest spot,
 Colonos, glistening bright,
 Where evermore, in thickets freshly green,
 The clear-voiced nightingale
 Still loves to haunt, and pour her plaintive song,
 By purpling ivy hid,
 Or the thick leafage sacred to the Gods,
 By mortal's foot untouched,
 By sun and winds unscathed.
 There wanders Dionysos wild and free,

Still following with the train of goddess-nymphs
Protectors of his youth.

ANTISTROPH. I.

And there, beneath the gentle dews of heaven,
The fair narcissus with its clustered bells
Blooms ever, day by day,
Time-honoured wreath of mighty goddesses ;
And the bright crocus with its leaf of gold.
And still unslumbering flow
Kephisus' wandering streams ;
They fail not from their spring,
But ever, swiftly rushing into birth,
Over the plain they sweep,
Over the fertile earth,
With clear and crystal wave :
Nor do the muses in their minstrel choir,
Hold it in slight esteem,
Nor Aphrodite with her golden reins.

We are obliged to limit our quotations from the extent of the subject, or we should have been glad to reprint the whole of this chorus, Mr. Plumtre's handling of which seems to strengthen the case of those who think rhyme unnecessary in rendering even the choral parts of the ancient tragedies. Nor can we do more than mention his *Antigone*; besides recommending the curious reader to compare his *Ajax* with the *Ajax* published by Professor D'Arcy Thompson in his pleasant volume of classical miscellanies, *Ancient Leaves*. It may be observed generally, of this particular branch of translation, that it is gaining now in conciseness, and above all in simplicity and freedom from paraphrastical licence. Whether the ancients painted their statues or not, is a question that has been much controverted. But one thing is certain: we have no right to paint over with modern colour what has come down to us in the marble-whiteness of their diction; and it is an excellent sign that our scholars are far more scrupulous than they used to be about expanding, diluting, or decorating the beauty of their originals. Pope would have hung an epigrammatic earring without scruple in the ear of the Venus de' Medici, and the earring would have been the finest gold of wit.

Precisely, however, because Pope did so admirably what he ought never to have done at all, his example corrupted translations from his time onwards: writers went on gilding the Greek gold and painting the Italian lily; a process all the more absurd since the ancient grace is a severe grace disdaining rash embellishment; and since modern ornament can add nothing, for example, to the peculiar mixture of gravity and suavity which makes the beauty of a style like that of Sophocles.

An element of luck enters into the history of translation as into everything human. It is difficult to say why more justice should have been done to Aristophanes than to any of the tragedians; and yet the great comic writer has been more fortunate than Æschylus, Sophocles, or

Euripides. There is a very able translation of him by his editor Mitchell, a schoolfellow of Leigh Hunt; there are others highly esteemed; and four of the best of his eleven plays have been executed by Mr. Hookham Frere with a skill, sympathy, elegance, and point as Aristophanic as Aristophanes himself. This was the Frere who was Canning's comrade at Eton, the author of *Whistlecraft*: a wit, a scholar, a poet, a Tory, of the great Greek satirist's own stamp. He was Minister at Madrid; but spent his last years in Malta, where, surrounded by a sea every wind on which brought classical associations along with it, he amused his leisure with a loving and careful study of the old writers. Unfortunately, his *Aristophanes* having been privately printed at the Government Press of Malta, is a very scarce book, copies of which have sold for five pounds, and it is to be hoped that some day his family will issue an edition of it for the benefit of the world at large. Let us, in the meantime, enrich our paper with a passage or two from the copy before us, which bears the old man's autograph, and once belonged to a distinguished Italian poet.

The prime characteristic, we need scarcely say, of Aristophanes, is that he is the great poetic satirist of the world. To all the ferocity of Swift's most serious vein, and the invention of his *Tale of a Tub*, or *Gulliver*, he adds a frolicsomeness as genuine as that of Lamb, and a lyrical vein as tender as that of Hood. He gives you the nettle and the nettle-flower; cuts an enemy deep with sarcasm, and playfully rubs Attic salt into the wound. To translate such a man requires many qualities, and brief specimens from plays created to be seen and read as wholes, do neither translator nor author much justice. Here is a specimen,—from the *Knights*,—of the freedom with which the Old Comedy lashed a demagogue:—

CHORUS.

Dark and unsearchably profound abyss,
 Gulf of unfathomable
 Baseness and iniquity!
 Miracle of immense
 Intense impudence!
 Every court, every hall,
 Juries and assemblies, all
 Are stun'd to death, deafen'd all
 Whilst you bawl.
 The bench and bar ring and jar,
 Each decree smells of thee,
 Land and sea stink of thee,
 Whilst we

Scorn and hate, execrate, abominate
 Thee, the brawler and embroiler of the nation and the state.
 You, that on the rocky seat of our assembly raise a din,
 Deafening all our ears with uproar, as you rave, and howl, and grin.
 Watching all the while the vessels with revenue sailing in.
 Like the tunny-fishers perched aloft, to look about and bawl,
 When the shoals are seen arriving, ready to secure a haul.

The occasional hits are most neatly turned off by Mr. Frere. Thus, when Dicæopolis, in the *Acharnians*, asks the Megarian what they are doing at Megara, he answers,—

What we're doing ?
I left our governing people all contriving
To ruin us utterly without loss of time.

But Frere is equally at home in the poetic parts. How musical these lines in the *Birds*, when Peisthetairus hears the nightingale's call :—

Oh, Jupiter ! the dear delicious bird !
With what a lovely tone she swells and falls,
Sweetening the wilderness with delicate air.

And at the close of the *Knights*, when Demus is revealed sitting in his rejuvenescent state—

On the citadel's brow,
In the lofty old town of immortal renown,
With the noble Ionian violet crown.

A fuller revelation of this aspect of the poet's and the translator's genius may be cited from the *Acharnians* :—

Wherefore are ye gone away,
Whither are ye gone astray,
Lovely Peace,
Vanishing, eloping, and abandoning unhappy Greece ?
—Love is as a painter ever, doting on a fair design.
Zeuxis has illustrated a vision and a wish of mine.
Cupid is pourtray'd
Naked, unarray'd,
With an amaranthine braid
Waving in his hand ;
With a lover and a maid
Bounden in a band.
Cupid is uniting both,
Nothing loth.

Think, then, if I saw ye with a cupid in a tether, dear,
Binding and uniting us eternally together here.
Think of the delight of it ; in harmony to live at last,
Making it a principle to cancel all offences past.
Really I propose it, and I promise ye to do my best
(Old as you may fancy me) to sacrifice my peace and rest ;
Working in my calling as a father of a family,
Labouring and occupied in articles of husbandry.
You shall have an orchard, with the fig-trees in a border round,
Planted all in order, and a vineyard and an olive ground,
When the month is ended, we'll repose from toil,
With a ball and banquet, wine, and anointing oil.

There is surely great power of expression and versification in these

extracts. It is with reluctance that we forbear to transfer to our pages the Parabasis of the *Birds*,—

Ye children of man ! whose life is a span, &c.

—which the late Mr. Thackeray could repeat by heart—but we have no choice.

For the scanty fragments of the Greek lyrists, and some gems of the minor Greek poets, we may refer to the *Last Poems* of Mrs. Browning; the volume of Dean Milman's which has already been laid under contribution; and the appendix to Mr. C. D. Yonge's *Athenæus*. With regard to Pindar, we have nothing better to suggest than the prose version in Bohn's *Classical Library*, for to translate Pindar is about as Icarian a task as Horace tells us it is to rival him. On the whole, indeed, the reader must understand that all translation of the poets is an approximation only; that he is listening to the music of the sea in a shell. In the case of the prose writers, he is better off, though some of the highest of these still wait a truly characteristic translator,—a born translator like Hookham Frere. This is true of Herodotus, who holds the same place in prose that Homer holds in poetry; and to reproduce whose antique simplicity, piety, and artless, easy yet wise reflective garrulity of narration, would be a task as difficult as that of Chapman or Lord Derby. There are many translations of Herodotus. The standard one used to be Beloe's, to which Macaulay gives a pungent side-hit somewhere, by saying of another book that it is "as flat as champagne in decanters, or Herodotus in Beloe's translation." Nevertheless, we are much mistaken if it was not in Beloe that Major Rennell, author of the *Geography of Herodotus*, read him, while preparing for a work which is a signal instance of the use to which translations may be put. The late Isaac Taylor published an *Herodotus* with a curious introduction, comparing the state of the modern with that of the ancient world. But all such versions must, we believe, be considered to have been superseded by the *Herodotus* of the Rawlinsons published by Mr. Murray in four volumes, where a great deal of most valuable Oriental information illustrative of the text is accumulated. It fell in our way a few years back, apart from our present purpose, to compare three books of the Greek with Mr. George Rawlinson's translation,—a fair enough test of its accuracy; while as for the style, we may say that if it falls short of the true Herodotean local colour, it is sufficiently readable, and sometimes felicitously simple. A brief sample will not be unwelcome, the rather that it contains a story which has become familiar to all the literatures of Europe:—

“ . . . Now it is seven furlongs across from Abydos to the opposite coast. When, therefore, the Channel had been bridged successfully, it happened that a great storm arising broke the whole work to pieces, and destroyed all that had been done. So when Xerxes heard of it he was

full of wrath, and straightway gave orders that the Hellespont should receive three hundred lashes, and that a pair of fetters should be cast into it. Nay, I have even heard it said, that he bade the branders take their irons and therewith brand the Hellespont. It is certain that he commanded those who scourged the waters to utter, as they lashed them, these barbarian and wicked words: 'Thou bitter water, thy lord lays on thee this punishment because thou hast wronged him without a cause, having suffered no evil at his hand. Verily King Xerxes will cross thee whether thou wilt or no. Well dost thou deserve that no man should honour thee with sacrifice; for thou art of a brute, a treacherous and unsavoury river.' While the sea was thus punished by his orders, he likewise commanded that the overseers of the work should lose their heads."—*Book Seventh*, cc. 34, 35.

The other most famous historian of Greece, Thucydides, was translated in the seventeenth century by the philosopher Hobbes. But it may be decided that old translations, even when of the first excellence, like Chapman's *Homer* and North's *Plutarch's Lives*, fail to retain their hold on the world at large in later generations, when the whole way of thinking and tone of writing has changed. It is useless to complain of this, because it is impossible to alter it. The modern reader, however, is well off in the case of Thucydides, for the translation of the Reverend Henry Dale holds a highly respectable rank. As Quintilian said long ago, in that delightful summary of the two literatures in his tenth book, which has always seemed to us to be an epitome of all the best previous criticism of antiquity, Thucydides is "dense and brief," while Herodotus is "sweet, and candid, and expansive;" one excels in strength, the other in delightfulness. We shall try to select from Mr. Dale a passage marked by the historian's most distinctive qualities:—

"For afterwards, even the whole of Greece, so to say, was convulsed, struggles being everywhere made by the popular leaders to call in the Athenians, by the oligarchical party the Lacedemonians. Now, they would have had no pretext for calling them in, nor have been prepared to do so, in time of peace. But when pressed by war, and when an alliance also was maintained by both parties for the injury of their opponents and for their own gain therefrom, occasions of inviting them were easily supplied to such as wished to effect any revolution. And many dreadful things befell the cities through this sedition, which occur, and will always do so, as long as human nature is the same, but in a more violent or milder form, and varying in their phenomena, as the several variations of circumstances may in each case present themselves. For in peace and prosperity both communities and individuals have better feelings, through not falling into urgent needs; whereas war, by taking away the free supply of daily wants, is a violent master, and assimilates most

men's tempers to their present condition. The states then were thus torn by sedition, and the later instances of it in any part, from having heard what had been done before, exhibited largely an expressive refinement of ideas, both in the eminent cunning of their plans and the monstrous cruelty of their vengeance. The ordinary meaning of words was changed by them as they thought proper. For reckless daring was regarded as courage that was true to its friend ; prudent delay as specious cowardice ; moderation as a cloak for unmanliness ; being intelligent in everything as being useful for nothing. Frantic violence was assigned to the manly character ; cautious plotting was considered a specious excuse for declining the contest. The advocate for cruel measures was always trusted ; while his opponent was suspected. He that plotted against another, if successful, was reckoned clever ; he that suspected a plot, still cleverer ; but he that forecasted for escaping the necessity of all such things, was regarded as one who broke up his party, and was afraid of his adversaries. In a word, the man was commended who anticipated our going to do an evil deed, or persuaded to it one who had no thought of it. . . . The neutrals amongst the citizens were destroyed by both parties ; either because they did not join them in their quarrel, or for envy that they should so escape. Thus, every kind of villany arose in Greece from these seditions. Simplicity, which is a very large ingredient in a noble nature, was laughed down and disappeared ; and mutual opposition of feeling, with a want of confidence, prevailed to a great extent. And the men of more homely wit, generally speaking, had the advantage ; for through fearing their own deficiency and the cleverness of their opponents, lest they might be worsted in words, and be first plotted against by means of the versatility of their enemy's genius, they proceeded boldly to deeds."—*Book Third*, cc. 82, 83.

Probably every observation in this masterly sketch has been once more verified in Europe since the era of revolutions began in '89 ; and surely a man must be very foolish who with such treasures of ancient experience open to him in his own language, neglects to put his hand into the bag. Whatever the value of Thucydides compared with *The Times*, he is certainly an excellent companion to that journal ; and, indeed, the whole ancient literature is acquiring a new value in proportion as our civilization begins to repeat the features, and to be puzzled with the problems, of the civilization under which that literature was produced.

What we have observed of translations of the poets and historians is pretty well true of those of the philosophers and orators of Greece. There are a few works of art ; there is a larger number of good solid trustworthy versions, retaining the usefulness, if they have missed the beauty, of their originals. Among the first must be reckoned the *Banquet* of Plato by Shelley, and his *Republic* by Messrs. Davies and Vaughan : two of the rare books of the kind giving any glimpse of the graceful flow of the

Platonic diction. Plato may no doubt be read with substantial results as far as the subject-matter is concerned in Burges, Cary, and others; but we question whether justice is done to the exquisite delicacy of the narrative in such dialogues as the *Phædo* and *Phædrus*. The question of style is of less significance in the case of Aristotle, whose *Ethics* have been translated by Professor Browne, and whose other works are easily accessible in our language. The *Politics* ought to engage the special attention of the English reader, who will be startled by the immense amount of political experience recorded in them from the histories of the swarm of commonwealths on the shores of the Mediterranean, every one of which was as familiar to Aristotle the politician, as the fish of the Ægean and sponges of Crete were to Aristotle the naturalist. How closely many of Aristotle's *dicta* apply to the events passing every day before our eyes is only known to those who have thoughtfully gone through his invaluable treatise, which holds the same place in the history of the philosophy of politics that his *Poetics* do in the history of criticism. With regard to the Greek orators, the curiosity of the student for whom this essay is intended, will probably be chiefly directed to Demosthenes. He is far less amusing and brilliant than Cicero; but his massive lucid reasoning is a chain of silver; and where he bursts into deliberate eloquence, the effect is overwhelming. Demosthenes may be read in the versions of Leland, Lord Brougham (for the *Oration on the Crown*), and Mr. Rann Kennedy. Plutarch's *Demosthenes*, though perhaps inferior to his *Antony* and his *Pericles*, is one of his most charming biographies. And this leads us to suggest that the best *Plutarch's Lives* now accessible to the general world is the Drydenian version edited and revised by the lamented Arthur Hugh Clough. It is far superior to that of the Langhorns, not only in accuracy but in style; for the Langhornian version is deeply tainted with the artificial mannerism which belongs to so many books of the eighteenth century.

The Greek literature naturally carries away the lion's share of a paper of this kind, not only because of its superior importance, but because people who have some knowledge of Latin are infinitely more numerous than those who have any knowledge of Greek. Nevertheless, we must indicate the principal English translations of Roman writers, following the same order that we have taken hitherto in the other case. The standard *Virgil* is, of course, Dryden's; for the *Æneid* of good old Bishop Douglas has been long the exclusive property of the antiquaries, who find it a perfect mine of the soundest broad Scotch of the antique world. All that Dryden did he executed with an easy rapid vigour, which is one of his chief distinctions; and we may still take Gray's advice, "to read Dryden, and be blind to all his faults." Of his many successors in the task, the most interesting at this juncture is Professor Conington, whose *Æneid*, in a different, and at first sight, far less suitable metre, has been praised by very competent judges; and proves, even on a cursory examination, to

contain passages of great spirit and liveliness. But great as has been the attention bestowed by our translators on Virgil, it is exceeded by that which they have devoted to Horace. Horace has no such rivals to contend with as Homer and Theocritus; while in his Satires and Epistles he is all but the sole master of a species of composition peculiar to Italy. It was Dr. Johnson's opinion that "the lyrical part of Horace can never be properly translated;" and this is certainly much confirmed by the fact that we have no one English version of the *Odes* entirely pleasing and faithful. Scattered over our literature there are some delightful successes; the *Pyrrha* of Milton, the *Quem tu Melpomene* of Bishop Atterbury, the *Beatus ille* of Ben Jonson, and so forth. But though a score of hands have laboured at the Venusian in all forms, from the useful Smart in prose (that blessing to the modern "literary man") upward, no *Horace* stands out supreme even as Pope's *Homer*, whatever its faults, must be allowed to do. Milton's *Pyrrha* is the flower of his odes in English. Francis is justly becoming obsolete, by reason of his looseness, wordiness, and general want of fidelity to the truth of classic art, with its quiet finish and serene severity of beauty. Among the Horatians of this age, Father Prout excels in the familiar, and Professor Conington in the more rigid manner. But, on the whole, the *Imitations* of Horace by Pope and Swift give a far livelier conception of his comic than any other pieces do of his lyrical vein. His great rival in satire, Juvenal, has been more lucky. His moral spirit has been excellently seized by Johnson in the *London* and *Vanity of Human Wishes*; and the direct translations of him by Dryden and Gifford are among the most successful translations in the language. There was a glorious stream of humour running through Dryden's fine genius; and when employed on Juvenal—five of whose best satires he executed—he gave full vent to it. The broad comedy of his sketch of the garret of poor Codrus, a hero of the Grub Street of Rome, has often amused us:—

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers graced,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard placed;
And to support their noble plate there lay
A bending chiron cast in honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contained
Whose covers much of mouldiness complained;
Where mice and rats devoured poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriantly were fed.

We dare not quote Dryden's incomparable rendering of the famous passage on Messalina in the sixth satire; but we confidently recommend it to all who relish the old English comic vein. Gifford's whole *Juvenal*, too, is well worth reading;—good, sturdy, faithful stuff, giving a just notion of the sense, though not always equally of the humour, of the Latin. Juvenal's is one of the cases, like that of Frere's *Aristophanes*, in which

the ancient fell into the hands of precisely the kind of moderns who sympathized with him at all points, and resembled him in essential characteristics of feeling and taste. There are other instances in the history of Roman translation. The *Terence* of the elder Colman is one of them ; and the *Pliny's Letters* of Melmoth. But it sometimes happens that, by a strange perversity, a man just gets hold of the very author with whom he has nothing in common. Elphinstone, who produced a *Martial* in the last century, was one of these men ; and his book enjoys the ignoble distinction of being the very worst version of a classical author in the literature of England. Let us hope that we are now beginning to learn that to translate a humourist, requires humour ; and to translate a poet, poetry ; and that the mere power of giving the literal meaning, by itself, can create nothing but that lowest of all kind of translation which is called a "crib." The best-turned *Martial's* epigrams we ever saw appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* some years back. As a satirical epigrammatist, he has no equal for *point* ; and there are casual intimations in him of far higher powers than he ever did justice to. His chief rival in the Latin epigram was that most delicious of all Latin poets, Catullus—who is, and ever will be, peculiarly untranslatable ; his spirit being so rare, and his form so perfect. Translation has sometimes been compared to decanting wine ; but what if you have to transfer the glass as well as the liquor ? The greatest of the poets of Rome according to modern ideas,—Lucretius,—was long read in the pages of the eccentric and forgotten Creech ; but may be most profitably studied now in the verse of Dr. Mason Goode, or the prose of his celebrated editor, Mr. Munro.

The two great Roman historians are, on the whole, at a disadvantage in our literature, as compared with the two great Greek historians. We are unable to name a *Livy* from which anything higher than an honest reproduction of the meaning can be expected ; but *Livy's* style is remarkable for combining remarkable natural beauty, especially in narrative, with a dignity which has all the effect of stateliness and elaboration. As for *Tacitus*, it is not fair to ask for a thorough-going translation of *him*. He stands apart from the established models of classical diction, pretty much as Mr. Carlyle does in our own times. He may be familiarly described as a cross between a great tragic poet and Rochefoucauld : his touches of description light upon a scene like shafts of sunlight breaking through clouds in a storm ; he delivers oracles in epigrams, and his satire is prussic acid ;—his whole books giving you an impression which lasts for life, of a great soul steeped in speculation, sorrow, and scorn,—and sustained on the human side of it by an indomitable spirit of aristocracy which is Roman to the spinal marrow. Such a man, delivering himself in brief, terse, elliptical sentences, reading like a kind of spiritual short-hand, tasks the strength of a translator to the uttermost. The "standard" translation of *Tacitus*, that by Murphy, is painfully long-winded ; and as far as the *History* is concerned, must be looked on as thrust out of the

field by the *History* of Mr. Church and Mr. Brodribb, issued by Macmillan and Co., in 1864. From this very clever volume, we select a couple of passages. Our first is the account of the death of Vitellius when the Flavian troops obtained possession of Rome in A. D. 70 :—

“When Rome had fallen, Vitellius caused himself to be carried in a litter through the back of the palace to the Aventine, to his wife’s dwelling, intending, if by any concealment he could escape for that day, to make his way to his brother’s cohorts at Tarracina. Then, with characteristic weakness, and following the instincts of fear, which, dreading everything, shrinks most from what is immediately before it, he retraced his steps to the desolate and forsaken palace, whence even the meanest slaves had fled, or where they avoided his presence. The solitude and silence of the place scared him; he tried the closed doors, he shuddered in the empty chambers, till, wearied out with his miserable wanderings, he concealed himself in an unseemly hiding-place, from which he was dragged out by the tribune Julius Placidus. His hands were bound behind his back, and he was led along with tattered robes, a revolting spectacle, amidst the invectives of many, the tears of none. The degradation of his end had extinguished all pity. One of the German soldiers met the party, and aimed a deadly blow at Vitellius, perhaps in anger, perhaps wishing to release him the sooner from insult. Possibly the blow was meant for the tribune. He struck off that officer’s ear, and was immediately despatched.

“Vitellius, compelled by threatening swords, first to raise his face and offer it to insulting blows, then to behold his own statues falling round him, and more than once to look at the Rostra and the spot where Galba was slain, was then driven along till they reached the Gemoniæ, the place where the corpse of Flavius Sabinus had lain. One speech was heard from him indicating a soul not utterly degraded, when to the insults of a tribune he answered, ‘Yet I was your Emperor.’ Then he fell under a shower of blows, and the mob reviled him when he was dead with the same heartlessness with which they had flattered him when he was alive.”

The above has been chosen to illustrate the historian’s power of description. What follows will do the same office for his faculty of analysing character,—one of the greatest of his great gifts :—

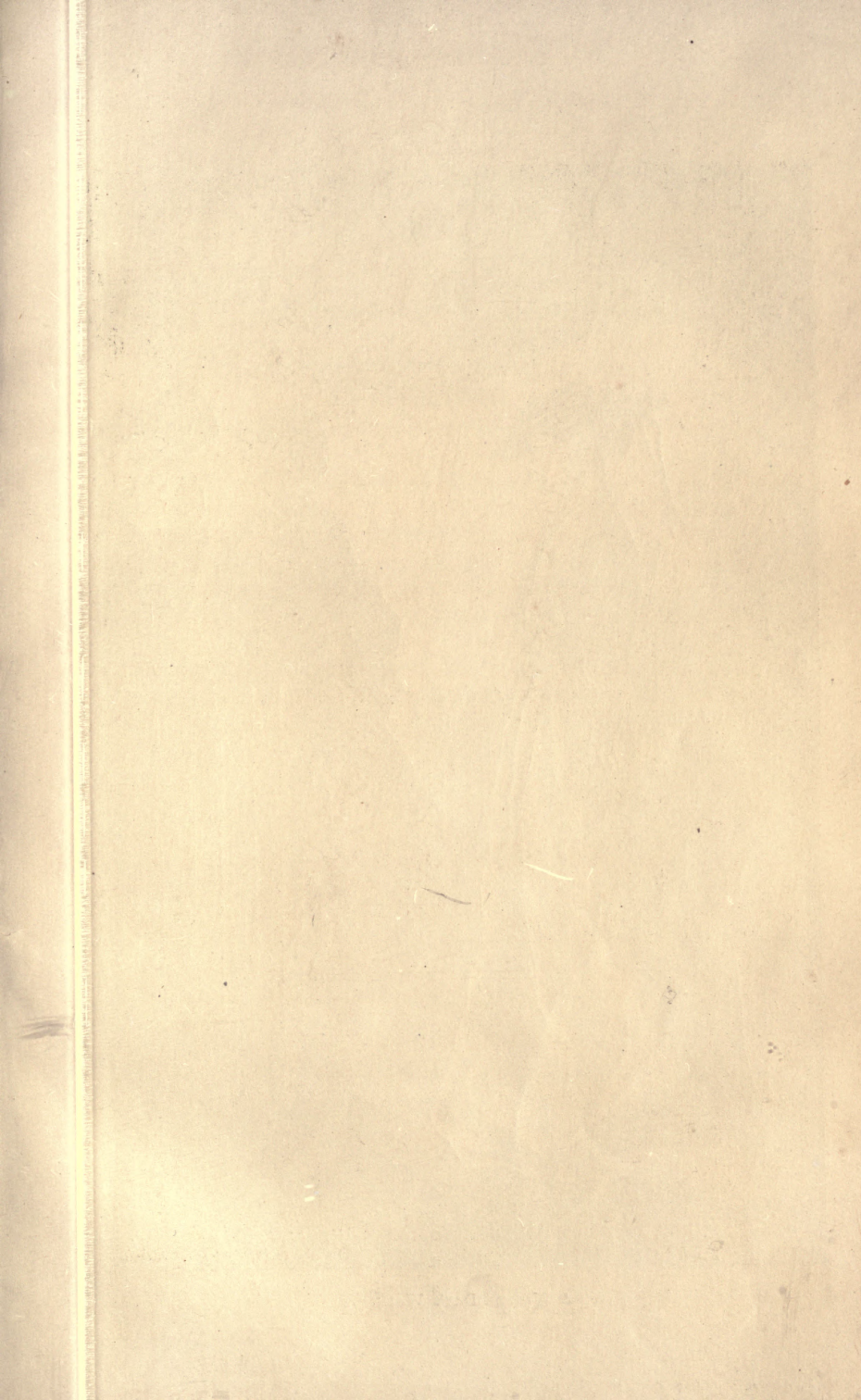
“The body of Galba lay for a long time neglected, and subjected, through the licence which the darkness permitted, to a thousand indignities, till Argius his steward, who had been one of his slaves, gave it a humble burial in his master’s private gardens. His head, which the sutlers and camp-followers had fixed on a pole and mangled, was found only the next day in front of the tomb of Patrobius, a freedman of Nero’s, whom Galba had executed. It was put with the body, which had by that

time been reduced to ashes. Such was the end of Servius Galba, who, in his seventy-three years, had lived prosperously through the reigns of five emperors, and had been more fortunate under the rule of others than he was in his own. His family could boast an ancient nobility, his wealth was great. His character was of an average kind, rather free from vices than distinguished by virtues. He was not regardless of fame, nor yet vainly fond of it. Other men's money he did not covet, with his own he was parsimonious, with that of the state avaricious. To his freedmen and friends he showed a forbearance which, when he had fallen into worthy hands, could not be blamed; when, however, these persons were worthless, he was even culpably blind. The nobility of his birth and the perils of the times made what was really indolence pass for wisdom. While in the vigour of life, he enjoyed a high military reputation in Germany; as proconsul he ruled Africa with moderation, and when advanced in years showed the same integrity in Eastern Spain. He seemed greater than a subject while he was yet in a subject's rank, and by common consent would have been pronounced equal to Empire, had he never been Emperor."

We shall speak of only one more Roman writer,—the most various, versatile, and accomplished of them all; the flower of their culture; the type of their eloquence; the great, the genial, the humane Cicero. Of him, it may be said, as Byron said of Pope, and with even more justice, that he is a "literature in himself." Hardly any writer of antiquity instructs us so much about so many different sides of its life; or has attained excellence in so many branches of knowledge. His oratory has every merit: high eloquence; ingenious and plausible reasoning; genuine honour; picturesque description. His familiar letters are among the most agreeable ever written. His moral dialogues, like the *Friendship* and *Old Age*, anticipate the kindly wisdom and polite pleasant shrewdness of our Addisons and Goldsmiths. His philosophical dialogues at least add a charm to the Greek doctrines by strengthening and enlivening them with a swarm of apposite anecdotes and illustrative sketches. His *bons mots* are as good as those of Talleyrand or Sheridan; and he would have laughed his great living enemy Mommsen out of any public assembly in Europe. Of such a man, every sensible Englishman ought to know something; and if no translation does him justice, any translation, whether the older one of Duncan, or the more recent one of Yonge, supplies ample opportunity of learning from the vast mass of knowledge accumulated in his books. If a selection had to be made, we should recommend, first, among the speeches, those in defence of Archias, Milo, and Murena, as well as all the Catilinarians, and the second Philippic; secondly, as many of the letters as possible, the preference being given to those to Atticus; thirdly, among the dialogues, the *Friendship*, the *Old Age*, and the *Tusculan Questions*. Some of his elegance and

stateliness of style must appear in any translation ; his sense in any case is sure to assert itself ; and above all, he is thoroughly human and sympathetic. Few kinder men have ever lived ; and it is this element of unconquerable geniality, this thread of a tenderness almost Christian, which has made his name dear to so many men who well know all that can be urged against his weaknesses, and the errors of his public conduct. In any case, however, the mere study of such controversies is elevating ; and teaches the modern reader to enlarge his views by comparing the public men of his own age with those mighty ones of old whose ashes have long been resolved into the dust of their native land. Contact with a distant past gives poetry to a man's daily experience, and colours the everyday existence around him with a certain grave sentiment which refines and hallows it.

At this point, we may bring our imperfect sketch of a great subject to a close. The intelligent reader sees what we want : we desire to concentrate into a focus the scattered interest of a valuable class of books, the existence of which is half useless, just because they are seldom thought of in connection with each other, and remain unknown by reason of their isolation. Let a library of them be formed anywhere, giving the preference to the best, and their importance would be instantly seen. If every public library, such as those of the Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Institutions of the country, contained every book that we have mentioned in this paper, and they were only in moderate demand there, we should look forward without despondency to the growth of the thought and taste of the rising generation.





A WINTER DAY'S WALK.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1867.

The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.

CHAPTER X.

THE DROPPINGS OF A GREAT DIPLOMATIST.



WHEN a man's manner and address are very successful with the world —when he possesses that power of captivation which extends to people of totally different tastes and habits, and is equally at home, equally at his ease, with young and old, with men of grave pursuits and men of pleasure — it is somewhat hard to believe that there must not be some strong sterling quality in his nature ; for we know that the base metals never bear gilding, and that it is only a waste of gold to cover them with it.

It would be, therefore, very pleasant to think that if people should not be altogether as admirable as they were agreeable, yet that the qualities which made the companionship so delightful should be indications of deeper and more solid gifts beneath. Yet I am afraid the theory will not hold. I suspect that there are a considerable number of people in this world who go through life trading on credit, and who renew their bills with humanity so gracefully and so cleverly, they are never found out to be bankrupts till they die.

A very accomplished specimen of this order was Lord Culduff. He was a man of very ordinary abilities, commonplace in every way, and who had yet contrived to impress the world with the notion of his capacity. He did a little of almost everything. He sang a little, played a little on two or three instruments, talked a little of several languages, and had smatterings of all games and field-sports, so that to every seeming, nothing came amiss to him. Nature had been gracious to him personally, and he had a voice very soft and low and insinuating.

He was not an impostor, for the simple reason that he believed in himself. He actually had negotiated his false coinage so long that he got to regard it as bullion, and imagined himself to be one of the first men of his age.

The bad bank-note, which has been circulating freely from hand to hand, no sooner comes under the scrutiny of a sharp-eyed functionary of the bank than it is denounced and branded; and so Culduff would speedily have been treated by any one of those keen men who, as Ministers, grow to acquire a knowledge of human nature as thorough as of the actual events of the time.

The world at large, however, had not this estimate of him. They read of him as a special envoy here, an extraordinary minister there, now negotiating a secret treaty, now investing a Pasha of Egypt with the Bath; and they deemed him not only a trusty servant of the Crown, but a skilled negotiator, a deep and accomplished diplomatist.

He was a little short-sighted, and it enabled him to pass objectionable people without causing offence. He was slightly deaf, and it gave him an air of deference in conversation which many were charmed with; for whenever he failed to catch what was said, his smile was perfectly captivating. It was assent, but dashed with a sort of sly flattery, as though it was to the speaker's ingenuity he yielded, as much as to the force of the conviction.

He was a great favourite with women. Old ladies regarded him as a model of good *ton*; younger ones discovered other qualities in him that amused them as much. His life had been anything but blameless, but he had contrived to make the world believe he was more sinned against than sinning, and that every mischance that befel him came of that unsuspecting nature and easy disposition of which even all his experience of life could not rob him.

Cutbill read him thoroughly; but though Lord Culduff saw this, it did not prevent him trying all his little pretty devices of pleasing on the man of culverts and cuttings. In fact, he seemed to feel that though he could not bring down the bird, it was better not to spoil his gun by a change of cartridge, and so he fired away his usual little pleasantries, well aware that none of them were successful.

He had now been three days with the Bramleighs, and certainly had won the suffrages, though in different degrees, of them all. He had put himself so frankly and unreservedly in Colonel Bramleigh's hands about the

coal-mine, candidly confessing the whole thing was new to him, he was a child in money matters, that the banker was positively delighted with him.

With Augustus he had talked politics confidentially,—not questions of policy nor statecraft, not matters of legislation or government, but the more subtle and ingenious points as to what party a young man entering life ought to join, what set he should attach himself to, and what line he should take to insure future distinction and office. He was well up in the gossip of the House, and knew who was disgusted with such an one, and why so and so “wouldn't stand it” any longer.

To Temple Bramleigh he was charming. Of the “line,” as they love to call it, he knew positively everything. Nor was it merely how this or that legation was conducted, how this man got on with his chief, or why that other had asked to be transferred; but he knew all the mysterious goings-on of that wonderful old repository they call “the Office.” “That's what you must look to, Bramleigh,” he would say, clapping him on the shoulder. “The men who make plenipos and envoys are not in the Cabinet, nor do they dine at Osborne; they are fellows in seedy black, with brown umbrellas, who cross the Green Park every morning about eleven o'clock, and come back over the self-same track by six of an evening. Staid old dogs, with crape on their hats, and hard lines round their mouths, fond of fresh caviare from Russia, and much given to cursing the messengers.”

He was, in a word, the incarnation of a very well-bred selfishness, that had learned how much it redounds to a man's personal comfort that he is popular, and that even a weak swimmer who goes with the tide, makes a better figure than the strongest and bravest who attempts to stem the current. He was, in his way, a keen observer, and a certain haughty tone, a kind of self-assertion in Marion's manner, so distinguished her from her sister, that he set Cutbill to ascertain if it had any other foundation than mere temperament; and the wily agent was not long in learning that a legacy of twenty thousand pounds in her own absolute right from her mother's side accounted for these pretensions.

“I tell you, Cutty, it's only an old diplomatist, like myself, would have detected the share that bank debentures had in that girl's demeanour. Confess, sir, it was a clever hit.”

“It was certainly neat, my lord.”

“It was more, Cutty; it was deep—downright deep. I saw where the idiosyncrasy stopped, and where the dividends came in.”

Cutbill smiled an approving smile, and his lordship turned to the glass over the chimney-piece and looked admiringly at himself. “Was it twenty thousand you said?” asked he, indolently.

“Yes, my lord, twenty. Her father will probably give her as much more. Harding told me yesterday that all the younger children are to have share and share alike—no distinction made between sons and daughters.”

“So that she'll have what a Frenchman would call “un million de dot.”

"Just about what we want, my lord, to start our enterprise."

"Ah, yes. I suppose that would do; but we shall do this by a company, Cutty. Have you said anything to Bramleigh yet on the subject?"

"Nothing further than what I told you yesterday. I gave him the papers with the surveys and the specifications, and he said he'd look over them this morning, and that I might drop in upon him to-night in the library after ten. It is the time he likes best for a little quiet chat."

"He seems a very cautious, I'd almost say, a timid man."

"The City men are all like that, my lord. They're always cold enough in entering on a project, though they'll go rashly on after they've put their money in it."

"What's the eldest son?"

"A fool—just a fool. He urged his father to contest a county, to lay a claim for a peerage. They lost the election and lost their money; but Augustus Bramleigh persists in thinking that the party are still their debtors."

"Very hard to make Ministers believe that," said Culduff, with a grin. "A vote in the House is like a bird in the hand. The second fellow, Temple, is a poor creature."

"Ain't he? Not that he thinks so."

"No; they never do," said Culduff, caressing his whiskers, and looking pleasantly at himself in the glass. "They see one or two men of mark in their career, and they fancy—heaven knows why—that they must be like them; that identity of pursuit implies equality of intellect; and so these creatures spread out their little sails, and imagine they are going to make a grand voyage."

"But Miss Bramleigh told me yesterday you had a high opinion of her brother Temple."

"I believe I said so," said he, with a soft smile. "One says these sort of things every day, irresponsibly, Cutty, irresponsibly, just as one gives his autograph, but would think twice before signing his name on a stamped paper."

Mr. Cutbill laughed at this sally, and seemed by the motion of his lips as though he were repeating it to himself for future retail; but in what spirit, it would not be safe perhaps to inquire.

Though Lord Culduff did not present himself at the family breakfast-table, and but rarely appeared at luncheon, pretexting that his mornings were always given up to business and letter-writing, he usually came down in the afternoon in some toilet admirably suited to the occasion, whatever it might be, of riding, driving, or walking. In fact, a mere glance at his lordship's costume would have unmistakably shown whether a canter, the croquet lawn, or a brisk walk through the shrubberies were in the order of the day.

"Do you remember, Cutty," said he suddenly, "what was my engage-

ment for this morning? I promised somebody to go somewhere and do something; and I'll be shot if I can recollect."

"I am totally unable to assist your lordship," said the other with a smile. "The young men, I know, are out shooting, and Miss Eleanor Bramleigh is profiting by the snow to have a day's sledging. She proposed to me to join her, but I didn't see it."

"Ah! I have it now, Cutty. I was to walk over to Portshandon, to return the curate's call. Miss Bramleigh was to come with me."

"It was scarcely gallant, my lord, to forget so charming a project," said the other slyly.

"Gallantry went out, Cutty, with slashed doublets. The height and the boast of our modern civilization is to make women our perfect equals, and to play the game of life with them on an absolutely equal footing."

"Is that quite fair?"

"I protest I think it is, except in a few rare instances, where the men unite to the hardier qualities of the masculine intelligence, the nicer, finer, most susceptible instincts of the other sex—the organization that more than any other touches on excellence;—except, I say, in these cases, the women have the best of it. Now what chance, I ask you, would *you* have, pitted against such a girl as the elder Bramleigh?"

"I'm afraid a very poor one," said Cutbill, with a look of deep humility.

"Just so, Cutty, a very poor one. I give you my word of honour I have learned more diplomacy beside the drawing-room fire than I ever acquired in the pages of the blue-books. You see it's a quite different school of fence they practise; the thrusts are different and the guards are different. A day for furs essentially, a day for furs," broke he in, as he drew on a coat lined with sable, and profusely braided and ornamented. "What was I saying? where were we?"

"You were talking of women, my lord."

"The faintest tint of scarlet in the under vest—it was a device of the Regent's in his really great day—is always effective in cold, bright, frosty weather. The tint is carried on to the cheek, and adds brilliancy to the eye. In duller weather a coral pin in the cravat will suffice; but, as David Wilkie used to say, 'Nature must have her bit of red.'"

"I wish you would finish what you were saying about women, my lord. Your remarks were full of originality."

"Finish! finish, Cutty! It would take as many volumes as the 'Abridgment of the Statutes' to contain one-half of what I could say about them; and, after all, it would be Sanscrit to you." His lordship now placed his hat on his head, slightly on one side. It was the "tigerism" of a past period, and which he could no more abandon than he could give up the jaunty swagger of his walk, or the bland smile which he kept ready for recognition.

"I have not, I rejoice to say, arrived at that time of life when I can affect to praise by-gones; but I own, Cutty, they did everything much

better five-and-twenty years ago than now. They dined better, they dressed better, they drove better, they turned out better in the field and in the park, and they talked better."

"How do you account for this, my lord?"

"Simply in this way, Cutty. We have lowered our standard in taste just as we have lowered our standard for the army. We take fellows five feet seven into grenadier companies now; that is, we admit into society men of mere wealth—the banker, the brewer, the railway director, and the rest of them; and with these people we admit their ways, their tastes, their very expressions. I know it is said that we gain in breadth: yet, as I told Lord Cocklethorpe, (the mot had its success,) what we gain in breadth, said I, we lose in height. Neat, Cutty, wasn't it? As neat as a mot well can be in our clumsy language." And with this, and a familiar bye bye, he strolled away, leaving Cutbill to practise before the glass such an imitation of him as might serve, at some future time, to convulse with laughter a select and admiring audience.

CHAPTER XI.

A WINTER DAY'S WALK

LORD CULDUFF and Marion set out for their walk. It was a sharp frosty morning, with a blue sky above and crisp snow beneath. We have already seen that his lordship had not been inattentive to the charms of costume. Marion was no less so; her dark silk dress, looped over a scarlet petticoat, and a tasteful hat of black astracan, well suited the character of looks where the striking and brilliant were as conspicuous as dark eyes, long lashes, and a bright complexion could make them.

"I'll take you by the shrubberies, my lord, which is somewhat longer, but pleasanter walking, and if you like it, we'll come back by the hill path, which is much shorter."

"The longer the road the more of your company, Miss Bramleigh. Therein lies my chief interest," said he, bowing.

They talked away pleasantly as they went along, of the country and the scenery, of which new glimpses continually presented themselves, and of the country people and their ways, so new to each of them. They agreed wonderfully on almost everything, but especially as to the character of the Irish—so simple, so confiding, so trustful, so grateful for benefits, and so eager to be well governed. They knew it all, the whole complex web of Irish difficulty and English misrule was clear and plain before them; and then, as they talked, they gained a height from which the blue broad sea was visible, and thence descried a solitary sail afar off, that set them speculating on what the island might become when commerce and trade should visit her, and rich cargoes should cumber her quays, and crowd her harbours. Marion was strong in her knowledge of industrial resources; but as an accomplished aide-de-camp always rides a little behind his chief,

so did she restrain her acquaintance with these topics, and keep them slightly to the rear of all his lordship advanced. And then he grew confidential, and talked of coal, which ultimately led him to himself, the theme of all he liked the best. And how differently did he talk now! What vigour and animation, what spirit did he not throw into his sketch! It was the story of a great man unjustly, hardly, dealt with, persecuted by an ungenerous rivalry, the victim of envy. For half, ay, for the tithe of what he had done, others had got their advancement in the peerage—their blue ribbons and the rest of it; but Canning had been jealous of him, and the Duke was jealous of him, and Palmerston never liked him. "Of course," he said, "these are things a man buries in his own breast. Of all the sorrows one encounters in life, the slights are those he last confesses; how I came to speak of them now I can't imagine—can you?" and he turned fully towards her, and saw that she blushed and cast down her eyes at the question.

"But, my lord," said she, evading the reply, "you give me the idea of one who would not readily succumb to an injustice. Am I right in my reading of you?"

"I trust and hope you are," said he haughtily; "and it is my pride to think I have inspired that impression on so brief an acquaintance."

"It is my own temper too," she added. "You may convince; you cannot coerce me."

"I wish I might try the former," said he, in a tone of much meaning.

"We agree in so many things, my lord," said she laughingly, "that there is little occasion for your persuasive power. There, do you see that smoke-wreath yonder? that's from the cottage where we're going."

"I wish I knew where we were going," said he with a sigh of wonderful tenderness.

"To Roseneath, my lord. I told you the L'Estranges lived there."

"Yes: but it was not that I meant," added he feelingly.

"And a pretty spot it is," continued she, purposely misunderstanding him; "so sheltered and secluded. By the way, what do you think of the curate's sister? She is very beautiful, isn't she?"

"Am I to say the truth?"

"Of course you are."

"I mean, may I speak as though we knew each other very well, and could talk in confidence together?"

"That is what I mean."

"And wish?" added he.

"Well, and wish, if you will supply the word."

"If I am to be frank, then, I don't admire her."

"Not think her beautiful?"

"Yes; there is some beauty—a good deal of beauty, if you like; but somehow it is not allied with that brightness that seems to accentuate beauty. She is tame and cold."

"I think men generally accuse her of coquetry."

“And there is coquetry too; but of that character the French call *minauderie*, the weapon of a very small enchantress, I assure you.”

“You are, then, for the captivations that give no quarter?” said she, smiling.

“It is a glory to be so vanquished,” said he, heroically.

“My sister declared the other night, after Julia had sung that *barcarole*, that you were fatally smitten.”

“And did you concur in the judgment?” asked he tenderly.

“At first, perhaps I did, but when I came to know you a little better——”

“After our talk on the terrace?”

“And even before that. When Julia was singing for you,—clearly for you, there was no disguise in the matter, and I whispered you, ‘What courage you have!’ you said, ‘I have been so often under fire,’—from that instant I knew you.”

“Knew me,—how far?”

“Enough to know that it was not to such captivations you would yield,—that you had seen a great deal of that sort of thing.”

“Oh, have I not!”

“Perhaps not always unscathed,” said she, with a sly glance.

“I will scarcely go that far,” replied he, with the air of a man on the best possible terms with himself. “They say he is the best rider who has had the most falls. At least, it may be said that he who has met no disasters has encountered few perils.”

“Now, my lord, you can see the cottage completely. Is it not very pretty, and very picturesque, and is there not something very interesting,—touching almost, in the thought of beauty and captivation,—dwelling in this untravelled wilderness?”

He almost gave a little shudder, as his eye followed the line of the rugged mountain, till it blended with the bleak and shingly shore on which the waves were now washing in measured plash;—the one sound in the universal silence around.

“Nothing but being desperately in love could make this solitude endurable,” said he at last.

“Why not try that resource, my lord? I could almost promise you that the young lady who lives yonder is quite ready to be adored and worshipped, and all that sort of thing; and it would be such a boon on the frosty days, when the ground is too hard for hunting, to have this little bit of romance awaiting you.”

“Coquetry and French cookery pall upon a man who has lived all his life abroad, and he actually longs for a little plain diet, in manners as well as meals.”

“And then you have seen all the pretty acts of our very pretty neighbour so much better done.”

“Done by real artists,” added he.

“Just so. Amateurship is always a poor thing. This is the way, my

lord. If you will follow me, I will be your guide here; the path is very slippery, and you must take care how you go."

"When I fall, it shall be at your feet," said he, with his hand on his heart.

As they gained the bottom of the little ravine down which the foot-path lay, they found Julia, hoe in hand, at work in the garden before the door. Her dark woollen dress and her straw hat were only relieved in colour by a blue ribbon round her throat, but she was slightly flushed by exercise, and a little flurried perhaps by the surprise of seeing them, and her beauty, this time, certainly lacked nothing of that brilliancy which Lord Culduff had pronounced it deficient in.

"My brother will be so sorry to have missed you, my lord," said she, leading the way into the little drawing-room, where, amidst many signs of narrow fortune, there were two or three of those indications which vouch for cultivated tastes and pleasures.

"I had told Lord Culduff so much about your cottage, Julia," said Marion, "that he insisted on coming to see it, without even apprising you of his intention."

"It is just as well," said she artlessly. "A little more or less sun gives the only change in its appearance. Lord Culduff sees it now as it looks nearly every day."

"And very charming that is," said he, walking to the window and looking out; and then he asked the name of a headland, and how a small rocky island was called, and on which side lay the village of Portshandon, and at what distance was the church, the replies to which seemed to afford him unmixed satisfaction, for as he resumed his seat he muttered several times to himself, "Very delightful indeed; very pleasing in every way."

"Lord Culduff was asking me, as he came along," said Marion, "whether I thought the solitude—I think he called it the savagery of this spot—was likely to be better borne by one native to such wildness, or by one so graced and gifted as yourself, and I protest he puzzled me."

"I used to think it very lonely, when I came here first, but I believe I should be sorry to leave it now," said Julia calmly.

"There, my lord," said Marion, "you are to pick your answer out of that."

"As to those resources, which you are so flattering as to call my gifts and graces," said Julia, laughing, "such of them at least as lighten the solitude were all learned here. I never took to gardening before; I never fed poultry."

"Oh, Julia! have mercy on our illusions."

"You must tell me what they are, before I can spare them. The curate's sister has no claim to be thought an enchanted princess."

"It is all enchantment!" said Lord Culduff, who had only very imperfectly caught what she said.

"Then I suppose, my lord," said Marion, haughtily, "I ought to rescue you before the spell is complete, as I came here in quality of guide."

And she rose as she spoke. "The piano has not been opened to-day, Julia. I take it you seldom sing of a morning."

"Very seldom indeed."

"So I told Lord Culduff; but I promised him his recompence in the evening. You are coming to us to-morrow, ain't you?"

"I fear not. I think George made our excuses. We are to have Mr. Longworth and a French friend of his here with us."

"You see, my lord, what a gay neighbourhood we have; here is a rival dinner-party," said Marion.

"There's no question of a dinner, they come to tea, I assure you," said Julia, laughing.

"No, my lord, it's useless, quite hopeless. I assure you she'll not sing for you of a morning." This speech was addressed to Lord Culduff, as he was turning over some music-books on the piano.

"Have I your permission to look at these?" said he to Julia, as he opened a book of drawings in water-colours.

"Of course, my lord. They are mere sketches taken in the neighbourhood here, and as you will see, very hurriedly done."

"And have you such coast scenery as this?" asked he, in some astonishment, while he held up a rocky headland of several hundred feet, out of the caves at whose base a tumultuous sea was tumbling.

"I could show you finer and bolder bits than even that."

"Do you hear, my lord?" said Marion, in a low tone, only audible to himself. "The fair Julia is offering to be your guide. I'm afraid it is growing late. One does forget time at this cottage. It was only the last day I came here I got scolded for being late at dinner."

And now ensued one of those little bustling scenes of shawling and embracing with which young ladies separate. They talked together, and laughed, and kissed, and answered half-uttered sentences, and even seemed after parting to have something more to say; they were by turns sad, and playful, and saucy—all of these moods being duly accompanied by graceful action, and a chance display of a hand or foot, as it might be, and then they parted.

"Well, my lord," said Marion, as they ascended the steep path that led homewards, "what do you say now? Is Julia as cold and impassive as you pronounced her, or are you ungrateful enough to ignore fascinations all displayed and developed for your own especial captivation?"

"It was very pretty coquetry, all of it," said he, smiling. "Her eye-lashes are even longer than I thought them."

"I saw that you remarked them, and she was gracious enough to remain looking at the drawing sufficiently long to allow you full time for the enjoyment."

The steep and rugged paths were quite as much as Lord Culduff could manage without talking, and he toiled along after her in silence, till they gained the beach.

"At last a bit of even ground," exclaimed he, with a sigh.

"You'll think nothing of the hill, my lord, when you've come it three or four times," said she, with a malicious twinkle of the eye.

"Which is precisely what I have no intention of doing."

"What! not cultivate the acquaintance so auspiciously opened?"

"Not at this price," said he, looking at his splashed boots.

"And that excursion, that ramble, or whatever be the name for it, you were to take together?"

"It is a bliss, I am afraid, I must deny myself."

"You are wrong, my lord; very wrong. My brothers at least assure me that Julia is charming en tête-à-tête. Indeed, Augustus says one does not know her at all till you have passed an hour or two in such confidential intimacy. He says 'she comes out'—whatever that may be—wonderfully.

"Oh, she comes out, does she?" said he, caressing his whiskers.

"That was his phrase for it. I take it to mean that she ventures to talk with a freedom more common on the Continent than in these islands. Is that coming out, my lord?"

"Well, I half suspect it is," said he, smiling faintly.

"And I suppose men like that?"

"I'm afraid, my dear Miss Bramleigh," said he, with a mock air of deploring; "I'm afraid that in these degenerate days men are very prone to like whatever gives them least trouble in everything, and if a woman will condescend to talk to us on our own topics, and treat them pretty much in our own way, we like it, simply because it diminishes the distance between us, and saves us that uphill clamber we are obliged to take when you insist upon our scrambling up to the high level you live in."

"It is somewhat of an ignoble confession you have made there," said she, haughtily.

"I know it—I feel it—I deplore it," said he, affectedly.

"If men will, out of mere indolence—no matter," said she, biting her lip. "I'll not say what I was going to say."

"Pray do. I beseech you finish what you have so well begun."

"Were I to do so, my lord," said she, gravely, "it might finish more than that. It might at least go some way towards finishing our acquaintanceship. I'm sorely afraid you'd not have forgiven me had you heard me out."

"I'd never have forgiven myself, if I were the cause of it."

For some time they walked along in silence, and now the great house came into view—its windows all glowing and glittering in the blaze of a setting sun, while a faint breeze lazily moved the heavy folds of the enormous flag that floated over the high tower.

"I call that a very princely place," said he, stopping to admire it.

"What a caprice to have built it in such a spot," said she. "The country people were not far wrong when they called it Bishop's Folly."

"They gave it that name, did they?"

"Yes, my lord. It is one of the ways in which humble folk reconcile themselves to lowly fortune; they ridicule their betters." And now she

gave a little low laugh to herself, as if some unuttered notion had just amused her.

“What made you smile?” asked he.

“A very absurd fancy struck me.”

“Let me hear it. Why not let me share in its oddity?”

“It might not amuse you as much as it amused me.”

“I am the only one who can decide that point.”

“Then I'm not so certain it might not annoy you.”

“I can assure you on that head,” said he gallantly.

“Well, then, you shall hear it. The caprice of a great divine has, so to say, registered itself yonder, and will live, so long as stone and mortar endure, as Bishop's Folly; and I was thinking how strange it would be if another caprice just as unaccountable were to give a name to a less pretentious edifice, and a certain charming cottage be known to posterity as the Viscount's Folly. You're not angry with me, are you?”

“I'd be very angry indeed with you, with myself, and with the whole world, if I thought such a casualty a possibility.”

“I assure you, when I said it I didn't believe it, my lord,” said she, looking at him with much graciousness; “and, indeed, I would never have uttered the impertinence if you had not forced me. There, there goes the first bell; we shall have short time to dress,”—and with a very meaning smile and a familiar gesture of her hand, she tripped up the steps and disappeared.

“I think I'm all right in that quarter,” was his lordship's reflection as he mounted the stairs to his room.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EVENING BELOW AND ABOVE STAIRS.

It was not very willingly that Mr. Cutbill left the drawing-room, where he had been performing a violoncello accompaniment to one of the young ladies in the execution of something very Mendelssohnian and profoundly puzzling to the uninitiated in harmonics. After the peerage, he loved counter-point; and it was really hard to tear himself away from passages of almost piercing shrillness, or those more still suggestive moanings of a double bass, to talk stock and share list with Colonel Bramleigh in the library. Resisting all the assurances that “papa wouldn't mind it; that any other time would do quite as well,” and such like, he went up to his room for his books and papers, and then repaired to his rendezvous.

“I'm sorry to take you away from the drawing-room, Mr. Cutbill,” said Bramleigh, as he entered, “but I am half expecting a summons to town, and could not exactly be sure of an opportunity to talk over this matter on which Lord Culduff is very urgent to have my opinion.”

“It is not easy, I confess, to tear oneself away from such society. Your daughters are charming musicians, colonel. Miss Bramleigh's style

is as brilliant as Meyer's ; and Miss Eleanor has a delicacy of touch I have never heard surpassed."

"This is very flattering, coming from so consummate a judge as yourself."

"All the teaching in the world will not impart that sensitive organization which sends some tones into the heart like the drip, drip of water on a heated brow. Oh, dear ! music is too much for me ; it totally subverts all my sentiments. I'm not fit for business after it, Colonel Bramleigh, that's the fact."

"Take a glass of that 'Bra Mouton.' You will find it good. It has been eight-and-thirty years in my cellar, and I never think of bringing it out except for a connoisseur in wine."

"Nectar, positively nectar," said he, smacking his lips. "You are quite right not to give this to the public. They would drink it like a mere full-bodied Bordeaux. That velvety softness,—that subdued strength, faintly recalling Burgundy, and that delicious bouquet, would all be clean thrown away on most people. I declare, I believe a refined palate is just as rare as a correct ear ; don't you think so ?"

"I'm glad you like the wine. Don't spare it. The cellar is not far off. Now then, let us see. These papers contain Mr. Stebbing's report. I have only glanced my eye over it, but it seems like every other report. They have, I think, a stereotyped formula for these things. They all set out with their bit of geological learning ; but you know, Mr. Cutbill, far better than I can tell you, you know sandstone doesn't always mean coal ?"

"If it doesn't, it ought to," said Cutbill, with a laugh, for the wine made him jolly, and familiar besides.

"There are many things in this world which ought to be, but which, unhappily, are not," said Bramleigh, in a tone evidently meant to be half-reproachful. "And as I have already observed to you, mere geological formation is not sufficient. We want the mineral, sir ; we want the fact."

"There you have it ; there it is for you," said Cutbill, pointing to a somewhat bulky parcel in brown paper in the centre of the table.

"This is not real coal, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, as he tore open the covering, and exposed a black mis-shapen lump. "You would not call this real coal ?"

"I'd not call it Swansea nor Cardiff, colonel, any more than I'd say the claret we had after dinner to-day was 'Mouton ;' but still I'd call each of them very good in their way."

"I return you my thanks, sir, in name of my wine-merchant. But to come to the coal question,—what could you do with this ?"

"What could I do with it ? Scores of things,—if I had only enough of it. Burn it in grates—cook with it—smelt metals with it—burn lime with it—drive engines, not locomotives but stationaries, with it. I tell you what, Colonel Bramleigh," said he, with the air of a man who was asserting what he would not suffer to be gainsayed. "It's coal, quite

enough to start a company on ; coal within the meaning of the Act, as the lawyers would say."

"You appear to have rather loose notions of joint-stock enterprises, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, haughtily.

"I must say, colonel, they do not invariably inspire me with sentiments of absolute veneration."

"I hope, however, you feel, sir, that in any enterprise—in any undertaking—where my name is to stand forth, either as promoter or abettor, that the world is to see in such a guarantee, the assurance of solvency and stability."

"That is precisely what made me think of you : precisely what led me to say to Culduff, 'Bramleigh is the man to carry the scheme out.'"

Now the familiarity that spoke of Culduff thus unceremoniously in great part reconciled Bramleigh to hear his own name treated in like fashion, all the more that it was in a quotation ; but still he winced under the cool impertinence of the man, and grieved to think how far his own priceless wine had contributed towards it. The colonel therefore merely bowed his acknowledgment and was silent.

"I'll be frank with you," said Cutbill, emptying the last of the decanter into his glass as he spoke. "I'll be frank with you. We've got coal ; whether it be much or little, there it is. As to quality, as I said before, it isn't Cardiff. It won't set the Thames on fire, any more than the noble lord that owns it ; but coal it is, and it will burn as coal—and yield gas as coal—and make coke as coal, and who wants more ? As to working it himself, Culduff might just as soon pretend he'd pay the National Debt. He is over head and ears already ;—he has been in bondage with the children of Israel this many a day, and if he wasn't a peer he could not show ;—but that's neither here nor there. To set the concern a-going, we must either have a loan or a company. I'm for a company."

"You are for a company," reiterated Bramleigh, slowly, as he fixed his eyes calmly but steadily on him.

"Yes, I'm for a company. With a company, Bramleigh," said he as he tossed off the last glass of wine, "there's always more of P. E."

"Of what ?"

"Of P. E.—Preliminary Expenses ! There's a commission to inquire into this, and a deputation to investigate that. No men on earth dine like deputations. I never knew what dining was till I was named on a deputation. It was on sewerage. And didn't the champagne flow ! There was a viaduct to be constructed to lead into the Thames, and I never think of that viaduct without the taste of turtle in my mouth, and a genial feeling of milk-punch all over me. The assurance offices say that there was scarcely such a thing known as a gout premium in the City till the joint-stock companies came in ; now they have them every day."

"Revenons à nos moutons, as the French say, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, gravely.

"If it's a pun you mean, and that we're to have another bottle of the same, I second the motion."

Bramleigh gave a sickly smile as he rang the bell; but neither the jester nor the jester much pleased him.

"Bring another bottle of 'Mouton,' Drayton, and fresh glasses," said he, as the butler appeared.

"I'll keep mine, it is warm and mellow," said Cutbill. "The only fault with that last bottle was the slight chill on it."

"You have been frank with me, Mr. Cutbill," said Bramleigh, as soon as the servant withdrew, "and I will be no less so with you. I have retired from the world of business,—I have quitted the active sphere where I have passed some thirty odd years, and have surrendered ambition, either of money-making, or place, or rank, and come over here with one single desire, one single wish,—I want to see what's to be done for Ireland."

Cutbill lifted his glass to his lips, but scarcely in time to hide the smile of incredulous drollery which curled them, and which the other's quick glance detected.

"There is nothing to sneer at, sir, in what I said, and I will repeat my words. I want to see what's to be done for Ireland."

"It's very laudable in you, there can be no doubt," said Cutbill, gravely.

"I am well aware of the peril incurred by addressing to men like yourself, Mr. Cutbill, any opinions—any sentiments—which savour of disinterestedness or—or——"

"Poetry," suggested Cutbill.

"No, sir; patriotism was the word I sought for. And it is not by any means necessary that a man should be an Irishman to care for Ireland. I think, sir, there is nothing in that sentiment at least, which will move your ridicule."

"Quite the reverse. I have drunk 'Prosperity to Ireland' at public dinners for twenty years; and in very good liquor too, occasionally."

"I am happy to address a gentleman so graciously disposed to listen to me," said Bramleigh, whose face was now crimson with anger. "There is only one thing more to be wished for,—that he would join some amount of trustfulness to his politeness; with that he would be perfect."

"Here goes then for perfection," cried Cutbill, gaily. "I'm ready from this time to believe anything you tell me."

"Sir, I will not draw largely on the fund you so generously place at my disposal. I will simply ask you to believe me a man of honour."

"Only that? No more than that?"

"No more, I pledge you my word."

"My dear Bramleigh, your return for the income-tax is enough to prove that. Nothing short of high integrity ever possessed as good a fortune as yours."

"You are speaking of my fortune, Mr. Cutbill, not my character."

"Ain't they the same? Ain't they one and the same? Show me

your dividends, and I will show you your disposition—that's as true as the Bible."

"I will not follow you into this nice inquiry. I will simply return to where I started from, and repeat, I want to do something for Ireland."

"Do it, in God's name; and I hope you'll like it when it's done. I have known some half-dozen men in my time who had the same sort of ambition. One of them tried a cotton-mill on the Liffey, and they burned him down. Another went in for patent fuel, and they shot his steward. A third tried Galway marble, and they shot himself. But after all there's more honour where there's more danger. What, may I ask, is your little game for Ireland?"

"I begin to suspect that a better time for business, Mr. Cutbill, might be an hour after breakfast. Shall we adjourn till to-morrow morning?"

"I am completely at your orders. For my own part, I never felt clearer in my life than I do this minute. I'm ready to go into coal with you, from the time of sinking the shaft to riddling the slack, my little calculations are all made. I could address a board of managing directors here as I sit; and say, what for dividend, what for repairs, what for a reserved fund, and what for the small robberies."

The unparalleled coolness of the man had now pushed Bramleigh's patience to its last limit; but a latent fear of what such a fellow might be in his enmity, restrained him and compelled him to be cautious.

"What sum do you think the project will require, Mr. Cutbill?"

"I think about eighty thousand; but I'd say one hundred and fifty—it's always more respectable. Small investments are seldom liked; and then the margin—the margin is broader."

"Yes, certainly; the margin is much broader."

"Fifty-pound shares, with a call of five every three months, will start us. The chief thing is to begin with a large hand." Here he made a wide sweep of his arm.

"For coal like that yonder," said Bramleigh, pointing to the specimen, "you'd not get ten shillings the ton."

"Fifteen—fifteen. I'd make it the test of a man's patriotism to use it. I'd get the Viceroy to burn it, and the Chief Secretary, and the Archbishop, and Father Cullen. I'd heat St. Patrick's with it, and the National Schools. There could be no disguise about it; like the native whisky, it would be known by the smell of the smoke."

"You have drawn up some sort of prospectus?"

"Some sort of prospectus! I think I have. There's a document there on the table might go before the House of Commons this minute; and the short and the long of it is, Bramleigh"—here he crossed his arms on the table, and dropped his voice to a tone of great confidence—"it is a good thing—a right good thing. There's coal there, of one kind or other, for five-and-twenty years, perhaps more. The real, I may say, the only difficulty of the whole scheme will be to keep old Culduff from running

off with all the profits. As soon as the money comes rolling in, he'll set off shelling it out; he's just as wasteful as he was thirty years ago."

"That will be impossible when a company is once regularly formed."

"I know that. I know that; but men of his stamp say, 'We know nothing about trade. We haven't been bred up to office-stools and big lodgers; and when we want money, we get it how we can.'"

"We can't prevent him selling out or mortgaging his shares. You mean, in short, that he should not be on the direction?" added he.

"That's it; that's exactly it," said Cutbill, joyously.

"Will he like that? Will he submit to it?"

"He'll like whatever promises to put him most speedily into funds; he'll submit to whatever threatens to stop the supplies. Don't you know these men better than I do, who pass lives of absenteeism from this country; how little they care how or whence money comes, provided they get it. They neither know, nor want to know, about good or bad seasons, whether harvests are fine, or trade profitable; their one question is, 'Can you answer my draft at thirty-one days?'"

"Ah, yes; there is too much, far too much, of what you say in the world," said Bramleigh, sighing.

"These are not the men who want to do something for Ireland," said the other, quizzically.

"Sir, it may save us both some time and temper if I tell you I have never been 'chaffed.'"

"That sounds to me like a man saying, I have never been out in the rain; but as it is so, there's no more to be said."

"Nothing, sir. Positively nothing on that head."

"Nor indeed on any other. Men in my line of life couldn't get on without it. Chaff lubricates business just the way grease oils machinery. There would be too much friction in life without chaff, Bramleigh."

"I look upon it as directly the opposite. I regard it as I would a pebble getting amongst the wheels, and causing jar and disturbance, sir."

"Well, then," said Cutbill, emptying the last drop into his glass, "I take it I need not go over all the details you will find in those papers. There are plans, and specifications, and estimates, and computations, showing what we mean to do, and how; and as I really could add nothing to the report, I suppose I may wish you a good night."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Cutbill, if my inability to be jocular should deprive me of the pleasure of your society, but there are still many points on which I desire to be informed."

"It's all there. If you were to bray me in a mortar you couldn't get more out of me than you'll find in those papers; and whether it's the heat of the room, or the wine, or the subject, but I am awfully sleepy," and he backed this assurance with a hearty yawn.

"Well, sir, I must submit to your dictation. I will try and master these details before I go to bed, and we'll take some favourable moment to-morrow to talk them over."

"That's said like a sensible man," said Cutbill, clapping him familiarly on the shoulder, and steadying himself the while; for as he stood up to go, he found that the wine had been stronger than he suspected. "When we see a little more of each other," said he, in the oracular tone of a man who had drunk too much; "when we see a little more of each other, we'll get on famously. You know the world, and I know the world. You have had your dealings with men, and I have had my dealings with men, and we know what's what. Ain't I right, Bramleigh?"

"I have no doubt there is much truth in what you say."

"Truth, truth, it's true as gospel. There's only one thing, however, to be settled between us. Each must make his little concession with reciprocity—reci-procity, ain't it?"

"Quite so; but I don't see your meaning."

"Here it is then, Bramleigh; here's what I mean. If we're to march together we must start fair. No man is to have more baggage than his neighbour. If I'm to give up chaff, do you see, you must give up humbug? If I'm not to have my bit of fun, old boy, you're not to come over me about doing something for Ireland, that's all," and with this he lounged out, banging the door after him as he went.

Mr. Cutbill, as he went to his room, had a certain vague suspicion that he had drunk more wine than was strictly necessary, and that the liquor was not impossibly stronger than he had suspected. He felt, too, in the same vague way, that there had been a passage of arms between his host and himself, but as to what it was about, and who was the victor, he had not the shadow of a conception.

Neither did his ordinary remedy of pouring the contents of his water-jug over his head aid him on this occasion. "I'm not a bit sleepy; nonsense," muttered he, "so I'll go and see what they are doing in the smoking-room." Here he found the three young men of the house in that semi-thoughtful dreariness which is supposed to be the captivation of tobacco; as if the mass of young Englishmen needed anything to deepen the habitual gloom of their natures, or thicken the sluggish apathy that follows them into all inactivity.

"How jolly," cried Cutbill, as he entered. "I'll be shot if I believed as I came up the stairs that there was any one here. You haven't even got brandy and seltzer."

"If you touch that bell, they'll bring it," said Augustus, languidly.

"Some Moselle for *mè*," said Temple, as the servant entered.

"I'm glad you've come, Cutty," cried Jack; "as old Kemp used to say, anything is better than a dead calm, even a mutiny."

"What an infernal old hurdy-gurdy." Why haven't you a decent piano here, if you have one at all?" said Cutbill, as he ran his hands over the keys of a discordant old instrument that actually shook on its legs as he struck the chords.

"I suspect it was mere accident brought it here," said Augustus. "It was invalided out of the girls' schoolroom, and sent up here to be got rid of."

"Sing us something, Cutty," said Jack; "it will be a real boon at this moment."

"I'll sing like a grove of nightingales for you, when I have wet my lips; but I am parched in the mouth, like a Cape parrot. I've had two hours of your governor below stairs. Very dry work, I promise you."

"Did he offer you nothing to drink?" asked Jack.

"Yes, we had two bottles of very tidy claret. He called it 'Mouton.'"

"By Jove!" said Augustus, "you must have been high in the governor's favour to be treated to his 'Bra Mouton.'"

"We had a round with the gloves, nevertheless," said Cutbill, "and exchanged some ugly blows. I don't exactly know about what or how it began, or even how it ended; but I know there was a black eye somewhere. He's passionate rather."

"He has the spirit that should animate every gentleman," said Temple.

"That's exactly what I have. I'll stand anything, I don't care what, if it be fun. Say it's a 'joke,' and you'll never see me show bad temper; but if any fellow tries it on with me because he fancies himself a swell, or has a handle to his name, he'll soon discover his mistake. Old Culduff began that way. You'd laugh if you saw how he floundered out of the swamp afterwards."

"Tell us about it, Cutty," said Jack encouragingly.

"I beg to say I should prefer not hearing anything which might, even by inference, reflect on a person holding Lord Culduff's position in my profession," said Temple haughtily.

"Is that the quarter the wind's in?" asked Cutbill, with a not very sober expression in his face.

"Sing us a song, Cutty. It will be better than all this sparring," said Jack.

"What shall it be?" said Cutbill, seating himself at the piano, and running over the keys with no small skill. "Shall I describe my journey to Ireland?"

"By all means let's hear it," said Augustus.

"I forget how it goes. Indeed, some verses I was making on the curate's sister have driven the others out of my head." Jack drew nigh, and leaning over his shoulder, whispered something in his ear.

"What!" cried Cutbill, starting up; "he says he'll pitch me neck and crop out of the window."

"Not unless you deserve it—add that," said Jack sternly.

"I must have an apology for those words, sir. I shall insist on your recalling them, and expressing your sincere regret for having ever used them."

"So you shall, Cutty. I completely forgot that this tower was ninety feet high; but I'll pitch you downstairs, which will do as well."

There was a terrible gleam of earnestness in Jack's eye as he spoke this laughingly, which appalled Cutbill far more than any bluster, and he stammered out, "Let us have no practical jokes; they're bad taste."

You'd be a great fool, admiral"—this was a familiarity he occasionally used with Jack—"you'd be a great fool to quarrel with *me*. I can do more with the fellows at Somerset House than most men going; and when the day comes that they'll give you a command, and you'll want twelve or fifteen hundred to set you afloat, Tom Cutbill is not the worst man to know in the City. Not to say, that if things go right down here, I could help you to something very snug in our mine. Won't we come out strong then, eh?" Here he rattled over the keys once more; and after humming to himself for a second or two, burst out with a rattling, merry air, to which he sung,—

With crests on our harness and breechin,
 In a carriage and four we shall roll,
 With a splendid French cook in the kitchen,
 If we only succeed to find coal,
 Coal!
 If we only are sure to find coal.

"A barcarole, I declare," said Lord Culduff, entering. "It was a good inspiration led me up here."

A jolly roar of laughter at his mistake welcomed him; and Cutty, with an aside, cried out, "He's deaf as a post," and continued,—

If we marry, we'll marry a beauty,
 If single, we'll try and control
 Our tastes within limits of duty,
 And make our ourselves jolly with coal,
 Coal!
 And make ourselves jolly with coal.

They may talk of the mines of Golconda-r,
 Or the shafts of Puebla del Sol;
 But to fill a man's pocket, I wonder,
 If there's anything equal to coal,
 Coal!
 If there's anything equal to coal.

At Naples we'll live on Chiaja,
 With our schooner-yacht close to the Mole,
 And make daily picknickings to Baja,
 If we only come down upon coal,
 Coal!
 If we only come down upon coal.

"One of the fishermen's songs," said Lord Culduff, as he beat time on the table. "I've passed many a night on the Bay of Naples listening to them."

And a wild tumultuous laugh now convulsed the company, and Cutbill, himself overwhelmed by the absurdity, rushed to the door, and made his escape without waiting for more.

Captain Marryat at Langham.

It is now many years since Frederick Marryat died, and it may seem strange to some that whereas others, his contemporaries, of like note, and more recently gone from the stage of life, are represented upon our library-shelves biographically, there is still a gap where the life of the author of *Peter Simple* ought to be; but it was his own expressed desire that no memoir of him should be published after his death. But for this prohibition, his life, however inefficiently, would before now have been written; but with the remembrance of it, those who knew him best, and therefore could best perform the task, must look upon that wish of his as a command.

Yet for some time past a notice of Captain Marryat has been called for; and I think I shall not be in any degree infringing on his prohibition, by recalling my own personal recollection of him in his later years.

But first, as a contrast, I must speak of the days when he was a young man, when he published his first works. Living at Sussex House, Hammersmith, which he had purchased of the Duke of Sussex, to whom he was equerry at the time, he had kept up a round of incessant gaiety and a course of almost splendid extravagance. He had always displayed a remarkable facility in getting rid of money. Indeed, he used himself to say that he had "contrived to spend three fortunes;" for he had inherited not only his share—no small one—of his father's property, but also that of one of his brothers, who had died early, and left to him his portion, together with a pretty little number of thousands which he had acquired as heir to his uncle, Samuel Marryat, Q.C.

At Sussex House were held those amusing conjuring soirées which Captain Marryat used to have in conjunction with his great friend, Captain Chamier, when they would display the various tricks of sleight-of-hand which they together had purchased and learnt of the wizards of that day; and when Theodore Hook was wont to bewilder the company with his ventriloquisms, and make them laugh with his funny stories and imitations. There half the men to be met were such as the world had talked of, and whose *bon mots* were worth remembering. Marryat lived then in the atmosphere of a court as well as in the odour of literature. The former air might easily be dispensed with without any loss of happiness, but one would have thought that intellectual society had become necessary to his existence. I remember him on the Continent some years later than this, at all sorts of places,—at Brussels, at Antwerp, at Paris, at Spa, —always living *en prince*, and always the same wherever he went,—

throwing away his money with both hands,—the merriest, wittiest, most good-natured fellow in the world. As soon as he was known society was ready to applaud. Once, at a German *table-d'hôte*; where I also was present,—for I begin now to speak from personal recollection,—he, in order to amuse his next neighbour, suddenly laid down his knife and fork and looked to the other end of the table. The other knives and forks went down. He coughed, and there was a dead silence. “I’ll trouble you for the salt,” said he, or something equally commonplace, whereupon there was a general roar of laughter. “There’s nothing like being considered a wit,” he whispered.

Later, I remember Captain Marryat living in Spanish Place, London. His establishment was not so superb as it had been at Sussex House, but his manner of living was as gay. It was an incessant round of dining out and giving dinners. At his table you met all the celebrities of the day. His intimate friends were men and women who had made their names of value. In Spanish Place it was I had last seen him in association with Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Ainsworth, and John Poole, or with the beautiful Lady Blessington and D’Orsay; and now, after an absence of years, I travelled into Norfolk, to find him in a most out-of-the-way place.

I arrived one evening at the “Feathers Inn” at Holt, and discovered that I had yet four or five miles to go before I could reach Langham. So hiring one of those miserable old flies of former days, I got into it, and was jolted away, in a temper which might have borne improvement.

“What has come to him,” argued I, “that he should, in the very vigour of life, retire from the world and live the life of a hermit? Well, perhaps after all, he may continue much the same sort of existence as he led of old. No doubt he has surrounded himself with every pleasure that society can give him. But he might have chosen a place a little nearer to civilization, instead of obliging me to drive four miles at eight o’clock in the evening in an old shanderydan like this.”

I could not look at the country, for it was too dark; but I knew that it was nothing but a straight bare country-road along which we were going, so I had no solace but a grumble. Half-an-hour later, and grumbling was at an end. We paused a moment, the driver of the trap descended and opened a gate, and as he remounted and urged his horse to a final effort, I could see through the darkness that we were rounding a gravelled path.

Sounds are heard easily in the country: before the fly drew near the house lights were seen flashing in the hall, and we had not drawn up before the entrance when the door was flung open and several figures stood in the porch.

“Hullo!” said a voice.

“Why, is it you? Why didn’t you give me notice, that I might have sent for you?” It was the same voice as of old—deep-chested, cordial, and cheery.

I easily made the excuse that I had fancied Holt was close by, and immediately afterwards I was in the porch. The early moon was out, and

shining upon the house, and I stepped back upon the gravelled path to look at it. It was an Elizabethan cottage—gabled, with heavy stacks of chimneys, and an overhanging thatch—built upon the exact model of that of George the Fourth at Virginia Water. It was built by Copland, the architect, who was a personal friend of Captain Marryat's, and with whom he exchanged Sussex House for this cottage. The vagary had been that the two houses should be exchanged exactly as they stood; but the idea of "all standing" having different meanings in the two different minds, he who got Sussex House as his portion came off very much the better of the two. But it had been through life the same with the present owner of Langham. If there was a quality for which there was in his mind no place, it was regard for his own interest.

As I re-entered the porch, I perceived several cocks and hens crouched down close to the threshold, and a brace of tame partridges moved away slowly to a little distance.

We went into the dining-room. It was a pretty room, walled with water-colour sketches by Stansfield; and at the further end by cases of books. There was an air of thorough comfort pervading the whole. I had not been expected; but nobody would have guessed the fact by the tables which were almost immediately upon the table.

"Well!" said I, when the inward craving was appeased and silenced, and when consequently my good humour had returned, "this is all very nice; but what makes you live down here? I mean to carry you back to town with me. Everybody says that it is a shame that you should be out of the world like this."

He was standing upon the hearthrug, with his back to the fire—looking down at me as I sat at the table. He was not a tall man—five feet ten—but I think intended by nature to be six feet, only having gone to sea when still almost a child, at a time when the between-decks were very low-pitched; he had, he himself declared, had his growth unnaturally stopped. His immensely powerful build, and massive chest, which measured considerably over forty inches round, would incline one to this belief. He had never been handsome, as far as features went, but the irregularity of his features might easily be forgotten by those who looked at the intellect shown in his magnificent forehead. His forehead and his hands were his two strong points. The latter were models of symmetry. Indeed, while resident at Rome, at an earlier period of his life, he had been requested by a sculptor to allow his hand to be modelled.

At the time I now speak of him he was fifty-two years of age; but looking considerably younger. His face was clean shaved; and his hair so long that it reached almost to his shoulders, curling in light loose locks like those of a woman. It was slightly grey. He was dressed in anything but evening costume on the present occasion, having on a short velveteen shooting-jacket and coloured trousers. I could not help smiling as I glanced at his dress—recalling to my mind what a dandy he had been as a young man.

"What can make you live down here?" repeated I.

"I have had enough of the world," he answered. "I like this sort of life: besides, look at all my girls and boys. I want to retrench."

"But do you believe you save money by farming your own land?" I asked.

In perfect good faith he assured me that he did. It was the delusion of his present life that scientific farming was an economical plan of living; although to the ordinary run of mortals it appeared uncommonly like throwing money away. Marryat, I think, rather prided himself upon his common sense. He said once, "People say that geniuses very seldom have common sense: now I have been called a genius; but I am sure I have plenty of common sense." He had not a bit of it.

But I have left him standing on the hearthrug all this while, with his back to the fire, and we get on but slowly with our conversation.

"What time do you get up in the morning?" asked I.

"About five at this time of the year."

"About—about what? Are you mad? Do you expect me to get up at that hour?"

"By no means: get up at any hour you like; but I am my own bailiff."

"Do you mean to say that your servants are up and about at five o'clock in the morning?"

"They are by the time I return home and want them. I do not trouble them before. I open my bed-room window and jump out when I am dressed, which saves all the trouble of unbarring doors. We breakfast at eight."

Although eight was an improvement upon five, yet it required some moments to recover from the shock. When I did so, I said humbly that I would go to bed.

I suppose there is something in country air conducive to early rising; for, contrary to my usual custom, I woke betimes the following morning. I went to my bedroom window and looked out. The room was at the back of the house, and overlooked a large lawn, divided from a field by an invisible fence. The practically useful had evidently here swamped the ornamental. The field was green with young barley, which for the time looked almost as pretty as if the whole had been grass. Wherever I looked, my eye invariably fell upon some animal or other. There were a dozen or more young calves feeding about the lawn; two or three ponies and a donkey under a clump of larches in one direction, a long-legged colt and its mamma standing jealously apart from them in another. Coops with young fowls of various kinds stood upon the gravel walk in front of the dining-room doorstep.

As I was looking, I heard the premonitory signal of some one's approach,—a laugh; and along the garden walk I saw Captain Marryat coming with several of his family. Two or three dogs capered around and about; a jackdaw sat on the shoulder of one of the girls; and as they

neared the lawn, they were joined by a flock of pigeons, which wheeled round and round their heads, settling for a moment, sometimes on the shoulder of one, sometimes on the hat of another, or coming six in a row upon any arm that was held out to them. Then the little calves found out what was the matter, and whisking their tails over their backs, ran head-long at their master, catching at his coat-tails, sucking his fingers when they could get hold of them, and so besetting his path that it was with difficulty he could move on.

It was a lovely morning, and instead of entering the house—having ascertained by a glance through the open glass doors of the dining-room that his lazy guest was not yet down—Captain Marryat seated himself on the edge of the lawn, closely cropped by his little friends the calves. Hereupon the ponies advanced and sniffed at his hands and face, and one of them knocked his hat over his eyes. He was evidently a spoilt little brute, for shortly afterwards, upon having his long tail pulled, he ran away a few paces, and looking carefully back so as to measure his distance, threw up his heels within a few inches of his tormentor's face, a practical joke which both parties seemed equally to appreciate.

I turned from the window, feeling that at this rate I should never be dressed.

After breakfast there was plenty to do in the way of feeding innumerable animals. I never saw so many animals together out of a menagerie. There was an aviary six or eight feet square, full of birds of every description. There were rabbits, pheasants, partridges, cats, dogs, and donkeys. In the walled garden we were followed by a tame seagull and a tame heron. The horses, in and out of the stables, were more like dogs than horses, and the dogs were more like children than dogs.

Naturally we commenced talking of animals and their instincts and traits of sagacity; and to my surprise, Marryat did not appear to go so far as have some in his estimate of them. I repeated some anecdote of a dog which I admitted I had only on hearsay, and asked if he thought it probable.

"It may be true," he answered. "I had once a very clever Newfoundland dog myself. But it is the fashion of the present day to exalt animals into reasoning beings; which serves to lower rather than to exalt their instinct."

Here one of the little girls asked what this particular dog he alluded to was in the habit of doing.

"Why, my dear, he did what any other intelligent dog would have done. On one occasion when I was called suddenly to join my ship, and had left a quantity of dirty duds at home, the dog Captain picked out every individual article that belonged to me from the general mass, and piling them in a heap, he sat upon them and would not allow them to be touched by any one. Now this is a regular dog's trick, instigated by attachment. Captain knew by his scent which clothes were mine; he did not carefully examine the marks to find my initials. When I read of a

dog comparing the sizes of two hats, and then, after a little consideration, clapping the smaller one inside the larger, so as to take them both in his mouth at once"—he stopped, looked me in the face with twinkling eyes, and then gave a shout of laughter.

"But," said I, "is not this anecdote told somewhere in a book on natural history?"

"Of course it is," answered Marryat, "and many more of a like kind, which have gone down with the public. Why, Theodore Hook and I used to split our sides over inventing wonderful instances of sagacity, which we would send to a certain popular naturalist, and afterwards see vouched for in print. But I really should have thought the story of the hats a little too bad."

After this I went round the farm with him. I suppose that ploughed-fields and manure-heaps and agricultural machines are interesting when one farms one's own land; but to my vitiated tastes, it seemed dull work. Marryat stood about directing and ordering; sometimes listening to a long Norfolk speech, which seemed to me to be in an unknown tongue: then walking off to a stack-yard, where a grand battue of rats was going on, and eagerly calling out "loo-loo-loo" to the dogs with the rest. Then, as a climax, he marched me off to the decoy lake, where a new pipe was being made and a new trench dug. This was an interesting sight, even to the uninitiated. The decoy man, a great rough-looking fellow in a fur cap, was a reclaimed poacher, and he looked entirely his original character. Marryat always held that reformed blackguards made the most honest servants. He had a very unmagistrate-like leniency for poaching, and having convicted this man, Barnes, of the offence, he had placed him as his gamekeeper and decoy man; and I know that he never had reason to repent his trust in him. When, years later, Marryat's son Frank went to California, Barnes declared his resolution of going with him, the which he did, and remained with him the whole time of his sojourn there.

The afternoon was now getting on; and finding that although we had breakfasted at eight we should not dine until the same hour in the evening, I proposed returning to the house. Although Marryat himself never took anything between those two meals, he did not expect others to have the same powers of endurance, and I went in search of luncheon, leaving him still indefatigably looking after the farm.

I can think I see him now, as I look back to that time, sitting about on his dun-coloured Hanoverian pony, called Dumpling,—a name he very well deserved,—dressed in that velveteen shooting-jacket I have spoken of, which he used to boast of as having cost only twelve and sixpence; with a hole in the rim of his hat, through which, when required, he could thrust his eye-glass. He had manufactured one for himself, of a plain round piece of glass, surrounded by whalebone, the two ends of which were bound together into a long stem with a piece of twine: this long stem fitted into the hole in his hat-brim, so as to come just in front of his

right eye, in order to save the trouble, when out shooting, of raising his glass each time he fired. Dumpling was a character in himself. He was a spiteful old pony to every one but to his master, of whom he appeared to stand in awe.

I am not going to keep to times and seasons in speaking of my remembrance of Langham. My knowledge of it and of its owner extended over a space of many years; and things in connection with them crowd over my memory in thinking of that time, which may appear somewhat disconnected to my reader.

To return to Dumpling. On one occasion, he tried to assert his independence even over his master; and when on the high-road to Cockthorpe and close to a pond, he adroitly kicked Captain Marryat over his head and right into the water. After this feat, however, he was so alarmed at what he had done to the author of *Peter Simple*, that he stood still trembling, and allowed his master to remount, himself returning home very humble and dejected, and never attempting to be refractory with him again. But with others, Dumpling never omitted an opportunity of showing his spiteful temper. Marryat once put two of his children upon the pony, when he himself was occupied about some farming operations, and sent them across the meadow. So long as he was in sight, Dumpling trotted steadily along; but no sooner did he find himself unobserved, than up flew his heels, and both the little girls went over his head. Back they came running to their father to complain of "Dumpy." "Come here, sir!" shouted Marryat to the conscience-stricken pony. Dumpling saw a whip in his master's hand; he glanced first one side and then the other, while Marryat waited for him to come. He might have turned tail and raced all over the meadow: but after a moment's reflection, he hung his head penitently, and running to his master, thrust his nose under Marryat's arm. The moral of it was, of course, that Dumpling did not get a whipping.

When first I had looked round the walls of Langham cottage, and had seen what capital pictures were there, what first-rate bronzes and marbles, and what a splendid library, I thought I began to understand how he could make himself happy in this seclusion. "He lives amongst his books, and his writings and papers," thought I. "I can see that a man of literary tastes and pursuits may make a world of his own." But he did not make a world in his literary pursuits. He was, at the time of which I am now writing, engaged upon some book: one of his later children's stories, I think; but his literary work was never obtruded on his family. There was no time of the day apparently when he was to be left undisturbed. The other members of the household went in and out of the room where he sat, and never found him abstracted or disinclined to take an interest in the outer world. He threw himself like a child into his children's pleasures: one morning helping to make a kite, the next listening to doggerel verses, or in the evening joining with them in acting charades. He would leave off in the middle of writing his book to

carry out a handful of salt to his favourite calves upon the lawn; and enter into the fanciful papering of a boudoir with all the enthusiasm of a girl. It always struck me that Marryat was like an elder brother rather than a father to his own children, although I am fully sure he lost nothing in their filial respect and honour by the intimacy and freedom of their love; and I know now, after he has been dead eighteen years, that the hearts of his children cling to his memory as fondly as they did to himself in the days I speak of. It must be something to be capable of inspiring love which will outlast time and absence without diminution.

The children came to him in all their difficulties and scrapes. I remember a little creature of nine or ten, with a very blank face, showing a great rent in the front of her frock with "Oh, my father, what am I to do? Miss ——" (the "governess") "will be so angry; she will give me such lesson to learn," and Marryat's taking hold of the frock and tearing the hole six times as large as at first, and laughingly answering, "There, say I did it."

All his children invariably addressed him as "My father." It was a fancy of his own. He had a special dislike to the popular name "Papa," which he said meant just nothing.

He was so very fond of the society of young people. Without in any degree accommodating himself to them, his feelings seemed more in unison with the young than with those of his own age. On one occasion, while I was staying with them, they were all invited to an evening-party, to be preceded by a dinner to which he alone was asked. He came into the room with an aggrieved look, and the tone of an injured man. "Here," said he, "I don't want to go to dinner; they only ask me, I know, to amuse their guests, and I am not going to 'talk clever' at the dinner-table: I shall go in the evening with you." He went and played games—his inventive genius always came out very happily at forfeits—and danced the polka with the children.

I never knew him at home "talk clever," although he used to say funnier things sometimes than any man I know. And he had a very keen appreciation of wit in others, especially from one of his own, whom in his parental pride he very much over-estimated. He used to laugh till the tears were in his eyes. I never hardly knew a man laugh with greater abandonment. It would begin with a chuckle, and continue until his face was so twisted and convulsed that he would have to put his hands before it.

At dinner one day, there appeared at second course a small dish of something which looked like pastry, but scarcely deserved the name of tarts. They were not above an inch square, pinched up at the corners, and each containing a single cherry.

I saw the girls look suspiciously at these delicacies, while their father was evidently waiting for them to be noticed. Presently he said, "There's one apiece for you." Then, turning to me, he added, "I came through the kitchen as the pastry was being made. I made those."

Then one of his children asked, "I say, my father, did you wash your hands first?"

"Lor' bless you, my dear," said he, looking at his fingers, "I declare I forgot all about it."

"Then you shall eat them all yourself," she answered, jumping up, and catching him round the throat. "You have never washed your hands since you pulled about those dead rats this morning; you know you haven't."

Marryat looked convicted and guilty. He had not a word to say for himself, excepting to entreat to be let off from eating the tarts; and when he had ceased laughing, he said,—“That reminds me of my poor little boy Willie, who died. I had him on board with me in the *Larne*. Once he got the ship's cook to give him some flour and plums to make a pudding; and after making it in the galley, and having it boiled, I saw him bring it on deck. 'Here, Jack!' called he to one of the ship's boys. 'You may have this.' I was surprised at his giving away his pudding which he had thought so much of; and I asked him why he did not eat it himself. 'No, thank you, father,' said he; 'I made it.' He had been short of water, I afterwards found out," added Marryat, "and had mixed the pudding by repeatedly spitting into it."

"Which son was that?" I asked.

"He was our second boy; he died under seven years old. He is the original 'Willie' of the *King's Own*. All the anecdotes of that child's life on board ship are true."

I think Marryat was most judicious in his treatment of the young; never admitting incapacity as an excuse for want of endeavour. If any one with him pleaded—"It is of no use my attempting; I am not clever enough!" he was met with the answer,—“You not clever enough? Don't tell me such nonsense; you are no fool, you can do it if you choose, and I expect you to do it.” And in most cases the expected things were done.

I used to be amused at the original modes he had of punishing his children when they were naughty. On one occasion two culprits of eight and ten were brought to him with a complaint from their maid that they had persisted in playing upon their father's violin when the dressmaker was vainly striving to try on some new frocks. Marryat lifted the two children, one on each side of the top of his bureau; and there he kept them sitting for a time like two little images, until he took them down to undergo extra petting for the rest of the day; for, if a child required to be punished, as soon as the punishment was over, it seemed as if no amount of indulgence was thought too much for compensation; like the jam to take the taste of the physic out of its mouth.

Another time the same two children came to him as the dentist of the family, and the elder, leading the little one by the hand, exclaimed with great glee,—

"C—— has a tooth to come out."

He looked into the child's mouth, and twisted out the loose little peg ; then turning to the elder child, he quickly pulled out one of hers also, saying—

“ There ; I shall take out one of yours too ; that's for coming to tell about it.”

Whatever the size of the culprit, it was always during the time of disgrace addressed with great formality. “ Good morning, Miss Marryat,” or “ Good evening, Miss Marryat,” when Miss Marryat might happen to be six years of age. He was generally said to spoil his children, but I hold my own views on what constitutes spoiling.

I often wondered where and when Marryat had found the time to cultivate his own mind, for he had had but few advantages of actual education. I suppose it was from the great power and habit of observation which he possessed that he learnt intuitively. There was hardly a scientific subject upon which he was not well informed, besides being, as all the world knows, a practically scientific man. I have heard him regret that he was not born a century later than his time ; as he considered the world in a scientific point of view as comparatively in its infancy. He used to prophecy of the great discoveries yet to be made in steam and in electricity. He took a great interest in magnetism and in phrenology, in both of which he was, I am sure, a firm believer. He had been told by Townsend that he was himself a powerful mesmerist ; but I do not think he ever tested his power.

There was hardly a modern language of which he had not some knowledge ; grammatical knowledge, I mean. So far as speaking them went, although he would rattle off unhesitatingly French or German, or Italian, or whatever was called for at the moment, his thoroughly British tongue imbued them all with so much of the same accent, that it was difficult to know what the language was meant for : indeed, he used to tell a story of how an Italian, after listening to one of his long speeches in his purest Tuscan, apologized to him and said he did not understand English.

Marryat ran away to sea at twelve years of age, so that at best his education must have been very limited. I remember this story which he himself told me of his early school-days :—

“ The first school I ever went to was one kept by an old dame. There was a number of other boys there who were all very good boys, but Charlie Babbage and I were always the scamps of the school. He and I were for ever in scrapes, and the old woman used to place us side by side standing on stools in the middle of the school-room and point to us as a warning to the others and say, ‘ Look at those two boys ! They are bad boys and they will never get on in the world. Those two boys will come to a bad end.’ It is rather funny,” he concluded, “ but Babbage and I are the only two in all the school who have ever been heard of since. We got round the old dame though in the end. The boys used to curry favour with her by being the first to bring in the daily eggs laid by

two or three hens she kept in the garden. If a boy brought in one egg he was approved of, but if he brought two, he was patted on the back and called 'good boy.' So Charlie and I agreed to get up very early in the morning, before the other boys, and abstract the eggs from the hens' nests; and then we hid them away in a hole in the hedge. The old dame was in a great state of mind at having no eggs day after day; and when her vexation had culminated, and all the good boys were very low down in her books, Charlie Babbage and I made a discovery. 'Oh, mam! here's ever so many eggs in the hedge!' Thenceforth we were the prime favourites; and whenever our credit waned a fresh hoard of eggs was found, and set things straight."

"What made you take to the sea?" I asked.

"I always had a fancy for it," he answered. "I ran away from school twice, but was pursued by my father, discovered, captured, and brought back again. I was bent upon going to sea; but that was not the immediate cause of my running away."

He looked up laughingly, and I asked, "Why?"

"Because I didn't like having to wear my brother J——'s breeches. You see, I came just below him, and, for the sake of economy, my mother used to give me his outgrown clothes. I could stand anything else, but I could not stand the breeches."

Like all writers of fiction, I presume, Marryat was fond of reading novels. He spent his evenings mostly in doing so. He read rapidly, and would as soon read one of his own books as those of his friends; and I have seen him chuckle and heard him laugh out loud at one of his own jokes, written many years before. If the chuckle or laugh were noticed he would turn the book over, saying,—“What is this? James's? Bless my soul! if it isn't one of my own. Well, it is uncommonly amusing, whoever wrote it.”

Yet, perhaps—for almost all his incidents and characters were from life—the pages took him back to the early days of his service, when the events themselves had happened.

I asked him once which of his novels he considered the best, and he answered—"I always was fondest of *Jacob Faithful*. I know *Peter Simple* has been most popular, and is considered the cleverest."

Speaking of the reviewers, he said, "I used to get most awfully cut up sometimes; but I delight in a thoroughly bad review. I believe it does a man more good than any amount of favourable ones. But anything is better than being unnoticed."

"But," remarked I, "excuse me, do not you think that you sometimes caricature nature? I have always thought that Captain Kearney in *Peter Simple* is an almost impossible character. He is too big a liar to be believed in."

"Captain Kearney," answered Marryat, "is a real character; he is drawn from life. I knew the man myself."

Marryat was fond of speaking of the friends of his former years, but.

I have noticed that whereas he mentioned most of them by their surnames, as "Bulwer," "Ainsworth," or "Stansfield," he would speak of Dickens as "Charlie Dickens." I do not know if he had a more than ordinary affection for him; but the circumstance would seem to imply so.

After having told some of his best stories a good many times over he began to identify himself with them, and would relate them as if they had happened to himself. I fancy this is a trick with many people of vivid imagination; and may be done in perfect good faith; for, after all, it is difficult to decide where imagination ends and falsehood begins. Perhaps even Captain Kearney may not have been altogether an intentional liar.

But I have no desire to swell this paper beyond due limits. I have said that in thinking of Langham and those last years of Marryat's life, I can hardly recognize, in his pleasures and his pursuits, the man in his youth and the man in his mature age. I can picture him to myself in the former time accustoming himself to every luxury of the table—an epicure of the first degree—and I can remember, in the latter period, his entering the room where I was seated, with the exclamation,—“I say, we have nothing in the world for dinner; you go down to the lake, and see if you can get anything, and I will take my gun.”

We went each our own way; and a couple of hours later met again, he with a rabbit he had shot, and I with a huge eel from the lake. That was literally all we had for dinner. It was a Robinson Crusoe sort of life, but looking back upon it, it was very pleasant.

In all my recollections of this time one person is so mixed up, that I cannot avoid mentioning him, apart from my own warm regard for his memory. I am sure there seldom passed two days without Lieutenant George Thomas, of the Coast-guard station, Marston, being with us. Together, Marryat and he would talk over the service as it had been in their day, and the degeneracy of the service as it was then; and his daughter Annie, then a little child, the present novelist, was like one of the children of the house.

I can again picture Marryat to myself in one of his fits of abstraction in his study, lying half-reclined upon a sofa, over which was spread an enormous lion-skin; with his deep-set eyes fixed straight forward, and his mind evidently at work; until he darted into an almost erect attitude, and extending his arm exclaimed in a loud voice, "Silence!" and upon his companion looking up inquiringly, turning it off with a laugh, "I thought B—— was in the room. I was talking to him. I forgot myself."

I can think of many evenings when the dining-room table was pushed on one side and we all played blindman's buff, and he laughed and shouted as gleefully as any of the younger ones, holding one of the children in front of him: she delighted to be, as she thought, in such a safe position, and then suddenly awaked to a sense of danger by the practical joke of being jumped forward into the very arms of the blindman, while

her treacherous parent escaped: or dancing impromptu fancy dances with one or other of the juveniles. Or, later, I can think of him, in his great unselfishness, concealing the fact of his being ill, lest those about him should be distressed on his account; so that only by accident was it discovered by his son that that painful organic disease which in the end killed him, had commenced.

I can fancy I see him again in so many different ways; but what is the use now when nothing is left to me but fancy? These things are passed away; but I have spoken of that which I know; and whether I call myself Jones, Brown, or Robinson, it matters very little. This is no made-up paper, for these memories are amongst the records of my life.

Once more, before I close. In these latter days I once asked Marryat what he had been doing, when he had been a long while absent from home. "Oh, nothing in particular," he answered; "but you see this is such a lovely time of year; it is sufficient amusement for me to walk along the lanes and watch the green buds coming out in the quickset hedges."

I could not recover this for some time. And this was what the popular novelist and wit had come down to! This was the interest of the spoiled man of the world when hardly past middle age. For this he had abandoned society prematurely; he had put aside fame before it had had time to pall. He had not outlived his popularity, for his name has not done so even now; he had turned his back upon it. "The buds in the quickset hedges!"

Yet now, since he has been dead, it has sometimes occurred to me as a question whether it was a "coming down" after all, or a return to the childlike simplicity of all true genius; or perhaps the beginning of an awakening to that better child-likeness of which we have all been told, and which Marryat fully experienced before he died.

The Knapsack in Spain.

THE supreme authority on all things Spanish is very distinct upon the subject of pedestrian travelling in Spain. "A pedestrian tour for pleasure," says *The Handbook*, "is not to be thought of for a moment." "No one should ever dream of making a pedestrian tour in Spain," say the *Gatherings*. Deference to the *ipse-dixit* of Ford will be paid by no one so willingly as by one who has made those delightful volumes the companions of his wanderings in the land they illustrate, and proved their truth while drawing upon their rich stores of learning and observation. Ford, however, it is pretty clear, never made the experiment of a pedestrian tour, and theory, even his theory, on a question of Spanish travel, must yield to experience. No doubt there is a large portion of the Peninsula to which his dictum applies. The traveller who would deliberately set out on a walking expedition through the dreary plains of Estremadura or the Castiles, if not actually a lunatic, would doubtless soon qualify for lunacy by the way of sun-stroke and brain-fever. Nevertheless there is no lack of good walking ground in the north, north-west, and south of Spain, entirely free from this risk, quite practicable, and eminently enjoyable; at least to any one who does not mind such an amount of "roughing it" as, with the aid of moderate endurance, good digestion, and a packet of Keating's insect-destroyer, will serve as a *sauce piquante* to his pleasure. There is no need here to dilate upon the advantages of this over every other mode of travelling for those who can adopt it. No doubt a riding tour as sketched by Ford is very delightful, but black care sits behind the horseman, even mounted though he be, like the author of the *Handbook*, on his *haca Cordobesa*. He has always a second set of wants besides his own to provide for, a mouth to feed that cannot make complaint of short commons, feet that are apt to come unshod at awkward times, a back that must not be allowed to become sore. And then, with all his independence as compared with the traveller on wheels, he is not a free man. He is tied to the bridle-road; all that lies beyond it has no existence for him, and in Ford's own country—if any one part of Spain more than another can be said to be Ford's country—in Andalusia, there is scenery as grand as any in the Alps or Pyrenees which is a sealed book to him and to all except the pedestrian. Ford's chief objection applies to walking in general. It seldom answers, he says, anywhere, as the walker arrives at the object of his promenade tired and hungry just at the moment when he ought to be freshest and most up to intellectual pleasures." But why should he? Can he not arrange matters so as *not* to arrive tired and hungry? If he finds himself

incapable of enjoyment after thirty miles let him be content with twenty or fifteen; and as to hunger, that is an affection to which travellers of all sorts are equally liable, and which is to be obviated by the same means in all cases. In the matter of accommodation, inns, food, and so forth, he is no worse off than any other tourist. Indeed, in one respect, he is better off: healthy active exercise materially improves his chance of an unbroken night's rest. The fleas don't bite a sound sleeper, so the Spaniards say, and the immunity is worth something in a posada. Any other inconveniences he only shares in common with all comers, and any argument founded on them is an argument not against walking but against travelling in Spain at all.

On this head, it may be observed, there has been a great deal of exaggeration. To believe the majority of writers about Spain, the passage of the Pyrenees is a plunge into utter barbarism, whereas in sober truth the traveller, as long at least as he keeps to the beaten tracks, finds Spain, so far as he is concerned, remarkably like the rest of civilized Europe. Even the diligence is now almost obsolete. Except Granada, there is no place of any importance which is not to be reached by rail; and at Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Granada, Malaga, Cordova, Cadiz—in fact at every town which has a place in the regular Spanish tour—he will find hotels quite as civilized as those of France, Italy, or Germany, and in which he runs just about as much risk of being poisoned with the garlic and rancid oil we are told of as at the Trois Frères. It is true, if he penetrates into regions more remote he must content himself with much rougher quarters, for the difference between the *fonda* and the *posada* of Spain is far wider than between the hotel and the inn of any other country. It must be admitted too that all that form of life to which Mark Tapley applied the generic "wampires" is rather more abundant than is consistent with entire comfort. But even the *posada* is not much worse than the mountain quarters with which the pedestrian has frequently to put up in other countries; and if fowls, eggs, ham, and the best bread in the world, have any virtues in the way of supporting nature, there is no danger of starvation.

The one discomfort which affects the pedestrian more than any other traveller in Spain, is the heat of the climate; but even this is not so great an evil as it seems. In the Sierras, among which his rambling ground will lie, a low latitude is neutralized to a great extent by elevation and mountain breeze, and by a judicious use of the cool morning hours it is quite possible to cheat even the fierce sun of Andalusia. It is a good travelling rule anywhere, but especially sound in Spain, to make a point of seeing the sun rise every morning. One hour in the morning is worth three in the afternoon, either for getting over ground or for enjoying scenery, and nowhere is the morning more delightful than in the Spanish mountains. All nature seems to rise restored to life by the bracing air of night, and looks crisp and cool, green and moist, like a fresh-cut salad. A few hours later all this is changed. Where the dew hung the dust lies

thick; the soft streaks of mist that rested like scarfs of gauze on the shoulders of the mountains have given place to a hot quivering haze, the tender blues and greens have become browns and yellows, and the broad purple shadows have changed into hard black lines. The landscape has put on a dry, parched, gritty look, as if it were moulded in terra-cotta, and life seems to have been baked out of everything except the lizards and grasshoppers. Therefore for enjoyment as well as for comfort, it is desirable to make an early start, and from this point of view it is, perhaps, a happy arrangement of circumstances that there are seldom strong inducements to lie a-bed of a morning in a Spanish inn: if the voice of the sluggard was ever heard to complain in a *posada*, the complaint was probably based on very different grounds from those stated by the poet. Getting under weigh is half the journey; "el salir de la *posada* es la mayor *jornada*," as the national proverb puts it; and the prudent viator will leave nothing to be done in the morning but to discharge the reckoning and swallow a cup of that marvellous chocolate which Spain alone has the gift of producing, and the poorest *posada* will furnish as well as the best hotel. With this, itself almost as much a solid as the *bizcochos* which accompany it, he breaks his fast. Breakfast as we understand it, the first regular meal of the day, is altogether too important and pleasurable an affair to be trifled with in this way. It would be a wanton waste of the means of enjoyment to take it within walls at all, not to speak of the walls of a frowsy hostelry. It is eminently a pleasure to be looked forward to. The materials, cold fowl, ham, hard eggs, bread, oranges, grapes, according to the local commissariat, are stowed away in the knapsack, to be produced at the proper time and place—when the right to enjoy has been fairly earned, and a spot has been reached which combines the attraction of shade, water, and a view. Then and there he will unslung his pack, and as he makes his "honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast," he will say with Father Izaak, "Does not this meat taste well, and was not this place well chosen to eat it?" The meat, however, is not the only thing to be considered. In thirsty Spain the traveller carries his *bota* as regularly as the playgoer carries his opera-glass, or the Londoner his umbrella, and nowhere will he more fervently join in the refrain of the quaint old song which prays,

That in heaven his soul may dwell,
Who first found out the leather bottél.

On a journey of any sort it is a desirable, on a pedestrian journey it is an indispensable, companion; and, therefore, any one contemplating a tramp should first betake himself to the shop of some well-recommended *botero*; and that without delay, for the education of the *bota* is a matter which requires some little time. Some authorities advise a course of *aguardiente* by way of seasoning, which is apt to have the effect of replacing the honest taste of leather by the sickly flavour of aniseed; but a thorough soaking in many waters, followed by a discipline of rough wine, will generally suffice to correct the peculiar bouquet of old boots which hangs

about a bota fresh from the shop. There are two sorts of bota. That used in Catalonia, Arragon, and the Pyrenees generally, has a horn nozzle fitting on with a screw; but the southern bota—a simpler, ruder, and altogether more oriental-looking affair—is much more convenient in form. The neck is furnished with a wooden cup-shaped mouth, fitted with a perforated plug, through which the parched wayfarer squirts a thin stream of wine down his throat, if his “tenement of clay” merely requires a slight moistening. If thorough saturation be desired, he has only to remove the plug and keep the cup full by a loving pressure of the yielding leather; and no sound could be more sympathetic to a thirsty soul than the jovial chuckling gurgle of the wine as it rises through the narrow neck, and the long-drawn sigh that follows when the hand is removed and the empty air rushes in to fill the place of the generous liquor. Simple, however, as these operations may seem, the art of drinking from the bota is not to be acquired in a moment. The tyro who rashly attempts the feat in public for the first time will probably cover his waistcoat with wine and himself with confusion; therefore, a little private practice with water is advisable, and for obvious reasons the period of the morning bath will be found a favourable time for study. In the two most important respects the bota is vastly superior to any of the modern contrivances in macintosh or vulcanized india-rubber for carrying wine on a journey. It keeps its contents far cooler, and once seasoned communicates no disagreeable taste. Indeed, a veteran bota, like a pipe that is properly culottée, will help to make an inferior article endurable; and for this reason its swarthy complexion and “purple-stained mouth” are to be regarded with the same sort of affectionate solicitude as attends the colouring of a valued meerschaum.

In any enumeration of travelling difficulties in Spain, robbers have a prescriptive right to a place; but in these degenerate days that place must be among the ideal difficulties. The romantically inclined tourist who counts upon at least one affair with brigands before returning home, who says at starting, “The bug which you would fright me with I seek,” will assuredly be wofully disappointed. Others, indeed, he will find, but not that one. There is now hardly as much chance of meeting a specimen of the ladron—the regular professional, picturesque brigand—in Spain, as of encountering a wolf in Wales. Even landlords, horse proprietors, and others interested in making the most of the dangers of the road, never attempt such a flight of imagination as to hint at “ladrones:” they never get beyond “mala gente.” This state of things, satisfactory or not according to taste, is mainly due to that admirable, and recently much-abused body, the *guardias civiles*. Their ubiquity has made every road in Spain at least as safe as the New Road in London, and at the same time tends to convey an idea of insecurity. On most of the roads in Andalusia a pair of these successors of the Santa Hermandad accompany the diligences for a part of the way, and their appearance is by some held to be conclusive of the abundance of robbers, which is, in fact, scarcely more logical than inferring the unhealthiness of a city from its elaborate drainage arrangements.

In the mountains, too, the pedestrian will often perceive on the path-side, far down below him, a couple of cocked-hatted, blue-coated, yellow-belted figures, who, when he comes up with them, will most likely ask after his "documentos." For this reason, in spite of what guide-books say about no passport being needed in Spain, it is necessary to have, at any rate, something which looks like one, and if it has a scrap of Spanish, couched in official language, written on it anywhere, so much the better, for some of these guardias can read. Their behaviour is always in accordance with their title; still it will never be amiss to administer a puro or two, in return for which the traveller may get some useful hints about the neighbourhood, or, in case there is a choice, a direction to a posada where se bebe buen vino y no pican mucho los chinches. The mala gente, the gentry who, though not robbers by profession, are yet so weak in principle as not to be always able to withstand the temptation to rob, may perhaps constitute a danger more real. If the evidence of hotel-keepers and the like is to be taken literally, they really do exist, but the curious fact about them is that they seem always to keep ahead of the traveller. Thus at Granada he will be told he must keep a sharp look out at Alhama; at Alhama he is assured the neighbourhood is and always has been remarkable for honesty, but he will do well to be on his guard about Antequera. Antequera protests its innocence, since the time of King Wamba, of all offences against person or property, but raises a warning voice against the neighbourhood of Ronda; and Ronda, in turn, professes itself to be an Arcadia, and denounces San Roque. The risk is always "mas lejos;" the traveller never is, but always to be robbed. Still, as it is just possible that a smart walker may, by accident, overtake some of these retreating rogues, there can be no harm in carrying a light revolver. It is always a comfortable sort of companion, and it will be sufficient in the very improbable event of an encounter, as a member of the mala gente family is not likely to carry fire-arms.

There is something, but not much, after all, in Ford's final argument that walking is unusual in Spain. It is true that the pedestrian does not hold the same honoured and dignified position as in Switzerland. In a country where "caballero" is the equivalent for "gentleman," he cannot expect to have his claim to that title immediately recognized everywhere when he makes his appearance on foot. But he certainly will not be either "ill-received" or "become an object of universal suspicion." Surprise, and a trifle of curiosity, he will very probably excite, but fortunately even in the remotest nooks of the Peninsula it is now pretty well understood that the English are an eccentric people, having peculiar ideas on the subject of pleasure; and at the worst, when his nationality is known, he will be set down as a "loco" from that distant Thule where "the men are as mad as he." But against this, it may be set off that this form of insanity is calculated to touch the Spaniard on his weakest point. There is no surer road to his good graces than admiration of his country and everything it contains; and to the Spanish mind, the admiration of the

pedestrian will be above all suspicion. If he did not approve of the country and people he would not be at such pains to see them; and therefore as soon as it is ascertained that he is not after mines or railways—things always regarded with jealousy—but simply scenery and enjoyment, he will rise in estimation as a person of taste, whatever may be thought of him as an entirely rational being. Indeed, it is by no means a bad rule for travellers of every condition to praise as they go, right and left, everything of or belonging to Spain. If they are too conscientious for this, or too much impressed with the responsibility entailed on them by a higher civilization, let them praise what they can, and endeavour, at least, to appear contented with the rest. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that neglect of this simple precaution has something to do with the unfavourable impressions of Spanish manners we sometimes find recorded by English travellers. It would be impossible for the grumbling, discontented, or critical traveller to make a worse selection from the map of the world on Mercator's projection than Spain for a vacation tour. Nothing puts up the Spaniard's back, so to speak, more readily than to have it dinned into his ears or hinted to him by signs quite as eloquent as words that they order this or that matter better in France or in England as the case may be. If he is of the better educated sort, very likely he is well aware that it is so, and for that reason is all the sorer; if not, it seems to his *españolismo* flat blasphemy. To take a very extreme case, the subject of the bull-fight is, as Mrs. Lirriper would say, "fruitful hot water" at every table-d'hôte from Barcelona to Cadiz at which there is much mixture of Spaniards and foreigners. No doubt the traveller is quite right in holding it to be a cruel, barbarous, and bloodthirsty sport (he takes very good care not to miss it all the same); but, to adopt a phrase from the ethics of the nursery, "it is not pretty to say so" in a country where it is the national pastime and a cherished institution. And, au fait, what is the use? As a protest it is unseasonable and as a preachment it is unavailing. The fine old British practice of grumbling, too, is quite out of place in Spain. Spaniards themselves never grumble, they are a long-suffering race. Now and again, but rarely, they will fly out into a prodigious passion, but like a thunderstorm, if it is noisy, is very soon over, and as Charles Mathews's song has it, the world jogs on just exactly as before, and the grievance, whatever it is, remains unabated. But they have no idea whatever of that steady persistent form of attack which comes so natural to the Northern temperament, and are very apt to put the most unfavourable construction on it. Besides, there is no country where it is of so little use. In some of the larger hotels, which, being in the hands of Italians or Frenchmen, are conducted on continental as distinguished from Spanish principles, swagger, bluster, and fault-finding may perhaps effect something. But the traveller who fancies he will better himself in any way by "calling stoutly about him" in an ordinary Spanish *parador* or *posada*, is very much mistaken. If he does entertain any such notion he will be undeceived at once by the bearing of his host. The demeanour of the Spanish *amo* is

framed on a model altogether different from that of the landlord of any other country. Far be it from him to welcome the coming guest with smiles and bows, and rubbing of hands. He is not the man to show you to your room and suggest with feeling a little bit of fish and broiled fowl and mushrooms for your dinner. His rôle is of another sort. Come as you may, on foot, on horseback, or in a coach and six, you must approach him as a suppliant, not as a customer. You do not put up at his house: he permits you to enter and repose there. He receives you seated, cigarette in mouth, in the doorway, and acknowledges your salutation with a lofty condescension that at once explains away the incongruity of Don Quixote always mistaking gentlemen in his line for governors of castles. After a while he will unbend a little as you are a stranger, but you must be careful not to impute to him any knowledge of household matters by incautious questions or remarks touching bed or board. They belong to the women's province: *his* function is deportment.

The mountain district lying to the south of Granada may be taken as a sample of the fields open to the enterprise of the pedestrian. As the wanderer takes his way "through Granada's royal town"—whether from Elvira's gates to those of Bivarambla on he goes, or through the street of Zacatin to the Alhambra spurring in,—through the elms on the Alameda, through horse-shoe arches in the Alhambra, between the cypresses in the gardens of the Generalife, at the ends of streets, over the tops of houses, again and again does the distant Sierra Nevada force itself upon his notice, make the background of his picture, and tantalize him with its snows.*



In time, if the mountain instinct be strong within him, he will begin to lust after a nearer acquaintance, to speculate upon what sort of scenery is hiding

* The sketch given above is taken from the bridge over the Genil, at the upper end of the Alameda. The sharp peak is the Veleta, the knob on the left the summit of Mulahacen.

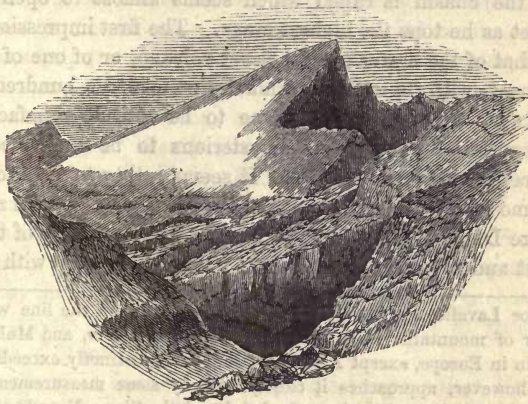
among those crags, what manner of region it is that lies beyond, and possibly the recollection that the range of mountains before him is the next highest in Europe to the Alps may help to stimulate his curiosity. If he makes inquiry at Granada about the means of gratifying it, he will be probably advised to go up the Picacho de la Veleta, the sharp peak which appears to be the culminating point of the chain—an undertaking which is there looked upon with as much respect as the ascent of Mont Blanc used to be fifteen years ago at Chamouni, albeit three-fourths of the journey may be done on horseback. The advice, as far as it goes, is not bad, for from the top of the Veleta he will command a panorama as grand, and infinitely more varied, than any the Alps in all their glory can show. But if he contents himself with this, he leaves unseen a tract which, in a small space, contains some of the richest and boldest scenery in Europe—that medley of mountains lying at his feet as he looks out over the Mediterranean, the Alpujarras, where there are glens to drive a water-colour painter distracted, and rocks more savage than ever Salvator Rosa conceived.* Here, however, he must trust to his feet. He can, indeed, just skirt the Alpujarras country on horseback, but if he wishes to explore its inmost nooks, to follow up its wild valleys to the crest from which they spring, there is nothing for it but to leave his portmanteau and his respectabilities and cares in charge of the landlord at Granada, for a week or two, and take to the mountain in the condition of a tramp. It is better, however, not to commence actual tramping at the hotel door. The paths are not easy to find, the ravines are intricate; a guide of some sort is necessary, and guides who will walk are not to be met with easily at Granada. There are primitive little diligences plying between Granada and Motril or Lanjaron, one of which will deposit him at a more convenient starting-place. If so minded, he may get down at the Ultimo Suspiro del Moro—the “Hill of the Tears,” as it is sometimes called—the famous spot from which Boabdil looked for the last time on the fair city he had lost. Thence he may follow the diligence route—a fine, broad, well-engineered road—through Durcal, past the gorge of Talara and the bridge of Tablate, and then, turning to the left, take the rough byroad that zigzags up-hill to Lanjaron. After a few miles Lanjaron comes in sight—a long white village, gleaming out of a mass of the deepest green, and protected by a toothless old castle on an almost isolated pinnacle of rock. The Andalusians call Lanjaron “El paraiso de las Alpujarras,” and well they may, for a lovelier spot no traveller can have photographed upon his memory.

* Ford says, “The name Alpujarras is a corruption of *Al Busherat*, ‘grass,’” while Washington Irving traces it to Albuxara, one of Taric’s captains, who was the first to subdue its Christian population. Fernan Caballero quotes a legend which explains the title of the Picacho del Veleta. In the tiempo de los Moros there stood on its summit a weathercock (veleta), watched by an angel. While the weathercock pointed north the Christians were victorious; but whenever the angel slept, the evil one came and turned it southward, and straightway the Moorish arms prevailed. Mulahacen is simply a corruption of the name of Mula—or Muley—Hassan, the father of Boabdil.

It is perched on the southern end of a spur of the Sierra Nevada, which rises steeply behind the village, clothed with chestnut and evergreen oak. Below is a deep gorge, through which a little stream makes its way to the Mediterranean, in front a mighty wall of rock, and all round a girdle of noble mountains—among which towers high the grey head of the Sierra Lujar. The village itself, far more Oriental than European in appearance, like all the Alpujarras villages, is a long street of white flat-roofed houses, with a tiny alameda in the centre, and the shelving platform on which it stands, throughout its length and breadth, is a tangled wilderness of pomegranate, fig, apricot, and orange trees. Lanjaron is famous in these parts for its fruit, more especially for its oranges, which are magnificent and abundant. On every side they gleam through the glossy foliage “like golden lamps in a green night.” They hang temptingly over every path, and perfume every mountain breeze that sweeps down this happy valley. And such oranges! of noble size, with a rough crisp rind, and a flavour—it might be too much to assert that he who has not tasted a Lanjaron orange does not know what oranges are capable of, but it is not too much to say that notions of that fruit founded on the orange of commerce are as near the truth as an estimate of the virtues of champagne based on an intimate acquaintance with the taste of ginger-beer. It is unnecessary to add that at Lanjaron there are mineral waters, strongly recommended by the faculty. A spot combining so many attractions, with such scenery, such a climate, such natural luxuries, and generally so admirably adapted for idleness, must, by the inevitable law of nature, have somewhere in its vicinity springs possessed of restorative properties. Accordingly science has discovered, and society at Granada and Malaga has endorsed the fact, that the waters at Lanjaron are good for I know not what class of disorders. Whatever their ailments may be, the sufferers have that look of placid contentment which is observable in all mineral-water patients, and breakfast and dine with the healthy appetite which seems to be incidental to debility. In the morning they turn out and go through the ceremony of drinking the waters with amazing gravity, and in the evening they stroll on the Granada road, or lounge under the orange-trees, and watch the sunset with that tranquil enjoyment of life which belongs to a disorganized system and an entire immunity from all worldly cares. Lanjaron, in a word, is the simplest, cosiest, and most unsophisticated of little watering-places; and, as the decline and fall of such retreats is in most cases traceable to the ill-judged praise of some blundering admirer, I would fain withdraw what I have said in its favour, and entreat the reader not to believe a word of the foregoing description, but rather to conceive of Lanjaron as of a place afflicted with a miserable climate and monotonous scenery, where it rains nearly all day, where the country is flat and rather marshy, where there is only one tree, and that a blasted poplar, and no oranges at all, except a few on a stall at a corner of the plaza, kept by an old lady from Clonakilty, who is always polishing them with her apron.

The topography of the Alpujarras seems somewhat intricate at first sight, but is in reality simple. The ridge of the Sierra Nevada runs east and west, nearly parallel with the shore of the Mediterranean, and about thirty miles distant from it. Half-way between the two there is a long line of valley running in the same direction, and separated from the sea by a chain of sierras, of which the Sierra Lujar above mentioned is the principal. Into this valley four or five minor valleys descend at right angles from the crest of the Sierra Nevada, and it is in these that the finest scenery of the Alpujarras is to be found. Lanjaron stands a little above the mouth of the most westerly of these minor valleys, and from its situation and creature comforts is admirably suited for head-quarters. Its own valley is by no means the least beautiful of the group. For miles above the village it is a steep, deep, narrow ravine, shaded by noble chestnuts, and altogether of very much the same character as the valleys on the Piedmontese side of the Alps; but its head is a wild mountain basin, with snow-streaked sides, enclosing a lonely tarn, the Laguna del Cuballo, above which rise the summits of the Caballo and the Machos, two of those peaks which cut so sharply against the sky in the mountain view from Granada.

But by far the finest and grandest scenery in the Sierra Nevada lies at the head of the Poqueira valley, to the east of that of Lanjaron.



Approaching by the way of Orgiba, a legua larga; or a trifle under two leagues, from Lanjaron, a rugged mountain-path, fringed with aloes and prickly pears, leads to the Barranco de Poqueira, where one of the loveliest bits of landscape in the whole district suddenly bursts on the view. An impetuous stream tumbles in a series of cascades down a dark gorge, overhung with trees, among which nestles a picturesque old mill. Beyond, the green slopes rise one above the other, dotted with white villages, and high up, springing from a wild chaos of precipices, the Picacho de la Veleta towers above all with its black crags and dazzling snows. Mula-hacen, the loftiest of all the Sierra Nevada peaks, is not yet in sight, and it is a tramp of some hours more up the valley before his burly form

comes into view ; but the ascent, as well as that of the Veleta, may be easily made from Capillera, the highest village in the valley. But the reader need not fear that I am about to inflict upon him the oft told tale of a mountain ascent. There is, it must be confessed, a certain sameness about narratives of that sort, and the incidents described are generally of a kind more interesting to the actor than to the reader. Not, indeed, that mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada affords many openings for thrilling incidents. It would require considerable ingenuity to encounter any of the avalanche or ice perils of the Alps. There is not a summit in the range which may not be reached, in August or September at least, without once setting foot on snow, and there is but one glacier, and that the most harmless and unobtrusive of glaciers, lying in nobody's way and endangering nobody's life with its crevasses, which, as Boissier has observed, are to be measured by inches, not by feet. In fact, in spite of its height, more than five hundred feet above that of the highest of the Pyrenees, and its rank as a mountain of the first order, according to Lavallée's classification of mountains,* the ascent of Mulahacen is an undertaking not much more arduous than the ascent of Snowdon ; and the Veleta, though steeper, is even easier. But the hardest morning's work in the scrambling way would be well repaid by the view which either of these summits commands. In the first place there is the Corral de la Veleta, as the chasm is called which seems almost to open under the climber's feet as he tops the highest crags. The first impression conveyed is perhaps that of the crater of an extinct volcano, or of one of the cirques of the Pyrenees, with its natural grimness intensified a hundredfold. But such similitudes are far too mundane to be entirely satisfactory. The spot is altogether too weird and mysterious to be connected with any commonplace convulsion of nature. It seems rather to be the socket out of which some frantic Titan has torn up a mighty peak by the roots. It is a place where Dante might have made studies for the scenery of the *Inferno*, where Faust and Mephistopheles might have held revelry with witches, or

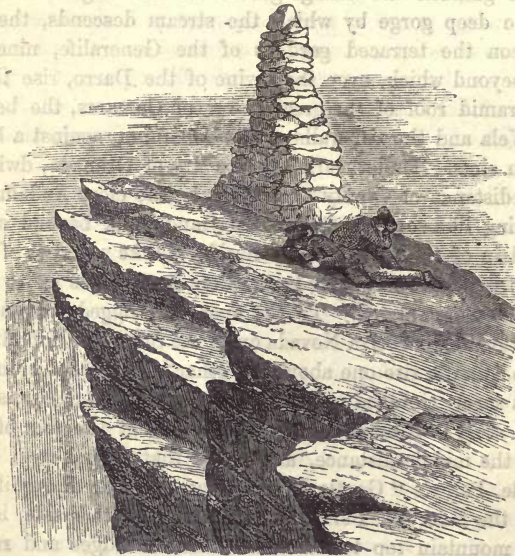
* Professor Lavallée, in his *Geographie Physique*, draws the line which divides the first order of mountains from the second at 3,500 mètres, and Mulahacen is the only mountain in Europe, except Alpine summits, that distinctly exceeds that height. The Veleta, however, approaches it closely, and by some measurements, passes it. A good deal of confusion exists about the height of the Sierra Nevada chain. Statements are to be found ranging from 10,800 to 13,000 feet. Those of the Spanish naturalist Rojas Clemente, who is to the Sierra Nevada very much what De Saussure is to the Alps, and Ramond to the Pyrenees ; and of Edmond Boissier, of Geneva, are the most trustworthy. According to the latter, the height of Mulahacen is 11,701, and of the Veleta, 11,432, English feet. Clemente's measurements are a trifle higher, but perhaps in a matter of this sort, some extra weight is to be attached to the authority of a Swiss and an experienced Alpine explorer. As the limit of perpetual snow in latitude 37 degrees is somewhere about 11,000 feet above the sea, it will be seen that the snow-fields of the Sierra Nevada cannot be very extensive. Indeed in the dog-day heats, the snow disappears entirely from the more exposed points of the chain, remaining only in detached masses on the sides, as shown in the preceding sketches.

Frankenstein's monster sought a retreat. It is a vast pit more than two thousand feet deep, and two or three miles across, sunk in the very heart of the chain and walled in by the precipices of its three highest peaks, Mulahacen on the south and the Alcazaba and Veleta on the east and west. In form it is nearly circular, and its walls are sheer precipice all the way round, with but one break, where, on the north, the little glaciers already mentioned, fed by the snow which lies thick on the floor of the Corral, forces its way down a narrow cleft and forms the source of the famous river Genil, a savage birthplace for those gentle waters which ripple past Granada and gladden the orange-groves of the Vega. Following the course of the deep gorge by which the stream descends, the eye rests at length upon the terraced gardens of the Generalife, nine thousand feet below, beyond which, over the ravine of the Darro, rise the massive form and pyramid roof of the great tower of Comares, the belfry of the Torre de la Vela and the red walls of the Alhambra, against a background of dark green elms. Underneath lies the city of Granada, dwindled to a spin by the distance of twenty miles, but, in the clear Andalusian atmosphere, showing like some capital in Fairyland; and beyond and around the broad plain of the Vega spreads itself out like a carpet of green and gold, with a fringe of soft purple haze where it stretches up to the feet of the distant Jaen mountains. To the west the rugged sierras that form the continuation of the Sierra Nevada on to the Straits of Gibraltar and the shores of the Atlantic rise one above the other in wild confusion, like a sea of mountains sorely troubled; some of them almost nameless, some famed in song and story. Alhama of the ballads lies at the foot of the sharp blue cone in the middle distance, and under that jagged crest far away is the Rio Verde, Percy's "Gentle River," where Alonzo de Aguilar* fell by the hand of the Moor El Feri. Beneath, on the other side, is the Alpjaras, from mountain top to sea a labyrinth of ridges and ravines, and beyond it the blue expanse of the Mediterranean from the Straits to the Cabo de Gata: vast but still not boundless, for on its upper rim, in the clear morning, there seems to rest a faint light cloud of unchanging form, and the eye travels through a hundred and forty miles of space across to the mountains of Morocco.

Such are the main features of the prospect from either Mulahacen or the Veleta. That from the Veleta is perhaps rather the finer of the two, for the vast precipices of Mulahacen overhanging the Corral and the massive form of the mountain itself make it one of the most striking objects in the view from the other peak. In the matter of accommodation for a large party there is not much choice between the rival summits. Each is a sharp pinnacle of mica schist, and the little space that nature has left for

* There is, to be sure, some question as to the precise site of the battle in which Alonzo was killed. One of the ballads on the subject in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, places it distinctly in the Sierra Nevada proper, and furthermore states that his body was carried to "Oxicar la Nombrada,"—which, by the way, Lockhart translates "woody Oxicar." Oxicar is, of course, the old spelling for Ujjar, a village in the Alpjaras, six or seven leagues east of Orgiba.

lounging on is in each case diminished by an impertinent structure, built, I believe, by certain engineers, who might have been better employed than in putting finishing touches to these grand old mountains. The accompanying sketch shows the top of Mulahacen and the two men highest in position in Spain at the moment. The deep valley of Trevezlez to the east of Mulahacen, though not so grand or beautiful as that of Poqueira, is worth a glance, and by it the traveller may descend and decide on the spot the vexed question touching the superiority of its hams over those of Capilleria, its rival in the art of bacon-making—a much disputed point here.



Among the manufactures of Spain her bacon will always take a high rank in the estimation of persons of taste, and among Spanish bacons that of the Alpujarras holds a proud position. More especially the hams. They yield to none in the Peninsula, not even to the famous hams of Montanches, for juiciness, softness, and flavour, and served any way,—boiled, broiled, with tomato sauce after the fashion of the country, or even raw,—there is a subtlety about them that would sap the faith of a Rabbi. The social position of the pig in these mountain villages has perhaps something to do with the quality of his remains when they become an article of food. In the hamlets of the Alpujarras he takes a place in society which is not conceded to him anywhere else, not even in Ireland. In early youth he is the playmate of the children and is treated with that affection which elsewhere is lavished on the kitten and the puppy, and grown up he seems to live free, independent, and generally respected. There is no vulgarity attached to the idea of pig in these valleys. Even the process of converting him into bacon has a touch of elegance and refinement about it: snow, sugar, and the smoke of aromatic shrubs, being the chief

preservatives employed. And then what poetry there is in the titles bestowed upon the product:—"los jamones dulces de las Alpujarras," or, as they are sometimes called, "the sweet hams of Trevelez." Moore might have sung them without any debasement of his muse, for, indeed, there's not in this wide world a bacon so sweet as they make of the Sierra Nevada pig's meat, and the last sense of taste from the palate is gone, when it ceases to relish that juicy jamón. Here, however, they are rather to be mentioned as a valuable element in the commissariat of the pedestrian. With a wedge of sweet ham, a few hard eggs, half-a-dozen Lanjaron oranges, and a bota of Val-de-peñas, he may consider himself free of the country, and wander where he pleases, independent of the posadas, which partake largely of the primitiveness that pervades all things in this district. Not that the Alpujarras when it chooses cannot shake off its rustic simplicity. I reached one of these little mountain villages on the evening of a fête, and as there was to be a "gran baile" in the plaza, I made sure of seeing in such a spot, if anywhere, the national dances and costumes in full perfection. What I did see was a party of ladies and gentlemen in muslin and tail coats polking and waltzing to the genteelest tunes. Once, it is true, there was a fandango, but it was evidently looked upon by the majority as vulgar and behind the age. I remarked it, perhaps, the more, as at the time I was travelling laden with some pounds weight of copper coin, because in the whole town of Orgiba, the capital of the Alpujarras, there was not enough silver to make up the change of an Isabelino (the Spanish sovereign); and but for the lucky discovery that there was a dollar to be seen at the cigar-shop round the corner, I should have had a still heavier load to carry. From the eagerness with which the offer to take the dollar off his hands, at par, was accepted by the proprietor, I am inclined to believe that it had been on view for some time as a curiosity, and that the novelty had at last worn off.

Still, primitive and rude as the Alpujarras posadas are, they are not, after all, as I have already said, so very much rougher than the quarters pedestrians have often to be content with elsewhere, and are for the most part cleaner. The Spaniards, those of the south at any rate, are in the main a cleanly people, with an oriental affection for whitewash and fair linen; and if insect life runs riot in their houses it is not so much a fault of theirs as of the climate they live in. If, however, the traveller objects to posada lodging on these and other grounds, the remedy is in his own hands. Under these glorious skies camping out on the mountain side is a luxury, and sounder sleep may be had on a bed of brushwood than between the sheets of civilization. The brigand bugbear he may treat very lightly; and in fact what should robbers do on mountains where no living thing is to be seen, except vultures and an occasional manzanilla-gatherer, or shepherd with his dogs and flock? The wolves I am inclined to believe in, because of the size of the dogs and the spiked collars they wear, but the evidence in favour of the existence of human robbers is not satisfactory.

From the bottom of the Trevezal valley he may, if so inclined, reach Granada by the way of Ujijar, and the mountain track across to Guadix ; but the eastern side of the Alpujarras is comparatively bare and uninteresting. The cream of the district, in fact, lies between Durcal and the Trevezal valley. A far finer path by which to take leave of the Alpujarras is that over the Col de la Veleta, the depression in the ridge on the west of the Picacho, which may be reached from either Lanjaron or Capillera. There, from the top of the pass almost until he reaches it, he has Granada full in view as he descends the mountain. On this walk, for the first and only time, I found the inconvenience of carrying a knapsack in Spain. It would not have mattered in Switzerland or the Pyrenees, where people are used to it—nay, rather like it ; but to appear in mountain trim on the Alameda of Granada, up which my road inevitably lay, just at that period of the evening when the full flood-tide of fashion swept to and fro in all its pride beneath the branching elms, seemed to be, in a land that knows not knapsacks, a measure somewhat too strong. Perhaps it was the thought was weak. At any rate I sat down to wait till it was dusk, and waiting till it was dusk, slept till it was dark, and resumed the march on Granada with no clearer notion of the way than that, as Granada lay low, stumbling downhill was more likely to be right than stumbling up. I came upon a house at last, but it was a house with a dog. When Byron says,—“ 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,” it is to be presumed he means a watch-dog secured by a stout chain and collar. Because, if the night is dark and the dog is loose, and his honest bark may at any moment be followed by his, no doubt, equally honest bite, the sound the poet speaks of is *not* a sweet one. So I felt, at least until the owner of the dog, somewhere out of the darkness, called him to order, and then informed me that Granada was only a legua y media further on. I had been hugging the belief that it was only half a league. I got into Granada at last, just as the town was shutting up for the night ; but the example is worth something as showing as forcibly as *The Universal Spelling-Book* could, the evils of loitering, and especially what a mistake it is to loiter in Spain, where distances, no matter how measured, are always deceptive.

The tourist who has been through the Alpujarras, and up and down the Sierra, need not, however, consign his knapsack to his portmanteau on his return to Granada, for further west there are fresh fields and pastures new for the pedestrian.

Breech-Loading Rifles.



DURING the year which has elapsed since we noticed the position of affairs with regard to the introduction of breech-loading rifles for military service,* considerable progress has been made by England, as by most other nations; and the subject has reached a stage at which it will be interesting again to review what has been done, and to note the development which the subject has now attained.

It will be within the recollection of readers of this Magazine that as far back as 1864, a committee of officers appointed by the War Office, of which General Russell was president, reported that it would be desirable to arm the whole of the British infantry with breech-loading rifles. The inquiry to which this recommendation gave rise branched off into two distinct and perfectly independent parts. One, the conversion of the existing arms; the other, the determination of the best pattern of breech-loader for future manufacture. With the history and the issue of the first branch of the inquiry people are now pretty well familiar. It resulted in the adoption in the spring of 1866 of the Snider system of conversion, with a coiled brass cartridge designed by Colonel Boxer.

We should not care to recall the ignorant and unjust clamour which was raised on the introduction of this arm and ammunition, the alarming prophecies of failure, and the manner in which the slightest and most unimportant difficulties were magnified into grave defects, condemnatory of the system,—were it not that it would be impossible otherwise to do justice to one of the most satisfactory features of the year's progress, viz. the complete success which has attended the introduction of the Snider system; and the confidence with which the arm and ammunition are now regarded by the whole army.

It reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned that, in spite of a tolerably vigorous opposition, the conversion of the Enfield rifles has been persevered with at a rate which has given us at least 200,000 of the arms and nearly 30,000,000 rounds of the ammunition in less than a year from the date of commencing manufacture;—that notwithstanding the enormous pressure requisite to produce these results; notwithstanding the novelty and intricacy of many of the processes of manufacture; notwithstanding the slight causes upon which failures or accidents depend; notwithstanding the issue of the arms in many instances (as in Canada and Ireland) to men entirely uninstructed in their use,—no failure whatever has taken

* *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1866.

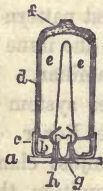
place, and not a single accident of any consequence has had to be recorded.*

Of the slight changes which experience has recommended in the arm and ammunition, it will be sufficient to say, first, that except in the case of about two million rounds of the first pattern of cartridge, the base of which proved too weak, the introduction of the different changes has not involved the supersession of preceding patterns; and, second, that these changes, in addition to the increase of efficiency which they have respectively effected, have almost invariably tended also to decrease the cost of production. Thus, iron has been substituted for brass for the base of the cartridge; the quantity of brass in the cartridge-case has been diminished; the weight of the bullet has been reduced; the construction of the anvil has been improved.

The following sketch of the latest approved construction of cartridges, will form a companion to that which we gave last year of the first pattern of ammunition:—

BOXER AMMUNITION FOR SNIDER RIFLE.

Blank Cartridge.—Pattern II.



- a Iron Disc.
- b Papier Maché Wad.
- c Brass Cup.
- d Brass Coiled Case (1½ turn), not covered by paper, but lined with a paper bag containing the charge of powder.
- e Pellet of Compressed Powder.
- f Wool.
- g Brass-shouldered Anvil.
- h Percussion Cap.

Ball Cartridge.—Pattern V.



- a Iron Disc.
- b Papier Maché Wad.
- c Brass Cup.
- e Percussion Cap.
- d Inner Brass Cup.
- e Brass Coil (1½ turn), with covering of Brown Paper.
- f Bullet, Pure Lead, Weight 480 grains.
- g Baked Clay Plug.
- h Wood Plug.
- i Cotton Wool.
- k Brass-shouldered Anvil.

The changes in the arm have consisted mainly in an alteration of the depth of the recess for the cartridge-bore, in a slight alteration in the form of extractor, with a view to facilitating extraction, and in the recess-

* The first pattern of cartridge, with the Potét base, was found to be unreliable, and one or two breech blocks were blown open in Canada, to which station the bulk of the ammunition of this pattern had been sent. But the defect had been noticed and corrected before these mishaps occurred, although too late to admit of strengthened cartridges being supplied to Canada, on account of the communications having become closed by the ice. In the spring of this year the unsafe ammunition was recalled; and it is improbable that a single round of it exists, except in the form of blank cartridges, into which it was converted on its return to this country.

ing of the face of the hammer, so as to render the blowing open of the breech-block, in the event of the accidental employment of a defective cartridge, more unlikely.

The endurance of these rifles has been exhibited in an extraordinary degree during the past year. There are in existence arms which have fired as many as 30,000 rounds, and which to all appearance are as good as the day when they were first issued. The rate of fire, thanks to the facilities of loading and extraction which the present pattern of cartridge affords, has proved even higher than was anticipated, and as many as eighteen, nineteen, and even twenty rounds have been fired from a Snider rifle in a minute; and with very little practice, a good marksman can sustain for several minutes a rate of fire of from ten to twelve shots per minute, getting at least 90 per cent. of the shots "on" the target. The performances of the Snider at Wimbledon this year, where it has obtained first or second place in nearly every one of the breech-loading competitions, have gone far to establish its character in the eyes of the public.

These results have not escaped the notice of our neighbours, and the arms, or close imitations of them, and the ammunition, have been adopted in several foreign countries.

Here we may be well content to leave the question of conversion; and it might seem also as though any necessity for further search after an efficient breech-loader were unnecessary, with so satisfactory a system ready to our hands. But with all their endurance, the Snider rifles will not last for ever, and, meanwhile, owing to the suspension of manufacture of new arms for the past two or three years, we are practically without any reserve store of rifles. It is important, therefore, that the resumption of manufacture should be no longer delayed; and with this view the second branch of the inquiry, the determination of the best pattern of arm for future manufacture, has been entered upon during the past year.

This inquiry need not necessarily result in the supersession of the Snider rifle. It merely amounts to this, that before recommencing manufacture, we wish to know whether the Snider system is the best, or whether we can improve upon it. If a better system can be found, we shall adopt it; but not otherwise. And although the probability of course is that some better arm will be found, we are satisfied that competitors have a harder task before them than they may be inclined to imagine.

On the 22nd October, 1866, an advertisement was issued from the War Office, "to gunmakers and others," inviting proposals "for breech-loading rifles, either repeating or not repeating, which may replace the present service rifles in future manufacture." Certain conditions with regard to the maximum weight and length, and the minimum rate of fire, accuracy, penetration, &c., were laid down as requisite for a military arm, the Snider naval rifle (which is rather a better shooting arm than the long Enfield), measured by its average, or rather below its average performances, being taken as a standard. But the calibre, twist, form of groove, &c. were, very wisely as we think, left optional. Generally, the arm was

required to be "as little liable to injury by long-continued firing, rough usage, and exposure, as the naval rifles converted on the Snider system. To be as capable also of being used without accident by imperfectly-trained men, and of being manufactured in quantities and of uniform quality." The ammunition was also required to fulfil certain general conditions: to be "as little liable to injury by rough usage, damp, and exposure in all climates as the Boxer cartridge for Snider's converted Enfield rifle; also as little liable to accidental explosion as the same cartridge, and as capable of being manufactured in large quantities and of uniform quality."

For the arm which, on consideration of all the qualities, is considered to be the best submitted, the Secretary of State offered a reward of 1,000*l.*, and a second prize of 600*l.* for the arm which, while attaining a satisfactory degree of excellence in other particulars, is selected for merit in respect to breech mechanism.

For the best cartridge, looking less to the shooting qualities (which depend largely upon the rifling of the arm, and indeed more altogether upon the bullet than upon the cartridge) than to economy of manufacture, power of sustaining rough usage, freedom from deterioration in various climates, and general serviceability, a prize of 400*l.* was offered. For the best magazine or repeating arm a prize of 300*l.* was offered.

The allotment of these prizes, however, by no means necessitates the adoption for the service of the prize arm or cartridge. The rewards will be given to the best arms and cartridge, whether adopted or not, for obviously the best of the lot submitted might be inferior to the present service breech-loaders and cartridge, and in this case, of course, their adoption could not be entertained. On the other hand, the rewards are irrespective of any reward which may be given to the inventor of the arm finally adopted, if any one of the arms submitted should be deemed worthy of this distinction.

Finally, and as a sort of additional stimulus, if the rifle which wins the first prize be also adopted into the service, the name of the inventor will be officially associated with it.

All the arms and ammunition were required to be submitted on or before the 30th March, 1867.

To consider the competing arms, a special committee was appointed, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards; Earl Spencer (President of the National Rifle Association); Captain Rawlins, 48th Regiment; Captain Mackinnon, 87th Depôt; and Mr. Edward Ross, the well-known rifle shot.

To the constitution of this committee the only exception which can be taken is that it includes no naval member; and as the choice of a naval as well as of a military arm will devolve upon the committee, it would perhaps have been well to have appointed a naval officer to assist in the selection.

But from every other point of view the committee was well chosen.

The predominance of military members ensures the special character of the service for which the new arm is required not being overlooked, while the names of Lord Spencer and "Ned" Ross will carry considerable weight with volunteers; and it will be difficult for the most acrimonious of inventors to persuade the public that the committee is otherwise than perfectly independent and unbiassed.

The committee commenced their labours in the first week in April, when 112 arms (including some late admissions) were submitted for their consideration.

We shall be doing no injustice to individual competitors if we express an opinion that the majority of these arms were quite unworthy of the occasion. An inspection of some of the weapons will explain, perhaps, in some degree, how the Snider rifle came to be so much abused. Men who are capable of designing and of gravely submitting some of the systems which came before Colonel Fletcher's committee must clearly have such entirely erroneous notions respecting the requirements of the military service, or indeed of any service whatever, that it is scarcely surprising if they do not know a good system when they see it. It might be deemed, for example, a fundamental requirement of any fire-arm that it should be capable of being fired; but we believe that more than one of the inventors declined point-blank to have anything to do with this part of the competition. One gentleman is said to have been willing to undertake the risk of firing one shot—but one only—from his own arm; and another inventor was actually "hoist with his own petard," a serious breech explosion having occurred, to the injury of his face, while he was firing his gun. Another arm which failed at 500 yards in the hands of a certificated "marksman" to strike a target twenty-four foot square once in eight shots, can hardly be considered a hopeful specimen.

It is to be regretted that not a single repeating or magazine arm was submitted, but we trust that before the trial is concluded some rifles of this class—a class which as yet has received very much less attention than it merits—may come before the committee. For the present, however, the competition is limited to simple breech-loaders.

The report of the committee has not been made public, and as we do not pretend to any special cognizance of their proceedings we can only give the results of the inquiry thus far, in very general terms. A distinct stage of the inquiry has now been reached, and by the rejection of such arms as did not comply with the conditions, in the first place, and the further rejection of those arms which, although eligible to compete for the prize appeared to the committee unsatisfactory in their working or construction, the prize competition has been narrowed into sufficient defined limits, on which it may be of interest for the moment to concentrate our attention.

The first duty of the committee was of course to separate the arms which strictly fulfilled the conditions of the advertisement from those which failed to fulfil those conditions. The number of disqualified arms was no less than 74 out of the 112. Some of the arms thus thrown out of the

prize competition were too long, some were too short, others were submitted too late.

Two classes of arms were thus established, which we may distinguish as follows: Class A, arms eligible for the prize competition; Class B, arms ineligible for the prize competition, but qualified for consideration on their merits for adoption into the service.

The whole of the arms except such as were obviously worthless, unsafe, or which bore no proof-mark, were fired, twenty rounds from each. In this way the committee were able to form a better opinion as to the probable practical value of the arms than they could have derived from a mere inspection of them; and in this way they were able to make a further subdivision of the classes, skimming the cream off each class, as it were, by separating those arms which they deemed worthy of further consideration from those which they deemed unworthy of further consideration. There thus remain two classes of arms for further trial, the original classes A and B, that is to say, considerably attenuated, and including each only those arms which appear to possess features of merit. The next step is to select the prize arms, *i. e.* the best of the arms remaining in Class A; and pending this portion of the inquiry all further trial of Class B will be suspended. Indeed, if there should appear to be good stuff in the prize arms, it may be unnecessary to proceed any further with Class B. On the other hand, Class A may prove to be far below the standard required; in which case it will be necessary to fall back on Class B, which may contain the better arm. But on this point nothing definite is laid down; and we doubt if the committee themselves could say before they have selected the prize arm what course they will hereafter adopt.

It is sufficient for our present purpose that certain breech-loaders have by the labours of the committee been brought to the surface of the competition, *viz.* those of the expurgated Class A; and that considerable interest attaches to this batch of arms from the fact that it contains inevitably the prize winner, and *possibly* the future breech-loader of the British soldier.

The selected arms are nine in number, *viz.* Albin and Braendlin, Burton (two systems), Fosbery, Henry, Joslyn, Peabody, Martini and Remington. The competition is now suspended for four months to enable each of the accepted competitors to furnish six of his rifles and 6,000 rounds of ammunition for further and exhaustive trial.

The *Albin and Braendlin* is a small-bore (.462") rifle, on the breech-block system. The block is hinged upon the rear end of the barrel, and opens forward over the barrel by means of a handle, which is fixed on to the right side of the block. The cartridge is then introduced and the breech-block closed. The block is secured in the act of firing by a bolt worked by the hammer, which, as the hammer descends, passes forward into the breech-block, completely locking it. This bolt performs also another function. Through it the blow is transmitted to a piston, which passes down the axis of the breech-block to the base of the central-fire

cartridge, which is thus exploded. The extractor operates on both sides of the barrel by the action of opening the breech. The cartridge used by Messrs. Albini and Braendlin were Boxer (small-bore) cartridges.

ALBINI AND BRAENDLIN RIFLE.



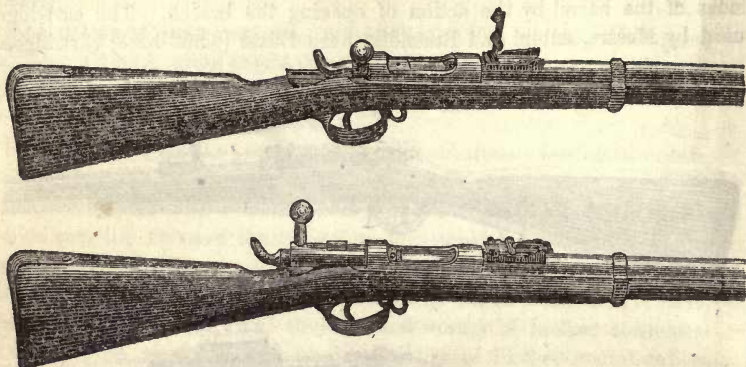
In the course of the trials the rifle gave a fair degree of accuracy, and twelve shots were fired for rapidity in one minute one second. The Albini system, with the Boxer cartridge, has been adopted by the Belgian Government for their conversions.

BURTON RIFLE, No. 1.



The Burton Rifle, No. 1, is a large-bore (.577), on the breech-block system. The block is hinged forward, and works downwards by means of a lever in front of the trigger-guard. A central-fire piston passes through the breech-block, but its return is independent of a spring, being effected by the action of opening the breech; the same action also operating to extract the cartridge-case. The ammunition used was Boxer (service pattern). The accuracy was fairly good, and twelve rounds were fired in fifty-seven seconds.

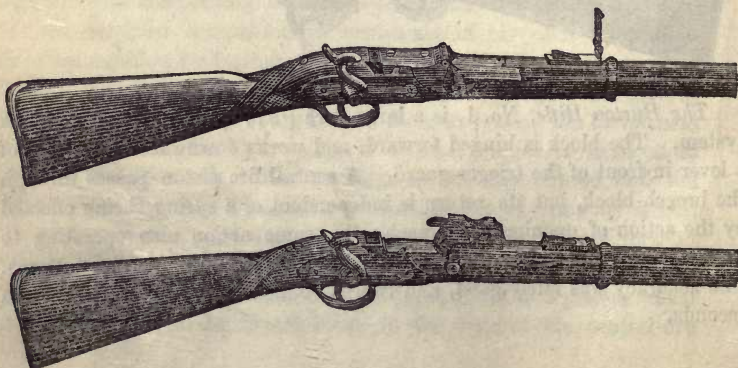
BURTON RIFLE, No. 2.



The *Burton Rifle, No. 2*, is a large-bore ($\cdot 577''$), on the plunger system, *i.e.* similar in the general arrangement of closing the breech to the Prussian needle-gun. The locking of the plunger is effected by means of a small projecting boss on its upper side, which, on the plunger being pushed forward by means of a lever-handle provided for the purpose, passes through a slot in the back part of the shoe, and is then turned to the right, preventing the plunger from being withdrawn until the boss is once more brought opposite to the slot.

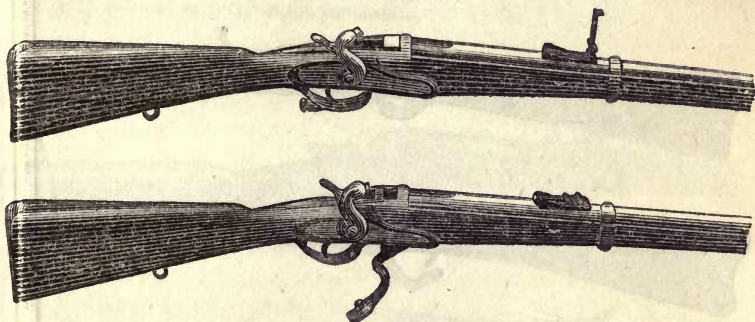
There is this material difference between the Burton rifle and the needle-gun, that the former is adapted for an altogether different kind of cartridge, and in this respect embodies an altogether different principle. While the needle-gun is adapted to fire a "self-consuming" thin paper cartridge, the gas escape being taken by the arm, Mr. Burton uses a Boxer cartridge, which has to be withdrawn after firing, the cartridge-case taking the escape. The case is withdrawn by the withdrawal of the plunger, the end of which is furnished with an extractor. The accuracy was very fair; and for rapidity Mr. Burton fires twelve shots in one minute two seconds.

FOSBERY RIFLE.



The *Fosbery Rifle* is a large-bore ($\cdot 568''$), on the breech-block system. The block is hinged forward, and turns over the barrel. It is not opened, however, as in the Albin rifle, by raising a handle, but by drawing back a handle fixed to a slide on the right side of the arm below the breech-block. The movement of this handle and slide is parallel to the axis of the barrel, and takes effect simultaneously at two points: an incline, or wedge at the end of the slide starts the block from its position, and the handle acting on a curved lever attached to the block completes the motion, throwing it rapidly open, and setting the extractor in action at the same time. The breech-block is locked on its return, as in the Albin gun, by a bolt, the bolt being acted upon, however, by the tumbler itself, and not by the hammer, which is, indeed, not a striker at all, but a means merely of cocking the arm. The blow is transmitted from the locking-bolt to the cartridge by means of a piston passing through the axis of the breech-block. The ammunition used was the Boxer (service pattern); accuracy, satisfactory; rapidity twelve shots in fifty seconds.

HENRY RIFLE.

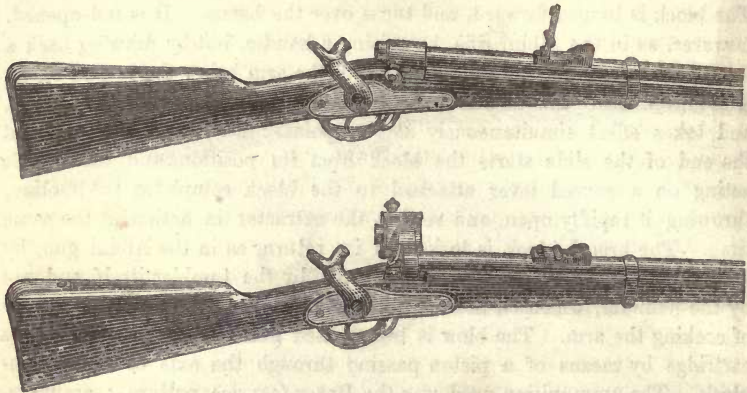


The *Henry Rifle* is a small-bore ($\cdot 455''$), very similar in its principle of breech-action to the well-known Sharp's carbine. The breech is closed by a sliding vertical breech-block, which is depressed for the admission of the cartridge by a lever underneath the trigger-guard. The piston passes diagonally downwards through the breech-block and is struck by the hammer. The extractor is worked by the withdrawal of the breech-block. This rifle won the 100*l.* prize of the National Rifle Association in 1865; but our experience of breech-loaders and their capabilities and requirements has largely increased since that time, and this fact is perhaps scarcely worth mentioning.

The Boxer (small-bore) cartridge was used, giving good accuracy, and a rapidity of fire of twelve shots in fifty-seven seconds.

The barrel of the *Jostyn Rifle* is closed at the breech end by a small cover, which is hinged upon the left side of the barrel, and closes over it, being secured by a side-spring. The extractor is independent of any spring, being worked by a cam thread. The calibre is $\cdot 5''$, and the rifle is adapted for a central-fire copper cartridge, with which a fair degree of

JOSLYN RIFLE.



accuracy and a rapidity of twelve shots in forty-seven seconds were attained. The rifle has performed satisfactorily this year at Wimbledon.

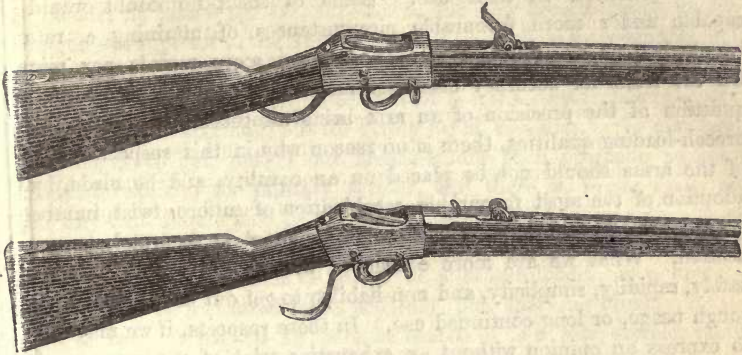
PEABODY RIFLE.



The *Peabody Rifle* is a small-bore (.5"). The stock, as in most American breech-loaders, is divided, a breech-frame connecting the barrel and the stock. The trigger-guard forms a lever, by the operation of which the fore-part of the breech-block, which is hinged behind, is depressed to an extent sufficient to open the back end of the barrel and to admit of the introduction of the cartridge. In order to avoid depressing this block more than is absolutely necessary, and to facilitate the introduction of the cartridge, the upper surface of the block is grooved, and down this groove the cartridge travels. The extractor consists of a lever worked by the action of the breech-block, and the cartridge-case is jerked out clear on opening the arm. A copper rim-fire cartridge was used with no very great degree of accuracy, and with a rapidity of twelve rounds in one minute and three seconds (including three miss-fires).

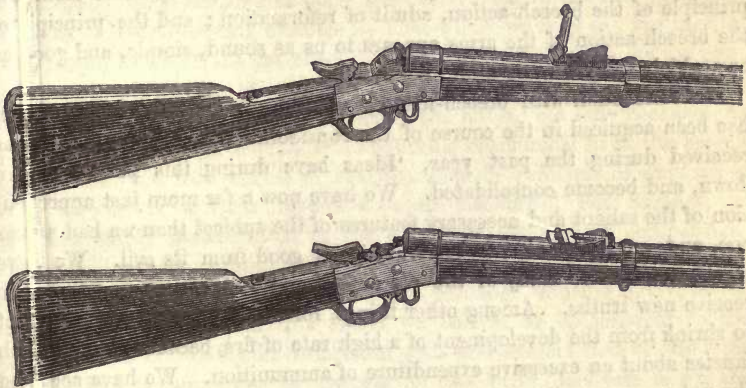
The *Martini Rifle* is a small-bore (.433"), and resembles the Peabody, except in the substitution of a spiral spring and piston for the ordinary lock. Also, the lever is independent of and behind the trigger-guard. The action of opening the block cocks the rifle, in addition to throwing out the empty

MARTINI RIFLE.



cartridge-case. A copper rim-fire cartridge was fired from the arm; but the bullet or the rifling were evidently ill-adjusted, for the accuracy was extremely bad; the rapidity (including two cartridges which struck slightly) was twelve rounds in forty-eight seconds.

REMINGTON RIFLE.



The *Remington rifle* is a small-bore ($\cdot 5''$), having the breech end of the barrel closed by a back door or shutter which works on a transverse pivot behind and below the barrel. The shutter is secured by the action of the lock. The stock is on the American system. The arm was fired with Boxer (small-bore) cartridge, and gave a moderate degree of accuracy with a rapidity of twelve rounds in fifty seconds. This arm has been largely tried in America, France, and Austria.

The rapidity of fire of all these arms was, comparatively speaking, low, having in no instance attained a rate above 12 rounds in forty-seven seconds (Joslyn), or between fifteen and sixteen rounds a minute, whereas the Snider rifle, as we have mentioned, has fired as many as from eighteen to twenty rounds per minute. But the rates of fire attained by these trials afford in reality but little test of the capabilities of the arms,

which were fired generally by the inventors, who were nervous, or by men unpractised in their use. Some of them no doubt would be capable under more favourable circumstances of attaining a rate of twenty-two or twenty-three rounds or even more rounds per minute. On the trials for accuracy even less reliance is to be placed; and the question of the precision of an arm being altogether independent of its breech-loading qualities, there is no reason why in this respect the whole of the arms should not be placed on an equality, and be made, by the adoption of the most favourable combination of calibre, twist, number of grooves, weight and dimension of bullet, to shoot as accurately as may be desired. What we are more concerned with is the breech action,—its safety, rapidity, simplicity, and non-liability to get out of order from damp, rough usage, or long-continued use. In these respects, if we may venture to express an opinion without an exhaustive trial of the arms, we must award the palm to the Martini and Peabody guns, with a preference for the former on account of the suppression of the lock. These guns are rim-fire guns, it is true, and we should prefer the employment of a coiled brass to a solid copper cartridge for reasons which we shall presently explain. The relations of charge, calibre, weight and size of bullets too, are far from what is desired; but these features being all separable from the principle of the breech-action, admit of reformation; and the principle of the breech-action of the arms appears to us as sound, simple, and good as any which has yet come under our notice.

In connection with breech-loaders generally, much useful information has been acquired in the course of the consideration which the subject has received during the past year. Ideas have during this period shaken down, and become consolidated. We have now a far more just apprehension of the salient and necessary features of the subject than we had a year ago, and are better able to distinguish its good from its evil. We have learnt to abandon many of the old fallacies, and we are more prompt to receive new truths. Among other things, for example, we have learnt not to shrink from the development of a high rate of fire, because of any foolish fancies about an excessive expenditure of ammunition. We have accepted the not very marvellous fact that one shot with a breech-loader is equal to one shot with a muzzle-loader, and that, with breech as with muzzle loaders, the expenditure of ammunition is a question merely of the circumstances of its delivery—a question, after all, that is to say, merely of the soldier's training and coolness; and these qualifications, for various reasons, ought to be found in a greater degree among troops armed with breech-loaders than among those armed with muzzle-loaders.

And when we have got thus far we have learnt the alphabet of the subject, and can, without much difficulty, spell out its simpler lessons. Then we are in a position to appreciate fully the advantages of breech-loading, what it does for us in respect of enabling us to produce equal effects in a less time, or in the same time with fewer men—and from both points of view, with less exposure. And when we are striving after great

rapidity of fire, we may be sure we are on the right track. It is in that direction that the pith and full merit of breech-loading lie. The quick breech-loader is, *ceteris paribus*, superior to the slow breech-loader, as the needle-gun was superior to the Austrian musket; and when we grasp this fact we know better what to look for. In this way we make, too, havoc of the great bugbear of precision. A breech-loader is not a contrivance specially for giving accurate shooting, but for giving rapid shooting. We may get, and we ought to get, out of our breech-loader such precision as may be deemed requisite for military service, and there is, *prima facie*, no reason why that should not be as great as is attainable even with a good match-rifle. But what we do hope people are beginning to realize by this time is, that the success or failure of a breech-loader, as a breech-loader, is not to be measured by its accuracy, but, speaking broadly, by its rapidity of fire. What we are now in search of is a safe, simple, rapid breech-action. We may assume that we have the requisite accuracy in an Enfield, or, if you will, in a Whitworth rifle, and it is no difficult task to tack this accuracy on to the best breech-action.

Then, we think we can perceive indications of sounder notions respecting the intimate relations which exist between the cartridge and the gun. As much indeed depends, so far as the loading at the breech is concerned, upon the one as upon the other. There are two great subdivisions of breech-loading systems:—That which we may call the needle-gun system, in which the gas check, or obturation, is effected by the gun, and that in which it is effected by the cartridge. The former system is now generally admitted to be inferior to the latter, not only because the principle of requiring a reliable and durable mechanical fit at the breech is less sound and less reliable in practice than the principle of employing, so to express it, a fresh breech at each discharge; but because, as has been amply demonstrated in the course of the present competition, these needle-guns uniformly exhibit a liability to leave behind in the chamber after firing some portion of the cartridge, causing delay, if not danger, in reloading, and this defect we believe to be inherent to the system. It is noticeable in connection with this subject that of the arms selected by the committee to compete for the prize, not one is on the self-consuming cartridge system. This clears the ground considerably, and simplifies the conditions of the inquiry to a great extent. The contrivances for closing the breech are infinite and must always remain so, and the superiority of one system to another, as far as the breech-action is concerned, will be influenced mainly by mechanical considerations; but the possible varieties of cartridge, on which so much depends, are not so numerous. The contest in reality lies between papier-maché cartridges on the one hand and metallic cartridges on the other. The former we hold, on grounds of general serviceability, to be largely inferior to the latter for military use, if not absolutely inadmissible; and this opinion will now, we believe, be generally accepted as correct. By this process of elimination we narrow the cartridge question still further. If we

assume a metallic cartridge to be indispensable for military service, the problem remains of the selection of the strongest, lightest, most durable and cheapest metal, and its disposition in the manner which presents at once the maximum strength and the minimum difficulty in manufacture. Thin sheet brass disposed in a coil appears to us to fulfil these conditions better than any other known application of metal. By coiling the metal the requisite elasticity is obtained, without the disadvantages which generally belong to a highly elastic material. The stretch is effected by the uncoiling instead of by the stretching of the metal, and a given thickness, or we should say thinness, of metal can in this way be made to effect more than if it be applied in any other way. What we want is, not a cartridge strong enough to take the whole strain, but one which, while easy to load and extract, adapts itself on the explosion to the sides of the chamber, invoking their assistance, and effectually closing all escape by immediately lining the chamber tightly—as tightly as molten metal poured into a mould. If these considerations and the others which apply to the requirements of a military cartridge, especially the important considerations of expense and weight, be borne in mind, we think that of the two great rivals, solid copper and coiled sheet brass, the coiled brass will be generally admitted to be superior.

With regard to rim-fire as opposed to central-fire cartridges, it can hardly now be doubted that the balance of advantages inclines largely to the side of the latter. Not only does the rim-fire system deprive the base of the cartridge of the internal support and defence of the paper wad, but it throws upon the part thus weakened and already weak a great additional strain by the explosion within it of a quantity of fulminate. Central fire is no doubt more expensive, but the details of the system admit, we believe, of considerable simplification.

Finally, in the course of the present inquiry it has been clearly established that small-bores, on account of the length of the cartridges, admit of a less rapid rate of fire than large-bores. But if it should be thought desirable for purposes of accuracy to adopt a small-bore, there seems no reason why the diameter of the chamber of the gun and of the cartridge should not be enlarged, permitting of a corresponding reduction in the length of the latter. In connection with the subject of small-bores it should not be lost sight of, that with equal charges the initial strain is in these arms necessarily more intense than in those of larger calibre, and this necessity entails the employment of a stronger cartridge and breech-action, and renders the problem of the production of a good breech-loading system somewhat less easy of attainment.

These points will no doubt all be fully weighed by Colonel Fletcher's committee; but it is well that the public should understand upon what considerations the selection of an efficient military breech-loader mainly hinges.

Toasts and Sentiments.

SINCE there are "toast and sentiment manuals" for the present generation, an old custom which has passed out of the regions of common life must be presumed to have life in it yet, and go much further than the personal "healths" which give rise to such eloquent assaults on veracity at public and private banquets. In origin, the custom was purely religious, just as the stage was. Both were of the province of the priest; and neither was at all found fault with till the management of each fell into secular hands. Then "healths" became profane, and the stage worldly.

Observers of popular customs cannot have failed to remark a little ceremony which often occurs when members of the lower orders are about to quaff from the foaming pewter. He who holds the full tankard pours a slight portion of it on to the ground before he drinks. He knows not why and cares not wherefore; but he is really doing what his pagan ancestors did at a very remote period—offering a libation to Mother Earth; selecting her by way of honour; drinking, as it were, "to her health."

It is curious to see how this custom spread away out of Paganism into countries of other faiths. Thus, the Mingrelian Christians, as late at least as the beginning of this century—and perhaps they do so even now—observed this custom of libation. With them it formed at once a *grace* and a "health." Before sitting down to table, they took up the first cup of wine poured out for them, called on the name of the Lord, and drinking to each other's health, sprinkled part of the liquor upon the floor, as the Romans used to sprinkle *their* liquor in the earliest days. Originally, this custom at banquets was in honour of the Lares or household gods. The wine was sprinkled on the floor or table before the entrance of the first course, failing which observance the guests could not expect digestion to wait on appetite, or health to accompany either.

"Health," or salutation to the gods, was performed in another fashion, at sacrifice. The officiating priest, before the victim was slain, poured a cupful of wine between its horns; but previous to doing this he saluted the deity, put the *patera* reverently to his lips, barely tasted the contents, and then handed the cup to his fellows, who went through a similar ceremony. In this way "healths" were of a severely religious origin; and till within these few years, at the harvest suppers of Norfolk and Essex, there was, in the *health* or *ale* songs there sung a serious, thanks-

giving aspect. The master's health was given in chorus, with a chanted prayer—

God bless his endeavours,
And give him increase.

Within the remembrance of many living persons the old religious spirit—"superstition" if you will—was not extinguished in Devonshire, in connection with this subject. On the eve of the Epiphany the farmer was accompanied by his men, bearing a pitcher of cider, and these, surrounding the most fruitful apple-trees, drank thrice to their budding, their bearing, and their blowing; and the ceremony generally ended with the old libation offered to the most prolific apple-trees, a portion of the cider being cast at the trees, amid the shouts of the joyous persons present.

The mixture of ale, roasted apples, and sugar, sometimes used on these occasions, and called "lamb's-wool," was certainly handed down from very remote times. Thus the pagan Irish had a very great reverence for the angel who was supposed to preside over fruit-trees generally, and the reverence for that graceful guardian was not diminished when Christian times succeeded, and the festival of All Saints took place of that in honour of the protector of fruits and seeds. The first of November was called *La Mas Ubhal*—"the day of the apple;" and the composition which was drunk on that day received, in a corrupted form, the name of the day itself, and "*La Mas Ubhal*" became, in England, that *lumb's-wool* of which Devonshire rustics partook in honour of the best of their bearing-trees.

"Healths" in honour of mortals came to us from abroad. The first given in Britain was given by a lady. It was the "Health of the King;" and mischief came of it. The lady was Rowena, daughter of Hengist. That Saxon ally of the British King Vortigern entertained at a banquet the monarch whom he intended first to make his son-in-law and then to destroy. After dinner the ladies were admitted—a custom which has not yet died out on occasions of public festivity—and Rowena was at the head of them. She carried aloft a capacious goblet of wine, and approaching the dazzled and delighted king, she said, with a courteous reverence, "Lord King, I drink your health." This was said in Saxon, and Vortigern shook his head, to imply that he had not been taught Saxon, and was very sorry for it. He looked inquiringly at his interpreter, and that official translated the lady's words. But this rendered Vortigern little the wiser, as Rowena stood silently gazing at him, cup in hand, and he found himself in utterly new circumstances, and in dreadful want of a master of the ceremonies. "What ought I to do?" he asked of the interpreter; and the latter replied, "As the lady has offered to drink your health, saying, 'Wacht heil!' you should bid her quaff the wine, saying, 'Drinc heil!'" And Vortigern shaped his British mouth to the utterance of the foreign idiom, and Rowena smiled so exquisitely at his uncouth accent, before she kissed the brim of the cup, that the king lost head and heart, and speedily became double drunk, with love and wine. Thus was a drinking of

healths brought into Britain, and under such distinguished patronage that it became a universal fashion. And it had a pretty circumstance attached to it, which in later degenerate days went out with the fashion itself. The gallant Vortigern, when he returned the Saxon lady's compliment, and took the cup to drink, not only quaffed it to her health, but, before he did so, kissed her rose-tinted lips with such fervour that the custom of giving health was at once firmly established, and when a lady drank to a gentleman he not only pledged her with the formulary of "Drinc heil," but saluted her lips!

The wickedness of man brought about an unwelcome change in the custom. We all remember the unpleasant story, how the young King Edward the Martyr drank from a bowl of wine as he sat on his horse at the gate of Corfe Castle, and how, while he was drinking, he was stabbed in the back by a murderer hired by the young King's stepmother Elfrida. From that time pledging involved drinking again, but it no longer implied kissing, even when the health was given by a lady. When a man then drank, his neighbour pledged him; that is, undertook neither to stab him himself nor to allow such an act to be committed by another.

The old forms of "pledging," however, did not die out readily, nor are they yet altogether extinct. It was long the custom at Queen's College, Oxford, when a Fellow drank, for the scholar who waited on him to place his two thumbs on the table. This was also an ancient German custom. As long as the drinker saw the two thumbs on the table he was quite sure that the hands they belonged to could not be lifted against his own life. The fashions of drinking survived the names of the authors of them. If Rich, in his *English Hue and Cry* (A.D. 1617), had remembered the incident of Rowena, he would not have said:—"It is pity the first founder" (of giving healths) "was not hanged that we might have found out his name in the ancient record of the *Hangman's Register*." Rich was not only ignorant of the "founder's" name, but he was guilty of pious mendacity as to what became of that individual, for Rich says: "He that first invented that use of drinking healths had his brains beat out with a pottle-pot; a most just end for inventors of such notorious abuses."

The ancient fashion stood its ground in spite of its moralists; and it is still in force in Guildhall and the Mansion House, though in less vigour now than in the last century. The City toastmaster, who proclaims with such a roaring eloquence at a Lord Mayor's feast, that the Metropolitan magistrate is about to pledge his guests in a loving-cup, probably is little aware of what used to take place on former occasions of a similar nature. At the old Plough-Monday banquet, for instance, the yeoman of the cellar used to stand behind the Lord Mayor, and at the close of dinner he produced two silver cups full of negus. He presented one to the Mayor, the other to his lady, or her representative if there was one, and then the form of proclamation was to this effect:—"Mr. Swordbearer, Squires and Gentlemen all! My Lord Mayor and my Lady Mayoress drink to you in a loving-cup, and bid you all heartily welcome!" The cups were handed

in succession to all the company, who drank to the health of my lord and lady. When the time came for the latter and other ladies to retire, the chaplain passed up from the bottom of the table and led her ladyship right solemnly away. The male guests did not necessarily leave the table when his lordship withdrew. For then a mighty bowl of punch used to be introduced, and with it all the servants of the household, from the highest to the lowest, housekeeper and housemaids, groom of the chambers and grooms from the stables. They passed in procession, and drank of the punch to the health of the guests, who then made a collection for them in the silver punch-bowl. According as the maids were fair, merry, and not unkind to the gallantry of the guests, the collection reached a greater or less sum. The old *salutatio* and the *libatio*, the "saluting" and the "tasting," were never more favourably manifested than at these Lord Mayor's feasts of the olden yet not *very* remote period: a period when, as the "loving-cup" went round, it was the custom for the two guests on the right and left of the drinker to hold the large cover of the cup over his head while he leisurely quaffed.

Mr. Adams, at a late dinner of the "Geographicals," asked if healths and speaking to them were older than the Anglo-Saxon? Doubtless. In the pictorial illustrations of Egyptian life it is seen that the guests rose to challenge each other to drink, proposed healths, and inflicted speeches on the ears of vexed listeners. In short, *all* things come directly or indirectly from the East, always excepting the term *Toast* itself, and also the shibboleth of "Hip, hip, hip!" by which toasts are honoured, as "healths" were, long before them. The cry is said to have been taken *to* and not brought *from* the East. To ordinary non-observant and non-inquiring persons, the triple cry is only a sort of respiratory preparation for the thundering "Hurrah!" which follows; but archæologists gravely assert that we get *hip, hip, hip*, from the Crusades—with a modification. The letters H. E. P., we are told, were on the sacred banners of the invaders, carrying with them the meaning "*Hierosolyma est perdita*" (*Jerusalem is lost*), a sort of kitchen-Latin which would make the stern utterer of the famous "*Delenda est Carthago*" uneasy in his grave. When Jerusalem first presented the view of its towers to the exulting eyes of the soldiery, they pointed with their swords and lances to their banners, and frantically screamed "Hep! hep! hep!" capping the cry with a savage "Hurrah!" Such is the tradition, but it is far from satisfactory; and even if it be not true, it is hardly of the happy humour of *true-seeming* stories.

After Rufus, there were no such drinking bouts as his till James's time. The greatest men of that court and time drank healths with much solemnity. The quaffer, as he rose with the cup in his hand, doffed his cap, and on naming the personage in whose honour he was about to drink, he looked at his neighbour, who pledged himself to drink next, and who did so by also doffing his cap, kissing his hand, and bowing. Then he who had the cup drained it to the last drop, and made it ring to show that it was empty. The pledger had to go through the same

ceremony, which extended to the whole company and then re-commenced. Pepsy notices a modification of this style of health-giving in *his* time, as a novel importation from France. Between the two periods, indeed, there had been an onslaught against health-givings. Prynne, in 1628, published a pamphlet to prove "the drinking and pledging of healths to be sinful and utterly unlawful unto Christians." The gentle Herbert, too, a little later, urgently counselled the drinkers of healths to stay at the third cup, that is, not to drink it, the which doing is to be "a beast in courtesy." Chief Justice Hale, however, would not sanction his grandsons going even so far as a couple of healths. "I will not have you begin or pledge *any* health," he says, adding, after much more to the same purpose, that if they follow the advice they will bless their grandfather's memory as for an inheritance. What the cavaliers did in their prosperity, they did, with bitterness and a breaking of the third commandment, in adversity. In the Protector's time they dropped a crumb into their mouths, and, raising the glass to their lips, said, "May the Lord send this *crumb well* down!" Waitelock tells of four or five Berkshire royalists who, in their cups, cut small collops from their own flesh, and drank Charles's health in the blood that flowed from the mutilated parts. The Puritan, Winthrop, when he founded Boston, in America, prohibited "healths" as a criminal offence.

When Charles II. got his own again, loyal men drank the king's health on their knees—a form known to King James's days, and called in the slang of the period "*knighting*." Of this loyal drinking there ensued much quarrelling, and some spilling of blood. The matter became so serious that Charles endeavoured to remedy it by royal proclamation, in which the king expressed—"our dislike of those who, under pretence of affection to us and our service, assume to themselves a liberty of reviling, threatening, and reproaching others. There are likewise another sort of men of whom," says Charles, "we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in taverns, tippling-houses, and debauches, giving no other evidence of their affection to us but *in drinking our health*." Drinking healths, nevertheless, was encouraged even by the philosophers. Ashmole the antiquary presented the corporation of his native city, Lichfield, in 1666, with a massive embossed silver cup, which held about a gallon. It was received, on its arrival at the *George for England* Inn, with much grateful ceremony. "We filled your *poculum charitatis*," says the writer of the letter of thanks addressed to Ashmole, "with Catholic wine, and devoted it a sober health to our most gracious king, which (being of so large a continent) pass the hands of thirty to pledge; nor did we forget yourself, in the next place, being our great Mæcænas." This cup is still used at corporation banquets, and the second toast on these occasions, following "The Queen," is "Weale and Worship," implying "good luck to ourselves and much respect for our fortunes."

There is a pretty story of a political toast in the reign of William III. which runs thus. The French, German, and English Ambassadors were

dining together *somewhere*, in the reign of Louis XV. The first availed himself of an after-dinner opportunity to propose "The Rising Sun," in honour of his master, who bore such device, with "*nec pluribus impar*" for his modest motto. Thereupon the German envoy gave "The Moon," in compliment to his mistress the Empress Maria Theresa. This being done, the English representative solemnly proposed "Joshua, the son of Nun, who made both sun and moon to stand still!" Now, an ambassador proposing the health of the person he represents would be as courteous as if he had proposed "my noble self." Then, a German could not have complimented his Imperial mistress by calling her the *moon*, for "moon," in German, is masculine. Lastly, an English ambassador would never have been guilty of such an insult to two friendly Powers, as his "sentiment" would have implied, and, to conclude, the parties as represented above could never have met under the circumstances, as the limits of their reigns will show, without further comment. William III. 1689-1702: Louis XV. 1715-1774: Maria Theresa, 1740-1765.

While in William's reign it was declared to be treasonable to drink such toasts as "Confusion to the king," or the one to James, under the circumlocutory form of "The old man over the water," the Scottish lords, when such matters were brought under their notice, were reluctant to convict. Some sensation was caused in 1697 by a charge that both those toasts had been drunk, at an April evening's bout, in the *Stay-the-Voyage*, at Dumfries, by the Master of Kenmure, Craik of Stewarton, and Captain Dalziel of Glencoe. The last two were carried prisoners before the Privy Council; but the witnesses deposed upon hearsay, the prisoners maintained a discreet silence, and the Privy Council, finding no proof, gladly discharged them. Master, Laird, and Captain, when they next for-gathered at the *Stay-the-Voyage*, were doubtless discreet enough in their cups to drink "the old toast," without rendering themselves amenable to charges of treason against the "Prince of Orange."

The political wits turned William's death to account, when circulating the bottle. It will be remembered that the king was riding his horse Sorrel in the park near Hampton Court, when the steed stumbled over a molehill, and William suffered injuries of which he subsequently died. Accordingly the Jacobite tipplers, throughout Ann's reign, manifested their loyalty to a disinherited lord by solemnly drinking the health of "the little gentleman in black velvet," meaning thereby the mole which had thrown up the little hillock over which Sorrel had stumbled, and had caused the accident which led to William's death. Long subsequent to that death, the Irish admirers of King William expressed the intensity of their admiration in the famous Orange Toast, of which nothing *now* is given except the opening sentiment. What it was in its original form could not now be reprinted; but as much of it as *may* is here given for the sake of the social illustration connected therewith. "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William,—not forgetting Oliver Cromwell who assisted in redeeming us from Popery, slavery, arbi-

trary power, brass money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick—a Jacobite! . . . and he that won't drink this, whether he be bishop, priest, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of the clergy, may a north wind blow him to the south, a west wind blow him to the east; may he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel to carry him over the river Styx."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the ladies were honoured long before the period of "toasts" proper arrived. The amorous young gentlemen of Elizabeth's days, as each sped the cup with the name of his mistress to further it, pricked their arm with a dagger, and wrote their mistresses' names, in their own blood, on the table! When the wit was out, they fell to honouring more ignoble names. Lady *Littleworth* and Mistress *Lighthells* came in for their share of homage, and if any of the sisterhood was present, the least modest would not scruple to call for a health to some *Sir Rayleigh D'Isgustin!*

In course of time came the "reigning toasts," and noble ladies felt fluttered at knowing they were the "toasts of the town." Clubs engraved their names on the club glasses, and the first poets of the day added a tribute of laudatory verse. Then came fashion of a grosser sort, when each gallant, toasting the lady next to him, swore he would drink no wine but what was strained through her petticoat! We may fancy with what boisterous politeness the edge of the petticoat was seized, with what hilarious coyness it was defended, how some of the damsels looked over, under, or from the sides of their fans, while others affected to close the eyes which they kept open, to look through the interstices of the convenient screen. Then, the hems of the garments were placed over the glasses, the wine was poured through, and the Quixotic fellows quaffed the draught in honour of the fair ones! There came a time, however, when men had more refinement, and would not give up to the tipsy salutations of "health-drinkers" the names of the true and modest mistresses of their hearts. The lover who was a gentleman, and yet who was also a "good fellow," always kept his gentility before him, and his mistress's name to himself. An illustration of this is afforded us through Mr. John Bruce having luckily inserted in his admirable edition of Cowper, that writer's "Early Poems." In one of these, "The Symptoms of Love," written to "Delia," but really addressed to the author's early and only love, his cousin Theodora, are the following lines:—

And lastly, when summoned to drink to my flame,
Let her guess why I never once mention her name,
Though herself and the woman I love are the same.

Connected with this subject of toasting the ladies, ill-fortune has sometimes come of it when it might have been least expected. For example, "Honest men and bonnie lassies!" is a toast which one would think could never bring offence with it; but while the rule holds, the exception presents itself. A young minister in Scotland was about to preach a pro-

bationary sermon in a church for the ministry of which he was a candidate. Being a stranger, he was housed and entertained by a parishioner, who invited many of his fellows to sup with the candidate on the Saturday night. The elders had quietly saturated themselves with toddy and smoke, when the unlucky probationer, in his innocence, proposed, before they parted, "Honest men and bonnie lassies!" The unco righteous looked through the smoke and over their glasses with orthodox horror, and the most solemn tippler present arose and said, that no minister would have their sympathy who could not stick quietly to his liquor, but whose thoughts were running on the lassies so near the Sabbath! The company assented, and the candidate had to forego the honour he coveted.

There was fine and generous delicacy and great readiness of wit in George II. when, during one of his absences abroad, on being asked if he would object to a toast which wished health to the Pretender, he replied that he would readily drink to the health of all unfortunate princes. This expressed readiness, however, did not encourage the Jacobites in openly drinking to the only king they acknowledged. They continued, as they and their fathers before them had done, to have a bowl of water on the table, and holding their glasses over it, to drink to "the king," implying, of course, the king over the water.

If it be true that Pitt, at Kidderminster, gave a toast in compliment to the carpet-manufacturers, it cannot be said that there was much outlay of brains in the making of it. "May the trade of Kidderminster," said Pitt, "be trampled under foot by all the world!" If this may be simply called "neat," in that term lies as much praise as the occasion warrants. It is weak, compared with the more audacious toast, freighted with double meaning, and which has been variously attributed to Smeaton, to Erskine, and some others. This after-dinner trade sentiment was delivered in this form:—"Dam the canals, sink the coal-pits, blast the minerals, consume the manufactures, disperse the commerce of Great Britain and Ireland!"

In May, 1798, the Duke of Norfolk gave a toast at a dinner of the Whig Club, at the Crown and Anchor, which caused some sensation. This was the duke who, when Earl of Surrey, renounced the Church of Rome. He wore short hair when queues were in fashion, and was the most slovenly-dressed man of his day. At the Whig Club dinner he called on the "two thousand guests" present to drink the toast of "Our Sovereign—the People!" This was considered such grave offence in days when men were ostentatiously seditious, that the duke was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was deprived of the command of his regiment of militia. Fox resented the application of this penalty for asserting a sentiment which, when put into action, had deposed James II., and ultimately carried the family of Brunswick to the throne. He went down to a subsequent meeting of the Whig Club, and there proposed "The Sovereign People," a proposition which was speedily followed by an outcry on the part of the supporters of the Ministry that Fox should be prosecuted for sedition. Pitt, however, wisely

declined a course so perilous, and contented himself with erasing Fox's name from the list of Privy Councillors.

A Duke of Norfolk of a later period,—he in fact who died in 1856,—designed to celebrate the completion of his restoration of Arundel Castle, by inviting as his guests all the living descendants of his ancestor, Jockey of Norfolk, who fell at Bosworth. The assembled cousins were to drink continued good fortune to the House of Howard; but when the duke discovered that to carry his project out, he should have to invite six thousand persons, he relinquished his intention, and the toast was not given.

Some toasts, and those special and "proper for the occasion," speedily die out of memory. Fourscore years ago, Baddeley, the actor, left funds wherewith to procure cake, wine, and punch, on Twelfth Night, for the Drury Lane players, in green-room assembled, "*for ever.*" An old formal toast used to be given on those occasions—"The memory of Baddeley's skull!"—in honour of the brain in that skull which had conceived the thoughtful kindness. It is long since this toast has been given, but on the last "cutting of Baddeley's cake," one of the guests proposed that it should be revived; and the veteran actor, Mr. W. Bennett, the trustee of the fund, gazed with an air of quaint reproof at this audacious guest, and then solemnly gave "The memory of David Garrick!" All knowledge of the original toast had perished; but that obtrusive guest ceased to wonder when an actor, who was drinking Baddeley's wine or punch, and eating his cake, asked, "Who *was* Baddeley, and *why* did he do this?" Poor Baddeley! The visitor, as he withdrew by the dark back of the stage, saw, "in his mind's eye, Horatio," the figure of the benevolent old player, as he used to come to rehearsal, in scarlet and gold—the uniform of the gentlemen of the household, who were "their Majesties' servants," playing under royal patent at Drury Lane. Baddeley was the last actor who wore that uniform.

Chancery Funds.

COMPOSED of Government stocks, of various other securities, and of cash uninvested, the funds belonging to the Suitors of the Court of Chancery amount in the aggregate to nearly 60,000,000*l.* Acting on behalf of the court, the Masters had, prior to 1726, committed to their care the moneys and effects in the suits referred to them, while the Usher of the court took charge of any property involved in causes which required no reference to the Masters. In a manner somewhat analogous to the system of modern banking, these functionaries employed for their own benefit the moneys placed in their hands, reserving of course such balances as were deemed sufficient to meet the recurring claims of the suitors. Investments in the stock of the South Sea Company had been made by several of the Masters on their own account; and on the failure of that scheme it was found that defaults on their part amounted to over 100,000*l.* This sum was ultimately made good out of the public revenue; but precautions were taken to prevent the recurrence of so great an abuse.

The Lord Chancellor, by an order of 17th December, 1724, directed each Master "to procure and send to the Bank of England a chest with one lock and hasps for two padlocks." The key of the lock of each chest was to be kept by the Master, and the key of one of the padlocks by one or other of two of the six clerks in Chancery, and the key of the other padlock by the Governor, Deputy-Governor, or Cashier of the Bank. Each Master was ordered to deposit in his chest all moneys and securities in his hands belonging to the suitors; the chests were then to be locked and left in charge of the Bank. But as the vault where the chests were kept could not be opened unless two of the Directors of the Bank were present, it of course happened, on every occasion when access was wanted to them in order to comply with the mandates of the court, that the attendance of all these high officials was necessary. The inconvenience and trouble so caused became at length too great for endurance, and led to a change. On the 26th of May, 1725, a general order was made by the Lords Commissioners holding the Great Seal, which directed the money and effects of the suitors to be taken from the Masters' chests, and given into the *direct* custody of the Bank. A subsequent order extended the plan to the moneys in the hands of the Usher. These orders still remain in force; the Bank of England from that time until the present has acted, and now acts, as the custodier of the Chancery funds.

In 1726, an officer under the designation of the Accountant-General was appointed, pursuant to Act of Parliament, to keep the Chancery accounts, and to carry out the orders of the court respecting the receipt

and disposal of the funds. This officer, by the Act creating his office, is not allowed to meddle with the actual money either in receipt or payment. All dealings with funds are to be accomplished under his direction, and with his privity; but he himself is debarred from touching a single coin; yet his office is not the less one of great responsibility. At the period of the appointment of the first Accountant-General, upwards of 140 years since, the cash and securities made together a total of 741,950*l.*, and the number of accounts was 415. The amount, as we have already stated, now verges upon 60,000,000*l.*, and the number of accounts have increased to well nigh 30,000. Almost without exception the volume of the funds in court has year by year shown a steady increase. Of late that increase has been at the rate of about half a million annually. This is only what might be expected from the growth of the population and the ever-augmenting national wealth. Litigation is, of course, one of the main feeders of the Chancery reservoir. Upon the application of a party to a suit, the court orders the property under dispute to be placed in its hands, where it is retained until the question of right is settled, or until such time as the interests of those entitled are most fully secured. It is then, upon petition, transferred out of court. Legacies bequeathed to minors are not unfrequently paid into court by executors. The sums of cash so paid are in every case invested in consols without expense, and the interest also from time to time as it accumulates; so that the amount of the legacy with compound interest is, in the form of stock, when application is made, transferred to the person entitled, on the attainment of majority. A kindred source of supply is furnished by trust moneys. Trustees or executors who may have doubts of the legality of their proceedings in carrying out the provisions of a trust, or who may be at a loss as to the rights of parties claiming under a will, and desiring to free themselves from responsibility, may, under what is known as the Trustee Relief Act, transfer or pay the trust funds into court. Such funds, if not already in the form of stock, are, as a matter of course, invested by the Accountant-General, and the accruing dividends are also invested solely for the benefit of the parties entitled, who may at any time apply to have the funds paid to them.

For the enfranchisement of land under the Copyhold Acts, and in connection with railway undertakings, very many payments of cash are made to the Accountant-General. These latter are usually for the purchase of land and houses. Where parties labour under a disability to convey, or where an agreement cannot be come to, the railway company, on an award being made by two surveyors, pays the sum into court, and at once takes compulsory possession. The promoters of new undertakings, whether railways, docks, or waterworks, and such like, for which the sanction of the legislature is necessary, are required to deposit with the Court of Chancery a sum amounting to one-eighth of the estimated cost of the undertaking, as preliminary to the application to Parliament. Such deposits in the aggregate usually reach a large annual amount.

The present year, however, owing to the collapse of railway enterprise, has proved a signal exception: very few new schemes indeed have been launched, and consequently but a trifling accession made from this source to the Chancery funds. These deposits are made in the month of January, and being for large sums, are reclaimed as early as possible, generally before the end of the parliamentary session, thus remaining in court for only about six months. The proceeds of estates sold under the direction of the court are paid in, as likewise money realized under Private Estate Acts. The property of lunatics and persons of unsound mind is also placed in the custody of the court, and administered under its sanction. Many other minor rills, such as appeal deposits and payments under the Burial Board Act, serve to swell the stream of money ever flowing to its destined receptacle in Chancery.

It thus appears that no inconsiderable portion of the funds in court are quite unconnected with litigious proceedings. Indeed but comparatively few of the vast number of sums appearing in the Accountant-General's books are so. Litigation doubtless in many cases originally brought the money into court; but, the contentious stage passed, as it does in time pass, the funds are not seldom retained purely for purposes of administration. Where, for instance, persons have a life-interest in funds, the dividends are paid to them during their lives (the principal being in the meantime kept securely), and not until their death is a distribution effected. The court thus acts as a trustee, taking safe custody of property and administering the funds, and when the proper time arrives it deals out to claimants their just and respective shares. In the case of property belonging to rectories, corporations, or other public bodies, it is of signal advantage that the security should be undoubted, and the dividends duly paid. A double service of trustee and banker is thus discharged by the Accountant-General, and that too without fee, percentage, or commission charged for the management of such accounts.

There are not a few accounts which may be termed *dormant*; that is, accounts from which no payments have been made for many years. These are of two kinds—such as consist, first, of sums of stock with the accumulated dividends; and, secondly, of sums of cash only. From time to time investigation is made into the former; and when it is found that no payment of dividends has been made for fifteen years preceding, the titles of the accounts are extracted, and arranged alphabetically; and the list printed, and copies exhibited on the walls of the different offices of the court for the information of attorneys and all persons concerned. The first investigation was made in 1854, when it appeared that the entire number of accounts, the dividends on which had not been dealt during the time specified, was 566, and the total amount of stock and dividends on such accounts 256,176*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* The result was, that many persons came forward and preferred claims, and about one half of the above total amount was transferred out to the successful claimants. A second list with new accounts added was published in 1860, and recently a third list

has appeared. When the first list was published in 1854, certain solicitors specially devoted themselves to the work of tracing out claims. Guided so far in the first instance by the lists—which, however, contained only the bare titles of the accounts, and in no case the amount of the funds—these gentlemen burrowed among the old orders and other musty documents to which they had access in the Record Office, until such knowledge was gained as enabled them to communicate with the persons whom they had discovered to be entitled to the funds. It was as if treasure had been found.

The happy attorney who had successfully struck upon the right clue and followed it out to certainty, offered to make over the spoil to the rightful owner or owners, who in most cases were entirely ignorant of its existence, on condition that no slight share of the same should be retained by himself. We have known as much as fifty per cent. asked; but whatever were the amounts of the shares parted with by those fortunate persons who thus “heard of something to their advantage,” and actually received that something, it is an undoubted fact that very considerable sums of money were pocketed by some of these persevering and successful Chancery excavators.

As a security against dishonest dealing with these accounts, the Accountant-General, when asked for information of the precise amount of the fund, in every case requires evidence that the solicitor is acting for a *bonâ fide* interested person. And every petition to the court regarding the disposal of any such fund must state on the face of it that the fund in question belongs to the fifteen-years’ published list.

A return made in 1850 of the dormant *cash* accounts showed that for ten years previously, there were in that state 1,220; for twenty-five years, 1,056, and for fifty years, 975. No list of these accounts upon which unclaimed cash only is standing, has up to the present time been published. There are nearly 1,200 accounts upon which the stock and cash remaining would not cover the cost of an application for the payment of the fund; and 351 accounts showing sums under 1*l.*, while on 831 more the sums range between 1*l.* and 5*l.*

It may be well to give some notion of the nature of the transactions performed by the Accountant-General and his staff of clerks. In the various modes we have indicated cash is paid and stock is transferred into court. These sums remain for a longer or a shorter period, and usually become subject to various operations, always, however, under the direction of the court. Dividends are received on stocks, and when received are either paid out to persons or invested or suffered to accumulate without investment. As the interests of the persons entitled may require, the fund on any particular account, consisting of stock, or cash, or both, may be carried to new accounts and retained in Chancery, or at once paid or transferred out. And just as the Accountant-General is required to invest sums paid into court, and dividends as they accumulate, so he is, when the occasion arises, ordered to sell stocks. The cash so raised may be needed for very various purposes. It may be required to pay legacies, to clear

off mortgages, or in the case of creditors' suits, to discharge debts, or what is very much more frequent, to pay costs. Sales of stock are being constantly made for this last purpose—the total amount sold each year is very large indeed.

Costs are paid to solicitors, who among the various claimants on a fund have always a priority accorded to them. In the applications made to court for orders or for other objects, and in the conduct of suits, as well as in the general management of Chancery proceedings, many and various expenses are incurred. Solicitors have to fee counsel, to advance money for stamps, and to make sundry outlays on behalf of their clients. Their own labours have besides to be remunerated. There is a scale of charges published in the general orders of the court, which fix the rate according to which attendances and other services are paid for, so far as these relate to necessary proceedings in the management of the business of suits and matters under the cognizance of the court. The bill of costs of every attorney is besides taxed by the proper taxing-master, so that there is no room for undue charges; or, if such charges are made, they are not *allowed* by that official, and consequently not paid for out of the funds in court standing to the particular cause or matter.

In carrying out the orders of the court respecting funds already in, or to be brought into its custody, the main duties of the Accountant-General are, as we have stated, to receive cash and stocks, and to invest cash in stocks. In the same way he sells stocks for cash, pays cash, and transfers stocks out of court; he carries over cash and stock from one account to another, and receives and pays dividends. He also, by his clerks, furnishes to the court, through solicitors, certificates of the actual amount of the funds on any of the accounts which appear in his ledgers, when requested by them to do so, as well as affords to these members of the legal profession verbal information of the state of the funds and of all particulars regarding the same, so far as his cognizance extends. In cases when persons to whom cash is payable cannot personally attend at the office in Chancery Lane, he grants powers of attorney to enable them to do so by deputy. Transcripts of his ledger accounts he also makes out for the more precise information of the court, of solicitors or their clients, by which every individual transaction or dealing with any particular fund can be clearly seen.

Of the vast aggregate of Chancery funds, between three and four millions consist of cash. This amount of cash is composed of individual sums, either in the meantime waiting investment, or which are not required to be invested, also of accumulated dividends and of the dormant cash balances to which we have referred. The total sum of cash paid into court varies, of course, from year to year. It may be taken at about ten millions annually, and the repayments, including sums invested, as somewhat under that amount. It follows, therefore, that the balance of general cash remaining uninvested gradually increases. The Bank of England, as banker to the Court of Chancery, would have the exclusive use of these three or four millions of cash balances, were they not otherwise dealt with.

The court, however, steps in, and while it leaves with the Bank a balance (300,000*l.* more or less) sufficiently adequate to recompense it for its trouble as banker, it invests the remainder in Government securities. The funds created by these investments are known by the general designation of suitors' funds, and these we shall now briefly describe. The first investment out of the general or common cash in the custody of the court took place on the 2nd of July, 1739, when, pursuant to Act of Parliament, 35,000*l.* were laid out in the purchase of Exchequer tallies, which in 1752 were exchanged for an equal amount of consols. This investment was the foundation and commencement of that portion of the suitors' funds now known as "Fund A." Repeated investments, made from time to time from the same source for upwards of a century, have swollen that fund until it now amounts to more than two and a half millions of stock. This stock is of course the representative of so much of the suitors' general cash as has been taken to purchase it, and is therefore liable to be reconverted into cash at any time, should the claims of the suitors necessitate such an operation.

The interest arising from the first investment made in 1739, to which we have alluded, was used to pay the salaries of the Accountant-General and his clerks. As subsequent investments were made, the salaries of the Masters and other officers of the court were met out of the dividends arising on the stocks purchased. It, however, happened that the interest produced by these various investments was more than sufficient to pay the salaries charged thereon, and accordingly in 1768, an Act (9th Geo. III.) directed that such *surplus interest* should be laid out in the purchase of Government securities, and placed to a new account. The interest yielded by these last securities was also directed to be invested and accumulated on the same account. These investments and accumulations constitute "Fund B." It is to be observed that as Fund B has arisen from surplus interest on Fund A, it is therefore equivalent to the profit account of a banker. Its amount represents the *clear gain* made by the court, in its capacity of banker, so to speak, after paying its expenses, and upon which no individual suitor as such has any manner of claim, just as the customer of a banker has no claim on the profit made by the use of banking funds. The interest of Fund B, however, instead of being allowed constantly to accumulate, has been occasionally diverted for such purposes as purchasing ground and building offices; after which temporary diversions, the accumulations of interest were continued to be made as before, and the fund gradually in consequence increased in amount. This was owing to the circumstance that for very many years the income of Fund A alone was more than sufficient to answer all the charges made upon it, so that Fund B was regularly swelled by the surpluses of Fund A as well as by the stated investments of its own produce. In 1826 it had reached to 537,800*l.* stock; in 1848 the sum had increased to 1,094,604*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, while in 1852 the total of investments amounted to not less than 1,291,629*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* In that year its further increase was arrested by

Act of Parliament, which made a new disposition of the fund, and directed the interest as it accrued to be carried over to an account already existing, termed the Suitors' Fee Fund Account (Fund C).

This last-named fund was created in 1833 by an Act generally known as "Lord Brougham's Chancery Regulation Act." This Act required the Masters, the Registrars, the Examiners, with their respective staffs of clerks, and also several other officers of the court, to collect the fees formerly received and retained by them by way of salaries, and to pay the same into the bank, to the Suitors' Fee Fund Account. Out of the funds on this account, in lieu of such fees, they were to be remunerated by fixed salaries. All fees imposed on proceedings in the court are also paid to this fee account, entitled Fund C. The surpluses of cash on this fund, after meeting all the charges on it, the Lord Chancellor was empowered to direct to be invested also in Government securities, and thus was created a fourth, or Surplus Fee Account, named Fund D. The stock on this account, in 1852, amounted to 201,028*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* consols. It was also provided that in the event of there being at any time a deficiency in Fund C for the payment of salaries and other expenses of the court, such deficiency was to be made good by resorting to the interest and dividends arising on Fund D, or, in case of need, by a sale of a portion of its capital.

A pretty considerable amount is paid every year to the Fee Fund C, arising from brokerage levied by the Chancery broker on all sums of cash invested and stocks sold. The charge is the ordinary one of one-eighth per cent. Formerly the Accountant-General received a share of the brokerage as part of his official income; but since 1852, he has been paid entirely by fixed salary. More recently the broker has also been recompensed by salary; so that now the entire proceeds of brokerage pass direct from the broker's hands to Fund C. By this arrangement a saving has been effected; all the more, as year by year, owing to the increasing number of Stock Exchange transactions, the amount of brokerage shows a gradual increase.

All the fees levied on proceedings in the Court of Chancery since the passing of the Suitors' Relief Act in 1852, with slight exceptions, are raised by means of stamps, under the direction of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, who keep separate accounts of the same, and each month pay the amount received to the credit of the Fee Fund C. By this Act, also, fixed salaries were substituted for fees throughout all the offices of the court. We have already stated that by the Act of 1852 the interest on Fund B was no longer allowed to accumulate on that account, but was directed to be carried as it accrued to the same Fee Fund C. So likewise with the surplus interest on Fund A. The Suitors' Further Relief Act of 1853 enacted that the dividends which would arise from the sum of 201,028*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* consols on Fund D should also in future be carried over to Fund C. Since the passing of these Acts no addition has consequently been made to either of the Funds B or D. The whole amounts

of the interest and surplus interest on all the Funds, A, B, and D, are now regularly placed to Fund C, which is entirely an income account, swelled and maintained by these amounts of interest and by the produce of fees levied, while it is charged with the salaries of a whole host of Chancery officials, with pensions, and with the various expenses of all the offices of the court.

The amounts of stock accumulated on Funds B and D are respectively, as already mentioned, 1,291,629*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* and 201,028*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*, making together about one million and a half. It is this sum which Parliament has appropriated for the erection of the new Courts of Justice; nor can it be said that in such an appropriation are the profits and careful accumulations of the Court of Chancery for upwards of a hundred years likely to be injudiciously expended.

We cannot conclude this brief account of the Chancery funds without adverting to the efficiency of the establishment entrusted with their management. No one can have read the report of the Chancery Commission issued some two or three years since, without being struck with the ability and thorough knowledge of the business of the department shown by the comments and statements of the Accountant-General and his chief clerk, as contrasted with the suggestions of the Law Societies and several other recommendations contained in the report.

There are, however, two changes of an external kind, which, if introduced, would confer signal benefits: these are, first, the establishment of a branch office by the Bank of England in Chancery Lane; and, secondly, the abolition of the office of signing registrar. In regard to the former, we are glad to find that the plans of the new courts provide accommodation for a branch bank; but why should so great a boon, more especially to the poorer suitors, not at once be conceded? The signature of the registrar to the Chancery cheques is the relict of an antiquated and cumbrous system, now happily gone. It is clearly useless, since the examination and check which it formerly authenticated have been long ago abandoned as unnecessary. On the other hand, the adherence to the signature is productive of a vast amount of inconvenience and annoyance, not only to the legal profession, but to bankers and to the suitors themselves, because the registrar will not sign certain cheques unless he sees the orders of the court, and these at the time cannot often be had. The name of the Accountant-General attached to the cheques he draws on the funds held by him should be sufficient, without the counter-signature of any other official of the court.

Ave Maria.

LALOTTE and Lurlei, beasts of ill,
 Still straying! Think you it will last,
 This patience? Think you I can fast
 While you till Domesday feed your fill?
 Have heed, my children, lest there fall
 A week of Fridays in your stall.
 Eccole! Race of perjured goats!
 Breed of a rock! on verjuice reared!
 Heaven send your kids may have no beard!
 Or that they follow from the cotes
 Some other shepherdess, for soon
 You will be tethered in the moon!
 Up, up! Stellino! Bark, and seek!
 Bravo, Stellino! (How they climb!)
 Come, children, come, and on my cheek
 Breathe, for your breath is sweet with
 thyme,

And sweet the air upon the rock,
 Whereon, a still and happy flock,
 We hang midway, (thus, Lurlei, thus
 Sit you, Stellino!) and to us,
 Clear as Giacopo's flute below,
 The bell rings up from Monaco,
 The bell that rings while men, that meet
 Upon the church steps or the street,
 Bow in the dark, and say, each one,
 "Ave Maria!" and the sun
 Is sunk to starlight, and the sea
 Breathes back to all men and to me,
 "Ave Maria Vergine!"

On all the hills is none but us;
 The moon has folded every flower;
 Three hours ago the cythus
 Had lost his petals; 'tis an hour
 Since old Giuseppe, like an arch
 Bending beside his mules and wine—
 No clock is half so sure a sign
 As old Giuseppe—made his march
 Down by the Tower, and after him
 No wheels come by, the road grows dim.
 How still it is! O lights of eve,
 That shine with such a soft surprise
 Upon this ring of silent eyes,

In every light I could believe
 I saw a thought set free, and heard
 In each brown orb the moving word.
 Stellino!—Good! the thought is good,
 For good it is to shrive in Lent,—
 My child, suppose you wore a hood,
 And I, your week-day penitent,
 Came to your cell in church to say
 What thoughts were in my soul to-day,
 When all the noonday sea was blue,
 And bell-bound Lurlei led the flock
 Upward, and you, my Father, you,
 Barked at the lizard on the rock,
 And watch at needless season kept,
 And when was need of watching, slept.

How often when the Monna, grown
 More kind, has brought me from the fair
 A comb or kerchief for my hair,
 I like to watch, while on the stone
 Under the door she sits asleep,
 With the last sunlight on her lids!
 But this our Lady, who must keep
 My soul in peace, who saves my kids
 From cold, who sends the flowers in prime,
 And grapes and olives in good time,
 Making the stony terrace green,
 Moistening the mountain burnt with
 drought,

Because my eyes had nowhere seen,
 I could not praise her to my thought.
 I said, "O Lady, show thy face,
 A little moment and no more;"
 And then, I hoped that, of her grace,
 Bright through the blue sky, I should see
 A lady, beautiful as she,
 Who on the vaulted high church-door,
 Either on fasts or holy days,
 Sits in her red robes for our praise,
 With the Bambino on her knee.
 But still the sunlight laughed the same,
 The arch was blue from brink to brink,
 Nor answer on the mountain came—
 Stellino! It is hard to think!

It was this noon, this noon, I said,
When both my eyes were filled with blue,
While from the distaff down I drew,
All lazy, I, the silver thread,
The thought leapt through me, clear and
 keen,

As one had touched me with a knife,
And, like a bird, I passed within
The circle of our Lady's life ;
So bright, so quick ! Was I the same,
I, Lisa ? Father, thus it came.

Beneath, a thousand metres, lay
The Prince's garden, where one sees
The sea-cliff and the cypresses ;
Yet deeper, on the sun-bright bay,
I thought there passed a darker mote ;
I said, " It is the father's boat ;
He has been casting half the day."
I could not see the sail, nor yet
Who held the tiller, who the oar,
I knew the father watched the net,
And always curved it to the shore ;
How from his hands it softly slid,
And how with a cool drip the twine
Plashed on the wave, and half was hid,
And how, above the leaded line,
The corks in sunlight seemed to bask
Black as a snake twixt either cask.

Moreover, when the haul began,
I heard—it was not by my ear—
How up the line, from man to man,
Through the blue shine the shout cut clear.
And Gianni, all but poised a-wing,
Brown Gianni, wave-washed to the knees,
With eyes like Netta, when she sees
The swallow just beyond her spring,
Was bending, while, all bright and wet,
Up came the incurved narrowing net,
First the fine meshes, then, between,
A thousand silver inches, seen
In sand and shells, and all inlaid
With weeds of shining green.

While yet on fishes ran my dream,
My eye, drawn sideways by a gleam
Against the sombre rock-side, showed
Scarlet and green along the road,
Kerchief and kirtle ; and I said,
" These are the wedding guests. They go
To Isa, on the rock below,
To see the little Lotta wed.

How beautiful the dresses ! Which
Should be the bridegroom ? He is rich :
Wool in San Remo town he sells,
But, if 'tis gospel Gianni tells,
Halt of one foot ; besides, one hears
He snaps his teeth as if 'twere shears,
And has, they say, past forty years.
My Lotta, has it come to this ?
Since, ten years gone, we kissed at school,
Never on mountain did we miss
To join our pasture ; if the mule
Were packed for fair, or thread were
 spun,

Or vine-trees cut, we still were one.
And you must go—the first, and I
The elder ! Well, we are sinners all ;
Whichever way the wind is high,
Plump as the chestnut so we fall ;
So says the Padre." But at last
From eyeshot all the pilgrims passed.
Yet still my eye pursued, nor ceased
To watch the scarlet through the town
Strike fire, and in the church kneel down,
And, at the altar, how the priest
Blest both, and joined their hands, and how
They laid the flowers on Lotta's brow,
But when she wore the ring, I felt
The thoughts of Lotta as she knelt.

" Now I am donna all my life.
To-morrow, in San Remo, they
Who pass i'the streets will nudge, and say,
' Look left ! that is our Sandro's wife.'
And when I sit i'the window niche,
Men will glance up. Ah to be rich !
And to be married ! And to set
Tasks to my maid ! And yet, and yet,—
Is Lisa on the sunny rock
With Lurlei ? Does she think of me ?
I shall not much with Lisa be ;
I shall not follow with my flock ;
Sandro would talk of ' wives that roam,'
And say, ' A housewife's place is home !'
They say the town is dark and cool,
And the tall roofs so closely meet
Above the stalls of wine and wool,
The rain can scarcely wet the street.
And poor Giacopo ? Well, Heaven knows
An even lot was given to each ;
He cannot say 'twas I that chose
Between the fig-leaf and the peach.
Under my pillow both were free,
I said, ' The peach shall Sandro be,

The fig is my Giacopo's stake,
 And even as I dream, I take.
 That night I dreamed of both, but chief
 Of figs ; yet doubtful might it seem ;
 So when I dreamed again, the leaf
 Was peach. The Virgin sent the
 dream."

Then down I looked where in the sun
 Turbia lay, and at the door
 Of the old hostel, there were four
 Who drank,—all still as lizards : one
 Who in the water 'neath the wall,
 Her kirtle like a poppy bright,
 Dipt her brown arms and linen white ;
 For there the stream, above the fall,
 Broadens in a cool pause, and cleaves
 A basin green with burdock leaves,
 Then leaps, in silver sunlight blind,
 Then hides beneath the olives, grey,
 Beneath the olives, who shall say
 If it be the water or the wind ?
 And past the tower with shining tiles,
 And down the road that, in and out,
 Along the rocky mountain miles,
 Winds like the line on a redoubt,
 I saw the priest (beside him ran
 His shadow, like a sacristan),
 Black as a raven, bent his head,
 And heavy in the dust his tread.
 I saw not, but how oft he drew
 The cross upon his breast I knew,
 I knew how many a secret sound
 Pushed through his lips (like hasty
 thieves
 Through windows under midnight eaves),
 With "Ave!" or with "Ora!" round.
 Though down he looked and seemed to
 read
 Letters upon the road, indeed
 Road, sea, and mountain were a blank ;
 He knew not, he, how many a hoof
 Had ringed the dust, and raised a proof
 Clear as the Emperor on a franc.
 "Ah well!" said I, "the priest is wise,
 And idle brains have busy eyes.
 To each a little! to the priest
 Credo and psalm, the sun to me,
 To me the flock ; it cannot be
 Who keeps the flock should know the
 feast,
 Nor when 'tis fit in church to bow,
 Nor what the Latin means, nor how

To swing the silver censer chains,
 Nor when to lift the wafer high,
 These things, I say, are past your pains,
 My Lisa, then keep you the eye,
 But let the Padre have the brains."

Here came my thought, If I can see,
 A small day-watcher on my tower,
 Unseen, these pilgrims of the hour,
 It were a little thing that she,
 Who holds her throne with starlight pearly,
 Should see all men in all the world ;
 Both who bides East, where, as men tell,
 Is Genoa, who on sunny capes
 Sits by the palm-tree and the grapes,
 Who fish the bays to dim Estrelle,
 Who on the inland terrace lops
 The olive, and sets seeds below,
 And if beyond the northern tops
 Are any shepherds in the snow,
 All things that move, of might or mean,
 Are by the heavenly lady seen.
 And as my friends at distance stirred
 My heart, and drew me to their brink,
 As in a ferry, and I heard
 Myself the thoughts of Lotta think,
 So to our Lady, morn and eve,
 The thoughts of men rise up, and weave
 A mantle, manifold and fair ;
 And all the day, beneath her feet,
 They mingle, that the large bright air
 Is tremulous, and the time is sweet,
 As with cross winds that softly meet,
 Or flutes to mountain-tops up-borne,
 Or birds fresh wakening in the morn.
 Perchance my thought from the sweet stir
 Has risen, and it pleases her,
 Because remembrance unbesought
 Is best, and I was glad myself,
 When often, on the rocky shelf,
 At noon the Lotta shared my thought.

Therefore, while yet we linger all,
 Before the stars are out of sight,
 And darkened is the roof-tree light,
 And Lurlei quiet in the stall ;
 Ere I be folded as the sheep
 Within the hollows of thy sleep,
 And all is silent save the sea,
 Santa Maria, hear thou me !

Not much I ask, but that the grass
 Be sweeter where my goats shall pass,

And that they pine not, nor let fail
 The white milk in the evening pail ;
 Upon my lambs set finer wool,
 And let the fish by sweet south wind
 Be driven till the nets are full,
 For so the father will be kind.
 To Lotta and to Sandro all
 Good things, and children in due moon :
 And, Lady, send to Lisa soon
 A husband, twice as rich and tall
 As Sandro. And that these things be,
 On mountain and by terrace tree,
 At noon and eve, I bend the knee,
 Signora nostra Vergine !

If any on the shore forget
 To say the Ave—since the brow,
 When all the limbs are weary wet,
 Is full of slumber—heed not thou :
 For I will on the mountain set

A cross, stone-based ; and from the bay,
 On every morn, in every year,
 Men shall look up, and sometimes say,
 " Praise to her name ! The cross is clear ;
 The fishing shall be fair to-day."
 Or, sometimes, if the sail be tost
 By sudden wave, and on the wind
 The Ave bell be seaward lost,
 When bitter salt has made them blind,
 And sick with wet and hunger, then
 Shall some one cry toward the coast,
 " O Lady ! we are sinful men,
 But thou, most pitiful to save,
 Send that by dawn we see once more
 Our Lisa's cross, and the sweet shore !
 Thine is the hour on land and wave,
 And strong the wind, and weak are we,
 Nor is there succour save of thee,
 O Queen of Heaven ! Star of the sea !
 Ora pro nobis, Vergine !"

W. J. C.

The Pageant at Pesth.

ABOUT the time of the birth of Constantine there rolled over the provinces watered by the Danube, which Tiberius reduced under the dominion of Rome nearly three centuries earlier, the first wave of the great barbaric ocean which inundated Europe and finally flooded the Imperial City. The Goths swarmed into Pannonia, and hustled out the toga'd warriors who, in face of these strange enemies, whose reign terminated with the life of Attila, held their swords with feeble grasp. In another century the Goths yielded in turn to the terrible Huns. Abares, Gepidae, and Lombards followed each wave that flowed westward and surged over its precursor like breakers on the sea shore. Dacia, Pannonia, and Servia owned an infinity of masters till Charlemagne included them within the limits of his Western Empire. But no power had prestige or force sufficient to avert the march of conquering hordes over the vast plains which offered such temptations to the pastoral Barbarians. The course of the Danube guided them westward, and from each great billow, as it rolled, a deposit took place, and gradually a compost of races was left, each as distinct as the strata in a geological formation. The last of these which was precipitated on the land, was the Magyar, a puzzle to ethnologists, a part of a great Arian mystery—Oriental no doubt, Turk or Scythian, a back current of the Hunic ocean which had been let loose from the now dried-up reservoirs of the plains in Central Asia. Who they are and whence they came no one can decide. The theories are learned, ingenious, uncompromising, and unsatisfactory. What matters it? Mr. Vambéry could not find a trace of Magyarism in his travels; but the Emperor of Austria knows where it can be discovered in intensest development at a moment's notice. The Magyars say that when their ancestors made up their minds to move, they did so in such a complete and sweeping fashion that not a soul was left behind, consequently all efforts to throw light on the nursery of this interesting self-asserting race are not likely to avail much. Arpad and his Magyars rushed into Hungary about the period when Alfred the Great was warring with the Danes. Notwithstanding the numbers and courage of the new comers, the nations of central and western Europe, having now settled down under some sort of Government, were better able to oppose invaders than their ancestors had been, and the Magyars were checked in their endeavours to overrun Germany, and were finally forced back to the Waag, the Theiss, and the Danube. In fact they received severe defeats. Germans, Poles, Tartars, Turks, and Bohemians, overcame them in turn. They were subject to constant aggression when they were not making war on their neighbours—a turbulent energetic race, full

of life, vital force, and fidgetiness. Their history is exceedingly picturesque and animated; but to the callous Briton, or the philosophic Gaul, it is only attractive because of recent events. Are we to be grateful because many thousands of Hungarians, century after century, fell in fighting Turks and made a living wall of men to protect us from the invasion of the Mahometan? How thankful France and England, aye, and Germany, have been to the Poles for similar services! We will probably agree in the view that they could do no less, and that they fought very much on their own account. And, besides, these Magyars were often provocative of battle. They would not let sleeping dogs lie. When the Turk was easy and somnolent they blew trumpets in his ears and walked on his slippersed feet. At times when they had a fight of their own on hand they invited the Turk to take part in it, and there was a period in his history when poor "Bono Johnny" never refused any offer of the kind, but was as jubilant as an Irishman at any opportunity of stepping on the green for a friendly combat. These Magyars were often worsted, as has been said by their neighbours, and were scarred and bruised terribly, and their last "insurrectio," or rising *en masse*, was put into a cocked hat by one of Napoleon's lieutenants. But they have a long roll of victories to boast of over all sorts and conditions of nations. Nevertheless, in 1848 Europe was startled by the intelligence that Hungary in arms was putting to the rout the generals of Austria, and that the Kaiser was obliged to entreat the aid of the Czar to keep his crown on his head. In that resolution was sown the seeds of a hate which may be immortal, and a study of revenge which lasted nearly twenty years. The Emmetts, Wolfe Tones, and Fitzgeralds of Hungary did not represent the idea of a faction—they represented a nation, entire in its nobles, its bourgeoisie, and its people. Francis Joseph, in whose ears the echoes of cannon of the Vienna barricades rang for years after he had assumed the imperial purple, could not forget that the greatest enemies of his rule and dynasty were the Hungarians, who had deserted his standards, defeated his troops, and had declared a republic. He stiffened his back and hardened his heart and turned his ear to men who unfolded to him the project of fusing all the masses of his empire into an Austrian amalgam, in which the leaden, solid, useful German, the lively, political, unpractical Hungarian, the stolid yet subtle Croat, the vain, imaginative, intriguing Greek, should form one placid composite. The Hungarians too would not be fused. They were submitted to a government analogous to that of the Southern States by the military commanders of the North. Their taxes were collected by force or by free quarterings; good roads were made in spite of them by the Austrians. But the Austrians were fatigued by a tremendous passive resistance. The battle of Solferino showed the Emperor there was a weak spot in his harness, and that his armour and shield were alike vulnerable. And in 1861 a Diet was called, which was filled with the passions of 1848. It asked for what could not be granted, unless Hungary was to be cast off from the vessel of the state. The Diet was dissolved. The

interval between that dissolution and the assembling of the Diet which was sent about its business after the battle of Custoza, witnessed a repetition of the process of dragooning which had been resisted so long. Meantime Hungary had burst into boots, menthes, and attilas, had abjured hats and buttons and bounded into ultra-Magyarism. The German tongue was renounced, an Austrian uniform was never seen in a decent house, and the nation asserted itself by the cut of its clothing, and a sartorial war against the oppressor. What the leaders wanted was their recognition as a separate power from Austria, the only connection between the two being that the Emperor of Austria should be accepted as the King of Hungary, with hereditary rights of succession. They demanded a separate and responsible ministry, a Hungarian army controlled by the Diet, a financial budget, and right of self-taxation.

Some really meant what they said, others were induced to make these demands in the hope that their persistence would lead to separation from Austria, caring little what else became of them, or filled with the idea of a great Danubian State, which could bully its Croats, and Serbs, and Roumans, as it pleased. The arguments of the Imperial Government to show the unreasonableness of many of the assumptions of the Diet were forcible, and sometimes unanswerable, but little head was made either way till the Prussian invasion of Bohemia terrified and angered Austria by introducing in rear of its march a movement against Hungary conducted by Hungarian exiles. The world beheld the strange spectacle of a god-fearing king, who believes in divine right and in the sacredness of sovereign power, using the arms of men who had broken their oaths as citizens, subjects, and soldiers, to overturn the rule of their legitimate monarch, and allying himself with ultra-republicans and furious democrats against the most ancient and orthodox house in Europe. But now it was obvious that Hungary must be conciliated or Austria would be lost in any future contest. She was the Ireland on which every enemy counted, but unlike Ireland, Hungary was united almost as a man, and was a vigorous nation, capable, unaided, of making defensive war, and aided, of meeting any enemy in the field.

Other rulers might learn a lesson from Francis Joseph. He called to his presence men whose names and antecedents filled him with repugnance; he sacrificed his pride, his dislikes, his love of ease, to his kingly duties; he studiously sought the means of a compromise with the popular leaders. Deak, with equal wisdom and patriotism, helped by many able men, met his royal master half way as soon as he perceived that there was a chance of securing the substance of what the Hungarians really desired. There were conferences and interviews under the inspiration of M. Von Beust, to whose sage counsels the change in Francis Joseph's policy must be chiefly ascribed. Much controversy about "continuitat" and "the laws of '48;" much heat concerning demands for exclusive military and financial establishments; and at last an arrangement for a mixed committee of Austrians and Hungarians, on what were called common affairs, was agreed upon. The Hungarians were to have their own Diet and their own Ministry,

and so it was agreed that the coronation diploma, which is a sort of formal announcement of the rights of the people, should be prepared, and that Francis Joseph might take the oaths before heaven as the King of Hungary, some parts of which, by-the-by, it is scarce possible for him to execute. In olden times the kings of England were supposed to accept as a settled obligation the duty of reconquering the lands across the Channel which had been taken from their ancestors by the French; and to-day the King of Hungary is pledged to make war against the Turks, and drive them Lord Redcliffe knows not where, and to do a number of things he has no more intention of doing than George I. had of annexing the Pas de Calais. Francis Joseph came to Buda; his lovely Queen had gone there earlier; but the Hungarians, though respectfully joyous, were not enthusiastic, and there was no "*moriamur pro rege nostrâ*" from their lips. The Emperor was delighted with Pesth and the Hungarians. Returned exiles, some of whom ought to have been hanged long ago, had the decrees of Austrian courts been carried out, thronged his palace halls, and the days were near at hand when he was to put on the crown and mantle of St. Stephen, and ride on a horse and swear an oath, and be indeed a king.

There were still difficulties to be tidied over after it had been determined to hold the coronation, and there were wearisome delays before the day could be fixed. No doubt this uncertainty, as well as the attractions of the Great Exhibition, prevented the attendance of many strangers, but at no time could it have been expected that many Austrians would be present, as they detested the whole of the proceedings *toto cælo*. The Croats were as obstinate in refusing to come to Pesth as the Hungarians had been in absenting themselves from the former Reichsraths at Vienna. They pinned their faith on Stratomirivitz, who was their new Jellachich, and there was a fluttering of wings among all the little eaglets in Bohemia, Galicia, and Slavonia.

Now, we must all admit that if a king of England should appear at his coronation in a robe which was worn by William the Conqueror, and with a crown which belonged to the first Christian monarch of the isle, it would excite emotion even among the most unpoetical and unimaginative portion of his subjects. Perhaps it is too much to say "all of us" must admit the fact, for there are some people who won't admit anything, on principle; but at all events one is safe in presuming the adjuncts of such interesting objects would give the ceremony and the wearer additional attraction in the eyes of the multitude. As to the Hungarians, it is a revelation from Heaven to see such things as St. Stephen's mantle and crown. It can be but seldom they are revealed, for it is only at coronations that the guardians of these relics permit them to be looked upon, and then these high officers keep watch and ward for three days, whilst the stream of spectators rolls on, struggling through the room with eyes fixed on the helmet crown and the tattered mantle—a very tattered mantle indeed. Whether it is the same St. Stephen who repudiated the charges of the

Poole of his day, and covered him with offensive epithets on account of his little bill for a pair of breeches, we must leave to *Notes and Queries*; but if it were, the defects in a bad nether garment would have been visible through the royal mantle, had it been in its present condition. Queen Gisla was a cunning worker and neat-handed, and she covered this sacred cloak with a vast variety of holy images and symbols, on which time has done much mischief, so that the fingers of the royal ladies who have been repairing it since must have been as active with the scissors as with the needle. As to the crown, there is a tradition of even greater sanctity, for men will believe that though it was sent to St. Stephen by Boniface, it was made in heaven, and carried to the Pope by celestial mechanics, who must have worked very much in the style of human artificers of that period on the earth. In form it combines the morion and the coronet, and the stones which are set in it do not offer great attractions to the admirer of precious jewels. What simple days these were in which subjects believed in their king so thoroughly that whatever faith he adopted became theirs at once! When Stephen became a Christian he made all his people of the same faith at a coup—a wholesale, almost miraculous, conversion, if it were not that it might have been dangerous for any Magyar to profess a faith which his king had renounced. Much in the same way was it that nations became Catholic or Protestant subsequently. Bohemia, once so heretic, was converted at the battle of the White Mount, and the Protestantism of Hungary yielded to the influence of the great landowners who remained faithful to the Pope.

When it was announced over here that the Emperor of Austria would certainly be crowned at Pesth on the 8th of June, there were probably some dozens of diplomatically-minded persons who were affected by the intelligence. Why should not he be crowned there? Why had not he been crowned before? Why was he to be crowned at all? Any Hungarian could have expatiated for hours in reply to these questions; but to the average British man it was matter of as much inconsequence and indifference as if he were told that there was to be a new Lama of Thibet on such a day installed at Lassa. To many millions of people, however, the subject was of vital importance,—to millions more indeed than there are people in these isles,—for all the populations of the Austrian dominions and the conterminous races were deeply affected by the news that all difficulty between the pretensions of the Crown and the rights of the Hungarians had been arranged, and that Francis Joseph was to become not only Emperor of Austria, but King of Hungary. But it was only by an arrangement, and therefore by a compromise on both sides; and on both sides there were partizans who felt that wrong had been done, and who received the concession with dislike.

In all contests between right and power there is sure to arise a party which takes the extreme view on each side, and for which there is no possible end but the supremacy of their principles. They advance on the top of the waves and when the flood subsides are left stranded. As the

French Revolution has left its deposits of Rouges about the world, as the Italian Revolution has dropped its Mazzinis and its Garibaldis, so the Hungarian Revolution has precipitated its Kossuths—men to whom any compromise seems to be base treason. The party representing Kossuth's policy were, however, represented in Hungary itself, although they abandoned the fiction of a republic; and to them the surrender of the demands made by the Diet in 1861 was as hateful as the concessions made to the Hungarians were to the Germans proper and to the Croats of the Empire.

Very few people knew what the coronation of the Emperor would be like. They were not aware it was to be a political pageant of no ordinary significance, and that the Hungarians were going to render it one of the most singular spectacles ever seen in these modern days. Thousands of people flock to far less interesting places to behold much less attractive sights; and it may be fairly said that in one respect the coronation was a failure. Not many strangers came to witness it, and very few of the Austrians proper, or of the neighbouring peoples.

Up to a few days before the ceremony, there was no positive knowledge when it would take place. There were many matters of importance to be decided upon; and it is well the Magyars set to work so soon to devise their dresses and give orders to their tailors. As it was, there were misfits and sartorial failures and heartburnings. There were of course some Englishmen at the show—Frenchmen were all “gravitating” towards Paris. A few Germans, odd Americans, the members of the diplomatic missions, one Croat deputy,—all the rest were Magyar and non-Magyar Hungarians, with the exception of some Austrians and Roumans, who looked in to see how things were getting on.

To Buda it was a disappointment—to Pesth a bitterness of spirit. The Hungarians are quite well aware that, for all their good qualities, they play now but a small part on the political stage. They are much like some veteran *beau sabreur*, in the uniform of other days, with false teeth, wig, and paint and patches, who, in antiquated finery, totters along in the crowd which has assembled to see the youthful warriors returning victorious from the battle of the hour. They have insisted on taking a step far back into the Middle Ages, and have erected a barrier between themselves and Europe. With German—even with Latin—they had a language which enabled them to be of Europe. But with Hungarian! It is only the language of some five millions at most. Russian is spoken by 60,000,000, at all events.

And if even the troubled races of Slavonic origin can find a common language, there will be many millions of people erecting a wall between their nationality and European civilization. Every nation is the best judge of its own happiness; and if the Hungarians revert to a tongue in which there is no original work that has been deemed worthy of widely-read translations, they must take their own course. They have been too busy fighting all their lives, they say, to study

the arts and sciences and to cultivate literature; but the Grecian and Italian Republics had no inconsiderable share of the same amusements in their day, and yet they contrived to produce poets, painters, sculptors, and writers of the first order in extraordinary numbers. The Hungarians, however, had great orators; and, judging by Kossuth's English speeches, he must have made on his countrymen's minds impressions such as are due to the highest efforts of eloquence. They have historians, poets, novelists, and painters; but even national vanity cannot assign to them a commanding position. The result is, that other European nations know little of the feelings and even of the history of their eccentric brother, and that the event so very important to him did not widely move their sympathies.

On the morning of the 3rd of June I found myself in a carriage of the train proceeding to Strasbourg, with three Germans who had been at the Paris Exhibition, and were returning full of anecdotes of the hardness of the beer and the monstrosity of the charges and the incivility of the French. They read *Baedeker* and smoked at intervals, became excited as the train approached the Rhine, "hoched" when they had crossed it, and were quite pleasant and inoffensive till a dreadful Pole of Posen got in at Kehl. Such a man as that was! He had a round bullet head with closely-cropped hair, an obstinate bullet forehead, with a deep scar across it, shaggy reddish eyebrows, a small blue-grey eye with a black pupil, snub nose, high cheek bones, heavy red moustache, and shaved cheeks and chin; dressed well, carried a huge signet ring on his forefinger, and a tremendous pipe of ineffable blackness. He spoke all languages; disputed on all points; talked whilst he smoked—which was always; never slept; bounced about on his seat, turning now from one and now to another, with his forefinger giving point to an observation in his adversary's ribs. He had fought all over Germany in '48; did not like what had happened before that time from the day of his birth, and was disgusted with everything since. He had fought at Berlin, at Radstadt, at Vienna; he was a good Catholic, but he considered the Pope a nuisance; he was an indifferent Prussian, for he hated Bismarck, he regarded Francis Joseph and Austria as political enormities, and thought Napoleon III. was an impostor. England was only a workshop full of dishonest mechanics, about to be pulled down and overturned by Americans and Irish Fenians. The very salt of the earth was Polish, and it was not Polish unless it was Posenish; and Russia was the source of all the corruptions of the world, which this salt alone could cure. It was positively miraculous to hear that man talk, to see him smoke, to catch the fire of his pipe, the outline of his figure in gesticulation, and the tone of his high full voice through the night! At Ulm he got out, and returned no more, and the wearied Germans with the air of men who had been fighting bravely at Ephesus and had got the worst of it, grunted and went to sleep, to wake up in the morning and look on the plain outside Munich. And lo! there were columns of infantry, and squadrons of cavalry at work as if

the Bavarians had not learned the army was just worth as much as if they were Nuremberg toys. What on earth does Bavaria want of an army? We know she won't fight. She has no colonies to protect—her Bund is dissolved. At a moment when honour, duty, treaties, promises, called on them to fight last year we all know what the Bavarians did. And yet these honest beer-drinking people believe they are a military power, and pay 9,500,000 florins a year for their army, and keep up a force of 157,000 infantry, 21,000 horse, and 136 guns, out of a population much less than that of Ireland! Let us get on from Munich, although it be with a German baroness who smokes cigarettes, and who has a French husband and a large family of children in a state of normal rebellion. At four o'clock, however, we could get on no further. The engine declared itself incompetent some way beyond Linz, and selected for its repose, with great judgment, a place opposite a station at which the telegraph was out of order. So a man was despatched on foot to the next station to send us the news, and the population of the train set itself to make the best of the circumstances with great philosophy. There were corn fields by the roadside. Some wandered in and ate the unripe ears—others culled flowers—some played with the ballasting, and chucked pebbles in the water. A great tabaks concilium was held over the engine, which was declared to be a very evil-minded piece of mechanism. One asserted it must be an "English machine"—to be so bad. Men, women, and children—all except the husband of the German baroness, who had true French impatience in him—would have been content to remain shuffling about and conversing *de omnibus* as long as the glorious sun was lighting up the beautiful Austrian landscape, with the outlines of the Tyrolese Alps on our right, and the wooded heights over the valley of the Danube on our left; but the engine from Linz came puffing along, and in a few minutes we were bumped and butted onwards, and then drove into a thunder-storm, which toyed with the train for an hour or so, and pursued us almost into Vienna—the Paris, and better than the Paris, of Eastern Europe.

No Volksgarten—no Prater—no anything-to-night! That shower of rain had driven every Viennese of them all into the beer-halls, and so to Sacher's for supper, and then to bed at any hotel you please, in the snuggest, best furnished bed-room possible, at which Charing Cross, *au troisienne*, would be in despair, and the Grand Hotel au 1er + n would be in disgust—Römischer Kaiser, Osterreichischer Hof, Munsch, Archduke Charles—any will do, though various in cooking, and wines, and attendance. The news is certain. The Emperor will be crowned on 8th June. The ambassadors and ministers go to-morrow—some early, some by 2:30 p.m. train. The Danube is high, but it needs early rising to go down by boat, and so the afternoon train is decided on—that is, I decide upon it, but my courier and valet has very imperfect notions about time, and is in that capacity a man of original character. All the way from England he has been a nuisance to me. He began by sitting on my best hat; next, he lost my new umbrella; further, he was nearly left behind at

Calais ; further, he was late with the luggage at Paris, so that I missed the train and had to stay a night in the horrors of an over-crowded hotel ; and ever since then I have been clutching him out of beer-houses and driving him into his carriage as the train starts.

At last it became a joke among my friends, who were amused by my constant care and attention, and I was asked whether I had been up to waken my valet, or had brushed his boots ; and if, as sometimes it happened, he did not appear in very neat trim in the morning, I was rebuked for not having taken him up his shaving water.

No one who saw Vienna to-day could have imagined that so great an event in the history of the Austrian Empire was about to take place close at hand. But ten short months ago, and those tortuous streets, now so listless, were filled with Hungarian soldiery, and with the white-coated army of the Kaiser. The cafés were full of excited and fearful citizens ; the heights crowded with anxious groups looking across the Danube over the flat plains of the Marchfeld for traces of the advancing Prussians ; and now and then were commotions in the thoroughfares as wounded prisoners, the victims of outlying cavalry skirmishes, were hauled through the streets, or some miserable creature, who had been seized as a spy, was dragged along to death.

The streets were now in their normal state. Vienna has been accustomed to such terrors of the foe ; and long ere the French were accustomed to march in and out as they pleased, Hungarians and Turks had encamped beneath her walls and threatened her with sack and pillage bombardment and storm.

By a merciful dispensation for tardy people the Vienna railways always give grace of some fifteen or twenty minutes, and so we managed to get away from the Nord Bahn station by the 2.30 afternoon train, on the 5th, which was filled with the diplomacy of the great and little powers.

Over the Danube sped the train and out through the fortifications of Florisdorf, which already afford a warning to man. "Put not your trust in earthworks." The winter's rain has cut deep crevasses in scarp and counterscarp, and the spring and early summer have brought forth their crops of weeds and wild flowers ; but the Austrian, wisely doubting the defensive power of the great wet ditch of the Danube, is about to construct permanent works around one of the most easily defended capitals in the world.

Within a few miles of Florisdorf, hid in the ripe honours of the glorious harvest, lie the famous fields of Aspern, Essling, and Wagram, marked solely by the little church spires which rise above the corn. Right and left spread the undulating fields of the Marchfeld, and here and there around the simple villages of whitewashed houses with shingled roofs, are spread great commons covered with flocks of geese and herds of Hungarian cattle.

The peasants, unvexed of Prussians, are tilling the fields or tending their flocks ; the men in loose linen drawers and boots, the women only

distinguished from the men by wearing handkerchiefs bound round their heads and fastened under the chin. The bridge over the March, which was destroyed as the Prussians advanced, has been temporarily repaired, and the train passed over it very gingerly, whilst the creaking and groaning of the planks gave notice that they were not permanently intended for such pressure. Then we passed from the plain through some hilly ground and mild hills, the end of the spur of the White Carpathians which runs down to the Danube at Presburg. These almost shut out the battle-field of which Austrians and Prussians claim the advantage, on that memorable Sunday when the flag of truce, upborn in the sight of the fierce-fighting battalions, stayed the sanguinary combat.

From Presburg, almost to Pesth itself, there is one vast plain which now is covered with black masses of horses, herds of cream-coloured cattle, flocks of sheep; bounded on the left by hillocks and ridges crowned with vineyards, and on the right marked by ruined castles, towns, and monasteries, dotting the course of the Danube.

The lights of Pesth were set in the darkness of night ere the train arrived at the station and delivered its passengers to the mercy of Magyar porters and cabmen.

The strongest man took his luggage; the unscrupulous took other people's; the weaker went to their hotels. I do not know what class I belong to, but I know I got my own luggage, and my invaluable courier carried off somebody else's; it would be unjust to my companion, a stout countryman, who belonged to the Wurtemberg hussars, if I did not attribute my success to his efforts. It was very pleasant to get into the *Königin von England*, particularly as the Oberkelner laughed at the idea of finding a refuge in the hostelry, and utterly repudiated a premonitory telegram. However, he was quite open to admit the efficacy of an engagement made for a bed-room a month before—that we could have, but no more if we coined our blood for drachmas.

The room was small, the Wurtemberg hussar was large—nor is the writer exactly one of those angelic bodies which can dance or sleep in large numbers on the point of a needle—but somehow or other two beds were rigged up; the impracticable courier was disposed of in a crib among some blacking brushes, empty bottles, and Croat servants; and we sallied forth into the streets of Pesth to mingle with the thousands, who, like ourselves, were staring at the preparations for the forthcoming pageant. The crowds were more, far more, worthy of attention than the objects which attracted their regards. Women in pork-pie hats are no great novelties in England, but when they add to these headdresses, which are called Hungarian hats, a costume which is in many parts *præ-crinoline*, and a peculiar mode of wearing it, the *ensemble* attracts notice. And their cavaliers were still more remarkable, for they wore their boots over their trousers, repudiated buttons on their frock-coats, and insisted on assuming pork-pie hats without feathers. Pesth is a city of modern Germany. There are odd signs over the doors, and the shopkeepers, of whom most

boast German names, will put their Christian after their surnames, so that you read Smith John and Jones William à la Magyar. There are fine signboards in the Vienna fashion—bad pavé and much dust—houses high and streets tortuous—many tall chimnies of sugar factories and breweries, and those manufacturing processes which make a town so unattractive to any stranger, except the statistical, political, economical, and mercantile wanderer. There were tall painted poles and garlands at the street corners; but the city was still in the grub state, and gave no promise of its butterfly development. At the Königin von England most of the young diplomatists were seated in a cool gallery outside the dining-room, and looking out on the court-yard, where it was cool and exclusive. The elder brethren of the craft had sent their *attachés* away, probably in order to have their room to themselves and a little snug gossip. There was a gloom on their young faces. And well there might. It came whispered about that there was bad news from Vienna concerning the state of the Archduchess Mathilde—a special favourite of all people. Why should she not be so? Illustrious by birth, she had rendered herself beloved for her goodness. Youthful, graceful, fair to look upon, exceedingly accomplished, lively and amiable she was in her way—oh, how much stood in it!—a sister of charity—the charm of a court—the comfort of many a lowly dwelling. For long days and nights she had suffered from her dreadful burns. Why repeat the sad story? Her resignation moved all those around her as much as her pain, and now it was that she was to be removed from all anguish for ever. The news, in fact, prepared every one for the worst. The coronation would not be postponed, but it was felt that all gaiety and ball-giving and dancing would be out of place, and so many costly preparations would go for nought. The Emperor and his fair wife, and the small court keeping up their haughty simple state over the water at Buda, had a heavy shadow cast on their to-morrow; for with the news of the sad condition of Archduke Albrecht's daughter came the report that Maximilian was in the hands of the Mexican Republicans, and men who knew what *they* were feared to think of his fate. So all went to bed in Buda and Pesth with a sense of melancholy. In my chamber slept or reposed the Wurtemberg hussar; and, although I have no objection to hussars of Wurtemberg “in the abstract,” I think a specimen is objectionable when he is over fourteen stone, and reposes two feet from you in a very small room on an intensely hot night. Joy came in the morning, but not in the shape of my courier and valet; for of him for hours after were no tidings, and then unfortunately he came to the surface, and to the top story of the Königin, and was alive after all. The Magnates were sitting, and the House of Representatives—matinal as these Hungarian are—were in full sitting, and we were to go off and see them; for was not Belus, Lord of Sequins, to be our cicerone?

Now as to what was to be seen in the Diet, has it not been recorded in the chronicles of the newspapers by their special correspondents? There

are old paintings to be met with all over the world, which hang up in one's memory. "The Doge receiving the Turkish Ambassadors," or the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," or Louis the Great besieging some place—you know the kind—men in strange dresses, with swords and jewelled raiment. The Peers and Commons of Hungary recalled these pictures of the past. There were malcontents who wore black cloth and sheaths to their swords, and unadorned black caps; and there were marvels of richness, such as Count Bela Szechenyi, Count Waldstein or Wallenstein, Count Bathyany, *quos enumerare longissimum est*. But after all I sought out Deak first, as all comers would do, and found him not, for he did not appear to be in the House. He is, physically, too big a man to be overlooked, and could not be smothered up like our Lord Russell, or the Maccallum More, or Sir John Pakington, or Messrs. Roebuck and Whalley, and other senators who are like Horace, at least in that they are *modo bipedali staturá*. The coachmen, footmen, and life hussars of the nobles were more radiant than their masters; but many of the Lower House went up with the address to the palace at Buda in the large, commodious, open carriages which serve as omnibuses in Pesth.

There was an old historic figure missing in the pageant. Who could forget the courteous, kindly grandee, shining a perfect chrysolite, from diamond spur and heel to aigretted cap, at the Moscow Coronation, just eleven-years ago? The friend of emperors, and almost the peer of kings, Prince Esterhazy was an object to be missed by any who had seen him then. And to think of the jewels—some of them at least—ticketed and marked off for sale in a London auctioneer's! And what are lost for ever—the anecdote, the knowledge of courts and men—the memories of times when there were giants fighting on earth.

There is in the city of Pesth a most hospitable and excellent club—the Casino—to which every stranger was invited as an honorary member, the only exception being the British Ambassador and his suite. By some quaint misapprehension they were left out; but the suite were not aware of the fact, and came all the same. The Duke de Gramont and his secretaries and attachés were duly inscribed; but what was everybody's business was done by nobody, and so Lord Bloomfield and his following were left out in the cold. The Casino was a very refuge: in addition to the excellent library and reading-rooms, there was an admirable restaurant, to which, in the heat and fatigue of the day, the afflicted sightseer could repair for food and shelter. There, this evening, at a table close at hand, I saw a man mumbling the end of a cigar: a heavily-built, large-headed, and slow-moving man, of a complexion the French would call *basané*; a heavy face and forehead, obscured by a low descending thatch of thick iron-grey hair; very shaggy eyebrows; a dark and not very brilliant eye; a thick greyish moustache and shaven cheeks. He wore dark clothes, trousers, and boots, and had the air of a *bon petit bourgeois*. And this was Deak; and here or at the Königin von England he might be seen daily and nightly,—never at the ceremonies and receptions and state

pageants held in honour of the consummation of his work. One night when there was a great clamour in the street outside, and all the members flocked to the window and reported that the Emperor and Empress were passing below in an open carriage, looking at the illuminations, and surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd, Deak, who was sitting in the room, merely gave a sort of grunt when he was told what it was, and went on with his sweet omelet. He would not move to the window to look at the spectacle.

On the 6th the Magnates and Representatives appeared in the world in their full feathers. They were graciously received by the Emperor and Empress; and in the afternoon the great ladies were presented to her Majesty at a sort of drawing-room, the Emperor not being present, but looking on all the while from another apartment or gallery, so that he could admire the quaint toilettes and their fair owners. One lady I saw ere she set out on her journey, and it needed all the exertions of a devoted husband, an excellent son, and a numerous valetry, to get her train in order and to sweep her up in safety to her carriage. It was a Hungarian dress of the old style; and all I can say is, that it was very rich, very extensive, very becoming, and most charmingly, patriotically, and martyrically borne by the countess whom it enshrined. The great amusement of that afternoon was in the Stadt Wäldchen—a rough kind of Rotten Row, very extensive and very dusty,—in which cavaliers ride and ladies and gentlemen drive and look at each other, the walks at the side being crowded by loungers. There was a want of what we would call style in the *ensemble* of the riders. The felt hats, and boots over their trousers, and the single-breasted buttonless coats did not look like dress; and the habit of wearing large numnahs under the saddles detracted from the look of many fine horses; but as to the riding there could be no mistake, for, with too much of the circus about it, the horsemanship of most of the men, who delighted to “bucket” about their steeds, was very good. In the Wäldchen there are gardens where gipsy bands may be heard and ices eaten and flirtations carried on. The gipsy bands we have all heard of, and they are, if good, indeed worth hearing. Imagine a group of street musicians, not very well clad and mostly with Jewish countenances of mean aspect, small receding foreheads, big ears, and inanimate looks, sawing away at their fiddles; and you do not, if you succeed, raise an agreeable image. But listen to them for a little, and when the wonderful unison, fire, and sentiment of their playing has done its work open your eyes and you will see a transformation. Each man there is inspired; his face has changed, his soul is at the tips of his fingers, trembling up and down the fibres from which he is evolving such harmony; and you no longer wonder why a Magyar will oftentimes fling down his purse to the despised musicians with a little fortune in it. In the evening there was a reception at Count Karolyi's, which only differed from such assemblies in an European capital in that it gave the idea of a fancy ball, owing to the Magyar dress of the men, for

the ladies were attired like the Frenchwomen, against whose *luxu effrené* a veteran senator waged an idle war. Instead of liveried servants and men in black—those respectable persons who are so distracting to the diffident tyro—there were gentry in grand hussar uniforms and military-looking attire, who seemed ill-employed in lining staircases and handing about ices. They would all, high and low, have been happy but for the pitiful news. The Archduchess Mathilde was dying, some said was dead! Albrecht, conqueror of Custozza, was known to be no philo-Magyar, but none could refuse their sympathy to that much-afflicted man. Surely if the sins of the fathers be measured by visitations on the children, there must have been many workers of iniquity among the elder Hapsburgs. And sitting in anguish with her heart far away there is yet another for whose grief her bitterest enemy must feel—the proud ambitious mother of the poor Emperor, thousands of miles from the land he loved, and where he was so dearly loved even by the foes of his house, whose fate was so soon to be sealed in blood.

All next day the Kaiser was working and fasting in his palace of Buda. He entertained the ambassadors, ministers, and diplomatic corps at a banquet which was very creditable to the cook. It was a fast day and no meat could be served at the table of the Most Catholic King; but so little was the want felt that a carnivorous Briton was fain to admit he had never had a better dinner in his life. There is a grandeur and simplicity in the Austrian Imperial table. The dinners at a large stock-broker's or a big brewer's are better, gastronomically considered, than the feasts at Schönbrunn or Buda, but the company is not quite so good in the matter of quarterings, though it may be more lively and entertaining. The family keep early hours, the dishes are simple, the wines excellent, but the finest plate is not produced on any but extraordinary occasions. The Emperor cares not much for state; he likes his soldier's uniform and would never willingly exchange it for anything but his Tyrolese hunter's dress, in which the uncovered knees and short cuisse pieces terminating above the knee somewhat recall the kilt. The Hapsburgs consider themselves the finest gentlemen in Europe, but they are rather shy and are sometimes brusque. Still they are the most accessible sovereigns in Europe as far as their subjects are concerned, and the poorest is not denied an audience, or refused admission to the Emperor's palace. We cannot be so free in constitutional countries, where the divinity which hedges the king is generally a detective policeman in plain clothes.

And when all were gone this great Kaiser fasted on. Probably he, an emperor, crowned and accepted, soon to be a king—the exile with a mocking title, and unhonoured crown, soon to be steeped in blood—bethought him often of the brother whose pale hue of native resolution was never sicklied over with the pale cast of any fear except such as doth become a man. And yet that gallant Max was the man who had made the heart of Austria throb with a fervid pulse when she was nigh beaten to the dust; for from his care and fostering providence came forth the

fleet that won at Lissa, and completed the mantle which was woven at Custozza.

Through the night came the clamour of preparation. There were rivets to be closed, and stitches to be sewed, and boats to be eased.

That night there was another reception, at which the question asked by every stray Briton was "How am I to see the coronation to-morrow?" Lord Bloomfield, the Ambassador of her Majesty, is one of the kindest and most agreeable of diplomatists, but he had been informed that there would be scarcely room enough for his own suite, and he could scarcely under those circumstances hope to extend the cover of his protection to those who did not belong to the embassy.

Count Zapary, to whom the arrangements had been entrusted, took, perhaps, rather a limited view of his functions, and there were, therefore, many demands on the time and patience of the unaccredited friend of the human race, who, in the guise of Count Bela Szechenyi, was supposed to be able to do what ambassadors, princes, potentates, and powers conceived to be impossible.

There was this distracting circumstance to be attended to, that the ceremonial commenced in one city and was continued and ended in another, and that between the two there was no less an obstacle than the Danube, spanned, to be sure, by Tierney Clarke's suspension bridge, but still not to be got over after a certain hour, and that a very early one. The actual ceremony of the coronation took place in the parish church of Buda, on the right bank of the Danube, to which the imperial procession went from the palace in carriages. But then when the King came forth—a real king, indeed, crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, and wearing the mantle of Gisella—there began the great dramatic equestrian performance in which he, riding to Pesth, took the oath of what may be called fealty to his subjects before the Town Hall of the city, and then acted the most impressive part of his rôle, in which, riding up the Coronation Mound, he spurred his steed towards the four quarters of the world, and thrusting his sword through the air, bound himself to maintain the rights and dominions of Hungary, and to rescue the spoils of Christianity from the hands of the infidel. There are people who sleep calmly ere the executioner taps them on the shoulder, and who wake up from pleasant dreams to find the grim myrmidon at their bedside with the bonds and jibes of dishonourable death; but it is to be doubted if any man who has not the least idea of where he will be placed when the morning comes on which he is bound to see the great spectacle, is stoical enough to close his eyes in solid slumber. There were thousands of seats and hundreds of windows to be had for money in Buda and in Pesth, but in none of them could all the conditions be accomplished which were required by a conscientious sightseer.

Certainly any attempts to sleep in the "Queen of England" that night needed the certainty of a place for the morrow to ensure the smallest chance of success. Clothes were coming home from tailors, heavy-booted retainers

were marching along the passages, doors banged, and summonses in many tongues for wondering domestics broke through the night air; but even the susurous breathing of my Liechtenstein Hussar on the close adjoining bed did not extend its influence to my couch. "One! two! three!" the clocks chimed and tolled. I might have heard "four," but that from the Blocksberg rolled through the morning air the peal of the cannon which awoke into life all who were happy enough to sleep. It was a preposterous hour, and somehow or another a calm followed, during which "five o'clock" escaped me, and I was in my first sleep when the tall, austere form of a knight, clad in the full splendour of the British diplomatic uniform, appeared at my bedside, and with gentle admonition roused me to the fact that "my hour had come." But if that were so, my inimitable valet did not imitate the hour,—a fact which would have been of little consequence had he not been in intimate relation with my boots and uniform. Where he was in that many-chambered house who could say? Repeated experiments had demonstrated the utter futility of ringing the bell as a means of procuring attendance. All this would have been very distracting, but that the good to be derived from immediate preparation was not very great or decided. In fact, the kind diplomatist charged with affairs could not answer for my getting into the church, and I could make quite sure of getting to my window, humanly speaking. It would depend on our finding a particular man in a particular place at a particular time; to wit, Count B. S., in front of the cathedral, where the ambassadors' carriages arrived, and, if all these contingencies were disposed of, there was the still large doubt whether Count B. S., who had given up the notion of entering the church, although a magnate *inter magnates*, could procure admission for me. To drive up the hill of Buda that warm morning through balconied and platformed streets; to fail in obtaining admission; and then to return, like a dog in a racecourse, scuttling back on foot down those long lines of unsympathising eyes and open mouths; to be chaffed in Magyar, and to be in a hurry, *coram populo*; and as the bridge was closed to every one after the King set out from the palace for the church, hurry was obligatory,—that was a terrible picture, finishing with the chance of not being able to get to my window. It was in fact a terror which in some sort reconciled me to the involuntary confinement in my room to which I was exposed in that trying moment. It was a fair fine morning. Buda somehow looks like Edinburgh Old Town, and if the Danube flowed in the groove in which the railway now passes between the Castle and New Reekie, the resemblance would be still greater, with some such slight changes as pushing the Blocksberg from the proper right to the proper left of the city, and making the Cannongate clean, and having no Holyrood at all, and filling Pesth with tall chimney stacks. Even without these mutations there is a similitude in general effect, and if Edinburgh were dressed out in flags wherever flags could fly,—black, white, and yellow, and all colours, and turned all her people into the streets, and gathered up the wildest Highlanders, and then turned on a stream of chivalry, formed of the most

remarkable dresses of the Middle Ages, she would repeat what was done at Buda this 8th of June, with sufficient accuracy and verisimilitude. But there was much in this sight which was peculiarly Magyar and national, as well as picturesque. With all their fantasies the Magyars are a practical people in looking to their interests and maintaining their rights. They have fought for equality with Austria, and they have got it, and with equality they have insisted on their predominance over the races which live in their lives, so that less than four millions and a half of them are masters of more than four millions and a half of Germans, Slaves, and Roumans, and Croats; just as much as the Southron Scots ruled it over the Highlands. But inasmuch as the Highlanders were in language and attire more distinct from the Saxon than the Southrons were, they have won such a moral supremacy over their old masters that their name has become synonymous with Scotch, and their regiments and their attire are called by the national name; so the Hungarians *en masse* availed themselves of their native speech and manners and dress, to point their contest with the Austrians, and reverted to obsolete costumes and habits to mark their generic distinctiveness. In their sturdy independence they are Southron Scots all over—like the men who bled with Wallace, and who followed Bruce, and who had nothing whatever to do with the men of the clans, their natural enemies. In their love of feathers and ancient and fancy costumes they resemble the Celt of the Highlands, and like him, are fond of traditions of old times. There was a wonderful smack of what was old even in the newest costumes, and as for the sheep-skin clad creatures, who looked at the figures around them with the sort of look you may see in the eye of a bullock as it is driven through a crowd of cabs and passengers in Farringdon Street, they were just the same men as the lieutenants of the Cæsar of the day found sixteen hundred years ago tending their herds by the waters of the Danube.

To get to the window looking out on the Krönungs-hugel, the artificial mound composed of earth brought from all the counties of Hungary, so as to be an epitome of the kingdom, was not a difficult matter, for in that part of the world the crowd is readily cleared by any vessel in fine bunting and canvas. And there, after a time, the patience of all was rewarded by seeing one of the most original and quaint pieces of pageantry ever devised. It was scarcely possible to believe it was real! Could it be a real king who was capering about amid the people, or was it a player paid for doing the part? No. It was veritably what it was given out to be, and that was Francis Joseph of Austria, who was coming out of the archway at the bridge, on the curvetting steed, in the old mantle and the dingy crown. Who can share the feelings which rule the heart of one whose ancestors have been kings or emperors for eight hundred years, or dive into the recesses of a Hapsburg heart? The youngest of them all must be as ancient as a Pharaoh in his thoughts and in the manner in which he looks out on the outer world. Francis Joseph is a Hapsburg from heel to head—self-willed, brave, persevering,

tenacious, yet yielding when some dexterous hand has found out the joints in his mail. And here he was going through a ceremonial which was in fact an admission of his defeat and the token of a subverted policy. But he did it well. Never did knight of old bear lance better in the press of the tournament or in the lists than did the Kaiser in his ancient robes going through the fantastic rites prescribed for him. He fasted, he lay on his stomach with his face to the ground in the church as flat as—well as a pancake; he was oiled and greased and annointed; he was wiped dry; he was dressed and undressed; he was put on a most unruly Bucephalus; he took strange oaths and made impossible vows; and in every act and portion of his part he was erect, solemn, conscious and kingly. No smile on his lips, no frown on his brow—impassive—a sphinx-like look about the man as one who was bent on a work adored by Fate and Heaven. The whole of the proceedings were over long before it was expected, and the king had returned over the bridge and gained his palace ere midday. There was still one thing to be done ere he could be let alone and be at rest. The dinner was spread for himself and his fair queen and for four of the great ones of Hungary, but ere the monarch could taste of the food which was served to him by the greatest of the magnates in full dress, it was needful that the table should be ornamented with a piece of one of the roast oxen which the people were devouring in an adjacent meadow; and with one solitary toast given by the king—"Elgin a haza" (Long live our country)—the banquet ended. What the end of this day's work may be no one can foretell; but certain it is no more remarkable sight has been witnessed in its way by this generation, or even by those who assisted at the coronations, many and splendid as they have been, which have graced this half century.

“La Colonna Infame.”

Those who have had the privilege of reading in the original that chef d'œuvre of modern Italian literature, “I Promessi Sposi,” by Manzoni, will not fail to have been powerfully impressed with the wonderful force and vigour of his description of the great plague in Milan in the year 1630, of the horrors of the “lazeretto” and of the thousand infamous and brutal acts of violence committed in the name of justice by terror-stricken governors urged on by an ignorant and demoralized population. The firm belief in the wilful propagation of the plague by lawless persons by means of some powder or ointment smeared on the walls of the city, so ably commented on by Manzoni in this book, was not as we know common to Milan. In most accounts we read of the ravages of that dreadful pestilence—the scourge of the seventeenth century in London, Geneva, Turin, Florence, and Palermo—and even in more recent severe visitations of Asiatic cholera, we find traces of a similar superstition. In Milan, where the terror and panic ran so high, and where the torture extorted from scores of persons an absolute confession of the horrid crime imputed to them, we have in the records of the criminal proceedings abundant evidence of the strange infatuation, ignorance and depravity of both rulers and people. In these enlightened times we are perhaps hardly capable of estimating with strict justice the extent to which an ignorance of physical laws may in times of panic have distorted the judgment of sober men. It is, however, not so much an argument against the application of the torture that it has repeatedly been applied to extort confession of crimes morally and physically *impossible*, as the fact that by its instrumentality thousands of perfectly innocent persons have suffered. Ignorance may produce great inconveniences but not crime; and an institution essentially bad cannot apply itself “*da se*.” We cannot, therefore, shift the burden of guilt altogether on the shoulders of an ignorance of the possible and impossible, or acquit the judges of a culpable and ignoble terror which led them on to acts of undoubted injustice and violence. In Milan, in the year 1630, many persons were condemned to suffer torture and death for having smeared the walls of the city with an ointment which propagated the plague; we know that this was an impossible crime, but the authorities of that time considered these acts so atrocious and the condemnations so meritorious that they caused the house of one of the principal of the reputed “*untori*,” or annointers, to be pulled down, and on its site to be erected a column, entitled “*Infame*,” or infamous, on which was inscribed the offence and its punishment. This column was destroyed in 1778, and some years ago the author was acquainted with a Milanese gentleman who remembered well this

curious relic of barbarism. The history of the circumstances which led to the erection of this "Colonna Infame" is ably described by Manzoni in a kind of appendix to his celebrated story "I Promessi Sposi," and I propose giving a succinct account of what was perhaps one of the most reckless and blind perversions of criminal justice that history can produce.

It was during the height of the terrible plague, and towards half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 21st June, 1630, that a silly woman called Caterina Rosa happened by misfortune to look out of the window of a kind of gallery that was at the entrance of a street called *Vetra de Cittadini*, at the end looking towards the "Porta Ticinese," when she saw a man enveloped in a long black cloak and his hat drawn down over his eyes; he had some paper in his hand, on which (she said in her subsequent deposition) he appeared to be writing. She held the man in view, and observed that he kept very close to the wall; and turning the corner, she remarked that at intervals he drew his hand along the wall. Then, added the woman, it occurred to me that perhaps this was one of the persons who went about smearing the walls with ointment to propagate the plague. Taken with such a suspicion, she passed into another room, the window of which looked up the street the man had taken, and here again she observed that he constantly rubbed his finger along the wall. At another window of the same street was another spectatress, named Octavia Bono, who could not say whether she conceived the same suspicions by herself, or whether they came after hearing the rumours that had got abroad. This woman, when examined, deposed to having seen the man from the time of his first entrance into the street; but she can say nothing about his rubbing his hand or finger against the wall. "I saw," she said, "that he stopped suddenly at the end of the garden-wall of the house 'delle Crevelli,' and I noticed that he had some paper in his left hand on which he appeared to be writing. I afterwards saw him rub the paper on a part of the garden-wall where there was a little whitewash." Most probably the poor man was only trying to clean some inkstains from his fingers, as it seems that he really was engaged in writing; for in his own examination the next day, he was asked if he wrote as he walked along; and he replied, "Signor, si." With regard to his having kept so close to the wall, he said that it was to get shelter as it was raining. And that it *was* raining Caterina herself deposed; but the following ingenious conclusion was drawn from this circumstance: "It is probable that a rainy morning would be chosen expressly, so that persons passing along the street under shelter of the wall might more readily brush their clothes against the ointment." After the unfortunate man had reached the end of the street he turned back, and just on reaching the corner from whence Caterina Rosa had been watching his proceedings, by another piece of misfortune, he encountered a person entering the street, who saluted him. Caterina, who in order to see everything had again returned to the window of the first room, looking out, asked the other man who it was he had saluted. He replied that he knew him only by sight, but that he was one of the sanitary commissioners.

Then I said, deposed Caterina, "I have seen him doing certain things that do not please me at all;" and going out we observed that the walls were smeared with a yellowish-looking ointment. The other woman deposed also to having seen the walls smeared with ointment of a yellow colour. Thus commenced this extraordinary judicial investigation. It never seems to have struck any one as singular that a man engaged in such a kind of work should have waited until after sunrise to do it, or that he should have gone along without once looking up at the windows to see if he was observed, or even how it was that he could handle with impunity an ointment that was to kill those who merely brushed their clothes against it in passing. The inhabitants of the street, under the influence of fright, soon discovered all kinds of ominous marks and smears, which had probably been unnoticed before their eyes for years, and in trepidation and haste they set about burning straw all along the wall to disinfect it. Residing in the same street was a barber called Giangiancomo Mora, and he like many of the others imagined that the walls of his house had been smeared with the ointment. He little knew, unhappy wretch, what other and more real danger was hanging over him, and from the action of that same commissioner. The story of the two women was soon enriched by new circumstances. A son of the barber Mora being examined was asked, "if he knew or had heard in what manner the said commissioner smeared the said walls and houses," replied, "I heard that a woman living over the portico traversing the Via Vetra—I do not know her name—had said that the commissioner smeared the walls with a *pen*; holding a jar in the other hand." Very likely Caterina had spoken of a *pen*, and it is easy to divine what other article she had baptised a *jar*; but to a mind that could see nothing but poisonous ointment a *pen* might possibly have a more intimate connection with a *jar* than with an *inkstand*. One circumstance however was true: the man *was* a sanitary commissioner, and from this indication he was found to be one "Gugliemo Piazza."

"It has been signified to the Senate that yesterday morning the walls and doors of the houses in the Via Vetra de Cittadini have been smeared with a pestilential ointment," said the Chief Justice to the criminal notary; and with these words, already full of a deplorable certainty, and passed without correction from the mouths of the people into those of the magistrates, the process commenced. Gugliemo Piazza had been arrested and his house searched from top to bottom, but nothing had been found. Questioned as to his profession—his ordinary habits—on the walk he had taken the previous morning—on the clothes he wore, &c., they at length asked him, "Have you heard that certain walls in the Via Vetra, particularly towards the 'Porta Ticinese,' have been smeared with a poisonous ointment?" He replied; "I don't know, because I didn't stop at the 'Porta Ticinese.'" This was considered to be *improbable*, and to this question four times repeated, he replied four times the same thing in different words. Again, among the facts of the previous day of which Piazza

had spoken was his having been in the company of certain parochial deputies (these were gentlemen elected in each parish by the sanitary tribunal to watch over and enforce the execution of their orders). He was asked *who* were these deputies, and he replied, "I do not know their names, I know them only by sight." This was also pronounced *improbable*—a terrible word, to understand the importance of which it is necessary to remark, that the judges could only legally inflict the torture when it had been proved that the prisoner had *lied* in his answers to the questions put to him, but the law also stated that the lie or lies must regard the substantial circumstances of the crime imputed; beyond this the infliction of the torture was left entirely to the discretion of the judges. How far these *improbabilities* were reasonable we leave to the reader. The judges now intimated to the prisoner that he should state plainly and openly "*why* he denied knowing that the walls of the said street had been smeared, and *why* he denied a knowledge of the names of the deputies; these things being palpable falsehoods. If, therefore, he persisted in this denial he would be put on the cords, so as to extort from him the truth regarding these circumstances." "If you should also put the collar on my neck I know no more than what I have told you," replies the poor man, with that kind of desperate courage with which reason will sometimes defy force, as if to show that whatever it can do it cannot make truth falsehood. The unfortunate wretch is forthwith put to the torture on the cords, and he is asked if he has resolved to tell the truth. "I have said it, Signori—I have said it," he persists. "Oh for the love of God let me down. I will say all I know. Oh, Heavens! make them give me a little water." Presently he is let down and placed on a seat, but now again replies, "I know no more than I have told you. Oh, Signori, make them give me some water."

He is reconducted to his cell, and the examination recommences on the 23rd June. The tribunal now decrees that "Guglielmo Piazza," after having been shaven, redressed, and *purged*, shall be put to severer tortures than before with the fine cords (an atrocious addition, which dislocates both arms and hands), at the discretion of the president of the sanitary commission and the chief justice, in consequence of certain falsehoods on the part of the accused—resulting from the process. In order to understand the meaning of the first part of the order, viz., that the accused shall be first shaven, redressed, and *purged*, it is necessary to remark that in those times it was firmly believed that, either in the hair, in the skin, in the clothes, or even in the intestines, there might be some amulet or charm, which these precautions were intended to counteract. The miserable Piazza is again submitted to new and severer tortures; but nothing is extracted from him beyond the following pathetic outcries:— "Oh, my God! what assassination is this! Oh, Signor President, make them kill me, make them cut off my hand—kill me—kill me! At least, let me rest a little. Oh, for the love of God, let me have some water! I know nothing. I have said all I know." After repeated requests to

tell the *truth*, the goaded wretch can hardly gasp in his agony,—“Oh, I have said it. I can say no more.” At length he is let down and conducted a second time to his cell. After a short interval, the following decree is issued by the governor :—“It is promised to any one who within thirty days shall bring clear evidence against any person or persons who may have aided or assisted the said Guglielmo Piazza, the following premium,” &c. ; “and if the said person be an accomplice, it is further promised to him free pardon and exemption from punishment.” At the same time it was intimated to the accused that he was to be subjected every day to the torture, unless he confessed the whole truth ; but that if he would confess, and state to the Senate who were his accomplices, he should be exempt from further torture and punishment of any kind. Who can justly analyze the mind of that tortured wretch, in whose memory the fearful agonies he had undergone were so fresh and powerful ? Who can judge how the conflict between the terror of suffering the same over again, and the hope of security held out to him, may have raged within his breast ? It appears that the barber, Giangiancomo Mora, was in the habit of selling a certain ointment as a cure for the plague—one of the thousand specifics so readily believed in during the time of any epidemic disease. A few days before his arrest Piazza had asked the barber for some of this ointment, and he had promised to prepare it for him ; and meeting him on the very morning of the day of his arrest, had told him that it was ready if he would come and take it. The judges wished to have a story about ointment in connection with the Via Vetra ; what more natural than that this recent circumstance should furnish material to the miserable prisoner driven to desperation by his merciless persecutors ?

On the 26th of June Piazza was again conducted before the examiners, and he was requested to repeat what he had already confessed in the prison ; viz., “Who it was that had supplied him with, and was the fabricator of, the pestilential ointment that had been found on the doors and walls of the houses of this city ?” The desperate man, forced into falsehood, seems to have proceeded cautiously,—“The ointment was given to me by a barber.” He is asked, “What is the name of this barber ?” and replies, “I believe his name is Giangiancomo—his surname I don’t know.” The president then asks him, “Did the said barber give you much or little of the ointment ?” and Piazza rejoins, “He gave me a certain quantity—about as much as would fill that inkstand.” If he had received the jar of ointment the barber had prepared for him as a remedy against the plague, it is probable he would have described that ; but not having this on his mind, he uses for illustration the first object that comes under his eye. When asked if the barber was a friend of his, he says, “A friend ? Oh, yes ! That is—yes, a great friend.” They now ask, “For what object did the said barber give you this ointment ?” and this is what the miserable man replies :—“I was passing by, and he called me and said, ‘I can give you—I won’t say what ;’ and I said, ‘What is it ?’ He said, ‘Some ointment ;’ and I said, ‘Yes, yes ; I will come and take

it; and two or three days afterwards he gave it to me." "But what did the barber say to you when he consigned to you the jar of ointment?" He said, replied the prisoner, "Take this jar and smear the ointment on the walls near here; and then come to me and I will give you a handful of money." Being asked further, "If the said barber indicated the precise places and walls where he was to smear the ointment?" Piazza replies, "He told me to smear it on the walls of the Via Vetra de Cittadini, commencing from his house; where, in fact, I did commence." It was then asked, "And for what object was this ointment to be smeared on the walls?" to which he replied, "He did not tell me, but I imagined that the ointment must have been poisonous, and might do injury, because, on the following morning, he gave me some water to drink, telling me it would preserve me from the poison." In all of these replies the examiners seem to have seen nothing *improbable*. They have only one more question to ask. "Why did you not say all this at first?" and the inventive genius of Piazza is equal to the occasion, for he says, "I think I must attribute the cause to the water he gave me to drink, because your excellency sees what great torments I have suffered without having been able to speak the *truth*."

This time, however, the judges so easy to content were not contented, and so they proceed to ask, "But *why* were you not able to speak the truth before?" and Piazza continues, "I have said because I *could not*; even if I had been a hundred years on the cords I could not have spoken, because when I was asked everything went clean out of my head." With this lucid termination the examination was closed and the wretched prisoner was reconducted to his cell. The police now went to the house of Giangiancomo Mora, the barber, and he was arrested with all his family. Here was another culprit who had not thought of running away, although his accomplice had been four days in the hands of the authorities. The house was diligently searched and various things considered suspicious were found. Of these it is only necessary to note one, as it is frequently alluded to in the course of the process. In a kind of copper for washing was found a thick sediment of a whitish colour, which was found to stick to the walls when applied. The authorities do not seem to have been afraid of experimenting with a substance considered so deadly, but let that pass. The unlucky barber seems to have fancied that the cause of his arrest was having sold a medical ointment without a licence, and when interrogated on the subject of the thick viscous sediment found in the copper, asserts that it was "ranno" or *lye* used in the preparation of his specific. In his first examination Mora denies having ever had any intercourse with Piazza, beyond having at his request prepared some ointment for him, but he is told that this is a *great improbability*—and it is now intimated to the commissioner that *his* story with respect to his limited intercourse with the barber is also very *improbable*, and that unless he states the *entire truth* the promise of impunity will not extend to him. Piazza in great alarm supplements his story as follows: "I will tell your

excellency everything. Two days before giving me the ointment the barber was at the 'Porta Ticinese' in company with several others, and seeing me pass, called me and said 'Commissioner, I have some ointment to give you,' and I said to him 'Will you give it to me *now?*' and he replied 'No, not now;' but afterwards when he gave it to me he told me it was to smear on the walls to give people the plague." Only the day before he had said that the barber had told him nothing, but that *he* imagined it must be poisonous because of the water given him to drink to preserve him from the effects of the poison. When asked if he is ready to repeat all these things, confronted with the barber he replies—"Yes, certainly." He is accordingly again subjected to the torture in order to make him a *credible witness*, for by the law no malefactor under promise of impunity could give evidence against another unless "purged of his infamy," that is, unless he can repeat his accusation under the torture, it being considered that if his story was a mere invention in order to obtain pardon—the same torture that might have driven him to invent it would force him to retract his invention. This application of the torture was doubtless slight and formal, for we read that Piazza sustained it tranquilly. It was asked him three or four times why he had not confessed all this at first, and in every case he replies: "It must have been in consequence of that water he gave me to drink." It was evident therefore that the judges had *some* doubt as to the truth of the story, and that they wished for something more satisfactory; no doubt Piazza himself saw that there was a want of connection in what he said, for he now adds: "If your excellency will give me a little time to think over it, I will tell you more—in particular what I remember about the barber and some others as well." Accordingly the next day he names three or four other persons as friends and accomplices of the barber. In this way the hardened man seeks to make up, by a number of victims, the utter want of reasonable evidence. These three or four persons named by Piazza, each with equal foundation name several others, all of whom were ultimately condemned to atrocious and refined tortures, and death; we will not however speak of these, but return to the process against Piazza himself and the barber Mora, who were all along regarded as the principals in this extraordinary *investigation*, if it can be honoured with such a name. We now come to the second examination of Mora. After various questions concerning his specific—the viscous substance found in the copper, et cetera—he is asked, How it is that he professes so little knowledge of Guglielmo Piazza, when with so much freedom, meeting him in the street, he recommends him the use of his ointment, and even tells him to come to his house to take it,—the barber replies: "I did it for my own interest in order to sell the ointment." When asked if he is acquainted with those other persons named by Piazza, he says that he knows them by name, but has never had any dealings with them. At last they demand if he knows or has heard that any one had offered money to the said commissioner to smear with a deadly ointment the walls of the houses in the Via Vetra de Cittadini, and he replies, "No; I know nothing about it." And now

comes the question,—“Did *you* give him a jar of this deadly ointment, telling him to smear it on the walls of the said street, and promising him a handful of money.” And Mora exclaims with eagerness,—“Signor, no! never, never! *I* do such a thing!” It was replied to him: “What would you say if the said Guglielmo Piazza sustains this fact to your face?” “I would say,” rejoins Mora, “that he is a lying scoundrel; that he cannot say this because I have *never never* spoken to him on such a subject, so help me God!” Piazza is now confronted with the barber, and repeats his accusations in full; the miserable barber cries,—“Oh, merciful God; did ever any one hear such infamy as this?” he denies that Piazza was ever a *friend* of his, and that he was ever inside his house; but Piazza rejoins:—“The barber has said that I never was in his house; let your excellency examine Baldassar Litta, who lives in the house of Antiano in the street San Bernardino, and Stephano Buzzo, near S. Ambrogio, both of whom know very well that I have been often in the house of the barber.” These two persons, afterwards examined, declare they know nothing whatever about it. At the next examination Mora confesses that Piazza has been in his shop as a customer, “but *never* in his house.” This is considered as contrary to his former evidence, and also contrary to the statement of other witnesses, and so it is intimated to the prisoner, with menaces of torture, that he had better say the whole truth on this matter; and he replies:—“I have already told you the truth, and the commissioner may say what he likes, for he is a lying scoundrel.” In virtue of many *improbabilities*, discerned by the acuteness of the judges, Mora is subjected to the most severe tortures. First, with cries and heartrending supplications, he asserts that he is innocent of any evil; but at length in his agony demands,—“What is it you wish me to say?” and eventually he cries: “Yes, yes, I gave him a jar full of ointment, and told him to smear the walls with it. Oh, for the love of God, let me down! release me from this torture, and I will tell all the truth!” He is let down, and in his subsequent examination is asked, “Who are those companions that Piazza has spoken of as your friends and accomplices?” Mora replies: “I don’t know their names,” but when threatened with the torture he names various people at random—all of whom are of course arrested. Some days pass, and during this interval of repose the miserable barber, evidently struck by a remorse stronger than the fear of new torments, denies all his previous accusations, says he never had anything to do with any poisonous ointment, and that what he said was caused by the torture; before being taken again to be put on the cords he entreats to be allowed to repeat an Ave Maria, and he is permitted to pray for some time before a crucifix. Arising from his knees, he says calmly: “Before God in heaven and my own conscience, all I have told you under the torture is false.” However, under new torments to which he is subjected, he again confesses that all is true, and seems, like Piazza, to become hardened; he says it was his interest to keep up the plague in order to sell more of his ointment; he further particularizes the ingredients of the supposed pestilential substance,

and confesses that the viscous sediment found in the copper was one of them—the principal ingredient however, he says, was "the foam collected from the mouths of those who had died from the plague." However, the motive he gives for his infamous conduct is not considered sufficiently strong, and as the whole current of his invented story differs largely from that given by Piazza, the latter is informed that the promise of impunity is null and void, it having been *clearly* proved that *some* of his evidence is false. The ingenuity and depravity of this wretched man now reaches its climax. He evidently thinks if he can only succeed in drawing into the net some prodigiously large fish, the efforts of this monster to escape might make a hole big enough for him to slip through. Accordingly he begins throwing out hints about some great people who are mixed up in a very large conspiracy, and ultimately he declares that the chief person in the whole business—and from whom Mora received large sums of money to distribute to the others—was no less a personage than the son of the great Signor Castellano of Milan, a captain of a cavalry regiment, and one of the most rising men in the city. Here was a poser for the authorities. However, the barber Mora, after some time, is tortured into a confession that a very great person was at the head of all, but (naturally enough) he does not know who the great person is, until the judges themselves, in the course of a private examination, let out the name, and then the barber, as boldly as Piazza, asserts that they were both paid by Capitano Padilla, son of the castellano of Milan. After some time and much hesitation, Padilla is arrested, and his trial extends over two years, when he is acquitted; but long before this both Piazza and Mora suffer the penalty due to their atrocious crimes. Their sentence was as follows:—That they should be taken on a cart to the place of execution, and their bodies burnt with hot irons; in front of the shop of the barber their right hands were to be cut off, their backs broken, and their bodies twisted on the wheel; they were then to be suspended in the air for six hours, when their bodies were to be burned to ashes, and thrown into the river. It was further decreed that the house of Giangiancomo Mora, barber, was to be pulled down, and on the space occupied by it was to be erected a column to be called "Infame," and in perpetuity it was forbidden to any man to build on that spot. There is no exact account of the actual number of victims who suffered the same cruel penalties in consequence of the testimony of the commissioner and the barber Mora, but Verri computes them as at least sixty. It is almost a pity that the "Colonna Infame" should have been pulled down in 1778; it should have been allowed to remain still as a monument of *infamy*—as a monument to the fallibility of human laws, and of the inhuman cruelty and wilful imbecility of the judges who so administered justice.



THE LAST OF THE OLD HOUSE.

Stone Edge.

CHAPTER XIV.

WATCHING ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.



ASTER BUXTON'S been back this two hours and more," said German, coming into the kitchen at Stone Edge dripping wet from the farm below, where his father had told him to meet him for company across the Lone Moor.

"He says feyther were a sitting drinking when he come away and couldn't be got off nohow. He kep' on saying he'd be arter 'um in no time."

The women looked aghast. "Thee'st been o' thy legs a' day, German, thou'st like to be drowned, my lad," said Lydia, sadly. "Dost thee think thee couldst go to th' Mill and meet un? An he's in liquor he'll no'er get back safe, wi' all that money too. Seek to keep

him there an thee canst, and come on i' th' morning. Tak' my cloak about thee, and a sup o' elder wine."

The lad took a lantern and the cape, and went off on his doleful quest. When he reached the valley, however, no one had seen or heard o' Ashford at the few houses near the road, and it was nearly ten o'clock when he reached the toll-bar.

"Nay, I've seen none of thy feyther, more shame for him. Come in and dry thysen," said the man. "Thou canstna miss him here. Why, thee'lt melt away to nothing, thee'rt so wet!"

German looked wistfully at the warm fire within—he had been on his feet ever since five that morning. He pulled off his wet blouse and trousers, which he hung up before the fire, and then lay down on the settle while they dried. In a moment he was fast asleep.

Meanwhile the two women watched and waited. The ruddy light of the fire played over the wide old kitchen, touching a bright point here and

there, and making a Rembrandt picture with all the interest collected into the warm brilliancy of the centre, and black depths and dancing shadows gathering mysteriously in the further corners. They sat and span, and the whirring of the wheels was all the sound that was heard in the house. It is surprising how few candles are used in farmhouses and cottages: unless there is needle-work to be done, firelight serves in winter, and in summer they go to rest and rise with the sun. The wind rose as the night went on and the fire sank. At last even the spinning stopped, and Lydia and Cassandra sat on in the gloom. But few words were exchanged between them; death and misery, and care and ruin, were hanging over them by the turning of a hair, and they were bracing themselves, each in her different way, to meet them.

"Dear heart o' me, it's a fierce night both for man and beast," said Lydia at last. "I wonder where German's got to by now a struggling through the mire."

"I'd reether be him," answered Cassie with a sigh; "it's harder work to ha' to sit still and hear the wild winds shoutin' round us o' this fashion."

"The storm is tremendous to-night, surely. We mun look the candle ain't blowed out towards the Moor," observed Lydia, going from time to time to see after the welfare of the little lighthouse—which she had carefully sheltered from the blast by a fortification of pans and jugs. The great fear, however, that underlay all was put into words by neither of them. The winter's wind howled and sighed, and moaned and struggled round the house with a sort of fitful angry vehemence. A storm easily became almost a whirlwind on that exposed spot, and shook and rattled the unshuttered casements till it seemed as if they would have been driven in. There seemed to the women to be wailing cries sometimes in the howling of the blast, which shook the door and the windows with the sort of pitiful fierce longing to get in, which makes it seem almost like a personal presence. It is an eerie thing to sit in the dark in a lonely house on such a night, when all the spirits and ghosts and powers of the air of early belief seem to be natural:

Those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, and under ground

appear to be all abroad. We have nearly forgotten the awe which Nature inspired when man struggled, weak and alone, with her mighty powers, and was generally worsted, as it seems, in the days of cave and lake dwellers, and makers of flint weapons. We judge of her, beaten, cabined, and confined, as we see her and use her in cities and civilized places, and we have lost the terror of her which formed so large a part of the religions of old.

"Didst thou not hear the dog howling a while back?" said Cassie, anxiously, in a lull of the wind. "They say as that means a death for summun as is not far off; and there's the boggat thee knowest at the turning nigh th' auld mill, where the man was drowned as long Tim see'd

a while back he telled me ; and they say as the ghost at the Dumble shows hissself when any one is nigh to death," added the girl, beginning to pile up one terror on another in her restless misery.

"I dunna think as I should much mind meeting them as is gone," answered Lydia, gently ; "and some on 'em I'd give a deal to see again, in the flesh or out on it. They canna do us any hurt as I can see."

"But them ill things as is mebbe about now i' th' wind?" whispered poor Cassie, in an awestruck voice.

"Dearie, I tak' it God A'mighty's more cleverable and strong nor all the devils put together ; they're but a poor lot to strive again the great God as rules the world, and I'm not afraid, nayther for them we loves nor for oursen. Wilt thou not get thee to bed, dear child? I think the storm's going down, and thee'lt be wored out wi' watching," said Lydia, as the clock struck twelve.

"What, and leave thee in the dreary night thy lane!"

"Then lie down o' th' settle, dearie." And she began to prepare a place for her ; but almost before she could look round, Cassie had dragged down pillows and blankets for both from upstairs. They lay in silence for some time.

"How strange 'tis, that some folk's lives is just wait, wait, wait, and it's so weary," said Cassie, with a sort of impatient sigh. "An I were in my grave I couldn't be farther off hearing o' Roland. I mid a'most as well be dead ; I'm a no good to nobody," she ended, drearly.

"How iver canst thee talk o' that fashion ; what dost thee think I should do wi'out thee?" answered Lydia, sadly.

The girl drew her closer to her side on the "sofee" without speaking. "To-night's the very pattern o' my life ; I'm like a sheep caught in the thicket, as canna stir ony way," she said at last.

Lydia had never heard of Milton, but her answer was much the same as if she had known him by heart. "The Lord has different ways of serving Him, dear heart ; 'tis sometimes the hardest work He gives us for to be still. Please God 'tain't for allus wi' thee ; there comes a stormy time and sunshine to all. 'Lo, the winter has ceased, the rain is over and gone,' says the wise Solomon in his song ; and 'tis true both for man and weather. Sure the wind is lulling even now."

She got up as she spoke and looked out into the night : the storm seemed to have blown itself away, and the moon was shining high in the heavens, with nothing near her but masses of white fleecy cloud careering at a great height from the ground in the keen north wind which had risen.

"The winds and rain pass over our life, but the moon and stars are shining steady behind the clouds for a' that. An our feet are fixed on His rock we shanna be moved. 'Wait,' says the Psalm. But then it ain't waiting bare and cold like ; doesna He put the comfort after it? Wait, I say, upon the Lord," ended Lydia, solemnly. And then they lay down in each other's arms and slept for two or three hours, worn out by their long vigil of constant expectation, than which nothing is more trying.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT WAS FOUND UNDER THE TOR.

"GATE!" shouted a carter before the closed toll-bar. The moon was nearly at the full, shining very brightly. German sprang up and huddled on his things. It was almost four o'clock; he could hardly believe that he had slept so long. "There's been a murder, they say, up th' dale; they'd a fun' a body lyin' in the road, and was a goin' for summat to bring it in," said the man. "But I daredna wait for to see un—I'd got coals for to fetch. I thought I mid be back though, an I made haste."

The lad gave a loud cry: he felt sure whose body it was.

"Why, what's come to the boy?" said the carter, as German set off at a run.

"It's his drunken feyther, he thinks, most like."

"What, is yon young German Ashford frae the Lone More? He mun hae his handful an they speak true on his feyther."

There was a sort of small hamlet gathered round a public-house a little further on, and the lad ran panting through. Early as it was, women's faces were looking out of the windows, and the boys were coming out like flies. Any excitement is pleasant in a village, and a murder best of all.

"They say 'tis just beyond the big Tor," they cried, as the boy slackened his pace to inquire.

He came up at length to the place, about a mile beyond. The great perpendicular rocks juttet out like fortress towers at a turn in the narrow valley, apparently blocking all further passage to the road. The moon was shining on the broad white face of the limestone "Tor," out of which grew a black yew from a rift near the top, and seemed to hang almost in mid air. The dale below lay in the deepest shadow, except where through a gap in the steep walls of rock the light shone on the stream—turbid and swollen with the late rains and flowing rapidly across the road—and on the face of the murdered man as he lay close to the edge of the water, near the stone over which he had been thrown. The old mare had been found grazing not far off, and two men who had come up, after vainly trying to lift the dreary burden of her master upon her back, were putting him into a sort of barrow, which they had brought with them. "He ain't dead," said one of them, compassionately, as the boy pressed panting up.

"But that's pretty nigh all you can say. He'd take a pretty deal o' killing would old Ashford," said the other, without any intention of being unkind.

Meantime, German was striving to raise the head and chafe the hands.

"You'd best take un to the 'Miner's Arms,' my lad. The wimmen and the doctors mun tak' him in hand; ye canna do noething," said they kindly, and began to move. German looked round on the place. The marks of the struggle, if there had been one, were hidden in a sea of mud; there were a few spots of blood where the head had lain—nothing more was to be seen.

"I've a searched all round," said the man, in answer to his inquiring glance, "and canna find owt but the cudgel that must ha' smashed un's yead, and this bit o' broken pipe. Is un yer father's?" said he, as the boy walked beside him leading the horse.

German shook his head. "He'd a long sight o' money wi' him as he were a bringing for's rent at the squire's, but I s'pose a' that's gone."

"Him as hit yon hole in un, wouldna ha' left the brass alone," said the man; "but you'd best look i' his pockets yersen." German did as he was bid, and the doleful little party moved on. Presently they were met by all the available boys in the place, and many of the men too.

"Won't one o' they chaps leave looking and go for the doctor?" said German, wrathfully, though in so low a voice that the men could hardly hear.

"Go off, young un, and tell Dr. Baily as there's been a man murdered; he'll be here fast enough."

Another little messenger was despatched to Stone Edge, but the late dull winter's dawn had risen before Lydia and Cassie could arrive, although they came down the hill as quickly as possible, bringing with them the little cart to take Ashford home; but the doctor would not allow him to be moved.

There was scarcely any help possible for him, however, now, either from the women or the doctors: he could neither move nor speak; the tough old frame was just alive, but that was all, and they could do nothing but sit by watching the fading life ebb slowly away in the little low dark bedroom of the "Miner's Arms."

"Poor feyther," repeated Cassie, as she leant against the post of the bed looking sadly on, while Lydia sat silently by the dying man, bathing the head according to the doctor's directions, with that sort of unutterable sadness which yet is very different from sorrow. The personal character of the man had, however, as it were, died with him, and nothing seemed to have remained but the relation to themselves. "It" was their father and her husband: all else had been wiped out by the pitying hand of death. German came restlessly in and out of the room, tormented by the ceaseless questionings and suppositions and surmises below-stairs, and yet feeling of no use in the chamber of death above.

"To be sure what a turn it giv' me when first I heerd on it! Ye might ha' knocked me down wi' a straw," said the landlady, who looked like a man in petticoats, and whose portly person nearly filled the doorway as she looked in with kindly intentions of help. "And ye can't do nothin', doctor says,—and all the money gone too, I hear? You'd a sore hantle wi' him bytimes an all tales be true; but for a' that it's a pity to see a man's yead drove in like a ox's. I'm a coming," she called out for the fifth time. The little public was doing "a middlin' tidy business," as she said, that day; liquor was at a premium, for curiosity is a thirsty passion, and the landlady's duties were thick upon her. But she found time continually to come up and administer appropriate consolations,

“Yer’ll bury him decent and comf’able,” said she another time. “I were like to hae died Janawary come a twelvemonth, and I were so low and bad I could ha’ howled, and my master he ups and says so kind, ‘Now don’t ye take on, Betty; I’ll do a’ things handsome by ye. I’ll bury ye wi’ beef!’”

In a few hours all was over.

The world must go on, however, whether life or death be on hand; cows must be milked and beasts fed. “We must be back to Stone Edge,” said Lydia, with a sigh. “There’s nobody but Tom i’ charge, and he’s but a poor leer [empty] chap.”

“German mun stop and bring the body up home arter the inquest. They say they’ll get it done afore night, else we shanna get him home at a’. There’s more storms coming up, and the snow’ll fall when the wind lulls,” added Cassie.

“Sure it’ll be here afore morning; the wind’s uncommon nipping,” said the landlady, as the two women walked silently away.

It is more mournful on such occasions not to be able to regret. Not to grieve, not to suffer loss, was the real woe, as they wound their sad way home in the chill bleak winter’s day, with a dull sort of nameless pain at their hearts.

The absence of complaint is most remarkable in the peasant class: they mostly take the heaviest shock quietly, as coming immediately “from the hand of God.” “As a plain fact, whose right or wrong they question not, confiding still that it shall last not over long.”

CHAPTER XVI.

A MIDNIGHT “FLITTING.”

THE town of Youcliffe, though considered by its inhabitants as a great city, consisted of little more than one long street which wandered up and down the steepest “pitches,” according to the lay of the hill on which it was set, in an extraordinary fashion. Indeed, in some parts the street was so steep that in frosty weather a cart could hardly get up or down. There seemed no reason why there should have been any town in that place at all: there was no river, it was singularly out of the way and inconvenient of access—yet it was the “chef lieu” of the “wapntake” and the seat of the Mineral courts, which, ruling by their own strange laws, make wild work of what are considered in more favoured regions as rights of property.

The backs of all the houses opened upon lonely fields, and Joshua’s was particularly well adapted to his wants. The one-eyed front stood at a corner of the grey old market-place, not too much overlooked, yet seeing everything. Alongside the dwelling-house opened the deep dark stone archway which led into a labyrinth of cattle-sheds and pens, beyond which lay a small croft for the use of his beasts, abutting on a blind lane which

led to the high-road into Youcliffe. Walls in this district are built to clear the fields of stone, and the stones had been so abundant here that a man passing along the path in the lane was completely concealed by the high walls. His comings and goings were therefore almost as free as if he had lived in the open country, his beasts were brought in and let out behind the house at his pleasure and no one was much the wiser, while the wide gate under the archway was always kept locked. Through this back way in the drenching rain passed Joshua on his "affairs" that evening, and through it he returned. He was alone in the house, for he had sent Roland away upon some pretext; he was wet through, and he changed everything, and went out again into the town. It was not yet above six o'clock. "A' that in such a little while," he went on saying to himself with a shudder—"such a little while!" He looked in at the public, got his gin, and inquired for the horsedealer. He went to the chemist's and bought a ha'porth of peppermint, as he said he had the colic, and then home, where he sat quaking—"with cold," as he told himself. When his son came in he went to bed, saying that he was ailing, which was perfectly true. Roland could not make him out at all. The next morning he came back in great agitation to the kitchen, where his father sat moodily stooping over the fire, half-dressed, his knee-breeches undone, his velveteen jacket unbuttoned.

"They say as Farmer Ashford were robbed last night o' all that money as were Cassie's, and welly murdered too; they say 'twere the horsedealer drinking wi' him as done it. I ha' been up to the turning i' th' road for to see the place; but they'd ha' fetched him away afore daylight. There were his blood about still, though," he said, pityingly.

It was close to the place where he had asked Cassie to marry him; but he kept this in his own heart.

"What, he's not dead?" said Joshua, looking up at his son for the first time. It seemed to take a weight off his mind. "I'd a heerd tell on it afore," he added, in great confusion.

A horrible dread flashed over Roland's mind. He suddenly remembered that he had heard a stranger's voice quarrelling with his father among the cattle-sheds the day before as he was going out of the house into the market-place with a beast which was to be sold; he fancied that he knew the voice, but he could not at the moment recollect to whom it belonged, and a quarrel for Joshua on market-day was too common for it to interest him much. He now felt sure that the horsedealer Jackman had been there, and he remembered how his father had come to him hurriedly later in the day and sent him off on an errand concerning some cattle to a village several miles off, without much apparent reason—evidently, he saw now, to get him out of the way. He turned off in his agony down into the yard; when he came back Joshua had dressed himself and gone out into the town. He went straight to the centre of all news, the public. A group of men stood round the door discussing the murder.

"There were an ill-looking chap as were quarrelling wi' him a' the arternoon," said one, "a strivin' to keep him late."

"It were that horsedealer as they said come from York; I never seen a worser. Then Ashford were so contrary like," said another.

"I hadn't the speech o' him a' yesterday, nor for weeks back," said Joshua, which was quite true, and then he went home. He was a singularly active man for his age; he had been a celebrated morris-dancer, and famous for feats of strength and agility in his time, and boasted much of his powers; but now he seemed thoroughly worn out. Roland found him fumbling among the things on the dresser. "I want some tea," said he, "wi' my gin," and his son knew things must be very bad; his father took refuge in tea only as a last resource. As he turned to the fire he let drop the teapot from his trembling hands, and it was broken by the fall. Joshua almost turned pale; it was a bad omen. "And it were yer mother's," he said, looking guiltily at Roland.

Later in the day he went out again and inquired anxiously after Ashford: he was dead, they thought, and had never spoken. After he was found, Joshua returned to his house and sat on silently with his head on his hands by the fire; at last he gave involuntarily a sudden groan. Roused by it he looked aghast at Roland, who stood moodily by the window before a row of half-dead plants which had belonged to his mother and always reminded him of her, and which he had never allowed his father to throw away.

"I suppose you know we're ruined, lad?" he said, with an attempt to put his agitation on that head.

"Yes," said the young man, without looking up.

"Elliot, and Amat, and Buxton, all on 'm together—no man could stand it. I canna pay. I mun sell and go." Roland was silent. "I think we mun go to Liverpool—there's a many things I could do there wi' the cattle frae Ireland—or to th' Isle o' Man." Roland never stirred. "Ye'll go wi' me, boy?" said his father, anxiously. "Ye wanna desert me?"

"No," said the poor fellow, in a choking voice, with a deep sigh—almost a sob.

It was strange to see how his father clung to him: it had always been the one soft place in Joshua's heart; there was a sort of womanly tenderness in Roland, which he inherited from his mother, after which his father yearned in his trouble with an exceeding longing.

That evening the coroner's inquest was held on Ashford's body. Joshua attended it, for the coroner was a friend of his, and he trusted to him not to make things more unpleasant than necessary. The few words he uttered only turned on what every one knew to be true, that the old farmer had been delayed by the horsedealer till his friends were all gone. Other evidence showed that the man had said he was going to Hawkesley, after which he had been seen leaving Youleliffe by the other road. The bit of pipe was identified as his, by a drover who had noticed the carved bowl.

Lastly, the old woman at the turnpike farther up the valley bore witness that a man on a dark horse had thundered at the gate (her man was ill she said, and she went out to open it herself with a lantern). "She had no change for a shilling which he offered, and he swore violently at her for the delay, and threw a silver 'token' at her with an oath: 'he couldn't wait no more,' he said, and rode on as the Devil sot behint him." The man to whom Ashford sold his calf remembered that a similar piece had been amongst the money which he had paid to the old farmer.

The evidence was all against the missing horseman, and so the verdict bore. But though all had gone off satisfactorily at the inquest, Joshua felt that strange looks were cast upon him. One man had heard him speaking to the stranger earlier in the day, another had "seen a back uncommon like yon ugly chap's" turning into the blind lane which led to Joshua's house. In former days, too, he was known to have boasted of his acquaintance with a horsedealer at York. No one seemed to care to be in his company; he felt under the shadow of a great fear, and hurried on measures for his bankruptcy, talking rather loudly of his losses and his miseries, till poor Roland once or twice went home and hid himself with shame. He had desired his son to keep their destination a profound secret, but Roland was determined in no case to be dependent on his father, and knew that in a strange place there was small chance of his obtaining work without a reference. He watched, therefore, for Nathan, who was almost his only friend: he felt ashamed to go near his house, where Martha Savage and her dreaded tongue were said to be staying; but at last one day he saw the old man in his close and went sadly up to meet him.

"I'm come to bid ye good-by an ye'll shake hands wi' me, Master Nathan. Is there ony place out a long way where ye could help me to gain a livin'? I've heerd ye say as ye used one time to ha'e dealin's at Liverpool along o' Bessie's father as is gone. Ye know feyther's ruined and goin' away—he says he dunna know where. Would ye gi'e me a recommend an we go there, and say nowt? 'twould be no end o' kindness to one as wants it sore," said the poor fellow, sadly.

The old man looked straight into his eyes.

"I'll not tell on thee, poor lad, and I'd gi'e ye twenty recommends an't wer for thysen; but wi' that drag round thy neck how can I certify to folk thou'st all right, boy? But," he went on after a pause, "I wanna see thee life-wrecked for that neither. There's an old Quaker man I knows there. I'll tell him thy father's uncommon shifty, let alone worse, but that thou'st as honest as the day, and then mebbe, wi' his eyes open, he may do summut for thee. And, Roland," added Nathan, gravely, "the Devil gives folk long leases betimes, but he tak's his own at the end. 'Better is little with the fear o' the Lord, than great treasure and troubles therewith;' but I doubt it ain't much riches as thy father'll win: it'll be the promise nayther o' this world nor the one after an he goes on o' this fashion. It's ill touchin' pitch and no to be defiled, or to shake

hands wi' a chimbley-sweep and not dirty thysen ; and it behoves thee to tak' double heed to thy ways."

The young man wrung his hand in silence.

"And ye'll mind, my lad," the old man ended affectionately, "as yer mother were a pious woman and one as loved ye dearly, and there were my Bessie as cared for ye a'most as thou'dst been her own ; and it would grieve 'um both sorely and put 'um out—ay, even where they're gone to—an ye took to bad ways."

"I'll do my best," said Roland, in a low voice.

"I'm thinkin' o' goin' away for a bit," said Nathan, after a pause. "'Tain't lively livin' here my lane, wi' nobody to fettle me and the cow ; and my niece Martha she just worrits me to come to her to try. I've been so bad wi' the rheumatics as I could hardly stir, and she says I shall be a deal better in her house, as it's warmer."

"Hav' ye seen owt o' Cassie?" said Roland with a sigh, thinking of another niece.

"She come down when her father were a dying to the 'Miner's Arms' for to see the last on him, but I didn't set eyes on her. I'd hurted my foot and couldn't get down. You'd best not think o' her, my lad belike ; what can there be atwixt her and thee now?" And so they parted.

The next night Joshua and his son made a "midnight flitting" through the back lane. There was a horse still left of the old man's former possessions and a rude little cart, in which they drove forth together into the wide world. All was still as Roland looked his last at his old home, still and cold ; there was little light but the reflection from the snow, and familiar objects look doubly strange under the cover of starlight and mantle of white snow. He looked up at the hills and down the valley towards Stone Edge with a cold grip at his heart as the old man drove away as rapidly as the horse would go, with a glance over his shoulder as they went, "fearing though no man pursued." The crunching of the snow under their wheels was all the sound they heard ; still and cold, on into the dreary night they drove. "Shall I never see her again?" Roland meaned in his heart, but he did not utter a word.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FUNERAL FEAST IN THE SNOW.

GERMAN had remained at the little public till the inquest was over, to give evidence and bring home the body afterwards to Stone Edge. The night was falling and the snow had begun, as wet and weary he toiled up the long rough moorland road with his dismal charge.

"Did aught come out as to who could ha' done such a thing?" said Cassie, anxiously, as he came into the house at Stone Edge.

"It must ha' been summun as knowed he'd so much money about un," observed Lydia, sadly.

"They all knowed that pretty much i' th' market," said the lad, a little impatiently; "but they made it out upo' th' inquest it were a horsedealer man as were wrangling wi' him best part 'o' th' arfternoon."

"'Taint nobody in these parts as would go for to do such a wicked thing, I'm main sure o' that," put in Cassie, warmly.

"There were a deal o' talk about Joshua, however, for a' that," answered her brother, reluctantly; "but the crowner he says, says he, 'When ye hae got a man, a foreigner like, ready to yer hand as 'twere for th' murder, what for would ye go worriting and winnowing for to drag another man in as is o' the countryside?'"

The women looked thunderstruck—no one spoke for a few minutes—Lydia glanced silently at Cassie's white face, and they then went about their dreary tasks without a word.

"Ye mun be bidding the folk for the buryin' and gettin' in a' things for to be ready, German," said Lydia, with a sigh, later in the evening. "We ordered flour at the miller's as we came up the Moor. I doubt it'll tak' a score to fulfill* un all; and we mun be thinking o' the burial buns to-morrow."

The preparations for a funeral feast in the hills are a serious matter, demanding much thought and labour, which kept both the women for the next few days from dwelling on the past. "Yer feyther settled his bearers, and the beer, and the spirits, and all, and runned over them scores and scores o' times to me," added Lydia; "and he left the money for it (for a' he were so pushed) i' a hole i' the garret where he telled me, for he said he'd like for to hae his berryin' comf'able, and the grave dug straight; so ye'll see to it, German," said she, most conscientiously desirous to accomplish the old man's wishes. There was not any great difference between his ideas of a future state and those of the ancient Briton whose bones reposed under the cairn on the further hill, with a drinking mug on one side and the bones of a horse on the other interred with him.

A "berrying" at Stone Edge was a tremendous operation in winter. There was no graveyard at the solitary little chapel below, and the bodies had to be carried nearly five miles across the Lone Moor, down a hill on the top of which was the cairn, and which was almost like a houseside for steepness, where the path, covered with "pavers" probably existing since the days of the ancient Britons who raised the monument, was too precipitous and too narrow for a cart. Relays of bearers, and consequently relays of beer, were required the whole way. There was a great fall of snow, but on the day of the "berryin'" the sun shone out and the glitter was almost painful. There was something very solemn in the immense expanses of sweeping hill wrapped in one vast winding-sheet, the few uncovered objects looking harsh and black by contrast—the enforced stillness and idle-

* "Fulfill"—Prayer Book, Communion Service.

ness, the earth like iron under your feet, the sky like steel above. The company collected in the great old kitchen,—they are a stern race in the hills,—tall and staid, and they looked like a band of Covenanters with their fierce gestures and shaggy gear, as by twos and threes they wound their way up through the snow. Methodism was rife in those outlying upland districts—indeed in some places it might be called the established religion fifty years ago: the church in those days was neglected and indifferent, poorly served and worse attended, and the stern Calvinism of the Wesleyans suited better the rather fierce manners and habits of the population.

German received them quietly and modestly—"wi' a deal o' discretion for such a young un," observed the company. The responsibilities which this terrible break in his life had brought upon him seemed to have turned him into a man at a stride; and his mother and sister accepted him as such and as the head of the family at once. Every one came who was asked. Ashford was not popular, but to have been murdered and robbed of a large sum of money was evidently considered on the whole a dignified and interesting if not an honourable mode of exit by his neighbours.

They discussed the deceased, his circumstances and his shortcomings, in an open way, very unlike our mealy-mouthed periphrases; and Lydia and Cassie as they came and went, serving the company, could not help hearing comments which no one seemed to think could pain them, being as they were perfectly true. Though in other places the truth of a libel is only supposed to make it worse.

"He couldn't keep off the drink couldn't Ashford. He mid ha' bin home safe enough an he'd come back wi' us," said the old miller Anthony.

"He'd a wonderful long tongue to be sure, and quarrelled wi' a very deal o' folk up and down. He'd had an upset with Joshua Stracey this dozen year or more," observed his neighbour the master of the little public.

"We shall hae a baddish time gettin' across the Moor," said a third, helping himself liberally to a large supply of "vittles."

"We're but poor soft creeturs now-a-days," answered the miller. "I've heerd tell how in th' auld times they used to run, stark naked across the snow, foot-races for two or three miles, wi' the bagpipes for to gi'e 'um courage."

"Well, nobody couldn't call Ashford soft, nayther in his temper nor in hisself; he were a hard and heavy un enough, so to speak; and yet they say as his yead were cracked all one as a chayney jug," put in his neighbour.

"There was wonderful little blood for to be seen," observed a farmer; "nothing would serve my missus but she mun go down and see the place, and she have a bin stericky ever sin'."

"There was a sight o' wimmen went down," said a cynical old bachelor who lived in the valley, "and they've all a bin stericky ever

sin' an all tales be true! I b'lieve they likes it. They're greatish fools is wimmen most times; they's mostly like a cow, as is curis by natur', and when by reason o' it she's put herself i' th' way o' harm, then they loses ther yeads."

Suddenly a tall miner arose,—he was a very handsome man with fine regular features, large grey eyes, and soft light hair; but his cheeks were sunken and his eyes glittered with a sort of far-seeing look—the temperament which sees illuminations and signs, and dreams dreams.

"Dear friends, shall we part wi'out seekin' to improve the occasion? Here were a drunken man—one as had lived wi'out God in the world—cut off wi'out a moment's warning in the midst of his sins, like King Herod, Acts 12th chapter and 23rd verse; or like Absalom, 2 Samuel 18th chapter and 14th verse; or like Sisera, as is told in Judges; and shall we not——?"

"I mun speak my mind, as German's nobbut a young un," said Farmer Buxton, a good-natured giant, who stood six feet three in his "stocking feet" and was broad in proportion,—circumstances which add no little weight to one's arguments. He lived at the farm close to the little chapel below, and therefore took it as it were under his protection. "I dunno see, considerin' German Ashford were a good churchman, and a lus come to church (leastways when he went onywheres), as the Methodees has any call to be improvin' on him, and takin' o' him up and callin' him" [*i. e.* abusing him], "when he can't stand up as 'twere for hissen. We've a smartish bit of road to go, and 'twill be a sore left to carry will Ashford; the days is short and it's bitter weather, and the sooner we're off the better."

There was a burr of agreement in the company and a general move, and in a few minutes the funeral procession had streamed from the door, German leading the way. The sudden stillness which fell on the house was almost startling after the noise and confusion. Lydia, quite worn out, sat down in the great chair and leant her head against the chimney; Cassie was still looking out of the door to see the last of them.

"'Yea, though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we will fear no evil,'" said Lydia, half aloud. "God is more mercifu' nor n an, my darlin'," she added, as Cassie knelt down by her and hid her face on her knees, while she kissed the girl's head fondly; "'for as the heavens are high above the earth, so is the Lord's mercy. Man sees but a little way and is very hard, God's a deal more tender than a mother and he sees everything—yea, we will put our trust in the Lord.'"

The old woman who had come in to help now returned from watching the train depart with extreme enjoyment. "To be sure it have a been a very fine funeral," said she, "and now we mun begin for to straighten things a bit."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST OF THE OLD HOUSE.

THE next day German received a message from the Squire to come to him. He was a little wizened old man with a shrewd business-like way of doing things, and very intent upon improving his property—a most unpopular proceeding in those days as tending to raise rents. Indeed he was by no means so well liked as his spendthrift predecessor, who had “had a pleasant way wi’ him and a kind word wi’ folk, and very open-handed” (with other people’s property as it turned out, but this was forgotten). “But this un is so close-fisted, and as sour as a bit o’ stale oat-cake.” The manner of doing a thing signifies generally much more than the matter in public estimation: as far as a man’s reputation is concerned, it is almost safer to injure great interests than to wound small feelings. And there is that amount of truth in public opinion that the small feelings turn up every hour while the great interests are perhaps years in coming.

German was ushered into the fine old room reserved for the squire when he came to collect his rents. There was a curious mixture in it of ancient stateliness (though his predecessor had hardly lived there) and present thrift. A beautiful panelled ceiling, and a carpet to match, only torn and threadbare; three or four chairs wanting a leg or otherwise maimed, their red damask covers hanging in tatters about them, leaned helplessly against the wall; a great settee, with the crest of the family carved on the back, stood on one side the fire, and two rush-bottomed chairs on the other. The old man himself, with one of the last queues left in England on one end of him, and shorts and blue stockings on the other, was sitting before a mass of papers at the table. After all, however, he was the squire, and German felt a certain “awe” as he entered.

“Well, Ashford,” said he, as the young man came in and made his ‘obedience,’ “how did you get over the Lone Moor yesterday with the funeral? It must have been a sore pull for you all.”

“They thought they shouldn’t hardly ha’ got through at the Old Mare’s Bottom,” said the lad.

“And now, what’s to be done about you, my man? It’s a great misfortune, a very great misfortune indeed. I’m sure I feel it—the rent and the arrears all gone. They say your father got the back-rent in his pocket too?”

“It were my sister’s money,” said German in a low voice; “she’d gived him every penny she had.”

“And quite right of her too, but most unfortunate; why didn’t he take it to the bankers? Then, you know, if anything had happened to your father, *that* would have been safe. And I can’t afford to lose back-rent and present rent, and arrears for souging* and all, I can tell you.” And

* Draining.

the old man began to walk irritably about the room. "What do you and your mother intend to do?" he asked at last, as German remained silent.

"We should like to keep on the farm, sir: we've had it now, father and son, this two hundred year, they say. I think we mid mak' a shift to get on, if so be ye'd be patient with the rent."

"But I can't afford to be patient," said the old man, fretfully. "You've no capital and no stock, I hear. You'll just ruin me and the farm and yourselves all together. It's out of the case, I tell you. You won't do yourselves a morsel of good; the sooner you go out of the farm the better for everybody."

German's colour rose; he went out of the room, his blood boiling. "Tother squire wouldn't ha' done it," he said to himself; but there was truth he knew in the old man's unpalatable words: he could not farm properly, and it would be starvation to attempt to pay the future rent, let alone the past.

The two women sat waiting to learn their fate in the stillness of a house where a death has lately been. He flung his hat angrily down on the ground as he entered.

"He wunna let us hae the farm, a' talked o' his back-rent. A black curse be wi' him;—he's a very having man," said he.

Neither Lydia nor Cassie uttered a word; they took their doom in perfect silence. There was a pathetic sort of leave-taking in the way they looked round on the old walls, and then they turned to their work again.

Towards evening Cassie, having thought it over and over in her mind, felt indeed that on the whole it was a relief to go. The intense isolation was almost more than she could now bear; she felt as if she might "hear something" if she were more within reach of the outer world.

"Shall thee mind very much fitting, Lydia?" said she at last, suddenly.

"I mind thee and German being turned out i' th' cold world as it were."

"Then dunna heed it, dearie, for me; I think I'd be best down where there's a bit more moving."

And Lydia's view of the matter altered entirely from that moment. German indeed felt the change much the most of the three.

As they sat at the bare board that evening eating the remains of the funeral feast, and calculating in a sort of family council how little there was left to them for bare existence now that everything saleable had been sold, Lydia observed,—

"Dostna think, German, that 'twere best done at once an we are to go? Thee'st better leave the squire all and everythink, and get thee a quittance. He canna say aught an he have it a'."

"He'd a squoze blood out o' a flint, I raly do believe, if it could ha been done anyhow," said German, angrily. "I canna bear a leavin' the old walls, as we've a held such a many year i' th' family; but an we mun

we mun," he ended, with a touch of the resigned fatalism which forms so large a part of the wonderful "patience of the poor."

"And ye mun hearken for a cottage, German, up and down i' th' town"* (it was the smallest possible hamlet). "Thou canst axe the squire for so mich. Surely he'll make a bit o' a push to gi'e us one, so be he has one empty, an he turns us out here just to fight along for oursen. I heerd 'um say yesterday as old Sammy were dead; mebbe his widder 'll be wishful to get shut o' that place up the steps."

"I canna think what for we havena heerd owt o' yer uncle," said Lydia; "and he as allus thowt so much o' ye both."

"They say Martha's gone for to be with him; and she's one as would be sure set upo' kippin' him to hersen and lettin' nobody else hae speech nor business of him. I saw that when I were there," returned German.

The next morning the old squire was a little surprised when German called to say they should be ready to go whenever convenient. He had not expected so ready an acquiescence. "On ne peut pas tondre un pelé qui n'a pas de cheveux," however, and his best chance was for a share of the stock before the inevitable smash—so he took heart and began to make the arrangements necessary.

German suffered a good deal: he had a sort of feeling for the old place which made it as distressing for him to leave it as if the land had been his own patrimony. The day of their moving came; the little cart stood before the door which was to do its last office for its masters that day in removing their bits o' things. Lydia was sitting on a bundle of bedding—everything was packed in the dismantled kitchen—while Cassie wandered round the place taking a last look at all. The last time!—it has a dreary sound, even when it is a little-loved place.

They were waiting for German, who was going once more round the farm-buildings, delivering up the place to the man put in charge by the squire, when old Nathan appeared at the door.

"I've been so bad as I couldn't get up this long way afore now, and I never thought as you'd be off so soon. I'm a'most glad yer aunt Bessie ain't here for to see the like o' this," said he, looking grimly round. "She never could ha' beared to think ye was turned adrift; it's a dolesome thing to see ye going out o' this fashion. Ye'd as pritty a look-out as any lad or lass-i' th' county, one mid say, half a year agone," added the old man with a groan. "Misfortines is very hasty o' foot, and comes most times in swarms like bees."

"I'm hoping as you're better, Master Nathan," observed Lydia, rising from her bundles with her usual quiet courteous greeting, while Cassie set the only stool that was left to sit on.

"Matters is mostly packed by now, but Cassie'll be fine and pleased for to get ye a sup o' summat an ye'll think well to tak' anything arter your long toil." And she did the honours of her empty kitchen like a true lady. Some of the best manners in England are to be found among those

* Town—an inclosure from the waste.

we call "the poor." After all, manners are the expression of the nature of the man; and consideration for others, quiet self-possession, tact and courtesy, the essentials of a gentleman (which is indeed our shorthand expression for these qualities combined), are to be found among them of en to perfection, particularly in the country.

"We heerd as yer had Martha now to live with yer, uncle," said Cassie.

"Well," said the old man, "I thowt on it; she's coming next week fo: to stop. She's a bit over petticklar, but she's wonderful industrious; and 'tis so dull wi'out a woman for to bang about and to fend for me. I want to speak to thee, Cassie," added he, drawing her into the empty cheese-room, which looked drearier than ever, with its riches swept away.

"I were hard on thee, child, t'other time. I dunna know as thou couldst ha' done less for thy feyther but lend him the money when he'd all that coil. Arter all he were thy feyther; and so now wilt thou come and live wi' me, and be a child to me in my old age, and I will leave thee a' I have when I go?"

"I wanna leave Lyddy," said Cassie, stoutly. "Thank ye kindly a' the same, uncle. She and I is one. I'll not return from following arter her; where she goes I will go, and where she dies I will die," said the girl with a passion of affection that made her voice tremble, and her rich brown cheek warm with colour and her eyes bright with tears. It was beautiful to see her, and even the philosophy of Nathan the wise was not proof against it.

"You'd make a rare loving wife, my wench, you would," he said, admiringly.

The poor girl's eyes filled with tears as she murmured something about not being any man's wife, and then asked some unintelligible question about Roland.

"No; I hanna heerd nowt about him sin' I gin un a recommend for Liverpool. He went off wi' that old raskil Joshuay; but thee's better forget a' about his father's son," said the old man. "Well, good-by, my lass, and ye'll come to me an ye be in trouble. I'd ha' liked sorely for to ha'e had thee for my own," he added, clearing his throat. "Good-by, Lyddy. I shall come and see yer again once ye're settled," he called out as he passed through the kitchen once more. "Eh, dearie me, to be sure, who'd ha' thought it? It's a sorry sight!" repeated Nathan, shaking his head dolefully as he went out at the door again.

"What did he come for, Cassie, all in such a hurry?" said Lydia, anxiously, as the girl came slowly back.

"Axe me no questions and I'll tell thee no lies," answered she, with a laughing caress.

"He came to axe thee go wi' him," Lydia went on. "I know he did, and thou hast given it up because o' me, my darlin'. Think on it agin. I can fend for German, and belike too he may marry. Why shouldst thou fling away what's for thy good wi' thinkin' o' me?"

"I was na' thinking o' thee one bit," said Cassie gaily (it was the first

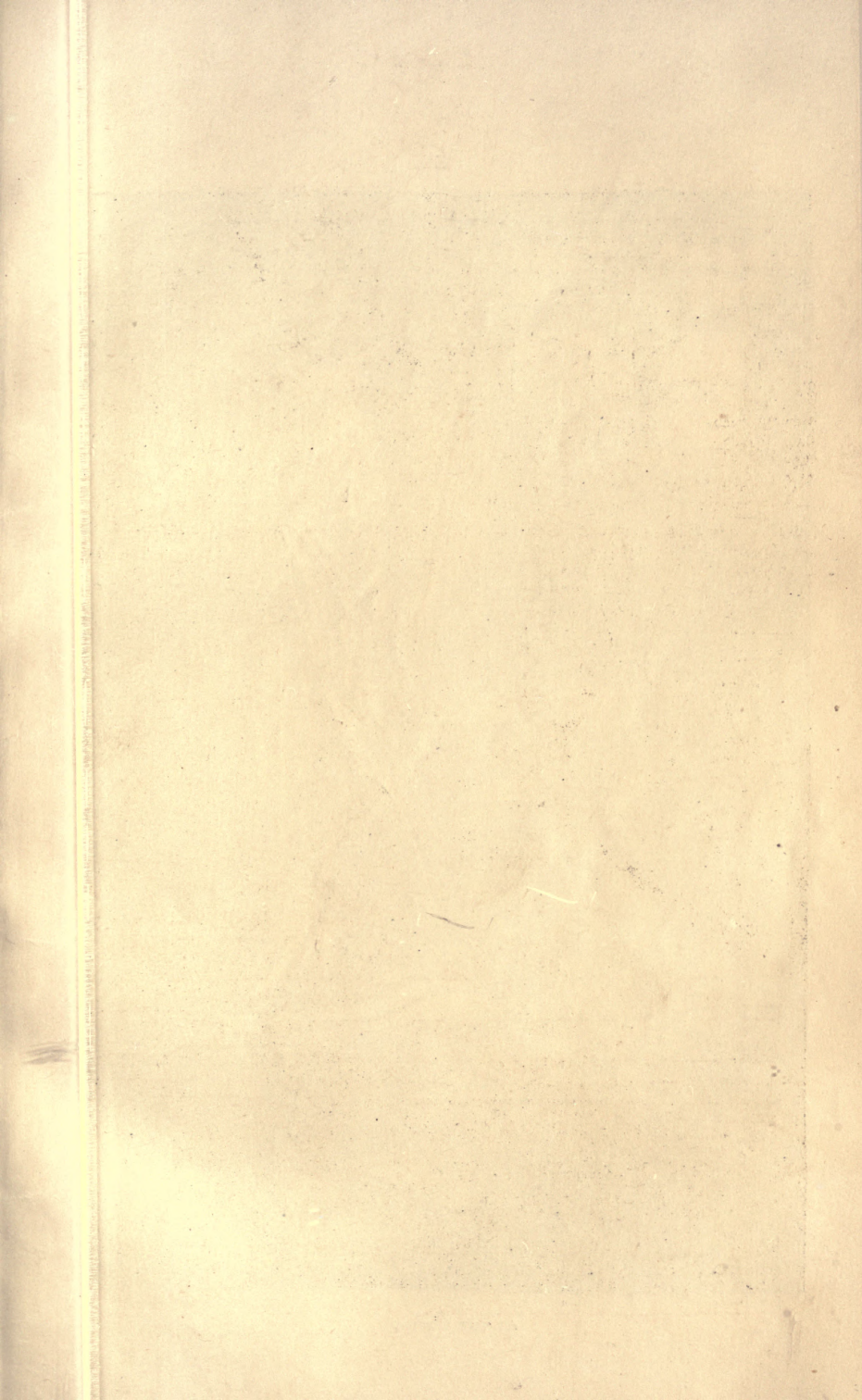
time Lydia had seen the poor girl smile for months). "I were just a thinkin' o' mysen. Martha Savage 'ud be a sore un to live with. Sure life's better nor house or land, and 'tis life to live wi' thee and German. Thou shaltna get shut on me so," she added with a kiss.

Lydia shook her head lovingly at her, and said no more.

The little cart was soon laden; the old squire had been substantially kind to them, had found a small cottage in the valley below and given them any furniture they chose to take away, the old cow and a pig. The melancholy little party set off, German in front leading the horse, the cart built up with the "bits o' things"—which look so pathetic—of an uprooted household. Then came Cassie driving the cow and carrying a basket with her own particular laying hen; and lastly, Lydia, with certain brittle articles which the ruts made it impossible to convey otherwise in safety. It was a dull, gloomy day: a thick mist almost blotted out the landscape, and was nearly as wet as rain. Silently they turned away from the old pillared gateway and the old grey house, which looked as mournful as if it felt the desertion, and the only sound heard was the squeaking of the little pig in a hamper at the top of the cart, which lamented its departure with loud squeals, answered from the farmyard by the cries of the bereaved mother growing fainter and more faint in the distance. Not a word was spoken by any of them till they reached their future home in the small scattered hamlet below. It stood apart on the side of the hill, in the space formed by a little quarry, out of which the house had been built. On the other side was a steep terraced garden supported by a high wall looking down to the green croft in which it was set. Before the door grew two or three sycamores—the tree which flourishes best in these hills—the tops of which are mostly bare and ugly, while vegetation creeps down the valleys following the course of the streams.

"And thou'lt set slips o' things and have a garden, dearie?" said Lydia, looking round. "Sure 'tis a nice quiet pleasant place."

The two women got work to do at home from one of the small mills which were beginning to take the place of the home-spinning, and to rise on even obscure "water privileges;" and German easily found a place as cowkeeper to a farmer near. It was a peaceful life. The descent in dignity fell heaviest on poor German, the women scarcely felt it at all; they hardly dared to acknowledge, even to themselves, the relief it was to live under their own roof-tree with none to make them afraid. Still as time went on, with no tidings of Roland, Cassie's heart grew sick with a longing desire for a word or a sign, and her cheeks grew pale with watching and waiting in vain.





AT THE COITAGE.

THE
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The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE COTTAGE.



JULIA L'ESTRANGE was busily engaged in arranging some flowers in certain vases in her little drawing-room, and, with a taste all her own, draping a small hanging lamp with creepers, when Jack Bramleigh appeared at the open window, and leaning on the sill, cried out, "Good morning."

"I came over to scold you, Julia," said he. "It was very cruel of you to desert us last evening, and we had a most dreary time of it in consequence."

"Come round and hold this chair for me, and don't talk nonsense."

"And what are all these fine preparations for? You are decking out your room as if for a village

fête," said he, not moving from his place nor heeding her request.

"I fancy that young Frenchman who was here last night," said she, saucily, "would have responded to my invitation if I had asked him to hold the chair I was standing on."

"I've no doubt of it," said he, gravely. "Frenchmen are vastly more gallant than we are."

"Do you know, Jack," said she again, "he is most amusing?"

"Very probably."

"And has such a perfect accent; that sort of purring French one only hears from a Parisian."

"I am charmed to hear it."

"It charmed me to hear it, I assure you. One does so long for the sounds that recall bright scenes and pleasant people; one has such a zest for the most commonplace things that bring back the memory of very happy days."

"What a lucky Frenchman to do all this!"

"What a lucky Irish girl to have met with him," said she gaily.

"And how did you come to know him, may I ask?"

"George had been several times over to inquire after him, and out of gratitude Count Pracontal,—I'm not sure that he is count though, but it is of no moment,—made it a point to come here the first day he was able to drive out. Mr. Longworth drove him over in his pony carriage, and George was so pleased with them both that he asked them to tea last evening, and they dine here to-day."

"Hence these decorations?"

"Precisely."

"What a brilliant neighbourhood we have! And there are people will tell you that this is all barbarism here."

"Come over this evening, Jack, and hear M. Pracontal sing,—he has a delicious tenor voice,—and you'll never believe in that story of barbarism again. We had quite a little *salon* last night."

"I must take your word for his attractive qualities," said Jack, as his brow contracted and his face grew darker. "I thought your brother rather stood aloof from Mr. Longworth. I was scarcely prepared to hear of his inviting him here."

"So he did; but he found him so different from what he expected,—so quiet, so well-bred, that George, who always is in a hurry to make an amend when he thinks he has wronged any one, actually rushed into acquaintance with him at once."

"And his sister Julia," asked Jack, with a look of impertinent irony, "was she too as impulsive in her friendship?"

"I think pretty much the same."

"It must have been a charming party."

"I flatter myself it was. They stayed till midnight; and M. Pracontal declared he'd break his other leg to-morrow if it would ensure him another such evening in his convalescence."

"Fulsome rascal! I protest it lowers my opinion of women altogether when I think these are the fellows that always meet their favour."

"Women would be very ungrateful if they did not like the people who try to please them. Now certainly, as a rule, Jack, you will admit foreigners are somewhat more eager about this than you gentlemen of England."

"I have heard about as much of this as I am likely to bear well from my distinguished stepmother," said he roughly, "so don't push my patience further."

"What do you say to our little *salon* now?" said she. "Have you ever seen ferns and variegated ivy disposed more tastefully?"

"I wish—I wish"—stammered he out, and then seemed unable to go on.

"And what do you wish?"

"I suppose I must not say it. You might feel offended besides."

"Not a bit, Jack. I am sure it never could be your intention to offend me, and a mere blunder could not do so."

"Well, I'll go round and tell you what it is I wish," and with this he entered the house and passed on into the drawing-room, and taking his place at one side of the fire, while she stood at the other, said seriously, "I was wishing, Julia, that you were less of a coquette."

"You don't mean that?" said she roguishly, dropping her long eye-lashes, as she looked down immediately after.

"I mean it very gravely, Julia. It is your one fault; but it is an immense one."

"My dear Jack," said she, very gravely, "you men are such churls that you are never grateful for any attempts to please you except they be limited strictly to yourselves. You would never have dared to call any little devices, by which I sought to amuse or interest you, coquetry, so long as they were only employed on your own behalf. My real offence is that I thought the world consisted of you and some others."

"I am not your match in these sort of subtle discussions," said he, bluntly, "but I know what I say is fact."

"That I'm a coquette?" said she, with so much feigned horror that Jack could scarcely keep down the temptation to laugh.

"Just so; for the mere pleasure of displaying some grace or some attraction, you'd half kill a fellow with jealousy, or drive him clean mad with uncertainty. You insist on admiration—or what you call 'homage,' which I trust is only a French name for it,—and what's the end of it all? You get plenty of this same homage; but—but—never mind. I suppose I'm a fool to talk this way. You're laughing at me, besides, all this while. I see it—I see it in your eyes."

"I wasn't laughing, Jack, I assure you. I was simply thinking that this discovery—I mean of my coquetry—wasn't yours at all. Come, be frank and own it. Who told you I was a coquette, Jack?"

"You regard me as too dull-witted to have found it out, do you?"

"No, Jack. Too honest-hearted—too unsuspecting, too generous, to put an ill-construction where a better one would do as well."

"If you mean that there are others who agree with me, you're quite right."

"And who may they be?" asked she, with a quiet smile. "Come, I have a right to know."

"I don't see the right."

"Certainly I have. It would be very ungenerous and very unjust to let me continue to exercise all those pleasing devices you have just stigmatized for the delectation of people who condemn them."

"Oh, you couldn't help that. You'd do it just to amuse yourself, as I'm sure was the case yesterday, when you put forth all your captivations for that stupid old viscount."

"Did I?"

"Did you? You have the face to ask it?"

"I have, Jack. I have courage for even more, for I will ask you, was it not Marion said this? Was it not Marion who was so severe on all my little gracefulnesses? Well, you need not answer if you don't like. I'll not press my question; but own, it is not fair for Marion, with every advantage, her beauty, and her surroundings——"

"Her what?"

"Well, I would not use a French word; but I meant to say, those accessories which are represented by dress, and 'toilette,'—not mean things in female estimation. With all these, why not have a little mercy for the poor curate's sister, reduced to enter the lists with very uncouth weapons?"

"You won't deny that Ellen loves you?" said he, suddenly.

"I'd be sorry, very sorry, to doubt it; but she never said I was a coquette?"

"I'm sure she knows you are," said he, doggedly.

"Oh, Jack, I hope this is not the way you try people on court-martial?"

"It's the fairest way ever a fellow was tried; and if one doesn't feel him guilty he'd never condemn him."

"I'd rather people would feel less, and think a little more, if I was to be 'the accused,'" said she, half pettishly.

"You got that, Master Jack; that round shot was for *you*," said he, not without some irritation in his tone.

"Well," said she good-humouredly, "I believe we are firing into each other this morning, and I declare I cannot see for what."

"I'll tell you, Julia. You grew very cross with me, because I accused you of being a coquette, a charge you'd have thought pretty lightly of, if you hadn't known it was deserved."

"Might there not have been another reason for the crossness, supposing it to have existed?" said she quietly.

"I cannot imagine one; at least, I can't imagine what reason you point at."

"Simply this," said she, half carelessly, "that it could have been no part of your duty to have told me so."

"You mean that it was a great liberty on my part—an unwarrantable liberty?"

"Something like it."

"That the terms which existed between us"—and now he spoke with

a tremulous voice, and a look of much agitation—"could not have warranted my daring to point out a fault, even in your manner; for I am sure, after all, your nature had nothing to do with it?"

She nodded, and was silent.

"That's pretty plain, anyhow," said he, moving towards the table, where he had placed his hat. "It's a sharp lesson to give a fellow though, all the more when he was unprepared for it."

"You forget that the first sharp lesson came from *you*."

"All true; there's no denying it." He took up his hat as she spoke, and moved, half awkwardly, towards the window. "I had a message for you from the girls, if I could only remember it. Do you happen to guess what it was about?"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly as a negative, and was silent.

"I'll be shot if I can think what it was," muttered he; "the chances are, however, it was to ask you to do something or other, and as, in your present temper, that would be hopeless, it matters little that I have forgotten it."

She made no answer to this speech, but quietly occupied herself arranging a braid of her hair that had just fallen down.

"Miss L'Estrange!" said he, in a haughty and somewhat bold tone.

"Mr. Bramleigh," replied she, turning and facing him with perfect gravity, though her tremulous lip and sparkling eye showed what the effort to seem serious cost her.

"If you will condescend to be real, to be natural, for about a minute and a half, it may save us, or at least one of us, a world of trouble and unhappiness."

"It's not a very courteous supposition of yours that implies I am unreal or unnatural," said she, calmly; "but no matter, go on; say what you desire to say, and you shall find me pretty attentive."

"What I want to say is this, then," said he, approaching where she stood, and leaning one arm on the chimney close to where her own arm was resting; "I wanted to tell—no, I wanted to ask you, if the old relations between us are to be considered as bygone?—if I am to go away from this to-day, believing that all I have ever said to you, all that you heard—for you *did* hear me, Julia?"——

"Julia!" repeated she, in mock amazement. "What liberty is this, sir?" and she almost laughed out as she spoke.

"I knew well how it would be," said he angrily. "There is a heartless levity in your nature that nothing represses. I asked you to be serious for one brief instant."

"And you shall find that I can," said she quickly. "If I have not been more so hitherto, it has been in mercy to yourself."

"In mercy to me? To me! What do you mean?"

"Simply this. You came here to give me a lesson this morning. But it was at your sister's suggestion. It was her criticism that prompted you to the task. I read it all. I saw how ill-prepared you were. You have

mistaken some things, forgotten others; and, in fact, you showed me that you were far more anxious I should exculpate myself than that you yourself should be the victor. It was for this reason that I was really annoyed—seriously annoyed, at what you said to me; and I called in what you are so polite as to style my ‘levity’ to help me through my difficulty. Now, however, you have made me serious enough; and it is in this mood I say, Don’t charge yourself another time with such a mission. Reprove whatever you like, but let it come from yourself. Don’t think lightheartedness—I’ll not say levity—bad in morals, because it may be bad in taste. There’s a lesson for you, sir.” And she held out her hand as if in reconciliation.

“But you haven’t answered my question, Julia,” said he, tremulously.

“And what was your question?”

“I asked you if the past—if all that had taken place between us—was to be now forgotten?”

“I declare here is George,” said she, bounding towards the window and opening it. “What a splendid fish, George! Did you take it yourself?”

“Yes, and he cost me the top joint of my rod; and I’d have lost him after all if Lafferty had not waded out and landed him. I’m between two minds, Julia, whether I’ll send him up to the Bramleighs.”

She put her finger to her lip to impose caution, and said, “The admiral”—the nickname by which Jack was known—“is here.”

“All right,” replied L’Estrange. “We’ll try and keep him for dinner, and eat the fish at home.” He entered as he spoke. “Where’s Jack? Didn’t you say he was here?”

“So he was when I spoke. He must have slipped away without my seeing it. He is really gone.”

“I hear he is gazetted; appointed to some ship on a foreign station. Did he tell you of it?”

“Not a word. Indeed, he had little time, for we did nothing but squabble since he came in.”

“It was Harding told me. He said that Jack did not seem overjoyed at his good luck; and declared that he was not quite sure he would accept it.”

“Indeed,” said she, thoughtfully.

“That’s not the only news. Colonel Bramleigh was summoned to town by a telegram this morning, but what about I didn’t hear. If Harding knew—and I’m not sure that he did—he was too discreet to tell. But I’m not at the end of my tidings. It seems they have discovered coal on Lord Culduff’s estate, and a great share company is going to be formed, and untold wealth to be distributed amongst the subscribers?”

“I wonder why Jack did not tell me he was going away?” said she.

“Perhaps he does not intend to go; perhaps the colonel has gone up to try and get something better for him; perhaps——”

“Any perhaps will do, George,” said she, like one willing to change the theme. “What do you say to my decorations? Have you no compliments to make me on my exquisite taste?”

"Harding certainly thinks well of it," said he, not heeding her question.

"Thinks well of what, George?"

"He's a shrewd fellow," continued he; "and if he deems the investment good enough to venture his own money in, I suspect, Ju, we might risk ours."

"I wish you would tell me what you are talking about; for all this is a perfect riddle to me."

"It's about vesting your two thousand pounds, Julia, which now return about seventy pounds a year, in the coal speculation. That's what I am thinking of. Harding says, that taking a very low estimate of the success, there ought to be a profit on the shares of fifteen per cent. In fact, he said he wouldn't go into it himself for less."

"Why, George, why did he say this? Is there anything wrong or immoral about coal?"

"Try and be serious for one moment, Ju," said he, with a slight touch of irritation in his voice. "What Harding evidently meant was, that a speculative enterprise was not to be deemed good if it yielded less. These shrewd men, I believe, never lay out their money without large profit."

"And, my dear George, why come and consult me about these things? Can you imagine more hopeless ignorance than mine must be on all such questions?"

"You can understand that a sum of money yielding three hundred a year is more profitably employed than when it only returned seventy."

"Yes; I think my intelligence can rise to that height."

"And you can estimate, also, what increase of comfort we should have if our present income were to be more than doubled,—which it would be in this way?"

"I'd deem it positive affluence, George."

"That's all I want you to comprehend. The next question is to get Vickers to consent; he is the surviving trustee, and you'll have to write to him, Ju. It will come better from you than me, and say—what you can say with a safe conscience—that we are miserably poor, and that, though we pinch and save in every way we can, there's no reaching the end of the year without a deficit in the budget."

"I used that unlucky phrase once before, George, and he replied, 'Why don't you cut down the estimates?'"

"I know he did. The old curmudgeon meant I should sell Nora, and he has a son, a gentleman commoner at Cambridge, that spends more in wine-parties than our whole income."

"But it's his own, George. It is not our money he is wasting."

"Of course it is not; but does that exempt him from all comment? Not that it matters to us, however," added he, in a lighter tone. "Sit down, and try what you can do with the old fellow. You used to be a great pet of his once on a time."

"Yes, he went so far as to say that if I had even twenty thousand pounds, he didn't know a girl he'd rather have for a daughter-in-law."

"He didn't tell you that, Ju?" said L'Estrange, growing almost purple with shame and rage together.

"I pledge you my word he said it."

"And what did you say? What did you do?"

"I wiped my eyes with my handkerchief, and told him it was for the first time in my life I felt the misery of being poor."

"And I wager that you burst out laughing."

"I did, George. I laughed till my sides ached. I laughed till he rushed out of the room in a fit of passion, and I declare, I don't think he ever spoke ten words to me after."

"This gives me scant hope of your chance of success with him."

"I don't know, George. All this happened ten months ago, when he came down here for the snipe-shooting. He may have forgiven, or, better still, forgotten it. In any case, tell me exactly what I'm to write, and I'll see what I can do with him."

"You're to say that your brother has just heard from a person, in whom he places the most perfect confidence, say Harding, in short—Colonel Bramleigh's agent—that an enterprise which will shortly be opened here offers an admirable opportunity of investment, and that as your small fortune in Consols——"

"In what?"

"No matter. Say that as your two thousand pounds,—which now yield an interest of seventy, could secure you an income fully four times that sum, you hope he will give his consent to withdraw the money from the Funds, and employ it in this speculation. I'd not say speculation, I'd call it mine at once—coal-mine."

"But if I own this money why must I ask Mr. Vickars' leave to make use of it as I please?"

"He is your trustee, and the law gives him this power, Ju, till you are nineteen, which you will not be till May next."

"He'll scarcely be disagreeable, when his opposition must end in five months."

"That's what I think too, but before that five months run over the share list may be filled, and these debentures be probably double the present price."

"I'm not sure I understand your reasoning, but I'll go and write my letter, and you shall see if I have said all that you wished."

CHAPTER XIV.

OFFICIAL CONFIDENCES.

LORD CULDUFF accompanied Colonel Bramleigh to town. He wanted a renewal of his leave, and deemed it better to see the head of the department in person than to address a formal demand to the office. Colonel

Bramleigh, too, thought that his lordship's presence might be useful when the day of action had arrived respecting the share company—a Lord in the City having as palpable a weight as the most favourable news that ever sent up the Funds.

When they reached London they separated, Bramleigh taking up his quarters in the Burlington, while Lord Culduff—on pretence of running down to some noble duke's villa near Richmond—snugly installed himself in a very modest lodging off St. James's Street, where a former valet acted as his cook and landlord, and on days of dining out assisted at the wonderful toilet, whose success was alike the marvel and the envy of Culduff's contemporaries.

Though a man of several clubs, his lordship's favourite haunt was a small unimposing-looking house close to St. James's Square, called the "Plenipo." Its members were all diplomatists, nothing below the head of a mission being eligible for ballot. A masonic mystery pervaded all the doings of that austere temple, whose dinners were reported to be exquisite, and whose cellar had such a fame that "Plenipo Lafitte" had a European reputation.

Now, veteran asylums have many things recommendatory about them, but from Greenwich and the Invalides downwards there is one especial vice that clings to them—they are haunts of everlasting complaint. The men who frequent them all belong to the past, their sympathies, their associations, their triumphs and successes, all pertain to the bygone. Harping eternally over the frivolity, the emptiness, and sometimes the vulgarity of the present, they urge each other on to most exaggerated notions of the time when they were young, and a deprecatory estimate of the world then around them.

It is not alone that the days of good dinners and good conversation have passed away, but even good manners have gone, and, more strangely too, good looks. "I protest you don't see such women now"—one of these bewigged and rouged old debauchees would say, as he gazed at the slow procession moving on to a drawing-room, and his compeers would concur with him, and wonderingly declare that the thing was inexplicable.

In the sombre-looking breakfast-room of this austere temple, Lord Culduff sat reading *The Times*. A mild soft rain was falling without; the water dripping tepid and dirty through the heavy canopy of a London fog; and a large coal fire blazed within,—that fierce furnace which seems so congenial to English taste; not impossibly because it recalls the factory and the smelting-house—the "sacred fire" that seems to inspire patriotism by the suggestion of industry.

Two or three others sat at tables through the room, all so wonderfully alike in dress, feature, and general appearance, that they almost seemed reproductions of the same figure by a series of mirrors; but they were priests of the same "caste," whose forms of thought and expression were precisely the same,—and thus as they dropped their scant remarks on

the topics of the day, there was not an observation or a phrase of one that might not have fallen from any of the others.

"So," cried one, "they're going to send the Grand Cross to the Duke of Hochmaringhen. That will be a special mission. I wonder who'll get it?"

"Cloudesley, I'd say," observed another; "he's always on the watch for anything that comes into the 'extraordinaries.'"

"It will not be Cloudesley," said a third. "He stayed away a year and eight months when they sent him to Tripoli, and there was a rare jaw about it for the estimates."

"Hochmaringhen is near Baden, and not a bad place for the summer," said Culduff. "The duchess, I think, was daughter of the Margravine."

"Niece, not daughter," said a stern-looking man, who never turned his eyes from his newspaper.

"Niece or daughter, it matters little which," said Culduff, irritated at correction on such a point.

"I protest I'd rather take a turn in South Africa," cried another, "than accept one of those missions to Central Germany."

"You're right, Upton," said a voice from the end of the room, "the cookery is insufferable."

"And the hours. You retire to bed at ten."

"And the ceremonial. Blounte never threw off the lumbago he got from bowing at the court of Bratensdorf."

"They're ignoble sort of things, at the best, and should never be imposed on diplomatic men. These investitures should always be entrusted to court functionaries," said Culduff, haughtily. "If I were at the head of F. O. I'd refuse to charge one of the 'line' with such a mission."

And now something that almost verged on an animated discussion ensued as to what was and what was not the real province of diplomacy; a majority inclining to the opinion that it was derogatory to the high dignity of the calling to meddle with what, at best, was the function of the mere courtier.

"Is that Culduff driving away in that cab?" cried one, as he stood at the window.

"He has carried away my hat, I see, by mistake," said another. "What is he up to at this hour of the morning?"

"I think I can guess," said the grim individual who had corrected him in the matter of genealogy; "he's off to F. O., to ask for the special mission he has just declared that none of us should stoop to accept."

"You've hit it, Grindesley," cried another. "I'll wager a pony you're right."

"It's so like him."

"After all, it's the sort of thing he's best up to. La Ferronaye told me he was the best master of the ceremonies in Europe."

"Why come amongst us at all, then? Why not get himself made a gold-stick, and follow the instincts of his genius?"

"Well, I believe he wants it badly," said one who affected a tone of

half kindness. "They tell me he has not eight hundred a year left him."

"Not four. I doubt if he could lay claim to three."

"He never had in his best day above four or five thousand, though he tells you of his twenty-seven or twenty-eight."

"He had originally about six; but he always lived at the rate of twelve or fifteen, and in mere ostentation too."

"So I've always heard." And then there followed a number of little anecdotes of Culduff's selfishness, his avarice, his meanness, and such like, told with such exactitude as to show that every act of these men's lives was scrupulously watched, and when occasion offered mercilessly recorded.

While they thus sat in judgment over him, Lord Culduff himself was seated at a fire in a dingy old room in Downing Street, the Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs opposite him. They were talking in a tone of easy familiarity, as men might who occupied the same social station, a certain air of superiority, however, being always apparent in the manner of the minister towards the subordinate.

"I don't think you can ask this, Culduff," said the great man, as he puffed his cigar tranquilly in front of him. "You've had three of these special missions already."

"And for the simple reason that I was the one man in England who knew how to do them."

"We don't dispute the way you did them; we only say all the prizes in the wheel should not fall to the same man."

"You have had my proxy for the last five years."

"And we have acknowledged the support—acknowledged it by more than professions."

"I can only say this, that if I had been with the other side, I'd have met somewhat different treatment."

"Don't believe it, Culduff. Every party that is in power inherits its share of obligations. We have never disowned those we owe to you."

"And why am I refused this, then?"

"If you wanted other reasons than those I have given you, I might be able to adduce them—not willingly indeed, but under pressure, and especially in strict confidence."

"Reasons against my having the mission?"

"Reasons against your having the mission."

"You amaze me, my lord. I almost doubt that I have heard you aright. I must, however, insist on your explaining yourself. Am I to understand that there are personal grounds of unfitness?"

The other bowed in assent.

"Have the kindness to let me know them."

"First of all, Culduff, this is to be a family mission—the duchess is a connection of our own royal house—and a certain degree of display and consequent expense will be required. Your fortune does not admit of this."

“Push on to the more cogent reason, my lord,” said Culduff, stiffly.

“Here, then, is the more cogent reason. The court has not forgotten—what possibly the world may have forgotten—some of those passages in your life for which you, perhaps, have no other remorse than that they are not likely to recur; and as you have given no hostages for good behaviour, in the shape of a wife, the court, I say, is sure to veto your appointment. You see it all as clearly as I do.”

“So far as I do see,” said Culduff, slowly, “the first objection is my want of fortune, the second, my want of a wife?”

“Exactly so.”

“Well, my lord, I am able to meet each of these obstacles; my agent has just discovered coal on one of my best estates, and I am now in town to make arrangements on a large scale to develop the source of wealth. As to the second disability, I shall pledge myself to present the Viscountess Culduff at the next drawing-room.”

“Married already?”

“No, but I may be within a few weeks. In fact, I mean to place myself in such a position, that no one holding your office can pass me over by a pretext, or affect to ignore my claim by affirming that I labour under a disability.”

“This sounds like menace, does it not?” said the other as he threw his cigar impatiently from him.

“A mere protocol, my lord, to denote intention.”

“Well, I’ll submit your name. I’ll go further,—I’ll support it. Don’t leave town for a day or two. Call on Beadlesworth and see Repsley; tell him what you’ve said to me. If you could promise it was one of his old maiden sisters that you thought of making Lady Culduff, the thing could be clenched at once,—but I take it, you have other views?”

“I have other views,” said he gravely.

“I’m not indiscreet, and I shall not ask you more on that head. By the way, isn’t your leave up, or nearly up?”

“It expired on Wednesday last, and I want it renewed for two months.”

“Of course, if we send you on this mission, you’ll not want the leave? I had something else to say. What was it?”

“I have not the very vaguest idea.”

“Oh! I remember. It was to recommend you not to take your wife from the stage. There’s a strong prejudice in a certain quarter as to that,—in fact, I may say it couldn’t be got over.”

“I may relieve you of any apprehensions on that score. Indeed, I don’t know what fact in my life should expose me to the mere suspicion.”

“Nothing,—nothing,—except that impulsive generosity of your disposition, which might lead you to do what other men would stop short to count the cost of.”

“It would never lead me to derogate, my lord,” said he proudly as he took his hat, and bowing haughtily left the room.

"The greatest ass in the whole career, and the word is a bold one," said the Minister as the door closed. "Meanwhile, I must send in his name for this mission, which he is fully equal to. What a happy arrangement it is, that in an age when our flunkies aspire to be gentlemen, there are gentlemen who ask nothing better than to be flunkies!"

CHAPTER XV.

WITH HIS LAWYER.

THOUGH Colonel Bramleigh's visit to town was supposed to be in furtherance of that speculation by which Lord Culduff calculated on wealth and splendour, he had really another object, and while Culduff imagined him to be busy in the City, and deep in shares and stock lists, he was closely closeted with his lawyer, and earnestly poring over a mass of time-worn letters and documents, carefully noting down dates, docketing, and annotating, in a way that showed what importance he attached to the task before him.

"I tell you what, Sedley," said he, as he threw his pen disdainfully from him, and lay back in his chair, "the whole of this move is a party dodge. It is part and parcel of that vile persecution with which the Tory faction pursued me during my late canvas. You remember their vulgar allusions to my father the brewer, and their coarse jest about my frothy oratory? This attack is but the second act of the same drama."

"I don't think so," mildly rejoined the other party. "Conflicts are sharp enough while the struggle lasts; but they rarely carry their bitterness beyond the day of battle."

"That is an agent's view of the matter," said Bramleigh, with asperity. "The agent always persists in believing the whole thing a sham fight; but though men do talk a great deal of rot and humbug about their principles on the hustings, their personal feelings are just as real, just as acute, and occasionally just as painful, as on any occasion in their lives; and I repeat to you, the trumped-up claim of this foreigner is neither more nor less than a piece of party malignity."

"I cannot agree with you. The correspondence we have just been looking at shows how upwards of forty years ago the same pretensions were put forward, and a man calling himself Montagu-Evelyn Bramleigh declared he was the rightful heir to your estates."

"A rightful heir whose claims could be always compromised by a ten-pound note was scarcely very dangerous."

"Why make any compromise at all if the fellow was clearly an impostor?"

"For the very reason that you yourself now counsel a similar course: to avoid the scandal of a public trial. To escape all those insolent comments which a party press is certain to pass on a political opponent."

"That could scarcely have been apprehended from the Bramleigh I

speak of, who was clearly poor, illiterate, and friendless; whereas the present man has, from some source or other, funds to engage eminent counsel and retain one of the first men at the bar."

"I protest, Sedley, you puzzle me," said Bramleigh, with an angry sparkle in his eye. "A few moments back you treated all this pretension as a mere pretext for extorting money, and now you talk of this fellow and his claim, as subjects that may one day be matter for the decision of a jury. Can you reconcile two views so diametrically opposite?"

"I think I can. It is at law as in war. The feint may be carried on to a real attack whenever the position assailed be possessed of an over-confidence or but ill-defended. It might be easy enough, perhaps, to deal with this man. Let him have some small success, however; let him gain a verdict, for instance, in one of those petty suits for ejection, and his case at once becomes formidable."

"All this," said Bramleigh, "proceeds on the assumption that there is something in the fellow's claim?"

"Unquestionably."

"I declare," said Bramleigh, rising and pacing the room, "I have not temper for this discussion. My mind has not been disciplined to that degree of refinement that I can accept a downright swindle as a demand founded on justice."

"Let us prove it a swindle, and there is an end of it."

"And will you tell me, sir," said he passionately, "that every gentleman holds his estates on the condition that the title may be contested by any impostor who can dupe people into advancing money to set the law in motion?"

"When such proceedings are fraudulent a very heavy punishment awaits them."

"And what punishment of the knave equals the penalty inflicted on the honest man in exposure, shame, insolent remarks, and worse than even these, a contemptuous pity for that reverse of fortune which newspaper writers always announce as an inevitable consummation?"

"These are all hard things to bear, but I don't suspect they ever deterred any man from holding an estate."

The half jocular tone of his remark rather jarred on Bramleigh's sensibilities, and he continued to walk the room in silence; at last, stopping short, he wheeled round and said,—

"Do you adhere to your former opinion; would you try a compromise?"

"I would. The man has a case quite good enough to interest a speculative lawyer,—good enough to go before a jury,—good enough for everything, but success. One half what the defence would cost you will probably satisfy his expectations, not to speak of all you will spare yourself in unpleasantness and exposure.

"It is a hard thing to stoop to," said Bramleigh, painfully.

"It need not be, at least not to the extent you imagine; and when

you throw your eye over your lawyer's bill of costs, the phrase 'incidental expenses' will spare your feelings any more distinct reference to this transaction."

"A most considerate attention. And now for the practical part. Who is this man's lawyer?"

"A most respectable practitioner, Kelson, of Temple Court. A personal friend of my own.

"And what terms would you propose?"

"I'd offer five thousand, and be prepared to go to eight, possibly to ten."

"To silence a mere menace."

"Exactly. It's a mere menace to-day, but six months hence it may be something more formidable. It is a curious case, cleverly contrived and ingeniously put together. I don't say that we couldn't smash it; such carpentry always has a chink or an open somewhere. Meanwhile the scandal is spreading over not only England, but over the world, and no matter how favourable the ultimate issue, there will always remain in men's minds the recollection that the right to your estate was contested and that you had to defend your possession.

"I had always thought till now," said Bramleigh, slowly, "that the legal mind attached very little importance to the flying scandals that amuse society. You appear to accord them weight and influence."

"I am not less a man of the world because I am a lawyer, Colonel Bramleigh," said the other, half tartly.

"If this must be done, the sooner it be over the better. A man of high station—a peer—is at this moment paying such attention to one of my daughters that I may expect at any moment, to-day perhaps, to receive a formal proposal for her hand. I do not suspect that the threat of an unknown claimant to my property would disturb his lordship's faith in my security or my station, but the sensitive dislike of men of his class to all publicity that does not redound to honour or distinction,—the repugnance to whatever draws attention to them for aught but court favour or advancement,—might well be supposed to have its influence with him, and I think it would be better to spare him,—to spare us, too,—this exposure."

"I'll attend to it immediately. Kelson hinted to me that the claimant was now in England."

"I was not aware of that."

"Yes, he is over here now, and I gather, too, has contrived to interest some people in his pretensions."

"Does he affect the station of a gentleman?"

"Thoroughly; he is, I am told, well-mannered, prepossessing in appearance, and presentable in every respect."

"Let us ask him over to Castello, Sedley," said Bramleigh, laughing.

"I've known of worse strategy," said the lawyer, dryly.

"What! are you actually serious?"

"I say that such a move might not be the worst step to an amicable settlement. In admitting the assailant to see all the worth and value of the fortress, it would also show him the resources for defence, and he might readily compute what poor chances were his against such odds."

"Still, I doubt if I could bring myself to consent to it. There is a positive indignity in making any concession to such a palpable imposture."

"Not palpable till proven. The most unlikely cases have now and then pushed some of our ablest men to upset. Attack can always choose its own time, its own ground, and is master of almost every condition of the combat."

"I declare, Sedley, if this man had retained your services to make a good bargain for him, he could scarcely have selected a more able agent."

"You could not more highly compliment the zeal I am exercising in your service."

"Well, I take it I must leave the whole thing in your hands. I shall not prolong my stay in town. I wanted to do something in the City, but I find these late crashes in the banks have spread such terror and apprehension, that nobody will advance a guinea on anything. There is an admirable opening just now,—coal."

"In Egypt?"

"No, in Ireland."

"Ah, in Ireland? That's very different. You surely cannot expect capital will take *that* channel?"

"You are an admirable lawyer, Sedley. I am told London has not your equal as a special pleader, but let me tell you you are not either a projector or a politician. I am both, and I declare to you that this country which you deride and distrust is the California of Great Britain. Write to me at your earliest; finish this business, if you can, out of hand, and if you make good terms for me I'll send you some shares in an enterprise—an Irish enterprise—which will pay you a better dividend than some of your East county railroads."

"Have you changed the name of your place? Your son, Mr. John Bramleigh, writes 'Bishop's Folly' at the top of his letter."

"It is called Castello, sir. I am not responsible for the silly caprices of a sailor."

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

LORD CULDUFF and Colonel Bramleigh spoke little to each other as they journeyed back to Ireland. Each fell back upon the theme personally interesting to him, and cared not to impart it to his neighbour. They were not like men who had so long travelled the same road in life that by a dropping word, a whole train of associations can be conjured up, and familiar scenes and people be passed in review before the mind.

A few curt sentences uttered by Bramleigh told how matters stood in the City—money was “tight” being the text of all he said; but of that financial sensitiveness that shrinks timidly from all enterprise after a period of crash and bankruptcy Culduff could make nothing. In his own craft nobody dreaded the fire because his neighbour’s child was burned, and he could not see why capitalists should not learn something from diplomacy.

Nor was Colonel Bramleigh, on his side, much better able to follow the subject which had interest for his companion. The rise and fall of kingdoms, the varying fortunes of States, impressed themselves upon the City man by the condition of financial credit they implied, and a mere glance at the price of a foreign loan conveyed to his appreciation a more correct notion of a people than all the Blue Books and all the correspondence with plenipotentiaries.

These were not Culduff’s views. His code—it is the code of all his calling—was: No country of any pretensions, no more than any gentleman of blood and family, ever became bankrupt. Pressed, hard-pushed, he would say. Yes! we all of us have had our difficulties, and to surmount them occasionally we are driven to make unprofitable bargains, but we “rub through,” and so will Greece and Spain and those other countries where they are borrowing at twelve or twenty per cent., and raise a loan each year to discharge the dividends.

Not only then were these two men little gifted with qualities to render them companionable to each other, but from the totally different way every event and every circumstance presented itself to their minds, each grew to conceive for the other a sort of depreciatory estimate as of one who only could see a very small part of any subject, and even that coloured and tinted by the hues of his own daily calling.

“So, then,” said Culduff, after listening to a somewhat lengthy explanation from Bramleigh of why and how it was that there was nothing to be done financially at the moment, “so, then, I am to gather the plan of a company to work the mines is out of the question?”

“I would rather call it deferred than abandoned,” was the cautious reply.

“In my career what we postpone we generally prohibit. And what other course is open to us?”

“We can wait, my lord, we can wait. Coal is not like indigo or tobacco; it is not a question of hours—whether the crop be saved or ruined. We can wait.”

“Very true, sir; but *I* cannot wait. There are some urgent calls upon me just now, the men who are pressing which will not be so complaisant as to wait either.”

“I was always under the impression, my lord, that your position as a peer, and the nature of the services that you were engaged in, were sufficient to relieve you from all the embarrassment that attach to humbler men in difficulties?”

“They don't arrest, but they dun us, sir; and they dun with an insistance and an amount of menace, too, that middle-class people can form no conception of. They besiege the departments we serve under with their vulgar complaints, and if the rumour gets abroad that one of us is about to be advanced to a governorship or an embassy, they assemble in Downing Street like a Reform demonstration. I declare to you I had to make my way through a lane of creditors from the Privy Council Office to the private entrance to F. O., my hands full of their confounded accounts,—one fellow, a bootmaker, actually having pinned his bill to the skirt of my coat as I went. And the worst of these impertinences is that they give a Minister who is indisposed towards you a handle for refusing your just claims. I have just come through such an ordeal: I have been told that my debts are to be a bar to my promotion.”

The almost tremulous horror which he gave to this last expression—as of an outrage unknown to mankind—warned Bramleigh to be silent.

“I perceive that you do not find it easy to believe this, but I pledge my word to you it is true. It is not forty-eight hours since a Secretary of State assumed to make my personal liabilities—the things which, if any things are a man's own, are certainly so—to make these an objection to my taking a mission of importance. I believe he was sorry for his indiscretion; I have reason to suppose that it was a blunder he will not readily repeat.”

“And you obtained your appointment?” asked Bramleigh.

“Minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Hochmaringhen,” said Culduff, with a slow and pompous enunciation.

Bramleigh, pardonably ignorant of the geography of the important State alluded to, merely bowed in acknowledgment. “Is there much—much to do at one of these courts?” asked he diffidently, after a pause.

“In one sense there is a great deal. In Germany the action of the greater cabinets is always to be discovered in the intrigues of the small dukedoms, just as you gather the temper of the huntsman from the way he lashes the hounds. You may, therefore, send a ‘crétin,’ if you like, to Berlin or Vienna; you want a man of tact and address at Sigmaringen or Klein-Esel-Stadt. They begin to see that here at home, but it took them years to arrive at it.”

Whether Bramleigh was confounded by the depth of this remark, or annoyed by the man who made it, he relapsed into a dreamy silence that soon passed into sleep, into which state the illustrious diplomatist followed, and thus was the journey made till the tall towers of Castello came into view, and they found themselves rapidly careering along with four posters towards the grand entrance. The tidings of their coming soon reached the drawing-room, and the hall was filled by the young members of the family to welcome them. “Remember,” said Bramleigh, “we had nothing but a light luncheon since morning. Come and join us, if you like, in the dining-room, but let us have some dinner as soon as may be.”

It is not pleasant, perhaps, to be talked to while eating by persons quite unemployed by the pleasures of the table; but there is a sort of free and easy at such times not wholly uncondusive to agreeable intercourse, and many little cares and attentions, impossible and unmeaning in the more formal habits of the table, are now graceful adjuncts to the incident. Thus was it that Marion contrived by some slight service or other to indicate to Lord Culduff that he was an honoured guest; and when she filled his glass with champagne, and poured a little into her own to pledge him, the great man felt a sense of triumph that warmed the whole of that region where, anatomically, his heart was situated. While the others around were engaged in general conversation, she led him to talk of his journey to town, and what he had done there; and he told her somewhat proudly of the high mission about to be entrusted to him, not omitting to speak of the haughty tone he had used towards the Minister and the spirit he had evinced in asserting his just claims. "We had what threatened at one time to be a stormy interview. When a man like myself has to recall the list of his services, the case may well be considered imminent. He pushed me to this, and I accepted his challenge. I told him, if I am not rich, it is because I have spent my fortune in maintaining the dignity of the high stations I have filled. The breaches in my fortune are all honourable wounds. He next objected to what I could not but admit as a more valid barrier to my claims. Can you guess it?"

She shook her head in dissent. It could not be his rank, or anything that bore upon his rank. Was it possible that official prudery had been shocked by the noble lord's social derelictions? Had the scandal of that old elopement survived to tarnish his fame and injure his success? and she blushed as she thought of the theme to which he invited her approach.

"I see you do divine it," said he, smiling courteously.

"I suspect not," said she diffidently, and still blushing deeper.

"It would be a great boon to me,—a most encouraging assurance," said he in a low and earnest voice, "if I could believe that your interest in me went so far as actually to read the story and anticipate the catastrophe of my life. Tell me then, I entreat you, that you know what I allude to."

She hesitated. "Was it possible," thought she, "that he wished me to admit that my opinion of him was not prejudiced by this 'escapade' of thirty years ago? Is he asking me to own that I am tolerant towards such offences?" His age, his tone generally, his essentially foreign breeding, made this very possible. Her perplexity was great, and her confusion increased with every minute.

At this critical moment there was a general move to go into the drawing-room, and as he gave her his arm, Lord Culduff drew her gently towards him, and said in his most insinuating voice, "Let me hear my fate."

"I declare, my lord," said she hesitatingly, "I don't know what to

say. Moralists and worldly people have two different measures for these things. I have no pretensions to claim a place with the former, and I rather shrink from accepting all the ideas of the latter. At all events I would suppose that after a certain lapse of time, when years have gone over,—profitably,—I would hope,—in fact, I mean,—in short I do not know what I mean.”

“You mean, perhaps, that it is not at my time of life men take such a step with prudence. Is that it?” asked he, trying in vain to keep down the irritation that moved him.

“Well, my lord, I believe about the prudence there can scarcely be two opinions, whether a man be young or old. These things are wrong in themselves, and nothing can make them right.”

“I protest I am unable to follow you,” said he, tartly.

“All the better, my lord, if I be only leading you where you have no inclination to wander. I see Nelly wants me at the piano.”

“And you prefer accompanying *her* to *me*?” said he reproachfully.

“At least, my lord, we shall be in harmony, which is scarcely our case here.”

He sighed, almost theatrically, as he relinquished her arm, and retiring to a remote part of the room, affected to read a newspaper. Mr. Cutbill, however, soon drew a chair near, and engaged him in conversation.

“So Bramleigh has done nothing,” whispered Cutbill, as he bent forward. “He did not, so far as I gather, even speak of the mine in the City.”

“He said it was of no use; the time was unfavourable.”

“Did you ever know it otherwise? Isn't it with that same cant of an unfavourable time, these men always add so much to the premium on every undertaking?”

“Sir, I am unable to answer your question. It is my first—I would I might be able to say, and my last—occasion to deal with this class of people.”

“They're not a bad set, after all; only you must take them in the way they're used to—the way they understand.”

“It is a language I have yet to learn, Mr. Cutbill.”

“The sooner your lordship sets to work at it the better then.”

Lord Culduff wheeled round in his chair, and stared with amazement at the man before him. He saw, however, the unmistakable signs of his having drunk freely, and his bloodshot eyes declared that the moment was not favourable for calm discussion.

“It would be as well perhaps to adjourn this conversation,” said Culduff.

“I'm for business—anywhere and at any moment. I made one of the best hits I ever chanced upon after a smash on the Trent Valley line. There was Boulders, of the firm of Skale and Boulders Brothers,—had his shoulder dislocated and two of his front teeth knocked out. He was lying with a lot of scantling and barrel-staves over him, and he cried out,

'Is there any one there?' I said, 'Yes; Cutbill. Tom Cutbill, of Viceregal Terrace, St. John's Wood.'

Lord Culduff's patience could stand no more, and he arose with a slight bow and moved haughtily away. Cutbill, however, was quickly at his side. "You must hear the rest of this; it was a matter of close on ten thousand pounds to me, and this is the way it came out——"

"I felicitate you heartily, sir, on your success, but beg I may be spared the story of it."

"You've heard worse. Egad, I'd not say you haven't told worse. It's not every fellow, I promise you, has his wits about him at a moment when people are shouting for help, and an express train standing on its head in a cutting, and a tender hanging over a viaduct."

"Sir, there are worse inflictions than even this."

"Eh, what?" said Cutbill, crossing his arms on his chest, and looking fully in the other's face; but Lord Culduff moved quietly on, and approaching a table where Ellen was seated, said, "I'm coming to beg for a cup of tea;" not a trace of excitement or irritation to be detected in his voice or manner. He loitered for a few moments at the table, talking lightly and pleasantly on indifferent subjects, and then moved carelessly away till he found himself near the door, when he made a precipitate escape and hurried up to his room.

It was his invariable custom to look at himself carefully in the glass whenever he came home at night. As a general might have examined the list of killed and wounded after an action, computing with himself the cost of victory or defeat, so did this veteran warrior of a world's campaign go carefully over all the signs of wear and tear, the hard lines of pain or chequered colouring of agitation, which his last engagement might have inflicted.

As he sat down before his mirror now, he was actually shocked to see what ravages a single evening had produced. The circles around his eyes were deeply indented, the corners of his mouth drawn down so fixedly and firmly that all his attempts to conjure up a smile were failures, while a purple tint beneath his rouge totally destroyed that delicate colouring which was wont to impart the youthful look to his features.

The vulgar impertinence of Cutbill made indeed but little impression upon him. An annoyance while it lasted, it still left nothing for memory that could not be dismissed with ease. It was Marion. It was what she had said that weighed so painfully on his heart, wounding where he was most intensely and delicately sensitive. She had told him—what had she told him? He tried to recall her exact words, but he could not. They were in reply to remarks of his own, and owed all their significance to the context. One thing she certainly had said,—that there were certain steps in life about which the world held but one opinion, and the allusion was to men marrying late in life; and then she added a remark as to the want of "sympathy"—or was it "harmony" she called it?—between them. How strange that he could not remember more exactly all that passed, he

who, after his interviews with Ministers and great men, could go home and send off in an official despatch the whole dialogue of the audience. But why seek for the precise expressions she employed? The meaning should surely be enough for him, and that was—there was no denying it—that the disparity of their ages was a bar to his pretensions. “Had our ranks in life been alike, there might have been force in her observation; but she forgets that a coronet encircles a brow like a wreath of youth;” and he adjusted the curls of his wig as he spoke, and smiled at himself more successfully than he had done before.

“On the whole, perhaps it is better,” said he, as he arose and walked the room. “A *mésalliance* can only be justified by great beauty or great wealth. One must do a consumedly rash thing, or a wonderfully sharp one, to come out well with the world. Forty thousand, and a good-looking girl—she isn’t more,—would not satisfy the just expectations of society, which, with men like myself, are severely exacting.”

He had met a repulse, he could not deny it, and the sense of pain it inflicted galled him to the quick. To be sure, the thing occurred in a remote, out-of-the-way spot, where there were no people to discover or retail the story. It was not as if it chanced in some cognate land of society, where such incidents get immediate currency and form the gossip of every coterie. Who was ever to hear of what passed in an Irish country-house? Marion herself indeed might write it,—she most probably would—but to whom? To some friend as little in the world as herself, and none knew better than Lord Culduff of how few people the “world” was composed. It was a defeat, but a defeat that need never be gazetted. And after all, are not the worst things in all our reverses, the comments that are passed upon them? Are not the censures of our enemies and the condolences of our friends sometimes harder to bear than the misfortunes that have evoked them?

What Marion’s manner towards him might be in future, was also a painful reflection. It would naturally be a triumphant incident in her life to have rejected such an offer. Would she be eager to parade this fact before the world? Would she try to let people know that she had refused him? This was possible. He felt that such a slight would tarnish the whole glory of his life, whose boast was to have done many things that were actually wicked, but not one that was merely weak.

The imminent matter was to get out of his present situation without defeat. To quit the field, but not as a beaten army; and revolving how this was to be done he sunk off to sleep.

The Knapsack in Spain.

(CONCLUSION.)

It is an amiable weakness, and one very characteristic of the country, that every place in Spain considers itself better worth seeing than every other place in Spain, and consequently in the world, and generally has some proverb or jingle which says so pretty plainly. Thus you are told that—

He's a most unlucky devil,
Who has missed that marvel Seville.

And—

He, again, has just as bad a
Luck, who has not seen Granada.

Or perhaps it may run,—

Happy for his lifetime made is
He who has set eyes on Cadiz.

Or,—

City like our Salamanca!
Show me one, sir, and I'll thank ye.

Or,—

He's a commonplace Erastian,
Who would pass by San Sebastian.

But whatever the form or subject, the sentiment is always the same. I cannot recollect the corresponding "refrain"—there is one no doubt—which has for its theme the town of Ronda. The only thing of the sort I can call to mind merely pays a high compliment to the proverbial salubrity of the place, and may be freely translated:—

Up at Ronda no one sickens:
Men of eighty, there, are chickens.

But judging by what is always said at Granada, or Malaga, whenever the question is raised as to the finest route westwards, I should imagine the popular dictum must be somewhat in the form of "If you can, why then beyond a Doubt you ought to go by Ronda." If the reader has any tolerably good map of Spain at hand, a glance at it will explain how it comes that Ronda is at once a place of such decided attractions, and at the same time so difficult of access. The great mountain chain of which the Sierra Nevada forms the highest and most easterly mass, runs, under different names, and with a break or two, as at Padul, near Granada, and again close to Malaga, pretty regularly, and generally parallel to the sea-shore, until nearly opposite the Straits. There it takes somewhat the form of an outspread hand, sending one finger down to Gibraltar, another to Tarifa,

another pointing to Cadiz, another towards Jerez ; not to speak of several thumbs in several directions. Ronda lies well up among the knuckles of this hand, consequently in the heart of an intricate mountain tract, charmingly picturesque, but almost entirely roadless. In fact there are not, I believe, ten miles of road properly so called between Malaga and Cadiz. There are two or three between San Roque and Campo, on the way to Gibraltar ; and a magnificent road to connect Tarifa with Algeciras has been some time laid out, and nearly a mile and a half of it is already completed and fit for travelling ; and there are, besides, some few miles of fair road on the approach to Cadiz ; but that is all as far as I can recollect. Consequently for the traveller who wishes to take Ronda and the Ronda district en route, there is only one way, according to Spanish ideas, of doing it,—to hire horses and a guide and make a saddle journey of it. This, with a well-fed and well-appointed steed, would be very delightful, but the ordinary tourist's chance of such a luxury is a poor one, and for what he gets he has to pay dearly. It will cost him very nearly as much to ride from Malaga to Cadiz as to go from Cadiz to Bayonne by rail. The question then will naturally arise as to whether the game is worth the candle, and whether there is no other way. If so, *solvitur ambulando* ; the difficulty may easily be settled by sending the baggage round by Cordova, and walking, for the enterprise is really not attended with more difficulty than a pedestrian tour in the Tyrol.

As every book of travels in Spain contains a description of the route from Granada to Malaga, either by the bridle-road across the Sierra Tejada by Alhama, or by the diligence road through Loja, that portion of the journey may be passed over here, in spite of the temptation to loiter on the heights above Malaga and contemplate that glorious view over the broad rich valley down below, and its vineyards and palm-trees, with the yellow sands and blue sea beyond : a glorious view even in this land where they are thick as blackberries in the season, and each seems to "kill" its predecessor by its brilliancy. A few miles up this valley lies the little town of Alora, which owns a station on the Malaga and Cordova railway ; and this, they told me at Malaga, was my station if I wished to walk over the mountains to Ronda, a most unaccountable and insane wish, as I was given to understand very unmistakably.

The town itself is posted some height above the valley in a cleft between two mountains, but there was a clean-looking little hostelry, something between a fonda and a posada, close to the railway station, and evidently of about the same date, which seemed to throw out a hint in a modest way that to go farther might be to fare worse. I arrived, however, at an unfortunate moment. El Amo, besides his business as an innkeeper, was an orange-contractor, and the whole energies of the establishment were absorbed in the completion of a large order from an export house in Malaga. The landlord himself was conducting six disputes at once with as many orange-growers, and the landlady was keeping an eye to a bevy of dark-eyed damsels who were busy wrapping oranges in

paper and packing them in those long boxes which are such familiar objects in any landscape about Fish Street Hill or Billingsgate. A sound of nail-driving in furious haste, such as might be produced by a sporting undertaker who had backed himself to make coffins against time, came from a verandah hard by where the boxes were being put together, an operation which seemed to be effected with about four taps of a hammer. Every corner was piled from floor to ceiling with the dark glossy green fruit—for they are packed green and allowed to ripen in transitu,—in fact the orange influence was as strong all over the place as if it had been the borough of Enniskillen, and a mere traveller was of no more account than a tourist in a party inn at election time. In other countries, where the travelling public is courted and petted and spoiled, this would be a grievance, but in unlocomotive Spain the traveller soon learns his position and ceases to look upon himself as one to whom all things must give way because he happens to be en voyage. So, until my little business in the way of dinner could be attended to, I amused myself with extracting information about the orange-trade from the box-maker (which was not as clear as I could have wished, the young man's mouth being full of nails) and speculating on the future of these oranges, following them in fancy as they made the circuit of the pit in company with lemonade, ginger-beer, and a bill of the play, or haply, in another place, lubricated the rhetoric of Mr. Whalley as he denounced the Pope. As a matter of fact it turned out they were destined for the American market, but of course they were just as good for sentimental purposes. There is no better discipline for an impatient temper than a week's travelling on the byroads of Spain. The Spaniard will not be driven. You must accommodate your pace to his, and if you do so with a good grace all will go smoothly. They took their time about it, I admit, but still in their own leisurely deliberate way these good people of Alora did what they could to make me comfortable, and the landlord produced some uncommonly sound Malaga seco, and over it gave me counsel of the same quality as to my road. Ronda lies some nine or ten leagues to the west of Alora, a trifle too much for a pleasant day's walk in these latitudes; so I took his advice and broke the journey by putting up at the Baths of Carratraca, an easy march of about five hours. Carratraca is a picturesque lonely little village planted on the side of a bare wild valley shut in by lofty grey mountains. In spite of its loneliness, or perhaps because of it, it is high in favour as a watering-place with the people of Seville, Cadiz, and Malaga, who muster there in great force during the autumn months. Rheumatic and cutaneous affections are, I believe, the special province of the waters, but as far as I could make out there is no ailment under the sun for which they cannot do something in the way of alleviation. Dyspepsia, hypochondriasis, loss of appetite, over-eating, over-work, or idleness, all these seem to find relief at Carratraca. But perhaps the strongest proof of the marvellous efficacy of these baths is to be found in a case which I saw quoted in the columns of *El Cascabel*.

A middle-aged gentleman of ancient descent but impoverished estate had married a lady of mature years and some property, and having thus restored the fortunes of his house, was naturally anxious for an heir to his name. After waiting in vain he consulted a friend, who recommended a trial of the waters of Carratraca. The advice proved sound, for, in due time, after a course of the baths, the worthy couple had the happiness of welcoming a little stranger. But the effect did not cease here. For the next fifteen years did that lady continue with astonishing regularity to present her husband annually with a pledge of her affection and proof of the potency of the Carratraca waters, and thus, though the continuance of his line was made pretty safe, the restoration of his family to its ancestral splendour remained as far off as ever.

If the landlord of the Fonda de Calenco at Carratraca had derived any part of his income from letting out horses to travellers, I should not have paid much attention to his lecture on the imprudence of walking alone across the mountains to Ronda. But he was evidently disinterested, and besides what he said was, to some extent, backed up by the authority of Ford. While robbers did exist, there certainly was not a more robber-haunted district in the whole of Spain than this of which Ronda is the centre. This was the country of José Maria, the Rob Roy of Andalusia; and it is just here that Ford says people very ambitious of a brigand adventure may yet try the experiment with some little prospect of success. On the other hand, it was suspicious that, according to the landlord, all the risk lay in the neighbourhood of Ronda, the immediate vicinity of Carratraca being perfectly safe, and I had been more than once before warned in the same way about localities which, in their turn, recriminated on the quarter whence the warning came. Still, as there might be something in what mine host said, it seemed advisable to take some extra precautions. The day before leaving London, passing a shop where a quantity of spurious jewellery was exhibited, I bethought me of the advice in *Gatherings from Spain* to travellers bound for the Spanish byroads to provide themselves with a gaudy gilt chain, the better to satisfy brigand rapacity. Accordingly I purchased, for the sum of eighteenpence, an exceedingly rich and massive "Albert;" so splendid, in fact, that up to this I had not had the courage to wear it. The present, however, seemed to be a fitting occasion for putting it on; and protected by this talisman and another little trinket, also recommended by Ford, a fresh-capped pocket revolver, I left Carratraca long before the most conscientious invalid had begun to think of his morning bath, and by sunrise had got over the first league of the road to Ronda. I ought rather to say the path, for in truth it was a mere track, a streak of dust winding along the bare brown mountain-side, and scarcely distinguishable from it. I cannot honestly commend this route to Ronda for richness or soft beauty of landscape; but there is a pervading grimness about the scenery which saves it from being commonplace. It is a good sample of "tawny Spain" in her tawniest mood. League after league the path runs on climbing

sepia-coloured mountains topped by grey crags, and dipping into stony valleys innocent of tree, shrub, or verdure of any sort. Now and again, at rare intervals, it leads past a lonely cortijo, or farmhouse, with its corral and draw-well and cluster of ragged sheep huddled together in the shade of the outer wall, and once it passes through a village, El Borgo, I think, by name. Here I had my first experience of the naturally savage and brutal disposition of the inhabitants of these wild mountains. A little above the village the path divided, and fancying the left branch to be the more likely line, I took it. I had scarcely done so when I was stopped by a hideous bellowing in the rear, and found myself pursued by a breathless boor of truculent aspect. "Was my worship going to Ronda?" he asked, when he came up. "Very good: then in that case my worship had better take the other path, as it saved at least half a league." A noble fig-tree, the first tree I had seen since leaving Carratraca, with a well at its foot, and genuine grass round it, presently suggested a halt for breakfast. Refreshment always tends to expand the sympathies, and leads one to think better of one's fellow-creatures. It may have been this, or it may have been the friendly villager, that made me begin to take an easy and philosophical view of the robber question; but I think the reflection of my own figure in the waters of the well had something to do with it. It had not struck me before that there was necessarily any incongruity in walking across country carrying a knapsack and at the same time wearing a chain of such magnificence as the one I had on; but leaning over the well I had an opportunity of studying the general effect, and could not help perceiving how grossly inconsistent the ornament was with the character and circumstances of a pedestrian. One or two other considerations also suggested themselves. If there were really robbers about, such a reckless display of property was, to say the least, imprudent; if there was no such excuse for it, it looked very like vulgar ostentation; and if criminal propensities were merely latent in the neighbourhood, clearly I was not justified in tempting the inhabitants by a wanton exhibition of wealth. There was no way out of the dilemma, so I pocketed the chain, and never wore it again. Whether or not there is any real risk to be encountered on these roads from robbers or mala gente, I cannot take upon myself to say. The mere fact that I met with none of the profession of course proves nothing. But, after walking alone through the part of Spain that has the worst reputation in this respect, my impression is that of all the bugbears raised to fright the traveller in the Peninsula, the robber bugbear is the one which has the least foundation in fact.

Approached from this side, Ronda shows itself at last at the far end of a vast flat, which is neither a plain nor a valley, nor yet a basin, but something compounded of all three. It is not exactly one of the *dehesas y despoblados* of Spain, for here and there small patches of tillage, and a farmhouse or two, are to be seen. But, except for these signs of life, it is a mere waste, strewn with blocks of limestone and overgrown with thistles and brushwood. Wandering over this dreary tract the path comes

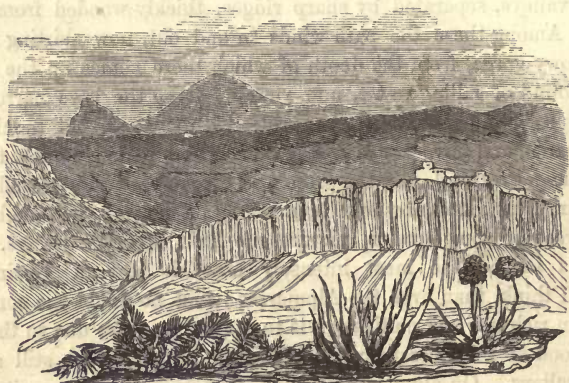
at length to a bridge many sizes too large for the stream it spans, passes through a straggling oak wood, and then, on a sudden and without the slightest warning, becomes a most respectable, broad, highly-civilized, and macadamized road, and enters the town of Ronda with as much pomp and circumstance as if it was the camino real de Madrid, and constructed throughout regardless of expense. But this is one of the commonest of the cosas de España. When the mutual interests of, let us say, Ronda and Carratraca demand a good road fit for every description of traffic, the work is taken up on both sides with the greatest energy, and a mile or two at each end completed in the most admirable manner; the rest is left to be finished—mañana. If the landlord at Carratraca exaggerated the dangers of the road, he certainly did not over-estimate the distance. He said it was, not six leagues as I had been told, but seven and long ones, and so they proved. Judging by time and pace, I should estimate the distance between Carratraca and Ronda at about thirty miles.

Ronda—as everybody knows who reads handbooks, guidebooks, or books of travel—is made up of a new and an old town; the former a clean, snug, cheerful little place, with regular streets, neat houses, a bull-ring—the handsomest though not the largest in Spain—and an alameda, commanding one of the noblest views of plain and mountain in the Peninsula; the latter a genuine Moorish town, built without plan or purpose, all narrow zigzag lanes of lean-to houses, with loopholes of windows and massive doors studded with nails of every possible pattern. The lion of Ronda—the leading feature of the place—is the Tajo, the chasm that separates these two. The town stands on a platform of rock along the edge of a precipice from three to five hundred feet in depth. This platform is cut into two nearly equal portions by a mighty cleft some eighty or a hundred yards across, and something in the shape of a Z, or S reversed. The old Moorish Ronda stands in the upper angle or bend, and is thus protected by a precipice on every side, except on the south, where a narrow steep ridge affords an approach from the plain. There is only one city in the world that can be fairly compared with Ronda. The comparison has been already made by M. Desbarrolles, but the similitude had struck me before I had seen it in *Deux Artistes en Espagne*. Ronda, the old town, is in miniature the city of Constantina in Algeria. But, after all, it is only in miniature. Grand as the Tajo is, with its gloomy depths, beetling walls of rock, and rushing stream, it is little better than a trench compared with that weird gulf that encompasses the old capital of Numidia. Ronda, however, it must be confessed, has the advantage in point of surrounding scenery. Constantina has nothing to show like that noble amphitheatre of purple mountains which bounds the view as you look out over the broad valley of the Guadiaro from the terrace of the alameda.

The walk from Ronda to Gaucin is in nearly every respect the opposite of that from Carratraca to Ronda. The path, indeed, is just as primitive, but it runs through scenery of an entirely different character.

The more obvious route southward would seem to lie along the valley of the Guadiaro ("Guadairo" in Murray, but I follow the commoner spelling); but the mountain-path by Gaucin is far finer and perhaps a trifle shorter. Passing out through the Moorish gateway at the bottom of the town it ascends the opposite slope, at each turn as it rises presenting a wider view of the basin of Ronda, with the old town on its throne of rock in the centre, and the many-peaked Serrania closing it in on every side; and then crossing the crest it dips into a new region, a region of deep tortuous valleys, separated by sharp ridges, thickly wooded from top to bottom. Among these the path winds in and out, now skirting the rim of a shadowy gorge, from the depth of which there comes up the grateful tinkling sound of falling water, now running along the bare narrow edge of some projecting spur, between ravines with sides all but precipitous; past vineyards, and olive-yards, and gardens where pomegranates, figs, and oranges hang overhead, and the ground is strewn with water-melons and golden pumpkins; and now and then taking on its way the rough-paved, zigzag street of some quaint, picturesque little Moorish village. This district is indeed the most intensely Moorish part of Spain, more Moorish, I think, than even the Alpujarras; and no doubt the contrast it presents in richness and cultivation is in a great measure due to that trace of the blood of the industrious, garden-loving Moor, which still survives in these valleys. On almost every knob or promontory there sits one of these townlets, with its white walls glittering in the distance like a carving in alabaster; and some of the sites are wonderfully picturesque. One village in particular, Benarraba, if I mistake not, on the left-hand side of the road, about half-way between Algotocin and Gaucin, is perched upon the very apex of a steep cone rising abruptly in the centre of a deep basin, and for connection with the rest of the world seems to have nothing whatever to depend upon but a narrow isthmus, almost as sharp as a knife's edge, which in a sort of way joins it with the neighbouring mountain-side. A little beyond this, Gaucin suddenly comes in sight. A wall of grey limestone, crowned by an old castle, seems to stretch across the valley below from side to side, with a bare brown sierra rising beyond it. To the right lies the little town, peeping over some green slopes dotted with stone pines; and on the left, far away above the tops of the distant hills, a strange-looking dark-blue crag, backed by a big shadowy mountain still more distant, forces itself somewhat obtrusively on the vision. Just at this period of the journey I had for travelling companion a trader bound for Gibraltar with a cargo of fowls, which were stowed away Spanish fashion, heads and tails, in nets on the back of a mule. By the way he tried hard to get me to take off his hands an apoplectic pullet, at the very point of death from having been carried several leagues head downwards in the middle of a mass of poultry, which he assured me I should find muy tierno, and far better than anything I was likely to get at Gaucin. As we turned the corner where the view just mentioned opens out, he called my attention to it, addressing me as "caballero," which, as he was

mounted and I on foot, was a gratifying recognition of my social status. I replied to the effect that I saw the view, and on the whole approved of it, but without showing any extraordinary enthusiasm. "Dios!" exclaimed the poulterer, in a burst of indignation; "un Inglés! y no conoce Gibraltar!" And so indeed it was. Coming on it in this unexpected way, I had not recognized the dear old rock in that small perky pyramid in the distance, or perceived that I had before me the substantial verities of Abyla and Calpe, the Pillars of Hercules, Gibel Musa and Gibel Taric.



Whatever may be thought of it throughout the rest of Spain, Gibraltar is made a good deal of just here, and I fancied I could detect its influence all along the route in sundry minor matters. The posadas, for instance, are very different from the posadas elsewhere: I never met with a specimen of the bloodsucker tribe in any one of them. The house of Señor Juan Polo, opposite Plaza de Toros, at Ronda, is as snug a little inn as any one could desire: the "Inglés Hotel" (as I think it describes itself) at Gaucin is more of the rough-and-ready order, but still reasonably clean and comfortable:* as to Mr. Macre's Fonda Inglesa, at San Roque, it is unnecessary to say anything, except that it differs from an English inn of the very cosiest sort in one particular only,—there is real sherry to be had on the premises; and he must be a fastidious traveller who cannot take his ease under the roof of Bernardo Salinas, at Algeciras. Certain indications here and there show that the wandering Briton has something to do with all this: indeed, I could perceive along the road that, even with a knapsack, he was not an entirely unfamiliar object. Now and then, it is true, I heard a voice say as I passed, "Madre! madre! ven acá," and occasionally I enjoyed a few sarcastic observations from burnt-umber-coloured boys, who seemed to have come out of some canvas of Murillo's; but it was clear that the keen edge of curiosity had been previously taken off.

* The benevolent and anonymous gentleman who bequeathed his copy of that thrilling romance, *The History of Fanny White and her Friend Jack Rawlings*, to the next sojourner at this inn, deserves a word of thanks, and he is thanked accordingly.

From Gaucin to San Roque the way lies first by countless zigzags down the face of the great mountain wall with which the Serrania seems to end abruptly; and then, for a couple of leagues, along the fair valley of the Guadiaro, through a wilderness of oleanders. As to path, there is not much to speak of, and such as there is changes its mind about the side of the river it ought to keep almost every two hundred yards; but that matters little in this climate, where wetting your feet is rather a luxury than the contrary. As Ford says, there is a lonely venta on the river-bank; but, alas, that amber wine of Estepona, which he directs his disciples to call for, is no longer on draught there. They offered me as a substitute aguardiente,—a liquid compared with which absinthe is nectar, and which for smell and taste can compete with the most abominable beverages the distiller's art is able to produce. Nevertheless the Spaniards, with the finest wines in the world at their command, think there is nothing like it, as indeed is the truth. A little beyond the venta mentioned by Ford, the valley of the Guadiaro bends to the left, and the road to San Roque quits its banks, and crossing the tributary stream of the Jorgargante, passes up a beautiful wild defile, like a Highland glen, and then, taking to the hillside once more, presently plunges into the shade of a sinister-looking cork wood, just the place for a brigand adventure of the regular dramatic type. Some years ago the path would have been a perilous one for a solitary traveller; for this was a favourite beat with José Maria and his band, but now there is little risk of meeting any more formidable law-breaker than a chance contrabandista. From the top of the hill above the wood Gibraltar and



Africa once more burst upon the view, towering over the heights of San Roque. But it is from the south side of the town that Gib and its surroundings are seen to full advantage. There, at your feet, lies the gate of the Mediterranean; far away, across the strait, the rugged mass of Gibe Musa looms big and grey, with the little hill of Ceuta at its foot. On the right are Carnero Point and the white walls of Algeciras; and thence the shores of the bay sweep round in a noble curve to where the

great "Rock" lies at anchor, moored to Europe by a rope of sand; for, in truth, the famous neutral ground seems little better as you look down upon it from San Roque, and Spain's geographical grievance against England appears to have wonderfully little ground to stand on. Not that, after all, it really is a Spanish grievance. Educated Spaniards understand the case, and only think it a pity that the arm of Spain is not strong enough to wield such a weapon; and as for the uneducated, they think—nothing about the matter one way or the other. The only genuine growls at Gibraltar come from the other side of the Pyrenees.

Whether or not Gibraltar is geographically Spain, to the English tourist it is unquestionably England; England at least represented by a mixture of Woolwich and Rateliff Highway, with an African climate, and a habit of cutting itself off from the rest of the world at gun-fire. At any rate so much England and so little Spain that it is quite out of place in a knapsack tour in Spain except as one of the halts en route. A word or two, however, may be said about the opposite side of the Straits, which both Ford and O'Shea recognize as coming fairly within the limits of Spanish travel. I had some thought of crossing over from Gibraltar to Tangier; but not finding an opportunity I gave up the idea and went on to Algeciras en route for Tarifa and Cadiz. At Algeciras I found there was a small schooner that set forth every morning, "God willing," like the Hawes fly in *The Antiquary*, for Ceuta, carrying the mails, and also passengers at a peseta a head. There was something so fascinating in the idea of "Africa and back" for one-and-eightpence, and the Moorish city of Tetuan seemed to be within such easy reach of Ceuta, that I immediately secured a passage. This little schooner and the voyage generally were good illustrations of cosas de España. We sailed at six in the morning, and dropped slowly down the bay till abreast of Carnero point, when it fell dead calm, and instead of making for Ceuta, we began to drift rapidly outwards through the straits, as if with the intention of dropping her Majesty's mails at the Bermudas. Whereupon the captain anchored, and there, for about eight hours, we lay, broiling under a sun hot enough to cook a beefsteak, watching the porpoises tumbling by in an endless game of leap-frog, and the purple jelly-fishes as they rose to the surface and winked at us and went down again, and staring at the African shore that lay quivering opposite in the hot haze, until we had every creek and promontory by heart. For my part, so burnt in upon my memory is that view, I feel sure I could, with shut eyes, at any moment sketch off the whole coast from Ceuta to Cape Spartel, without missing a single peak or depression in its outline. At last even El Capitan had had enough of it—though I suspect if the supply of cigarettes on board had held out we should have remained at anchor longer—and we weighed. And now I perceived the reason of what had puzzled me at first, that this old tub of forty or fifty tons should have a crew of about five-and-twenty men. These calms are, it seems, of frequent occurrence, and when they are very obstinate it is necessary to tow the packet, the

men relieving each other in batches during this toilsome and tedious process. In this way we crept across the strait at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour. Once or twice a breeze sprang up, but it always died away the moment the towing crew got on board again, and it was not till ten in the evening that the royal mails for the important town and fortress of Ceuta—the African rival of Gibraltar—were landed after a passage of about fourteen miles in sixteen hours. A week afterwards I crossed again in the same schooner, but this time there was too much wind for her, and we had to wait at Ceuta for upwards of four hours till the weather moderated. Perhaps the despatches and letters are not very important—as for the passengers, they, of course, don't count for anything; but still one would have fancied it might have occurred to some one long ago that, even from an economical point of view, a small steamer, with an engineer and stoker and a couple of sailors, would in the end effect a considerable saving in wages, to say nothing about time.

Ceuta may be a rival, as far as position goes, but in appearance it is a sort of parody of Gibraltar. Like Gibraltar it is all but an island, joined to Africa by a strip scarcely so wide even as the neutral ground; but Ceuta is a mere hill, while Gibraltar is a mountain, with stupendous precipices and a lordly crest. In fact, there is the same difference between them in appearance as between a squab butcher's dog and a bloodhound. I have no right, however, to criticize the looks of Ceuta, for, in the person of its governor, it treated me with genuine Spanish courtesy. I soon found that Tetuan, though only seven or eight leagues off, was not to be reached so easily as I had fancied. There were visas and permisos to be got before I could leave the fortress, and then I must have an escort before the Emperor of Morocco would allow me to travel in his dominions. This seemed altogether too much fuss, and fuss is always fatal to enjoyment in travelling, so I gave up Tetuan, and contented myself with lounging about Ceuta and sketching the Tetuan mountains. But, strolling down the main street, I was stopped by an officer, who told me the General Commandant wanted me, and on reaching the Fonda I found that I had indeed been sent for. I had been detected in the crime of sketching inside a Spanish fortress, and now I was in for it: this was my own theory, but it was clear the people of the Fonda suspected that there was even a blacker case against me. The truth turned out to be that one of my fellow-voyagers of the day before was the Governor's private secretary, and hearing me say something about an intention of going to Tetuan he had spoken of it to his chief, who in the friendliest and kindest way had made all the necessary arrangements, procured a Moorish soldier for escort, and sent a letter of recommendation to the kaid of the district. Nothing remained therefore but to hire a horse so as to enter Tetuan with becoming dignity—I found afterwards it was far more dignified and much more agreeable to walk—and make ready for an early start next morning.

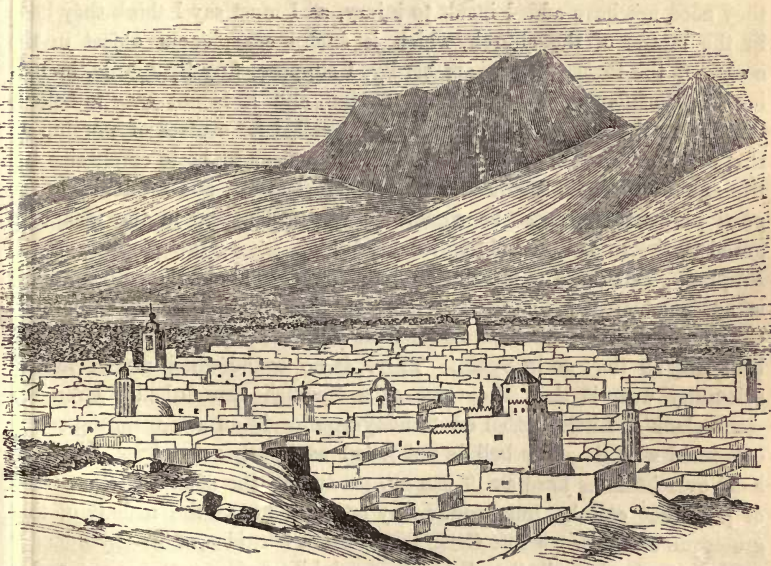
At one of the little Moorish guardhouses a couple of miles south of Ceuta, I found my "Moro del Rey," as the Spaniards call the native troops, waiting for me. He was a sturdy, well-built, good-looking fellow, with a ruddy complexion and merry blue eyes, and altogether as unlike the ideal Moor as anything could be. But of course the inhabitants of these mountains, as well as those of the adjoining Riff country, are not Moors as the term is generally understood, but Berbers, of the same blood as the Kabyles of Algeria. He wore the loose-sleeved striped djellab which in this part of Barbary takes the place of the picturesque Arab burnous, and for arms he had a sword slung across his shoulder and a prodigiously long gun which looked like the butt half of a salmon-rod. As the uniform worn by the army of the Emperor of Morocco is not very well known I give his portrait here. The other figure represents a Moroccan lady in her walking costume,



which consists of an enormous palmetto hat and a quantity of cotton cloth wound round the body so as to give it very much the appearance of a gigantic chrysalis. She is one of three whom we overtook on the road in the course of the day, but whether young or old, fair or foul, I cannot say, for on our coming up with them they all coyly turned their faces to the bushes, and kept them so steadily until we had passed. The only Moorish female face I caught a glimpse of during my stay in Tetuan was a very striking one. It was fat, and of a dead uniform white like a bladder full of lard, and its no-expression was assisted by a pair of intensely black, lack-lustre eyes, which had no speculation in them. The walk from Ceuta to Tetuan is a very charming one. As far as Cape Negro the path lies partly along the beach of a beautiful bay, partly over an undulating tract thickly covered with jungle and brush. In front rise the noble mountains of the Riff country, with the boldest and grandest outlines, some of them, I imagine, not far short of ten thousand feet in height; on one side is the boundless blue Mediterranean, and on the other Gibel Musa, and the broken Sierra which was the principal scene of the short struggle between Spain and Morocco a few years ago. It was along here

the Spaniards advanced and the Moors retreated ; and indeed we had not gone very far before my Moro picked up and presented me with a token of the fact in the form of a battered conical bullet. He had served in the campaign himself, and had a good deal to say about it—for he spoke Spanish pretty glibly ; but though he had been badly wounded, and had an ugly scar to show on his arm, he did not seem to bear the Spaniards any ill-will.

Close under Cape Negro we came on a body of fishermen, who had just had a wonderful haul of sardines. The beach could scarcely be seen for sardines ; they lay in heaps, in piles, in stacks, and next day I remarked all Tetuan was subject to a pervading sardine influence. In every street there was a sound of frying and a smell of fish ; baskets of sardines met one at every turn, the pavement was slippery with their fragments, and the street boys pelted each other and the passers-by with them. From Cape Negro the route turns landward across a broad bushy plain for seven or eight miles, until it strikes upon the tract of garden-ground which forms the suburbs of Tetuan. Here, I remember, we came upon an alfresco café, consisting of a small fire, a coffee-pot, three cups, a piece of matting, and half-a-dozen Moors for company. My warrior, who seemed to be one of those jolly fellows who are on intimate terms with a whole country-side at once, knew them all, and we had of course to stop and drink with them, a pleasure I could have excused, having already had some experience of Arab and Moorish coffee, which is always one-third bitterness, two-thirds mud.



As far as situation goes, there are few prettier towns in the world than Tetuan. It lies in a funnel-shaped valley, which opens out eastwards

into a noble plain, sloping down to the Mediterranean, and watered by a pleasant winding stream with wooded banks. On the south and east lies a rich tract of gardens and orchards. On the north rises the steep hill on which the Kasbah stands, and on the opposite side of the valley the peaks of the Riff mountains shoot up, with the summits of N'hassan and N'sayah—I follow my Moor's pronunciation—conspicuous among them.

As for the town itself, it is a genuine Barbary city, very white and very dirty; in its architecture, for the most part very mean, but often surpassingly graceful; an intricate maze of narrow lanes with occasional rabbit-hutches for shops, and in the centre, a large square sook, or "sok," as they call it in Morocco Arabic, which represents its "plaza," or "grande place," and on which a great deal of noise is transacted during the business hours of the day. Its manufactures, as far as I could see, are long Moorish guns, of which it seems to produce a great number, and very neatly finished and well turned out many of them seemed to be; and all sorts of articles, from shoes to sabretaches, in that red creased leather which we know as morocco. But Tetuan suffered severely by the Spanish invasion; before that, it was the fourth city in importance in the Empire of Morocco, taking rank after the capital, Fez, and Mequinez; and, not to speak of the ruins on the Kasbah hill, there are signs about it to show that it has been a richer and more thriving place than it is now. I am afraid, on the whole, my friends the Dons have not treated poor Tetuan quite fairly. In the course of war they could not help injuring it, perhaps, but they need not have added insult to injury, as I must say I think they have in the matter of the church, which is such a conspicuous object in the centre of the town. There are hardly, I suppose, fifty Spaniards, including the consular staff, resident in Tetuan, and it is not easy to believe that it was their spiritual necessities that called for a place of worship on that scale. The real object of the building seems to be to emphasize the triumph of Catholic Spain over her old Moslem foe, and no doubt to the *parti prêtre* there must be something very fascinating in the idea of a grand Christian temple holding its head high among the mosques of the Prophet. But there is a trifle too much swagger about the edifice, and it is not calculated, I imagine, to increase the affection of the Moors for Christianity. Nor, for that matter, the respect, especially if the church bells ring as they do in Spain. There is no sound which carries less of solemnity with it than the voice of a Spanish church-bell. Even the clank clank of Little Bethel on Sunday evening is an awe-inspiring sound compared with it. The bell is not tolled as in other countries, but turns head over heels as hard as it can go, producing the most rollicking kind of peal that can be imagined. Any one who knows the melody of that grotesque old lyric "The Cork Leg" has a fair idea of its rhythm. It rattles away with all the distracting volubility of a patter song, and a queerer chime there never rang, for the clapper flies round with a comical clang, beating a kind of iambic bang, and you'd almost swear the belfry

sang "Ri-too-ral-loo-ral-loo-ral-loo, Ri-too-ral-loo-ral-lay," &c. &c. A strange summons to worship this must sound to ears accustomed to the solemn voice of the muezzin that,

Loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.

Out of the ordinary beat of travellers as Tetuan is, there is remarkably good accommodation to be had under the roof of the worthy Mr. Solomon Nahon, who is, I believe, vice-consul for every Power in Europe. His house stands in the Jewish quarter of the town, and is an excellent specimen of a Moorish dwelling of the better sort, a kind of domestic Alhambra with painted wooden galleries running round a patio in the centre; where, by the way, he and his family on my arrival were celebrating the Feast of Tabernacles in a temporary arbour dressed up with palm branches. With comfortable quarters, a quaint and picturesque town to lounge about, and glorious scenery to gaze upon, I found time at Tetuan very pleasant, so pleasant that I began to think of further explorations; to dream of penetrating into the recesses of those noble Riff mountains which would make any mountaineer's mouth water, and even to speculate upon the possibility of a journey to Fez and Mequinez, only five days from Tetuan. But a conversation with the British Consul showed me that that little expedition was not one to be lightly undertaken. A Christian, in fact, going to Fez, must either go in disguise or with a strong armed party; so, at least, I gathered from Mr. Green, who probably knows more about this corner of Africa than any other European. There appears to be nothing savage or fanatical, however, about the Tetuan people, as far as I could see; I found them in the main friendly, good-natured folk, and in my rambles about the streets and on the Kasbah hill I certainly met with no incivility, "but quite the contrary."

There is one walk I ought to mention before I have done with walks in Spain,—that from Algeciras to Tarifa, and I speak of it with tender regret, as it was my last walk among the Andalusian mountains. Ford, recommending the route as a ride, calls it "glorious;" and if it is glorious to the cavalier, it must be more so to the easy and independent pedestrian. It is a short walk, too, only four leagues, and those very cortas from the scenery through which they pass. The rough mountain track that runs westward from Algeciras, after three or four miles of ups and downs, opens at length on the vale of the Guadalmesil. Rugged grey mountains enclose the head of the valley; its sides are thickly dotted with cork and evergreen oaks, among which the little river tumbles seaward in a succession of cascades, pools, and rapids; and beyond, through its jaws, are seen the African mountains, and the dark blue strait, flecked with slender white latteen sails, that look like the wings of dipping sea-birds. More splendid even is the view which follows when the summit of the opposite height is gained, and, looking back, you see Gibraltar, not now like a lion couchant,

as from San Roque, but in its *cuervo* aspect, like the corpse of a warrior on his bier, the broad bay slumbering at his feet, and beyond the blue sierras of the Malaga mountains rising tier above tier, till they melt away into the sky. A little farther on the ancient town of Tarifa comes in sight, with its mole, its port, its girdle of Moorish walls and towers, and its old castle, where you may still see the window from which Guzman el Bueno threw the dagger to the Moors below when they offered his son's life as the price of the fortress. Fresh as I was from the land of the Moor, with the memory of Moorish sights, sounds, and smells still strong, Tarifa, with its horseshoe archways, barbed battlements, and narrow, dark, winding streets, struck me as being the most Moorish town I had seen in Spain. It is right that it should be so, for of all the towns in Spain, or in Europe, it is the nearest to the land of the Moors. The extreme south point of Europe, the complement of the North Cape, is to be found in the little peninsula which now constitutes the fort of Tarifa. I had some little difficulty in finding it—indeed, I had no right to enter the fort at all, and only got in through the lâches of a good-natured sentry—and when I did find it, I had but brief enjoyment of it. The rising tide—for there are tides here—drove me back, and I had to relinquish to an old artilleryman, who sat fishing on the next rock, and had no more sentiment in his composition than a conger-eel, the proud position of being the most southerly individual on the continent of Europe.

It was, perhaps, an appropriate end to a pedestrian ramble in the far south of Europe. I might well, I afterwards found, have gone on foot, at any rate, as far as the fine old Moorish town Vejer; but the road did not look interesting, and I discovered there was a diligencia for Cadiz, and so I set down Tarifa as *longæ finis chartæque viæque*.

Jottings from the Note-Book of an Undeveloped Collector.

ON Saturday the 23rd of February, 1867, there was sold at the auction-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, an etching of Rembrandt, for the enormous sum of One thousand one hundred and eighty pounds. Never before has such a price, or anything like such a price, been paid for what, though unquestionably a very great rarity, is, after all, far from being unique. It is a memorable event, destined perhaps to hold the same place in the history of engraving that the sale of the Soult Madonna does in painting, or that of the 1471 Boccaccio in bibliography. Otherwise, if engravings are to fetch such astounding prices now-a-days, one of the inducements for print-collecting used by Mr. Maberly—a name I shall often have occasion to quote—will no longer be true: “One first-class picture would purchase every purchasable print that it is desirable to possess.”

But I must give some description of the etching in question. It represents Christ healing the sick, but is more commonly known among collectors by the name of the “Hundred Guilder,” because a copy of it was sold during Rembrandt’s lifetime for that sum. Rembrandt is not happy in his attempts to represent Scripture subjects. Dutch burgo-masters and their good ladies, estimable creatures as they are, hardly come up to our notions of models, either for devotional subjects or for beauty and grace. In artistic effects, however, in the management of light and shade, in startling contrasts, and in versatility of imagination, Rembrandt’s etchings are unrivalled, and all these charms are no doubt to be found in the “Hundred Guilder.” And it is only proper to say that the impression in question is not one of the prints Mr. Maberly was thinking of. For there is a special circumstance which gives a peculiar value to this impression—which is, that it, with seven others, are the only known examples of the “first state” of the etching. But all my readers may not know what “first state” means.

When an etcher or engraver was busy about his plate, he was very naturally in the habit of taking off impressions every now and then to see how his work was getting on. These impressions were called artist’s proofs, and no doubt in most instances, after serving their purpose, were considered of but little more value than waste paper. But Rembrandt, finding that not only were his finished etchings selling well, but that some curious collectors eagerly laid hold upon these unfinished scraps, thought he could turn an honest penny—rather a failing of his—by multiplying the “states” of his etchings as much as possible. It is but perhaps fair to say that Rembrandt, fond of money as he was, was yet no miser. The

large sums he obtained were not hoarded away, but spent in buying pictures and the requisites of his art to such an extent, that though at the death of his wife, the pretty Jantje, he was worth more than 4,000*l.*, he left, when he died, only a few guilders for his funeral expenses.

In some cases there are not less than ten states known and described, one here and there being simply ridiculous. In the "Gold Weighers," for instance, the earliest and rarest state has the face blank.

Of the eight known impressions of the first state of the "Hundred Guilder," five are safe in public collections. The British Museum has two, the Imperial Libraries of Paris and Vienna—the latter having an inscription in Rembrandt's handwriting to say it was the seventh impression taken from the plate—and the Museum at Amsterdam, one each. Of the remaining three, one belongs to Mr. R. S. Holford, who gave 400*l.* for it; the second to the Duke of Buccleuch, and the third has just passed into the hands of Mr. C. J. Palmer. The history of this last impression, which is described as a "magnificent impression, undoubtedly the finest known, on Japanese paper, with large margin, and in perfect condition," is thoroughly ascertained. From Rembrandt it was obtained by J. P. Zomers, and after gracing successively the collections of Signor Zanetti, Baron Denon, Messrs. Woodburn the printsellers, Baron Verstolke of Amsterdam, and Sir Charles Price, it has now found a resting-place in Bedford Row. At the Baron's sale in 1847, it was purchased for 1,600 guilders (133*l.*) We may congratulate Mr. Palmer, then, on having gained a real and rare treasure,—such as may not be in the market again this century at least, even though the price is, in its way, as princely as those which have been lavished on the art treasures of Hertford House.

The second state of the etching, which only consists in a few cross-hatchings introduced in one part of the plate, is by no means to be had for nothing. A splendid impression on India paper, with large margin, from the Dubois cabinet, sold at Manuel Johnson's sale for 160*l.*; and even this is not the highest price this state is known to have fetched. It is by no means certain, however, that these India-paper impressions, though the earliest, are the best in point of effect. Many collectors prefer those on plain paper.

Many others of Rembrandt's etchings bring very large prices. His portrait of Advocate Tolling, a very splendid work, cost Baron Verstolke 220*l.*, though it fetched at his sale only 1,800 guilders (150*l.*) It is worth at least twice that sum now. "Ephraim Bonus," the Jewish physician—perhaps Rembrandt's finest etching—was bought at the same sale for the British Museum for 1,650 guilders. Only three other impressions of this state are known. "Coppenol," a writing-master, cost the Baron in 1835, though not in very good condition, 300 guineas, though it only produced 1,250 guilders at his sale. Of "Rembrandt holding a Sabre" there are four impressions of the earliest state known—one at Amsterdam, one at Paris, one in the British Museum,

purchased from the Baron for 1,805 guilders (150*l.*), and one in the collection of Mr. Holford, who is said to have paid 600*l.* for it.

None of these prices I have mentioned, except the last, at all approach that given by Mr. Palmer; but I believe they have for some time been considered inadequate. I remember Mr. Smith, of Lisle Street, telling me that when the authorities of the British Museum first thought of making that exhibition of engravings which has now been carried out, he offered—in exchange I think for one of the two copies of the “Hundred Guilder”—etchings by Rembrandt to the value of from 500*l.* to 600*l.* His offer, however, was not accepted.

About one of Rembrandt's etchings we have an amusing story. He had gone to spend a day with his great friend, Jan Six, a burgomaster of Amsterdam. As they were sitting down to dinner it was found the servant had forgotten to provide any mustard. He was sent off at once to the village close by; but Rembrandt, knowing that the favourite maxim of Dutch servants was “much haste, little speed,” laid a wager with the burgomaster that he would etch the view from the dining-room window before the servant returned. He took up a plate, tried his etching-point upon it, sketched the view, and won his bet. The engraving is a very rare one. Baron Verstolke's impression sold for 17*l.* 10*s.*, but he would be fortunate who could secure a good impression at that price now.

In Mr. Maberly's excellent book, *The Print Collector*, is an account of another of Rembrandt's etchings, which is worth compressing. One day that artist, struck apparently with the attitude of a dog lying asleep, determined to etch its portrait. The plate he took up was much larger than he required, so that the etching only occupied the left-hand corner. From this he printed an impression upon a piece of paper, which, though larger than was required for the etching, was not as large as the plate. The etching looked ridiculous enough, and the artist accordingly cut out the part of the plate containing the little dog, and the rest of the impressions were struck off in this reduced size. The first impression, fortunately or unfortunately, was preserved, and an account of the prices it has fetched at different times is a very instructive example of the mania of collectors. We first hear of it at Mr. Hibbert's sale in 1809, where it fetched thirty shillings, the purchaser being M. Claussin. He sold it at a small advance of price to a London printseller, who disposed of it to the Duke of Buckingham for 6*l.* At the Duke's sale in 1834, it produced 61*l.* But the purchaser made a good bargain, nevertheless. A Dutchman heard of it, offered the fortunate owner 100 guineas, then 150*l.*, then *any price he liked to ask for it*; but no, he was proof against all temptation, and kept possession of his treasure, till at last, with many really valuable prints from the same collection, it passed into the British Museum for the sum of 120*l.*; and in that print-room, where there are more treasures in the way of engraving to be found than in any other collection in the world, the visitor may see “a twenty-shilling print on 119*l.* worth of blank paper,” all in the space of three or four inches.

Two other instances of the same kind are given by Mr. Maberly—the first, that of Rembrandt's "Four Prints for a Spanish Book." They were engraved upon one plate, but after a few impressions had been taken off, the plate was cut into four pieces. Of these first impressions, the greater number were in like manner cut into four, but one at least escaped this fate. This impression was purchased for 1*l.* 7*s.*, then for 57*l.* 13*s.*, and finally became the property of the British Museum for the sum of 100 guineas. In the second instance, Berghem etched six prints on one plate, which he afterwards cut up into six pieces. The single impression known of the entire plate was purchased for the National collection for 120*l.*

Rembrandt's etchings are not the only objects of this kind that fetch large prices in the market. A niello of Maso Finiguerra, for instance—
But I should explain what a niello is.

The Florentine goldsmiths of the fifteenth century were very famous for the exquisite designs of flowers, portraits, and groups of figures which they engraved upon various articles of silver, such as watches, snuff-boxes, scabbards, and especially church plate. One of these was the pax—a tablet of silver by which the kiss of peace was circulated through the congregation, after the primitive kiss of peace had given rise to some scandal in the church. The hollow part of these engravings was afterwards filled up with a mixture of silver and lead, which being of a dark colour, was called *nigellum* or *niello*, and gave to the work the effect of shadow. An accidental circumstance—one of these nielli coming into contact with some molten sulphur—is said to have suggested to Maso Finiguerra the idea of taking off impressions of his work on paper. Vasari gives us an account of the process in his life of Marc Antonio, but his description is somewhat obscure, and Lanzi's fuller explanation is far more intelligible. "When he had cut the plate, he next proceeded to take a print of it before he inlaid it with niello, upon very fine earth; and from the cut being to the right hand and hollow, the proof consequently came out on the left, shewing the little earthen cast in relief. Upon this last he threw the liquid sulphur, from which he obtained a second proof, which, of course, appeared to the right, and took from the relief a hollow form. He then laid the ink (lamp-black or printer's ink) upon the sulphur in such a way as to fill up the hollows in the more indented cuts, intended to produce the shadow; and next, by degrees, he scooped away from the ground (of the sulphur) what was meant to produce the light. The final work was to polish it with oil, in order to give the sulphur the bright appearance of silver."

By this process Maso was enabled to judge of the effect of his work when filled in with niello. Some of these impressions, both in sulphur and on paper, as well as the silver plates themselves, are still extant; and as, in addition to their great beauty, they are of the utmost interest in the history of engraving, they command large prices. Specimens of all these states are to be found in the noble collection in the British Museum. Some idea of its extent may be formed, when it is remembered that of the

original niello plates alone this collection contains more than forty examples. Of these the most famous is a pax by Maso, representing the "Virgin and Child," with seven figures of saints and two of angels, executed for the church of St. Maria Novella in Florence. It is set in the original frame. At Sir M. M. Sykes's sale this niello produced 315 guineas. Amongst impressions on sulphur, I may mention another treatment of the same subject, with many more figures, and one of the "Coronation of the Virgin," executed for the church of St. Giovanni. It came from the Duke of Buckingham's collection, who is said to have given 250*l.* for it. The original niello, according to Duchesne, is in the gallery at Florence. It was executed in 1452, and the price then paid for it was "66 florins of gold." An impression of this pax on paper was discovered by Zani in the Imperial collection in Paris, in 1797. At the time of its discovery it was the only niello of Finiguerra known.

Amongst impressions on paper, the most remarkable is that which, in the judgment of Dr. Waagen, surpasses all others of Maso's works "in point of size, beauty, invention, and execution"—"The Adoration of the Three Kings." "In the richness of the composition the artist has evidently taken for his model the exquisite picture of 'Gentile da Fabriano,' now in the Academy of Florence." Mr. Holford has a copy of this, which was exhibited amongst the art treasures at Manchester. Round it were set, in a border, thirty small nielli, and the price said to have been paid for the whole is 400*l.*

Duchesne, in his *Essai sur Nielles*, mentions about 500. Most of these, in some state or other, are in the British Museum. But the richness of the collection will be perhaps most fully understood when I mention that of the nielli selected by Duchesne to illustrate the art, specimens, with a single exception, are to be found in the Museum.

The art has some chance of being again revived. I have just been shown a goblet, with figures and chasings in niello, which, if not equal to the productions of Maso Finiguerra, do not fall far short of them. It was the work of a young Scotch artist, Mr. Mackenzie, who is now engaged as an engraver in one of the large houses at Sheffield.

Next in point of importance come the works of that prince of engravers, Marc Antonio Raimondi. The drawing in some of these is most exquisite; and well it may be, when it was probably that of his great friend Raffaele, almost certainly in those of "Adam and Eve" and "The Judgment of Paris." Manuel Johnson's copy of this last,—"one of the finest impressions known"—fetched 320*l.* His "Adam and Eve" has fetched 150*l.*, and his "Massacre of the Innocents," a proof before the inscription, 250*l.* Among the engravings in the Dusseldorf collection attributed to Marc Antonio is one of the Madonna sitting upon clouds, with the infant Saviour standing at her right side, so exquisitely executed, especially in the heads, that Professor Müller says it differs so essentially from all that Marc Antonio has done, he does not hesitate to attribute it to Raffaele himself.

Of Albert Durer's etchings the most beautiful is his "Adam and Eve." Some time ago the finest known impression of this engraving came into the possession of Mr. Smith, the eminent printseller whom I have mentioned already. He showed the print to Mr. Maberly, who eagerly inquired the price—which, as far as I recollect, was about 60*l.* Possessing another impression already, Mr. Maberly was at first not inclined to pay this large sum even for such superior excellence. Day after day, however, he came to look at the charming impression, and at last said, "Well, well, I must have it. But you will take back my other impression, won't you, and allow me what I paid you for it—15*l.*?" "Why, no," said Mr. Smith. "I don't think I can do that. I won't offer you 15*l.*, but if you like, I will give you 30*l.*" The value of Durer's engravings had been doubled since Mr. Maberly's former purchase. At Mr. Maberly's death his prize sold for 55*l.* Mr. Johnson's impression, which was no doubt a fine one, fetched 46*l.* What a change from the price Durer himself tells us he got for his engraving in 1520,—four stivers (four-pence)! Even taking into account the difference in the value of money in his time and our own, what he received cannot have amounted to a couple of shillings.

Coming down to more modern times, we have F. Müller's engraving of "The Madonna di San Sisto." It proved his death. On taking a proof of his plate to the publisher by whom he was employed, he was told he must go over the whole work again, as it was far too delicate for commercial purposes. With heavy heart he set about his work, but it was too much for him, and on the very day the proofs were taken off from the retouched plate, he died. It fetches large prices now. At Mr. Johnson's sale, a "fine proof before any letters" brought 120*l.* The same sum was obtained for Count Archinto's copy in 1862.

I must not forget Raphael Morghen. Wonderfully beautiful are some of his engravings, and their value quite as rare and startling. That of the "Last Supper," after L. da Vinci, "before the letters and with the white plate," sold at Mr. Johnson's sale for 316*l.*, and at Count Archinto's sale for 20*l.* beyond even that price. Another copy was sold at Sotheby's in the same year (1862) for 275*l.*

Engravings by English artists fetch much more moderate prices than those I have mentioned. Not that in some instances at least they are at all inferior to foreign productions. Mr. Maberly does Sir Robert Strange and Woollett no more than justice when he says that they "are perhaps the finest engravers—the one of subjects and the other of landscapes—that the English school has ever produced; and in some of their qualities they equal indeed any artist of any school." An impression of Woollett's "Niobe," all but unique, fetched at Mr. Johnson's sale 70*l.* His "Fishery" has produced 35*l.* 10*s.* Some of Strange's portraits bring good sums. His "Charles L.," for instance, has been sold for 62*l.* Still larger prices have been obtained for some portraits by earlier engravers. At Bindley's sale in 1819, Faithorne's "Lady Castlemaine" produced

79l.; and at Sir M. M. Sykes's sale in 1824, R. Elstrako's portrait of "The Most Illustrious Prince Henry Lord Darnley, King of Scotland, and the Most Excellent Princess Mary Queen of Scotland," presumed to be unique, 81l. 10s. It is not, however, unique; another impression, with some very rare portraits, is bound up in a copy of Dyson's collection of Queen Elizabeth's proclamations in the Bodleian Library. The highest price probably ever paid for an English portrait was 100l., the sum given by Mr. Halliwell for an early and unfinished state of Droeshout's Shakespeare.

In the case of one of Hogarth's prints, there is an impression containing a peculiarity that gives it a very factitious value—"The Modern Midnight Conversation." The print usually fetches thirty shillings, but the impression in question, in which modern was spelt with two *d*'s, was bought by the British Museum for 78 guineas.

Portraits of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, were in great request a few years since, when there was a rage for illustrating such books as *Crainger's Biographical History of England*. To this rage is owing, in great measure, the fact that so many books are minus the portraits which ought to accompany them. Unscrupulous collectors did not hesitate to "convey" a good many rarities out of the volumes they were "consulting" in public libraries. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, says, "We have at present a rage for prints of English portraits; lately I assisted a clergyman in compiling a catalogue of them. Since this publication scarce heads in books not worth threepence will sell for five guineas." Perhaps the finest of these collections is the Sutherland Clarendon now in the Bodleian. Amongst the multitude of portraits it contains is one of John Felton, for which Mrs. Sutherland, after her husband's death, was offered 100 guineas. Mr. Sutherland had given 80l. for it.

In comparing the ancient prices of prints on their first publication with the modern ones—I have already mentioned Durer's "Adam and Eve;" and Mr. Maberly tells us that Durer purchased Lucas Van Leyden's "Eulenspiegel," now worth, when in good state, 50l., for a stiver)—we must not forget the immensely larger sums that engravers are paid now—a days than what were usual in former times. The artist then was often his own publisher; but even when he was engaged by some other person, he received what would be considered at present most inadequate remuneration. Woollett, for instance, a hundred years ago, asked only 50 guineas for engraving his "Niobe," though Alderman Boydell generously gave him 100. The price at which it was published was five shillings, no difference being made between proofs and prints,—the subscribers being allowed to take which they pleased. Contrast these prices with those that are obtained now. We will take an instance from France. Louis XIV. commenced a "Chalcographie du Musée Royale," a series of engravings from pictures in the Louvre. The series is still continued; and in 1854 the sum voted for this purpose was nearly 9,000l. Of this H. Dupont was to receive 1,666l. for engraving Paul Veronese's "Pilgrims of Emmaus;"

and De François (the artist engaged for Frith's "Derby Day"), 1,250*l.* for Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin." When in 1847 there was a similar commission contemplated by the English Government, it was said that the sum Mr. J. H. Robinson was to receive for engraving "The Raising of Lazarus" was 5,000*l.* A publisher will often spend several thousand pounds in bringing out a first-class engraving. The "copyright" alone is a most serious item. Landseer got for the "Peace and War," now in the Vernon Gallery, 2,650*l.* The prices charged for the impressions must of course be in proportion. For instance, when Colnaghi published Doo's engraving of the "Raising of Lazarus," there were 100 artist's proofs at 20 guineas, 100 proofs on India paper at 15 guineas, 100 proofs on plain paper at 10 guineas, 200 prints on India paper at 6 guineas, whilst the prints themselves were charged 5 guineas each.

As I have mentioned nielli as the earliest works in engraving properly so called, perhaps it will be as well just to allude to the earliest known specimens of three other kinds of illustration—woodcuts, etchings, and mezzotints.

The earliest wood engraving with a date is that discovered by Heinecken, pasted inside the cover of a MS. book of prayers in the Chartreuse of Buxheim, near Memmingen. It is of folio size, 11¼ inches high by 8½ inches wide, and represents S. Christopher carrying the infant Christ. Under it are the following lines and date:—

Christofori faciem die quacunq̄ue tueris,
Illa nempe die morte mala non morieris.

Millesimo ccccxx. tercio.

It is now in the possession of Earl Spencer. A facsimile of this very interesting woodcut may be seen in Ottley's valuable work, *The Early History of Engraving*. Early, however, as is this woodcut, the art itself, introduced apparently by the Venetians from China, was almost certainly practised in Venice for two or three centuries before that date. Indeed, if Papillon's story in the *Peintre Graveur* be true—and there seem no sufficient grounds for rejecting it—that author actually found at Bagneux, near Mont Rouge, a book containing woodcuts illustrative of the history of Alexander the Great, executed by a brother and sister called Cunio, dedicated to Pope Honorius IV., who lived in the latter part of the thirteenth century (1284–5). The book itself, however, has disappeared.

It is a matter of considerable doubt who first practised etching. In the British Museum are two specimens attributed to Leonardo da Vinci (A.D. 1492–1519): one the bust of a young and beautiful female; the other a study of three horses' heads. In the same collection is another by Wenceslaus d'Olmütz, with the date 1496. Whether the art was first practised in Italy or Germany is a point which perhaps cannot now be determined.

In Evelyn's *Sculptura* is an early mezzotinto engraving, which is interesting not only as the work of a royal artist, Prince Rupert, but because the Prince, on Evelyn's authority was for a long time considered

to be the author of that process. The Prince's claim, however, to the honour, has been effectually disposed of by the discovery of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Ludwig von Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse, in which he gives an account to the Prince of his new method of engraving. This first published mezzotint was a portrait of Amelia Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse, a very fine impression of which, "in its first state, before the date was altered," was priced by Messrs. Evans a few years ago at twelve guineas.

Prince Rupert is not the only royal personage who has produced engravings. In the Museum at Amsterdam is a most quaint allegorical etching by Peter the Great, representing apparently the triumph of Russia over Turkey. It was engraved in the *Illustrated London News* of November 19, 1853. The present King of Sweden employs some of his leisure hours in line engraving; and some of my readers will no doubt recollect the list given in the *Literary Gazette* for 1848 of sixty-three etchings, executed by her Majesty and the late Prince Consort. Nor is her Majesty the only lady who has handled the graver. Not to go back to such ancient ladies as Diana Ghisi, Mr. Maberly mentions one who has imitated Rembrandt so well that none but the most practised judges can detect the difference.

The subject of engraving leads us naturally to the sister subject of painting. No collecting mania is anything like so popular or so extensively practised as that for pictures. They have come to be considered as indispensable articles of furniture in every well-appointed house: and it is no uncommon thing, in consequence, to meet with a collector who talks, and evidently thinks, much less of the gems that ornament his gallery than of the cheques by which they were secured. And how grossly the "old masters" are belied in many of these collections. They had no more to do with the productions to which their names are appended, in all the splendour that gilt letters can give them, than the purchaser himself. But if a man will order a Claude five feet by three and a half, because he has a spare corner of those dimensions, he had better not inquire too closely, any more than in the case of a St. Anthony's tooth, as to what animal it originally belonged. In London alone there are, I suppose, sold every year more pictures by the "old masters" than are left to us of their paintings altogether. Let me mention two facts. In the year 1845, the number of pictures imported into England amounted, according to the returns of the Custom House, to 14,901. In one month of the same year there were sold by auction in London alone, without reckoning those included in furniture sales, though the number of these must have been considerable, 4,617.

The difference between the prices at which such pictures are acquired and those they fetch when brought to the hammer, is amusing. A Raffaele, declared in the auction-room to have cost its late owner 1,000 guineas, sells for 37l. A Yorkshire gentleman bequeaths twelve of his pictures to the National Gallery: they are rejected, every one. The

whole collection is brought to the hammer; it had cost 3,000*l.*; it produces 150*l.*,—about the value of the frames. Nor is it only in England that a man sells a horse for a gross of green spectacles. A French collector insures his gallery for 3,339,500 francs. It is sold some years afterwards, numerous additions having meantime been made to it, for 535,435 francs. And one cannot imagine in these cases that there is any such possible explanation as in the case of the Earl of Suffolk's ten pictures—Guido's "Ecce Homo" amongst them—that were stolen so mysteriously from Charlton Park in October, 1856, and not recovered till the early part of 1858, when some of them had been hanging in a small public-house and an old picture-shop, but failed to meet with purchasers, as they were considered such very inferior productions!

Many of the pictures brought into England are most likely re-exported. One day I was in a well-known warehouse in the City, when on turning a corner I knocked down what in the imperfect light seemed to be a valuable landscape. Knowing the art propensities of some of the partners, I was really afraid I had committed some perhaps irreparable damage; but a young man who came to my rescue soon reassured me. "Never mind, sir, we have plenty of these—we deal in pictures." Wholesale of course, as it was a wholesale house. Accordingly I was soon introduced to a large collection. On my pointing to one and saying if I bought any I should buy that, my friend said, "We can do you that cheap; frame and all, thirty shillings." Those pictures were exported principally to Australia.

Few instances of such forgeries are more amusing than that given in the "confession" of Major Pryse Gordon, for which I am indebted to the *Art Journal*. "When I returned from Italy in 1800, I had a beautiful copy of the 'Venere Vestita' after Titian in the Pitti Palace: it was painted on a gold ground, and highly finished, and the countenance, I thought, somewhat resembled Mary Stuart, our Scottish Queen. A few years afterwards, my virtù was sold by old Christie at the hammer, and in the catalogue this morceau the knowing auctioneer had called 'Mary Stuart, by Titian, the only miniature known to be by that great master's hand.' The bait took, and a person of the name of F—— bought it for 55*l.* The next day I went to the sale-room to settle my accounts, when a queer-looking fellow addressed me, with the miniature in his hand, saying he was the purchaser. 'What a lucky person,' I replied, 'you are, sir? Why, you will make your fortune by this precious article. I advise you to take a room and exhibit it.' He took the hint, advertised it in St. James's Street forthwith:—'To be viewed, at No. 15, an undoubted miniature of Queen Mary, by Titian, valued at 1,000 guineas,' &c. &c. The public flocked to this wonder, by which the cunning *Pat* put more than 200*l.* in his pocket, and afterwards sold this 'unique gem' to Lord Radstock for 750*l.*"

A story is told about the late W. Hope, the wealthy banker of Amsterdam, and one of his purchases. He had bought a picture as a

Rembrandt and given 2,000 guineas for it. Finding that it did not quite fit the frame, he sent for a carpenter to ease it a little. Whilst watching the operation he remarked how wonderfully the picture was preserved, considering that it was nearly 200 years old. "That is impossible," said the carpenter. "This wood is mahogany: and mahogany had not been introduced into Europe at that time." Mr. Hope burnt the picture.

One can feel no pity for such cases as those of the American who said his father's collection consisted almost entirely of Raffaelles and Leonardos, with a few Correggios. But there are others in which even the best judges have been deceived. We all remember the purchase, some years ago, of a portrait by Holbein for the National collection, for 600 guineas. The authorities, however, have not waited for Mr. Wornum or Dr. Woltmann to acknowledge it a forgery. It had been at one time in the possession of Mr. Nieuwenhuys, a well-known dealer in Brussels, who had been well content to get 20*l.* for it. Even professed judges differ *toto cælo* about particular pictures. One specimen in the National collection—a "Virgin and Child" by Giovanni Bellini—Mr. Conyngham, in a letter to *The Times*, July 11, 1856, assures us is spurious and vamped up, "of the very lowest type of art" and "for educational purposes utterly useless;" whilst Dr. Waagen is equally positive on the opposite side. "I am acquainted with most of Giovanni Bellini's works in Italy, France, England, and Germany, and setting the indubitable signature on this picture in the National Gallery entirely aside, I know of no 'Madonna and Child' by him which, as regards the question of genuineness, more decidedly bears the stamp of his hand."

One most successful forger of Raffaelles was Micheli, a Florentine. There is at this moment, in the Imperial collection at St. Petersburg, a picture known to be one of his forgeries, yet placed as a genuine Raffaele. Italian "restorers" again have done a good deal to complicate the question. An anecdote given, I think, in the *Quarterly Review* some years ago, is worth repeating. "We once asked an able Italian restorer if he had ever met with any pictures by a painter of the Lombard School of considerable merit, whose only work with which we are acquainted is in the Louvre." "Oh, yes," he frankly replied. "The very first job upon which I was employed was in converting one of his pictures into the Leonardo da Vinci now in a well-known gallery. Since then I have frequently repeated the operation, and I don't know of one now existing under his name."

It is not surprising that of the multitude of copies made from the old masters one here and there should pass for an original. But it will not be easy to find an instance so startling as the following. Dr. Waagen, in the supplement to his *Arts and Artists in England*, describes the Earl of Normanton's collection at Somerley. He speaks in the most guileless manner, amongst other pictures, of two specimens of Claude, three of Sir J. Reynolds, and one of Greuze, all of which turn out to be copies made by Mr. J. R. Powell. The doctor had actually described some of the originals

in his earlier volumes. And the most amusing part of it is, that he speaks in far higher terms of the copies than he does of the genuine pictures.

But putting aside such cases as these, painters of no little eminence have lent themselves to very unworthy practices. Rembrandt is said to have sometimes touched up the pictures of his pupils and sold them as his own. Guido is accused of having done the same thing. Some of these were probably as good as those he painted when his gambling propensities had got him into greater difficulties than usual. Lanzi tells a good story about one of these productions. He had half finished a picture, when a favourite pupil of his, Ercolino di Guido, substituted a copy of his own for the original. The painter quietly went on with his work without suspecting the trick that had been played on him.

Patrick Nasmyth, amongst English painters, has been guilty of similar malpractices. A picture-dealer had purchased a work of Decker. He sent for Nasmyth, got him to sharpen up the foliage and add some figures copied from Ruysdael; then substituted Ruysdael's name for Decker's, and the transformation was complete. That picture was sold some time afterwards for 480 guineas. Nasmyth got 11 guineas for his share in the transaction. And so lately as 1847 there was exhibited in the Royal Academy a picture bearing the name of an R.A., which was claimed by a young artist, certainly not an R.A., as his own work. He had sold it for 22 shillings: on the books of the Royal Academy it was prized at 30 guineas.

The address of some of these dealers in old masters is so admirable that one deeply regrets it is not exerted in some more honest way. A friend of mine was one day looking over a gallery which had visited the town in which he was living, when he came to a picture attributed to Morland, an artist of whom he was very desirous to obtain an example. He inquired the price. "Oh," says the dealer, "so you have found out my Morland. I never intended to have parted with that picture. Morland painted it expressly for my father. It hung in my drawing-room after my father's death, and would be hanging there still; but as I am never at home it seems useless to keep it any longer. If you really wish to have it, I don't mind parting with it for 30*l*." My friend put his hand into his pocket to pay for the prize, but finding that his purse was not supplied to the requisite amount, told the dealer to call on him with the picture at a certain hour. Meanwhile an acquaintance dropped in, who in the course of conversation happened to say, "Do you know that —— the picture-dealer here, is the greatest rascal in England?" "I hope not," said my friend. "I have just bought a picture from him." "Then you have been taken in. There is not a single genuine picture in his collection." By-and-by in came the dealer. "You are quite sure you can guarantee the genuineness of the picture?" he was asked; "because you see it would be very unpleasant if, on showing my purchase, I should catch any of my friends shrugging their shoulders, and evidently doubting whether it was a Morland after all." "Oh, I see," said the dealer. "Mr. —— has been to you. I will tell

you a good deal about the spite that person has against me ; but it is too long a story to trouble you with now. However, if you have any doubt about the picture, I will send for the original correspondence between my father and Morland about it, and you can then convince yourself that I have told you nothing but the truth." So completely did my friend believe in the apparent honesty of the story that he all but paid the money then and there ; but he said, " Well, I should like to see the correspondence very much." " You shall have it, sir, in a few days." The dealer went off with his picture, but the Morland correspondence from that day to this has not been forthcoming.

How true it is that

Pictures like coins grow dim as they grow old ;
It is the rust we value, not the gold ;

and sums are squandered upon " old masters " that would have saved many a promising young artist from utter ruin ! There is no doubt some reason at the bottom of this treatment. Rare excellence requires rare discrimination to detect it, and many a noble picture " wastes its sweetness " on the generation for which it was produced. And again a picture presumed to be old may reasonably be expected to outlive the lifetime of the purchaser, which is by no means so certain with some of the pictures of our modern artists. The colours employed, whilst they ensure marvellous effects at the moment, are something like the beautiful green we ornamented our walls with a short time ago and the ball-dresses of our wives and daughters, except that whilst the one dealt murder, these commit suicide. Many a modern picture, which we can ill afford to lose, promises to be before long little else than frame and canvas.

Nothing can be more striking than the prices paid for genuine productions of the old masters and those the artists themselves received for their work. Think, for instance, amongst the artists of our own school, of the prices Wilson's pictures fetch in the market now, and his painting his " Ceyx and Aleyone " for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese. Wilson was not in fashion then. Patrick Nasmyth again had his dealings principally with pawnbrokers. One day when a young Scotch friend was complaining of his pictures being badly hung, Nasmyth inquired whether they were inside the window or outside. " Inside." " Well, then, I don't care ; they might have been hung worse." His view of " Leigh Woods " sold at Lord Northwicke's sale for 740*l.* Hogarth's pictures of the " Harlot's Progress " were sold, in 1745—the artist still alive—for 84 guineas ; and his " Rake's Progress "—eight pictures—for 176 guineas. The first of these sets was destroyed by fire at Fonthill in 1755 ; the other is now in the Soane Museum, Sir John having paid 598*l.* for them ; but he had to give 1,755 guineas for the four pictures of the " Election." When Hogarth wished to dispose of his " March to Finchley " by lottery, several of the tickets found no purchaser, and accordingly they were given to the Foundling Hospital, which was fortunate

enough to obtain the prize. Cuypp's landscapes, which now-a-days fetch astounding prices, were not at all appreciated whilst the painter was alive. But even when the artist had justice done to him to some extent, what a wonderful advance do we find upon the original prices—in those of Gainsborough for instance, who ventured gradually to raise his charges from 5 guineas a portrait to 40 guineas for a half, and 100 for a whole length. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons was cheaply secured for the National Gallery in 1860 for 1,000*l.*; but it took twice that sum for Mr. Graham of Redgorton to get possession of the exquisite portrait of the lovely Mrs. Graham, which he bequeathed in 1859 to the Scottish National Gallery. Burns mentions "the beautiful Mrs. Graham" in one of his letters; and Mr. R. Chambers in his edition of the poet gives us some additional particulars about her. Her husband was at the time of their marriage a plain country gentleman, Thomas Graham of Balgowan. Five years afterwards she died, when her husband entered the army, commanded the English at Barossa, and was created Lord Lynedoch. The portrait meantime had been sent to London to await further orders. But he was never able to send for the picture. It was his friend and heir Mr. Graham of Balgowan who rescued it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits command larger prices. Lord Ward gave 1,100 guineas at Mr. Windus's sale in 1859 for "Miss Penelope Boothby;" and the Marquis of Hertford gave 2,550 guineas at the same sale for "Mrs. Hoare, of Boreham Park, Essex, and her child." The same princely collector gave 2,100 guineas at Rogers's sale in 1856 for the replica of the Bowood "Strawberry Girl," the original of which had been sold to Lord Carysfort for fifty guineas. Of this picture Sir Joshua said, "No artist can produce more than half-a-dozen really original works, and this is one of my originals." The Imperial Gallery of St. Petersburg possesses the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents." He received 1,800 guineas for it, and a gold snuff-box, with the Empress's portrait set in large diamonds.

One or two of Wilkie's pictures deserve mention. The King of Bavaria gave 1,000 guineas for the "Reading the Will," now fast melting in the Royal Gallery at Schleissheim. The Duke of Wellington gave him 1,200*l.* for the "Chelsea Pensioners Reading the News of the Battle of Waterloo." His "Rent Day" fetched 1,050 guineas at Mr. Wells's sale in 1848; Lord Mulgrave had given Wilkie 150*l.* for it.

Few pictures of modern times have brought larger prices than Turner's. Three of his works, the "Guard Ship," for which he got 25*l.*, "Cologne" and "Dieppe" (he had 500*l.* for each of these), were purchased in 1848 for 1,500*l.*; but at Mr. Wadman's sale in 1854 brought 1,580 guineas, 2,000 guineas, and 1,850 guineas. In 1860 his "Grand Canal, Venice," fetched 2,400 guineas, and "Ostend" 1,650 guineas; Turner had got 400 guineas for the two. But the rage for Turners has, to some extent, gone by; for whilst Mr. Windus in 1850 had given 710 guineas for the "Dawn of Christianity," it realized in 1859 no more than

320, and the "Glaucus and Scylla," bought for 700 guineas, 280. The largest price, however, I believe ever given for a Turner was that obtained in the May of this year at Mr. Monro's sale, when "Modern Italy" brought 3,300 guineas.

Of other modern artists I may mention Roberts, whose "Interior of the Duomo, Milan," sold in 1860 for 1,700*l.* The largest price he ever received for a picture was 1,000 guineas, from Mr. T. Cubitt, for the "Interior of St. Peter's, Rome," somewhat different from the second picture on Mr. Ballantine's list—"Old House, Cowgate, Edinburgh," 2*l.* 10*s.* His first picture was sold to a dealer, and never paid for. Calcott's "Southampton Water," at Sir J. Swinburne's sale, 1861, fetched 1,205 guineas; Mulready's "Convalescent from Waterloo" in 1857, 1,180 guineas: his "First Voyage," in 1863, 1,450 guineas. Eddy's "Dance from the Shield of Achilles," one of his finest works, brought 1,155*l.* in 1857; but his "Joan of Arc" is said to have produced 3,000 guineas. Lord Northwick gave 2,000*l.* for Maclise's "Marriage of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, with the Princess Eva;" at his sale in 1857 it fetched 1,710 guineas. Stanfield's "Port'na Spania, near the Giant's Causeway," produced 1,700*l.*; Faed's beautiful "Sunday in the Back Woods of Canada," 1,710*l.*; Leslie's "Sancho and the Duchess," at Rogers's sale, 1,170 guineas; the poet had given seventy for it. Landseer's pictures command very large prices. His "Dead Game," in 1853, was sold for 1,200 guineas. His "Titania, with Bottom and the Fairies," for which he got 500 guineas, cost Lord R. Clinton in 1860, 2,800 guineas, and Christie undertook to get 2,000 guineas for "Jack in Office." But, perhaps, as large sums as Sir Edwin ever received for pictures were for the four exhibited in the Academy in 1846, "Peace" and "War," "Refreshment" and "the Stag at Bay." For these pictures, including the very important and costly item of copy-right, he was paid 6,850*l.*

But some very startling prices have lately been paid for pictures by English artists. Holman Hunt received from Mr. Gambart for his well-known picture, the "Finding the Saviour in the Temple," 5,500*l.* True, it was the result of six years' labour. The modern system of exhibiting single pictures—"admittance one shilling each"—makes even such a speculation as that of Mr. Gambart's pretty successful. Other pre-Rafaellite paintings bring much more moderate sums. Hunt's "Scapegoat," for instance, which figured in Miss Florence Claxton's amusing "Choice of Paris," in the Portland Gallery, 1860, was sold at Mr. Windus's sale, 1862, for 495 guineas. The same sale disposed of Millais's "Ophelia" for 760 guineas; and another sale the same year of his "Black Brunswicker," for which Mr. Flint had given 1,000*l.*, for 780 guineas.

But perhaps the most fortunate of all our modern artists is Frith. Omitting his "Derby Day," I may mention his "Railway Station," for which Mr. Flatou paid 8,750 guineas—the largest sum, surely, up to

that time in modern days an artist has received for a single picture. One of the items of the agreement was that Mr. Frith, though an R.A., was not to send his picture to the Academy. He was engaged two years over it. Even here somebody seems to have made a good speculation, for Mr. Graves, to whom the picture now belongs, has just been assuring the authorities of Marlborough Street, that it cost him, copyright and the right of publishing included, 23,000*l.* In 1862 Mr. Gambart commissioned him to paint three pictures, "Morning," "Noon," and "Night" in London—the sum to be paid being 10,000 guineas. Before, however, this commission was executed, her Majesty engaged him to paint a picture of the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" for 3,000*l.* Mr. Flatou further purchased the copyright of the picture for 5,000 guineas.

To get beyond such prices as these, we have to go to rare examples of the finest painters that ever lived. Notwithstanding the numerous examples that are safe from the hammer, for the present, at least, in public collections, many choice pictures have been in the market during this present century. No sale, however, for years has approached in excellence that of the Orleans Gallery in 1796, which has supplied so many gems to Lord Ellesmere's Bridgewater and Stafford Gallery. Still one has heard it said that Lord Northwick, whose fine collection was dispersed in 1857, became possessed before he died of nearly all the pictures he had specially cared for as a young man; and as for the famous Hertford collection, the gems the marquis has filled his house with would require a volume. One great source of his acquisitions was the Fesch Gallery at Rome.

It may be interesting to know the prices at which some fine specimens of old masters have been sold. We must recollect, however, that some of their finest specimens have never been in the market at all, whilst in other cases several pictures having been purchased together, we have no record of their individual prices. To begin then with the Italian school. The National Gallery Perugino, "The Virgin Worshipping the Infant Christ," was obtained from the Mebzi family of Milan for 3,571*l.* The altar-piece by Francia in the same collection, from the Duke of Lucca's gallery, cost 3,500*l.* Pictures by L. Da Vinci are of rare occurrence in the market. At the King of Holland's sale in 1850, "La Columbine" was bought for the Emperor of Austria for 40,000 florins (3,330*l.*) Of Raffaele's pictures I must mention two or three. "The most important, and in composition unquestionably the finest, of Raffaele's Holy Families" (Kugler), is that known by the name given to it by Philip IV., who on seeing it exclaimed, "This is my pearl." He obtained it from the collection of Charles I., when the precious gallery of that true lover of art was "inventoried, appraised, and sold" by order of the commonwealth, and all that contained representations of the Virgin Mary or the first person in the Trinity so narrowly escaped being consigned to the flames. Even in those days it fetched 2,000*l.* About the same sum was paid by Lord Northwick for the "St. Catherine," now in the National Gallery. The

ex-King of Bavaria gave 7,000*l.* for the portrait presumed to be of Raffaele himself, and engraved as such by Raphael Morghen, but which is really that of Birdo Altoviti. The "Garvagh" or "Aldrovandini Madonna" was secured for the nation two years ago for 9,000 guineas.

Everybody that has been at Dresden remembers the Madonna di San Sisto, so disappointing at first—so at least it was to myself—so fascinating afterwards. Augustus III. secured this gem beyond all price from a convent at Piacenza for 17,000 ducats (about 8,000*l.*), and a copy of the picture. In 1846 there was discovered at Florence, in what had been the refectory of the house of the sisters of St. Omofrio, but at that time occupied by a carriage varnisher, a fresco of the Last Supper, upon which was discovered this inscription in gold letters, almost obliterated—"Raphael Urbinas, 1505." A fragment of a very early engraving of this fresco is in the print-room of the British Museum. This fresco was purchased by the Tuscan Government for the Ducal gallery for 13,000*l.* The exquisite Correggio in the National Gallery, "La Vierge au Panier," though only thirteen inches by ten inches, cost us 3,800*l.*; his two other great pictures in the same collection, "Ecce Homo" and "Education of Cupid," 10,000 guineas. The five splendid examples of the work in the Dresden Gallery were obtained from Francis III. Duke of Este, for "130,000 zechinos which were coined in Venice." One of these is the "Reading Magdalen," so well known by Longhi's beautiful engraving. Some years ago there was a sale of pictures at Rome when a water-colour was knocked down for a few scudi. The fortunate purchaser was a Signor Valati, who, on carrying it home, found an oil painting underneath the water-colours—a replica of the "Reading Magdalen." The former owner, on hearing of this, brought an action for its recovery; and after long and most vexatious proceedings, the law courts decided, on the principle I suppose of "not guilty, but must not do it again," that Signor Valati was to keep the picture, *but* must pay 2,000 scudi in addition to the purchase-money, and promise not to let the picture leave the country. But promises, like piecrusts, are notoriously made to be broken, and thousands, no doubt, have seen this very picture in the gallery which Lord Ward—now Earl Dudley—so generously opened to the public at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Lord Ward, it is said, gave 1,600*l.* for it, but I have heard nearly double that sum mentioned as the purchase-money.

The grand picture by Sebastian del Piombo, one of the chief treasures of our National Gallery, deserves a few words. Besides the intrinsic value as a painting, it is especially interesting for its connection with the rivalry between Raffaele and Michel Angelo. Michel Angelo was too proud to condescend himself to a trial of skill with his rival, and put forward his friend Sebastian as a worthy competitor. But when the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, by way of testing their respective merits, commissioned Raffaele to paint the "Transfiguration," he at the same time

ordered the "Raising of Lazarus" from Sebastian. Michel Angelo knowing that Sebastian was very deficient in many points both of design and drawing, made several sketches for the picture; many of which were in Sir T. Lawrence's collection. When Raffaele heard of it, he said, "Michel Angelo has paid me a great compliment in thinking me worthy to compete with himself and not with Sebastian." Both the pictures were intended for the Cathedral of Narbonne, to the archbishopric of which the cardinal had been appointed by Francis I. But unwilling to take both these masterpieces away from Rome, he only sent Sebastian's picture to Narbonne. Here it remained till purchased by the Regent Duke of Orleans for about 1,000*l.* When the Orleans collection came to England, Mr. Angerstein bought this picture for 3,500 guineas. Mr. Beekford was very desirous of possessing it, and offered, it is said, 15,000*l.* for it, but Mr. Angerstein insisting on *guineas*, the negotiations were broken off. When the French had carried off the "Transfiguration" to the Louvre, they were anxious to unite the two pictures once more, but fortunately were unsuccessful; and when the Angerstein Gallery became the property of the nation, and the foundation of our National Gallery, this picture was still its most valuable treasure.

Passing by Titian, of whom I don't find any particular examples as having occurred for sale lately, I come to the fine Paul Veronese, "The Family of Darius before Alexander," which was secured in 1856 for our National Gallery from Count Vittore Pisani of Venice, for an ancestor of whom it was painted, for 18,650*l.*

I must only mention one more name of the Italian school—Annibale Caracci. Lord Carlisle secured the well-known picture of the "Three Maries" for 4,000*l.*; and the National Gallery has "Christ and St. Peter" for 8,000*l.*

Of the French school perhaps Claude's name may suffice. His "Italian Seaport at Sunset," formerly in the Angerstein Gallery and now in our National collection, and one of the artist's *chef-d'œuvres*, was valued in 1860 at 5,000*l.* Two others in the same collection, "The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca," and the "Embarcation of the Queen of Sheba," cost Mr. Angerstein 8,000*l.* The same sum is said to have been offered for the "Morning" and "Evening," now in the Grosvenor Gallery.

Of the Flemish and Dutch schools, Cuyp, Hobbima, Wouvermann, &c., command large prices. A specimen of Isaac Ostade—"A Winter Scene"—cost Sir R. Peel 4,000*l.* And as a curiosity I may add that a tiny little picture by Mieris, nine inches by seven, produced at Mr. Wells's sale 493*l.* 10*s.* Rubens's exquisite portrait of Mademoiselle Lunden, better known as the "Chapeau de Paille," would fetch now more than Sir R. Peel paid for it, 3,500*l.* His "Rainbow Landscape," now in Hertford House, cost 4,550*l.* Sir Culling Eardley refused 7,000*l.* for the portrait of the "Duchess of Buckingham and Family."

Of Rembrandt's pictures George IV. gave 5,250*l.* for the "Master

Ship-builder," from the Schmidt collection at Amsterdam; Mr. Angerstein 5,000*l.* for the "Woman taken in Adultery," now in the National Gallery; whilst the picture just secured for the same collection from the gallery of M. Sweenardt—"Christ Blessing Little Children"—cost 7,000*l.*

But it is to the Spanish school we must go to find the largest sum paid in modern times for a picture. Of the thirteen Murillos which Marshal Soult managed to collect in Spain, one of them, an "Immaculate Conception," at the Marshal's sale in May, 1852, was bought by the French Government for 23,440*l.*! We have an amusing story of the circumstances under which Soult secured his prize. In his pursuit of Sir John Moore he overtook two Capuchin friars, who turned out, as he suspected them to be, spies. On hearing that there were some fine Murillos in the convent to which they belonged, he ordered them to show him the way to it. Here he saw the Murillo in question and offered to purchase it. All to no purpose, till the prior found that the only way to save the lives of his two monks was to come to terms. "But," said the prior, "we have had 100,000 francs offered for the picture." "I will give you 200,000 francs," was the reply; and the bargain was concluded. "You will give me up my two brethren?" asked the prior. "Oh," said the Marshal, very politely, "if you wish to ransom them, it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet your wishes. The price is—200,000 francs." The poor prior got his monks, and lost his picture.

One word about miniatures. We have had some famous men in that branch of art; as, for instance, the one mentioned by Donne—

A hand or eye

By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history

By a worse painter made.

One of his miniatures—of Lady Jane Grey—was sold at Lord Northwick's sale for 125 guineas. Another very beautiful one of Lady Digby, by P. Oliver, fetched at the same sale 100 guineas. Probably the highest price given for such a work in modern days was that for the Duke of Wellington by Isabey, which was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford in 1851 for something more than 440*l.*

My subject would be incomplete without some mention of drawings. By far the finest collection of drawings by the old masters was that made by Sir T. Lawrence. The sum he spent amassing them is variously estimated at from 40,000*l.* to 75,000*l.* At his death the collection was to be offered to the British Museum for the sum of 20,000*l.* But, thanks to the exertions of Lord Grey and Sir M. A. Shee, this generous offer was not accepted. Whilst the subject of the purchase was under consideration, Sir C. Eastlake took some of the drawings to Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor. Lord Lansdowne and Talleyrand were with the Chancellor; and Talleyrand said, "Si vous n'achetez pas ces choses là, vous êtes des barbares." But to our everlasting disgrace we did not. The collection was then broken up. The King of Holland had first choice, and bought

to the amount of 20,000*l.*; though his speculation, by the way, does not seem to have been very successful, for at his sale in 1850 they only realized 7,500*l.* Another very interesting portion, containing seventy-nine by Michel Angelo and 162 by Raffaele, was secured for the University of Oxford, at the expense of 7,000*l.*, of which the largest portion was munificently contributed by Lord Eldon.

Of single drawings, I may mention one of Michel Angelo, "The Virgin, Infant Christ, and S. John," sold for 200 guineas; and the same sum, or more, was obtained at Christie's for another interesting drawing of his, the heads and upper parts of the principal figures in a picture by Seb. del Piombo,—“The Salutation of Mary and Elizabeth,” which is or was at Farly Hall, in Berkshire. Of drawings by Raffaele, “Jacob's Dream” has brought 200 guineas; and a portrait of Timoteo della Vite, 320 guineas; “The Entombment,” from the Crozat collection, at Rogers's sale, 440 guineas; and “Christ at the Tomb,” the finest in the King of Holland's collection, 550 guineas. It was purchased for the Louvre. The British Museum secured the drawing of the “Garvagh Madonna,” at Dr. Wellesley's sale, for 600*l.*

Of modern water-colour drawings, six by Turner fetched, at Mr. Wheeler's sale, 1864, 3,500 guineas; one of them alone, 27 inches by 15½, bringing 1,350. The Bicknell sale in 1863 furnished a marvellous instance of successful speculation in three drawings of Copley Fielding—“Bridlington Harbour,” “Rivaulx Abbey, evening,” and “Crowborough Hill.” The original prices were 36, 42, and 25 guineas; they sold for 530, 600, and 760.

“Off for the Holidays:”

THE RATIONALE OF RECREATION

At this time of the year recreation is uppermost in the thoughts of nearly all classes. The farmer alone, looking over his fields as they spread their ripeness under the summer sun, thinks joyfully of work. For most of us harvest-time brings a different but still glorious fruition to the labours of the year. Our dreams at night are of the rest we have earned, and our thoughts by day are of mountain-tops, of rushing streams, and of the open sea. Into the dreary “chambers” these gleams of sunshine have made their way, bringing a message of the fields. The cosy study, such an attractive workshop in other seasons, looks dull and heavy now, and the backs of the books are persecuting in their too familiar aspect, for the sunshine which opens all the flowers shuts up these blossoms of the human tree. The roar of the street comes in through the open window with the distant whistle of the trains, and it suddenly strikes us how like the one is to the boom of the sea, and what a sound of country travel there is in the other. In society, too, the talk is of journeys, and even the children just home from school are full of thoughts of flight. A happy restlessness is on us; a peaceful flutter pervades the household—a quiet agitation makes itself manifest. There is a buzz of travel in the air, domestic and social life has a provisional character, and all the ties of society seem to be loosening. It is the holidays, and we are “breaking-up.” Duty stands aside, care is content to wait, routine is thrown gaily off, business and ambition put the yoke from their shoulders, and even divinity assures itself that “there is a time to play.”

Perhaps it may be true, as many a paterfamilias is saying, that holiday travel is, in the present day, pushed to an extreme. But there is the best and profoundest reason for a custom which has so thoroughly incorporated itself with modern civilization. There is in human nature a necessity for change; and the more intense is the life we live, the stronger and more imperious does that necessity become. The habits of a vegetable are only possible to those who vegetate, and a certain stolidity of mind and feebleness of character almost always characterize the vegetating portion of the race. It is the wonderful intellectual activity of the age which produces its restlessness. A highly developed nervous system is usually connected with a somewhat restless temperament; but the tendency of intellectual activity is to give an undue development to the nervous organization at the expense of the muscular tissues. In comparison with our great grandfathers, we are highly nervous, restless, and

what they would have called "mercurial." The stress of nineteenth-century civilization is on the brain and the nerves; and one of the sad forms in which this fact becomes visible to the eye is the melancholy vastness of such establishments as those at Colney Hatch and Hanwell. Of course the very stress under which so many break down develops the power and capacity of vastly larger numbers than succumb to it; and if in the present day there is some diminution in the muscular development of the race, there is a more than corresponding increase in its nervous development and of all that depends thereon. Physical beauty, in so far as it depends on splendid muscular organizations, may not be as general among us as it was among the Greeks; but magnificent nervous organizations, with all the power of work which they confer, are more numerous among Englishmen and Americans to-day than they have ever been among any people whom the world has seen before. Our national temperament is in process of rapid development and change. The typical John Bull is fast becoming a merely legendary personage; his vegetative life and stationary habits and local prejudices are all disappearing beneath the stimulating influences of railways and telegraphs and great cities. But this change of national temperament brings with it, and in part results from, an entire change of national habits and customs. English life in the eighteenth century was that of a nation who took the world easily,—in the nineteenth century it is that of a people who feel that "art is long and time is fleeting," and that life must be made the most of. From being what philosophers call extensive and running into physical developments, it has become intensive and takes intellectual forms. Our great grandfathers ate and drank, laughed and grew fat; we plan and study, labour and fret, and are nervous and thin. They took life as it came: we are more anxious to mould it to our purpose, and make it what we think it ought to be. They were content with news when it had already become history; we want to watch the history of this generation in the very process of making. They lived a life which was self-contained and satisfied; we are greedy of information, anxious for conquest, determined to acquire. Their times are typified by the pillion and the pack-horse; ours by the telegraph and the train. The same figure aptly typifies the relative wear and tear of the two modes of life. Theirs ambled along with an almost restful movement; ours rushes along at high pressure, with fearful wear and noise. Their work was almost play compared with ours; business of all kinds was steadier and quieter, politics were less exacting and exhausting, literature was rather a pursuit than a profession, and even divinity was duller. It may be that our pleasures are more refined than theirs were, but they are of a more exciting character; we take them in a busier and more bustling way, and tire of them sooner. Hence our greater need of change of scene and surrounding. Travel was only a luxury to them, but it has become a necessity to us. It is not merely fashion that sends us all from home, for the fashion itself has originated in an intellectual and physical need.

The condition of animal life is movement. Little children are perpetually active, and the form of their activity is perpetually changing. There seems to be in the physical organization a disgust of sameness, and this disgust extends through the whole of our sensational experience. The lungs always breathing the same air, the stomach always taking the same food, the ears always hearing the same sounds, even the eyes always resting on the same round of familiar objects, become disgusted, lose their tone or strength, and cry out for change. Disuse is well known to be fatal to our active powers, but a mill-horse round, which puts the stress of use always on the same part of them, is only less injurious than disuse. Yet the tendency of life is to fall into routine. It is always easier to go on using the powers that are in action than to rouse into activity those that have been overlooked. To change our course needs effort, to keep on in the old one needs none. The common prescription of "change of air" really means change of scene, of surroundings, and, consequently, of habit. The bodily machine has fallen into a rut, and is "cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in" to a course of life which has the sole but sufficient condemnation of an oppressive sameness. Change of place and scene helps us to lift it out of the rut, as we could never do if we stayed at home. The first thing we do when we get away for "change of air" is to change our habits. The late man gets up early, and the early man lies in bed late. The man who has hustled from his meals, giving his digestion no time to act, sits quietly over them and gives his stomach a chance; the young lady who has lounged or worked at home, afraid of the air, puts away her in-door occupations, and lives in the wind and the sunshine. The student puts away his books, the merchant forgets his counting-house, and the diligent housewife lays aside her household cares. The hours of sleeping and eating are altered, even the food is somewhat different, and all around there is the gentle stimulus of general newness and change. It is just this break in the continuity of sameness, this lifting of the animal machine out of the rut, which does us good. We come back from change of air recruited and refreshed, but the natural law which has blessed us for our obedience to it is just that law by which a change of attitude relieves an aching limb, and by which change of work is as good as play. The old coachmen used to tell us that a long unbroken level was more fatiguing to the horses than a road which was diversified by hill and valley—the change from level to uphill or downhill bringing new muscles into play, and preventing the whole stress of the journey from falling on the same parts of the animal organization. But herein is a parable of human life. The dead level needs to be diversified. A weariness of perpetually recurring sensations, a disgust of sameness, a restlessness beneath the continued stress of active use belongs to our physical organization—is the instinct of the body's wholeness, and, therefore, the law of its health.

There is, therefore, not only a profound necessity for holidays, but a reason equally good why we can never take our holidays at home. We

not only require rest, but change; and not only change of attitude or change of work, but change in our surroundings and in the impressions we are receiving from them. This is not only the law of the body's wholeness, but of the mind's health. The brain, like the stomach, is disgusted if it always has the same work to do or the same material to work on. The nerves, like the muscles, weary of sameness, and must have the stress of labour shifted and the continuity of impression broken. But the law of association ties us in this also to the mill-horse round. In the same scenes the same thoughts come back, and among the same circumstances we are always recurring to the same cares. A man of business cannot throw business off him till he has left his counting-house. A student cannot sit in his library and forget his books. A doctor cannot ignore his patients, nor a preacher his congregation, while he is surrounded by everything that reminds him of them. To forget life's ordinary activities, we must turn our backs upon its ordinary scenes. There is no life in which there is not some fret, or worry, or anxiety, or care; in most lives there is much of them, and it is fret which wears us, care which kills us. Even the most favoured lives are surrounded by circumstances which call for effort—and effort soon becomes fatigue. A kind of necessity is upon us, even at home, much more in our spheres of duty or activity, and all continuous necessity is a strain. But we get rid of all this as soon as we get away from the associations which bring it. There is a joyful sense of lightness when we have got clear away which never comes while we are amid our responsibilities. A feeling of irresponsibility, of happy emancipation from effort and constraint, of deliverance from anxiety and care, of happy and exultant liberty, is the really glorious and refreshing thing in holiday travel. We get our child-likeness back again for a while. We liberate the mind from pressure, and it regains its elasticity with a bound. No wonder that we break out into extravagant costumes, strange freaks, and mad enterprises. They are but the rebound of an elastic nature from the repression and constraint of civilized life. We come back to our duties none the worse, but much the better, for having indulged in them; and though, as we return to the old associations, the cares and responsibilities return to meet us, and the old burden waits to be taken up again, we take the burden upon strengthened shoulders, and meet the stress of circumstances with freshened minds. The body's wholeness and the mind's elasticity have both been restored, and we are recreated and renewed.

It follows from all this that the true idea of a holiday is that it shall be recreative. The philosophy of holidays is the philosophy of recreation. But the whole subject of recreation is only now beginning to be understood. A lingering asceticism of sentiment,—a relic of the superstition which looked upon the body as the source of sin, and peopled the Theban desert with self-mortifying anchorites—still affects our modes of thought, though the dogma itself has perished from our intellectual convictions. We do not proscribe amusements, as some generations have done; nor do

we go heartily into them, as Paganism did and the Latin races do : but we indulge in them and apologize for them. We take some of our most pleasant and most needful recreations with a half suspicion that they are only half right. There is, consequently, an entire want of *abandon* in them, for which some of us make up by extreme *abandon* when we are off for the holidays. We are dreadfully afraid of making ourselves ridiculous before one another, but we take it out with interest by making ourselves extremely ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners. But nothing shows the popular misunderstanding of the whole subject of recreation so thoroughly as this fear of being ridiculous. Public opinion often exhibits the extremest ignorance of human nature, but in nothing is it more entirely childish than in its ideas on amusement and recreation. It persistently merges the man in his profession, keeps him perpetually on the pedestal of his status, and will on no account allow him to descend from it. It judges the fitness of his amusements by the nature of his duties, expects everlasting gravity from those whose calling is a grave one, and perpetual lightheartedness from those whose vocation is to amuse. For a preacher to romp with his boys would shock half the ladies of his congregation ; for a man of business to join in amateur theatricals would make his banker watchful over his account, and his brother merchants suspicious of his solvency ; for a lawyer to be a poet, for a dean to be a satirist, for a schoolmaster to enjoy whist or billiards, or for a bishop to dance, would expose them all to remark and suspicion. Yet a moment's thought would show to the least penetrating of persons that no true recreation can be found in the line of a man's calling. It is that disgust of sameness which makes us need change of scene and drives us off for the holidays, which justifies and necessitates recreation of every kind. Change is the first condition of relaxation. A man might just as well sleep in his full evening dress as seek his amusement in the same direction as his work. Work and play, like day and night, are opposites, and the widest unlikeness between them is the truest completeness of each. Of course there must be no moral incongruity between any parts of a true man's life, but physically and intellectually there cannot be too wide a difference between his labour and his recreation. They should surround him with different associations, call up different feelings, exercise different faculties, appeal to different parts of his nature : should be, in fact, the antithesis of each other. The man of sedentary occupation should take active recreation, the man of laborious work needs restful play. The student requires unintellectual amusement, the tradesman may find his recreation in books. The man whose calling needs the preservation of an official dignity requires as recreation something in which even personal dignity may be laid aside and forgotten, some innocent but not dignified amusement in which he descends to the level of others, and is no longer the priest or the pedagogue, the justice or the physician, but simply the man. The public may always remember his status, he needs to remember himself. The world foolishly tells him to keep upon his stilts ; he needs to come down from

them to know "the blessedness of being little," and to get out of his vocation and out of himself. That is true recreation, and fulfils its function.

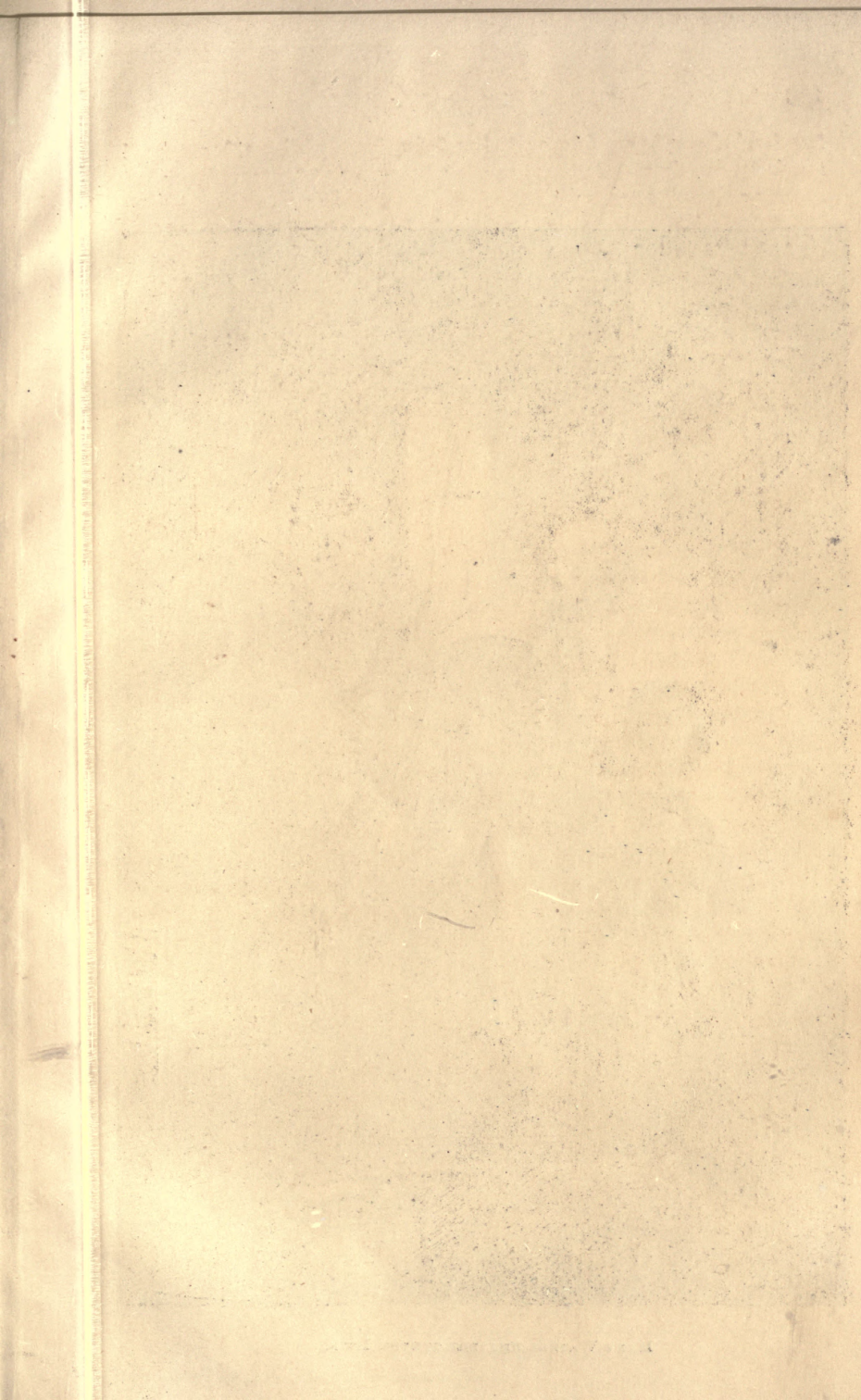
This seems to be the "rationale" of recreation. Recreation is something more than amusement, for amusement merely occupies or diverts, while recreation, as the word itself indicates, renews and recreates. But this renewal and recreation proceeds on the principle of antithesis. Life is a balance of opposites, health is their equipoise, and the overbalance of either is disease and death. Arctic explorers tell of the dreadful persecution of perpetual daylight in the six months' polar day, and of the terrible depression produced by the perpetual darkness in the six months' night. But the beautiful alternation of these opposites in the habitable parts of the globe, the perpetual swing of this exquisitely balanced antithesis, is the fundamental condition of our healthy activity. Nature does not leave us to balance work and rest, but does all she can to strike the balance for us. Yet even the rest of sleep is something more than the cessation of activity: every muscle in the body has its correlative, and it is by the use of the one that the other is rested. All muscular action consists of contractile movement, and a muscle can only be elongated by the pull caused by the contraction of its correlative. We rest by employing other muscles than those on which the stress of action has lain. When I close my eyes from very weariness, the muscles which have kept them open lose their contractility, the opposite muscles come into play, and by contraction pull down my eyelids and elongate the muscles, which in their turn will contract to-morrow and open my eyelids to the daylight. This principle of rest by alternation of activity runs through the greater part of our experience. Play is change of work, not change which merely gives the same organs or faculties something else to do, but change which brings other and correlative organs or opposite faculties into action. Mere rest is not true recreation. An unused power or faculty will not fitly counterbalance an overworked one. To keep one eye shut would never compensate for overuse of the other; yet it is just that overuse of some one power or faculty which is the evil we all need to redress. We are created men, and it is only by art that we are made into tradesmen or statesmen, literary men or handicraftsmen, professional men or workmen. Our vocation is a limitation put upon us by necessity, a narrowing of our life into a special channel, a straitening of our energies into one line of special faculty, and its unavoidable result is a one-sided development of our powers. But in its highest and truest form recreation is the prevention of this one-sidedness. A really noble recreation is a perfecting discipline. It redresses the injured balance of our nature, cultivating that side of it which our vocation neglects, developing those powers our necessary business represses, and out of the man of study or of business, out of the statesman or the tradesman, reproducing and recreating the Man. It is therefore compensatory in its influence and restorative in its effects; it is antithetical to our occupation, restoring the

harmony of a well-balanced mind and the soundness of a well-developed body, and preserving or recreating the active wholeness, the physical and mental health of the whole man. It is thus a part of culture, and might well be considered to be a part of religion too.

Many examples might be given in illustration of the principle here stated. Where the instinctive action of mind or body suggests a restorative or recreative movement, it will usually be found to proceed on this principle of complement, compensation, or antithesis. It is a well-known optical experience, that when an eye which has been dazzled by some brilliant colour is turned away from it to some colourless object, that object is partially obliterated by a patch or blot of some other quite different colour. But the imaginary colour bears an exact relation to the colour which produced the dazzling effect. It is its correlative, its complement, its opposite, and the mingling of the two would produce perfect harmony, because they would constitute perfect light. But this physical fact has a hundred parallels in our moral and intellectual life. Our castles in the air are never counterparts of home; they are generally complementary to it. The ideal life we picture to ourselves in day-dreams is generally set in vivid contrast to the life we really live. Escaping into a world we can create after our own fancy, it is often the antithesis of this. The serious work of Milton's life was political and theological controversy. He was known among his contemporaries as the great heretic and Radical of his time, and was supposed to delight in the distasteful and disturbing labours to which the interests of truth and liberty seemed to call him. But though he lived in the very noise and dust of the battle, his "love of sacred song" kept the fountain of his feelings fresh and clear. He fought, with all the strength of his nature, for what he believed to be the right, but he kept all its sweetness by converse with poetic themes. Controversy was his duty, but poetry was his delight. He did his work with an heroic devotedness, but kept himself from one-sided development by the divine recreation of his muse; and when he had fallen on evil days and evil tongues, he took refuge from them in an ideal world, and refreshed his mind with immortal song. Coming nearer to our own times, we find other examples of the same principle. Lamb's quaint and quiet humour was the escape of a gentle nature from harsh surroundings, and the genial satire and good-humoured mockery which make his essays such fascinating reading are but the antithesis of his serious and sad experience, the flight of his fancy into another sphere to redress the balance of this. He laughs with his readers because he needed a laugh, and could not laugh with himself. He is bright, and airy, and gay in his writings, because he must have some glimpses of life's brighter side, and such glimpses were not given him by experience, for his heavy domestic cares and troubles took all airiness and gaiety out of his life. Almost the same may be said of Hood. His genial laughter came from a suffering soul. His literary labours were the escape of his mind from ill health and painful experiences into another world. Nor is it violating any propriety to say that, in a

very different manner, we owe Mrs. Gaskell's writings to the same principle of our nature. It was a home affliction that gave her great powers to the public use. It was as a recreation in the highest sense of the word, as an escape from the great void of a life from which a cherished presence had been taken, that she began that series of exquisite creations which has seemed to multiply the number of our acquaintances, and to enlarge even the circle of our friendships. But this escape from the real into the ideal would not be possible to any were not our nature "antithetically mixed." Physically and mentally overbalance is distress and disease, equipoise is happiness and health; and whether it be needful duties or unavoidable experiences, cherished habits or detested necessities, which throw the weight on one side, that only is a truly restorative discipline or recreative experience which puts an equal weight upon the other side.

Guided by this principle it would be very possible for us to select our recreations with a near approach to scientific fitness. To understand the nature of recreation and the high purposes it may subserve is to be far on the road to the discovery of its method. Physically, it should be directed to the restoration of the body's wholeness by ensuring the equal and harmonious development of all its parts. Intellectually, it should aim at rounding off our experience, and extending the culture of our faculties to every part of them. It should not minister to the mere love of change or the desire of novelty, but new experiences and changed surroundings are essential to its perfectness. It should be change of occupation and of mental air. It should take us into a new world, and open a wider horizon to our observation and experience. Holiday travel is, in fact, its typical form, and that recreation will be most truly recreative to which we can turn from time to time with all the zest of freshness, in which we can forget our cares and merge our anxieties, and which is so far from the track of necessary work, so different from our enforced activity, that we can enter on it with something of that fresh and joyous feeling with which at this moment we are "off for the holidays."





MANY WATERS WILL NOT QUENCH LOVE.

Stone Edge.

CHAPTER XIX.

'TIS JUST THE WAY O' THE WORLD.



ONE Saturday afternoon work was done, and Cassie had gone down to the mill to be paid. It was a still evening, and Lydia sat on a broad stone outside her door, with her Bible on her knees; but she was not reading, only looking intently up at a little sunset cloud sailing over her head. There is a woman in front of Guido's "Massacre of the Innocents" at Bologna, with a dead baby at her feet and her eyes fixed on its angelic semblance in the sky above. Lydia's face had the same expression. "Their angels do always behold the face of their

Father in Heaven," she whispered to herself. It was the only luxury in which she indulged, to sit in perfect stillness and think of her child,—"gone back again," as she always called it to herself. She was roused by the click of the little garden-gate, and turning, met the keen grey eyes of old Nanny Elmes fixed upon her. Nanny was leaning over the wicket, clad as usual in a long grey great-coat, the tails of which reached almost to her heels. She now put down her basket and came and sat on the low wall beside her. "I've been a watchin' o' ye ever so long, Lyddy, and ye stirred no more than the stone baby in the church. I didn't know as how ye could read," she added, looking suspiciously at the book.

"Tain't but a very little. I learnt * mysen a bit afore I married. There was a little maid o' Mrs. Goose's as were a rare un for her book, and she learnt me my letters, and fund the places i' th' Bible when parson was a readin', and so I cum for to know the words when I see'd un in their own places—when they'se at home as 'twere. And it seems," she went on after a pause, "when I gets at the words, like as if I were a hearing

* Why not? "Oh, learn me true understanding."—*Ps.* cxix. "My life and education both do learn me now."—*Othello*, Act i.

my Saviour talk to me ; and whiles when I'm my lane seems to me as if He cum in at the door and say'd thae gracious words to me His own self."

The old woman listened intently, with her head on one side like a bird. "Well, it's wonderful for to hear ye ; ye're like Mary i' th' story ; but then you've your bite and sup certain, and you've time for faith and your salvation, and a' them things. I as has got my old body for to kip my own self, must just gi'e tent to my feet, and ha' eyes i' th' back of my bonnet (for the childer's finners, bless 'um, is as mischeevous and quick as magpies), or I should ha' nowt to my belly nor nowt to my back. And I dunna see," she continued, as her natural pride in her calling returned, "as Martha ain't as much wanted i' th' world as Mary. There wouldn't ha' been much dinner, I'll warrant, i' th' house where they were i' Bethany, an it hadn't been along o' she."

Lydia rose with a smile. "Tea'll be masked soon now, when Cassie and German comes in ; belike ye'll hae a sup o' milk though afore ?"

"Nay, I'll wait. More by reason here she comes, and the lad too. Why, child, yer fine colour's gone sadly. Ha' ye been bad sin' I saw ye ?" she said, compassionately. "Ye munna take on a thattens for what's past and gone. I hae been so throng as I couldna come before," she added apologetically.

In fact the story of the murder had been an invaluable stock in trade to Mrs. Elmes. "It has been the vally to me," as she declared, "of more suppers and teas than I'd ever ha' know'd, me knowing the parties so well, and had a sould 'um the very buttons as was upon old Ashford's shirt the day he were murdered (them's the very same, leastways off the same card, mum. I've sould a sight on 'um.)" She therefore felt considerable gratitude to those who had been the means, even involuntarily, of procuring her such a pleasant time. She had not seen them since the funeral—when in the capacity of "our own correspondent" she had gone up to Stone Edge to collect the latest information—and she felt as if she had been guilty of neglect.

"I've been a wanting to see ye this three months," she went on, "but I couldn't get up this way afore now." Then looking critically about her, "Ye'r a deal better off down here, to my mind, nor upo' the top o' yon nob, with the winds blowing like as they'd tak' yer heads off. It took sich a sight o' time, too, going up the Lone Moor, and yer heart i' yer mouth as 'twere wi' a' the boggarts and things as mid be upo' the road. I'd ha' folk live in a comeatabler place, where their frens can git at 'um asy, wi'out such a deal o' toil."

"'I can' ain't allus the same as 'I would,'" said German, half annoyed. "Him as canna get oat-cake mun put up wi' bread, but I loved the old house dearly I did. 'Tain't the place so mich, 'tis the feelin'."

"I've a baked some fresh oat-cake to-day, and it's gey sweet," interposed Lydia, as she placed what looked like layers of round flaps of tough whitey-brown leather on the table.

"If there's one thing I do love it's fresh oats," said the old woman ;

"and it's a deal wholesomer for strength and delight nor any other grain. They say folk's teeth as eats it is whiter and long and broad; but it's not you as wants that, my lass," she added, as she looked at the row of pearls in Cassie's mouth. The girl smiled absently, hardly seeming to hear. "Manners is manners," Nanny went on, accepting all that was pressed upon her. "I will say *that* for this house; first ye picks a bit and then ye chats a bit; ye dunno wof it down as some folk I see does."

"P'raps they're poor creatures as is sore put to it for a livin'," said Lydia, excusingly.

"Ha' ye heard," proceeded Mrs. Elmes, after a pause, "how Lawyer Gilbert have a took on hisself along of the murderin' of yer feyther? He says it's a sin and a shame as Joshuay werena put upo' his oath and 'xaminated. He's a been up in Yorkshire where his mother died, or he'd a sin to it hisself, he says, before; and the crowner were a deal too thick wi' Joshuay he says. There were summat about a horse atwixt 'um; but there's such a many tales allus, one doesna know which to believe. I thought mebbe the councillor had a been up here for to ax ye (he said as how he would) about a' that ballaraggin' and quarrellin' atwixt yer feyther and Joshuay."

"I hanna nowt to say," answered the lad, shortly, "nor what I telled un all at the 'quest. My feyther sent me home early o' that market-day, and I know nowt o' any quarrel nor ballaragging nor nowt."

Cassandra's tongue and lips seemed too dry to utter a word, but she looked pitifully at Lydia, who asked the question for her.

"Ha' ye heard owt o' Joshua or Roland sin they went?"

"Not th' littlest bit o' a word," replied Nanny. "And 'tain't nateral we should. Joshuay 'll kip as close as a hunted hare an a' be true, wi' all this hanging over him."

"And what's come o' poor Roland?" said Lydia again.

"They say he looked a very deal more cut up nor his feyther, hiding o' his face like, and just an he knew more o' th' murder nor were good for's soul, he were so white."

"I dunna believe a word on't," burst out German. "Roland were as good a chap as ever walked i' shoeleather. I were main fond o' him. I'd lay my life he know'd no more o' wrong nor I did,—and I'd gi'e a great deal for to see he again—that's what it is," said the lad, pushing away his chair and getting up with an angry glow in his face, which made poor Cassie's heart swell with gratitude to her brother.

"'Tis just the way o' the world," she murmured to herself.

"Well, I'm not a sayin' nowt agin the poor fellow," said Mrs. Elmes, rising also and shaking the buttery crumbs from her lap. "He's a good-livin' chap, I believe. I'm on'y a tellin' of ye what folk says, and as yer-selves has the best right to know. And now, Cassie, I want ye for to help me wash my two or three cloes. To-morrow's Sabbath day and I'm to sleep at Farmer Clay's, and I wants to be tidy like. 'Tis very viewly for to be clean, for all that one's things mid be mended and coarse. And it's my

'pinion," she added, significantly, "that if I was Roland, his frens 'ud do well to advise un to kip hissen out o' the way an he dunna want for to be brought in 'axnaparte' witness agin his feyther. Joshuay's one as 'll fin' a many for to swear his life against him. There ain't ne'er a dirty puddle o' bad things as he han't a put his foot into this score o' years and more, and a broken pitcher may go on'st too often to th' well, we all know *that*."

CHAPTER XX.

VERY LONELY.

JOSHUA and his son had continued their slow way unmolested to Liverpool. As they came in sight of the town and drove through street after street of frowsy, squalid, grimy houses, Roland's heart sank within him. There are few things more depressing than the suburbs of a great city, where all the beauty of nature has been destroyed, and man's handiwork is only shown in ugliness and wretchedness.

"And they have a dirtied the very air as it ain't clean to swalla," said Roland, with inexpressible disgust as they passed into the lurid, foggy, dull smoky atmosphere.

"Yes," answered his father; "but it mun be a fine place, and safe, an a body didn't want for to be looked arter."—The views to be taken of the same place vary curiously according to the seer.

The next day Roland went in search of the old Quaker's warehouse with Nathan's letter in his hand.

"What a sight o' folk," said he to himself. "And how they runs to and fro, nobody a speaking to nobody, nor simmingly caring whether we all be alive or dead." In Youlcliffe everybody knew everybody, and the intense solitude of the crowd of a great town made his loneliness sometimes almost unbearable.

Mr. Rendall received him coldly and suspiciously; he seemed nearly to have forgotten Nathan's existence, and questioned the young man closely and very unpleasantly. Just, however, as Roland was turning on his heel, half in anger and half in dismay, the old Quaker said placidly,—

"Well, young man, I'll give thee a chance and try thee in the outer warehouse for a while—lest, as Nathan Brown observes, perchance thy falling into evil ways might reproach us for our neglect. Thou seem'st a bit hasty, friend. Dost thee think the father can eat sour grapes and the son's teeth not be set on edge? 'twould be against Scripture. Thee mayst come to-morrow and we'll see what thee'st good for."

Although he was accepted, it was a galling position, however, for Roland: he felt that he was watched by the foreman and watched by the masters. At Youlcliffe his own character stood him in stead, and he was trusted and respected, with little reference to his connection with Joshua; but the sins of the father were beginning to tell fearfully against his child.

The lodging which he first took was too respectable for Joshua, who had soon fallen into the worst possible set.

"I dunno like them stuck-up folk a pryin' into a body's ways. I tell thee, Roland, I wanna come to thee no more an thou dostna change," said he.

And they moved gradually into a more and more miserable part of the town—for Roland was set upon keeping a kind of home for his father—coming at last into one of the narrow airless courts of which Liverpool is full, with high houses all round shutting out the sky, where Roland, used to the free air of the hills, could scarcely breathe: the dirt and wretchedness of the other inhabitants was a misery to him—the world of dark and dismal houses oppressed him like a nightmare. The want of space is of itself excessively trying to one who has had as it were the run of half a county.

He made no friends, scarcely any acquaintance; the clerks at Mr. Rendall's rather looked down upon his country ways; besides, it seemed to him as if he were being borne along on a rapid current he knew not where, as if everything were a temporary makeshift, that "something" was coming, he never said to himself what, and that it was not worth while to make plans or undertake anything beyond his day's work. There was a steep street leading down towards the river, where he could get a glimpse of the blue Welsh hills beyond the forests of masts, along which he always passed if he could—they "seemed friendly." His only amusement, indeed, was to stroll down it in the evening and along the docks to watch the outgoing ships. Why could not his father be persuaded to go somewhere,—anywhere, far away?

One day he had picked up a little crying child who had lost its way, and having patiently inquired out its belongings, had spent much trouble in bringing it home, which had won the heart of its grandfather, an old sailor almost past work who hung about the docks doing odd jobs, and with whom Roland used occasionally to talk. It was a pleasure to him to hear of far-off lands, something as different from his present perplexities as possible. "Why don't ye go over the way and seek yer fortin' out there?" repeated the sailor at the end of all his glowing descriptions. "There's plenty of room for them as'll work, and it's a fine place where my son is, he writes me word."

But even in his haziest visions the two images of Cassie and his father could never come together, and it was as grievous to him to think of going as of staying. He had no rest even in day-dreams for his soul, and his longing after Cassie, after a loving home such as she would have given him, became sometimes almost more painful to him than he could bear.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove," said the poor fellow to himself, watching the spreading sails, which looked to him like wings. "This is a dry and thirsty land, where no water is," he went on, as he gazed over the muddy Mersey. It was true to his feeling, though not to sense. It is

strange how the images of a climate and manners so opposed to ours should have become our true expression of feeling in defiance of reality of association. The isolation, the anxiety, were half breaking his heart, but he felt as if he were the last plank to which the drowning soul, fast sinking from all good, was clinging, and he stayed on, though there were sometimes whole days when he scarcely saw his father.

Late one evening Joshua, having nothing to do, strolled, excited and half-tipsy, into the warehouse to inquire for his son, and while Roland, in the greatest possible distress and annoyance, was trying to persuade him to go home, the chief clerk—a precise, ceremonious old gentleman with a dash of powder in his hair came up—and ordered him very summarily off the premises.

Joshua was exceedingly insolent.

“What’s that powder-headed monkey mean?” said he. “I hanna done nowt! I appeal to th’ coumpany,” he went on, turning to the bystanders, to their infinite delight, as the clerk was not popular. It was with the utmost difficulty that Roland could get his father away.

That night he was even more restless than usual after they had gone to bed: the wretched room was close and airless, and he muttered frightfully in his sleep. At last, in the dim moonlight which came in over the tops of the tall houses in the court, Roland, who was dozing, suddenly saw him sit up and stretch out his arm angrily.

“Hold yer hand, yer rascal! I won’t ha’ it made a hanging matter on.”

The voice then sank in unintelligible sounds as he lay down again, and all was then so still, as Roland, in an agony of horror, leant forward, that he heard the cinder fall in the grate as he listened. Presently the ghastly figure rose again. “I tell ’ee half the gold’s mine; the county notes won’t be worth nothing i’ th’ county. Share and share alike,” he repeated fiercely, and as his son shook him violently to wake him, he muttered,—“No, he shanna know owt on it—not Roland. I wanna hae him flyted at.” And then he sank into a dull, heavy leaden sleep.

His poor son lay shivering with the extremity of his misery till the dull daylight broke upon the town. He seemed somehow never to have realized the thing before, and the touch of tenderness to himself made his heart ache. In the morning Joshua rose, quite unconscious of his night’s revelations, and Roland went to his work, feeling as if he had committed a great crime himself. Indeed, those who saw the two might have doubted which was the guilty man. He could hardly bear to look any one in the face.

“How shall I get through the day wi’ them a’ at the office?” said he to himself. It was settled for him very summarily. As soon as he reached the warehouse the old Quaker sent for him, and said, that though he had no complaints to make of his own conduct, no young man of his could be allowed to associate with such a fellow as Joshua was now known to be: “it injured the establishment”—and he dismissed him.

It was a sentence of exclusion from all respectable places of trust. He had no one now to apply to for a character; and his heart seemed to die within him as he walked down to his father's usual haunts, and wandered to and fro in search of him. He was nowhere to be found, however; and Roland returned through the sloppy, grimy streets, more depressed even than usual, and sat drearily waiting in the desolate little room. He thought he would make one more effort to get his father away. Joshua came moodily in at last: another of his reckless schemes had failed, and he was sinking deeper and deeper. He sat down sulkily without speaking.

"What is it ye was inquiring arter me for, Roland?" he said at last, almost sadly, turning unwillingly towards his silent son.

"Father, I'm turned off."

"Well, there ain't no great harm in that. I hated th' ould man."

"And how am I to get anither place? who'll trust me? Mr. Rendall says," added the poor fellow, goaded by his father's indifference, "'None o' my young men shall ha' aught to do with such as thy father,' says he. I mun go and work at the docks an we bide here. Let us go, feyther, away from this dolesome place. What for should we stop here?" muttered the poor fellow, desperately.

Joshua had fallen into the very sink and slough of life, but there remained the one spark of light, his belief in and respect for his son's character,—a sort of love for him.

"Leave me, lad—go; thou'st been a good lad to me. I shall be thy ruin, body and soul, I know, an thou bidest wi' me."

"Oh, feyther, canna we go thegether? Come wi' me! Let's try anither place, not this horrid black hole,—ony ither place. There's a many homes over the water, sailor Jack says: why shouldn't we go out there? The *Jumping Jenny* sails in a month somewhere, he says; let us go."

"I canna go gadding o' that fashion. England's good enough for me; but do thou go thysen. Nay, child, thou canstna drag me up, and I on'y drag thee down. Go while 'tis time; go d'reckly; who knows what may happen?" he said almost fiercely. "If God A'mighty is as parson says, He'll reward thee. Dunna folla me; 'twill be o' no use—I shanna come back. Thee knowest I'm as obstinate as a bull, and I wanna see thee——"

And from a hidden place in the floor he dragged out a hoard of some kind, wrapped in a handkerchief, which made Roland shiver. Joshua had striven to keep his son free from the knowledge of his past crimes, with a curious respect for his good name; and rolling some few articles of clothing into a bundle, he pulled his cap over his eyes with a kind of rage, wrung his boy's hand, and was gone.

CHAPTER XXI.

MANY WATERS WILL NOT QUENCH LOVE.

THE young man had hardly a shilling in the world after having paid the few things which he owed, and he set off to walk towards home. He wanted the quiet of the fields, the freedom of the open road, to be able to collect his thoughts; the dark and dirty town was each day more and more dreadful to him. He slept two or three nights on the road on his slow progress home.

"I mun see her again," he muttered, as he went along, "an it be only to say good-by. But who knows whether she'll hae speech wi' me? An they've any scent o' the thing, happen they mid think there were a taint o' blood o' my hands too,"—it seemed to drive him half out of his senses as the thought crossed his mind.

The sweet air from the hills seemed to come to him like an old and soothing friend as he approached his own country. When the stone walls and the rocky outlines came in sight he greeted them like living beings. "How can onybody live in thoe stinking holes?" said he to himself. "I'd reither be a herd-boy nor have all Mr. Rendall's stores. Eh, but it's a lovely sight," said he, as he saw a plough passing crosswise along a field on a hill nearly as steep as a house side.

He was leaning over the parapet of a bridge, watching the rush of the water among the big stones, and trying to make out Stone Edge in the distance, when a voice near him cried out, "Why, if it ain't Roland Stracey!" and he encountered the sharp eyes of Lawyer Gilbert, a low attorney, with whom he knew his father had had a long quarrel about an exchange.

"And where's your father, I'd like to know?" said he. "He cheated me once, but I'll be even with him yet. He got off finely at the inquest; he'd hardly be so lucky again. I should like to know if *you'd* a been set in the witness-box and the screw put on, what you'd ha' been made to say? There was one Jackman, horsedealer," he added, with a searching look—

"And what right ha' you to take folk's characters away o' that fashion?" said Roland, fiercely, turning at bay. "I know a thing or two o' you, as ye'll hardly like telled 'i th' court!" and he passed on without another word. He was evidently not to be trifled with in that mood, and the man let him go.

He struck across country to avoid meeting any one else—up a lonely valley, where now runs a high-road and a railway is threatened, but where then there passed nothing but the old pack-horse way, paved in places, which had probably existed since before the time of the Romans. Up and down it went, without the smallest idea of keeping any level, turned aside by every little obstacle, running hither and thither like a child at play, instead of the stern determination of a Roman road, or even of its modern equivalent. He walked for miles without meeting a living thing,

and all was silent except a brawling stream, which ran at the bottom, hidden amid moss and magnificent broad leaves. Sometimes the steep hill-sides rose bare, with nothing but bush and shaley loose stones mixed with lilies of the valley and rare mountain aromatic herbs; then came sweeps of the short sweet emerald grass of the limestone pastures, and a sheep or two, as nimble as goats, bounded out of the way. And still as he went he had scarcely determined in himself whether he should go on to Cassie or not. Presently he saw in the middle of the steep bare path a brown partridge cowering over her young. She had brought out a just-hatched brood to sun themselves, and awestruck at this unexpected danger, from which her children could not escape, remained perfectly still as the best chance of saving the small things, which could hardly run, by sharing it with them. The *Sortes Virgilianæ* are played in many ways and by varying needs.

"If she have faith and doesna stir," said the young man to himself, "I'll go on; if she runs I wanna go nigh Cassie. I canna stan' what she mid say to me." Many an action is determined by the behaviour of an unconscious agent as the partridge, who never flinched in the courage of her love. Roland even stooped over her as he passed; but her bright eye was the only thing which stirred.

"Sure an the dumb beasts has that in 'um, there's hope," muttered he to himself as he strode on. "She'd a big heart had Cassie." And then he remembered that, except that painful interview at "the Druid's Stones," it was almost a year and a half since he had seen her. "There's a deal may ha' happened sin' then," he thought, and goaded by the idea, he hurried on almost at a run.

He had taken a cross cut, and was a little out of his reckoning among the folds of hill, when, mounting a higher ridge than usual to look out, he saw suddenly, just beneath him, the scene of Ashford's murder: it seemed as if he could not get out of reach of its memories. He sat down as if he had been shot: he could trace far below him the bit of steep road, the stream, the little grove, as plainly as if he had been there, and he tore away in another direction. The shadow of the guilt was on him, as if he had committed it himself. "I oughtna to go belike to Cassie," he muttered again. Still, as he said the words, he was walking on towards her: the attraction was too strong, and he crept along the quietest way he could, over hill and down dale, and up to Stone Edge by the Druid's temple: the grave old stones looked sadly at him—he remembered his last sight of them, and hurried on to the house.

He heard a loud scolding woman's voice; what did it mean? and a blowsy red-cheeked girl was on the threshold.

"Where be the Ashfords?" said he; but before the answer came the whole truth flashed upon him. Of course they had all been ruined by that black night's work: everything they possessed in the world must have been swept away, and it had been his own father's doing; he could have wrung his hands.

"Well, for sure, so you'd neevir heard as they'd fittid! Where do ye come frae, young man?" said the woman, after the fashion of all secluded dwellers. "Ye mun ha' a drink o' milk and a crust o' bread, though," she added compassionately. "Ye look wored out like to death."

"I canna' wait," he replied, and as soon as he had learnt their new home he hurried on again. The little hamlet was scattered up and down the hills, no three houses together, each in its own croft and garden, and he went in and out of the green lanes for some time at random, not liking to inquire. At last he saw Cassie coming slowly up a field-path which led to the cottage, carrying a large bundle of work from the mill; but he looked so haggard, so worn, so thin, that at first she scarcely recognized him. "Roland!" she said in a low voice at last.

He was there for no other purpose but to try and see her, yet when she spoke he walked on as if he had not heard. After three or four steps he stopped.

"Did ye call me?" he said, huskily, without turning.

She did not answer, and he looked back. She was leaning against the narrow stone style, trembling all over, and her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, Cassie, my heart's nearly broke," he went on.

"Come wi' me to the house and see Lyddy," replied she, compassionately.

"No, no: thou dustna know all, thou dustna know all! I think I'm going crazy wi' misery!" and he took hold of both her hands, and looked into her face with an expression that went to her heart.

"Yea, but I think I do," said she earnestly and kindly.

"Whatever dost thee know, and how?" answered he, in an anxious tone.

"I read it i' the lines of thy face, Roland. Why shouldna we be friens? God Almighty have a laid a heavy hand on us: why should we make it worse to oursens? Come in wi' me; there's Lyddy and German will be main glad to see thee. Come," she said, with gentle compulsion, and something of her old stately grace.

He followed her irresolutely, as one drawn on against his will, but taking up her bundle from the wall by his instinct of help. The house-place was empty and she hurried into the kitchen, which was a few steps lower and opened out into the quarry and garden.

"Lyddy, he's there" ("Who's there?" said she), "like one crazed wi' trouble. Go in to him, dearie, comfort him, tak' him in, for my sake. Lyddy—go to him," and the vehemence of her entreaty shook her from head to foot.

Even Lydia's large charity was a little taken aback.

"Thou'st sure it's trouble, and not wrong?"

"Sure, certain sure; as sure as there's a sun in heaven. Go in and see him thysen."

Lydia went in. It was a sight to touch even a hard heart, and hers was certainly not hard. Roland had set himself on a low stool, with his

elbows on his knees and his head hidden on his hands; he did not move as she came up to him, but only said,—

“You’re come to send me away?”

“Nay, poor lad, thee’st welcome, in God’s name,” said she, laying her hand on his shoulder.

He seized her by both her wrists and pressed them almost fiercely, and walked out of the door with a great sob to recover himself.

In a few minutes German appeared, coming in for his tea.

“Eh, Roland, but thee’s kindly welcome,” said the lad. “Why, thee look’st like a ghost, poor fellow!”

Their greetings were like coals of fire on his head, and it was horrible to him that he could not even grieve over their fallen fortunes, without inferring something about his father either way. He sat, hardly speaking, his hand over his eyes.

“Where art thou going to-night?” said Lydia, later in the evening, when he had recovered himself a little under their kindly influence. “Thou canst sleep o’ th’ settle for a turn,” she added, with a look at German, to see that he did not object.

It was the first dreamless, quiet sleep poor Roland had had for months, and till German went out to his morning’s work he never stirred hand or foot. When Lydia came down she found him washing his face outside the door, where a bright stream of water came flashing out of a stone conduit; “living” water is the only word which expresses these mountain wells, fresh from the hidden treasures in the heart of the hills. He turned up his wet face for the cloth which she gave, as if he had been a child. “I want my mother,” said he.

Lydia smiled, and turned to look at Cassie, standing in the doorway behind her, smiling too, to see how the haggard look had vanished, though the worn and sad expression remained.

But after breakfast his anxious face came back again. Lydia was sitting on the settle, busy with the mill work, near the small casement window filled with plants, while Cassie seemed possessed with a demon of tidying. Roland kept looking anxiously in for an opportunity to speak to her, which in a coy, shy fit, she pertinaciously avoided.

“Leave a’ that till to-morrow, dearie,” pleaded Lydia, vainly. She was as difficult to catch as a bird.

At last, saddened and disheartened, Roland followed her to the lower kitchen, opening on a sort of terrace above the glen, where Cassie had lighted for a moment in her cleaning operations.

“I understan’,” said poor Roland, coming up to her with a dimness in his eyes. “Dunna fash thysen to put it into words, my darlin’. Good-by. (God bless thee. Thou said’st we mid be friends; shake hands, Cassie.)”

“Ye dunno understan’ at all,” she answered in a glow, with a reproachful sob. “Goin’ about breaking thy heart (and somebody else’s too) a’ these long months, and then ‘Good-by’ says he, quite quiet—‘we mid be friends!’”

All the latter part of which speech was uttered under difficulties, for he had seized her passionately in his arms, and was making up with interest for past arrears.

Half an hour or so afterwards, as they sat on the little low wall at the bottom of the garden, under the shelter of the French beans, she said,—

“Thou wiltna part me from Lyddy, Roland?”

“I want my wife and my mother too,” replied he, looking deep into her eyes. “I’m not sure I dunna love her the best of the two,” he went on, smiling at what he saw there: by which it will be seen that Roland’s spirits had considerably improved in the last hour.

“Nay, thee mustna say that; thee mun say thee lovest me better nor anything on the earth. Dost thou not, Roland?” pleaded she, looking wistfully into his face.

“My darlin’, ye needna fear for the bigness o’ my love. It’s as if it were me, from the sole o’ my foot to the crown o’ my yead; but it’s like the big bottle wi’ the little neck, it canna get out. Ye should ha’ seen me i’ that big black place, when I’d a’most lost hope o’ thee.”

“What’s thissen?” whispered she, shyly, touching a bit of string which she saw hanging from his neck as he sat with his arm round her. He pulled it out; it was the new shilling which she had given him to help in buying German’s knife.

“’Twould hae been buried wi’ me an I’d never seen thee agin;” he answered, tenderly. “’Twere the only thing I iver had o’ thine.”

“’T has been a cold winter and a wet spring,” said she, later, “and the little buds was afraid o’ coming out, and a’ things looked nipped and wretched; but summer’s come at last, even to us, and ye see they’re a’ green now.” And she smiled as she pulled leaf after leaf to pieces, turning away under the light of the loving eyes that were upon her.

“And now, my dearie, about our life. I’d just come and live and work here wi’ ye all, but the world’s a nasty place, Cassie, and folks is given to evil speaking. What dost think o’ our going abroad? Yonder, at Liverpool, I’ve seen scores o’ ships and hundreds o’ people goin’ off. It seemed so easy, I longed for to go mysen, on’y I couldna bear putting the salt sea atwixt thee and me; ’twould ha’ been like cuttin’ off my arm.”

“Nay, thee niver wouldst ha’ had the heart to do that,” said she. “We’ll see what Lyddy and German says.”

Such an idea was very terrible to her inland bringing-up, but she was beginning to understand how much worse it might be to stay. It was nearly two hours before the two returned into the houseplace.

“Why,” said Lyddy, looking up with a low laugh, “I heerd Roland a wishin’ on ye good-by mebbe two hours back; ain’t he gone yet?”

“No, and I ain’t a goin’ at all,” said Roland, drawing his stool close to her on one side, while Cassie laid her head on her shoulder on the other.

“And what’s more, he said as how he wasna sure he didna love his mother the best o’ the two. What mun I do to him?”

The tears sprang into Lydia's eyes and her lips trembled as she said, "God bless ye both, my dears; ye're main good to me."

There was something in the feeling that their joy did not make them selfish, which to her keen perceptions of right gave almost as deep a satisfaction as the merely personal one.

That afternoon Cassie's work certainly suffered. Roland followed her to and fro after the cow and the pig, and they wandered together down to the little streamlet which flowed through the glen amid a tangle of ladyfern and brushwood, and up and down the rude steps and the paved path which led to the church, by the steep ascent on the other side. "We'll hae to go there soon oursens, Cassie," said he, as they lingered on the little bridge made of three large stone flags overarched with fantastic ash and pollard oak, till the long level shadows fell round them.

Few were the words he said about his father, but he made her understand that Joshua had now cut himself off entirely from his son—the last anchor to a possible good life. They could now do nothing, and he shrank from exposing his future wife to the reflection of the terrible doom which might be impending. Surely it was best to go over sea when they could do no good by staying; and then he hinted at his new and horrible dread that he might be called on to give evidence against his father.

"Nanny Elmes telled us so," said Cassie.

One word the poor fellow clung to: he gave her his own version of that night's revelations, which to Roland's mind implied that Joshua had not himself struck a blow. "He never hit un; I believe it, on my soul I do, my darlin'," he went on as they strolled home together.

"I mun get the iron and iron out them creases in thy forehead," said she that evening as she lifted up the mass of light locks which had hung so wildly when he arrived, but were becoming smooth and civilized already.

"I think thee'st done a good bit o' the job by now," observed Lydia, smiling.

He looked fondly at Cassie, and then a shadow passed over his face. "But there's creases there even thou canstna smooth away." And he turned and went out into the quiet night to recover himself.

"We wants to be our lone together, Lyddy and me," said Cassie at night. "We're very throng, and thee'st sorely i' th' road. Thou mun go out wi' German i' th' morning.

"I'm a wanting sore for to hear about them foreign parts, but I canna get a word out on him. He mun be a bit hard o' hearin', on'y 'tis queer it's allus o' my side o' his yead!" said the lad, smiling at Roland.

German had caught at the notion of a change. Canada was of course to him the vaguest of ideas, but he had come down from the position of a farmer to that of a servant lad with some difficulty. The women were mistresses in their own dwelling, but he was at the beck and orders of a master, after having been one himself, and he had as earnest a desire as Roland to begin afresh. A very few words accordingly settled the

matter, and they had begun to arrange for selling the cow and their property in general even before they went out next morning.

"I'll write to the ship's office," said Roland, "and to auld sailor Jack—he were always good to me, and he'll see to all's being set as it should be."

"I mun go and buy a sheet o' paper then, and borrow some ink at the public for yer," said Cassie. Literary pursuits were not common in the cottage; and she hung over him to watch the wonderful performance of making a letter, and gloried in the marvels of his scholarship.

A letter has a body common to all such compositions, to which any information it is desirable to communicate is afterwards added as a sort of extra:—*i.e.* "This comes hoping," &c. and "leaves me at these presents," is a necessary part; your announcement that you are married, or ruined, or buried is but accidental; and Roland's epistle was no exception to the rule.

The women, however, were not fated to have their time alone, for old Nathan appeared not long after.

"I've been thinkin' a very deal up and down sin' I were here," said he, standing upright in the middle of the house leaning on his staff. "It's ill living wi' a scolding woman: a man mid as lief be in a windmill; it's better to live on a house-top nor with a brawling woman in a wide place. I want my own fireside again. My missus were that good-tempered, 'twere like the sun upon one's vittles, so now I'm wantin' ye all for to come and bide wi' me—Lyddy for to marry me, and Cassie and German to be my childer. Now will ye?"

"Uncle," said the girl, half laughing, "did ye meet Roland a comin' here?"

"Roland Stracey? No, child. Is he come back i' th' country?"

"Yes; and I be a goin' to marry him, so ye see I canna come."

"Whew!" said the old man, with a kind of whistle. "His father's son!" The world's talk was beginning to be heard, and "across the sea" grew fair in Cassie's eyes.

"We're thinking of going to Canada," said she.

"Well, it sounds quare, too," said Nathan. "To be sure. But there's Lyddy. Won't ye hae me, Lyddy? I'm a year younger nor Ashford and I'd make ye a kind husband."

"And I'm certain sure ye would," answered she, warmly, "and thank ye kindly, Master Nathan; "but I've a cast in my lot wi' thae three, my dear ones, for good and ill, till death do us part."

"Let be, let be," said the old man. "Think on't, turn it over a bit."

"Nay, we canna spare her, uncle," answered Cassie, with a smile and a sort of pride. "There's a many wants her, ye see," added the girl, putting her arm over Lydia's shoulder as she sat at work. And Nathan saw that his long-considered scheme had melted away. Presently the young men came in together, eagerly discussing their plans.

"I've a been up to Parson Taylor for to see after the 'spurrings,'"

* "Speer," to ask.

said Roland as he entered. "Th' auld man were a sitting i'th' kitchen wi' his porringer upo' his knees, and he says, 'I hope as you've enough for to pay me my rights. It's a hard matter for me to get through, I can tell ye, Roland Stracey, and that's the truth. 'Tweren't but last Easter as I niver got my dues upo' th' pattens and cocks' eggs.'" (The hens pay for themselves of their produce—the cocks are probably punished for their remissness in not laying.) "'It's queer times, these,' says he. 'I dunno whiles whether I stanns on my head or my heels. And so you and Cassie Ashford's a goin' to put yer horses together?' he says. 'The world's fine and changed sin' I were young.'"

The class to which "the parson" belonged has completely died out, their existence being almost forgotten. Miserably paid, the difficulties of communication rendering any intercourse with the outer world impossible, "Parson Taylor," in appearance and manner, was hardly above a common labourer; and although he was not an illiterate man, his dialect was as broad as that of his parishioners, with whom indeed he was completely on a level.

"He didna think much o' them parts across the water, when we axed him; but eh, he didna seem to know nowt about it, so to speak; and one mid as well be set i' th' ground like a turmit as canna wag its own head, as not flit when one has a mind so to do. Dunna you say so, uncle?" said German, turning eagerly towards him.

The old man had stood by in silence and some mortification for a few minutes; but as he now began to criticise their plans, the rejected suitor became the wise Nathan once more.

"Well, it a'most dazes a man for to hearken ye youngsters talk, as blithe as bees; and there's the big watern, wi' only a board atwixt ye and death, and the wild beasts and the serpents, and the savages nak'd as when they was born. There's a man I heard no longer nor Toosday, and he'd a song as said,—

Peter Gray went out to trade
In furs and other skins,
But he got scalped and tommie-hocked
By those nasty Indahins.

Tommie-hocking—I canna rightly tell what that mid be, but it stan's to reason 'tain't anything pleasant."

The women looked a little aghast: the unknown is always terrible, and this new peril bade fair to stand more in the way of their imaginations than all the real obstacles.

"Me and German's pretty good agin thoe black people, I take it," said Roland, who was not very strong ethnographically, and somewhat doubtful as to the colour of his future enemies. But though he spoke contemptuously he was a little anxious as to the effect of this new view of the case on his womankind. "German mun take his big sword," he added, laughing uneasily.

Nathan, however, was reassured by the effect of his eloquence after

his late discomfiture, and he began graciously to relent. "I wunna say, though, as you're wrong, a' things considered. But law, ye'll be a sight o' time getting the brass together! Come, I'll just lend ye twelve pund, or gi'e it for that matter, an ye canna pay it back. Ye're a' that's left to me o' Bessie," said he with a sigh, as he prepared to depart with rather a downcast face.

"I wish you'd go with us, uncle," said German.

"I'm too old, my lad, too old by twenty year. But ye mun think o' me whiles, where ye're a goin'."

"You've took good heed we shanna forget ye," said Cassie, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye. "You'll come back to the wedding, uncle," she went on, following him as he left the house. "They say it ain't lucky to hae any one at a marrying as is older nor bride and groom, but Roland and me'll risk that."

CHAPTER XXII.

HOPE IN THE FAR WEST.

"I WANT to see th' auld place again afore we flit for good," said Cassie a few days later to Roland, and up the long rutted track they went, every step a memory to her. But the house at Stone Edge was dirty and ill-kept, full of screaming children, and little pleasure to see, and they passed on to the Druid's Stones on the Edge (now, alas, destroyed like many of their fellows). The grand old hills spread wide under their feet, beautiful, though the day was grey and colourless, while they looked their last over their old country.

'There's the 'self stone' above father's close on Win Hill," said Roland, "and Lose Hill, where yer uncle's biding now with Martha." Probably the names recorded some pre-historic battle of the aborigines with the Danes, who are generally fathered with all fights in that county. The two hills faced each other over a dale lovely to look upon. There is little positive feeling for beauty of scenery in the peasant class: it is a taste of cultivation; but there is a clinging love to the old landmarks, a *sehnsucht*, difficult to describe, but very real and deep.

"When I were at the worst about thee, I used to come up here," said Cassie. "Winter were beginning and it were cold and windy: there were a little blue harebell as growed in among the dark stones, looking so nesh and bright through it all, and I thought it were my hope; and when the weather grew snowy I was 'fraid it would kill my hope, and I just picked it and kep' it in my Bible. Good-by," she went on, going up and stroking the solemn old stones. "You'll niver see us again no more, and you'll not break yer hearts nor yer corners for that," she added, reproachfully.

There is something chilling and disappointing in the contrast between the everlasting hills and our brief day. They will smile as fairly when we are gone, they care nothing for our love or our sorrow. The want of

sympathy falls occasionally like an ache upon one's heart. Something like this passed through her, though she could not have put it into words, and she turned away with a sigh of relief from the insensible nature to the warm human heart beside her, and clung to his arm.

"I'm a poor portion for thee, Cassie," said he, with a sigh. "I've nowt to give thee, and I tak' thee away from a' thou lovest."

"I wanna wed thee an thou sayest such things. Dostna know I care more for thee than for a' the stonies as iver was born?" answered she, with a pout and a smile.

When they re-entered the cottage they found Lydia as much "put about" as was possible to her gentle nature.

"Councillor Gilbert have a been here nigh upon an hour," said she, "speering no end o' questions up and down. Why we hadn't made more rout about——," and she paused; "and what for we let thee wed wi' Roland," she added in a low voice, turning to Cassie. "I could ha' cried, he deaved me so wi' it all; but I niver let on as I cared a bit, and the upshot o' it all was, where were thy feyther? I made as if I'd niver heard tell o' thissen, and I couldna understan' thatten, and at last he got into a rage like, and went off, saying as he b'lieved I were just right down stupid silly, but he'd get what he wanted for a' that."

In fact Lydia's demeanour had been a masterpiece of defensive warfare; she had let down over her whole face and manner that impenetrable veil of apparent stolidity which is so often used by her class as armour against impertinent questions, and which is as difficult to get through as the feather-beds used in an old siege hung over the castle walls.

"The man's a bad un, and he's a grudge at father," said Roland, gloomily. "I wish we were off."

"Ye dunno think as he could forbid the banns?" put in Cassie, anxiously.

"Them lawyers is like ferrets; they're so sharp that they'd worrit and worrit through a stone wall afore they'd be denied anythink," replied he.

And they hurried on their preparations. They had sold almost everything belonging to them to pay their passage, save warrior Ashford's big sword, which was found not to be allowed for in the square inches of "emigrant's luggage" permitted in the hold, or the still smaller space of "cabin necessaries," and German hung it up in the little chapel up the glen.

"Mebbe I may claim it still," he said, rather sadly.

The earliest possible day after the banns was appointed for the marriage. It was a still cloudy morning in July as they passed along the silent meadows, where the hay had just been carried, and the bright green of the "eddish" was fair to look on; up the "clattered way" they went—the paved path necessary in these mountain regions to make the road passable at all in muddy weather—and through the copsewood, to the little chapel standing at the head of the deep wild glen on its lonely hillside, surrounded

by great old feathery ash. Nothing could be more solitary; and the stillness seemed almost increased by the sound of the single bell which rang forth from the small ornamented turret perched at one corner—a quiet note, used for strangely different purposes—a wedding, a funeral, or a birth. It belonged to the days when bells were properly baptized, and had its name engraved round its neck—“*Melodiâ nomen Magdalenæ campana resonat*”—and now gave forth its quiet welcome, that peculiarly restful, peaceful sound which a village bell seems to “gather in its still life among the trees.”

“The parson ain’t come,” said the old clerk, looking out from a window of the tower. “I’ll go down and open for ye. Things ain’t hardly fettled yet within.”

As they stood silently before the closed door, Cassie’s face was full of thought. It is a solemn moment for a woman, and must always be so to her, if she thinks at all: the death of the old life, the birth of the new, as she stands on the threshold, as it were, of an unknown future, giving up her separate and individual existence for ever, and becoming part of another, can be no light matter to her, however deep her affection. Cassie, fortunately for her, had been made to think and feel too much by the sufferings and anxieties of her past life, to take marriage as the peasant class (and indeed a much higher one, for that matter) so often does.

“Thee’rt not afeard, Cassie, o’ trustin’ thyself to me?” said Roland, in a low husky voice, with a pressure of her hand that was almost painful.

The girl’s expression in reply, as she looked up to him, though she did not speak, told more forcibly than by any words how entire was the confidence of her love. Lydia sat silently a little way off, on the low stone wall, and waited. No one was ever less inclined to revert to herself and her own sensations, but it was impossible not to contrast her own loveless marriage, so few years before, in that very church, with theirs; to feel that, in spite of trials, in spite of griefs before and behind them, they had in their affection a blessing which could not be taken away, and which had been denied to her. Nathan stood by, with rather a rueful countenance, leaning on his staff.

“I likes a bell,” observed he, for conversation. “They says as how the Deevil can’t abide it nohow, and as it keps off ill things when a soul’s passing. And mebbe that’s wanted for a wedding as well sometimes,” he ended, as the old parson came up hurriedly.

“Well, young uns,” said he, “you was nigh having no weddin’ at all this morning. I’d one wi’ me this ever so long as would ha’ forbid it an he could. ‘I’d ha’ Roland Stracey took up,’ he says, ‘as particeps to the murder, and then the old un would turn up in no time,’ but I pacified him that it weren’t his business, and would mak’ a big scandal. I’d a hard matter to stop him, he worrited me so. You’d best mak’ haste, I can tell ye.”

“So there was very ill things i’ th’ wind for the bell to tackle,” said Nathan, in a low voice, smiling as he followed them into the chapel.

The marriage ceremony was quickly through. “And I wish ye God speed, and well through yer troubles, for you’ll have plenty of them,” said the old minister as he dismissed them.

“But nothing can’t part us now,” said Cassie, with a sigh of relief, as they came out again into the open air, “naythir ill report nor good report, and we two is one to bear them.”—

“Yes,” observed Nathan, overhearing her, “two is better than one, because they has a good reward for their labour, for if one fall the one will lift up his fellow, but woe to him that is alone. Ah,” added he, with half a smile, as she took her husband’s arm, “I dunnot believe as my Bessie ever ‘linked’ wi’ any man but me a’ her days as we was together.”

As they came back once more to the cottage they met Nanny, who had arrived to see the last of her friends.

“Well-a-day, I’m fine and pleased for to see you so content, and I’m hoping as it’s all right, but marriage is a vera tickle thing—whiles better, whiles worser. I buried my first husband when Johnny were but two year old, and then I chanced upo’ another, and I mid a’most a been as well without one. He were a sore un to drink, and so I had to fettle for mysen and him and the boy too.”

“Nay,” replied Nathan, “most things is kittle,—it’s according as ye looks upon ’um. It’s a sore thing to be alone, and it’s what God A’mighty didn’t see as it were good,—and it’s ill-convanient to ha’ company as is not to yer mind. And I’ve a got both on ’um, it sims to me,” he added in a low voice.

“I’ve a brought ye some pins and tapes, and a little o’ all things as is agreeable,” said Nanny, helping to give a final touch to the packings. “Ye’ll feel mighty comikle, I tak’ it, wi’out a carrier nor a ’sponsible body peddling about wi’ a’ ye need in those wild woods as German were a talking on. Ye’ll want sore to be back again. I wish ye a’ well through. Ye’ll be a sore loss to me anyhow, I know that.”

“Ha’ ye got plenty o’ thraps? The wind’s high west to-day” (*i.e.* close upon north), “’tis main cold. The sayin’ is

Ne’er cast a clout
Till May be out,”*

moralised Nathan; “but I think as it shouldna be till July. I wish I were ten year younger, and I think I’d a gone wi’ ye. Home’s home, be it never so homely, but it’ll seem cold and lonesome very for me. when ye be a’ flitted. Tak’ heed,” added he, to a boy who was wheeling off some of the goods in a wheelbarrow and dropped a fresh thing at every step. “Yer but a moithering chap.”

“Tain’t my fault,” said he. “I canna help it.”

* “Lord Monmouth using o’ that saying.” 1649.

“Eh, excuses ain’t nowt—what were it Aaron said? ‘I put in the gold and there came out a god,’” said Nathan, striving to be his old self and “keep up their spirits.”

He seemed altogether to have forgotten his intentions of marriage, and treated Lydia exactly as he did his niece.

A number of neighbours had come in to see the last of the emigrants, but they gradually dropped off, and only he and Nanny went on with them to the turning which led from their own valley to the high-road. The wrench to Lydia was great, and she suffered very much, though there was no outward sign of it in her quiet face. The tearing up by the roots as it were of all her old associations seemed to give her a separate pang with every stick and stone which they passed on their way. Cassie walked along by her husband’s side in a kind of maze. The outer world was nothing to her then. She was living in her own sensations, which seemed to her the only reality, and all other things, whether to go or stay, at home or abroad, indifferent for the time at least. “For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and obey,” seemed ringing in her ears. They all sat down on a bank with their bundles and awaited the waggon. They sat in silence; even Nanny did not utter a word. The soft carpet of thyme and cistus and eyebright under their feet gave forth a pleasant smell,—and smells have a singular power of association, and, at times, bring after them a whole history of recollections in places and years far removed. Ever after in Lydia’s mind the scent of thyme brought back the whole scene, the bitter sweet of the parting, the rocky hills, the valley, the feathery wych elms, and the old man murmuring to himself.

“It won’t be long now,” said German, pointing to the waggon as it came slowly down the road, which wound like a white riband along the green hillside.

“Tain’t for very long. Nothink ain’t for very long, thank God,” said the old man, half aloud.

“God bless yer, childer,” he continued, rising solemnly as the sound of the jangling bells of the horses came near. “I shall see yer faces no more, but we shall meet o’ the other side the river i’ th’ morning, please God, some time. God A’mighty kip yer in a’ yer ways, and prosper ye in a’ yer dealin’s, and have mercy upon yer and upo’ me, too,” he ended, as he passed his hard hand over his eyes and turned sadly towards Youcliffe.

Nanny was too busy stowing away bundles, helping to arrange cloaks and seats, to be quite aware that the last moment was come, till the heavy waggon was once again under way, when she burst into a wild kind of sob. “And I haven’t so much as an old shoe to throw arter ye for luck!” she cried, holding out her arms towards them. It was the last they saw of their old home as they turned the shoulder of the hill.

They were obliged to sleep a night or two in Liverpool before the ship sailed, where the old sailor took them in hand; but though Roland looked

out anxiously for his father he could not find him. As the boat left the shore for the ship, however, with a host of sympathizers and friends standing about and a ringing final cheer, the crowd parted for an instant, and he saw the face he knew so well, looking earnestly after them, sad, dark, and lowering. As he caught his son's eye, however, he smiled, and raised his cap above his head with a shout and a cheer that went to Roland's heart.

"Is it him?" said Cassie, pressing close to his side as she saw him turn pale.

"Yes, dearie, and he's a shouten to make as if he were main glad—poor feyther!"

It was almost the solitary piece of self-denial of Joshua's life; let us hope it was counted to him—it was his last gleam of good.

His children prospered in their new land. They had a hard fight to begin with, but they won their way to a farm in the backwoods in time. "Penetanguisheen"—the lake of the silver strand—became a very pleasant homestead, which they called Stone Edge, in spite of geography. They kept together. German never married; women such as he had been used to were scarce out there, and he had all that he wanted in his mother and in Cassie's home and children.

Roland always held that his father had struck no blow against Ashford, and that this made a great difference; Cassie, as a good wife, agreed with him, and Lydia held her tongue. She worked with head and heart and hands for them all, and was a happy woman in her loving toil and the love of them all in return. Sometimes as she nursed Cassie's numerous babes a dreamy look came over her face, and they knew she was thinking of her dead boy, and Cassie would come behind her with one of her old loving caresses—or, better still, send a small tyrant, her first-born, a little German, whom Lydia had tended in all their early struggles, and to whom she clung greatly and was supposed to spoil.

It was not much more than a month after they sailed when the horse-dealer was taken up for some far inferior crime, and "Lawyer Gilbert" getting scent of it, had the man put on his trial for the murder. He, of course, laid the chief blame upon Joshua, declared that he had suggested the robbery as a means of freeing himself from debts which he could not otherwise pay, that he had ridden behind him to the spot where Ashford was set upon, had held the horse and shared the spoil, with a great deal more which seemed to be apocryphal; but it was impossible to unravel the truth from the lies in his statement.

Joshua was still wandering under a feigned name about Liverpool, when one day, while he was boozing grimly and sadly in a low public-house near the docks, a friendly voice said in his ear, "Tak' heed, they're arter ye."

He rose and went out, he hardly knew where. The sun was setting behind a mass of dark red angry-looking clouds, and the tall masts and

rigging stood out black and distinct against the sky as he came out on the shore. Far in the offing was a ship in full sail: he stood for a moment watching her, as she seemed to follow on the track of the only thing he had ever loved, his son; then his thoughts went back to his "troubles," as he called them. He had made a bad bargain with the Devil: the county notes had been of scarcely any value; the seeming treasure had turned into dead leaves, as in an old fairy tale.

"It were hardly worth while," he muttered to himself, as he came to a crowd of men unloading a timber vessel. It was not a lofty sentiment for such a crime, but some petty detail seems to fill a mind stupefied by guilt and drink to the utter exclusion of the great horror itself. In the bustle and confusion he was struck by a plank, and at the same moment a tipsy man hustled against him. "What for is thattens?" said Joshua, suspiciously, returning what he thought a blow. In the drunken squabble which ensued he lost his footing, and fell over the river wall among the stones on the shore, and was only rescued much injured and half-drowned. They took him to the workhouse, and when the slow constables of that day came upon his trail they found him dying. "Joshua Stracey?" said one of them, laying a hand on his arm gently. "Joshua Stracey it is," said he, mechanically, without opening his eyes. "It werena worth while," he repeated again, and passed away.

The horsedealer was found guilty and executed.

An old guide-book of some fifty years ago, describing this part of the country, tells how a murder was committed in this valley, and after a solemn little sermon against highway robbery and murder, proceeds to say "that the murderer was hanged on the scene of his wickedness," and adds, without the smallest surprise or disgust, evidently as an ordinary event, that his body was hanging there in chains, on a gallows erected for it, when he (the guide-book) passed that way some time after.

There has been more change in the habits of thought and feeling among us during the last fifty years than had taken place during the previous eight hundred.

It was a bright autumn day in Canada some seven or eight years after. A building "bee" (work to be repaid in kind), in which all the few neighbours far and wide had joined, had just raised a new and larger log-house for the family, which had pretty well outgrown the old shed. Roland and German, two tall, strong, bearded fellows, with axes in their hands, were just finishing a "snake" fence, while Cassie, now a handsome matronly woman, stood at the door, with a child on each side, calling them into supper.

"Where's mother?" said German. "Is she after the weaning calf?"

At that moment, however, she came in sight, with her little squire proudly carrying the calf's jug. Their course might be traced all over the farm by the incessant prattle of one of the loving pair, while the almost

entire silence of the other did not seem to prevent the most perfect sympathy between the friends.

She seemed now younger than Cassie, with that peculiarly placid other-world look which keeps the heart and the expression young till death.

“You spoil un, mother,” said Cassie, with a smile.

“Nay, I dunna humour un, and 'tain't love that spoils : the sun ma's the fruit rippen. I mind when I were a little un and hadn't got it,” said she, with an answering smile.

“But we dunna see that the fruit didna rippen wi'out,” said German affectionately.

They stood for a moment at the door of their new dwelling. It was on a promontory overlooking the beautiful lake : the forest spread wide all round the shore ; their own clearing was the only bit of civilization in sight. The woods were touched with the magnificent colour of an American autumn, and there was a gorgeous sunset, besides, over all.

“Yer wouldn't hae seen such a sight as that in England,” said Roland, looking west.

The women turned towards the old country in the east, where a little moon was rising in a pale delicate blue sky. A woman is generally more apt to look towards the past than forward : a man's mind inclines more towards the future than to recollect.

“Eh, there was fair things too in the dear old land,” said they, “though things mebbe werena all so gaudy for the look.”

Poaching.

WE have no intention of trying to do in this article what very few, either lawyers or game-preservers, could do for us, that is, "lay down the law upon the subject." There are, probably, few Acts of Parliament so uncertain, notwithstanding their proverbial uncertainty, as those which relate to game; and all that we aspire to do is to place a few general considerations before our readers, which may have the effect of opening their eyes to the true difficulties of the question.

At the very outset, however, we would beg them to take note that the unpopularity of the game-laws and the mischiefs which arise from poaching are two perfectly distinct things. That the latter is assisted by the former all men know who know anything about game. But the one does not depend upon the other. It is not poaching which makes the game-laws unpopular, nor is it the unpopularity of the game-laws which begets poaching. Doubtless there is some connection between the two. A poacher counts upon a certain amount of public sympathy when he is placed in the dock; a tenant-farmer does not break his heart at the escape of a poacher; but the sources of the two feelings, dissatisfaction, namely, with the game-laws, and a resolution to live by the breach of them, are quite separate from each other.

The only people who have any practical right (theory is another thing) to complain of the game-laws are the tenant-farmers; and even their complaint, when we come to look into it, is reducible within a very small compass. First of all, there is the substantial injury done by game; but this, after all, is a matter of political economy. Either a man does not pay as much for land subject to the depredations of game as for land not so subject, or he does. If he does not, he is no loser. If he does, why does he? He takes a farm with his eyes open, and if he consents to let the game go for nothing, it must be because the farm is so advantageous to him in other ways that it is not worth his while to raise the point. This is the broad view of the case. Of course in matters of detail hardships will occur; but there is no hardship in the principle. An estate with so much game upon it is simply a commodity in the market. Farmers are supposed to know their own interests quite as well as other people. They may take it or leave it. But there is besides this the sentimental grievance, which we hold to be the stronger of the two; and this we fear is one which country gentlemen are not sufficiently anxious to mitigate. There is one practice in particular, which causes more heartburnings than all the other game-law grievances put together: we mean the practice of letting the shooting over the heads of the tenant-

farmers. This they cannot endure. Nor, perhaps, is their resentment to be wondered at. A farm certainly is not a freehold; but, nevertheless, the sense of possession is easily engendered by occupation, and it is a very potent sentiment in the English mind. It is aggravating to see a parcel of strangers running over your land as if it was their own, breaking down your fences and laughing at your protests, and doubly aggravating when you know that my lord or the squire makes a profit out of the transaction. Farmers think, moreover, in many places, that where the landlord doesn't shoot himself, the right ought to devolve upon the tenant: while, over and above all this, there is a general soreness at what seems to be an aristocratic privilege—though nothing can be more ridiculous than to regard it in that light—only to be overcome by dint of great tact, courtesy, and liberality on the landlord's part, which he is not always, perhaps, sufficiently studious to exhibit.

The above are the only sources of any general dissatisfaction with the game-laws which impartial critics need recognize. The starving peasant who snares a rabbit to get a meal for his sick wife, and is imprisoned among felons in consequence, is a pure myth, as all men well acquainted with country life know; the misfortune being that a good many of the directors of public opinion in London are not, we fear, well acquainted with country life. And as for the regular poaching gangs, we do not know why they should constitute an argument against the game-laws, any more than the existence of burglars is an argument against silver-spoons. These remarks bring us down to the special subject of the present article—poachers, who and what are they? what are the laws on which we rely for punishing them? and how far are these laws effective?

The reader will be prepared to hear that with the changes which have come over game-preserving, corresponding changes have ensued in the condition of the poacher. As game has approximated to the character of ordinary property, poaching has approximated to the character of ordinary theft. In former days, when natural woods, commons, and wastes were more abundant than they are now, when population was much more scanty, transport much more tedious, and our habits of life altogether different, it is possible that the poacher was one who killed game for his own consumption; and that interference with him was rather the vindication of a feudal right than necessary to the preservation of property. We may picture him to ourselves, if we like, lurking in some sequestered den—half cave, half cottage—built into the hill-side, and protected by a spreading oak, and there will be no one to disturb our vision. We may imagine him a good sportsman, a self-taught naturalist, sober, and, in his own eyes at least, honest and industrious. Last, but not least, let him stand six feet high, be a model of strength and activity, with a frank bold countenance, a merry blue eye, extremely white teeth, and a smile that would subdue a duchess. Our fancy may paint him as we like, and nobody, we repeat, can contradict us. That is the poacher of the golden age; before modern preserves, modern battues, or percussion-caps were invented.

But as we do not believe in the "starving-peasant" theory of poaching, still less do we believe in that romantic and picturesque ideal which modern novelists do still occasionally present to us. The poacher of the old school, if he ever existed, with his Allan-a-Dale swagger and Robin Hood-like generosity, is as extinct as Dick Turpin. To him has succeeded the poacher of the iron age: the member of a ruffianly gang, whose business is to fill the dealers' shops in town and country, and to get drunk upon the proceeds. These gangs vary in number and in daring, from the topsawyers of London down to the provincial artists who are shoemakers or ratcatchers by day and poachers only by night. The cream of the profession, we fancy, sully not their hands by any meaner occupation, not at least during the days of their glory—"in the season of the year." These men, making some large town or village in a good game country, or perhaps London itself, their head-quarters, carry on operations in a systematic and wholesale fashion. They have their spies and underlings in the neighbourhood of all the large preserves, from whom they receive accurate information as to the quantity of game, the likeliest covers, the movements of the keepers, and the character of the local police. In fact their precautions and their organization are exactly the same as those of any regular gang of housebreakers. When it is once determined to make a descent on some particular preserve, the first thing to be done is to create a false alarm in an opposite direction. The keepers and watchers on the property about to be attacked are pretty sure to hear of this, and to be thrown into a state of false security; while another and more important point will have been gained if the police have been induced to look out along a different line of high-road. The proper steps having been taken to secure these desirable objects, the party sets out so as to arrive at the scene of action between eleven and twelve at night. If they are sufficiently numerous to defy any force which the keepers can bring against them, they are, of course, less attentive to those precautions which otherwise they are bound to take. But this is not often the case, though sometimes gangs of as many as forty or fifty men will invade a well-stocked preserve, and plunder it before the keeper's eyes. However, the ordinary way of proceeding makes secrecy desirable, and your regular poacher never courts a collision. He would rather do anything than fight, not from want of courage, but because resistance, if ineffectual, only aggravates the penalty, while severe hurts given or received on either side, create a scandal and publicity which is sure to be injurious to the trade. Accordingly he takes as many precautions as a Red Indian to ensure perfect silence. The merest whimper from a dog; the crackle of a dry stick; a cough, or a sneeze, may at any moment betray his whereabouts to some watcher more vigilant than his fellows, or worse than all, to that savage and sleepless Cerberus, the keeper's dog. The wheels of the cart, and sometimes even the feet of the horse, are muffled; while long practice has made the poacher perfect in breaking the necks of hares and rabbits without allowing them to squeal. Herein, however, lies one of his greatest dangers. The scream of a hare can be

heard at a very long distance ; and if *that* sound is once caught, the poacher knows that the keeper and his men will soon muster. Still, this will take some little time ; and then will come the discussion as to what quarter the sound came from ; and even if right on that point, the guardians of the furry tribe will perhaps only reach the spot to find that the poachers have by that time moved off to another cover. One of their ordinary dodges is to sprinkle a few men about at different points, in order to distract the attention of the keepers and induce them to divide their forces. Upon the whole, in netting hares and rabbits outside the covers, the chances are very much in the poacher's favour. But where pheasants are his object the difficulties are greatly augmented. For pheasants must be shot. To shoot them the covers must be entered, and walking through brushwood is in itself no silent operation, to say nothing of the disturbance raised by that most useful of natural alarms, the boisterous wood-pigeon. Of course we are here assuming that the marauders use only air-guns ; if they use powder they must be very favourably circumstanced, indeed, to avoid discovery. Still, when the wind is in the right quarter and the cover is divided by a hill from the nearest lodge, a good many pheasants may be killed even in this way before the authorities are alarmed. Netting partridges is not quite so hazardous an operation ; but then it is less certain in its results, and less profitable when successful. However, it is of course part of the poacher's business, and no doubt it is from partridges that a great part of his livelihood is drawn.

The night's work finished, the cart laden, and the public road once gained, the poacher used to be able to congratulate himself that all danger was over. Not so now, however. He still has the police to get round, who may be looking out for him within a mile or two of the town to which he is conveying his booty. Of course he puts in practice all sorts of dodges to evade these hateful sentinels. Long circuits by cross-roads from one turnpike-road to another are frequently adopted for this purpose ; and sometimes a cart-load of game has been known to be kept out in the country for several nights before it could run the blockade. But when all goes right, the game is usually smuggled into the back premises of the purchaser by about six o'clock in the morning, and between seven and eight the poachers regain their hotel, and tumble into bed at once. About twelve or one they enjoy a copious breakfast of beefsteaks, bacon, and ale ; and the afternoon is comfortably passed in smoking, dog-fighting, playing skittles, mending nets, and concocting fresh plans for the morrow. Those sallow-faced, round-shouldered men, in dirty stockings, unlaced ankle-boots, knee-breeches, and velveteen jackets, who are to be seen lounging about the door of the most disreputable-looking public in any large straggling village or country town, are ten to one members of the fraternity aforesaid.

We have seen that poaching to be successfully pursued demands a combination of qualities decidedly above the average : courage, nerve, patience, great quickness of eye and ear, fertility of resource, and knowledge

of the habits of game. Such qualities demand and fetch a good price. It is impossible to calculate exactly the average earnings of a poacher during his season of five months, but they are considerable. Prices vary : but assuming that from first to last he gets 2s. 6d. a brace for partridges, 4s. a brace for pheasants, 2s. 6d. a piece for hares, and 6d. a piece for rabbits, we can make a rough guess at the result.* We should say that a gang of ten men might take a hundred pheasants, a hundred hares, a hundred rabbits, and a hundred partridges per week. Some weeks of course they may take treble the quantity, but we should think that from the first of September to the first of February the above is a pretty fair calculation. At the price we have put upon each description of game the sum total will be thirty pounds per week, or three pounds a week to each man of the gang. Their expenses come to very little. There is always an association of publicans to pay fines, employ counsel, and replace implements. The men have their three pounds a week clear profit ; and as it is truer to say that the poacher's season lasts from the middle of August to the middle of February, it may be said that his earnings all the year round average thirty shillings a week, that is to say, that for six months' work he gets the yearly income of many a skilled artisan.

What the poacher does with himself out of the season is not very clear. There are, of course, a good many who are always ostensibly engaged in some kind of handicraft. Others probably hang about pigeon-matches, or keep their hands in by stealing live game or eggs for breeding. Some few, perhaps, live upon their savings, and take their wives to Gravesend ; but behind the screen which veils the poacher's domestic life we care not to penetrate. His public life is one of constant excitement, large profits, and commensurate sensuality : he is the envy of the village youth, and the prop of the village alehouse.

Such are poachers and poaching in this year of grace 1867 ; and we hope we shall not be suspected of any illiberal proclivities, when we say that we scarcely understand the hostility provoked by those laws which are intended to restrain them. The question is a very simple one. Does the country on the whole wish game to exist or to be exterminated ? To call this a landowner's question is rather a misuse of words. Game requires land to live on, and accordingly the landowner is supposed to be specially interested in the game-laws. A little reflection will show us that this conclusion is more than doubtful. It is possible that if the game-laws were abolished to-morrow, the owner of any moderate estate could always keep game enough upon it for his own amusement, and to supply his own table. But what would become of all that numerous class who, possessing no land of their own, are nevertheless enabled, under the present system, to partake in a healthy and invigorating amusement at the expense of other people ? If it were not for the game-laws, gentlemen could only afford to invite such friends to shoot as were in a position to invite them

* We believe that this calculation is rather under the mark than over it.

back again. In the second place, the first consequence of the abolition of the game-laws would be an immense rise in the price of game. And would that affect no one but the landowners? Why, the landowners are almost the only class in the country whom it would *not* affect. Thus, in both the shooting and the eating of game, a vast number of persons are interested, besides those who preserve it. Accordingly, whether the game-laws be abolished or maintained, it is quite unreasonable to cast all the odium of them on the shoulders of the landed aristocracy. The question is simply this, whether there is not a sufficiently large and miscellaneous minority desirous of keeping game in the country to make their wishes worthy of consideration. Of course, it is useless to invite our readers to any consideration of the present state of the law, or to any proposed improvements in it, unless they first of all agree to the propriety of *some* law.

There is an objection to the game-laws cutting much more deeply into the roots of things, of which we are bound to take some notice, if only to show that we are aware of its existence. The game-laws are injurious to the morals of the people, therefore they ought to be abolished. This bare statement, however, implies the existence of a syllogism of which the major premiss is this, that all things which are injurious to the morals of the people ought to be abolished. It is plain either that this cannot be the case, or that the principle of property is a vicious one. For all property is a temptation, and all temptations are injurious to the morals of the people. By the common consent of mankind, therefore, we may assume that our major premiss is to be negatived. We then descend to a particular affirmative,—some things which are injurious to the morals of the people ought to be abolished. Very good: but what things? And here we are plunged into a sea of casuistry in which we may toss ourselves about for ever. Generally we may say, that all things which, being immoral in themselves, exist only for the sake of immorality, ought to be abolished. In this list would come gambling-houses and brothels. Then we come to things which are immoral in themselves, but of which the object or final cause is not immoral, such as bribery at elections; for there is no immorality in being a Member of Parliament. And, thirdly, we may come to things which, though moral in themselves, do nevertheless conduce to immorality, such as public-houses. Now it is clear that game-laws come under neither of the two first heads. They are not immoral in the abstract. We have to consider them, then, as they come under the third,—things which, in themselves innocent, conduce in their effects to vice. But we now find ourselves face to face with a very simple formula which it is common to apply to such cases, we mean the use and the abuse of things. And we set the one against the other. As De Quincey points out, the much-maligned science of casuistry is nevertheless in universal operation in the affairs of the world. We are always obliged to make cases. Now, in this instance, we can lay down no principle. We can only say that, wherever the abuse exceeds the use, palpably, grossly, and to such an extent as almost to override and extinguish it, then such things should be abolished.

Common sense is the only tribunal by which this point can be determined. We consider that in this respect the public-house question is closely analogous to the game-law question. Both are temptations to vice. But, on the other hand, it is contended that both serve other purposes, which are not only innocent, but in the one case necessary, and in the other salutary; of which the evil they do by the temptations they hold out is not great enough to justify the stoppage.

On broad grounds it may be added that as all classes of mankind are exposed to their particular temptations in the path of life, the poor must expect to have theirs; and that this system of removing all temptations *because they are temptations*, is inconsistent with the theory of moral discipline, and the formation of virtuous habits. The truth is that life in all its varieties is a daily illustration of the well-known dilemma of the old philosopher: *Uxorem si habeas informem, ποινη est, si bellam, κοινη: ergo nullam duxeris.* But the world nevertheless rejects this conclusion. So we may argue that life without certain pleasures and elegancies is a dreary waste: with them it is full of temptations, ergo—cut your throat. But the world is illogical, and rejects the proffered razor.

Having already shown that game-laws do not exist for the benefit of landowners in particular, we may now inquire whether there is really any way open to us of making them at once more effective and less odious; that is to say, whether any better machinery than has yet been devised can be adopted for the repression of poaching.

The legislature at an early date seems to have perceived where the knot of the difficulty lay. In the fifth year of Queen Anne's reign an Act was passed making it illegal for any "higgler or chapman" to be in possession of game. By the 28th of George II. it was declared illegal for such persons to be in possession of game unless obtained from those who were "qualified to kill game." In this state the law remained for nearly eight years. And as in former days very few persons who were qualified to kill game ever sold it, the Act amounted virtually to a prohibition of the sale of game. Of course the law was evaded; and it was in furtherance of such evasion that partridges acquired the special name of "birds," while hares were generally known as "lions." Our readers may remember the solemn waiter at Cheltenham who informs "Pelham" that he cannot have less than a whole lion. At length, in 1831, the Act was passed which is now the recognized authority on the subject. It abolished all qualifications, and substituted the game-certificate. It authorised the sale of game by all dealers who were licensed, the licence being two pounds. It declared that any licensed dealer procuring game from an unlicensed person should be liable to a penalty. And it enacted that the game-certificate authorising to kill game should carry with it the right of selling game. We have heard indeed this construction of the Act disputed, but the wording of the 17th clause seems to admit of only one interpretation: "Every person who shall have obtained an annual game-certificate shall have power to sell game to any person licensed to deal in

game." So that gentlemen who sell their game are not, it seems, required to take out a dealer's licence. The reader should observe that by this change in the law, the sport of shooting ceased to be the privilege of the qualified few, and was thrown open to everybody without any reservation who chose to pay for the luxury. The old qualification was of various kinds, but in every case it was founded on connexion with the land or with the aristocracy, and was essentially a feudal privilege. *This* character, we would urgently impress upon our readers, it has now totally lost. Every man may shoot who can give his three pounds for a certificate, as every man may hunt who can give fifty guineas for a hunter. The owner of land has no remedy against a certificated intruder but the law of trespass; which is equally available against intruders of all kinds. *Game* is not protected against such a man at all. Your fields and hedges are protected against him as against any other trespasser, but not your pheasants and partridges. He may kill these wherever he can find them. And though it has been decided that if you catch a man shooting game on your own ground *after he has been once warned off*, you may take it from him, we think it doubtful whether this decision is in harmony with the spirit of the Act. But you can't punish him for the offence, except as a trespasser, neither can you take his gun, as many foolish people imagine. It is clear, therefore, that the right of shooting has lost every vestige of an aristocratic or exclusive character. Landowners and lords of manors have no more rights than other people in this respect. They cannot kill the game on their own ground without paying for it. And poaching, therefore, so far as it tends to diminish the supply of game available for the purposes of the certificated public, is an offence against the public, and not against any one class.

These considerations, if more generally propagated, should tend to relieve the game-laws of a good deal of their odium. It is a healthy and popular exercise which they are designed to protect quite as much as, or more than, an idle and patrician pastime. And poachers, if the question were really understood, would be regarded everywhere as public nuisances, and not as interesting martyrs. But to go back to the point from which we started, the state of the law, namely, as it affects the sale and purchase of game.—

It is pretty clear that no such effectual extinguisher could be placed upon poaching as a legislative enactment which should cut away his market from the poacher. At present, it is beyond dispute that the source and root of all the evil is in the fishmonger's back-parlour. It is obvious that for more than a century and a half this truth has been apparent to Government, and that they have been fruitlessly endeavouring to act upon it. But hitherto every attempt to check unlawful traffic in game has been a practical failure. The twenty-eighth clause of the 1st and 2nd William IV., which we have already cited, has remained a dead letter. Poulterers and fishmongers continue their dealings with the poacher in almost absolute security, and have been known to joke even a county Member about the pheasants which they had from his preserves. The

difficulty of detection seems almost insuperable. Yet until the "fence" can be got at, we shall do very little with the thief. The Act of 1862, which empowered the police to stop and search carts, or suspicious-looking jacket-pockets, and apprehend the owners if they were found to contain game, has worked well. But, after all, it has but thrown one additional difficulty in the poacher's path : it has caused more poachers to be caught, but it hasn't diminished poaching. Neither will anything have that effect till a blow can be struck at the trade ; till the poacher's profits are affected ; till the springs which feed the stream begin to fail. Till that can be done, we may throw obstacles in the poacher's way, but they will no more kill poaching than dams will dry up a river.

If all game-preservers were forced to take out a separate licence for selling game, it would have one of two effects : either they would pay the licence, and in that case sell a great deal more game, or they would not pay it, and in that case would preserve a good deal less. Either alternative would be attended by other good results. In the first place, the more game the dealers got from gentlemen, the less they would require from poachers. In the second place, the payment of this sum would form an additional contribution to the revenue, and would *pro tanto* diminish the odium of preserving, and proportionably the sympathy with poaching. On the second hypothesis, excessive preserving would be got rid of, the complaints of the farmer would be stopped, and the profits of poaching much reduced. We cannot help thinking that if this suggestion were adopted, means might still be found of bringing home offences to the game-dealers, and of making their trade with poachers much more dangerous and precarious than it is at present. Moreover, there is no reason why gentlemen should not make a trade of rearing and selling game as of rearing and selling sheep. And if the system were regularly established and recognized, it is possible that a feeling would gradually spring up among the dealers adverse to buying from the poacher. There is many a butcher now who wouldn't buy stolen sheep though he knew he shouldn't be detected. And we sincerely believe that, if poaching were more generally exhibited in its true light, and robbed of that mystery and romance which at present shroud it, such a feeling would become very common.

Cases such as that brought forward by Mr. Taylor, the Member for Leicester, last July, are very mischievous. The miscarriage of justice which took place in that instance was immediately assumed to be an inseparable accident of the game-laws, and to constitute a valid objection to the existence of an unpaid magistracy. The inference is absurd ; but then, under existing circumstances, men should be very careful how they give a handle to such absurdities. When a law is unpopular, its administrators should walk warily. And certainly, if of any crime, it may be said of poaching that it is more prudent to let twenty guilty men go than to punish only one who is innocent. In this instance two men were convicted of poaching before a Wiltshire bench of magistrates on the sole

testimony of a gamekeeper. One of the two men had been convicted before : and the gamekeeper had been mistaken before. It was contended that the unsupported evidence of a man who had proved himself liable to error ought not to have been accepted as conclusive. Our own opinion is that it would have been more prudent in the magistrates in such a case to have erred upon the side of leniency. But there are one or two points suggested by the case, which affect poaching in general, and accordingly claim a place in this article. One is this, that there is a border-land between the professional poacher and the honest labourer, if not so wide as it used to be, still much wider than skirts any other criminal profession ; and that the existence of this border-land is a source of great perplexity to magistrates. If a man is caught picking a pocket, or breaking into a house, or swindling by an assumed name, or anything of that kind, he is pretty sure to be a regular professional criminal. But the man who snares a rabbit is not equally sure to be a professional poacher. He is on the high-road to become one ; that is certain. But he may have done it for the fun of the thing ; or from an idea of its cleverness ; or merely from a lawless disposition in general. But there is very great difficulty in distinguishing between a man of this class, and a confirmed offender : and probably hardly any one can do it but those who live upon the spot, and have constant opportunities of observing him. This is one reason why the evidence of gamekeepers and the decision of local magistrates have often more in them than meets the eye of the general public. This is a point in their favour. There is, secondly, one that tells against them in *just* about an equal degree. Between gamekeepers and poachers, and especially such poachers as oftenest come before the magistrates, there is a much more bitter feeling than exists between officers of justice in general and criminals in general. They are pitted against each other in a much more personal way ; and the game which the poacher takes is what the keeper regards almost as his own. He has reared it and tended it early and late, and has an interest in it which it is quite impossible a policeman should feel for the stock-in-trade of a goldsmith or a watchmaker. Then, again, the policeman is one of a numerous and disciplined force, the lustre of whose exploits is reflected upon each member of it, whether he has done anything himself or not. But a keeper has his *own* reputation either to make or to maintain. What keepers in general may do affects not him. *He* would be thought none the better of, though a keeper in the next county had taken twenty poachers single-handed. Consequently, there is *generally* a tendency, kept in check, or developed according to the character of the master, on the part of keepers to make business, and to demonstrate their own activity. Gentlemen should always be upon their guard against this very natural weakness of human nature ; for sure we are that in the feuds upon the subject of game which agitate most rural districts, it plays a most important part, and is at the bottom of many of the crimes which are mostly charged against the game-laws.

The House that Scott Built.

SOME years ago—*Eheu! fugaces, &c.*—I wrote, in the infancy of this Magazine, a modest essay, entitled “The House that John Built.” The John was that venerable gentleman, Mr. John Company of the East Indies, then recently deceased, and I spoke with tender regrets, and almost, indeed, with mournful memories of the old times, when I served the honest merchant in his great house in Leadenhall. Since that time, the *delenda est* has become the *deleta est*, if I am not wrong in the tenses, which I learnt at Christ’s in the old hatless days of yellow stockings. Not one stone stands upon another. The old street, whose pavements I trod for so many years, should now be baptized anew, taking the name of “Ichabod Street,” for “the glory has departed.” I went there once after Mr. Company’s servants were sent to lodge in the tavern over against the Abbey of Westminster, and I saw, from the opposite side of the street, the ruins of “The House that John Built.” One wall only remained, with some projecting roofs and floors; and I discerned, for the last time, a fragment of the room in which I had done Mr. Company’s work for so many long years. With a mist about my eyes, I retreated to the region which gives its name to the work in which I now write, and I never had the heart to journey again into the old street. I am told that on the site where once stood the House that John Built, there is now a vast stack of offices in which business of all sorts and sizes is done by a miscellaneous assemblage of merchantmen and brokers, and promoters of public companies. It may be a fanciful thought, but it has seemed to me, that ever since the demise of Mr. John Company, the good old family name has fallen into disrepute. There is assuredly an unsavoury odour about it in these days; for, whereas it was the pride of Mr. John Company to raise many to fame and fortune, the companies which have fungused up since his time, bring only ruin and disgrace.

Thus the old House of which I wrote is clean gone from the East; and a grand mansion or palace has risen up in the West, for the use of Mr. Company’s successors. It is easier to pull down than to build up, whether it be fame, fortune, or a big house; and it has been no surprise to me, therefore, to find that, as I write, the business is still carried on at the temporary lodgings in the Tavern. It may be, however, that before these pages meet the eye of the public, the flitting will have commenced, and that if my old comrades and their masters are not then fairly housed in their new abode, they will at least be on their way to Downing Street. I am minded, therefore, in this month of August, having been taken by my nephew Marmaduke (now a senior clerk in what is called the Indian

Department of her Majesty's Government) all over the new building, to say something about it, after my own rambling, desultory fashion. Perhaps something of everything will be found in my discourse, except that of which I may be most expected to speak—the architecture of the new Indian Palace, whereof I know nothing. Indeed, looking at the outside of the thing, I must confess that I cannot quite take in the design. But, peradventure, the reason of this is that the original conception of a group of public offices has not yet been carried out to completion. Looking at it the other day, from the park of St. James, on my way to the Tea-and-Toast Club, hard by the site of old Charlton House, which ever brings back to my memory the old days of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, I confess I could make nothing of it as a whole, though some of the details are mighty pretty; and I wished that good Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Digby were at my elbow to delight me with an intelligent demonstration in default of any light of my own. But I am bound to have faith in those great men—and there is no faith so pure as that which gropes hopelessly in the dark.

Not questioning, therefore, the excellency of the external structure, either as a whole *in esse*, or part of a whole *in posse*, I pass on to the contemplation of the interior, which is an emanation, as I am instructed, of the fertile genius of Mister Digby Wyatt. I speak only of that part which belongs to the successors of Mr. Company, who are to be housed in what is now a semi-detached palace, the managers of her Majesty's Foreign Department being their neighbours—my profane footsteps have not trodden that part of the great House that Scott Built—nor do I know aught of the inner chambers. But although I am little addicted to gauds—a matter whereof I purpose presently to speak with greater amplitude—I am pleased as an Englishman to see that these high officers of her Majesty the Queen have a fitting place for the reception of the ambassadors and envoys of foreign Powers who have relations in this favoured country. There is “glory,” as the poet wrote, in “moderation;” but those old houses in Downing Street were on the wrong side of moderation. It was not merely that they were *not* palatial, but that they *were* absolutely shabby—of such a poor and paltry appearance altogether, that even humble-minded Englishmen might blush to think that the ambassadors of great emperors and kings should be received amidst so much dreariness and dirt. Famous all over the world was Downing Street—but what a poor little place it was! How many people have made pilgrimages thither, looked up the street incredulously, and returned ruefully disappointed at the moment, and de-illusionised for the rest of their days. It was, even in the estimation of plain men like myself, not at all given to the vanities, a national shame that foreign countries should see our great Ministers so poorly housed. There was not a nobleman in the country, or a private gentleman of good estate, who would have lived in that miserable *cul de sac*—not much better than a West End mews. I trust that, in the Foreign Minister's new house, Mr. Scott has provided a grand “salon,” as I think it is called, in which may be held those conferences, on the issues of which the

peace of the world so often hinges and depends. We may manage our own little affairs as poorly as we like—I do not know that it much matters that we should decide such questions as those of over-charged income-tax or tickets-of-leave in grand ministerial edifices. But when it is the duty of Britannia to give a reception to other Powers, it becomes her to wear becoming vestments, not to disfigure herself with mean apparel. “What is Majesty deprived of its externals?” “A jest.” And so the representatives of Majesty may make themselves *ludibria*, or laughing-stocks, if they do not make a becoming appearance in the sight of our allies.

But, for all this, I am not without a feeling of apprehension that there is a little too much of outward display in the new apartments which have been assigned to the successors of Mr. John Company. I think that people who have important work to do, ought to be well housed. They should have light and air and space. These conditions it is essential to fulfil. But when they are fulfilled, I do not know that, for ordinary purposes of business, much more is required. I know that in what I write there is more or less of the prejudice of the superannuated man—the *laudator temporis acti*, who thinks that “whatever *was* is best.” But there was a sort of sombre simplicity about the House that John Built, which if it did not look like beauty, certainly looked like *work*. There was very little in the way of decoration about it except the mirrors and the marble mantel-piece in the court-room, which latter article of vertu, being an allegorical representation somewhat commercial in its tendencies, has been removed to the new council-chamber. But we never had much time to look about us, and we were regardless of such things as fresh paint and gilding and cornices of elaborate device. The change, however, is all in accordance with what is called the “spirit of the age.” Even the city of London has cast off the severe simplicity so redolent of business which was erst the prevailing style of its houses. They build palaces now in place of houses; or at least they have palatial fronts, distinguished by all sorts of fanciful designs. Banks and Insurance companies and even private firms, content in the Georgian era with modest edifices of brick and mortar, straight up from basement to roof, with everything like their business “on the square,” now put on false fronts of the most pretentious kind; and as to the taverns or hotels of the present age, verily they are of royal aspect, magnificent to behold. But it may not perhaps be all an old man’s prejudice, if I think sometimes that the business, which is thus gorgeously represented on the surface, may be almost as gimcracky as its fantastic front. My mind misgives me when I contemplate all this finery. It is what one of my respected seniors in the old house, Mr. Charles Lamb, would have called not decoration but “decoyration.” And the saddest part of all is that the cheatery extends even to God’s most perfect works—fair women, who have become in these days mere “painted sepulchres,” false of colour, false of hair, plastered and padded and made up with all sorts of ingenious contrivances for giving false proportions to the human frame. “The

pity of it, oh, Iago! pity of it." What sane man with wife-ward tendencies would choose a help-mate from among these decoy-rated damsels, instead of following the example of good Doctor Primrose? And I confess that if I were a young man, beginning life, and had choice of clerkships before me, I would rather covet a stool in a house of the good old inornate type than in one of those grand new palaces, with their elaborate frontages, or, as it is the fashion to call them, *façades*.

I do not, therefore, as at present minded, contemplating, with a certain amount of admiration, this magnificent structure, think that it "looks like business." On the other hand, it must be conceded, that on the evening of the 19th of July, in this present year, when the doors of the new office were first opened to the public, and the Grand Turk was entertained by Mr. Company's successors, it looked wonderfully like pleasure. In virtue of my position as a pensioned servant of Mr. Company, I was permitted to look down from an upper gallery at this entertainment; and truly it was a beautiful sight. It was like a scene out of the *Arabian Nights*; but the solitary touch of business in the whole was that it went on "from ten to four,"—though from eve to morn instead of from morn to eve; and perhaps not a few rejoiced as greatly when the pleasure-hours were over as any workers at the desk rejoice when the moment of emancipation is at hand, and the pen is wiped finally on the blotting pad. I have observed that a great deal has been said and written about this entertainment. In the Commons' House of Parliament especially there was overmuch of malignant speech, which, it occurred to me, would not have been vented if the patriotic speakers had been among the invited guests. Verily, are we to "have no more cakes and ale?" For my part, as I wrote of yore, I think hospitality is seemly and becoming, and tends to good service. Mr. Company was not forgetful of the duties of hospitality. He did many kindly and genial things. He gave all his principal domestic servants the temperate refreshment of breakfast at any hour of the day; and he invited them, from time to time, with others who had served him abroad, to dinner at the London Tavern in Bishopgate or elsewhere,—and no better dinners were ever given. Once a year, too, he had a select party at Mr. Lovegrove's Tavern on the banks of the Thames, by Blackwall, which were among the pleasantest festivities of the season. I touched upon some of these points when I wrote of the merits of Mr. Company, many years ago, but it is an old man's privilege to repeat himself; and what I say now is proper to the occasion. Since Mr. Company's demise there have been no signs of hospitality; there has been no good cheer. And I know enough of the financial expenditure of that establishment (for I spent my life in the "Accounts' Branch") to be cognizant of the fact, that in those nine years this timid parsimony, though it may have been in the main, as small economy always is, a loss, must have shown immediate results of profit on the books of the concern, by no means scored out by the cost of the entertainment to the Grand Turk. I think, however, that it would

be more beneficial to revert to the old plan of distributive hospitality ; and that the fat bucks and the lively turtles of past years did more for the "services" than ever could be done by a decennial dance, with blocks of ice in the corridors, a deficiency of clean plates and cold chicken in the supper-rooms, and young guardsmen, who would die rather than go to the Indies, as masters of the ceremonies.

I do not write this in disparagement of the entertainment to the Grand Turk, which all the world pronounced to be the greatest success of the season. Indeed, though I only looked down upon it from on high, I was charmed by the spectacle that presented itself to my gaze through my nephew Marmaduke's race-glasses. And not the least charming part of the sight was that of so many of Mr. Company's old servants, whose faces I recognized despite their unaccustomed costumes, above their uniforms or their courtiers' garbs, with "knees and buckles." For a rumour had run through the club-houses, to the effect that Mr. Company's successors were minded rather to open their doors to fashionable nonentities, immortalized by Mr. Debrett, than to men who will live in the history of India. I confess that the rumour disturbed me greatly ; but I am not the first man who has been disquieted by a lie. Even in that great crowd, where so many must have escaped an old man's not over-quick observation, I saw so many old familiar faces, with a prescriptive right to be there, and read next day so many names of younger heroes, the Probyns and John Watsons of a later generation, who had done glorious work in the time of our greatest need, that I was well satisfied that Mr. Company's servants had not been left under the "cold shade." I was pleased, too, to see that in the upper gallery, wherein many younger members of the Home Establishment, and their families, had been suffered to disport themselves, there was as keen an enjoyment of the festival as in the lower more crowded rooms ; that the strains of Mr. Godfrey's music lost nothing in the ascent ; and that as there was more space, and not less champagne, the supplementary dances, which were improvised late in the evening, were perhaps the least dreary of all.

I could not have passed over in an essay, professing to give some account of the House that Scott built, and that Wyatt decorated, some mention of that magnificent house-warming on the 19th of July. But it is only an episode, and the serious matter before me is work, not pleasure. The main question is, whether the house is well suited to the business that is to be done in it. I inquired, when my nephew Marmaduke conducted me over the great building, into the arrangement and disposition of the several chambers for the conduct of public business ; and I was well pleased to see that the accommodation was excellent, both for profit and pleasure, and that future generations of India's home-servants will be comfortably lodged. It is a common accident that if a house is long a-building, the circumstances of the future occupants change before the work is done ; so that what was perfect adaptation in the first design, may not be so in the final completion. I remember that when once, with a poor

little mite of money, my clerkly savings, I did a humble bit of building myself, everything was changed with me before I could take possession, and, indeed, it was all so saddened by painful memories, that I never cared to enter the rooms, which had been built under a flush of rosy hopes and joyful expectations. And there is something of this sadness, though not the same personal sharpness of sorrow, in the thought that whilst this great house was being built, there were changes in the establishment, and that not only individual servants for whom accommodation had been prepared, but whole departments disappeared from the scene, before the building was ready for their reception. This was, perhaps, a gain to the rest. It would have been worse if the family had grown up faster than the building, and it had been found that there was not a sufficiency of space for so large an official population. But still I have said that there is something, to an old man like myself, mournful in the thought of the disappearance of old institutions to which I had been accustomed all my life. Time was, for example, when Mr. Company's Marine Department was not one of the least serviceable, or the least honoured parts of his establishment. Not to speak of those earlier times, when Mr. Company had a grand fleet of merchant-ships of his own, and on those precious argosies brought home the produce of the East, I may recall the days when there was an Indian navy, as there was an Indian army; and men skilled in the languages and familiar with the usages of the countries skirting the waters in which they sailed, had not given place to her Majesty's sea-captains with strange eccentric notions of the way of dealing with native chiefs,—the days, too, when Mr. Company sent every year thousands of white troops to the Indies, in transport vessels, which he took up for the purpose; but all this, too, has gone, and his successors only build troop-ships for others to use, leaving it to servants, dwelling in Somerset House, to manage the fleet, as if it belonged to their own masters. And this is not the only gap that I find in the Departments. But I doubt whether aught has been done better since Mr. Company died, or whether his successors will find better servants at home or in the Indies.

It is an old saying, and all the more precious for its age, that "Good masters make good servants;" and Mr. Company, as I said of old, was one of the best of masters. I have heard much in praise and honour of the magnates who now sit in the high places occupied in past times by the Directors of Mr. Company's affairs. Indeed, some of the old familiar names are still to be seen on the Register, and I saw some of the old familiar faces shining above the liveried figures that ushered the Grand Turk into the new Palace on the great occasion of which I have spoken. But names, and even faces, do not make Directors. The salt has lost its savour in these times. It may be true, in one sense, that "Knowledge is Power;" but it is still more true that "Patronage is Power." When the patronage went to her Majesty the Queen, or the Queen's Minister, or was thrown into a common store to be raffled or "competed" for by the outside world, all the power passed away from the managers of the great

concern; and the kindly patriarchal interest which they took in their servants passed away with it. They became only upper servants themselves, paid to do certain work, which some think was not much wanted. And I have heard it said by my nephew Marmaduke, and others who have stools in the new concern, that the old ties are quite loosened, and that those who sit in the high places have no sort of parental tenderness for those who sit in the low. It is a recollection truly grateful in both senses of the adjective, for an old man like myself to look back upon the days when Mr. Company's Directors, having good things to give away, ever remembered that patronage, like charity, should "begin at home," and seldom gave out of the house what was wanted within it. To serve Mr. Company was to make handsome provision for one's sons, or, in respect of childless men like myself, for one's nephews; so that a servant in the old House that John Built felt, if he was not adding much to his worldly store, that he was laying up a good heritage for his children in his admitted claims on Mr. Company, by reason of faithful service. One did not spare any trouble for masters who were so good to their servants. If they sent for you one day to explain some difficult passage in their correspondence with the Indies, they sent for you next day to offer you a writer's covenant or a cadet's commission or a clerk's stool in the old House itself for some of your kith and kin. But all this has now become a tradition—"a history little known." Competition has swallowed up the claims of good and faithful service, and what little patronage is left after that monster has been satiated, goes to satisfy the exigencies of Party. There is no blame to any one. As a department of her Majesty's Government, it only follows the example of other departments of her Majesty's Government, in which the great solvent of competition has loosened the Tite Barnacles (whereof Mr. Dickens wrote in such a pleasant vein of exaggeration) from the rock to which they clung, generation after generation, with so much affectionate tenacity. There were Tite Barnacles on Mr. Company's establishment at home and abroad; but I do not know that they did their work any less effectually for being born as it were on the rock, and sticking to it with all their might. Indeed, I believe that the great evil of the present day is the want of that very tenacity, which has been held up to scorn and reproach by writers of fiction who have more erratic genius than knowledge upon these points. Yes, indeed, since I last wrote in these pages, more than seven years ago, I have seen that the great solvent has been a little too effectual in the Indies,—that everybody is trying to sit as loosely as possible to his work,—that the principle most venerated now-a-days is a common hatred of India and all belonging to it. But it was not so once. Mr. Company had Tite Barnacles who loved their rock—workmen who loved their work. Go to the House that Scott Built and see?

It was a pleasant notion to decorate the new office with the marble effigies—some in full-length statues, others only in busts—of the great men who from time to time have served Mr. Company, from the days of

Clive to the days of Clyde. It is truly what may be called a "Walhalla" of heroes,—for Indian statesmanship is, for the most part, heroic; and men like Elphinstone and Metcalfe, in the course of their careers, were tried in the furnace, even as soldiers were, and showed as much British pluck. It is truly a great thing to remember that Mr. Company's system fostered all this heroic growth. What a chapter might be written upon this gallery of marble soldiers and statesmen! What truly great men Mr. Company had under him in the palmy days of the merchant princes of Leadenhall! But it grieves me to think that the nation is out-living its gratitude,—that there is a younger generation of English statesmen now starting into vigorous life, who think it a glory to them to fling reproaches at Indian servants and Indian systems. Yet, practical denial is given to these reproaches by the fact, that when a good public servant is wanted for imperial purposes, they are fain to resort to the list of Mr. Company's retired establishment, civil or military: as when the other day they sent John Grant to Jamaica and Patrick Grant to Malta,—as years before they made good use of Metcalfe, Clerk, Pottinger, Anderson, Trevelyan and others whom the nation could not do without in its sorest straits and convulsions. The rising cholera is restrained by these thoughts. Such a nursery of captains, such a nursery of rulers, no nation has ever owned in a far-off dependency since the world began. And are we now to speak scorn of all these strong-headed, strong-hearted men, because once in a generation a pretender may be found out lacking both heart and head? Are Khirkee, Mehidpore, Lucknow, Delhi to be forgotten, because there was a great *fiasco* in Orissa?

I have been thinking that the young statesmen who talk in this strain might be sent to learn better from these "animated busts"—these "true and lively portraitures"—of our great men gone before. Let them learn the truth from these silent witnesses—these solemn memorials of the mighty dead. I am almost minded to offer myself as Examiner. I think I could put a young lord, or a middle-aged commoner through his facings in that gallery; and at odd times I might act as cicerone to the outside public, with a wand of office, and do my spiriting like a pensioner at Greenwich or a black-robed housekeeper at Woburn. It might be as good as most lectures; more interesting, and—shade of Sir Joseph, forgive me!—more useful than anything to be heard on a Thursday evening at the Royal Society. For if there be aught which it is profitable to learn, it is that great lesson of "self-help" which has been as nobly illustrated in the lives of Mr. Company's servants as in those of England's great engineers. How many, represented there in the cold marble, started from obscure beginnings, and taking the motto of the chivalrous Sidney, *Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*, made their way to the front, and landed themselves on the broad shining table-lands of full success and perfect glory. They were men who stuck to the rock for long years, not ever yearning after strange waters, and their adhesiveness was the basis of their success.

I say again, it was a happy thought to place in the new house the marble effigies of many of the great men who were the glory of the old. If it be not ungracious to hint a fault where so much is to commend, I should say that the space given in the gallery to Mr. Company's old Leadenhall Directors is scarcely equal to their deserts. There is a niche given to Charles Grant the elder, of whom it has been said, and with truth, that at one time he was little less than Mr. Company himself. His palmiest days were before my time ; but there was much vital sap in the trunk, even when the leaf was sere. And I have known other Directors, now passed away from the scene, who were living influences in Leadenhall, and did much to keep the wheels of Indian Government on the right road. Mr. Neill Edmonstone and Mr. St. George Tucker, who had graduated in Mr. Company's Bengal service, were among the most notable of these. After an experience of forty years of desk-work, I may say with some authority that, as a general rule, Mr. Company's Directors, though well fitted for the general direction of affairs for which they were elected, rather marred than mended the work of their servants, when they interfered over-much in the concerns of the house. For it is one thing to know what should be written, and another to determine how to write it. But the two Directors whom I have named had an official style, at once weighty and clear, and in their hands the pen neither blurred nor blotched. They were right honest men too—strong in defence of the right, and were ready to go to prison for it. Others, too, might be named, chronologically before or after them, worthy to be perpetuated in marble as representatives of the fast-expiring race of "old-Indian" statesmen, who were not ashamed to live in the City, and who signed themselves, in all sincerity, "Your loving friends."

But, albeit my own natural and I hope venial predilections cause me to lament these omissions, I am pleased and proud when I contemplate the grand list of Mr. Company's servants, whose effigies preside over the beautiful corridors of the new house—when I think of such men as Barry Close, and John Malcolm, and Thomas Munro, in the good old Wellesleyan days—men who never spared themselves when there was good work to be done, and who never did any work that they did not honestly and well—or of men, in the other service, like Elphinstone and Metcalfe, who never faltered in the face of any danger, and never shrunk from any toil, so long as the harness was on their backs. And there are others in whom, from personal knowledge, I have a more living interest—men of later renown, whose deeds, within our own time, stirred the heart of the nation to its depths. There is Pollock, who brightened anew the tarnished glory of our English military renown, and reared again the British colours which had been dragged and dragged through the blood-stained snows of the Afghan passes—a veteran who still remains amongst us to enjoy what he has sown and reaped. There is Outram, the heroic, the chivalrous, sustained ever by a great enthusiasm, tender of heart, generous, and self-denying, but ever eager to be in the front of the battle—one of whose life

and death there is meet record in these pages. There is Henry Lawrence, greatest and best of those soldier-statesmen of whom Mr. Company was so proud, because they were of his own peculiar growth; one that was seldom "matched of earthly hands"—"the truest to his sworn brother of any that buckled on the spear"—and all men were his sworn brethren; with a spirit strong but gentle; made alike for great actions and for loving deeds; who lived ever for his fellows, who died for his country, and who in life and death was a great ensample to the world. There is his friend and pupil John Nicholson, "the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever laid spear in rest"—a very king of men, great of stature and great of heart, stricken down ere he had reached his prime, but full of the ripened fruit of heroism, with a heaven-born capacity for command. And there are many others—soldiers and statesmen, brave and wise, nurtured in the lap of danger, but ever calm and resolute, with a noble sense of duty and a love of their appointed work. Men such as these were made by what is called an evil system. If Mr. Company and his patronage had not existed, they would have shrivelled into Lincoln's Inn lawyers, or banker's assistants, or clerks in the Inland Revenue Office, or captains of militia; and India would have been given up as a rich preserve to the favourites of his Royal Highness. If I could believe that the century to come would produce such a gallery of Indian worthies as the century gone by, verily I should die content.

But I was minded when I commenced this essay to speak rather of the workers at home, than of the workers abroad. Perhaps my prejudices are more likely to warp my judgment on this domestic ground than when I wander far in fields of Oriental enterprise. But I am not assured that the migration westwards, with all its attendant changes, before and after, has done much for the efficiency of the service, or the comfort of the servants. In the old times of Mr. Company, it must be conceded that we were not fashionable, but we were eminently respectable. We had been, perhaps, reared at Christ's, or Merchant Taylors', or the City of London, but there were many who had never rejoiced in any educational *alma mater* more dignified than a village school. I remember one junior clerk, who had flourished at Eton, and who had little in common with the rest. And it happened, for like reasons, that many amongst us dwelt in suburban regions of easy access from the City. Islington and Camberwell, and the country about Tottenham were favourite places of residence. Rents were moderate, and cheap conveyances were abundant, if there were need to ride—a bit of pompous self-indulgence to which few of us were prone. When the great innovation of the railway came, such of us as condescended to use it, affected the line from Bishopgate, like sober citizens; and even Mr. Company's Directors had a tendency to the eastward, as became the managers of our Eastern Empire. Those who dwelt in London proper, with rare exceptions, sought the central districts of Bloomsbury and St. Pancras. One there was, I know, who dwelt far westward—one of the best workmen amongst us, whose official usefulness

was in no wise marred by such liveliness of imagination and such depth of philosophic thought as I have rarely seen conjoined in one and the same intellectual growth. He has recorded pleasantly in rhyme his morning walk, "Eastward Ho!" through St. James's Pleasance, by the water's side over which many of the windows of the new house now look), along the "Elizabethan Strand," by the Savoy and Temple Bar, and St. Paul's, all instinct with historical associations and personal memories of men dear to our hearts, such as John Milton and Isaak Walton, until he reaches the familiar but not prosaic street of Leadenhall; and concludes his fanciful travel-talk,—

Fully roused, no more I loiter, and but scanty space remains
From the hall whose courts assemble India's merchant sovereigns,
And the piared porch I enter, entering, too, the day's routine,
Not less duly that beforehand such as this my dream has been. *

There were few, I have said, of Mr. Company's servants who dwelt so far westward; but since the official migration to Westminster there has been a great change in this respect, and the servants of Mr. Company's successors have mostly left the familiar regions of Islington and Camberwell for fresh Tyburnian fields or the sylvan shades of the Evangelist. These fashionable tendencies are not conducive to the thrift which of old was held in high esteem amongst us, so that it was our custom, on leaving Mr. Company's service, to have a little store of savings, which, I fear, is scarce likely in these days, for West End residence begets a West End style of living; and, moreover, the high prices of commodities wherewith we are afflicted makes even a modest style of living a sorer expense to the most provident. I have thought sometimes that if good Mr. Company had lived, he would have considered this in the wages of his servants. It is a hard case, after seven years' longer service, to be poorer than before; and yet such must be the fate of public servants on fixed salaries, who find the value of every pound diminished by a fourth, in consequence of the increased prices of all the necessaries of life during these seven years. Skilled labour of all kinds but *our* skilled labour, O friends and sometime fellow-workmen in the public service, obtains for itself a higher price in the labour-market. But because ye are loyal and do not "strike"—an issue which Heaven forbend—ye are left to your patient sorrows to grow poorer every year.

* *Modern Manicheism, and other Poems.* Besides the writer of this volume, there were one or two other poets in Mr. Company's old establishment. One essayed an epic, illustrative of the life and death of John Company (with notes of great erudition), the first stanza of which alone I can remember, it being descriptive of the locality of the "House that John built:"—

Not far from where Tiptraeus * now vends his costly wares,
Where the Lombard banker deals in bills and the broker deals in shares,
Where the flesher in the market sells his mutton by the stone,
And turkeys fat at Christmas-time go off the hooks like fun.

* *Tiptraeus, sive Mechaus, Anglicæ Mechi.*] Colonus illustris et venditor elegantiarum.

I have been betrayed unconsciously into more warmth on this subject than befits one in whom the fires of youth have long since burnt out. It was my purpose only to observe that, seeing how time itself has brought some grievous changes, pressing sorely on the clerkly purse, I have sometimes thought that the evil of increased expenditure might be further aggravated by this tendency to migrate towards more favourite western regions. I have thought, too, that perhaps West End habits might come as a necessary sequence of West End residence, and that the old punctuality for which Mr. Company's servants were famous in Leadenhall might in Whitehall soon become extinct. I have been accustomed all my days to the official work-period of "ten to four," and I would not willingly see a change; but at odd times innovating thoughts have come upon me, and I have asked myself whether official hours must not in time follow the general change in our habits with respect to the distribution of the different parts of the day. When "ten to four" was fixed as the business-day, men ate their dinners at five o'clock; but now they dine at seven and eight o'clock, and retire to rest at a time proportionately late. Late to bed is late out of bed; and the eight o'clock breakfast is not readily accomplished. Moreover, I must needs confess that hours well suited to the establishment of a sober merchant, like Mr. Company, may not be adapted to one presided over by a Minister of State. For during the more active part of the year, the Minister is constrained to keep late hours, sitting in what is called his place in Parliament, often till two o'clock in the morning, and he cannot in reason be expected to break his fast at an early hour, and visit office in the forenoon. I am told that practically it often happens that the busiest time begins just as the old official hours are ending, and that the head of the office often needs his assistants most after they have taken their departure. And if this be true, it must be admitted that the plea for later hours is not without a certain force and cogency of its own. In the contiguous dwelling, where her Majesty's foreign affairs are to be looked after, late hours, I am informed, are practically the rule, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that in time the system will extend itself beyond the frontier line of the two offices—except in the matter of financial payments and other strictly business operations, the time for transacting which must correspond with ordinary "banking hours," which are those generally of commercial establishments.

There is another habit which also might be contracted from the contagion of next door, which I think would disturb poor Mr. Company in his grave even more than a change of hours. Indeed, my mind even now misgives me that the cacoëthes or evil habit is insidiously making its way into the sacred vestibules of the India House. On a recent visit to the present temporary asylum, I am afraid that I smelt tobacco, and although my nephew Marmaduke endeavoured to impregnate me with the belief that it must have proceeded from the contiguous tavern, there was that in his countenance, as he spoke, which caused me to apprehend that he was poking fun at his old uncle. But well do I remember the days when

some of Mr. Company's old Directors—and notably one who had more eloquence than his compeers, and on several occasions occupied the Chair with great distinction and success—were wont to lecture the young gentlemen, who came up before them to take the oath of loyalty when about to depart for the Indies, upon this evil and demoralizing habit. I am, however, bound in sober truth to affirm that I somewhat doubted the efficacy of these admonitions, for happening one day to be passing through the ante-room into which a bevy of these young gentlemen passed on leaving the august presence of the Directors, I observed that two or three of the striplings put their fingers derisively to their noses, and I heard them ask each other if they did not wish they might get it, which is a light puerile mode of expressing a determination to take no heed of what has been said. And I am given to understand that the use of tobacco is so general in the Indies, that he who smokes not the weed is a rarity among men. In such a clime, perhaps, it may have its uses, as a sedative and a solace, and in the damper regions may, in moderation, act beneficially as a prophylactic, as it is said to do in the Low Countries. But the evil is that in these days the weed is not used in moderation, and what should be an occasional resource for grown men has become the constant habit even of juveniles of small stature, who thereby check their growth and in time undermine their vigour. And, if it were only that strict prohibitory enactments in our public offices would keep the pipe out of young men's mouths for six hours of the day, I would prohibit the innovation, which, I am told, has now so grown up in the Foreign Office as to be past checking. Peradventure, in their half of the new Palace of Administration, the establishment, as I understand, not being very numerous, space is afforded for convenient smoking-rooms; and, if not, there are doubtless corridors and galleries, as in the Indian moiety of the edifice, whence unlimited tobacco-smoke might escape into the outer air, without vitiating the atmosphere of rooms sacred to business. It is possible that the waiting-rooms of the Foreign Office might be devoted to fumigation—in which case boxes of cigars (first quality) might be provided at the public charges, for strangers waiting for an interview. And, in good sooth, I do not know any circumstances of life in which it is more permissible to beguile the time with tobacco-smoke than when you are waiting to see a Minister of State or his representative, who has perhaps half-a-dozen names before your own upon his list. The literature of the waiting-room is of the scantiest kind. A *Times* or *Morning Post*, a *Foreign Office List* or *East India Register* on the tables, and a map of Europe or of Asia and the year's almanack on the walls, comprise all the sources of information open to the inquiring mind. Waiters are, therefore, left greatly to the solace of their own thoughts; and if they be suitors no less than waiters, there is not, perhaps, much comfort in their cogitations. I am almost minded, therefore, in spite of my counter-blasts, to take an exceptionally generous view of the case of the waiting-rooms of the Foreign Office, which department, being much frequented by strangers

from France, Germany, Turkey, and other countries, may legitimately be more tolerant than others.

But, referring again to my immediate subject, the Indian moiety of the House that Scott Built, I would observe that it was pleasantly remarked to me the other day, that if smoking should become permissible among the servants of Mr. Company's successors, it would be in accordance with Mr. Philosopher Square's fitness of things, recorded in that pleasant work in which Mr. Henry Fielding recites the humorous adventures of Thomas Jones, to use only the "hookah" in the upper classes of the service, and the "hubble-bubble" in the lower. At the same time it was suggested that the quadrangle, in which the entertainment was given to the Grand Turk, might be formed into a sumptuous Divan, in which Oriental princes and potentates might be received by the Minister and his chief officers, seated on low cushions, each with a hookah in his mouth, the fumes of that description of pipe being, I am told, of a pleasantly odoriferous character. I am given to understand that there is already a project for roofing it over with glass, so as not to exclude Heaven's light, together with the rain and the wind; and truly if it should be warmed with occult hot-water pipes, and decorated with choice exotics of tropical growth, it would be a reception-room wherein might be welcomed even the Great Mogul himself, if that once magnificent race of emperors had not snuffed itself out at Delhi.

There are other reception-rooms, too, in different parts of the building—or waiting-rooms, as they are officially called—which do great credit to the taste of Mr. Digby Wyatt, and will add much to the respectability of the establishment; for it was a sorry sight to see, in the temporary Victorian lodgings, great generals or high civil functionaries from the Indies, or the turbaned ambassadors of mighty Indian chiefs, hanging about in the obscure passages or caged in the messengers' cupboards, whilst they were waiting for official interviews, or seeking to pay friendly visits to the ministers of the departments. I am all for a becoming respectability of appearance, solid and substantial, and free from gauds; and I think that in the new House all the conditions of a first-rate public office have been fulfilled, under the judicious auspices of Mr. Wyatt. Accustomed to the sombre simplicity of the House that John Built, I could have dispensed with some of the ornamentation, but as the useful has not been sacrificed to the ornamental, I am content with the gross result; and I wish all my friends many years of health, and happiness, and useful work in the HOUSE THAT SCOTT BUILT.

Time.

THE looseness of idea which is traceable in many of our semi-philosophic phrases and opinions offers a curious subject for reflection. Habitually, partly from mental indolence probably, partly from inherent unscientific carelessness of mind, we are satisfied with *approaches* to an idea about, or an explanation of, the phenomena which catch our attention,—with what Dr. Chalmers used to call “the inkling of an idea,”—not so much with half an idea as with the raw materials of an idea. We are content with feeling that a conception, and probably a true conception, *lurks* under the expressions we hear and repeat; and under cover of this inarticulate *sentiment* (for it is usually nothing more) we absolve ourselves from the exertion of analysing the conception, embodying it in appropriate language, or even carrying it so far as distinct and expressible notions. We use a phrase, and then fancy we have done a thing,—have elucidated a fact or given utterance to an idea. We employ words not to express thought, nor (as Talleyrand suggested) to conceal it; but to hide its absence and to escape its toil.

No word has been oftener made to do duty in this way than TIME. We constantly say—speaking of material things—that “Time” destroys buildings, effaces inscriptions, removes landmarks, and the like. In the same way—speaking of higher matters appertaining to men and nations, to moral and intellectual phenomena—we are accustomed to say that “Time” obliterates impressions, cures faults, solaces grief, heals wounds, extinguishes animosities;—as well as that under its influence empires decay, people grow enlightened, errors get trodden out, brute natures become humanised, and so on,—that the world “makes progress,” in short. Now what do we mean when we speak thus; or do most of us mean anything? What are the mighty and resistless agencies hidden under those four letters, and embodied in, or implied by, that little word?

Sir Humphry Davy, in those *Consolations in Travel* which worthily solaced “the last days of a philosopher,” endeavoured to answer this question as regards mere physical phenomena. He analyses the several causes which, in the course of ages, contribute and combine to produce the ruins which cover the surface of the earth, and most of which are more lovely in their decay than ever in their pristine freshness. Putting aside all results traceable to the hand of man, to the outrages of barbarian invaders, or the greed of native depredators,—leaving out of view, too, the destruction wrought from time to time by lightning, the tempest, and the earthquake,—he shows that the principal among those elements of destruction, which operate slowly and surely, generation after generation, are traceable to *heat* and *gravitation*. More precisely, they may be classed under two heads, the chemical and the mechanical, usually acting

in combination, and the former much the most powerful of the two. The contraction and expansion of the materials of which all buildings are composed, due to changes of temperature, operate to loosen their cohesion, especially where wood or iron enters largely into their composition; and in northern climates, wherever water penetrates among the stones, its peculiarity of sudden and great expansion when freezing, renders it one of the most effective agencies of disintegration known. The rain that falls year by year, independent of its ceaseless mechanical effect in carrying off minute fragments of all perishable materials, is usually, and especially near cities, more or less charged with carbonic acid, the action of which upon the carbonate of lime, which forms so large an element in most stones, is sometimes portentously rapid, as indeed we see every day around us. The air, again, through the instrumentality of the oxygen which is one of its component parts, is about the most powerful agency of destruction furnished by the whole armoury of nature: it corrodes the iron by which the stones are clamped together; it causes the gradual decay of the timber of which the roofs of buildings are usually constructed, so that we seldom find any traces of them in the more ancient remains which have come down to us. Thus the great principle of organic life becomes also, in its inevitable and eternal action, the great principle also of decay and dissolution. Then follows what we may term the unintentional or accidental agencies of living things. As soon as the walls and pediments and columns of a statue or a temple have lost their polished surface through the operation of the chemical influences we have enumerated, the seeds of lichens and mosses and other parasitic plants, which are constantly floating in the atmosphere, settle in the roughnesses, grow, decay, and decompose, form soil, attract moisture, and are followed by other and stronger plants, whose roots force their way into the crevices thus formed by "Time," and end by wrenching asunder the damaged and disintegrated blocks of marble. The animal creation succeeds the vegetable and aids its destructive operations; the fox burrows, the insect bores, the ant saps the foundations of the building; and thus by a series of causes, all of them in the ordinary and undying course of nature, the most magnificent edifices ever raised by the genius, the piety, and the industry of man are brought to an end, as by a fixed and irreversible decree. And this is "Time," so far as its physical agencies are concerned.

When we turn from the influence of Time on the work of man's hands to consider its influence on the man himself, we find a very different mode of operation. "Time" with individuals acts partly through the medium of our capacities and powers, but more, probably, through our defects and the feebleness and imperfection of our nature. It ought not, perhaps, to be so, but it is so. Time heals our wounds and brings comfort to our sorrows, but *how*? "It is beneath the dignity of thinking beings (says Bolingbroke) to trust to time and distraction as the only cure for grief—to wait to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a result for which we ought to be indebted to their strength." Yet it is precisely thus that "thinking beings" gene-

rally act, or find that "Time" acts with them. Half the healing influence of Time depends solely upon the decay of memory. It is a law of nature—and like all nature's laws, in the aggregate of its effects a beneficent one—that, while the active powers strengthen with exercise, passive impressions fade and grow feeble with repetition. The *physical* blow or prick inflicted on a spot already sore with previous injuries is doubly felt; the second *moral* stroke falls upon a part which has become partially benumbed and deadened by the first. Then new impressions, often far feebler, often far less worthy of attention, pass like a wave over the older ones, cover them, cicatrise them, push them quietly into the background. We *could* not retain our griefs in their first freshness, even if we would. As Mr. Arnold says:—

This is the curse of life: that not
 A nobler, calmer, train
 Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
 Our passions from our brain.
 But each day brings its petty dust,
 Our soon choked souls to fill;
 And we forget because we must,
 And not because we will.

In a word, we do not overcome our sorrow—we only overlive it. It is succeeded—not subdued; covered up, mossed over, like the temples of Egypt or the tombs of the Campagna—not conquered.

It is the same, too, usually, with our faults. "Time" cures them, we say. It would be more correct to say that it removes the temptation to them. Sometimes it is only that pleasures cease to please; we grow wise and good through mere satiety,—if wisdom and goodness that come to us through such an operation of "Time" be not a most fallacious and cynical misnomer. The passions that led our youth astray die out with age from the slow changes in our animal frame, from purely physical modifications of our constitution;—the appetites and desires that spring from the hot blood and abounding vigour of our early years no longer torment the languid pulse and phlegmatic temperament of after life; the world and the devil, not the flesh, are then the tempters to be prayed against. The frailties of

— cheerful creatures whose most sinful deeds
 Were but the overbeating of the heart,

come easily and naturally to an end when from the dulled emotions and impaired vitality of advancing age we feel nothing vividly and desire nothing strongly. Time does not so much *cure* our faults as *kill* them.

Sometimes—often, indeed, we would hope—Time brings experience in its train. We learn that vice "does not pay." We discover by degrees that the sin is far less sweet than we fancied, and that it costs much dearer than we had bargained for. We grow better calculators than we were; we reflect more profoundly; we measure and weigh more accurately. Occasionally, no doubt, "Time" operates through a nobler class of influences. The observation of life shows us the extensive misery wrought by all wrong-doing; we find those around us whom we love better than

ourselves ; and affection and philanthropy gradually initiate us into virtue and self-denial. Growing sense aids the operations of dulled sensibility ;—we become less passionate and fierce as our nerves become less irritable ; we drop our animosities as failing memory ceases to remind us of the offences which aroused them, and as a calmer judgment enables us to measure those offences more justly ; we are less willing to commit crimes or neglect duties or incur condemnation for the sake of worldly advancement, as we discover how little happiness that advancement brings us, and as we reflect for how short a period we can hope to enjoy it. But, through all and to the last, the physical influence of “Time” upon our bodily frame is the best ally of its moral influence on our character and our intelligence. Time brings mellowness to man much as it brings beauty to ruins—by the operation of decay. We melt and fade into the gentle and the good, just as palaces and temples crumble into the picturesque.

When we come to speak of nations, and of national progress, the idea of “Time” embraces a far wider range of influences, both as to number and duration, which we can only glance at. Time, as it operates on empires and on peoples, on their grandeur and their decadence, includes the aggregate of the efforts, separate or combined, of every individual among them, through a long succession of decades and of centuries. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the least sound of his many sagacious and suggestive writings—his inconsiderate attack upon Colenso—speaks much of the *Zeit-geist*, the Spirit of the Age, and urges us to trust to its slow and irresistible influence, and not to seek to hasten it,—that is, as far as we could understand him, to abstain from all those acts and efforts of which its influence is made up. Mr. Leekie, again, in his admirable and philosophical work, *The History of Rationalism*, especially in the chapter on magic and witchcraft, writes as if the decay of superstition, which he chronicles so well, were owing to a sort of natural spontaneous growth of the human mind, and its added knowledge, and not to any distinct process of reasoning, or to the effects of the teaching of any particular men, out of which alone in truth such growth could come. But “Time,” in reality, when used in speaking of nations means nothing but the sum of all the influences which, in the course of time, individual labourers in the field of discovery, invention, reasoning, and administration, have brought to bear upon the world. In the work of religious truth and freedom “Time” means the blood of many martyrs, the toil of many brains, slow steps made good through infinite research, small heights and spots of vantage ground won from the retiring forces of ignorance and prejudice by generations of stern struggle and still sterner patience, gleams of light, and moments of inspiration interspersed amid years of darkness and despondency, thousands of combatants falling on the field, thousands of labourers dying at the plough, with here and there a Moses mounting the heights of Pisgah to survey, through the mist of tears and with the eye of faith, the promised land which his followers may reach at last. In material progress, in those acts of life which in their aggregate make up the frame-work and oil the wheels of our complicated civilization, “Time” signifies the hard-won

discoveries of science, augmented by the accessions of each succeeding age from Thales and Archimedes to Newton and Davy ;—the practical sagacity and applicative ingenuity of hundreds of inventors like Arkwright and Watt, Stephenson and Wheatstone (to whom we owe the cotton manufacture and the steam-engine, the railway and the telegraph), as well as the humbler and unremembered labours of the thousands whose minor contrivances paved the way for their great completors ; the innumerable contributions, age after age, of the professional or speculative men who at last have made medicine and surgery what they now are ; finally, the daily, unacknowledged, half-unconscious, because routine, exertions of the rulers and administrators who have rendered these great victories of peace possible because they have enabled those who achieved them to labour in security and in hope. As far as “Time” has made the world, or any nation in it, wiser and better, it is because wise and good men have devoted that brief fragment of Time which was allotted to them here below to the task of enlightening and encouraging their fellow-men, to rendering virtue easier and wisdom more attractive, to removing obstacles in the path of moral progress, to dragging up the masses towards the position which the *elite* had previously attained. Where nations, once in thralldom, have won liberty and independence, it is not the cold abstraction of “Time” that has enfranchised them, but tyrants that have so misused time as to make sufferers desperate ; prophets who have struck out the enthusiasm that makes sufferers daring because hopeful, and patriots who have been found willing to die for an idea and an aim. And, to look on the reverse of the picture, when in its ceaseless revolutions “Time,” which once brought progress and development, shall have brought decay and dissolution, the agencies in operation and their *modus operandi* present no difficult analysis. Sometimes the same rough energy which made nations conquerors at first makes them despots and oppressors in the end, and rouses that hatred and thirst for vengeance which never waits in vain for opportunities, if only it waits long enough ; and the day of peril surprises them with a host of enemies and not a single friend. Usually the wealth which enterprise and civilization have accumulated brings luxury and enervation in its train ; languor and corruption creep over the people’s powers, exertion grows distasteful, and danger repels where it formerly attracted ; degenerate freemen hire slaves to do their work, and mercenaries to fight their battles ; and no strength or vitality or patriotism is left to resist the attacks of sounder and hardier barbarians. Occasionally, in the process of territorial aggrandisement, a nation outgrows its administrative institutions ; the governmental system and the ruling faculties which sufficed for a small state, prove altogether unequal to the task of managing a great one, and the empire or republic falls to pieces from lack of cohesive power within or coercive power above. Not unfrequently, it may be, the mere progress of rational but imperfect civilization brings with it its peculiar dangers and sources of disintegration ; the lower and less qualified classes in a nation, always inevitably the most numerous, rise in intelligence and wealth, and grow prosperous and powerful ; institutions naturally

become more and more democratic ; if the actual administration of public affairs does not pass into the hands of the masses or their nominees, at least the policy of the nation is moulded in accordance with the views of the less sagacious and more passionate part of the community ; the mischief is done unconsciously but irretrievably, and the catastrophe comes without being either intended or foreseen. In other cases, states and monarchies come to an end simply because they have no longer a *raison d'être*,—because they never had in them the elements of permanence ; because destructive or disintegrating causes, long in operation, have at last ripened into adequate strength. The Ottoman Power is falling because the military spirit which founded it has died away, and it has no other point of superiority to the people over whom it rules ; because the Turks are stagnant and stationary, and the Greeks are *au fond* a progressive though a corrupt and undeveloped race. Austria, too, seems crumbling to pieces, because composed of a host of incongruous elements, and because neither the genius to fuse them, nor the vigour to coerce them, can be found among their rulers.

Is there, then, no permanence in any earthly thing ? Must nations for ever die out under the slow corrosion of "Time," as surely as men and the monuments men rear ? Is there no principle of vitality strong enough to defy at once assaults from without and disintegration from within ;—no *elixir vitæ* discoverable by the accumulated sagacity and experience of centuries, by means of which the essential elements of national life can be renewed as fast as they consume, and the insidious causes of decay watched and guarded against the instant they begin to operate, and counteracted *pari passu* with their operation ? In a word, cannot the same wisdom and self-knowledge which tell nations *why* and *how* they degenerate and die, discover antidotes against degeneracy and death ? Or is fate too mighty for human resistance ;—that is, to speak more piously and definitely, has Providence decreed that the progress of the race shall proceed by a *succession* of states and peoples, and not by the adaptation and perfectionation of existing ones ; and must nations perforce forego the noble egotism of immortal life, and be content to live vicariously in their offspring and inheritors ? The question is of infinitely small moment except to our imaginations ; but there is surely no reason why the dearer and more human hope should not be realised, though we may be ages distant from the day of realisation. We have all the preserving salt that lies latent in the true essence of Christianity, as yet so little understood ; we are learning to comprehend, far better than the ancients and our ancestors, in what rational patriotism consists, and wherein lie the real interests of republics and of empires ; all the needed pharmacopœia of policy is within our reach as soon as we thoroughly know our constitutions, and have the virtue and nerve to apply the remedies in time. If there had been conservators of the Coliseum, versed in all the destructive and reparative agencies of nature, vigilantly watching the one and promptly applying the other, the Coliseum would have been standing in its strength and its beauty to this hour.

The Shootings of Kamptully.

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THERE is no creature, be it bird, beast, or fish, that exercises such an influence over the destinies of the human race as the species of tetrao which, for some mysterious but doubtless beneficent reason, is confined to limited portions of these little islands. The beneficence evinced in the limitation of the region in which this potent bird flourishes, however, is principally to be appreciated by the Scottish lairds, who have been turning barren moors into gold mines of late years, and who may yet find the more the mines are worked the less they will yield. Let us prove the assertion in this way. The British empire is the most extensive and populous in the world; no throne, principality, or power can vie with it in acreage or population. The British empire is governed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The Parliament of the United Kingdom is affected materially in its deliberations and in its legislative functions by the grouse, which, according to law, must be ready for shooting on 12th August in England and in Scotland; but (with manifest unfairness to English and Scotch birds,) are allowed to enjoy longer leases or tenant-right in Ireland. As the beginning of August approaches in each year, the most resolute Minister is made aware, by signs unmistakable, that he must not trifle with the functions of the tetracides, and vex them with attempts at legislation, which are certain to be received with indifference or contempt. It is probable that some Members could sit all the year round, and like it. Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Darby Griffiths, Mr. Whalley, and a few others, would, it is very likely, enjoy perennial séances and speech-makings. Such exceptions prove the rule. Mr. Bright himself would lead off a large section of followers to the side of the salmon-pool, far removed from the patriotic bellowings of Mr. Beales; and Lord Russell would prefer another speech on the hill-sides of Blairgowrie to another debate in the House of Lords. The grouse season rules the Parliamentary recess, and it would be very difficult to find a Member in either House who is not, directly or indirectly, influenced by the opening of the shootings. It is fitly preceded by the "slaughter of the innocents," and if the grouse could know what deeds are wrought in the heated days and hurried nights previous to the holocaust, they might rejoice in the blighted projects, the burked speeches, the quashed motions, the abortive preparations, the defeated ambition, and the abandoned legislation, which mark the advent of their doomsday. The Orissa famine was a cruel calamity—for the people of Orissa at all events, and also for Sir Cecil Beadon. But in his heart of hearts—well, I will not say that. But I wonder if my friend the Laird of Kamptully, who so worthily represents the burghs of Candle and

Wick, could look me in the face, and say he felt as much acute concern and real active grief about the præcordia, when he read of the starvation of these coloured brethren, as he did the day he handed me a yellowish envelope from which he had extracted a sheet of paper, after breaking the wax, on which was impressed the mark of a very fine broad thumb-end, exclaiming, "That's from Rory! It's frightful news."

"Who is Rory, my dear Mac?" quoth I, gazing on the envelope, which was inscribed, "The MacBirdie of Kamptully and MacBirdie, M.P., at the Commons Hous of Parliament in London, &c. &c. &c." "And what is the dreadful intelligence of which you speak?"

"Just take it and read for yourself. O dear me! dear me!"

I read the laboured scroll, which was written on a printed form headed "Weekly Report."

"Moors of Kamptully, Tullymore, MacBirdie More
MacBirdiebeg and Strathlushy.

"HONNERED SIR,—It is with grate regret I have to enform you that own to some coorse weather and lateness of heather a grate mortallity has come on the broods within the last feaw days. The low grunds by Strathlushy are the warst, and I am feearing we will bee four to five hundreyed brase short of our number or more. Black game is backward. There is not mush tapeworms. The dogs is well worked and will give settisfaction. Angus McMunn reports well of the bastes on Tullymore and rund be the bak of Benbeg—fine heads.

"And wishing you respectfully safe gurney, I am your honner's most obed., as in duty bound,

"RODERICK MACALLISTER."

"(See remarks annexed.)"

"But you'll come down all the same, won't you?" asked the MacBirdie, entreatingly. "We'll have birds to shoot after all! A pleasant party. There will be Dundrumming, Jack Pintail of the Tenth, and little Girder. General Tuck has made a conditional. I depend on you."

I promised. I felt I was doing a noble deed. The MacBirdie, summoned by the division-bell, went off much relieved in his mind to give a perfectly unbiassed vote on an Irish grand jury, or fishery, or education, or some bill of the kind which the Irish Members will insist on being introduced to be killed ere they depart to the bosoms of their constituencies. It so happened I was bound to that same country, and it occurred to me that it would be a clever thing to go by Fleetwood to Belfast and then cross over to Glasgow from the North of Ireland. Thus could I dodge the limited mail-trains which were already as exclusive as a subscription opera-box on a Patti night. The places were booked in advance weeks ago, and I knew the horrors of the middle passage through England by the ordinary mail-trains on the eve of St. Tetracide—the sacciferous camaraderie and the bad tobacco, and the sporting gentry of the carriages. Well, of this route by Fleetwood I would say, if you are a man of the sort of those who sit with Bradshaw in one hand and a watch in the other, and note the time

of actual arrival at each station, and comparing it with the tabulated time get into a passion or make yourself miserable ; if you are a man of the sort of those who dislike being late generally, and in a hurry particularly ; who are rather disposed to fast as little as possible ; who are averse to embarking in small steamers and going out to sea to embark in the royal mail-boats tossed on the wave ; who aspire to the comforts of a good berth ; who hate crowds, particularly of Belfast linen-merchants and pig-jobbers and horsedealers ;—do not go by Fleetwood and Belfast at this time of year unless you are quite certain of being more lucky than I was, and of finding the tide answer and a pause in the migration. The tide rarely does not answer, I am told. So much the better for frequent passengers.

But who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

Anyway, it was very pleasant next morning to hear the grating of the ship's sides against the quay wall of Belfast, and to think that within a few hours by rail there was a certain stream flowing to the sea where the salmon, as they headed upwards to the gravel-beds, were just jostling each other in the pools. There is no man so persecuted by the weather and so dependent for his pleasure on the state of the barometer as the contemplative angler. The water is too bright and fine, or it is too high and discoloured, or the fish are "waiting for a change," or the wind is in a bad point, or "those white clouds prevent them rising," or "there's thunder in the air;" but something or other there surely is to prevent one's getting half-a-dozen decent fishing days in the year, and when they come he is sure to be away or busy, or to have the wrong fly, or to break his rod early in the morning, or to get his reel out of order. Why pursue the recital of our wrongs at the hands of fortune ? Rather let us wonder at our perseverance, and rejoice in the exquisite delights of our rare moments of rewarded skill and indomitable persistence. That second week in this present month of August, however, was under the full sway of some malignant and evil-minded planet. There was the river, in capital order one would think, running swiftly in broad brown-tinged sheets over the pebbles, or resting its waters in the long pools, swept by a gentle breeze till it rushed forth to meet the breakers which caught it in snowy arms and swept it away in the turmoil of waters at the tiny bar of sand and black rocks covered with seaweed. There in the long reaches now and then a something boiled up from below, and a silver gleam was visible through the waters, and the surface, broken into a circling whirl, indicated the play of "a fash" beneath. What lure of flies was known to the angler's art was all displayed in vain. From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, three Summer days I toiled or watched the practised hand of the guardian of the waters plying its skill in vain till I had a "crick" in my back from endless wavings of a seventeen-footer and a slight touch of the rheumatics all over, and, full of hatred to all the subtle race of the Salmonidæ, revolved felon plans of snatching and stroke-hauling and poisoning in my dreams. It was time to depart at last from the

ungrateful stream, and to take my revenge on the moors, if I would escape the horrors of a Sunday in Glasgow between the services and the disgrace of arriving late at Kamptully Lodge. The Belfast steamer to Glasgow was certainly not a very pleasant medium of communication on the night of August 9th. Every berth was taken, every chair and bench occupied, and from beneath the tables sounded the heavy breathings of many sleepers. There were sporting gentlemen who had been attending some races, agricultural gentlemen who had been engaged at a cattle-show, flax-buyers and linen-factors, and the way in which they devoured eggs and bacon, and flounders, and drank tea and whisky-toddy, and brandy and "soddy wather," was enough to alarm any one not acquainted with the habits of these meritorious individuals. There were also numerous representatives of the class to which I belonged, the happy men engaged to friends with hunting grounds of their own, and some who could speak of "my moors" and their prospects. It is curious how many men shoot grouse because it is the fashion. They feel themselves bound to do it. They lose caste if they are not on the moors on 12th August, and so they toil on after a brace of dogs till they are ready to die, and make believe that they enjoy it, and are all the better of the exhaustion, which they do not recover for days afterwards. What would become of the Highlands, or rather of the Scottish chiefs, only for this fashionable diversion? Red deer would not produce the same results on the rental, nor would salmon. There are limits to forests and salmon rivers, and to the means and tastes of those who prefer stalking and fishing, but the grouse mountain is always profitable, for sheep and grouse thrive together; at least they are not antagonistic, and it might be a question which of the two should give way, in case they were found incompatible with each other. The Liverpool cotton-broker, the Manchester warehouseman, the Bolton "chap," the London merchant, must have his moor; many of the class have forests and rivers as well. They jostle the Highland chief out of his fastnesses, and he swears and pockets the money, and lays on the rent, unless he be such a great landed proprietor as the Duke of Sutherland, and one or two more. But even a duke will let his ancestral halls and his wide-spread acres of moor and mountain to a sporting stock-jobber, and many a poor proud family is fain to surrender the rights of the chase to the Saxon lawyer or the Southron, who has well-filled money-bags, and who seeks in the Highlands the sport and the society which he cannot get elsewhere. It was doubtless the Queen who set the fashion, and made the Highlands so popular. The Prince Consort, as we learn, breathed more freely when he came to Balmoral; and although it costs her Majesty some 2,000*l.* whenever she moves from the south to the north, it is, perhaps, the only part of her dominions where she really feels at rest. The proximity of the Court fixed many of the chiefs of the clans in their homes. Some of them were honoured by the condescending visits of the Sovereign and the Prince Consort, and relations approaching to intimacy were established between the Royal Family and the respectable commoners

who could not even boast of being "the" Mac anything. Legal gentlemen, from the occupants of judicial seats down to the flourishing solicitor or much brief-giving attorney, worn-out medical men and Low Church parsons, swell the pilgrimage to the shrines of St. Grouse, north of Tay, and away to the west and east. A return of the sums paid for these shootings and fishings would make some of the income-tax officials jump in their chairs; and although the reports of the prevalence of disease caused many persons to fall away, and prevented the lettings of various shootings this year, it may fairly be said that the rates of moors, forests, and streams are on the increase, and that they exhibit an annual rise. It would be strange if it were not so. The accumulation of capital in England and Scotland is to be counted by many millions every year. With opulence comes leisure, and a taste for sport just as the means of indulging it are augmented. The hills, the moors, and streams cannot be enlarged or multiplied. True, indeed, the sheep may be turned off a mountain, and the red deer will at once take their place for the stalker; or the growth of heather may be encouraged for the grouse, or falls may be levelled and channels opened for the salmon; but, practically, there can be no accession to the acres or the streams suitable for the sportsman. Whenever property comes into the market, there are bidders for it at the most enormous prices. Peers and commoners contend together for the coveted possession of solitary wilds and bleak corries, where they can toil and be thankful when the session is over, till they are summoned back to watch the results of the leap in the dark. The makers of guns and cartridges, of powder and shot, rejoice; the breeders of dogs multiply; the race of keepers and gillies thrives and expands, and thousands of men are turned away from emigration or agricultural labour to the strenuous idleness of the chase. And after all, it is not to be wondered at. If a man be in tolerably good condition, there is no sport which is so exhilarating and agreeable as that afforded in the Highlands. The chamois-shooter has to spend long nights up among the snow-fields in cold and solitude; the partridge-shooter must toil in blazing sunshine over heavy swedes and foot-tripping mangold; the Indian sportsman is not always certain that his game may not bag him; and all over the world, wherever he may be, the keen votary of the chase has privations and sufferings to temper his delights. But the Highland lodge is the abode of comfort. Lost in the clouds, without a sound to break the silence save the belling of the deer and the beatings of his own heart in the forest, the crowing of the startled grouse or the bark of the collie on the moors, the sportsman knows that somewhere in the brown void beneath him there is a snug little palace of indolence, where plenteous fare and good living and a comfortable bed await him at nightfall.

It is noon at the Perth station, and half-a-dozen trains are in at once: engines whistling, guards tootling, porters running. What a scene it is! The trains from the south and the east and the west are all in, and those for the north are making ready to start. The energetic, good-humoured

and obliging station-master is ruling the chaos of gun and rod cases, portmanteaus, ladies' boxes and bags, which has accumulated on the platform; now giving a hand to a truck,—now leading a distracted lady's-maid to the arms of her mistress,—here attending to the owner of a missing pointer,—there contending with a lordly Jeames who is seeking to appropriate a carriage for his master's cigar,—or appeasing the wrath of a gent who has had " 'is 'at-box stove in by the rascally porters." You see faces you have not beheld since the last war perhaps, or since the season before last.

"Hallo, old fellow, where the deuce are you from?"

"So glad to see you—just arrived from Calcutta the day before yesterday; so lucky to be in time for the first day!"

See, there is Lord Tadpole, and there is my lady! That heap of luggage, about the size of a shepherd's bothie, is theirs, you may be bound, for that is Tadpole's own man at one side of it, and at the other is the wretched Clarisse, my lady's maid, looking with horror to her two months' imprisonment by the side of Loch Froggy. Tadpole, you see, wears the Strathfroggy stalking suit, and tremendous shoeing and a wideawake; and the melancholy-looking man close behind him will burst into kilt and hose and spleuchan, and play the bagpipes, as soon as he gets his foot on his native heather, for he is the Tadpole piper, who makes dinner hideous and drinks a great deal of whisky o' nights. There, revolving round my lord, whose near neighbour he is, in the desperate hope of obtaining a nod of recognition, is little Doechat, who has hired a fine place for his 'ealth, and who would fall away at once into the nether depths if he were not shooting on the 12th August. Doechat has put his little legs into pink stockings with green bars, and is encased in knickerbockers and suit of bright green Genoa velvet, and his valétaille is in attendance on a monstrous quantity of his property, and when he thinks he is not noticed enough, he demands in a loud voice, "Franswaw!"

"Franswaw! Etes vous bien certang que le dook de Bilbow né'it pas arrivey?"

"Oui, monsieur. Mais Monsieur Abrahams va venir. Il est dans le convoi qui arrive. Ah! voilà, monsieur!"

Doechat darts into the restaurant, and leaves "Franswaw" to receive Mr. Abrahams, who is magnificently got up for the occasion, and has an Oriental aspect which ill accords with a Moses' "suit for the moors."

At last we are off, with many Tadpoles, Doechats and intermediate varieties, and the train dashes into the real Highlands, which open for us at Killiecrankie. The sun is getting low as the Highland express halts for a moment at the Strathlushy station, a little wooden barrack-looking place on a moor, with mountains on all sides. There, in kilt and phillabeg, sporran and spleuchan and bonnet—the latter with a large silver badge and a bunch of heather tó boot in the side of it—stands the MacBirdie himself, and half-a-dozen kilted gallowlasses. The chief's face is radiant.

"I've been over the moors these two last days; plenty of birds strong

on the wing. That fellow Rory is always of a desponding turn of mind, or thinks it right to prepare me not to expect too much. You're the first man come yet ; but the others will arrive by the evening train. Dundrumming was driving up to the lodge as we started for the station."

It is three miles to the lodge which the MacBirdie has built on the policy of Kamptully, and as we drove over, the laird told off the party for Monday.

"I'll put you on a middle beat with Dundrumming," he said, "as he's not fond of hard walking and likes plenty of birds. Take them pretty quick, as he's apt to be sharp with them. You'll get 150 brace between you, I hope. I am going with Pin to keep him in order, and the others can pair off as they like."

The lodge was a substantial, well-built stone edifice of one story, with eight bed-rooms opening off a central corridor at one side, a large dining-room and drawing-room on the other, the kitchen at the end. The few starved trees which had been planted about could not conceal the very useful unornamental garden stored with cabbages, potatoes, onions, and the like, nor the outhouses and kennels where gillies and dogs congregated and had their being. Dundrumming, a red-faced, lean man, with watery grey eyes and a hooked nose much tainted by snuff, was lying full length on the sofa as we came in.

"This horrid gout!" he groaned. "It is just set in the right foot. I always said Macbogus's claret is loaded—full of Hermitage. Had you ever the gout?" he asked of me, when the MacBirdie retired.

"Well, no ; I can't say I have."

"You are very lucky then. I think," he continued, looking at me narrowly, "this attack will go away ; but I thought it just as well to give Kamptully a hint. He's got capital claret, and he's got some that isn't ; and I wanted to warn him against trotting out the latter for us just as he was going to see after the wine."

The Dundrumming had a glimpse of intellect in him I perceived. That evening he drank a good deal of claret, and said nothing of his gout next morning ; so it is fair to suppose there was no Burgundy adulteration in it. The lodge was too far from the kirk for any but the most energetic pedestrians, and Sunday passed quietly. Some of the party tried their legs over the hill, and came back in great spirits concerning the broods. Dundrumming lay on the state sofa, with a handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, till it was time to dress for dinner. The laird paid frequent visits to the keeper's lodge and to the kennels, in which I accompanied him ; and when tired of that, I consulted the library, which consisted of *Toplady's Sermons*, *The Veterinary's Companion*, *Burns' Poems*, *Burns' Justice*, *Doddridge's Expositor*, *Scope's Deer-Stalking*, *Davy's Salmonia*, and a few odd volumes of novels and magazines.

At the first tap at my door I was awake in the morning, but it was no great credit to me, for it was past seven o'clock. "The laird disna startt verra eerly at first," said Andrew, as he arranged my knickerbockers and

shoes, splashed the cold water into my tub, and gave a farewell pat of the hand to my shooting-coat. "There's no breakfast till eight o'clock, and they'll no be off 'till nine, I'm thinking." The yard outside my window was filled with a wonderful gathering of the clans, and all the ponies on the hill-sides had been congregated there from dawn. The keeper's lads were engaged in moderating the ardour of the straining couples, and I very soon selected my own particular friends and favourites from the tail-wagging pack—Froth, a beautiful clean-built pointer in splendid condition, and Frolic, her brother, and, if possible, her superior. What a breakfast we made, and what a bustle of preparation then followed as panniers were packed for the game-ponies and for the lunches! Pipes were lighted—the keepers and their gillies were told off to each party, and in solemn state the great procession, headed by the General and Pin, moved off in detachments to the hills. It was a pretty sight to behold: the General sat his old wall-eyed pony as if it were a war-horse, and Pin beside him tried his best to provoke his quadruped into a kick by the use of the pointed end of his stick. Then came at their heels a gillie leading their pony with panniers for the game, one being full of creature comforts; another gillie with a brace of pointers; another with a brace of setters; a third with a retriever; the keeper and two assistants with the guns and cartridges. Dundrumming and myself followed in similar state and style, only that Dundrumming had his own gillies extra, and had secret luxuries added to the luncheon-pannier. The MacBirdie and Girder brought up the rear, with a still more numerous clientele of ponies, gillies, dogs, and keepers, so that as we wound up the rude pathway which led to the point whence our paths diverged to the different shootings, we resembled in some sort a column of infantry and cavalry going out on a foray. "Good luck," "Good sport," "Dinner at eight." And so we parted. Our course lay straight up by the side of a burn, or series of little waterfalls and cascades, which came down from the moor above us, over the hard white stones. The day was dark and warm and windy, just the kind we wanted for scent and shooting.

"Ef at ell be pleesin' to yee, w'all begin just here. There's fine grund about us."

The dogs were cast loose and were gambolling in the heather in a preliminary flourish. We dismounted, took our guns, and walked on after the keeper. "Whoa, steady, Frolic!" Sure enough there was a point just in one minute. Dundrumming and I walked over the heather towards the rigid tail, which was backed by Froth with much solicitude.

"I think you are keeping a little too much to my side," quoth Dundrumming, who was marching straight towards the dog's head.

"I beg your pardon, but——"

Whirr, whirr! Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"That's well, indeed," said the keeper, as he walked towards the birds which were down.

I knew both were mine. Dundrumming had shot at two which rose across him, and I caught the twinkle of the keeper's eye as my friend exclaimed,—

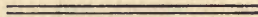
“I'm in good form I see by these two shots. Take your time, sir, and I'll be bound you'll do better next time.”

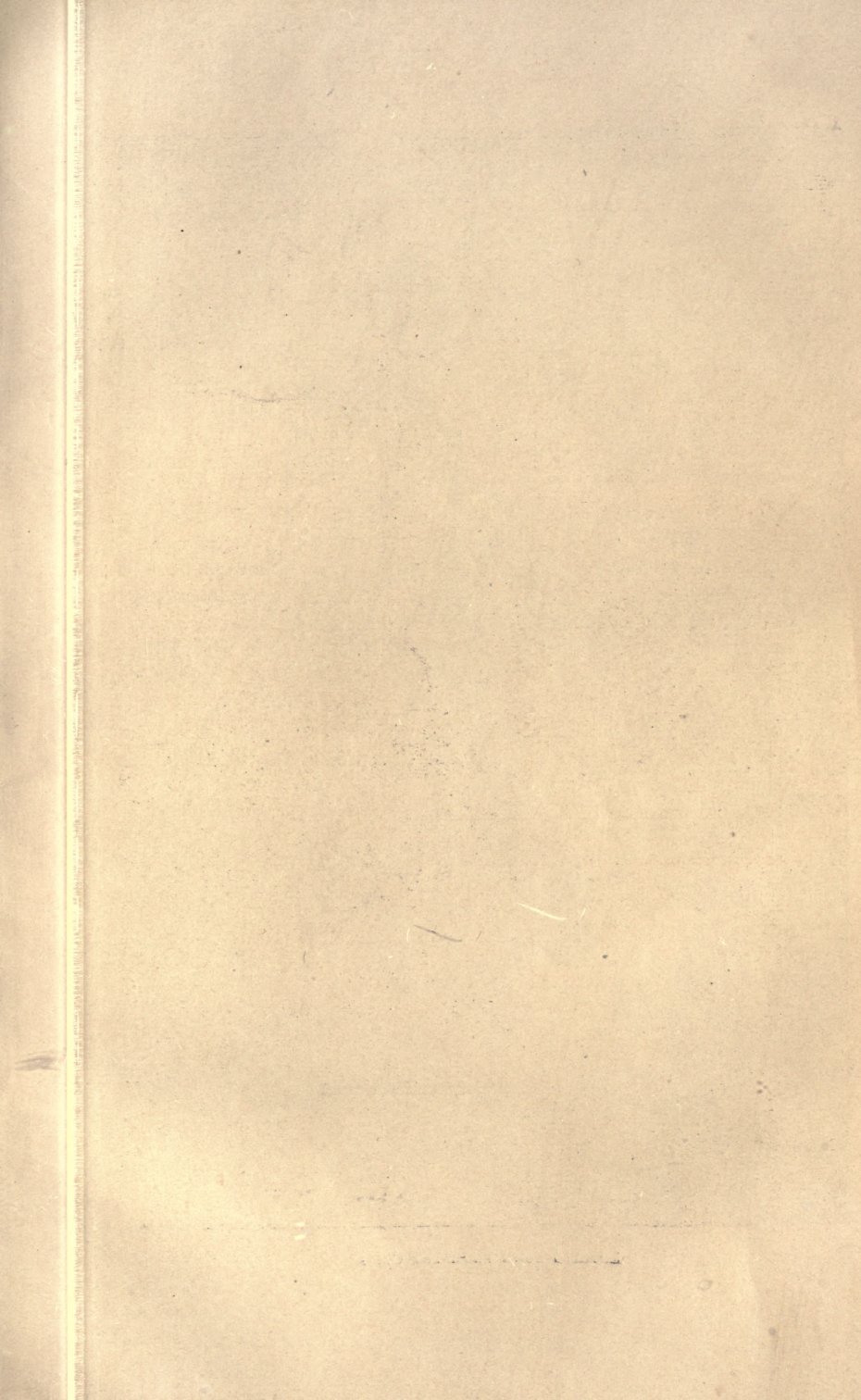
“Why, I protest those birds are mine. I fired at them both.”

“Then it was after I had killed them, that's all,” quoth Dundrumming.

He was a dreadful man. I never was in such agonies of rage in my life as I was ere the day was over. He blazed away at everything that rose, claimed everything that fell, and in the evening, as we sat at dinner talking of the shooting, I heard him, *sotto voce*, say of me—me, the crack shot of the regiment—“MacBirdie, I'm thinking my friend the captain has not had much practice with the grouse. He couldn't get on to them to-day at all. But he'll do better,” he added, in a louder voice, as he perceived my eye turned on him. “I could see by the style of *that* right and left you got” (I had dozens of them, I swear) “just before we left, that you were no novice.” We had bagged 171½ brace, of which I had killed fully three-fourths; but before the evening was over, I had the satisfaction of hearing Dundrumming take his oath he had killed 200 brace to his own gun, the ten he said which were lost, and of seeing him removed to his chamber in a high state of exaltation, declaring,—“I shay, MaBirdie, I shos five hundre brashe to my gun. The captin can't shoot; *you* can't shoot; Pinttail can't shoot; the old General can't hit haystack.” And so ended my first day with the grouse, and with Drumming of Dundrumming.

There are many of them, I daresay, at work on the moors this moment, and Dundrumming still enjoys a high reputation at Kamptully with every one but the keeper.







LOOKING DOWN FROM THE CLIFF

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT CASTELLO.



PRIVATE letter from a friend had told Jack Bramleigh that his father's opposition to the Government had considerably damaged his chance of being employed, but that he possibly might get a small command on the African station. With what joy then did he receive "the official," marked on H.M.'s service, informing him that he was appointed to the *Sneezer* despatch gunboat, to serve in the Mediterranean, and enjoining him to repair to town without unnecessary delay, to receive further orders.

He had forborne, as we have seen, to tell Julia his former tidings. They were not indeed of a nature to rejoice over, but here was great news. He only wanted two more years to be qualified for his "Post," and once a captain, he would have a position which might warrant his asking Julia to be his wife, and thus was it that the great dream of his whole existence was interwoven into his career, and his advancement as a sailor linked with his hopes as a lover; and surely it is well for us that ambitions in life appeal to

us in other and humbler ways than by the sense of triumph, and that there are better rewards for success than either the favour of princes or the insignia of rank.

To poor Jack, looking beyond that two years, it was not a three-decker, nor even frigate, it was the paradise of a cottage overgrown with sweetbriar and honeysuckle, that presented itself,—and a certain graceful figure, gauzy and floating, sitting in the porch, while he lay at her feet, lulled by the drowsy ripple of the little trout-stream, that ran close by. So possessed was he by this vision, so entirely and wholly did it engross him, that it was with difficulty he gave coherent replies to the questions poured in upon him at the breakfast-table, as to the sort of service he was about to be engaged in, and whether it was as good or a better thing than he had been expecting.

“I wish you joy, Jack,” said Augustus. “You’re a lucky dog to get afloat again so soon. You haven’t been full six months on half-pay.”

“I wish you joy too,” said Temple, “and am thankful to Fate it is you, and not I, have to take the command of H.M.’s gunboat *Sneezer*.”

“Perhaps, all things considered, it is as well as it is,” said Jack dryly.

“It is a position of some importance. I mean it is not the mere command of a small vessel,” said Marion haughtily; for she was always eager that every incident that befell the family should redound to their distinction, and subserve their onward march to greatness.

“Oh, Jack,” whispered Nelly, “let us walk over to the cottage, and tell them the news;” and Jack blushed as he squeezed her hand in gratitude for the speech.

“I almost wonder they gave you this, Jack,” said his father, “seeing how active a part I took against them; but I suppose there is some truth in the saying that Ministers would rather soothe enemies than succour friends.”

“Don’t you suspect, papa, that Lord Culduff may have had some share in this event? His influence, I know, is very great with his party,” said Marion.

“I hope and trust not,” burst out Jack; “rather than owe my promotion to that bewigged old dandy, I’d go and keep a lighthouse.”

“A most illiberal speech,” said Temple. “I was about to employ a stronger word, but still not stronger than my sense of its necessity.”

“Remember, Temple,” replied Jack, “I have no possible objection to his being *your* patron. I only protest that he shan’t be *mine*. He may make you something ordinary or extraordinary to-morrow, and I’ll never quarrel about it.”

“I am grateful for the concession,” said the other, bowing.

“If it was Lord Culduff that got you this step,” said Colonel Bramleigh, “I must say nothing could be more delicate than his conduct; he never so much as hinted to me that he had taken trouble in the matter.”

“He is *such* a gentleman!” said Marion, with a very enthusiastic emphasis on the word.

“Well, perhaps it’s a very ignoble confession,” said Nelly, “but I

frankly own I'd rather Jack owed his good fortune to his good fame than to all the peers in the calendar."

"What pains Ellen takes," said Marion, "to show that her ideas of life and the world are not those of the rest of us."

"She has me with her whenever she goes into the lobby," said Jack, "or I'll pair with Temple, who is sure to be on the stronger side."

"Your censure I accept as a compliment," said Temple.

"And is this all our good news has done for us,—to set us exchanging tart speeches and sharp repartees with each other?" said Colonel Bramleigh; "I declare it is a very ungracious way to treat pleasant tidings. Go out boys, and see if you couldn't find some one to dine with us, and wet Jack's commission, as they used to call it, long ago."

"We can have the L'Estranges and our amiable neighbour Captain Craufurd," said Marion, "but I believe our resources end with these."

"Why not look up the Frenchman you smashed some weeks ago, Jack?" said Augustus; "he ought to be about by this time, and it would only be common decency to show him some attention."

"With all my heart. I'll do anything you like but talk French with him. But where is he to be found?"

"He stops with Longworth," said Augustus, "which makes the matter awkward. Can we invite one without the other, and can we open our acquaintance with Longworth by an invitation to dinner?"

"Certainly not," chimed in Temple. "First acquaintance admits of no breaches of etiquette. Intimacies may, and rarely too, forgive such."

"What luck to have such a pilot to steer us through the narrow channel of proprieties," cried Jack, laughing.

"I think, too, it would be as well to remember," resumed Temple, "that Lord Culduff is our guest, and to whatever accidents of acquaintance we may be ready to expose ourselves, we have no right to extend these casualties to *him*."

"I suspect we are not likely to see his lordship to-day, at least; he has sent down his man to beg he may be excused from making his appearance at dinner: a slight attack of gout confines him to his room," said Marion.

"That's not the worst bit of news I've heard to-day," broke in Jack. "Dining in that old cove's company is the next thing to being tried by court-martial. I fervently hope he'll be on the sick list till I take my departure."

"As to getting these people together to-day, it's out of the question," said Augustus. "Let us say Saturday next, and try what we can do."

This was agreed upon, Temple being deputed to ride over to Longworth's, leaving to his diplomacy to make what further advances events seemed to warrant,—a trustful confidence in his tact to conduct a nice negotiation being a flattery more than sufficient to recompense his trouble. Jack and Nelly would repair to the cottage to secure the L'Estranges. Craufurd could be apprised by a note.

"Has Cutbill got the gout, too?" asked Jack. "I have not seen him this morning."

"No; that very cool gentleman took out my cob pony, Fritz, this morning at daybreak," said Augustus, "saying he was off to the mines at Lismaconnor, and wouldn't be back till evening."

"And do you mean to let such a liberty pass unnoticed?" asked Temple.

"A good deal will depend upon how Fritz looks after his journey. If I see that the beast has not suffered, it is just possible I may content myself with a mere intimation that I trust the freedom may not be repeated."

"You told me Anderson offered you two hundred for that cob," broke in Temple.

"Yes, and asked how much more would tempt me to sell him."

"If he were a peer of the realm, and took such a liberty with me, I'd not forgive him," said Temple, as he arose and left the room in a burst of indignation.

"I may say we are a very high-spirited family," said Jack gravely, "and I'll warn the world not to try any familiarities with us."

"Come away, naughty boy," whispered Eleanor; "you are always trailing your coat for some one to stand upon."

"Tell me, Nelly," said he, as they took their way through the pine-wood that led to the cottage, "tell me, Nelly, am I right or wrong in my appreciation—for I really want to be just and fair in the matter—are we Bramleighs confounded snobs?"

The downright honest earnestness with which he put the question made her laugh heartily, and for some seconds left her unable to answer him.

"I half suspect that we may be, Jack," said she, still smiling.

"I'm certain of one thing," continued he in the same earnest tone, "our distinguished guest deems us such. There is a sort of simpering enjoyment of all that goes on around him, and a condescending approval of us that seems to say, 'Go on, you'll catch the tone yet. You're not doing badly by any means.' He pushed me to the very limit of my patience the other day with this, and I had to get up from luncheon and leave the house to avoid being openly rude to him. Do you mind my lighting a cigar, Nelly, for I have got myself so angry that I want a weed to calm me down again?"

"Let us talk of something else; for on this theme I'm not much better tempered than yourself."

"There's a dear good girl," said he, drawing her towards him, and kissing her cheek. "I'd have sworn you felt as I did about this old fop; and we must be arrant snobs, Nelly, or else his coming down amongst us here would not have broken us all up, setting us exchanging sneers and scoffs, and criticizing each other's knowledge of life. Confound the old humbug; let us forget him."

They walked along without exchanging a word for full ten minutes or

more, till they reached the brow of the cliff, from which the pathway led down to the cottage. "I wonder when I shall stand here again?" said he, pausing. "Not that I'm going on any hazardous service, or to meet a more formidable enemy than a tart flag-captain; but the world has such strange turns and changes, that a couple of years may do anything with a man's destiny."

"A couple of years may make you a post-captain, Jack; and that will be quite enough to change your destiny."

He looked affectionately towards her for a moment, and then turned away to hide the emotion he could not master.

"And then, Jack," said she caressingly, "it will be a very happy day that shall bring us to this spot again."

"Who knows, Nelly?" said he, with a degree of agitation that surprised her. "I haven't told you that Julia and I had a quarrel the last time we met."

"A quarrel!"

"Well, it was something very like one. I told her there were things about her manner,—certain ways she had,—that I didn't like; and I spoke very seriously to her on the subject. I didn't go beating about, but said she was too much of a coquette."

"Oh, Jack!"

"It's all very well to be shocked, and cry out, 'Oh, Jack!' but isn't it true? haven't you seen it yourself? hasn't Marion said some very strange things about it?"

"My dear Jack, I needn't tell you that we girls are not always fair in our estimates of each other, even when we think we are,—and it is not always that we want to think so. Julia is not a coquette in any sense that the word carries censure, and you were exceedingly wrong to tell her she was."

"That's how it is!" cried he, pitching his cigar away in impatience. "There's a freemasonry amongst you that calls you all to arms the moment one is attacked. Isn't it open to a man to tell the girl he hopes to make his wife that there are things in her manner he doesn't approve of and would like changed?"

"Certainly not; at least it would require some nicer tact than yours to approach such a theme with safety."

"Temple, perhaps, could do it," said he, sneeringly.

"Temple certainly would not attempt it."

Jack made a gesture of impatience, and, as if desirous to change the subject, said, "What's the matter with our distinguished guest? Is he ill, that he won't dine below-stairs to-day?"

"He calls it a slight return of his Greek fever, and begs to be excused from presenting himself at dinner."

"He and Temple have been writing little three-cornered notes to each other all the morning. I suppose it is diplomatic usage."

The tone of irritation he spoke in seemed to show that he was actually

seeking for something to vent his anger upon, and trying to provoke some word of contradiction or dissent ; but she was silent, and for some seconds they walked on without speaking.

“ Look ! ” cried he, suddenly ; “ there goes Julia. Do you see her yonder on the path up the cliff ; and who is that clambering after her ? I'll be shot if it's not Lord Culduff.”

“ Julia has got her drawing-book, I see. They're on some sketching excursion.”

“ He wasn't long in throwing off his Greek fever, eh ? ” cried Jack, indignantly. “ It's cool, isn't it, to tell the people in whose house he is stopping that he's too ill to dine with them, and then set out gallivanting in this fashion.”

“ Poor old man ! ” said she, in a tone of half scornful pity.

“ Was I right about Julia now ? ” cried he angrily. “ I told you for whose captivation all her little gracefulnesses were intended. I saw it the first night he stood beside her at the piano. As Marion said, she is determined to bring him down. She saw it as well as I did.”

“ What nonsense you are talking, Jack ; as if Julia would condescend——”

“ There's no condescension, Nelly,” he broke in. “ The man is a lord, and the woman he marries will be a peeress, and there's not another country in Europe in which that word means as much. I take it we needn't go on to the cottage now ? ”

“ I suppose we could scarcely overtake them ? ”

“ Overtake them ! Why should we try ? Even *my* tact, Nelly, that you sneered at so contemptuously a while ago, would save me from such a blunder. Come, let's go home and forget, if we can, all that we came about. I at least will try and do so.”

“ My dear dear Jack, this is very foolish jealousy.”

“ I am not jealous, Nelly. I'm angry ; but it is with myself. I ought to have known what humble pretensions mine were, and I ought to have known how certainly a young lady, bred as young ladies are now-a-days, would regard them—as less than humble ; but it all comes of this idle shore-going good-for-nothing life. They'll not catch me at it again, that's all.”

“ Just listen to me patiently, Jack. Listen to me for one moment.”

“ Not for half a moment. I can guess everything you want to say to me, and I tell you frankly, I don't care to hear it. Tell me whatever you like to-morrow——” He tried to finish his speech, but his voice grew thick and faltering, and he turned away and was silent.

They spoke little to each other as they walked homewards. A chance remark on the weather, or the scenery, was all that passed till they reached the little lawn before the door.

“ You'll not forget your pledge, Jack, for to-morrow ? ” said Ellen, as he turned towards her before ascending the steps.

“ I'll not forget it,” said he coldly, and he moved off as he spoke, and entered an alley of the shrubbery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DULL DINNER.

THE family dinner on that day at Castello was somewhat dull. The various attempts to secure a party for the ensuing Saturday, which had been fixed on to celebrate Jack's promotion, had proved failures. When Temple arrived at Longworth, he learned that the host and his guest were from home and not to return for some days—we have seen how it fared as to the L'Estranges—so that the solitary success was Captain Craufurd, a gentleman who certainly had not won the suffrages of the great house.

There were two vacant places besides at the table; for butlers are fond of recording, by napkins and covers, how certain of our friends assume to treat us, and thus as it were contrast their own formal observances of duty with the laxer notions of their betters.

"Lord Culduff is not able to dine with us," said Colonel Bramleigh, making the apology as well to himself as to the company.

"No, papa," said Marion; "he hopes to appear in the drawing-room in the evening."

"If not too much tired by his long walk," broke in Jack.

"What walk are you dreaming of?" asked Marion.

"An excursion he made this morning down the coast, sketching or pretending to sketch. Nelly and I saw him clambering up the side of a cliff——"

"Oh, quite impossible; you must be mistaken."

"No," said Nelly, "there was no mistake. I saw him as plainly as I see you now; besides, it is not in these wild regions so distinguished a figure is like to find its counterpart."

"But why should he not take his walk? why not sketch, or amuse himself in any way he pleased?" asked Temple.

"Of course it was open to him to do so," said the colonel; "only that to excuse his absence he ought not to have made a pretext of being ill."

"I think men are 'ill' just as they are 'out,'" said Temple. "I am ill if I am asked to do what is disagreeable to me, as I am out to the visit of a bore."

"So that to dine with us was disagreeable to Lord Culduff?" asked Jack.

"It was evidently either an effort to task his strength, or an occasion which called for more exertion than he felt equal to," said Temple, pompously.

"By Jove!" cried Jack, "I hope I'll never be a great man! I trust sincerely I may never arrive at that eminence in which it will task my energies to eat my dinner and chat with the people on either side of me."

"Lord Culduff converses: he does not chat; please to note the distinction, Jack."

"That's like telling me he doesn't walk but he swaggers."

It was fortunate at this moment, critical enough as regarded the temper of all parties, that Mr. Cutbill entered, full of apologies for being late, and bursting to recount the accidents that befell him and all the incidents of his day. A quick glance around the table assured him of Lord Culduff's absence, and it was evident from the sparkle of his eye that the event was not disagreeable to him.

"Is my noble friend on the sick list?" asked he with a smile.

"Indisposed," said Temple, with the air of one who knew the value of a word that was double-shotted.

"I've got news that will soon rally him," continued Cutbill. "They've struck a magnificent vein this morning, and within eighty yards of the surface. Plmmys, the Welsh inspector, pronounced it good Cardiff, and says, from the depth of 'the load' that it must go a long way."

"Harding did not give me as encouraging news yesterday," said Colonel Bramleigh with a dubious smile.

"My tidings date from this morning,—yesterday was the day before the battle; besides, what does Harding know about coal?"

"He knows a little about everything," said Augustus.

"That makes all the difference. What people want is not the men who know things currently, but know them well and thoroughly. Eh, captain," said he to Jack, "what would you say to popular notions about the navy?"

"Cutty's right," said Jack. "Amateurship is all humbug."

"Who is Longworth?" asked Cutbill. "Philip Longworth?"

"A neighbour of ours; we are not acquainted, but we know that there is such a person," said Colonel Bramleigh.

"He opines," continued Cutbill, "that this vein of ours runs direct from his land, and I suspect he's not wrong; and he wants to know what we mean to do—he'll either sell or buy. He came over this morning to Kilmannock with a French friend, and we took our breakfast together. Nice fellows both of them, and wide awake, too, especially the Frenchman. He was with Lesseps in Egypt, in what capacity I couldn't find out; but I see he's a shrewd fellow."

"With Lesseps," said Colonel Bramleigh, showing a quicker and more eager interest than before, for his lawyer had told him that the French claimant to his property had been engaged on the works of the Suez Canal.

"Yes; he spoke as if he knew Lesseps well, and talked of the whole undertaking like one who understood it."

"And what is he doing here?"

"Writing a book, I fancy; an Irish tour—one of those mock-sentimentalities, with bad politics and false morality, Frenchmen ventilate about England. He goes poking into the cabins and asking the people about their grievances; and now he says he wants to hear the other side, and learn what the gentlemen say."

"We'll have to ask him over here," said Colonel Bramleigh coolly, as if the thought had occurred to him then for the first time.

"He'll amuse you, I promise you," said Cutbill.

"I'd like to meet him," said Jack. "I had the ill-luck to bowl him over in the hunting-field, and cost him a broken leg. I'd like to make all the excuses in my power to him."

"He bears no malice about it; he said it was all his own fault, and that you did your best to pick him up, but your horse bolted with you."

"Let's have him to dinner by all means," said Augustus; "and now that Temple has made a formal visit, I take it we might invite him by a polite note."

"You must wait till he returns the call," said Marion stiffly.

"Not if we want to show a courteous desire to make his acquaintance," said Temple. "Attentions can be measured as nicely and as minutely as medicaments."

"All I say," said Jack, "is, have him soon, or I may chance to miss him; and I'm rather curious to have a look at him."

Colonel Bramleigh turned a full look at Jack, as though his words had some hidden meaning in them, but the frank and easy expression of the sailor's face reassured him at once.

"I hope the fellow won't put us in his book," said Temple. "You are never quite safe with these sort of people."

"Are we worth recording?" asked Jack with a laugh.

Temple was too indignant to make any answer, and Cutbill went on. "The authorship is only a suspicion of mine, remember. It was from seeing him constantly jotting down little odds and ends in his note-book that I came to that conclusion; and Frenchmen are not much given to minute inquiries if they have not some definite object in view."

Again was Bramleigh's attention arrested, but as before, he saw that the speaker meant no more than the words in their simplest acceptance conveyed.

A violent ringing of the door-bell startled the company, and after a moment's pause of expectancy, a servant entered to say, that a Government messenger had arrived with some important despatches for Lord Culduff, which required personal delivery and acceptance.

"Will you step up, Mr. Cutbill, and see if his lordship is in his room?"

"I'll answer for it he's not," said Jack to his father.

Cutbill rose, however, and went on his mission, but instead of returning to the dining-room it was perceived that he proceeded to find the messenger, and conduct him upstairs.

"Well, Nelly," said Marion, in a whisper, "what do you say now, is it so certain that it was Lord Culduff you saw this morning?"

"I don't know what to make of it. I was fully as sure as Jack was."

"I'll wager he's been offered Paris," said Temple, gravely.

"Offered Paris?" cried Jack; "what do you mean?"

"I mean the embassy, of course," replied he contemptuously. "Without," added he, "they want him in the Cabinet."

"And is it really by men like this, the country is governed?" said Nelly, with a boldness that seemed the impulse of indignation.

"I'm afraid so," said Marion scornfully. "Mr. Canning and Lord Palmerston were men very like this,—were they not, Temple?"

"Precisely; Lord Cuduff is exactly of the same order, however humble the estimate Ellen may form of such people."

"I'm all impatience for the news," said Augustus. "I wish Cutbill would come down at once."

"I'll take the odds that he goes to F. O.," said Temple.

"What the deuce could he do in China?" cried Jack, whose ear had led him into a cruel blunder.

Temple scarcely smiled at what savoured of actual irreverence, and added, "If so, I'll ask to be made private secretary."

"Mr. Temple, sir, his lordship would be glad to see you upstairs for a moment," said a footman, entering. And Temple arose and left the room, with a pride that might have accompanied him if summoned to a cabinet council.

"More mysteries of State," cried Jack. "I declare, girls, the atmosphere of political greatness is almost suffocating me. I wonder how Cutty stands it!"

A general move into the drawing-room followed this speech, and as Jack sauntered in he slipped his arm within Nelly's and led her towards a window. "I can't bear this any longer, Nelly,—I must trip my anchor and move away. I'd as soon be lieutenant to a port admiral as live here. You're all grown too fine for me."

"That's not it at all, Jack," said she, smiling. "I see how you've been trying to bully yourself by bullying us this hour back; but it will be all right to-morrow. We'll go over to the cottage after breakfast."

"You may; I'll not, I promise you," said he, blushing deeply.

"Yes, you will, my dear Jack," said she, coaxingly; "and you'll be the first to laugh at your own foolish jealousy besides,—if Julia is not too angry with you to make laughing possible."

"She may be angry or pleased, it's all one to me now," said he passionately. "When I told her she was a coquette, I didn't believe it; but, by Jove, she has converted me to the opinion pretty quickly."

"You're a naughty boy, and you're in a bad humour, and I'll say no more to you now."

"Say it now, I advise you, if you mean to say it," said he shortly; but she laughed at his serious face, and turned away without speaking.

"Isn't the cabinet council sitting late?" asked Augustus of Marion. "They have been nigh two hours in conference."

"I take it it must be something of importance," replied she.

"Isn't Cutbill in it?" asked Augustus, mockingly.

"I saw Mr. Cutbill go down the avenue, with his cigar in his mouth, just after we came into the drawing-room."

"I'll go and try to pump him," said Jack. "One might do a grand

thing on the Stock Exchange if he could get at State secrets like these." And as Jack went out a silence fell over the party, only broken by the heavy breathing of Colonel Bramleigh as he slept behind his newspaper. At last the door opened gently, and Temple moved quietly across the room, and tapping his father on the shoulder, whispered something in his ear. "What—ch?" cried Colonel Bramleigh, waking up. "Did you say 'out'?" Another whisper ensued, and the colonel arose and left the room, followed by Temple.

"Isn't Temple supremely diplomatic to-night?" said Nelly.

"I'm certain he is behaving with every becoming reserve and decorum," said Marion, in a tone of severe rebuke.

When Colonel Bramleigh entered the library, Temple closed and locked the door, and in a voice of some emotion said, "Poor Lord Culduff; it's a dreadful blow. I don't know how he'll bear up against it."

"I don't understand it," said Bramleigh, peevishly. "What's this about a change of Ministry and a dissolution? Did you tell me the Parliament was dissolved?"

"No, sir. I said that a dissolution was probable. The Ministry have been sorely pressed in the Lords about Culduff's appointment, and a motion to address the Crown to cancel it has only been met by a majority of three. So small a victory amounts to a defeat, and the Premier writes to beg Lord Culduff will at once send in his resignation, as the only means to save the party."

"Well, if it's the only thing to do, why not do it?"

"Culduff takes a quite different view of it. He says that to retire is to abdicate his position in public life; that it was Lord Rigglesworth's duty to stand by a colleague to the last; that every Minister makes it a point of honour to defend a subordinate; and that——"

"I only half follow you. What was the ground of the attack? Had he fallen into any blunder—made any serious mistake?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir; they actually complimented his abilities, and spoke of his rare capacity. It was one of those bursts of hypocrisy we have every now and then in public life, to show the world how virtuous we are. They raked up an old story of thirty years ago of some elopement or other, and affected to see in this escapade a reason against his being employed to represent the Crown."

"I'm not surprised—not at all surprised. There is a strong moral feeling in the heart of the nation, that no man, however great his abilities, can outrage with impunity."

"If they dealt with him thus hardly in the Lords, we can fancy how he will be treated in the Lower House, where Rigby Norton has given notice of a motion respecting his appointment. As Lord Rigglesworth writes, 'R. N. has got up your whole biography, and is fully bent on making you the theme of one of his amusing scurrilities. Is it wise, is it safe to risk this? He'll not persevere,—he could not persevere,—in his

motion, if you send in your resignation. We could not—at least so Gore, our whip, says—be sure of a majority were we to divide; and even a majority of, say thirty, to proclaim you moral, would only draw the whole press to open your entire life, and make the world ring with your, I suppose, very common and every-day iniquities.’”

“I declare I do not see what can be alleged against this advice. It seems to me most forcible and irrefragable.”

“Very forcible, as regards the position of the Cabinet; but, as Lord Culduff says, ruin, positive ruin to him.”

“Ruin of his own causing.”

Temple shrugged his shoulders in a sort of contemptuous impatience; the sentiment was one not worth a reply.

“At all events, has he any other course open to him?”

“He thinks he has; at least, he thinks that, with your help and co-operation, there may be another course. The attack is to come from below the gangway on the Opposition side. It was to sit with these men you contested a county, and spent nigh twenty thousand pounds. You have great claims on the party. You know them all personally, and have much influence with them. Why, then, not employ it in his behalf?”

“To suppress the motion, you mean?”

Temple nodded.

“They’d not listen to it, not endure it for a moment. Norton wouldn’t give up an attack for which he had prepared himself, if he were to find out in the interval that the object of it was an angel. As I heard him say one day at ‘the Reform,’ ‘Other men have their specialities. One fellow takes sugar, one the malt-duties, one Servia, or may be, Ireland; my line is a good smashing personality. Show me a fellow—of course I mean a political opponent—who has been giving himself airs as a colonial governor, or “swelling” it as a special envoy at a foreign court, and if I don’t find something in his despatches to exhibit him as a false prophet, a dupe, or a blunderer, and if I can’t make the House laugh at him, don’t call me Rigby Norton.’ He knows he does these things better than any man in England, and he does them in a spirit that never makes him an enemy.”

“Culduff says that N. is terribly hard up. He was hit heavily at Goodwood, and asked for time to pay.”

“Just what he has been doing for the last twenty years. There are scores of ships that no underwriters would accept making safe voyages half across the globe. No, no, he’ll rub on for many a day in the same fashion. Besides, if he shouldn’t, what then?”

Temple made a significant gesture with his thumb in the palm of his hand.

“That’s all your noble friend knows about England, then. See what comes of a man passing his life among foreigners. I suppose a Spanish or an Italian deputy mightn’t give much trouble, nor oppose any strenuous resistance to such a dealing; but it won’t do here—it will not.”

“Lord Culduff knows the world as well as most men, sir.”

"Yes, one world, I'm sure he does! A world of essenced old dandies and painted dowagers, surrounded by thieving lacqueys and cringing followers; where everything can be done by bribery, and nothing without it. But that's not England, I'm proud to say; nor will it be, I hope, for many a day to come."

"I wish, sir, you could be induced to give your aid to Culduff in this matter. I need not say what an influence it would exert over my own fortunes."

"You must win your way, Temple, by your own merits," said he haughtily. "I'd be ashamed to think that a son of mine owed any share of his success in life to ignoble acts or backstairs influence. Go back and tell Lord Culduff from me, that so far as I know it, Lord Rigglesworth's advice is my own. No wise man ever courts a public scandal; and he would be less than wise to confront one, with the certainty of being overwhelmed by it."

"Will you see him, sir? Will you speak to him yourself?"

"I'd rather not. It would be a needless pain to each of us."

"I suspect he means to leave this to-night."

"Not the worst thing he could do."

"But you'll see him, to say good-by?"

"Certainly; and all the more easily if we have no conversation in the meanwhile. Who's that knocking? Is the door locked?"

Temple hastened to open the door, and found Mr. Cutbill begging to have five minutes' conversation with Colonel Bramleigh.

"Leave us together, Temple, and tell Marion to send me in some tea. You'll have tea, too, won't you, Mr. Cutbill?"

"No, thank you; I'll ask for wine and water later. At present I want a little talk with you. Our noble friend has got it hot and heavy," said he, as Temple withdrew, leaving Bramleigh and himself together; "but it's nothing to what will come out when Norton brings it before the House. I suppose there hasn't been such a scandal for years as he'll make of it."

"I declare, Mr. Cutbill, as long as the gentleman continues my guest, I'd rather avoid than invite any discussion of his antecedents," said Bramleigh pompously.

"All very fine, if you could stop the world from talking of them."

"My son has just been with me, and I have said to him, sir, as I have now repeated to you, that it is a theme I will not enter upon."

"You won't, won't you?"

"No, sir, I will not."

"The more fool you, then, that's all."

"What, sir, am I to be told this to my face, under my own roof? Can you presume to address these words to me?"

"I meant nothing offensive. You needn't look like a turkey-cock. All the gobble-gobble in the world wouldn't frighten me. I came in here in a friendly spirit. I was handsomely treated in this house, and I'd like to make a return for it; that's why I'm here, Bramleigh."

"You will pardon me if I do not detect the friendliness you speak of in the words you have just uttered."

"Perhaps I was a little too blunt—a little too—what shall I call it?—abrupt; but what I wanted to say was this: here's the nicest opportunity in the world, not only to help a lame dog over the stile, but to make a good hound of him afterwards."

"I protest, sir, I cannot follow you. Your bluntness, as you call it, was at least intelligible."

"Don't be in a passion. Keep cool, and listen to me. If this motion is made about Culduff, and comes to a debate, there will be such stories told as would smash forty reputations. I'd like to see which of us would come well out of a biography, treated as a party attack in the House of Commons. At all events *he* couldn't face it. Stand by him, then, and get him through it. Have patience; just hear what I have to say. The thing can be done; there's eight days to come before it can be brought on. I know the money-lender has three of Norton's acceptances—for heavy sums, two of them. Do you see now what I'm driving at?"

"I may possibly see so much, sir, but I am unable to see why I should move in the matter."

"I'll show you, then. The noble viscount is much smitten by a certain young lady upstairs, and intends to propose for her. Yes, I know it, and I'll vouch for it. Your eldest daughter may be a peeress, and though the husband isn't very young, neither is the title. I think he said he was the eighth lord—seventh or eighth, I'm not sure which—and taking the rank and the coal-mine together, don't you think she might do worse?"

"I will say, sir, that frankness like yours I've never met before."

"That's the very thing I'd like to hear you say of me. There's no quality I pride myself on so much as my candour."

"You have ample reason, sir."

"I feel it. I know it. Direct lines and a wide gauge—I mean in the way of liberality—that's my motto. I go straight to my terminus, wherever it is."

"It is not every man can make his profession the efficient ally of his morality."

"An engineer can, and there's nothing so like life as a new line of railroad. But to come back. You see now how the matter stands. If the arrangement suits you, the thing can be done."

"You have a very business-like way of treating these themes."

"If I hadn't, I couldn't treat them at all. What I say to myself is, Will it pay? first of all, and secondly, How much will it pay? And that's the one test for everything. Have the divines a more telling argument against a life of worldliness and self-indulgence than when they ask, Will it pay? We contract for everything, even for going to heaven."

"If I could hope to rival your eminently practical spirit, Mr. Cutbill, I'd ask how far—to what extent—has Lord Culduff made you the confidant of his intentions?"

"You mean, has he sent me here this evening to make a proposal to you?"

"No, not exactly that; but has he intimated, has he declared—for intimation wouldn't suffice—has he declared his wish to be allied to my family."

"He didn't say, 'Cutbill, go down and make a tender in my name for her,' if you mean that."

"I opine not, sir," said Bramleigh haughtily.

"But when I tell you it's all right," said Cutbill, with one of his most knowing looks, "I think that ought to do."

"I take it, sir, that you mean courteously and fairly by me. I feel certain that you have neither the wish nor the intention to pain me, but I am forced to own that you import into questions of a delicate nature a spirit of commercial profit and loss, which makes all discussion of them harsh and disagreeable. This is not, let me observe to you, a matter of coal or a new cutting on a railroad."

"And are you going to tell Tom Cutbill that out of his own line of business—when he isn't up to his knees in earthworks, and boring a tunnel—that he's a fool and a nincompoop?"

"I should be sorry to express such a sentiment."

"Ay, or feel it; why don't you say that?"

"I will go even so far, sir, and say I should be sorry to feel it."

"That's enough. No offence meant, none is taken. Here's how it is now. Authorize me to see Joel about those bills of Norton's. Give me what the French call a *carte blanche* to negotiate, and I'll promise you I'll not throw your ten-pound notes away. Not that it need ever come to ten pound notes, for Rigby does these things for the pure fun of them, and if any good fellow drops in on him of a morning, and says, 'Don't raise a hue and cry about that poor beggar,' or 'Don't push that fellow over the cliff,' he's just the man to say, 'Well, I'll not go on. I'll let it stand over,' or he'll even get up and say, 'When I asked leave to put this question to the right honourable gentleman, I fully believed in the authentic character of the information in my possession. I have, however, since then discovered'—this, that, and the other. Don't you know how these things always finish? There's a great row, a great hubbub, and the man that retracts is cheered by both sides of the House."

"Suppose, then, he withdraws his motion,—what then? The discussion in the Lords remains on record, and the mischief, so far as Lord Culduff is concerned, is done."

"I know that. He'll not have his appointment; he'll take his pension and wait. What he says is this, 'There are only three diplomatists in all England, and short of a capital felony, any of the three may do anything. I have only to stand out and sulk,' says he, 'and they'll be on their knees to me yet.'"

"He yields, then, to a passing hurricane," said Bramleigh, pompously.

"Just so. He's taking shelter under an archway till he can call a

Hansom. Now you have the whole case ; and as talking is dry work, might I ring for a glass of sherry and seltzer ?”

“By all means. I am ashamed not to have thought of it before. This is a matter for much thought and deliberation,” said Bramleigh, as the servant withdrew after bringing the wine. It is too eventful a step to be taken suddenly.”

“If not done promptly it can't be done at all. A week isn't a long time to go up to town and get through a very knotty negotiation. Joel isn't a common money-lender, like Drake or Downie. You can't go to his office except on formal business. If you want to do a thing in the way of accommodation with him, you'll have to take him down to the 'Ship,' and give him a nice little fish dinner, with the very best Sauterne you can find ; and when you're sitting out on the balcony over the black mud,—the favourite spot men smoke their cheroots in,—then open your business ; and though he knows well it was all 'a plant,' he'll not resent it, but take it kindly and well.”

“I am certain that so nice a negotiation could not be in better hands than yours, Mr. Cutbill.”

“Well, perhaps I might say without vanity, it might be in worse. So much for that part of the matter ; now, as to the noble viscount himself. I am speaking as a man of the world to another man of the world, and speaking in confidence too. *You* don't join in that hypocritical cant against Culduff, because he had once in his life been what they call a man of gallantry ? I mean, Bramleigh, that *you* don't go in for that outrageous humbug of spotless virtue, and the rest of it ?”

Bramleigh smiled, and as he passed his hand over his mouth to hide a laugh, the twinkle of his eyes betrayed him.

“I believe I am old enough to know that one must take the world as it is pleased to present itself,” said he cautiously.

“And not want to think it better or worse than it really is ?”

Bramleigh nodded assent.

“Now we understand each other, as I told you the other evening we were sure to do when we had seen more of each other. Culduff isn't a saint, but he's a Peer of Parliament ; he isn't young, but he has an old title, and if I'm not much mistaken, he'll make a pot of money out of this mine. Such a man has only to go down into the Black Country or amongst the mills, to have his choice of some of the best-looking girls in England, with a quarter of a million of money ; isn't that fact ?”

“It is pretty like it.”

“So that, on the whole, I'll say this is a good thing, Bramleigh,—a right good thing. As Wishart said the other night in the House, 'A new country,'—speaking of the States,—'a new country wants alliances with old States ;' so a new family wants connection with the old historic houses.”

Colonel Bramleigh's face grew crimson, but he coughed to keep down his rising indignation, and slightly bowed his head.

"You know as well as I do, that the world has only two sorts of people, nobles and snobs; one has no choice,—if you're not one, you must be the other."

"And yet, sir, men of mind and intellect have written about the untitled nobility of England."

"Silver without the hall-mark, Bramleigh, won't bring six shillings an ounce, just because nobody can say how far it's adulterated; it's the same with people."

"Your tact, sir, is on a par with your wisdom."

"And perhaps you haven't a high opinion of either," said Cutbill, with a laugh that showed he felt no irritation whatever. "But look here, Bramleigh, this will never do. If there's nothing but blarney or banter between us we'll never come to business. If you agree to what I've been proposing,—you have only *me* to deal with, the noble lord isn't in the game at all,—he'll leave this to-night,—it's right and proper he should; he'll go up to the mines for a few days, and amuse himself with quartz and red sandstone; and when I write or telegraph,—most likely telegraph, 'the thing is safe;' he'll come back here and make his proposal in all form."

"I am most willing to give my assistance to any project that may rescue Lord Culduff from this unpleasant predicament. Indeed, having myself experienced some of the persecution which political hatred can carry into private life, I feel a sort of common cause with him; but I protest at the same time—distinctly protest—against anything like a pledge as regards his lordship's views towards one of my family. I mean I give no promise."

"I see," said Cutbill, with a look of intense cunning. "You'll do the money part. Providence will take charge of the rest. Isn't that it?"

"Mr. Cutbill, you occasionally push my patience pretty hard. What I said, I said seriously and advisedly."

"Of course. Now then, give me a line to your banker to acknowledge my draft up to a certain limit, say five hundred. I think five ought to do it."

"It's a smart sum, Mr. Cutbill."

"The article's cheap at the money. Well, well, I'll not anger you. Write me the order, and let me be off."

Bramleigh sat down at his table, and wrote off a short note to his junior partner in the bank, which he sealed and addressed, and handing it to Cutbill said, "This will credit you to the amount you spoke of. It will be advanced to you as a loan without interest, to be repaid within two years."

"All right; the thought of repayment will never spoil my night's rest. I only wish all my debts would give me as little trouble."

"You ought to have none, Mr. Cutbill; a man of your abilities, at the top of a great profession, and with a reputation second to none, should, if he were commonly prudent, have ample means at his disposal."

"But that's the thing I am not, Bramleigh. I'm not one of your safe

fellows. I drive my engine at speed, even where the line is shaky and the rails ill laid. Good-by; my respects to the ladies; tell Jack, if he's in town within the week to look me up at Limmers." He emptied the sherry into a tumbler as he spoke, drank it off, and left the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DEPARTURE.

SOME days had gone over since the scene just recorded in our last chapter, and the house at Castello presented a very different aspect from its late show of movement and pleasure.

Lord Culduff, on the pretence of his presence being required at the mines, had left on the same night that Cutbill took his departure for England. On the morning after Jack also went away. He had passed the night writing and burning letters to Julia; for no sooner had he finished an epistle, than he found it too cruel, too unforgiving, too unfeeling by half; and when he endeavoured to moderate his just anger, he discovered signs of tenderness in his reproaches that savoured of submission. It would not be quite fair to be severe on Jack's failures, trying as he was to do what has puzzled much wiser and craftier heads than his. To convey all the misery he felt at parting from her with a just measure of reproach for her levity towards him, to mete out his love and his anger in due doses, to say enough, but never too much, and finally to let her know that, though he went off in a huff, it was to carry her image in his heart through all his wanderings, never forgetting her for a moment, whether he was carrying despatches to Cadiz or coaling at Malta—to do all these, I say, becomingly and well, was not an easy task, and especially for one who would rather have been sent to cut out a frigate under the guns of a fortress than indite a despatch to "my Lords of the Admiralty."

From the short sleep which followed all his abortive attempts at a letter he was awakened by his servant telling him it was time to dress and be off. Drearier moments there are not in life than those which herald in a departure of a dark morning in winter, with the rain swooping in vast sheets against the window-panes, and the cold blast whistling through the leafless trees. Never do the candles seem to throw so little light as these do now through the dreary room, all littered and disordered by the preparations for the road. What fears and misgivings beset one at such a moment! What reluctance to go, and what a positive sense of fear one feels, as though the journey were a veritable leap in the dark, and that the whole fortunes of a life were dependent on that instant of resolution.

Poor Jack tried to battle with such thoughts as these by reminding himself of his duty and the calls of the service; he asked himself again and again, if it were out of such vacillating, wavering materials, a sailor's heart should be fashioned? was this the stuff that made Nelsons or Collingwoods? And though there was but little immediate prospect of a career of

distinction, his sense of duty taught him to feel that the routine life of peace was a greater trial to a man's patience than all the turmoil and bustle of active service.

"The more I cling to remain here," muttered he, as he descended the stairs, "the more certain am I that it's pure weakness and folly."

"What's that you are muttering about weakness and folly, Jack?" said Nelly, who had got up to see him off, and give him the last kiss before he departed.

"How comes it you are here, Nelly? Get back to your bed, girl, or you'll catch a terrible cold."

"No, no, Jack; I'm well shawled and muffled. I wanted to say good-by once more. Tell me what it was you were saying about weakness and folly."

"I was assuring myself that my reluctance to go away was nothing less than folly. I was trying to persuade myself that the best thing I could do was to be off; but I won't say I succeeded."

"But it is, Jack; rely on it, it is. You are doing the right thing; and if I say so, it is with a heavy heart, for I shall be very lonely after you."

Passing his arm around her waist, he walked with her up and down the great spacious hall, their slow footsteps echoing in the silent house.

"If my last meeting with her had not been such as it was, Nelly," said he, falteringly; "if we had not parted in anger, I think I could go with a lighter heart."

"But don't you know Julia well enough to know that these little storms of temper pass away so rapidly that they never leave a trace behind them? She was angry, not because you found fault with her, but because she thought you had suffered yourself to be persuaded she was in the wrong."

"What do I care for these subtleties? She ought to have known that when a man loves a girl as I love her, he has a right to tell her frankly if there's anything in her manner he is dissatisfied with."

"He has no such right; and if he had, he ought to be very careful how he exercised it."

"And why so?"

"Just because fault-finding is not love-making."

"So that, no matter what he saw that he disliked or disapproved of, he ought to bear it all rather than risk the chance of his remonstrance being ill-taken?"

"Not that, Jack; but he ought to take time and opportunity to make the same remonstrance. You don't go down to the girl you are in love with, and call her to account as you would summon a dockyard man or a rigger for something that was wrong with your frigate."

"Take an illustration from something you know better, Nelly, for I'd do nothing of the kind; but if I saw what, in the conduct or even in the manner of the girl I was in love with, I wouldn't stand if she were my wife, it will be hard to convince me that I oughtn't to tell her of it."

"As I said before, Jack, the telling is a matter of time and opportunity.

Of all the jealousies in the world there is none as inconsiderate as that of lovers towards the outer world. Whatever change either may wish for in the other must never come suggested from without."

"And didn't I tell her she was wrong in supposing that it was Marion made me see her coquetry?"

"That you thought Marion had no influence over your judgment she might believe readily enough, but girls have a keener insight into each other than you are aware of, and she was annoyed—and she was right to be annoyed—that in your estimate of her there should enter anything, the very smallest, that could bespeak the sort of impression a woman might have conveyed."

"Nelly, all this is too deep for me. If Julia cared for me as I believed she had, she'd have taken what I said in good part. Didn't I give up smoking of a morning, except one solitary cheroot after breakfast, when she asked me? Who ever saw me take a nip of brandy of a forenoon since that day she cried out, 'Shame, Jack, don't do that?' And do you think I wasn't as fond of my weed and my glass of schnaps as ever she was of all those little airs and graces she puts on to make fools of men?"

"Carriage waiting, sir," said a servant, entering with a mass of cloaks and rugs on his arm.

"Confound the carriage and the journey too," muttered he below his breath. "Look here, Nelly, if you are right, and I hope with all my heart you are, I'll not go."

"That would be ruin, Jack; you must go."

"What do I care for the service? A good seaman—a fellow that knows how to handle a ship—need never want for employment. I'd just as soon be a skipper as wear a pair of swabs on my shoulders and be sworn at by some crusty old rear-admiral for a stain on my quarter-deck. I'll not go, Nelly; tell Ned to take off the trunks; I'll stay where I am."

"Oh, Jack, I implore you not to wreck your whole fortune in life. It is just because Julia loves you that you are bound to show yourself worthy of her. You know how lucky you were to get this chance. You said only yesterday it was the finest station in the whole world. Don't lose it, like a dear fellow,—don't do what will be the embitterment of your entire life, the loss of your rank, and—the——" She stopped as she was about to add something still stronger.

"I'll go then, Nelly; don't cry about it; if you sob that way I'll make a fool of myself. Pretty sight for the flunkies, to see a sailor crying, wouldn't it? all because he had to join his ship. I'll go then at once. I suppose you'll see her to-day, or to-morrow at farthest?"

"I'm not sure, Jack. Marion said something about hunting parsons, I believe, which gave George such deep pain that he wouldn't come here on Wednesday. Julia appears to be more annoyed than George, and in fact for the moment we have quarantined each other."

"Isn't this too bad?" cried he passionately.

"Of course it is too bad; but it's only a passing cloud; and by the time I shall write to you it will have passed away."

Jack clasped her affectionately in his arms, kissed her twice, and sprang into the carriage, and drove away with a full heart indeed; but also with the fast assurance that his dear sister would watch over his interests, and not forget him.

That dark drive went over like a hideous dream. He heard the wind and the rain, the tramp of the horses' feet and the splash of the wheels along the miry road, but he never fully realized where he was or how he came there. The first bell was ringing as he drove into the station, and there was but little time to get down his luggage and secure his ticket. He asked for a coupé, that he might be alone; and being known as one of the great family at Castello, the obsequious station-master hastened to instal him at once. On opening the door, however, it was discovered that another traveller had already deposited a great coat and a rug in one corner.

"Give yourself no trouble, Captain Bramleigh," said the official in a low voice. "I'll just say the coupé is reserved, and we'll put him into another compartment. Take these traps, Bob," cried he to a porter, "and put them into a first-class."

Scarcely was the order given when two figures, moving out of the dark, approached; and one, with a slightly foreign accent, but in admirable English, said, "What are you doing there? I have taken that place."

"Yes," cried his friend, "this gentleman secured the coupé on the moment of his arrival."

"Very sorry, sir—extremely sorry; but the coupé was reserved—specially reserved."

"My friend has paid for that place," said the last speaker; "and I can only say, if I were he, I'd not relinquish it."

"Don't bother yourself about it," whispered Jack. "Let him have his place. I'll take the other corner; and there's an end of it."

"If you'll allow me, Captain Bramleigh," said the official, who was now touched to the quick on that sore point, a question of his department; "if you'll allow me, I think I can soon settle this matter."

"But I will not allow you, sir," said Jack, his sense of fairness already outraged by the whole procedure. "He has as good a right to his place as I have to mine. Many thanks for your trouble. Good-by." And so saying he stepped in.

The foreigner still lingered in earnest converse with his friend, and only mounted the steps as the train began to move. "A bientôt, cher Philippe," he cried, as the door was slammed, and the next instant they were gone.

The little incident which had preceded their departure had certainly not conduced to any amicable disposition between them, and each, after a sidelong glance at the other, ensconced himself more completely within his wrappings, and gave himself up to either silence or sleep.

Some thirty miles of the journey had rolled over, and it was now day,—dark and dreary indeed,—when Jack awoke and found the carriage pretty thick with smoke. There is a sort of freemasonry in the men of tobacco, which never fails them, and they have a kind of instinctive guess of a stranger from the mere character of his weed. On the present occasion Jack recognized a most exquisite Havanna odour, and turned furtively to see the smoker.

“I ought to have asked,” said the stranger, “if this was disagreeable to you, but you were asleep, and I did not like to disturb you.”

“Not in the least, I am a smoker too,” said Jack, as he drew forth his case and proceeded to strike a light.

“Might I offer you one of mine?—they are not bad,” said the other, proffering his case.

“Thanks,” said Jack; “my tastes are too vulgar for Cubans. Birds-eye, dashed with strong Cavendish, is what I like.”

“I have tried that too, as I have tried everything English, but the same sort of half success follows me through all.”

“If your knowledge of the language be the measure, I'd say you've not much to complain of. I almost doubt whether you are a foreigner.”

“I was born in Italy,” said the other cautiously, “and never in England till a few weeks ago.”

“I'm afraid,” said Jack, with a smile, “I did not impress you very favourably as regards British politeness, when we met this morning; but I was a little out of spirits. I was leaving home, not very likely to see it again for some time, and I wanted to be alone.”

“I am greatly grieved not to have known this. I should never have thought of intruding.”

“But there was no question of intruding. It was your right that you asserted, and no more.”

“Half the harsh things that we see in life are done merely by asserting a right,” said the other in a deep and serious voice.

Jack had little taste for what took the form of a reflection: to his apprehension, it was own brother of a sermon; and warned by this sample of his companion's humour, he muttered a broken sort of assent and was silent. Little passed between them till they met at the dinner-table, and then they only interchanged a few commonplace remarks. On their reaching their destination, they took leave of each other courteously, but half-formally, and drove off their several ways.

Almost the first man, however, that Jack met, as he stepped on board the mail-packet for Holyhead, was his fellow-traveller of the rail. This time they met cordially, and after a few words of greeting they proceeded to walk the deck together like old acquaintances.

Though the night was fresh and sharp there was a bright moon, and they both felt reluctant to go below, where a vast crowd of passengers was assembled. The brisk exercise, the invigorating air, and a certain congeniality that each discovered in the other, soon established between them

one of those confidences which are only possible in early life. Nor do I know anything better in youth than the frank readiness with which such friendships are made. It is with no spirit of calculation,—it is with no counting of the cost, that we sign these contracts. We feel drawn into companionship, half by some void within ourselves, half by some quality that seems to supply that void. The tones of our own voice in our own ears assure us that we have found sympathy; for we feel that we are speaking in a way we could not speak to cold or uncongenial listeners.

When Jack Bramleigh had told that he was going to take command of a small gun-boat in the Mediterranean, he could not help going further, and telling with what a heavy heart he was going to assume his command. "We sailors have a hard lot of it," said he; "we come home after a cruise,—all is new, brilliant, and attractive to us. Our hearts are not steeled, as are landsmen's, by daily habit. We are intoxicated by what calmer heads scarcely feel excited. We fall in love; and then, some fine day, comes an Admiralty despatch ordering us to hunt slavers off Lagos, or fish for a lost cable in Behring's Straits."

"Never mind," said the other, "so long as there's a goal to reach, so long as there's a prize to win, all can be borne. It's only when life is a shoreless ocean,—when, seek where you will, no land will come in sight,—when, in fact, existence offers nothing to speculate on,—then, indeed, the world is a dreary blank."

"I don't suppose any fellow's lot is as bad as that."

"Not perhaps completely, thoroughly so; but that a man's fate can approach such a condition,—that a man can cling to so small a hope that he is obliged to own to himself that it is next to no hope at all;—that there could be, and is, such a lot in existence, I who speak to you now am able unfortunately to vouch for."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Jack, feelingly; "and I am sorry, besides, to have obtruded my own small griefs before one who has such a heavy affliction."

"Remember," said the Frenchman, "I never said it was all up with me. I have a plank still to cling to, though it be only a plank. My case is simply this: I have come over to this country to prefer a claim to a large property, and I have nothing to sustain it but my right. I know well you Englishmen have a theory that your laws are so admirably and so purely administered that if a man asks for justice,—be he poor, or unknown, or a foreigner, it matters not,—he is sure to obtain it. I like the theory, and I respect the man who believes in it, but I don't trust it myself. I remember reading in your debates how the House of Lords sat for days over a claim of a French nobleman who had been ruined by the great Revolution in France, and for whose aid, with others, a large sum had once been voted, of which, through a series of misadventures, not a shilling had reached him. That man's claim, upheld and maintained by one of the first men in England, and with an eloquence that thrilled through every heart around, was rejected, ay, rejected, and he was sent out of court

a beggar. They couldn't call him impostor, but they left him to starve!" He paused for a second, and in a slower voice continued, "Now it may be that my case shall one of these days be heard before that tribunal, and I ask you does it not call for great courage and great trustfulness to have a hope on the issue?"

"I'll stake my head on it, they'll deal fairly by you," said Jack, stoutly.

"The poor baron I spoke of had powerful friends. Men who liked him well, and fairly believed in his claim. Now I am utterly unknown, and as devoid of friends as of money. I think nineteen out of twenty Englishmen would call me an adventurer to-morrow; and there are few titles that convey less respect in this grand country of yours."

"There you are right; every one here must have a place in society, and be in it."

"My landlady where I lodged thought me an adventurer; the tailor who measured me whispered adventurer as he went downstairs, and when a cabman, in gratitude for an extra sixpence, called me 'count,' it was to proclaim me an adventurer to all who heard him."

"You are scarcely fair to us," said Jack, laughing. "You have been singularly unlucky in your English acquaintance."

"No. I have met a great deal of kindness, but always after a certain interval of doubt—almost of mistrust. I tell you frankly, you are the very first Englishman with whom I have ventured to talk freely on so slight an acquaintance, and it has been to me an unspeakable relief to do it."

"I am proud to think you had that confidence in me."

"You yourself suggested it. You began to tell me of your plans and hopes, and I could not resist the temptation to follow you. A French hussar is about as outspoken an animal as an English sailor, so that we were well met."

"Are you still in the service?"

"No; I am in what we call *disponibilité*. I am free till called on,—and free then if I feel unwilling to go back."

The Frenchman now passed on to speak of his life as a soldier,—a career so full of strange adventures and curious incidents that Jack was actually grieved when they glided into the harbour of Holyhead, and the steamer's bell broke up the narrative.

Witch-Murders in India.

THE belief in witchcraft, which in days of yore was so wide-spread throughout almost all the countries of Europe, seems to a great extent to have been driven back by the ever-advancing tide of education and civilization, until it has a refuge only in the less advanced kingdoms of the East. It is strange to look back on that old superstition of the darker ages, which led our pious forefathers to burn harmless old women, and count it a righteous deed so to do. And it is equally strange to reflect on that same dreary superstition which, even in this nineteenth century, remains so deeply rooted in the minds of multitudes of the inhabitants of India, and which leads now, as it led formerly in Europe, to crimes of torture and bloodshed. But it is to be observed that there is this difference between the witchcraft which was held to exist in England and that which is believed to be practised in the present day in India, that whereas in the former case the Devil appeared to enter in and possess the souls of divers old women, and of some young women also, and by his unhallowed arts endue them with a strange power, and stranger inclination, to perform various acts of petty malice and malignant and spiteful harm towards their neighbours, without cause and with no fixed design: in India, on the other hand, there seems to be a method in the madness, for the results of the supposed witchcraft are palpable and direct, and the harm it works is incalculable. The witch there has a fixed object in view, and spares no pains to its furtherance; she has something more than the mere indulgence of her own malice to bring about,—a more monstrous design in view than that of mere revenge. This idea of witchcraft is more or less prevalent all over the continent of India; but it is only in certain parts of the country that it seems to pass beyond mere passive belief, and to assume its most revolting features. And it is of one of these hotbeds of superstition and ignorance that the present article principally treats.

There is a tract of country, some hundreds of miles in length and many more in breadth, which stretches away from the great backbone of Central India down to the shores of the Bay of Bengal: a territory wild and savage to a degree, possessing few roads, other than the mere stony, rugged tracks which for centuries have been the only means of communication between the coast and the interior; a country whose rivers are not bridged, are not navigable, and, for months of each year, are impassable:—which is clothed on all sides by dense, almost primeval jungle, so dense that in many parts it is a difficult thing for its denizens themselves to force their way through the thick undergrowth and the closely-planted

trees. Its population is but scanty, considering the vast area of the country; and the villages, scattered here and there in the little openings of the jungle, are small, miserably poor, and about as wretched specimens of the habitations of man as can well be supposed. And this country is, moreover, girt about and traversed by great chains of hills, in which dwell races of people as ignorant, as superstitious, and as poor, though even more savage and bloodthirsty, than their brethren of the plains. And all these people are mere animals in their ways of life; beyond the mere gratification of their appetites, they possess scarcely an idea: their religion, if they have any, is vague and gloomy,—a religion of fear and blood. But then they know nothing better, for, century after century, they have lived and died in their remote wilderness, and it is only now that the first rays of light are beginning to shine in upon the thick darkness which has so long hung like a heavy cloud over the length and breadth of the land. So it happens that superstition has established her head-quarters in this country, and has thrown out such hideous offshoots as sometimes to appal her very votaries themselves. Of course, in such an atmosphere as this a belief in all the horrors of witchcraft reigns paramount; it is an established article of faith, and leads the way to outrages and atrocities which have rendered the district notorious in other parts of India, as one inhabited by witches and devils. It is a fact, that to this day the lower classes of other provinces entertain the greatest fear of even passing through this region, lest they should in some mysterious way be tainted by the malignant influence supposed to be abroad. And it is a subject of congratulation that they find themselves and their goods fairly out of this ill-omened district.

The approximate cause of this prevailing belief in the power of witchcraft is "cholera," that scourge of Hindustan. This pestilence, which for years has puzzled the wisest of European physicians, whose source is yet a mystery, and for which, despite all that science can do, no real remedy has yet been found, is attributed, very much as we in former times should have attributed any such inscrutable plague, to simple witchcraft. The people themselves know nothing of excess of, or diminution of, ozone, have no knowledge of sanitary laws, are ignorant of the many ingenious theories from time to time brought forward to show that cholera is caused by some subtle atmospheric poison, or some vegetable impurity. Failing to find a natural cause, they adopt a supernatural one, and lay it all to the account of the spirit of evil.

It is usually at the commencement of the hot season that cholera appears here and there among the villages, at first of a milder type, more sporadic than epidemic, showing itself first at one little village, then another, moving sometimes in a direct line across the country, sometimes fitfully coming and going, breaking out where least expected, and passing over places which would seem most to favour its attacks. As the heat increases, the disease acquires greater virulence, grows more sudden in its results, until at last it commences those ravages which decimate towns

and villages, and strikes panic into the souls of the people. Driven to desperation, they in many cases leave their homes, and take refuge in the jungles, carrying the taint of disease with them, and leaving a track of dead and dying behind them as they fly. The very fact of their having, during the period of their banishment, to subsist as well as they can on the fruits and even on the leaves of the jungle trees, and to drink the most polluted water, renders them easy victims to disease. In such times it is no uncommon thing to find whole towns deserted, with the dead lying unburied in the houses, in the ditches and streets. By the roadside, and in the depths of the jungle fastnesses, the dead lie, infecting the air for miles round. If, in their great need and distress, the fugitives approach any other village in hope of obtaining shelter and food, they are driven away with blows and curses, and must go back into the jungles to die. The little traffic carried on in better times is entirely suspended; roads are unfrequented,—death is on all sides. Numbers take to their beds and die from sheer fright on the first approach of the destroyer. It happens, moreover, most unfortunately, that at this season of the year great gatherings of the people are held at certain sacred spots, as on the banks of a sacred river, or near some holy well, or in the neighbourhood of some deeply-venerated temple. The people flock to these great gatherings or fairs from all quarters, and remain for days and weeks together, buying, selling, and performing their religious duties; and seldom does a year pass but that at one of these fairs, perhaps at all, in the very height of their enjoyment, the alarm is given that cholera has appeared. The scene that follows such an appalling announcement may be in some sort imagined from the following account of a case in point, quoted in one of the official returns only a short time since.

The report states that a vast multitude of men, women, and children were gathered together at some sacred spot, situate high up on a lofty range of hills; some springs of pure sweet water sprang from the rocks, and ran down in cool refreshing streams to the plains below; the air was pure and exhilarating, the scenery superb, and the people washed in the sacred springs, bought and sold, and worshipped their gods, without a thought of the calamity hanging over them. People of many castes and of many districts were there, who had brought with them large quantities of merchandise of all kinds; they had come with their wives and children, their servants, their tents, their elephants, camels, horses, and bullocks, hoping to combine a profitable business with their religious duties. Between business and pleasure the days passed quickly away, and it began to be almost time to think of betaking themselves back to their respective villages, when on a sudden cholera of a frightfully virulent type broke out in the very heart of the camp. Universal panic ensued, each man thought only of how to save his own life, regardless of his neighbour. Then began a great rush for the plains. Leaving their goods behind them, with one accord they crowded down the steep ghauts, to get away from the fatal spot as soon as possible. But the destroyer followed them—indeed it

accompanied them ; for long before they had reached the foot of the mountains, the path down which they had rushed was covered with dead and dying, who were actually, as the report describes it, piled up in heaps among the rocks and stones of the ghaut. Once down on the plains the vast multitude spread in all directions, all anxious to avoid contact with their fellows. And as there was scarcely a family, of all those who came down from the mountains, of which one member had not died, or of which one at least, sick with cholera, was not being carried away with them, so the disease was carried about to all points of the compass. At last the people in their panic abandoned their sick and dying relatives, leaving them to die under the trees or in the nullahs, and fled in every direction exhausted for want of food. If any of them dared to go near any village which stood on their route, the villagers armed themselves with clubs and stones, and threatened vengeance if they came nearer. And so vast numbers died, some of cholera, some of hunger, some of fear and exhaustion ; and the unburied bodies polluted the atmosphere and ended in spreading the epidemic far and near.

It has been supposed that the great assemblies of people from every part of India at Juggernaut and other such sacred spots induces these outbreaks of cholera, and that the pilgrims on their return journey carry the seeds of the disease with them. There is no doubt truth in this ; but cholera, as before remarked, seems to obey no laws, and sets at nought all the precautions which human skill can devise. It may consequently be imagined how intense a dread the people have of an outbreak of cholera ; and seeing how unsparing a scourge it is, it may not be unnatural that they should believe witchcraft to be at the bottom of it. Their theory of witchcraft is simple and horrible. They imagine that there exists a certain "Devi," a demon of most blood-thirsty propensities, who possesses an insatiable craving for human flesh. In order to appease this appetite he selects from any village he thinks will suit him one or more women—old or young, he is not particular—and enlists them in his service ; he endows them with supernatural powers, with that of the evil eye, and enables them at will to produce cholera. In consideration of the powers bestowed on them, the witches are under an engagement to kill off as many people by cholera for the demon's especial eating as he shall think sufficient. The witch herself is supposed to partake, and may sometimes be discovered drinking, the life-blood of her own relatives. Sometimes men are also said to be enlisted in this diabolical cause ; but the demon on the whole seems to prefer the women, as being more easy to deal with. The consequences of branding any one as a witch are, of course, more onerous ; and while such a state of things lasts, it may easily be conceived how readily any malicious person may revenge himself on his neighbours. No sooner does the first case of cholera appear in the village than the men hold a counsel, at which the head of the village presides, to determine on what is best to be done. It is,

perhaps, decided that the village divinity must be propitiated. So a procession sets out, with as much noise of tom-toms, conchs, and other barbarous music as can be made, to the place where the god has his abode,—usually immediately beyond the precincts of the village, under some large banyan or peepul tree. After much music has been perpetrated, garlands of yellow flowers are hung round the neck of the deity, libations of water are poured over him, and he is plentifully anointed with red ochre. More flowers are scattered over him and around him; offerings of fruit piled on large plaintain-leaves are deposited near him, together with several earthen jars of water; and if necessity demands and the means of the community admit of it, some large sacrifice, as a sheep or goat, is made. The procession then marches through the village with horrid noise of tom-tom, and what is commonly called the cholera horn, and the people disperse to await the result of their propitiatory offerings. When some time has elapsed, and the cholera, instead of decreasing, as it obviously should have done had the god been well-disposed towards his people, appears to increase in violence and to grow daily more formidable in its attacks, the inhabitants get panic-stricken, and giving up appeals to the clemency of their god as hopeless, agree among themselves that witchcraft must be at work. Under these circumstances it seems advisable, that before they are driven to leave their homes and take to the jungles, the witch or witches should be discovered and punished. Another secret council is held, winked at perhaps by the two men in authority in the village, the head-man and his kotwal, whose duty it clearly should be on the part of Government to interfere and put a stop to any such proceedings. It is now solemnly announced that witchcraft is abroad, and that the witches must be punished. It is determined to watch the women very carefully, more especially at those times when they go down to the wells, or the stream, or the tank, as the case may be, to draw water for their households; for it is then that the demon will no doubt have most influence over them, and who knows but that they may be induced to poison the water to bring about their dreadful ends? The women must be kept under careful scrutiny, and should anything appear suspicious in their conduct they must be confined altogether to their houses.

At length, either from a spirit of malice, a desire for revenge, or simply for the sake of obtaining a victim, it is whispered about the village that the wife and daughter perhaps of some villager are the culprits, that they are in daily intercourse with the demon, and for his benefit are spreading abroad the dreaded cholera; it may even be asserted of them that they have been seen to drink the blood of their victims. It may chance that the innocent objects of all this popular indignation are sitting quietly in their hut about the time—as the expressive native idiom has it—“of lamp-lighting.” They have been, perhaps, hard at work all day, and are preparing the scanty evening meal of rice and dhal, or cakes of coarse flour, for the husband and father not yet returned from his labour

in the fields. Suddenly a gang of men, savage and desperate-looking, enter the hovel, and drag away the two women, heedless of their cries and vehement declarations of innocence. They have no need, poor creatures, to ask what the reason of this sudden visit may be; they know full well that it is a question of witchcraft, and perhaps one of violent death to them. When the master of the house returns, he finds his hut empty, and he immediately guesses the cause. He may, perhaps, attempt to remonstrate with the infuriate mob, but he is soon silenced, for he knows that to show too great an interest in the fate of his wife or his daughter may suffice to implicate him also in the charge of dealings with the devil. He rarely, therefore, interferes, whatever may be his feelings in the matter; and indeed it is not impossible that he himself, only one year ago, had a hand in some such dealings in which his neighbour's family were concerned. The two women have in the meantime been dragged out of the village and taken to some large tree near at hand, where preparations are being made for their torture. The principal and favourite instrument of punishment is a rod of the castor-oil tree; for tradition says that this alone has any power of hurting a witch, all other woods, even the potent bamboo itself, being useless for the purpose. Indeed, it is said that if a witch be beaten with a stick cut from any other than the castor-oil tree, it will on the very first application break in pieces, however stout and strong it may seem. So on this occasion castor-oil rods are in great request, and most of the assembled crowd appear armed with one or more of them.

The modes of torture usually adopted for witches vary somewhat according to the particular province and district in which they are employed. In former days, under the beneficent rule of the rajahs, when no one, from the rajah to the ryot, had any fear of gods or men before his eyes, and when atrocities of all kinds were the rule rather than the exception, it was the custom to tie up witches in skins, and throw them alive into the water. Sometimes, by way of a little gentle torture, they were crammed into a small chamber full of cobras, where they first half died of fright, and then quite died of snake-bites. Now-a-days, however, the first thing to be done in all such cases is a flogging with castor-oil rods. The women are in the first instance reasoned with and told that denial is useless; of course they are witches, have dealings with the demon, and have in short, together with him, drunk the blood and eaten the flesh of numbers of the departed villagers. The women naturally deny the charge vehemently. They are forthwith disrobed and hung, very often head downwards, on to a horizontal bamboo, placed some ten or twelve feet from the ground, on two perpendicular ones planted firmly in the earth. They are then swung slowly backwards and forwards, while their neighbours, armed with their castor-oil rods, stand in rows on either side, and give each a blow as she swings past: and the castor-oil rod is, in willing hands, capable of inflicting very severe punishment.

When the victims are half dead from the beating and from suffocation, they are taken down and dragged off to some neighbouring hovel while further tortures are being prepared. At this stage of the proceedings, perhaps, some more experienced or long-headed member of the company hints that the Sirkar (*i. e.* Government) may object to their arrangements; for the Sirkar, it is well known, *does* (though it is very unaccountable) object to people being punished and put to death, unless for proven offences and by competent authority. He, however, is silenced by the remark that if the Sirkar catches them, why then they must be caught: in the meantime, is their blood to be drunk and their village destroyed by witches? Some one else then suggests that burning with hot irons is a good way of making witches confess. So fires are lighted and pieces of old iron put in to be heated, and when all is ready the unfortunate victims are again brought out, and are oftentimes very cruelly and brutally burned on their necks and heads with the red-hot irons. Another mode of torture is to cover the face and neck with cotton-wool and then set fire to it, or to heat a brass candlestick to a white heat and compel the accused to carry it about until the hand is nearly burnt off. Another plan is to hang the witch from the bamboo above mentioned by the arms, to attach heavy weights to the feet, and to dash them about until the joints are ready to give way. The wretched creatures are kept all this time without food, water, or sleep, and are beaten during the intervals of other punishments with the all-powerful castor-oil rod. In their agony the victims very often declare that they really have a compact with a demon, and disclose horrible particulars as to the banquets they share with him. At last it happens that one or perhaps both of the women die under the cruel treatment they have received, and then the assembly is struck with a guilty fear. The bodies must be buried or got rid of in some way or other, and that is a very difficult thing to accomplish. No one who has any respect for his caste or himself will stretch out a hand to bury a witch—it would be endless pollution to think of it. The affair must be kept quiet, however; there must be no delay, for if it *does* come to the ears of the Sirkar, it will go hard with the murderers. So a couple of men of the lowest caste to be found in the village are induced by threats and bribes to drag away the bodies and throw them into some neighbouring ditch, or into a nullah, or a tank even, of which the water is little used, and so the tragedy ends—for a time at least. The murderers are then all sworn to secrecy, and go to their homes, hoping that cholera at any rate after this night's work will disappear. When matters are not carried quite so far as this, they content themselves with beating the supposed witches and turning them and their families out into the jungles, forbidding them ever again to approach the village: to prevent their doing so, they pull down their huts. The outcasts wander into the jungles and die very soon of starvation or cholera.

It now probably becomes necessary to make a general exodus from

the plague-stricken village. Though the witches have been murdered the plague is not stayed; therefore, as before described, the survivors gather together what goods they can conveniently carry, and leaving most of their old and helpless relations to perish of hunger and disease, betake themselves to the jungles. When the rainy season has commenced, the great heats passed away, and the cholera to some extent has abated, those who have managed to keep themselves alive come back to their homes and their occupations. And it is just at this time that, by some means or other, the news of the witch-murder *does* get to the ears of the Sirkar; a quarrel ensues most likely between some of the culprits, or one or more find a guilty conscience too much for them, and so walk in and make a clean breast of it to the nearest authorities. Oftener, however, the relations of the deceased, who have been probably bribed to silence, strike for more money, and in default thereof go and lodge a complaint against the murderers. Owing to the zeal of the civil authorities, the people are beginning to understand that they must not call people witches and put them to cruel deaths; because to do so is murder: a fact which they found difficult at first to grasp. The means employed, however, to convince them of this great truth, have been summary, and consequently, successful. The ringleaders and instigators of the crime have been arrested, found guilty, and hanged on the very spot where, in many instances, but some few months previously their victims had suffered and died a horrible death.

There is a strange, wild story of witchcraft and its results, well known among the people of the district here alluded to, and which will perhaps form an appropriate conclusion to this narrative. It is as follows:—
'A great many years ago,—so many, that it was beyond the memory of even the oldest inhabitant's great grandfather, so long ago that perhaps in those days many of the ruined temples to be seen perched on hill-tops and ensconced picturesquely among the palm-trees on the banks of the lotus-covered tanks or lakes, were in the very climax of their prosperity, and the gods enshrined therein were well fed, and had plenty of music and flowers on feast days,—there was a small village, situated on the bank of some such large tank, inhabited by industrious basket-makers. It was small and remote, and the inhabitants had a very singular horror of meeting or intermixing with the people of other neighbouring towns, for they had strong faith in the power of the evil eye. At last a report reached them of a certain dreadful plague which was ravaging the surrounding villages, carrying off the population by hundreds. Witchcraft, of course, was at the bottom of it all. It happened on a certain fine evening, towards the commencement of the hot season, that a basket-maker and his wife were sitting at the door of their hut, busily engaged at their trade, and their son, a boy of some six years old, was playing about under a large peepul-tree, some hundred yards off. Presently a woman was seen to pass through the village, and strike into a path which led immediately under the peepul-tree. Always suspicious

of strangers, the mother, crying out to her husband that the stranger was surely a witch, ran to pick up her child; the woman heard the exclamation, and turning, looked for an instant at the child, and then went her way through the jungle. In two hours from that moment the child was dead. The witch, said the distressed parents, had killed it with a glance. It must be buried at once; but they both agreed that the witch, though she had killed, should not devour their poor little one. So it was buried under a great mango-tree, a short distance from the house; and it being a very dark night, the father and mother climbed into the tree, and determined to watch over the grave until the witch should come. Slowly the hours passed. At midnight they distinguished, among the faint night-sounds peculiar to a thick jungle, footsteps approaching; it was verily the witch. She came cautiously to the grave, and muttering her incantations, dug up the body, which she placed in a sitting posture against the trunk of the tree; she then lit a fire, and after performing certain devilish charms, seized the corpse in her arms, and executed a horrible dance round the fire with it. Life at that moment seemed to re-enter the body; it stood up of itself, and began moving solemnly round the fire. The witch was preparing to end the scene, when on a sudden the father and mother sprang to the ground, seized their son, dashed out the embers of the fire, and fled to the village, leaving the witch in a state of astonishment; and the strangest part of the story is that the child lived, grew up, learnt his father's trade, became the father himself of a numerous family, and lived happily ever after.

There is much nonsense talked about the injustice of taking Native provinces under British rule; but it may be argued that if the result of such usurpation is to be the clearing away of this dark cloud of ignorance and superstition from the minds of the people, and substituting for it a clearer and brighter light—then the wider British rule extends the better and happier for India.

The Beautiful Miss Gunnings.

It is curious with what frequency Irish names turn up in the memoirs of the last century. Whether it be the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons betting at Newmarket, Lord Barrymore's private theatricals, or St. Leger's extravagant dinners—in every direction the Irish appear conspicuous.

It was in fortune-hunting, however, that they seem to have been most successful—a pursuit in which they excited considerable jealousy. There was that tall Hibernian, Mr. Hussey, whose stalwart person and handsome face not only won the favour of the widowed Duchess of Manchester, co-heiress of the last Duke of Montagu, and owner in her own right of immense possessions, but procured for him the earldom of Beaulieu and the red riband of the Bath to boot. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams wrote some verses on this occasion, the conclusion of which set half the Irishmen in London examining their pistols. "Nature," said the famous wit,—

Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence.
That beats all understanding.

Of all the celebrated Irish, or, indeed, English names, in the social history of the eighteenth century, none, however, are so famous as those of the "beautiful Miss Gunnings."

These wild Irish girls burst upon London society in the autumn of 1751, and in a moment carried it by storm. For the next ten years the gossiping writers of the age are incessantly chronicling their appearance, their manners or want of them, their marriages, and the admiration they excited, not only in fashionable circles, but still more among the populace. If it were not that the accounts they give are in most cases those of eye-witnesses, we should hesitate to believe them. Imagine a shoemaker realizing three guineas in one day by the exhibition at a penny a head of one of their shoes! Surely since the time of Cinderella and her glass slipper there has been nothing like it. We doubt if Madame Tussaud would think it worth while adding such a relic to her museum of curiosities at the present day.

Will our readers believe that these girls were unable to walk in the Park on account of the crowd that surrounded them in sheer admiration, and that they were obliged to obtain the protection of a file of the Guards? That when they were travelling through the country crowds lined the roads to gaze at them, and hundreds of people remained up all night around the inn at which they were staying, on the chance of getting a peep at them in the morning? Can we believe such things of our great

grandfathers and mothers, for we are sure the latter were not the least curious? We think we may propound the same question about our ancestors as one of the Bishops did in reference to the French, at the time of the Revolution,—“Can a whole nation lose its senses?” Where is all our enthusiasm at the present day? Has it oozed away through our fingers’ ends in this sceptical age? If “those goddesses the Gunnings” now descended upon us, we warrant that no extraordinary means need be taken for their protection. London, in fact, has become too extended and its population too numerous to have any longer but one centre of attraction. In our opinion, the popular admiration excited by “the beauties” is even more astonishing than their great alliances, splendid as these undoubtedly were.

The elder became Countess of Coventry, and the younger married successively two dukes, refused a third, and was the mother of four, besides obtaining a peerage in her own right. Not bad for two penniless Irish girls! We have called these celebrated beauties “Irish,” and as such they are generally spoken of. Strictly speaking, however, the popular belief is incorrect, inasmuch as there is no doubt they were born at Hemingford Grey in Huntingdonshire, but from thence were removed to the family seat in Roscommon when little more than infants.

The Gunning family was an offshoot of a respectable English house, and had settled in Ireland in the reign of James I. They possessed a fair estate, called Castle Coote, in Roscommon; but it was probably heavily encumbered. In the year 1731, Mr. Gunning, then a student in the Temple, and his father’s heir, married the Hon. Bridget Bourke, daughter of Lord Mayo, and in the two ensuing years were born Maria, afterwards Countess of Coventry, and Elizabeth, the future Duchess of Hamilton. At the time of Mr. Gunning’s marriage his father was still living, and it was not till his death a few years after that the family were transplanted to the wilds of Connaught.

It is hardly possible for us now to realize the desolation of that remote province in the early part of the last century. “To Hell or to Connaught” presented then a much more uncertain alternative than at the present day; and the worst of it was that, once there, escape was nearly as difficult from one place as the other. There were neither roads nor conveyances, and the travellers of the time complain bitterly of the hardships of the journey.

We are sure our readers share our regret that we know so little of Mrs. Gunning. If the lives of the mothers of great men have been thought worthy of record, surely the mothers of fair women deserve a niche in history. That Mrs. Gunning was handsome we take for granted. We are told that she was “a lady of most elegant figure,” a grace her daughters inherited; but we should like to have known much more than this. Bitterly, we imagine, she must have lamented her exile in the far West, especially when she beheld her daughters developing every day new beauties, and yet lacking those graces and accomplishments without

which their charms would lose half their attraction. Occasionally, too, she would hear of the splendour of the Irish capital, where Lord Chesterfield was ruling with unwonted magnificence.

Perhaps, however, the country breeding of the Miss Gunnings in reality contributed to their future triumphs. Their natural and unaffected manners must have contrasted pleasantly with the artificial and ceremonious society of the period, while there is no doubt that the healthy breezes of the country contributed not a little to those brilliant complexions which added so materially to their loveliness.

In the year 1748 Mrs. Gunning resolved that her daughters should no longer "waste their sweetness on the desert air," and accordingly the whole family removed to Dublin; Maria, afterwards Lady Coventry, being then about sixteen, and her sister a year younger.

At that period the society of the Irish metropolis possessed many attractions. Sheridan had succeeded to the theatrical sceptre, and his accession heralded a new era in the Irish drama. The riots and disturbances which had so long disgraced the performances were quelled by his firm government, while the engagements of Garrick, Cibber, Mrs. Woffington, and Miss Bellamy shed a lustre over the Irish stage such as had never before been equalled.

The musical taste, too, for which the Hibernian capital is still famous was even then conspicuous. Some years had elapsed since Handel's visit, but early in 1748 his *Judas Maccabeus* was produced for the first time, by the special command of the Earl of Harrington, then Lord Lieutenant, and met with a much more cordial reception than in London. Lord Harrington had just succeeded the famous Earl of Chesterfield, who had departed the previous year, leaving behind him memories of magnificence and hospitality to which the Irish Court had hitherto been a stranger. Lord Harrington, however, seems to have been determined to prove that the junior branch of the Stanhopes could vie with the parent stem in splendour and elegance. His Court was graced by the presence of his eldest son's bride, Lady Caroline Petersham, daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and one of the handsomest women in England, who thus early entered on her career of rivalry with the beautiful Countess of Coventry. But from this English belle the lovely Mrs. Madden, afterwards Lady Ely and the reigning Irish toast, was considered by many to bear off the palm—perhaps through national prejudice.

Of the brilliant festivities at the Castle of Dublin Mr. Victor, who aided Sheridan in ruling the fierce democracy of an Irish audience, gives us some idea. He tells us that, in virtue of his office, he attended Court on the birthnight (October 30, 1748), and that "nothing in the memory of the oldest courtier living ever equalled the taste and splendour of the supper-room at the Castle on that occasion. The ball was in the new room designed by Lord Chesterfield, which is allowed to be very magnificent. After the dancing was over, the company retired to a long gallery, where, as you passed slowly through, you stopped by the way at shops

elegantly formed, where was cold eating and all sorts of wines and sweetmeats, and the whole most beautifully disposed by transparent paintings, through which a shade was cast like moonlight. Flutes and other soft instruments were playing all the while, but, like the candles, unseen. At each end of the long building were placed fountains of lavender-water constantly playing, that diffused a most grateful odour through this amazing fairy scene, which certainly surpassed everything of the kind in Spenser, as it proved not only a fine feast for the imagination but, after the dream, for the senses also, by the excellent substantials at the sideboards." The tradition is that the Miss Gunnings having no dresses in which to appear at the *fête* thus described, applied to Mr. Sheridan in their difficulty, and that he at once placed his whole theatrical wardrobe at their disposal—a piece of generosity repaid by neglect and ingratitude, when, some years later, they were in a position to make a proper return for it. That the Gunnings were in a state of impecuniosity, deeper even than became the Irish gentry of the period, not only when in Dublin, but afterwards in London, is evident from some anecdotes about them related by Miss Bellamy, who at this time was acting in the Irish capital. One day as Miss Bellamy was returning through the streets from a rehearsal, she heard a voice of distress, and at once entered the house from which it proceeded. She there found "a lady of most elegant figure," surrounded by four beautiful girls and a boy of about three years old. This lady was Mrs. Gunning, who informed the actress that having lived beyond their income, her husband had been compelled to retire into the country to avoid the disagreeable consequences which were about to ensue, leaving his family to the tender mercy of the bailiffs, who were then in the house, and preparing to turn them out of doors. Miss Bellamy, with that kindness which is still the characteristic of her profession, took pity on the family, and brought them to her own residence. The bailiffs, too, were outwitted by the actress's serving-man, who was sent at night to remain under the windows of the house, from which everything portable was thrown to him. While they were thus residing with Miss Bellamy, the Gunnings, conscious of their charms and eager to learn what their effect would be, insisted on consulting a fortune-teller who had then gained great celebrity in Dublin. This female seer, we are informed, told their fortunes with even greater accuracy than the mediums of the present day; foreseeing not only the exalted rank to which both would attain, but also the premature death of the Countess of Coventry.

Of the sensation the youthful beauties created in Dublin we have, unfortunately, but little record. Mrs. Delany, whose charming *Letters* lately edited by Lady Llanover throw such light upon the social history of the past century, gives us just one peep at them in a letter written in June, 1750, to her sister, from her residence at Delville, near Dublin. Her sister had probably written to her, curious to learn about the wonderful Gunnings. In reply, Mrs. Delany informs her that all she has

heard about the Gunnings is true, except about their fortunes; "but," adds the censorious old lady, "they have a still greater want, and that is *discretion*." It was probably, however, this very want of discretion,—so shocking in the eyes of the precise Mrs. Delany,—which constituted the peculiar charm of the Miss Gunnings, and especially of the elder, afterwards Lady Coventry. Their *naïveté* and the absence of restraint in their manners must have been quite refreshing in that artificial age, in spite of an occasional *bêtise*. The "wits" generally admired (and made fun of) the "wild Irish girls;" and Selwyn especially appears to have had quite a fatherly regard for Lady Coventry, in whose daughter he subsequently showed the deepest interest.

One would have imagined that the society of the Irish metropolis at such a brilliant epoch ought to have sufficed for girls brought up in the retirement to which they had been accustomed. Success there we should have thought would have satisfied even their soaring ambition, especially when their financial weakness is revealed to us. Perhaps, however, these very difficulties only hastened their departure. Whether this surmise be correct, or that our beauties were determined to fulfil the prophecies of the old fortune-teller, or that the pension of 150*l.* a year, which at this period we find granted to Mrs. Gunning out of that mysterious and much-enduring fund "the Irish establishment," supplied afresh the sinews of war, in which the family seem to have been woefully deficient—at all events the future peeresses arrived in the metropolis in the autumn of 1750. Such a journey was then a tedious, if not a perilous undertaking. The traveller might take a week to reach Holyhead, and would certainly take as long again to arrive at his journey's end.

On a Sunday in the December of that year they were presented at Court, as we learn from *Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, and most graciously received. Our readers who have perhaps seen the "exhibits" of their native land hidden from the profane gaze of the foreigner on the Sabbath, will be surprised to learn that the ceremony of presentation at Court took place on that day. It was not till the following reign that the custom of holding drawing-rooms on a Sunday was abandoned.

What a society was that into which the Gunnings plunged! It was a dandified, ceremonious age, full of wicked, conceited, mocking, witty "fine ladies and fine gentlemen." A lord was then a lord indeed, and his superiority over common mortals duly acknowledged. Drinking, card-playing for enormous stakes, and horse-racing, were the chief occupations of the time. Lord March, so well known afterwards when he became Duke of Queensberry as "Old Q.," Selwyn, Lord Carlisle, and Walpole, were then in their prime. The Court and society in general were frightfully dissolute. Assemblies, masked balls, *ridottos*, and the gardens of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, afforded the "young bloods" opportunities of which they were not slow to take advantage. Bath, where the long and brilliant career of Nash was drawing to its close, was still the most fashionable resort. Thither, in the autumn, went their Royal Highnesses the Prince

of Wales and his wife, "cette diablesse," as King George used to call her, and were followed by a glittering crowd.

The Miss Gunnings were not long without creating a sensation even in the great metropolis itself. They were not only sought after by the leaders of fashionable society, but were also surrounded by admiring crowds in the Parks and at all places of public resort. Horace Walpole writing to Sir Horace Mann, in 1751, thus alludes to them:—"You who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to Ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for, singly, I have seen much handsomer women than either: however, they can't walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." A short time after he wrote,—“As you talk of our beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, has yet been ‘teterrima belli causa.’ They went the other day to see Hampton Court. As they were going into the Beauty Room another company arrived. The housekeeper said, ‘This way, ladies; here are the beauties.’ The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; they came to see the palace, and not to be shown as a sight themselves.” In spite, however, of these protestations, there was a very general belief that they were not wholly averse to the popular homage.

It was about a year after their arrival in London that the marriage of the eldest Miss Gunning with the Earl of Coventry was first reported. In August, 1751, we find that the editor of *Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, whose readers doubtless were eager for any scrap of news about their former celebrities, is confidently assured "that a treaty of marriage is concluded between the Earl of Coventry and the celebrated Miss Gunning of this city;" and a short time afterwards he informs us that the marriage has actually taken place. This, however, was anticipating matters considerably.

The Earl of Coventry must have been one of the greatest matches in England. He had just come into possession of the title and an ample estate in Worcestershire, of which county he was immediately made lord-lieutenant, succeeding his father in the office. He seems to have been a grave, solemn kind of young man. His favourite pursuit was music, of which he was enthusiastically fond. It was this taste probably that had attracted him to Violetta, afterwards famous as the wife of Garrick, to whom it had been said he was going to be married a couple of years before the period we are speaking of. At the meeting of Parliament, in November, 1751, he moved the address in the Upper House; and Lord Chesterfield tells us he did it well enough,—“though agitated at the same time by the

two strong passions of fear and love, Miss Gunning being seated on one side of him and the House on the other." His lordship adds, "That affair is within a few days of its crisis, but whether that will be a marriage or a settlement is undecided. Most people think the latter; for my part I think the former." We learn again from the same source that the pair were carrying on their negotiations in all public places, but that people were in doubt whether the treaty would be final or only *provisional*.

We think there was no foundation for these insinuations against Miss Gunning. Whatever discussions might arise at White's about the relations between the Irish beauty and the English peer, however my Lord March might snigger and Selwyn hint, there never appears to have been anything but an honourable alliance in contemplation between the parties. Lord Chesterfield, as was natural for so keen an observer of the world and its ways, had foreseen the inevitable result, although the crisis was postponed much longer than he had imagined, and then brought about in rather a curious way. Walpole tells us the story in a letter of the end of February, 1752:—" . . . The event that has made most noise since my last is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings (Elizabeth), who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago the young Duke of Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's made to show the house, which is really magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room while he was playing at Pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were up three hundred pounds each. He soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl, and could not conceive why, if he was so engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, he played at all. However, two nights after, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring. The duke swore he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with the ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at May-fair Chapel. The Scotch are indignant that so much beauty had its effect; and, what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other."

This impatient duke, who was thus seized with such a sudden passion for the younger Miss Gunning, was the grandson of the unfortunate nobleman who when on the eve of setting out as ambassador to France in 1712 was slain in a duel by Lord Mohun. This was not the first time that he had fallen suddenly and violently in love. The fascina-

tions of Miss Chudleigh, whose trial for bigamy when Duchess of Kingston is well known, had previously overcome him. The Duke proposed for her, and was accepted. He afterwards left for the Continent, leaving her behind him as his affianced bride. During his absence abroad Miss Chudleigh met Mr. Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, and was married to him, but their union concealed. It was said that she would not have abandoned her first lover had not her aunt, through the interception of their correspondence, led her to believe that she had been deserted by him. His Grace felt the disappointment keenly, and for some time after led such a wild life as justified the comments of Walpole. He was determined, evidently, that the second time, at least, there should be no "slip between the cup and the lip." Owner of three dukedoms in Scotland, England, and France, besides other dignities innumerable, this nobleman was probably the haughtiest man in the kingdom, now that "the proud Duke of Somerset" had passed away. The duke and his duchess used to walk into dinner before their guests, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody under the rank of an earl. Naturally enough, Walpole wonders how they could get any one, either above or below their own rank, to dine with them. Yet the duke was not without brains and culture, for Dr. Carlyle mentions him as having spoken at the Select Society in Edinburgh, and says that he was "a man of letters could he have kept himself sober."

The marriage of the elder Miss Gunning soon followed that of her sister, and early in March she became Countess of Coventry. An anecdote told by Miss Bellamy, while it does not say much for the gratitude of her ladyship, shows that in London as in Dublin the beauties were sometimes reduced to considerable straits. One night when Miss Bellamy was acting in *Romeo and Juliet* and had just reached one of the most pathetic passages in that tragedy she was disturbed by a loud laugh, which, it turned out, proceeded from Lady Coventry, the occupant of the stage box. The actress was so much upset by the interruption that she was compelled to retire. When the countess was remonstrated with she excused herself by saying that since she had seen Mrs. Cibber act the part she could not endure Miss Bellamy. It is probable that her ladyship would have spared this retort had she remembered certain pecuniary obligations between her and the actress which were still undischarged. The next day Miss Bellamy, stung by her conduct, requested payment of the note of hand which the countess had given her when obtaining a loan just previous to her marriage; probably to purchase the wedding trousseau. The application was treated with contempt, and the debt never paid. The giving of that business-like "note of hand" appears to us, we confess, rather suspicious; it looks as if it was not the first transaction of the kind in which her ladyship had been engaged. She had, we suppose, the ideas of her countryman on the subject, who, having given a short-dated bill for a debt, expressed his pleasure that that matter was settled at all events. In spite, however, of Miss Bellamy's assistance, the countess does not appear to

have brought a very ample trousseau to her husband. Lord Chesterfield, alluding to Lady Coventry's presence at a Chapel of the Garter held a few days after her marriage, insinuates as much when he tells us, in complimenting her beauty, that "my lord has adorned and rigged her out completely. She adorns herself too much, for I was near enough to see manifestly that she had laid on a great deal of white, which she did not want, and which would destroy both her natural complexion and her teeth. Duchess Hamilton, her sister, is to appear next week, and will in my mind far outshine her." When the duchess was presented a few days later the curiosity and excitement were so great that the highest ladies in the land climbed upon chairs and tables to look at her; and at the opera and every public place where it was known either of the sisters would attend crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of them.

In May their ladyships proceeded to their several castles; but Lady Coventry at least does not seem to have fancied country life; and indeed, considering that she was then in the zenith of her popularity, such a dislike was only natural.

In July, Walpole gossips about her ladyship in this wise: "Our beauties are returned (from Paris) and have done no execution. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame Brionne, handsomer and a finer figure."

We fear her ladyship must have displeased Walpole in some way, for he had previously been enthusiastic about her perfect figure. He continues in a very depreciatory strain: "Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages, for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback to her beauty—her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself,—just enough to show how ill-bred he is. He is jealous, rude, and scrupulous. At Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her that since she had deceived him and broke her promise he would carry her back direct to England."

When we remember how the death of the countess was hastened by her liberal use of "red and white," it is impossible to avoid regretting that this strict discipline was not more perseveringly maintained. Parisian society was much amused at her *naïveté* in excusing herself from attending Madame Pompadour's *fête* on the ground that it was her dancing-master's hour; but we think that such a reply only showed a very sensible determination to make up for her early deficiencies. At the opera, which was in London the constant scene of her triumphs, Mrs. Pitt, a rival English beauty, took a box opposite the countess; and the French people cried out that she was the real English angel, thereby driving away her ladyship in tears.

It is clear, indeed, that the visit to Paris was a *fiasco*. Its society was too *spirituelle* for her ladyship, and her husband was only anxious to get back to his musical festival at Worcester.

She complained to every one how odd it was my lord should treat her so ill when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling. In spite, however, of these complaints of "my dear Cov," as she used to call her husband, the pair seem to have been very fond of each other. We find, to be sure, in the letters of the time, many insinuations about her and Lord Bolingbroke, nephew of the great Bolingbroke. In an age given so much to scandal such reports were only to be expected; but we do not think that in this case there was any foundation for them. There is no doubt that Lady Coventry was deficient in that knowledge of the world and those accomplishments so necessary, especially at that period; but then we must remember that she became a "lady of quality" all at once, and while still in her 'teens.

In spite of these disadvantages Lady Coventry was now the leader of fashion in the metropolis. No assembly was complete without her presence, her dress was eagerly copied by admiring crowds who imagined that in it perhaps lay some of her attraction. She came to her friend Selwyn one day to show him her "birth-night" dress, which was covered over with spots of silver the size of a shilling. The wit told her she would be changed for a guinea. Mrs. Delany, who was evidently very fond of dress and a great authority on the subject, hears that the countess has been at a ball in "high beauty," but, alas! gets no account of her toilette. A short time afterwards she was more fortunate, for she tells us, "Yesterday, after chapel, the duchess brought Lady Coventry to feast me, and a *feast she was!* She is a fine figure, handsome notwithstanding a silly look sometimes about her mouth; she has a thousand airs, but with a sort of innocence that diverts one. Her dress was a black silk sack made for a large hoop, which she wore without any, and it trailed a yard on the ground; she had a cobweb laced handkerchief, a pink satin long cloke lined with ermine mixed with squirrel-skins. On her head a French cap that just covered the top of her head of blond and stood in the form of a butterfly with its wings not quite extended, filled sort of lappets crossed under her chin and tied with pink and green ribbon—a head-dress that would have charmed a *shepherd!* She has a thousand dimples and prettinesses in her cheeks, her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but fine for all that."

This is the most complete description we get anywhere of the countess. It is unfortunate that she died before Reynolds had yet risen to fame. Sir Joshua would have revelled in so fair a subject for his brush. Cotes, however, who preceded Reynolds as a fashionable portrait-painter, has left us the likeness of both beauties. There was a charming little oval portrait by his hand of the younger sister, when Duchess of Argyle, exhibited this summer in the National Portrait Exhibition at Kensington. We certainly agree with those who maintained that the duchess was the handsomer of

the two ; and Dr. Carlyle, who had seen her, speaks of her as undoubtedly the handsomest woman of her time. We have all heard Pliny's story of the citizen of Cadiz who was so enraptured with "Livy's pictured page" as to travel from Spain to Rome for the sole purpose of beholding its author. Mrs. Delany tells us of a lady who professed that she had crossed the Atlantic to see Lady Coventry. "Miss Allen was at the masquerade at Somerset House, and had a great desire to see Lady Coventry ; by this time most people were unmasked, and Miss Allen went up to Lady Coventry (resolved to make a little sport with her), and after looking at her very earnestly, 'I have indeed heard a great deal of this lady's beauty, but it far surpasses all I have heard. I don't know whether I may be called an Englishwoman, but I am just come from New York upon the fame of this lady, whose beauty is talked of far and near, and I think I came for a very good purpose.'"

We don't hear much of the other members of the family after the elevation of the elder Miss Gunnings. Of the four beautiful girls who surrounded Mrs. Gunning when Miss Bellamy first saw the family, one died while a child, and the other made an inferior match in Ireland.

Their only brother entered the army, and having distinguished himself in the American war, became a General and a Knight of the Bath. He had a daughter who, trusting, we suppose, to the proverbial "luck of the Gunnings," made a bold stroke for a ducal coronet, but came to rather signal grief. The affair caused a good deal of scandal in the next generation ; and Miss Gunning's "vaulting ambition having o'erleaped itself," she was content eventually to accept a plain Connaught gentleman.

Now that the peeresses had become "fine ladies," cultivating "Shakspeare and the musical glasses," we hear nothing of their mother. Of Mr. Gunning, who no longer found it necessary to retire into the country to avoid unpleasant consequences, we get a glimpse as he attends his daughters' assemblies, wearing the portrait of Lady Coventry in his button-hole like a *Croix de St. Louis*, and prouder of his decoration than others of the Garter.

In the autumn of the year 1755 the Duchess of Hamilton and her husband paid a visit to the Irish capital, where the Marquis of Hartington had just assumed the reins of government. The good folks in Dublin, we may be sure, were not a whit behind the metropolis in the homage they paid at the shrine of beauty. The natural enthusiasm of the Hibernian was heightened by the knowledge that in this case their devotion was exhibited towards the "native article," and the visit of the duchess was one continued triumph. When the pair dined at the Eagle Tavern, Cork Street, vast crowds of all degrees assembled to see them ; and when they afterwards retired to their lodgings, in Capel Street, the number of spectators was so great as to obstruct the traffic. Of course they were taken to see all the sights,—visited Powerscourt waterfall, a hundred years ago, as now, the most beautiful of them, attended a levee held in their honour, and patronised a charitable *fête*. We wonder if her grace visited the house

in Britain Street from which she and her sister had tossed their valuables to the actress's serving-man below, in order that something at all events might escape the clutches of the bailiffs. It was given out that Lady Coventry was to pass the winter in Dublin, but the rumour proved unfounded, to the intense disappointment of its inhabitants. The countess preferred the company of her great London friends, to whom she appears to have sometimes afforded considerable amusement. Walpole tells us that at a great supper at Lord Hertford's, he would have made her angry had she not been the best-natured creature in the world. We cannot help thinking, however, that her good-nature on this occasion arose chiefly from her dulness in seeing that the company were laughing at her. After her conduct towards Miss Bellamy, it is impossible to speak of her kind-heartedness. Neither, if she possessed any instinctive regard for the feelings of others, would she have told the King, then a feeble old man, that there was but one other sight she cared to see, and that was—a coronation! “She declared, in a very vulgar accent, that if she drank any more she would be ‘*muckibus*.’ ‘Lord,’ said Lady Mary Coke, ‘what is that?’ ‘Oh! it is only Irish for sentimental,’ replied Walpole.”

In strong contrast to the above rather coarse sketch of one of the “goddesses” is a second, by the same hand, of a summer evening at Strawberry Hill, when the other was present. Surely, if the Laureate had beheld it, he would have added another page to his *Dream of Fair Women*. “Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury dined here; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all sitting in the shell. A thousand years hence, when I come to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they will be. I shall say ‘Women alter now. I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings!’” Pity that Watteau was not alive to immortalize such a scene.

The Duke of Hamilton, who was no less damaged in his person than in his fortune at the period of his marriage, died early in the year 1758. Miss Elizabeth Gunning's union with him does not seem to have been very happy. She did not remain long in retirement, and was soon surrounded anew by an admiring train. It was the general opinion that her beauty had only matured and improved during her first marriage, and that at five-and-twenty she was handsomer than ever. The Duke of Bridgewater was smitten by her charms and offered her his hand, only to be refused; for which refusal posterity is indebted to her grace, as it was after his rejection that the disappointed duke devoted himself to Brindley and the canal which still bears his name. Thus a great national benefit hung on the caprice of a Gunning! The refusal of the Duke of Bridgewater did not, however, imply that the widow intended to remain for ever disconsolate,

and in the winter of 1759 her engagement to John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, was the talk of the town. Walpole writes to all his friends about it. He tells Sir Horace Mann that it is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia between her romantic history and the handsome person and attractive manners of his intended. To Conway he thus unbosoms himself:—

“It is the prettiest match in the world except yours, and everybody likes it except the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate to those two women! who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years for fear of being shuffled out of the world prematurely to make room for the rest of their adventures. The first time that Jack carries the duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding sheet with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth. . . . The head of the house of Argyle is content, and considers the blood of the Hamiltons has purified that of the Gunnings.” In March, 1759, the duchess was married to Mr. Campbell, who soon after succeeded to the family honours. After her second marriage she almost entirely disappeared from the fashionable world, and the name of the Duchess of Argyle is but seldom met with in the memoirs of the time. Not so, however, her sister, who continued to shine in society till the moment of her early death, which occurred about two years later. There is no doubt it was hastened by her liberal use of powder and paint. We even in the present day have little idea how the ladies of that age painted themselves. It is true we have our washes, our cosmetics, our dyes and our artists whose enamel renders the wearer “beautiful for ever,” but nevertheless we doubt if in this respect we go so far as our great-grandmothers. Pope, describing a lady’s toilet a generation before, hinted at the practice then becoming general:—

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of the face,
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

In the middle of the last century the habit had become universal ; we must represent to ourselves, as Thackeray says, all fashionable female Europe plastered with white and raddled with red. Walpole, when taking his beautiful niece, afterwards Lady Waldegrave, and her lively friend Miss Ashe, to Vauxhall, says, “They had just refreshed their last layers of red and looked as handsome as crimson could make them.” In an epigram on Lady Coventry’s great rival, Lady Caroline Petersham, the writer asks,

Her blooming cheeks, what paint could draw ’em ?
 That paint for which no mortal ever saw ’em.

It was in the rouge-pot the poor Countess found her early death. Her friends saw that the habit was rapidly bringing on consumption, but no warnings could avail. In the winter of 1759 her health completely broke down, and it was thought that she could not hold out long. Walpole mentions with surprise, in January, 1760, that at the trial of Lord Ferrers for murder, in Westminster Hall, she appeared as well as ever, and was acting over again "the old comedy of eyes" with Lord Bolingbroke. The Countess lingered until the autumn of that year. Her death-bed was indeed a sad one. The deadly poison which she was in the habit of using to heighten her charms committed such ravages in the end upon her cheeks that she became a hideous object. Conscious of her changed appearance, she would see no one; and it is said that she obliged even her attendants to hand her medicines through the bed-curtains. She died on the 1st of October, 1760, after a short reign of beauty, and many moralized on the sad ending of her brilliant career. Mason wrote her elegy, which was pronounced beautiful, though we must confess it appears to us stiff and affected. Her husband married a second time, and Selwyn, who was very fond of the two daughters of the beautiful countess, gives us an amusing account of the way they sat in their nursery conspiring against their stepmother. The Duchess of Argyle does not appear to have been so frivolous as her sister. She had a mind and a will of her own apparently. We are several times informed that "Betty Gunning has a fine spirit." When several years later Boswell accompanied Johnson on his tour to the Hebrides, the Duke asked them both to his castle. Dearly as Bozzy loved a lord, he was yet afraid to go on account of the terrible duchess, whom he feared he had offended in days long past by the part he had taken in the great Douglas cause. In the year 1776 her ladyship was created a peeress in her own right, as Baroness Hamilton. Even at that time, whenever she attended Court, where she held a post in attendance upon Queen Charlotte, she was conspicuous for her elegance and beauty. She died in the year 1790, being then in her fifty-seventh year. Two of her sons, by her marriage with the Duke of Hamilton, succeeded in turn to that title; while her daughter married the Earl of Derby, and was grandmother to the present Prime Minister, and two of her sons, by her second union, inherited successively the honours of the ancient house of Argyle.

So ended the strange career of the famous Gunnings. Born and reared in obscurity, they reached in a moment the pinnacle of rank and fashion, and gained titles which would have been a magnificent reward for the most illustrious services to the country. Their lofty position they owed entirely to their beauty; one of them, at least, was silly, and perhaps vulgar; neither possessed culture or education, and yet in one short year they "came, saw, and conquered." If any one be inclined to doubt the empire of beauty over the heart of man, or to maintain that its dominion is past, let him read the history of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings."

The Marriage Law of the Three Kingdoms.

THE Yelverton case having again appeared in the House of Lords, naturally draws attention to the anomalous condition of the Marriage Law of the Three Kingdoms, and suggests reflections not flattering to the uniformity of legislation. As, however, a Marriage Commission has been sitting to receive evidence of skilled and competent persons, we may hope that the report, when laid on the table of the House, will be the foundation of a carefully considered and uniform measure on the subject of the Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom, and that a contract so momentous may be rendered easy of proof and intelligible without the aid of experts. It is only they who have been professionally engaged in the consideration of the law of marriage, as expounded in courts, who are aware of the intricacies of the apparently simple tie uniting man and woman in true matrimony. To be told that in Scotland you may be married before the process of an ordinary flirtation is begun, whilst in England or Ireland you have to publish banns, or obtain licence, or get the certificate of a marriage registrar, with a variety of notices and entries in books, is a slur on our state politics.

The Scottish people have, with their wonted tenacity, adhered to the ancient system founded on the civil law as to marriage, whereby a contract *per verba de presentibus*, or a *promise de futuro cum copula*, is considered sufficient to constitute a legally valid marriage, whereas by the common law of England down to the Marriage Act (the 26 George II. cap. 33), it was essential to the constitution of a complete marriage that there should be a religious solemnity; that both modes of obligation should exist, the civil and the religious; that beside the civil contract (as in Scotland *per verba de presentibus*), which has always remained the same, there should be a religious ceremony, not always the same, but varying from time to time according to the variations of the laws of the Church.

The law of Ireland was founded on the common law of England, and was what the English law was prior to the passage of the Marriage Act; but thenceforward divergencies, according to the ecclesiastical systems in operation in either country, took place.

It is difficult, however, to realize this state of things—that a child may be born in Scotland of unmarried parents domiciled in that country, which parents may afterwards intermarry in Scotland, that such child may be capable of inheriting lands in Scotland, and yet be incapable of inheriting lands in England or Ireland, and this because of the anomalies of the Marriage Law operating in countries under the same government and the

same sovereign. Prior to the English Marriage Act it was generally supposed that it was not requisite to have any peculiar religious ceremony to constitute marriage, and this because of the ceremony resting on the ancient common law, which, as in Scotland, only required the consent of the parties; but there was this distinction, that to make a full and complete marriage in England, an application might be made to the spiritual court to compel the solemnization of an actual marriage; and hence originated the notion, that it was always necessary to have the ceremony performed in presence and with the intervention of a minister in holy orders. But the common law of England did not require the consent of any person to render valid the marriage contract, save that of the parties themselves, and so far was in accordance with the civil law; but abuses springing up, the Council of Trent intervened to prevent the spread of clandestine marriages, and such was also the object of the English Marriage Act. Before that Act a marriage was valid though celebrated in a private house instead of in the church, as the rubric prescribes; valid too even though no witness was present other than the clergyman, instead of in face of the congregation; valid though no person was present to give the bride away, valid without banns or licence, without the use of the ring, without the repetition of the Marriage Service. All that was then necessary was that the parties took one another for husband and wife by words in the present tense, and before a priest, or, since the Reformation, before a deacon. But the Marriage Act, known as Lord Hardwicke's Act, enacted that thenceforward (1753) all marriages should be celebrated in a church and by banns or licence, and no proceedings should be had in any spiritual court to compel the celebration of any marriage *in facie ecclesiæ*, by reason of any contract of matrimony, whether *per verba de presenti* or *verba de futuro*.

"The general law of Western Europe before the Council of Trent seems clear," says Mr. Justice Willes in the House of Lords' Cases, 306. "The fact of marriage—that is, the mutual consent of competent persons to take one another for man and wife during their joint lives—was alone considered necessary to constitute true and lawful matrimony in the contemplation of both Church and State." To the same effect are the observations of Lord Lyndhurst—"that a contract *per verba de presenti* was, prior to 1753, considered to be a marriage, that it was, in respect of its constituting the substance and forming the indissoluble knot of matrimony, regarded as *verum matrimonium*, is, I apprehend, clear beyond all doubt."

It may have been found difficult to procure evidence of the consent or contract after the celebration, and hence the presence of a priest became essential, to have trustworthy proof of the celebration, independent of another suggested reason for his presence—that if he were aware of any lawful impediment he could prevent the ceremony. Now, to render valid a marriage, in addition to consent, there must be some previous notice or proclamation of banns, or licence, and a clergyman must be present, or the marriage registrar of the district, and the marriage must

be in an authorized place and at authorized hours. In Scotland it is still sufficient if both parties mutually declare themselves married; but this must be in presence of witnesses, or the consent must be expressly or impliedly declared by writing.

From that first English Marriage Act (26 George II. cap. 33) no legislative interference on the subject took place for seventy years; but thenceforward, and down to the 4 George IV. cap. 76, several statutes were passed, all considering a religious ceremony as essential to the validity of the marriage contract. Later statutes have been framed, enabling marriages to be solemnized according to any form or ceremony the parties see fit to adopt; but the 4 George IV. cap. 76, though qualified as to marriages solemnized according to the Established Church, is not repealed by any subsequent statute. By that statute the banns are to be published in the parish church or an authorized chapel on three Sundays, according to the rules prescribed by the rubric prefixed to the office of matrimony in the Book of Common Prayer. A book is to be kept for the registration of the banns, to be signed by the officiating minister; and by this means accurate evidence is forthcoming of the solemnization of the ceremony, because, in addition to the presence of the minister, two witnesses must be present, who also sign the entry.

This statute, however, did not affect the marriages of Quakers or Jews. Subsequent legislation dealt with the marriage contract, where no religious ceremony is considered by the parties necessary to its validity, beginning with an Act of Parliament of 6 & 7 William IV. cap. 85, and ending with 3 & 4 of the Queen, cap. 72. These Acts provide for general registries, for the appointment of marriage registrars, for enabling them to grant licences, and for the celebration of marriage according to forms there specified by the registrar himself. Entries of these marriages are preserved in books provided for the purpose, the names of the parties, the date of the celebration of the ceremony, and the witnesses present; again, by this means is evidence furnished of the fact of the marriage, and that all due forms have been complied with.

Such is the law of England. As before stated, the general marriage law of Ireland was identical with that of England before Lord Hardwicke's Act, but it has been modified by some statutes of the Irish legislature. The common law of that country did not consider the consent of parents necessary to the validity of the contract; but by a statute of 9 George II. cap. 11 of the Irish Parliament, the marriages of minors were void, if made without the consent of parents or guardians, and if the minors were entitled to a certain amount of property. It further inflicted penalties for the celebration of marriage between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and its provisions were extended by a later statute of the same reign, which made the celebration a felony in the celebrant. Both these statutes were repealed by the 7 & 8 of Victoria, cap. 81. But other statutes dealt with other offences in reference to the ceremony. An Act of 32 George III. cap. 21, autho-

rized clergymen of the Established Church to marry Protestants and Roman Catholics, but it prohibited a Roman Catholic priest celebrating the ceremony unless it had been previously performed by a Protestant clergyman. An earlier statute of 19 George II. cap. 13 (Irish), annulled all marriages celebrated by a Roman Catholic priest between Protestants, or persons professing to be such within twelve months previous to the ceremony, and Roman Catholics—a statute passed to counteract the effect of an occasional profession, and a statute made remarkable by reason of its being the statute on which the alleged Irish marriage of Major Yelverton rested. In answer to the priest, he stated he was a Catholic Protestant; and the evidence of clergymen and others proving that the Major had gone to the Established Church and was still a professing Protestant within twelve months, the lady being a Roman Catholic, the Irish marriage was not legal. By an Act of 33 George III. cap. 21, a penalty of 500*l.* was inflicted on a Roman Catholic priest marrying two Protestants, or a professing Protestant and a Roman Catholic; but this Act was repealed, so far as the penalty was concerned, by 3 & 4 William IV. cap. 102, though it left the prohibition against the validity of the marriage untouched. Now, however, by the 5 & 6 of the Queen, cap. 28, any Roman Catholic priest celebrating such marriage, unless the ceremony have been previously performed by a Protestant clergyman, is liable to transportation for seven years. Such, in Ireland, is still the law of mixed marriages, which, however, are now much discountenanced by the Roman Catholic Church; and we doubt not but that legislation will remove the penalty still existing on the Roman Catholic priest; but if it do so, that Church should be obliged to keep and furnish, when required, an accurate register of its marriages. Strange to say, there is no legal prohibition against minors marrying in that Church; whatever ecclesiastical rules there may be on that head, there is no statute prohibiting them.

The *cause célèbre* on the Scotch law of marriage is the Dalrymple case, and though some of the *dicta* enunciated by Lord Stowell, the great jurist who decided it, have been questioned, his judgment is ever referred to as the exponent of the principles which should guide tribunals dealing with the law of marriage.

Mr. Dalrymple was a member of a Scotch family, but was brought up from early years in England. At the age of nineteen, being then a cornet in the Dragoon Guards, he accompanied his regiment to Edinburgh, where it was quartered in March or April, 1804. Shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, he met in the ordinary intercourse of society a Miss Joanna Gordon, the daughter of a gentleman of respectable condition in life. Mr. Dalrymple was in the habit of visiting at the lady's father's house, both in Edinburgh and at his country seat at Braid, near Edinburgh. Besides the ordinary visits, it appeared he and the lady had clandestine interviews at the father's house, and for several nights they had remained together. But there was no evidence of cohabitation, save what existed

in the surmises of the servants and of the lady's sister. Mr. Dalrymple left for England in 1805, and having sailed for Malta, continued abroad till 1808, in which year he returned to England. His father having died, Miss Gordon thought it time to establish her marriage, and she accordingly sent to a friend of Mr. Dalrymple copies of what she termed her marriage lines. At this period Mr. Dalrymple was on the eve of a marriage with a sister of the then Duchess of St. Albans, and ultimately celebrated with the English lady in a formal and regular manner, in *facie ecclesie*, the ceremony of marriage. Thereupon Miss Gordon applied to the Consistorial Court of London to compel Mr. Dalrymple to the performance of the marriage contract into which she alleged he had entered with herself. The evidence was that of persons who deposed as to the interviews at her father's house, of nocturnal meetings, and of his visiting the house at unusual times. But unhappily for him, she produced letters and documents written to her, in which he called her his wife; and amid these exhibits was one or two of this kind:—

No. 1.

A Sacred Promise.

I do hereby promise to marry you as soon as it is in my power, and never marry another.

J. DALRYMPLE.

And I promise the same.

JOANNA GORDON.

No. 2.

I hereby declare that Joanna Gordon is my lawful wife.

J. DALRYMPLE.

28th Aug. 1804.

And I hereby acknowledge John Dalrymple as my lawful husband.

J. GORDON.

The social position of the parties, Mr. Dalrymple being heir presumptive to the earldom of Stair, Miss Gordon being the daughter of a gentleman of position, and Miss Manners being the sister of a duchess, awakened great interest at the time; but the parties are forgotten, the somewhat romantic incidents of the case have faded from memory, and nothing remains but that unrivalled judgment of Lord Stowell tracing the marriage law from its earliest authentic period, and affording to every student of our country's history an admirable summary of the principles which have regulated the enforcement of the marriage contract. Miss Gordon was successful; Mr. Dalrymple was ordered to restore to her conjugal rights, and Miss Manners, as far as the law was concerned, remained Miss Manners. From that judgment may be deduced these positions:—Marriage is a contract of natural law,—the parent, not the child of civil society—and in civilized countries, acting under a sense of the force of sacred obligations, it had the sanction of religion superadded, and then it became a religious as well as a civil and

natural contract: it then came under the cognizance of the Church, and it was elevated to the dignity of a sacrament; and so the law of the church, the canon law, though it recognized it as a sacrament, so far regarded the natural and civil origin of marriage as to hold that where the natural and civil contract was formed it had the full essence of matrimony without the intervention of a priest.

The consent therefore of two persons expressed in words of present mutual acceptance constituted an actual and legal marriage, and consummation was presumed as following that acceptance. At the Reformation, England disclaimed the doctrine of a sacrament in marriage, retaining, however, the rules of the canon law that were founded in the natural and civil contract of marriage. As we have observed, the marriage law of Ireland was considered the same as that of England prior to the Marriage Act of George II., but in 1840 there was raised a question on an indictment for bigamy, which resulted in a protracted legal battle, ending in the House of Lords. This case was the origin of the existing statute law in Ireland now regulating the marriage ceremony in that country; but this statute does not affect the Roman Catholics, Quakers, or Jews. That statute is the 7th & 8th of the Queen, and became necessary by reason of the following incidents.

In 1840 Dr. Miller, the Surrogate in the Consistorial Court of Armagh, having to decide a question raised before him, on the validity of a marriage between a Presbyterian and a member of the Episcopal Church solemnized by a Presbyterian minister, had declared such contract to be null and void. In the North of Ireland, where such marriages had been of frequent occurrence, this judgment aroused great hostility. The intensity of the indignation was increased, when it was known that the decision was rested on a Saxon canon of the tenth century, requiring the presence of a "priest" necessary to validate a marriage; and the Presbyterian minister not being episcopally ordained, was held not to come within the canonical requirement of one in holy orders. The question before the Consistorial Court was as to the right of administration to the property of a deceased individual, and in the conflict amongst the next of kin the legality of the marriage was disputed. Shortly after the judgment of Dr. Miller was pronounced, a man being indicted for bigamy in the county of Antrim, pleaded that though he had been previously united in wedlock by a Presbyterian minister, such was no valid contract, because he was an Episcopalian. A special verdict was found by the jury, under the direction of the judge who tried the prisoner, and the question came before the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland. The judges were divided in opinion as to the validity of the marriage, and the case was taken to the House of Lords. Lords Brougham, Campbell, and Denman were for reversing the judgment of the Irish Court; Lords Abinger, Cottenham, and the Lord Chancellor were against the reversal; and so, according to the rule *presumitur pro negante*, the judgment of the Queen's Bench in Ireland was affirmed, and the prisoner acquitted; thus deciding that to

validate a marriage in Ireland the ceremony must be in presence of a priest in holy orders. To justify this decision there was cited a decretal of Edmund, promulgated in 940, directing that "at the nuptials there shall be a mass priest by law who shall with God's blessing bind the union to all posterity." But it was rather pointedly asked, If this be law, why are not all the Saxon enactments law? why was the law of King Ina not part of the Statute Book, which imposed the penalty of forfeiture of goods on a man who had not his child baptized; or the law of King Alfred, which inflicted a graduated scale of fines for criminal conversation, according to the rank of the parties? In truth, it would appear that the enactment of Edmund simply recommended a more formal ceremony, but it did not annul a marriage contracted without sacerdotal benediction. This case, which is known as *The Queen v. Millis*, has been more or less questioned, and it is generally assumed that though it is a binding authority of the highest appellate tribunal, yet if the question involved in it were reopened, the decision would be different. The effect of it was somewhat alarming, for the legitimacy of many Presbyterian families in the North of Ireland was assailed by it; and so in the same session of Parliament in which it was decided, the Act of 7 & 8 of the Queen was passed, validating previous marriages that had been solemnized by Presbyterian ministers between members of different communions, and providing in future for the registration of all marriages depending on the civil contract as well as the religious. In fact it is an analogous statute with those applicable to England dealing with Nonconformists and persons who object to a religious ceremony. It came into operation on the 31st March, 1845, and was amended by 9 & 10 of the Queen, cap. 72, and by 12 & 13 of the Queen, cap. 99, but not altered in any essential. Now, therefore, in Ireland all the rules prescribed by the rubric concerning the solemnizing of marriages continue to be observed by every person in holy orders of the United Church of England and Ireland, but the giving of notice to the marriage registrar of the district, and the issuing of his certificate, may be used instead of the publication of banns; and Presbyterian marriages may be solemnized in Presbyterian churches according to the form used therein. But the Act does not affect Roman Catholics, whose rights are not interfered with if the marriages celebrated by them were legal previously to the Act passing; nor does it alter the contract of marriage as solemnized by Quakers and Jews, for such marriage performed according to their usage is good in law, if both parties be Quakers or profess the Jewish religion. These persons, however, must give notice to the registrar and obtain his certificate before the ceremony.

Scotland then remains as before, the marriage being unaffected by any statute, the law only requiring the consent of the parties to take each other as husband and wife; but this consent is required to be proved by a witness present when it was given, or by a writing signed by the parties. But of it may be said what was observed by Serjeant Maynard in the time of the Commonwealth, "that the law lies very loose as to

things that are naturally essential to marriages, as to pre-contracts and dissolving marriages.”

It would be interesting to detail some of the cases as reported in law books in reference to the marriage law, but those who are desirous of mastering the subject cannot do better than peruse the reports we have before referred to, and especially an able *resumé* of the whole matter by Mr. Justice Willes in the case of *Beamish v. Beamish*, in the House of Lords' Reports. That was the case of a clergyman in holy orders going to the house of a person named Lewis in the city of Cork, and there performing a ceremony of marriage between himself and one Isabella Fitzgerald, by reading between them in the house the form of solemnization of matrimony in the Book of Common Prayer, and by declaring that he Samuel S. Beamish took Isabella Fitzgerald as his wedded wife, and Isabella Fitzgerald declaring she took him for her wedded husband, and by placing a ring on her finger and pronouncing the blessing in the appointed form. No person was present at the ceremony, but its performance was seen by a female—who, however, did not hear what passed between them. The validity of this marriage was raised in an ejection proceeding on a question of legitimacy; the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland held it was a valid, though an irregular marriage, but the House of Lords decided that it was null and void. This decision flowed from *The Queen v. Millis*—for that case deciding that to constitute a valid marriage by the common law it must have been celebrated in the presence of a clergyman in holy orders, the fact that the bridegroom was himself a clergyman in holy orders, there being no other clergyman present, would not make it a valid marriage. Mr. Beamish might have somewhere met in his reading with this passage from a document of the 10th century, to be found in *Ancient Laws*, p. 335, chap. ii., and it might have been well if he had pondered it: “A priest's wife is nothing but a snare of the Devil, and he who is ensnared thereby on to his end, he will be seized fast by the Devil, and he also must pass afterwards into the hands of fiends and totally perish.”

Little Red Riding Hood.

I.



THERE is something sad in most pretty stories, in most lovely strains, in the tenderest affections and friendships ; but tragedy is a different thing from the indefinable feeling which lifts us beyond to-day into that dear and happy region where our dearest loves, and plays, and dreams, are to be found even in childish times. Poor little Red Riding Hood, with bright eyes glancing from her scarlet caplet, has been mourned by generations of children ; but though they pity her, and lament her sad fate, she is no familiar playmate and companion. That terrible wolf with the fiery eyes, glaring through the brushwood, haunts them from

the very beginning of the story ;—it is too sad, too horrible, and they hastily turn the leaves and fly to other and better loved companions, with whose troubles they sympathize, for they are but passing woes, and they know that brighter times are in store. For the poor little maiden at the well, for dear Cinderella, for Roe-brother and little sister, wandering through the glades of the forest, and Snowwhite and her sylvan court of kindly woodland dwarfs. All these belong to the sweet and gentle region where beautiful calm suns shine after the storm, amid fair landscapes, and gardens, and palaces. Even we elders sympathize with the children in this feeling, although we are more or less hardened by time, and have ourselves wandering in the midway of life met with wolves roving through the forest ; wolves from whose cruel claws, alas ! no father's or mother's love can protect us, and against whose wiles all warnings except those of our own experience are vain. And these wolves devour little boys as well as little girls and pats of butter.

This is no place to write of some stories, so sad and so hopeless that they can scarcely be spoken ; although good old Perrault, in his simple way, to some poor Red Riding Hoods straying from the path, utters a



RÉMY'S LEAVE-TAKING.



word of warning rhyme at the end of the old French edition :—Some stories are too sad, others too trifling. The sketch which I have in my mind is no terrible tragedy, but a silly little tale, so foolish and trivial that if it were not that it comes in its place with the others, I should scarcely attempt to repeat it. I met all the personages by chance at Fontainebleau only the other day.

The wolf was playing the fiddle under Little Red Riding Hood's window. Little Red Riding Hood was peeping from behind her cotton curtains. Rémy (that was the wolf's Christian name) could see the little balls lobbing, and guessed that she was there. He played on louder than ever, dragging his bow with long sobbing chords across his fiddle-strings, and as he played a fairy palace arose at his bidding, more beautiful than the real old palace across the Place that we had come to see. The fairy palace arose story upon story, lovely to look upon, enchanted; a palace of art, with galleries, and terraces, and belvederes, and orange-flowers scenting the air, and fragrant blossoms falling in snow-showers, and fountains of life murmuring and turning marble to gold as they flowed. Red Riding Hood from behind her cotton curtains, and Rémy, her cousin, outside in the courtyard, were the only two inhabitants of this wonderful building. They were alone in it together, far away in that world of which I have been speaking, at a long long distance from the everyday all round about them, though the cook of the hotel was standing at his kitchen-door, and the stable-boy was grinning at Rémy's elbow, and H. and I, who had arrived only that evening, were sitting resting on the bench in front of the hotel, among the autumnal profusion of nasturtiums and marigolds with which the court-yard was planted. H. and I had come to see the palace, and to walk about in the stately old gardens, and to breathe a little quiet and silence after the noise of the machines thundering all day in the Great Exhibition of the Champ de Mars, the din of the cannons firing, of the carriages and multitudes rolling along the streets.

The Maynards, Red Riding Hood's parents, were not passers-by like ourselves, they were comfortably installed at the hôtel for a month at a time, and came over once a year to see Mrs. Maynard's mother, an old lady who had lived at Fontainebleau as long as her two daughters could remember. This old lady's name was Madame Capuchon; but her first husband had been an Englishman, like Mr. Maynard, her son-in-law, who was also her nephew by this first marriage. Both Madame Capuchon's daughters were married,—Marthe, the eldest, to Henry Maynard, an English country gentleman; Félicie, the youngest, to the Baron de la Louvière, who resided at Poitiers and who was sous-préfet there.

It is now nearly forty years since Madame Capuchon first went to live at Fontainebleau, in the old house at the corner of the Rue de la Lampe. It has long been doomed to destruction, with its picturesque high roof, its narrow windows and balconies, and sunny old brick passages and staircases, with the round ivy *œil-de-bœuf* windows. Staircases were piled up of brick in the time of the Lewises, broad and wide, and easy to climb, and

not of polished wood, like the slippery flights of to-day. However, the old house is in the way of a row of shops and a projected café and newspaper-office, so are the ivy-grown garden-walls, the acacia-trees, the sun-dial, and the old stone seat. It is a pity that newer buildings cannot sometimes be selected for destruction; they might be rebuilt and re-destroyed again and again, and people who care for such things might be left in peace a little longer to hold the dear old homes and traditions of their youth.

Madame Capuchon, however, is a kind and despotic old lady; she has great influence and authority in the town, and during her life the old house is safe. It is now, as I have said, forty years since she first came to live there,—a young widow for the second time, with two little daughters and a faithful old maid to be her only companions in her flight from the world where she had known great troubles and changes. Madame Capuchon and her children inhabited the two upper stories of the old house. The rez de chaussée was partly a porter's lodge, partly a warehouse, and partly a little apartment which the proprietor reserved for his use. He died twice during Madame Capuchon's tenancy; once he ventured to propose to her—but this was the former owner of the place, not the present proprietor, an old bachelor who preferred his Paris café and his boulevard to the stately silence and basking life of Fontainebleau.

This life suited Madame Capuchon, who from sorrow at first, and then from habit, continued the same silent-cloistered existence for years—years which went by and separated her quietly but completely from her old habits and friends and connections and long-past troubles, while the little girls grew up and the mother's beauty changed, faded quietly away in the twilight life she was leading.

The proprietor who had ventured to propose to the widow, and who had been refused with so much grace and decision that his admiration remained unaltered, was no more; but shortly before his death he had a second time accosted her with negotiations of marriage, not for himself this time, but for a nephew of his, the Baron de la Louvière, who had seen the young ladies by chance, heard much good of them from his uncle and their attached attendant Simonne, and learnt that their dot was ample and their connections respectable. Marthe, the eldest daughter, was the least good-looking of the two, but to most people's mind far more charming than Félicie, the second. M. de la Louvière had at first a slight preference for Marthe, but learning through his uncle that an alliance was contemplated between her and an English connection of her mother's, he announced himself equally anxious to obtain the hand of Félicie, the younger sister. After some hesitation, much addition of figures, subtraction, division, rule of three worked out, consultations and talk between Simonne and her mistress, and long discussions with Henry Maynard himself, who was staying with a friend at Fontainebleau at the time, this favour was accorded to the baron.

The young baroness went off nothing loth: she was bored at home, she did not like the habit of severity and silence into which her mother had

fallen. She was a slim, active, decided person, of calm affections, but passionately fond of her own way, as indeed was Madame Capuchon herself, for all her regrets for that past in which it must be confessed she had always done exactly as she liked, and completely ruled her two husbands. For all Madame Capuchon's blacks and drabs and seclusion, and shut shutters, and confessors, and shakes of the head, she had greatly cheered up by this time: she had discovered in her health a delightful source of interest and amusement; Félicie's marriage was as good as a play, as the saying goes; and then came a catastrophe, still more exciting than Félicie's brilliant prospects, which occupied all the spare moments of the two years which succeeded the youngest girl's departure from home.

Madame Capuchon's nephew, Henry Maynard, was, as I have said, staying at Fontainebleau with a friend, who was unfortunately a very good-looking young man of very good family, who had come to Fontainebleau to be out of harm's way, and to read French for some diplomatic appointment. Maynard used to talk to him about his devotion for his pretty cousin Marthe with the soft trill in her voice and the sweet quick eyes. Young Lord John, alas, was easily converted to this creed,—he also took a desperate fancy to the pretty young lady; and Madame Capuchon, whose repeated losses had not destroyed a certain ambition which had always been in her nature, greatly encouraged the young man. And so one day poor Maynard was told that he must resign himself to his hard fate. He had never hoped much, for he knew well enough that his cousin, as he called her, did not care for him; Marthe had always discouraged him, although her mother would have scouted the notion that one of her daughters should resist any decree she might lay down, or venture to think for herself on such matters.

When Lord John proposed in the English fashion to Marthe one evening in the deep embrasure of the drawing-room window, Madame Capuchon was enchanted, although disapproving of the irregularity of the proceeding. She announced her intention of settling upon her eldest daughter a sum so large and so much out of the proportion to the dot which she had accorded to Madame de la Louvière, that the baron hearing of it by chance through Monsieur Micotton, the family solicitor, was furious, and an angry correspondence then commenced between him and his mother-in-law, which lasted many years, and in which Madame Capuchon found another fresh interest to attach her to life and an unfailling vent for much of her spare energy and excitement.

Henry Maynard went back to his father's house at Littleton on Thames, to console himself as best he could among the punts and the water-lilies. Lord John went back to England to pass his examination, and to gain his family's consent, without which he said he could not marry; and Marthe waited in the old house with Simonne and her mother, and that was the end of her story.

Lord John didn't pass his examination, but interest was made for him, and he was given another chance, and he got the diplomatic appointment

all the same, and he went to Russia and was heard of no more at Fontainebleau. Madame Capuchon was naturally surprised at his silence. While Marthe wondered and wearied, but spoke no word of the pain which consumed her. Her mother sat down and wrote to the duke, presented her compliments, begged to remind him of his son's engagement, and requested information of the young man's whereabouts and intentions. In the course of a week she received a few polite lines from the duchess, regretting that she could give Madame Capuchon no information as to Lord John's whereabouts or intentions, informing her that she had made some mistake as to his engagement, and begging to decline any further correspondence on the subject, on paper so thick that Simonne had to pay double postage for the epistle, and it would scarcely burn when Madame Capuchon flung it into the fire. The widow stamped her little foot, flashed her eyes, bit her lips, darted off her compliments to the duchess a second time, and begged to inform her that her son was a coward and a false gentleman, and that it was the Capuchon family that now begged to decline any further communication with people who held their word so cheaply. Naturally enough, no answer came to this, although Madame Capuchon expected one, and fumed and flashed and scolded for weeks after, during which poor Marthe still wondered and knew nothing.

"Don't let us tell her anything about it," Simonne had said when the first letter came. "Let her forget 'tout doucement,'" and Madame Capuchon agreed.

And so Marthe waited and forgot tout doucement, as Simonne proposed, for fifteen years, and the swans came sailing past her when she took her daily walk, and the leaves fell and grew again, and every night the shadow of the old lamp swinging in the street outside cast its quaint lines and glimmer across her dark leaf-shaded room, and the trees rustled when the wind blew, and her dreams were stranger and less vivid.

Once Henry Maynard wrote soon after Lord John's desertion, renewing his proposals, to Marthe herself and not to his aunt; but the letter came too soon. And, indeed, it was by Henry Maynard's letter that Marthe first realized for certain what had happened.

But it came too soon. She could not yet bear to hear her faithless lover blamed. Lord John was a villain and unworthy of a regret, Henry said. Would she not consent to accept an honest man instead of a false one?

"No, no, no, a hundred times no," cried Marthe to herself, with something of her mother's spirit, and she nervously wrote her answer and slid out by herself and posted it. She never dared tell Madame Capuchon what she had done.

As time went on, one or two other "offers" were made to her; but Marthe was so reluctant that as they were not very good ones Madame Capuchon let them go by, and then Marthe had a long illness, and then more time passed by.

"What have we been about?" said Madame Capuchon to her con-

fidante one day as her daughter left the room. "Here she is an old maid, and it is all her own obstinacy."

At thirty-three Marthe was still unmarried : a gracious, faded woman, who had caught the trick of being sad ; although she had no real trouble, and had almost forgotten Lord John. But she had caught the trick of being sad, as I say, of flitting aimlessly across the rooms, of remembering and remembering instead of living for to-day.

Madame Capuchon was quite cheerful by this time ; besides her health, her angry correspondence, her confessor, her game of dominoes, and her talks with Simonne, she had many little interests to fill up spare gaps and distract her when M. de la Louvière's demands were too much for her temper. There was her comfortable hot and well-served little dinner to look forward to, her paper to read of a night, her chocolate in bed every morning, on a nice little tray with a pat of fresh butter and her nice little new roll from the English baker's. Madame was friande, and Simonne's delight was to cater for her. But none of these distractions quite sufficed to give an interest to poor Marthe's sad life. She was too old for the fun and excitement of youth, and too young for the little comforts, the resignations and satisfactions of age. Simonne, the good old fat woman, used to think of her as a little girl, and try to devise new treats for her as she had done when Félicie and Marthe were children. Marthe would kiss her old nurse gratefully, and think, with a regretful sigh, how it was that she could no longer be made happy by a bunch of flowers, a hot buttered cake, a new trimming to her apron : she would give the little cake away to the porter's grandchildren, put the flowers into water and leave them, fold up the apron, and, to Simonne, most terrible sign of all, forget it in the drawer. It was not natural, something must be done, thought the old woman.

The old woman thought and thought, and poked about, and one day, with her spectacles on her nose, deciphered a letter which was lying on Madame Capuchon's table ; it was signed Henry Maynard, and announced the writer's arrival at Paris. Next day, when Simonne was frizzling her mistress's white curls (they had come out of their seclusion for some years past), she suddenly asked what had become of Monsieur Maynard, Madame's English nephew, who used to come so often before Mademoiselle Félicie was married.

"What is that to you?" said the old lady. "He is at Paris. I heard from him yesterday."

"And why don't you ask him to come down and see you?" said Simonne, frizzling away at the crisp silver locks. "It would cheer up Mademoiselle to have some one to talk to. *We* don't want any one ; we have had our day, you and I, but Mademoiselle, I confess I don't like to see her going on as she does."

"Nor I!" said the old lady, sharply. "She is no credit to me. One would almost think that she reproaches me for her existence, after all the sacrifices I have made."

Simonne went on frizzling without stopping to inquire what these sacrifices might be. "I will order a fricandeau for to-morrow," she said; "Madame had better invite Monsieur to spend the day."

"Simonne, you are an old fool," said her mistress. "I have already written to my nephew to invite him to my house."

Maynard came and partook of the fricandeau, and went for a little walk with Marthe, and he had a long talk with his aunt and old Simonne in the evening, and went away quite late—past ten o'clock it was. Maynard did not go back to Paris that night, but slept at the hotel, and early next morning there came a note addressed to Marthe, in which the writer stated that he was still of the same mind in which he had been fifteen years before, and if she was of a different way of thinking, would she consent to accept him as her husband?

And so it came about that long after the first best hopes of her youth were over, Marthe consented to leave her own silent home for her husband's, a melancholy middle-aged bride, sad and frightened at the thought of the tempestuous world into which she was being cast adrift, and less able, at thirty-three than at twenty, to hold her own against the kindly domineering old mother, who was much taken with the idea of this marriage, and vowed that Marthe should go, and that no daughter of hers should die an old maid if she could help it. She had been married twice herself; once at least, if possible, she was determined that both her daughters should follow her example. Félicie's choice was not all that Madame Capuchon could have wished as far as liberality and amiability of character were concerned, but Félicie herself was happy, and indeed, so Madame Capuchon had much reason to suspect—abetted her husband in his grasping and extortionate demands. "And now Marthe's turn had come," said Madame Capuchon, complacently, sitting up among her pillows, sipping her chocolate; "she was the eldest, she should have married first; she had been a good and devoted daughter, she would make an excellent wife," cried the valiant old lady.

When Marthe demurred, "Go, my child, go in peace, only go, go, go. Simonne is quite able to take care of me: do you think I want the sacrifice of your life? For what should I keep you? Can you curl me, can you play at dominoes? You are much more necessary to your cousin than you are to me. He will be here directly—what a figure you have made of yourself. Simonne, come here, give a coup de peigne to Mademoiselle. There, I hear the bell, Henry will be waiting."

"He does not mind waiting, mamma," said Marthe, smiling sadly. "He has waited fifteen years already."

"So much the worse for you both," cried the old lady, angrily. "If I had only had my health, if my spirits had not been completely crushed in those days, I never would have given in to such ridiculous ideas."

Ridiculous ideas! This was all the epitaph that was uttered by any one of them over the grave where poor Marthe had buried with much pain and many tears the trouble of her early life. She herself had no

other text for the wasted love of her youth. How angry she had been with her cousin Henry when he warned her once, how she had hated him when he asked her to marry him before, tacitly forcing upon her the fact of his friend's infidelity, and now it was to Maynard after all that she was going to be married. After all that had passed, all the varying fates, and loves, and hopes, and expectations of her life. A sudden alarm came over the poor woman—was she to leave it, this still life, and the old house, and the tranquil shade and silence—and for what? Ah, she could not go, she could not—she would stay where she was. Ah! why would they not leave her alone?

Marthe went up to her room and cried, and bathed her eyes and cried again, and dabbed more water to dry her tears; then she came quietly down the old brick stairs. She passed along the tiled gallery, her slim figure reflecting in the dim old looking-glass in the alcove at the end, with the cupids engraved upon its mouldy surface. She hesitated a moment, and then took courage and opened the dining-room door. There was nobody there. It was all empty, dim-panelled, orderly, with its narrow tall windows reflecting the green without, and the gables and chimney-stacks piling under the blue. He was in the drawing-room then; she had hoped to find him here. Marthe sighed and then walked on across the polished floor, and so into the drawing-room. It was dimmer, more chill than the room in which their meals were served. Some one was standing waiting for her in one of the windows. Marthe remembered at that instant that it was Lord John's window, but she had little time for such reminiscences. A burly figure turned at her entrance, and Henry Maynard came to meet her, with one big hand out, and his broad good-natured face beaming.

"Well, Minnie," said Henry Maynard, calling her by his old name for her, "you see I am here again already."

"Yes," she answered, standing before him, and then they were both silent; these two middle-aged people waiting for the other to speak.

"How is your mother?" Maynard asked. "I thought her very little changed, but you are not looking over well. However, time touches us all."

Marthe drew herself up, with her eyes gleaming in her pale face, and then there was another silence. At last Marthe faltered out, gaining courage as she went on,

"I have been agitated, and a little disturbed. My mother is quite well, cousin Henry," she said, and as she spoke her sad looks encountered Maynard's good-natured twinkling glance. She blushed suddenly like a girl of fifteen. "You seem amused," she said, with some annoyance.

"Yes, dear," spoke Maynard, in his kind manly tones. "I am amused that you and I, at our time of life, should be shilly-shallying and sentimentalising, like a couple of chits who have all their life before them, and don't care whether they know or not what is coming next. I want to know very much—for I have little time to lose—what do you and your mother think of my letter this morning?"

This was coming to the point very abruptly, Mademoiselle Capuchon thought.

"I am so taken by surprise," Marthe faltered, retreating a step or two, and nervously twisting her apron round about her fingers. "She wishes it. I—I hardly know. I have had so little time to"

"My dear Marthe," said Maynard, impatiently, "I am not a romantic young man. I can make no professions and speeches. You must take me as I am, if I suit you. I won't say that after you sent me away I have never thought of anybody but you during these past fifteen years. But we might have been very happy together all this long time, and yesterday when I saw how hipped you were looking, I determined to try and bring you away with me from this dismal place into the fresh air of Littleton, that is, if you liked to come with me of your own free will, and not only because my aunt desires it." And Henry Maynard drew a long breath, and put his hands in his pockets.

This honest little speech was like a revelation to Marthe. She had come down feeling like a victim, meaning graciously perhaps, in the end, to reward Maynard's constancy, taking it for granted that all this time he had never ceased being in love. She found that it was from old friendship and kindness alone that he had come to her again, not from sentiment, and yet this kindness and protection touched her more than any protestations of romantic affection.

"But—but—should you really like it?" she stammered, forgetting all her dreams, and coming to life, as it were, at that instant.

"Like it," he said, with a smile. "You don't know how fond I mean to be of you, if you will come with me, dear Marthe. You shall make me as happy as you like, and yourself into the bargain. I don't think you will be sorry for it, and indeed you don't seem to have been doing much good here, all by yourself. Well, is it to be yes or no?" And once more Maynard held out the broad brown hand.

And Marthe said "Yes," quite cheerfully, and put her hand into his.

Marthe got to know her future husband better in these five minutes than in all the thirty years which had gone before.

The Maynards are an old Catholic family, so there were no difficulties on the score of religion. The little chapel in the big church was lighted up, the confessor performed the service. Madame Capuchon did not go, but Simonne was there, in robes of splendour, and so were the De la Louvières. The baron and his mother-in-law had agreed to a temporary truce on this auspicious occasion. After the ceremony the new married pair went back to a refection which the English baker and Simonne had concocted between them. The baron and baroness had brought their little son Rémy, to whom they were devoted, and he presented Marthe with a wedding present—a large porcelain vase, upon which was a painting of his mother's performance—in both his parents' name. Madame Capuchon brought out a lovely pearl and emerald necklace, which Félicie had coveted for years past.

"I must get it done up," the old lady said; "you won't want it immediately, Marthe, you shall have it the first time you come to see me." "Do not delay too long," added Madame Capuchon, with a confidential shake of her head, to her son-in-law Maynard, as Marthe went away to change her dress. "You see my health is miserable. I am a perfect martyr. My doctor tells me my case is serious; not in so many words, but he assures me that he cannot find out what ails me, and when doctors say that we all know what it means."

Henry Maynard attempted to reassure Madame Capuchon, and to induce her to take a more hopeful view of her state; but she grew quite angry, and snapped him up so short with her immediate prospect of dissolution, that he desisted in his well-meant endeavours, and the old lady continued more complacently,—

"Do not be uneasy; if anything happens to me Simonne will write directly to your address. Do not forget to leave it with her. And now go and fetch your wife, and let me have the pleasure of seeing her in her travelling dress."

It was a kind old lady, but there was a want in her love; so it seemed to her son-in-law as he obeyed her behest.

Marthe had never quite known what real love was, he thought. Sentiment, yes, and too much of it, but not that best home-love—familiar, tender, unchanging. Her mother had not got it in her to give. Félicie de la Louvière was a hard and clear-headed woman; all her affection was for Rémy, her little boy. Maynard disliked her and the baron too, but they were all apparently very good friends.

Marthe came back to the *salle* to say good-by, looking like herself again. Maynard thought, as his bride, in her rippling trailing grey silks, entered the room, with Simonne's big bouquet of roses in her hand, and a pretty pink glow in her cheeks.

She was duly embraced by Félicie and her husband, and then she knelt down to ask for her mother's blessing. "Bless you! bless you!" cried Madame Capuchon, affectionately pushing her away. "There, you will disarrange yourself; take care, take care." Simonne sprang to the rescue, and Marthe found herself all at once embraced, stuck with pins, shaken out, tucked in, flattened, folded, embraced again; the handkerchief with which she had ventured to wipe her tears was torn out of her hand, folded, smoothed, and replaced. "Voilà!" said Simonne, with two last loud kisses, "bon voyage; good luck go with you." And Maynard following after, somewhat to his confusion, received a couple of like salutations.

II.

SIMONNE'S benediction followed Mrs. Maynard to England, where she went and took possession of her new home. The neighbours called; the drawing-room chintzes were renewed; Marthe Capuchon existed no longer; no one would have recognized the listless ghost flitting here

and there, and gazing from the windows of the old house in the Rue de la Lampe, in the busy and practical mistress of Henry Maynard's home. She had gained in composure and spirits and happiness since she came to England. Her house was admirably administered; she wore handsome shining silk dresses and old lace; and she rustled and commanded as efficiently as if she had been married for years. Simonne threw up her hands with delight at the transformation the first time she saw Marthe after her marriage. "But you are a hundred times better-looking than Madame la Baronne," said the old woman. "This is how I like to see you." The chief new blessing and happiness of all those blessings and happinesses which Simonne had wished to Martha Maynard was a blessing called Martha too. It is considered a pretty name in French, and Maynard loved it for his wife's sake, and as time went on for her daughter's as well. He called her Patty, however, to distinguish the two. Far more than the happiness some people find in the early spring, in the voices of birds, the delight of the morning hours, the presence of this little thing brought to her mother, this bright, honest black and brown and white and coral maiden, with her sweet and wilful ways and gay shrill warble. Every year the gay voice became more clear and decided, the ways more pretty and more wilful. Mrs. Maynard used to devise pretty fanciful dresses for her Patty, and to tie bright ribbons in the child's crisp brown locks, and watch over her and pray for her from morning to night. Squire Maynard, who was a sensible man, used to be afraid lest so much affection should be bad for his little girl: he tried to be stern now and then, and certainly succeeded in frightening Patty on such occasions. The truth was he loved his wife tenderly, and thought that Patty made a slave of her mother at times. It was a happy bondage for them both. Marthe dreamt no more dreams now, and only entered that serene country of her youth by proxy, as it were, and to make plans for her Patty. The child grew up as the years went by, but if Martha made plans for her they were very distant ones, and to the mother as impossible still as when Patty had been a little baby tumbling in her cradle. Even then Martha had settled that Patty was not to wait for years, as she had waited. What hero there was in the big world worthy of her darling, Mrs. Maynard did not know. The mother's heart sickened the first time she ever thought seriously of a vague possibility, of which the very notion filled her with alarm. She had a presentiment the first time that she ever saw him.

She was sitting alone in her bedroom, drowsily stitching in the sunlight of the pleasant bow-window, listening to the sound of the clippers at work upon the ivy-hedge close by, and to the distant chime from the clock-tower of the town across the river. Just below her window spread the lawn where her husband's beloved flower-beds were flushing—scarlet and twinkling violet, white and brilliant amber. In the field beyond the sloping lawn some children were pulling at the sweet wild summer garlands hanging in the hedges, and the Alderneys were crunching through the long damp

grasses. Two pretty creatures had straggled down-hill to the water-side, and were looking at their own brown eyes reflected in a chance clear pool in the margin of the river. For the carpet of green and meadow verdure was falling over, and lapping and dragging in the water in a fringe of glistening leaves and insects and weeds. There were white creamy meadow-sweets, great beds of purple flowers, bronzed water docks arching and crisping their stately heads, weeds up-springing, golden, slimy water-lilies floating upon their shining leaves. A water rat was starting out of his hole, a dragon-fly floating along the bank. All this was at the foot of the sloping mead down by the bridge. It crossed the river to the little town of spires and red brick gables which had been built about two centuries ago, and all round about spread hills and lawns and summer corn-fields. Martha Maynard had seen the corn-fields ripen year after year: she loved the place for its own sake, and for the sake of those who were very dear to her then; but to-day, as she looked, she suddenly realized, poor soul, that a time might come when the heart and the sweetest life of this little home-Eden might go from it. And as she looked through her window, something like a chill came over her: she dropped her work into her lap, and sat watching two figures climbing up the field side by side; coming through the buttercups, disappearing behind the hedge, reappearing at the bottom of the lawn, and then one figure darted forwards, while the other lingered a little among the flower-beds; and Mrs. Maynard got up resolutely, with a pain and odd apprehension in her heart, and went down to meet her daughter. The steeples of the little town which strike the hours, half-hours, and the very minutes as they pass, were striking four quarters, and then five again, as Mrs. Maynard came out upon her lawn, and at each stroke the poor mother's heart sank, and she turned a little sick at the possibility which had first occurred to her just now in her own room. It seemed to thrust itself again upon her as she stood waiting for the two young people—her own Patty and the strange young man coming through the flower-beds.

There was a certain likeness to herself, odd, touching, bewildering, in the utter stranger, which said more plainly than any words, I belong to you and yours; I am no stranger, though strange to you. Patty had no need to explain, all breathless and excited and blushing, "Mamma, do you know who this is? This is Rémy de la Louvière. Papa and I found him at the hotel," for the poor mother had already guessed that this was her sister's son.

She could not help it. Her greeting was so stiff, her grasp so timid and fluttering, her words so guarded, that M. Rémy, who was used to be cordially welcomed and much made of, was surprised and disappointed, though he said nothing to show it. His manner froze, his mustachios seemed to curl more stiffly. He had expected to like his aunt from her letters and from what he had seen of her daughter, and she was just the same as anybody else after all. In the meantime Rémy was introducing himself. He had come to make acquaintance with his

English relations, he told Mrs. Maynard. His mother "sent her love, and would they be kind to him?" Martha, for all her presentiments, could not but relent towards the handsome young fellow; she did not, however, ask him to stay, but this precaution was needless, for her husband had done so already. "We heard him asking for us at the inn," explained Patty. "Mamma, was not it fortunate? Papa was talking about the old brown mare, and I was just walking with Don in the court-yard, and then I heard my cousin saying, 'Where is Sunnymede?' and I said, 'Oh, how delightful!'"

"Hush, darling," said her mother. "Go and tell them to bring us some tea on the lawn."

There was a shady corner not too far from the geraniums, where the table was set, and Rémy liked his aunt a little better, as she attended to his wants, making a gentle clatter among the white cups, and serving out cream strawberries with liberal hand, unlike anything he was used to at home. Mr. Maynard came in, hot, grizzled, and tired, and sank into a garden-chair; his wife's face brightened as he nodded to her; the distant river was flashing and dazzling. Rémy, with his long nose and bright eyes, sat watching the little home scene, and envying them somewhat the harmony and plenty. There was love in his home, it is true, and food too, but niggardly dealt out and only produced on occasions. If this was English life, Rémy thought it was very pleasant, and as he thought so, he saw the bright and splendid little figure of his cousin Patty advancing radiant across the lawn. For once Mrs. Maynard was almost angry with her daughter for looking so lovely; her shrill sweet voice clamoured for attention; her bright head went bobbing over the cake and the strawberries; her bright cheeks were glowing; her eyes seemed to dance, shine, speak, go to sleep, and wake again with a flash. Mrs. Maynard had tied a bright ribbon in her daughter's hair that morning. She wore a white dress like her mother, but all fancifully and prettily cut. As he looked at her, the young man thought at first,—unworthy simile,—of coffee and cream and strawberries, in a dazzle of sunlight; then he thought of a gipsy, and then of a nymph, shining, transfigured: a wood-nymph escaped from her tree in the forest, for a time consorting with mortals, and eating and joining in their sports, before she fled back to the ivy-grown trunk, which was her home, perhaps.

Mrs. Maynard, frowning slightly, had asked for the second time whether he had seen his grandmother lately, before Rémy, with some little confusion, came back to his senses again. "No, not very lately; not for some time," said he. While Patty cried out, "I want a nice large piece of cake, mamma; this is such a good cake. Have you given Rémy some?"

"Rémy!" her mother looked it rather than said it.

"Yes, dear," said Patty, nothing abashed. "You always called papa Henry, I know, and he wasn't really your cousin. We want to go out on the river in a boat after dinner, please, dearest mamma; and we will get

some lilies and feed the swans. A little more cream, please mamma, and some sugar."

Rémy had not lived all these years in the narrow home school in which he had been bred without learning something of the lesson which was taught there. Taught in the whole manner and being of the household, of its incomings and outgoings, of its interests and selfish preoccupations. We are all sensible, coming from outside into strange homes, of the different spirit or lares penates pervading each household. As surely as every tree in the forest has its sylph, so every house in the city must own its domestic deity,—different in aspect and character, but ruling with irresistible decision,—orderly and decorous, disorderly; patient, impatient; some stint and mean in contrivances and economies, others profuse and neglectful; others, again, poor, plain of necessity, but kindly and liberal. Some spirits keep the doors of their homes wide open, others ajar, others under lock and key, bolted, barred, with a little cautious peephole to reconnoitre from. As a rule, the very wide open door often invites you to an indifferent entertainment going on within; and people who are particular generally prefer those houses where the door is left, let us say, on the latch.

The household god that Rémy had been brought up to worship was a mean, self-seeking, cautious, and economical spirit. Madame de la Louvière's object and ambition in life had been to bring her servants down to the well-known straw a day; to persuade her husband (no difficult matter) to grasp at every chance and shadow of advantage along his path; to educate her son to believe in the creed which she professed. Rémy must make a good marriage; must keep up with desirable acquaintances; must not neglect his well-to-do uncle, the La Louvière in Burgundy; must occasionally visit his grandmother, Madame Capuchon, whose savings ought to be something considerable by this time. Madame de la Louvière had no idea how considerable these savings were until one day about a week before Rémy made his appearance at Littleton, when the family lawyer, Monsieur Micotton, had come over to see her on business. This grasping clear-headed woman exercised a strange authority and fascination over the stupid little attorney,—he did her business cheaper than for any other client; he told her all sorts of secrets he had no right to communicate,—and now he let out to her that her mother had been making her will, and had left everything that she had laid by, in trust for little Marthe Maynard, her elder daughter's only child.

Madame de la Louvière's face pinched and wrinkled up into a sort of struggling knot of horror, severity, and indignation.

"My good Monsieur Micotton, what news you give me! What a culpable partiality. What an injustice; what a horror. Ah, that little intriguing English girl! Did you not remonstrate with, implore, my unfortunate mother? But it must not be allowed. We must interfere."

"Madame," said Micotton, respectfully, "your mother is, as you well know, a person of singular decision and promptness of character. She

explained to me that when your sister married, her husband (who apparently is rich) refused to accept more than a portion of the dot which came by right to madame your sister. M. de la Louvière unfortunately at that moment requested some advance, which apparently vexed madame your mother, and——”

“Ah, I understand. It was a plot; it was a conspiracy. I see it all,” hissed the angry lady. “Ah, Monsieur Micotton, what a life of anxiety is that of a mother, devoted as I have been, wounded cruelly to the heart; at every hour insulted, trampled on!”

Madame de la Louvière was getting quite wild in her retrospect; and M. Micotton, fearing a nervous attack, hastily gathered his papers together, stuffed them into his shabby bag, and making a great many little parting bows, that were intended to soothe and calm down his angry client, retreated towards the door. As he left he ran up against a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking young man, with a long nose, quick dark eyes, and a close-cropped dark beard, thick and soft and bright. Rémy had a look of his mother, who was a tall, straight, well-built woman; but his forehead was broader, his face softer, and his smile was charming. It was like the smile of his unknown aunt, far away in England, the enemy who had, according to his mother's account, defrauded and robbed him of his rights.

“My son, my poor child!” said the baroness excitedly, “be calm, come and help me to unravel this plot.”

“What is the matter?” Rémy asked in a cheerful voice. He, however, shrugged his shoulders rather dolefully when he heard the news, for to tell the truth he was in debt, and had been counting upon his grandmother's legacy to help him out. “Hadn't we better make sure of her intentions before we remonstrate?” he suggested, and the baron was accordingly sent for and desired to copy out another of those long letters of his wife's devising, which he signed with a flourish at the end.

Madame Capuchon appealed to, refused to give any information as to the final disposition of her property. She should leave it to anybody she liked. She thought, considering her state of health, that the baron might have waited in patience until she was gone to satisfy his curiosity. She sent her love to her grandson, but was much displeased with both his parents.

This was a terrible climax. Madame de la Louvière lay awake all one night. Next morning she sent for Rémy and unfolded her plans to him.

“You must go over to England and marry your cousin,” she said, decisively; “that is the only thing to be done.”

When Micotton came next day for further orders, Madame de la Louvière told him that Rémy was already gone.

All his life long Rémy remembered this evening upon the river, sweeter, more balmy and wonderful than almost any evening he had ever spent in his life before. He had come with a set purpose, this wolf in

sheep's clothing, to perform his part in a bargain, without thought of anything but his own advantage. The idea of any objection being made never occurred to him. He was used to be made much of, as I have said; he could please where he chose. This project accorded so entirely with his French ideas, and seemed so natural and simple an arrangement, that he never thought of doubting its success. For the first time now a possibility occurred to him of something higher, wiser, holier, than money getting and grasping, in his schemes for the future and for his married life. He scarcely owned it to himself, but now that he had seen his cousin, he unconsciously realized that if he had not already come with the set purpose of marrying her, he should undoubtedly have lost his heart to this winsome and brilliant little creature. All that evening, as they slid through the water, paddling between the twilight fields, pushing through the beds of water-lilies, sometimes spurting swiftly through the rustling reeds, with the gorgeous banks on either side, and the sunset beyond the hills, and the figures strolling tranquilly along the meadows, De la Louvière only felt himself drifting and drifting into a new and wonderful world. This time-wise young fellow felt as if he was being washed white and happy and peaceful in the lovely purple river. Everything was at once twilit, moonlit, and sunlit. The water flowed deep and clear. Patty, with a bulrush wand, sat at the stern, bending forward and talking happily; the people on the shore heard her sweet chatter.

Once Patty uttered a cry of alarm. "Don! Where was Don?" He had been very contentedly following them, trotting along the bank; but now in the twilight they could not make him out. Patty called and her father halloed, and Rémy pulled out a little silver whistle he happened to have in his pocket and whistled shrilly. Old Don, who had been a little ahead, hearing all this hullabaloo, quietly plashed from the banks into the water, and came swimming up to the side of the boat, with his honest old nose in the air and his ears floating on the little ripples. Having satisfied them of his safety and tried to wag his tail in the water, he swam back to shore again, and the boat sped on its way home through the twilight.

"What a nice little whistle," said Patty.

"Do take it," said Rémy. "It is what I call my dogs at home with. Please take it. It will give me pleasure to think that anything of mine is used by you."

"Oh, thank you," said Patty, as she put out her soft warm hand through the cool twilight and took it from him. Maynard was looking out for the lock and paying no attention. Rémy felt as glad as if some great good-fortune had happened to him.

The light was burning in the drawing-room when they got back. Mrs. Maynard had ordered some coffee to be ready for them, and was waiting with a somewhat anxious face for their return.

"Oh, mamma, it has been so heavenly," said Patty, once more sinking into her own corner by the window.

And then the moon came brightly hanging in the sky, and a nightingale began to sing. Rémy had never been so happy in his life before. He had forgotten all about his speculation, and was only thinking that his English cousin was more charming than all his grandmother's money-bags piled in a heap. For that night he forgot his part of wolf altogether.

In the morning, Patty took her cousin to the greenhouse, to the stable to see her pony; she did the honours of Sunnymede with so much gaiety and frankness that her mother had not the heart to put conscious thoughts into the child's head, and let her go her own way. The two came back late to the early dinner; Mr. Maynard frowned, he disliked unpunctuality. Rémy was too happy to see darkness anywhere, or frowns in anybody's face, but then his eyes were dazzled. It was too good to last, he thought, and in truth a storm was rising even then.

During dinner, the post came in. Mrs. Maynard glanced at her correspondence, and then at her husband, as she put it into her pocket. "It is from my mother," she said. Rémy looked a little interested, but asked no questions, and went on talking and laughing with his cousin; and after dinner, when Mrs. Maynard took her letter away to read in the study, the two young people went and sat upon the little terrace in front of the house.

The letter was from Madame Capuchon, and Mrs. Maynard having read it, put it into her husband's hands with a little exclamation of bewildered dismay.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Maynard, looking up from his paper, which had come by the same afternoon post.

"Only read this," she said; "you will know best what to do. Oh, Henry, he must go; he should never have come."

My heroine's mother was never very remarkable for spirit: her nearest approach to it was this first obstinate adherence to anything which Henry might decree. Like other weak people she knew that if she once changed her mind she was lost, and accordingly she clung to it in the smallest decisions of life with an imploring persistence: poor Marthe, her decision was a straw in a great sea of unknown possibilities. Madame Capuchon was a strong-minded woman, and not afraid to change her mind.

"I have heard from Félicie," the old lady wrote; "but she says nothing of a certain fine scheme which I hasten to acquaint you with. I learnt it by chance the other day when Micotton was with me consulting on the subject of my will, which it seems has given great offence to the De la Louvières. Considering the precarious state of my health, they might surely have taken patience; but I am now determined that they shall not benefit by one farthing that I possess. Micotton, at my desire, confessed that Rémy has gone over to England for the express purpose of making advances to Martha, your daughter, in hopes of eventually benefiting through me. He is a young man of indifferent character, and he inherits, no doubt, the covetous and grasping spirit of his father." Mr. Maynard read no farther; he flushed

up, and began to hiss out certain harmless oaths between his teeth. "Does that confounded young puppy think my Patty is to be disposed of like a bundle of hay? Does he come here scheming after that poor old woman's money? Be hanged to the fellow; he must be told to go about his business, Marthe, or the child may be taking a fancy to him. Confound the impertinent jackanapes."

"But who is to tell him?" poor Marthe faltered, with one more dismal presentiment.

"You, to be sure," said Maynard, clapping on his felt hat and marching right away off the premises.

In the meantime Rémy and his cousin had been very busy making Don jump backwards and forwards over the low parapet. They had a little disjointed conversation between the jumping.

"What is your home like?" Patty asked once.

"I wish it was more like yours," said Rémy, with some expression; "it would make me very happy to think that, some day, it might become more so."

The girl seemed almost to understand his meaning, for she blushed and laughed, and tossed her gloves up in the air, and caught them again. "I love my home dearly," said she.

At that moment the garden door opened, and Mr. Maynard appeared, but instead of coming towards them, he no sooner saw the two young folks than he began walking straight away in the direction of the outer gate, never turning his head or paying any attention to the young folks.

"Papa, papa!" cried Patty, springing up; but her father walked on, never heeding, and yet she was sure he must have heard. What could it mean? She looked at Rémy, who was quite unconscious, twirling his moustache, and stirring up Don with the toe of his boot; from Rémy she looked round to the library window, which was open wide, and where her mother was standing.

"Do you want me?" Patty cried, running up.

"Ask your cousin to come and speak to me," said Mrs. Maynard, very gravely—"here, in papa's room."

Patty was certain that something was wrong. She gave Rémy her mother's message with a wistful glance to see whether he did not suspect any trouble. The young man started up obediently, and Patty waited outside in the sun, listening to the voices droning away within, watching the sparkle of the distant river, lazily following the flight of a big bumble-bee,—wondering when their talk would be over and Rémy would come out to her again. From where she sat Patty could see the reflection of the two talkers in the big sloping looking-glass over the library table. Her mother was standing very dignified and stately, the young man had drawn himself straight up—so straight, so grim and fierce-looking, that Patty, as she looked, was surer and more sure that all was not right; and she saw her mother give him a letter, and he seemed to push it away. And then it was not Rémy but Mrs. Maynard who came out, looking very pale and

who said, "Patty, darling, I have been very much pained. Your cousin has behaved so strangely and unkindly to you and me and to your father, that we can never forget or forgive it. Your father says so."

Mrs. Maynard had tried to perform her task as gently as she could. She told Rémy that English people had different views on many subjects from the French; that she had learnt his intentions from her mother, and thought it best to tell him plainly at once that she and Mr. Maynard could never consent to any such arrangement; and under the circumstances—that—that—that——

"You can never consent," repeated the young man, stepping forward and looking through her and round about her, seeing all her doubts, all her presentiments, reading the letter, overhearing her conversation with her husband all in one instant—so it seemed to poor Marthe. "And why not, pray?"

"We cannot argue the question," his aunt said, with some dignity. "You must not attempt to see my daughter any more."

"You mean to say that you are turning me, your sister's son, out of your house," the indignant Rémy said. "I own to all that you accuse me of. I hoped to marry your daughter. I still hope it; and I shall do so still," cried the young man.

Rémy's real genuine admiration for Patty stood him in little stead; he was angry and lost his temper in his great disappointment and surprise. He behaved badly and foolishly.

"I had not meant to turn you out of my house," said his aunt gravely; "but for the present I think you had certainly better go. I cannot expose my daughter to any agitation."

"You have said more than enough," said Rémy. "I am going this instant." And as he spoke he went striding out of the room.

And so Rémy came back no more to sit with Patty under the ash-tree; but her mother, with her grave face, stood before her, and began telling her this impossible, unbelievable fact;—that he was young, that he had been to blame.

"He unkind! he to blame! Oh, mamma," the girl said, in a voice of reproach.

"He has been unkind and scheming, and he was rude to me, darling. I am sorry, but it is a fact." And Martha as she spoke glanced a little anxiously at Patty, who had changed colour, and then at De la Louvière himself, who was marching up, fierce still and pale, with bristling hair—his nose looking hooked and his lips parting in a sort of scornful way. He was carrying his cloak on his arm.

"I have come to wish you good-by, and to thank you for your English hospitality, madame," said he, with a grand sweeping bow. "My cousin, have you not got a word for me?"

But Mrs. Maynard's eyes were upon her, and Patty, with a sudden shy stiffness for which she hated herself then and for many and many a day and night after, said good-by, looking down with a sinking heart, and Rémy

marched away with rage and scorn in his. "They are all alike; not one bit better than myself. That little girl has neither kindness, nor feeling, nor fidelity in her. The money: they want to keep it for themselves—that is the meaning of all these fine speeches. I should like to get hold of her all the same, little stony-hearted flirt, just to spite them; yes, and throw her over at the last moment, money and all—impertinent, ill-bred folks." And it happened that just at this minute Mr. Maynard was coming back thoughtfully the way he had gone, and the two men stopped face to face, one red, the other pale. Mrs. Maynard, seeing the meeting, came hastily up.

"You will be glad to hear that I am going," said Rémy, defiantly looking at his uncle as he had done at his aunt.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Maynard. "I have no words to express the indignation which fills me at the thought of your making a speculation of my daughter's affections, and the sooner you are gone the better."

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Maynard, laying her hand on her husband's arm, and looking at Patty, who had followed her at a little distance. She had had her own say, and was beginning to think poor Rémy hardly dealt with.

"Let him say what he likes, madame, I don't care," De la Louvière said. "I am certainly going. You have failed, both of you, in kindness and hospitality; as for my cousin——;" but looking at Patty, he saw that her eyes were full of tears, and he stopped short. "I am all that you think," Rémy went on. "I am in debt, I have lost money at gambling, I am a good-for-nothing fellow. You might have made something of me, all of you, but you are a sordid nation and don't understand the feelings of a French gentleman."

With this bravado Rémy finally stalked off.

"I think, perhaps, we were a little hasty," said the injudicious Martha, while Patty suddenly burst out crying and ran away.

Poor little Patty came down to tea that evening looking very pale, with pouting red lips, prettier than ever, her mother thought, as she silently gave the child her cupful of tea and cut her bread-and-butter, and put liberal he pings of jam and fruit before her, dainties that were served in the old cut-glass dishes that had sparkled on Maynard's grandmother's tea table before. The old Queen Anne teapot, too, was an heirloom, and the urn and the pretty straight spoons, and the hideous old china tea-set with the red and yellow flowers. There were other heirlooms in the family, and even Patty's bright eyes had been her great-grandmother's a century ago, as anybody might see who looked at the picture on the wall. Mr. Maynard was silent; he had been angry with his wife for her gentle remonstrance, furious with the young man for the high hand in which he had carried matters, displeased with Patty for crying, and with himself for not having foreseen the turn things were taking: and he now sat sulkily stirring his tea—sulky but relenting—and not indisposed for peace. After all he had had his own way, and that is a wonderful calming process. Rémy was

gone; nothing left of him but a silver whistle that Patty had put away in her work-table drawer. He was gone; the echo of his last angry words were dinning in Maynard's ears, while a psalm of relief was sounding in the mother's heart. Patty sulked like her father, and ate her bread-and-jam without speaking a word. There was no great harm done, Mrs. Maynard thought, as she kept her daughter supplied. She herself had been so disturbed and overcome by the stormy events of the day that she could not eat. She made the mistake that many elders have made before her: they mistake physical for mental disturbance; poor well-hacked bodies that have been jolted, shaken, patched, and mended, and strained in half-a-dozen places, are easily affected by the passing jars of the moment: they suffer and lose their appetite, and get aches directly which take away much sense of the mental inquietude which brought the disturbance about. Young healthy creatures like Patty can eat a good dinner and feel a keen pang and hide it, and chatter on scarcely conscious of their own heroism.

But as the days went by Mrs. Maynard suspected that all was not well with the child; there seemed to be a little effort and strain in the life which had seemed so easy and smooth before. More than once, Mrs. Maynard noticed her daughter's eyes fixed upon her curiously and wistfully. One day the mother asked her why she looked at her so. Patty blushed but did not answer. The truth was, it was the likeness to her cousin which she was studying. These blushes and silence made Martha Maynard a little uneasy.

But more days passed, and the mother's anxious heart was relieved. Patty had brightened up again, and looked like herself, coming and going in her Undinè-like way, bringing home long wreaths of ivy, birds' eggs, sylvan treasures. She was out in all weathers. Her locks only curled the crisper for the falling rain, and her cheeks only brightened when the damp rose up from the river. The time came for their annual visit to Madame de Capuchon. Patty, out in her woods and meadows, wondered and wondered what might come of it; but Poitiers is a long way from Fontainebleau, "fortunately," "alas!" thought the mother—in her room, packing Patty's treasures—and the daughter out in the open field in the same breath. They were so used to one another these two, that some sort of magnetic current passed between them at times, and certainly Martha never thought of Rémy de la Louvière that Patty did not think of him too.

III.

OLD MADAME DE CAPUCHON was delighted with her grand-daughter, and the improvement she found in her since the year before. She made more of her than she had ever done of Marthe her daughter. All manner of relics were produced out of the old lady's ancient stores to adorn Miss Patty's crisp locks, and little round white throat and wrists; small medallions were hung round her neck, brooches and laces pinned on, ribbons

tied and muslins measured, while Simonne tried her hand once again at cake-making. Patty, in return, brought a great rush of youth, and liberty, and sunshine into the old closed house, where she was spoilt, worshipped, petted, to her heart's content. Her mother's tender speechless love seemed dimmed and put out by this chorus of compliments and admiration. "Take care of your complexion; whatever you do, take care of your complexion," her grandmother was always saying. Madame Capuchon actually sent for the first modiste in the town, explained what she wanted, and ordered a scarlet "capeline"—such as ladies wear by the sea-side—a pretty frilled, quilted, laced, and braided scarlet hood, close round the cheeks and tied up to the chin, to protect her grand-daughter's youthful bloom from the scorching rays of the sun. She need not have been so anxious. Patty's roses were of a damask that does not fade in the sun's rays.

Squire Maynard, who was a sensible man, did not approve of all this to do, and thought it was all very bad for Miss Patty, "whose little head was quite full enough of nonsense already," he said. One day Patty came home with the celebrated pearls round her neck, that Madame de la Louvière had tried so hard to get. Madame Capuchon forgot that she had already given them to Marthe, but Mrs. Maynard herself was the last to have remembered this, and it was her husband who said to her, with a shrug of the shoulders—

"It is all very well, but they are yours, my dear, and your mother has no more right to them than Patty has."

Patty pouted, flashed, tossed her little head, flung her arms round her mother's neck, all in an instant. She was a tender-hearted little person, heedless, impulsive, both for the best and the worst, as her poor mother knew to her cost. The squire thought his wife spoilt her daughter, and occasionally tried a course of judicious severity, and, as I have already said, he had only succeeded in frightening the child more than he had any idea of.

"Take them, dear mamma," said Patty, pulling off her necklace. "I didn't know anything about them. Grandmamma tied them on."

"Darling," said her mother, "you are my jewel. I don't want these pearls: and if they are mine, I give them to you."

Two pearl drops were in Mrs. Maynard's eyes as she spoke. She was thinking of her long lonely days, and of the treasures which were now hers. Looking at this bright face in its scarlet hood—this gay, youthful presence standing before them all undimmed, in the splendour of its confidence and brightness—it seemed to Mrs. Maynard as if now, in her old age, now that she had even forgotten her longings for them, all the good things were granted to her, the want of which had made her early life so sad. It was like a miracle, that at fifty all this should come to her. Her meek glad eyes sought her husband's. He was frowning, and eyeing his little girl uneasily.

"I don't like that red bonnet of yours," said he. "It is too conspicuous. You can't walk about Paris in that."

“Paris!” shrieked Patty. “Am I going to Paris, papa?”

“You must take great care of your father, Patty,” said her mother. “I shall stay here with my mother until you come back.”

I am not going to describe Patty's delights and surprise. Everybody has seen through her eyes; at one time or another, and knows what it is to be sixteen, and transported into a dazzling ringing world of sounds, and sights, and tastes, and revelations. The good father took his daughter to dine off delicious little dishes with sauces, with white bread and butter to eat in between the courses; he hired little carriages, in which they sped through the blazing streets, and were set down at the doors of museums and palaces, and the gates of cool gardens, where fountains murmured and music played; he had some friends in Paris—a good-natured old couple, who volunteered to take charge of his girl; but for that whole, happy, unspeakable week he rarely left her. One night he took her to the play—a grand fairy piece—where a fustian peasant maiden was turned into a satin princess in a flash of music and electric light. Patty took her father's arm, and came away with the crowd, with the vision of those waving halos of bliss opening and shining with golden rain and silver-garbed nymphs, and shrieks of music and admiration, all singing and turning before her. The satin princess was already re-transformed, but that was no affair of Patty's. Some one in the crowd, better used to plays and fairy pieces, coming along behind the father and daughter, thought that by far the prettiest sight he had seen that night was this lovely eager little face before him, and that those two dark eyes—now flashing, now silent—were the most beautiful illuminations he had witnessed for many a day. The bright eyes never discovered who it was behind her. Need I say that it was Remy, who, after looking for them for a couple of days in all the most likely places, took a ticket for Fontainebleau on the third evening after he had seen them. What fascination was it that attracted him? He was hurt and angry with her, he loved and he longed to see her. Sometimes vague thoughts of revenge crossed his mind: he would see her and win her affections, and then turn away and leave her, and pay back the affront which had been put upon him. M. Remy, curling his mustachios in the railway-carriage, and meditating this admirable scheme, was no very pleasant object to contemplate.

“That gentleman in the corner looks ready to eat us all up,” whispered a little bride to her husband.

Meanwhile Patty had been going on her way very placidly all these three days, running hither and thither, driving in the forest, dining with her grandmother, coming home at night under the stars. The little red hood was well known in the place. Sometimes escorted by Betty, an English maid who had come over with the family; oftener Mr. Maynard himself walked with his daughter. Fontainebleau was not Littleton, and he did not like her going about alone, although Patty used to pout and rebel at these precautions. Mrs. Maynard herself rarely walked; she used to drive over to her mother's of an afternoon, and her husband

and daughter would follow her later ; and Simonne, radiant, would then superintend the preparation of fricandeaus and galettes, such as she loved to set before them, and cream tarts and chicken and *vol au vent*. There was no end to her resources. And yet to hear Madame Capuchon, one would think that she led the life of an invalid ascetic starving on a desert island. "These railways carry away everything," the old lady would say ; "they leave one nothing. When I say that I have dined, it is for the sake of saying so. You know I am not particular, but they leave us nothing, absolutely nothing, to eat." On this especial occasion the old lady was in a state of pathetic indignation over M. Bougu, her butterman, who had been taken up for false practices. Simonne joined in,—“I went in for the tray,” she said. “Oh, I saw at once, by the expression of madame’s face, that there was something wrong. It was lard that he had mixed with his butter. As it is, I do not know where to go to find her anything fit to eat. They keep cows at the hotel,” she added, turning to Marthe as she set down a great dish full of cream-cakes upon the table. “Perhaps they would supply us, if you asked them.”

Mrs. Maynard undertook the negotiation ; and next day she called Patty to her into the little drawing-room, and gave the child a piece of honeycomb and a little pat in a vine-leaf, to take to Madame Capuchon, as a sample. “Give her my love, and tell her she can have as much more as she likes ; and call Betty to go with you,” said Mrs. Maynard. “Tell Betty to follow me,” said Patty, dancing off delighted with her commission. Betty followed ; but there are two roads to Madame Capuchon’s, one by the street and one by the park. Patty certainly waited for three minutes, but Betty never came ; she was trudging down the town, and gaping into all the shops as she went along, while her young mistress had escaped into the park, and was hurrying along the avenues, delighted to be free—hurrying and then stopping, as the fancy took her. The sun shone, the golden water quivered, the swans came sailing by. It was all Patty could do not to sing right out and dance to her own singing. By degrees her spirits quieted down a little.

Patty was standing leaning over the stone-parapet at the end of the terrace, and looking deep down into the water which laps against it. A shoal of carp was passing through the clear cool depths. Solemn patriarchs, bald, dim with age, bleared and faded and overgrown with strange mosses and lichens, terrible with their chill life of centuries, solemnly sliding, followed by their court through the clear cool waters where they had floated for ages past. Unconscious, living, indifferent while the generations were succeeding one another, and angry multitudes surging and yelling while kingdoms changed hands ; while the gay court ladies, scattering crumbs with their dainty fingers, were hooted by the hags and furies of the Revolution, shrieking for bread and for blood for their children :—The carps may have dived for safety into the cool depths of the basins while these awful ghosts of want and madness clamoured round the doors of the palace,—ghosts that have not passed away for

ever, alas ! with the powders and patches, and the stately well-bred follies of the court of Dives. After these times a new order of things was established, and the carps may have seen a new race of spirits in the quaint garb and odd affectation of a bygone age, of senates and consuls and a dead Roman people ; and then an Emperor, broken-hearted, signed away an empire, and a Waterloo was fought ; and to-day began to dawn, and the sun shone for a while upon the kingly dignity of Orleans ; and then upon a second empire, with flags and many eagles and bees to decorate the whole, and trumpets blowing and looms at work and a temple raised to the new goddess of industry.

What did it all matter to the old grey carp ? They had been fed by kings and by emperors ; and now they were snatching as eagerly at the crumbs which Patty Maynard was dropping one by one into the water, and which floated pleasantly into their great open maws. The little bits of bread tasted much alike from wherever they came. If Patty had been used to put such vague speculations into words, she might have wondered sometimes whether we human carps, snatching at the crumbs which fall upon the waters of life, are not also greedy and unconscious of the wonders and changes that may be going on close at hand in another element to which we do not belong, but at which we guess now and then.

A crumb fell to little Patty herself, just then gazing down deep into the water. The sun began to shine hot and yet more hot, and the child put up her big white umbrella, for her hood did not shade her eyes. A great magnificent stream of light illumined the grand old place, and the waving tree-tops, and the still currentless lake. The fish floated on basking, the birds in the trees seemed suddenly silenced by the intense beautiful radiance, the old palace courts gleamed bravely, the shadows shrank and blackened, hot, sweet, and silent the light streamed upon the great green arches and courts and colonnades of the palace of garden without, upon the arches and courts and colonnades of the palace of marble within, with its quaint eaves and mullions, its lilies of France and D's and H's still entwined, though D and H had been parted for three centuries and more. It was so sweet and so serene, that Patty began to think of her cousin. She could not have told you why fine days put her in mind of him, and of that happy hour in the boat ; and to-day she could not help it, she pulled the little silver whistle out of her pocket, and instead of pushing the thought of Rémy away, as she had done valiantly of late, the silly child turned the whistle in her hands round and round again. It gleamed in the sun like a whistle of fire ; and then slowly she put it to her lips. Should she frighten the carp ? Patty wondered ; and as she blew a very sweet long note upon the shrill gleaming toy, it echoed oddly in the stillness, and across the water. The carp did not seem to hear it ; but Patty stopped short, frightened, ashamed, with burning blushes, for, looking up at the sound of a footstep striking across the stone terrace, she saw her cousin coming towards her.

To people who are in love each meeting is a new miracle. This was

an odd chance certainly, a quaint freak of fortune. The child thought it was some incantation that she had unconsciously performed; she sprang back, her dark eyes flashed, the silver whistle fell to the ground and went rolling and rolling, and bobbing across the stones to the young man's feet.

He picked it up and came forward with an amused and lover-like smile, holding it out in his hand. "I have only just heard you were here," he said; "I came to see my grandmother last night, from Paris. My dear cousin, what a delightful chance. Are not you a little bit glad to see me?" said the young man, romantically. It was a shame to play off his airs and graces upon such a simple downright soul as Martha Maynard. Some one should have boxed his ears as he stood there smiling, handsome, irresistible, trying to make a sentimental scene out of a chance meeting. Poor little Patty, with all her courage and simpleness, was no match for him at first; she looked up at his face wistfully and then turned away, for one burning blush succeeded to another, and then she took courage again. "Of course I am glad to see you, cousin Rémy," said she brightly, and she held out her little brown hand and put it frankly into his. "It is the greatest pleasure and delight to me, above all now when I had given up all hopes for ever; but it's no use," said Patty with a sigh, "for I know I mustn't talk to you, they wouldn't like it. I must never whistle again upon the little whistle, for fear you should appear," she said with a sigh.

This was no cold-hearted maiden. Rémy forgot his vague schemes of revenge and desertion, the moment he heard the sound of her dear little voice. "They wouldn't like it," said Rémy, reddening, "and I have been longing and wearying to see you again Patty. What do you suppose I have come here for?—Patty, Patty, confess that you were thinking of me when you whistled," and as he said this the wolf's whole heart melted. "Do you know how often I have thought of you since I was cruelly driven away from your house?"

Two great, ashamed, vexed, sorrowful tears, startled into Martha's eyes as she turned away her head and pulled away her hand.

"Oh, Rémy, indeed, indeed there must have been some reason, some mistake: dear papa, if you knew how he loves me and mamma, and, oh, how miserable it made me."

"I daresay there was some mistake, since you say so," said the wily wolf. "Patty, only say you love me a little, and I will forgive everything and anything."

"I mustn't let any one talk about forgiving *them*," said the girl. "I would love you a great deal if I might," she added with another sigh. "I do love you, only I try not to, and I think,—I am sure, I shall get over it in time if I can only be brave."

This was such an astounding confession that De la Louvière hardly knew how to take it; touched and amused and amazed, he stood there, looking at the honest little sweet face. Patty's confession was a very honest one. The girl knew that it was not to be; she was loyal to her

father, and, above all, to that tender, wistful mother. Filial devotion seemed like the bright eyes and silver tea-pot to be an inheritance in her family. She did not deceive herself; she knew that she loved her cousin with something more than cousinly affection, but she also believed that it was a fancy which could be conquered. "We are human beings," said Patty, like St. Paul; "we are not machines; we can do what we will with ourselves, if we only determine to try. And I will try." And she set her teeth and looked quite fierce at Rémy; and then she melted again, and said in her childish way, "You never told me you would come if I blew upon the whistle."

Do her harm,—wound her,—punish her parents by stabbing this tender little heart? Rémy said to himself that he had rather cut off his mustachios.

There was something loyal, honest, and tender in the little thing, that touched him inexpressibly. He suddenly began to tell himself that he agreed with his uncle that to try to marry Patty for money's sake had been a shame and a sin. He had been a fool and a madman, and blind and deaf. Rémy de la Louvière was only half a wolf after all,—a sheep in wolf's clothing. He had worn the skin so long that he had begun to think it was his very own, and he was perfectly amazed and surprised to find such a soft, tender place beneath it.

It was with quite a different look and tone from the romantic, impassioned, corsair manner in which he had begun, that he said very gently, "Dear Patty, don't try too hard not to like me. I cannot help hoping that all will be well. You will hope too, will you not?"

"Yes, indeed, I will," said Patty; "and now, Rémy, you must go: I have talked to you long enough. See, this is the back gate and the way to the Rue de la Lampe." For they had been walking on all this time and following the course of the avenue. One or two people passing by looked kindly at the handsome young couple strolling in the sunshine; a man in a blouse, wheeling a hand-truck, looked over his shoulder a second time as he turned down the turning to the Rue de la Lampe. Patty did not see him, she was absorbed in one great resolution. She must go now, and say good-by to her cousin.

"Come a little way farther with me," said Rémy, "just a little way under the trees. Patty, I have a confession to make to you. You will hate me, perhaps, and yet I cannot help telling you."

"Oh, indeed I must not come now," Patty said. "Good-by, good-by."

"You won't listen to me, then?" said the young man; so sadly, that she had not the courage to leave him, and she turned at last, and walked a few steps.

"Will you let me carry your basket?" said her cousin. "Who are you taking this to?"

"It is for my grandmother," said the girl, resisting. "Rémy, have you really anything to say?"

They had come to the end of the park, where its gates lead into the forest; one road led to the Rue de la Lampe, the other into the great waving world of trees. It was a lovely summer's afternoon. There was a host in the air, delighting and basking in the golden comfort; butterflies, midges, flights of birds from the forest were passing. It was pleasant to exist in such a place and hour, to walk by Rémy on the soft springing turf, and to listen to the sound of his voice under the shade of the overarching boughs.

"Patty, do you know I did want to marry you for your money?" Rémy said at last. "I love you truly; but I have not loved you always as I ought to have done—as I do now. You scorn me, you cannot forgive me?" he added, as the girl stopped short. "You will never trust me again."

"Oh Rémy, how could you . . . Oh, yes, indeed, indeed I do forgive you. I do trust you," she added quickly, saying anything to comfort and cheer him when he looked so unhappy. Every moment took them farther and farther on. The little person with the pretty red hood and bright eyes and the little basket had almost forgotten her commission, her conscience, her grandmother, and all the other duties of life. Rémy, too, had forgotten everything but the bright sweet little face, the red hood, and the little hand holding the basket, when they came to a dark, enclosed halting-place at the end of the avenue, from whence a few rocky steps led out upon a sudden hillside, which looked out into the open world. It was a lovely surprising sight, a burst of open country, a great purple amphitheatre of rocks shining and hills spreading to meet the skies, clefts and sudden gleams, and a wide distant horizon of waving forest fringing the valley. Clouds were drifting and tints changing, the heather springing between the rocks at their feet, and the thousands of tree-tops swaying like a ripple on a sea.

Something in the great wide freshness of the place brought Patty to herself again.

"How lovely it is," she said. "Oh, Rémy, why did you let me come? Oh, I oughtn't to have come."

Rémy tried to comfort her. "We have not been very long," he said. "We will take the short cut through the trees, and you shall tell your mother all about it. There's no more reason why we shouldn't walk together now than when we were at Littleton."

As he was speaking he was leading the way through the brushwood, and they got into a cross avenue leading back to the carriage-road.

"I shall come to Madame Capuchon's, too, since you are going," said Rémy, making a grand resolution. "I think perhaps she will help us. She is bound to, since she did all the mischief;" and then he went on a few steps, holding back the trees that grew in Patty's way. A little field-mouse peeped at them and ran away, a lightning sheet of light flashed through the green and changing leaves, little blue flowers were twinkling on the mosses under the trees, dried blossoms were falling, and cones and dead leaves and aromatic twigs and shoots.

“Is this the way?” said Patty, suddenly stopping short, and looking about her. “Rémy, look at those arrows cut in the trees; they are not pointing to the road we have come. Oh, Rémy, do not lose the way,” cried Patty, in a sudden fright.

“Don’t be afraid,” Rémy answered, laughing, and hurrying on before her; and then he stopped short, and began to pull at his mustache, looking first in one direction, and then in another. “Do you think they would be anxious if you were a little late?” he said.

“Anxious,” cried Patty. “Mamma would die; she could not bear it. Oh, Rémy, Rémy, what shall I do?” She flushed up, and almost began to cry. “Oh, find the way, please. Do you see any more arrows? Here is one; come, come.”

Patty turned, and began to retrace her steps, hurrying along in a fever of terror and remorse. The wood-pigeons cooed overhead, the long lines of distant trees were mingling and twisting in a sort of dance, as she flew along.

“Wait for me, Patty,” cried Rémy. “Here is some one to ask.” And as he spoke he pointed to an old woman coming along one of the narrow cross pathways, carrying a tray of sweetmeats and a great jar of lemonade.

“Fontainebleau, my little gentleman?” said the old woman. “You are turning your back upon it. The arrows point away from Fontainebleau, and not towards the town. Do you know the big cross near the gate? Well, it is just at the end of that long avenue. Wait, wait, my little gentleman. Won’t you buy a sweet sugarstick for the pretty little lady in the red hood? Believe me, she is fond of sugarsticks. It is not the first time that she has bought some of mine.”

But Rémy knew that Patty was in no mood for barley-sugar, and he went off to cheer up his cousin with the good news. The old woman hobbled off grumbling.

It was getting later by this time. The shadows were changing, and a western light was beginning to glow upon the many stems and quivering branches of the great waving forest. Everything glowed in unwearied change and beauty, but they had admired enough. A bird was singing high above over their heads, they walked on quickly in silence for half an hour or more, and at the end of the avenue—as the old woman had told them—they found a wide stony ascending road, with the dark murmuring fringe of the woods on either side, and a great cross at the summit of the ascent. Here Patty sank down for a minute, almost falling upon the step, and feeling safe. This gate was close to the Rue de la Lampe.

“Now go,” she said to her cousin. “Go on first, and I will follow, dear Rémy. I don’t want to be seen with you any more. People know me and my red hood.”

De la Louvière could only hope that Patty had not already been recognized.

All the same he refused utterly to leave her until they reached the gates of the forest; then he took the short way to the Rue de la Lampe, and Patty followed slowly. She had had a shock, she wanted to be calm

before she saw her grandmother. Her heart was beating still, she was tired and sorry. Patty's conscience was not easy—she felt she had done wrong, and yet—and yet—with the world of love in her heart it seemed as if nothing could be wrong and nobody angry or anxious.

Mrs. Maynard herself had felt something of the sort that afternoon after the little girl had left her. The mother watched her across the court-yard, and then sat down as usual to her work. Her eyes filled up with grateful tears as she bent over her sewing; they often did when Henry spoke a kind word or Patty looked specially happy. Yes, it was a miracle that at fifty all this should come to her, thought Marthe Maynard—brilliant beauty and courage and happiness, and the delight of youth and of early hopes unrepressed. It was like a miracle that all this had come to her in a dearer and happier form than if it had been given to herself. Marthe wondered whether all her share had been reserved for her darling in some mysterious fashion, and so she went on stitching her thoughts to her canvas as people do; peaceful, tranquil, happy thoughts they were, as she sat waiting for her husband's return. An hour or two went by, people came and went in the court-yard below, the little diligence rattled off to the railway; at last, thinking she heard Henry's voice, Marthe leant out of the window and saw him speaking to an old woman with a basket of sweetmeats, and then she heard the sitting-room door open, and she looked round to see who it was coming in. It was Simonne, who came bustling in with a troubled look, like ripples in a placid smooth pool. The good old creature had put on a shawl and gloves and a clean cap with huge frills, and stood silent, umbrella in hand, and staring at the calm-looking lady at her work-table.

"What is it?" said Marthe, looking up. "Simonne, is my mother unwell?"

"Madame is quite well; do not be uneasy," said Simonne, with a quick, uncertain glance in Mrs. Maynard's face.

"Have you brought me back Patty?" said Mrs. Maynard. "Has Betty come with you?"

"Betty? I don't know where she is," said Simonne. "She is a craze-pated girl, and you should not allow her to take charge of Patty."

Mrs. Maynard smiled. She knew Simonne's ways of old. All cooks, housekeepers, ladies'-maids, &c. under fifty were crazy-pated girls with Simonne, whose sympathies certainly did not rest among her own class. Mrs. Maynard's smile, however, changed away when she looked at Simonne a second time.

"I am sure something is the matter," Marthe cried, starting up. "Where's Patty?" The poor mother suddenly conjecturing evil had turned quite pale, and all the soft contentment and calm were gone in one instant. She seized Simonne's arm with an imploring nervous clutch, as if praying that it might be nothing dreadful.

"Don't be uneasy, madame," said Simonne. "Girls are girls, and that Betty is too scatterbrained to be trusted another time: she missed Patty

and came alone to our house. Oh, I sent her off quickly enough to meet Mademoiselle. But you see, Madame," Simonne was hurrying on nervously over her words, "our Patty is so young, she thinks of no harm, she runs here and there just as fancy takes her, but a young girl must not be talked of, and—and it does not do for her to be seen alone in company with anybody but her mother or father. There's no harm done, but——"

"What are you talking of—why do you frighten me for nothing, Simonne?" said Mrs. Maynard, recovering crossly with a faint gasp of relief, and thinking all was well. She had expected a broken limb at the least in her sudden alarm.

"There, Marthe," said Simonne, taking her hand, "you must not be angry with me. It was the concierge de chez nous, who made a remark which displeased me, and I thought I had best come straight to you."

"My Patty, my Patty! What have you been doing, Simonne? How dare you talk of my child to common people!" said the anxious mother.

"I was anxious, Madame," said poor Simonne, humbly. "I looked for her up the street and along the great avenue, and our concierge met me and said, 'Don't trouble yourself. I met your young lady going towards the forest in company with a young man.' She is a naughty child, and I was vexed, Madame, that is all," said Simonne.

But Mrs. Maynard hardly heard her to the end,—she put up her two hands with a little cry of anxious horror. "And is she not back? What have you been doing? why did you not come before? My Patty, my Patty! what absurd mistake is this? Oh, where is my husband? Papa, papa!" cried poor Mrs. Maynard distracted, running out upon the landing. Mr. Maynard was coming upstairs at that instant, followed by the blowsy and breathless Betty.

Mr. Maynard had evidently heard the whole story: he looked black and white, as people do who are terribly disturbed and annoyed. Had they been at home in England, Patty's disappearance would have seemed nothing to them; there were half-a-dozen young cousins and neighbours to whose care she might have been trusted, but here, where they know no one, it was inexplicable, and no wonder they were disquieted and shocked. Mr. Maynard tried to reassure his wife, and vented his anxiety in wrath upon the luckless Betty.

Martha sickened as she listened to Betty's sobs and excuses. "I can't help it," said the stupid girl with a scared face. "Miss Patty didn't wait for me. The old woman says she saw a red hood in the forest, going along with a young man,—master heard her."

"Hold your tongue, you fool. How dare you all come to me with such lies!" shouted Maynard. He hated the sight of the girl ever after, and he rushed down into the court again. The old woman was gone, but a carriage was standing there waiting to be engaged.

"We may as well go and fetch Patty at your mother's," Maynard called out with some appearance of calmness. "I daresay she is there by this time." Mrs. Maynard ran downstairs and got in, Simonne

bundled in too, and sat with her back to the horses. But that ten minutes' drive was so horrible that not one of them ever spoke of it again.

They need not have been so miserable, poor people, if they had only known Patty had safely reached her grandmother's door by that time. When the concierge, who was sitting on his barrow at the door, let her in and looked at her with an odd expression in his face, "Simonne was in a great anxiety about you, Mademoiselle," said he; "she is not yet come in. Your grandmamma is upstairs as usual. Have you had a pleasant walk?"

Patty made no answer; she ran upstairs quickly. "I must not stay long," she said to herself. "I wonder if Rémy is there." The front door was open, and she went in, and then along the passage, and with a beating heart she stopped and knocked at her grandmother's door. "Come in, child," the old lady called out from the inside; and as Patty nervously fumbled at the handle, the voice inside added, "Lift up the latch, and the hasp will fall. Come in," and Patty went in as she was told.

It was getting to be a little dark indoors by this time, and the room seemed to Patty full of an odd dazzle of light—perhaps because the glass door of the dressing closet, in which many of Madame Capuchon's stores were kept, was open.

"Come here, child," said her grandmother, hoarsely, "and let me look at you."

"How hoarsely you speak," said Patty; "I'm afraid your cold is very bad, grandmamma."

The old lady grunted and shook her head. "My health is miserable at all times," she said. "What is that you have got in your basket? butter, is it not, by the smell?"

"What a good nose you have, grandmamma," said Patty, laughing, and opening her basket. "I have brought you a little pat of butter and some honeycomb, with mamma's love," said Patty. "They will supply you from the hotel, if you like, at the same price you pay now."

"Thank you, child," said Madame Capuchon. "Come a little closer and let me look at you. Why, what is the matter? You are all sorts of colours,—blue, green, red. What have you been doing, Miss? See if you can find my spectacles on that table."

"What do you want them for, grandmamma?" Patty asked, fumbling about among all the various little odds and ends.

"The better to see you, my dear, and anybody else who may call upon me," said the grandmamma, in her odd broken English. Patty was nervous still and confused, longing to ask whether Rémy had made his appearance, and not daring to speak his name first, and in her confusion she knocked over a little odd-shaped box that was upon the table, and it opened and something fell out.

"Be careful, child! What have you done?" said the old lady sharply. "Here, give the things to me."

"It's—it's something made of ivory, grandmamma," said stupid Patty, looking up bewildered. "What is it for?"

"Take care; take care. Those are my teeth, child. I cannot eat comfortably without them," said the old lady pettishly. "And now I want to talk seriously. Here, give me your hand, and look me in the face, and tell me honestly what you think of a certain . . . ?"

But at that instant a loud ring at the bell was heard, and voices in the passage; the door of the room flew open, and Mrs. Maynard rushed in, burst into a flood of tears, and clasped her daughter to her beating heart.

"I tell you she is here, monsieur," Simonne was saying to Maynard himself, who was following his wife. As soon as he saw her there, with Patty in her arms, "Now, Martha," he said, "you will at last believe what a goose you are at times," and he began to laugh in a superior sort of fashion, and then he choked oddly, and sat down with his face hidden in his hands.

"But what is it all about?" asked Madame Capuchon, from her bed.

Poor people! They could hardly own or tell or speak the thought which had been in their minds, so horrible and so absurd as it now seemed. They tried to pass it over; and, indeed, they never owned to one another what that ten minutes' drive had been.

It was all over now, and Patty, in penitent tears, was confessing what had detained her. They could not be angry at such a time, they could only clasp her in their loving arms. All the little miniatures were looking on from their hooks on the wall, the old grandmother was shaking her frills in excitement, and nodding and blinking encouragement from her alcove.

"Look here, Henry," said she to her son-in-law. "I have seen the young man, and I think he is a very fine young fellow. In fact, he is now waiting in the dining-room, for I sent him away when I heard *la petite* coming. I wanted to talk to her alone. *Félicie* has written to me on the subject of their union; he wishes it, I wish it, Patty wishes it; oh, I can read little girls' faces: he has been called to the bar; my property will remain undivided; why do you oppose their marriage? I cannot conceive what objection you can ever have had to it."

"What objection!" said the squire, astounded. "Why, you yourself warned me. *Félicie* writes as usual with an eye to her own interest—a grasping, covetous——"

"Hush, hush, dear," interceded Mrs. Maynard, gently pushing her husband towards the door. The old lady's hands and frills were trembling more and more by this time; she was not used to being thwarted; the squire also was accustomed to have his own way.

"My *Félicie*, my poor child, I cannot suffer her to be spoken of in this way," cried Madame Capuchon, who at another time would have been the first to complain.

"Patty is only sixteen," hazarded Mrs. Maynard.

"I was sixteen when I married," said Madame Capuchon.

"Patty shall wait till she is sixty-six before I give her to a penniless adventurer," cried the squire in great wrath.

"Very well," said the old lady, spitefully. "Now I will tell you what"

I have told him. As I tell you, he came to see me just now, and is at this moment, I believe, devouring the remains of the pie Simonne prepared for your luncheon. I have told him that he shall be my heir whether you give him Patty or not. I am not joking, Henry, I mean it. I like the young man exceedingly. He is an extremely well-bred young fellow, and will do us all credit."

Maynard shrugged his shoulders and looked at his wife.

"But, child, do you really care for him?" Patty's mother said reproachfully. "What can you know of him?" and she took both the little hands in hers.

Little Patty hung her head for a minute. "Oh, mamma, he has told me everything; he told me he did think of the money at first, but only before he knew me. Dear papa, if you talked to him you would believe him, indeed you would—indeed, indeed you would." Patty's imploring wistful glance touched the squire, and as she said, Maynard could not help believing in Rémy when he came to talk things over quietly with him, and without losing his temper.

He found him in the dining-room, with a bottle of wine and the empty pie-dish before him; the young man had finished off everything but the bones and the cork and the bottle. "I had no breakfast, sir," said Rémy, starting up, half laughing, half ashamed. "My grandmother told me to look in the cupboard."

"Such a good appetite should imply a good conscience," Maynard thought; and at last he relented, and eventually grew to be very fond of his son-in-law.

Patty and Rémy were married on her seventeenth birthday. I first saw them in the court-yard of the hôtel, but afterwards at Sunnymede, where they spent last summer.

Madame Capuchon is not yet satisfied with the butter. It is a very difficult thing to get anywhere good. Simonne is as devoted as ever, and tries hard to satisfy her mistress.

A Gossip on our Rosalinds.

As You Like It is one of the many plays of Shakspeare that suffered much at the hands of the Shakspeare-tinkers, of which class Charles Johnson was one. He was a man whose career was of considerable variety. Like a number of other young fellows who had commenced life as a student of law, he took to reading plays instead of Coke upon Littelton, to going to the theatres in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Drury Lane instead of to the law courts. Any day he might be seen abroad with Sir Harry Wildair, or what is the same thing, Mr. Wilks—the latter all airiness and fine-gentlemanism—towards whom many a bright eye was directed, as the handsome actor passed along the causeway or under the piazza, while many a smile greeted him as his slight but sweet Irish accent was recognized in his lofty-toned conversations with his stout friend. Charles Johnson had an alacrity in growing fat: he begun at an early period, and never left off till he died. Wilks breathed him pretty freely, but Charles panted heavily, yet happily, as he kept up with his lighter-heeled and swifter-going friend. His admiration for Wilks was unbounded, and the graceful player repaid the homage by helping to bring on the stage about a score of Johnson's plays. These were all more or less popular in their day. They all belong to the earlier part of the last century, and are all wrapped in wholesome oblivion now; but, in their time, they made a celebrity of their author, and as he went into Will's or Button's, or looked out of the window upstairs, a poet or a player at his side, the street-public gazed at the group with interest. At that period every man of note was known to the great body of the unknown, for London was not larger than Manchester is now, and in certain quarters of the town the same faces were to be seen every day.

Johnson, like most fat men, was a good-natured fellow. His worst enemies could not say more in his disparagement than that he might have been thinner. His popularity was manifested by the crowds that always attended the theatre on his benefit—the “author's nights,” as they used to be called—and his audiences were inclined to look on his writing as something not far off the free style of Etherege, the easy vein of Sedley, the brilliancy of Congreve, or the epigrammatic humour of Wycherley. They took a certain ease and vivacity for proofs of wit. They forgot that Johnson was merely an adapter of other men's ideas, while, at the same time they were fain to confess that his tragedies only escaped being comedies because they were too dull to raise a laugh.

It is a curious social trait of those old times, not that this coffee-house gallant married a young widow with a fortune, but that he ceased to be a gallant at all. He who had taken his punch, his chocolate, or his claret,

with the old bards and young beaux, the clever, idle, fine, witty, witless, or scampish gentlemen, who fluttered, talked, and settled the reputation of ministers, authors, poets, players, and toasts of the town, over their liquor, now took to serving customers of his own, in the character of a Boniface. With his wife's fortune, Johnson opened a tavern, or succeeded to one of the old ones in Bow Street. With his apron on and a scratch wig on his head, he could see his old fellows, the gallants, in cataract *perruques* and swords on their hips, going jauntily by to the resort of such dainty personages. But these sometimes made a night of it at "Charley's;" for Bow Street was then not a century old, and Covent Garden Theatre and the police office, as yet, were not. Gentry from the country had their lodgings in this street during their sojourn in town, and great poets, and fashionable physicians, and famous players dwelt there, and Wilks himself lived next door to his friend, and thought none the worse of him for selling good wine and not objecting to long scores. When Johnson's wife died, the widower retired from business with great increase of fortune, and lived in very easy circumstances ever after.

Well, this dramatic author, who began life with an intention, on his father's part at least, that he should become a Lord Chancellor, and who ended it by being a retired tapster of considerable fortune, would hardly, perhaps, be remembered now at all but for having come under the scornful notice of Pope in the *Dunciad*, and for having been one of the most audacious of the Shakspeare-tinkers who re-wrote Shakspeare's plays, in the style in which they considered *he* ought to have written them, if he had had any regard for his own reputation.

Johnson took up a well-thumbed volume of Shakspeare's works that lay on an arm-chair in the little parlour behind the bar at Will's, on one wet morning, and he opened it at *As You Like It*. The rain without, and inclination within, enabled him to read it through with great interest; but when he closed the book, it was with something of the feeling of the sign-painter, who, after executing a *red lion*, thought of the jealous feelings with which Titian would have regarded it, and exclaimed, good-naturedly, "Poor little Titty!" Johnson held the volume in his hand, and shook his head. The play was good, but he thought it might have been better. Hitherto, *As You Like It* had been looked upon as something too finely exquisite for the stage: as partaking more of a poem than of a play. Rosalind was a part that neither Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort, Mrs. Oldfield, or any of that brilliant sisterhood, had ever ventured to attempt. There was nothing like Rosalind in any of the heroines of the modern comedy of the day. These heroines were hussies of the most audacious and intrepid character; women with none of the attributes of true, pure, womanly nature about them; and Rosalind was even thought too purely colourless a character for it to be likely to be popular with audiences accustomed to the obscenity which contemporary playwrights forced upon them against their wills, and tried to persuade a disgusted public that they liked it.

Johnson addressed himself thus to his work of improving Shakspeare. He began with the title, drew his pen through *As You Like It*, and wrote, *Love in a Forest*. Coming upon the *dramatis personæ*, he scored out some of them with the savageness of a democrat who has the opportunity of proscribing his friends who do not share his political opinions. We perhaps might have pardoned him for erasing William, Corin, Phœbe, and Sylvius, but *never* for expelling Touchstone and Audrey from Shakspeare's roll. To turn them out was a great sacrilege; but there seems to have been an idea prevalent (when the coarsest expressions and the most revolting indecency were considered as fitting things to challenge the public taste withal) that the philosophy of Shakspeare's fools and clowns was too offensive or unintelligible to be presented to a British public. Thus for years the tender, faithful, loving, and beloved fool in *Lear* was banished from the stage. Even so accomplished a dramatist as Colman could not discern the beauty, poetry, and suggestiveness of that incomparable bit of fantastic nature. He pronounced it "intolerable," a character that no audience would bear for an instant on the stage!

Equally wonderful was Garrick's insurmountable aversion to the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*. They had charmed many a generation, but they charmed not Roscius, and as long as he played the heir of Denmark, the grave-diggers, with the philosophy of the one and the simplicity of the other, were conspicuous only by their absence. Garrick opposed every suggestion for their restoration, and he died firm in the faith that to bring the grave-diggers on the stage would be to desecrate all the passion and philosophy of the tragedy. *Anathema maranatha* was his legacy to all who might dare to restore our ancient friends to their rightful position. But Garrick pronounced much of the fifth act of *Hamlet* to be "rubbish," and he wished, as Tillotson did of the Athanasian Creed, that we were "well rid of it!" He was influenced a little by Voltairian reasoning, and perhaps by the fact that *Hamlet* is not so exclusively paramount before the audience as in the preceding acts. Laertes may be said to have almost the best of it; and Charles Kemble knew well how to make the most of that best, in those great days of his when he played such capital secondary parts as Laertes, Falconbridge, Macduff, and similar characters, demanding for their fitting interpretation true actors—men of intelligence and earnestness.

Let us, however, gossip back to Charles Johnson, who, after altering the title and ejecting several of the persons of the drama, proceeded to improve *As You Like It* after his fashion; and a very droll fashion it was!—just as if he had improved his own wine-cellar by mixing his claret with his champagne, and pouring his rum into his Rhenish. Johnson put some of the speeches of the characters he had left out into the mouths of others of the characters he had preserved. Then some lines in *Richard the Second* striking him as fine, he transferred them into his first act, and he was so pleased with the effect that he looked for more good things, and finding what he looked for in *Much Ado About Nothing*,

he clapped it all into his third act. In the fourth there are some gems from *Twelfth Night*; Viola does duty for Rosalind, and the last scene of the original play is fitted in here, whether it will or no! Into the fifth act is inserted much from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, including all the mock play of "Pyramus and Thisbe." The pretty, saucy, pleasant epilogue is omitted altogether.

Wilks looked at this "hash," and did not object to it. He was to play Orlando himself, he said, and he *did*, having for the first Rosalind on record as played by a woman, Mrs. Booth, the "Santlow, famed for dance," of Gay. Wonderful woman she was, with her dash of aristocratic beauty, and her all-conquering ways, and her supreme love for her husband; in token of which, and to indicate her enduring sorrow thirty years after his death, this first of our Rosalinds erected the tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey, which still exists, but which, through dust, damp, and darkness, can now be deciphered only with difficulty. It was "better late than never!" Barton Booth himself acted no higher part in the play than the banished duke, while Cibber was the Jacques; and his son Theophilus (destined never to be hanged) daintily played M. Le Beau, and made a pretty "bit" of it.

A handsomer pair than the Orlando and Rosalind who presented themselves on the stage of Drury Lane, on the 9th of January, 1723, the stage could not then supply. How they acted is nowhere on record; but Wilks's Orlando must have lacked no grace the part demanded; and Mrs. Booth's Rosalind was, in all probability, marked by more sauciness than passionate feeling in sentiment or expression. One thing is certain, that the public did not take to the piece kindly, and that they manifested a desire to have Shakspeare's original play, and not Johnson's mangling of three or four, to make an imperfect medley out of one perfect whole.

Whence came this English Rosalind no biography can tell. She first took the town by storm as a dancer. Terpsichore herself seemed to have visited earth in the person of Hester Santlow, one of whose great points in the ballet was to let her clustered auburn hair suddenly loose over a pair of lustrous shoulders that carried the hearts of the whole house upon them. She was so full of fascination that even Marlborough would have given her gold for a smile; and Craggs, a cold Secretary of State, *did* give her a house, where he was master and she was mistress. The daughter of that equivocal household married (successively) into the families of Hamilton and Eliot, whereby the present Marquis of Abercorn and Earl of St. German's are representatives or descendants of the earliest of our English Rosalinds, who left the ballet for comedy, but who was hardly equal to the exigencies of Shakspearean dramas. Yet her gifts were many; she had a soft, sweet voice, a refined aspect, and much intelligence, but she who originated, with such marked success the part of Dorcas Zeal left no mark in Rosalind. It was easier to wear a modest dress, observe a "reserved decency of gesture," and manifest great simplicity of sentiment, than to fulfil the exigencies presented in

Rosalind. An actress with intelligence may be made to understand what those exigencies are, but an actress of intellect will discover them and supply all they may demand.

And the next Rosalind was exactly a player of that quality, though she commenced her career by acting at Southwark and other fairs, as indeed many noble comedians of her time had done. Her name, in that earlier time, was Miss Vaughan, but she is better known by her married name of Mrs. Pritchard. The stage had to wait for Shakspeare's *As You Like It* till 1741. At that period the above-named actress, not yet famous, was of a slim figure, moderately fair, as Cowley says of the mistress he imagined, of wonderfully expressive eyes, with easy carriage, elegant manners, and last but not least, a clear and harmonious articulation. When Covent Garden put Shakspeare's play on the stage in 1741, this young creature had not had much experience in that highest walk of the drama. She had, however, acted Ophelia, a part which Mrs. Cibber made exclusively her own, and which no actress ever illustrated as that great artist did. On the other hand, the stage had never seen a truly Shakspearian Rosalind till now, and the charming Mrs. Pritchard, by her interpretation of the part, first showed her claims to be Queen of Comedy, as her Lady Macbeth did to her being Queen of Tragedy. It may be reasonably doubted whether even Mrs. Siddons ever approached Mrs. Pritchard in Rosalind, or excelled her in Lady Macbeth.

Drury Lane could think of no one to oppose to the Rosalind of the other house till Margaret Woffington suggested herself to the managers. Margaret, like Mrs. Pritchard, had played Ophelia in the country, but Rosalind was her first serious attempt at Shakspeare, in London. Her training had not been of the best quality; her Irish birth was of the humblest, and she had begun life in Dublin by hanging to the legs of a rope-dancer, Madame Violante, as the latter went through her "astounding performances." Mrs. Woffington was so thoroughly a lady in manner, speech, bearing, in grace, and in expression, that many have doubted whether she *could* have been of such very humble origin, and such degraded companionship, as her biographers assign to her. The fact is that the lady was innate in Margaret. It was in her from the first, even when she carried water on her head from the Liffey to her neighbouring obscure home. That, in spite of her uncultivated youth, she should have had all the graces of a true lady (that is, all save one, lacking which it must be confessed, the others are much tarnished) has nothing remarkable in it. Look at young French actresses; some of them come from homes humbler than Margaret's, if that can be, but they play patched and powdered marchionesses with an ease, an aplomb, and a general manner, as if they had been born into the peerage, and never had companionship save with what was refined and noble.

For about fifteen years, this untaught but well-inspired Irish girl was the popular Rosalind; and yet she lacked one of the great requisites for a perfect interpretation of the character—a sweet voice. But Margaret was

a woman of unbounded resolution, and she even brought her voice, just as a great singer with a refractory organ can do, under such control that she could make it sound like a silver bell. In fact, she was one of those real artists who never believe that they are such great proficient but that they have something more to learn; and it is the looking for such enlightenment that *keeps* them great artists. Betterton's Hamlet was the grandest of all Hamlets for half a century, and chiefly for this reason, that the most accomplished of English players never ceased to study the character.

Margaret Woffington and Mrs. Pritchard were equally unendowed by education; but both were *earnest* actresses and apt at comprehending their authors. Therefore, they were sure of success, though it might be of different degrees. They divided the town as to the merits of their respective Rosalinds; but Margaret's air and remarkable beauty helped to give her the superiority, notwithstanding that Mrs. Pritchard carried triumph in her voice. Garrick, of course, brought Mrs. Woffington out as Rosalind. This was in 1747, the first year of his proprietorship at Drury Lane. She was not, however, well supported, save that Kitty Clive played Celia and Macklin, Touchstone. The receipts on her first night only reached 99*l.* 8*s.*, the lowest sum received on a Shakspeare night; and it is worthy of remark that the receipts of that season never exceeded 200*l.*, except when a play by Shakspeare was performed, and that *King Lear* drew the largest house, one paying into the treasury 208*l.* In that season of 1747-8, consisting of 171 nights, the receipts amounted to 21,044*l.* 15*s.*, the expenses averaging only 60*l.* a night.

Mrs. Woffington had held Rosalind as her own for ten years, when, on the 3rd of May, 1757, she put on the dress for the last time. She was then at Covent Garden. Some prophetic feeling of ill came over her as she struggled against a fainting-fit while assuming the bridal-dress in the last act. She had never disappointed an audience in her life; her indomitable courage carried her on the stage, and the audience might have taken her to be as radiant in health and spirits as she looked. She began the pretty saucy prologue with her old saucy prettiness of manner; but when she had said,—“If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me——” she paused, tried to articulate, but was unable, had consciousness enough to know how she was stricken, and to manifest her terror at the catastrophe by a wild shriek, as she tottered towards the stage-door. On her way, she fell, paralysed, into the arms of sympathizing comrades, who bore her from the stage, to which she never returned. Three years of dying followed, and then passed away the woman whom her play-fellows loved for her magnificent kindness of heart; the public esteemed her for her rare merits. Even bishops, it is said, forgot her errors in the excellence of her tea and the brilliancy of her conversation; and the poor of Teddington, where this Rosalind died, profit at this moment by the active and abiding charity of Margaret Woffington.

The little “Barbara S——,” of the well-known essay by Elia, was the

next Rosalind whom the town accepted. The town knew nothing of Miss Street, the Bath apothecary's daughter, or of her early struggle for life and a position on the stage. She first appeared as Mrs. Dancer; and when she assumed Rosalind, in 1767, the critics of Old Drury pronounced her emphatically *good*. In one respect, they thought her superior to Pritchard or Woffington, having, as they said, "a more characteristic person;" and the phrase is significant, if not happy. She played the part to the Orlando of that plausible Palmer, who once persuaded a bailiff who had him in custody, to lend him a guinea. When, eight years later, she played the part to the airy Orlando of restless Lewis, the Jaques was Spranger Barry, the second of the three husbands of Charles Lamb's "Barbara S——." Her last left her to the stage as Mrs. Crawford, whose Lady Randolph was so magnificent a piece of acting that young Mrs. Siddons wished her elder sister in art—comfortably in Paradise.

Till Mrs. Siddons herself played Rosalind, in 1785, at Drury Lane, no other had much attracted the town. Mrs. Bulkeley had resplendent beauty and unparalleled audaciousness; but Rosalind requires a lady in mind, taste, and bearing to ensure success; and Mrs. Bulkeley's Rosalind, in the last century, was, probably, like Mrs. Nesbitt's in this, too glowing by half. Such Rosalinds are to Shakspeare's as Voltaire's Pucelle is to the genuine Maid of Orleans. Miss Younge, when she first played the character, in 1779, or ten years later, as Mrs. Pope, did not offend in this way. She rather offended in an opposite way, and was, through fear of being too loving, altogether too cold. Miss Younge, however, who was Garrick's last and favourite pupil, was not without ardour. In her *mature* years, she took young Mr. Pope and married him. Many a joke was fired at them, and Mrs. Siddons *would* have hers—to the effect that the bridegroom would be the only boy that would come of *that* marriage.

In 1785, Mrs. Siddons herself tried Rosalind. Melpomene, it is said, looked ill in the guise of Thalia. She was so scrupulously modest as to wear male attire in the forest, such as no male or female had ever donned. It belonged to neither sex, and her Rosalind, in *like* manner, belonged to neither comedy nor tragedy. It needs archness, and of *that*, Charles Young declared it had not a particle, though it "wanted neither playfulness nor feminine softness." The execution fell short of the conception. Colman, indeed, said rudely of Mrs. Siddons' attempts out of tragedy, that she looked, on such occasions, "like Gog in petticoats;" and, no doubt, when Mrs. Jordan appeared in 1787 at Drury Lane, as Rosalind to the Orlando of John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons felt that her own attempt in 1785 was a mistake.

Mrs. Jordan, however, came as near it in Rosalind as could well be. There was none other like her down to the end of the last century, and none who have thoroughly possessed themselves of the character in this, except perhaps Ellen Tree, but certainly Miss Helen Faucit and the young Mrs. Scott Siddons. The interpretations of the latter two ladies

are wide apart, thoroughly original. They preserve throughout, the woman, —the *lady*, if you will—in all their illustrations.

Mrs. Jordan brought laughter, vivacity, and abounding spirit to the task ; but because she was inimitable as Nell or incomparable as the Romp, it is not necessary to conclude that she brought in addition the manners of either of those lively personages. Mrs. Jordan had heart and *tact*, impulses and judgment to control them. Doubtless, her Rosalind was as different from that of Miss Helen Faucit or Mrs. Scott Siddons as the Rosalind of either of these ladies is unlike that of the other. Nothing can manifest more study, more excellent method, more delicate conception, more artistic execution than the Rosalind of both ladies, and yet they are altogether different. Miss Faucit's is a Rosalind that takes the serious side of the character : the doubts and fears predominate. She has anxious rather than tender aspirations. Her hopes are timidly rather than boldly conceived, and there is no assurance in her that all will end well. There is some dread, amid much playfulness, that all may come to an ill end. Mrs. Scott Siddons's Rosalind is of a different complexion altogether. She has, in the first place, that which her great-grandmother lacked,—archness;—and yet her face has much of the feature and expression of her tragic ancestress, with whom archness was the last trait of character she could assume. The new Rosalind is a Rosalind full of courage. She has not only hope but confidence ; love and a resolve to be loved. From the very first, with the chain she gives Orlando, you see that she binds him to her, herself to him, for good and aye ! Clouds may come and she will sit in their shade, but she knows that there is a silver lining behind them. Death may threaten, and she may tremble a little, but "*odds her little life*," there is to be, after trial, much enjoyment before that debt is paid ; meanwhile, her heart defies all obstacles that may stand between her and the triumph of her love. The study to produce what appeared so unstudied, so natural and so artless, must have been great, but the young actress is repaid by her success.

Saint and Sinner.

Ah, reverend sir, she has departed
 To a realm more holy and single-hearted !
 Draw the shroud from her face and gaze on her :
 She looks alive with the red sun's rays on her.

Her hands are clasped on her bosom saintly,
 Her cold red lips seem fluttering faintly ;
 So silent, with never a stain of sin on her,
 That the light seems awed as it creepeth in on her.

Why do you shudder, reverend sir, so ?
 Your prayers and counsels, hallowing her so,
 The sins of the flesh took, night and day, from her—
 Cover her up and come away from her.

Nay, sit a little and talk below here,
 The breath can come, the blood can flow here.
 Ah, sainted sir, your conversation
 In a time so sore is a consolation.

Was she not fashion'd in holy mould, sir,
 A shining light in your blessed fold, sir ?
 Took she not comfort and peace and grace with her,
 And—shall I not meet in a better place with her ?

If, after death, in the time of waking,
 When the Trump is sounding, the new dawn breaking,
 We met, do you think my saint would rush away,
 Avoid me, fear me, fly with a blush away ?

Must the gentle souls that have loved and plighted
 And married below be above united ?
 Is there a meeting and never a parting there ?
 Are old wrongs burning and old wounds smarting there ?

Ah, reverend sir, you perceive so clearly
 What racks poor sinners like me severely—
 Pardon the silly fears which vex me so,
 Expound the points which in life perplex me so.

For every Sunday that softly passes,
 The scented, silken middle classes
 Flutter their frounces and, good lack! are in
 Joy at your feet, good Mr. Saccharine.

Cambric handkerchiefs scatter scent about,
 Pomaded heads are devoutly bent about ;
 Silks are rustling, lips are muttering,
 In the pastor's emotional pausing and fluttering.

What wonder that she who is far from here now,
 Singing your tunes in another sphere now,
 Became so saintly that earth grew vague to her,
 Her sinning husband a clog and a plague to her ?

And yearning for Love and the faith and the trust of it,
 Hating the flesh (she had wed) and the lust of it,
 Stole to the sheepfold, blushing and throbbing there,
 Then fell on the breast of the shepherd, sobbing there !

Why do you turn so pale and look at me,
 Casting the wrath of the blessed Book at me ? . . .
 Ah, reverend sir, be calm and stay with me,
 I wander . . . my fancies run quite away with me.

Yet how can I thank you as you merit
 For the light you shed on her blessed spirit—
 For the consolations and balmy blisses, too,
 She found on your lips, and their cold chaste kisses too ?

You covered her eyes with white hands blessing ;
 You hid her blush with your pure caressing,
 And shut out earth and the fears that wait on it,—
 The Sinner's face and the white-heat hate on it.

And I, the Sinner, to my degradation,
 Dared to begrudge you her conversation :
 Envied her love for the heaven you offer'd her,
 Hated your face and the peace it proffer'd her !

Alas the folly, alas the blindness !
 I did not bless you for your kindness !
 But only cried with a heart the sternest then—
 Best she should go to heaven in earnest then !

For at night she lay with soft lips fluttering,
 Dreaming of angels and faintly muttering,
 And once or twice stirr'd in sleep, and alone to me,
 Mentioned the name of an angel well known to me.

That angel stands high in the estimation
 Of your silken and scented congregation ;
 And she murmured his name with her heart throbbing faint in her,
 With a little more than the warmth of a saint in her !

And, sinner and slave that I am, I hated
 A passion so holy and elevated :
 And knowing her longing from earth to upspring away,
 I poison'd the flesh—that the sweet soul might wing away.

And because, sir, I knew of your longing to fly, too,
 My first thought was darkly, that you, sir, should die, too ;
 But I envied you death and the peace that doth dwell in it,
 And kept you for earth and the hate and the hell in it.

I kept you for slower, intenser dying,
 Than the sleep in whose bosom that lamb is lying ;
 Kept body and soul and the terrors that run in them,
 To complete the perdition so aptly begun in them.

And, sainted sir, will you call, I wonder,
 The hangman to come and tear us asunder ?
 I do not think you will dare to stir in it,
 For the sake of your sweet pure name and the slur in it.

How the scented silken congregation
 Would stare at the fearful insinuation
 That the saintly shepherd who saved so many there
 Was a sheep himself, and as rotten as any there !

But if you would prove me wholly in error,
 Touch the bell and proclaim the terror
 Whether the terror be hidden or told of you,
 I and the Devil have got fast hold of you !

Notings from the Note-Book of an Undeveloped Collector.

PART II.

FEW manias take more entire possession of a man than that for rare and curious copies of old books, when it comes; and even to those who can feel no sympathy with the book-worm there are certain volumes which give a taste of the book-worm's pleasures, and a touch of his enthusiasm. What can be more suggestive, for instance, than the sight of the first book ever printed from moveable types, the Bible of Gutenberg and Fust, issued at Mayence about 1455? What a mighty engine, both for good and evil, has the press been since then? Whatever other objections there may be to it, there is no intrinsic improbability in the story that it was the strange supply of "manuscripts" at this time, all so precisely alike, which gave rise to the legend of the Devil and Dr. Faustus. The price, however, at which they were first sold must have been very considerable, since Van Praet tells us that Gutenberg had spent 4,000 florins before twelve sheets were printed.

Copies of this "Mazarine Bible," as it is called, because the example that first attracted notice in modern times was discovered in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, fetch very large prices. They are of two kinds—on vellum and on paper. Of those on vellum there are six examples known, of the others about twenty. The beautiful MacCarthy copy on vellum was sold for 6,260 francs; it afterwards passed into the noble collection of Mr. Grenville, who bequeathed it to the British Museum. Another example, with two leaves supplied in manuscript, sold, in 1825, for 50*l*. A copy on paper has, however, brought even a larger price than this—at the sale of the Bishop of Cashel, in 1858, where it fetched 596*l*. It was the Duke of Sussex's copy, and at his sale had been bought for 190*l*.

Earlier by several years than this first Bible are what are styled block-books. There is very little, if anything, to recommend them except their antiquity. Both the woodcuts and the text (they were almost always illustrated) are of the rudest description. As they are without date, it is impossible to arrange them chronologically, on anything like a satisfactory plan; and how widely those who have studied the subject differ in their conclusions may be seen by comparing the ideas of Heineken in 1771, with those of the recent work of Mr. Leigh Sotheby—*Principia Typographica*. There is little doubt that these block-books were originally produced in Holland and the Low Countries; and if we follow Mr. Sotheby, we shall place first on our list the *Apocalypse of St. John*, in Latin, to which the date A.D. 1415-20 may be assigned. The only known

copy of what Mr. Sotheby considers the first edition of this work (according to Heineken it is the fourth, whilst his first is Mr. Sotheby's fifth) is in the possession of Earl Spencer. Of the second edition a copy is in the Bodleian, from Mr. Douce's collection; he gave thirty-one guineas for it.

Of all these block-books, perhaps the most interesting is the *Historia Veteris et Novi Testamenti*, or, as it is more commonly called, the *Biblia Pauperum*, first printed about 1420. It is a small folio, containing forty leaves, printed on one side only, each leaf having three sacred subjects, placed side by side, and four half-length figures of prophets or saints, two above and two below the centre subject. The rest of the page is taken up with an explanation of the illustrations in Latin. The Inglis copy, which was sold in 1826 for thirty-five guineas—about a fourth of its present value—and now in the possession of Mr. R. S. Holford, is considered by Mr. Sotheby to be a specimen of the first edition. Four copies of other editions are in the British Museum. Examples have fetched large prices—one in 1815 selling for 200 guineas, and another in 1813 for 245 guineas. The edition in German, printed at Nördlingen in 1470, sold at the Libri sale in 1862 for 220*l*. Another block-book, the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*, has fetched 300 guineas, and the Gardner copy of the German edition of the *Apocalypse*, now in the British Museum, 160*l*.

Very curious and rude are some of the early attempts at the new art of printing from moveable types. Look at the Venice edition of Homer's *Batrachomyomachia* (1486), printed in ink of two colours, black and red, the one giving the text, the other the interlinear scholia. Yet, if we were to judge from other specimens, we should say that the art of printing was perfected almost as soon as it was conceived. Take for instance the *Justin* of Jenson (Ven. 1470). Nothing can exceed the excellence of the paper, the beauty of the type, the artistic set of every page. Jenson had, of course, a great advantage in one point over his contemporaries: he had been employed, before he took up the new art, much to his royal master's disgust, in the mint at Paris.

The rarity of books depends on a variety of circumstances. Sometimes an author has been ashamed of his progeny and done all he could to get it consigned to the flames. Sometimes works have been suppressed by authority; sometimes accidentally destroyed. A further cause of rarity is an author's fancy for having only a few copies,—sometimes not more than ten or twelve, in one case only a single copy,—struck off at the first impression. Many copies, again, were made imperfect by the rage I have mentioned in a previous paper for illustrating *Grainger's Biographical History of England*, and such like books, by portraits torn from other works; and many others were mutilated by a yet more insane mania,—the collecting title-pages, of which there are several volumes in the British Museum.

The fires of persecution were lighted in the Reformation days not only for authors, when they could be found, but for their books when they could not. There is a fragment of a book in the British Museum which

is of the highest interest to English Churchmen. It is the only remaining portion of the first attempt to circulate the English translation of the New Testament by means of the press. Cochläus, in his *Life of Martin Luther*, gives us a history of the book. He was engaged in the office of Peter Quentell, at Cologne, superintending the printing of the works of Abbot Rupert, when he heard that two Englishmen were engaged in printing at the same office a book that would convert all England to Lutheranism. By inveigling the printers to his lodgings, and plying them well with wine, he discovered that the work in question was the New Testament, of which 2,500 copies had been struck off as far as sheet K. He immediately gave information to Herman Rinck, one of the magistrates at Cologne, and had the house searched, but the Englishmen had taken the alarm, and had already disappeared with the printed sheets. Another edition was printed at Worms the same year, probably by Schoyffer. Both these editions had been circulated in England, when in October and November, 1526, Bishop Tunstall and Archbishop Warham issued orders prohibiting the use of them. All the copies that could be bought up were burnt publicly by Tunstall at Paul's Cross; "a humane, but useless measure," as Blunt says in his *Sketch of the Reformation*; "for it soon appeared that unless he could buy up ink, paper, and types, he was only making himself Tindall's best customer." Of the first edition the Grenville fragment of thirty-one leaves is the only one known; of the second there is a perfect copy, excepting the title-page, in the rich library at the Baptist Museum, Bristol; of a third edition, printed at Antwerp in 1526, there is no copy known.

The first portion of the Old Testament printed in English, excepting certain "Lyves and Hystorys taken out of the Bible," which Caxton inserted in his *Golden Legende*, in 1483, was Tindall's Pentateuch. It was issued from the press of Luther's printer, Hans Luft, "at Malborow, in the land of Hesse." By an Act of Parliament passed in 1542, the marginal notes with which it was enriched were directed to be cut off. The only perfect copy now extant is in the Grenville Library.

Among the rarest books of divinity is *The Bible; that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into Englishe*, better known as Coverdale's Bible. Where it was printed is very doubtful, some assigning it to Zurich, others to Cologne, Frankfort, or Lübeck. The Earl of Leicester's copy is the only one possessing the title. Lea Wilson offered 100*l.* for an original title, and the same sum for the next leaf, but all to no purpose. When his splendid collection of Bibles was dispersed, his "Coverdale," with the two missing leaves supplied in facsimile by Harris, passed into the possession of Mr. Dunn Gardner, at whose sale, on July 7, 1854, it sold for 365*l.* A very imperfect copy sold in 1857 for 190*l.*

The great fire of London, in 1666, made sad havoc among book stores. Dr. Bliss, the well-known editor of that amusing piece of egotism, *Hearne's Diary*, had a curious collection of books printed during the years

immediately preceding the fire, such as perhaps had never been assembled before. Pepys alludes in his *Diary* to the losses sustained at that time:—"September 22, 1666. By Mr. Dugdale I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at their Hall also; some booksellers being wholly undone, and among others, they say, my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlum, all his books and household stuff burned: they trusting to St. Fayth's, and the roof of the church falling broke the arch down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father hath lost above 1,000*l.* in books: one book newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts." The first of the three volumes of Prynne's great work, with its monstrously long title, narrowly escaped destruction in the same fire. From the address to the reader at the end of that volume, it appears that only seventy copies were saved. Sir M. M. Sykes's copy of the three volumes sold for 117*l.* 10*s.* When the Duke of Buckingham's library at Stowe was dispersed, a portion of a fourth volume was discovered, consisting of 400 pages of introduction. This unique fragment excited a most lively competition. It was finally secured for the Library of Lincoln's Inn for 325*l.*

The value of rare books depends, of course, in a great measure on their condition, and collectors sometimes value the margin at a much higher rate than the text. No one was more particular on this point than "Measuring Miller" of Craigtintny. Consequently the prices quoted in bibliographical books often tend to mislead. Copies, for instance, of the first edition of Homer (Flor., 1488) have been purchased for very moderate sums; but I know of one copy—perhaps the finest in existence—which cost the library it now graces 84*l.*, and even this price has been very recently exceeded.

What a magnificent bequest was that of Mr. Grenville,—a library of something over 20,000 volumes which had cost him 54,000*l.* It richly deserves the noble room in which it is now placed. And yet it is said that Mr. Panizzi could not get so much as a piece of calico given him to keep the books, when they first came, from the dust. Amongst them was the only known copy on vellum of the edition of *Livy* printed at Rome by Sweynheim and Pannartz about 1469. In 1815 it had fetched 903*l.*

There is no want of English books which command large prices at sales. The quarto editions, for instance, of the separate plays of Shakspeare cost large sums. What prices they bring! In 1856, there occurred for sale *The Tragicall History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, 1603.*" Though it wanted the title-page, Mr. Halliwell was content to give 120*l.* for it. Only one other copy of the edition was known—discovered some fifty years since by Sir H. Bunbury, in an old closet at Barton, in Suffolk. This volume, which contained eleven other of Shakspeare's plays, mostly first edition, afterwards passed into the collection of the Duke of Devonshire for 250*l.* The duke's copy wants the last leaf. But the sale at which Shakspeare collectors went altogether mad, was that of Mr. Daniel, of Islington, in 1864. The first edition of *King Richard the Second* (1597), almost unique, fetched 325 guineas; that of *King Richard*

the *Third* (same year), 335 guineas; *The Pleasant Conceited Comedie called Love's Labor's Lost* (1598), 330 guineas; *The History of Henrie the Fourth* (second edition, 1599), 110 guineas; *The Most Excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet* (1599), 50 guineas—(a copy of the first edition, 1597, is in the British Museum, bequeathed by David Garrick); *The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth* (1600), 220 guineas; *The Most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the Extreme Crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe* (1600), 95 guineas; *Much Ado about Nothing* (1600), 255 guineas; *The Midsummer Night's Dreame* (1600), 230 guineas; *The most Pleasant and Excellent Conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaffe and the Merrie Wives of Windsor* (1602), 330 guineas; *The Famous Historie of Troilus and Cresseid* (1609), 109 guineas, and the *Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice*, 155*l.* Of his other works, *Lucrece* (1594) brought 150 guineas; *Venus and Adonis*, second edition (1594), 240 guineas—(Mr. Grenville, in 1844, gave 116*l.* for the copy now in the British Museum); and the edition of 1596, 300 guineas; and an edition of the *Sonnets* (1609), 215 guineas.

The first folio edition of the *Works of Shakspeare* (1623), so admirably reprinted by Mr. Booth, is a rare treasure. The Grenville copy, said to be the most beautiful known, was bought in 1819 for 116 guineas. The Duke of Roxburgh's copy fetched 100 guineas. At Mr. Baker's sale, a copy described as the only one containing the two cancelled leaves in *As You Like It*, fetched 163*l.* 15*s.* It was bought for America. But Mr. Daniel's copy went far beyond these prices. Most likely it is the tallest and finest copy in existence; but Miss Burdett Coutts gave for it no less than 682 guineas.

In very few cases are the copies of this edition genuine throughout; page after page generally having been supplied in fac-simile by Harris, whose imitations are so exquisite that it requires considerable discernment to detect them. Not unfrequently he obtained paper of the proper date from blank sheets in the State Paper Office. No wonder his eyesight failed him at last; and sad it is that such an accomplished artist, as no doubt he was in his way, should have died in comparative poverty.

Specimens of the earliest productions of the English press command very large prices. What was the first book printed in England, is a question that has occasioned no little controversy. If we could depend on the dates given in the books themselves, we must give to Oxford the honour of introducing the new art into the country. There is an edition of St. Jerome's *Exposicio in Simbolum Apostolorum*, which bears the date 1468. If, however, as is now generally believed,* the date in the imprint ought

* Hearne, however, in his *Diary* (May 7, 1719), has a most circumstantial account of the printing of this book. It was executed by F. Corsellis, one of Gutenberg's workmen, who had been brought over at an expense of 1,500 marks, 300 of which were contributed by Archbishop Bouchier, and the rest by the king. The archbishop being Chancellor of Oxford, sent Corsellis thither under a guard to prevent his escape. After printing the book, he returned to Flanders, and settled at Antwerp, whither he was followed by Caxton to be instructed in the art, about 1470.

to be 1478, Caxton must have the credit of being the first English printer. Of the ninety-four works he is known to have printed, six exist only in fragments, twenty-seven more in single copies; and there are only twelve of which more than ten copies are extant. The most extensive collection of Caxton's is at Lord Spencer's, the next at the British Museum, where, though the number of copies is larger, the number of separate works falls short by three of the Spencer collection. His earliest works were printed abroad; and either at Cologne, or perhaps more probably at Bruges, where the printer Colard Mansion employed a type precisely similar to one of Caxton's, he published, about 1471, the first book printed in English, the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*. Sixteen copies of this are in existence, one of which, a matchless one though wanting a leaf, which once belonged to Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV., was bought by the Duke of Devonshire at the Roxburgh sale for 106*l.* 10*s.* The first book he printed in England was, *The Game and Play of the Chesse*, dedicated to that Duke of Clarence who ended his days in a butt of Malmsey. His printing press was "in the Abbey of Westmynstre by London." Of other works issued from his press, *The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, translated out of Latyn into Frenshe . . . and empynted by me symple person, William Caxton*, along with his *Cicero de Amicitia*, sold in 1858 for 275*l.*; his *Boke of the Fayt of Armes of Chivalrye*, and his *Gower's Confessio Amantis*, each brought 336*l.*, and his *Mirror of the World*, 351*l.* 15*s.*, at the Roxburgh sale. After this we need not stop to mention any of the publications of William Maclinia, Wynkyn de Worde, or Richard Pynson who had the honour to be the first "King's printer."

"Not worth an old song" is a saying of questionable force. Three volumes of very rare and curious ballads were sold at Mr. Gutch's sale in 1858 for thirty guineas. In 1852, "204 humourous, romantic, legendary, amatory, and historical broadside ballads," printed in black letter some time between the middle and the end of the seventeenth century, once in the Heber collection, were purchased by Mr. Halliwell, at Mr. Utterson's sale, for 104*l.* 10*s.* One of the most famous of such collections was the Roxburgh one. The ballads were 900 in number, ranging from 1570 to 1680, pasted in three volumes folio, and fetched, at that famous sale, 478*l.* 15*s.* These are now in the British Museum. In 1820, at the Bindley sale, four lots of ballads and broadsides, printed between 1640 and 1688, which had been collected by Narcissus Luttrell, brought 781*l.* But far beyond even this price, in proportion, was the sum given for some old ballads at Mr. Daniel's sale. They were seventy in number, printed between 1559 and 1597, in most beautiful condition, and yielding to no other collection in interest or variety. Mr. Daniel gave a detailed account of them in the *Illustrated London News*, 1856. The price they were sold in 1864 for, was 750*l.* The Society of Antiquaries has a collection, and there are five volumes now at Cambridge, collected by Pepys. They are divided into heroic, romantic, hunting, love pleasant, and love unfortunate. A few of them are old, but mostly they are of the times of Charles I. and Charles II.

Proclamations, again, when they occur for sale, bring large prices. A beautiful volume, in Dr. Bandinel's collection, of the proclamations of Charles I., from 1625 to 1633, sold for 81*l.* Six volumes, belonging to the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Charles II., brought, in 1858, the more moderate sum of 78*l.* "The most complete collection in existence of the original black-letter broadside proclamations of the Irish Government, commencing with the year 1673, and extending through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George I., to the year 1716," was bought at the sale of Dr. Cane, of Kilkenny, 1858, for the Marchioness of Ormonde, for 76*l.* But such volumes have fetched much larger prices than these. I have heard of one picked up on an old bookstall for half-a-crown selling for 120*l.* There is a very fine collection of proclamations in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. In the Bodleian is the magnificent volume of Elizabethan proclamations; and the library of Queen's College, Oxford, has a collection which is nearly, if not quite, matchless, ranging from 1558 to 1694. It contains more than 1,000 proclamations, to say nothing of a very large collection of acts, ordinances, &c., issued during the Commonwealth. The only portion in which it is weak is the time of Charles I. But in addition to this, the same library possesses two most precious volumes, containing a series of proclamations, partly printed and partly in MS., from the time of Henry VII. to 1641. Many of the manuscripts are the original draughts as prepared for the Privy Council; some of the Elizabethan ones having corrections in the handwriting of Mr. Secretary Cecil, and some of the Caroline ones in that of Mr. Secretary Windebank. Two of them are the original copies in vellum, with the signature of Charles I. But perhaps the most interesting paper in the collection is a copy of the only proclamation issued by Lady Jane Grey. It is a somewhat elaborate document, beginning, "Jane, by the grace of God, Queen," &c., and dated "Julie 10, 1553." Grafton lost his privilege as Queen's printer in consequence of having printed it. It was at one time supposed to be unique. Another copy, however, has turned up, which is now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society; but it is not to be compared with the beautiful copy at Queen's.

Very curious and interesting proclamations turn up sometimes. Not long since there was secured for the Royal Library at Windsor one of Queen Mary, declaring herself to be *enceinte*. The Bodleian possesses the proclamation distributed by the Spaniards just before the Armada, declaring their intentions when they had conquered England. Among those exhibited in the show-cases in the British Museum is that of King Charles II. ordering the suppression of two of the works of Milton; who is therein stated to have fled from justice; that issued September 15, 1714, offering 100,000*l.* for the apprehension of Prince James should he attempt to land in England; and that issued August 22, 1745, by Charles Edward "Prince of Wales," offering 30,000*l.* for the apprehension of the "Elector of Hanover." Some other very interesting papers are displayed in the same

collection: for instance, a copy of the ninety-five propositions which Luther on the 31st of October, 1517, posted on the doors of the church of Wittemberg; and the handbill and challenge of "Admirable" Crichton, put up on the church doors in Venice in 1580.

The prices obtained by rare books at auctions are at times utterly beyond all calculations of chances. The object of ambition *vires acquirit eundo* and the excitement leads collectors into vagaries which surely must be as surprising to themselves in sober moments as to everybody else.

The most stupendous price ever obtained for any book was what the Boccaccio's *Decameron* of 1471 brought at the Roxburgh sale. At the beginning of this century the copy then and for a long time afterwards considered to be unique was in the possession of a London bookseller, and was purchased by the duke for 100 guineas. Two other copies are known now—one in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, the other in the Imperial Library, Paris. But the first wants one, and the second three leaves. The edition is said to have been suppressed by papal authority.

The 17th of June, 1812, is the *dies cretâ notandus* in the annals of bibliomania. Dibdin has a most graphic account of it in his *Bibliographical Decameron*. One extract will give the pith of his story:—

"The honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made. 'One hundred guineas,' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased and the champions before named (Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford) stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths. *A thousand guineas* were bid by Earl Spencer, to which the Marquis added *ten*. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing well nigh stopped—every sword was put home within its scabbard, and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glitter except that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand." At length Lord Spencer had bid 2,250*l.* The Marquis quietly added his usual *ten*, and down dropped the hammer. When the Marquis's library was disposed of in 1819, the day chosen for the sale of this famous book was the 17th of June, the anniversary of its former sale. But nothing could revive the old excitement, and it was knocked down for 918*l.* 15*s.* It is now in the possession of Lord Spencer.

Of illustrated works I must only mention one, Turner's *Liber Studiorum*. Here, also, Turner put himself forward as the rival of Claude. Finding that many forgeries of his pictures were being sold as original, Claude determined to make drawings of all his pictures, adding the names of the persons who commissioned them. These drawings accumulated till at his death he is said to have left six volumes of them. Only one is at present in existence, containing 200 drawings, and is in

the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It is known as Claude's *Liber Veritatis*. When Turner determined to publish a series of drawings which should far eclipse this celebrated volume, he engaged Mr. Lewis as his engraver, but the remuneration was so inadequate that the artist soon refused to proceed. Several other engravers were then engaged, Turner executing some of the plates himself. Often after the plate had been engraved, and several impressions taken off, Turner made large alterations, and, consequently, anything like a perfect copy of the etchings is a most difficult thing to procure. The subscription price was 17*l.* 18*s.* In 1865, Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson offered for sale what was described as the best entire copy of the work known to exist, each proof being in the earliest state, having been selected at the printer's before the impressions were issued to subscribers. There were also in it some artist's proofs, much touched and drawn over and altered by Turner, and in many cases bearing his own autograph directions to the engraver. It fetched the very large sum of 450*l.* Mr. Thornbury, in his *Life of Turner*, says, "Before his death" "a copy sold for thirty-one guineas, and since his death fine copies have sold for 3,000*l.*" But Mr. Thornbury here refers to the Stokes' collection of etchings, proofs, and every known plate, besides many duplicates. This collection was offered to the South Kensington Museum for 2,500*l.*; on the purchase being declined, it was broken up, and produced about 3,000*l.*

Bindings are sometimes as much the objects of a collector's ambition as the books themselves. Towards the end of the fifteenth century very beautiful bindings were made for the Medici, the Della Rovere, the D'Este, and other noble families. Aldus, the famous printer of Venice, was perhaps the first to issue books in different styles of covering, to suit the tastes and purses of his customers. There are very early bindings which appear to have been stamped from engraved blocks. Some of them may be even earlier specimens of wood engraving than the Spencer St. Christopher.

One of the first collectors whose bindings are sought after is Michael Majoli; but it was his kinsman, Thomas Majoli, whose devices and style of ornamentation were first imitated by foreign bookbinders. Upon his books is found the inscription, "Tho. Majoli et amicor." Besides this there is his motto, which was generally "Inimici mea michi, non me michi;" and more rarely, as an example in the British Museum, "Ingratis servire nephas." At the Libri sale, in 1859, where there were so many magnificent specimens of bindings, one volume sold for 91*l.*; another, at the Bergeret sale, produced 104*l.*

Still more famous are the "Grolier" bindings. Jean Grolier was born at Lyons in 1479. He was employed by Francis I. as paymaster-general to his forces in Italy, and was afterwards sent on a political mission to Clement VII., who had become very much attached to him. He died in 1565, but his library was not dispersed till 1675. There are forty or more volumes from it now in the British Museum. The earlier

“Groliers” are only ornamented with combinations of various lines, but more elaborate devices of flowers, &c. were afterwards introduced. Grolier had two or three mottoes which he used for his books, but his usual one is, “Portio mea, Domine, sit in terris viventium.” At the Libri sale a folio *Heliodorus*, described as the “most superb specimen of Grolier binding ever offered for sale,” produced 110*l*. The book itself may be had for a few shillings. But even this price was exceeded at the same sale. Aldus printed the works of Machiavelli, in 1540, in four separate octavo volumes. Grolier had his copies bound in four different patterns. One of the volumes is now in the British Museum; another in the Imperial Library, Paris; a third is, or was, in a private collection at Lyons; and the fourth was sold at the Libri sale for 150*l*. The binding is almost always in morocco; but one specimen in ornamented vellum, the only one known, sold at the same sale for 17*l*.

Books which formerly belonged to the Library of Diana of Poitiers are eagerly sought after. They are in two styles of binding,—one much less ornamented and thought to show her own taste, the other more elaborate and considered to be the gift of her royal lover, Henry II. The celebrated artist “le petit Bernard” is said to have been employed upon them, just as Holbein is reported to have furnished Jos. Cundall, King Henry VIII.’s bookbinder, with devices. Citron morocco was perhaps Diana’s favourite binding; the sides of the volumes being ornamented with her cipher,—the double D interlacing with H; and her devices, the interlaced crescents and crowned H, filling up the spaces of the elegantly scrolled border. At the Libri sale, two specimens from her library, both of them works of *divinity*, produced 80*l*. and 85*l*.

Another connoisseur in bindings was the collector Demetrio Canevari, or Mecenate, as he is also called, physician to the Papal Court. His motto is “ΟΡΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΛΟΞΙΟΣ,” and his device a medallion, beautifully heightened with gold, silver, and colour, representing Apollo driving his car across the sea towards a rock on which his winged Pegasus is pawing the ground. Specimens of his library are of rare occurrence; one in the Libri collection sold for 73*l*. Another collector who had very good taste for bindings was the infamous Orsini, who strangled his wife with his own hands.

I may just mention one specimen of English bookbinding which occurred at the Libri sale, the finest example of the art in the 16th century, from the library of King Edward VI. It produced 34*l*. 10*s*. Specimens of most of the bindings I have mentioned—some of them very fine ones—may be seen in the show-cases in the British Museum.

Very magnificent bindings were in use long before the invention of printing. In the accounts of the wardrobe of Edward IV., for instance, it appears that Piers Bauduyn was paid, for “binding, gilding, and dressing” two books, twenty shillings each, and sixteen shillings each for four others. Now twenty shillings in those days would have bought an ox. But even this does not represent the whole cost. The binder had

six yards of velvet, as many of silk, besides laces, tassels, copper and gilt clasps and gilt nails, supplied to him. And when we remember the enormous prices of velvet and silk in those days, bookbinding, we are sure, must have been costly indeed. Perhaps the finest collection of beautifully-bound books ever formed was that which belonged to Corvinus, King of Hungary, who died at Buda about 1490. The volumes—80,000 in number, mostly of course MSS.—were bound in brocade, with bosses and clasps of gold and silver. When Buda was taken, in 1526, the Turks very naturally tore off the covers. One most exquisite specimen of rich binding is in the South Kensington Museum. It is a missal case—of small octavo size—of Italian work, about 1580. The binding is gold, ornamented with translucent ruby, emerald and azure enamel. On one side is represented the creation of Eve, with beasts and allegorical figures; on the other, the fountain of Fame, with figures, some drinking, others reclining. It is supposed to have belonged to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. It cost the Museum 700*l*. Still more valuable was the “Golden Bible,” sent over from Russia to the Exhibition of 1862. It was bound in precious metals, and thickly studded with turquoise, diamonds, and Siberian amethysts, and was valued at 4,000*l*. After this, we need not be surprised to find that when Landino had presented a copy of the Dante of 1481 on vellum to the Republican Government of Florence, beautifully embellished with nielli, he was rewarded with the present of a castle.

The collector has another field for his enthusiasm in autographs; of which the show-cases in the British Museum display some most interesting specimens. There, for instance, is the great Duke's list of the cavalry under his command, written on the field of Waterloo just before the battle; there is Nelson's last letter to Lady Hamilton, found open on his desk and unfinished after the battle of Trafalgar. It is easy to imagine that character may be detected in handwriting. Look, for instance, at the free, dashing penmanship of Prince Rupert, and the hard, stern, self-contained signature of Oliver Cromwell. At the sale of the Baker collection in 1855, occurred a very interesting letter of the Prince to Charles I. He had been ordered to leave England, and writes to remonstrate. “The meanest subject you have could not be soe unkinde and unnaturally treated with; however, it shall never lessen my respect to your Majestie, though I am now afflicted, you should be persuaded to doe soe unhandsome a thing with the ill-usage of your Majestie's most obedient nephew and faithful servant, RUPERT.” It sold for 13 guineas. Perhaps the largest sum a letter of Cromwell had ever produced was in 1854, when that to Mr. Cotton, “Pastor to the Church at Boston, in New England,” sold for 36*l*. It was bought for America. The Baker collection had a very interesting letter of Charles I. to the Marquis of Ormond, in which he declares war to be better than a dishonourable peace, and prefers “the chance of warr than to give my consent to any such allowance of Popery as must evidently bring destruction.” This sold for 71*l*. At the

same sale was an equally interesting letter from Lord Strafford to his wife, whilst a prisoner in the Tower, expressing his belief that there was nothing in the charge against him, or that, "at the worst, his Majesty will pardon all." This produced 40*l.* 10*s.*

In the library at Windsor is preserved a very interesting literary relic of the unfortunate King. Anybody that has read Milton's *Iconoclastes* will remember the passage:—"I shall not instance an abstruse writer, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these hid solitudes, William Shakspeare." The King's copy is still to be seen in the royal library.

Of autographs in books the British Museum has a very rich collection, though at the time when the reckless sale of duplicates was practised, some volumes were most culpably parted with. Among them is said to have been King Henry VIII.'s copy of the book that won for him the title of defender of the faith, with his autograph corrections, and a copy of the works of the Emperor Julian, with notes by James I. But there is no chance of the present chief librarian committing such mistakes as these. Oxford, however, has no reason to complain of the Museum mal-practices, since she owes to them the possession of the splendid Douce collection.

At the Hibbert sale in 1829, there was purchased for the Museum, for the sum of 267*l.* 15*s.*, a German Bible, said to have belonged to Luther up to the time of his death, and afterwards to Melancthon, Bugenhagen, and Major. Autographs of all these famous men were in it. If, however, we are to believe Mr. Sotheby, they are all forgeries. Less open to doubt is a letter—closely connected with the history of religion—of John Wesley to "Dear Sammy." In it he says, "I still think when the Methodists leave the Church of England, God will leave them. . . . It would be contrary to all common sense, as well as to good conscience, to make a separation now."

There are few things in literary history more remarkable than the fact that relics of the handwriting of so voluminous an author as Shakspeare are so rare. There do not appear to be more than five or six that are undoubtedly genuine. There are, of course, the three signatures to his will, and the Guildhall Library has the counterpart of the document to be mentioned presently, for which was paid the sum of 147*l.* In 1858 the British Museum secured the original mortgage-deed by which "William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," granted to Henry Walker, citizen of London, a lease of a dwelling-house in Blackfriars, for the term of ten years. On the first of the four labels which are attached to it is the signature "W^m Shakspe^r." It cost the Museum 300 guineas. In 1805 the Bodleian Library secured a specimen, which there is little doubt is genuine, at a ridiculously small price. It is written in faded ink on the title-page of a small octavo Aldine edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1502). The signature is "Wm. Shr." The owner of the book in 1682 wrote within the cover, "This little book of Ovid

was given to me by W. Hall, who said it was once Will. Shakspeare's." Some doubts were thrown upon the genuineness of the signature in the auction-room, and the library became possessed of this rich treasure for 9*l.*

If, however, there is a singular scarcity of Shakspeare's autographs, this is by no means the case with those of another of our greatest poets, Milton. The Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, has a rich collection of his juvenile and other poems—including *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and the first design of what was afterwards *Paradise Lost*. Its original form is that of a Scriptural drama. The MS. of the first book of *Paradise Lost* which was forwarded to London for licensing, is now in the possession of Mr. Baker, of Bayfordbury, Herts. In the Bodleian, again, are some autographs of his works which he had presented to Dr. Rous, its principal librarian. In the British Museum is a volume of *Aratus* with his autograph which was purchased for 40*l.* 10*s.* But perhaps the most interesting of Milton's papers is the covenant indenture between himself and Samuel Symons, printer, for the sale and publication of *Paradise Lost*. It is dated April 27, 1667. By it the printer was to pay him 5*l.* at once, and 5*l.* additional on the sale of each of the first three impressions—each impression consisting of 1,300 copies. Milton, therefore, was to receive 20*l.* in all, if 3,900 copies were sold. The sale, however, never reached this point, for by a deed of release made by his widow in 1680, she covenanted to receive 8*l.* in full of all demands, 10*l.* having been paid previously. The original deed was formerly in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, at whose sale it fetched 63*l.* It afterwards belonged to the poet Rogers, who gave, it is said, 100 guineas for it. He presented it to the British Museum. Mr. Sotheby, however, in his sumptuous volume, *Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton*, would have us believe that the signature after all is not really Milton's—not because it is impossible for a blind man to make a signature, as anybody may convince himself on being blindfolded, but because it is so exactly like the hand of an amanuensis employed on his treatise *De Doctrina Christiana*. In 1858 Mr. Monckton Milnes—now Lord Houghton—secured a similar example signature to the conveyance of a bond for 400*l.* to the Cyriack Skinner to whom Milton dedicated his noble sonnet on his blindness. The price paid was only 19 guineas. It had belonged to Mr. Singer, at whose sale an interesting letter from Nell Gwynne was disposed of. It is addressed to Lawrence Hyde, the second son of the great Lord Chancellor: but pretty Nelly's education had been sadly neglected, and she had to use the services of a friend. Her letter concludes, "We are agoing to supe with the king at Whitehall and my Lady Harvie, the king remembers his sarvis to you. Now lets talke of State affaires for we never caried things so cunningly as now, for we don't know whether we shall have peice or war, but I am for war, and for no other reason but that you may come home. I have a thousand merry conceits but I can't make her write 'um, and therefore you must take the will for

the deed. Good-bye. Your most loveing, obedient, faithfull and humbel sarvant, E. G."

In the Soane Museum is a most interesting volume, the original copy of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* in the handwriting of Tasso. Lord Guildford, to whom it formerly belonged, has written on the flyleaf, "I hope it will be recorded to future ages that England possesses the original MS. of one of the four greatest epic poems the world has produced, and beyond all doubt, the only one of the four now existing." Other MSS. of Tasso are in the British Museum. The prices at which the *Cortegiano of Castiglione*, with an autograph sonnet of Tasso, has been sold at different times, are perhaps worth mentioning. At Singer's sale in 1818 it produced 30*l.*, at Hibbert's (1829) 100*l.*, at Hanrott's (1833) 68*l.*, at Heber's (1835) 41*l.*, at Bishop Butler's (1840) 64*l.* It contained also a copy of Crichton's challenge already alluded to. Another very interesting book is a copy of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* (4to., Parma, 1581) with MS. corrections in the handwriting of the printer Aldus, to whom it is supposed they were communicated by Tasso himself, whilst in prison. Bishop Butler gave 30 guineas for it: at the Libri sale it produced only 18*l.*

Of more modern autographs, it will be sufficient to mention those of Sir Walter Scott. At Mr. Utterson's sale the original MS. of *Pevekil of the Peak* sold for 44*l.*; in 1857 it brought 50*l.* In the beginning of 1855 *Kenilworth* was bought for the British Museum for 41*l.* But the prices obtained last July for those disposed of by Christie and Manson go far beyond this. *Anne of Geierstein* fetched 121 guineas; fragments of *Waverley* and *Ivanhoe*, with some other papers, 130 guineas. Of Sir Walter's poems, *Marmion* brought 191 guineas; the *Lady of the Lake*, 264; the *Vision of Don Roderick* and some other poems, 37; *Rokeby* 130; and the *Lord of the Isles* 101. I ought perhaps to mention one more instance, *Gray's Elegy*, the MS. of which was purchased by Mr. R. Wrightson in 1854 for 130*l.*

When we remember the very large prices that have been paid for ancient MSS. and the autographs of distinguished persons, we cannot be surprised at the number of forgeries that have been perpetrated. I do not allude to such instances as that of the *Amber Wich*, a trick played off upon the infallible critics of Tübingen with such astonishing success, nor again to such a case as Chatterton's famous Rowley MSS.; but this present century has seen some wonderful examples of wholesale forgeries. In 1852 there were brought to Mr. Murray forty-seven autograph letters of Lord Byron. From the quarter through which they came to him, he had reason to believe them genuine, and he accordingly purchased them for something over 120*l.* They were forgeries every one. About the same time Mr. Moxon bought at a sale several letters of Shelley. These he very naturally published. But here again the fraud was soon discovered, and Mr. Moxon accordingly suppressed the book and called in all the copies that had been delivered to the trade. The book is now a curiosity. The forged MSS. themselves were given to the British Museum.

But by far the most accomplished forger of modern times is M. Simonides. He comes from the island of Syrene, opposite Caria, and made his first public appearance at Athens, where he offered some MSS. for sale, which he said had been carried off secretly from Mount Athos. A commission, which was engaged to examine them, reported favourably, especially upon a MS. of Homer, which accordingly was purchased at a high price. Before very long it was discovered that the text of this ancient MS. was Wolf's, with all the *errata*. Next he appeared at Constantinople, where he tried hieroglyphics, cuneiform inscriptions, and Armenian history, but somewhat unsuccessfully. Nothing daunted, he tried a new device, and came out as another Douster Swivel. He declared that at a certain spot an Arabic MS. in Syriac characters would be discovered by digging. Workmen were accordingly employed, Simonides himself not being allowed to descend. By-and-by a pause was made for luncheon, and not long afterwards Simonides called out, "There it is; bring it up." The soil about it, however, was quite different from that of the ground. The workmen were grinning, and when interrogated confessed that during luncheon the Greek came out for a short time, jumped into the pit, and began to burrow.

He next made his appearance in England with, amongst other wonderful treasures, a MS. of Homer on serpent's skin, which professed to have been sent from Chios to Hipparchus, son of Pisistratus. This and several others he persuaded Sir Thomas Phillips to purchase. Almost the only libraries which he failed in cheating were the British Museum and the Bodleian. On visiting the latter place he showed some fragments of MSS. to Mr. Coxe, who assented to their belonging to the twelfth century.

"And these, Mr. Coxe, belong to the tenth or eleventh century?"

"Yes, probably."

"And now, Mr. Coxe, let me show you a very ancient and valuable MS. I have for sale, and which ought to be in your library. To what century do you consider this belongs?"

"This, Mr. Simonides, I have no doubt," said Mr. Coxe, "belongs to the nineteenth century."

The Greek and his MS. disappeared.

Some time afterwards a palimpsest manuscript was sent to Berlin, professing to be a history of the Kings of Egypt in Greek, by Uranius, of Alexandria. The Academy declared it genuine, and the Minister of Public Instruction was ordered to purchase it for 5,000 thalers. Professor Dindorf offered the University of Oxford the honour of giving this valuable book to the world, and the work was accordingly begun under the editorship of the professor. Before many sheets, however, were struck off, notice came that the printing was to be stopped. Lepsius, naturally anxious to know how far Uranius supported or demolished some of his theories about Egyptian history, was disappointed as well as amused to find that the book was little more than a translation into very bad Greek of portions of

the writings of Bunsen and himself. Ehrenberg then examined the manuscript with his microscope, and discovered that the palimpsest was really later than the more modern one,—the *old* ink overlaid the *new*.

Simonides' last appearance is a very amusing one: he claims to be the writer of the *Codex Sinaiticus* of the New Testament, that was discovered by Tischendorf, partly in 1844 and partly in 1859, in one of the monasteries of Mount Athos. The account which Simonides gives of it is that in 1839 the monks of the Russian convent determined to make a transcript of the Scriptures in ancient characters on vellum as a present to the Emperor Nicholas. Dionysius the scribe to the monastery declining to undertake the work, Simonides, the nephew of the head of the monastery, offered to execute it. The Archimandrite, Dionysius of Xeropotami, another monastery on Mount Athos, declares that the story is false in every particular. There is little doubt that the manuscript which has been published so magnificently in four folio volumes at the expense of the Emperor of Russia is the oldest manuscript of the New Testament in existence.

I ought perhaps to mention a circumstance which was alluded to at the recent meeting of the British Association. There has very lately been communicated to the French Academy an elaborate correspondence between Newton and Pascal, which, if genuine, would transfer to the latter the honour of the discovery of the law of gravitation. Sir D. Brewster, however, gave, at Dundee, several very strong reasons for considering the correspondence "a gigantic fraud—the greatest ever attempted in the world, connected with science and literature."

For the Wall of a Friend's Study.

STONE walls, they say, have ears—'Twere scarcely wrong
 To wish that these walls likewise had a tongue.
 How many gracious words would then be said,
 How many precious counsels uttered ;
 What terse quotations fresh applied and fit,
 What gay retorts and summer-lightning wit,
 What sweet and deep affections would find vent,
 What hourly invocations upward sent !—
 No,—they their treasured secrets ne'er let fall—
 Mute as this poor handwriting on the wall.

A. M.

The Abkhasian Insurrection

OF AUGUST 8, 1866.

Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.

“So’ouk-Soo,” or “Cool Waters,” is one of the loveliest spots in the lovely province of Abkhasia. Lying only a few miles inland from the eastern Black Sea shore, and on the first rise of the wooded Caucasus, a day’s ride north of the town and harbour of Soukhoun-Kalé, it was from old times a favourite summer residence of the chiefs of Abkhasia; their winter was more often passed at Drand or Otchemchiri, farther down the coast.

But in addition to its natural beauty and residential importance, this locality has acquired a special title to almost European interest since August, 1866, when it became the scene and starting-point of an outbreak—disguised in distorted newspaper accounts under fictions of brigandage, slave-driving, and the like, but which was in fact nothing else than an Eastern re-enactment of events familiar, since 1830, to Warsaw and the Western Provinces of the Russian Empire.

During the month of November, 1866, while the memories of the Abkhasian insurrection were still recent, and the lingering autumn of the Caucasus yet permitted horse-travelling (for in winter these mountains become totally impassable), we—that is, myself with a Mingrelian servant and guide—arrived at So’ouk-Soo, after a ten hours’ ride from Soukhoun-Kalé, through bush and forest, stream and mire. Roads are luxuries often announced in programme; sometimes talked of, but never seen in these provinces. It was already dark when, after much clambering and slipping, we found ourselves on a sort of plateau, entangled in a labyrinth of hedges, where scattered lights glimmered among the bushwood, and dogs barking in all directions gave us to know that we had reached So’ouk-Soo. Like most other Abkhasian villages, its houses are neither ranged in streets nor grouped in blocks, but scattered as at random, each in a separate enclosure. The houses themselves are one-storied and of wood, sometimes mere huts of wattle and clay; the enclosures are of cut stakes, planted and interwoven latticewise; the spaces between these hedgerows serve for the passage of countless goats and oxen that pass the night within their masters’ precincts, and go out to pasture during the day. Old forest-trees, fresh underwood, bramble, and grass grow everywhere, regardless of the houses, which are often in a manner lost among them; one is at times

right in the middle of a village before one has even an idea of having approached it.

After much hallooing and much answering in sibilants and gutturals,—really the Abkhasian alphabet seems to contain nothing else,—we prevailed on some peasants to get up and guide us through the darkness to the house of the Natchalnick, or Governor of the district. Here we passed the remainder of the night with his Excellency, a Georgian-by birth, and, like every one else of these ilks, who is not of serfsh origin, a prince by title, but now an officer in the Russian army, into which the “natives,” fond as negroes of gay dress and glitter, are readily attracted by lace and epaulettes. Many of the “princes” of the land—elsewhere chiefs or sheykhs at most—have, on this motive, with the additional hope of a decoration, assumed the badges of Russian military service, wherein they easily obtain subordinate posts; and there aid as spies or as tools in disarming the constantly recurring discontent of their countrymen, till some day or other their own personal discontent breaks out, and then the tool, no longer serviceable, is broken and thrown aside, to be replaced, where wanted, by another.

Early next morning, while the dew glittered on the rank grass, and the bright sun shone slant through the yet leafy trees, we rode, accompanied by the “Natchalnick” and his whole suite of Georgians and Mingrelians in Cossack dress, to visit the “Meidan” of So’ouk-Soo, where the first shot of insurrection had been fired four months before.

A “Meidan,” or “open ground,” is—all know who have visited the East—the necessary adjunct of every town or village honoured by a chieftain’s residence. It serves for town-hall, for park, for parade-ground, for scene of all public gathering, display, business, or amusement. On it is invariably situated the chief’s or governor’s abode; a mosque, if the land be Mahometan, a church, if Christian, is never wanting; the main street or artery of the locality terminates here. Lastly, it is seldom devoid of a few large trees, the shade of loiterers.

The Meidan of So’ouk-Soo offers all these characteristic features, but offers them after a manner indicating the events it has witnessed, and the causes or consequences of those events. It is an open book, legibly written by the Nemesis of history, the “measure for measure,” the reciprocated revenges of national follies and national crimes.

“Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,” says Byron, contrasting the quiet prolonged existence of great nature with the short and turbulent period of human life. Much the same feeling comes over one at So’ouk-Soo. The green grassy plot dotted with noble trees—beech, elm, and oak; around, the swelling uplands, between which the “cool waters” of the torrent—whence the name of the place—rush sparkling down to the blue sea; beyond, the huge Caucasian mountain-chain, here seen in all its central magnificence of dark forest below and white fantastic peaks above, in unearthly wildness of outline beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic pre-Raphaelite landscape-painter; above,

the ever-varying sky ; around, the fresh hill-breeze : The chiefs of Abkhasia could not have found in all their domains a fairer, a more life-giving place for their residence. But another story is told by the traces of a ruined mosque on one side of the Meidan, and near it some neglected tombs bearing on the carved posts—which here replace monumental stones—the Mahometan symbolic turban. Close by are four wooden crosses, sunk and awry, freshly planted in the still loose mould of as many recent graves. Next, the blackened walls and empty windows of a large burnt house surrounded by a broken stone-wall. Further on, a second fire-ruin, amid the trees and shrubs of a yet thickly-growing garden. Opposite, on the other side of the Meidan, and alone intact and entire, as though triumphing over the ruin it has in no small measure caused, stands a church—a small building of the semi-Byzantine style usual in Russian and Georgian ecclesiastical architecture hereabouts. Close by is a large house, symmetrically built, with a porch of Greek marble and other signs of former display. But all within has been gutted and burnt: the long range of stone windows opens into emptiness, the roof has fallen in, and the marble columns are stained and split with fire. Here, too, in the same strange contrast of life and death, a beautiful garden, where the mixture of cypress and roses, of flowering trees and deep leafy shrubbery, betokens Turkish taste, forms a sideground and a background to the dismantled dwelling. Some elms and a few Cossack-tenanted huts complete the outer circle of the Meidan.

Each one of these objects has a history, each one is a foot-print in the march of the Caucasian Nemesis, each one a record of her triumph and of her justice.

The ruined mosque and turban-crowned tomb-posts recall the time when Mahometanism and submission to the great centre of orthodox Islam, Constantinople, was the official condition of Abkhasia. This passed into Russian rule and Christian lordship ; and the Nemesis of this phase is marked by the wooden crosses under which lie the mutilated corpses of Colonel Cognard, Russian Governor-General of Abkhasia, of Ismailoff, Russian " Natchalnick " of So'ouk-Soo, of Cheripoff, the Tiflis Commissioner, and of Colonel Cognard's aide-de-camp : they perished in the outbreak of August. The large burnt house close by was the abode of Alexander Shervashiji, brother of the last native chief of Abkhasia. Less than half a century since the family bartered national independence and Islam against Russian popes and epaulettes. Their Nemesis has come too. In this very house Cognard and his suite were slaughtered. The ruin close by was once the residence of the ill-famed " Natchalnick " Ismailoff ; it recalls the special vengeance of licentious tyranny—how, we shall see afterwards. The church, alone yet intact, is of old date and of Georgian construction—once abandoned, then revived and repaired by the renegade Shervashijis, its Nemesis is now in its lonely silence. The ruin of hewn stone, Turkish in style, was the palace of Michael Shervashiji, the last native-born ruler of the province. Russian in uniform, Abkhasian at heart,

true to his own interests, false to those of others, he constructed this palace on his return from a visit to the west: it inaugurated the beginning of a late return to the old Ottoman alliance; but with the general fate of return movements—especially when undertaken after their time—it inaugurated also his own ruin and that of his nation. The Cossack and Abkhasian huts further on were yet tenanted in November last: they are now empty.

We alighted, visited these strange memorials one by one, heard the story of each, remounted our horses, galloped up and down the springy turf of the Meidan, and then plunged into the deep wooded ravine north-east, and left the scene of inconstancy, violence, and blood, on our way to the districts of Bzibb and northern Abkhasia.

But our readers must halt a little longer on the Meidan if they desire to understand the full import of the tragedy of which we have just seen the stage decorations.

Of the early history of the Abkhasian race little is known, and little was probably to be known. More than two thousand years since we find them, in Greek records, inhabiting the narrow strip between the mountains and the sea, along the central eastern coast of the Euxine, precisely where later records and the maps of our own day place them. But whence these seeming autochthons arrived, what was the cradle of their infant race, to which of the great "earth-families," in German phrase, this little tribe, the highest number of which can never have much exceeded a hundred thousand, belonged, are questions on which the past and the present are alike silent. Tall stature, fair complexion, light eyes, auburn hair, and a great love for active and athletic sport, might seem to assign them a Northern origin; but an Oriental regularity of feature, and a language which, though it bears no discoverable affinity to any known dialect, has yet the Semitic post-fixes, and in guttural richness distances the purest Arabic or Hebrew, would appear to claim for them a different relationship. Their character, too, brave, enterprising, and commercial in its way, has yet very generally a certain mixture of childish cunning, and a total deficiency of organising power, that cement of nations, which removes them from European and even from Turkish resemblance, while it recalls the so-called Semitic of south-western Asia. But no tradition on their part lays claim to the solution of their mystery, and records are wanting among a people who have never committed their vocal sounds to writing; they know that they are Abkhasians, and nothing more.

Pagans, like all early nations, they received a slight whitewash of Christianity at times from the Byzantine Empire, at times from their Georgian neighbours; till at last the downfall of Trebizond and the extension of the Ottoman power on their frontier by sea and by land rendered them what they have still mostly remained, Mahometans. Divided from time immemorial into five main tribes, each with its clannish subdivisions, the un-euphonic names of which we pass over out of sheer compassion to printers and readers, they first, at the beginning of the

seventeenth century, received a common master in the person of Tahmuras-khan, a Persian by birth, native of Sherwan, whence the family name of Sherwajee, modified into Shervashiji, but claiming descent from the ancient kings of Iran. Having in the year 1625 lent considerable aid to the Turks in their interminable contest with the Persians for the mastery of Georgia, he was by them confirmed in the government of Abkhasia; his residence was at Soukhoun, whence for a while his descendants, still known among the Turks by the by-name of "Kizil-Bash," synonymous with "Persian," ruled the entire province. But when somewhat later Soukhoun became the abode of an Ottoman Pasha, the Shervashijis transferred their quarters to So'ouk-Soo, which henceforth became in a manner the capital of Abkhasia.

The treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, handed over the Western Caucasian coast to Russian rule; and the ruling Shervashiji (Hamood Beg), then in the prime of life, showed himself a devoted worshipper of the rising,—if not sun,—Aurora Borealis of Petersburg. Quitting his ancestral religion and name, he was baptized into Russian Christianity under the title of Michael Beg, received a high rank in the Russian army, and, head and hand, did the work of his new masters. For all the long years that the Circassian struggle lasted, through the months wasted by Omar Pasha in Mingrelia, and during all the squandered and lost opportunity—squandered in 1855, lost in 1856—of restoring and of securing the freedom of the Caucasus, perhaps of all Central Asia, from the yoke to which more and more necks must daily bow, Michael Shervashiji was by turns the main implement of Russian diplomacy in disuniting Western Caucasus from the common cause, and the military executioner to whom was entrusted the subdual, and even extermination, of his more patriotic neighbours. With the short-sighted acuteness common among Easterns he saw only his own present advantage, and took no heed that while helping to destroy his petty though hereditary rivals he was, in the Russian point of view, cutting away the last props of his own rule. Meanwhile his every request was granted, every privilege confirmed. Russian garrisons were indeed at Soukhoun-Kalé, at Gagri, at other stations of the coast; but inland Michael Shervashiji was sole lord and master, and not even a Russian officer could venture a "werst" up the interior without his permission and escort.

All this was very well for a time; Shamyl was still unconquered, and Michael Shervashiji was too valuable an ally for the Russians not to be honoured,—Shakspeare might have said "fooled,"—to the top of his bent, even at some temporary sacrifice of Russian uniformization and monopoly. But at last the circle of hunters narrowed round the mountain deer at bay in the heights of Gunib, and eyes less keen than Michael's could foresee near at hand the moment when the last independence of the Caucasus would have ceased to be. *Tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*, can be thought in Abkhasian no less than expressed in Latin; and Michael grew uneasy at the prospect of a boundless horizon of Russian

friends. His health suddenly but opportunely failed, a change of air,—of water Eastern M.D.'s would say,—became necessary; a journey to Europe was recommended; a passport was taken, rather than granted; and the great Shervashiji, like many other princes, went to try the waters.

That the said waters should in a few months have restored his health was quite natural; it was, however, somewhat singular that they should at the same time have had an Osmanizing effect on his own constitution. Some say they were the waters of the Bosphorus that acted on him thus; others attribute it to a reaction produced by the waters of the Volga, which, in a visit to Moscow, he drank near their source about this very time. Certainly on his return strange and anti-Muscovite symptoms appeared. His new residence at So'ouk-Soo, the ancestral seat of his independence, rose on a Turkish model; his manners, his speech, grew less Russian. It was noticed, too, that on entering church he no longer uncovered his head, a decided hint, said the Russians, that church and mosque were for him on much the same footing. Perhaps the Russians were not far wrong.

Then came 1864, the great Circassian emigration—*i.e.* the expulsion of well nigh a million of starving and plundered wretches from their country, for the crime of having defended that country against strangers—was accomplished; in Eastern phrase, the Abkhasian “back was cut,” and now came their turn to receive the recompence of their fidelity to Russia and their infidelity to their native Caucasus. The first and main tool of Tiflis had been Michael Shervashiji; he was accordingly the first to receive his stipend.

Too late aware what that stipend was likely to be, he had retired into an out-of-the-way country residence some hours to the interior, behind Otchemchiri. Here, in November, 1864, the Russian “pay-day” found him, in the shape of a detachment of soldiers sent by his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael to invite and escort him to the viceregal presence at Tiflis. Whether thinking that resistance would only make matters worse, or reckoning on the deceptive chances of what is called “an appeal to generosity,” the Beg at once gave himself up to the troops. By them he was forthwith conducted, not to Tiflis, but to the coast, where lay the ship appointed to convey him to Kertch, whence began his destined journey to Russia and Siberia. A traitor, he met a traitor's recompence, and that, as was most fitting, at the hands of those in whose behalf his life had been for thirty-five years one prolonged treason to his country. Yet that country wept him at his departure—he was their born prince, after all, and no stranger—and they wept him still more when the news of his death—the ready consequence of exile at an advanced age into the uncongenial Siberian climate and Siberian treatment, but by popular rumour attributed to Russian poison—reached them in the spring of 1866. His corpse was brought back to his native mountains, and he was buried amid the tears and wallings of his Abkhasian subjects.

They had, indeed, already other cause for their wallings. Hardly had

their last prince ceased to live, than measures were taken by the viceregal Government for the nominal demarcation, the real confiscation, of the lands of the Abkhasian nobility; while the peasants, for their part, found the little finger of Russian incorporization heavier than all the loins of all the Shervashijis. Russian custom-houses formed a cordon along the coast; Russian Cossacks and Natchalniks were posted everywhere up the country; the whole province was placed under Russian law and military administration; Abkhasian rights, Abkhasian customs and precedents were henceforth abolished. More still, their religion, the great supplement of nationality in the East—because in its Eastern form it embodies whatever makes a nation, its political and social, its public and private being—was now menaced. Russian chronologists discovered that the Abkhasians had once been Christians, whence the Tiflis Government drew the self-evident conclusion that they had no right to be at present Mahometans. An orthodox bishop or archbishop, I forget which, of Abkhasia, appeared on the scene, and the work, or rather the attempt at proselytism was diligently pushed forward by enticement and intimidation under hierarchical auspices. Lastly, a census of the population,—a process which ever since David numbered the children of Israel and brought on them the plague in consequence, has been in ill-odour in the East,—was ordered.

Of the Shervashiji family many remained. Michael's own brother, Alexander, still resided, though without authority, at So'ouk-Soo; George, Michael's eldest son, now a Russian officer, and the Grand Duke's aide-de-camp, had returned from Petersburg, where no amount of champagne and cards had been spared to make him a genuine Russian; epaulettes and aigrettes would, it was to be hoped, retain him such. But bred in the bone will not out of the flesh, and he was still a Shervashiji, nor had he forgotten the rights of heir-apparent. Another and a powerful branch of the same family, the relatives of Said Beg Shervashiji of Kelasoor, a Mahometan, and who had died poisoned it was said by his Christian kinsman and rival, Michael, were also in the country, and seemed inclined to forget family quarrels in the common cause. Besides these were two other "houses" of special note, the Marshians and the Ma'ans. The former had, like the Shervashijis, been in general subservient to Russia—some had even apostatized from Islam; but their chief, Shereem Beg, a Mahometan, had married Michael Shervashiji's sister, and state marriages in the East are productive of other results than mere non-interventions and children. The other family, the Ma'ans, staunch Islam, had for some time previous broken off Russian connection: one of them, Mustapha Agha, had even taken service in the Ottoman army. Their head, Hasan Ma'an, had quitted his Abkhasian abode at Bambora, half way between Soukhom and So'ouk-Soo, for the Turkish territory of Trebizond, where he lived within call, but without grasp.

Discontent was general and leaders were not wanting; yet just and judicious measures on the part of the Russians might have smoothed all

down; but their Nemesis and that of Abkhasia had decreed that such measures should not be taken,—the exact reverse.

In the month of July, 1866, a commission headed by the civilian Cheripoff had come from Tiflis to complete the survey and estimate of the lands, those of the Shervashijis in particular. This commission had taken up its head-quarters at So'ouk-Soo along with the local military Governor, Ismailoff, and a body of Cossacks about two hundred strong. Some of these last were stationed at the coast village of Gouda'outa, a few miles distant. To So'ouk-Soo now flocked all the discontented chiefs, and of course their followers; for no Abkhasian noble can stir a foot out of doors without a "tail" of at least thirty, each with his long slender-stocked gun, his goat-hair cloak, his pointed head-dress, and, for the rest, a knife at his girdle, and more tears than cloth in his tight grey trousers and large cartridge-breasted coat. Some mezzotints in *Hughes' Albanian Travels*, old edition, two volumes quarto, where Suliotes, Albanians, and the like are to be seen clambering over rocks, gun on shoulder, in the evident intention of shooting somebody, give a tolerable idea of these fellows, only they are more ragged than the heroes of the said mezzotints, also less ferocious. The commission lodged in the houses about the Meidan; the Abkhasians—for it was summer—camped on the Meidan itself, filling it with guns and gutturals.

Much parleying took place. The Abkhasians were highly excited—why, we have already seen; the Russians, not yet aware with whom they had to deal, were insolent and overbearing. The fire of contest was, unavowedly but certainly, fanned by many of the Abkhasian chiefs, not unwilling to venture all where they saw that if they ventured nothing they must lose all. Alexander Shervashiji was there in his own house on the Meidan; his nephew George had arrived from Tiflis: the Russian decorations on his breast lay over a heart no less anti-Russian than his uncle's and his father's—so at least said the Russians: perhaps it suited them to incriminate the last influential representatives of the Shervashiji family. There too were many of the Marshians: was Shereem Beg amongst them? Some said, some denied. "So non è vero è ben trovato," was the Russian conclusion. But more active than any, more avowedly at the head of what now daily approached nearer to revolt, were the two Ma'an brothers, Mustapha and Temshook—the former lately returned from Turkey—both men of some talent and of much daring.

Meanwhile news of all this was brought to Colonel Cognard, the Russian Governor-General of Abkhasia, and then resident at Soukhoum-Kalé. A violent, imperious man, full of contempt for all "natives," and like many of foreign origin, more Russian than the Russians themselves, he imagined that his presence at So'ouk-Soo would at once suffice to quell the rising storm and awe the discontented into submission. Accordingly, on the first week of August, he arrived on the scene, and lodged in the great house of Alexander Shervashiji—whither, in consequence, the whole attention of either party, Russian and Abkhasian, was now directed.

Throughout the whole of this affair, it is curious to observe how the Russians, men of no great sensibility themselves, ignored the sensibilities of others, and seemed to think that whatever the injury, whatever the wrong, inflicted by a Russian Government, it ought to arouse in its victims no other feeling than resignation at most. Here in Abkhasia the hereditary ruler of the country had, after life-long services, in time of profound tranquillity, with nothing proved or even distinctly charged against him, been suddenly dragged into exile and premature death; his family, those of all the Abkhasian nobility, had been deprived of their rights, and threatened with the deprivation of their property; ancestral customs, law, religion, national existence,—for even Abkhasians lay claim to all these,—had been brought to the verge of Russian absorption into not-being; and the while Cognard with his friends could not imagine the existence of any Abkhasian discontent that would not at once be appeased, be changed into enthusiastic, into Pan-slavistic loyalty, by the appearance of that “*deus ex machinâ*” a Russian Governor-General. *Vid.* Warsaw *pas-im*.

Nemesis willed it otherwise. Cognard's demeanour was brutal, his every word an insult. The nobles presented their griefs; he refused to recognize them as nobles. The peasants clamoured; he informed them that they were not Abkhasians but Russians. In vain Alexander Shervashiji and the Marshians, sensible and moderate men the most, expostulated and represented that the moment was not one for additional irritation; Cognard was deaf to expostulation and advice; his fate was on him. It did not delay. On the 8th of August a deputation composed of the principal Abkhasian nobility laid before him a sort of Oriental ultimatum in the form of an address; the Russian Governor-General answered it by kicking address and nobles out of doors. It was noon: a cry of vengeance and slaughter arose from the armed multitude on the Meidan.

The assault began on the Cossacks stationed about the house; they were no less unprepared than their masters, and could offer but little resistance. Already the first shots had been fired and blood had flowed when Cognard sent out George Shervashiji to appease those who should by right have been his subjects—whose rebellion was, in fact, for his own father's sake. That he never returned is certain. By his own account, which was confirmed on most hands, he did his best to quiet the insurgents, but unsuccessfully. They forced him aside, said he, and detained him at a distance while the outbreak went on. The Russians ascribed to him direct participation in what followed; the reasons for such imputation are palpable, the fact itself improbable.

In a few minutes the Cossacks before the gate were overpowered and slaughtered; the Abkhasians burst into the house. Its owner, Alexander Shervashiji, met them on the inner threshold, and implored them to respect the sanctity of their chief's hearth. But that moment had gone by, and the old man was laid hold of by his countrymen and led away—respectfully indeed, but in a manner to preclude resistance—while the massacre

begun without doors continued within. Whatever was Russian perished : the luckless Commissioner from Tiflis first ; Cognard's aide-de-camp and his immediate suite were cut down ; but the main search of the insurgents was after Cognard himself. A Russian picture, largely copied and circulated, represents him seated composedly in his chair, unblenched in feature, unmoved in limb, confronting his assailants. Pity that so artistic a group should have existed only in the artist's own imagination. The Colonel had not, indeed, made good his retreat, but he had done his best thereto by creeping up the large fireplace, of Abkhasian fashion, in the principal room. Unfortunately for him his boots protruded downwards into the open space ; and by these the insurgents seized him, dragged him out to the mid apartment and there despatched him. His colleague, Ismailoff, had a worse fate. Specially obnoxious to the inhabitants of So'ouk-Soo for the impudence of his profligacy, he was first mutilated and then hewn piecemeal, limb by limb. It is said that the dogs were already eating morsels of his flesh before life had left his body. Such atrocities are not uncommon in the East where female honour is concerned, rare else. At So'ouk-Soo Ismailoff was the only instance.

All was now in the hands of the insurgents, who sacked and burnt the houses of Russian tenants, killing all they found. Only twenty Cossacks escaped, and these owed their lives to the humane exertions of the wife of Alexander Shervashiji, who gave them refuge in her own apartments, and kept them there safe till the massacre was over. A few Georgians and Mingrelians, a Pole too, though wearing the Russian uniform, were also spared. " You are not Russians, our quarrel is not with you," said the Abkhasians, as they took the men's arms, and sent them off uninjured to Soukhoun.

On the same afternoon the insurgents attacked the nearest Russian post, that of the Cossacks stationed on coast-guard at Gouda'outa. Here, too, the assailants were successful, the Russians were killed to a man, and their abode was burnt. The Nemesis of Abkhasia had completed another stage of her work.

" To Soukhoun " was now the cry ; and the whole mass of armed men, now about three thousand in number, were in movement southwards along the coast, through thickets and by-paths, to the Russian stronghold. Next morning, from two to three hundred had already crossed the Gumista, a broad mountain torrent north of Soukhoun, and were before, or rather behind the town.

A small crescent of low one-storied houses, mostly wood, Soukhoun-Kalé lies at the bottom of a deep bay with a southerly aspect. At its western extremity is the Old Fort, ascribed to the Genovese, but more probably of Turkish date, whence Soukhoun derives the adjunct of " Kela'at," or " Castle " (Kalé is erroneous, but we will retain it for custom's sake), a square building, with thick walls of rough masonry and a few flanking bastions ; within is room for a mustered regiment or more. From the town crescent some straight lines, indications of roads, run perpendicularly

back across the plashy ground for about a quarter of a mile to the mountains; along these lines are ranged other small wooden houses, mostly tenanted by Russian officers. The garrison-camp, situated on the most unhealthy site of this unhealthy marsh, lies east. Behind is a table-land, whereon in August last there still stood the barracks of a Russian outpost, a hospital, a public vapour-bath, and a few houses. The coast strip is low and swampy, a nest of more fevers than there are men to catch them; the mountains behind, thickly wooded and fern-clad between the trees, are fairly healthy.

At the moment of the first Abkhasian onset, the 9th of August, three Russian vessels—a transport, a corvette, and a schooner, all three belonging to the long-shore fleet of Nicolaieff—were lying in the harbour. But the number of men in the camp was small, falling under a thousand, and of these not above one-half were fit for duty.

Had the Abkhasians been able at once to bring their whole force to bear on Soukhoun-Kalé, town and fort would probably have alike fallen into their hands. At the first approach of the enemy, the Russian garrison had abandoned the plateau and all the upper part of the town, confining themselves to the defensive in the lines along the shore, where they were in a measure covered by the fire of the ships, and in the Fort itself. Meanwhile all the “mixed multitude” of Soukhoun—small Greek and Armenian shop-keepers, Mingrelian and Georgian camp-followers, a few Jews and the like—had fled for refuge, some into the Fort, some on board the vessels in the harbour. But their best auxiliary on this occasion was a violent rain-storm, which at this very moment burst over the mountains, and in a few hours so swelled the Gumista torrent that the main body of Abkhasians mustered behind it were for the whole of the ensuing day unable to cross over to the help of their comrades, the assailants of Soukhoun.

These last had already occupied the plateau, burnt whatever was on it, and, descending into the plain, plundered and set fire to the dwellings of several Russian officers close below. They even advanced some way down the central street, ostentatiously called the “Boulevard” in honour of some little trees planted along it. But here they were checked by the fire of the Russian vessels, and by the few troops whom their officers could persuade to remain without the fort in the lower part of the town.

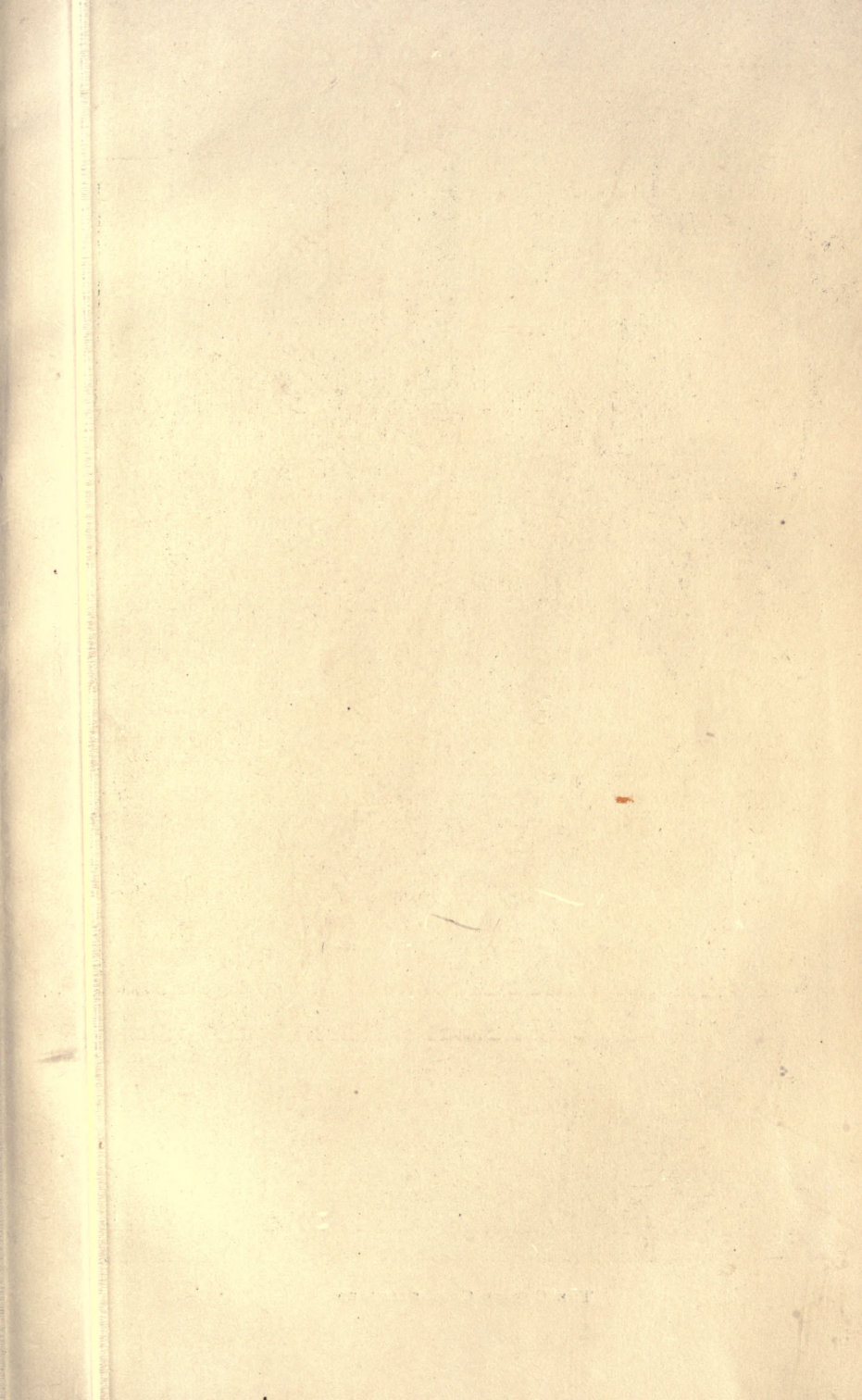
Two days, two anxious days, matters remained on this footing. But news had been despatched to Poti, and on the third morning arrived a battalion from that place, just as the main body of the Abkhasians, headed by the two sons of Hasan Ma'an, Mustapha and Temshook, crossed the now diminished Gumista and entered Soukhoun.

Fighting now began in good earnest. The numbers on either side were pretty fairly matched, but the Abkhasians, though inferior in arms, were superior in courage; and it required all the exertions of a Polish colonel and of two Greek officers to keep the Russian soldiers from even their abandoning the open ground. However, next morning brought the

Russians fresh reinforcements; and being by this time fully double the force of their ill-armed, undisciplined enemy, they ventured on becoming assailants in their turn. By the end of the fifth day the insurgents had dispersed amid the woods. The Russian loss at Soukhoum-Kalé was reckoned at sixty or seventy men, that of the Abkhasians at somewhat less; but as they carried their dead and wounded away with them, the exact number has never been known. During the short period of their armed presence at Soukhoum they had killed no one except in fair fight, burnt or plundered no houses except Russian, committed no outrage, injured no neutral. Only the Botanical Garden, a pretty copse of exotic trees, the creation of Prince Woronzoff, and on this occasion the scene of some hard fighting, was much wasted, and a Polish chapel was burnt. Public rumour ascribed both these acts of needless destruction, the first probably, the latter certainly, to the Russian soldiery themselves.

The rest of the story is soon told. Accompanied by a large body of troops, the Russian Governor-General of the Western Caucasus went to So'ouk-Soo. He met with no resistance. Cognard and his fellow-victims were buried—we have seen their graves—and the house of Alexander Shervashiji, that in which Cognard had perished, with the palace of the Prince Michael, was gutted and burnt by a late act of Russian vindictiveness. The Nemesis of Abkhasia added these further trophies to her triumph at So'ouk-Soo.

Thus it was in November last. A few more months have passed, and that triumph is already complete. After entire submission, and granted pardon, the remnant of the old Abkhasian nation—first their chiefs and then the people—have at last, in time of full peace and quiet, been driven from the mountains and coast where Greek, Roman, Persian, and Turkish domination had left them unmolested for more than two thousand years, to seek under the more tolerant rule of the Ottoman Sultan a freedom which Russia often claims without her own limits, always denies within them. The Meidan of So'ouk-Soo is now empty. Russians and Abkhasians, Shervashijis and Cossacks, native and foreigner, have alike disappeared, and nothing remains but the fast crumbling memorials of a sad history of national folly rewarded by oppression, oppression by violence, violence by desolation.





THE CURATE CROSS-EXAMINED.

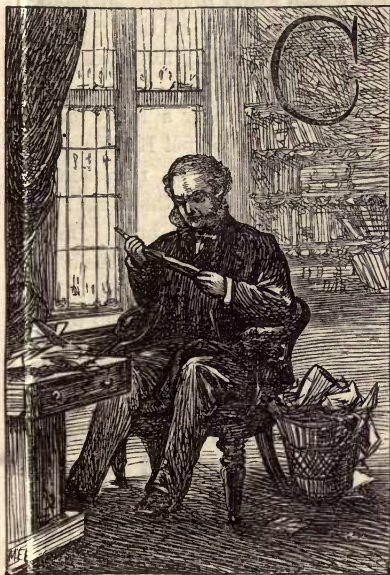
THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

The Bramleights of Bishop's Folly.

CHAPTER XX.

A MORNING OF PERPLEXITIES.



OLONEL BRAMLEIGH turned over and over, without breaking the seal, a letter which, bearing the post-mark of Rome and in a well-known hand, he knew came from Lady Augusta.

That second marriage of his had been a great mistake. None of the social advantages he had calculated on with such certainty had resulted from it. His wife's distinguished relatives had totally estranged themselves from her, as though she had made an unbecoming and unworthy alliance; his own sons and daughters had not concealed their animosity to their new stepmother; and, in fact, the best compromise the blunder admitted of was that they should try to see as little as possible

of each other; and as they could not obliterate the compact, they should, as far as in them lay, endeavour to ignore it.

There are no more painful aids to a memory unwilling to be taxed than a banker's half-yearly statement; and in the long record which Christmas had summoned, and which now lay open before Bramleigh's eyes, were frequent and weighty reminders of Lady Augusta's expensive ways.

He had agreed to allow her a thousand Napoleons—about eight hundred pounds—quarterly, which was, and which she owned was, a most liberal and sufficient sum to live on alone, and in a city comparatively cheap. He had, however, added, with a courtesy that the moment of parting might have suggested, “Whenever your tastes or your comforts are found to be hampered in any way by the limits I have set down, you will do me the favour to draw directly on ‘the House,’ and I will take care that your cheques shall be attended to.”

The smile with which she thanked him was still in his memory. Since the memorable morning in Berkeley Square when she accepted his offer of marriage, he had seen nothing so fascinating—nor, let us add, so fleeting—as this gleam of enchantment. Very few days had sufficed to show him how much this meteor flash of loveliness had cost him; and now, as he sat conning over a long line of figures, he bethought him that the second moment of witchery was very nearly as expensive as the first. When he made her that courteous offer of extending the limits of her civil list he had never contemplated how far she could have pushed his generosity, and now, to his amazement, he discovered that in a few months she had already drawn for seven thousand pounds, and had intimated to the House that the first instalment of the purchase-money of a villa would probably be required some time early in May; the business-like character of this “advice” being, however, sadly disparaged by her having totally forgotten to say anything as to the amount of the impending demand.

It was in a very unlucky moment—was there ever a lucky one?—when these heavy demands presented themselves. Colonel Bramleigh had latterly taken to what he thought, or at least meant to be, retrenchment. He was determined, as he said himself, to “take the bull by the horns:” but the men who perform this feat usually select a very small bull. He had nibbled, as it were, at the hem of the budget; he had cut down “the boys’” allowances. “What could Temple want with five hundred a year? Her Majesty gave him four, and her Majesty certainly never intended to take his services without fitting remuneration. As to Jack having three hundred, it was downright absurdity; it was extravagancies like these destroyed the Navy; besides, Jack had got his promotion, and his pay ought to be something handsome.” With regard to Augustus, he only went so far as certain remonstrances about horse-keep and some hints about the iniquities of a German valet who, it was rumoured, had actually bought a house in Duke Street, St. James’s, out of his peculations in the family.

The girls were not extravagantly provided for, but for example sake he reduced their allowances by one third. Ireland was not a country for embroidered silks or Genoa velvet. It would be an admirable lesson to others if they were to see the young ladies of the great house dressed simply and unpretentiously. “These things could only be done by people of station. Such examples must proceed from those whose motives could not be questioned.” He dismissed the head-gardener, and he was

actually contemplating the discharge of the French cook, though he well foresaw the storm of opposition so strong a measure was sure to evoke. When he came to sum up his reforms he was shocked to find that the total only reached a little over twelve hundred pounds, and this in a household of many thousands.

Was not Castello, too, a mistake? Was not all this princely style of living, in a county without a neighbourhood, totally unvisited by strangers, a capital blunder? He had often heard of the cheapness of life in Ireland; and what a myth it was! He might have lived in Norfolk for what he was spending in Downshire, and though he meant to do great things for the country, a doubt was beginning to steal over him as to how they were to be done. He had often insisted that absenteeism was the bane of Ireland, and yet for the life of him he could not see how his residence there was to prove a blessing.

Lady Augusta, with her separate establishment, was spending above three thousand a year. Poor man, he was grumbling to himself over this, when that precious document from the bank arrived with the astounding news of her immense extravagance. He laid her letter down again: he had not temper to read it. It was so sure to be one of those frivolous little levities which jar so painfully on serious feelings. He knew so well the half jestful excuses she would make for her wastefulness, the coquettish prettinesses she would deploy in describing her daily life of mock simplicity, and utter recklessness as to cost, that he muttered "Not now" to himself as he pushed the letter away. As he did so he discovered a letter in the hand of Mr. Sedley, his law agent. He had himself written a short note to that gentleman, at Jack's request; for Jack—who, like all sailors, believed in a First Lord and implicitly felt that no promotion ever came rightfully—wanted a special introduction to the great men at Somerset House, a service which Sedley, who knew every one, could easily render him. This note of Sedley's then doubtless referred to that matter, and though Bramleigh did not feel any great or warm interest in the question, he broke the envelope to read it rather as a relief than otherwise. It was at least a new topic, and it could not be a very exciting one. The letter ran thus:—

MY DEAR SIR,

"Tuesday, January 15.

"HICKLAY will speak to the First Lord at the earliest convenient moment, but as Captain Bramleigh has just got his promotion, he does not see what can be done in addition. I do not suppose your son would like a dockyard appointment, but a tolerably snug berth will soon be vacant at Malta, and as Captain B. will be in town to-morrow, I shall wait upon him early, and learn his wishes in the matter. There is great talk to-day of changes in the Cabinet, and some rumour of a dissolution. These reports and disquieting news from France have brought the Funds down one-sixth. Burrows and Black have failed—the Calcutta house had made some large tea speculation, it is said, without the knowledge of the

partners here. At all events, the liabilities will exceed a million ; available assets not a hundred thousand. I hope you will not suffer, or if so, to only a trifling extent, as I know you lately declined the advances Black so pressed upon you."

"He's right there," muttered Bramleigh. "I wouldn't touch those indigo bonds. When old Grant began to back up the natives, I saw what would become of the planters. All meddling with the labour market in India is mere gambling, and whenever a man makes his coup he ought to go off with his money. What's all this here," muttered he, "about Talookdars and Ryots? He ought to know this question cannot interest me."

"I met Kelson yesterday ; he was very close and guarded, but my impression is that they are doing nothing in the affair of the 'Pretender.' I hinted jocularly something about having a few thousands by me if he should happen to know of a good investment, and, in the same careless way, he replied, 'I'll drop in some morning at the office, and have a talk with you.' There was a significance in his manner that gave me to believe he meant a 'transaction.' We shall see. I shall add a few lines to this after I have seen Captain B. to-morrow. I must now hurry off to Westminster."

Bramleigh turned over, and read the following :—

Wednesday, 16th.

"On going to the 'Drummond' this morning to breakfast, by appointment, with your son, I found him dressing, but talking with the occupant of a room on the opposite side of the sitting-room, where breakfast was laid for three. Captain B., who seemed in excellent health and spirits, entered freely on the subject of the shore appointment, and when I suggested caution in discussing it, told me there was no need of reserve, that he could say what he pleased before his friend—'whom, by the way,' said he, 'I am anxious to make known to you. You are the very man to give him first-rate advice, and if you cannot take up his case yourself, to recommend him to some one of trust and character.' While we were talking, the stranger entered—a young man, short, good-looking, and of good address. 'I want to present you to Mr. Sedley,' said Captain B., 'and I'll be shot if I don't forget your name.'

"'I half doubt if you ever knew it,' said the other, laughing ; and, turning to me, added, 'Our friendship is of short date. We met as travellers, but I have seen enough of life to know that the instinct that draws men towards each other is no bad guarantee for mutual liking.' He said this with a slightly foreign accent, but fluently and easily.

"We now sat down to table, and though not being gifted with that expansiveness that the stranger spoke of, I soon found myself listening with pleasure to the conversation of a very shrewd and witty man, who had seen a good deal of life. Perhaps I may have exhibited some trait of the pleasure he afforded me—perhaps I may have expressed it in words ;

at all events your son marked the effect produced upon me, and in a tone of half jocular triumph, cried out, 'Eh, Sedley, you'll stand by him—won't you? I've told him if there was a man in England to carry him through a stiff campaign you were the fellow.' I replied by some commonplace, and rose soon after to proceed to Court. As the foreigner had also some business at the Hall, I offered him a seat in my cab. As we went along, he spoke freely of himself and his former life, and gave me his card, with the name 'Anatole Pracontal.' So that here I was for two hours in close confab with the enemy, to whom I was actually presented by your own son! So overwhelming was this announcement that I really felt unable to take any course, and doubted whether I ought not at once to have told him who his fellow-traveller was. I decided at last for the more cautious line, and asked him to come and see me at Fulham. We parted excellent friends. Whether he will keep his appointment or not I am unable to guess. By a special good fortune—so I certainly must deem it—Captain Bramleigh was telegraphed for to Portsmouth, and had to leave town at once. So that any risks from that quarter are avoided. Whether this strange meeting will turn out well or ill, whether it will be misinterpreted by Kelson when he comes to hear it—for it would be hard to believe it all accident—and induce him to treat us with distrust and suspicion, or whether it may conduce to a speedy settlement of everything, is more than I can yet say.

"I am so far favourably impressed by M. Pracontal's manner and address that I think he ought not to be one difficult to deal with. What may be his impression, however, when he learns with whom he has been talking so freely, is still doubtful to me. He cannot, it is true, mistrust your son, but he may feel grave doubts about *me*.

"I own I do not expect to see him to-morrow. Kelson will certainly advise him against such a step, nor do I yet perceive what immediate good would result from our meeting, beyond the assuring him—as I certainly should—that all that had occurred was pure chance, and that, though perfectly familiar with his name and his pretensions, I had not the vaguest suspicion of his identity till I read his card. It may be that out of this strange blunder good may come. Let us hope it. I will write to-morrow.

"Truly yours,

"M. SEDLEY."

Colonel Bramleigh re-read every line of the letter carefully; and as he laid it down with a sigh, said, "What a complication of troubles on my hands. At the very moment that I am making engagements to relieve others, I may not have the means to meet my own difficulties. Sedley was quite wrong to make any advances to this man; they are sure to be misinterpreted. Kelson will think we are afraid, and raise his terms with us accordingly." Again his eyes fell upon Lady Augusta's letter; but he had no temper now to encounter all the light gossip and frivolity it was

sure to contain. He placed it in his pocket, and set out to take a walk. He wanted to think, but he also wanted the spring and energy which come of brisk exercise. He felt his mind would work more freely when he was in motion; and in the open air, too, he should escape from the terrible oppression of being continually confronted by himself,—which he felt he was in the solitude of his study.

“If M. Pracontal measure us by the standard of Master Jack,” muttered he, bitterly, “he will opine that the conflict ought not to be a tough one. What fools these sailors are when you take them off their own element; and what a little bit of a world is the quarter-deck of a frigate! Providence has not blessed me with brilliant sons; that is certain. It was through Temple we have come to know Lord Culduff; and I protest I anticipate little of either profit or pleasure from the acquaintanceship. As for Augustus, he is only so much shrewder than the others, that he is more cautious; his selfishness is immensely preservative.” This was not, it must be owned, a flattering estimate that he made of his sons; but he was a man to tell hard truths to himself; and to tell them roughly and roundly too, like one who, when he had to meet a difficulty in life, would rather confront it in its boldest shape.

So essentially realistic was the man's mind that, till he had actually under his eyes these few lines describing Pracontal's look and manner, he had never been able to convince himself that this pretender was an actual *bonâ fide* creature. Up to this, the claim had been a vague menace, and no more; a tradition that ended in a threat! There was the whole of it! Kelson had written to Sedley, and Sedley to Kelson. There had been a half-amicable contest, a sort of round with the gloves, in which these two crafty men appeared rather like great moralists than cunning lawyers. Had they been peace-makers by Act of Parliament, they could not have urged more strenuously the advantages of amity and kindliness; how severely they censured the contentious spirits which drove men into litigation! and how beautifully they showed the Christian benefit of an arbitration “under the court,” the costs to be equitably divided!

Throughout the whole drama, however, M. Pracontal had never figured as an active character of the piece; and for all that Bramleigh could see, the machinery might work to the end, and the catastrophe be announced, not only without even producing him, but actually without his having ever existed. If from time to time he might chance to read in the public papers of a suspicious foreigner, a “Frenchman or Italian of fashionable appearance,” having done this, that, or t'other, he would ask himself at once, “I wonder could that be *my* man? Is that the adventurer who wants to replace me here?” As time, however, rolled on, and nothing came of this claim more palpable than a dropping letter from Sedley, to say he had submitted such a point to counsel, or he thought that the enemy seemed disposed to come to terms, Bramleigh actually began to regard the whole subject as a man might the danger of a storm, which, breaking afar off, might probably waste all its fury before it reached him.

Now, however, these feelings of vague, undefined doubt were to give way to a very palpable terror. His own son had seen Pracontal, and sat at table with him. Pracontal was a good-looking, well-mannered fellow, with, doubtless, all the readiness and the aplomb of a clever foreigner; not a creature of mean appearance and poverty-struck aspect, whose very person would disparage his pretensions, but a man with the bearing of the world and the habits of society.

So sudden and so complete was this revulsion, and so positively did it depict before him an actual conflict, that he could only think of how to deal with Pracontal personally, by what steps it might be safest to approach him, and how to treat a man whose changeful fortunes must doubtless have made him expert in difficulties, and at the same time a not unlikely dupe to well-devised and well-applied flatteries.

To have invited him frankly to Castello,—to have assumed that it was a case in which a generous spirit might deal far more successfully than all the cavils and cranks of the law, was Bramleigh's first thought; but to do this with effect, he must confide the whole story of the peril to some at least of the family: and this, for many reasons, he could not stoop to. Bramleigh certainly attached no actual weight to this man's claim,—he did not in his heart believe that there was any foundation for his pretension; but Sedley had told him that there was case enough to go to a jury,—and a jury meant exposure, publicity, comment, and very unpleasant comment too, when party hatred should contribute its venom to the discussion. If, then, he shrunk from imparting this story to his sons and daughters, how long could he count on secrecy?—only till next assizes perhaps. At the first notice of trial the whole mischief would be out, and the matter be a world-wide scandal. Sedley advised a compromise, but the time was very unpropitious for this. It was downright impossible to get money at the moment. Every one was bent on “realizing,” in presence of all the crashes and bankruptcies around. None would lend on the best securities, and men were selling out at ruinous loss to meet pressing engagements. For the very first time in his life, Bramleigh felt what it was to want for ready money. He had every imaginable kind of wealth. Houses and lands, stocks, shares, ships, costly deposits and mortgages—everything in short but gold: and yet it was gold alone could meet the emergency. How foolish it was of him to involve himself in Lord Culduff's difficulties at such a crisis: had he not troubles enough of his own! Would that ossenced and enamelled old dandy have stained his boots to have served *him*? That was a very unpleasant query, which would cross his mind, and never obtain anything like a satisfactory reply. Would not his calculation probably be that Bramleigh was amply recompensed for all he could do, by the honour of being thought the friend of a noble lord, so highly placed, and so much thought of in the world?

As for Lady Augusta's extravagance, it was simply insufferable. He had been most liberal to her because he would not permit that whatever might be the nature of the differences that separated them, money in any

shape should enter. There must be nothing sordid or mean in the tone of any discussion between them. She might prefer Italy to Ireland; sunshine to rain; a society of idle, leisure-loving, indolent, soft-voiced men, to association with sterner, severer, and more energetic natures. She might affect to think climate all essential to her; and the society of her sister a positive necessity. All these he might submit to, but he was neither prepared to be ruined by her wastefulness, or maintain a controversy as to the sum she should spend. "If we come to figures, it must be a fight," muttered he, "and an ignoble fight too; and it is to that we are now approaching."

"I think I can guess what is before me here," said he with a grim smile, as he tore open the letter and prepared to read it. Now, though on this occasion his guess was not exactly correct, nor did the epistle contain the graceful little nothings by which her ladyship was wont to chronicle her daily life, we forbear to give it in extenso to our readers; first of all, because it opened with a very long and intricate explanation of motives which was no explanation at all, and then proceeded by an equally prolix narrative to announce a determination which was only to be final on approval. In two words, Lady Augusta was desirous of changing her religion; but before becoming a Catholic, she wished to know if Colonel Bramleigh would make a full and irrevocable settlement on her of her present allowance, giving her entire power over its ultimate disposal, for she hinted that the sum might be capitalized; the recompence for such splendid generosity being the noble consciousness of a very grand action, and his own liberty. To the latter she adverted with becoming delicacy, slyly hinting that in the church to which he belonged there might probably be no very strenuous objections made, should he desire to contract new ties, and once more re-enter the bonds of matrimony.

The expression which burst aloud from Bramleigh as he finished the letter, conveyed all that he felt on the subject.

"What outrageous effrontery! The first part of this precious document is written by a priest, and the second by an attorney. It begins by informing me that I am a heretic, and politely asks me to add to that distinction the honour of being a beggar. What a woman! I have done, I suppose, a great many foolish things in life, but I shall not cap them so far, I promise you, Lady Augusta, by an endowment of the Catholic Church. No, my lady, you shall give the new faith you are about to adopt the most signal proof of your sincerity, by renouncing all worldliness at the threshold; and as the nuns cut off their silken tresses, you shall rid yourself of that wealth which we are told is such a barrier against heaven. Far be it from me," said he with a sardonic bitterness, "who have done so little for your happiness here, to peril your happiness hereafter."

"I will answer this at once," said he. "It shall not remain one post without its reply."

He arose to return to the house; but in his pre-occupation he continued to walk till he reached the brow of the cliff from which the roof of

the curate's cottage was seen, about a mile off. The peaceful stillness of the scene, where not a leaf moved, and where the sea washed lazily along the low strand with a sweeping motion that gave no sound, calmed and soothed him. Was it not to taste the sweet sense of repose that he had quitted the busy life of cities and come to this lone sequestered spot? Was not this very moment, as he now felt it, the realization of a long-cherished desire? Had the world anything better in all its prizes, he asked himself, than the peaceful enjoyment of an unchequered existence? Shall I not try to carry out what once I had planned to myself, and live my life as I intended?

He sat down on the brow of the crag and looked out over the sea. A gentle, but not unpleasant sadness was creeping over him. It was one of those moments—every man has had them—in which the vanity of life and the frivolity of all its ambitions present themselves to the mind far more forcibly than ever they appear when urged from the pulpit. There is no pathos, no bad taste, no inflated description in the workings of reflectiveness. When we come to compute with ourselves what we have gained by our worldly successes, and to make a total of all our triumphs, we arrive at a truer insight into the nothingness of what we are contending for than we ever attain through the teaching of our professional moralists.

Colonel Bramleigh had made considerable progress along this peaceful track since he sat down there. Could he only be sure to accept the truths he had been repeating to himself without any wavering or uncertainty; could he have resolution enough to conform his life to these convictions,—throw over all ambitions, and be satisfied with mere happiness,—was this prize not within his reach? Temple and Marion, perhaps, might resist; but he was certain the others would agree with him,—while he thus pondered, he heard the low murmur of voices, apparently near him; he listened, and perceived that some persons were talking as they mounted the zigzag path which led up from the bottom of the gorge, and which had to cross and recross continually before it gained the summit. A thick hedge of laurel and arbutus fenced the path on either side so completely as to shut out all view of those who were walking along it, and who had to pass and re-pass quite close to where Bramleigh was sitting.

To his intense astonishment it was in French they spoke; and a certain sense of terror came over him as to what this might portend. Were these spies of the enemy, and was the mine about to be sprung beneath him? One was a female voice, a clear, distinct voice—which he thought he knew well, and oh, what inexpressible relief to his anxiety was it when he recognized it to be Julia L'Estrange's. She spoke volubly, almost flippantly, and, as it seemed to Bramleigh, in a tone of half-sarcastic raillery, against which her companion appeared to protest, as he more than once repeated the word "*sérieuse*," in a tone almost reproachful.

"If I am to be serious, my lord," said she, in a more collected tone, "I had better get back to English. Let me tell you then, in a language which admits of little misconception, that I have forborne to treat your

lordship's proposal with gravity, partly out of respect for myself, partly out of deference to you."

"Deference to me? What do you mean? what can you mean?"

"I mean, my lord, that all the flattery of being the object of your lordship's choice could not obliterate my sense of a disparity, just as great between us in years as in condition. I was nineteen my last birthday, Lord Culduff;" and she said this with a pouting air of offended dignity.

"A peeress of nineteen would be a great success at a drawing-room," said he, with a tone of pompous deliberation.

"Pray, my lord, let us quit a theme we cannot agree upon. With all your lordship's delicacy, you have not been able to conceal the vast sacrifices it has cost you to make me your present proposal. I have no such tact. I have not even the shadow of it; and I could never hope to hide what it would cost me to become grande dame."

"A proposal of marriage; an actual proposal," muttered Bramleigh, as he arose to move away. "I heard it with my own ears; and heard her refuse it, besides."

An hour later, when he mounted the steps of the chief entrance, he met Marion, who came towards him with an open letter. "This is from poor Lord Culduff," said she; "he has been stopping these last three days at the L'Estranges', and what between boredom and bad cookery he couldn't hold out any longer. He begs he may be permitted to come back here; he says, 'Put me below the salt, if you like—anywhere, only let it be beneath your roof, and within the circle of your fascinating society.' Shall I say Come, papa?"

"I suppose we must," muttered Bramleigh, sulkily, and passed on to his room.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE AND JULIA.

It was after a hard day with the hounds that George L'Estrange reached the cottage to a late dinner. The hunting had not been good. They had found three times, but each time lost their fox after a short burst, and though the morning broke favourably, with a low cloudy sky and all the signs of a good scenting day, towards the afternoon a brisk north-easter had sprung up, making the air sharp and piercing, and rendering the dogs wild and uncertain. In fact, it was one of those days which occasionally irritate men more than actual "blanks;" there was a constant promise of something, always ending in disappointment. The horses, too, were fretful and impatient, as horses are wont to be with frequent checks, and when excited by a cold and cutting wind.

Even Nora, perfection that she was of temper and training, had not behaved well. She had taken her fences hotly and impatiently, and

actually chested a stiff bank, which cost herself and her rider a heavy fall, and a disgrace that the curate felt more acutely than the injury.

"You don't mean to say you fell, George?" said Julia, with a look of positive incredulity.

"Nora did, which comes pretty much to the same thing. We were coming out of Gore's Wood, and I was leading. There's a high bank with a drop into Longworth's lawn. It's a place I've taken scores of times. One can't fly it; you must "top," and Nora can do that sort of thing to perfection; and as I came on I had to swerve a little to avoid some of the dogs that were climbing up the bank. Perhaps it was that irritated her, but she rushed madly on, and came full chest against the gripe, and—I don't remember much more till I found myself actually drenched with vinegar that old Catty Lalor was pouring over me, when I got up again, addled and confused enough, but I'm all right now. Do you know, Ju," said he, after a pause, "I was more annoyed by a chance remark I heard as I was lying on the grass than by the whole misadventure?"

"What was it, George?"

"It was old Curtis was riding by, and he cried out, 'Who's down?' and some one said, 'L'Estrange.' 'By Jove,' said he, 'I don't think that fellow was ever on his knees before;' and this because I was a parson."

"How unfeeling; but how like him."

"Wasn't it? After all, it comes of doing what is not exactly right. I suppose it's not enough that I see nothing wrong in a day with the hounds. I ought to think how others regard it; whether it shocks *them*, or exposes my cloth to sarcasm or censure? Is it not dinner-hour?"

"Of course it is, George. It's past eight."

"And where's our illustrious guest; has he not appeared?"

"Lord Culduff has gone. There came a note to him from Castello in the afternoon, and about five o'clock the phaeton appeared at the door—only with the servants—and his lordship took a most affectionate leave of me, charging me with the very sweetest messages for you, and assurances of eternal memory of the blissful hours he had passed here."

"Perhaps it's not the right thing to say, but I own to you I'm glad he's gone."

"But why, George; was he not amusing?"

"Yes; I suppose he was; but he was so supremely arrogant, so impressed with his own grandness and our littleness, so persistently eager to show us that we were enjoying an honour in his presence, that nothing in our lives could entitle us to, that I found my patience pushed very hard to endure it."

"I liked him. I liked his vanity and conceit; and I wouldn't for anything he had been less pretentious."

"I have none of your humoristic temperament, Julia, and I never could derive amusement from the eccentricities or peculiarities of others."

"And there's no fun like it, George. Once that you come to look on life as a great drama, and all the men and women as players, it's the best comedy ever one sat at."

"I'm glad he's gone for another reason, too. I suppose it's shabby to say it, but it's true all the same: he was a very costly guest, and I wasn't disposed, like Charles the Bold or that other famous fellow, to sell a province to entertain an emperor."

"Had we a province to sell, George?" said she, laughing.

"No; but I had a horse, and unfortunately Nora must go to the hammer now."

"Surely not for this week's extravagance?" cried she, anxiously.

"Not exactly for this, but for everything. You know old Curtis's saying, 'It's always the last glass of wine makes a man tipsy.' But here comes the dinner, and let us turn to something pleasanter."

It was so jolly to be alone again, all restraint removed, all terror of culinary mishaps withdrawn, and all the consciousness of little domestic shortcomings obliterated, that L'Estrange's spirit rose at every moment, and at last he burst out, "I declare to you, Julia, if that man hadn't gone, I'd have died out of pure inanition. To see him day after day trying to conform to our humble fare, turning over his meat on his plate, and trying to divide with his fork the cutlet that he wouldn't condescend to cut, and barely able to suppress the shudder our little light wine gave him; to witness all this, and to feel that I mustn't seem to know, while I was fully aware of it, was a downright misery. I'd like to know what brought him here."

"I fancy he couldn't tell you himself. He paid an interminable visit, and we asked him to stop and dine with us. A wet night detained him, and when his servant came over with his dressing-bag or portmanteau, you said, or I said,—I forget which,—that he ought not to leave us without a peep at our coast scenery."

"I remember all that; but what I meant was, that his coming here from Castello was no accident. He never left a French cook and Château Lafitte for cold mutton and sour sherry without some reason for it."

"You forget, George, he was on his way to Lisconnor when he came here. He was going to visit the mines."

"By the by, that reminds me of a letter I got this evening. I put it in my pocket without reading. Isn't that Vickers' hand?"

"Yes; it is his reply, perhaps, to my letter. He is too correct and too prudent to write to myself, and sends the answer to you."

"As our distinguished guest is not here to be shocked, Julia, let us hear what Vickers says."

"My dear Mr. L'Estrange, I have before me a letter from your sister, expressing a wish that I should consent to the withdrawal of the sum of two thousand pounds, now vested in consols under my trusteeship, and employ these monies in a certain enterprise which she designates as the coal mines of Lisconnor. Before acceding to the grave responsibility

which this change of investment would impose upon me, even supposing that the 'Master,'—who is the Master, George?"

"Go on; read further," said he, curtly.

"—that the Master would concur with such a procedure, I am desirous of hearing what you yourself know of the speculation in question. Have you seen and conversed with the engineers who have made the surveys? Have you heard from competent and unconcerned parties——?" Oh, George, it's so like the way he talks. I can't read on."

L'Estrange took the letter from her and glanced rapidly over the lines, and then turning to the last page read aloud. "How will the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners affect you, touching the union of Portshannon with Kilmullock? Do they simply extinguish you, or have you a claim for compensation?"

"What does he mean, George?" cried she, as she gazed at the pale face and agitated expression of her brother as he laid down the letter before her.

"It is just extinguishment; that's the word for it," muttered he. "When they unite the parishes, they suppress me."

"Oh, George, don't say that; it has not surely come to this?"

"There's no help for it," said he, putting away his glass and leaning his head on his hand. "I was often told they'd do something like this; and when Grimsby was here to examine the books and make notes,—you remember it was a wet Sunday, and nobody came but the clerk's mother,—he said, as we left the church, 'The congregation is orderly and attentive, but not numerous.'"

"I told you, George, I detested that man. I said at the time he was no friend to *you*."

"If he felt it his duty——"

"Duty, indeed! I never heard of a cruelty yet that hadn't the plea of a duty. I'm sure Captain Craufurd comes to church, and Mrs. Bayley comes, and as to the Great House, there's a family there of not less than thirty persons."

"When Grimsby was here Castello was not occupied."

"Well, it is occupied now; and if Colonel Bramleigh be a person of the influence he assumes to be, and if he cares,—as I take it he must care,—not to live like a heathen, he'll prevent this cruel wrong. I'm not sure that Nelly has much weight, but she would do anything in the world for us, and I think Augustus, too, would befriend us."

"What can they all do? It's a question for the Commissioners."

"So it may; but I take it the Commissioners are human beings."

He turned again to the letter which lay open on the table, and read aloud, "'They want a chaplain, I see, at Albano, near Rome. Do you know any one who could assist you to the appointment, always providing that you would like it?' I should think I would like it."

"You were thinking of the glorious riding over the Campagna, George, that you told me about long ago?"

"I hope not," said he, blushing deeply, and looking overwhelmed with confusion.

"Well, I was, George. Albano reminded me at once of those long moonlight canters you told me about, with the grand old city in the distance. I almost fancy I have seen it all. Let us bethink us of the great people we know, and who would aid us in the matter."

"The list begins and ends with the Lord Culduff I suspect."

"Not at all. It is the Bramleighs can be of use here. Lady Augusta lives at Rome; she must be, I'm sure, a person of influence there, and be well known to, and know all the English of station. It's a downright piece of good fortune for us she should be there. There now, be of good heart, and don't look wretched. We'll drive over to Castello to-morrow."

"They've been very cool towards us of late."

"As much our fault as theirs, George; some, certainly, was my own."

"Oh, Vickars has heard of her. He says here, 'Is the Lady Augusta Bramleigh, who has a villa at Albano, any relative of your neighbour Colonel Bramleigh? She is very eccentric, some say mad; but she does what she likes with every one. Try and procure a letter to her.'"

"It's all as well as settled, George. We'll be cantering over that swelling prairie before the spring ends," said she. Quietly rising and going over to the piano, she began one of those little popular Italian ballads which they call "Stornelli"—those light effusions of national life which blend up love and flowers and sunshine together so pleasantly, and seem to emblemize the people who sing them.

"Thither! oh, thither! George! as the girl sings in Goethe's ballad. Won't it be delightful?"

"First let us see if it be possible."

And then they began one of those discussions of ways and means which, however, as we grow old in life, are tinged with all the hard and stern characters of sordid self-interest, are, in our younger days, blended so thoroughly with hope and trustfulness that they are amongst the most attractive of all the themes we can turn to. There were so many things to be done, and so little to do them with, that it was marvellous to hear of the cunning and ingenious devices by which poverty was to be cheated out of its meanness and actually imagine itself picturesque. George was not a very imaginative creature, but it was strange to see to what flights he rose as the sportive fancy of the high-spirited girl carried him away to the region of the speculative and the hopeful.

"It's just as well, after all, perhaps," said he, after some moments of thought, "that we had not invested your money in the mine."

"Of course, George, we shall want it to buy vines and orange-trees. Oh, I shall grow mad with impatience if I talk of this much longer! Do you know," said she, in a more collected and serious tone, "I have just built a little villa on the lake-side of Albano? And I'm doubting whether I'll have my 'pergolato' of vines next the water or facing the mountain. I incline to the mountain."

"We mustn't dream of building," said he, gravely.

"We must dream of everything, George. It is in dreamland I am going to live. Why is this gift of fancy bestowed upon us if not to conjure up allies that will help us to fight the stern evils of life? Without imagination, Hope is a poor, weary, plodding, foot-traveller, painfully lagging behind us. Give him but speculation, and he soars aloft on wings and rises towards heaven."

"Do be reasonable, Julia; and let us decide what steps we shall take."

"Let me just finish my boathouse: I'm putting an aviary on the top of it. Well, don't look so pitifully; I am not going mad. Now, then, for the practical. We are to go over to Castello to-morrow early, I suppose?"

"Yes; I should say in the morning, before Colonel Bramleigh goes into his study. After that he dislikes being disturbed. I mean to speak to him myself. You must address yourself to Marion."

"The forlorn hope always falls to my share," said she, poutingly. "Why, you were the best friends in the world till a few days back! You men can understand nothing of these things. You neither know the nice conditions nor the delicate reserves of young lady friendships; nor have you the slightest conception of how boundless we can be in admiration of each other in the imagined consciousness of something very superior in ourselves, and which makes all our love a very generous impulse. There is so much coarseness in male friendships, that you understand none of these subtle distinctions."

"I was going to say, thank Heaven, we don't."

"You are grateful for very little, George. I assure you there is a great charm in these fine affinities, and remember you men are not necessarily always rivals. Your roads in life are so numerous and so varied, that you need not jostle. We women have but one path, and one goal at the end of it; and there is no small generosity in the kindness we extend to each other."

They talked away late into the night of the future. Once or twice the thought flashed across Julia whether she ought not to tell of what had passed between Lord Cuduff and herself. She was not quite sure but that George ought to hear it; but then a sense of delicacy restrained her—a delicacy that extended to that old man who had made her the offer of his hand, and who would not for worlds have it known that his offer had been rejected. No, thought she, his secret shall be respected. As he deemed me worthy to be his wife, he shall know that so far as regards respect for his feelings he had not over-estimated me.

It was all essential, however, that her brother should not think of enlisting Lord Cuduff in his cause, or asking his lordship's aid or influence in any way; and when L'Estrange carelessly said, "Could not our distinguished friend and guest be of use here?" she hastened to reply, "Do not think of that, George. These men are so victimized by appeals of this sort that they either flatly refuse their assistance, or give some flippant

promise of an aid they never think of according. It would actually fret me, if I thought we were to owe anything to such intervention. In fact," said she, laughingly, "it's quite an honour to be his acquaintance. It would be something very like a humiliation to have him for a friend. And now good-night. You won't believe it, perhaps; but it wants but a few minutes to two o'clock."

"People, I believe, never go to bed in Italy," said he, yawning; "or only in the day-time. So that we are in training already, Julia."

"How I hope the match may come off," said she, as she gave him her hand at parting. "I'll go and dream over it."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE LIBRARY AT CASTELLO.

WHEN L'Estrange and his sister arrived at Castello on the morning after the scene of our last chapter, it was to discover that the family had gone off early to visit the mine of Lisconnor, where they were to dine, and not return till late in the evening.

Colonel Bramleigh alone remained behind: a number of important letters which had come by that morning's post detained him; but he had pledged himself to follow the party, and join them at dinner, if he could finish his correspondence in time.

George and Julia turned away from the door, and were slowly retracing their road homeward, when a servant came running after them to say that Colonel Bramleigh begged Mr. L'Estrange would come back for a moment; that he had something of consequence to say to him.

"I'll stroll about the shrubberies, George, till you join me," said Julia. "Who knows it may not be a farewell look I may be taking of these dear old scenes." George nodded, half mournfully, and followed the servant towards the library.

In his ordinary and every-day look, no man ever seemed a more perfect representative of worldly success and prosperity than Colonel Bramleigh. He was personally what would be called handsome, had a high bold forehead, and large grey eyes, well set and shaded by strong full eyebrows, so regular in outline and so correctly defined as to give a half suspicion that art had been called to the assistance of nature. He was ruddy and fresh-looking, with an erect carriage, and that air of general confidence that seemed to declare he knew himself to be a favourite of fortune and gloried in the distinction.

"I can do scores of things others must not venture upon," was a common saying of his. "I can trust to my luck," was almost a maxim with him. And in reality, if the boast was somewhat vain-glorious, it was not without foundation; a marvellous, almost unerring, success attended him through life. Enterprises that were menaced with

ruin and bankruptcy would rally from the hour that he joined them, and schemes of fortune that men deemed half desperate would, under his guidance, grow into safe and profitable speculations. Others might equal him in intelligence, in skill, in ready resource and sudden expedient, but he had not one to rival him in luck. It is strange enough that the hard business mind, the men of realism *par excellence*, can recognize such a thing as fortune; but so it is, there are none so prone to believe in this quality as the people of finance. The spirit of the gambler is, in fact, the spirit of commercial enterprise, and the "odds" are as carefully calculated in the counting-house as in the betting-ring. Seen as he came into the breakfast-room of a morning, with the fresh flush of exercise on his cheek, or as he appeared in the drawing-room before dinner, with that air of ease and enjoyment that marked all his courtesy, one would have said, "There is one certainly with whom the world goes well." There were caustic, invidious people, who hinted that Bramleigh deserved but little credit for that happy equanimity and that buoyant spirit which sustained him; they said, "He has never had a reverse, wait till he be tried:" and the world had waited and waited, and to all seeming the eventful hour had not come, for there he was, a little balder perhaps, a stray grey hair in his whiskers, and somewhat portlier in his presence, but, on the whole, pretty much what men had known him to be for fifteen or twenty years back.

Upon none did the well-to-do, blooming, and prosperous rich man produce a more powerful impression than on the young curate, who, young, vigorous, handsome as he was, could yet never sufficiently emerge from the *res angustæ domi* to feel the ease and confidence that come of affluence.

What a shock was it then to L'Estrange, as he entered the library, to see the man whom he had ever beheld as the type of all that was happy and healthful and prosperous, haggard and careworn, his hand tremulous, and his manner abrupt and uncertain, with a certain furtive dread at moments, followed by outbursts of passionate defiance, as though he were addressing himself to others besides him who was then before him.

Though on terms of cordial intimacy with the curate, and always accustomed to call him by his name, he received him as he entered the room with a cold and formal politeness, apologized for having taken the liberty to send after and recall him, and ceremoniously requested him to be seated.

"We were sorry you and Miss L'Estrange could not join the picnic to-day," said Bramleigh; "though to be sure it is scarcely the season yet for such diversions."

L'Estrange felt the awkwardness of saying that they had not been invited, and muttered something not very intelligible about the uncertainty of the weather.

"I meant to have gone over myself," said Bramleigh, hurriedly; "but all these," and he swept his hand as he spoke through a mass of letters on the table, "all these have come since morning, and I am not half through them yet. What's that the moralist says about calling no

man happy till he dies? I often think one cannot speculate upon a pleasant day till after the post-hour."

"I know very little of either the pains or pleasures of the letter-bag. I have almost no correspondence."

"How I envy you!" cried he, fervently.

"I don't imagine that mine is a lot many would be found to envy," said L'Estrange, with a gentle smile.

"The old story, of course. 'Qui fit Mæcenas, ut Nemo,'—I forget my Horace,—'ut Nemo;' how does it go?"

"Yes, sir. But I never said I was discontented with my lot in life. I only remarked that I didn't think that others would envy it."

"I have it,—I have it," continued Bramleigh, following out his own train of thought; "I have it. 'Ut Nemo, quam sibi sortem sit contentus.' It's a matter of thirty odd years since I saw that passage, L'Estrange, and I can't imagine what could have brought it so forcibly before me to-day."

"Certainly it could not have been any application to yourself," said the curate, politely.

"How do you mean, sir?" cried Bramleigh, almost fiercely. "How do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that few men have less cause for discontent with fortune?"

"How can *you*,—how can any man, presume to say that of another!" said Bramleigh, in a loud and defiant tone, as he arose and paced the room. "Who can tell what passes in his neighbour's house, still less in his heart or his head? What do I know, as I listen to your discourse on a Sunday, of the terrible conflict of doubts that have beset you during the week,—heresies that have swarmed around you like the vipers and hideous reptiles that gathered around St. Anthony, and that, banished in one shape, came back in another? How do I know what compromises you may have made with your conscience before you come to utter to me your eternal truths; and how you may have said, 'If he can believe all this, so much the better for him,'—eh?"

He turned fiercely round, as if to demand an answer, and the curate modestly said, "I hope it is not so that men preach the gospel."

"And yet many must preach in that fashion," said Bramleigh, with a deep but subdued earnestness. "I take it that no man's convictions are without a flaw somewhere, and it is not by parading that flaw he will make converts."

L'Estrange did not feel disposed to follow him into this thesis, and sat silent and motionless.

"I suppose," muttered Bramleigh, as he folded his arms and walked the room with slow steps, "it's all expediency,—all! We do the best we can, and hope it may be enough. You are a good man, L'Estrange——"

"Far from it, sir. I feel, and feel very bitterly too, my own unworthiness," said the curate, with an intense sincerity of voice.

"I think you so far good that you are not worldly. You would not do

a mean thing, an ignoble, a dishonest thing; you wouldn't take what was not your own, nor defraud another of what was his,—would you?"

"Perhaps not; I hope not."

"And yet that is saying a great deal. I may have my doubts whether that penknife be mine or not. Some one may come to-morrow or next day to claim it as his, and describe it, Heaven knows how rightly or wrongly. No matter, he'll say he owns it. Would you, sir,—I ask you now simply as a Christian man, I am not speaking to a casuist or a lawyer,—would you, sir, at once, just as a measure of peace to your own conscience, say, 'Let him take it,' rather than burden your heart with a discussion for which you had no temper nor taste? That's the question I'd like to ask you. Can you answer it? I see you cannot," cried he, rapidly. "I see at once how you want to go off into a thousand subtleties, and instead of resolving my one doubt, surround me with a legion of others."

"If I know anything about myself I'm not much of a casuist; I haven't the brains for it," said L'Estrange, with a sad smile.

"Ay, there it is. That's the humility of Satan's own making; that's the humility that exclaims, 'I'm only honest. I'm no genius. Heaven has not made me great or gifted. I'm simply a poor creature, right-minded and pure-hearted.' As if there was anything,—as if there could be anything so exalted as this same purity."

"But I never said that; I never presumed to say so," said the other, modestly.

"And if you rail against riches, and tell me that wealth is a snare and a pitfall, what do you mean by telling me that my reverse of fortune is a chastisement? Why, sir, by your own theory it ought to be a blessing, a positive blessing; so that if I were turned out of this princely house to-morrow, branded as a pretender and an impostor, I should go forth better,—not only better, but happier. Ay, that's the point; happier than I ever was as the lord of these broad acres!" As he spoke he tore his cravat from his throat, as though it were strangling him by its pressure, and now walked the room, carrying the neckcloth in his hand, while the veins in his throat stood out full and swollen like a tangled cordage.

L'Estrange was so much frightened by the wild voice and wilder gesture of the man, that he could not utter a word in reply.

Bramleigh now came over, and leaning his hand on the other's shoulder, in a tone of kind and gentle meaning, said,—

"It is not your fault, my dear friend, that you are illogical and unreasonable. You are obliged to defend a thesis you do not understand, by arguments you cannot measure. The armoury of the Church has not a weapon that has not figured in the middle ages; and what are you to do with halberds and cross-bows in a time of rifles and revolvers! If a man, like myself, burdened with a heavy weight on his heart, had gone to his confessor in olden times, he would probably have heard, if not words of comfort, something to enlighten, to instruct, and to guide him. Now what can you give me? tell me that? I want to hear by what subtleties the

Church can reconcile me not to do what I ought to do, and yet not quarrel with my own conscience. Can you help me to that?"

L'Estrange shook his head in dissent.

"I suppose it is out of some such troubles as mine that men come to change their religion." He paused; and then bursting into a laugh, said,—“You hear that the other bank deals more liberally—asks a smaller commission, and gives you a handsomer interest—and you accordingly transfer your account. I believe that's the whole of it.”

“I will not say you have stated the case fairly,” said L'Estrange; but so faintly as to show that he was far from eager to continue the discussion, and he arose to take his leave.

“You are going already? and I have not spoken to you one word about—what was it? Can you remember what it was?—something that related personally to yourself.”

“Perhaps I can guess, sir. It was the mine at Lisconnor, probably? You were kind enough the other day to arrange my securing some shares in the undertaking. Since that, however, I have heard a piece of news which may affect my whole future career. There has been some report made by the Commissioner about the parish.”

“That's it, that's it. They're going to send you off, L'Estrange. They're going to draft you to a cathedral, and make a prebendary of you. You are to be on the staff of an archbishop: a sort of Christian unattached. Do you like the prospect?”

“Not at all, sir. To begin, I am a very poor man, and could ill bear the cost of life this might entail.”

“Your sister would probably be pleased with the change; a gayer place, more life, more movement.”

“I suspect my sister reconciles herself to dulness even better than myself.”

“Girls do that occasionally; patience is a female virtue.”

There was a slight pause; and now L'Estrange, drawing a long breath as if preparing himself for a great effort, said,—

“It was to speak to you, sir, about that very matter, and to ask your assistance, that I came up here this day.”

“I wish I were a bishop, for your sake, my dear friend.”

“I know well, sir, I can count upon your kind interest in me, and I believe that an opportunity now offers——”

“What is it? where is it?”

“At Rome, sir; or rather near Rome, a place called Albano. They want a chaplain there.”

“But you're not a Catholic priest, L'Estrange.”

“No, sir. It is an English community that wants a parson.”

“I see; and you think this would suit you?”

“There are some great attractions about it; the country, the climate, and the sort of life, all have a certain fascination for me, and Julia is most eager about it.”

"The young lady has ambition," muttered Bramleigh to himself. "But what can I do, L'Estrange? I don't own a rood of land at Albano. I haven't a villa—not even a fig-tree there. I could subscribe to the church fund, if there be such a thing; I could qualify for the franchise, and give you a vote, if that would be of service."

"You could do better, sir. You could give me a letter to Lady Augusta, whose influence, I believe, is all powerful."

For a moment Bramleigh stared at him fixedly, and then sinking slowly into a chair, he leaned his head on his hand, and seemed lost in thought. The name of Lady Augusta had brought up before him a long train of events and possible consequences, which soon led him far away from the parson and all his cares. From her debts, her extravagances, her change of religion, and her suggestion of separation, he went back to his marriage with her, and even to his first meeting. Strange chain of disasters from beginning to end. A bad investment in every way. It paid nothing. It led to nothing.

"I hope, sir," said L'Estrange, as he gazed at the strange expression of preoccupation in the other's face—"I hope, sir, I have not been indiscreet in my request?"

"What *was* your request?" asked Colonel Bramleigh bluntly, and with a look of almost sternness.

"I had asked you, sir, for a letter to Lady Augusta," said the curate, half offended at the manner of the last question.

"A letter to Lady Augusta?" repeated Bramleigh, dwelling on each word, as though by the effort he could recall to his mind something that had escaped him.

"I mean, sir, with reference to this appointment,—the chaplaincy," interposed L'Estrange, for he was offended at the hesitation, which he thought implied reluctance or disinclination on Colonel Bramleigh's part, and he hastened to show that it was not any claim he was preferring to her ladyship's acquaintance, but simply his desire to obtain her interest in his behalf.

"Influence! influence!" repeated Bramleigh to himself. "I have no doubt she has influence, such persons generally have. It is one of the baits that catch them! This little glimpse of power has a marvellous attraction—and these churchmen know so well how to display all their seductive arts before the eager eyes of the newly won convert. Yes, I am sure you are right, sir; Lady Augusta is one most likely to have influence,—you shall have the letter you wish for. I do not say I will write it to-day, for I have a heavy press of correspondence before me, but if you will come up to-morrow, by luncheon time, or to dinner,—why not dine here?"

"I think I'd rather come up early, sir."

"Well, then, early be it. I'll have the letter for you. I wish I could remember something I know I had to say to you. What was it? What was it? Nothing of much consequence, perhaps, but still I feel as if—eh,—don't you feel so too?"

"I have not the slightest clue, sir, to what you mean."

"It wasn't about the mine—no. I think you see your way *there* clearly enough. It may be a good thing, or it may not. Cutbill is like the rest of them, not a greater rogue perhaps, nor need he be. They *are* such shrewd fellows, and as the money is your sister's,—trust money, too,—I declare I'd be cautious."

L'Estrange mumbled some words of assent; he saw that Bramleigh's manner betokened exhaustion and weariness, and he was eager to be gone. "Till to-morrow, then, sir," said he, moving to the door.

"You'll not dine with us? I think you might though," muttered Bramleigh, half to himself. "I'm sure Culduff would make no show of awkwardness, nor would your sister either,—women never do. But do just what you like; my head is aching so, I believe I must lie down for an hour or two. Do you pass Belton's?"

"I could without any inconvenience; do you want him?"

"I fancy I'd do well to see him; he said something of cupping me the last day he was here,—would you mind telling him to give me a call?"

"May I come up in the evening, sir, and see how you are?"

"In the evening? this evening?" cried Bramleigh, in a harsh discordant voice. "Why, good heavens, sir! have a little, a very little discretion. You have been here since eleven; I marked the clock. It was not full five minutes after eleven, when you came in,—it's now past one. Two mortal hours,—and you ask me if you may return this evening; and I reply, sir, distinctly—No! Is that intelligible? I say—No!" As he spoke he turned away, and the curate, covered with shame and confusion, hastened out of the room, and down the stairs, and out into the open air, dreading lest he should meet any one, and actually terrified at the thought of being seen. He plunged into the thickest of the shrubberies, and it was with a sense of relief he heard from a child that his sister had gone home some time before, and left word for him to follow her."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CURATE CROSS-EXAMINED.

WHEN the party returned from the picnic, it was to find Colonel Bramleigh very ill. Some sort of fit the doctor called it—not apoplexy nor epilepsy, but something that seemed to combine features of both. It had, he thought, been produced by a shock of some sort, and L'Estrange, who had last been with him before his seizure, was summoned to impart the condition in which he had found him, and whatever might serve to throw light on the attack.

If the curate was nervous and excited by the tidings that reached him of the colonel's state, the examination to which he was submitted served little to restore calm to his system. Question after question poured in.

Sometimes two or three would speak together, and all—except Ellen—accosted him in a tone that seemed half to make him chargeable with the whole calamity. When asked to tell of what they had been conversing, and that he mentioned how Colonel Bramleigh had adverted to matters of faith and belief, Marion, in a whisper loud enough to be overheard, exclaimed, "I was sure of it. It was one of those priestly indiscretions; he would come talking to papa about what he calls his soul's health, and in this way brought on the excitement."

"Did you not perceive, sir," asked she, fiercely, "that the topic was too much for his nerves? Did it not occur to you that the moment was inopportune for a very exciting subject?"

"Was his manner easy and natural when you saw him first?" asked Augustus.

"Had he been reading that debate on Servia?" inquired Temple.

"Matter enough there, by Jove, to send the blood to a man's head," cried Cuduff, warmly.

"I'm convinced it was all religious," chimed in Marion, who triumphed mercilessly over the poor parson's confusion. "It is what they call 'in season and out of season;' and they are true to their device, for no men on earth more heartily defy the dictates of tact or delicacy."

"Oh, Marion, what are you saying?" whispered Nelly.

"It's no time for honied words, Ellen, in the presence of a heavy calamity, but I'd like to ask Mr. L'Estrange why, when he saw the danger of the theme they were discussing, he did not try to change the topic."

"So I did. I led him to talk of myself and my interests."

"An admirable antidote to excitement, certainly," muttered Cuduff to Temple, who seemed to relish the joke intensely.

"You say that my father had been reading his letters—did he appear to have received any tidings to call for unusual anxiety?" asked Augustus.

"I found him—as I thought—looking very ill, careworn almost, when I entered. He had been writing, and seemed fatigued and exhausted. His first remark to me was, I remember, a mistake." L'Estrange here stopped suddenly. He did not desire to repeat the speech about being invited to the picnic. It would have been an awkwardness on all sides.

"What do you call a mistake, sir?" asked Marion, calmly.

"I mean he asked me something which a clearer memory would have reminded him not to have inquired after."

"This grows interesting. Perhaps you will enlighten us a little farther, and say what the blunder was."

"Well, he asked me how it happened that Julia and myself were not of the picnic, forgetting of course that we—we had not heard of it." A deep flush was now spread over his face and forehead, and he looked overwhelmed with shame.

"I see it all; I see the whole thing," said Marion, triumphantly. "It was out of the worldliness of the picnic sprung all the saintly conversation that ensued."

"No; the transition was more gradual," said L'Estrange, smiling, for he was at last amused at the asperity of this cross-examination. "Nor was there what you call any saintly conversation at all. A few remarks Colonel Bramleigh indeed made on the insufficiency of, not the church, but churchmen, to resolve doubts and difficulties."

"I heartily agree with him," broke in Lord Culduff, with a smile of much intended significance.

"And is it possible; are we to believe that all papa's attack was brought on by a talk over a picnic?" asked Marion.

"I think I told you that he received many letters by the post, and to some of them he adverted as being very important and requiring immediate attention. One that came from Rome appeared to cause him much excitement."

Marion turned away her head with an impatient toss, as though she certainly was not going to accept this explanation as sufficient.

"I shall want a few minutes with Mr. L'Estrange alone in the library, if I may be permitted," said the doctor, who had now entered the room after his visit to the sick man.

"I hope you may be more successful than we have been," whispered Marion as she sailed out of the room, followed by Lord Culduff; and after a few words with Augustus, the doctor and L'Estrange retired to confer in the library.

"Don't flurry me; take me quietly, doctor," said the curate, with a piteous smile. "They've given me such a burster over the deep ground that I'm completely blown. Do you know," added he, seriously, "they've cross-questioned me in a way that would imply that I am the cause of this sudden seizure."

"No, no; they couldn't mean that."

"There's no excuse then for the things Miss Bramleigh said to me."

"Remember what an anxious moment it is; people don't measure their expressions when they are frightened. When they left him in the morning he was in his usual health and spirits, and they come back to find him very ill—dangerously ill. That alone would serve to palliate any unusual show of eagerness. Tell me now, was he looking perfectly himself, was he in his ordinary spirits, when you met him?"

"No; I thought him depressed, and at times irritable."

"I see; he was hasty and abrupt. He did not brook contradiction, perhaps?"

"I never went that far. If I dissented once or twice, I did so mildly and even doubtfully."

"Which made him more exacting, and more intolerant, you would say?"

"Possibly it did. I remember he rated me rather sharply for not being contented with a very humble condition in life, though I assured him I felt no impatience at my lowly state and was quite satisfied to wait till better should befall me. He called me a casuist for saying this, and hinted that all churchmen had the leaven of the Jesuit in them;

but he got out of this after a while, and promised to write a letter in my behalf."

"And which he told me you would find sealed and addressed on this table here. Here it is."

"How kind of him to remember me through all his suffering."

"He said something about it being the only reparation he could make you, but his voice was not very clear or distinct, and I couldn't be sure I caught his words correctly."

"Reparation! he owed me none."

"Well, well, it is possible I may have mistaken him. One thing is plain enough: you cannot give me any clue to this seizure beyond the guess that it may have been some tidings he received by post."

L'Estrange shook his head in silence, and after a moment said, "Is the attack serious?"

"Highly so."

"And is his life in danger?"

"A few hours will decide that, but it may be days before we shall know if his mind will recover. Craythorpe has been sent for from Dublin, and we shall have his opinion this evening. I have no hesitation in saying that mine is unfavourable."

"What a dreadful thing, and how fearfully sudden. I cannot conceive how he could have bethought him of the letter for me at such a moment."

"He wrote it, he said, as you left him; you had not quitted the house when he began. He said to me, 'I saw I was growing worse, I felt my confusion was gaining on me, and a strange co-mixture of people and events was occurring in my head; so I swept all my letters and papers into a drawer and locked it, wrote the few lines I had promised, and with my almost last effort of consciousness rang the bell for my servant.'"

"But he was quite collected when he told you this?"

"Yes, it was in one of those lucid intervals when the mind shines out clear and brilliant; but the effort cost him dearly: he has not rallied from it since."

"Has he over-worked himself; is this the effect of an over-exerted brain?"

"I'd call it rather the result of some wounded sensibility; he appears to have suffered some great reverse in ambition or in fortune. His tone, so far as I can fathom it, implies intense depression. After all, we must say he met much coldness here: the people did not visit him, there was no courtesy, no kindness, shown him; and though he seemed indifferent to it, who knows how he may have felt it."

"I do not suspect he gave any encouragement to intimacy; he seemed to me as if declining acquaintance with the neighbourhood."

"Ay; but it was in resentment, I opine; but *you* ought to know best. You were constantly here?"

"Yes, very frequently; but I am not an observant person; all the little details which convey a whole narrative to others are utterly lost upon *me*."

The doctor smiled. It was an expression that appeared to say he concurred in the curate's version of his own nature.

"It is these small gifts of combining, arranging, sifting, and testing, that we doctors have to cultivate," said he, as he took his hat. "The patient the most eager to be exact and truthful will, in spite of himself, mislead and misguide us. There is a strange bend sinister in human nature, against sincerity, that will indulge itself even at the cost of life itself. You are the physician of the soul, sir; but take my word for it, you might get many a shrewd hint and many a useful suggestion from us, the meaner workmen, who only deal with nerves and arteries."

As he wended his solitary road homewards, L'Estrange pondered thoughtfully over the doctor's words. He had no need, he well knew, to be reminded of his ignorance of mankind; but here was a new view of it, and it seemed immeasurable.

On the whole he was a sadder man than usual on that day. The world around him, that narrow circle whose diameter was perhaps a dozen miles or so, was very sombre in its colouring. He had left sickness and sorrow in a house where he had hitherto only seen festivity and pleasure; and worse again as regarded himself, he had carried away none of those kindlier sympathies and friendly feelings which were wont to greet him at the great house. Were they really then changed to him? and if so, why so? There is a moral chill in the sense of estrangement from those we have lived with on terms of friendship that, like the shudder that precedes ague, seems to threaten that worse will follow. Julia would see where the mischief lay had she been in his place. Julia would have read the mystery, if there were a mystery, from end to end; but *he*, he felt it, he had no powers of observation, no quickness, no tact; he saw nothing that lay beneath the surface, nor, indeed, much that was on the surface. All that he knew was, that at the moment when his future was more uncertain than ever, he found himself more isolated and friendless than ever he remembered to have been. The only set-off against all this sense of desertion was the letter which Colonel Bramleigh had written in his behalf, and which he had remembered to write as he lay suffering on his sick bed. He had told the doctor where to find it, and said it lay sealed and directed. The address was there, but no seal. It was placed in an open envelope, on which was written "Favoured by the Rev. G. L'Estrange." Was the omission of the seal accident or intention? Most probably intention, because he spoke of having sealed it. And yet that might have been a mere phrase to imply that the letter was finished. Such letters were probably in most cases either open, or only closed after being read by him who bore them. Julia would know this. Julia would be able to clear up this point, thought he, as he pondered and plodded homeward.

The Regrets of a Mountaineer.

I HAVE often felt a sympathy, which almost rises to the pathetic, when looking on at a cricket-field or a boat-race. Something of the emotion with which Gray regarded the "distant spires and antique towers" rises within me. It is not, indeed, that I feel very deeply for the fine ingenuous lads who, as somebody says, are about to be degraded into tricky, selfish Members of Parliament. I have seen too much of them. They are very fine animals; but they are rather too exclusively animal. The soul is apt to be in such a very embryonic state within these cases of well-strung bone and muscle. It is impossible for a mere athletic machine, however finely constructed, to appeal very deeply to one's finer sentiments. I can scarcely look forward with even an affectation of sorrow for the time when, if more sophisticated, it will at least have made a nearer approach to the dignity of an intellectual being. It is not the boys who make me feel a touch of sadness; their approaching elevation to the dignity of manhood will raise them on the whole in the scale of humanity: it is the older spectators, whose aspect has in it something affecting. The shaky old gentleman, who played in the days when it was decidedly less dangerous to stand up to bowling than to a cannon-ball, and who now hobbles about on rheumatic joints by the help of a stick; the corpulent elder, who rowed when boats had gangways down their middle, and did not require as delicate a balance as an acrobat's at the top of a living pyramid—these are the persons whom I cannot see without an occasional sigh. They are really conscious that they have lost something which they can never regain; or, if they momentarily forget it, it is even more forcibly impressed upon the spectators. To see a respectable old gentleman of sixty, weighing some fifteen stone, suddenly forget a third of his weight and two-thirds of his years, and attempt to caper like a boy, is indeed a startling phenomenon. To the thoughtless, it may be simply comic; but, without being a Jaques, one may contrive also to suck some melancholy out of it.

Now, as I never caught a cricket-ball, and, on the contrary, have caught numerous crabs in my life, the sympathy which I feel for these declining athletes is not due to any great personal interest in the matter. But I have long anticipated that a similar day would come for me, when I should no longer be able to pursue my favourite sport of mountaineering. Some day I should find that the ascent of a zigzag was as bad as a performance on the treadmill; that I could not look over a precipice without a swimming in the head; and that I could no more jump a crevasse than the Thames at Westminster. None of these things have

come to pass. So far as I know, my physical powers are still equal to the ascent of Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau. But I am no less effectually debarred—it matters not how—from mountaineering. I wander at the foot of the gigantic Alps, and look up longingly to the summits, which are apparently so near, and yet know that they are divided from me by an impassable gulf. In some missionary work I have read that certain South Sea Islanders believed in a future paradise where the good should go on eating for ever with insatiable appetites at an inexhaustible banquet. They were to continue their eternal dinner in a house with open wicker-work sides; and it was to be the punishment of the damned to crawl outside in perpetual hunger and look in through the chinks as little boys look in through the windows of a London cookshop. With similar feelings, I lately watched through a telescope the small black dots, which were really men, creeping up the high flanks of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa. The eternal snows represented for me the Elysian fields, into which entrance was sternly forbidden, and I lingered about the spot with a mixture of pleasure and pain in the envious contemplation of my more fortunate companions.

I know there are those who will receive these assertions with civil incredulity. Some persons hold that every pleasure with which they cannot sympathize is necessarily affectation, and especially that Alpine travellers risk their lives merely from fashion or desire of notoriety. Others are kind enough to admit that there is something genuine in the passion; but put it on a level with the passion for climbing greased poles. They think it derogatory to the due dignity of Mont Blanc that he should be used as a greased pole, and assure us that the true pleasures of the Alps are those which are within reach of the old and the invalids, who can only creep about villages and along high-roads. I cannot well argue with such detractors from what I consider a noble sport. As for the first class, it is reduced almost to a question of veracity. I say that I enjoy being on the top of a mountain, or, indeed, half-way up a mountain; that climbing is a pleasure to me, and would be so if no one else climbed and no one ever heard of my climbing. They reply that they don't believe it. No more argument is possible than if I were to say that I liked eating olives, and some one asserted that I really eat them only out of affectation. My reply would be simply to go on eating olives; and I hope the reply of mountaineers will be to go on climbing Alps. The other assault is more intelligible. Our critics admit that we have a pleasure; but assert that it is a puerile pleasure—that it leads to an irreverent view of mountain beauty, and to oversight of that which should really most impress a refined and noble mind. To this I shall only make such an indirect reply as may result from a frank confession of my own regrets at giving up the climbing business—perhaps for ever. I am sinking, so to speak, from the butterfly to the caterpillar stage, and, if the creeping thing is really the highest of the two, it will appear that there is something in the substance of my lamentations unworthy of an intellectual being. Let me

try. By way of preface, however, I admit that mountaineering, in my sense of the word, is a sport. It is a sport which, like fishing or shooting, brings one into contact with the sublimest aspects of nature, and, without setting their enjoyment before one as an ultimate end or aim, helps one indirectly to absorb and be penetrated by their influence. Still it is strictly a sport—as strictly as cricket, or rowing, or knurr and spell—and I have no wish to place it on a different footing. The game is won when a mountain-top is reached in spite of difficulties; it is lost when one is forced to retreat; and whether won or lost, it calls into play a great variety of physical and intellectual energies, and gives the pleasure which always accompanies an energetic use of our faculties. Still it suffers in some degree from the fact that it is a sport, and especially from the tinge which has consequently been communicated to the narratives. There are two ways which have been appropriated to the description of all sporting exploits. One is to indulge in fine writing about them, to burst out in sentences which swell to paragraphs, and in paragraphs which spread over pages, to plunge into ecstasies about infinite abysses and overpowering splendours, to compare mountains to archangels lying down in eternal winding-sheets of snow, and to convert them into allegories about man's highest destinies and aspirations. This is good when it is well done. Mr. Ruskin has covered the Matterhorn, for example, with a whole web of poetical associations, in language which, to a severe taste, is perhaps a trifle too fine, though he has done it with an eloquence which his bitterest antagonists must freely acknowledge. Yet most humble writers will feel that if they try to bend the Ruskinian bow they will pay the penalty of becoming ridiculous. It is not every one who can with impunity compare Alps to archangels. Tall talk is luckily an object of suspicion to Englishmen, and consequently most writers, and especially those who frankly adopt the sporting view of the mountains, adopt the opposite scheme: they affect something like cynicism; they mix descriptions of scenery with allusions to fleas or to bitter beer; they shrink with the prevailing dread of Englishmen from the danger of overstepping the limits of the sublime into its proverbial opposite; and they humbly try to amuse us because they can't strike us with awe. This, too, if I may venture to say so, is good in its way and place; and it seems rather hard to these luckless writers when people assume that, because they make jokes on a mountain, they are necessarily insensible to its awful sublimities. A sense of humour is not incompatible with imaginative sensibility; and even Wordsworth might have been an equally powerful prophet of nature if he could sometimes have descended from his stilts. In short, a man may worship mountains, and yet have a quiet joke with them when he is wandering all day in their tremendous solitudes.

Joking, however, is, it must be admitted, a dangerous habit. I freely admit that, in some humble contributions to Alpine literature, I have myself made some very poor and very unseasonable witticisms. I confess my error, and only wish that I had no worse errors to confess. Still I

think that the poor little jokes in which we mountaineers sometimes indulge have been made liable to rather harsh constructions. We are accused, in downright earnest, not merely of being flippant, but of an arrogant contempt for all persons whose legs are not as strong as our own. We are supposed seriously to wrap ourselves in our own conceit, and to brag intolerably of our exploits. Now I will not say that no mountaineer ever swaggers: the quality called by the vulgar "bounce" is unluckily confined to no profession. Certainly I have seen a man intolerably vain because he could raise a hundredweight with his little finger; and I daresay that the "champion bill-poster," whose name is advertised on the walls of this metropolis, thinks excellence in bill-posting the highest virtue of a citizen. So some men may be silly enough to brag in all seriousness about mountain exploits. However, most lads of twenty learn that it is silly to give themselves airs about mere muscular eminence; and especially is this true of Alpine exploits, first, because they require less physical prowess than almost any other sport, and secondly, because a good amateur still feels himself the hopeless inferior of half the Alpine peasants whom he sees. You cannot be very conceited about a game in which the first clodhopper you meet can give you ten minutes' start in an hour. Still, a man writing in a humorous vein naturally adopts a certain bumptious tone, just as our friend *Punch* ostentatiously declares himself to be omniscient and infallible. Nobody takes him at his word, or supposes that the editor of *Punch* is really the most conceited man in all England. But we poor mountaineers are occasionally fixed with our own careless talk by some outsider who is not in the secret. We know ourselves to be a small sect, and to be often laughed at; we reply by assuming that we are the salt of the earth, and that our amusement is the first and noblest of all amusements. Our only retort to the good-humoured ridicule with which we are occasionally treated is to adopt an affected strut, and to carry it off as if we were the finest fellows in the world. We make a boast of our shame, and say, if you laugh, we must crow. But we don't really mean anything: if we did, the only word which the English language would afford wherewith to describe us would be the very unpleasant antithesis to wise men, and certainly I hold that we have the average amount of common sense. When, therefore, I see us taken to task for swaggering, I think it a trifle hard that this merely playful affectation of superiority should be made a serious fault. For the future I would promise to be careful, if it were worth avoiding the misunderstanding of men who won't take a joke. Meanwhile, I can only state that when Alpine travellers indulge in a little swagger about their own performances and other people's incapacity, they don't mean more than an infinitesimal fraction of what they say, and that they know perfectly well that when history comes to pronounce a final judgment upon the men of the time, it won't put mountain-climbing on a level with patriotism, or even with excellence in the fine arts.

The reproach of real *bonâ fide* arrogance is, so far as I know, very

little true of Alpine travellers. With the exception of the necessary fringe of exceedingly weak-minded persons to be found in every set of human beings, so far as my experience has gone, whose heads are weaker than their legs, I think the mountaineer is generally modest enough. Perhaps he sometimes flaunts his ice-axes and ropes a little too much before the public eye at Chamouni, as a yachtsman occasionally flourishes his nautical costume at Cowes; but the fault may be pardoned by those not inexorable to human weaknesses. This opinion, I know, cuts at the root of the most popular theory as to our ruling passion. If we do not climb the Alps to gain notoriety, for what purpose can we possibly climb them! That same unlucky trick of joking is taken to indicate that we don't care much about the scenery; for who, with a really susceptible soul could be facetious under the cliffs of the Jungfrau or the ghastly precipices of the Matterhorn? Hence people who kindly excuse us from the blame of notoriety-hunting generally accept the "greased-pole" theory. We are, it seems, overgrown schoolboys, who, like other schoolboys, enjoy being in dirt, and danger, and mischief, and have as much sensibility for natural beauty as the mountain mules. And against this, as a more serious complaint, I wish to make my feeble protest, in order that my lamentations on quitting the profession may not seem unworthy of a thinking being.

Let me try to recall some of the impressions which mountaineering has left with me, and see whether they throw any light upon the subject. As I gaze at the huge cliffs where I may no longer wander, I find innumerable recollections arise—some of them dim, as though belonging to a past existence; and some so brilliant that I can scarcely realize my exclusion from the scenes to which they belong. I am standing at the foot of what, to my mind, is the most glorious of all Alpine wonders—the huge Oberland precipice, on the slopes of the Faulhorn or the Wengern Alp. Innumerable tourists have done all that tourists can do to cocknify (if that is the right derivative from cockney) the scenery, but, like the Pyramids or a Gothic cathedral, it throws off the taint of vulgarity by its imperishable majesty. Even on turf strewn with sandwich-papers and empty bottles, even in the presence of hideous peasant-women singing "stand-er auf" for five centimes, we cannot but feel the influence of the scenery. When the sunlight is dying off the snows, or the full moon lighting them up with ethereal tints, even sandwich-papers and singing women may be forgotten. How does the memory of scrambles along snow arêtes, of plunges—luckily not too deep—into crevasses, of toils through long snow-fields, towards a refuge that seemed to recede as we advanced—where, to quote Tennyson, with due alteration, to the traveller toiling in immeasurable snow—

Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The chalet sparkles like a grain of salt;—

how do such memories as these harmonize with the sense of superlative sublimity?

One element of mountain beauty is, we shall all admit, their vast size

and steepness. That a mountain is very big, and is faced by perpendicular walls of rock, is the first thing which strikes everybody, and is the whole essence and outcome of a vast quantity of poetical description. Hence the first condition towards a due appreciation of mountain scenery is that these qualities should be impressed upon the imagination. The mere dry statement that a mountain is so many feet in vertical height above the sea and contains so many tons of granite, is nothing. Mont Blanc is about three miles high. What of that? Three miles is an hour's walk for a lady—an eighteen-penny cab-fare—the distance from Hyde Park Corner to the Bank—an express train could do it in three minutes, or a race-horse in five. It is a measure which we have learnt to despise, looking at it from a horizontal point of view, and accordingly most persons, on seeing the Alps for the first time, guess them to be higher, as measured in feet, than they really are. What, indeed, is the use of giving measures in feet to any but the scientific mind? Who cares whether the moon is 250,000 or 2,500,000 miles distant? Mathematicians try to impress upon us that the distance of the fixed stars is only expressible by a row of figures which stretches across a page; suppose it stretched across two or across a dozen pages, should we be any the wiser, or have, in the least degree, a clearer notion of the superlative distances? We civilly say, Dear me! when the astronomer looks to us for the appropriate stare, but we only say it with the mouth; internally our remark is, you might as well have multiplied by a few more millions whilst you were about it. Even astronomers, though not a specially imaginative race, feel the importance of figures, and try to give us some measure which the mind can grasp a little more conveniently. They tell us about the cannon-ball which might have been flying ever since the time of Adam, and not yet have reached the heavenly body, or about the stars which may not yet have become visible, though the light has been flying to us at a rate inconceivable by the mind for an inconceivable number of years; and they succeed in producing a bewildering and giddy sensation, although the numbers are too vast to admit of any accurate apprehension.

We feel a similar need in the case of mountains. Besides the bare statement of figures, it is necessary to have some means for grasping the meaning of the figures. The bare tens and thousands must be clothed with some concrete images. The statement that a mountain is 15,000 feet high, is by itself little more impressive than that it is 3,000; we want something more before we can mentally compare Mont Blanc and Snowdon. Indeed, the same people who guess of a mountain's height at a number of feet much exceeding the reality, show, when they are cross-examined, that they fail to appreciate in any tolerable degree the real meaning of the figures. An old lady, one day, about 11 A. M., proposed to walk from the *Æggischhorn* to the *Jungfrau Joeh*, and to return for luncheon, —the distance being a good twelve hours' journey for trained mountaineers. Every detail of which the huge mass is composed is certain to be underestimated. A gentleman the other day pointed out to me a grand ice-cliff

at the end of a hanging glacier, which must have been at least 100 feet high, and asked me whether that snow was three feet deep. Nothing is more common than for tourists to mistake some huge pinnacle of rock, as big as a church tower, for a traveller. The rocks of the Grand Mulets, in one corner of which the chalet is hidden, are often identified with a party ascending Mont Blanc; and I have seen boulders as big as a house pointed out confidently as chamois. People who make these blunders must evidently see the mountains as mere toys, however many feet they may give them at a random guess. Huge overhanging cliffs are to them steps within the reach of human legs; yawning crevasses are ditches to be jumped; and foaming waterfalls are like streams from penny squirts. Every one knows the avalanches on the Jungfrau, and the curiously disproportionate appearance of the little puffs of white smoke, which are said to be the cause of the thunder; but the disproportion ceases to an eye that has learnt really to measure distance, and to know that these smoke-puffs represent a cataract of crashing blocks of ice.

Now the first merit of mountaineering is that it enables one to have what theologians would call an experimental faith in the size of mountains; to substitute a real living belief for a dead intellectual assent. It enables me, first, to assign something like its real magnitude to a rock or a snow-slope; and, secondly, to measure that magnitude in terms of muscular exertion instead of bare mathematical units. Suppose that we are standing upon the Wengern Alp: between the Mönch and the Eiger there stretches a round white bank, with a curved outline, which we may roughly compare to the back of one of Sir E. Landseer's lions. The ordinary tourists—the old man, the woman, or the cripple, who are supposed to appreciate the real beauties of Alpine scenery—may look at it comfortably from their hotel. They may see its graceful curve, the long straight lines that are ruled in delicate shading down its sides, and the contrast of the blinding white snow with the dark blue sky above; but they will probably guess it to be a mere bank, a snowdrift, perhaps, which has been piled by the last storm. If you pointed out to them one of the great rocky teeth that project from its summit, and said that that was a guide, they would probably remark that he looked very small, and would fancy that he could jump over the bank with an effort. Now a mountaineer knows, to begin with, that it is a massive rocky rib, covered with snow lying at a sharp angle, and varying perhaps from 500 to 1,000 feet in height. So far he might be accompanied by men of less soaring ambition; by an engineer who had been mapping the country, or an artist who had been carefully observing the mountains from their bases. They might learn in time to interpret correctly the real meaning of shapes at which the uninitiated guess at random. But the mountaineer can go a step further, and it is the next step which gives the real significance to those delicate curves and lines. He can translate the 500 or 1,000 feet of snow-slope into a more tangible unit of measurement. To him, perhaps, they recall the memory of a toilsome ascent, the sun beating on his head

for five or six hours, the snow returning the glare with still more parching effect; a stalwart guide toiling all the weary time cutting steps in hard blue ice, the fragments going hissing and spinning down the long straight grooves in the frozen snow till they lost themselves in the yawning chasm below; and step after step taken carefully along the slippery staircase till at length he triumphantly stepped upon the summit of the tremendous wall that no human foot had scaled before. The little black knobs that rise above the edge represent for him huge impassable rocks, sinking on one side in scarped slippery surfaces towards the snowfield, and on the other stooping in one tremendous cliff to a distorted glacier thousands of feet below. The faint blue line across the upper *nevé*, scarcely distinguishable to the eye, represents to one observer nothing but a trifling undulation; a second, perhaps, knows that it means a crevasse; the mountaineer remembers that it is the top of a huge chasm, thirty feet across, and perhaps ten times as deep, with perpendicular sides of glimmering blue ice, and fringed by thick rows of enormous pendent icicles. The marks that are scored in delicate lines, such as might be ruled by a diamond on glass, have been cut by innumerable streams trickling in hot weather from the everlasting snow, or ploughed by succeeding avalanches that have slipped from the huge upper snowfields above. In short, there is no insignificant line or mark that has not its memory or its indication of the strange phenomena of the upper world. True, the same picture is painted upon the retina of all classes of observers; and so Porson and a schoolboy and a peasant might receive the same physical impression from a set of black and white marks on the page of a Greek play: but to one they would be an incoherent conglomeration of unmeaning and capricious lines; to another they would represent certain sounds more or less corresponding to some English words; whilst to the scholar they would reveal some of the noblest poetry in the world, and all the associations of successful intellectual labour. I do not say that the difference is quite so great in the case of the mountains; still I am certain that no one can decipher the natural writing on the face of a snow-slope or a precipice who has not wandered amongst their recesses and learnt by slow experience what is indicated by marks which an ignorant observer would scarcely notice. True, even one who sees a mountain for the first time may know that, as a matter of fact, a scar on the face of a cliff means, for example, a recent fall of a rock; but between the bare knowledge and the acquaintance with all which that knowledge implies,—the thunder of the fall, the crash of the smaller fragments, the bounding energy of the descending mass,—there is almost as much difference as between hearing that a battle has been fought and being present at it yourself. We have all read descriptions of Waterloo till we are sick of the subject; but I imagine that our emotions on seeing the shattered well of Hougomont are very inferior to those of one of the Guard who should revisit the place where he held out for a long day against the assaults of the French army.

Now to an old mountaineer the Oberland cliffs are full of memories;

and, more than this, he has learnt the language spoken by every crag and every wave of glacier. It is strange if they do not affect him rather more powerfully than the casual visitor who has never been initiated by practical experience into their difficulties. To him, the huge buttress which runs down from the Mönch is something more than an irregular pyramid, purple with white patches at the bottom and pure white at the top. He fills up the bare outline supplied by the senses with a thousand lively images. He sees tier above tier of rock, rising in a gradually ascending scale of difficulty, covered at first by long lines of the debris that have been splintered by frost from the higher wall, and afterwards rising bare and black, and threatening. He knows instinctively which of the ledges has a dangerous look—where such a bold mountaineer as John Lauener might slip on the polished surface, or be in danger of an avalanche from above. He sees the little shell-like swelling at the foot of the glacier crawling down the steep slope above, and knows that it means an almost inaccessible wall of ice, and the steep snowfields that rise towards the summit are suggestive of something very different from the picture which must have existed in the mind of a German student who once asked me whether it was possible to make the ascent on a mule.

Hence, if mountains owe their influence upon the imagination in a great degree to their size and steepness, and apparent inaccessibility—as no one can doubt that they do, whatever may be the explanation of the fact that people like to look at big, steep, inaccessible objects—the advantages of the mountaineer are obvious. He can measure those qualities on a very different scale from the ordinary traveller. He measures the size, not by the vague abstract term of so many thousand feet, but by the hours of labour, divided into minutes—each separately felt—of strenuous muscular exertion. The steepness is not expressed in degrees, but by the memory of the sensation produced when a snow-slope seems to be rising up and smiting you in the face; when, far away from all human help, you are clinging like a fly to the slippery side of a mighty pinnacle in mid-air. And as for the inaccessibility, no one can measure the difficulty of getting up a thing, who has not wearied muscles and brain in struggling against the opposing obstacles. Alpine travellers, it is said, have removed the romance from the mountains by climbing them. What they have really done is to prove that there exists a narrow line by which a way may be found to the top of any given mountain; but the clue leads through innumerable inaccessibilities; true, you can follow one path, but to right and left are cliffs which no human foot will ever tread, and whose terrors can only be realized when you are in their immediate neighbourhood. The cliffs of the Matterhorn do not bar the way to the top effectually; but it is only by forcing a passage through them that you can really appreciate their terrible significance.

Hence, I say, that the qualities which strike every sensitive observer are impressed upon the mountaineer with tenfold force and intensity. If he is as accessible to poetical influences as his neighbours, and I don't

know why he should be less so, he has opened new avenues of access between the scenery and his mind. He has learnt a language which is but partially revealed to ordinary men. An artist is superior to an unlearned picture-seer, not merely because he has greater natural sensibility, but because he has improved it by methodical experience; because his senses have been sharpened by constant practice till he can catch finer shades of colouring, and more delicate inflexions of line; because, also, the lines and colours have acquired new significance, and been associated with a thousand thoughts with which the mass of mankind have never cared to connect them. The mountaineer is improved by a similar process. But I know some sceptical critics will ask, does not the way in which he is accustomed to regard mountains rather deaden their poetical influence? Doesn't he come to look at them as mere instruments of sport, and overlook their more spiritual teaching? Does not all the excitement of personal adventure and the noisy apparatus of guides, and ropes, and axes, and tobacco, and the fun of climbing, rather dull his perceptions and incapacitate him from perceiving—

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills?

Well, I have known some stupid and unpoetical mountaineers; and since I have been dismounted from my favourite hobby, I think I have met some similar specimens amongst the humbler class of tourist. There are persons, I fancy, who "do" the Alps; who look upon the Lake of Lucerne as one more task ticked off from their memorandum book, and count up the list of summits visible from the Görnegrat without being penetrated with any keen sense of sublimity. And there are mountaineers who are capable of making a pun on the top of Mont Blanc—and capable of nothing more. Still I venture to deny that even punning is incompatible with poetry, or that those who quote the pun can have no deeper feeling in their bosoms which they are perhaps too shamefaced to quote.

The fact is that that which gives its inexpressible charm to mountaineering is the incessant series of exquisite natural scenes, which are for the most part enjoyed by the mountaineer alone. This is, I am aware, a round assertion; but I will try to support it by a few of the visions which are recalled to me by these Oberland cliffs, and which I have seen profoundly enjoyed by men who perhaps never mentioned them again, and probably in describing their adventures scrupulously avoided the danger of being sentimental.

Thus every traveller has occasionally done a sunrise, and a more lamentable proceeding than the ordinary view of a sunrise can hardly be imagined. You are cold, miserable, breakfastless, have risen shivering from a warm bed, and in your heart long only to creep into bed again. To the mountaineer all this is changed. He is beginning a day full of the anticipation of a pleasant excitement. He has, perhaps, been waiting anxiously for fine weather to try conclusions with some huge giant not yet scaled. He moves out with something of the feeling with which a soldier

goes to the assault of a fortress, but without the same probability of coming home in fragments; the danger is trifling enough to be merely exhilaratory and to give a pleasant tension to the nerves; his muscles feel firm and springy, and his stomach, no small advantage to the enjoyment of scenery, is in excellent order. He looks at the sparkling stars with keen satisfaction, prepared to enjoy a fine sunrise with all his faculties at their best, and with the added pleasure of a good omen for his day's work. Then a huge dark mass begins to mould itself slowly out of the darkness; the sky begins to form a background of deep purple, against which the outline becomes gradually more definite; and then the peaks catch the exquisite Alpine glow lighting up in rapid succession like a vast illumination; when at last the steady sunlight settles upon them, and shows every rock and glacier, without even a delicate film of mist to obscure them, he feels his heart bound, and steps out gaily to the assault—just as the people on the Rigi are giving thanks that the show is over and that they may go to bed. Still grander is the sight when the mountaineer has already reached some lofty ridge, and, as the sun rises, stands between the day and the night—the valley still in deep sleep with the mists lying between the folds of the hills, and the snowpeaks standing out clear and pale white just before the sun reaches them, whilst a broad band of orange light runs all round the vast horizon. The grandest of all such sights that live in my memory is that of a sunset from the Aiguille de Gouté. The snow at our feet was glowing with rich light, and the shadows in our footsteps green. Beneath us was a vast horizontal floor of thin level mists, spreading over the boundless landscape, and tinged with every hue of sunset. Through its rents and gaps we could see the lower mountains, the distant plains, and a fragment of the Lake of Geneva lying in a more sober purple. Above us rose the solemn mass of Mont Blanc in the richest glow of an Alpine sunset. The sense of lonely sublimity was almost oppressive, and although half our party was suffering from sickness, I believe even the guides were moved to a sense of solemn beauty.

These grand scenic effects are occasionally seen by ordinary travellers, though the ordinary traveller is for the most part out of temper at 3 A.M. The mountaineer can enjoy them, both because his frame of mind is properly toned to receive the natural beauty, and because he alone sees them with their best accessories, amidst the silence of the eternal snow and the vast panoramas visible from the loftier summits. And he has a similar advantage in most of the great natural phenomena of the cloud and the sunshine. No sight in the Alps is more impressive than to see the huge rocks of a black precipice suddenly frowning out through the chasms of a storm-cloud. It is grand as we see it from the safe verandahs of the inn at Grindelwald, but far grander in the silence of the central Alps amongst the savage wilderness of rock and snow. Again, I have been climbing for two or three hours, with nothing in sight but the varying wreaths of mists that chased each other monotonously along the rocky ribs whose snow-covered backbone we were laboriously climbing. Suddenly

there is a puff of wind, and looking round we find that we have in an instant pierced the clouds, and emerged, as it were, on the surface of the ocean of vapour. Beneath us stretches for hundreds of miles the level fleecy floor, and above are standing out clear in the eternal sunshine every mountain, from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa and the Jungfrau. Or, again, I look down from the edge of a torn rocky parapet into an apparently fathomless abyss, where nothing but what an Alpine traveller calls a "strange formless wreathing of vapour" indicates the storm-wind that is raging below us. I might go on indefinitely recalling the strangely impressive scenes that frequently startle the traveller in the waste upper world; but language—even if I had the eloquence of Mr. Ruskin—is feeble indeed to convey even a glimmering of what is to be seen to those who have not seen it for themselves, and to them it can be little more than a peg upon which to hang their own recollections. These glories, in which the mountain Spirit reveals himself to his true worshippers, are only to be gained by the appropriate service of climbing, at some risk, though a very trifling risk if he is approached with due form and ceremony, into the furthest recesses of his shrines. And without seeing them, I maintain that no man has really seen the Alps.

The difference between the exoteric and the esoteric school of mountaineers may be indicated by their different view of glaciers. At Grindelwald, for example, it is the fashion to go and "see the glaciers"—heaven save the mark! Ladies in costumes, heavy German professors, Americans doing the Alps at a gallop, Cook's tourists, and other varieties of a well-known genus, go off in shoals and see—what?—a gigantic mass of ice, strangely torn with a few of the exquisite blue crevasses, but defiled and in dirt and ruins. A stream foul with mud oozes out from the base: the whole concern seems to be melting fast away; the summer sun has evidently got the best of it in these lower regions, and nothing can resist him but the great masses of decaying rock that strew the surface in confused lumps. It is as much like the glacier of the upper regions as the melting fragments of snow in a London street are like the surface of the fresh snow that has just fallen in a country field. And by way of improving its attractions, a perpetual picnic is going on, and the ingenious natives have hewed a tunnel into the ice, for admission to which they charge certain centimes. The unlucky glacier reminds me at his latter end of a wretched whale stranded on a beach, dissolving into masses of blubber, and hacked by remorseless fishermen, instead of plunging at his ease in the deep blue water. Far above, where the glacier begins his course, he is seen only by the true mountaineer. There are vast amphitheatres of pure snow, of which the glacier known to tourists is merely the insignificant drainage, but whose very existence they do not generally suspect. They are utterly ignorant that from the top of the ice-fall which they visit you may walk for hours on the eternal ice. After a long climb you come to the region where the glacier is truly at its noblest; where the surface is a spotless white; where the crevasses are enormous rents sinking

to profound depths, with walls of the purest blue; where the glacier is torn and shattered by the energetic forces which mould it, but has an expression of superabundant power, like a full stream fretting against its banks and plunging through the vast gorges that it has hewn for itself in the course of centuries. The bases of the mountains are immersed in a deluge of cockneyism—fortunately a shallow deluge—whilst their summits rise high into the bracing air, where everything is pure and poetical.

The difference which I have endeavoured to indicate is more or less traceable in a wider sense. The mountains are exquisitely beautiful, indeed, from whatever points of view we contemplate them: and the mountaineer would lose much if he never saw the beauties of the lower valleys, of pasturages deep in flowers, and dark pine-forests with the summits shining from far off between the stems. Only, as it seems to me, he has the exclusive prerogative of thoroughly enjoying one—and that the most characteristic, though by no means the only element of the scenery. There may be a very good dinner spread before twenty people; but if nineteen of them were teetotallers, and the twentieth drank his wine like a man, he would be the only one to do it full justice; the others might praise the meat or the fruits, but he would alone enjoy the champagne: and in the great feast which Nature spreads before us (a stock metaphor which emboldens me to make the comparison) the high mountain scenery acts the part of the champagne. Unluckily, too, the teetotallers are very apt, in this case also, to sit in judgment upon their more adventurous neighbours. Especially are they pleased to carp at the views from high summits. I have been constantly asked, with a covert sneer, Did it repay you?—a question which involves the assumption that one wants to be repaid, as though the labour were not itself part of the pleasure, and which implies a doubt that the view is really enjoyable. People are always demonstrating that the lower views are the most beautiful; and at the same time complaining that mountaineers frequently turn back without looking at the view from the top, as though that would necessarily imply that they cared nothing for scenery. In opposition to which I must first remark that, as a rule, every step of an ascent has a beauty of its own, which one is quietly absorbing even when one is not directly making it a subject of contemplation, and that the view from the top is generally the crowning glory of the whole.

It will be enough if I conclude with an attempt to illustrate this last assertion; and I will do it by still referring to the Oberland. Every visitor with a soul for the beautiful admires the noble form of the Wetterhorn—the lofty snow-crowned pyramid rising in such light and yet massive lines from its huge basement of perpendicular cliffs. The Wetterhorn has, however, a further merit. To my mind—and I believe most connoisseurs of mountain-tops agree with me—it is one of the most impressive summits in the Alps. It is not a sharp pinnacle like the Weisshorn, or a cupola like Mont Blanc, or a grand rocky tooth like the Monte Rosa, but a long and nearly horizontal knife-edge, which, as seen from either end, has of

course the appearance of a sharp-pointed cone. It is when balanced upon this ridge—sitting astride of the knife-edge on which one can hardly stand without giddiness—that one fully appreciates an Alpine precipice. Mr. Wills has admirably described the first ascent and the impression it made upon him in a paper which has become classical for succeeding adventurers. Behind the snow-slope sinks with perilous steepness towards the wilderness of glacier and rock through which the ascent has lain. But in front the ice sinks with even greater steepness for a few feet or yards. Then it curves over and disappears, and the next thing that the eye catches is the meadow-land of Grindelwald, some 9,000 feet below. I have looked down many precipices, where the eye can trace the course of every pebble that bounds down the awful slopes, and where I have shuddered as some dislodged fragment showed the course which, in case of accident, my own fragments would follow. A precipice is always, for obvious reasons, far more terrible from above than from below. The creeping, tingling sensation which passes through one's limbs—even when one knows oneself to be in perfect safety—testifies to the thrilling influence of the sights. But I have never so realized the terrors of a terrific cliff as when I could not see it. The awful gulf which intervened between me and the green meadows struck the imagination by its invisibility. It was like the view which may be seen from the ridge of a cathedral-roof, where the eaves have for their immediate background the pavement of the streets below; only this cathedral was 9,000 feet high. Now, any one standing at the foot of the Wetterhorn may admire their stupendous massiveness and steepness; but to feel their influence enter into the very marrow of one's bones, it is necessary to stand at the summit, and to fancy the one little slide down the short ice-slope, to be followed apparently by a bound into clear ice and a fall down to the houses, from heights where the eagle never ventures to soar.

This is one of the Alpine beauties, which, of course, it is beyond the power of art to imitate, and which people are, therefore, apt to ignore. But it is not the only one to be seen on the high summits. It is often said that these views are not "beautiful"—apparently because they won't go into a picture, or, to put it more fairly, because no picture can in the faintest degree imitate them. But without quarrelling about words, I think that even if "beautiful" be not the most correct epithet, they have a marvellously stimulating effect upon the imagination. Let us look round in imagination from this wonderful pinnacle in mid-air and note one or two of the most striking elements of the scenery.

You are, in the first place, perched on a cliff, whose presence is the more felt because it is unseen. Then you are in a region over which eternal silence is brooding. Not a sound ever comes there except the occasional fall of a splintered fragment of rock, or a layer of snow; no stream is heard trickling, and the sounds of animal life are left thousands of feet below. The most that you can hear is some mysterious noise made by the wind eddying round the gigantic rocks; sometimes a strange flapping

sound, as if an unearthly flag was shaking its invisible folds in the air. The enormous tract of country over which your view extends—most of it dim and almost dissolved into air by distance—intensifies the strange influence of the silence. You feel the force of the line I have just quoted from Wordsworth,—

The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

None of the travellers whom you can see crawling at your feet have the least conception of what is meant by the silent solitudes of the High Alps. To you, it is like a return to the stir of active life when, after hours of wandering, you return to hear the tinkling of the cowbells below; to them the same sound is the ultimate limit of the habitable world.

Whilst your mind is properly toned by these influences, you become conscious of another fact, to which the common variety of tourists is necessarily insensible. You begin to find out for the first time what the mountains really are. On one side, you look back upon the “urns of the silent snow,” upon the huge reservoirs from which the Oberland glaciers descend. You see the vast stores from which the great rivers of Europe are replenished, and the monstrous crawling masses that are carving the mountains into shape, and the gigantic bulwarks that separate two great quarters of the world. From below these wild regions are half invisible; they are masked by the outer line of mountains; and it is not till you are able to command them from some lofty point that you can appreciate the grandeur of the huge barriers and the snow that is piled within their folds. There is another half of the view equally striking. Looking towards the north, the whole of Switzerland is couched at your feet; the Jura and the Black Forest lie on the far horizon. And then you know what is the nature of a really mountainous country. From below everything is seen in a kind of distorted perspective. The people of the valley naturally think that the valley is everything—that the country resembles old-fashioned maps, where a few sporadic lumps are distributed amongst towns and plains. The true proportions reveal themselves as you ascend. The valleys, you can now see, are nothing but narrow trenches scooped out amidst a tossing waste of mountain, just to carry off the drainage. The great ridges run hither and thither, having it all their own way, and wild and untameable regions of rock or open grass or forest, at whose feet the valleys exist on sufferance. Creeping about amongst the roots of the hills, you half miss the hills themselves; you quite fail to understand the massiveness of the mountain chains, and, therefore, the wonderful energy of the forces that have heaved the surface of the world into these distorted shapes. And it is to a half-conscious sense of the powers that must have been at work that a great part of the influence of mountain scenery is due. Geologists tell us that a theory of catastrophes is unphilosophical; but whatever may be the scientific truth, our minds are impressed as though we were witnessing the results of some incredible convulsion. At Stonehenge, we ask what human beings could have

erected these strange grey monuments, and in the mountains we instinctively ask what force can have carved out the Matterhorn and placed the Wetterhorn on its gigantic pedestal. Now, it is not till we reach some commanding point that we realize the amazing extent of country over which the solid ground has been shaking and heaving itself in irresistible tumult.

Something, it is true, of this last effect may be seen from such mountains as the Rigi or the Faulhorn. There, too, one seems to be at the centre of a vast sphere, the earth bending up in Alp-like form to meet the sky, and the blue vault above stretching in an arch majestic by its enormous extent. There you seem to see a sensible fraction of the world at your feet. But the effect is far less striking when other mountains obviously look down upon you, when, as it were, you are looking at the waves of the great ocean of hills merely from the crest of one of the waves themselves, and not from some lighthouse that rises far over their heads; for the Wetterhorn, like the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau, owes one great beauty to the fact that it is on the edge of the lower country, and stands between the real giants and the crowd of inferior, though still enormous, masses in attendance upon them. And, in the next place, your mind is far better adapted to receive impressions of sublimity when you are alone, in a silent region, with a black sky above and giant cliffs all round, with a sense still in your mind, if not of actual danger, still of danger that would become real with the slightest relaxation of caution, and with the world divided from you by hours of snow and rock.

I will go no further, not because I have no more to say, but because descriptions of scenery soon become wearisome, and because I have, I hope, said enough to show that the mountaineer may boast of some intellectual pleasures; that he is not a mere scrambler, but that he looks for poetical impressions, as well as for such small glory as his achievements may gain in a very small circle. Something of what he gains fortunately sticks by him: he does not quite forget the mountain language; his eye still recognizes the space and the height and the glory of the lofty mountains. And yet there is some pain in wandering ghostlike among the scenes of his earlier pleasures. For my part, I try in vain to hug myself in a sense of comfort; I turn over in bed when I hear the stamping of heavily-nailed shoes along the passage of an inn about two A.M. I feel the skin of my nose complacently when I see others returning with a glistening tight aspect about that unluckily prominent feature, and know that in a day or two they will be raw and blistered and burning. I think, in a comfortable inn at night, of the miseries of those who are trying to sleep in damp hay, or on hard boards of chalets, at once cold and stiff and haunted by innumerable fleas. I congratulate myself on having a whole skin and unfractured bones, and on the small danger of ever breaking them over an Alpine precipice. But yet I secretly know that these consolations are feeble. It is little use to avoid early rising and discomfort and even fleas, if he also loses the pleasures to which they

were the sauce,—rather too *piquante* a sauce occasionally, it must be admitted. The philosophy is all very well which recommends moderate enjoyment, regular exercise, and a careful avoidance of risk and over-excitement. That is, it is all very well so long as risk and excitement and immoderate enjoyment are out of your power; but it does not stand the test of looking on and seeing them just beyond your reach. In time, no doubt, a man may grow calm; he may learn to enjoy the pleasures and the exquisite beauties of the lower regions,—though they, too, are most fully enjoyed when they have a contrast with beauties of a different and pleasures of a keener excitement. When first debarred, at any rate, one feels like a balloon full of gas, and fixed by immovable ropes to the prosaic ground. It is pleasant to lie on one's back in a bed of rhododendrons, and look up to a mountain top peering at one from above a bank of cloud; but it is pleasantest when one has qualified oneself for repose by climbing the peak the day before and becoming familiar with its errors and its beauties. In time, doubtless, one may get reconciled to anything; one may settle down to be a caterpillar, even after one has known the pleasures of being a butterfly; one may become philosophical, and have one's clothes let out; and even in time, perhaps, though it is almost too terrible to contemplate, be content with a mule or a carriage, or that lowest depth to which human beings can sink, and for which the English language happily affords no name, a *chaise à porteurs*: and even in such degradation the memory of better times may be pleasant; for I doubt much whether it is truth the poet sings,—

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Certainly to a philosophical mind the sentiment is doubtful. For my part, the fate which has cut me off, if I may use the expression, in the flower of my youth, and doomed me to be a non-climbing animal in future, is one which ought to exclude grumbling. I cannot indicate it more plainly, for I might so make even the grumbling in which I have already indulged look like a sin. I can only say that there are some very delightful things in which it is possible to discover an infinitesimal drop of bitterness, and that the mountaineer who undertakes to cut himself off from his favourite pastime, even for reasons which he will admit in his wildest moods to be more than amply sufficient, must expect at times to feel certain pangs of regret, however quickly they may be smothered.

Shooting-Stars, Meteors, and Aërolites.



On a calm, clear night, when

All the stars
Shine, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest,

the contemplation of the celestial vault raises in the least thoughtful mind vague suggestions of infinity, eternity, and omnipotence. A knowledge of the wonders which have been revealed by modern astronomical investigations, largely enhances these emotions. Looking into the starlit depths of heaven, the astronomer knows that the objects presented to him shine from distances so great, that not only are they inconceivable themselves, but that the very unit by which he attempts to gauge them is inconceivable. He knows that what he sees is not that which *is*, but that which *was*,—years ago as respects the nearer parts of the heaven-scape, but long ages ago, he doubts not, as respects faintly shining stars visible only by momentary scintillations. He has good reasons, indeed, for surmising that the diffused illumination, which, on the darkest night lights up the background of the view, had been travelling towards the earth myriads of ages before she had assumed her present state, or had been inhabited by the races now subsisting upon her surface. So long, he believes, has light,—which would eight times girdle the earth in a second,—been occupied in journeying towards us from the depths into which he is gazing. Thus the same view exhibits to him eternity of time and infinity of space. He sees also omnipotence in the operation of those laws—the impress of the Almighty mind—under whose action all that he sees is undergoing a process of change, vast, resistless, unending, yet so solemn in its grand progress that man knows no apter type for immutability.

To an observer impressed with these emotions, the contrast is startling when there is a sudden exhibition of life and motion in the calm realms of night. We cannot, however, look for any long interval of time towards any quarter of the sky, without perceiving indications more or less distinct of objects other than the fixed stars. Now on one side, now on another we seem to catch momentary glimpses of moving light, disappearing too rapidly to be detected. But before many minutes have elapsed we receive less doubtful evidence. There sweeps silently and swiftly across the starlit depths a palely gleaming light, which disappears after traversing an arc of greater or less extent. We know not how it may be with others, but to ourselves the impression conveyed by the apparition of a shooting-star, is that no apter emblem can be conceived of the finite and the

feeble.* The suddenness with which these objects appear, their hasty movements, and their short duration, alike conduce to render as marked as possible the contrast they present to the fixed stars.

But though shooting-stars are short-lived, and apparently insignificant, yet we shall presently see that the relations they present to other celestial objects are not unimportant. We are brought by means of them into contact, so to speak, with external space. "Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason," writes Humboldt, "it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and submit to chemical analysis, metallic and earthy masses appertaining to the world without." The vulgar sense sees, in shooting-stars, nothing but "dying sparks in the clear vault of heaven;" the reflecting mind will find much to arouse interest, and much that is worthy of close study and investigation.

We proceed to present the results of observations—(i.) casual and (ii.) particular—which have been made on shooting-stars, meteors, and aërolites.

A careful observer directing his attention towards any quarter of the sky on a clear night, will see on an average six shooting-stars per hour. We may assume therefore that about fifteen appear above the horizon of any place during each hour. More appear after than before midnight, the most favourable time for observation being from one o'clock to three. In tropical climates shooting-stars are seen oftener, and shine far more brilliantly than in our northern climates. This peculiarity is due no doubt to the superior purity and serenity of the air within and near the tropics, not to any real superiority in the number of falling-stars. Sir Alexander Burnes, speaking of the transparency of the dry atmosphere of Bokhara, a place not farther south than Madrid, but raised 1,200 feet above the sea-level, says—"The stars have uncommon lustre, and the Milky Way shines gloriously in the firmament. There is also a never-ceasing display of the most brilliant meteors, which dart like rockets in the sky; ten or twelve of them are sometimes seen in an hour, assuming every colour; fiery-red, blue, pale, and faint." In our climate about two-thirds of all the shooting-stars seen are white; next in frequency come yellow stars, one yellow star being seen for about five white stars; there are about twice as many yellow as orange stars, and more than twice as many orange as green or blue stars.

Meteors or fire-balls are far less common than shooting-stars. They are magnificent objects, their brilliancy often exceeding that of the full moon. Some, even, have been so brilliant as to cast a shadow in full daylight. They are generally followed by a brilliant luminous train,

* "The spinstress Werpeja," says a Lithuanian myth, "spins the thread of the new-born child, and each thread ends in a star. When death approaches, the thread breaks, and the star falls, quenching its light, to the earth."—Grimm: *Deutsche Mythologie*.

which seems to be drawn out of the substance of the fire-ball itself. Their motion is not commonly uniform, but (so to speak) impulsive; they often seem to follow a waved or contorted path; their form changes visibly, and in general they disappear with a loud explosion. Occasionally, however, a meteor will be seen to separate without explosion into a number of distinct globes, accompanying each other in parallel courses, and each followed by a train. "Sometimes," says Kaemtz, "a fire-ball is divided into fragments, each of which forms a luminous globe, which then bursts in its turn; in others the mass, after having given vent to the interior gases, closes in upon itself, and then swells out anew to burst a second time." Meteors which move impulsively, generally burst at each bound, giving forth smoke and vapours, and shining afterwards with a new lustre. In some instances the crash of the explosion is so great that "houses tremble, doors and windows open, and men imagine that there is an earthquake."

Aërolites, or meteoric stones, are bodies which fall from the sky upon the earth. They are less common than meteors, but that they are far from being uncommon is shown by this, that in the British Museum alone there are preserved several hundreds of these bodies. They vary greatly in size and form; some being no larger than a man's fist, while others weigh many hundreds of pounds. Marshal Bazaine has lately brought from Mexico a meteorite weighing more than three-quarters of a ton; but this weight has been far exceeded in several cases. Thus a meteorite was presented to the British Museum in 1865, which weighs no less than three and a half tons. It had been found near Melbourne, and one half of the mass had been promised to the Melbourne Museum. But fortunately it was saved from injury. A meteorite weighing one and a quarter tons, which had been found close to the greater one, was transferred from the British to the Melbourne Museum, and the great meteorite forwarded unbroken to our national collection. A yet larger meteorite lies on the plain of Tucuman in South America; it has not been weighed, but measurement shows that its weight cannot fall short of fourteen or fifteen tons. It is from seven to seven and a half feet in length.

There have been twenty well authenticated instances of stone-falls in the British Isles since 1620. One of these took place in the immediate neighbourhood of London, on May 18th, 1680. Besides these, two meteoric stones, not seen to fall, have been found in Scotland.

The Chinese, who recorded everything, give the most ancient records of stone-falls.* Their accounts of these phenomena extend to 644 years before our era, their accounts of shooting-stars to 687 B.C. We need not remind our classical readers of the stone which fell at Ægospotamos,

* The fall of stones said by Livy to have taken place on the Alban Hill, can hardly be accepted as an historical fact. There are, however, indubitable records, not due to human agency, of much more ancient stone-falls; since *fossil meteorites* are found imbedded in the secondary and tertiary formations.

B.C. 465, and which was as large as two millstones. In the year 921, there fell at Narni a mass which projected four feet above the river, into which it was seen to fall. There is a Mongolian tradition that there fell from heaven upon a plain near the source of the Yellow River, in Western China, a black rocky mass forty feet high. In 1620, there fell at Jahlinder a mass of meteoric iron, from which the Emperor Jehangire had a sword forged.

These traditions had long been known, but men were not very ready to accept, without question, the fact that stones and mineral masses actually fall upon the earth from the sky. In 1803, however, a fall of aërolites occurred which admitted of no cavil. On the 26th of April, in that year, a fiery globe was seen to burst into fragments, nearly over the town of L'Aigle, in Normandy. By this explosion thousands of stones were scattered over an elliptical area seven or eight miles long, and about four miles broad. The stones were hot (but not red-hot) and smoking; the heaviest weighed about seventeen and a half pounds. The sky had been perfectly clear a few moments before the explosion. With a laudable desire to profit by so favourable an opportunity, the French Government sent M. Biot to the scene of the fall. His systematic inquiries and report sufficed to overcome the unbelief which had prevailed on the subject of stone-showers.

Another very remarkable fall is that which took place on October 1st, 1857, in the department of Yonne. Baron Segnier was with some workmen in an avenue of the grounds of Hautefeuille near Charny, when they were startled by several explosions quite unlike thunder, and by strong atmospheric disturbances. Several windows of the château were found to be broken. At the same time a proprietor of Château-Renard saw a globe of fire "travelling rapidly through the air towards Vernisson." Baron Segnier heard shortly after that at the same hour a shower of aërolites had fallen a few leagues from Hautefeuille, and in a locality lying precisely in the direction towards which the proprietor of Château-Renard had seen the meteor travelling. A mason had seen the fall, and narrowly escaped being struck by one of the fragments. This piece, which was found buried deep in the earth, near the foot of the mason's ladder, was presented to the Academy of Sciences by Baron Segnier.

Aërolites often fall from a clear sky. More commonly, however, a dark cloud is observed to form, and the stony shower is seen to be projected from its bosom. It is probable that what appears as a bright train by night is seen as a cloud by day. Something seems to depend on the position of the observer. The meteor which burst over L'Aigle appeared wholly free from cloud or smoke to those who saw it from Alençon, while to observers in L'Aigle the phenomenon was presented of a dark cloud forming suddenly in a clear sky. In a fall which took place near Kleinwinden (not far from Mühlhausen), on September 16th, 1843, a large aërolite descended with a noise like thunder, in a clear sky, and without the formation of any cloud.

The length of time during which fire-balls, which produce aërolites, are visible, has been variously stated; but we have no evidence which would lead us to accept the story of Daimachos, that the fiery cloud from which the stone of Ægos Potamos was projected had been visible for seventy days in succession. The story seems to identify the author with a certain Daimachos of Platea described by Strabo as a "vendor of lies."

There is another singular fiction respecting fire-balls. It was said that shooting-stars and meteors were in reality fibrous gelatinous bodies, and that such bodies had been found where meteors had been seen to fall. Reference is not unfrequently made to this fable by writers ancient and modern. Thus Dryden, in his dedication to *The Spanish Friar* speaking of Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois* says,—“I have sometimes wondered in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting.”

One circumstance remains to be mentioned among the results of casual observation. On certain occasions shooting-stars have been observed to fall in much greater numbers than on ordinary nights. Among the earliest records of such a phenomenon is the statement by Theophanes, the Byzantine historian, that in November, 472, at Constantinople, the sky seemed to be alive with flying meteors. In the month of October, 902, again, so many falling-stars were seen that the year was afterwards called the "year of stars." Condé relates that the Arabs connected this fall with the death of King Ibrahim Ben-Ahmed, which took place on the night of the star-shower. The year 1029 was also remarkable for a great star-fall, and in the annals of Cairo it is related that, "In the year 599, in the last Moharrun (October 19, 1202), the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, towards the east and west; they flew about like locusts, and were dispersed from left to right." A shower of stars, accompanied by the fall of several aërolites, took place over England and France on April 4th, 1095. This was considered by many as a token of God's displeasure with King William II.: "Therefore the kynge was tolde by divers of his familiars that God was not content with his lvyng; but he was so wilful and proud of mind that he regarded little their saying."

In modern times, also, some very remarkable star-showers have been observed. Amongst these one of the most noteworthy was that seen by Humboldt, when travelling with M. Bonpland in South America. He writes:—"On the morning of the 13th of November we saw a most extraordinary display of shooting-stars. Thousands of bolides and stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their motion was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, which was not filled each instant with shooting-stars. All the meteors left phosphorescent traces behind them."

In 1833, also, there was a magnificent display of meteoric fireworks. It was accompanied by a brilliant exhibition of the aurora borealis. The same phenomenon was seen also at Bremen, in 1838, during a fall of meteors and shooting-stars.

Before proceeding to detail some of the singular results which have rewarded the modern examination of this interesting subject, it may be well to exhibit the guesses and theories which were suggested of old, to explain the observed phenomena.

The Greeks, as usual with them, guessed boldly, sometimes acutely. Among the earliest of their theories we find the view that shooting-stars are generated by vapours ascending from the earth,—an hypothesis that has been sustained quite recently by Egen, Fischer, and Ideler. Aristotle supposed that aërolites were masses of stone which had been raised by tempests from the earth's surface. He explained in this way the appearance even of the gigantic mass which fell at Ægos Potamos. Others again, seeing that meteorites fell in full sunlight, conceived the notion that they were projected to us from the sun. Amongst those who held this opinion was Anaxagoras of Clazomene. This philosopher, we are told, predicted the fall of aërolites from the sun,—a tradition registered and ridiculed by Pliny. But some among the Greeks held opinions which, though somewhat vaguely expressed, may be looked upon as (at the least) very good guesses. We may cite, for instance, the following remarkable passage in Plutarch's life of Lysander :—

“The opinion held by those who thought that shooting-stars are not mere emanations from ethereal fire, becoming extinguished quickly after being kindled, is a probable one; nor are falling stars produced by the inflammation and combustion of a mass of air which had moved away towards the higher regions; rather they are *celestial bodies* which are precipitated through an intermission of the centrifugal force, and fall, not only on inhabited places, but in even larger numbers into the great sea, where they are never seen.” We find in this passage a tacit reference to the opinion of Anaxagoras that the heavenly bodies are masses of rock torn from the earth by the centrifugal force of the surrounding ether, and set on fire in the heavens. The opinion of Diogenes of Apollonia is not dissimilar; he says, “Together with the visible stars there move other invisible ones, which are therefore without names. These sometimes fall on the earth and are extinguished, as took place with the star of stone which fell at Ægos Potamos.”

In the Middle Ages the phenomena presented by shooting-stars were explained in a somewhat authoritative, but not very satisfactory, manner. The judicious use of a few set phrases sufficed to clear up all difficulties. We hear of humours and exhalations attracted by affinity to the upper regions of air; of condensation, concretion, ultimate repulsion, and so on; and all this not in a doubtful hypothetical tone, but in the authoritative manner of men possessing all knowledge. On one point especially the

writers of those days are very positive,—meteors are in no way to be regarded as astronomical phenomena. They marked out peremptorily the bodies they consented to look upon as celestial. Their knowledge of the laws regulating these bodies was far too exact, in their opinion, for any doubt to exist that a number of erratic, short-lived bodies, moving in a hasty and undignified manner across the sky, were not to be admitted as members of the stately family of planets, still less as copartners with the stars of the crystalline. One, even, who saw opening out before him a new system, who aided to overturn the old, and to lay the foundation of modern astronomy—the ingenious Kepler—yielded to the old idea on this point—to the fascinating phantasy that things are to be seen as men would have them, not as indeed they are. In his case, perhaps, this is hardly to be wondered at. He had discovered and rejoiced in the “harmonies of the planets;” he had written in his enthusiasm,—“Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind, for I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians.” And it would doubtless have seemed as a strange thing to him to conceive that he had heard but a few stray notes of the music of the spheres, that he had not yet—as he had hoped—

Come on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,
Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time.

We turn to the investigations of modern scientific men,—of men whose principle it is, or ought to be, that theory-framing should be preceded by systematic observation, by careful calculation and examination, and, if possible, by experiment. They have successfully attacked problems which seem to the uninitiated wholly insoluble,—determining the heights at which shooting-stars appear and disappear, the velocity with which they move, their size and weight, nay, the very substances of which they are composed; they have discovered laws regulating the numbers and paths of those visitors; they have analysed aërolites chemically and microscopically; and, lastly, they have sought to determine whether it is possible to construct artificial meteorites.

The determination of the height of shooting-stars is a problem which has been successfully attacked by Brandes, Heis, Schmidt, Olbers, and others. From the results of observations made by these astronomers, Professor Newton and Mr. Alexander Herschel have calculated that shooting-stars appear, on an average, at a height of seventy-two miles, and disappear at a height of fifty-two miles. The Padre Secchi, at Rome, on the nights of 5th–10th August, carried on a series of simultaneous observations, by telegraphic communication between Rome and Civita Vecchia. The result obtained by him was that shooting-stars appear at a height of seventy-four and a half miles, and disappear at a height of fifty miles,—a result almost coincident with the former. It appears,

then, that shooting-stars are some twenty miles nearer when they are just disappearing than at their first appearance.

When the distance of a shooting-star is known, it is easy to determine the velocity of the star's motion. It appears from a careful series of observations that shooting-stars describe a visible arc many miles in length, with an average velocity of about thirty-four miles per second. This velocity is nearly twice as great as that wherewith the earth describes her orbit about the sun. Moving with such a velocity, a body would pass from the earth to the moon in about a couple of hours, or from London to Edinburgh in about ten seconds.

Meteors, as might be expected, approach nearer to the earth than shooting-stars. They do not in general move quite so rapidly. A remarkable meteor which appeared on April 29th, was seen by two practised observers, Messrs. Baxendell and Wood, at Liverpool and Weston-super-Mare respectively. From a careful examination of their observations it results that the meteor appeared when at a height of fifty-two miles vertically over Lichfield, that it travelled in a southerly direction at the rate of about twenty miles per second, and disappeared when over Oxford at a height of thirty-seven miles, having travelled over a course of nearly seventy-five miles. The meteor appears to have belonged to the detonating class. Eight minutes after its appearance Mr. Wood heard a sound "which resembled the momentary roar of a railway-train, at some distance, crossing over a bridge." It is worth noticing that Mr. Wood must have heard the roar of the meteor inversely; that is, the first part of the sound he heard was the part generated last, and *vice versa*. A detonation was also heard at Stony Stratford, a place lying nearly under the path of the meteor.

To determine the actual size of a meteor is not easy, nor indeed can much weight be attached to such determinations. From observations of the apparent dimensions of several meteors which have travelled at known distances, it would seem that these bodies vary in diameter from 100 to 13,000 feet.

Singularly enough, it is easier to determine the weight of a meteor or shooting-star than its size. The method of doing so could not be very well explained in these pages; it will be sufficient to say that it depends on the observation of the amount of light received from a body travelling with known velocity through a resisting atmosphere. From such observations it appears that shooting-stars weigh on an average but a few ounces, while some meteors weigh hundreds of pounds. We have seen that aërolites of much greater weight occasionally reach the earth.

Still more strange is the fact that we are able to determine the substances, or some of them, which enter into the composition of meteors or shooting-stars. This is done by means of a spectroscope so constructed as to take in a large part of the heavens. For instance, when an instrument of this sort is turned towards the Great Bear, the spectra of

the seven principal stars of that constellation are seen at one view. Mr. Herschel observed with such an instrument the spectra of many of the shooting-stars which appeared on the nights 9th-11th August. He found that some of these bodies exhibit a continuous spectrum, showing that they are probably solid bodies, heated to ignition. Others exhibit a greyish white spectrum, indicating (probably) a nucleus and train of heated sparks. But the greater number of meteors give a spectrum consisting of one or more lines, showing that during apparition most of these bodies are gaseous. The gaseous meteors exhibit with remarkable distinctness a strong yellow line, perfectly agreeing in position with the well-known line given by the ignited vapour of the metal sodium. Other lines, due to the presence either of potassium, sulphur, or phosphorus, are also frequently seen. It is noteworthy that the sodium line is exhibited in the spectrum of lightning, so that it is not *quite* certain that this line in the meteor-spectrum is due to the presence of sodium in the chemical composition of meteors. However, it cannot but be considered as highly improbable that any traces of sodium exist in the atmosphere at the great height at which meteors travel; still less probable is it that such considerable quantities of sodium exist as would account for the strongly-marked character of the yellow line shown in meteor-spectra. Mr. Herschel notes especially of those trains which fade most slowly that they consist of *nothing else but soda-flames* during the latter portion of the time that they continue visible. "Their condition is then exactly that of the flame of a spirit-lamp, newly trimmed, and largely dosed with a supply of moistened salt."

One of the most remarkable facts which observation has revealed respecting shooting-stars, is the recurrence of star-showers of greater or less intensity on certain days of the year. It was observed long ago that on the nights of August 9-11 stars fell in much greater numbers than usual. For instance, there is a legend in parts of Thessaly, that near the time of the festival of St. Laurence, the heavens open and exhibit shining lights (*κανθήλια*); and in an ancient English church calendar, the August star-showers are described as "fiery tears." We find the 10th of August also characterized by the word *meteorodes*, in a MS. called *Ephemerides rerum naturalium*, preserved in Christ's College, Cambridge. The great November shower was not recognized so soon. This shower is characterized by an alternate increase and decrease of intensity, the interval between successive maxima being thirty-three or thirty-four years. For several years before and after the true year of maximum intensity the shower is in general distinctly exhibited. Our readers will not need to be reminded of the recurrence of this shower last November, as predicted by astronomers. Last year was spoken of in these predictions as the year in which the November shower would exhibit its maximum of splendour. Our own opinion is that 1867 will turn out to be the true year of maximum intensity, and that fine showers will be seen during the

years 1868 and 1869. Whether, however, such showers, should they occur, will be as well seen in England as that of November 13th last, is problematical, since it has frequently happened that magnificent showers are seen in certain longitudes, and but a moderate display in others. Besides the August and November showers, there are the showers of October 16-23, of December 6-13, of April 9-10, of July 25-30, and others. There are in fact no less than "fifty-six recognized star-showers, as well determined in the majority of cases as are the older and better known showers of August and November." While on this point, we may note, as evidence, that aërolites have their favourite seasons for visiting the earth, that of the twenty which are known to have fallen on the British Isles three fell on May 17-18, four on August 4-9, two on July 3-4, and two on April 1-5. Of the other nine, three are undated.

Another singular law has been detected in the motions of shooting-stars which appear at the same season. It is found that when their paths are produced backwards they pass through or near one point on the celestial sphere,* and that this point has no fixed relation to the horizon of the observer, but is fixed among the stars. Sometimes the shooting-stars which appear on the same night may be divided into two sets, each having a distinct radiant point,—as astronomers have named these centres of divergence. Each of the fifty-six star-showers spoken of above has its radiant point. Humboldt states that the radiant points of the November and August showers are those points precisely towards which the earth is travelling at those seasons respectively. He has been followed in this statement by many writers on astronomy. But the statement is not true. In fact, these radiant points do not lie on the ecliptic, whereas the point towards which the earth is travelling at any moment, necessarily lies upon the ecliptic.

Aërolites have been analysed, and it is found that they contain many elements known on earth. These usually appear combined in the following types:—metallic iron, magnetic iron, sulphuret of iron, oxide of tin, silicates, olivine, &c. In one aërolite only, namely, in a stone which fell on April 15th, 1857, near Kaba-Debreczin—"a small quantity of organic matter akin to parafine" has been detected,—a very noteworthy circumstance. It is also remarkable that no new element, and only one or two new compounds (compounds, at least, which have not yet been recognized among terrestrial formations) have ever been detected in meteorites.

The microscopical examination of aërolites has also revealed much that is interesting and instructive. The crystals of the mixed minerals which appear in aërolites are found to differ in some important respects from those of volcanic rocks, "but their consolidation must have taken place from fusion in masses of mountain size." The alloy of metallic

* The Greeks had already noted something of this sort, which they attributed to the prevalence of strong winds in the upper regions of the air.

iron and nickel which is a principal component of meteorites is often found to be as regularly crystallized as a mass of spar.

M. Daubr e has attempted to produce artificial meteorites by combining together suitable elements and compounds. In doing so he has discovered a very singular fact. The crystals he obtained resembled the long needles which are seen to form on water when it is *slowly frozen*; whereas the black crystalline crust with which all meteorites are covered has a granular structure resembling snow or hoar-frost, which we know to be formed by the *sudden* passage of water from the vaporous to the solid state. This phenomenon shows that meteoric masses have been subjected to actions altogether different to those which the chemist is able to bring into operation.

The result of the series of observations which we have here recorded is that we are able to attempt the formation of a theory of shooting-stars with some confidence. And, in the first place, we are able to reject decisively certain theories which have found favour at different times.

The immense height at which shooting-stars appear enables us to reject the atmospheric origin which has been suggested, for we have every reason for supposing that the air at a height of seventy miles above the earth is of extreme tenuity, and therefore quite incapable of supporting in sufficient quantity those vapours from which shooting-stars, on this theory, are assumed to be generated.

Two other theories, which have not hitherto been mentioned, are also overthrown by the results of modern observation. Both may be called *volcanic*, but one assumes that shooting-stars are bodies which have been projected from volcanoes on the earth, while the other assumes that they have come from volcanoes on the moon. Observation has shown that when Mount Etna is in full activity, the masses of stone thrown from its crater have a velocity of less than 1,600 feet per second, which is but one-112th part of the mean velocity with which shooting-stars are observed to move. The theory that falling-stars come from the moon was first propounded by Terzago, an Italian, in the seventeenth century. It appears, however, to have been not unknown in ancient times, since we learn that the Syrian astronomers were in the habit of looking for shooting-stars when the moon was full; while Greek astronomers considered the most favourable season to be at the time of lunar eclipse, that is when the moon is full but the sky dark. Bizarre as it may seem, this fanciful explanation has been thought worthy of strict mathematical examination by such astronomers as Laplace, Olbers, and Poisson. It appears, from their calculations, that the velocity with which stone-showers should be propelled from the moon in order to reach our earth with the velocities observed among shooting-stars may be considered to be utterly beyond the powers we could concede to lunar volcanoes, even if it were proved (which is far from being the case) that any active volcanoes now exist on the moon's surface.

The three theories just considered have been effectually overthrown by the simple observation of the height and velocities of shooting-stars. When we add to this consideration the recurrence of star-showers, not in particular states of the earth's atmosphere, not connected in any way with the activity of terrestrial volcanoes, nor conceivably with the action of assumed lunar volcanoes, these theories appear yet more inadequate to explain observed phenomena. The phenomenon of radiant points, lastly, is so wholly inexplicable on any of these theories, that we may dismiss them finally, as utterly untenable.

We must, therefore, turn to the theory which had already been suggested by Greek philosophers—that shooting-stars and meteors are extraneous bodies dragged towards the earth by the force of her attractive influence. But modern scientific discoveries enable us to exhibit this theory in a more inviting form, and at the same time to offer analogues obviously tending to confirm the hypothesis. The discovery of a zone of planetoids, the inquiry into the nature of the zodiacal light, and the mathematical examination of the "stability" of the Saturnian ring-system, have led astronomers to recognize the existence in the solar system of minute bodies travelling in zones or clusters around a central orb. There is, therefore, nothing unreasonable in the supposition that there are zones and clusters of such bodies travelling round the sun in orbits which intersect the earth's path. When in her course around the sun she encounters any of the bodies forming such zones and clusters, they are ignited by friction as they pass through the upper layers of the air, and become visible as shooting-stars or meteors according to their dimensions; or they may even fall upon her surface as aërolites.

The recurrence of star-showers is a necessary consequence of the hypothesis we are considering. For, if we suppose the zones of meteors, or the orbits of meteor-clusters, to have a fixed position in the solar system, or to be subject to those slow progressive or retrogressive shiftings with which the study of the solar system familiarizes us, there will necessarily result a regular recurrence of showers either on fixed days, or on days uniformly shifting round among the seasons. This is precisely what is observed with the fifty-six recognized star-showers.

The earth does not necessarily (or probably) pass centrally through a meteor-cluster every year, nor probably are the meteor-zones uniformly rich throughout. Thus we can readily understand periodic undulations in the intensity of star-showers, or even periodic intermittances.

The phenomenon of radiant points also is not merely reconcilable with, but obviously indicates the hypothesis we are considering. For during the brief interval occupied by the earth in passing through a well-marked zone or cluster, the bodies composing such zone or cluster may be considered to be moving (relatively to the moving earth) in parallel lines. Therefore by a well-known law in perspective their apparent paths, viewed from the earth, must have a "vanishing point"

on the celestial sphere,—that is, a “radiant point” among the fixed stars.

The remarkable velocity with which shooting-stars travel is satisfactorily accounted for by the modern theory. If we suppose zones and clusters of cosmical bodies (pocket-planets we may term them with Humboldt) to be travelling in different directions around the sun, it is clear that the members of those zones which travel in the same direction as the earth, will overtake, or be overtaken by her, with the *difference* of their respective velocities, while those which travel in the contrary direction will encounter the earth with the *sum* of their own and the earth’s velocity. Now, just as, in walking along a crowded road, we *meet* many more people than we overtake, or are overtaken by; so, clearly, by far the larger number of observed shooting-stars must belong to the latter class named above, and therefore the average observed velocity will not fall very far short of the sum of the velocities of the earth and the shooting-star system.

Fairly considered, the modern theory may be looked upon as established; for, first, all other available hypotheses have been shown to be untenable; and, secondly, the most remarkable shooting-star phenomena are shown to be consistent with, or rather to point directly to, the modern hypothesis. It remains only that some minor peculiarities should be noticed.

It has been remarked that shooting-stars are much more commonly seen in the months from July to December, than in those from January to June. Remembering that this remark refers to observations made in our northern hemisphere, it is easily reconciled with the modern theory, when we consider that the north pole is on the *forward hemisphere* of the earth (considered with reference to her orbital motion) during the first-named period, and on the *rear* (or *sheltered*) *hemisphere* during the second.

Again, it has been remarked that shooting-stars are seen more commonly in the hours after midnight, and that aërolites fall more commonly before noon. In other words, these extraneous bodies reach the earth (or her atmosphere) more frequently in the hours from midnight to noon than in those from noon to midnight. Humboldt suggests in explanation we know not what theory of variation in the ignition-powers of different hours. But it is clear that the true explanation is founded on the principle presented in the preceding paragraph, since the *forward* hemisphere contains places whose local time lies, roughly speaking, between midnight and noon, while places whose local hour lies between noon and midnight lie on the *sheltered* hemisphere.

If we remember that the earth is but a point in space, we may fairly conclude that the number of bodies composing meteor-zones is all but infinite. Large, therefore, as the numbers of these bodies which fall on the earth may be, there is no reason to suppose (perhaps if we knew the

true functions of these bodies, we might say—there is no reason to fear) that the supply of meteors will ever be perceptibly diminished. Although the contrary opinion is often expressed, it is demonstrable that a very small proportion only of the shooting-stars which become visible to us, can escape from the earth's atmosphere. The result is of course that they must reach the earth, probably in a dispersed and divided state. It seems to us indeed not wholly improbable that some of those elements which the lightning-spectrum shows to exist in the atmosphere, may be due to the perpetual dissipation and precipitation of the substance of shooting-stars.

The remarkable discovery lately made, that the great November star-stream travels in the track of a telescopic comet (whose period is $33\frac{1}{4}$ years), that the August stream, in like manner, follows the track of the great comet of 1862 (whose period is 142 years), and that other noted shooting-star systems show a similar relation to the paths of other comets, opens out the most startling views of the manner in which cosmical space—or at least that part of space over which the sun's attractive power bears sway—is occupied by myriads on myriads of bodies more or less minute. If those comets—not one in fifty even of discovered comets—whose orbits approach that of the earth, are attended by such important streams of cosmic matter: if, for instance, the minute telescopic comet (known as I., 1866), in whose track the November meteors travel, is attended by a train capable of producing magnificent star-showers for nine hundred centuries—what multitudes of minute planets must be supposed to exist in the complete cometary system! This discovery has been made too recently, however (though it appears to be thoroughly established), to admit of our here discussing in full the results which seem to flow from it.

Jottings from the Note-Book of an Undeveloped Collector.

PART III.

WHEN Ælian tells us that even the poorest of the people of Cyrene wore rings worth 10 minæ (something over 40*l.* a piece), we may suppose him, without any great incivility, to be using a figure of speech. There is, however, no doubt that the wearing of rings was much more common with the ancients than with ourselves. In those days when writing was as rare an accomplishment as it was in England before Richard II., when even kings could do no more than affix their "mark," they were worn not so much for ornament as for use: they served the purposes of a seal. Among the Greeks every freeman had his ring, whilst there were some lazy long-haired onyx-ring-wearers, as Aristophanes calls them, who seem to have been almost as demented as Pope Paul II., who, Mr. King says, died (some, however, tell us a very different story) of a chill caught from the number of rings with which he had loaded his fingers. Martial declares that one gentleman of his acquaintance wore as many as sixty; and Juvenal tells us of some dandies who had two sets of rings, one for summer, the other for winter use.

Spartan rings were of iron. Amongst the Romans also this was, at first, the usual metal employed; and some men who kept up or aped the ancient simplicity never used any more precious metal.

The right of wearing *gold* rings was only given in the early days of the Republic to ambassadors, and then they were only worn on state occasions. Afterwards the privilege was extended to members of the senate, magistrates, and knights. The emperors were not so particular. Severus and Aurelian gave permission to Roman soldiers to wear them, and finally Justinian extended it to all citizens.

No mention of rings is made in Homer, although the art of engraving gems had reached no slight degree of excellence in the East many centuries before his time. The Chaldaean and Assyrian signets were cylinders of various metals and precious stones, such as lapis-lazuli, amethyst, quartz, hæmatite, &c., varying in size from three inches to a quarter of an inch in length. The most ancient known signet has unfortunately been lost. It was found by Sir R. Ker Porter, and he has luckily given us an engraving of it in his *Travels*. From the inscription upon it—in very ancient cuneiform characters—we find that it belonged to Urukh or Urkham (Orchamus, as Ovid calls him in the *Metamorphoses*), who founded the most ancient of the buildings at Mugheir, Warka, Senkareh. and Niffer. "There can be little doubt,"

Professor Rawlinson tells us, "that he stands at the head of the present series of monumental kings, one of whom certainly reigned as early as B.C. 1860. If we may trust the statement of Ovid that he was the seventh monarch of his dynasty, we are entitled to place his reign in the twenty-first century before our era, from about B.C. 2093 to B.C. 2070." Of the cylinder itself "it is possible that the artist employed by Sir R. Porter has given a flattering representation of his original; otherwise the conclusion must be that both mechanical and artistic skill had reached a very surprising degree of excellence at the most remote period to which Chaldean records carry us back." Another Chaldean signet, found at Baghdad, belonged to Durri-galazu, who reigned about B.C. 1600.

Besides cylinders there have been found impressions from seals that must have been like ordinary gems in rings, round or oval. One most interesting example is in the British Museum. On a piece of clay, appended, probably, to some treaty of peace, are two impressions of seals, one of which certainly is that of Sabaco, the Æthiopian—the So, probably, mentioned in the Second Book of Kings—and the other most likely that of Sennacherib. In the same collection is the cylinder of that king. He is represented adoring a winged figure in a circle. Before him is the Sacred Tree and an eunuch, the rest of the cylinder being occupied with a flower resembling the lotus, upon which is standing an ibex or wild goat. Mr. King tells us in his valuable book on ancient gems that the material of the cylinder is translucent green felspar or amazon-stone, one of the hardest substances known to the lapidary. The special excellence of the gem is the fineness and distinctness of the execution. "The details are so minute that a magnifying glass is almost required to perceive them."

The Museum collection contains also the signet of Darius, though to which of the Persian monarchs of that name it is to be assigned it is impossible to say. The finest known Etruscan ring—the Canino one—is in the same collection. Alexander the Great was very particular about his signet rings; as he would allow no one but Apelles to paint him, no one but Lysippus to make his statue, so he would allow no one but Pyrgoteles to engrave his signets. Apparently the stone employed was the emerald.

When Marcellus had fallen into the ambushade which Hannibal laid for him near Venusium, the Carthaginian having got possession of his signet, made good use of it by attaching it to some forged letters. Mr. King thinks that a ring still in existence may be this identical ring. Another may have belonged to that princely patron of literature, Mæcenas,—it certainly belongs to his clan; and another to that accomplished scoundrel and plunderer of Sicily, Verres. Of later times, we have the ring of the first of the barbarian chiefs who entered and sacked the city of Rome—a curious carnelian, inscribed "Alaricus rex Gothorum;" and there was at Paris—but it has been stolen—the signet found on opening the tomb of the Merovingian king, Childeric, at Tournay, in 1654.

The signet of Michel Angelo, now at Paris, was formerly believed to be the work of Pyrgoteles, and the design upon it the birth of Alexander. It was accordingly valued at 2,000*l.* It is really an Italian work by P. M. da Peschia, the intimate friend of the great painter. Mr. King gives an amusing incident connected with this ring from *Brosset's Letters on Italy*. "Early in the century, as the academician, J. Harduin, was exhibiting the treasures of the Bibliothèque to that celebrated amateur, the Baron de Stosch, he all at once missed this very ring; whereupon, without expressing his suspicions, he privately despatched a servant for a strong emetic, which, when brought, he insisted upon the baron's swallowing then and there. In a few minutes he had the satisfaction of hearing the ring tinkle into the basin held before the unlucky and unscrupulous gem-collector."

One of the most famous rings in English history was that given by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite, the Earl of Essex. Everybody remembers how Essex entrusted this ring, which the Queen had told him would ensure his pardon if he ever fell into disgrace, to the Countess of Nottingham, who confessed, on her death-bed, that she had purposely failed to deliver it. This ring is now in the possession of Lord John Thynne. It is a fine sardonyx, containing an exquisitely engraved bust of the Queen.

Though our National Collection falls far short of some of the Continental ones in the number of engraved Gems, still it contains some very fine specimens, the extent and value of which has been considerably increased by the recent acquisition of the famous Blacas collection. It contains also, I believe, a smaller quantity of forgeries than any of the Continental collections. Very luckily, as I shall show presently, it refused to have anything to do with the Poniatowski gems, when their purchase was pressed upon the authorities.

Many gems had, in the Middle Ages, a very fictitious value from the traditional history connected with them. In the Trésor de S. Denys was a gem with the inscription, "Hic lapis fuit Davidis regis et prophetæ." It is not a precious stone at all, but a lump of antique schmelze paste. The Imperial Cabinet at St. Petersburg has the ring that was formerly believed to be the espousal ring of the Virgin Mary, with portraits of herself and Joseph. They are really portraits of two freedmen, Alpheus and Aretho, as the inscription informs us. The agate of St. Capelle, Paris—with the exception of the Camegna in the Vatican, the largest cameo known—was imagined to represent the triumph of Joseph in Egypt. It was pawned on one occasion to St. Louis, by Baldwin, the last Frankish Emperor of Constantinople, with some other relics, for 10,000 marks of silver. It really represents the return of Germanicus from his German campaign, and his adoption by Tiberius and Livia. The "emerald of the Vatican" was held to be a portrait of Christ, taken by order of Pilate, and by him presented to Tiberius. Afterwards it is said to have been

given by the Sultan Bajazet to Pope Innocent VIII., as a ransom for his brother, who had fallen into the Pope's hands. It is really of the Italian revival period, the face being a copy of the head of the Saviour in Raffaele's cartoon of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes." The apotheosis of Germanicus, in the French collection, was long considered to be the portrait of St. John the Evangelist. When Bishop Humbert returned from Constantinople, where he had been sent in 1049, by Pope Leo IX., he brought back this fine cameo and presented it to the monks of Evre de Toul. Louis XIV. begged it from the monks, making them in return a present of 7,000 crowns.

In 1855 the British Museum obtained at the Bernal sale a most interesting example of very early mediæval art. It was the "morse," or brooch, which from time immemorial had served to fasten the robes of the Abbot of Vézor on the Meuse, when in full pontificals. It is a circular piece of crystal, on which is represented the history of Susanna and the Elders. In the centre is the inscription, "Lotharius rex Franc. fieri jussit." Mr. Bernal purchased it for 10*l.*: at his sale the British Museum outbid Lord Londesborough, and secured it for 267*l.*

Mr. King gives us some startling instances of the prices at which gems have been sold. "Gem collections had now (eighteenth century) grown into a perfect mania with the noble and the rich; the first great impetus being imparted by the arch-charlatan, Baron Stosch (a Hanoverian spy over the Pretender's motions), by the formation of his enormous cabinet, and its illustration by the labours of the erudite Winckelmann, with its final purchase at the enormous price of 30,000 ducats, by the reputed model of the prince-philosopher, Frederick of Prussia. The Duc d'Orleans, grandson of the Regent, followed his example. Our own Dukes of Devonshire and Marlborough were, concurrently with the French prince, zealously at work in forming their present magnificent cabinets, paying incredible sums for gems of any celebrity. The former acquired from Stosch, for the equivalent of 1,000*l.*, the cow of Apollonides, and from Sevin at Paris, at the same rate, the Diomed with the Palladium. The latter nobleman, says La Chaux, purchased from Zanetti of Venice (1763) four gems for the sum of 1,200*l.*: they are the Phocion of Alessandro il Greco, the Horatius Cocles (a miniature cinquecento cameo), the Antinous, and the Matidea—all still adorning the cabinet at Blenheim. The large cameo of Vespasian cost the same amateur (according to Raspe) 300 guineas. The same portrait in cameo, but re-styled a Mecænas, cost Mr. Yorke 250 guineas. The fine intaglio, Hercules and the Dying Amazon, was bought by Mr. Boyd for 300*l.*: and to conclude this list of extravagances, the Hercules and Lion intaglio on sardonyx, in its antique silver mounting (found at Aleppo), was considered cheap by Mr. Locke at the figure of 200 guineas."

But royal personages long ago would have thought little of such prices as these, if we are to believe that the rings of Faustina and Domitia cost respectively what would be in our money 40,000*l.* and 60,000*l.* A former

Electeur of Mayence is said to have offered the whole village of Anemöneburg for a cameo formerly in the shrine constructed at Marburg to contain the bones of the saintly Elizabeth of Thüringen: and Rudolf II. gave 12,000 gold ducats for the famous "Gemma Augustea," now at Vienna. It is superior in point of art to the Paris cameo already mentioned, but falls short in point of size, being 9 inches by 8, whilst the Paris one measures 13 by 11. The Campegna is 16 by 12.

The excessive prices gems used to fetch gave rise of course to numberless forgeries. An amusing story is told of how Payne Knight, the great connoisseur in that branch of art, was taken in. He was one day exhibiting his collection to a foreigner, and had nearly displayed all his treasures, when he opened a drawer and said, "Now, sir, let me show you one of the gems of my collection." "I am sorry to have to tell you," said his visitor, "that I engraved that gem myself." It was Pistrucci, afterwards engraver to the English Mint. The gem was the Flora, now in the British Museum; in the opinion of Mr. King, it is but a poor performance. It was the same artist's Greek hero on horseback which, after some little alterations had been made in it, was chosen by Lord Maryborough to represent St. George, on the reverse of the sovereign of 1816. Pistrucci must have found gem-cutting a very profitable employment, if it be true that he got as much as 800*l.* for a single cameo.

The most gigantic fraud ever perpetrated was the Poniatowski gems—3,000 in number—which were all forgeries. The British Museum luckily declined to purchase them when they were offered for sale. So highly were they esteemed at one period that a gentleman who had got 1,200 of them, actually refused 60,000*l.* for his treasures. But at Lord Monson's sale in 1854, though some of the choicest specimens were put up, they fetched no more, gold-setting and all, than from 25 to 30 shillings each. The prince had inherited a genuine collection from his uncle Stanislaus, the last King of Poland. When these were sold in 1839 the gems had got such a bad name that the masterpiece of Dioscorides, Io, instead of fetching, as it would have fetched some time before, 1,000 guineas, was actually knocked down for 17*l.* It was bought by Mr. Cowie, who, though an Englishman, left it, I regret to add, with his other collection, to the Florence Gallery.

We have but to glance at the collection of casts displayed in the South Kensington Museum to be aware how very unimportant as yet is the national collection of Ivories, whether there or at the British Museum. But in the latter museum are some fine and valuable ivories, derived principally from the Maskell collection. Their oldest, and in one way most interesting specimens were brought from Nineveh by Mr. Layard. The influence of Egyptian art is very plainly to be seen in them, but one cannot help being surprised at the expression the artists have put into some of their figures, notwithstanding that the general drawing is deficient in freedom.

But the Museum cases would have been more worthily filled if the authorities had taken advantage of the rare opportunity which presented itself in 1855, when the Fájerváry Collection was offered to them. Some most precious examples were contained in it. When the purchase had been declined by the trustees, it was secured by Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, who has generously transferred it with the rest of his choice museum to the Brown Free Library, at Liverpool. There too, thanks to the same munificent donor, is the Faussett Collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities, which the British Museum refused to purchase in 1854. It is almost, if not quite, the most authentic and valuable collection in existence, and contains, with very few exceptions, specimens (some of them very beautiful) of every known article ever found in Anglo-Saxon graves. Mr. Wylie would have added to it his collection of objects from Fairford—all the antiquarian societies in the kingdom exerted themselves in the matter—it was only a question of some 600*l.* or 700*l.*—but the trustees in their wisdom decided that it could find no place in the Museum.

Of more modern ivories, by far the most important are the Diptychs—a pair of tablets, like the cover of a book, with wax on the inner surface for writing on. Of one species, the “mythological”—of which no more than half-a-dozen specimens, if so many, are known—a very fine one, which has been engraved by Raphael Morghen, is in the Fájerváry collection. It was executed in the second century. On one tablet is Æsculapius and Telesphorus; on the other Hygeia and Cupid: each figure being seven inches high, and beautifully carved. The same collection has a specimen of another kind, the “imperial,” also of extreme rarity. This diptych is supposed to be that of the Emperor Philip the Arab (A. D. 248). Other diptychs were consular. Under the empire it was the custom for consuls, and other of the chief magistrates, on the day upon which they entered on their office, to make presents to their friends of diptychs inscribed with their names and containing their portraits. Though consuls only were allowed to have them in ivory, we find, from the letters of Q. Aurelius Symmachus, that the law was not strictly observed: for in the case of his son ivory diptychs were distributed, though he was only a quæstor. One of these consular diptychs in the Fájerváry collection is that of Constantinus, Consul of the East (A. D. 513). He holds the “*mappa circensis*,” the throwing down of which was the signal for commencing the games. Underneath are persons distributing diptychs, purses, &c. In another the name of the consul has been removed and that of Bishop Baldric, who accompanied Godfrey of Bouillon to the Holy Land, put in its stead. Some idea of the value of this collection may be formed from the fact that when the Arundel Society published a select series of ivories from various collections, the Fájerváry supplied no less than ten specimens. The Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris supplied eleven, and the Berlin Museum the same number.

One or two fine diptychs are in the British Museum, and at South

Kensington is a leaf of the Diptychon Meleretense, of 4th-century work, and formerly in the convent at Moutiers, in France. It belonged to the family of Symmachus, and was bought for 420*l.* Another very beautiful diptych, of Byzantine work, belonged to Rufinus Gennadius Probus Orestes, Consul of the East under Justinian, A.D. 521. It was purchased for 620*l.* Other diptychs were ecclesiastical; some of them containing the names of living patriarchs and bishops of important sees; others of those who had died in the peace and communion of the church. One very fine one of this kind was formerly in the treasury of the Cathedral of Soissons. The subjects represented are the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord, and the descent of the Holy Ghost. It is a little more than a foot in height, and its date about the end of the 13th century. It cost 308*l.* Of other ecclesiastical ivories I may mention three Triptychs; one of Italian work of the 14th century, purchased for 350*l.*; another of German work of the same date, for 448*l.*; and the third French, of the latter half of the 15th century, for 210*l.* Another very important triptych, by Andrea Pisano, came from the Campana collection. Besides these is a beautiful book cover of German work, of the 7th or 8th century, fifteen inches by eleven, which cost 588*l.* And, lastly, there are two heads of crosiers, one $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, for which 140*l.* was paid; the other $6\frac{3}{4}$, which cost 168*l.* Many of the prices given for these and similar objects by the Museum may seem excessive, but if we have waited till the market-prices were exorbitant, we have only ourselves to blame. And good prices must be given, if we want to secure any thing worth having, when we have such competitors as the Louvre, which can acquire the Campana Museum—exclusive of one very valuable portion, which was secured for South Kensington—for 4,800,000 francs; and is not ashamed to purchase, at the Soltikoff sale, for 32,000 francs, a diptych that had been offered to it only five or six years before for 4,500.

Whether Herodotus is right in attributing the invention of coined money to the Lydians, is perhaps somewhat open to question. It is, however, very remarkable that the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians, with all their wonderful advance in civilization, should never have invented anything better than lumps and bars of metal as a medium for exchange. The earliest money mentioned in the Bible—as, for instance, that carried by Joseph's brethren into Egypt—was "in weight." The first Hebrew coinage is no older than the Maccabees. The first Egyptian began with the successors of Alexander. Examples of Lydian coins have come down to us, but as they have no inscriptions their dates can only be guessed at. Some of them are of the rudest description, being merely a lump of electrum—three parts gold to one of silver—upon one surface of which was impressed a lion's head or other device—the other surface, like that of the old silver coins of Ægina, being merely flattened by the block upon which the metal was struck. A method, equally simple, is

mentioned in the *Asiatic Transactions* as having been lately practised in India. "A piece of mango-tree, about four feet in length, was half-buried in the ground, in the middle of which was inserted a die: upon the die was placed a circular piece of gold, and over that another die. The upper die was then struck with a sledge hammer, and the mohur dropped on one side complete."

We find curious peculiarities now and then about some ancient coins—as for example, those of M. Mæcilius Tullus, triumvir of the mint under Augustus, which have a superscription on the reverse and nothing more, and one still more strange bronze medal of Nemausus (Nismes), known by the name of the Pied de Biche, from the extraordinary projection it has from the lower part of it. There is in the British Museum a coin of Attalus, who was for one year Emperor of the West, which is remarkable as the heaviest silver coin known; it weighs $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. The Roman copper coins, the asses, were originally much heavier than this, weighing in fact 12 ounces (the coins of Adria in the Abruzzi were heavier still), but in the time of the first Punic war the asses, though the nominal value remained the same, were reduced in weight to a couple of ounces, and so paid off the national debt. Pausanias, one of the Macedonian Kings, practised another device. His silver coins were only plated copper: just as much a cheat as the "black money" coined by French nobles some 600 years ago, or the base coinage of our own Queen Mary.

"Necessity is the mother of invention." So it proved in the civil wars when Charles had to issue "siege pieces," which were nothing more than portions of cups or salvers, with the chasing sometimes still visible. The money of James II. coined just before the battle of the Boyne, got its name, "gun money," from the substance of which it was mostly composed, old brass guns. Pieces not worth intrinsically more than a halfpenny or a penny were made to pass as shillings and half-crowns.

The first coins to which a date can be positively given are those of Alexander I. of Macedonia. It is not, however, till the time of Philip II. that the Macedonian coins approach that degree of beauty and artistic skill for which they are so famous. He issued a large coinage which was very extensively circulated throughout Greece, and we have a very curious proof of its still wider diffusion.

Among the ancient Helvetii, the money most in circulation seems to have been a quarter-stater of gold—a bad imitation of this very Macedonian coinage. It has upon it some letters which no doubt are intended for ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ. The use of Greek letters, however, in Helvetia is mentioned by Cæsar. The gold of these coins was collected, as Dr. Keller tells us in his very interesting work on the Lake Dwellings of Switzerland, in the Aar and its tributaries, and the money coined at Aventicum, the modern Avenches, in the Pays de Vaud.

There is however a still more remarkable instance of such imitation. In the year 1783 there was discovered, about ten miles from Calcutta, a quantity of money which had been coined by Chandra, a king of upper

and central India, in the 6th century A.D. These pieces were declared by Payne Knight to have been attempts at imitating some coinage of Greece.

It would be impossible within any reasonable limit to give an account of the coins that are remarkable either for their beauty, such as those of the cities of Sicily, &c., or their rarity. An example or two must suffice. One very exquisite instance is the tetradrachm of Syracuse with the head of the nymph Arethusa. The artist, Cimon, has put his name on the coin—a very unusual proceeding. Lord Northwick's specimen sold for 60 guineas. Another is that of Lysimachus, one of Alexander's generals, with a head of his master—a perfect gem; another a coin of Magnesia ad Mæandrum, with a draped statue of Diana on the obverse, and on the reverse a naked statue of Apollo—a fine example of which brought 265*l.* at the Northwick sale: one of Samos which Mionnet calls one of the most beautiful coins he ever saw—on it is the infant Hercules; it brought 100*l.* at the same sale; and two of the city of Thurii with the head of Pallas on the obverse, of wonderful beauty.

The number and variety of ancient coins is almost incredible. Mionnet gives us a list of no less than three hundred kings and one thousand cities, and to one of these latter—Tarentum—there are assigned no less than five hundred distinct types. One curious, and at first sight, inexplicable circumstance is that, whereas the coins of such an out-of-the-way place as Tyras at the mouth of the Dneister are remarkable for their beauty, those of Athens are so rude and unartistic. “The true cause was commercial policy. The reputation of the Athenian tetradrachm stood high in the commercial world, and its circulation, like that of the Venetian sequin and the Spanish dollar in modern times, was almost universal. Even now it is found in some of the most distant parts of the map. The Athenians abstained from any improvement upon the ancient type, fearing lest the confidence of foreigners in the purity and weight of the coin should be lessened thereby. So in China and the east during the late war, Spanish *pillar* dollars were current, but those of Ferdinand VII. and King Joseph, coined without the pillars, were refused. The Venetian ducat and the Maria Theresa dollar continued to be struck in Italy, for foreign circulation, long after the extinction of the Republic and the death of that Empress. The old Athenian coinage enjoyed the same pre-eminence.”

Some coins are very interesting as bearing portraits of famous historical personages. Alexander the Great has been mentioned already; then we have Hannibal's friend, Mithridates: a gold coin of his, for which Mr. Edmonds had given 115*l.* in 1838, was secured in 1854 by General Fox for his fine collection for 60*l.* Then there is an unique medal of Commodus, with the figure of Britannia (the present figure on our copper coinage is said to have been taken from the Duchess of Richmond when halfpennies and farthings were first issued in the time of Charles II.), which the British Museum purchased for 75*l.*; and more than all, the tetradrachm of that

marvellous woman, Cleopatra. The British Museum secured a specimen at the Northwick sale for 240*l.*

Among English coins are some that fetch very large prices. A gold penny of Henry III., for instance, sold in 1859, for 130*l.*; a quarter florin of Edward III., almost unique, for 145*l.*; and a crown piece of Henry VIII., at Mr. Cuff's sale in 1854, brought 140*l.* Probably the largest price ever paid for an English coin was at the same sale for the 5*l.* piece presented by Charles I. on the scaffold to Bishop Juxon, bearing the motto "Florent concordia regna." It was a pattern piece never published. From the bishop it passed through various hands, till it was purchased from Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, by Mr. Till, the coin-dealer, for 50*l.* He offered it to the British Museum for 80*l.*, but the purchase was declined, and finally Mr. Cuff became the possessor at 60*l.* At his sale it brought 200*l.*; the purchaser being Mr. Brown, one of the partners of the house of Longmans.

Another very interesting piece is the "petition crown" of Thomas Simon. Jealous that all the dies of the English mint were being engraved by foreigners, he executed this piece to show Charles II. that native artists could do the work quite as well. On the obverse is the king's head crowned with laurel—on the reverse, a small figure of St. George on horseback, surrounded with the garter and motto "Honi soit qui mal-y-pense," outside which are the four escutcheons of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, with two C's interlaced at the angles. The inscription is "Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex. 1663;" on the edge "Reddite quæ Cæsaris Cæsari," &c. Dr. Waagen tells us, that Mr. Bale gave 154*l.* for his specimen; Sir W. Baynes's, last August, brought 36*l.* 10*s.*

About one English coin there exists a very singular delusion—Queen Anne's farthing. Often and often have the officers of the British Museum received letters asking whether, as the writer was in possession of the *third* of the farthings, of which the Museum had the other two, he was not entitled to some 1,000*l.* or so; and grievous no doubt has been his disappointment at being told that his fancied treasure might possibly be worth some four or five shillings. How the delusion ever originated, it is impossible to say; but one account tells us that a lady in Yorkshire, having lost one of these farthings, which she valued as the bequest of a dear friend, offered a very large sum for its recovery, and this gave rise to a false impression of the value of any specimen. It is commonly believed that only three examples of the farthings were struck off, because it was found that there was a flaw near the bridge of the Queen's nose; another account says the die broke in two. There are really no less than five or six different patterns of the farthing, but most of them were struck for approval only and never issued. The genuine farthing has the inscription "Anna Dei gratia," surrounding the Queen's bust; on the reverse the figure of, and the inscription, "Britannia." It is dated 1714. Another, which was also perhaps in circulation, exactly resembles the one just mentioned, but has the date 1713. They have broad milled edges, like the

farthings of George III. Of the patterns, the rarest seems to be one like the genuine farthing, but with the inscription "Anna Regina." In 1823 there was a trial at Dublin about a Queen Anne's farthing, which it was stated had actually been sold for 800*l*.

The British Museum collection of coins is already taking nearly, if not quite, the foremost place of all such collections. It is no wonder, however, that its treasures should multiply, when we can point to such instances of liberality as that of Mr. Wigan, of Highbury Terrace, who a few years since allowed the officers of the Museum to take any specimens they pleased from his collection of Roman gold coins. They took 200—many of them unique, all of the greatest rarity and beauty. They were valued at 3,000*l*. How much more noble than that narrow-minded liberality, that will not let its treasures mix with those of its neighbours, but must have rooms, cabinets, and special curators, for its display and glorification.

As might be naturally expected, forgeries in coins are by no means rare. Many of these are clumsy enough, but there are two exceptions that must be mentioned. Two men, John Carino and Alexander Bassiano, both of Padua, produced more than 100 medals and coins; some of them imitations of antiques, others pure fabrications. These "Paduans," as they are called, are beautifully executed, and are in great request as tests. But the greatest forger was Becker, who died at Frankfort in 1830. He produced nearly 350 forgeries, some of which he contrived to have "found," like Dousterswivel and Simonides, in places where he had hidden them.

Besides the interest coins have, either from their rarity or their beauty, they have now and then no small degree of historical value and importance. One instance will be familiar no doubt to many. In the account of Philippi given in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Luke caused no small difficulty by describing it as a colony. From coins, however, as well as from inscriptions, we find that the sacred historian was right, and that Augustus gave it the privilege of a colony, with the name, "Colonia Julia Augusta Philippensis."

The art of Glass-making is of very high antiquity. The oldest known specimen of *transparent* glass is a bottle about $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, discovered by Mr. Layard in the ruins of the N.W. palace at Nineveh, and now in the British Museum. It was blown in one solid piece, and then hollowed out by a machine. It has *engraved* upon it the name and title of Sargon, accompanied with the figure of a lion. Its date, therefore, is the latter part of the seventh century B.C. The art, however, had been practised in Egypt many centuries before this. There was discovered at Thebes a glass head, bearing the name of a king who lived about 1450 B.C. The monuments carry us back much further even than this. On the paintings at Beni Hassan, which belong to the reign of Osirtasen I., who reigned B.C. 2000, we have figures of glass-blowers at work, and on the monuments of the tenth dynasty, some two centuries earlier still, are drawings of

bottles of transparent glass containing a red wine. The skill shown by the ancient Egyptian glass-blowers is almost incredible. Except perhaps in point of brilliancy—and the evidence here must necessarily be wanting, in consequence of the chemical changes which time causes in the substance of the glass—they seem to have equalled, and in some instances, surpassed any productions of more modern times. Their art in introducing different colours into the same vase has, I believe, as yet found no imitators. One very curious specimen of their skill has been preserved. It is not quite an inch in length, by $\frac{1}{3}$ in breadth, and $\frac{1}{6}$ in thickness, and contains a figure of a bird resembling a duck in very bright and varied colours. “The most delicate pencil of a miniature painter could not have traced with greater sharpness the circle of the eyeball or the plumage of the neck and wings.” The most wonderful thing, however, is that the picture goes all through the glass, so that both sides show the same figure. The way in which it must have been made was by arranging threads of coloured and uncoloured glass in such a manner as to produce the required figure at each end of the mass. The threads were then united by heat, each thread being adjusted separately. The bar of glass thus made would be cut into horizontal sections, each section of course containing the figure. In some cases of similar work the details are so fine as only to be made out with a lens, which accordingly must have been used in its manufacture. It is extremely interesting to find that Mr. Layard did discover a magnifying lens at Nineveh.

Many specimens of Greek glass have come down to us, Mr. Webb exhibiting no fewer than thirty-three specimens in the Loan Collection at South Kensington. Of Roman glass, examples are much more numerous; the Museo Borbonico alone has 2,000. The Romans themselves considered a colourless glass as the most precious kind. Nero gave as much as 6,000 sesteria (nearly 50,000*l.*) for two cups with handles on each side. The most valuable example of Roman glass that has come down to us is the famous Portland or Barberini vase—“Portland’s mystic urn,” as Darwin calls it—now deposited in the British Museum. In 1845 it was wantonly broken into fragments, but has been most admirably restored by Mr. Doubleday, only one very small piece being wanting. This vase, which was found in a tomb supposed to be that of the Emperor Alexander Severus, who was murdered A.D. 235, is composed of two strata of glass, blue and white. The white surface was then carved like a cameo, leaving white figures on a dark background. It was purchased from Sir William Hamilton by the Duchess of Portland. At her sale the Duke of Portland, after a private understanding, it seems, with Wedgwood, bought it in at 1,029*l.* 10*s.*

Another very beautiful specimen belongs to the Trivulzi family. It is a cup, resembling opal, surrounded by a network of blue glass, attached by several small and very fine props. Round the rim is an inscription in green glass, attached like the network, *Bibe, vivas multos annos.* It was

evidently carved out of a solid piece of glass, made of two differently coloured strata. Another specimen of similar workmanship was exhibited by Baron Rothschild at the Loan Exhibition, 1862.

In the South Kensington Museum there is a very valuable and interesting collection of early Christian glass, the property of Mr. C. W. Wilshere. They are the centres of pateræ or bowls, the rest of the bowls having perished. These fragments are ornamented with figures of animals and other objects, cut out in gold leaf, the details being graved with a steel point. Sometimes a red background is added, and the whole picture then inserted between two folds of glass. The process itself seems to have been known to the ancient Egyptians. One beautiful specimen, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, bears half-length portraits of a Roman lady and gentleman, and above, a bilingual inscription, *PIE PESES*. Around them are some Scriptural subjects. It was probably a wedding present. Mr. Wilshere was fortunate enough to secure these precious examples some few years ago for a comparatively small price. Other specimens are in the British Museum.

Of more modern glass the most valuable is the Venetian. A very fictitious value was in many cases put upon it, because it was considered a certain preservation against poison, the glass breaking when any noxious drug was put within it. The glass-makers at Venice were provided with houses on the island of Murano, and were forbidden, on pain of death, to carry their art elsewhere. The glass itself is coarse in quality and with very little lustre as compared with some recent specimens of English manufacture; but the beauty and elegance of the forms, and the marvellous skill in manipulation which is displayed, will always secure Venetian glass a foremost place in collections.

Many specimens of their art are no little puzzle to the uninitiated, who are as much at a loss at a filigree glass as King George was at the apple-dumpling. The process, however, is simple enough. A bundle of glass threads, coloured or otherwise, is plunged into a pot of colourless fused glass, in such a manner as to take up a sufficient quantity of it to envelop it with a transparent coating. In this way a stick of solid glass is made, about three inches in diameter, the pattern being now in the centre. This stick is then reheated and drawn out into a long cane, the operator meanwhile twisting the rod so as to give the enclosed threads a spiral pattern. It is then cut into such lengths as may be required. In order to form with these a filigree glass—*vasi a retorti* as they are called—a number of these canes—from twenty to forty—are placed side by side round the interior of an open mould, and then a quantity of fused glass blown in, enough to join them all together. It is then treated like an ordinary ball of glass and blown into shape, the workman again twisting the glass according to the required pattern. For the process of making a more complicated kind of glass—the *vasi a reticelli*—where two folds of glass are employed, so arranged that the threads cross each other like network, I

must refer my readers to Mr. Apsley Pellatt's excellent work, *Curiosities of Glass-making*. There also will be found an explanation of the milliflore glass, which at first sight seems so inexplicable.

We shall know more of the rich treasures which England possesses in the shape of glass, when Mr. Felix Slade is kind enough to give to the world the catalogue of his matchless collection upon which he has been so long engaged. Mr. Slade does not shrink from giving large prices for good and rare specimens. One instance may be quoted as an example. At the Soltikoff sale there was a goblet of rich emerald green colour, with a bulbed and fluted stem powdered with gold. The top and bottom of the bowl were ornamented with gold and jewelled bands, and between these were two medallions supported by cupids and surrounded by garlands, and containing portraits of a lady and gentleman, in the costume of the latter part of the fifteenth century. On a scroll before the male figure was the inscription, "Amor vol fee." Mr. Slade secured this fine specimen, after a spirited bidding against the agents of the Louvre, for 6,000 francs.

No specimens of glass in the Bernal collection fetched prices at all approaching to this. We find, however, Mr. N. T. Smith giving 50*l.* for one fine specimen; Baron Rothschild, 54*l.* for a tazza; and Mr. Slade, the highest price at that sale for such works, 55*l.* The same sale had some wonderful instances of the manner in which objects of natural history were pressed into service. Bunches of grapes, tulips, rampant horses carrying tazzas, serpents, pelicans, dolphins, and other creatures, are proofs and memorials of the skill of artists in glass in the Venice of former days.

Joan of Arc.

—♦—

Und büßen will ich's mit der strengsten Busze
Das ich mich eitel über euch erhob.—SCHILLER.

—

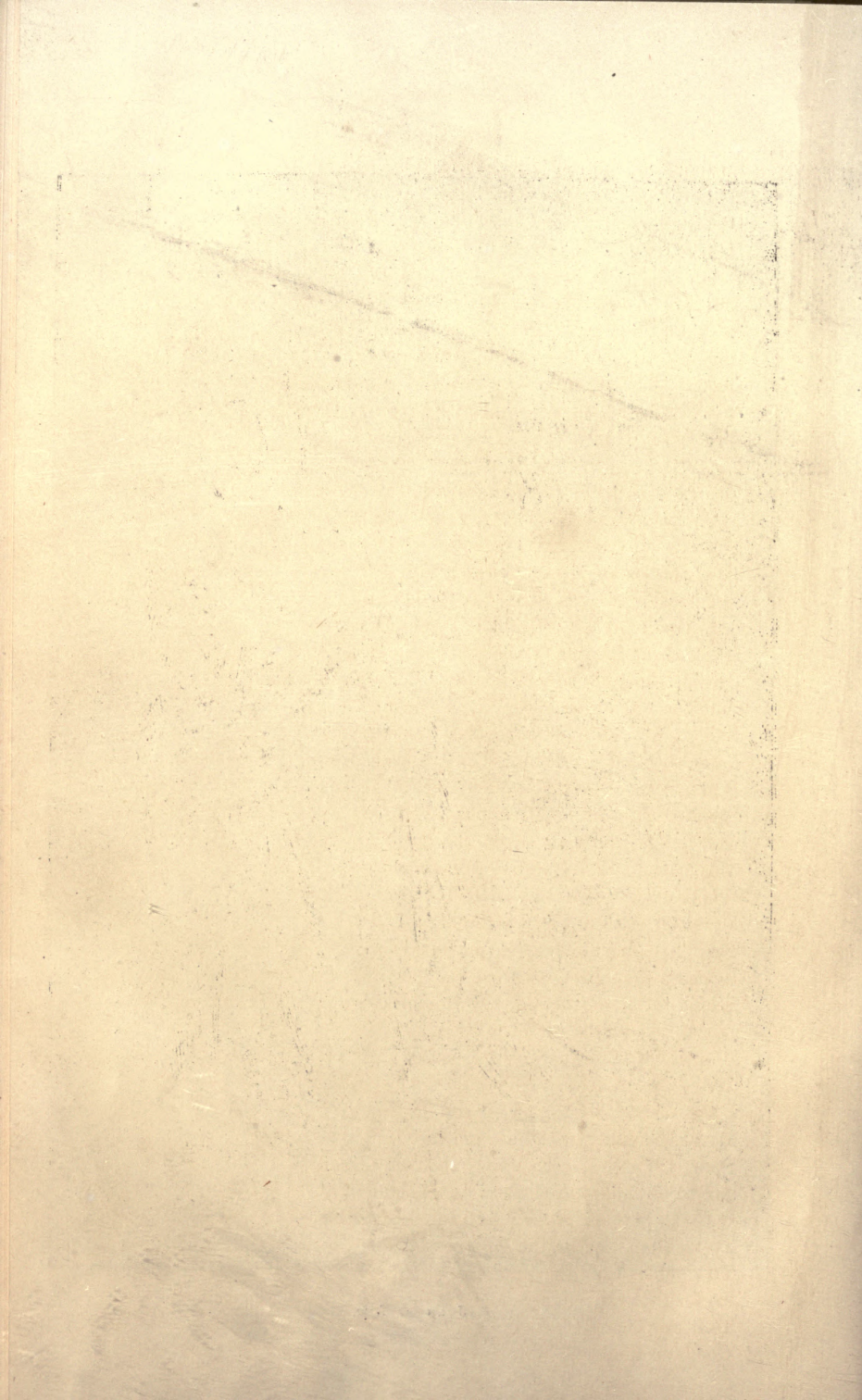
*I read or dreamed, one sultry summer time,
How, at the last, France's knightly maiden fled,
And lived in silent honour, nobly wed,
Leaving her heritage of deathless fame
To the chance partner of her mortal shame,
Who should have died with her, and died instead.
Then, with two lines of German in my head,
I shaped her after-life in moody rhyme.*

—

A mossy battlemented wall went round
A rosy space of odorous garden ground,
Where the blue brooding sky hung very low,
Above the quaint-peaked shadow of the towers,
Above the sunny marge of ordered flowers,
Among the which I saw a lady go,
Telling her beads, with steady pace and slow ;
These done, she lifted half her cypress veil
With marble hands which might have held a sword,
And I beheld her face, sweet, still, and pale,
With tearless eyes, bent on the dewless sward.
Then raising her calm brow, but not her eyes,
To woo the sweetness of the summer skies,
Of her own desolate estate she sang,
Not sadly ; but her patient singing rang
So heavily upon her silver tongue,
A tale of peace and patience worse than pain,
That, as I heard, I knew her youth was slain ;
And yet her rounded face might still be young,
Who, making music neither high nor low,
But borne along a level stream of woe,
Sang words like these as nearly as I know :—
“ The banners of the battle are gone by,
The flowers are fallen from my maiden crown,
Thorns choke the tender seed of my renown,
Bleeding in sick astonishment I lie,
Where He who set me up hath cast me down.
If only I could hear the clarion cry,



JOAN OF ARC.



Nay, only feel the chain, and eye the stake ;
 But it is over now, I cannot wake,
 My sun is set, and dreams are of the night ;
 Dreams ? one long, leaden dream, which will not break,
 Lies on my aching eyelids till I die.
 Dreaming I walk between the earth and heaven ;
 And heaven is sealed, and earth is out of sight :
 No cries, no threats, no heavenly voices now ;
 Only the memory of a broken vow ;
 Only the thought of having vainly striven ;
 And France is still in bonds, and so am I :
 I chose my bonds, and shall I be forgiven ?
 Nay, therefore, I am cast away from God ;
 For He hath made me like a broken rod
 Not worth the burning when its work is done,
 That bleaches idly in the summer sun,
 Then rots as idly in the autumn rain,
 Nor wonders why it left the root in vain.
 I am God's broken rod ; shall I complain ?
 I wake from dreams at best but bitter sweet,
 Dreams chilled with danger, flushed with self-conceit ;
 Only the waking seems so like a cheat ;
 And yet I would not dream the dream again.
 I was so blind, so fierce, so cruel then,
 When, foremost in the press of fighting men,
 I panted with my banner and my sword,
 And fought, me seemed, the battles of my Lord.
 Alas ! His poor are always full of pain,
 Whether our Charles or English Henry reign.
 My sisters still are happy the old way,
 Their lives have taken root in soft deep clay,
 In peace they grow, in peace they shall decay,
 Seeing their fruit before they fade away ;
 But all my barren flower of life is shed
 In gusts of idle rumour overhead.
 They have their wish : I would not be as they.
 I have my wish—to rest—I rest in pain ;
 My wishes kill each other, and the dead
 Buzz still with ghostly stings about my head,
 Not to be caught, and never to be slain.
 O God ! is there worse pain in hell than this,—
 To taste and loathe the quietness of bliss,
 To shudder from the very sins we miss,
 To long for any change, and yet to know
 That any change must bring a bitterer woe !
 God ! do the lost in torment praise Thee so ?

Counting Thy curse the lightest curse like me,
 When loathing their sick selves, from self they flee
 To hang with lesser loathing upon Thee ? ”

Her parched tongue ceased ; but still her feverish face
 Seemed speaking, but no words found way again,
 Till she stood quivering in her lord's embrace,
 As chill reeds quiver in the warm spring rain.
 For it was but a screen of thick pleached yew
 Had kept him hidden from her heedless view,
 In whose kind ears she cared not to complain ;
 Because his ever ready eyes, she knew,
 Would water her dry heart with barren dew.
 He was a courteous knight of thirty years,
 With that wise look that comes of early cares
 And pondering long to have life over soon ;
 His life was over, and he was content :
 Peril, he thought, made ease a double boon,
 As Easter comes the blither after Lent ;
 So all men knew him, wheresoe'er he went,
 By the grave leisure of his open brow,
 That frankly seemed to ruminate on naught,
 And gloat upon a vacancy of thought,—
 For one of those who sleep of afternoons,
 And hum the listless ends of lusty tunes.
 But he had saved her from the flame for this,
 The cruel flame, where one not two had died,
 And she had ridden unsleeping at his side,
 To that far castle, still and hardly won,
 For which his early feats of arms were done,
 And often bent her head to meet his kiss,
 And whispered willingness to be his bride :
 So she was walking in his garden now,
 His quiet garden, where no rough wind blew,
 Which seemed to sleep for ever in the sun
 Of harvest, as its comely lord slept too ;
 For he had land enough, and naught to do
 But keep the rust from idle helm and glaive,
 And whiten for the garner of the grave
 At leisure, with his tale of years half run.
 She paid him duteous, lingering kisses still,
 She worked, she spoke, she rested at his will ;
 And only now and then took leave to sigh,
 When he, who loved her dearly, was not by.
 But with the growing years a dull pain grew
 That made her cower from his slumbrous eye,
 And wonder when it would be time to die,

And wonder why her head would not grow grey :
But she had cheated him until that day,
With petty feints of woes she did not feel,
To hide what words were wanting to reveal.
Her skill grew with her trouble : even then,
Unwatched of serving maids or serving men,
She kept her passionate speech below her breath,
And let the blind tears burn her eyes unshed,
Only her marble cheek was pale as death,
As, finding voice before her lord, she said :
"The sun beats hotly, friend, on your bare head."
But he, "I heard you sobbing, did I not ?
No ? let me turn with you, the sun is hot."
Thereat they turned, where matted yew-trees made
A sudden cool of black undazzling shade,
Then half appeased the knight "All well, my sweet ?
You tremble now so often when we meet."
"Yea, well, love ;" and she braved his eager look,
That sought to read her pale face like a book,
And noted sallow cheek and swollen eye,
Whence he opined she suffered from the heat,
And felt her hand, the skin was hot and dry ;
He asked what ailed her, and how long, and whence,
And shyly muttered hints of pestilence.
Laughing almost, she sware she ailed no part.
Then far more tedious than a perfect fool,
Quoth her wise lord, "What, lady, sick at heart ?
Tell me ?" "I cannot, nothing troubles me,
My heart is not your heart to beat by rule."
"Your feet still stagger from the stormy sea ;"
"At least the sea was living ; now I stand
On dead waste flats of sultry, stagnant land."
"You kissed that safe shore, and my helping hand
Once, when I think you did not care to die."
"Saint Katherine and Saint Margaret did not faint,
But saw their crowns, and put deliverance by,
Following the Bridegroom : I am not a saint."
"Thank God, not quite too high for me to wed."
With a meek kiss she paid her thanks, and said,
"You do not think the saints will judge the world ?"
"They will judge you did well in saving France."
"As well say that the pennon of your lance
Slays all whom those that ride behind it slay ;
Yet the torn pennon shall be nicely furled,
When men at arms are trampled into clay."
"Yea, and the brightest banner wins the fray."

You were the banner, nay, the soul of France :
 Her mighty men were nothing but for you."
 "Nay, but I needed others to work through."
 "You grudge that others share your earthly fame ;
 Trust me, heaven's harps ring only to your name."
 "You flatter me ; heaven's harps ring only true."
 She paused. "Not fame, but famous deeds to do!
 Why am I kept idle ? If I only knew !"
 "Because God gives you early of His best :
 I thank Him for this harvest of rich rest,
 I thank Him, who did so much less by me,
 And yet not less, because he set you free."
 "The cowards, for they dared not let me go
 Themselves, had need of a good knight for show
 Of rescue." Her good knight made answer, "Nay,
 Doomed by the Church, why let you slip away ?"
 "Why ? must I teach you kings of France are men ?
 Why ? the whole world cried shame on him, and then
 His conscience might have woke to cry Amen."
 "Wife, if God reckoned with you he might miss
 Something of gratitude for all your bliss."
 With sunken eyelids and with folded hands,
 She stood, as a meek guardian angel stands,
 Who sees a sinner wandering out of reach.
 He, stung to answer her unspoken speech,
 Said hotly, "Three things are insatiable,—
 Our God, and any woman's heart, and hell."
 Then lifting for a parting kiss her head,
 With half a smile wrung out from somewhere, "Well !
 I go to give our maids fresh work," she said,
 "They are insatiable of spinning wool."

I dreamed : her saints were far more merciful.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Jack the Giant-Killer.



CHAPTER I.

ON MONSTERS, ETC.

Most of us have read at one time or another in our lives the article entitled *Gigantes*, which is to be found in a certain well-known dictionary. It tells of that terrible warfare in which gods and giants, fighting in fury, hurled burning woods and rocks through the air, piled mountains upon mountains, brought seas from their boundaries, thundering, to overwhelm their adversaries;—it tells how the gods fled in their terror into Egypt, and hid themselves in the shapes of animals, until Hercules, the giant-killer of those strange times, sprang up to rescue and deliver the world from the dire storm and confusion into which it had fallen. Hercules laid about him with his club. Others since then, our Jack among the rest, have fought with gallant courage and devotion, and given their might and their strength and their lives to the battle. That battle which has no end, alas! and which rages from sunrise to sundown,—although hero after hero comes forward, full of hope, of courage, of divine fire and indignation.

Who shall gainsay us, if now-a-days some of us may perhaps be tempted to think that the tides of victory flow, not with the heroes, but with the giants; that the gods of our own land are hiding in strange disguises; that the heroes battling against such unequal odds are weary and sad at heart; while the giants, unconquered still, go roaming about the country, oppressing the poor, devouring the children, laying homes bare and desolate?

Here is *The Times* of to-day,* full of a strange medley and record of the things which are in the world together—Jacks and giants, and champion-belts and testimonials; kings and queens, knights and castles and ladies, screams of horror, and shouts of laughter, and of encouragement or anger. Feelings and prejudices and events,—all vibrating, urging, retarding, influencing one another.

And we read that some emperors are feasting in company at their splendid revels, while another is torn from his throne and carried away by a furious and angry foe, by a giant of the race which has filled the world with such terror in its time. Of late a young giant of that very tribe has marched through our own streets; a giant at play, it is true, and feeding his morbid appetite with purses, chains and watches, and iron park railings;

* May, 1867.

but who shall say that he may not perhaps grow impatient as time goes on, and cry for other food.

And meanwhile people are lying dying in hospitals, victims of one or more of the cruel monsters, whose ill deeds we all have witnessed. In St. Bartholomew's wards, for instance, are recorded twenty-three cases of victims dying from what doctors call *delirium tremens*. Which Jack is there among us strong enough to overcome the giant with his cruel fierce fangs, and force him to abandon his prey? Here is the history of two men suffocated in a vat at Bristol by the deadly gas from spent hops. One of them, Ambrose, is hurrying to the other one's help, and gives up his life for his companion. It seems hard that such men should be sent unarmed into the clutch of such pitiable monsters as this; and one grudges these two lives, and the tears of the widows and children. I might go on for many pages fitting the parable to the commonest facts of life. The great parochial Blunderbore still holds his own; some of his castles have been seized, but others are impregnable;—their doors are kept closed, their secrets are undiscovered.

Other giants, of the race of Cormoran, that "dwell in gloomy caverns, and wade over to the mainland to steal cattle," are at this instant beginning to creep from their foul dens, by sewers and stagnant waters, spreading death and dismay along their path. In the autumn their raids are widest and most deadly. Last spring I heard two women telling one another of a giant of the tribe of Cormoran camping down at Dorking in Surrey. A giant with a poisoned breath and hungry jaws, attacking not only cattle, but the harmless country people all about; children, and men, and women, whom he seized with his deadly gripe, and choked and devoured. Giant Blunderbore, it must be confessed, has had many a hard blow dealt him of late from one Jack and another. There is one gallant giant-killer at Fulham hard by, waging war with many monsters, the great blind giant Ignorance among the rest. Some valiant women, too, there are who have armed themselves, and gone forth with weak hands and tender strong hearts to do their best. I have seen some lately who are living in the very midst of the dreary labyrinth where one of the great Minotaurs of the city is lurking. They stand at the dark mouth of the poisonous caverns, warning and entreating those who, in their blindness and infatuation, are rushing thither, to beware. "I took a house and came," said one of them simply to my friend Mrs. K—— when she asked her how it happened that she was established there in the black heart of the city. All round her feet a little ragged tribe was squatting on the floor, and chirping, and spelling, and learning a lesson which, pray heaven, will last them their lives; and across the road, with pretty little crumpled mob-caps all awry on their brown heads, other children were sewing and at work under the quiet rule of their good teachers. The great business of the city was going on outside. The swarming docks were piled with bales and crowded with workmen; the main thoroughfares streaming and teeming with a struggling life; the side streets silent, deserted, and strangely still. A

bleak north-east wind was blowing down some of these grey streets. I have a vision before me now of one of them : a black deserted alley or passage, hung with some of those rags that seem to be like the banners of this reign of sorrow and sin. The wind swooped up over the stones, the rags waved and fell, and a colourless figure passing up the middle of the dirty gutter pulled at its grimy shawl and crouched as it slid along.

We may well say, we Londoners, see how far the east is from the west. I myself, coming home at night to the crowded cheerful station and travelling back to the light of love, of warmth, of comfort, find myself dimly wondering whether those are not indeed our sins out yonder set away from us, in that dreary East of London district ; our sins alive and standing along the roadside in rags and crying out to us as we pass.

Here in our country cottage the long summer is coming to an end, in falling leaves and setting suns, and gold and russet, where green shoots were twinkling a little time ago. The banks of the river have shifted their colours, and the water, too, has changed. The song of the birds is over ; but there are great flights in the air, rapid, mysterious. For weeks past we have been living in a gracious glamour and dazzle of light and warmth ; and now, as we see it go, H. and I make plans, not unwillingly, for a winter to be passed between the comfortable walls of our winter home. The children, hearing our talk, begin to prattle of the treasures they will find in the nursery at London as they call it. Dolly's head, which was unfortunately forgotten when we came away, and the panniers off the wooden donkey's back, and little neighbour Joan, who will come to tea again, in the doll's tea-things. Yesterday, when I came home from the railway-station across the bridge, little Anne, who had never in her short life seen the lamps of the distant town alight, came toddling up, chattering about " de pooty tandles," and pulling my dress to make me turn and see them too.

To-night other lights have been blazing. The west has been shining along the hills with a gorgeous autumnal fire. From our terrace we have watched the lights and the mists as they succeed one another, streaming mysteriously before yonder great high altar. It has been blazing as if for a solemn ceremonial and burnt sacrifice. As we watch it other people look on in the fields, on the hills, and from the windows of the town. Evening incense rises from the valley, and mounts up through the stillness. The waters catch the light, and repeat it ; the illumination falls up on us, too, as we look and see how high the heavens are in comparison with the earth ; and suddenly, as we are waiting still, and looking and admiring, it is over—the glory has changed into peaceful twilight.

And so we come away, closing shutters and doors and curtains, and settling down to our common occupations and thoughts again ; but outside another high service is beginning, and the lights of the great northern altar are burning faintly in their turn.

People say that extremes meet ; and in the same way that fancy worlds and dreams do not seem meant for the dreary stone streets and smoky

highways of life, neither do they belong to summer and holiday time, when reality is so vivid, so sweet, and so near, that it is but a waste to dream of fairies dancing in rings, or peeping from the woods, when the singing and shining is in all the air, and the living sunshiny children are running on the lawn, and pulling at the flowers with their determined little fingers. And there are butterflies and cuckoos and flowing streams and the sounds of flocks and the vibrations of summer everywhere. Little Anne comes trotting up with a rose-head tight crushed in her hand; little Margery has got a fern-leaf stuck into her hat; Puck, Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, themselves, are all invisible in this great day-shine. The gracious fancy kingdom vanishes at cock-crow, we know. It is not among realities so wonderful and beautiful that we can scarce realize them that we must look for it. Its greatest triumphs are where no other light shines to brighten—by weary sick beds; when distance and loneliness oppress. Who cannot remember days and hours when a foolish conceit has come now and again, like a “flower growing on the edge of a precipice,” to distract the dizzy thoughts from the dark depths below?

Certainly it was through no fancy world that poor John Trevithic's path led him wandering in life, but amid realities so stern and so pitiful at times that even his courage failed him now and then. He was no celebrated hero, though I have ventured to christen him after the great type of our childhood; he was an honest, outspoken young fellow, with a stubborn temper and a tender heart, impressionable to outer things, although from within it was not often that anything seemed to affect his even moods and cheerful temper. He was a bright-faced, broad-set young fellow, about six-and-twenty, with thick light hair, and eagleish eyes, and lips and white teeth like a girl. His hands were like himself, broad and strong, with wide competent fingers, that could fight and hold fast, if need be; and yet they were so clever and gentle withal, that children felt safe in his grasp and did not think of crying, and people in trouble would clutch at them when he put them out. Perhaps Jack did not always understand the extent of the griefs for which his cheerful sympathy was better medicine after all than any mere morbid investigations into their depths could have proved.

CHAPTER II.

C O R M O R A N .

THE first time I ever heard of the Rev. John Trevithic was at Sandsea one morning, when my maid brought in two cards, upon which were inscribed the respective names of Miss Moineaux and Miss Triquett. I had taken a small furnished house at the seaside (for H. was ailing in those days, and had been ordered salt air by the doctors); we knew nobody and nothing of the people of the place, so that I was at first a little bewildered by the visit; but I gathered from a few indescribable

indications that the small fluttering lady who came in sideways was Miss Moineaux, and the bony, curly, scanty personage with the big hook-nose who accompanied her Miss Triquett. They both sat down very politely, as people do who are utter strangers to you and about to ask you for money. Miss Moineaux fixed a little pair of clear meek imploring eyes upon me. Miss Triquett took in the apartment with a quick uncomfortable swoop or ball-like glance. Then she closed her eyes for an instant as she cleared her throat.

She need not have been at any great pains in her investigations; the story told itself. Two middle-aged women, with their desks and work-baskets open before them, and *The Times* and some Indian letters just come in, on the table, the lodging-house mats, screens, Windsor chairs, and druggets, a fire burning for H.'s benefit, an open window for mine, the pleasant morning wash and rush of the sea against the terrace upon which the windows opened, and the voices of H.'s grandchildren playing outside. I can see all the cheerful glitter now as I write. I loved the little place that strikes me so quaintly and kindly as I think of it. The sun shone all the time we were there; day by day I saw health and strength coming into my H.'s pale face. The house was comfortable, the walks were pleasant, good news came to us of those we loved. In short, I was happy there, and one cannot always give a reason for being happy. In the meantime, Miss Triquett had made her observations with her wandering ball eyes.

"We called," she said, in a melancholy clerical voice, "thinking that you ladies might possibly be glad to avail yourselves of an opportunity for subscribing to a testimonial which we are about to present to our friend and pastor, the Reverend John Trevithic, M.A., and for which my friend Miss Moineaux and myself are fully prepared to receive subscriptions. You are perhaps not aware that we lose him on Tuesday week?"

"No, indeed," said I, and I am afraid my cap-strings began to rustle, as they have a way of doing when I am annoyed.

"I'm sure I'm afraid you must think it a great liberty of us to call," burst in little Miss Moineaux, flurriedly, in short disconnected sentences. "I trust you will pardon us. They say it is *quite* certain he is going. We *have* had a suspicion—perhaps . . ." Poor Miss Moineaux stopped short, and turned very red, for Triquett's eye was upon her. She continued, falteringly, "Miss Triquett kindly suggested collecting a teapot and strainer if possible,—it depends, of course, upon friends and admirers. You know how one *longs* to show one's gratitude; and I'm sure in our hopeless state of apathy . . . we had so neglected the commonest precautions——"

Here Miss Triquett interposed. "The authorities were greatly to blame. Mr. Trevithic did his part, no more; but it is peculiarly as a pastor and teacher that we shall miss him. It is a pity that you have not been aware of his ministry." (A roll of the eyes.) A little rustle and chirrup from Miss Moineaux.

"If the ladies had only heard him last Sunday afternoon,—no, I mean the morning before."

"The evening appeal was still more impressive," said Miss Triquett. "I am looking forward anxiously to his farewell next Sunday."

It was really too bad. Were these two strange women who had come to take forcible possession of our morning-room about to discuss at any length the various merits of Mr. Trevithic's last sermon but two, but three, next but one, taking up my time, my room, asking for my money? I was fairly out of temper when, to my horror, H., in her flute voice from the sofa, where she had been lying under her soft silk quilt, said,—

"Mary, will you give these ladies a sovereign for me towards the teapot. Mr. Trevithic was at school with my Frank, and this is not, I think, the first sovereign he has had from me."

Miss Triquett's eyes roved over to the sofa. It must have seemed almost sacrilege to her to speak of Mr. Trevithic as a schoolboy, or even to have known him in jackets. "It is as a tribute to the pastor that these subscriptions are collected," said she, with some dignity, "not on any lower——"

But it was too late, for little Miss Moineaux had already sprang forward with a grateful "Oh, thank you!" and clasped H.'s thin hand.

And so at last we got rid of the poor little women. They fluttered off with their prize, their thin silk dresses catching the wind as they skimmed along the sands, their little faded mants and veils and curls and petticoats flapping feebly after them, their poor little well-worn feet patting off in search of fresh tribute to Trevithic.

"I declare they were both in love with him, ridiculous old gooses," said I. "How could you give them that sovereign?"

"He was a delightful boy," said H. (She melts to all schoolboys still, though her own are grown men and out in the world.) "I used to be very angry with him; he and Frank were always getting into scrapes together," said H., with a smiling sigh, for Major Frank was on his way home from India, and the poor mother could trust herself to speak of him in her happiness. "I hope it is the right man," H. went on, laughing. "You must go and hear the farewell oration, Mary, and tell me how many of these little ladies are carried out of church."

They behaved like heroines. They never faltered or fainted, they gave no outward sign (except, indeed, a stifled sob here and there). I think the prospect of the teapot buoyed them up; for after the service two or three of them assembled in the churchyard, and eagerly discussed some measure of extreme emphasis. They were joined by the gentleman who had held the plate at the door, and then their voices died away into whispers, as the rector and Mr. Trevithic himself came out of the little side door, where Miss Bellingham, the rector's daughter, had been standing waiting. The rector was a smug old gentleman in a nice Sunday tie. He gave his arm to his daughter, and trotted along, saying, "How do? how do?" to the various personages he passed.

The curate followed : a straight and active young fellow, with a bright face, a face that looked right and left as he came along. He didn't seem embarrassed by the notice he excited. The four little girls from Coote Court (so somebody called them) rushed forward to meet him, saying, "Good-by, dear Mr. Trevithic, good-by." Mrs. Myles herself, sliding off to her pony carriage, carrying her satin train all over her arms, stopped to smile, and to put out a slender hand, letting the satin stuff fall into the dust. Young Lord and Lady Wargrave were hurrying away with their various guests, but they turned and came back to say a friendly word to this popular young curate ; and Colonel Hambleton, Lord Wargrave's brother, gave him a friendly nod, and said, "I shall look in one day before you go." I happened to know the names of all these people, because I had sat in Mrs. Myles's pew at church, and I had seen the Wargraves in London.

The subscribers to the teapot were invited to visit it at Mr. Phillips's, in Cockspur Street, to whom the design had been entrusted. It was a very handsome teapot, as ugly as other teapots of the florid order, and the chief peculiarity was that a snake grasped by a clenched hand formed the handle, and a figure with bandages on its head was sitting on the melon on the lid. This was intended to represent an invalid recovering from illness. Upon one side was the following inscription :—

TO
 THE REV. JOHN TREVITHIC, M.A.,
 FROM HIS PARISHIONERS AT SANDSEA,
 IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS EXERTIONS DURING THE
 CHOLERA SEASON OF 18—,
 AND HIS SUCCESSFUL AND ENTERPRISING EFFORTS FOR THE IMPROVED DRAINAGE
 OF HIGH STREET AND THE NEIGHBOURING ALLEYS,
 ESPECIALLY THOSE
 KNOWN AS "ST. MICHAEL'S BUILDINGS."

Upon the other,

TO THE REV. JOHN TREVITHIC, M.A.

Both these inscriptions were composed by Major Coote, of Coote Court, a J. P. for the county. Several other magistrates had subscribed, and the presentation paper was signed by most of the ladies of the town. I recognized the bold autograph of Louisa Triquett, and the lady-like quill of Sarah Moineaux, among the rest. H. figured as "Anon." down at the bottom.

Jack had honestly earned his teapot, the pride of his mother's old heart. He had worked hard during that unfortunate outbreak of cholera, and when the summer came round again, the young man had written quires, ridden miles, talked himself hoarse, about this neglected sewer in St. Michael's Buildings. The town council, finding that the whole of High Street would have to be taken up, and what a very serious undertaking it was likely to be, were anxious to compromise matters, and they might

have succeeded in doing so if it had not been for the young man's determination. Old Mr. Bellingham, who had survived some seventy cholera seasons, was not likely to be very active in the matter. Everybody was away, as it happened, at that time except Major Coote, who was easily talked over by anybody; Jobsen, the mayor, had got hold of him, and Trevithic had to fight the battle alone. One person sympathized with him from the beginning, and talked to her father, and insisted, very persistently, that he should see the necessity of the measure. This was Anne Bellingham, who, with her soft pink eyes fixed on Trevithic's face, listened to every word he said with interest—an interest which quite touched and gratified the young man, breathless and weary of persuading fishmongers, of trying to influence the sleek obstinate butcher, and the careworn baker with his ten dusty children, and the stolid oil and colourman, who happened to be the mayor that year. It seemed, indeed, a hopeless case to persuade these worthy people to increase the rates, to dig up the High Street under their very windows, to poison themselves and their families, and drive away custom just as the season was beginning. John confessed humbly that he had been wrong, that he should have pressed the matter more urgently upon them in the spring, but he had been ill and away, if they remembered, and others had promised to see to it. It would be all over in a week, before their regular customers arrived.

Jack's eloquence succeeded in the end. How it came about I can scarcely tell—he himself scarcely knew. He had raised the funds, written to Lord Wargrave, and brought Colonel Hambleton himself down from town; between them they arranged with the contractors, and it was all settled almost without anybody's leave or authority. One morning, Trevithic hearing a distant rumbling of wheels, jumped up from his breakfast and ran to his window. A file of carts and workmen were passing the end of the street, men with pickaxes and shovels; carts laden with strange-looking pipes and iron bars. Mr. Moffat, the indignant butcher, found a pit of ten feet deep at his shop-door that evening; and Smutt, the baker, in a fury, had to send his wife and children to her mother, to be out of the way of the mess. In a week, however, the whole thing was done, the pit was covered over, the foul stream they dreaded was buried down deep in the earth, and then in a little while the tide of opinion began to turn. When all the coast was in a terror and confusion, when cholera had broken out in one place and in another, and the lodging-houses were empty, the shopkeepers loud in complaints, at Sandsea, thanks to the well-timed exertions, as people call draining, not a single case was reported, and though the season was not a good one for ordinary times, compared to other neighbouring places, Sandsea was triumphant. Smutt was apologetic, Moffat was radiant, and so was Anne Bellingham in her quiet way. As for Miss Triquett, that devoted adherent, she nearly jumped for joy, hearing that the mayor of the adjoining watering-place was ill of the prevailing epidemic and not expected to live.

And then the winter went by, and this time of excitement passed over

and the spring-time came, and John began to look about and ask questions about other men's doings and ways of life. It did not come upon him all in one day that he wanted a change, but little by little he realized that something was amiss. He himself could hardly tell what it was when Colonel Hambledon asked him one day. For one thing I think his own popularity oppressed him. He was too good-humoured and good-natured not to respond to the advances which met him from one side and another, but there were but few of the people, except Miss Bellingham, with whom he felt any very real sympathy, beyond that of gratitude and good-fellowship. Colonel Hambledon was his friend, but he was almost constantly away, and the Wargraves too only came down from time to time. Jack would have liked to see more of Mrs. Myles, the pretty widow, but she was the only person in the place who seemed to avoid him. Colonel Cote was a silly good-natured old man; Miss Triquett and Miss Moineaux were scarcely companions. Talking to these ladies, who agreed with every word he said, was something like looking at his own face reflected in a spoon.

Poor Trevithic used to long to fly when they began to quote his own sermons to him; but his practice was better than his preaching, and too kind-hearted to wound their feelings by any expression of impatience, he would wait patiently while Miss Moineaux nervously tried to remember what it was that had made such an impression upon her the last time she heard him; or Miss Triquett expressed her views on the management of the poor-kitchen, and read out portions of her correspondence, such as:

“MY DEAREST MARIA,—I have delayed answering your very kind letter until the return of the warmer weather. Deeply as I sympathize with your well-meant efforts for the welfare of your poorer neighbours, I am sorry that I cannot subscribe to the fund you are raising for the benefit of your curate.”

“My aunt is blunt, very blunt,” said Miss Triquett, explaining away any little awkwardness, “but she is *very* good, Mr. Trevithic, and you have sometimes said that we must not expect too much from our relations; I try to remember that.”

It was impossible to be seriously angry. Jack looked at her oddly as she stood there by the pump in the market-place where she had caught him. How familiar the whole scene was to him; the village street, the gable of the rectory on the hill up above, Miss Triquett's immovable glare;—a stern vision of her used to rise before him long after and make him almost laugh, looking back from a different place and world, with strange eyes that had seen so many things that did not exist for him in those dear tiresome old days.

Jack and Miss Triquett were on their way to the soup-kitchen, where the district meeting was held once a month. Seeing Colonel Hambledon across the street, Trevithic escaped for a minute to speak to him, while Triquett went on. The ladies came dropping in one by one. It was a low room with a

bow window on the street, and through an open door came a smell of roast-mutton from the kitchen, where a fire was burning; and a glimpse of a poultry-yard beyond the kitchen itself. There were little mottos hung up all about in antique spelling, such as "Caste thy bredde upon ye watteres," the fancy and design of Mrs. Vickers, the present manager. She was very languid, and high-church, and opposed to Miss Triquett and her friend Miss Hutchetts, who had reigned there before Mrs. Vickers' accession. This housekeeping was a serious business. It was a labour of love, and of jealousy too: each district lady took the appointment in turn, while the others looked on and ratified her measures. There was a sort of house of commons composed of Miss Simmonds, who enjoyed a certain consideration because she was so very fat; good old Mrs. Fox, with her white hair; and Mrs. Champion, a sort of lord chancellor in petticoats; and when everybody made objections the housekeeper sometimes resigned. Mrs. Vickers had held firm for some months, and here she is sorting out little tickets, writing little bills into a book, and comparing notes with the paper lists which the ladies have brought in."

"Two-and-sixpence a week for her lodging, three children, two deformed; owes fifteen shillings, deserted wife, can get no relief from the parent," Miss Moineaux reads out from her slip.

"That is a hopeless case," says Mrs. Champion; "let her go into the workhouse."

"They have been there for months," says Miss Moineaux, perhaps.

"It is no use trying to help such people," says Miss Triquett, decidedly.

"Here is a pretty doctrine," cried Miss Simmonds; "the worse off folks are the less help they may expect."

"When people are hopelessly lazy, dirty, and diseased," said Miss Triquett, with some asperity, "the money is only wasted which might be invaluable to the deserving. As long as I am entrusted with funds from this charity, I shall take care they are well bestowed."

"I—I have promised Gummers some assistance," faltered Miss Moineaux.

Miss Simmonds. "And she ought to have it, my dear."

Miss T. "I think you forget that it is for Mr. Trevithic to decide."

Miss S. "I think you are forgetting your duty as a Christian woman."

Miss T. "I choose to overlook this insult. I will appeal to Mr. Trevithic."

Miss S. "Pray do not take the trouble to forgive me, Miss Triquett, or to appeal to any one. Never since Miss Hutchetts went away——"

Miss T. "Miss Hutchetts is my friend, and I will not allow her name to be——"

Exit Miss Moineaux in alarm to call for assistance. Miss Hutchetts, as they all know, is the string of the shower-bath, the war-cry of the Amazons.

The battle was raging furiously when Miss Moineaux came back and

flung herself devotedly into the *mêlée*. Miss Triquett was charging right and left, shells were flying, artillery rattling. It was a wonder the windows were not broken.

Mrs. Champion was engaged with a hand-to-hand fight with Miss Simmonds. Mrs. Vickers was laughing, Miss Moineaux was trembling; out of the window poured such a clamorous mob of words and swell of voices that John and the Colonel stopped to listen instead of going in. A dog and a puppy, attracted by the noise, stood wagging their tails in the sun."

"Hutchetts—Christian dooty—dirty children—statistics—gammon," that was Miss Simmonds' voice, there was no mistaking. "Ladies, I beg," from Mrs. Vickers; and here the alarm-bell began to ring ten minutes before the children's dinner, and the sun shone, and the heads bobbed at the window, and all of a sudden there was a lull.

Trevithic, who like a coward had stopped outside while the battle was raging, ran up the low flight of steps to see what had been going on now that the danger was over, the guns silent, and the field, perhaps, strewn with the dead and the dying. No harm was done, he found, when he walked into the room, only Miss Triquett was hurt, her feelings had been wounded in the engagement, and she was murmuring that her friend Miss Hutchetts' character as a gentlewoman had been attacked, but no one was listening to her. Mrs. Vickers was talking to a smiling and pleasant-looking lady, who was standing in the middle of the room. I don't know by what natural art Mary Myles had quieted all the turmoil which had been raging a minute before, but her pretty winsome ways had an interest and fascination for them all; for old Miss Triquett herself, who had not very much that was pleasant or pretty to look at, and who by degrees seemed to be won over too to forget Miss Hutchetts, in her interest in what this pretty widow was saying,—it was only something about a school-treat in her garden. She stopped short and blushed as Trevithic came in. "Oh, here is Mr. Trevithic," she said; "I will wait till he has finished his business."

Jack would rather not have entered into it in her presence, but he began as usual, and plodded on methodically, and entered into the mysteries of soup meat, and flannelling, and rheumatics, and the various ills and remedies of life, but he could not help feeling a certain scorn for himself, and embarrassment and contempt for the shame he was feeling; and as he caught Mary Myles' bright still eyes curiously fixed upon him, Jack wondered whether anywhere else in the world, away from these curious glances, he might not find work to do more congenial and worthy of the name. It was not Mrs. Myles' presence which affected him so greatly, but it seemed like the last grain in the balance against this chirruping tea-drinking life he had been leading so long. It was an impossibility any longer. He was tired of it. There was not one of these old women who was not doing her part more completely than he was, with more heart and good spirit than himself.

Some one had spoken to him of a workhouse chaplaincy going begging at Hammersley, a great inland town on the borders of Wales. Jack was like a clock which begins to strike as soon as the hands point to the hour. That very night he determined to go over and see the place ; and he wrote to a friend of his at Hammersley to get him permission, and to tell the authorities of the intention with which he came.

CHAPTER III.

AN OGRESS.

WHEN John Trevithic, with his radiant cheerful face, marched for the first time through the wards of St. Magdalene's, the old creatures propped up on their pillows to see him pass, both the master and mistress went with him, duly impressed with his possible importance, and pointed out one person and another ; and as the mighty trio advanced the poor souls cringed, and sighed, and greeted them with strange nods, and gasps, and contortions. John trudged along, saying little, but glancing right and left with his bright eyes. He was very much struck, and somewhat overcome by the sight of so much that was sad, and in orderly rows, and a blue cotton uniform. Was this to be his charge ? all these hundreds of weary years, all these aching limbs and desolate waifs from stranded homes, this afflicted multitude of past sufferings. He said nothing but walked along with his hands in his pockets, looking in vain to see some face brighten at the master's approach. The faces worked, twitched, woke up eagerly, but not one caught the light which is reflected from the heart. What endless wards, what a labyrinth of woes enclosed in the whitewashed walls. A few poor prints of royal personages, and of hop-gathering, and Christmas out of the *London News*, were hanging on them. Whitewash and blue cotton, and weary faces in the women's wards ; whitewash and brown fustian, and sullen, stupid looks in the men's : this was all Trevithic carried away in his brain that first day ;—misery and whitewash, and a dull choking atmosphere, from which he was ashamed almost to escape out into the street, into the square, into the open fields outside the town, across which his way led back to the station.

Man proposes, and if ever a man honestly proposed and determined to do his duty, it was John Trevithic, stretched out in his railway corner, young and stout of heart and of limb, eager for change and for work. He was not very particular ; troubles did not oppose him morbidly. He had not been bred up in so refined a school that poverty and suffering frightened him ; but the sight of all this hopelessness, age, failure, all neatly stowed away, and whitewashed over in those stony wards, haunted him all the way home. They haunted him all the way up to the rectory, where he was to dine that evening, and between the intervals of talk, which were pretty frequent after Miss Bellingham had left the room and the two gentlemen to their claret. Jack had almost made up his mind, and indeed he felt like a

traitor as he came into the drawing-room, and he saw how Anne brightened up as she beckoned him across the room and made him sit down beside her. A great full harvest-moon was shining in at the window, a nightingale was singing its melancholy song, a little wind blew in and rustled round the room, and Anne, in her muslins and laces, looked like a beautiful pale pensive dream-lady by his side. Perhaps he might not see her again, he thought rather sentimentally, and that henceforth their ways would lie asunder. But how kind she had been to him. How pretty she was. What graceful womanly ways she had. How sorry he should be to part from her. He came away and said good-by quite sadly, looking in her face with a sort of apology, as if to beg her pardon for what he was going to do. He had a feeling that she would be sorry that he should leave her—a little sorry, although she was far removed from him. The nightingale sang to him all the way home along the lane, and Jack slept very sound, and awoke in the morning quite determined in his mind. As his landlady brought in his breakfast-tray he said to himself that there was nothing more to keep him at Sandsea, and then he sat down and wrote to Mr. Bellingham that instant, and sent up the note by Mrs. Bazley's boy.

A little later in the day Trevithic went over to the rectory himself. He wanted to get the matter quite settled, for he could not help feeling sorry as he came along and wondering whether he had been right after all. He asked for the rector and the man showed him into the study, and in a minute more the door opened, but it was Miss Bellingham, not her father, who came in.

She looked very strange and pale, and put out two trembling hands, in one of which she was holding John's letter.

"Oh, Mr. Trevithic, what is this? what does this mean?" she said.

What indeed? he need never have written the words, for in another minute, suddenly Miss Bellingham burst into tears.

They were very ill-timed tears as far as her own happiness was concerned, as well as that of poor John Trevithic, who stood by full of compassion, of secret terror at his own weakness, of which for the first time he began to suspect the extent. He was touched and greatly affected. He walked away to the fireplace and came back and stood before her, an honest, single-hearted young fellow, with an immense compassion for weak things, such as women and children, and a great confidence in himself; and as he stood there he flushed in a struggle of compassion, attraction, revulsion, pity, and cruel disappointment. Those tears coming just then relieved Anne Bellingham's heavy heart as they flowed in a passionate stream, and at the same time they quenched many a youthful fire, destroyed in their track many a dream of battle and victory, of persevering struggle and courageous efforts for the rights of the wronged upon earth. They changed the course of Trevithic's life at the time, though in the end, perhaps, who shall say that it was greatly altered by the complainings and foolish fondness of this poor soul whom he was now trying to quiet and comfort? I, for my part,

don't believe that people are so much affected by circumstance in the long run as some people would have it. We think it a great matter that we turned to the right or the left; but both paths go over the hill. Jack, as his friends called him, had determined to leave a certain little beaten track of which he was getting weary, and he had come up to say good-by to a friend of his, and to tell her that he was going, and this was the result.

She went on crying—she could not help herself now. She was a fragile-looking little thing, a year or so younger than Jack, her spiritual curate and future husband, whom she had now known for two years.

“You see there is nothing particular for me to do here,” he stammered, blushing. “A great strong fellow like myself ought to be putting his shoulder to the wheel.”

“I—I had so hoped that you had been happy here with us,” said Miss Bellingham.

“Of course I have been happy—happier than I have ever been in my life,” said Jack, with some feeling; “and I shall never forget your kindness; but the fact is, I have been too happy. This is a little haven where some worn-out old veteran might recruit and grow young again in your kind keeping. It's no place for a raw recruit like myself.”

“Oh, think—oh, think of it again,” faltered Anne. “Please change your mind. We would try and make it less—less worldly—more like what you wish.”

“No, dear lady,” said Trevithic, half smiling, half sighing. “You are goodness and kindness itself, but I must be consistent, I'm afraid. Nobody wants me here; I may be of use elsewhere, and . . . Oh! Miss Bellingham, don't—don't—pray don't——”

“You know—you know you are wanted here,” cried Miss Bellingham; and the momentous tears began to flow again down her cheeks all unchecked, though she put up her fingers to hide them. She was standing by a table, a slim creature, in a white dress. “Oh, forgive me!” she sobbed, and she put out one tear-washed hand to him, and then she pushed him away with her weak violence, and went and flung herself down into her father's big chair, and leant against the old red cushion in an agony of grief, and shame, and despair. Her little dog began barking furiously at John, and her bird began to sing, and all the afternoon sun was streaming and blinding into the room.

“Oh, don't, don't despise me,” moaned the poor thing, putting up her weary hand to her head. The action was so helpless, the voice so pathetic, that Trevithic resisted no longer.

“Despise you, my poor darling,” said John, utterly melted and overcome, and he stooped over, and took the poor little soul into his arms. “I see,” he said, “that we two must never be parted again, and if I go, you must come with me.” . . .

It was done. It was over. When Jack dashed back to his lodging it was in a state of excitement so great that he had hardly time to ask himself whether it was for the best or the worst. The tears of the trembling

appealing little quivering figure had so unnerved him, so touched and affected him, that he had hardly known what he said or what he did not say, his pity and innate tenderness of heart had carried him away; it was more like a mother than a lover that he took this poor little fluttering bird into his keeping, and vowed and prayed to keep it safe. But everything was vague, and new, and unlikelike as yet. The future seemed floating with shadows and vibrations, and waving and settling into the present. He had left home a free man, with a career before him, without ties to check him or to hold him back (except, indeed, the poor old mother in her little house at Barfleet, but that clasp was so slight, so gentle, so unselfish, that it could scarcely be counted one now). And now, 'Chained and bound by the ties of our sins,' something kept dinning in his bewildered brain.

Mrs. Bazley opened the door with her usual grin of welcome, and asked him if he had lunched, or if she should bring up the tray. Trevithic shook his head, and brushed past her up the stairs, leaping three or four at a time, and he dashed into his own room, and banged the door, and went and leant up against the wall, with his hand to his head, in a dizzy, sickened, miserable bewilderment, at which he himself was shocked and frightened. What had he done, what would this lead to? He paced up and down his room until he could bear it no longer, and then he went back to the rectory. Anne had been watching for him, and came out to meet him, and slid her jealous hand in his arm.

"Come away," she whispered. "There are some people in the house. Mary Myles is there talking to papa. I have not told him yet. I can't believe it enough to tell any one."

John could hardly believe it either, or that this was the Miss Bellingham he had known hitherto. She seemed so dear, so changed, this indolent county beauty, this calm young mistress of the house, now bright, quick, excited, moved to laughter: a hundred sweet tints and colours seemed awakened and brought to light which he had never noticed or suspected before.

"I have a reason," Anne went on. "I want you to speak of this to no one but me and papa. I will tell you very soon, perhaps to-morrow. Here, come and sit under the lilac-tree, and then they cannot see us from the drawing-room."

Anne's reason was this, that the rector of a living in her father's gift was dying, but she was not sure that Jack would be content to wait for a dead man's shoes, and she gave him no hint of a scheme she had made.

The news of John's departure spread very quickly, but that of his engagement was only suspected; and no allusion to his approaching marriage was made when the teapot was presented to him in state.

I have ventured to christen my hero Jack, after a celebrated champion of that name; but we all know how the giant-killer himself fell asleep in the forest soon after he received the badge of honour and distinction to which he was so fairly entitled. Did poor John Trevithic, now the possessor of the teapot of honour, fall asleep thus early on his travels

and forget all his hopes and his schemes? At first, in the natural excitement of his engagement, he put off one plan and another, and wrote to delay his application for the chaplaincy of the workhouse. He had made a great sacrifice for Anne: for he was not in love with her, as he knew from the very beginning: but he soon fell into the habit of caring for her and petting her, and, little by little, her devotion and blind partiality seemed to draw him nearer and nearer to the new ways he had accepted. The engagement gave great satisfaction. Hambleton shook him warmly by the hand, and said something about a better vocation than Bumbledom and workhouses. Jack bit his lips. It was a sore point with him, and he could not bear to think of it.

How Anne had begged and prayed and insisted, and put up her gentle hands in entreaty, when he had proposed to take her to live there.

"It would kill me," she said. "Oh, John, there is something much better, much more useful for you coming in a very little while. I wanted people to hear of our marriage and of our new home together. Poor old Mr. Yorken is dead. Papa is going to give us his Lincolnshire living; it is his very own. Are you too proud to take anything from me, to whom you have given your life?" And her wistful entreaties were not without their effect, as she clung to him with her strange jealous eagerness. The determined young fellow gave in again and again. He had fallen into one of those moods of weakness and irresolution of which one has heard even among the fiercest and boldest of heroes. It was so great a sacrifice to him to give up his dreams that it never occurred to him for a moment that he was deserting his flag. It was a strange transformation which had come over this young fellow, of which the least part was being married.

I don't know whether the old ladies were disappointed or not that he did not actually go away as soon as was expected. The announcement of his marriage, however, made up for everything else, and they all attended the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Trevithic went away for their honeymoon, and to see old Mrs. Trevithic at Barfleet, and then they came back to the rectory until the house in Lincolnshire should be ready to receive them.

For some time after his marriage, Jack could hardly believe that so great an event had come about so easily. Nothing was much changed; the port-wine twinkled in the same decanters, the old rector dozed off in his chair after dinner, the sunset streamed into the dining-room from the same gap in the trees which skirted the churchyard. Anne, in the drawing-room in her muslins and lilac ribbons, sewed her worsted work in her corner by the window, or strummed her variations on the pianoforte. Tumty tinkle tumty—no—tinkle tumty tumty, as she corrected herself at the same place in the same song. "Do you know the songs without words?" she used to say to him when he first came. Know them! At the end of six weeks poor Jack could have told you every note of the half-dozen songs which Anne had twittered out so often, only she put neither song nor words to the notes, nor time, nor anything but pedals and fingers. One of these she was specially fond of playing. It begins

with a few tramping chords and climbs on to a solemn blast that might be sounded in a cathedral or at the triumphant funeral of a warrior dying in victory. Anne had taken it into her head to play this with expression, and to drag out the crisp chords—some of them she thought sounded prettier in a higher octave—and then she would look up with an archly affectionate smile as she finished. Jack used to respond with a kind little nod of the head at first, but he could not admire his wife's playing, and he wished she would mind her music and not be thinking of herself and nodding at him all the time. Had he promised to stuff up his ears with cotton-wool and to act fibs at the altar? He didn't know; he rather thought he had—he—psha! Where was that number of the *North British Review*? and the young man went off into his study to look for it and to escape from himself.

Poor Jack! He dimly felt now and then that all his life he should have to listen to tunes such as these, and be expected to beat time to them. Like others before and since, he began to feel that what one expects and what is expected of one, are among the many impossible conditions of life. You don't get it and you don't give it, and you never will as long as you live, except, indeed, when Heaven's sacred fire of love comes to inspire and teach you to do unconsciously and gladly what is clearer and nearer and more grateful than the result of hours of straining effort and self-denial.

But these hours were a long way off as yet, and Jack was still asking himself how much longer it would all last, and how could it be that he was here settled for life and a married man, and that that pale little woman with the straight smooth light hair was his wife, and that fat old gentleman fast asleep, who had been his rector a few weeks ago, was his father-in-law now, while all the world went on as usual, and nothing had changed except the relations of these three people to each other?

Poor Jack! He had got a treasure of a wife, I suppose. Anne Bellingham had ruled at the rectory for twenty-four years with a calm, despotic sway that old Mr. Bellingham never attempted to dispute. Gentle, obstinate, ladylike, graceful, with a clear complexion, and one of those thin transparent noses which some people admire, she glided about in her full flitting skirts, feeling herself the prop and elegant comforter of her father's declining years. She used to put rosebuds into his study; and though old Mr. Bellingham didn't care for flowers, and disliked anything upon his table, he never thought of removing the slender glass fabric his daughter's white fingers had so carefully ornamented. She took care that clean muslin covers, with neat little bows at each corner, should duly succeed one another over the back of the big study chair. It is true the muslin scratched Mr. Bellingham's bald head, and he once ventured to remove the objectionable pinafore with his careful, clumsy old fingers; but next day he found it was firmly and neatly stretched down in its place again, and it was beyond his skill to unpick the threads. Anne also took care that her father's dressing things should be put out for dinner; and if the poor old gentleman delayed or tried to evade the ceremony, the startled

man who cleaned the plate and waited upon them was instructed to tell his master that the dressing-bell had rung : housemaids came in to tidy the room ; windows were opened to renew the air : the poor rector could only retire and do as he was bid. How Anne had managed all her life to get her own way in everything is more than I can explain. It was a very calm, persistent, commonplace way, but every one gave in to it. And so it happened that as soon as Jack was her husband, Anne expected that he was to change altogether ; see with her pink, watery eyes ; care for the things she cared for ; and be content henceforth with her mild aspirations after county society in this world, and a good position in the next. Anne imagined, in some vague manner, that these were both good things to be worked out together by punctuality on Sundays, family prayer, a certain amount of attention to their neighbours (varying, of course, with the position of the persons in question), and due regard for the decencies of life. To see her rustling into church in her long silk dress and French bonnet, with her smooth bands of hair, the slender hands neatly gloved, and the prayer-book, hymn-book, pocket-handkerchief, and smelling-bottle, all her little phylacteries in their places, was an example to the neighbourhood. To the vulgar Christians straggling in from the lodging-houses and the town, and displaying their flyaway hats or highly-pomatumed heads of hair ; to the little charity children, gaping at her over the wooden gallery ; to St. Mary Magdalene up in the window, with her tangled locks ; to Mrs. Coote herself, who always came in late, with her four little girls tumbling over her dress and shuffling after her ; not to mention Trevithic himself, up in his reading desk, leaning back in his chair. For the last six months, in the excitement of his presence, in the disturbance of her usual equable frame of mind, it was scarcely the real Anne Bellingham he had known, or, maybe perhaps, it *was* the real woman stirred out of her Philistinism by the great tender hand of nature and the wonderful inspiration of love. Now, day by day her old ways began to grow upon her. Jack had not been married three weeks before a sort of terror began quietly to overwhelm him, a terror of his wife's genteel infallibility. As for Anne, she had got what she wanted ; she had cried for the moon, and it was hers ; and she, too, began almost immediately to feel that now she had got it she did not know what to do with it exactly. She wanted it to turn the other way, and it wouldn't go, and to rise at the same hour, and it seemed to change day by day on purpose to vex her.

And then she cried again, poor woman ; but her tears were of little avail. I suppose Jack was very much to blame, and certainly at this time his popularity declined a little, and people shrugged their shoulders and said he was a lucky young fellow to get a pretty girl and a good living and fifteen thousand pounds in one morning, and that he had feathered his nest well. And so he had, poor fellow, only too well, for to be sunk in a moral feather-bed is not the most enviable of fates to an active-minded man of six or seven and twenty.

The second morning after their return Anne had dragged him out to

her favourite lilac-tree bench upon the height in the garden, from whence you can see all the freshness of the morning brightening from bay to bay green, close at hand, salt wave and more green down below, busy life on land, and a flitting, drifting, white-sailed life upon the water. As Trevithic looked at it all with a momentary admiration, his wife said,—

“Isn't it much nicer to be up here with me, John, than down in those horrid lodgings in the town?”

And John laughed, and said, Yes, the air was very delicious.”

“You needn't have worked so hard at that draining if you had been living up here,” Anne went on, quite unconsciously. “I do believe one might live for ever in this place and never get any harm from those miserable places. I hear there is small-pox in Mark's Alley. Promise me, dear, that you will not go near them.”

“I am afraid I must go if they want me,” said John.

“No, dearest,” Anne said gently. “You have to think of me first now. It would be wrong of you to go. Papa and I have never had the small-pox.”

Trevithic didn't answer. As his wife spoke, something else spoke too. The little boats glittered and scudded on; the whole sight was as sweet and prosperous as it had been a minute before; but he was not looking at it any more; a strange new feeling had seized hold of him, a devil of sudden growth, and Trevithic was so little used to self-contemplation and inner experience, that it shocked him and frightened him to find himself standing there calmly talking to his wife, without any quarrel angry in his heart, without any separation parted from her. “Anne and I could not be farther apart at this instant,” thought John, “if I were at the other side of that sea, and she standing here all alone.”

“What is the matter?” said poor Anne, affectionately, brushing a little thread off his coat.

“Can't you understand?” said he, drawing away.

“Understand?” Anne repeated. “I know that you are naughty, and want to do what you must not think of.”

“I thought that when I married you, you cared for the things that I care about,” cried poor John, exasperated by her playfulness, “and understood that a man must do his business in life, and that marriage does not absolve him from every other duty. I thought you cared—you said you did—for the poor people in trouble down there. Don't make it difficult for me to go to them, dear.”

“No, dear John. I could not possibly allow it,” said his wife, decidedly. “You are not a doctor; it is not your business to nurse small-pox patients. Papa never thinks of going where there is infection.”

“My dear Anne,” said John, fairly out of temper, “nobody ever thought your father had done his duty by the place, and you must allow your husband to go his own way, and not interfere any more.”

“It is very, very wrong of you, John, to say such things,” said Anne,

flushing, and speaking very slowly and gently. "You forget yourself and me too, I think, when you speak so coarsely. You should begin your reforms at home, and learn to control your temper before you go and preach to people with dreadful illnesses. They cannot possibly want you, or be in a fit state to be visited."

If Anne had only lost her temper, flared up at him, talked nonsense, he could have borne it better, but there she stood, quiet, composed, infinitely his superior in her perfect self-possession. Jack left her all ashamed of himself, in a fume and a fury, as he strode down into the town.

The small-pox turned out to be a false alarm, spread by some ingenious parishioners who wished for relief and who greatly disliked the visits of the excellent district ladies, and the matter was compromised. But that afternoon Miss Triquett, meeting John in the street, gave a penetrating and searching glance into his face. He looked out of spirits. Miss Triquett noticed it directly, and her heart, which had been somewhat hardened against him, melted at once.

Jack and his wife made it up. Anne relented, and something of her better self brought her to meet him half-way. Once more the strange accustomed feeling came to him, on Sundays especially. Old Billy Hunsden came clodding into church just as usual. There was the clerk, with his toothless old warble joining in with the chirp of the charity-school children. The three rows of grinning little faces were peering at him from the organ-loft. There was the empty bench at the top, where the mistress sat throned in state; the marble rolled down in the middle of the second lesson, with all the children looking preternaturally innocent and as if they did not hear the noise; the old patches of colour were darting upon the pulpit cushion from St. Mary Magdalene's red scarf in the east window. These are all small things, but they had taken possession of my hero, John, one afternoon, who was preaching away the first Sunday after he had come back from his wedding-trip, hardly knowing what he said, but conscious of Anne's wistful gaze from the rectory pew, and of the curious eyes of all the old women in the free-seats, who dearly love a timely word, and who had made up their minds to be stirred up that Sunday. It was not a bad sermon, but it was of things neither the preacher nor his congregation cared to hear very much.

The Satirists of the Reformation.



SOME difference of opinion has always existed amongst men of letters as to the importance which ought to be attached to the work done by satire in the world's history. Mr. Hallam was inclined, we think, to underrate it; which is the more remarkable since his own generation afforded a memorable instance of its influence. Not men of literature only, but the gravest politicians of both sides, were agreed that Béranger did more to overthrow the Bourbons than any other single Frenchman. And Béranger's simple instrument was, as he says himself, *satire chantée*; he did his work solely by satirical song. The poet to whom he is oftenest compared, Burns, had not the stimulant of a revolution to give his wit a direction so thoroughly political. Nevertheless, Burns too produced a distinct social effect by a similar exercise of his talent. He helped to make Scotch fanaticism weak, by making it ludicrous; and consigned "Holy Willie" and his comrades to the same ridiculous list in which Béranger placed the Jesuits of Charles Dix. Satire, it would seem, supplies an element which is necessary to the complete success of any historical movement. It enlists the worldly part of mankind in a cause, and makes them co-operate with the enthusiasts. It carries great questions into people's hours of amusement, and associates them with fun and hilarity. It represents, essentially, the common-sense view of affairs; and thus acts as a check even on the extravagances of its own side. Accordingly, we hardly know a period of importance in the records of the race which has not left us some specimens of the satirical art. Dig where we will, satirical weapons are found; and their shape and make throw a valuable light on the generations which used them. The loss of Aristophanes would have involved the loss of some of the most striking qualities of the Greek language, and of a thousand instructive details of Athenian life. The loss of Béranger would involve the loss of some of the most classic French that has been written since the days of La Fontaine and Racine; and would blot out a chapter in the history of Parisian opinion and Parisian manners.

The satirists of whom we are now to speak are less known than any. For the most part they wrote in Latin, and the modern Latin writers of Europe hang suspended between the ancient and modern worlds without belonging to either. Nevertheless, there are symptoms that the literary character of the Reformation is now recognized more amply than it used to be, of which Mr. Seebohm's late volume is one. The popular books on the subject make little account except of the preachers,—who, indeed, are usually spoken of as the Reformers proper. But before the preachers could do their work at all, the way had been prepared for them by scholars

and men of letters, humorists and wits. Reuchlin, Erasmus, Ulric von Hutten, Rabelais, Sir David Lindsay, and Buchanan,—these men and their friends were earlier in the field than the Luthers, Calvins, and Knoxes, and were of no less value in their own part of the fight. They supplied the ideas of the great revolution, and disseminated them amongst the middle and upper classes by whom it was made. They prevented it from becoming a mere mob movement, which must have destroyed civilization, and led to a reaction tenfold worse than that which actually took place. Nor do we think it of vital consequence that some of them, like Erasmus and our own More, never left the ancient Church at all. Their spirit did not the less work whether in the modification of the old institution, or the formation of the new. Rabelais, for instance, did his share of the business through the agency of successive generations. He was an ancestor of Molière, who was an ancestor of Béranger; and though France remains nominally Roman Catholic, its Catholicism is very different from what it would have been but for the wholesome Rabelaisian inspiration. And so with the good Erasmus. He detested schism, and every other kind of disorder. He was elderly and gouty when the stormy part of the Reformation began. He died in unity with the Holy See, and very much in bad odour with Luther and his friends. But not a grain of his Attic salt was lost to the cause of improvement; and the memory of his priestly character in the Church has long been merged in that of his higher character as a priest of letters. He was a scholar by nature; he was a priest only by accident. His tonsure is altogether hidden by his laurel.

Of the life of Erasmus a sketch was given in this Magazine some time ago, but our notice of his works was necessarily casual and brief. We do not disparage him by calling him a satirist, for comedy was one of the elements in which he lived; and a thousand jets of playful satire break out through the voluminous pages of his stately folios. His satire is of the Horatian rather than the Juvenalian school; pleasant, mirthful, pungent, rather than ferocious and biting. His predominant idea is to draw a contrast between the simple holiness of primitive Christianity and the corrupt fabric of his own time; and he points the contrast by humorous little delineations of contemporary theologians and monks, and humorous little hits at their pedantry, ignorance, and vices. It is characteristic of Erasmus that he did not write professed satires. He mixed his satire, like a leaven, with serious discussion or apparently harmless comedy. Thus, in the dedication of his edition of Jerome, he says:—"We kiss the old shoes and dirty handkerchiefs of the saints, and we neglect their books, which are the more holy and valuable relies. We lock up their shirts and clothes in cabinets adorned with jewels . . . and leave their writings to mouldiness and vermin." And in the *Encomium Moria*, or *Praise of Folly*, which he wrote in London after his visit to Italy—about 1508—he does not come to ecclesiastical abuses until he has run over many other kinds of human absurdity. It is then, with a

very quiet and sly irony—not the irony of a Swift—that he shows at what a disadvantage the Apostles would be for want of scholastic knowledge if brought face to face with the Scotists, Thomists, Albertists, &c. of his time. They piously consecrated the Eucharist, he says, but if interrogated as to the *terminus a quo*, and the *terminus ad quem*, or as to the moment of time when transubstantiation takes place—seeing that the words effecting it are *in fluxu*—they would never be able to answer with the acumen of the Scotists. Paul, he observes, defines faith and charity *pirum magistraliter*. He and his brother Apostles care much more for these, and for good works, than for the *opus operans* and the *opus operatum*. Nor do they tell us whether charity be a substance or an accident, a created or an uncreated thing. It would be a good thing, Erasmus thinks, if all these scholastic sects could be put to use—by being sent out to fight the Turks. This branch of his satire is levelled at the old educational system, which was a vital part of the antique state of things, and which he and his friends, such as Budæus in France, and Reuchlin in Germany, were labouring to supersede by the classical literature,—the chief agent in the intellectual work of the Reformation. But he deals with less abstract matters presently, and complains that practical piety is left by the lay rulers of the world to the *plebs*. The *plebs*, he says, hand it over to the clergy as their business; the secular clergy hand it over to the regulars; the laxer regulars to the stricter ones; all of them together to the mendicants; and the mendicants to the Carthusians,—amongst whom alone piety lies buried, and so buried that it is scarcely ever to be seen! A happy illustration of the true Christian humility follows, where Erasmus reminds his readers that the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove, and not of an eagle or a kite. Such are a few of the most characteristic touches of the *Encomium Morie*, written when Erasmus was the guest of More (it is pleasant to remember that his very best friends were Englishmen), and illustrated by the pencil of Eolbein with satirical engravings, which are repeated in the great edition of Le Clerc.

The *Colloquia* belong to a later period of the scholar's career; and besides their dramatic liveliness and literature, contain many amusing satirical passages,—especially against the monks, who were the favourite butts of the men of letters, or “humanists,” of that important age. It was they who hated the new literature with the deadliest hate—a hate which their ignorance of it well matched. It was their declamatory preaching that worked on the superstitious feelings of women and of the rabble. So their greasy gluttony, their brutal illiterateness, their greed for money, their secret riotousness in sin, were fair game for satirists of every kind; and Erasmus loved to handle them with the playful and elegant mockery which Horace had brought to bear on the sham Stoics of the Roman Empire. Opening the *Colloquia* at the dialogue *Funus*, we find mendicants of four orders assembled round the bed of a dying man. “What,” exclaims Marcolphus, hearing this, “so many vultures to one

carcass !” The mendicants, however, have a squabble in the hall, while the master of the house is in his last agony ; and representatives of a fifth order, the Cruciferi, having come in, they all set upon them unanimously. The superstitious old gentleman is finally laid on ashes in the habit of a Franciscan, and dies with a Dominican shouting consolation into one ear, and a Franciscan into the other. The description is too picturesque as a whole to be capable of being done justice to in such extracts as our limits permit. We wish only to illustrate the character of the satire of Erasmus, which ranged over a wide field of obsolete nuisances, — foolish pilgrimages, hypocritical funeral pomp, the extravagant adornment of saintly shrines, the superstitious locking-up of poor girls in convents, the scandalous brutalities of wars, and many more. Erasmus did not spare the dignitaries of the Church any more than the monks ; though among them were found some like our own Archbishop Warham, who were the steadiest friends of learning. “ If there is any labour to be undertaken,” says he, “ they leave it to Peter and Paul who have plenty of leisure ; but the splendour and pleasure they take to themselves.” One of the liveliest ecclesiastical sarcasms in the *Colloquia* occurs in the *Charon*, where he makes the old ferryman tell Alastor that the groves in the Elysian Fields have all been used up for burning the shades of the heretics — *exurendis hæreticorum umbris !* “ We have been obliged,” Charon adds, “ to go to the bowels of the earth for coals.” The whole dialogue is a happy adaptation of one of the classical traditions to modern ideas. Another and still more exquisite instance of this occurs in the *Convivium Religiosum*, where Erasmus says that he can never read such works as the *Phædo* of Plato without longing to say *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis !* Few men have owed more to the ancients than the Sage of Rotterdam ; but assuredly still fewer have paid them so much back.

The wit of Erasmus was not confined to his writings. He shot out many pleasant *bons mots* which flew over Europe ; and some of which stuck like barbs in the fat ribs of the bigots. “ The fire of Purgatory,” said he, “ is very useful to these fellows’ kitchens.” “ Luther has done two bad things,” he told the Elector Frederick ; “ he has attacked the crown of the pope and the bellies of the monks.” He expressed his wonder that the images did not work miracles when the mobs began to destroy them ; they had done so many when there was no need for it. The Lutherans themselves came in for their share of banter from the old humorist, whose care it was to keep an “ honest mean,” as Pope says, between the parties. It was observed that the first thing an ardent Reformer did on breaking with the Church was to get a wife ; so when people were speaking of the movement as “ a tragedy,” “ Nay,” said Erasmus, “ a comedy, — where the end is generally a wedding.” Such were some of the bubbles which rose to the surface of the veteran’s favourite burgundy as he sat in his latter years in Basle, looking out on the world with the solid sagacious face, and the large mouth, the delicate lines of which suggest sensibility and humour, so familiar to us all on the canvas of Holbein.

That Erasmus was the greatest of all the satirists of the Reformation, and the one who had most influence on Europe, no competent student of this branch of literature will deny. The place of honour next him belongs to another scion of the Teutonic race, the knightly wit, the daring adventurer, the free-living champion of the Gospel and of letters, Ulric von Hutten. Hutten was twenty-three years younger than Erasmus, having been born—at his ancestral château of Stelkelberg, on the Maine, of one of the noblest Franconian families—in 1488. He was sent to school as a boy at the Abbey of Fulda, from which he ran away to Cologne; and this was a characteristic commencement of his wandering existence. From Cologne he went to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where he took his master's degree in arts. He is next found in the north of Germany, sustained by the aid of the Margrave of Brandenburg; and appears at Wittenberg in 1510. Here he composed his *Ars Versificatoria*, after which he wintered at Vienna, and proceeded in 1512 to study law at Pavia. But Pavia was besieged by the Swiss, and being ill-treated both by them and their French enemies, Hutten made for Bologna. About this period he was so poor that he enlisted for a time as a soldier in the Austrian army. Returning to Germany in 1514, he vainly paid his addresses to the Emperor Maximilian; but was received into the service of De Stein, Chancellor to the Elector of Mayence. After a second visit to Italy, he was laureated by the Emperor, and taken into the employment of the Elector of Mayence, who sent him on a mission to Paris. Soon after, he joined the confederates who had leagued themselves against the Duke of Würtemberg, the murderer of John von Hutten, his cousin; and with them he served a campaign. In 1519, he was again in Mayence, from which he was expelled for his violent writings against Rome; and he attached himself to Franz von Sickingen, a kindred spirit, who perished in the German fetsds of 1523. Hutten fled to Switzerland, and died in the island of Ufnau, on the Lake of Zurich, in 1525.

Such is a brief summary of the career of a man whose life was at once a romance and a comedy; who, half soldier of fortune and half literary adventurer, and living, it would seem, much in the fashion of both classes, joined the Lutherans from a point of view of his own, and did essential service to their cause. He was a reformer, partly as a humanist, in the interest of letters; and partly as a German, who disdained to be governed in spiritual matters from the other side of the Alps. His talent was essentially a satirical one, ranging from pungent eloquence, in such works as his dialogue, *Vadiscus* or *Trias Romana*, to dramatic invention and rich ludicrous unctuous humour, in the famous *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, the appearance of which makes an epoch in the history of the Reformation.

The fate of this celebrated satire ("the great national satire of Germany," as Sir William Hamilton has called it) in our own literature has been curious. Whenever it has not been neglected, it has been the subject of the most singular blunders—the last, though perhaps the least

surprising, being those of the bookmakers of our own day. When it was reprinted in Queen Anne's time, Steele made precisely the same mistake about it which had been made by British Dominicans and Franciscans, two centuries before, to the vast amusement of Sir Thomas More. He took the Epistles, in which the theologians of that age are made most inimitably to expose themselves, for genuine and serious; and laughed at the block-heads in perfect good faith. Our other English humorists seem generally to have passed them over; and it was reserved for Sir William Hamilton, whose mighty erudition embraced literature and philosophy indifferently, to do them full justice in the *Edinburgh Review* for March, 1831. Since then the Germans have bestirred themselves in the cause of Ulric von Hutten's memory; an elaborate edition of his works has appeared at Leipsic; and the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* are easily accessible, in good forms, to all who wish to acquaint themselves with one of the memorable satires of that day.*

The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* first saw the light in 1515-17, eventful years, when the war between the old and the new filled every university town in Europe with clamour, and when Luther was gradually warming himself up to the pitch at which he broke finally with the Holy See. The immediate cause of their appearance was the persecution of the celebrated scholar, Reuchlin, by the theologians of Cologne, which disputed with Louvain the dubious honour of being the head-quarters of all that was obsolete, narrow, and obscurantist in European thought. Among Reuchlin's many claims to respect his Hebrew scholarship was one of the chief; and it was on this side that he was attacked by the authorities of the university viz. Tungern, dean of the faculty of theology; Hoogstraten, the prior of the Dominican convent; and Ortuinus Gratius (Ortuin von Graes), the hero of the *Epistolæ*, whose name will live in comic literature as long as that of the sausage-seller of Aristophanes, the Pantilius of Horace, the Og of Dryden, the Sporus of Pope, the Tartuffe of Molière, or the Marquis de Carabas of Béranger. The tool used by these bigots against the illustrious Reuchlin was one John Pfefferkorn, of whom Erasmus says that from a wicked Jew he had become a most wicked Christian — *ex scelerato Judæo sceleratissimum Christianum*.† Four treatises were issued against the Jewish religion in the name of this renegade; and an edict was obtained from the Emperor condemning to the flames every Hebrew book existing, with the sole exception of the Bible. Reuchlin, whose opinion had been asked as to the policy of this measure, condemned it, and was immediately attacked by Pfefferkorn. Reuchlin replied; when forty-three propositions extracted from his answer were condemned by the dean, and he was summoned to recant. The controversy immediately assumed European importance. "Not only in

* The edition of the *Epistolæ* before us is a very handy little volume, printed by Teubner of Leipsic in 1858, and issued here by Messrs. Williams and Norgate that year.

† ERASMUS: *Op.* iii. 1641.

Germany," says Sir William Hamilton, "but in Italy, France, and England, a confederation was organized between the friends of humane learning. The cause of Reuchlin became the cause of letters: Europe was divided into two hostile parties; the powers of light stood marshalled against the powers of darkness." Hoogstraten cited Reuchlin before the Court of Inquisition at Metz, and in spite of his appeal to the Pope, burned his books. The Pope appointed the Bishop of Spiros to settle the matter, and he settled it in favour of the scholar. Hoogstraten and his friends now appealed in their turn to the Pope; and it was at this stage of the dispute, before Rome finally decided against Reuchlin's persecutors, that the first series of the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum* burst upon the world.

The plan of the satire is simple, but dramatic and effective. There had been recently published a collection of the letters of "illustrious" men to Reuchlin; and Ortuinus Gratius is supposed to publish those of his own friends, whom he modestly calls "obscure" men, in his turn. The obscure ones, accordingly, speak for themselves in all the freedom of confidential communication; and never did such a curious set of marionettes gambol before the world as those of which Ulric von Hutten and his colleagues in the task pull the strings. Now it is Magister Bernhardus Plumilegus writing from Leipsic; now it is Magister Petrus Hafenusius writing from Nürenberg; or Magister Hiltbrandus Mammaceus from Tübingen; or Magister Gerhardus Schirruglius, from Mayence. But a family likeness runs through the whole of them. A stolid brutal ignorance, enlivened by the most unaffected self-conceit; a bigotry never modified by the shadow of a doubt; a sly, oily sensualism, to which the very hypocrisy accompanying it seems to lend additional piquancy—these are the common features of the race. Their mere Latin is delicious by its homely barbarism; and this is one chief charm of the letters to which no translation can do justice. It is especially effective when the writer communicates any of the poems produced on his side of the Reuchlin controversy, such as the following, suggested by the fact that the University of Paris had declared for Cologne:—

Qui vult legere hereticas pravitates
 Et cum hoc discere bonas latinitates,
 Ille debet emere Parrhisiensium acta
 Et scripta de Parrhisia nuper facta,
 Quomodo Reuchlin in fide erravit,
 Sicut magister noster Tungarus doctrinaliter probavit.
 Illa vult magister Ortuinus legere
 Gratis, in hac alma universitate,
 Et cum hoc textum ubique glosare
 Necnon quædam notabilia in margine notare,
 Et vult arguere pro et contra,
 Sicut fecerunt Theologi in Parrhisia,

* * * *

Ut sciunt fratres Carmelite
 Et alii qui vocantur Jacobite.*

The perfect contentment of the crew at once with their dog-Latin and their ignorance of the humanities generally, is a favourite point with Hutten and his friends. "He writes Greek, too," says one of them about Erasmus, "which he ought not to do, because we are Latins and not Greeks. *If he wants to write what nobody can understand*, why does he not write Italian, and Bohemian, and Hungarian?"* "These poets," another writer says, "are truly reprehensible; and when anybody writes anything, they say—'See there, see there, that is not good Latin!' and they come here with their new terms, and confound the ancient grammar."† "Our masters ought to issue a mandate," observes Petrus Lapp, licentiate, "that no jurist or poet shall write anything in theology, and shall not introduce *that néw Latinity* into sacred theology, as John Renchlin has done, and a certain person, as I hear, who is called the Proverbia Erasmi (!). . . If they say that they know Greek and Hebrew learning, you have the answer that such learning is not cared for by theologians, because Sacred Scripture is sufficiently translated, and we do not need other translations. The Greeks have gone away from the Church: therefore, also, they ought to be held as enemies, and their knowledge ought not to be practised (*practicari*) by Christians."‡ Another worthy, Magister Bartholomeus Kuckuck, confirms the erudite Lapp's view by insisting that "Greek is not of the essence of Sacred Scripture;" while Dominus Volwinus de Monteflascon remarks, for his part, that Paul having said that the Greeks were always liars, their literature was necessarily nothing but a lie. Virgil having been mentioned in the presence of one of the correspondents of Ortuinus Gratius, he tells, with much complacency, how he exclaimed—"What do I care for that pagan?" That so much of the fun of the *Epistolæ* should be derived from the illiterate character of the Popish theologians, shows how essential a part learning was of the whole movement of the Reformation. Europe was, in fact, *deodorised* by the free dispersion of the delightful essences long hidden in the buried caskets of classical literature.

As may be supposed, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* throw a good deal of light on the social habits of the clergy and monks of the old days. There seems to have been no little beer and wine swilling amongst them,—the Greek wine being held in an esteem which (as we have just seen) they did not by any means extend to the Greek language. In one of the letters § occurs the famous ecclesiastical story of the divine who on first tasting "*lachryma Christi*," breathed a pious wish that our Lord had wept in his native land. With regard to the morality attributed to the body in other respects, it is as bad as bad can be; and it is exposed with the freedom of Rabelais, and with hardly less than his gross jolly humour. The satire of the *Epistolæ* is indeed perfectly unrestrained. That Ortuinus

* *Ep. Ob. Vir.* i. 148.

† *Ib.* ii. 265.

‡ *Ep. Ob. Vir.* ii. 270-1.

§ Vol. ii. p. 211. We always quote from the edition of 1858, referred to in a previous note.

Gratius was the illegitimate son of a priest, and the nephew of a hangman, is evidently thought an excellent jest; while an intimate relation between him and the wife of the renegade Jew, Pfefferkorn, is assumed as a known fact, and made the subject of a score of playful allusions. Plainer speaking on all this side of life than that of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* is not to be found in satirical literature from Aristophanes downwards; while Erasmus, though still too free for our modern tastes, is reserved, and even prudish in comparison. The exact amount of truth in all these charges of licentiousness cannot, we suppose, be determined; but they come from so many different countries, and such different men, that it is impossible to suppose them mere libels. The very fact that the *Epistolæ* were ever mistaken by the Romish party for a *bonâ fide* body of correspondence shows that the immorality which they assume in their writers did not necessarily prove their fictitious character in the eyes of the orthodox. Yet the orthodox were ready to admit their barbarism in point of style. "It is well worth seeing," Sir Thomas More writes to Erasmus, in October, 1516, "how much the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* please everybody,—the learned in sport, but the unlearned in earnest, who, while we laugh, think that we are laughing only at the style, which they do not defend, but say that it is compensated by the weight of the thoughts, and that a most beautiful sword lies hidden in the rude scabbard." * Erasmus himself, in a letter to Martinus Lipsius, not only corroborates this, but adds an almost incredible anecdote about the delusion. "A Dominican prior in Brabant," he relates, "wishing to make himself known to the patricians, bought a heap of these books, and sent them to the chiefs of the order, never doubting that they were written in its honour."

"Yet these are they," adds Erasmus, "who are the Atlases, as they think themselves, of the tottering church, . . . these pronounce on the books of Erasmus, and according to their good will, we are Christians or heretics." †

Erasmus, like the rest of the cultivated world, had been mightily amused by the fun of the *Epistolæ*; and there is an old story that he laughed so heartily in reading them as to break an imposthume from which he was suffering at the time. But Erasmus did not approve the famous satire, the scathing severity of which, its riotous freedom, and its daring liberties with living names, were quite out of keeping with the tone of his own Horatian and Addisonian pleasantry. He was particularly annoyed that his name should be used so freely in the second volume; and he must have winced at the pungent little sentence in one of the letters,—*Erasmus est homo pro se!* It is painful to remember that the gallant and brilliant Ulric von Hutten died his enemy; one of the latest pieces of work he did in the world having been to write an attack upon Erasmus. Though never very intimate or much together, they had been friends; and perhaps the most valuable portrait of Sir Thomas More that we have

* ERASMUS: *Op.* iii. 1575. † *Ib.* p. 1110.

is in one of the letters of Erasmus to Hutten. The old scholar found himself obliged to take up the cudgels in self-defence against his quondam friendly acquaintance; and his *Spongia* is a document of much value to all who are interested in his biography.

When the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* were amusing the world in 1516–1517, there was a young Franciscan friar in Fontenay-le-Comte in Lower Poitou, who, we may be certain, watched the dispute with eagerness, and read the letters with sympathy and enjoyment. He had been born in the fair Touraine, which he loved to call “the garden of France,” a few years before Ulric von Hutten saw the light in Franconia. He had the deep-rooted literary instincts of the Reforming party; and his brother Cordeliers looked askance at a man who spent days and nights on the heretical study of Greek; and who combined with the most solid sagacity a satirical humour that has been rarely equalled in the annals of mankind. Francis Rabelais has not left us in doubt what his feelings were about the persecution of Reuchlin. In his queer catalogue of the books which Pantagruel found in the library of St. Victor, we have: *Tarrabalationes Doctorum Coloniensium adversus Reuchlin*; and *Ars honestè ——— in societate, per Marcum Ortuinum*. These are hints only; but a hint from Rabelais is worth a chapter from other men. He had to do his work by hints; by buffoonery; in masquerade. As, according to an old story, Aristophanes appeared in one of his own comedies with his face disguised with wine-lees, so Rabelais disguised himself through his whole comic romance in a curiously similar way. He is a wine-bibber, a Shakspearian fool of literature, a droll without decency or morals, and whose filth is only kept from fetidity by the clear stream of humour running through it. He is all this, we say—to the vulgar eye. But his filth is manure which helps to make crops grow. “I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais’ work,” says Coleridge, “which would make the Church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth and nothing but the truth.” Doubtless, this view of the great poet’s is often applied with exaggeration to the lesser humorists. A Dutch commentator once described Petronius as *sanctissimus vir*. And, not to see in the roystering animalism and gross humour of Rabelais the effect of a temperament to which these qualities were natural, and to which they gave pleasure, as well as a comic mask put on to conceal the real face from inquisitors and heresy-hunters, would be, we think, to show ignorance of human nature. Disguises are numerous, and he who takes a ludicrous and obscene one, takes it because he has a relish for the ludicrous and the obscene. But still Coleridge’s doctrine about Rabelais is substantially right. Look steadily at his eyes, in spite of the mask, and you see in them the depth of a wise, earnest, and kindly soul. Thus, the letter of Gargantua to Pantagruel (book 2nd, chap. 8) is a model of sense and piety; and every now and then such grave passages occur through the whole work—to be silenced immediately afterwards by the

gros rire Tourangeau, which has made so many hearts merry during the last three hundred years. Not even the wisdom or the object of Rabelais, however, do so much to make the reader forgive what must be called his nastiness, as the essential kindness and geniality of his jolly fun. This element belongs rather to the early than to the later periods of French literature. The satire of Voltaire, for instance, is generally a sneer—not, like that of Rabelais, a laugh.

We make little account of the various theories by which some commentators have attempted to give real historical names to the persons and places of Rabelais' comic fiction. He, no doubt, made references to his contemporaries, now and then, just as Swift did to the statesmen of his time in dealing with Lilliput and Blefuscu. But to expect exactitude in such details is to take a narrow view of the scope of the work. The general object of Rabelais seems to have been to forward the progress of France, by a broadly comic satire of all that retarded it, not in the ecclesiastical world only, but in the worlds of education, of law, medicine, and social life. The Reformation, we must remember, was not only a religious revolution, but involved changes of every other kind; and produced not merely new churches, but new states of society. Rabelais, thus, did a great deal for the modern world, in spite of his never having—like the satirists of Germany—helped to bring about a “reformation” of the French Church, in the technical sense which that word has acquired. Nay, we do not even know that he had any such wish; and he may, like the often misunderstood Erasmus, have had no ambition beyond that of improving the religious system of Europe, without breaking its unity. But he was less fortunate than the German satirists, for his spirit did not really achieve its full triumph till '89—a triumph accompanied by horrors which the good old patriotic humorist could not but have deplored.

Like the author of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, Rabelais loved well to flesh his satire in the members of the monastic orders. Nowhere is his satire so direct and intelligible as when he is dealing with monks—the peculiar enemies of scholars then, as they had been of the minstrels in earlier ages. A passage or two shall illustrate this. We quote from the incomparable translation of Sir Thomas Urquhart, one of the best translations ever done of any book.* Sir Thomas was a Pantagruelist himself, of no mean magnitude, in life and in death too. For one of his treatises contains a pedigree of the Urquharts of Cromarty, without a break from Adam; and he died in a fit of laughter on hearing of the Restoration of Charles II.—overwhelmed by a sense of the absurdity and uncertainty of human affairs:—

“But if you conceive how an ape in a family is always mocked and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how monks are shunned of all men both young and old. The ape keeps not the house, as a dog

* Yet it has been often maintained that the Scotch have no humour.

doth ; he draws not in the plough, as the ox ; he yields neither milk nor wool, as the sheep ; he carrieth no burthen, as a horse doth. That which he doth is only to . . . spoil and defile all, which is the cause wherefore he hath of all men mocks, frumperies, and bastinadoes.

“After the same manner a monk—I mean those lither, idle, lazy monks—doth not labour and work, as do the peasant and artificer ; doth not ward and defend the country, as doth the man of war ; cureth not the sick and diseased, as the physician doth ; doth neither preach nor teach, as do the Evangelical doctors and schoolmasters ; doth not import commodities and things necessary for the commonwealth, as the merchant doth. Therefore is it that by and of all men they are hooted at, hated, and abhorred. ‘Yea, but,’ said Grangousier, ‘they pray to God for us.’ ‘Nothing less,’ answered Gargantua. ‘True it is that with a tingle tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disgust all their neighbours about them.’ ‘Right,’ said the monk ; ‘a mass, a matin, a vesper well rung are half said. They mumble out great store of legends and psalms, by them not at all understood ; they say many paternosters, interlarded with Ave-Marias, without thinking upon or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God, and not prayers. But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose their victuals, their manchets, and good fat pottage.’”—*Gargantua*, book i. chap. xl.

“A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she ?” is a question put in a subsequent chapter. “To make a nun of,” says Gargantua ; and soon after we have the inscription upon the great gate of the famous Rabelaisian abbey, the Abbey of Theleme :—

Here enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,
Externally devoted apes, base snites,
Puft up, wry-necked beasts, worse than the Huns,
Or Ostrogots, forerunners of baboons :
Cursed snakes, dissembled varlets, seeming sancts,
Slipshod caffards, beggars pretending wants,
Fat chuff-cats, smell-feast knockers, doltist gulls.
Out-strouting cluster-fists, contentious bulls,
Fomenters of divisions and debates,
Elsewhere, not here, make sale of your deceits.

Another instance of plain-speaking in this First Book is the account of Grangousier’s interview with the Pilgrims in the forty-fifth chapter.

“‘What went you to do at St. Sebastian ?’ Grangousier asks.

“‘We went,’ said Sweer-to-go, ‘to offer up unto that saint our vows against the plague.’”

“‘Ah, poor men,” said Grangousier, ‘do you think that the plague comes from St. Sebastian ?’

“‘Yes, truly,’ answered Sweer-to-go ; ‘our preachers tell us so, indeed.’

“‘But is it so ?’ said Grangousier ; ‘do the false prophets teach you such abuses ? Do they thus blaspheme the saints and holy-men of God a3

to make them like unto the devils who do nothing but hurt unto mankind,—as Homer writeth that the plague was sent into the camp of the Greeks by Apollo, and as the poets feign a great rabble of Vejoves and mischievous gods.’”

Before the Pilgrims are dismissed, comes a passage which cannot be transcribed, on the probable consequences of their absence from home ; for “the very shadow of the steeple of an Abbey,” we are told, “is fruitful.” Rabelais seems, here, to have been thinking of a celebrated epigram by Beza, who was a wit as well as a reformer, and not the least free-spoken wit of those free-spoken times. Toleno, a rich old man who is childless, goes on a pilgrimage to Loretto, to the Holy Sepulchre, and to Mount Sinai, to pray heaven for offspring. He is away from home three years ; and on returning, finds that his petition has been heard, and that he is the father of three fine children. There were grave and good men enough to keep the freedom of Rabelais in countenance ; and doubtless it might have been said of Beza, as Johnson said of Prior, that his *Epigrams* were “a lady’s book.”—“No, sir, *Prior* is a lady’s book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library.”

The greater vagueness of the fourth and fifth books of Rabelais makes them, we cannot but think, less delightful than the first three. They have the sort of inferiority to them which the *Laputa* of Swift has to his *Lilliput* and *Brobdingnag*. The wit of the great master plays through thick vapours of allegory in which it is almost lost. This is especially true of Book Fifth. The Ringing Island may well be the Church of Rome ; and the Popehawk, Cardinhawks, Bishawks, &c., are readily to be recognized. But as the voyage of *Pantagruel* and his companions proceeds, clouds gather more and more round Rabelais’ meaning, and his satire flashes in transient lightning gleams, which are gone before one has time to enjoy them. Indeed, though essentially a satirist, and of the class to which this essay is devoted, he is less read, now that the changes which he helped to bring about in Europe have become familiar possessions, for his satire than for his humour. It is the clear cutting French sense, and the rich oily comedy of his pictures of human life, so grotesque but so real, for which his countrymen love him. How he stands with the mass of the French now it is not in our power to say ; but we think that there has been an increased interest in him amongst their men of letters since the great burst of literary activity which followed on the fall of the First Empire. The vivid and potent *Balzac*, so much less known on this side of the Channel than he deserves to be, loved to speak of Rabelais as his master ; and in his joyous moods, *Balzac*, with his childlike hilarity, often recalled to his friends the traditional image of his compatriot of Touraine.

It is a somewhat strange fact that England should not have contributed a classic name to the list of satirists of the Reformation. The *Utopia* is a philosophical rather than a satirical romance ; and the attacks of *Skelton* on *Wolsey* were personal rather than religious or critical. There were,

no doubt, casual ballads and pasquils written on both sides of the struggling powers; but our business is not with this small change of wit, this pistol-shooting of war, on the present occasion. For British satirists in the cause of the great revolution of the sixteenth century, who have left lasting names in the history of letters, we must go to the north of the Tweed. The Scotch can boast as their share of the band of writers who, like the band of the Constable Bourbon, scaled the walls of Rome, a satirist who was a poet, and a satirist who was a scholar.

Unluckily for the fame of the older Scottish writers, they have come down in *two* dead languages—Scots and Latin; and the satirists of whom we are now to speak represent each one of them. Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount,—whom, by a deliberate anachronism, Sir Walter, in *Marmion*, has made Lyon King of Arms at the time of Flodden,—is perhaps the most readable of the old Scots poets still. He is fresh and naïf, with a keen pictorial wit, a genuine good nature, and a wholesome contempt for all baseness, cruelty, and pretence. Born the representative of a Fifeshire branch of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres, at some unknown date towards the close of the fifteenth century, he was employed young in the household of the Stewart kings. He was usher to James V. during that prince's childish years; and having been dismissed that employment with a pension, was afterwards made Lyon;—it is supposed about 1527. As chief of the Scottish heralds, he was connected with several embassies, of which one was a mission to Charles V., in 1531, on the subject of the Scottish trade with the Netherlands; and he was also a member of the Scottish Parliament. Our business, however, is not with his public life, nor even with his poetry proper, which has a great deal of pleasant sweetness about it; but with the satires by which he aided the growing spirit of revolt against the old Church. A satirist was wanted in this cause, in Scotland, if anywhere; for in no country had the Romish clergy a larger share of the national wealth, and in none were they more bigoted in belief, or dissolute in morals. The historian Robertson calculates that they possessed "little less than one half of the property of the nation;" and observes, from the public records, that "a greater number of letters of *legitimation* was granted during the first thirty years after the Reformation than during the whole period that has elapsed since that time." These were procured by the sons of the clergy, who, having inherited benefices which their fathers were allowed to retain, were anxious to escape from the stain of bastardy. The blood of the prelates of old days flows in the veins of the best Scottish families; for instance, it is an interesting little fact that Byron was descended, through his mother's house—the Gordons—from the famous Cardinal Beaton. Knox's account of the last hours of that grandee's life, in which a certain "Mistress Marion Ogilvy" figures, will never be forgotten by those who have read his singularly quaint and powerful *History*.

The satire of Sir David Lindsay, like that of Erasmus, is of the playful kind. It is not the satire of indignation, but of merriment. It is as free

as the satire of the *Epistolæ* in some respects, but is less personal and less gross. There is a real vein of natural fun in his little poem, "Kittie's Confession," where the gravity of the confessor is a touch in the spirit of the *Tartuffe*. Kittie narrates that the good man did not direct her to lead a pure life, or to trust in the merits of Christ, but solely to follow certain observances:—

Bot gave me penance ilk ane day,
Ane Ave Maria for to say,
And Frydayis fyve na fishce to eit,—
Bot butter and eggis are better meit;
And with ane plak to by ane messe
Fra drunken Schir Jhone Latynless.

* * * *

Quhen scho was telland as scho wist,
The curate Kittie wald have kist;
But yit ane countenance he bure
Degeist, devote, daign and demure.
Said he, have you any wrongous gear,
Said she, I stole a peck of beir,
Said he, that should restored be,
Therefore deliver it to me!

* * * *

And mekil Latyne he did mummill,
I heard nothing but *hummill bunmill*.

The chief satirical work of Sir David Lindsay was a drama called, *Ane Pleasant Satire of the Three Estaitis*, which was performed before the Court in 1535, and in 1539. This drama took nine hours in the acting; but there was an interval allowed for refreshment during the course of it, which the Scots of that generation were by no manner of means likely to neglect availing themselves of. Some of the characters are real, and some allegorical, and both are made instruments for exposing ecclesiastical abuses, particularly the dilatory proceedings of the Consistory Court. A poor fellow "Pauper" who had lent his mare to an acquaintance who drowned her, seeks redress from this Court; "bot," complains he—

Bot, or they came half way to *concludendum*,
The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.

* * * *

Of *pronunciandum* they made me wondrous fain,
Bot I got never my gude gray mare again!

One of the chief complaints against the Scots prelates was that they never preached, and "the dumb dog the bishop" became a favourite term of abuse among the Protestant clergy. Sir David notices this neglect after his own fashion in a dialogue in his play between the allegorical personages, Gude-Counsall and Spiritualitie:—

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Ane bishop's office is to be ane preacher.
And of the law of God ane public teacher.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Friend, quhare find ye that we suld prechouris be?

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Luke what St. Paul writes unto Timothie,—
Tak thare the buke, let see gif ye can spell.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I never red that, therefore reid it yoursell.

A pardoner, with relics to sell, is also a figure of some prominence in the *Satire of the Three Estaitis*. He comes on the stage complaining that the sale of his goods is much interfered with by the circulation of the English New Testament; but proceeds to solicit purchases for some sufficiently remarkable wares:—

My patent pardouns ye may see,
Cam fra the Can of Tartarie,
Weill seald with oster-schellis.
Thocht ye haif na contritioun,
Ye sall haif full remissioun,
With help of bukes and bellis.

* * * *

Heir is ane cord, baith gret and lang,
Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang,
Of gude hemp soft and sound :
Gude haly pepill, I stand for'd
Quhaver beis hangit with this cord
Neidis never to be dround,
The culum of Sanct Bryd's kow,
The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow,
Quhilk bure his haly bell :
Quha ever he be heiris this bell clink,
Giff me ane ducat for till drink,
He sall never gang to hell,
Without he be of Beliall borne :—
Maisters, trow ye that this be scorne ?
Cum win this pardoun, cum.

In spite of all obsolescence of language and subject, the true spirit of comedy makes its presence felt here. Sir David Lindsay is a rude Scottish Aristophanes; but the genius for dramatic creation which budded in him never came to flower in the cold air of Northern Protestantism. Scotland has never had a dramatic literature, for we suppose nobody now believes in the frigid and unnatural trash of Home's *Douglas*. This is partly due to the fanaticism of the country; and partly to its poverty; but another element must be taken into account in these matters,—the almost constant want of literary attainments and literary sympathy among the modern Scottish clergy. Much as literature did for the Reformation in Scotland as elsewhere, the clergy have done astonishingly little to repay the debt. Yet among Scotch men of letters the memory of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount holds its own :

Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount
Lord Lyon King at Arms !

The reforming war was also carried on in Scotland by satirical ballads. We should much like to quote one which the curious reader will find in Dr. Irving's excellent *History of Scottish Poetry*, and of which the refrain or "ower-word" is:—

Hay trix, trim goe trix under the greene-wode tree.

But this ballad is too long,—and we may add that it is also too *broad*, for quotation here, even supposing that such ballads came, as they do not, within our present plan. That their sting and danger, as well as that of other satire, was felt by the orthodox, is proved by an order of the provincial council convoked by Archbishop Hamilton in 1549. The council directed every ordinary to make strict inquiry within his diocese, "whether any person had in his possession certain books of rhymes of vulgar songs, containing scandalous reflections on the clergy, together with other heretical matter;" and to read or keep them was an offence to be punished by Act of Parliament. But it was now too late to effect the object for which such Acts were passed; and twenty years afterwards, the Archbishop was hanged on a gibbet and embalmed in an epigram.

The only Scot of that age entitled to figure in our list by the side of Lindsay was one who first made the literary genius of his country known to Europe, and who in modern times has been persistently and inexcusably neglected,—so much so, that he lies, without even a tombstone to mark the spot, in the churchyard of the Greyfriars in Edinburgh. George Buchanan—*poetarum sui seculi facile princeps*, as a long list of scholars recognized him to be, from Scaliger to Ruddiman—was younger than Lindsay, but had reached his thirtieth year before the death of Erasmus. His youth in St. Andrews and in Paris was a period of hard study and hard struggling with poverty, after which he became tutor to a natural son of James V.—about 1534. Already—he was now twenty-eight—he had written a poem against the Franciscans; and a few years afterwards, James, having formed an ill opinion of their sincerity towards him in the matter of a certain rumoured conspiracy, requested Buchanan to compose a satire against the order. Buchanan knew his men, and hesitating between offending either them or the king, produced a brief and ambiguous composition. James was not satisfied with this, and demanded something sharp and pointed—*acre et aculeatum*. The result was the *Franciscanus*, one of the most vigorous Latin satires of the century. Soon after, Buchanan learned that his life was sought by Cardinal Beaton, who had offered the king money for it. He was sentenced to exile and imprisoned, but escaped while his jailers were asleep, and got away to England and the Continent. This was in 1539. He remained abroad more than twenty years, leading a life of much variety. Suspicion of heresy drove him from Paris; the plague drove him from Bordeaux. He went away to Lisbon to teach the classics; but there, too, the fatal odour of heterodoxy clung to him. He was imprisoned in a monastery, where he spent his time on his immortal Latin version of the Psalms. Quitting

the Tagus in a vessel that had put in there on her way to England from Crete, he landed in London, which he left for his favourite Paris. He was now for the next five years tutor to a son of Marshal Brissac, with whom he resided a good deal in Italy. He returned to Scotland about the time that Queen Mary did, in 1560; joined the party of the Regent Murray; was tutor to young James VI., and held other important appointments; and died in Edinburgh in 1582, in his seventy-seventh year.

The most valuable books of Buchanan are his version of the Psalms, and his *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*; but his satires are very excellent, and must have helped to bring the men of the ancient system into a wholesome and desirable contempt. The *Franciscanus* holds the first place amongst them. It is a Juvenalian satire in sonorous hexameters of great swing and flow; for Buchanan was almost equally at home in every form of Latin composition, from the sweet ripple of elegiacs to the stormy roll of indignant heroics. He places himself in the position of one who is dissuading a friend from entering the Franciscans, and proceeds to lay bare their character and habits. They are recruited, he says, from those who have no means at home; or who have angry stepmothers, and severe fathers and masters; or who are lazy, and cold to all the attractions of the muses. The order to such is a harbour of refuge and of ignoble ease. Some look after the door, and some after the kitchen. One digs in the garden; another is employed to trick widows. The duller sort are sent to dupe the rural vulgar; to give apples to the boys, and amulets to the girls, whose heads they fill with the most superstitious fancies. The dullest blockhead assumes the appearance of wisdom when he has become one of these friars, and learns to humbug the world; and in his old age may proceed to teach the art to young beginners. He will teach him how to make a judicious use of confession, and to plunder well those whose secret thoughts and deeds have become his property; how to lure innocent virgins into sin; and how, if any one resolutely declines communication with the sect, to earwig his servants, and try to get up accusations against him,—especially if his life should prove irreproachable, the accusation of heresy. A great deal more advice of the kind is given, and a story told of an adventure which had evidently befallen Buchanan himself on the Garonne. One of the brothers was travelling in company with a woman who fell into labour in the vessel; and he abandoned her to her fate, running away amidst the confusion caused by the event at the landing-place. Buchanan tells the story in the person of an old Franciscan; and, with admirable irony, makes him conclude by saying:—"Young and strong as I then was, I could hardly silence the murmurs of the people, often though I execrated the deed, and swore that the offender was some Lutheran lying hidden under the name of our holy sect!"

We do not find in the satirical portions of Buchanan's writings the Erasmusian vein of Sir David Lindsay, or the rollicking humour of Rabelais, nor even the intermediate kind of pleasantry, smacking of both, of the

Epistola Obscurorum Virorum. His fun is grim; and his abuse hearty. He is of the Juvenalian and Swiftian school of satire; a good hard proud Scots gentleman, whose keen feeling for classical beauty has given him elegance but not gentleness. There was nothing of what is now called "gushing" about George, any more than about those similar types of Scot, Smollett and Lockhart. He had much love for his own friends; much humour and feeling at bottom; but very little compassion for fools, rascals, or personal enemies. Many of his epigrams are bitter enough; and we shall transcribe a couple of them from a recent translation:—

ON THE MONKS OF ST. ANTONY.

When living, thou, St. Antony,
As swine-herd kept thy swine;
Now, dead, thou keep'st, St. Antony,
This herd of monks of thine.

The monks as stupid are as they,
As fond of dirt and prog;
In dumbness, torpor, ugliness,
Each monk is like each hog.

So much agrees 'tween herd and herd,
One point would make all good,—
If but thy monks, St. Antony,
Had acorns for their food!

ON PONTIFF PIUS.

Heaven he had sold for money; earth he left in death as well;
What remains to Pontiff Pius?—nothing that I see but hell!

Buchanan the latest, is also the last of the satirists on whom we have undertaken to offer some criticisms in this paper. It has been seen that the Low Countries, Germany, France, and Scotland, each produced within the compass of about a century satirists whose names have become classical, and whose powers were exerted in the same direction. The exact value of their services to the cause of divine truth and human enlightenment cannot be estimated; but it was undoubtedly great. The friends of the cause valued them; its foes feared them. They were nearly all persecuted; they were all, without exception, we think, libelled. Two of them were, in ignorance however, grossly misrepresented by succeeding generations of their own friends and countrymen. Francis Rabelais was made the traditional hero of a score of foolish anecdotes, apocryphal, obscene, and profane. George Buchanan became, in the eyes of the Scottish peasantry, the king's fool of a past age; and chap-books, filled with the dirtiest stories about him, circulated by thousands among the cottages of his native land.

The last historical fact is only amusing. But there were other conditions common to these men of great importance, which may be well commended to the attention of those who are inclined to underrate

satirists generally, and to that of the ordinary comic writers of our own time. These satirists of the Reformation were all scholars and thinkers to a man: not wits only, still less buffoons, but invariably among the best-read men, and the most vigorous manly intellects of their generation. Erasmus towered over the whole century; and by universal admission, Buchanan did more skilfully than any writer what every writer of the period was trying to do; while Hutten was recognized along the whole length of the Rhine as one of the most accomplished men in Germany; and Rabelais ranked from the first among the most learned men in France. What is equally worthy of notice, no solid charge has ever been proved against the characters of any of the satirists of the Reformation. Hutten was probably not the soberest man in Europe, but he was generous, and faithful, and brave, and true. Erasmus was loved by the best men then living; and Rabelais and Lindsay trusted by the chief personages of their respective kingdoms. As for the silly lies which were once disseminated against Buchanan by such writers as Father Garasse, they are no longer repeated even by Popish malignity. The lies and the liars have passed into a common obscurity.

The study of such writers would seem, we may say in conclusion, to have a practical value, as well as a merely antiquarian interest. The last man who did any political work of European importance by the use of satire—Béranger—felt strongly on this subject. He had been often urged to come forward for the Academy, but always persistently declined; and he gave a remarkable explanation of his reasons for this decision. The *chanson*, he said, may be again needed as a political instrument; and I could not, as a *chansonnier*, set an example which might lead to its being prostituted by ambitious men to the service of power. The sentiment is noble; and it is instructive. Satire may again be necessary in politics and other fields; and if the reaction against modern knowledge and thought, which seems to be gaining ground in some quarters, should become really formidable to intellectual freedom, we may some of us be none the less useful for having studied the satirical masters of the great sixteenth century.

By the Sea-Side in South-East Africa.

ALONG the whole Natal coast-line there is, so far as I know, but one spot which can fairly be called a watering-place. To that length of south-east African shore might also be added two hundred miles to the south, and two hundred miles to the north of our colonial frontiers, and then we shall have nearly six hundred miles of glorious sea-frontage utterly unused for purposes of enjoyment by man. The sole rival of Brighton or Biarritz in this part of the world is the place I refer to. A smaller can hardly exist, for it contains only one house. And even that house would, in the eyes of all my English readers, be deemed little better than a hovel. Such as it is, I am its tenant for the time being, and a vast fund of true and healthful enjoyment does the tenancy of my hovel confer upon me.

Few shores can present less variety of outline than that of South-East Africa. No navigable rivers empty themselves into the sea; thus there are no estuaries. Scores of narrow, rocky, shallow streams do fall into the ocean, after devious courses from the ever-visible uplands, but all of them have sand-bars across their mouths, and during the dry mid-year months of winter these bars can often be traversed dryshod. Nor are there any creeks, harbours, or indentations of any kind, except where, here and there, some river-guarding bluff advances a little further than usual into the sea, and thus affords, on one side at least, a small measure of shelter. Between Delagoa Bay on the north, and Algoa Bay on the south—and there are, say, seven hundred miles between them—only one port worth the name is found, and that is Durban, the leading commercial centre of Natal. There an all but landlocked basin, about five miles long, affords a safe haven for vessels of moderate tonnage.

My watering-place, which is what I have to do with now, is about fifteen miles south of Durban. Africa is but a beginner in civilization as yet; and although six miles of railway are in operation near the town, they do not come in this direction. Nor, indeed, do public vehicles of any kind offer facilities for travel. In Natal, when we want to go about, but one way is possible to those who are burdened with baggage or other *impedimenta*. We have to post to our watering-place. But our chariot is a clumsy, big, and springless waggon, and our team consists of fourteen gigantic oxen, whose vast-spreading horns never fail to strike the stranger with surprise. This cumbrous vehicle is as slow as it is uncomfortable. Moving at the rate of about two miles an hour, we hope to reach our destination ere dusk. The road, though flat, is sandy. Long hills, shaggy with tropical bush-growth, and enlivened by the gardens and

cottages of suburban residents, skirt our way. On the other side the mangrove swamp, which lines the bay, hems us in. Groups of Kaffirs and coolies, laden with fruit and vegetables for sale in town, pass us. Solitary horsemen, devoid of knightly trappings, are seen ambling along such sylvan and shady by-paths as Mr. G. P. R. James would have delighted in. Here we plunge through a narrow, bridgeless stream, where, at high tide, the oxen might have to swim. Here we come to a tree of untold antiquity, under whose spreading branches many a picnic party has disported, and many a belated traveller encamped for the night. After three hours' "trekking," or crawling, the panting oxen are set free, to depasture themselves for an hour or two. No inn is near; but waggon travellers esorn hotel accommodation, being, of all classes of wayfarers, the most self-reliant. Brushwood is gathered in the neighbouring bush by our attendant Kaffirs, a fire is lit, the kettle is boiled, and, seated on the ground, our party take their midday meal.

A few words about that party may not be out of place. I am the only man amongst them—a fact portending serious responsibilities. The costume of my fair fellow-travellers would give a serious shock to the proprieties of Scarborough or Deauville. Hats that are nearly two feet in diameter shield the feminine visages from the scorching sun. Crinoline was never in less demand. At my watering-place the utility of apparel is estimated according to its age and strength. The total absence of all curious eyes enables the laws of Nature and the dictates of comfort to be consistently followed.

In the month of May with us the shadows begin to lengthen early, and our journey's end draws near. After crossing the Umlazi by a wooden bridge, we pass sugar-mills in quick succession. For this long, narrow plain, stretching out from the head of the bay, is almost covered with plantations, whose thick, ribbon-like leaves make a cheery rustle as we pass them. The chessboard-like divisions of coffee-estates may also be seen on the wooded hillsides. A little further and we cross a wide, shallow stream, in the quicksands of whose bottom waggons often stick for hours, and which is sometimes so flooded in the summer as to be impassable by horsemen. Now we leave all traces of a road behind us, and follow the bed of the river for half a mile or more, until a narrow path, cut out of the side of a steep hill, shows us that our seaside retreat has at last been reached.

I have ridden on ahead, meanwhile, to "prospect" the place, and see how we could get into the house; for when too late to return to Durban it is discovered that the one key which serves for all the doors has been left behind. A narrow path cut out of the side of a steep hill, rising at an angle of about forty-five degrees, brings me to an opening of the bush on the top of a shoulder of the hill, about a hundred feet above the plain. Just through this, in a small shelf-like nook, surrounded on three sides by bush, stands our home for the ensuing month. My enthusiasm about the attractions of the spot somewhat abated when I saw our residence. It

is a small building of a construction peculiar to South Africa, and known locally as "wattle and dab." Its walls are simply made of poles, with wattles interlaced between them, the whole being daubed over with rough plaster, and then limewashed. In an inclement climate, where the winds are violent and rains are frequent, such a style of architecture would never keep out the weather. But in our mild latitude it gives capital shelter and lasts for many a long year. In this case the structure consists of one centre room, twenty feet long and fourteen wide, into which open four small rooms, two on either side, each being respectively fourteen by eight. The first serves us as parlour, dining-room, reception-room, and room of all-work, the others are all bedrooms. Overhead there is nothing but the bare sheets of iron that form the roof. As the walls are only about ten feet high, and whitewashed inside as well as out, the reader will form some idea of the charming simplicity which distinguishes this, our marine *ménage*.

Locks in Natal are superfluities. Until within the last year burglars and robbers were never heard of except as plaguing foreign lands. As often as not in our country districts doors are left unlocked, windows unfastened, and our houses generally accessible to any evil-disposed persons. Our primitive state hitherto has been our great security. As civilization grows and spreads all this will pass away; and there are such evidences latterly, that, as a colony, we are civilizing and degenerating concurrently. This is by way of explaining how it was that I managed so readily, with the aid of a large nail, to force open the lock, and thus obtain ingress. Although no other house is to be found at a less distance than a mile the lock was a formality—a deference to usage and nothing more.

The sun was setting as the waggon drew up for the night at the bottom, and weary work we had dragging all our household goods up that ladder-like path before darkness set in. Although the house was let as "furnished" we had a host of moveables to bring with us, the furniture being simply confined to a table, two closets, one large and four small bedsteads, some shelves, a cracked toilet glass, and a dozen chairs. It required some exertion, therefore, to put our house in order and appease our hunger, but both were duly accomplished within two or three hours. Our Kaffirs picked up a large pile of drift-wood from the beach in a few minutes, and soon a roaring fire filled our bare and curtainless apartment with a blaze of light.

Once shaken down into something like order, the everlasting boom of the breakers tempts me out. From the verandah in front I can see nothing but the vast, mystic blank of the ocean, stretching from my feet away into dim obscurity, and streaked along the shore, as far as the eye can penetrate the gloom, with white lathery bars of foam. Every few seconds, as some new roller rises darkly out of the sea, and plunges down upon the rocks in a crashing cataract of surge, a strange flash

of veiled phosphorescent light shoots along the breaker, as though some sudden blaze had burst out beneath it. This effect is quite different from the more sparkling displays of ocean phosphorescence one sees on a smaller scale when on the water at night. Only once have I seen anything like it, and that was off the coast of South America, one dark night when the ocean was crossed by broad bands of the same sort of light, emitted as we afterwards found, by a large species of jelly-fish, whose scientific denomination I am not naturalist enough to remember correctly.

Although I have been accustomed all my life to live near the sea, the constant roar of the waves only some hundred feet below produces at first an unpleasant and irritating sensation. On this first night I said that the din would certainly drive me mad if I continued there; but next night the noise was as great, and my reason seemed unimpaired; the night after that I concluded that the ocean might rave far more loudly than it did without affecting my sanity. The sea, indeed, became companionable in its vocal efforts before many days were over. Those grand tones, so unquenchably impressive, are, after all, the most eloquent of Nature's voices. For four weeks they have never ceased, and when, in the calmest weather, their fury abates, they only sink into a milder cadence. At night we have never got rid of the notion that a storm is raging. We wake, and fancy that rain is pouring down in torrents, and that a gale is howling round the house. Nothing of the sort. Go out, and the air is deliciously still, the stars shine peacefully, and all the elements are hushed except the sleepless ocean.

About seven in the morning the red dull blaze of the sun as it rises above the sea-line and looks in at our curtainless windows (there are no prying eyes to fear) wakes us all. From my pillow I look down upon the broad sea now, and usually at this time in a state of oily calm. No horizon is clearly visible in the mists of morning. It is not here as it is at sea, where the early riser enjoys the grandest aspect of the changeful ocean. The sea looks its worst at this time. Except on rare occasions when gales arise, these southern winter mornings are still, and the waves that may have tossed and tumbled in the sunlight of the preceding evening have generally subsided ere midnight. Thick vapours hang over the waters and contract the distance, the sun rises red and big, the sea looks torpid and dull; but it is not silent. Loud as ever roar the crashing breakers; and if the tide be flowing in, the din they make will be your first disturbance on awaking.

Short time does one take in dressing at so primitive a retreat. Having loosed the bit of string by which the door is temporarily fastened, I begin to do what all masters of South African households are compelled to do, namely, to set the wheels of the domestic machinery, in the shape of Kaffir and coolie servants, at work. The easy natures of these people forbid any exertion on their part that is not absolutely necessary. There they are, seated round the old grate in the reed hut, windowless, door-

less, and floorless, which acts as kitchen and servants' quarters to the establishment. A large pot of maize porridge gurgles pleasantly on the fire, and their simple hearts are rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy meal. Happily, they are a docile, albeit a lazy, people, and they skip about their several duties with a song on their lips and a smile in their eyes. Not so, however, our Indian cook. He is in great straits. He can't keep the draughts out of the kitchen, and he is distressed by the utter lack of all facilities for cooking. He mutters that he can't understand why his master should desert home comforts for such a place. Nature has few charms for Sambo anywhere; to love her is to acquire a taste. My cook falls into a yet lower state of despondency on finding that both teapot and coffee-pot have been forgotten, and with a sigh he proceeds to make an earthenware pitcher without a handle do duty for those utensils, as well as, at a later stage, act as deputy for a soup tureen.

The order of the day at our watering-place is about as regular and systematic as it is at more pretentious resorts. Breakfast being over, down all the party sallies to the beach. That is the beginning and the end of our enjoyments; the shore in one phase or another engrosses all our attention. Now the tide happens to be out. Smooth and hard the sands stretch bare on either hand. Beyond them the dark rocks are left uncovered by the falling tide. An almost perpendicular bound of about a hundred feet carries us to the top of a pile of boulders, by which the beach just here is buttressed. Below these, on one side a platform of rock stretches out to the sea. This slab of sandstone is worn into numberless little basins and channels, in which lovely striped fish of tiny size and delicate proportions flit about. Further on, the pools are deeper and larger; the rocks are undermined by the sea, which you can hear clamping and chafing beneath you. Now and then, an incoming wave fills these pools to overflowing, and through countless unsuspected holes and chinks the water spurts up like a fountain into your face. To the further rocks the mussels cling in black masses, tons on tons, small and great, from the delicate green-tinted youngster to the big, hoary, and bearded patriarch.

It is here that we fish. On the first morning of our arrival a Kaffir put his hook down a deep hole not more than a foot in diameter, and in a minute's time he hauled up a huge rock-cod, dark-brown and spotted, with broad greedy mouth, and ugly fins. These insignificant-looking pools, crannies though they be, give access to the still depths of sea underneath, where these fish, which are delicious eating, love to lie. But there are fish of all kinds to be had for the hauling. Come to this rock—a daily haunt of ours. Down in the clear depths you may see hundreds of beautiful creatures—some darting quickly from rock to rock, and pool to pool, others gliding slowly nearer the bottom, now poking at a bunch of seaweed, or putting to flight a shoal of smaller fry. Here are

the narrow, deep-bodied, silvery bream ; the codlike, broad-backed mullet ; the deep, fleshy-coloured, Cape salmon. Here, too, are fish, flashing to and fro, which in truth may be said to "bear the rich hues of all glorious things." I have seen the fish-markets of Mauritius and other Eastern places, but never have I seen fish so brilliantly and beautifully coloured as some that are common here. Two kinds in particular may be named ; one being striped with jagged bands of the brightest blue and orange ; the other being crossed by bars of the richest green and gold. Both are good biters and capital eating, and as they retain their colours after cooking, they are pleasant objects on the table.

But there are ugly fellows too. One little wretch in particular, from his extreme and unparalleled hideousness, we dubbed a sea-devil. In all respects he is hateful. This pariah of the fish race is cowardly but greedy, never swimming forth into the open water, but crouching in holes of the rock, or among the seaweed, not far from the surface. He has a detestable knack of seizing the bait when it gets within reach, and holding it tenaciously while you tug and tug in the belief that the hook has caught. The first fish of this kind which I brought up offered so much resistance that I reckoned upon a prize of magnificent proportions, and was rewarded by a wriggling, uncanny creature three or four inches long. This toad of the ocean is dark-brown and mottled, is scaleless, and protrudes large vicious eyes. Its mouth is far too large for its body, and overhung by masses of fleshy skin not unlike lips. Two large prickly fins, just like the wings of harpies, are placed close to the head, and a long row of similar ones runs down the back. Small yellow teeth, which have a proneness to bite, complete the picture.

But the most companionable and interesting fishes we have here are the porpoises. They are our daily visitors. A school of about a hundred appear to have their abiding place somewhere along the coast. Shortly after sunrise they come plunging and leaping up from the southward, returning again ere the day be out. They are not the uncouth creatures they appear and are reputed to be. We have excellent opportunities of observation, as these lively creatures keep close inshore, just outside the rocks, but within and amongst the breakers, which have no terrors for them. It is a rare sight to see a troop of porpoises coming head on towards the land on the crest of a roller. When caught by such a wave they turn with it, and as the great heave of water gathers itself up, wall-like, and then curls over and darts down, smooth, green, and crushing, the line of porpoises may be clearly seen, at full length, regular as a squadron of cavalry, diving or rather rushing with the force of the wave into the stiller depths beneath the swirling foam.

Pleasant is it, too, to watch the porpoises leap, as I often have seen them do, clear over a breaker, or turn head over tail in their gambols, or catch at some roving fish, for which they are ever looking out. Sad havoc, indeed, do these voracious creatures make among their smaller

fellows, and a morning when no porpoises appear—a rare event—is a certain prelude to good sport.

At spring-tides, when the far-receding waves leave the rocks bare, a perfect paradise of seaside "wonders" is disclosed. The first day when we could get such a glimpse of the beauties which the sea hides happened to be Sunday, and our party were, I believe, none the worse for being compelled to wander in rapturous admiration, not amidst the fretted aisles of church or cathedral, but amidst these—the humblest, and yet the most mysterious, of Nature's works. The rocks were found to contain pool after pool, in bewildering numbers, each being in itself a most perfect and amply-furnished aquarium. Words cannot describe the purity of the water in these wave-worn cavities, but it will be understood perhaps when I say that on more than one occasion I have got a wetting by walking into one, under the delusion that it was dry. These pools are sometimes carpeted with sea-weed of vivid tints, with sponges, with fungi, or perhaps with sparkling and shell-strewn sand. All round the sides is a shaggy growth of sea-weed, while under tiny overhanging cliffs sea anemones nestle, or the starlike species of the sea urchin move curiously about. Multitudes of delicate and graceful little fish, with silvery, striped, golden, or speckled bodies, glide peacefully hither and thither, or, when disturbed, dart into some smaller out-pool—a sort of inner chamber, where the sea-weed grows thicker, the rock overhangs more, and a comfortable hiding-place can be found. The beautiful shells we pick up on the sands above are here seen animated, moving about the bottom, and taking an active part in the wonderful economy of the universe.

But time would fail me were I to write of these sub-aqueous glories as I should like to do. Their types and forms are so varied and new, their habits are so interesting and suggestive, their colours are so rich and mellow, and they, in their native loveliness, seem so confidently to defy the power of man to imitate or to match their beauties, that one could never tire of trying to do justice to such a theme. But there are other features of our watering-place yet to be described ere this rapid sketch ends. Not far up the coast the sea has scooped out of a mass of sandstone rocks three or four picturesque arches and caves, not large, but infinitely beautiful, as the afternoon sun glints through their chinks and crannies, and throws a glow upon the big boulders piled up in the background. Half-a-mile further we come to a little bay, hemmed in by tall rocks, but skirted by a delicious strip of hard firm sand. Behind and around rises, sheer from the water's edge to the height of 300 feet, an almost perpendicular hill, clothed with thick vegetation—rustling bananas, spiral aloes, and hanging creepers, whose evergreen tints are reflected, when the tide is up and the air is calm, in the waters below.

The vegetation of our shores would seem strange even to eyes accus-

tomed to the leafage and bush-growth of southern Europe. All along the beach, just above high water mark, are rows of tall grim aloes, a plant whose leaves are as large as, though their arrangement differs from, those of the Mexican agave. These veterans rise in some places to a height of twenty feet. Around their stems cluster thickly the dead leaves of many long seasons, and at the top the fresh living leaves spread out umbrella-wise. Standing thus, they look like gaunt sentries stationed along the beach. They are scattered singly amidst the bush, clothing the hills, steep and high, that rise abruptly from the sands along the whole length of the Natal coast. But dense groves of the wild banana, and closely-matted jungle of stunted growth, give freshness throughout the year to the aspect of the shore.

Not many birds are to be seen hereabout. Occasionally a gull will fly over the sea to some unseen resting place. Now and then that toothsome delicacy, the "Oddidore," will alight on the beach in quest of insects or crabs. About ten miles to the southward a stream called in the expressive language of the natives, Amanzimtote, or River of Sweet Water, enters the sea. Near the mouth it spreads out, as many of our African rivers do, into a lagoon, surrounded by bushy hills, whose environing trees spring nearly out of the water. Here these beautiful birds may be found in large numbers, for in this sequestered retreat few sportsmen, as yet, have found them out. At the mouth of our river, the Umbogontwini, there are several large boulders overlooking the stream, and on the top of these a pair of speckled kingfishers, the largest and rarest of that beautiful species, are often distinctly perched. We have seen, too, more than one flock of pelicans pass over us, their number being preceded, as usual, by a leader, and their harsh cries distinctly reaching us from a vast altitude. Black-winged, white-headed sea-eagles sometimes, though not often, sail pass majestically, while silver-winged snipe may be met with on the beach in the early morning. The bush at the back of us is thronged with smaller birds, emerald-winged, golden-breasted, scarlet-collared, or black-crested, and by no means destitute of vocal capacity.

There are other forms of life about us of which the reader may like to hear something. Our house is situated in the corner of what is known as a Kaffir location. The cautious foresight of the English government has set apart for, and the liberality of the colonial legislature has secured to, the mass of Kaffirs, refugees, and others, living within the colony, certain large spaces of land, comprising in all about a million and a half acres, which are inalienably assigned for their occupation and benefit. All the country southward of us for twenty miles is one of these locations. Some of the natives resident in it are among the oldest coloured inhabitants of the colony. Of late years the location has become partly depopulated, owing to that instinct, or necessity, of savage races which leads them to retire before the advances of civilization. This location consists of some of the finest land on the coast. It is close to town, and therefore near a market.

Many a white settler would be only too thankful to have a home here. But its very proximity to the more thickly colonized districts constitutes its chief drawback in the eyes of the natives. They begin to feel cramped and overlooked; and latterly many large tribes have, for no other apparent reason, moved away nearly a hundred miles to the southward, near the frontier of the colony. The consequence is that this beautiful tract of country is scarcely peopled at all, and it is hoped that the home government will allow it to be exchanged for the lands voluntarily selected by its former inhabitants.

But there are many Kaffirs residing here nevertheless. Two kraals are in the immediate neighbourhood, and as we are largely dependent upon them for our daily supplies, they are regarded as part of our establishment. Butcheries and shops are at some distance, and fish forms a large feature in one's daily *menu*. These black neighbours of ours are simple, primitive people, who regard this rough and rude shanty as a sort of manor-house, from whence they have a prescriptive right to draw as much custom as possible. We had not been here two days before the head and lord of the nearest kraal came to pay his respects. He was a tall, fine old man, of about sixty-five, as far as one could judge, and a Kaffir's age is one of those mysteries which baffle the sharpest intelligence and the most prolonged observation. He was in the garb of his people, that is the garb of nature, wholly unassisted save in the girdle of skin and a feather or two stuck in his hair. A young wife accompanied him, apparently regarding her patriarchal husband as an excellent joke. Having squatted on his knees in the verandah he began to take snuff, as a preface to further diplomatic intercourse, and then proceeded with inflexible candour to express his opinion regarding the personal appearance of every member of our party, to the great confusion of all. Having asked for a drink, and obtained it, he gave the best part of the beverage to his young wife, who told him that it would certainly do him harm were he to imbibe it all. Having then arranged to supply us with milk and corn daily, he saluted us as his rulers and benefactors, and went his way. The next morning the head of another kraal, about two miles off, came to see us, bringing with him baskets containing noble fish, large active crayfish, oysters and mussels, for all of which excellent prices were demanded. It is a singular circumstance that while Zulus generally will not touch fish, looking upon it as well as upon pork as unclean, these Kaffirs have no such scruples, and almost subsist on fish. The children come down in shoals, pick a quantity of mussels off the rocks, light a fire upon the beach, and roast them over it; and capital eating they are when thus cooked. More expert fishermen than the Kaffirs are I have rarely seen. Their lines are of great strength, twisted out of strips of bark. Baiting these with crayfish they will pull out of small holes, with surprising quickness, fish after fish—great struggling fellows which require a hard blow or two before they are got off the line.

The other day we made a state visit to the nearest kraal. After following some winding paths, darkened by the overhanging bush, we came to a group of about half-a-dozen beehive-shaped huts placed round an enclosure for cattle, at the top of a hill. A chorus of many dogs greeted our approach. Curs, of no breed in particular, always infest the kraals of Kaffirs, and bark much without biting at all. Several women crawled out of the apertures, two feet high, through which alone daylight finds ingress into these straw huts. Presently the whole seraglio was around us, and in due time the old chief himself toddled up from a midday siesta under a leafy tree. It was pleasant to see how thoroughly fond and fearless of him his wives seemed to be. There were six of them, one for each hut. All had babies of tender age on their backs or in their arms. He was no Bluebeard, this aged polygamist, and fondled his youngest infant—a bead-eyed little urchin wholly naked, as all Kaffir children are—with more manifest affection than I ever saw a native exhibit before. Presently a woman much older than the rest came up and squatted down on all fours beside him, as though the place were hers by right. He looked pleased to see her. She put her head down, very much as a cat does when it wants stroking, and he fondly rubbed and scratched it for a while. The action was so simple, yet so funny, that we could not resist a laugh. He looked up rather wonderingly and asked us if we were smiling at his doing that. “You white men have particular ways of caressing those you love, and this is our way.” The justice of this remark we had to admit, whether we liked it or not; and though the lesson came unpleasantly, we confessed to ourselves that the self-sufficiency of people who ridicule others for habits and customs that differ from their own, often deserve such a rebuke as we received from this Zulu philosopher. The old lady herself was evidently delighted with the attention of her husband, and proudly told us that she was his oldest wife. “And I love her the best,” said he, an assurance by no means resented by the others.

This reminds me of a story told by a medical friend, who many years resided in the upper districts. The wife of a powerful chief living in the vicinity was bitten by a snake, and in his anxiety to cure her the chief at once sent for the European doctor. Some considerable time necessarily elapsed before the latter could possibly reach the place, and his arrival was too late to effect a cure; the wife died. The chief was wildly inconsolable. “But you have plenty more wives,” suggested my friend, anxious to cheer the painful distress of the bereaved chieftain, who could number his wives by tens, if not by twenties. “Ah,” said he, with an expression of real and deep feeling, “but the heart loves but one.”

Before we left the kraal a fine young man, himself married, came up. “That is my eldest son,” said the old wife, “and the best of them all.” The heir, despite his importance and superiority, seemed a modest, unassuming fellow. When his father dies, he will inherit not only his station and property, but his wives too, who will then be his slaves, and

bound to work for him, as they now are for his parent. This is one of the provisions of Kaffir law, which it is an anomaly of our social condition to have in operation here.

Small things please these simple-minded people. The girls of our party had brought several strips of coloured rags, and these were accepted with boundless gratitude by the women, who forthwith began bedecking the brows, the arms, and the person of their lord and master with them, reserving only one bit apiece for themselves. The old man was as proud of these decorations as a gartered knight may be with his ribbon, and the whole party at once burst into a jubilant chorus, keeping time with their hands and shoulders. Vanity is no less a foible with Kaffirs than with Europeans. Not long since a party of the girls at this kraal came to see us, each having a baby strapped to her back. Happening to catch a glimpse of a swing looking-glass of fair size, an object they had never seen before, their delight was most extravagant and vociferous. Screams of astonishment and admiration filled the room. Huddling up together so that all might get a glimpse of themselves in the mirror, they began dancing, singing, and rolling their eyes and heads about after a fashion known only to such barbarians. Since that time they have brought fish and wild-fruit as bribes for permission to gaze into and dance before the magic mirror.

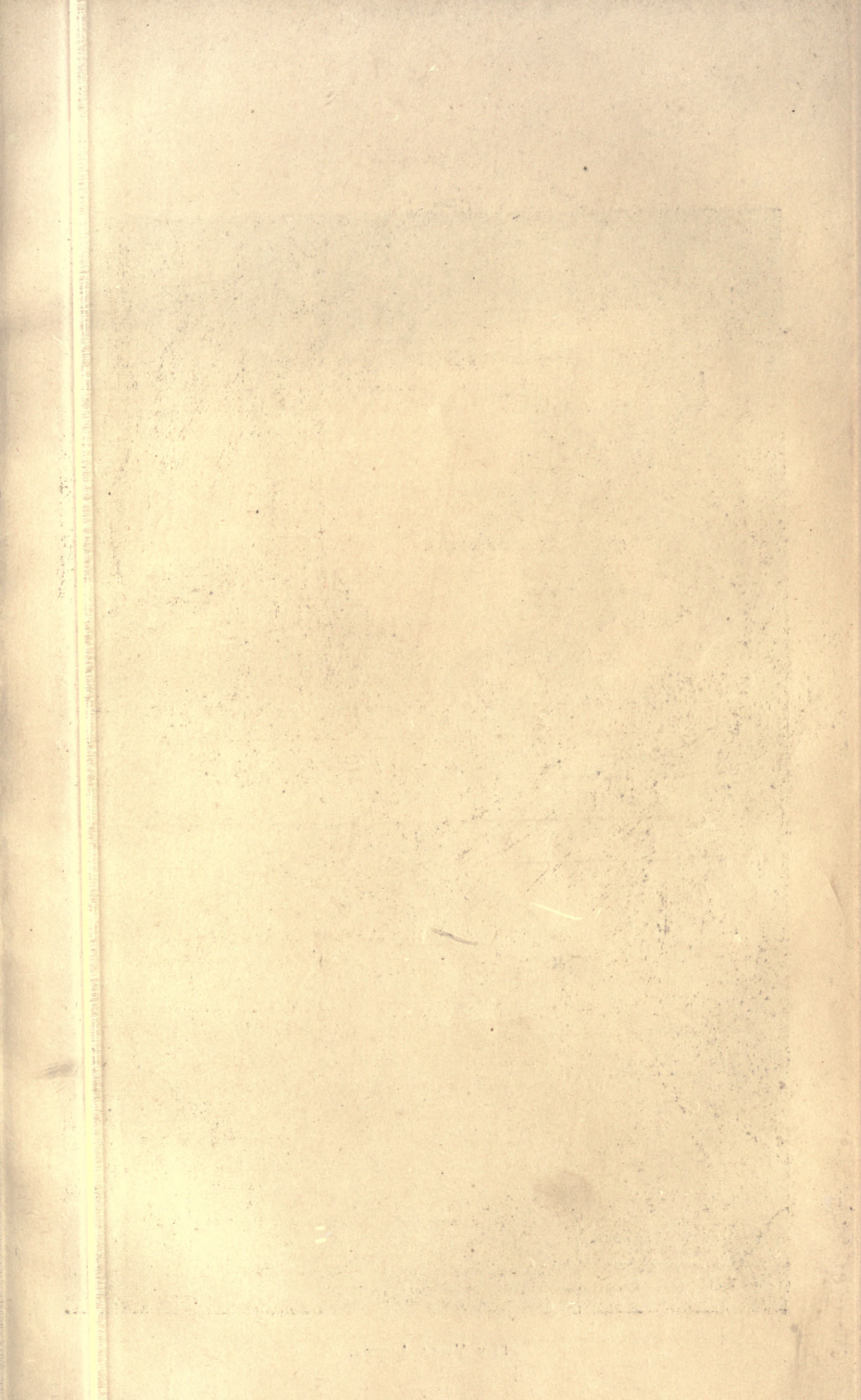
But I must stop, for my pen is running away with me. There are other aspects of our watering-place as novel, if not as interesting, as those I have described. Much might be said of the luxury of bathing as we have it here, with no prying eyes to care for, and the rock-bound but turbulent breakers to bound amongst. To be knocked about by these waves, lifted off your feet by an advancing breaker, and tossed up high, if not dry, upon the sands, to be scrubbed by the coarse clean sand, or whirled amidst the lather of some seething "cross-jobble," is to enjoy sea-bathing in its best and truest form. Then, when you have had enough of the salt water, a dozen paces across the river-bar takes you to the shallow stream, where you can have a cool fresh bath, and feel in all respects renovated. This last facility to my mind makes our bathing perfection.

Or go to the top of that little hill near the cottage, crowned by a flag-staff, and see what a glorious prospect spreads out inland. At our feet stretches northward a long narrow plain, green with nestling cane leaves, and humanized by many sugar-mills. All round it rise bold hills, dark with the primeval bush which covers all our coast lands. On the other side the valley winds westward, disclosing an ever-undulating woodland country, rising and sinking in pleasant continuity of softest vallies, where babbling brooks or sleepy rivers are flowing; while further yet the rolling uplands dilate in huge swelling heights, here and there rent by some sudden chasm, but following each other in their upward march to our mountain frontier, like the rolling billows of the sea.

And back to that sea our eye instinctively turns, for it fills more than half the horizon, and unquestionably predominates. It is in one sense a strangely silent sea; rarely, indeed, is a sail seen upon it. During our month of residence we have seen but four steamers and three sailing vessels. Coleridge might fitly have written here:—

Alone, alone,—all, all alone;
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

A wide sea truly. The crested waves that come trooping up in serried order may have travelled, for aught I know, from that mysterious antarctic land investing the south pole yonder; there is naught to stop their march betwixt this shore and that far-off strand. They are the pure, deep ocean; they are in no degree of the earth, earthy. Unlike the waters of the German Ocean or the British Channel, they are the true *aqua pura* of the sea gods. Agencies invisible to us, operating at remote distances, gales and storms of which we are insensible, move them. In the calmest weather they break and roar incessantly, and there are few ears to hear them. Commerce has yet to stretch her wings this way, and to make these waters lively with the presence of ships and steamers. When the avenues of human industry in the northern world are filled to overflowing, then we may hope to see this sea lit with many a white sail, and all the latent goodness of the land developed; and may that day be nigh.





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The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.



“AND here is the letter, Julia,” said L'Estrange, as they sat at tea together that same evening. “Here is the letter; and if I were as clever a casuist as Colonel Bramleigh thought me, I should perhaps know whether I have the right to read it or not.”

“Once I have begun to discuss such a point, I distrust my judgment; but when I pronounce promptly, suddenly, out of mere woman's instinct, I have great faith in myself.”

“And how does your woman's instinct incline here?”

“Not to read it. It may or may not have been the writer's intention to have sealed it; the omission was possibly a mere accident. At

all events, to have shown you the contents would have been a courtesy at the writer's option. He was not so inclined——”

“Stop a bit, Julia,” cried he, laughing. “Here you are arguing the case, after having given me the instinctive impulse that would not wait for logic. Now, I'll not stand 'floggee and preachee' too.”

“Don't you see, sir,” said she, with a mock air of being offended,

“that the very essence of this female instinct is its being the perception of an inspired process of reasoning, an instinctive sense of right, that did not require a mental effort to arrive at.”

“And this instinctive sense of right says, Don't read?”

“Exactly so.”

“Well, I don't agree with you,” said he, with a sigh. “I don't know, and I want to know, in what light Colonel Bramleigh puts me forward. Am I a friend? am I a dependant? am I a man worth taking some trouble about? or am I merely, as I overheard him saying to Lord Culduff, ‘a young fellow my boys are very fond of?’”

“Oh, George. You never told me this.”

“Because it's not safe to tell you anything. You are sure to resent things you ought never to show you have known. I'd lay my life on it that had you heard that speech, you'd have contrived to introduce it into some narrative or some description before a week went over.”

“Well, it's a rule of war, if the enemy fire unfair ammunition, you may send it back to him.”

“And then,” said L'Estrange, reverting to his own channel of thought, “and then it's not impossible that it might be such a letter as I would not have stooped to present.”

“If I were a man, nothing would induce me to accept a letter of introduction to any one,” said she, boldly. “It puts every one concerned in a false position. ‘Give the bearer ten pounds’ is intelligible; but when the request is, ‘Be polite to the gentleman who shall deliver this; invite him to dine; present him to your wife and daughters; give him currency amongst your friends;’ all because of certain qualities which have met favour with some one else; why, this subverts every principle of social intercourse; this strikes at the root of all that lends a charm to intimacy. I want to find out the people who suit me in life, just as I want to display the traits that may attract others to me.”

“I'd like to know what's inside this,” said L'Estrange, who only half followed what she was saying.

“Shall I tell you?” said she, gravely.

“Do, if you can.”

“Here it is:—‘The bearer of this is a young fellow who has been our parson for some time back, and now wants to be yours at Albano. There's not much harm in him; he is well-born, well-mannered, preaches but twelve minutes, and rides admirably to hounds. Do what you can for him; and believe me yours truly.’”

“If I thought——”

“Of course you'd put it in the fire,” said she, finishing his speech; “and I'd have put it there though it should contain something exactly the reverse of all this.”

“The doctor told me that Bramleigh said something about a reparation that he owed me; and although the phrase, coming from a man in his state, might mean nothing, or next to nothing, it still keeps recurring

to my mind, and suggesting an eager desire to know what he could point to."

"Perhaps his conscience pricked him, George, for not having made more of you while here. I'd almost say it might with some justice."

"I think they have shown us great attention—have been most hospitable and courteous to us."

"I'm not a fair witness, for I have no sort of gratitude for social civilities. I think it's always the host is the obliged person."

"I know you do," said he, smiling.

"Who knows," said she warmly, "if he has not found out that the 'young fellow the boys were so fond of' was worthy of favour in higher quarters? Eh, George, might not this give the clue to the reparation he speaks of?"

"I can make nothing of it," said he, as he tossed the letter on the table with an impatient movement. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Julia," cried he, after a pause. "I'll take the letter over to Castello to-morrow, and ask Augustus if he feels at liberty to read it to me; if he opine not, I'll get him to seal it then and there."

"But suppose he consents to read it, and suppose it should contain something, I'll not say offensive, but something disagreeable, something that you certainly would not wish to have said; will you be satisfied at being the listener while he reads it?"

"I think I'd rather risk that than bear my present uncertainty."

"And if you'll let me, George, I'll go with you. I'll loiter about the grounds, and you can tell Nelly where to find me, if she wishes to see me."

"By the way, she asked me why you had not been to Castello; but my head being very full of other things, I forgot to tell you; and then there was something else I was to say."

"Try and remember it, George," said she, coaxingly.

"What was it? Was it?—no—it couldn't have been about Lord Cuduff carrying away the doctor to his own room, and having him there full half-an-hour in consultation before he saw Colonel Bramleigh."

"Did he do that?"

"Yes. It was some redness, or some heat, or something or other that he remarked about his ears after eating. No, no; it wasn't that. I remember all about it now. It was a row that Jack got into with his Admiral; he didn't report himself, or he reported to the wrong man, or he went on board when he oughtn't; in fact, he did something irregular, and the Admiral used some very hard language, and Jack rejoined, and the upshot is he's to be brought before a court martial; at least he fears so."

"Poor fellow; what is to become of him?"

"Nelly says that there is yet time to apologize; that the Admiral will permit him to retract or recall what he said, and that his brother officers say he ought—some of them at least."

"And it was this you forgot to tell me?" said she, reproachfully.

"No. It was all in my head, but along with so many things; and then

I was so badgered and bullied by the cross-examination they submitted me to ; and so anxious and uneasy, that it escaped me till now."

"Oh, George, let us do a good-natured thing ; let us go over and see Nelly ; she'll have so many troubles on her heart, she'll want a word of advice and kindness. Let us walk over there now."

"It's past ten o'clock, Julia."

"Yes ; but they're always late at Castello."

"And raining heavily besides ;—listen to that !"

"What do we care for rain ? did bad weather ever keep either of us at home when we wished to be abroad ?"

"We can go to-morrow. I shall have to go to-morrow about this letter."

"But if we wait we shall lose a post. Come, George, get your coat and hat, and I'll be ready in an instant."

"After all, it will seem so strange in us presenting ourselves at such an hour, and in such a trim. I don't know how we shall do it."

"Easily enough. I'll go to Mrs. Eady the housekeeper's room, and you'll say nothing about me, except to Nelly ; and as for yourself, it will be only a very natural anxiety on your part to learn how the Colonel is doing. There, now, don't delay. Let us be off at once."

"I declare I think it a very mad excursion, and the only thing certain to come of it will be a heavy cold or a fever."

"And we face the same risks every day for nothing. I'm sure wet weather never kept you from joining the hounds."

This home-thrust about the very point on which he was then smarting decided the matter, and he arose and left the room without a word.

"Yes," muttered he, as he mounted the stairs, "there it is ! That's the reproach I can never make head against. The moment they say, 'You were out hunting,' I stand convicted at once."

There was little opportunity for talk as they breasted the beating rain on their way to Castello ; great sheets of water came down with a sweeping wind, which at times compelled them to halt and seek shelter ere they could recover breath to go on.

"What a night," muttered he. "I don't think I was ever out in a worse."

"Isn't it rare fun, George ?" said she, laughingly. "It's as good as swimming in a rough sea."

"Which I always hated."

"And which I delighted in ! Whatever taxes one's strength to its limits, and exacts all one's courage besides, is the most glorious of excitements. There's a splash ; that was hail, George."

He muttered something that was lost in the noise of the storm ; and though from time to time she tried to provoke him to speak, now, by some lively taunt, now by some jesting remark on his sullen humour, he maintained his silence till he reached the terrace, when he said,—

"Here we are, and I declare, Julia, I'd rather go back than go forward."

"You shan't have the choice," said she laughing, as she rang the bell. "How is your master, William?" asked she, as the servant admitted them.

"No better, miss; the Dublin doctor's upstairs now in consultation, and I believe there's another to be sent for."

"Mind that you don't say I'm here. I'm going to Mrs. Eady's room to dry my cloak, and I don't wish the young ladies to be disturbed," said she, passing hastily on to the housekeeper's room, while L'Estrange made his way to the drawing-room. The only person here, however, was Mr. Harding, who, with his hands behind his back and his head bowed forward, was slowly pacing the room in melancholy fashion.

"Brain fever, sir," muttered he, in reply to the curate's inquiry. "Brain fever, and of a severe kind. Too much application to business—did not give up in time, they say."

"But he looked so well; seemed always so hearty and so cheerful."

"Very true, sir, very true; but as you told us on Sunday, in that impressive discourse of yours, we are only whited sepulchres."

L'Estrange blushed. It was so rare an event for him to be complimented on his talents as a preacher that he half mistrusted the eulogy.

"And what else, indeed, are we?" sighed the little man. "Here's our dear friend, with all that the world calls prosperity; he has fortune, station, a fine family, and——"

The enumeration of the gifts that made up this lucky man's measure of prosperity was here interrupted by the entrance of Ellen Bramleigh, who came in abruptly and eagerly.

"Where's Julia?" cried she; "my maid told me she was here."

L'Estrange answered in a low tone. Ellen, in a subdued voice, said,—

"I'll take her up to my room. I have much to say to her. Will you let her remain here to-night?—you can't refuse. It is impossible she could go back in such weather." And without waiting for his reply, she hurried away.

"I suppose they sent for you, sir?" resumed Harding. "They wished you to see him?" and he made a slight gesture, to point out that he meant the sick man.

"No; I came up to see if I could say a few words to Augustus—on a matter purely my own."

"Ha! indeed! I'm afraid you are not likely to have the opportunity. This is a trying moment, sir. Dr. B., though only a country practitioner, is a man of much experience, and he opines that the membranes are affected."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he thinks it's the membranes; and he derives his opinion from the nature of the mental disturbance, for there are distinct intervals of perfect sanity—indeed, of great mental power. The Colonel was a remarkable man, Mr. L'Estrange; a very remarkable man."

"I've always heard so."

"Ah, sir, he had great projects—I might call them grand projects, for Ireland, had he been spared to carry them out."

"Let us still hope that he may."

"No, no, sir, that is not to be; and if Belton be correct, it is as well, perhaps, it should not be." Here he touched his forehead with the top of his finger, and gave a glance of most significant meaning.

"Does he apprehend permanent injury to the brain?"

The other pursed his mouth, and shook his head slowly, but did not speak.

"That's very dreadful," said L'Estrange, sadly.

"Indeed it is, sir; take this from us," and here he touched his head, "and what are we? What are we better than the beasts of the field? But why do I say this to you, sir? Who knows these things better than yourself?"

The curate was half inclined to smile at the ambiguity of the speech, but he kept his gravity, and nodded assent.

"Nobody had the slightest conception of his wealth," said Harding, coming up, and actually whispering the words into the other's ear. "We knew all about the estated property; I did at least, I knew every acre of it, and how it was let; but of his money in shares, in foreign securities, on mortgages, and in various investments; what he had out at venture in Assam and Japan, and what he drew twenty-five per cent. from in Peru;—of these, sir, none of us had any conception; and would you believe it, Mr. L'Estrange, that he can talk of all these things at some moments as collectedly as if he was in perfect health? He was giving directions to Simcox about his will, and he said, 'Half a sheet of note-paper will do it, Simcox. I'll make my intentions very clear, and there will be nobody to dispute them. And as to details of what little—he called it little!—I possess in the world, I want no notes to aid my memory.' The doctor, however, positively prevented anything being done to-day, and strictly interdicted him from hearing any matters of business whatsoever. And it is strange enough, that if not brought up before him, he will not advert to these topics at all, but continue to wander on about his past life, and whether he had done wisely in this, or that, or the other, mixing very worldly thoughts and motives very oddly at times with those that belong to more serious considerations. 'Poor Mr. Augustus,'" continued he, after a short breathing moment. "He does not know what to do! He was never permitted to take any part in business, and he knows no more of Bramleigh and Underwood than you do. And now he is obliged to open all letters marked immediate or urgent, and to make the best replies he can, to give directions, and to come to decisions, in fact, on things he never so much as heard of. And all this while he is well aware that if his father should recover, he'll not forgive him the liberty he has taken to open his correspondence. Can you imagine a more difficult or painful situation?"

"I think much of the embarrassment might be diminished, Mr. Harding, by his taking you into his counsels."

“Ah! and that’s the very thing I’ll not suffer him to do. No, no, sir, I know the Colonel too well for that. He may, when he is well and about again, he may forgive his son, his son and heir, for having possessed himself with a knowledge of many important details; but he’d not forgive the agent, Mr. Harding. I think I can hear the very words he’d use. He said once on a time to me, ‘I want no Grand Vizier, Harding; I’m Sultan and Grand Vizier too.’ So I said to Mr. Augustus, ‘I’ve no head for business after dinner, and particularly when I have tasted your father’s prime Madeira.’ And it was true, sir; true as you stand there. The doctor and I had finished the second decanter before we took our coffee.”

L’Estrange now looked the speaker fully in the face; and to his astonishment saw that signs of his having drunk freely—which, strangely enough, had hitherto escaped his notice—were now plainly to be seen there.

“No, sir, not a bit tipsy,” said Harding, interpreting his glance; “not even what Mr. Cutbill calls ‘tight!’ I won’t go so far as to say I’d like to make up a complicated account; but for an off-hand question as to the value of a standing crop, or an allowance for improvements in the case of a tenant-at-will, I’m as good as ever I felt. What’s more, sir, it’s three-and-twenty years since I took so much wine before. It was the day I got my appointment to the agency, Mr. L’Estrange. I was weak enough to indulge on that occasion, and the Colonel said to me, ‘As much wine as you like, Harding—a pipe of it, if you please; but don’t be garrulous.’ The word sobered me, sir—sobered me at once. I was offended, I’ll not deny it; but I couldn’t afford to show that I felt it. I shut up; and from that hour to this I never was ‘garrulous’ again. Is it boasting to say, sir, that it’s not every man who could do as much?”

The curate bowed politely, as if in concurrence.

“You never thought me garrulous, sir?”

“Never, indeed, Mr. Harding.”

“No, sir, it was not the judgment the world passed on me. Men have often said Harding is cautious, Harding is reserved, Harding is guarded in what he says; but none have presumed to say I was garrulous.”

“I must say I think you dwell too much on a mere passing expression. It was not exactly polite; but I’m sure it was not intended to convey either a grave censure or a fixed opinion.”

“I hope so; I hope so, with all my heart, sir,” said he pathetically. But his drooping head and depressed look showed how little of encouragement the speech gave him.

“Mr. Augustus begs you’ll come to him in the library, sir,” said a footman, entering, and to L’Estrange’s great relief, coming to his rescue from his tiresome companion.

“I think I’d not mention the matter *now*,” said Harding, with a sigh. “They’ve trouble and sickness in the house, and the moment would be unfavourable; but you’ll not forget it, sir, you’ll not forget that I want the expression recalled, or at least the admission that it was used inadvertently.”

L'Estrange nodded assent, and hurried away to the library.

"The man of all others I wanted to see," said Augustus, meeting him with an outstretched hand. "What on earth has kept you away from us of late?"

"I fancied you were all a little cold towards me," said the curate, blushing deeply as he spoke; "but if I thought you wanted me, I'd not have suffered my suspicion to interfere. I'd have come up at once."

"You're a good fellow, and I believe you thoroughly. There has been no coldness; at least, I can swear, none on my part, nor any that I know of elsewhere. We are in great trouble. You've heard about my poor father's seizure—indeed you saw him when it was impending, and now here am I in a position of no common difficulty. The doctors have declared that they will not answer for his life, or, if he lives, for his reason, if he be disturbed or agitated by questions relating to business. They have, for greater impressiveness, given this opinion in writing, and signed it. I have telegraphed the decision to the Firm, and have received this reply, 'Open all marked urgent, and answer.' Now, you don't know my father very long, or very intimately, but I think you know enough of him to be aware what a dangerous step is this they now press me to take. First of all, I know no more of his affairs than you do. It is not only that he never confided anything to me, but he made it a rule never to advert to a matter of business before any of us. And to such an extent did he carry his jealousy—if it was jealousy—in this respect, that he would immediately interpose if Underwood or the senior clerk said anything about money matters, and remark, 'These young gentlemen take no interest in such subjects; let us talk of something they can take their share in.' Nor was this abstention on his part without a touch of sarcasm, for he would occasionally talk a little to my sister Marion on bank matters, and constantly said, 'Why weren't you a boy, Marion? You could have taken the helm when it was my watch below.' This showed what was the estimate he had formed of myself and my brothers. I mention all these things to you now, that you may see the exact danger of the position I am forced to occupy. If I refuse to act, if I decline to open the letters on pressing topics, and by my refusal lead to all sorts of complication and difficulties, I shall but confirm him, whenever he recovers, in his depreciatory opinion of me; and if, on the other hand, I engage in the correspondence, who is to say that I may not be possessing myself of knowledge that he never intended I should acquire, and which might produce a fatal estrangement between us in future? And this is the doubt and difficulty in which you now find me. Here I stand surrounded with these letters—look at that pile yonder—and I have not courage to decide what course to take."

"And he is too ill to consult with?"

"The doctors have distinctly forbidden one syllable on any business matter."

"It's strange enough that it was a question which bore upon all this brought me up here to-night. Your father had promised me a letter

to Lady Augusta at Rome, with reference to a chaplaincy I was looking for, and he told Belton to inform me that he had written the letter and sealed it, and left it on the table in the library. We found it there, as he said, only not sealed; and though that point was not important, it suggested a discussion between Julia and myself whether I had or had not the right to read it, being a letter of presentation, and regarding myself alone. We could not agree as to what ought to be done, and resolved at last to take the letter over to you, and say, If you feel at liberty to let me hear what is in this, read it for me; if you have any scruples on the score of reading, seal it, and the matter is ended at once. This is the letter."

Augustus took it, and regarded it leisurely for a moment.

"I think I need have no hesitation here," said he. "I break no seal, at least."

He withdrew the letter carefully from the envelope, and opened it.

"Dear Sedley," read he, and stopped. "Why, this is surely a mistake; this was not intended for Lady Augusta;" and he turned to the address, which ran, "The Lady Augusta Bramleigh, Villa Altieri, Rome." "What can this mean?"

"He has put it in a wrong envelope."

"Exactly so, and probably sealed the other, which led to his remark to Belton. I suppose it may be read now. 'Dear Sedley—Have no fears about the registry. First of all, I do not believe any exists of the date required; and secondly, there will be neither church, nor parson, nor register here in three months hence.'" Augustus stopped and looked at L'Estrange. Each face seemed the reflex of the other, and the look of puzzled horror was the same on both. "I must go on, I can't help it," muttered Augustus, and continued: "'I have spoken to the dean, who agrees with me that Portshandon need not be retained as a parish. Something, of course, must be done for the curate here. You will probably be able to obtain one of the smaller livings for him in the Chancellor's patronage. So much for the registry difficulty, which indeed was never a difficulty at all till it occurred to your legal acuteness to make it such.'

"There is more here, but I am unwilling to read on," said Augustus, whose face was now crimson, "and yet, L'Estrange," added he, "it may be that I shall want your counsel in this very matter. I'll finish it." And he read, "'The more I reflect on the plan of a compromise the less I like it, and I cannot for the life of me see how it secures finality. If this charge is to be revived in my son's time, it will certainly not be met with more vigour or more knowledge than I can myself contribute to it. Every impostor gains by the lapse of years—bear *that* in mind. The difficulties which environ explanations are invariably in favour of the rogue, just because fiction is more plausible often than truth. It is not pleasant to admit, but I am forced to own that there is not one amongst my sons who has either the stamina or the energy to confront such a peril; so that, if the battle be really to be fought, let it come on while I am yet here, and in health and vigour to engage in it.

“ ‘There are abundant reasons why I cannot confide the matter to any of my family—one will suffice: there is not one of them except my eldest daughter who would not be crushed by the tidings, and though she has head enough, she has not the temper for a very exciting and critical struggle.

“ ‘What you tell me of Jack and his indiscretion will serve to show you how safe I should be in the hands of my sons, and he is possibly about as wise as his brothers, though less pretentious than the diplomatist; and as for Augustus, I have great misgivings. If the time should ever come when he should have convinced himself that this claim was good,—and sentimental reasons would always have more weight with him than either law or logic,—I say, if such a time should arrive, he’s just the sort of nature that would prefer the martyrdom of utter beggary to the assertion of his right, and the vanity of being equal to the sacrifice would repay him for the ruin. There *are* fellows of this stamp, and I have terrible fears that I have one of them for a son.’ ”

Augustus laid down the letter and tried to smile, but his lip trembled hysterically, and his voice was broken and uncertain as he said: “This is a hard sentence, George,—I wish I had never read it. What can it all mean?” cried he, after a minute or more of what seemed cruel suffering. “What is this claim? Who is this rogue? and what is this charge that can be revived and pressed in another generation? Have you ever heard of this before? or can you make anything out of it now? Tell me, for mercy’s sake, and do not keep me longer in this agony of doubt and uncertainty.”

“I have not the faintest clue to the meaning of all this. It reads as if some one was about to prefer a claim to your father’s estate, and that your lawyer had been advising a compromise with him.”

“But a compromise is a sort of admission that the claimant was not an impostor,—that he had his rights?”

“There are rights, and rights! There are demands, too, that it is often better to conciliate than to defy,—even though defiance would be successful.”

“And how is it that I never heard of this before?” burst he out indignantly. “Has a man the right to treat his son in this fashion? to bring him up in the unbroken security of succeeding to an inheritance that the law may decide he has no title to?”

“I think that is natural enough. Your father evidently did not recognize this man’s right, and felt there was no need to impart the matter to his family.”

“But why should my father be the judge in his own cause?”

L’Estrange smiled faintly: the line in the Colonel’s letter, in which he spoke of his son’s sensitiveness, occurred to him at once.

“I see how you treat my question,” said Augustus. “It reminds you of the character my father gave me. What do you say then to that passage about the registry? Why, if we be clean-handed in this business, do we want to make short work of all records?”

"I simply say I can make nothing of it."

"Is it possible, think you, that Marion knows this story?"

"I think it by no means unlikely."

"It would account for much that has often puzzled me," said Augustus, muttering as he spoke. "A certain self-assertion that she has, and a habit, too, of separating her own interests from those of the rest of us, as though speculating on a time when she should walk alone. Have you remarked that?"

"*I!* I," said L'Estrange, smiling, "remark nothing! there is not a less observant fellow breathing."

"If it were not for those words about the parish registry, George," said the other, in a grave tone, "I'd carry a light heart about all this; I'd take my father's version of this fellow, whoever he is, and believe him to be an impostor; but I don't like the notion of foul play, and it does mean foul play."

L'Estrange was silent, and for some minutes neither spoke.

"When my father," said Augustus—and there was a tone of bitterness now in his voice—"When my father drew that comparison between himself and his sons, he may have been flattering his superior intellect at the expense of some other quality."

Another and a longer pause succeeded.

At last L'Estrange spoke:—

"I have been running over in my head all that could bear upon this matter, and now I remember a couple of weeks ago that Longworth, who came with a French friend of his to pass an evening at the cottage, led me to talk of the parish church and its history: he asked me if it had not been burnt by the rebels in '98, and seemed surprised when I said it was only the vestry-room and the books that had been destroyed. 'Was not that strange?' asked he; 'did the insurgents usually interest themselves about parochial records?' I felt a something like a sneer in the question, and made him no reply."

"And who was the Frenchman?"

"A certain Count Pracontal, whom Longworth met in Upper Egypt. By the way, he was the man Jack led over the high bank, where the poor fellow's leg was broken."

"I remember; he of course has no part in the story we are now discussing. Longworth may possibly know something. Are you intimate with him?"

"No, we are barely acquainted. I believe he was rather flattered by the very slight attention we showed himself and his friend; but his manner was shy, and he is a diffident, bashful sort of man, not easy to understand."

"Look here, L'Estrange," said Augustus, laying his hand on the other's shoulder. "All that has passed between us here to-night is strictly confidential, to be divulged to no one, not even your sister. As for this letter, I'll forward it to Sedley, for whom it was intended. I'll tell him

how it chanced that I read it ; and then—and then—the rest will take its own course.”

“ I wonder if Julia intends to come back with me ? ” said L'Estrange after a pause.

“ No. Nelly has persuaded her to stay here, and I think there is no reason why you should not also.”

“ No. I'm always uncomfortable away from my own den ; but I'll be with you early to-morrow ; good-night.”

Nelly and Julia did not go to bed till day-break. They passed the night writing a long letter to Jack—the greater part being dictated by Julia while Nelly wrote. It was an urgent entreaty to him to yield to the advice of his brother officers, and withdraw the offensive words he had used to the Admiral. It was not alone his station, his character, and his future in life were pressed into the service, but the happiness of all who loved him and wished him well, with a touching allusion to his poor father's condition, and the impossibility of asking any aid or counsel from him. Nelly went on—“ Remember, dear Jack, how friendless and deserted I shall be if I lose you ; and it would be next to losing you to know you had quitted the service, and gone heaven knows where, to do heaven knows what.” She then adverted to home, and said, “ You know how happy and united we were all here, once on a time. This has all gone : Marion and Temple hold themselves quite apart, and Augustus, evidently endeavouring to be neutral, is isolated. I only say this to show you how, more than ever, I need your friendship and affection ; nor is it the least sad of all my tidings, the L'Estranges are going to leave this. There is to be some new arrangement by which Portshandon is to be united to Lisconnor, and one church to serve for the two parishes. George and Julia think of going to Italy. I can scarcely tell you how I feel this desertion of me now, dearest Jack. I'd bear up against all these and worse—if worse there be—were I only to feel that you were following out your road to station and success, and that the day was coming when I should be as proud as I am fond of you. You hate writing, I know, but you will, I'm sure, not fail to send me half-a-dozen lines to say that I have not pleaded in vain. I fear I shall not soon be able to send you pleasant news from this, the gloom thickens every day around us, but you shall hear constantly.” The letter ended with a renewed entreaty to him to place himself in the hands and under the guidance of such of his brother officers as he could rely on for sound judgment and moderation. “ Remember, Jack, I ask you to do nothing that shall peril honour ; but also nothing in anger, nothing out of wounded self-love.”

“ Add one line, only one, Julia,” said she, handing the pen to her and pushing the letter before her ; and without a word Julia wrote :—“ A certain coquette of your acquaintance—heartless of course as all her tribe—is very sorry for your trouble, and would do all in her power to lessen it. To this end she begs you to listen patiently to the counsels of the present letter, every line of which she has read, and to believe that in yielding something

—if it should be so—to the opinion of those who care for you, you acquire a new right to their affection, and a stronger title to their love.”

Nelly threw her arm round Julia's neck and kissed her again and again.

“Yes, darling, these dear words will sink into his heart, and he will not refuse our prayer.”

CHAPTER XXV.

MARION'S AMBITIONS.

COLONEL BRAMLEIGH'S malady took a strange form, and one which much puzzled his physicians: his feverish symptoms gradually disappeared, and to his paroxysms of passion and excitement there now succeeded a sort of dreary apathy, in which he scarcely uttered a word, nor was it easy to say whether he heard or heeded the remarks around him. This state was accompanied by a daily increasing debility, as though the powers of life were being gradually exhausted, and that, having no more to strive for or desire, he cared no more to live.

The whole interest of his existence now seemed to centre around the hour when the post arrived. He had ordered that the letter-bag should be opened in his presence, and as the letters were shown him one by one, he locked them, unopened and unread, in a despatch-box, so far strictly obedient to the dictates of the doctor, who had forbidden him all species of excitement. His family had been too long accustomed to the reserve and distance he observed towards them to feel surprised that none were in this critical hour admitted to his confidence, and that it was in presence of his valet, Dorose, the letters were sorted and separated, and such as had no bearing on matters of business sent down to be read by the family.

It was while he continued in this extraordinary state, intermediate as it seemed between sleeping and waking, a telegram came from Sedley to Augustus, saying,—“Highly important to see your father. Could he confer with me if I go over? Reply at once.” The answer was,—“Unlikely that you can see him; but come on the chance.”

Before sending off this reply, Augustus had taken the telegram up to Marion's room, to ask her advice in the matter. “You are quite right, Gusty,” said she, “for if Sedley cannot see papa, he can certainly see Lord Cuduff.”

“Lord Cuduff,” cried he, in amazement. “Why, what could Lord Cuduff possibly know about my father's affairs? How could he be qualified to give an opinion upon them?”

“Simply on the grounds of his great discrimination, his great acuteness, joined to a general knowledge of life, in which he has admittedly few rivals.”

“Grant all that; but here are special questions, here are matters

essentially personal ; and with all his lordship's tact and readiness, yet he is not one of us."

"He may be, though, and very soon too," replied she, promptly.

"What do you mean?" asked he, in a voice of almost dismay.

"Just what I say, Augustus ; and I am not aware it is a speech that need excite either the amazement or the terror I see in your face at this moment."

"I *am* amazed ; and if I understand you aright, I have grounds to be shocked besides."

"Upon my word," said she, in a voice that trembled with passion, "I have reason to congratulate myself on the score of brotherly affection. Almost the last words Jack spoke to me at parting were, 'For God's sake, shake off that old scamp ;' and now you—that hold a very different position amongst us—you, who will one day be the head of the family, deliberately tell me you are shocked at the prospect of my being allied to one of the first names in the peerage."

"My dear Marion," said he, tenderly, "it is not the name, it is not the rank, I object to."

"Is it his fortune, then ? I'm sure it can't be his abilities."

"It is neither. It is simply that the man might be your grandfather."

"Well, sir," said she, drawing herself up, and assuming a manner of intense hauteur, "and if I—I conclude I am the person most to be consulted—if I do not regard this disparity of years as an insurmountable obstacle, by what right can one of my family presume to call it such?"

"My dear sister," said he, "can you not imagine the right of a brother to consult for your happiness?"

"Happiness is a very large word. If it were for Nelly that you were interesting yourself, I've no doubt your advice and counsel ought to have great weight ; but I am not one of your love-in-a-cottage young ladies, Gusty. I am, I must own it, excessively worldly. Whatever happiness I could propose to myself in life is essentially united to a certain ambition. We have as many of the advantages of mere wealth as most people : as fine equipage, as many footmen, as good a cook, and as costly silver ; and what do they do for us ? They permit us simply to enter the lists with a set of people who have high-stepping horses and powdered lacqueys like ourselves, but who are no more the world, no more society, than one of papa's Indiamen is a ship of the Royal Navy. Why do I say this to you, who were at Oxford, who saw it all,—ay, and felt it all,—in those fresh years of youth when these are sharp sufferings ? You know well—you told me your griefs at the time—that you were in a set without being 'of it ;' that the stamp of inequality was as indelibly fixed upon you as though you were a corporal and wore coarse cloth. Now, these things are hard to bear for a man, for a woman they are intolerable. She has not the hundred and one careers in life in which individual distinction can obliterate the claims of station. She has but one stage—the *salon* ; but, to her, this narrow

world, soft-carpeted and damask-curtained, is a very universe, and without the recognized stamp of a certain rank in it, she is absolutely nothing."

"And may not all these things be bought too dearly, Marion?"

"I don't know the price I'd call too high for them."

"What! Not your daily happiness? not your self-esteem? not the want of the love of one who would have your whole heart in his keeping?"

"So he may, if he can give me the rank I care for."

"Oh, Marion! I cannot think this of you," cried he, bitterly.

"That is to say, that you want me to deceive you with false assurances of unbought affection and the like; and you are angry because I will not play the hypocrite. Lord Culduff has made me an offer of his hand, and I have accepted it. You are aware that I am my own mistress. Whatever I possess, it is absolutely my own; and though I intend to speak with my father, and, if it may be, obtain his sanction, I will not say that his refusal would induce me to break off my engagement."

"At all events, you are not yet this man's wife, Marion," said he, with more determination than he had yet shown; "and I forbid you positively to impart to Lord Culduff anything regarding this telegram."

"I make no promises."

"You may have no regard for the interests of your family, but possibly you will care for some of your own," said he, fiercely. "Now, I tell you distinctly, there are very grave perils hanging over us at this moment—perils of which I cannot measure the amount nor the consequences. I can only dimly perceive the direction from which they come; and I warn you, for your own sake, make no confidences beyond the bounds of your own family."

"You are superbly mysterious, Gusty; and if I were impressionable on this kind of matter, I half suspect you might terrify me. Papa ought to have committed a forgery, at least, to justify your dark insinuations."

"There is no question of a forgery; but there may be that which, in the end, will lead to a ruin as complete as any forgery."

"I know what you mean," said she, in a careless, easy tone; "the bank has made use of private securities and title-deeds, just as those other people did—I forget their names—a couple of years ago."

"It is not even that; but I repeat the consequences may be to the full as disastrous."

"You allude to this unhappy scrape of Jack's."

"I do not. I was not then thinking of it."

"Because as to that, Lord Culduff said there never yet grew a tree where there wasn't a branch or two might be lopped off with advantage. If Jack doesn't think his station in life worth preserving, all the teaching in the world won't persuade him to maintain it."

"Poor Jack!" said he, bitterly.

"Yes, I say, poor Jack! too. I think it's exactly the epithet to apply to one whose spirit is so much beneath his condition."

"You are terribly changed, Marion. I do not know if you are aware of it?"

"I hope I am. I trust that I look at the events around me from a higher level than I have been accustomed to hitherto."

"And is my father in a state to be consulted on a matter of this importance?" asked he, half indignantly.

"Papa has already been spoken to about it; and it is by his own desire we are both to see him this evening."

"Am I the only one here who knew nothing of all this?"

"You should have been told formally this morning, Augustus. Lord Culduff only waited for a telegram from Mr. Cutbill to announce to you his intentions and his—hopes." A slight hesitation delayed the word.

"These things I can't help," said he bitterly, and as if speaking to himself. "They have been done without my knowledge, and regardless of me in every way; but I do protest, strongly protest, against Lord Culduff being introduced into matters which are purely our own."

"I never knew till now that we had family secrets," said she, with an insolent air.

"You may learn it later on, perhaps, and without pleasure."

"So, then, these are the grave perils you tried to terrify me with a while ago. You forget, Augustus, that I have secured my passage in another ship. Personally, at least, I am in no danger."

"I did forget that. I did indeed forget how completely you could disassociate yourself from the troubles of your family."

"But what is going to happen to us? They can't shoot Jack because he called his commanding officer an ugly name. They can't indite papa because he refused to be high-sheriff. And if the world is angry with you, Gusty, it is not certainly because you like the company of men of higher station than your own."

He flushed at the sarcasm that her speech half revealed, and turned away to hide his irritation.

"Shall I tell you frankly, Gusty," continued she, "that I believe nothing—absolutely nothing—of these impending calamities? There is no sword suspended over us; or if there be, it is by a good strong cord, which will last our time. There are always plenty of dark stories in the City. Shares fall and great houses tumble; but papa told me scores of times that he never put all his eggs into one basket: and Bramleigh and Underwood will be good names for many a day to come. Shall I tell you, my dear Augustus, what I suspect to be the greatest danger that now hangs over us? And I am quite ready to admit it is a heavy one."

"What is it?"

"The peril I mean is, that your sister Nelly will marry the curate. Oh, you may look shocked and incredulous, and cry impossible, if you like; but we girls are very shrewd detectives over each other, and what I tell you is only short of certainty."

"He has not a shilling in the world ; nor has she, independently of my father."

"That's the reason. That's the reason ! These are the troths that are never broken. There is nothing aids fidelity like beggary."

"He has neither friends nor patrons ; he told me himself he has not the vaguest hope of advancement."

"Exactly so ; and just for that they will be married ! Now it reminds me," said she, aloud, "of what papa once said to me. The man who wants to build up a name and a family, ought to have few children. With a large household, some one or other will make an unhappy alliance, and one deserter disgraces the army."

"A grave consideration for Lord Culduff at this moment," said he, with a humourous twinkle of the eye.

"We have talked it over already," said she.

"Once for all, Marion, no confidences about what I have been talking of." And so saying he went his way.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. CUTBILL ARRIVES AT CASTELLO.

ON the eve of that day on which the conversation in the last chapter occurred, Mr. Cutbill arrived at Castello. He came full of town news : he brought with him the latest scandals of society, and the last events in politics ; he could tell of what was doing in Downing Street, and what was about to be done in the City. In fact, he had the sort of budget that was sure to amuse a country audience, and yet, to his astonishment, he found none to question, none even to listen to him. Colonel Bramleigh's illness had thrown a gloom over all. The girls relieved each other in watches beside their father, and Augustus and Temple dined together alone, as Lord Culduff's gout still detained him in his room. It was as the dinner drew to its close that Mr. Cutbill was announced.

"It ain't serious, I hope ? I mean, they don't think the case dangerous ?" said he, as he arranged his napkin on his knee.

Augustus only shook his head in silence.

"Why, what age is he ? not sixty ?"

"Fifty-one—fifty-two in June."

"That's not old ; that's the prime of life, especially when a man has taken nothing out of himself."

"He was always temperate ; most temperate."

"Just so : even his own choice Mouton didn't tempt him into the second bottle. I remember that well. I said to myself, 'Tom Cutbill, that green seal wouldn't fare so well in your keeping.' I had *such* a bag of news for him ! All the rogueries on 'Change, fresh and fresh. I suppose it is quite hopeless to think of telling him now ?"

"Not to be thought of."

"How he'd have liked to have heard about Hewlett and Bell! They're gone for close on two millions; they'll not pay over sixpence in the pound, and Rinker, the Bombay fellow that went in for cotton, has caught it too! Cotton and indigo have ruined more men than famine and pestilence. I'd be shot, if I was a Lord of the Council, if I wouldn't have a special prayer for them in the Litany. Well, Temple, and how are you, all this while?" said he, turning abruptly to the diplomatist, who sat evidently inattentive to the dialogue.

"What, sir; did you address *me*?" cried he, with a look of astonishment and indignation.

"I should think I did; and I never heard you were Premier Earl, or that other thing of England, that you need look so shocked at the liberty! You Foreign Office swells are very grand folk to each other; but take my word for it, the world, the real world, thinks very little of you."

Temple arose slowly from his place, threw his napkin on the table, and turning to Augustus, said, "You'll find me in the library," and withdrew.

"That's dignified, I take it," said Cutbill; "but to my poor appreciation, it's not the way to treat a guest under his father's roof."

"A guest has duties, Mr. Cutbill, as well as rights; my brother is not accustomed to the sort of language you address to him, nor is he at all to blame if he decline to hear more of it."

"So that I am to gather you think he was right?"

Augustus bowed coldly.

"It just comes to what I said one day to Harding: the sailor is the only fellow in the house a man can get on with. I'm sorry, heartily sorry for him." The last words were in a tone of sincere feeling, and Augustus asked,— "What do you mean by sorry? what has happened to him?"

"Haven't you seen it in *The Times*—no, you couldn't, though—it was only in this morning's edition, and I have it somewhere. There's to be a court-martial on him; he's to be tried on board the *Ramsay*, at Portsmouth, for disobedience and indiscipline, and using to his superior officer—old Colthurst—words unbecoming the dignity of the service and the character of an officer, or the dignity of an officer and the character of the service—it's all the one gauge, but he'll be broke and cashiered all the same."

"I thought that if he were to recall something, if he would make some explanation, which he might without any peril to honour——"

"That's exactly how it was, and when I heard he was in a scrape I started off to Portsmouth to see him."

"You did?" exclaimed Augustus, looking now with a very different expression at the other.

"To be sure I did; I went down by the mail-train, and stayed with him till the one-forty express started next day, and I might have saved myself the trouble."

"You could make no impression upon him?"

"Not a bit—as well talk to that oak sideboard there; he'd sit and smoke and chat very pleasantly too, about anything, I believe; he'd tell

about his life up in town, and what he lost at the races, and how near he was to a good thing on the Riddlesworth; but not a word, not so much as a syllable would he say about his own hobble. It was growing late; we had had a regular bang-up breakfast—turtle steaks and a devilled lobster, and plenty of good champagne—not the sweet stuff your father gives us down here—but dry ‘Mum,’ that had a flavour of Marcobrunner about it. He’s a rare fellow to treat a man, is Jack; and so I said—not going about the bush, but bang into the thicket at once—‘What’s this stupid row you’ve got into with your Admiral? what’s it all about?’”

“‘It’s about a service regulation, Master Cutbill,’ said he, with a stiff look on him. ‘A service regulation that you wouldn’t understand if you heard it.’”

“‘You think,’ said I, ‘that out of culverts and cuttings, Tom Cutbill’s opinion is not worth much?’”

“‘No, no, not that, Cutbill; I never said that,’ said he, laughing; ‘but you see that we sailors not only have all sorts of technicals for the parts of a ship, but we have technical meanings for even the words of common life, so that though I might call you a consummate humbug, I couldn’t say as much to a Vice-Admiral without the risk of being judged by professional etiquette.’”

“‘But you didn’t call him that, did you?’ said I.

“‘I’ll call *you* worse, Cutty,’ says he, laughing, ‘if you don’t take your wine.’”

“‘And now Jack,’ said I, ‘it’s on the stroke of one; I must start with the express at one-forty, and as I came down here for nothing on earth but to see if I could be of any use to you, don’t let me go away only as wise as I came; be frank, and tell me all about this business, and when I go back to town it will push me hard if I can’t do something with the Somerset House fellows to pull you through.’”

“‘You are a good-hearted dog, Cutty,’ said he, ‘and I thought so the first day I saw you; but my scrape, as you call it, is just one of those things you’d only blunder in. My fine brother Temple, or that much finer gentleman Lord Culduff, who can split words into the thinnest of veneers, might possibly make such a confusion that it would be hard to see who was right or who was wrong in the whole affair; but *you*, Cutty, with your honest intentions and your vulgar good sense, would be sure to offend every one. There, don’t lose your train; don’t forget the cheroots and the punch, and some pleasant books, if they be writing any such just now.’”

“‘If you want money,’ said I—‘I mean for the defence.’”

“‘Not sixpence for the lawyers, Cutty; of that you may take your oath,’ said he, as he shook my hand. ‘I’d as soon think of sending the wardroom dinner overboard to the sharks.’ We parted, and the next thing I saw of him was that paragraph in *The Times*.”

“‘How misfortunes thicken around us. About a month or six weeks ago when you came down here first, I suppose there wasn’t a family in the kingdom could call itself happier.’”

"You *did* look jolly, that I *will* say; but somehow—you'll not take the remark ill—I saw that, as we rail-folk say, it was a capital line for ordinary regular traffic, but would be sure to break down if you had a press of business."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that, so long as it was only a life of daily pleasure and enjoyment was before you,—that the gravest question of the day was what horse you'd ride, or whom you'd invite to dinner,—so long as that lasted, the machine would work well,—no jar, no friction anywhere; but if once trouble—and I mean real trouble—was to come down upon you, it would find you all at sixes and sevens,—no order, no discipline anywhere, and, what's worse, no union. But you know it better than I do. You see yourself that no two of you pull together; ain't that a fact?"

Augustus shook his head mournfully, but was silent.

"I like to see people jolly, because they understand each other and are fond of each other, because they take pleasure in the same things, and feel that the success of one is the success of all. There's no merit in being jolly over ten thousand a year and a house like Windsor Castle. Now, just look at what is going on, I may call it, under our noses here: does your sister Marion care a brass farthing for Jack's misfortunes, or does he feel a bit elated about her going to marry a viscount? Are you fretting your heart to ribbons because that fine young gent that left us a while ago is about to be sent envoy to Bogota? And that's fact, though he don't know it yet," added he, in a chuckling whisper. "It's a regular fair-weather family, and if it comes on to blow, you'll see if there's a storm-sail amongst you."

"Apparently, then, you were aware of what was only divulged to me this evening?" said Augustus. "I mean the intended marriage of Lord Culduff to my sister."

"I should say I was aware of it. I was, so to say, promoter and projector. It was I started the enterprise. It was that took me over to town. I went to square that business of old Culduff. There was a question to be asked in the House about his appointment that would have led to a debate, or what they call a conversation—about the freest kind of after-dinner talk imaginable—and they'd have ripped up the old reprobate's whole life—and I assure *you* there are passages in it wouldn't do for the *Methodists' Magazine*—so I went over to negotiate a little matter with Joel, who had, as I well knew, a small sheaf of Repton's bills. I took Joel down to Greenwich to give him a fish-dinner and talk the thing over, and we were right comfortable and happy over some red Hermitage—thirty shillings a bottle, mind you—when we heard a yell, just a yell, from the next room, and in walks—whom do you think?—Repton himself, with his napkin in his hand—he was dining with a set of fellows from the Garrick, and he swaggered in and sat down at our table. 'What infernal robbery are you two concocting here?' said he. 'When the waiter told me who were the fellows at dinner together, I

said, "These rascals are like the witches in Macbeth, and they never meet without there's mischief in the wind."

"The way he put it was so strong, there was something so home in it, that I burst out and told him the whole story, and that it was exactly himself, and no other, was the man we were discussing."

"'And you thought,' said he, 'you thought that, if you had a hold of my acceptances, you'd put the screw on me and squeeze me as flat as you pleased. Oh, generation of silkworms, ain't you soft!' cried he, laughing. 'Order up another bottle of this, for I want to drink your healths. You've actually made my fortune! The thing will now be first-rate. The Culduff inquiry was a mere matter of public morals, but here, here is a direct attempt to coerce or influence a Member of Parliament. I'll have you both at the Bar of the House as sure as my name is Repton.'

"He then arose and began to rehearse the speech he'd make when we were arraigned, and a spicier piece of abuse I never listened to. The noise he made brought the other fellows in from the next room, and he ordered them to make a house, and one was named speaker and another black rod, and we were taken into custody and duly purged of our contempt by paying for all the wine drank by the entire company, a trifle of five-and-thirty pounds odd. The only piece of comfort I got at all was getting into the rail to go back to town, when Repton whispered me, 'It's all right about Culduff. Parliament is dissolved; the House rises on Tuesday, and he'll not be mentioned.'"

"But does all this bear upon the question of marriage?"

"Quite naturally. Your father pulls Culduff out of the mire, and the viscount proposes for your sister. It's all contract business the whole world over. By the way, where is our noble friend? I suppose, all things considered, I owe him a visit."

"You'll find him in his room. He usually dines alone, and I believe Temple is the only one admitted."

"I'll send up my name," said he, rising to ring the bell for the servant; "and I'll call myself lucky if he'll refuse to see me."

"His lordship will be glad to see Mr. Cutbill as soon as convenient to him," replied the servant on his return.

"All my news for him is not so favourable as this," whispered Cutbill, as he moved away. "They won't touch the mine in the City. That last murder, though it was down in Tipperary, a hundred and fifty miles away from this, has frightened them all; and they say they're quite ready to do something at Lagos, or the Gaboon, but nothing here. 'You see,' say they, 'if they cut one or two of our people's heads off in Africa, we get up a gun-brig, and burn the barracoons and slaughter a whole village for it, and this restores confidence; but in Ireland it always ends with a debate in the House, that shows the people to have great wrongs and great patience, and that their wild justice, as some one called it, was all right; and that, sir, *that* does not restore confidence.' Good-night."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VILLA ALTIERI.

THERE is a short season in which a villa within the walls of old Rome realizes all that is positive ecstasy in the life of Italy. This season begins usually towards the end of February and continues through the month of March. This interval—which in less favoured lands is dedicated to storms of rain and sleet, east winds and equinoctial gales, tumbling chimney-pots and bronchitis—is here signalized by all that Spring, in its most voluptuous abundance, can pour forth: vegetation comes out, not with the laggard step of northern climes—slow, cautious, and distrustful—but bursting at once from bud to blossom as though impatient for the fresh air of life and the warm rays of the sun. The very atmosphere laughs and trembles with vitality, from the panting lizard on the urn to the myriad of insects on the grass: it is life everywhere, and over all sweeps the delicious odour of the verbena and the violet, almost overpowering with perfume, so that one feels, in such a land, the highest ecstasy of existence is that same dreamy state begotten of sensations, derived from blended sense, where tone and tint and odour mingle almost into one.

Perhaps the loveliest spot of Rome in this loveliest of seasons was the Villa Altieri. It stood on a slope of the Pincian, defended from north and east, and looking westward over the Campagna towards the hills of Albano. A thick ilex grove, too thick and dark for Italian, though perfect to English taste, surrounded the house, offering alleys of shade that even the noonday's sun found impenetrable; while beneath the slope, and under shelter of the hill, lay a delicious garden, memorable by a fountain designed by Thorwaldsen, where four Næides splash the water at each other under the fall of a cataract; this being the costly caprice of the Cardinal Altieri, to complete which he had to conduct the water from the Lake of Albano. Unlike most Italian gardens the plants and shrubs were not merely those of the south, but all that the culture of Holland and England could contribute to fragrance and colour were also there, and the gorgeous tulips of the Hague, the golden ranunculus and crimson carnation, which attain the highest beauty in moister climates, here were varied with chrysanthemums and camelias. Gorgeous creepers trailed from tree to tree or gracefully trained themselves around the marble groups, and clusters of orange-trees, glittering with golden fruit, relieved in their darker green the almost too glaring brilliancy of colour.

At a window which opened to the ground—and from which a view of the garden, and beyond the garden the rich woods of the Borghese villa, and beyond these again, the massive Dome of St. Peter's, extended—sat two ladies, so wonderfully alike that a mere glance would have proclaimed them to be sisters. It is true the Countess Balderoni was several years older than Lady Augusta Bramleigh, but whether from temperament or the easier flow of an Italian life in comparison with the more wearing

excitement of an English existence, she certainly looked little, if anything, her senior.

They were both handsome,—at least they had that character of good looks which in Italy is deemed beauty,—they were singularly fair, with large deep-set blue-grey eyes, and light brown hair of a marvellous abundance and silkiest fibre. They were alike soft-voiced and gentlemanly, and alike strong-willed and obstinate, of an intense selfishness, and very capricious.

“His eminence is late this evening,” said Lady Augusta, looking at her watch. “It is nigh eight o’clock.”

“I fancy, ‘Gusta,’ he was not quite pleased with you last night. On going away he said something, I didn’t exactly catch it, but it sounded like ‘leggierazza;’ he thought you had not treated his legends of St. Francis with becoming seriousness.”

“If he wanted me to be grave he oughtn’t to tell me funny stories.”

“The lives of the saints, Gusta!”

“Well, dearest, that scene in the forest where St. Francis asked the devil to flog him and not to desist even though he should be weak enough to implore it—wasn’t that dialogue as droll as anything in Boccaccio?”

“It’s not decent, it’s not decorous, to laugh at any incident in the lives of holy men.”

“Holy men then should never be funny, at least when they are presented to me, for it’s always the absurd side of everything has the greatest attraction for me.”

“This is certainly not the spirit which will lead you to the Church!”

“But I thought I told you already, dearest, that it’s the road I like, not the end of the journey. Courtship is confessedly better than marriage, and the being converted is infinitely nicer than the state of conversion.”

“Oh, Gusta! what are you saying?”

“Saying what I most fervently feel to be true. Don’t you know better even than myself, that it is the zeal to rescue me from the fold of the heretics, surrounds me every evening with monsignori and vescovi, and attracts to the sofa where I happen to sit, purple stockings, and red, a class of adorers, I am free to own, there is nothing in the lay world to compare with; and don’t you know too, that the work of conversion accomplished, these seductive saints will be on the look-out for a new sinner?”

“And is this the sincerity in which you profess your new faith? is it this that you mean to endow a new edifice to the honour of the Holy Religion?”

“Cara mia! I want worship, homage, and adoration myself, and it is as absolute a necessity of my being, as if I had been born up there, and knew nothing of this base earth and its belongings. Be just, my dearest sister, and see for once the difference between us. You have a charming husband, who never plagues, never bores you, whom you see when it is pleasant to see, and dismiss when you are weary of him. He never worries you about money, he has no especial extravagance, and does not much trouble himself

about anything,—I have none of these. I am married to a man almost double my age, taken from another class, and imbued with a whole set of notions different from my own. I can't live with *his* people; my own won't have me. What then is left but the refuge of that emotional existence which the Church offers,—a sort of pious flirtation with a run-away match in the distance, only it is to be Heaven, not Gretna Green."

"So that all this while you have never been serious, Gusta?"

"Most serious! I have actually written to my husband—you read the letter—acquainting him with my intended change of religion, and my desire to mark the sincerity of my profession by that most signal of all proofs—a monied one. As I told the Cardinal last night, Heaven is never so sure of us as when we draw on our banker to go there!"

"How you must shock his eminence when you speak in this way."

"So he told me, but I must own he looked very tenderly into my eyes as he said so. Isn't it provoking?" said she, as she arose and moved out into the garden. "No post yet! It is always so, when one is on thorns for a letter. Now when one thinks that the mail arrives at daybreak, what can they possibly mean by not distributing the letters till evening? Did I tell you what I said to Monsignore Ricci, who has some function at the Post Office?"

"No, but I trust it was not a rude speech; he is always so polite."

"I said that as I was ever very impatient for my letters I had requested all my correspondents to write in a great round legible hand, which would give the authorities no pretext for delay, while deciphering their contents."

"I declare, Gusta, I am amazed at you. I cannot imagine how you can venture to say such things to persons in office."

"My dear sister, it is the only way they could ever hear them. There is no freedom of the press here; in society nobody speaks out. What would become of those people if they only heard the sort of stories they tell each other; besides, I'm going to be one of them. They must bear with a little indiscipline. The sergeant always pardons the recruit for being drunk on the day of enlistment."

The countess shook her head disapprovingly and was silent.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed Lady Augusta. "I wonder what tidings will the post bring me. Will my affectionate and afflicted husband comply with my prayer, and be willing to endow the Church, and secure his own freedom; or will he be sordid, and declare that he can't live without me? I know you'd laugh, dear, or I'd tell you that the man is actually violently in love with me. You've no notion of the difficulty I have to prevent him writing tender letters to me."

"You are too, too bad, I declare," said the other, smothering a rising laugh.

"Of course I'd not permit such a thing. I stand on my dignity, and say, 'Have a care, sir.' Oh, here it comes! here's the post! What! only two letters after all? She's a dun! Madame La Ruelle, Flace Vendôme—the cruellest creature that ever made a ball-dress. It is to tell

me she can't wait ; and I'm so sick of saying she must, that I'll not write any more. And who is this ? The postmark is 'Portshandon.' Oh ! I see ; here's the name in the corner. This is from our eldest son, the future head of the house. Mr. Augustus Bramleigh is a bashful creature of about my own age, who was full of going to New Zealand and turning sheep-farmer. True, I assure you ; he is an enthusiast about independence. Which means he has a grand vocation for the workhouse."

"By what strange turn of events has he become your correspondent ?

"I should say, Dora, it looks ill as regards the money. I'm afraid that this bodes a refusal."

"Would not the shorter way be to read it ?" said the other simply.

"Yes, the shorter, but perhaps not the sweeter. There are little events in life which are worse than even uncertainties ; but here goes :—

"MY DEAR LADY AUGUSTA,—

"Castello.

("A very pretty beginning from my son—I mean my husband's son ; and yet he could not have commenced 'Dearest Mamma.'")

"I WRITE my first letter to you in a very painful moment. My poor father was seized on Tuesday last with a most serious and sudden illness, to which the physician as yet hesitates to give a name. It is, however, on the brain or the membranes, and deprives him of all inclination, though not entirely of all power, to use his faculties. He is, moreover, enjoined to avoid every source of excitement, and even forbid to converse. Of course, under these afflicting circumstances, everything which relates to business in any way is imperatively excluded from his knowledge ; and must continue to be so till some change occurs.

"It is not at such a moment you would expect to hear of a marriage in the family, and yet yesterday my sister Marion was married to Lord Viscount Culduff."

Here she laid down the letter, and stared with an expression of almost overwhelmed amazement at her sister. "Lord Culduff ! Where's the *Peerage*, Dora ? Surely it must be the same who was at Dresden when we were children ; he wasn't married—there can be no son. Oh, here he is : 'Henry Plantaganet de Lacey, fourteenth Viscount Culduff ; born 9th February, 17—' Last century. Why, he's the patriarch of the peers, and she's twenty-four ! What can the girl mean ?"

"Do read on ; I'm impatient for more."

"The imperative necessity for Lord Culduff to hold himself in readiness for whatever post in the diplomatic service the Minister might desire him to occupy, was the chief reason for the marriage taking place at this conjuncture. My father, however, himself was very anxious on the subject ; and, indeed, insisted strongly on being present. The ceremony was accordingly performed in his own room, and I rejoice to say that, though naturally much excited, he does not appear to have sustained any increase

of malady from this trying event. I need not tell you the great disparity of age between my sister and her husband: a disparity which I own enlisted me amongst those who opposed the match. Marion, however, so firmly insisted on her right to choose for herself, and her fortune being completely at her own disposal, that all continued opposition would have been not alone unavailing for the present, but a source of coldness and estrangement for the future.

“‘The Culduffs’”—(how sweetly familiar)—“the Culduffs left this for Paris this day, where I believe they intend to remain till the question of Lord Culduff’s post is determined on. My sister ardently hopes it may be in Italy, as she is most desirous to be near you.’”

“Can you imagine such a horror as this woman playing daughter to me and yet going into dinner before me, and making me feel her rank on every possible occasion! All this here I see is business, nothing but business. The Colonel, it would seem, must have been breaking before they suspected, for all his late speculations have turned out ill. Penstyddin Copper Mine is an utter failure; the New-Caledonia Packet Line a smash! and there’s a whole list of crippled enterprises. It’s very nice of Augustus, however, to say that though he mentions these circumstances, which might possibly reach me through other channels, no event that he could contemplate should in any way affect my income, or any increase of it that I deem essential to my comfort or convenience; and although in total ignorance as he is of all transactions of the house, he begs me to write to himself directly when any question of increased expense should arise—which I certainly will. He’s a *buon figliuolo*, Dolly—that must be said—and it would be shameful not to develope such generous instincts.”

“If my father’s illness should be unhappily protracted, means must be taken, I believe, to devolve his share in business matters upon some other. I regret that it cannot possibly be upon myself; but I am totally unequal to the charge, and have not, besides, courage for the heavy responsibility.”

“That’s the whole of it,” said she, with a sigh; “and all things considered, it might have been worse.”

Huberfeld Treiben in Upper Bavaria.

READING a short time since some account of the Irish constabulary, I was much struck with one item of the regulations—to the effect that the members of that admirable force must belong to no secret society whatever, with the sole exception of the order of Freemasons. The exception appeared to me remarkable, as I know that in Austria every officer in the army is, on appointment, obliged to sign a declaration “that he does not belong to any secret society whatever, or that if he had previously done so, he will sever his connection with it;” and it is, I believe, understood that the prohibition applies more especially to Freemasonry, which Austria, like Spain, Naples, Bavaria—in fact, all strictly Roman Catholic Governments—seems to consider highly dangerous. And it really seems that secret political societies are more easily formed and developed amongst Roman Catholic populations than elsewhere. Even in the ages prior to the Reformation the same love of secret organizations was conspicuous in certain districts: the Sacred Vehme, as it was called, having flourished especially in the ultra-clerical circle of Westphalia; and even up to the present day there exists a somewhat similar secret organization in a certain ultra-Catholic district of Upper Bavaria. This Huberfeld Treiben (literally, “Oatfield Driving”), as it is called, I propose to give some account of, having had personal opportunity of seeing its working.

It will be, perhaps, well, in the first place, to say a word or two about the Westphalian Vehme, or Fehm, because there is an evident family likeness between that now obsolete institution and the still existing Huberfeld Treiben. It is probable—although by no means certain—that both were instituted about the same period; and although each degenerated in the course of time and became an intolerable nuisance, they were originally called into life for the purpose of attaining laudable objects—which, as things then stood, would have been otherwise unattainable.

The Westphalian Vehme dates its origin from the first half of the thirteenth century, although some historians have endeavoured to represent it as having been first instituted by Charlemagne. But there is no trace whatever of its existence at an earlier period than that mentioned above. Moreover, its laws and method of procedure were altogether different, both in spirit and letter, from those introduced by that great monarch; whilst, on the other hand, its organization and procedure resembled, in many respects, that of the Inquisition, founded in 1204, from which it was probably copied.

Westphalia, the sole seat of the Vehme,* extended somewhat further south than the province which now bears that name, and embraced also a large portion, if not the whole, of Friesland and Oldenburg—forming, in fact, the bulk of the great Duchy of Lower Saxony, under Henry the Lion. This prince was, as we all know, attainted and deprived of both his duchies (Saxony and Bavaria) by the Emperor Barbarossa in 1181, Westphalia being divided between the Archbishop of Cologne, a member of the Anhalt family, and a great number of petty feudal chiefs. The consequence of this was that the whole district fell into a state of anarchy and confusion, every man's hand was against his neighbour, the land was devastated by rapine and deluged with blood.

It was under these circumstances that the inhabitants combined together to protect their lives and properties against the freebooters, Bockreiter, and other vagabonds; and no single authority being found strong enough for the purpose, the secret organization of the Vehme was resorted to—which multiplied the agents without exposing individuals to danger.

But although the organization was secret, it is a mistake to suppose that the procedure was also the same. With the exception of offenders taken red-handed, who were summarily executed—as was the practice in Hungary in proclaimed districts up to the year 1848—all others who were denounced to the Vehme were cited to appear and answer for themselves at open courts, held usually on Tuesday mornings, in daylight, in towns like Dortmund, Paderborn, &c. It was only when the citation was disregarded that the secret procedure took place, the court meeting at some place known only to the initiated, and the sentence, if pronounced, being carried out, without any further ceremony, when and wherever the doomed man could be laid hold on. And almost every respectable member of society being a Wissender—that is, initiated—it was no easy matter for a criminal to escape.

The Haberfeld Treiben, like the Vehme, is, and always has been, confined to one particular district in Upper Bavaria, bounded on the south by the Tyrolese frontier, on the west by the Isar, and on the east by the Chiemsee and the rivers which flow into and out of it. How far that association developed itself in a northerly direction is more difficult to determine, and appears to have varied at different times, but for a long series of years it has never acted north of the line. Wasserburg, Munich, Tölz, Holzkirchen, Miesbach, Tegernsee, Aibling, Rosenheim, and Priem, have been of late years frequently the scenes of the exploits of this society, and the country surrounding these towns may be looked upon as the genuine Haberfeld district.

It is nearly certain that, like its Westphalian counterpart, this Bavarian society must have been originally organized for the purpose

* In *Anne of Geirstein* Sir W. Scott transplants the Vehme into a part of Germany where it never existed.

of eradicating, or at least counteracting, an evil for which no other remedy could be found, and against which no recognized authority could be brought to bear. But it is impossible now to ascertain how and when this first took place. We shall see presently that there are striking resemblances between the Vehme and the Haberfeld Treiben; but whilst the Vehme attacked all branches of the common criminal law, and in process of time extended its operations even to civil cases and disputes about property, the Haberfeld Treiben applied itself almost exclusively to the preservation of female purity and the punishment of incontinence—especially that of unmarried girls. The Vehme exempted from its jurisdiction all ecclesiastics, and also excluded them from initiation; women and children were also exempted; and, further, Jews, Heathens,* as being too low, and, finally, the higher nobles, for the opposite reason. The Haberfeld Treiben, on the contrary, left male peccadilloes untouched, except in so far as the exposure of the female sinner necessarily led to that of her male accomplice; and there is, as I shall presently show, good reason to believe that ecclesiastics were not wholly excluded from membership; whilst it is quite certain that the amours of the Roman Catholic clergy were exposed with equal freedom as those of the laity.

I cannot pretend to offer as simple and satisfactory an explanation of the causes which led immediately to the organization of this very singular institution, as I have been enabled to do with respect to the Vehme, where the motives were very patent; nevertheless, as they must have arisen out of the peculiar circumstances of the population itself and its geographical position, some light may be thrown on the subject by an inquiry into these particulars.

Frederick the Great is reported to have once said that “Bavaria was a paradise inhabited by human beasts,” and, as regards general beauty of scenery, the saying is correct enough; but the Bavarians proper,—although certainly very different in many respects from all the other inhabitants of Germany, and usually very rough in their manners, at times very excitable, nay, almost ferocious, and given to *voies de fait*,—do not deserve so harsh a sentence. Some thirty years ago learned books were written to prove that the Bavarians proper are not a Teutonic race, but Celts. At a somewhat later period, in 1848, when the great German movement was inaugurated, this theory was scouted, and its having ever been started attributed to a *marotte* of old King Louis I., who had meanwhile fallen into a certain degree of unpopularity. Still one must acknowledge that there is something very Celtic both in the external appearance and in the proclivities of these Bavarians, especially in the Haberfeld country; and of late years very remarkable and extensive remains of ancient “Pfaublauten,” or dwellings built on piles, generally attributed to the Celts, have been discovered in this district, especially in

* In those days the Prussians were heathens.

the Chiemsee. A modern philologist, too, Wilhelm Obermüller, has shown that a great number of local names in this very district, and other parts of Southern Germany, are more easily derivable from Celtic roots than those of any other language.

But it may be asked, "What has all this to do with the Haberfeld Treiben?" Simply this: we find the inhabitants of a certain small district adopting a very curious mode of preventing the admixture and contamination of their race, and of ensuring its perpetuation; for in fact the exposure and punishment of incontinence, in the manner described, is scarcely traceable to any other motive; and it naturally suggests itself that this was a distinct race—in fact it is so to the present day in many respects.

But it may seem strange that precautions against admixture of race should have been found necessary or desirable in so remote and apparently secluded a corner of Europe as Upper Bavaria. The topography of the Haberfeld district will, I think, throw some light on this point. One of the great lines of communication between Rome and its colonies on the Rhine was up the valley of the Adige, over the Brenner, down the Inn to Rosenheim, and thence precisely through the heart of the district in question to Augsburg (Augusta), and so forth; the remains of the old Roman road are still visible, and indeed partially in use on the line Aibling-Helfendorf and up to the Isar above Munich. Of course I do not mean to say that the Haberfeld Treiben dates from the Roman period, but before the discovery of the passage round the Cape a great deal of the trade with the East followed precisely this same route on its way from Venice to Augsburg, which was a great commercial place and the emporium of the oriental trade in Southern Germany. This must necessarily have brought a great number of strangers of various nationalities into contact with the local population; and it is not difficult to conceive a tribe jealous of the honour of its women, and struggling for its own existence on the great highway of the world, taking measures for the preservation of both; and perhaps for the want of a better explanation of the origin of this very peculiar secret society, we may accept the one offered here. Certain it is that the Haberfeld Treiben has been practised from time immemorial precisely along this line of route and to a short distance to the right and left of it, and nowhere else.

But it is time to descend to particulars and inform the reader as to the constitution and mode of operation adopted by this singular body, which projects as it were from the Middle Ages into our own utilitarian times. Of course nothing authentic in the way of documentary evidence can be expected as to the laws and rules of a secret society; but having conversed with many inhabitants of the district, some of them either actually or at some former period members, I can offer a certain amount of reliable detail.

The members of the Haberfeld body have been always selected from one particular class, married men mostly, the richest and most respectable

peasants of their respective districts, together with a certain proportion of "Bürger"—that is, townspeople, without whose aid it would have been impossible to get at the intelligence required or carry out the proceedings. There seem to have been local chiefs, and a general committee of direction with a president at its head; but there is no reliable information on this point. Unlike the practice of the Vehme, no public meetings were ever held, nor were written or oral citations to appear before the tribunal issued. The Haberfeld society acted always secretly, as the Vehme did when its citations or decrees had been disregarded. Throughout the summer certain fairs and public markets were taken advantage of for the purpose of bringing the local members together in the public-houses and other places of entertainment; and in these resorts, whilst sitting over their beer, all the information required was collected and imparted to the leading men in quiet little knots without attracting observation. Of course all the members were known to each other, either personally or by means of secret signs.

As in the Inquisition and the Vehme, secret denunciation is the leading feature of the organization. The members being distributed in all directions and in every locality, nothing escaped their observation, and things that were done in secret places were in due time denounced and proclaimed publicly. In autumn a general meeting of the chiefs seems to have been regularly held at a particular fair or market, and it is said that a secret conclave was arranged at an inn in the town on a certain day each year, and on this occasion the whole plan of operation for the "season"—that is for the months of November and December—was matured. The whole of these proceedings were, however, conducted with so much caution and cleverness, that although they have been very frequently investigated judicially and with great care, no positive clue could ever be discovered.

Of course, all the members were sworn to secrecy, and no instance is known of the oath having been broken; nevertheless, when the harvest wind began to blow chill over the stubble, that is, at the end of October or beginning of November, a vague rumour would arise that such and such a place was threatened with a Haberfeld Treiben: people would talk about it for a day or so, and then forget it again, till all of a sudden it took place either in the village named, or perhaps a neighbouring one, false alarms being sometimes resorted to in order to distract attention and perplex the authorities.

A potter—a married man, formerly himself a member—with whom I was well acquainted, told me he would some fine morning find in his workshop, either written on paper or chalked on a board, an order to supply a certain number of the gigantic earthenware trumpets used by the Treiber,* and an indication of the place where they were to be deposited at night in seceresy. These hiding-places were usually some miles from his resi-

* Made in the shape of an English hunting-horn, but five or six feet long or more.

dence. Subsequently he would find money in payment for these wonderful instruments somewhere on his premises or in his pocket. Naturally, these and similar business orders of the confraternity would get wind occasionally.

At length the great day, or rather night, arrived,—for the Haberfeld Treiben is essentially nightwork,—and about eleven o'clock p.m., when all the inhabitants are snugly rolled up in their feather-beds and blankets, a frightful yell, accompanied by an irregular discharge of fire-arms, and a dire clang of the aforesaid trumpets of pottery, old kettles, and such like musical instruments, announces the fact, and makes many a male and female sinner's cheeks turn pale.

But what has this to do with Oatfield Driving, or how came this name to be adopted? It is not easy to find a satisfactory answer to the latter part of this question. It is asserted that in former times the delinquent females were punished by being forced to run barefooted, and with no other garment than their chemise, over the oat-stubble of the village, whilst they were pursued by the "drivers," armed with birch or hazel rods, which were applied very freely. But there is no evidence that so barbarous a punishment was ever inflicted—and nothing of the sort has ever been attempted within the last hundred years certainly. I think it quite possible—nay, highly probable—that the initial letters (H. F. T.) of the three words Haber Feld Treiben, form simply a nucleus to which the remaining ones were superadded merely to veil the true designation from the uninitiated; and I would suggest that this might have been Heiliger-Fehm-Ting or Ding, one of the names by which that other secret tribunal was known. This, however, I offer merely as a conjecture.

But to return to the Haberfeld Treiben. At about half-past ten or eleven o'clock at night the members of the society may be seen making their way swiftly but silently across the fields and through the woods, by twos and threes, which, as they approach the scene of execution, increase gradually into groups of tens and twenties, each man carrying a loaded gun, pistol, or some other arm, in addition to the trumpets, &c., as also materials for constructing a temporary platform, and torches. The whole body is evidently previously told off in the most regular and methodical manner for the various duties to be performed, as the town or village is immediately surrounded by a double chain of vedettes, with regular supports, one set fronting the surrounding country, and preventing effectually all ingress except to the initiated; whilst the second fronts the place itself, and prevents any person from leaving to give the alarm. This done, well-armed guards, all having their faces blackened or otherwise disguised, march silently to the houses of the magistrates and other authorities, as also to the barracks of the gendarmes, if there be such in the place, and effectually prevent their action. The church tower and belfry is also at once secured, and the bell-ropes cut off. The secret connivance of the clergy has been occasionally proved by its having transpired that the

sexton was ordered, as if casually, to leave the church keys at the parish clergyman's house the preceding evening, after curfew.

Meanwhile the main body takes possession of the market-place, or perhaps some hillock which commands the whole town or village, numerous patrols being in readiness to keep the inhabitants in their houses, and compel the appearance, either at their own doors or at the immediate scene of action, of the delinquents. The platform is erected whilst all this is going on, and at a given signal the torches are lighted, fire-arms discharged, horns blown, kettles beaten, and the opening of the tribunal proclaimed through a huge speaking-trumpet. This is usually the very first intimation the inhabitants receive; the whole of the above preliminaries being carried out with astonishing rapidity, order, and in perfect silence. Should here and there a solitary watchman or other individual happen to be out of doors, such are pounced upon by the patrols, and kept under strict guard as long as is necessary. Any attempt at resistance is perfectly useless, and would be met by coercive measures, extending even to the use of fire-arms.

I have never myself witnessed one of these scenes, although several took place within a very short distance of the town in which I resided for a time, and which was itself threatened, or supposed to be; but persons who had done so described to me the noise as being perfectly terrific, and, combined with the fitting light of the torches falling on the disguised "drivers," almost demoniacal. In that part of Bavaria, especially, all the cattle are permanently housed, and there are frequently some twenty to thirty oxen and cows in one stable; and these, on being suddenly roused from their peaceful rumination by the glare of light and the noise, become terrified, and make wild efforts to break loose, filling the air with their lowings, the numerous dogs joining at the same time in a chorus of howlings.

The "act of accusation" is meanwhile read aloud by some loud-voiced peasant. This document is composed of rudely rhymed verses—what are called Knittel-verse, that is to say, bludgeon-verses, in the broad patois of the district—for the secret tribunal disdains the use of prose, eschews all legal terminology, and has its own poet-laureate. A great deal of broad humour, sometimes blended with really genial ideas, and mostly with a large admixture of coarseness and obscenity, is contained in these rhymes, which are sure to provoke numerous improvisations of a corresponding character from the assessors and assistants of the court.

But what else can be expected from descriptions of intrigues and amorous scenes in which the very words that passed between the parties, and the details of the artifices used to avoid detection, are repeated, from the retentive memories of the secret spies, to the great horror and confusion of the delinquents and the disagreeable surprise of injured wives, husbands, and lovers? One of the most striking and successful hits is when some one of the inhabitants shows marks of delight and satisfaction at

his or her neighbour's and dear friend's secret sins being thus openly exposed, meanwhile blessing their stars at having been more circumspect themselves—till their own catalogue is brought before the public at a sudden turn in the versification. A man was once pointed out to me who had come out on the balcony of his house to enjoy the sport, and been there suddenly hit in this way.

The terrorism exercised by an armed band of this sort is quite sufficient to ensure the appearance—either at their own house-doors, as I have said, or, if these be too remote, on the scene of action itself—of the culprits, who, when their delinquencies have been published, are mercifully permitted to withdraw and hide themselves.

Thus, one by one the marked individuals are brought forward, and when the long scroll has been read right through, at a preconcerted signal the torches are extinguished and thrown away, the earthenware trumpets broken, the platform pulled in pieces, and the whole band disperses as rapidly and secretly as it had assembled. It would be a dangerous matter to attempt pursuit, for the "drivers" are all well armed, and defend themselves and fellows without hesitation.

There was a Haberfeld Treiben at the village of Tegernsee, close to the residence of Prince Charles of Bavaria, in the year 1862, as well as I can recollect, and a patrol of two gendarmes quartered in another village, on hearing the tumult and noise, hastened to the scene of action, in order to endeavour to arrest some of the "drivers." But on making their appearance they were immediately fired on, after a previous challenge to stand, and one gendarme was killed on the spot. As may be supposed, the Government instituted a rigorous inquiry into the matter, but no evidence of any kind whatever could be obtained. Sometimes considerable damage is done in the village by fences being broken down, cattle getting loose in the stables, or forcing their way out and running wild over the country. The one redeeming feature in the proceedings of this secret society is, that all such damages are compensated liberally and promptly: the amount of loss incurred by each individual is easily ascertained by the initiated, who live in the place itself, and by them transmitted to the chiefs; and then the person in question finds some morning—in his jacket pocket, or in the churn or on his table—a parcel containing, in hard cash, a fair and ample remuneration; the certainty of receiving which prevents all recourse to the law and stops people's mouths effectually.

In 1863, as well as I can recollect, there was a great Haberfeld Treiben at Rosenheim; and the telegraph and railroad being put in requisition, troops were brought from Munich. However, they arrived too late, and nothing was discovered but one or two strangers, who, overcome with fatigue, had fallen asleep in a barn several miles distant. No evidence beyond the fire-arms found with them could be procured to connect them with the affair.

Aibling was then threatened, or supposed to be, and troops were sent down—who, in conjunction with the local militia, patrolled every night

for several weeks. Of course the "drivers" did not make their appearance there, but they pounced on a small village called Pang, a few English miles distant, on the direct road to Kufstein. The parish priest was said to have been unpleasantly brought before the public on that occasion; but it was not easy to ascertain particulars, as the people are very reticent on matters that affect the clergy.

Rosenheim, a tolerably large town on the Inn, just where the railroads from Munich, Innsbruck, and Salzburg form their junction, had been long threatened with a visitation; but it would seem that the "drivers" were deterred from time to time, and as the inhabitants were supposed to be fully determined to oppose force to force, the issue was looked upon with some anxiety. The Archbishop of Munich had at various periods issued warnings against the Haberfeld Treiben: amongst others, on the 16th February, 1866, a pastoral letter *threatening* excommunication. But all these documents were totally disregarded. Towards the middle of October, 1866, that is to say, at the commencement of the season, there was pretty strong evidence that this secret society was preparing to carry on operations with unusual vigour; and on the night of the 20th a grand Haberfeld Treiben was performed at Rosenheim, or rather attempted to be performed, for the gendarmerie of the district had been secretly brought into the town, and aided by a company of the local militia, which was kept in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning, they attacked the "drivers" immediately they appeared. A desperate fight ensued, lasting an hour and a half. One of the drivers was killed, several wounded, and seven taken prisoners, upon which the whole band dispersed and fled. Fortunately, there were no casualties on the side of the militia and gendarmes. A considerable quantity of ammunition was also seized, and this was the first severe blow these people ever met with.

As might be expected, they were dreadfully enraged, and letters were sent to several of the Rosenheim people threatening to set the whole town on fire, so that much alarm prevailed till the Government took active measures to prevent a recurrence of similar outrages. It would also appear that there is a strong revulsion in the public feeling as regards this singular society. Hitherto the great majority of the inhabitants of the district were either indifferent, or regarded the Haberfeld Treiben with secret favour; but of late years, instead of adhering to the original plan of admitting only respectable married men and a few younger ones of established character and credit to the membership of the society, the majority came to consist of dare-devil youths and farm-labourers, so that, as an old peasant said,—

"Formerly the decent people used to 'drive' the scamps and vagabonds, and now the respectable people are driven by the ruffians."

The truth is, that the social and moral condition of the peasantry—of which they were hitherto proud as a class—has been gradually changed by a variety of enactments. Land has been rendered purchasable by

every one in any quantity, and the old peasant farms having become absolutely the property of the former holders, are being gradually split up and subdivided; and thus the elements of which this ancient society formerly consisted are gradually disappearing, and their place is being taken by other and less reputable ones.

Whatever may be thought of the rude manner in which the Haberfeld Treiben was carried out, its ends and objects were laudable enough. The existence of secret societies is, however, in itself a great evil, if only because they are apt to degenerate into the worst and most oppressive kind of tyranny, that of secret denunciation, followed by execution inflicted by invisible agents.

I have only to add that the Bavarian law could only touch the Haberfeld prisoners taken at Rosenheim for the unlawful bearing of arms; and this being only an offence, and not a crime or misdemeanor, they were all necessarily set free on bail within a day or two, and I have never ascertained what punishment was ultimately inflicted on them. We shall see whether the society will dare to repeat its meetings this year. The Archbishop of Munich thought it necessary, on the 2nd November, a few days after the great Rosenheim affair, to issue a new pastoral, actually pronouncing the ban of the church, or the greater excommunication, against all persons taking part in or favouring the Haberfeld Treiben, and forbidding all the priests of the archdiocese to grant absolution to such, except in *articulo mortis* or by his own express permission. Probably this measure will have some effect; however, it is just possible that it may be disregarded, for my good friends in the Haberfeld district of Upper Bavaria are very obstinate and self-willed, and have a great regard for their ancient institutions.

Jottings from the Note-Book of an Undeveloped Collector.

CONCLUSION.

If we may judge by the prices paid by the Marquis of Hertford for some of his specimens of Sèvres, and other *chef-d'œuvres* of the Ceramic art, we may consider him to be somewhat of the opinion of Charles Lamb,—“I have an almost feminine partiality for old China. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the China closet, and then for the picture-gallery.”

The taste for pottery and porcelain is of most respectable antiquity. Among Roman collectors no objects of virtù were more highly prized than the “*vasa murrhina*.” The value set upon specimens of this substance is almost incredible. Nero, for instance, gave 300 sestertia (about 2,340*l.*) for a single drinking-cup. When his friend Petronius, director-in-chief of his wine-parties, had been accused of treason, and knew that his property would pass into the possession of the tyrant, he smashed a ladle, equally valuable with Nero’s cup. What the material of these precious articles was is very uncertain. Perhaps it was some rare oriental pebble of onyx or agate. Sir G. Wilkinson suggests fluor-spar, Mr. Marryatt opal glass, which from the oxides in it has deliquesced; but from certain expressions in Latin writers it seems not improbable that it was Chinese porcelain; and this opinion is much strengthened if Sir W. Gell is right in saying that “the porcelain of the East was called *Mirrha di Smyrna* to as late a date as 1555.” No fragments of porcelain, however, have been discovered amongst Roman antiquities.

Pottery dried in the sun, or hardened by fire, is of extreme antiquity. The Chinese ascribe the invention of their earthenware to the Emperor Hoang-ti, who began to reign B.C. 2698. The earliest specimens of pottery which possess any real interest as works of art are the vases, &c. usually called Etruscan. They are for the most part of a deep red colour, owing to the large proportion—sometimes as much as twenty-four per cent.—of oxide of iron contained in the clay. The number of these Etruscan vessels in our museums is most astonishing. The British Museum alone possesses about 3,000; and “the total number of vases,” says Mr. Birch, in his valuable *History of Ancient Pottery*, “in public and private collections probably amounts to 15,000.” He gives us instances of the prices which some examples have fetched. A sum of 500*l.* was paid for the Athenæum vases in Lord Elgin’s collection; 8,400*l.* for the vases of the Hamilton collection; Baron Durand’s collection sold, in 1836, for 12,524*l.*; one vase in this collection was purchased for the Louvre for

264*l.*; another, now in the Louvre, with the subject of the youthful Hercules strangling the serpent, was purchased for 240*l.*; another, with the subject of Dejanira, Hercules, and Hyllus, brought 142*l.*; and a *crater*, with the subject of Acamus and Demophon bringing back Æthra, 170*l.*; a Bacchic amphora of the maker Enecias, of the Archaic style, was bought by the British Museum for 142*l.* Some of the finest vases belonging to the Prince of Canino, at the sale in 1837, obtained very high prices: an *enochoë*, with Apollo and the Muses, and a *hydria*, with the same subject, were bought in for 80*l.* each; a *kylix*, with a love-scene, and another, with Priam redeeming Hector's corpse, brought 264*l.*; an *amphora*, with the subject of Dionysus, and a cup with that of Hercules, sold for 320*l.* each; another brought 280*l.* At Mr. Beckford's sale, the late Duke of Hamilton gave 200*l.* for a small vase with the subject of the Indian Bacchus. But very much larger sums than these have been given at Naples. 500*l.* was given for the vase with gilded figures discovered at Cumæ; only half a century back 8,000 ducats, or 1,500*l.*, was paid to Vivenzio for the vase in the Museo Borbonico, representing the last night of Troy; 1,000*l.* for one with a Dionysiac feast; and 800*l.* for the vase with the grand battle of the Amazons, published by Schulz. Large prices continue to be given for fine specimens. At the Castellani sale last year, a drinking-cup, in the form of a horse's head, in black, with ornaments in red and other colours, fetched 120*l.*; a very beautiful terra-cotta sarcophagus, 400*l.*; a vase at the Pourtales' sale, the year before, 360*l.*

Leaving these Etruscan, or, as they are perhaps more correctly called, Italo-Greek vases, there is little if anything worth noticing, excepting perhaps the so-called "Samian" ware—some beautiful specimens of which may be seen in the Roach Smith collection now in the British Museum—till we come to the lustred ware, made probably by the Moors in Spain in the 15th century. Several plateaus of this ware are at South Kensington; and I may specially mention a vase, twenty inches high, with flat expanded handles, and a bowl and ewer; each of these cost 80*l.* Of Italian terra-cottas, one very pretty one, of the latter part of the same century, is in the same Museum. It represents the Virgin and Child with angels, and was purchased for 300*l.* Early in the succeeding century we come to some very fine examples. Luca della Robbia, tired of his occupation as a worker in metal, took to modelling in clay; and when he had discovered, about 1511, a new glaze for his terra-cottas, containing tin, sand, antimony, and other materials, at first white, then coloured by the addition of metallic oxides, he succeeded in producing works which are deservedly held in high estimation. They are generally of large size—altar-pieces for churches, &c. A very fine altar-piece by him, representing the coronation of the Virgin, is in the Academy of Fine Arts at Genoa. A series of twelve medallions, representing the months, probably of his workmanship, and now at South Kensington, came from the Campana collection. A bust of Christ was purchased at the Piot sale for 80*l.* 16*s.* Other members of the same family produced similar works, specimens of which may be seen at South

Kensington. One, for instance, six feet four by five feet eight, with the Adoration of the Magi, cost 100*l.*; another somewhat larger, with the Virgin giving her girdle to St. Thomas, 120*l.*; and another, with the Annunciation (in this instance the terra-cotta is uncoloured), 150*l.* One of the most important works executed by them was the decoration of the Château de Madrid, the palace of Francis I., on the Bois de Boulogne, upon which 15,000*l.* were spent. It was destroyed in the Revolution.

From the Della Robbia terra-cottas is derived a species of pottery which is of high repute among collectors. It is known by a variety of names,—Majolica, Faenza, Gubbio, Urbino, and Raffaele ware. About 1115, Nazaredek, the Moorish king of Majorca, who was said to have had 20,000 Christians in his dungeons, was besieged by the Pisans and slain. Amongst other spoils were several tiles and tablets of painted earthenware, which were brought back to Pisa, and are still to be seen let into the walls of some of the churches there at a great height from the ground. The Italian imitations of these are supposed to have got their name Majolica from the island from which these pieces were brought. Faenza, Gubbio, and Urbino indicate some of its chief places of manufacture, and the name Raffaele has been given to the ware because that great artist was supposed to have painted some of the specimens himself. At the Bernal sale was a plate, 9½ inches in diameter, which excited a most lively competition. It was described as “a plate of the most rare and interesting character, in very strong colours; the subject believed to be Raffaele himself and the Fornarina seated in the studio of an artist, who is occupied in painting a plate.” It was originally in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, and at the Stowe sale fetched 4*l.* At the Bernal sale, under the impression that it was a plate painted by Raffaele himself, it fetched the very large sum of 120*l.* It is, however, of later date than Raffaele, and is now ticketed at South Kensington as Caffagiolo?—a place near Florence, where was a castle of the Medici.

It has been often stated that a letter of Raffaele to a Duchess of Urbino is still extant, telling her that the drawings for certain vases were ready. But the writer of the letter was either Raffaele dal Colle or R. Ciarla, both of whom are known to have been employed on majolica. The finest specimens were not made till 1540, twenty years after Raffaele's death. But his drawings were eagerly collected for the decoration of pottery, and particularly by Guidobaldo II. This duke specially employed two artists—Battista Franco for making designs (one fine specimen by him, a plateau twenty-one inches in diameter, belonging to the Queen, is now at South Kensington), and Orazio Fontana to paint them.

The Gubbio ware has a peculiarity confined almost entirely to specimens made there and at Pesaro. This is an iridescent ruby glaze, which shines through the picture afterwards painted on it, and varying with the angle at which the light falls upon it. It was the invention it seems of Maestro Giorgio Andreoli of Pavia, who settled at Gubbio in 1498. One of his finest works is an altar-piece, made for the Dominican church at

Gubbio in 1511. It is in three compartments, the centre one representing the coronation of the Virgin. Altogether there are several hundred figures in it. In 1835 it was removed to the Städel Museum at Frankfort.

The manufacture of fine specimens of majolica came to an end because the Dukes of Urbino became so much involved they could no longer afford to keep it up. On the death of the last duke, Francesco Maria II., their magnificent collection of majolica passed into the possession of Ferdinando dei Medici, who carried it to Florence, and there it is still. One portion, however, the vases of the Speziera (the medical dispensary and laboratory), 380 in number, were given as an offering to our Lady of Loretto. For these vases, Queen Christina of Sweden is said to have offered their weight in gold.

Fine specimens of majolica fetch very large prices. The South Kensington Museum possesses a fine series of the works of Maestro Giorgio,—several *fruttieras* which cost from 30*l.* to 50*l.* a-piece; a plateau, eighteen inches in diameter, representing a saint with two dogs, one of his largest and most important works in this branch, which cost 150*l.*; and a vase, about fourteen inches high, from the Soulages collection, 200*l.* A plate, with a very fine portrait of Pietro Perugino, cost the same sum. A beautiful plateau, nearly sixteen inches in diameter, with "the Stream of Life," after a very rare engraving by Robetta, which does not appear to be in the Print Room of the British Museum, was purchased at the Bernal sale by Mr. Fountaine, of Narford Hall, Norfolk, whose collection of majolica is almost unrivalled, for 142*l.* A plateau at the Rattier sale produced 195*l.* Probably the largest price ever given for this ware was for a plate with "the Three Graces," after Marc Antonio, which Mr. Marryatt, in his books on pottery and porcelain calls surpassingly beautiful. At M. Roussel's sale, Mr. Fountaine purchased it for 400 guineas. Of Pesaro specimens, the British Museum purchased a plate with St. Bartholomew in the centre for 41*l.* Of Urbino ware, at the same sale, a very fine dish with Pompey and Cleopatra, now at South Kensington, sold for 50*l.*; a salt-cellar, now in the British Museum, for 61*l.*; a plateau, eighteen inches in diameter, with Moses striking the rock, after a design by Battisto Franco, cost 100*l.*; a very pretty group, an organ-player and boy blowing bellows, the same sum; a dish at M. Rattier's sale fetched 187*l.*; and the pair of flasks, or pilgrims' bottles, eighteen inches high, of this or Castel Durante ware—the palace built and ornamented by Francesco Maria II.—now at South Kensington, 250*l.* There were two vases of this ware at the Bernal sale, both purchased by Mr. A. Barker, one for 200*l.*, the other for 220*l.* Of Faenza ware, the British Museum gave 43*l.* 1*s.* for a plate at the Bernal sale; and Baron A. de Rothschild 90*l.* for another very fine one. A *fruttiera* at South Kensington, with the children of Israel gathering manna, from an engraving of Agostino Veneziano after Raffaello, cost 100*l.*

The manufacture of French faïence was encouraged principally by Catherine dei Medici. But I must pass on to a most famous ware—that

of Bernard Palissy. There are few autobiographies so charming and interesting as his. Of humble birth and great talents, the sight of an enamelled earthen cup of great value determined him to discover the secret of its manufacture. "Regardless of the fact," as he tells us, "that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for enamel as a man gropes in the dark." After fifteen or sixteen years of indomitable perseverance, in which his money was exhausted, the palings of his garden, the tables, the very flooring of his house burnt—even his wife's wedding-ring consigned to the crucible—he met with complete success. After all, he died in the Bastille, for his religion, at the age of ninety. It is not everybody that admires the crawling things he decorated his plates with—snails, toads, serpents, and such like creatures—but it cannot be denied that the modelling is most admirable. And there are other exquisite examples of his art besides those he covered with specimens of natural history. And the prices his ware sells at now would have satisfied Palissy himself. At the Bernal sale a dish originally purchased, then broken, for twelve francs, and when mended, bought by Mr. Bernal for 4*l.*, sold for 162*l.*; two specimens belonging to M. Rattier produced 200*l.* and 245*l.*; a dish at South Kensington, from the Pourtales collection, cost 115*l.*; and another, from the Soltikoff collection, twenty inches in diameter, with a border of arabesques, 193*l.*

But the Palissy prices, large as they are, are moderate in comparison with those obtained now-a-days for the ware known to collectors as the *faïence de Henri Deux*. The total number of known specimens of this ware does not amount to more than sixty, and about half of these are in England. Sir A. de Rothschild, for instance, possesses no less than seven. To show the prices which specimens fetch, I need do no more than mention those given for the five examples at South Kensington. A dish cost 140*l.*; a tazza, 180*l.*; a salt-cellar, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 4 $\frac{1}{4}$, 300*l.*; a tazza and cover, 450*l.*; and a candlestick, 750*l.* Mr. Malcolm, however, gave even a larger sum for a "biberon," at the Pourtales sale, 1,100*l.* Mr. Magniac's ewer is said by Mr. J. C. Robinson to be "in every respect unquestionably the finest and most important specimen of *Henri Deux* ware now extant." The price paid for it at the Odier sale was 80*l.*; in all probability it would now realize at least 2,000*l.* The companion ewer to one in the possession of Sir A. de Rothschild is valued by M. Delange at 30,000 francs (1,200*l.*), but would probably, if brought to the hammer, as Mr. Robinson assures us, realize a much greater sum. There is unquestionably a certain degree of prettiness about the ware, but I am afraid I should, except for possible mercenary considerations, prefer Minton's imitations to the originals. The peculiarity about the ware is that the ornaments on it have not been painted, but inlaid with pieces of coloured clays, in patterns previously made in the mould, into which the clay was to be pressed by metal stamps, like those used in ornamental bookbindings. Until very lately nothing was known of its history, but M. Fillon, of Poitiers, has discovered that it was made at Oiron, near Thouars, Deux Sèvres, for Madame Hélène de Han-

gest-Genlis, widow of Artus Gouffier, and mother of Claude Gouffier, Grand Ecuyer de France. Their librarian was the Jean Bernard already mentioned in these "Jottings" as furnishing designs for ornamental bindings. Specimens of an excellent imitation of this ware by Minton can be seen at South Kensington.

The earliest specimens of English pottery that possess much interest are the stoneware of Dr. Dwight or De Witt, of Fulham, whom I shall have to mention again, when I come to speak of porcelain. Many specimens of his "Grès de Cologne" are to be found in collections; but perhaps the most beautiful is in the possession of Mr. C. W. Reynolds, with many other heir-looms of the Dwight family. It is a half-length figure of a child lying on a pillow, with a bouquet of flowers in her hand, and a piece of lace on her forehead. It is inscribed "Lydia Dwight, died March 3, 1672."

Our fine pottery began with Wedgwood. Thanks to Miss Meteyard, we have a complete and most interesting life of this great artist. Very curiously, Mr. Bernal, who collected almost everything, from brown mugs to the *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, had not a single specimen of Wedgwood in his possession. But Mr. Mayer of Liverpool and Mr. T. de la Rue of London neglected no opportunities of securing the works of one of whom Mr. Gladstone has said, that "beginning from zero, and unaided by national or royal gifts, he produced truer works of art than the works of Sèvres, Dresden, or Chelsea." Perhaps the finest service he ever executed was for the Empress Catherine of Russia. Upon each piece was a different view of the palaces, seats of the nobility, and other remarkable places in England: 1,200 views were required, and three years spent in making them. The service being intended for the Grenouillère, part of a palace near St. Petersburg, a frog is painted on the under-surface of each piece. A cup and saucer of this pattern, but without the frog, is in the Mayer collection. Mrs. Delany mentions the service in her letter to Mrs. Post, 1774:—"I am just returned from viewing the Wedgwood ware that is to be sent to the Empress of Russia. It consists, I believe, of as many pieces as there are days in the year, if not hours. They are displayed at a house in Greek Street, Soho, called Portland House. There are three rooms below and two above filled with it, laid upon tables; everything that can be wanted to serve a dinner. The ground, the common ware, pale brimstone; the drawings in purple, the borders a wreath of leaves; the middle of each piece a particular view of all the remarkable places in the King's dominions, neatly executed. I suppose it will come to a princely price; it is well for the manufacturer, which I am glad of, as his ingenuity and industry deserve encouragement." The price paid is said to have been 3,000*l.*, but even at that price it was far from remunerative to Wedgwood.

Several specimens of his ware are at South Kensington, and among them five of his busts in black jasper—Cato, Zeno, Seneca, Bacon, and Ben Jonson—purchased at various prices from 7*l.* to 15*l.* A still finer

suite is in the interesting and valuable collection of British pottery in the Jermyn Street Museum.

Porcelain differs from earthenware in many particulars, most obviously in transparency. The materials of which it is composed are principally two—infusible alumina (clay) derived from decomposed felspar, and a fusible silica (flint), which is calcined and reduced to powder. The proportion of these two substances is not quite the same in different manufactories, and in some cases other substances, such as phosphate of lime, are mixed with them. The best English Kaolin, or China clay, comes from Lee Moor, Cornwall, and from the Isle of Burbeck. The best French Kaolin is found near Limoges. The Chinese take a long time in preparing their materials—a potter often using what had been mixed by his grandfather. This circumstance gave rise to the whimsical derivation of the word porcelain given in Johnson's *Dictionary*—*pour cent années*. Porcelain is of very great antiquity, at least in the East. If its date cannot certainly be carried back in China so far as B.C. 185, it cannot be put later than A. D. 88. Japanese porcelain is of nearly equal antiquity. One of the most extensive pieces of porcelain ever executed is the far-famed "Tower of Nankin," made in 1277. It is 330 feet high, in nine stories, covered with enamelled tiles; the colours employed being white, red, blue, green, and brown. It is said to have cost 750,000*l*.

The varieties of China porcelain are very numerous: one of the most famous is the citron yellow, manufactured only for the use of the Emperor, and the exportation of which is prohibited on pain of death. Mr. Beckford had some cups and saucers of this ware, which, at the Fonthill sale in 1823, fetched such large prices that Mr. Bohn tells us, in his edition of the *Bernal Sale Catalogue*, the rage for it was called the yellow fever. Eight guineas, however, does not seem such an absurd price for specimens of a ware of which the Fonthill examples, and those at the Japanese Palace, Dresden, were then and till very lately the only genuine specimens in Europe.

The sacking of the Emperor's Summer Palace at Peking brought many fine examples of China into Europe. In the Count de Negroni's collection, which was exhibited in London in 1865, were specimens of the imperial yellow porcelain—the rare old gray crackle, which, though it looks as if the glaze had been damaged in the process of manufacture, is really produced by art, and the still rarer dark, ruby-coloured crackle, the glaze of which is said to have been made of pulverized gems. Perhaps the rarest of all is of a yellowish stone-colour, of which Mr. Fortune secured the only specimen he had ever seen. Another favourite variety is the "eggshell," so called from its being usually of extreme thinness, not, as was long believed, from the materials of which it was made. Another variety much prized by the Chinese was the Ting porcelain. A very famous potter, with a very long name, which we may compromise by contracting into Techeau, who lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century, went into the house of a collector, where he saw a tripod of this porcelain. He asked per-

mission to examine it, took its dimensions accurately, and made a drawing of the crackles. Six months afterwards he appeared again with his imitation. He was honest enough, however, to confess that it was an imitation and parted with it for about 12*l.* Some time after another connoisseur saw the tripod, worried till he got permission to purchase it, and it was finally parted with, at a great sacrifice, consented to because it was for a *friend*, for 300 guineas.

Porcelain is as much prized among some of their neighbours as among the Chinese themselves. Sir Thomas Roe tells us that the Great Mogul had one of the gentlemen of his court whipped for breaking a cup, and then sent off to China, at his own expense, to buy another.

As specimens of the prices Chinese porcelain has fetched, I may mention an "eggshell" bottle, 13½ inches high, which sold at the Bernal sale for 25*l.*, and a sea-green one which brought 63*l.* At Mr. Fortune's two sales in 1856 and 1857, a bottle of turquoise crackle realized 50*l.* 10*s.*; another with the imperial dragon on rich crimson ground, 56*l.*; a vase of turquoise crackle, 18 inches high, 131*l.*; and a pair of magnificent vases and covers, 4 feet high, 200*l.* Lady Webster's pair, sold this year, produced 485 guineas; and a pair of cisterns, 315 guineas. The old crackle is so much esteemed in Japan that a genuine specimen readily fetches 300*l.* But the most curious price ever paid was for a set of china now in the grand collection in the "Green Vaults" at Dresden. The Elector Augustus II. obtained it from Frederick I. of Prussia for a company of grenadiers.

The first Oriental porcelain in Europe of which we have any certain knowledge, was brought by the Portuguese about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was long thought that the earliest attempts at imitating it were made in France, about 1695. The recent researches, however, of Dr. Foresi of Florence have shown that there was a small manufactory of it attached to the laboratory in the Boboli Gardens, which belonged to the Grand Duke Francesco dei Medici about 1580-90. Some ten or fifteen specimens only of this earliest European porcelain have been discovered—some of which it is said have fetched 300*l.* a-piece. Besides the gilded pills of the Medici, they bear a mark representing the cupola of the Cathedral of Florence, and underneath the letter F. The ware has a white ground with blue flowers; but if the specimens I saw at South Kensington so marked a few months ago were really samples of the duke's ware, I don't think his kindest friends could have called it beautiful.

There is not much Italian porcelain worth noticing till we come to the Capo di Monte specimens, produced about 1780. There are some very good and spirited groups of this ware exhibited by the Marquis d'Azeglio, at South Kensington, especially an Apollo and Daphne. Mr. Bernal had several cups and saucers, which sold at prices varying from 31*l.* to 37*l.* A compotière and cover, with figure of Phœbus and the dance of the Hours, sold for 51*l.*

To England, apparently, belongs the honour of the second earliest European porcelain. In 1671 Dr. Dwight had a patent granted to him for having "by his own industry, and at his own proper costs and charges, invented and sett up at Fulham . . . the mistery of transparent earthenware, commonly knowne by the names of porcelaine, or China and Persian ware." He met, however, with such poor encouragement that it is said he burned all his receipts and implements in disgust. No specimens of his porcelain are at present known to be in existence.

The next European porcelain was made by Böttcher, the alchemist, who had fled from Berlin to Dresden, and about 1706 made the discovery whilst seeking for the philosopher's stone. His first productions, made of an artificial paste, were of a reddish or brown colour, and not true porcelain; but about 1715, through the accidental discovery of true kaolin in Saxony, he succeeded in producing real porcelain. Some of his ware was in the Bernal collection; one specimen, a teapot, fetched 16*l.* Specimens of his ware can be seen at South Kensington.

From this beginning sprang the famous manufactory of Dresden china, which has produced so many beautiful works of art. To see it in all its variety we should have to visit the Green Vaults at Dresden; but for fine specimens or rare prices we need not go out of our own kingdom. At the Bernal sale, Sir A. de Rothschild bought a pair of vases, each with two conversations from Watteau, for 99*l.* 15*s.*; and a clock in the form of a temple, eighteen inches high, for 120*l.*; whilst the Marquis of Bath secured a pair of magnificent candelabra, each with a female figure bearing branches for five lights, and two feet high, for 231*l.*

From the Dresden manufactory sprang that of Vienna. About 1719 one of the workmen managed to escape from Meissen, and carried the secret with him. The manufactory, however, at Vienna has never equalled the parent one, though the gilding—a very delicate operation—is most brilliant. The Berlin manufactory owes its origin principally to Frederick the Great, who on occupying Meissen during the Seven Years' War, carried off from Meissen all the most famous workmen.

But I must return to England. The first of our famous china establishments was that of Chelsea. It commenced about 1698, but it was from 1750 to 1761 that its finest specimens were produced. Horace Walpole says:—"I saw yesterday (March 3, 1763) a magnificent service of Chelsea china, which the King and Queen are sending to the Duke of Mecklenburg. There are dishes and plates without number, an *épergne*, candlestick, salt-cellars, sauce-boats, tea and coffee equipage; in short, it is complete, and cost 1,200*l.*" The Chelsea gilding is very brilliant, the painting first-rate; and though sometimes the details are somewhat overpowering, still the ware is in many respects equal to any porcelain in the world. A magnificent vase of this ware, with a beautiful crimson morone ground—a colour peculiar to this ware—and with the raised ornaments richly gilded, was shown some years ago at Marlborough House. In 1863, Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt remarked, that "at the Bernal sale, a pair of beau-

tiful globular scalloped vases and covers, deep blue, painted with exotic birds, with pierced borders and covers of the highest quality, fetched 110*l.* 5*s.* At the sale of the Angerstein collection, a pair of bleu-de-roi vases, with paintings, were bought by Lord Kilmory for 100 guineas. Another pair, pink and gold ground, with paintings, and with open-work lips, realized 142 guineas. A single vase and cover, from Queen Charlotte's collection, sold for 106 guineas; and a pair of splendid globular vases and covers, with paintings of Bathsheba and Susannah, realized the enormous sum of 203 guineas." But these "enormous sums" have been far exceeded. At Mr. Bernal's sale, a vase, exquisitely painted with groups of figures after Greuze, fetched 219*l.*; whilst a vase and cover, with Venus attired by the Graces, after Guido, 14 inches high, and a pair of others, 12½ inches high, were sold only a few months since, by Messrs. Foster, for 345 guineas. A set of seven, Mr. Bohn tells us, sold not long since for 3,000*l.*

The Chelsea works were finally removed in 1784, by Mr. Dewsbury, and incorporated with his other works at Derby, so famous for the biscuit figures peculiar to that locality. The secret of making them has been lost, and it was in trying to re-discover it that the beautiful material "Parian" was invented. One of the most beautiful productions of the Derby works was called "cream-ware." It is so rare that but two or three specimens of it are known. Mr. Bernal had no good specimen of Derby china. Lady Webster's dessert-service sold this year for 150 guineas.

About the same date as Derby china is that of Worcester, not considered so good as Chelsea, though superior to Derby. It is at present most worthily represented by Messrs. Kerr and Binns. The dessert-service made for the Queen is considered to be as fine as anything that Sèvres ever produced; their enamel porcelain, again, is most beautiful.

One more English manufactory must be mentioned, that of "Rockingham china," named in compliment to the celebrated Marquis of Rockingham. It is a fine reddish brown, or chocolate colour. It is one of the smoothest and most beautiful wares ever produced. The dessert-service, consisting of 144 plates and 56 large pieces, made for William IV., is said to have cost 5,000*l.*

Nantgarw must not be altogether omitted. Porcelain, however, was only made there during 1814-17; the works then belonged to Mr. Dillwyn, the naturalist.

I must now pass on to Sèvres. This manufactory, originally established at St. Cloud about 1695, was transferred to Sèvres in 1756. The finest specimens were produced from 1751 to 1800, Madame Pompadour being one of its principal patronesses. At first the porcelain was "soft." "Soft" porcelain, as distinguished from "hard," can be scratched with a knife, the other not. The *pâte tendre*, however, of Sèvres was an artificial paste, with no clay at all in its composition, and could be entirely fused. It was a composition of saltpetre, sea-salt, burnt alum, soda, gypsum, and sand. Owing to its composition so much resembling glass,

its firing was most difficult, but this very circumstance enabled the glaze to unite more intimately with the body. About 1768, a chance discovery of kaolin at Limoges gave the manufacturers the power of making hard porcelain, and since 1800 no other kind has been attempted.

Her Majesty has one of the most splendid collections of Sèvres in existence. A good deal of it was obtained at the time of the Peninsular war, through Benoit, a French confectioneer in the service of the Prince Regent and Beau Brummell. I must specially mention a *bleu-de-roi* dessert-service, painted by Dodin, with borders by Le Guay and Prevost, made about 1783-1787. Fifteen other pieces belonging to the same set, and now in private hands, were in the Loan Exhibition, 1862. In the Royal collection are also seventy or eighty vases, many of them of the true *pâte tendre*, and worth from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* a-piece. Another very magnificent service was made about 1778, for the Empress Catherine II. of Russia: 160 pieces of it were afterwards brought to England, but repurchased (except a few small pieces in the collections of Mr. Napier and Mr. Addington) by the Emperor Nicholas, shortly before the Crimean war.

Fine specimens of Sèvres sell for enormous prices. At the Bernal sale, a cup and saucer painted by Morin sold for 160*l.*; a cabaret by Le Guay, 1775-6, 465*l.*; the Marquis of Hertford gave 871*l.* 10*s.* for a magnificent *gros-bleu* vase, eighteen inches high; Sir A. de Rothschild 900*l.* for a pair of vases, said to be part of the famous "Roman History" service in possession of her Majesty; 1,417*l.* 10*s.* for a pair of turquoise vases painted by Dodet and Draud; and a higher price still, 1,942*l.* 10*s.*, for another pair of that lovely colour, the *Rose du Barry*, 14½ inches high. Mr. Bernal had given 200*l.* for them. At Lady Webster's sale this year a plaque sold for 285 guineas, and a dessert-service, said to be probably the finest set on sale in Europe, of 105 pieces, for 550 guineas—probably the set sold at the Hope sale at Paris in 1855 for 854*l.*; and finally, at the Rickett's sale, a single vase and cover, *gros-bleu* ground with an exquisite medallion of figures fishing, after Boucher, 16½ inches high, was purchased for the Marquis of Hertford for the astounding sum of 1,360 guineas.

High prices naturally lead to counterfeits. Many instances might be mentioned; but a passage from an interesting account of an English Workman's visit to the Paris Exhibition which appeared in the *Times* of September 13, is so very instructive that I cannot resist quoting it. "Thirty years ago, when the rage for old Sèvres china was at its highest, a few London dealers in old Sèvres china made large fortunes in purchasing white specimens, and those slightly decorated, and having them repainted and regilt in this country. Their agents in France attended sales and sought every opportunity of buying it; the slight sprigs of flowers were then removed by fluoric acid, and elaborately-painted subjects of flowers, birds, Cupids and figures, chiefly from Boucher and Watteau, were painted in richly-gilt shields, with turquoise, green, and other grounds. White dessert-plates were greedily bought, at prices varying from half-a-guinea

to a guinea, which were resold at from five to ten guineas. In order to deceive the purchaser, the sharp touches of the chaser on the gold were rubbed off by the hand; sometimes a dirty greasy rag was employed to make it look as though it had been a long time in use. To increase the deception, the china thus finished was sent off, redirected in London in French, and knowing old lovers of Sèvres china, with long purses, were apprised that a packet of choice articles, bought of Madame — or at the Duke of —'s sale, had arrived, and they flattered themselves highly in being privileged to see the box opened. . . . The writer has several times seen specimens of his own painting at noblemen's houses, which he was informed were choice productions of the Royal Sèvres works purchased for large sums. . . . Some time ago one of our first and keenest manufacturers purchased a pair of his own vases, believing them to be old Sèvres, and introduced them as examples. They had been bought from his own warehouse in white, were painted by the writer in the old Sèvres style, sold in London, and bought some years after by the manufacturer."

The prices of modern Sèvres are by no means inconsiderable. There is a fine specimen at South Kensington—a vase with celadon-green ground two feet high—which cost 200*l*. Some specimens of modern English porcelain fetch equally large sums. The beautiful vase, four feet six inches high, with exquisitely painted flowers, by Messrs. Copeland, was purchased in 1862 for 262*l*.; and the same sum was given for another vase of Sèvres blue ground, with a broad band of flowers, double handles, and five Cupids as supporters, by Messrs. Minton.

No one who has visited the collection of art treasures at South Kensington can have failed to notice the splendid enamels that have been secured for that institution.

Enamelling is the art of fixing upon any substance a surface of vitreous matter by fusion. The term, however, is restricted now to those cases where the substance is of metal, copper, silver, or gold. Several methods of enamelling have been practised. One, and perhaps the earliest, was the *champlevé*, where the enamelling matter was deposited in cavities previously made in the metal. It is often stated that the Egyptians were acquainted with this method: but in the examples in question, we really only find pieces of hard stone or coloured glass set in cement. The Greeks were really acquainted with the art, but the specimens that have come down to us are very unimportant. In the third or fourth century, however, *champlevé* enamels were made in Gaul and Britain; and we find them again in the Rhenish provinces of Germany about ten centuries later, and at Limoges. One interesting example of German enamel of the twelfth century is the *chasse* or reliquary at South Kensington, which came from the famous Soltikoff collection. A very beautiful triptych in the same collection, of thirteenth-century work, 14 inches by 8½ inches, representing the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Deliverance from Satan, formerly at Alton Towers, cost 450*l*.

Another method was the cloisonné. In this case, the metal having been previously cut into the required shape, a rim of gold was put round it, deep enough to contain the enamel. The enclosed surface was then divided into as many cells as were necessary to separate the different colours, by thin bands of the same material. In those cells was placed the enamel in powder, which was then fused, and finally polished. This method was the fashionable one under the Byzantine Emperors. The finest specimen now remaining of this class is the Pala d'Oro, made at Constantinople for the altar of St. Mark's, Venice, about 1100. A small portion of this, containing the figure of a saint, may be seen in the Jermyn Street Museum. The shrine at Cologne, containing the skulls of the three kings, is of similar workmanship; and at the Pourtales' sale a plate, originally the cover of a missal, with a representation of St. George and the Dragon, of the eleventh century, sold for 364*l*. The most interesting example of cloisonné enamel in England is the "Alfred Jewel," in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. It was found not far from Athelney Abbey, the place to which Alfred retired during the Danish troubles, and where he afterwards founded a monastery. It is somewhat more than two inches long, faced with rock crystal, through which is seen the figure of a saint, holding a *fleur-de-lys* in each hand, representing, no doubt, St. Neot, the King's patron saint. On it is an Anglo-Saxon inscription, which tells us "Alfred ordered me to be wrought." From some expressions in monkish chronicles there is little doubt that it was mounted on a staff, and so carried into battle. The enamel itself may have been made, not in England, but on the Continent.

The next method was to engrave the subject on the plate, which was then covered with translucent enamel. A fine specimen of English work of this style is the gold cup given by King John to the corporation of Lynn.

In the fifteenth century there arose at Limoges a new school of enamellers. The plate was first of all covered with a coating of dark-coloured enamel for shadows, and the subjects then painted upon it. The colours employed were metallic oxides mixed with silica, which of course was fusible at a great heat. Until science came to the aid of the enamellers, they had only a limited number of colours at their command, the high degree of heat to which the plate had to be subjected rendering many desirable tints unavailable. The colours after firing are often quite different from what they would be on a painter's palette; and as a plate had sometimes to undergo as many as twenty-five or thirty firings, one for each layer of colour, and any under or over-firing spoiled the work, and mistakes in drawing could only be corrected with immense difficulty, the process of enamelling, as may easily be imagined, was one of very great tediousness and risk. In the early part of the sixteenth century this method had reached its perfection, and some very beautiful examples will be found at South Kensington and the British Museum.

Of early unsigned enamels, we have, in the former museum, an Adoration of the Shepherds, executed about 1520, which cost 200*l*. By Penicaud,

Junior, is a very magnificent specimen, containing eighteen plaques, a large one in the centre representing the Ascension, and round it seventeen of various shapes, containing other subjects from the life of our Lord. It measures altogether 2 feet 5 by 1 foot 10½. The price of it was of course considerable—800*l.* Another specimen of the same artist's work is an oval dish, with a representation of the Gathering of Manna, which cost 200*l.* By another artist of the same family, Jean Penicaud III., is a tablet, 7 inches by 5½, with the Saviour in the centre and the twelve Apostles in compartments around it, which cost the same sum. Belonging to the same school, but apparently by Jean Poillevé, who was a goldsmith as well as an engraver, there was at the Bernal sale a silver-gilt casket, 4½ inches high and 5½ wide, in which were set five plaques of enamel, representing the Sibyls. Mr. M. T. Smith purchased it for 252*l.*

The prince of enamellers, however, was Leonard Limousin. Like other artists of the same date, 1540–1570, he made use of the designs of Raffaele, and the exquisite manner in which they are reproduced by this difficult process is quite marvellous. A set of twelve Sibyls, half-length figures, of his work, is in the British Museum. Several other specimens are at South Kensington. A very beautiful tazza, with a representation of Laocoon, cost 85*l.* Many of his works are portraits, of which there were no less than twenty-three in the Loan collection. A plaque at South Kensington, six inches by five, with portrait of Antoine de Bourbon, cost 50*l.* A portrait of a Chancellor of France, somewhat larger, from the Soltikoff collection, cost 100*l.* But a much more important work of his, at the Bernal sale, was a large upright portrait of Catherine dei Medici, of the extraordinary size of eighteen inches by twelve. For this Baron Gustave de Rothschild gave 420*l.* Large as the plate is, it seems to have been a favourite size with the artist, as seven others of similar dimensions were shown at South Kensington in 1862. In some of his later enamels he used a white ground, the credit of which has usually been given to Toutin, who lived about 1630.

By Pierre Raymond, an artist about the same date, a tazza and cover at the British Museum, representing Dido's entertainment to Æneas, from the Bernal sale, cost 80*l.* A triptych at South Kensington, representing Christ bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, and the Entombment, was purchased for 350*l.* A tazza and ewer at the Pourtales sale, with the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, sold for 448*l.*; and a basin, eighteen inches in diameter, with subjects from the history of Adam and Eve, 808*l.*

One of the most productive of the Limoges enamellers was Jean Courtois. His works consist chiefly of articles for use at table—such as dishes, plates, candlesticks, &c. They are very showy. A fine ewer—a representation of an equestrian combat round the body, and some portraits in medallions round the neck—was purchased at the Bernal sale by Mr. Addington for 136*l.* 10*s.* A large oval salver, ornamented with gold, and a picture of the "Passage of the Red Sea," sold at the Pourtales sale for 1,200*l.*

By Jean Court dit Vigier was a work at the same sale which excited a very lively competition. It was the cup presented to Mary Stuart when she became affianced to the Dauphin. On the cover was Diana in a car drawn by stags, and on the inside was "The Festival of the Gods," after Raffaele. It produced 1,084*l.*

Towards the close of the sixteenth century a more minute style of enamelling was introduced. Specimens of artists of this date will be found at South Kensington. An oval dish, by Francois Limousin, with a youth kneeling by the side of a female, who is pointing to Phœbus in his ear, cost 200*l.*; and by Jean Limousin a silver casket, with bacchanalian groups and mediæval figures dancing, executed probably for Marguerite de Valois, cost 1,000*l.* The fashion for Limoges enamels seems to have lasted till about 1620.

About this time the art was practised in other places. Petitot, for instance, who was born at Geneva in 1607, produced some specimens which for colour and finish are most marvellous. His plates are usually small, not more than two or three inches in diameter; but the Duke of Devonshire has a portrait of his, after Vandyke, which measures nearly ten inches by six.

Of modern enamels there are some very fine examples. Perhaps the largest work ever executed in this way upon metal is one belonging to her Majesty—the Holy Family, after Parmegiano, the work of Charles Muss, who died in 1824. It measures about twenty-one inches by sixteen. Another large work is the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, enamelled by Bone. It measures eighteen inches by sixteen, and was sold for 2,200 guineas. Another very beautiful specimen of his skill is the portrait of Lady Hamilton, as Ariadne. It was painted for Sir W. Hamilton, and afterwards bequeathed to Nelson. It cost 170 guineas, and when sold brought 700.

Fine specimens of mediæval metal-work fetch now and then astounding prices. Fancy a pair of "brass candlesticks," 5½ inches high, fetching 232*l.*! Yet this was the price paid for a pair at the Bernal sale by the Duke of Hamilton. Of course, they had a history. They belonged to Sir Thomas More, knight, whose name and date, 1552, are under the foot. Upon the egg-shaped stem are flowers and leaves enamelled in blue and white. A portrait, however, of Sir T. More, at Hampton Court, shows us that they were not candlesticks but flower-vases; for in that picture these identical objects are represented standing on a table near him, each containing a flower. There are, however, at South Kensington, two candlesticks of Italian work, about 1480–1500, from the Soulages collection, which cost 125*l.* each; and with them, I may mention, a door-knocker, about 1560, which cost 80*l.*, and two sets of bronze fire-dogs which cost 400*l.*

In the same rich collection will be found a bronze mirror case 7½ inches in diameter, inlaid with gold and silver, the work of Donatello about 1450, made for the Martelli family, which cost 600*l.*; and a toilet stand of iron, damascened with gold and silver, with subjects taken from ancient Roman

history; it measures three feet ten inches high, by two feet one inch wide. It has a metal speculum with a damascened slide, and at the top figures of Venus and Cupid, in bronze gilt. It is of Milanese work, about 1550, made for the royal family of Savoy, and was purchased at the Soltikoff sale for 1,281*l.* As a specimen of early English work, I may mention a beautiful agate goblet mounted in silver gilt, with a carved stem, and with the Bristol hall-mark, 1567, which cost 350*l.*

Fine specimens of ecclesiastical art are to be found in our National collections. The British Museum secured, at the Bernal sale, the "Reliquary of the Kings," in copper gilt, about seven inches in length and height, and four inches wide. It was presented by Pope Eugenius IV. to Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, and contained the relics found in the Chartreux at Dijon in 1430. The price was 66*l.*, Mr. Bernal having given 28*l.* for it. A much more important specimen is at South Kensington. This is a Rhenish-Byzantine work in copper gilt, decorated with champleve enamel, and carved ivory, about 1150. It represents a cruciform domed church, and is ornamented with figures of eighteen Prophets and the twelve Apostles. It was purchased at the Soltikoff sale for 2,142*l.* A retable in gilt metal, repoussé and enamelled and set with gems, was purchased at the same sale for 342*l.* Above is Christ in the act of blessing, below are two Angels, and on the shutters the twelve Apostles. An altar-cross made of plates of rock crystal, the plaques of the cross containing engravings of the Crucifixion and the busts of the Evangelists, whilst the base has representations of the events of the Passion, the work of Valerio Vicentino, who lived 1466-1546, cost 210*l.*; and another altar-cross of Rhenish-Byzantine work, 350*l.* I must also mention besides three crosiers—one of gilt metal, enamelled, of fourteenth-century Italian work, which cost 241*l.*; another of Swiss-German work, of the same date, 413*l.*; and another of carved ivory and gilt metal, of French work, also the same date, 265*l.* They all came from the famous Soltikoff collection.

NOTE.—In my last paper I omitted, by an oversight, all mention of Salviati's imitations of Venetian glass. They are quite as quaint, and in many instances, quite as beautiful, as the originals.

In a letter to *The Times*, dated September 21, Mr. M. A. Shee controverts the account, given in the first part of my Jottings, of the share his father had in the rejection of the Lawrence collection by the nation. In one particular I have to make a correction: the price at which the collection was offered to the British Museum was not 20,000*l.*, but 18,000*l.* Mr. Shee admits that his father "opposed the purchase," but justifies it on the ground that it "did not comprise the entire collection made and left at his death by Sir T. Lawrence," but that "the most valuable portion had been previously withdrawn for private disposal." It must be known to many people whether any such transaction took place; but it seems strange to talk of the "most valuable portion" being gone, when Oxford could get from the refuse its matchless collection, except perhaps in the gallery of the Uffizi, of Michel Angelo and Raffaele drawings. Sir T. Lawrence's will, however, is express—it was his "collection of genuine drawings by the old masters" that was to be offered to the nation. Mr. Shee's letter, therefore, would make it no longer a question of his father's taste, but of the honesty of Sir T. Lawrence's executors.

Dumb Men's Speech.

A BELGIAN EXPERIMENT.

In what category is speech to be arranged? Amongst all the functions and energies of man by what name will it most correctly be labelled? Shall we call it an endowment, or a faculty, or an art, or what? In short, what is speech? Certain very practical results depend upon the answer. Without doing any injustice to the character of rough-and-ready replies, it may be said that the rough-and-ready reply to these questions would be that speech is a gift—perhaps the most eminent of all the gifts bestowed upon man by his Creator, and one, therefore, well adapted for its exalted office of determining the line of severance between the brute creation and humanity. Superficial as such a conclusion unquestionably is, it would almost seem as though it had dictated our mode of procedure in the treatment of the dumb. Say that speech is an endowment of human nature, and it must at once take rank with the other endowments of human nature, with sight and hearing and reason and the rest. It may have its speciality, it may be conspicuous amongst the others for its dignity or its usefulness; but almost insensibly we shall conceive of it as being regulated by the same laws and associated with the same ideas as are attached to the other endowments of man. One of the most obvious and the most unassailable of such ideas is the total incapacity of man himself to confer upon his fellow-man even the faintest semblance of such gifts. And with data like these, it is almost an axiom that, in directing the education of one who is deprived of speech, you must accept his dumbness as a fact which is altogether beyond the reach of hope. You may invest him with substitutes for speech which shall be more or less efficient, but this so-called gift of speech itself it is manifestly futile for human skill to think of bringing into exercise. You will give him some compensation for his loss by evoking some unusual power of observation and by inventing new artifices of expression; you will impart to him a marvellous aptitude in the languages of the hand and of the eye; but this spell of an unalterable silence you will feel that a creative power alone can break.

Such a position seems not only a natural, but almost an inevitable, deduction from the very loose idea that speech is to be classed amongst the endowments of men. The fact that a view of this kind has met with such general acceptance makes us suspect that it probably represents a certain amount of truth upon the subject. Yet we may reasonably challenge it, and ask it whether it fairly embodies the whole truth of the matter? whether it gives us the best possible grasp of all the leading facts, or whether it is not rather calculated to obscure some of the

principal avenues of thought, and consequently to bar some of the most effective lines of action which another aspect would suggest? There is at all events one consideration which affords a presumption, though not a proof, that the classification of speech as a gift is inadequate, if not absolutely incorrect; for it is undoubted that certain of the lower animals are able to acquire a mimicry of speech so perfect as to represent a human articulation to the very life. Now, such a fact, when once established, is immediately fatal to the view in question. Take any one of these natural powers, which are beyond all dispute most properly designated as gifts—powers, that is, demanding no skill or effort on the part of the individual exercising them—and you cannot conceive the possibility of a mimicry of them. You cannot, for instance, imagine a mimicry of sight or of hearing. I say then that the fact that speech *can* be caricatured affords us a presumption that there is something wrong in a classification which groups it with them. The truth probably is that, in the looseness of ordinary conversation, speech has been too often confounded with language. Statements, that is to say, which are perfectly true of language, have been carelessly transferred to speech, and, as might be expected, have by the transfer been rendered hopelessly false. Thus, it may be quite true that language, as the expression of reason, is the noblest and the most distinguishing gift which the Creator has bestowed upon man. But apply such a statement to speech, and we may not only be inclined to dissent from the opinion expressed, but we have some grounds for asking whether it can be accurately called a gift at all.

Following the lead, then, of this presumption, and setting aside for the moment the conception of speech as one of the distinctive gifts of man, let us ask whether it would not be more correctly catalogued as an art—an art which is to be learned, of course, like any other art, by successions of attempt and failure. Through its investiture as an art, it at once assumes its proper place as the correlative of language, which everybody has now learned to call a science. In this view, a correct description of the facts would be something of this kind: Man is supplied with a mechanism which is capable of producing articulate speech, just as he is supplied with a mechanism which is capable of producing, for example, a performance on the pianoforte; but it is for man himself to learn to use this mechanism with competent skill. The question then arises, How does he learn? by what agency is this mechanism to be approached? Obviously through the ear. The art of speech is acquired by imitation. The possessor of this vocal mechanism becomes sensible, through the ear, of the use to which others are putting it, and by continued attempts to produce the same effects which he hears from them he gradually acquires a perfect command over his instrument, and articulates with fluency and ease. Hence we are furnished with an explanation of a well-known fact about the dumb. Most of them are dumb, because they are deaf. They cannot articulate, not because they are deprived of the machinery of articulation, but because they are deprived of the means of learning to put that machi-

nery in motion. The mechanism is there, sometimes without a single flaw in its construction; but it is doomed to stand eternally idle, because the channel through which it is commonly approached is closed. But having got so far, we are immediately confronted with a question which, if it can be answered affirmatively, must revolutionize our procedure with deaf-mutism, must impose upon us the necessity of a general, if not a universal abandonment of the language of the fingers, and will enable us effectually to rescue these wordless sufferers from the terrible isolation of their speechlessness. Granted that a man commonly learns to speak by the almost effortless process of hearing others speak; granted that the machinery of speech is most naturally and most easily set in motion through the intervention of the ear; yet, if this be closed from birth, is there no other channel through which the latent mechanism of articulation can be reached? Is there no other faculty through whose aid these slumbering powers can be stirred into activity, and taught to fulfil the purpose for which they are so well adapted? In a word, is it inevitable, as the conventional treatment of them assumes it is, that the deaf-and-dumb should be despairingly abandoned to their speechlessness? or is it possible to teach the silent lips to speak?

For eighty years past such a possibility has been eagerly asserted by Heinicke and his followers in Germany. The utility of it has been as eagerly denied by the Abbé de l'Épée in France. But facts will speak for themselves. Through the intervention of a Continental friend I was recently enabled to visit an institution in Brussels which demonstrated by actual experiment that such a thing is possible, not only in the case of a picked individual or two gifted with extraordinary intelligence, but (it seems safe to say) in every case, provided that the vocal organs are not rendered fatally imperfect by malformation. Moreover, even in those extremely rare instances where the mechanism of speech was incomplete, they succeeded in producing an approximation to clear utterance, closer or more remote, according to the degree of defectiveness in the organs. So that in that house of the dumb, from the best down to the very worst, every single inmate could speak. The dumb are received there in considerable numbers; the conventional system of teaching them to speak by signs is totally and unexceptionally abandoned, and each individual patient is successfully taught to speak with his lips. Of course, the labour and patience expended in effecting these results is stupendous.

It is not difficult to imagine the almost superhuman self-control that you must have, if you would take a boy who is as deaf as the ground he stands on, and utter an articulate sound before him over and over again, till by seeing your movements he learns to reproduce the sound. In practice, however, the task is no less stupendous than the imagination predicts. Indeed, as I watched their method, it several times occurred to me that those instructors must have thrown up their work in despair if they had not been doing it for the sake of their religion. It was, in truth, in the name of Religion that the whole of this unprecedented labour was under-

taken. In words of their own framing, "to inspire the deaf-and-dumb with the love of our holy religion, to form their hearts to virtue, to develop their intelligence, in short, to restore to God and society this unhappy class—such is the task which we undertake in this house." Technically, moreover, the house was a religious house, as being the retreat of a religious order. It was founded some twenty years ago by an eminent ecclesiastic, so distinguished for his self-sacrificing works of benevolence and charity as to have earned the title of the Vincent de Paul of Belgium. True to the reputation of the founder, a number of clergy attached to a religious brotherhood—Les Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne, whom I found by conversation to be men of high talent and culture,—carried on this work. It was to one of these brethren so engaged—Frère Cyrille—that my Brussels friend presented me. I found him a bright, accomplished man, in the best years of life, dressed in the clerical costume of his country—the long black cassock with that interminable row of small buttons down the front, and his beads hung at the girdle, and the little close-fitting black cap,—known as the *Solidée* (*Soli Deo*)—just upon the crown of the head. Such is the man who is the leading spirit of this unique establishment. After a little preliminary conversation he proceeded to pilot me through the house. Promising to begin with the most elementary stage of the education, he led me first into a large airy room fitted with ordinary school-room desks, forms, black-boards, diagrams, and the usual apparatus of elementary education. That room indeed was remarkable for the absence of only one of the attributes of a well-appointed schoolroom: there was none of the familiar buzz of plodding school-boys. Here sat some five-and-twenty boys, from seven to twelve years old, in some cases literally struggling to imitate the lip-movements of their teacher, and making thereby noises uncouth and various enough; but so impressive was the silence in the intervals of their attempts, that one quite longed for some of those furtive whispers which all go to make up that impalpable sort of hum which is one of the bugbears of the schoolmaster. These boys were acquiring the first rudiments of the art of speech under the tuition of another of the brethren—also a cassocked ecclesiastic,—who seemed blessed with an amount of forbearance that was quite angelic. The earliest lesson, of course, was the articulation of single open syllables, that is to say, of a consonant with a vowel attached. The process by which this was attained was, I observed, twofold. First, simply the eye of the pupil was used. The teacher articulated in a very marked manner the consonant that was under notice. By signs and gestures the dumb boy was directed to watch the movement minutely and to make it himself. If he succeeded in doing so, all well and good; the object was achieved. But if he failed, as was often the case; if, for example, instead of *ma* he articulated *ba*, then the sense of touch was called in to the rescue. The teacher felt about his own organs to see exactly how they were affected by his articulation of the particular consonant which caused the difficulty. He would find that there was, perhaps, a movement in the throat, or by

the pressure of the fingers against the side of the nose, that a current of air was driven down the nostrils by the articulation in question. Having discovered this, he took the boy's finger and put it to his own (the teacher's) organ and articulated the consonant distinctly and repeatedly, so that the boy should feel exactly what the movement of the part was that was required of him. The boy was then directed to put his finger upon his own throat or nostril, and by his own movements produce the same impression upon his finger as was produced by the articulation of the teacher. A hundred times he would fail; and a hundred times would this much-enduring frère, without the faintest shadow of impatience or irritation, go through the whole ceremonial again.

As we entered the room this method was being applied, I remember, to the syllables of the French word—all the business was conducted in French—*Solide*. The frère had got this word written out upon the black-board, syllable by syllable, and he was articulating it, hissing and biting off the consonants with a most laborious emphasis, and with a considerable pause at the end of each, *So-li-de*. Most of the boys in his class seemed to succeed tolerably well with this word; but the failure of one poor lad served admirably the purpose of giving one an insight into the system of instruction. He found no difficulty in catching the first two syllables, but the last syllable he misapprehended. The frère was quick enough to detect the error, even amid the many voices, in a moment. He singled the boy out to devote some special care to him. "*So, li, de,*" said the frère, making quite an explosion with the last syllable. "*So, li,*" replied the anxious boy, drawing out the vowels to an inordinate length in his care to be right, and then, as though quite lost, gazing about him in bewilderment and dismay: "*re,*" he guessed, after some moments. The frère shook his head; that would not do. "*So, li, de—de, de,*" he repeated. "*So, li,*" said the boy, with great deliberation, and then came the pause of perplexity again; "*ke,*" at last he tried, receiving once more, of course, the shake of the head in reply. That was not right. "*So, li, de, de,*" reiterated this delightfully patient frère, taking the lad's finger and putting it upon the ball of his own throat, that he might feel the movement caused by the articulation of the troublesome sound. The boy immediately nodded his head with evident delight, in token of his having grasped what was meant. Withdrawing his hand from his teacher, he began, "*So, li,*" then, feeling about over his own throat, "*de,*" he said, after a moment's pause, with an apparent certitude that he was saying the right thing. The task was accomplished. "*So, li, de—solide,*" recapitulated the frère. "*Solide,*" said the boy at once, in three distinct but connected syllables.

This amiable and persevering teacher went on to explain to me that having achieved the pronunciation of the consonant, he should be able after some little time to get the lad to pronounce the word as it should be in good French, with a less emphasis upon the last syllable. But this final *e* mute of the French language was, he said, one of their chief difficulties, inasmuch as it ought in correct speech to slip almost inaudibly

off the tongue, whereas they were compelled to teach their boys to give it the same power as any other vowel, for the purpose of getting its accompanying consonant articulated. With characteristic enthusiasm, however, he added, it was only a question of a little more trouble afterwards to soften it down when once the consonant was acquired. While upon this subject he told me that, as a rule, certain consonants came much more easily to dumb pupils than others did. It appeared that *r* was the easiest of all. Several little fellows, who had only just been admitted to the house, had already learned to roll the *r* with a rapidity and continuity that only the Continental throat can accomplish. And it is no injustice to them to say that their newly-acquired power was one which they never seemed to be tired of exercising. In the course of a few minutes four or five of these youngsters rolled out enough *r*'s to supply all the speeches of a parliamentary session.

But when the consonants were safely disposed of, the vowels were sometimes hardly less troublesome than these. In the rudimentary stages of this novel education, mistakes about the vowels were frequent; for example, *do* got pronounced *da*, *me* was mistaken for *mi*,—making sometimes a curious jargon out of a familiar word. But the same calm perseverance on the part of the frère which vanquished the consonants, seemed to make short work of the less formidable obstinacy of a vowel; and in no case did I see him baffled in his endeavour to impart a correct apprehension of the sound. Indeed it was surprising to see how quickly he taught them to read the motions of his lips and to utter monosyllables in reply. Within a short period from their admission I found boys who could correct an error of this kind: the frère would take up a pen, and with an air of interrogation would say to a boy, “*C'est un porte-crayon,*” and the boy would smile and shake his head, and say “*plume.*”

The next stage of this singular education was the acquisition of short, simple sentences. With this aim, not only the black-board, but pictures also were freely used. The practice in this department was to select some object and teach the pupils to enumerate the leading qualities and attributes of it. Thus, for example, a picture of an inkstand was under discussion at the moment of our visit; and on the black-board were chalked such sentences as these: *L'encrier est rond; L'encrier est noir; L'encrier est ouvert.* A picture of a three-horse diligence furnished material for another lesson. In the picture the leading horse was grey and the two others were black; and the relative positions of these animals supplied endless remarks. By their answers and comments the boys showed that they had the clearest understanding of the whole matter. When they were asked the colour of the front horse, they replied “*gris;*” when the frère said there were two horses in front of the coach and one behind, they laughed and contradicted him; while a perfect roar of merriment was created by his astounding assertion that the three horses were seated on the top of the coach.

After satisfying us upon the rudimentary processes of his establishment, Frère Cyrille conducted us to the room where his own class of advanced

pupils was assembled. Here we found some twenty youths of all ages from about nine to eighteen, who rose as we entered, and, expecting as I was to find a room full of half-dumb people, I must say almost startled me by greeting us with a perfectly articulate "Bonjour, messieurs." If these young men had formerly been dumb and were actually at this moment stone-deaf, here seemed to be an unmistakable triumph for the system of Frère Cyrille. We proceeded to test it. He explained to his class that we were simply visitors, who, out of sympathy with them and a kindly interest, had come to witness their progress. "Asseyez-vous, monsieur," said this vivacious little man, handing me his chair; then turning to his class, "Attention!" he said, in a voice hardly above a whisper. Here was the thing which brought out the fact of their present deafness. Whatever suspicion one might have had before that these pupils could after all, perhaps, hear a little, if only quite a little, just to help things out, this was all blown to the winds in a moment by the whisper of that one word and the visible effect it produced upon the faces in all parts of the room. Here was demonstration of deafness which could not be gainsayed. If these people should prove themselves able to hold a conversation, it must be with the eye alone, one could not help admitting, through which they would apprehend the meaning of another. Frère Cyrille felt that so unusual a procedure required notice. "Monsieur will understand," he said to me in explanation, "that it is unnecessary for me to fatigue myself by speaking loud, as ordinary teachers must; to them it is indifferent whether I thunder or whisper, and for me the latter is easier." He continued accordingly in the same very subdued voice, which was only just audible even to me, sitting, as I was, close to him, and giving me thereby every moment accumulating proof, which I could not help feeling was thoroughly conclusive, that the assembly was really deaf. "Attention!" once more. "Je me propose de voyager jusqu'à Londres, et je voyagerai tout le long par le chemin de fer." Some of the young men laughed, some shrugged their shoulders. "Mais pourquoi non?" said Frère Cyrille.

"Ce n'est pas possible," replied several voices.

"Eh bien, comment dois-je voyager?" continued Cyrille, addressing one of the most eager-looking of the group.

"Chemin de fer jusqu'à Ostende," he rejoined unhesitatingly.

"Et après ça?"

"Bâteau-à-vapeur," was the immediate reply.

Frère Cyrille then undertook to go over some of the ground they had traversed in the course of that morning's lessons. His instruction was exceedingly clever, but the subjects were not of any particular interest. There was one question, however, which was amusingly illustrative of a little piece of national vanity; and when I heard the cut-and-dried answer to it, I could not help wondering whether it did not contain the very fact to which the French troops were making a sarcastic allusion at Waterloo, when they coupled the Belgians with the epithet which has never left them, — les braves Belges. Selecting the youth who was to reply,—"Comment

César a-t-il rendu la justice à nos ancêtres ?” Frère Cyrille asked. The answer was given with a mechanical precision which almost suggested that both question and answer had been learned from a catechism. “Il a dit dans ses Commentaires que les Belges sont le peuple le plus brave de la Gaule.” So long, however, as the questions were asked by the teacher himself, there was obviously the risk of a suspicion in the spectator’s mind that these dumb people had not been really taught to speak with the freedom which is indispensable for speech being of any practical use, but rather that by dint of an almost inconceivable amount of labour they had been crammed, like parrots, with a few select phrases, which, upon occasion, they could parade before a wondering stranger. Frère Cyrille was far too acute a man for the liability of such a suspicion to escape him ; and, by virtue of his integrity, he could afford to challenge it. He was polite enough to offer me the opportunity of verifying his results.

“But monsieur will converse with them himself ; his voice is quite strange to them, yet if he will speak with only ordinary distinctness, they will understand him perfectly well, and will make him replies.” Now this was very polite, but it was rather a trial for me as well as for them. The youth sitting at my elbow, to whom I should most naturally address any remark I had to make, happened to be, by a considerable difference, the smallest and youngest boy in the room. One may get on with the adult world of the Continent pretty well, but it is not always pleasant to have to air your French to a youngster whose legs are dangling from his chair. You are apt to become sensible in the midst of it that the proceeding is not altogether the most dignified one in which you might be engaged. However, it had to be done, so I began at once to the little fellow next me, asking the simplest of all possible questions, both for my own sake and for his. “Mon enfant, quel âge avez-vous ?” I said, dividing the syllables carefully and distinctly. I naturally was prepared to find that the utterance of a stranger and a foreigner might occasion him some little difficulty, and should accordingly have been very well satisfied with a somewhat hesitating reply. My surprise was proportionately great when he instantly tossed it off in a clear and agreeable voice, “J’ai neuf ans, monsieur.” But this was not all. In answer to my surprise, Frère Cyrille assured me that so complete was the education of the eye and the responsiveness of the tongue under his system, that if something were said to them in a language which they did not understand, these youths would be able to repeat the words after the speaker. “For example,” he continued, “you will easily believe that they do not know one single word of English ; we have quite enough to do to acquire our vernacular French and Netherlandish ; yet if you select one of my pupils and say something in English, he will be able to say it after you.” Accordingly, I selected one of them, and said to him, *Cler-gy-man*. *Cler-gy-man* immediately said the youth, with a perfect articulation, but without having the faintest idea of what he was talking about.

The examples I have enumerated here are some only out of many

similar tests which I applied to ascertain the degree to which the power of speech had been developed by human agency in these dumb people. By their uniform success I was compelled to admit that the fact of their ability to converse freely upon any given topic was indisputably established. That, of course, was patent. But it was not so easy to believe that these dumb-born youths who now were conversing with you in this glib fashion, were still, one and all, perfectly stone-deaf. The completeness of their speech and the readiness of their replies, almost prevented your believing that they could not hear. Indeed, it would have been quite impossible to believe this but for the fact that they were manifestly independent of the sense of hearing. Their replies, both to Frère Cyrille and to myself, made it evident that they understood us equally well, whether we spoke in our ordinary voice or whether we employed a whisper, moving the lips only, but producing no sound perceptible at the other end of the room. The eye was evidently their organ of apprehension. Frère Cyrille could teach them to speak, but he could not teach them to hear.

As for the tone of the voices in which they spoke, I remarked almost every shade of quality amongst them—from the most natural and agreeable voice of an ordinary speaker down to the most hideous parody of a voice, accompanied with a struggling effort at articulation which certainly was generally intelligible, but always painful to a spectator. This latter, however, was extremely rare. I think I saw only two instances of it through the whole house; and in both it was the index of malformation. In the majority of cases the voices were like ordinary voices, varying, as others do, in degrees of pleasantness, but presenting no character which would suggest that they belonged to people who once were dumb.

One curious fact was mentioned to me by Frère Cyrille. He said that he found more difficulty with those who had become deaf-and-dumb subsequently to birth than with those who were so born. I found also that, next to the one or two instances of malformation, the worst speakers were those who had lost their voice from disease. Possibly their memories of sound; slender though they might be, disqualified them for that assiduous and undivided attention to the culture of the eye which the rest had no alternative but to give. Whether this be so or otherwise, Frère Cyrille seemed to attach no small importance to having a monopoly of his pupils' entire energy for this one aim—speaking with the mouth. He spoke as though a division of their efforts—part being directed to this and part to learning the language of signs—would have been fatal to his prospects of success. Accordingly, the ordinary practice of conversing with the fingers was totally banished from the institution. There was no encouragement of a dumb youth on his first admission to make use of his fingers until such time as he could learn the use of his tongue; but from the very first his instruction was entirely based upon articulate speech, and his power of communicating with his fellows was measured by his success in acquiring it.

It was marvellous to see how speedily this unity of purpose achieved

its end. In the space of a year and a half these deaf, but no longer dumb, lads learned to speak perfectly well, after which their newly-acquired art was employed upon the usual branches of education. It would be almost too much, perhaps, to say that there are absolutely no cases of dumbness, apart from malformation, in which an attempt to teach the art of speech would be a failure. But Frère Cyrille did not seem to think that there was any case in which it would be impossible. He would not despair even of the most unpromising. While speaking to him on this part of the subject, he told me a little story which illustrated it. A peasant had recently brought to him his little son, a boy of seven years old, who never had either heard or spoken. The poor fellow was in the greatest distress at the apparent hopelessness of his son's case. His coming to the home of these amiable brethren was but a forlorn hope. "Ah, sir," he said to Frère Cyrille, "I've been advised to come and hear what you have to say, but you'll be able to do nothing with him. I've had him with me these seven years, and I can't get a sound out of him."

"Well, at all events, we can try," was the reply; "and if you will wait, we will have the first lesson in your presence."

"So," said Frère Cyrille to me, "I placed myself in front of the boy, directed his attention to my lips, and articulated to him *pe*"—the *e* was sounded as the French *e* mute—"till at last the boy began to say *pe* too. I advanced a step farther, and the end was that, after the patience of a few minutes, the boy said *papa* to his father before he left the room." The latter was at once amazed and delighted with such a result. He gladly and gratefully confided his boy to the protection of the brethren, and at the period of my visit to them the boy was in a fair way of learning to speak freely and distinctly.

Incredible as such results as these appear, the possibility of achieving them was long ago foreseen. I have in my possession an old book in the Latin language, printed in Germany so early as 1667, in which the author urges *à priori* arguments which led him to expect that the making a dumb man speak was quite within the limits of the possible, and then adds the story of a man in whose case he actually realized the possibility. Curiously enough, this learned gentleman goes on to prove that the languages of the East—and more particularly the Hebrew language—are more readily acquired by a dumb man than the languages of Europe, our own English tongue being branded as notoriously the most unintelligible of all. The reasoning is singular. The whole position is, of course, rested upon the old exploded belief that square-headed Hebrew was the one primæval language spoken by man in the days of his early innocence. The modern square-headed characters (without apparently a suspicion that there was any earlier type) are derived from the forms which the human tongue assumes in articulating the several letters of the Hebrew language; hence the human tongue has a natural aptitude for that language above all others. Throw in the consideration that the broad vowels of the East cannot be skipped over with that indecorous glibness to which the vowels of our less

dignified Western speech fall such victims, and you have a complete proof that the dumb can be easily taught to speak Hebrew! So, at any rate, this learned German proves it to his own satisfaction, if not to ours. But though we may be at liberty to dissent from the details of his conclusion, distorted as they were by the cramped views of philological science then prevalent, yet there is no doubt that, in his prediction of the possibility of teaching the dumb to articulate with the lips, and to converse at will with their contemporaries, he was entirely right. The receptivity of the taught has, since his time, been demonstrated by experiment in numerous and varied instances. The requisite qualifications of the teacher it might not be so easy to secure. This was the only respect in which the institution I have been describing was really exceptional. Frère Cyrille and his *confrères* were not ordinary men. Such labours as theirs money could not buy. No hireling services could ever fix themselves upon their end with that intensity of purpose which is indispensable to the success of such a task. The earlier stages of it seem as hopeless as the actual results are (it must be confessed) incredible. The patience which they demand is something quite beyond the reach of ordinary men. "Monsieur will have to say it fifty times," I remarked commiseratingly to one of these brethren as he was drumming a syllable into a speechless little creature. "Ah ma foi, often five hundred and fifty times," was his reply. No mere salaried labour would be likely to face a prospect such as that. Nothing but a conviction, nothing but a conscious self-sacrifice for the sake of an idea—for it is ideas and not material expectations that are, after all, the most potent influence upon individuals as well as upon nations—nothing but the enthusiasm of an idea, and that too a religious idea, could vitalize the energies of a man under the irksomeness of a drudgery like that. These men were doing it for the sake of their religion, and that was the secret of their success. This work was simply the particular expression of religious devotion which they had chosen to adopt. It was the one thing they had to think of, the one object they had to live for; and in this unity of purpose lay their strength. The same feelings amongst ourselves might not express themselves in precisely the same forms in which theirs are clothed; but this theory of success we should be obliged to learn from them. An acquaintance with such results as theirs might have the effect of modifying, might even almost revolutionize, our own practice in the treatment of the dumb. There can be no reason why our own dumb should not be taught to speak and so be rescued from that terrible isolation which has been hitherto accepted as their destiny, just as well as these Continental mutes. But if they are to be so taught, the task will be accomplished, not by the sort of man who would do well enough for the mere routine of keeping boys in order, giving a few hours' languid brainless attendance in return for a scanty maintenance, but by men of ability, of enthusiasm, and, above all, of self-control; by men of large intellectual resources, who approach it not as an instrument of remuneration, but as a labour of Christian love.

Country Life.

It is unquestionable that in many respects the difference between town and country people which was notorious half a century ago, has been gradually rubbed off by the more rapid communication now established between London and the provinces, as well as by the expansion of journalism and the diffusion of literature. It is impossible for the rising generation of the present day, even in the remotest rural districts, to grow up in that contempt for city life which was embodied in the word "cockney," and that complete independence and self-reliance which were common in the reign of George III. All peculiarities of dress, moreover, have now totally disappeared; and a majority of the ancient customs are fast upon the wane. That with these has disappeared, too, something of that simple politeness and that natural dignity for which the better class of our farmers and peasantry were once distinguished, is what few will be surprised to hear who know the effects produced on unrefined natures by their first introduction to a new and more advanced civilization. Moreover, when every man's place is fixed, so that he has no ambition to rise beyond it, his manners are naturally easier and his self-respect and self-possession more complete than when he is agitated by doubts of his real position in society, and uncertain whether every individual who speaks to him be not underrating his pretensions. That old rustic dignity, then, which was once unquestionably a fact, and a mark of difference between himself and the townsman which the countryman was entitled to set down to the credit side of the account, is now almost extinct—extinct, like that home-brewed ale, a liquor of superlative merit to be found only in farm-houses, which has now given way before the mightier currents of Bass and Allsopp, irrigating both town and country with equal stream, and swamping local independence even in the matter of beer.

But notwithstanding the obliteration of many personal peculiarities and provincial habits which formerly made town and country people so different from each other that you could distinguish them at a moment's notice, there is still left in rural life enough character of its own to make it an interesting study; while the moral differences which have always existed between the two classes of the community are probably far less weakened than even the physical and intellectual ones.

Among old customs which are gradually perishing from among the *pagani* of these islands, two of the most pleasing are the harvest-home and

the village Feast or wake. What sort of thing an old-fashioned harvest-home really was our readers may learn for themselves out of *Adam Bede* so much better than we can describe it, that we shall attempt no picture of it here. It is sufficient to say that the substitution for it of one common festival, celebrated by the whole village under the auspices of the clergyman, and preceded by service in the church, is just of a piece with most of the other changes which country life has undergone. It tends to banish a certain degree of coarseness at the expense of a certain degree of heartiness. The personal relation between master and man is not so closely kept up under the new system; but it has more religion and less beer than the old one; while the presence of the village girls, which is facilitated by the modern custom, must be allowed to add something to its poetic and picturesque side. However, about this modern harvest-home there is little or nothing that is peculiar. The dinner which is eaten, and the amusements which follow the dinner differ in no respect from the dinner and amusements which a millowner might provide for his mechanics. The old racy Sabine humour of the feast has evaporated by exposure to improvement; but the gain perhaps, upon the whole, may be taken to outweigh the loss. The wake or feast, however, where it still flourishes, flourishes externally unchanged, though the worm perhaps is busy at the core. This festival is held in honour of the saint to whom the village church is dedicated; but few traces of its origin survive in the forms of its observance. It is ushered in, indeed, by a more than usually full attendance at church on the first day of the week, but that is owing partly to the influx of visitors and partly from a tradition which still lingers in the country, that going to church is a mark of being at ease and at leisure, and is befitting the season when people get their new clothes and are going to have meat every day. When the church music was in the hands of the village band, the demonstration upon "Feast Sunday" was of the most imposing character. It was preceded by weeks of hard practice, and culminated in a concert of brass instruments and throats "more brazen still than they," which was the admiration of the entire parish. The bass fiddle, the bugle, the bassoon, the trombone, the flageolet, and even the fife were in their full glory, and the only member of the choir who secretly depreciated the performance was the big drum, who felt himself perforce to be a kind of profane and irreligious character as he listened on that day to the jubilant bursts of melody in which he was deemed unworthy to join. But his revenge was at hand. By five o'clock on Monday morning, if the time is summer, as soon as it is light in winter, the band musters in the village street, and begins its rounds to the neighbouring villages and farmhouses. In this procession the drum—if we may be allowed the bull—is decidedly first fiddle, as he makes a great deal more noise and gets a larger share of beer than any of the other performers. The band usually returns to the scene of rejoicing towards "dinner time," *i. e.*, between twelve and one, and devotes

the afternoon to playing in front of the principal houses in the village, and on the lawn before the hall, and the parsonage. It is the invariable custom on such occasions to reward them with both drink and money; so that by the time their services are required for the "ball" in the club-room of the public-house, they are in excellent spirits for the occasion. Here "dancing is kept up with great spirit" till two or three o'clock in the morning, the favourite dances being somewhat unrecognizable imitations of country dances and Scotch reels. The second day is a repetition of the first, and then the revelry begins to slacken. The pulse of the big drum becomes feeble and intermittent; vacant spaces may be observed in the row of booths; the children still hang about them, but with downcast looks, as conscious of having fallen greatly in the estimation of the cake woman and the showman, with the disappearance of their last copper. By slow degrees the village falls back into its usual tranquility, and by the end of the week nobody would imagine that the great saturnalia of the year had so recently terminated. The gaieties of the season, however, are not confined to music and dancing. We have mentioned cakes and shows—which are for the children and girls, it being the fashion for the men to affect a kind of superiority to the attractions of the van. These consist of the usual sights on such occasions: monsters with six legs, ladies with pigs' faces, and sometimes a Scriptooral animal, as the unicorn or leviathan, which we have known to be exhibited to the rustics. Occasionally, however, an attempt at a panorama is produced, and even a real play, in which spangled robes, swords, mustachios, and long words quite supersede the necessity for anything in the shape of plot. Waxwork, too, is introduced every now and then; and for the price of one penny the humblest child may make acquaintance with all our most distinguished native murderers.

There was a time—not many years ago—when the Feast was really to English villagers the *no plus ultra* of gaiety and amusement; when their aspirations were bounded by it; and when, indeed, they had no other way of spending any little savings they could effect out of their weekly wages. But the institution of excursion trains has emptied the pockets and opened the minds of the peasantry. They, perhaps, no longer relish the pleasures of the feast so keenly, and having less to spend cannot keep them up so well. The poorest family in the village would consider itself disgraced if there were not a piece of beef in the cupboard throughout the feast week, to be produced to every visitor that came. And how can they contrive this if the money has been spent elsewhere. The girls out at service, too, who come home for their holiday at the Feast, cannot dress as now becomes their station and enjoy the pleasures of society without exhausting the resources once available for home amusement. Of course the time is much further off when the farmers of the parish entered into this festivity. But it is not so long ago but what the present writer can remember it. From twenty-five to thirty years since a few

old farmers still remained who killed the fatted calf and assembled all their friends around them at the village Feast. But this custom began to die out with the grandfathers of the present generation ; and we should almost fear that its grandchildren will live to see the wake improved off the face of the country. In some parts of England already wakes have been extinct for many years, and it is forgotten that they ever flourished.

Next in importance to the village feast is the anniversary of the village club ; and this is the occasion of rejoicing, which it is more especially the clergyman's function to endeavour to improve. The club goes to church in the morning with wands and banners, when a sensible and experienced preacher has an opportunity of making some impression on them. They afterwards dine together at the village inn, with the clergyman at the head of the table and one of the farmers at the bottom. As on these occasions the great men of the village are the guests, and not the entertainers of the people, they occasionally find it somewhat difficult to keep the wit of the company within decorous bounds till such time as they can decently retire. On the whole, however, the men are generally well behaved ; and when we consider that to many of them roast fillets of veal and batter puddings are viands too delicious almost to be realised, which they only taste once a year, and which they are actually paying for with their own money, we may easily forgive them a little boisterousness of animal spirits. The feast, the club, the harvest home, and the "statties" are the four principal events of village life in the eyes of the poor. But Plough-Monday and the Fifth of November are still, in some retired spots, days of considerable importance. Plough-Monday is, as the name imparts, the festival of the ploughmen, and in former times the celebration of it was confined to them. The younger ploughmen in the village, dressed as masquers, went round to all the chief houses of the place, and performed a kind of mystic dance, of which the effect was greatly heightened by a performance on the cow's horn, wielded by the most active of the party, and one dressed in the most fantastic style. Both the dresses, and the dances, and the horn were probably symbolical of something, but of what the present writer knoweth not. However, the men have now become ashamed of joining in this time-honoured ceremony, which has fallen into the hands of children, their seniors contenting themselves with going round quietly in the evening for the usual donation to their supper. On the Fifth of November the old song is still sung, and a pile of faggots still consumed, to commemorate the wickedness of Popery, in a few of our less advanced districts, where the prevailing idea of the Pope would astonish that quiet old gentleman not a little. But the practice is fast dying out ; and we might, add, perhaps, the faster the better. The "statty," as our readers, perhaps, are aware, is an abbreviation of statute fair, or the half-yearly hiring of farm servants, which is still kept up in many places, though the feeling of the day now sets decidedly

against it. On these occasions the young men and women of the neighbourhood all flock together to the appointed centre and stand in the market-place for hire, the particular service which they seek being indicated by some badge. For instance, the youth who aspires to the honourable situation of carter signifies his capabilities by wearing a piece of whipcord in his cap. The votaries of Pan are known by a bunch of wool. The girl who would be housemaid decorates her bonnet with a sprig of broom. And both sexes alike, when they have been hired, pin a knot of gaily coloured ribbons on the breast or shoulders, just as if they were "a-going for soldiers." When the business of the day is over the evening is devoted to rejoicing, and sometimes to dissipation. The servants like this system because it gives them an additional "outing" in the year. The farmers like it because they say they get a "lot to pick from," and can compare the thews and sinews of a great many candidates for service before finally engaging them. We do not mean exactly that they feel them over as they would a horse, or as their wives would thumb a couple of fowls; but they scan them critically as the slave merchant would have scanned a batch of negroes, and naturally regard them in no other light than that of animals. This somewhat degrading system is now gradually disappearing; and as it presents no redeeming features in the eyes of the most enthusiastic Conservative, we trust to hear very shortly that it has entirely vanished from among us.

It is, however, among the class of tenant farmers that the changes which country life has undergone are the most observable; and, just in their present stage, perhaps the least attractive. The farmer has lost a good deal of his ancient simplicity of character, without having acquired more than a very thin coat of that refinement which we hope is one day to replace it. Farmers no longer, as a rule, sit and drink in the village public-house. They no longer come to afternoon Church exhibiting unmistakable signs of having eaten too much dinner. They are no longer entirely illiterate: their wives and daughters have pianos and pony-chaises, and take in magazines. It is now no uncommon thing to hear, when you drop into the village shop of a morning, that Mr. Barleycorn (his father was only farmer Barleycorn) has got a dinner party that evening, a phrase at one time appropriated exclusively to the "quality." On these occasions, we believe, the gentlemen hand the ladies into dinner, just like the real business, and exhibit towards them a frank and facetious gallantry, which would throw into the shade the arts of the most accomplished guardsman. But with all these outer signs of progress the inner man of the farmer has not quite kept pace. His standard of morality is much the same as ever. He is too genteel to take his brandy and water in company with the blacksmith and the carpenter; but he is not above taking a great deal of it in his own parlour. He reads more—a very little more; but it may be doubted whether he thinks more, and whether his views of public questions, of his own position, and of the

relations of the various classes of society towards each other are not quite as narrow as his father's. His newspaper may give him a little more knowledge than he had in other times ; but he has not yet drunk deep enough of the Pierian spring to acquire anything like taste. Consult him on the building of a church, on the selection of a hymn, on the merits of a sermon, and with a little more pretence you will find all the old "Philistinism" crop up. Hear him upon labourers' cottages, or the education of the poor, and you will not find that pianos, and papers, and black coats, and late dinners have made him more liberal than his forefather who, had a piano been brought into his house, would have smashed it to pieces with the poker ; who dined in his kitchen at one o'clock, had a sausage with his tea at five, supped on bacon at eight, and in summer went to bed by daylight. Among the chief public events which give variety to the farmer's life are the weekly market, the agricultural meeting, and the Visitation. Modern effeminacy has greatly relaxed the severity of the conditions under which markets were attended formerly. Thirty years ago the farmer had to be at market by seven o'clock in the morning, and beast and sheep were, in the winter time, inspected by candlelight. He got out his shambling old gig, or mounted his unclipped cob, by five o'clock, and jogged in steadily at the rate of six miles an hour. Now-a-days he starts from home in his smart dog-cart as late as eleven or twelve o'clock, and often picks up the parson on the road who is walking in about some justice business. At the market dinner, which is usually held at two o'clock, he sits down to a luxurious repast, furnished out with fish, game, and poultry, according to the season, and not unfrequently washed down by copious libations of champagne. Here he settles his engagements for the ensuing week ; gives and receives invitations to shoot, to course, to sup : to come over and look at that cow and have a bit of dinner afterwards ; to drop in and meet Groggins the "Vet," one night, and have a round at loo : and to various other natural and congenial diversions. For farmers, to do them justice, in spite of their complaints against the bad fortune which has placed them in that station of life, will allow, when pressed, that they do "enjoy themselves." Their wives are rather fond of making this admission for them behind their backs, perhaps because upon the whole more of the good things of farming life fall to the man's share than to the woman's. But really a farmer's life at the present day, regarded in the abstract, is one of the most desirable in the world. The class we are now writing about have not taste and feeling to appreciate it properly. But as far as the eating and drinking, riding and driving, hunting and shooting, are concerned, they will, we say, sometimes acknowledge that their lot in life is not contemptible. Their complaints are simply founded on that most diverting of all fallacies, the possibility of having one's cake and eating it. "If I had gone into business in London," said a young farmer to us the other day, "I should have made my fortune." "Yes," we replied, "but do not you perceive that you are now in

the enjoyment of those very things for the sake of which people want to make fortunes—a country-house, a couple of hunters, a good cellar, a nice wife, work which just sufficiently employs without fatiguing you, and a life spent in fresh country air instead of the close atmosphere of towns?" Our friend shook his head, modestly confessing that he was not our equal in argument, but remaining unconvinced as ever. The *sua si bona norint* of Virgil seems to be an imperishable truth.

At the agricultural meeting the farmer goes to hear his county member much in the same spirit in which Hannibal listened to the Lecturer. This critical mood, however, extends only to the nature of wurzels, the quality of tiles, and the prospects of wool and corn. When politics are introduced, he listens to the orator, not, indeed, with that deferential faith or that keen party spirit which he once possessed, but with curiosity, as he might listen to a traveller who had just returned from foreign countries. In matters of pure politics the farmer of the present day is somewhat of a Gallio. His moral system has never recovered from the shock which it experienced in 1846; and even on questions that more intimately concern himself he exhibits but a languid interest. The malt-tax rouses him to only an ephemeral excitement; he has but little faith in those that promise its repeal, and if he nourishes any strong opinions about anything, they are usually of such a nature that he thinks it better to keep them to himself. He now, accordingly, sits down at the town hall or the new exchange, or the Plantagenet Arms, or wherever the dinner may be held, prepared to hear a political speech as a matter of course, but not caring very much about it. Like the northern farmer and his clergyman, so with the farmer and his member. He supposes he says what he is obliged to say, and he listens and takes his leave.

But probably at no very distant date a different class of men may be returned by the counties from those which have been returned the last fifty years, and a different class of questions springing up may inspire the old blues and yellows with something of their former vitality. The Visitation, however, is the ceremony which after all, perhaps, is the most imposing to the rural mind. A general gathering of churchwardens to pay fees and hear advice is of course concluded with a dinner, at which, in all probability, some very remarkable and striking theories of the episcopal office are occasionally broached. A bishop is a potentate whom the farmer has not fully "reckoned up," to use his own pithy phraseology. It is always understood that he could do a great many things which he doesn't do. In the bucolic conception of him lurk a host of indefinite possibilities, which, though they may not inspire reverence, create a general feeling that he is the sort of person whom it is better to leave alone. Of course we have among the race of farmers both the "thoughtful Whig" and the profane scoffer which are peculiar to no class in society. But we are referring to the farmer in his natural state, unembittered by conflicts with ritualism, and uncorrupted by his dissenting brother-in-law the grocer in the county town. Apart

from such influences as these, the farmer is, on religious questions, like Enceladus before the Gigantomachia—

As tame and mild
As ox unworried in the grazing meads ;

and conceives of a bishop that he is a cross, peculiar to Christianity, between a clergyman and a nobleman, which he doesn't entirely understand, yet hardly cares to investigate. He has heard that his spiritual powers exceed those of an ordinary vicar, but how far he couldn't justly say. He supposes that they couldn't make clergymen without him somehow—not, at least, regular ones ; but he doesn't know why. He thinks there must be something dignified in being a successor of the Apostles, and that one who is must be a bigger man than one who isn't. He can't get no further than that, he would perhaps add. But, on the whole, the presence of the prelate, his impressive charge, his lawn sleeves, and in the background, his mysterious attributes, have worked both on his sense and his imagination ; and he would rather let the bishops " bide."

Ascending from the farmers to the " clergy and gentry," we find the country life of these last not much altered in its essence. They keep perhaps, rather later hours ; more of them drink claret ; and not so many clergymen hunt. But all the old institutions of country life still flourish among them, with the exception, perhaps, of the county ball, which has lost much of its pristine glory. But the country dinner party still survives in all its ancient dignity, and has certainly now become one of the most incomprehensible modes of giving and receiving pleasure which mankind have yet invented. A man comes in tired from hunting or shooting, or from working in his parish, at five o'clock ; and instead of refreshing himself with all those comforts which no man *can* find out of his own house, he is hurried upstairs to dress, is dragged down shivering to the hall door, and bundled into a damp carriage, to be jostled some eight or ten miles across country, there to swallow salt soup, clammy cutlets, and cheap claret at a neighbour's house, in deference to conventions from which the whole spirit has departed. In former days, when the dinner was at half-past five or six, when the men did really and seriously drink port wine together for a couple of hours, and when a round game and a rubber were permitted to carry on the evening till eleven or twelve o'clock, the arrival of the carriages being preceded by " a tray"—then, indeed, there was some meaning in a country dinner party. People met together to do something which they could not do so well in any other way. The conversation might not be metaphysical, the scandal might not be metropolitan ; but the port wine, the whist, and the Pope Joan were sound realities on which people looked back with satisfaction, as on so many more good things got out of life, and stored away beyond the reach of fortune. But the dinner at seven, the coffee after two glasses, tea and photographs at half-past nine, and the carriages at the door at ten—these

things are an unsubstantial pageant. At all events, there is no valid reason for going ten miles on a winter's night to do what you can do equally well without crossing your own threshold. We can do that much in Epirus. As for seeing your friends, that is all hypocrisy. Half the people who meet each other at these parties do not care the least whether they meet or not; and of the other half which does care the majority have easier and pleasanter ways of meeting than this one. No doubt dinner parties in London are often just as unsatisfactory. But then you are not put to the same inconvenience in attending them; while there is always a *chance* of novelty, of meeting some one whom it is really desirable to meet, or of hearing something which it is really a pleasure to hear. We don't mean to say that such treats occur very often; but they are within the region of possibilities, like a woodcock in a day's shooting. Whereas at a country entertainment you know that such an idea is ludicrous. No—country people ought to meet together for what seems natural in the country—real conviviality, and fun and merriment of all sorts. Then the rural dinner party, consisting of two squires, four parsons, a local barrister, and an officer from the nearest barracks, with ladies young and old to match, may make a very jolly evening. But the painful gentility of country banquets as practised at the present day is a total mistake. It is out of place, and suited to conditions of life which prevail only in cities. Probably the farmer's "dinner party" is, in spirit at least, nearer to what a country party ought to be than the respectable assemblage which looks down upon it from the neighbouring Hall.

There is a certain amount of tolerably pleasant visiting still kept up among people who do not aspire to give dinners. But this can only be developed under exceptionally favourable circumstances. In a large village of twelve or fifteen hundred people there may happen to be several houses tenanted by families who belong to the condition of gentry, but are not rich enough for county hospitalities. Or sometimes in some favoured district will have accumulated, apparently by accident, a little cluster of such establishments, a mile or two distant from each other, and admitting of easy pedestrian communication. There the ladies of the families go and lunch or drink tea with each other, and the men can make up card-parties without taking thought beforehand. But such exceptions are few and far between, and must of necessity continue so.

What market is to the farmer, the "Bench" is to the squire. There he not only transacts business, but hears the news and makes up his social engagements. But, after all, the country life of a country gentleman has changed so little during the last thirty years, that we have no power of adding much to what has been of late so copiously written on the subject. The closer intercourse between town and country, of which we have already spoken, would of course affect the upper stratum of country society first; and at the present day it is not too much to say that the distinction which once existed between town gentleman and country gentleman

has totally disappeared, as far, at least, as manners and habits are concerned. Differences of another kind, however, are still to be observed between the country gentleman who lives wholly in the country, and the country gentleman who spends the season in town. The country clergy, perhaps, retain more of their earlier peculiarities; but that is owing simply to the fact that they are a much more mixed class, consisting of men who are on a level with the highest aristocracy, down to men whose tastes and practices are akin to those of farmers and tradesmen. The clergyman's life, however, is now a much more active one than it used to be. Even the most sluggish divine is now more or less goaded on by a certain *esprit de corps* to do something to make the Church popular. Clerical meetings of all sorts now-a-days generally contain a sufficient proportion of energetic and cultivated men to put laziness and ignorance to shame. The clergyman's school is a necessity which he cannot evade even if he would. A very disorderly parish will give him more annoyance than the exertion required to amend it. He must pay rather more attention to his sermons: while if we quit these rudimentary and indispensable branches of labour, we find custom sanctioning a variety of extra good works, which to the clergyman of a bygone generation would have been simply unintelligible. However, we are now bordering upon ground where we feel that we have no business. And the only recent innovation in clerical country life to which we shall devote a few words is that of penny readings, which have become so fashionable that we may almost exclaim with Juvenal,

De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.

The anxiety of country people to promote this species of entertainment contrasts oddly enough with the difficulty which they experience in finding suitable materials. An audience of town working men, however superficially educated, have minds more on the alert than their agricultural brethren, and more capable of grasping any clue which is afforded them towards understanding subjects with which they were previously unacquainted. The ordinary *talk* of town life, even among quite the lower orders, is a species of education in itself; and their habits are so much more gregarious that the play of mind is more active, and keeps their faculties so much the further from stagnation. But with audiences of which so large a part consists of peasantry, for whose sake the penny reading is chiefly carried on, the difficulty is immense. They dislike and resent anything which they consider childish; they cannot understand anything which approaches the argumentative; their imaginations are too inert to enter with much interest into the higher kinds of poetry and fiction. The English peasant is a shrewd, observant fellow, very often; and his remarks upon life in general would often shame the philosophers of cities. But the literary faculty is as yet wholly undeveloped in him. And penny readers are sometimes driven by despair to plunge into the wildest extremes in the forlorn hope of a success. We were lately staying with a clerical friend

who was with difficulty dissuaded from reading to his flock a portion of a translation of *Tacitus* which he had recently completed. And we have heard more than once of Tennyson's *Vision of Sin* being selected for a similar purpose. However, whether the particular reading chosen be understood of the people or not, the effect perhaps is equally good. The poor unquestionably like the system. And as the clergyman or the ambitious young farmer walks up to his desk at the end of the ill-lighted school-room, you see a crowd of interested faces rising above a tier of smock-frocks, or shining out of village bonnets, which might elsewhere have been glowing with some less innocent excitement. The public house is thinned at all events of its votaries of both sexes. And when Miss Flamborough plays them a lively piece on the harmonium, which they presume to be "out of her own head," as it is neither a psalm nor a hymn, their satisfaction verges on enthusiasm. As we desire above all things to be truthful, we would have our readers to understand that our own personal experience of penny readings has been limited; that we have described them partially from an *à priori* point of view; and that on some occasions when our host has left his dessert to take his place at the village rostrum, we have been guilty of remaining behind in company with the port and filberts. We have always ourselves steadily declined to trifle with the dignity of literature, and to read anything for a penny.

The allusion in the last paragraph to the thinning of the public-houses brings us at last to that topic which no essayist upon country-life could be pardoned for evading; need we say we mean the festive cup? It may be said very truly now that "people don't drink;" just, as it once used to be said, "the Guards don't dance." But if any one imagines that a general national reformation has yet taken place in this respect, we can tell him he is very much mistaken. Drinking has subsided, but it is not yet nearly submerged. Wine and spirits still keep their heads above water in many a snug corner of Great Britain. We will say this much, indeed, of the better specimens of the peasantry, that they are beginning to see the folly and wickedness of gross intoxication. But the old tradition, according to which "something to drink" expresses the highest conception of pleasure to which the rustic imagination is capable of soaring, is still in full force. "What should you do, James, if you suddenly had a large sum of money left you?" said a lady of our acquaintance to her gardener, a most respectable married man, a labourer in the village. "I dun no, miss," was the answer; "but I think I should have summut to drink." In a very different part of England we know another most respectable character who is sometimes engaged to go out with shooting-parties, and who, exhibiting on his return from one such expedition a moody and dissatisfied cast of countenance was questioned as to the reason of it. "When I goes out a shootin' I likes a skinful," was the forcible and ingenuous answer. Now this man was no drunkard; he had no extra work to do on such occasions.

His chief occupation was lying down under a hedge and pretending to mark. But an enormous quantity of beer was in his eyes the coping-stone of all human undertakings, and therefore the legitimate object of a man who wished to see everything done as well as possible, and who conceived that shooting without much malt was a crude and imperfect form of art. We were visiting the other day—in rather a retired neighbourhood, it must be confessed—where it is still recorded with pride that a farmer, lately dead, used to drink twenty-six glasses of gin-and-water every Saturday night, in this wise: he wore a long single-breasted waistcoat with thirteen buttons, and for every glass that he drank, he undid one; when he got to the bottom he buttoned it up again upon the same principle, after which process he was, doubtless, as a London jester, when he heard the story, observed, “tight in both senses of the word.” A clergyman to whom we lately described by what a curious train of circumstances a lost post-office order for six shillings had recently found its way back to us, observed, after a few minutes reflection, that there was “a sight o’ beer in six shillings, mind yer.” These anecdotes are but straws; but they show this, that with the humours of country-life Bacchus is still mingled, and that even among the higher classes

The prints of his departing steps appear.

It is, however, in the habits of mind by which the citizen and the villager are distinguished from each other, that the least changeable phenomena of country life are to be sought. Among these are one or two which descend from quite the dark ages. The rustic still retains an inveterate suspicion of people who live in towns. A village carpenter thinks that all town carpenters use bad wood, and flimsy materials in general. He is fond of saying that town work “won’t stan’ to it like country work.” A farmer is under the impression that you must be very sharp to avoid being cheated if you dine at a coffee-house in London. The waiters, he has heard, will always ask monstrous sums for attendance, if they have reason to think you know no better. If he asks his way in the streets, he is very much inclined to treat the answers he receives with the kind of cunning recommended by Meg Merrilies to Dandie Dinmont, and to take the turning he is *not* told; a Puck-like tendency to mislead strangers being, as he understands, very general among “London chaps.” These ideas are derived from a time when “cocknies” and “clodhoppers” formed really two hostile social armies, and never lost an opportunity of annoying or ridiculing each other. But we must say for Londoners now that they have quite worn out this ancient prejudice, and its retention by country people is one of the silliest surviving oddities which still betray them.

Another peculiarity of the *bonâ fide* moral temperament—the temperament of men who are not merely in the country, but of it—is that easy-going *laissez faire* view of life and life’s business which approaches

very closely to the quietude of perfect good-breeding. Your true countryman's creed is very like the late Lord Melbourne's,—that if you will only let things alone, they are sure to take care of themselves. He is not fond of fixed appointments, or much letter-writing. The first are encroachments upon liberty; and the second leads to the first. If he has business to settle, or amusements to arrange with a neighbour, he waits till he meets him accidentally. He doesn't consider that any one can ever be engaged. The idea of giving you notice long beforehand if he wants you at a particular time, never enters his head. If you *are* engaged, so much the worse for both; but to have prevented the misfortune was not worth the trouble it would have cost. He is of opinion that if anything important happens you are sure to hear of it without his writing to inform you, though he may be the very person on whom you rely for information. Such a man is generally good-humoured and agreeable, and possesses much of that repose which is erroneously imagined to be peculiar to the Vere de Veres. But he is often singularly provoking; and not the less so that he opposes a kind of passive surprise to your reproaches which drives an irritable man mad. One cannot help feeling, at the same time, that in this peculiar frame of mind there is something to be admired; and much that is natural and even generous. It is due to causes of which it is difficult to conceive that the effects were not foreseen, and consequently approved of. The very succession of the seasons and the operations of Nature are perpetually teaching the countryman to see the certainty which underlies variation, and to have confidence in the right result, however unseasonable the sky. Spring is sure to come. It doesn't very much matter whether it is this week or next. The corn is sure to grow—not so good perhaps this year as last, but then next year will redress the balance. And so, generally speaking, it does. Thus there is far less *speculation* in the business of a labourer, a farmer, or a squire, than in that of a merchant. They are obliged to leave a great deal in the hands of Nature; and in the long run she is a faithful stewardess. It is thus that they acquire the habit of leaving things alone a good deal, and of supposing that some occult social force will propagate news, arrange interviews, and settle disputes, as Nature makes the trees to bud, the birds to pair, and the streams to thaw.

It is likewise to be remembered that in purely country occupations there are few things to be done to-day which cannot equally well be done to-morrow. The farmer wants to get his wheat in—he ought to lose no time about it, that is certain. But after all it makes no great difference whether he begins it on a Tuesday or a Wednesday. His harvest is gathered sometimes at one time and sometimes at another. He has no contracts to fulfill: he has no bills to meet (they are not of the essence of his business, that is); if he is an ordinarily prosperous man in his calling he need never have an hour's anxiety about business in the course of the

whole year, comparable to what the City man experiences probably at least once a month. The natural result of this is that the countryman *par excellence* doesn't understand bustle. He disbelieves in the necessity for haste. He has, like Dr. Johnson, who ought to have known better, a contempt for men who are always "obliged to go at a certain hour," and has a secret idea that they only do so in order to magnify their own importance. In a word, he is the very opposite of what the Americans mean by "smart." But the defect, if it be a real defect, is a very amiable and a very aristocratic fault, and it has this one great merit—that if it often provokes, it is certain never to disgust, one.

The difference between town and country life as it affects ladies is perhaps as striking as in any of its other aspects. The contrast between a lady in the London season, surrounded by London influences, in the full swing of town gaiety, and the same fair being in her flower garden, her poultry yard, or perhaps her farm, a hundred miles away from the capital, cannot fail to have impressed every careful observer of modern manners. The lady farmer, indeed, who will discuss the last new poem or novel, the last opera or the last heresy with you one moment, and will be equally animated the next upon the composition of manure and the breed of pigs, is a product perhaps peculiar to Great Britain. The combination is one that we rather like. It imparts a pleasant kind of freedom to conversation, and has the invaluable property of making every body feel quite at home. To ladies who do not care much about the pursuits of country life, country life is naturally dull. A very great lady who can always have a houseful of guests, may turn country into town, all but the shopping, just as well as night into day. But ladies of smaller incomes who have no taste for the sweet and homely pleasures of the country, to whom domestic pets are a bore, and whose sole thought after a picnic, an archery, or a dinner party, is how to kill time till the next one; of such we say the sooner they exchange into town the better. But commend us to those members of the fair sex who are English enough to enjoy both; who bring to moral amusements and occupation all the refinement of the town, and carry into the pleasures of the town the simplicity and freshness of the country. There is something peculiarly piquant in the spectacle of a London beauty going round the farmyard, looking at the new calf, or searching for the strayed hen's nest, attended by dogs great and small, and looking happier than she ever did in St. James's. It is like seeing the Archbishop of Canterbury drink a pint of porter. Far be it from us to fall into the vulgar error of attributing any higher degree of happiness or innocence to the country, or to suggest that its inhabitants enjoy, by virtue of merely being in it, any immunity from care. But the *contrast* is as we have given it; and it is a feature of moral life on which Englishmen may justly congratulate themselves.

There is, in conclusion, this much to be said of the careless, happy-

go-lucky style of life which either does prevail or seems to prevail in so many country houses: it affords an invaluable distraction for the town man. Consider the relief which he experiences to whom for the last six months every hour in the day has brought its appointed task, every day in the week its appointed liability, when he wakes up and finds himself a resident in the happy valley,

Where come not posts, nor proofs, nor any bills
Nor ever dun knocks loudly.

(We beg Mr. Tennyson's pardon.) Consider this, we say, and then tell us whether even what have been thought the shortcomings of the bucolic life do not play a most useful and honourable part in the economy of society. Going down into the country after a long spell of London work, is like going to dinner after a single day's work. Care is thrown aside. The busy man associates with idlers, and for the time being is one of them. "If it were not," says De Quincey, "for the modern institution of dinner, the modern brain-working man must inevitably go mad." And what dinner is to one day, country life is to the whole year. Alas! it is over for the present with most of us. "We cannot dine again till to-morrow," as Guloseton says in *Pelham*. It is a painful thought—but we can at all events go to bed and dream about a Country Life.

Some Chapters on Talk.

I.—OF THE DESCRIPTIVE TALKER.

TALK is a necessity of civilized life—so much may be safely assumed to start with. And by the “Talk” here spoken of is not meant merely that bare utterance of intelligible sounds which is required for the expression of our wants, but rather that peculiar use of speech by means of which we convey one to another, either information of various kinds which we desire to impart, or opinions upon various subjects which we wish to communicate, and which use of speech is commonly called conversation. To define speech as a power of uttering certain articulate sounds, by means of which we are able to make known our urgent wants, or our irrepressible ideas, to those who hear them, is to adopt a merely savage view of this great gift. Persons imbued with such convictions meeting at a feast would not have much to say to each other. Their wants they would make known to the servants; while as to ideas, it is certain that some of us go into the world but poorly endowed with them. Our civilized creed with regard to the use of speech is widely different from that first, bare, crude conception which assigns to it a merely utilitarian limit. I hold that there are certain occasions, by no means of unfrequent recurrence, when talking must be engaged in for talking’s sake. I hold that there arrive continually, during the course of ordinary nineteenth-century life, seasons when various persons, more or less known to each other, meet together for the purpose of celebrating certain social rites and ceremonies, and when, if the ceremonies in question are to be successfully conducted, it is absolutely necessary that the celebrants should engage in what is sometimes called conversation, but more frequently and more familiarly “Talk.”

Of the importance of this element in our social life it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Which of those rites and ceremonies mentioned above—what dinner, what wedding-breakfast, what garden-party, what picnic, what evening assembly—can be got through without its aid? Has the reader, who is in the habit of attending such social gatherings, ever observed how entirely these entertainments are spoiled by any tendency to taciturnity on the part of the assembled company? What a dreadful thing is a dinner-party when the guests will not talk. The feelings of the host, or hostess, who presides on such an occasion, and who is responsible for the success or failure of the entertainment, are really pitiable; and the glance of gratitude with which he or she rewards the person who will start a remark which seems likely to have conversational consequences is almost pathetic.

This talk, then, being a thing of such prodigious value, and so much of our happiness, as members of a social system, depending upon our proficiency in it, it seems wonderful that so little has hitherto been written upon the subject, and that as an art capable of cultivation, and having certain fixed principles, to be got at by means of diligent study, it has not been treated of at all. It is under this last-mentioned phase that it is proposed now to consider this subject. There are many persons who, though fully convinced that a certain amount of conversational readiness is indispensable to any man who intends to set up in business socially, are yet at the same time painfully conscious of their own inability to start a conversation, or having started it, to keep it going. To such persons a course of study, having for its object the attainment of a certain amount of conversational prowess, may be of essential service, and although there is no doubt that, to a certain extent, the talker, like the poet, is born, not made, and has the garrulous element specially developed in his nature from the very beginning, yet is it not too much to suppose that, by well-directed labour, even those, who are not gifted conversationally by nature, may be able greatly to improve themselves, and may learn, if not to be brilliant talkers, at least to have enough to say for themselves to enable them to pass muster in general society.

And now, what shall be our first act in pursuance of this determination to master, as far as may be, this great art of conversation? Our first proceeding must be to examine minutely and carefully, as all conscientious and laborious students should do, the performances of the masters, of those great men, that is to say, who may certainly be regarded as excelling in this art which we propose to cultivate. The great talkers—let us inquire—what is their manner of proceeding? What methods do they favour? What, in a word, do they talk about?

After a prolonged and elaborate consideration of this subject, I have arrived at the conclusion that your great talker will, in his ordinary practice, generally have recourse to one of four expedients. He will either describe experiences, his own or another's; or he will entertain his company with small gossip and scandal; or else he will express opinions which are sometimes original, and sometimes borrowed; or he will be—and this is the commonest phase of all—a professed *raconteur*, and teller of anecdotes. These are the four principal phases under which the phenomenon which we are considering is ordinarily exhibited. There are others of minor importance, which may perhaps be found deserving of after consideration, but these are the principal; let us deal with them in order, and with a gravity becoming the importance of our subject. And first with the conversationalist, who is great as a describer.

This particular talker—the man who describes—has perhaps, speaking in mercantile fashion, a larger stock-in-trade to depend upon than any other. There is positively no limit to his resources. New subject-matter for treatment is furnished by every act of his life. Has he just returned from a journey to the Pyramids, or has he newly come from a flower-show

at the Horticultural Gardens, it is all the same. He has passed through an experience, and he will describe it.

“Where do you think I’ve been all the afternoon?” he will ask, selecting a suitable moment for his question, and addressing his hostess, or some person who occupies a good central position at the dinner-table before which he is seated. “I have been ‘doing’ the athletic sports down at Stoke Pogis. Two of my nephews are at the school there, you know—very good school I’m told, two hundred boys, almost like a public school, only the boys get better looked after. Well, these young rascals my nephews must needs send me an invitation to their annual athletic sports, or whatever they call ‘em, and as I had nothing particular to do I went down—drove down with Mrs. Talboys, who’s got a son there—uncommon fine boy he is, carried away half the prizes.” The conversationalist will break off here. Mrs. Talboys is seated at table. “She’ll tell you all about it,” says this great master. The lady declines, however: “You will describe it better than I can,” she says. “Oh, there’s nothing to describe,” the professor continues, depreciating his own art; “there were the usual things, as I’m told. I never saw anything of the kind before, but I’m told it’s always the same. Running, you know, and high jumps, and long jumps, and water-jumps—water the colour of peas-soup—and racing in sacks, and all the rest of it.” And so once fairly started, and with a good audience, comprising at least all the guests at his own end of the table, our talker goes off into a long and brilliant account of the Stoke Pogis athletics, describing the “little men in their straw hats, you know, and with their bright-coloured scarves and ribbons, and their eager little faces, and taking jumps as high as themselves;” and it is ten to one that he will give one particular instance of a “youngster,” somewhat older than most of the others, who was evidently very much smitten with an uncommonly pretty girl who was there with some members of the young fellow’s family. The professor will narrate how he had his eye on this youngster, who had a most resolute expression of countenance, and who was evidently determined to win the great stake of the day—“silver-gilt cup, really a handsome thing”—in order that he might appear to advantage in the eyes of the beloved object. “I kept my eye upon the lad,” our talker goes on, “and I do assure you I was never, in the whole course of my life, more powerfully interested. It was a long race—longest of the day. The starting point was exactly where I place this salt-cellar; the course went round in this fashion, and the winning-post was here, where I will put Miss Flickster’s fan, if she will allow me. The position of the beloved object is indicated by this piece of roll—I’m sorry I’ve nothing better to represent her with—I don’t know what my young friend would say; but at any rate there she stood.” Then he goes on to describe the race; how the “young fellow” was at first rather behind than otherwise, how he gradually drew on, and managed, by the time that half the distance was done, to get into a better place; how at last he distanced all except a single competitor; how these

two ran, neck and neck, till they came to the piece of rising ground where the young lady, represented by the roll, was stationed ; how the youngster cast one glance at her as he flew past, and how he seemed, in that moment of time, to receive a new impetus, snatching the race away from his rival, at the very last moment, and to the bewilderment and rapture of all beholders.

Our conversationalist does not stop here. He finds that he is making a good thing out of the Stoke Pogis athletics, and he wisely determines to get all he can out of them. He describes the racing in sacks, the "putting" the stone, the throwing the cricket-ball, and, at last, the great water-jump. "The best fun of all, I do assure you. Half the young fellows fell in, and got thoroughly drenched. I was standing close to the water, and so were you, by-the-by, Mrs. Talboys. And didn't you get most horribly splashed?"

Here, then, is a specimen of the art of talking, as practised by the descriptive talker. There is much to be learned from him. He furnishes us with an example of courage and of perseverance. Courage it certainly requires to commence such an undertaking as this which we have just seen him through, and perseverance to carry that undertaking on, when interrupted, as a man continually must be, in making so long a statement at a dinner-table, by the handing of dishes, the pouring out of wines, and the desperate attempts of certain envious gentlemen amongst the audience to break the thread of his narrative. I would particularly direct the attention of all talk-students to these indications of the nerve and energy possessed by our friend, also to the very able manner in which he contrives to bring certain members of the company into his story, and to his skilful management of parenthesis.

Nor let it be for a moment supposed that this artist only excels in the treatment of subjects of this almost trifling description. He is quite as strong in the impressive line, and in treating the serious and poetical as in dealing with this sort of light comedy of "Athletic Sports." He can—alas! say some people—describe anything and everything. His choice of subject depends entirely upon the nature of the experiences which he has most recently gone through. Whether he has been in Norway, salmon-fishing, or hunting lions in South Africa, he is sure to return as full of matter as we have seen him to be after the Stoke Pogis entertainment. He is a man whose peculiar talent is differently regarded by his different listeners. He affords entertainment to some few who are easily amused ; he furnishes an excuse for silence to other few who are too stupid, or too idle, to talk ; and he drives the members of that small class who are easily bored to the confines of desperation. This, indeed, is the worst part of the descriptive talker : the risk of his becoming a bore is so exceedingly imminent. Descriptions, by word of mouth, of scenery, of an Alpine sunset, of a journey across the desert, of a naval review, of gun experiments at Shoeburyness, of a chamois-hunt, of a match at Lord's, or even, as we have seen, of athletic sports at Stoke Pogis, are so dreadfully apt to

lead to the boring of those to whom they are addressed that we get at last to feel alarmed when the first warning notes of the describer's voice begin to make themselves heard, when the sunset reminds him of "an evening scene—which, indeed, he will never forget—on the Lake of Como," or when the shape taken by the coals in the fire recall to him the profile of a guide he once had in Calabria—"the merriest, heartiest fellow you ever saw."

Still, in spite of all, this man is generally well received. His talk, at any rate, is incessant in its flow; and he may be depended upon to go on with it for any length of time. So that, upon the whole, he is welcome in most societies, and is much asked out to dinner.

II.—OF THE TALKER WHO RETAILS GOSSIP.

THIS is a talker of a very exalted quality indeed. For the perfect development of this species, moral and mental qualifications of an elevated order are imperatively needed. The retailer of small gossip must be possessed of a fine memory, and he should also be exceedingly diligent and industrious. Consider, in proof of his diligence, how hard and how continuously he has to work. He is for ever on the move. There is scarcely such a thing as a friendly gathering of any kind, or an unfriendly one either, from which he may safely be absent. Wherever men and women assemble together with any social object in view, there he is obliged to be on duty. He must frequent flower-shows, garden-parties, exhibitions, musical entertainments, balls, and evening-parties. He must haunt clubs, and hang about ladies' drawing-rooms. Nor is the large amount of bodily activity, which is necessary that he may be thus ubiquitous, all. It is needful, wherever he is, that he should have all his mental faculties about him, that he should constantly be listening with all his ears, and watching with all his eyes, lest something important should escape him. He has a reputation to keep up, and keep it up he must at any cost. He is supposed to know everything. Is some love-affair attracting the attention of that small section of the world which calls itself society? He must know all the ins and outs of that love-affair, be acquainted with the exact nature of the settlements, and the views of the parents on both sides; in fact, he must be thoroughly up in all the particulars connected with it from beginning to end, must know what the lovers said to each other when they were under the trees in Richmond Park, and what it was that they quarrelled about at the Woolwich ball.

Or is it some less romantic subject with which society is busying itself? Does it want to know the particulars of that break-up of the Guildersquash establishment which is exciting so much attention? How much money has the house failed for? was there anything settled on Mrs. Guildersquash? what do they mean to do next? On all these points

our friend must be informed, and well informed. He must be in a position to state with precision what men, who knew about money, were saying on this subject a fortnight ago, a month ago, six months ago—what was said, if you come to that, from the moment when Guildersquash made that magnificent present of diamonds to Mrs. G. The financial men at the clubs were talking even then, and none of them were taken by surprise when the failure took place.

This retailer of small gossip is a restless personage. He prowls about a room, working his way from one group of talkers to another, generally setting them right with his facts. "Oh, don't you know how she got him?" he says, coming upon a small colony of gossips, who are speculating on the recent matrimonial capture of a wary gentleman of their acquaintance. "I happen to know all about it. She was determined to carry her point, and finding our friend rather backward in coming forward, she fell dangerously ill, pretended to be dying, and did it all so well that she actually managed to take in the doctor, and got him to pronounce her *in extremis*. Of course the family sent for Sir John, told him that the girl was in love with him, and entreated him, as a kind of melancholy satisfaction, to consent to a death-bed union. What could he do? Of course he consented, when lo, and behold! from that moment my young lady begins to pick up, and in a fortnight is as well as you or I." Our gossipmonger will sometimes make an effective exit at the conclusion of an anecdote of this sort, or perhaps will only bustle away and join another set of talkers, for whom he has got something else ready in his budget. In this case it is the latest intelligence concerning a certain matrimonial squabble of a highly interesting nature. "You've heard of the row up at the Dovecot," he begins this time. "Oh, a most serious business, I can tell you. Began in her getting hold of a note-book—note-book of her husband's—in which she found some entries of a most compromising kind. What were they? Well, I'm just going to tell you. Turning over the leaves,—jealous, inquisitive woman, as you know,—she reads to her horror, 'Great sweetness of character in Laura—noble girl—she consents—meeting at the witch elm, midnight.' Well, you may conceive what a row there was. My lady seals up the book, encloses it in a letter to her husband, who happens to be absent, and rushes off to her father's house in a condition more easily conceived than described. Husband returns, reads her letter, rushes after her, and an explanation ensues. What do you think it was? Notes—notes for a tale he was writing. He thinks he has a gift for novel-writing, as you know, and these were some memoranda which he had made for his plot, or whatever you call it." It is ten to one that our gossip concludes a story of this kind with the words: "Fact, I assure you;" or, "That's a fact, I pledge you my honour." He is in truth a man much given to the use of little set forms of speech—is fond of such phrases as "Lo, and behold!" and will gladly speak of certain situations as "more easily imagined than described."

The field of our friend's operations, it must be admitted, is a very extensive one. Matrimonial squabbles, pecuniary disasters, and anecdotes of lovers, are by no means the only wares that he deals in. Nothing is too great or too small for him. When, on the occasion of Mrs. Buskinsock's private theatricals, the part of Rosalind, which was to have been enacted by Miss Freshfield—her first season out—was suddenly transferred to the Honourable Eva Brownwidge, who but our gifted friend was in a position to enlighten the world as to how that change in Mrs. Buskinsock's arrangements came to be effected? "It was at one of the final rehearsals," he happens to know, "that the thing was done. Our dear Brownwidge," says Gossip, "was present, and at the end of the third act of the play—this happened, mind, in the hearing of a friend of mine—she called Mrs. Buskinsock aside, and told her, in so many words, that the bold way in which Miss Freshfield acted the part was the most shocking—that was the very word she used—the most shocking thing she had ever seen, and that, unless *some other arrangement* were made, she (Brownwidge) firmly believed that all Mrs. Buskinsock's guests would walk out of the room on the night of performance. 'But what am I to do?' says Mrs. B. 'The invitations are all out for the day after to-morrow. If Miss Freshfield doesn't perform the part, who will?' 'I will,' says Brownwidge; 'and I would do a great deal more rather than see disgrace brought upon you by such a performance as that taking place under your roof. Why, I would do it,' she added, 'even for the sake of the poor girl herself; and she will live to thank me one day for having stepped in to her rescue.' And she did it," adds our gossipmonger. "She always intended to do it—had got the words by heart long before she made her great move at this final rehearsal. As for Mrs. Buskinsock, she is so afraid of Brownwidge, on account of her influence with her relations the Delacrêmes, that if the old girl had proposed to act the part of Rosalind in top-boots, I believe poor Mrs. B. would have let her."

The reader is now in a condition to understand of what varied elements the conversation of this particular talker is made up. And let no one suppose that it is possible to get together all the information of different kinds which is required to set up a conversationalist of this sort in business without much and continuous labour. There is something almost respectable in the diligence with which an efficient gossipmonger pursues his studies. He has a reputation to keep up. "Here comes So-and-so," his friends say; "he will-tell us all about it." What if he can't tell them all about it? He is simply ruined. And so for the sake of this reputation of excessive knowingness, he is ready to work, ready to sacrifice his ease and comfort, ready to encounter—and this is the worst part of it all—every kind of rebuff and humiliation which it is in the power of society to inflict. Of these, indeed, he cannot choose but meet with a very large allowance. His profession that he has taken up requires that he should be everywhere, and there are some houses which are included under that denomination "everywhere" to which it is not always easy to get an

entrance. To those very theatricals of Mrs. Buskinsock's of which we have heard Gossip talking so lightly, he only gained admission by dint of the most incessant exertion, and the most unwearied perseverance, by morning calls, by assiduous attentions to Mrs. B. whenever he met her, by looking after her carriage, by plying her at evening-parties with choice refreshments, by boasting continually of his influence with the great and powerful. Between the time of his first hearing that those theatricals were to be, and the moment when at last his machinations were crowned with success, and the long-wished-for invitation arrived, this little man lived a life of real misery, and it was observed by his friends that he was getting thinner every day.

"Set a thief to catch a thief." This is the man of all others, if the reader will believe it, who is the most pitilessly severe upon those persons who have recourse to any of the small intrigues and stratagems which some people practise when endeavouring, as the phrase goes, to "get on in society." He has no mercy on people of this sort, and some of his most favourite and best-received anecdotes are based upon the proceedings of that particular class whose war-cry as they enter the social battle-field is *Parvenir!* "You don't know how she gets such invitations as *do* come in her way," he says, speaking of a certain lady whose path through social life is not an easy one. "You think it is owing to her having a French cook and a fine house furnished by Gillow. Nothing of the sort. I'll tell you all about it, for I happen to know. When that woman was in Paris"—it is generally observed that about this time our Gossip's audience closes round him very attentively—"When that woman was in Paris, she had the luck to get hold of a chiropodist, a *pedicure*, or whatever you call it—in plain English a corn-doctor—who sold her, I believe at an enormous price, a recipe for destroying corns. One or two people, afflicted with excrescences of this nature, found it out, made it known that my lady was in possession of the secret, and tried to get it from her. She was far too cunning, however, to let it out for nothing, and it was very soon discovered that the only way to get the Frenchman's recipe from her was to ask her to dinner. Fact, I assure you," says Gossip, in conclusion; "and you may feel quite sure, whenever you meet the lady in question at any house, that some one at least of its inhabitants is troubled with corns."

III.—OF THE TALKER WHO RELATES ANECDOTES.

ALL talkers must be possessed of a certain amount of moral courage, but the teller of stories needs more of this quality than the rest. When a man has once commenced a story he is in for it. He must—positively must—go on till it is finished. Now, this is not so much the case with other talkers. The narrator of experiences can cut his statement short if he finds that it is not relished by those who are listening to it; the discussor of topics can drop his subject at a moment's notice, if it should

become desirable to do so; but the story-teller once embarked must go on, and finish his anecdote, even if his audience show obvious signs of disgust, or if—which is still worse—he himself has lost all confidence in the virtues of his own narrative. Among the many qualifications absolutely indispensable to the anecdotist this of courage—some will call it brass—is the most indispensable. There are not wanting others. The story-teller should be middle-aged. The writer of these chapters has never come across a young man who could tell a story even tolerably. When a young man attempts to tell a story, he is always, to begin with, in too great a hurry. He always seems conscious that his audience mistrusts him, and so he rattles on at a prodigious pace, in order that he may get to the point, and show you that it really is not such a bad story as you suppose. Or, if he does not fall into the error of hurrying his narrative, he is sure to be betrayed into another which is worse, and to become prolix and long-winded. He takes his time, refusing to be hurried, but restraining himself by a violent and obvious effort, of which every one is conscious. He can't do it. It is against nature. There are a great many things which a young man can do, and of which his elders are incapable. He can waltz without altogether losing his breath; he can wear a waistcoat the circumference of which is larger round the chest than round the waist; he can eat lobster-salad for supper, and wash it down with champagne. All these things, and many more, he can do; but tell a story he cannot, though his life should depend upon it. The story-teller, then, should be middle-aged—forty is too young—and he should be prosperous.

In saying that the story-teller should be prosperous, it is not meant, in this case, that he should be rich—though there is no harm in that, far from it. It is merely meant, here, to proclaim that he should be a man whom people know something about, a man who has succeeded in his undertakings, whatever they may have been. A lawyer in good practice, or a popular preacher, or a well-known artist, will do. A nobody will not do. When a stout capitalist, hearing our story-teller for the first time, turns to his neighbour, and asks, "Who is it?" it is necessary that the neighbour shall be able to make a satisfactory reply, or maybe the capitalist will not like the story. A teller of anecdotes, perhaps more than any other kind of talker, requires to be backed up—to be backed up by a sense of position, a conviction that he is somebody. This is one thing which is indispensable to him, and there is another which, if he is to be very successful, is equally so—the knowledge that his audience is disposed to be friendly. This last certainty—unless the story-teller is a very old hand indeed, and made of very tough material—is indeed most important. The feeling that there is an enemy in the camp, a sneering, unbelieving listener present, is mighty discouraging. The career of a habitual story-teller is of course full of vicissitude. He has his days of triumph and his days of comparative failure. The day to be marked with a white stone is the day when he finds himself among persons who know all about him, who are friendly disposed, and to whom

the story which he is about to relate *is not already known*. All proud distinctions have their drawbacks, and one of the worst drawbacks which the professed *raconteur* has to encounter is the probable presence, in almost every company which he addresses, of some one or more individuals to whom the story which he is committed to tell is not entirely new. It is disconcerting to an anecdotist to be conscious that such persons are among his audience, and he will sometimes try to disarm them by a prefatory word: "I am afraid, Staleybridge, that you've heard this before;" or, "I'm sorry for you, Macstinger, you must bear the infliction as well as you can."

And this consideration of the importance to the story-teller of freshness on the part of his audience, brings us to another qualification for this office which must not be overlooked. It is desirable—not indispensable, but certainly, on the whole, desirable—that the anecdotist should be a single man. The wife of a professed story-teller must be subject to many sorrows. It must be wearisome for her, for instance, to hear the same story twenty times, as it is related to twenty different audiences. However well and affectionately disposed she may be, she must surely quail a little when she hears the preliminary strains, the first few words, "I was once staying at a little inn in North Wales;" or, "My little boy was out with his nurse the other day." How she must suffer too when the story does not go well; when the audience is not sympathetic; when the story-teller is not in cue; or when, as will sometimes happen, he omits some important element in his narrative. I have seen a wife prompt her husband under such circumstances,—“You have forgotten, George, about the little boy and the pump;” or, reproachfully, “You’ve left out about the frying-pan,”—but it does not answer. If a man once begins to go wrong in telling a story, it is all up with him; he is best let alone. The floundering of a story-teller who has got into difficulties are beyond measure painful to witness. It is so easy for him to get into trouble. There are so many pitfalls and snares in his way. He may, as has been said above, perceive among his listeners one or more to whom his story is already known; or, he may lose faith in his own narrative, and may feel as the crisis draws near that it is weak and will not give general satisfaction; or, still worse, from having begun to narrate without having sufficient social standing to secure him listeners, or from some other cause, he may get to be deserted by his audience as he goes on. This is a terrible situation. A man in such a case will try different listeners one after another. He will generally fly high at first, endeavouring to secure the attention of his host or hostess, or at least of a chief guest, some person distinguished by high rank or great achievement; these failing him at starting, or dropping him in disgust as his tale advances, he will descend a little lower, to some successful professional man, perhaps, or a prosperous artist. But these deserting him, his descent is rapid indeed, and it is not long before he is found addressing the concluding portion of a story, which he has clipped

and pared in all directions, to a poor relation, or to a youth of tender years just home for the holidays. This is a very distressing exhibition to witness, and one which we might be spared, if only men would diligently examine before taking up this rôle whether they possess the numerous qualifications necessary to the successful performing of the part. Some of these,—middle-age, namely, and a certain social position,—have been already spoken of, but there are others, of less moment, perhaps, than these, but still of considerable importance. There are, for instance, certain personal qualifications which it is highly desirable for a story-teller to possess. He should be a man of solid build; he should have a powerful voice, a steady eye, with great command of countenance. This last qualification is very essential. There are stories,—and those of the most comic sort,—the success of which is endangered if the narrator should happen to look foolish or to smile feebly while they are being developed; while if he should chance to burst out into a guffaw, he might as well break his story off at once, for any success that it is likely to have. A face under control is indeed indispensable to the story-teller. It need not be what is called an expressive face; far from it. There are a great many stories the effect of which is enhanced by their being told by a person with a perfectly unmoveable countenance. To the actor a face capable of displaying numerous variations of expression is invaluable, but not to the story-teller of the highest class. The right face for this last is one with something queer about it, that sets people speculating. A grave face is best, with perhaps the faintest twinkle in the eyes, or the least twitch in the world about the corners of the mouth.

In considering the personal qualifications here set forth as so indispensably necessary to a habitual anecdotist or *raconteur*, it must be borne in mind that we are speaking only of the professors of one particular school of story-telling. This is the severe school, which requires of its disciples that they should maintain an imperturbable gravity while narrating even the most ludicrous incidents, and which forbids the narrator of a comic story to give even the very least indication of being himself amused by what amuses his audience. There are different opinions as to the merits of this school. To some persons they appear very great: whilst others will affirm that an observation of its precepts conduces to affectation, that a story told in accordance with them always gives too much evidence of effort and study to be agreeable, and that they like to see a man undisguisedly amused by the funny parts of his own narration. The fact is that there is something to be said on both sides of this very momentous question.

There are some stories which imperatively demand what may be called a dry treatment, and some story-tellers who can only make their effects by having recourse to a somewhat studied and artificial mode of narrating; while to other stories, and other story-tellers, the more florid style is infinitely better adapted. The disciples of this last school may at least be

said to work harder than the professors of the more undemonstrative method. They are given to changes of expression and different modulations of voice; they will introduce imitations into the course of their narrative, and will at all times indulge very freely in action. If a practitioner of this school tells you a story of a barber who says something exceedingly funny while engaged in the practice of his profession, the narrator will probably imitate the act of shaving while telling the story, or if a lady should happen to figure in the facetious incident which he is relating, he will very likely feign to arrange the folds of a dress, or flourish a fan in the most approved method. That the achievements of the best masters in this florid school are exceedingly entertaining there can be no doubt. The writer of these words has heard, before now, stories of Highland sport, stirring incidents of flood and field, told by a great professor of the florid school, with such subtle accompaniment of gesture and action, that those who listened have at last thought that they saw the struggling deer-hounds held back with difficulty by the gillies, and the keepers crouching out of sight among the rocks and heather.

To set before his audience what he describes, thus distinctly and vividly, is the special and peculiar gift of the best and most distinguished among these demonstrative story-tellers. But it is only for narratives of adventure or anecdotes of a broadly comic description that this treatment is good. When the story to be told is of a witty rather than a humorous sort, a story of quick answer or epigrammatic retort, whose crisis is, so to speak, of a spiritual rather than a corporeal nature, then, unquestionably, the value of a dry and undemonstrative treatment makes itself felt very strongly, and we are constrained to admit that no other can bring out the full flavour of this particular kind of mental food, which the story-teller provides for us.

IV.—OF THE TALKER WHO DISCUSSES TOPICS.

BETWEEN the talker whose practice it is simply to describe his experiences, and that other talker whose conversation is of abstract subjects, there exists no doubt a considerable moral and intellectual difference. They are looked upon, by their respective audiences, with entirely different feelings. Although the first of these is certainly the more valuable man at a dinner-table, making more noise, and being capable of a more sustained effort than the other, he is yet, upon the whole, less respected. "It is all very well," says society, "to give us descriptions of English athletic sports or Arab prayer-meetings, but in doing this a man after all only speaks of what he has seen with his eyes, or heard with his ears. It must require a much more profound mind, and much greater power of thought, to take a subject, such as the imperfection of all things human, or the fitness of woman to exercise the elective franchise,—and discuss it thoroughly, as

the great Mr. Surface does, for instance." And no doubt if the great Mr. Surface did examine these matters thoroughly, and did manage to arrive at some distinct and practical conclusions in connection with the subjects which it is his habit to discuss, he would be entitled to some amount of consideration. But this is not his mode of proceeding; his practice being to stir up a subject, to start it, and worry it a little, and then let it go rather than to pursue it, to hold it tight, and get the life out of it at last.

This particular talker, whose speciality it is to discuss topics, is, as has been said, not comparable in value at a dinner-table to the conversationalist whose performances have been spoken of in a previous chapter; but he has his qualities, nevertheless. He is great in a country-house after luncheon, at a garden-party, or at afternoon tea. He is not afraid of the clever ladies of a party. Indeed, to get hold of a little clique of such persons is what he likes. "Ah, Lady Anne," he will say, addressing one of them in rather a tone of sadness; "does it not sometimes strike you that the world's getting very old? or, at any rate, that England is?" The lady addressed replies that she hardly knows, that it was always called "Old England," and then she smiles, and hesitates. "That is not exactly the sense in which I mean that England is old," Mr. Surface goes on. "What I mean is that, supposing a nation to have a term of life, as a man has,—to have, in short, its Seven Ages,—one would certainly not be inclined to regard England as having got no farther than the schoolboy or the lover stage." "Do you think she is 'sans eyes, sans teeth,' then, Mr. Surface?" inquires one of his audience. And so he is fairly launched, and in a position to give his reasons for thinking that his native country is no longer young. A sort of thing this that does very well at certain times, such as those mentioned above. We are a little too apt to suppose that when a talker is spoken of, a dinner-table talker only is meant; but there are other occasions when talk is wanted nearly as much as when a company assembles to partake of the principal meal of the day. No doubt it is then chiefly that talkers are wanted—chiefly, but not exclusively. In country-house life the necessity of talk is felt at every hour of the day. When some of the guests, for instance, are amusing themselves with croquet, there are always present others who become rabid at the mere mention of the game, and these require to be kept amused with conversation. Conversation is needed, too, when a large walking-party is organized; or again, when a drive is to constitute the afternoon's amusement, and a gentleman is wanted who will sit with his back to the horses, and will hold forth for the benefit of the three ladies with whom he shares the vehicle. Here the discussor of topics is distinctly valuable. He is not *so* valuable, perhaps, as the retailer of small personal gossip and petty scandal, but still he is of use on such occasions, and his merits must not be overlooked. And, once more, at a picnic, when the scramble for food and drink is over, and the partakers dispersed in little groups under the trees, in that state of semi-

intoxication which results from even the most moderate indulgence at 2 P.M., is there not a chance for our professor at such a time as this? At a picnic, or perhaps even more during the drive home, his services are priceless. A long drive is sometimes a rather tedious business, and it is a well-known fact that some persons, after being conveyed through the air in an open carriage for an hour or two, are apt to become depressed and absent, not to say morose. They get bored, in fact; and this is more especially the case when the drive partakes of the nature of a return journey—when we are *coming back* from a picnic, or a launch, or a laying of foundation stones, or other similar celebration. At such times all the less satisfactory ingredients in our cup become conspicuous in flavour, and unpleasantly self-assertive. We reflect upon the fact that the house in the country, which we have just taken, is on a clay soil, and that the situation is low; or we ponder as to where the money is to come from to supply that dreadful boy at college. Why we should think of such things at such times it is not easy to say, but that there is a tendency in the mind to busy itself with what are vulgarly called “bothers,” on the occasions referred to, is a matter which no one can doubt who will carefully study the faces of homeward-bound excursionists in general, and of those who make their return journey in open carriages in particular. This, then, is the moment when a talker—and as I venture to maintain, the especial talker whose nature and habits we are just now considering—is precious, more than words can say. For this is the time when topic, and nothing but topic will do. A story would not get listened to, and a description of anything under the sun, from a coronation to a cock-fight, would be an intolerable bore. Even that prince of conversationalists, the scandal and gossip-monger, would not be able to compete with the practised and skilful discussor of topic on this particular occasion. This last-mentioned talker, by the very nature of his conversation, compels his associates to join in it themselves; and herein lies his especial value at such a moment as this with which we have now to do. There is but one way of alleviating the unhappiness of persons coming back from a junket, and that is to stimulate them in some way into action—to make them, in short, exert themselves; and this the man, who can artfully start a subject in which his audience is interested, will be able to do. “Who can look,” he asks, “at a building like that”—the travellers are passing an old village church entirely devoid of all ornament or decoration—“and not feel that the extremest simplicity in all matters connected with the outward forms of religion is really the most beautiful, and certainly the most consistent with the spirit of true Protestantism?” By such a remark as this the object of our conversationalist is fulfilled in one moment. One of the ladies by whom he is accompanied is—as perhaps he knows—ritualistically disposed, while another is a frequenter of Exeter Hall, and altogether of the Low Church persuasion. Of course, these two get together instantly by the ears, each sustaining her own views with many potential, if illogical arguments, and both

referring to the original introducer of the subject under discussion for encouragement. But our professor is more a man to start a discussion than to bring it to an end, better at enunciating sentiments than at deciding disputes, and so he temporizes, and—which is just what he wanted to do—prolongs the discussion, so that the milestones fly by unheeded.

WOMAN and her Mission is another topic which this great conversation-artist often finds to answer his purpose particularly well. The subject may be brought in in the easiest way: a gleaner at work in the fields, or a girl wheeling a barrow by the wayside, will do,—and it will suit some companies as well as ritualism or church decoration does others. “There is something,” remarks our gentleman, looking absently at a market-girl trudging along the road with a basket of live poultry on her head—“There is something about the peculiar construction of the female form which always seems to me to preclude the idea that Nature intended it for work. Work is for us,” he continues, settling himself more at ease on the carriage cushions; “work is for men, with their strong sinews and their active brain. The prevailing idea of WOMAN, as she should be, is the idea of a creature at leisure; and although there is no doubt that the practical truth has been, in most countries and under most circumstances, widely at variance with this idea, yet, in referring back to any period, how remote so ever, of the world’s history, we shall most certainly find that the idea itself remains, and that the WOMAN whom men have always worshipped, whom our poets have sung, whom our painters have painted, and our sculptors have hewn out of the marble, is a woman with ‘nothing to do.’” A good beginning this surely. It is pretty certain to be said, by somebody or other, of a man like this, that he “talks well.” The fact is, that in dealing with a subject of this sort the special talker whose habits we are now considering is entirely at home. A topic which lends itself to a little display of fine language and sentiment, is what he really likes. He is great, for instance, on questions of love and matrimony, sympathy and antipathy. It is a common proceeding with him to look round about upon his audience, having first got the talk into the proper groove, and to ask which is, in their opinion, the greater happiness, loving or being loved? For his part, he will say, the last seems to him by far the most delightful. He is of opinion that the knowledge that you are necessary to the happiness of some one else, is far more glorious than the feeling that some one else is necessary to yours. This is, indeed, a first-rate subject, and one which is hereby strongly recommended to the attention of any person who contemplates setting up in business as a topic-talker. It is one of those questions which has two sides to it, both capable of being sustained by many admirable arguments. The talker can either take up the passive theory, as we have just seen, with a fair show of reason, or he can go exactly the other way, and assert strongly that in the pleasure of being loved, there is, as it seems to him, a certain amount of selfishness mixed up; while in the act of loving, on the contrary, a

man goes out of himself and (so to speak) merges his existence in another's. "It is of loving, not of being loved," he will add, "that the poet speaks when he says—

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Our topicist is never averse to the introduction of an occasional line or two of poetry into his disquisitions; but he must not, because of this practice, be confounded with the "talker who quotes poetry." That individual belongs to a separate species, closely allied, indeed, to that of which the topic-talker is a member, but yet in many respects distinct. The difficulty of keeping apart individuals belonging undoubtedly to different species, yet having many points in common, is one which any students, the nature of whose labours is of the classifying sort, will readily appreciate.

We must take our leave now of our eloquent friend. But in doing so it seems worth while to remark concerning this form of talk which he favours, that it is of all others the best suited to persons of lazy and inactive habits. Those other conversationalists, whose manners and customs we have been examining, the talkers who respectively describe experiences, relate anecdotes, or retail gossip, must each and all work hard in order to come by the material which they are obliged to make use of. But it is not so with the gentleman who devotes himself, conversationally, to the discussion of topics. Profound as his studies may be, they at least do not involve him in any physical exertion. He can cultivate his art without sacrificing his ease. He is not obliged to run hither and thither in search of raw material required for the manufacture of the article in which he deals, but is able, on the contrary, to prepare those commodities in the retirement of his own chamber, or while strolling about under the trees in his friend's pleasure-grounds.

V.—OF VARIOUS MINOR TALKERS.

I HAVE now advanced so far with my subject as to have examined with some degree of attention, the four principal specimens of the class whose habits we are studying. I come now to a consideration of some of the less distinguished members of the family of talkers; and just as the great writer on natural history, in dealing with some particular tribe,—say, for instance, the feline,—will first describe the *Felis leo*, or lion, and will then descend to the ounce, and the panther, and ultimately to the *Felis domesticus*, or tom-cat of our kitchen-hearths, so must I, having said my say about the great conversational lions and tigers who discuss topics or relate anecdotes, come down to some of the lower members of the species Talker, and study awhile their peculiarities and habits.

Occupying a foremost position among these, I find a small, but for its size exceedingly vigorous and active member of the garrulous species, to which the name "Perpetual-Drop Talker" may perhaps be given with some degree of propriety. In dealing with a new branch of science, as I am now doing, the use of new terms is inevitable, and it is hoped that this one, and such other technical expressions as have been introduced in the course of these chapters, will be favourably received by talk-students generally. The Perpetual-Drop Talker then,—I will venture to consider the term as accepted,—is a conversationalist of a species easily recognizable by all persons possessed of even moderate acuteness of perception. The chief and most remarkable characteristic of him is that his chatter is incessant, and that there issues from his mouth a perpetual dribble of words which convey to those who hear them no sort of information worth having, no new thing worth knowing, no idea worth listening to. These talkers are found in the British Islands in great numbers. There is no difficulty in meeting with specimens. If you live in a street, and will only sit at your window for a sufficient length of time, one of them is sure to pass. He has a companion with him, the recipient of that small dropping talk. Perpetual Drop points with his stick, calling his friend's attention to a baker's shop—what is he saying? He is saying, "Ah, German, you see; Frantzman, German name. Great many German bakers in London: Germans and Scotch. Nearly all the bakers are either one or the other." You continue to watch, and you observe that this loquacious gentleman is again pointing.

"Where you see those houses," he is saying now, "there were nothing but green fields when I was a boy. Not a brick to be seen anywhere." And so he goes on commenting on everything. Whatever his senses inform him of he seems obliged to put on record. "Piebald horse," he says, as one goes by him in an omnibus; or "Curious smell," as he passes the fried-fish stall. This is the man with whom we have all travelled in railway trains. He proclaims to his companion—a person much to be pitied—the names of the stations as the train arrives at each. "Ah, Croydon," he says; or, "Ah, Redhill,—going to stop, I see." He makes his comments when they do stop. "Little girl with fruit," he says; or "Boy with papers." Very likely he will imitate the peculiar cry of this last, "Mornin' papaw," for his friend's benefit. This kind of talker may be studied very advantageously in railway trains. He is familiar with technical terms. He remarks, when there is a stoppage, that we are "being shunted on to the up-line till the express goes by." Presently there is a shriek, and a shake, and a whirl, and then our friend looks round with triumph. "That was it," he says, "Dover express,—down-line." This is a very wearying personage. He cannot be quiet. If he is positively run out and without a remark to make, he will ask a question. Instead of telling you what the station is, he will in this case ask you to tell him. "What station is this?" is a favourite inquiry with

him. He doesn't want to know; he is not going to stop at it: he merely asks because his mouth is full of words, and they must needs dribble out in some form or other. In this case it takes an interrogative form. A tiresome individual this: one cannot help speculating as to how many times in the course of his life he has thought it necessary to inform his fellow-creatures that the morning has been fine, or cold, as the case might be, and the weather, generally, seasonable or the reverse.

I am dealing with the minor talkers. Among these a conspicuous place is held by one whom, for want of a better designation, I must call the Startling Talker. This is a conversationalist who goes in for being an original thinker, a character, a despiser of conventionalities. He is not a man who is going to be bound down by forms. He will not discourse of the weather, or the opera, or the exhibitions, as other people do. "Why should he?" he will ask. He is fond of asserting his contempt for the stereotyped talk of the drawing-room or the dinner-table. When he is introduced to a partner for a quadrille, or to the young person who is to be his neighbour at dinner, it is as likely as not that he will begin by a sort of confession of his conversational faith. "I'm not going to ask you," he will say, "whether you have seen Lucca in *L'Africaine*, or whether you've read *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. Nor shall I expect you to question me on such subjects. Why should you? What is it to you whether I have passed through either of these experiences? What do you care for my opinion of 'Jephthah's Daughter,' by Millais? Is it of the slightest importance to you whether I have seen the Paris Exhibition, or whether I rode in the Park this morning, and found it hot?" This is a favourite kind of beginning with the subject of our present studies, and, for the most part, answers his purpose indifferently well, such talk eliciting in general, from the person to whom it is addressed, some amount of that amazement which it has been the object of the speaker to excite. He has other ways of stimulating this same emotion of surprise in those whose privilege it is to listen to his conversation. "I wonder," he will say, for instance, addressing a total stranger, "I wonder how many of the people sitting round the table will be alive in ten years from this time." Or perhaps he will moralize, by way of showing his originality of character. "I never make one of an assemblage of this sort without speculating as to the amount of care which each member of the company has brought out along with him. Did it ever," he will ask his companion abruptly, for sudden inquiries are much in his way—"Did it ever occur to you to occupy yourself with such a question?" These sudden and bewildering inquiries are indeed an important part of the stock-in-trade of the genuine Startler. "Did you ever consider," he will demand of some timid young lady, "what death you would like to die?" or, "Did it ever strike you that it would be a very pleasant thing to be thrown ashore on a desert island?" The well-known gentleman—surely his name must have been Joseph Miller—who asked his partner in a quadrille whether she wore flannel next her skin,

must certainly have belonged to this tribe of startlers whose habits we are considering.

The position occupied by the members of this species, even among the minor talkers, is not a high one. The startler, with all his assumption of originality and profundity is, after all, but a poor creature. He counts on great submission and docility in those whom he engages in conversation. He preys upon timid women and young girls, who make convenient replies to his observations. "What a singular remark," or "What a strange person you are," they will say. So long as his startling sayings are received in this way he does very well, but he cannot carry out his own arguments, or support the paradoxes which he delights to start. If anybody stands up to him he is quickly at the end of his resources, and whenever he is requested to explain his meaning, floundering invariably ensues.

There is a variety of this species which may prove interesting to the talk-student, and which must, therefore, be noticed, though very briefly. This is the talker who deals in paradox, and whose greatest pleasure it is to controvert, as often as possible, the maxims which have been hitherto received by all mankind as indubitably and incontestably true. "Honesty the best policy," this gentleman will say in a scoffing tone; "there was never a greater mistake." And then he will go on to relate how he once knew a doctor who felt it to be his duty to tell one of his patients, a rich old lady, that there was nothing the matter with her, and how the medical gentleman in question not only thereby lost a patient who was a source of regular income to him, but also got cut out of the old lady's will, in which he had originally been down for a thumping legacy. "Honesty the best policy!" says this sceptic, derisively. "I believe it to be—in the present state of society—the very worst policy which can be made use of." "And who is it," this same personage will ask, "who says that man wants but little here below? Goldsmith, isn't it? Well, I'm ashamed of him. How could he display such gross ignorance? Little! Wants little! A man wants enormously much, as it seems to me. He wants a house in town, and an estate in the country, and a shooting-box in Scotland, and a *piéd-à-terre* in Paris. He wants two comfortable carriages at the very lowest computation, and at least three coach-horses, and a hack for riding. He wants a coachman and grooms, and indoor servants and outdoor servants without number. He wants five great-coats of different thicknesses; but there is no end—positively no end—to his wants; and to make out even an incomplete list of them would occupy us from lunch till dinner-time at the very least." It is to sentiments of this sort that the paradoxical talker is in the habit of giving utterance. He will ask you in the gravest manner if you don't delight in an east-wind, and will tell you that he always feels in better health and in higher spirits when the wind blows from the east than at any other time. This is a very tiresome variety of talker; and being spasmodic in his utterances, and incapable of sustained

effort, he is of little value at the dinner-table, or indeed anywhere else. I think that there is nothing to be learnt by further consideration of his habits, so we may as well dismiss him at once.

There is a curious little personage of whom mention may fitly be made just now, and without some notice of whom no list of talkers would be complete. This is the phraseologist, an imitative talker who continually introduces conventional phrases into his unmeaning, harmless chatter. This is the individual who calls a horse "a steed," and a letter "an epistle." He talks about "festive boards" and "graphic descriptions," and when he goes to see a picture in the artist's studio will, ten to one, inform the painter that he has made "a great stride" since last year. I am afraid that this variety of the talking tribe is capable of calling a physician "a son of Esculapius;" and I know for certain that when he tells you a story in which what somebody said to him on a particular occasion has to be repeated, he always says, "He addressed me as follows."

This little gentleman is extraordinarily polite to ladies. He jumps about like a parched-pea when a member of what he of course calls "the fair sex" enters the room. "Nay," he says, "if there are to be ladies of the party," and straightway he hugs to him, so to speak, every sort of discomfort, revelling in unnecessary and unappreciated self-sacrifice, and seeming to enjoy it. It is unnecessary to add that he calls fire the "devouring element;" and that when any one is drowned, he is spoken of as having found a "watery grave." He says of many things that they "manage this matter better in France," and Lord Macaulay's detestable New Zealander is seldom out of his mouth.



THE FATES.

Jack the Giant-Killer.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK GOES TO SLEEP IN THE WOOD.



FEATHERSTON VICARAGE was a quaint, dreary, silent old baked block of bricks and stucco, standing on one of those low Lincolnshire hillocks—I do not know the name for them. They are not hills, but mounds; they have no shape or individuality, but they roll in on every side; they enclose the horizon; they stop the currents of fresh air; they give no feature to the foreground. There was no reason why the vicarage should have been built upon this one, more than upon any other, of the monotonous waves of the dry ocean of land which spreads and spreads about Featherston, unchanging in its monotonous line. To look from

the upper windows of the vicarage is like looking out at sea, with nothing but the horizon to watch—a dull sand and dust horizon, with monotonous waves and lines that do not even change or blend like the waves of the sea.

Anne was delighted with the place when she first came. Of course it was not to compare with Sandsea for pleasantness and freshness, but the society was infinitely better. Not all the lodging-houses at Sandsea could supply such an eligible circle of acquaintances as that which came driving up day after day to the vicarage door. The carriages, after depositing their owners, would go champing up the road to the little tavern of "The Five Horseshoes," at the entrance of the village, in search of hay and beer for the horses and men. Anne in one afternoon entertained two honourables, a countess, and two Lady Louisas. The countess was Lady Kidderminster and one of the Lady Louisas was her daughter. The other was a nice old maid, a cousin of Mrs. Myles, and she told Mrs. Trevithic something more of poor Mary Myles' married life than Anne had ever known before.

“It is very distressing,” said Anne, with a lady-like volubility, as she walked across the lawn with her guest to the carriage, “when married people do not get on comfortably together. Depend upon it, there are generally faults on both sides. I daresay it is very uncharitable of me, but I generally think the woman is to blame when things go wrong,” said Anne, with a little conscious smirk. “Of course we must be content to give up some things when we marry. Sandsea was far pleasanter than this as a residence; but where my husband’s interests were concerned, Lady Louisa, I did not hesitate. I hope to get this into some order in time, as soon as I can persuade Mr. Trevithic.”

“You were quite right, quite right,” said Lady Louisa, looking round approvingly at the grass-grown walks and straggling hedges. “Although Mary is my own cousin, I always felt that she did not understand poor Tom. Of course he had his little fidgety ways, like the rest of us.”

(Mary had never described her husband’s little fidgety ways to anybody at much length, and if brandy and blows and oaths were among them, these trifles were forgotten now that Tom was respectably interred in the family vault and beyond reproaches.)

Lady Louisa went away favourably impressed by young Mrs. Trevithic’s good sense and high-mindedness. Anne, too, was very much pleased with her afternoon. She went and took a complacent turn in her garden after the old lady’s departure. She hardly knew where the little paths led to as yet, nor the look of the fruit-walls and of the twigs against the sky, as people do who have well paced their garden-walks in rain, wind, and sunshine, in spirits and disquiet, at odd times and sad times and happy ones. It was all new to Mrs. Trevithic, and she glanced about as she went, planning a rose-tree here, a creeper there, a clearance among the laurels. “I must let in a peep of the church through that elm-clump, and plant some fuchsias along that bank,” she thought. (Anne was fond of fuchsias.) And John must give me a hen-house. The cook can attend to it. The place looks melancholy and neglected without any animals about; we must certainly buy a pig. What a very delightful person Lady Kidderminster is; she asked me what sort of carriage we meant to keep—I should think with economy we *might* manage a pair. I shall get John to leave everything of that sort to me. I shall give him so much for his pocket-money and charities, and do the very best I can with the rest. And Anne sincerely meant it when she made this determination, and walked along better pleased than ever, feeling that with her hand to pilot it along the tortuous way their ship could not run aground, but would come straight and swift into the haven of country society, for which they were making, drawn by a couple of prancing horses, and a riding horse possibly for John. And seeing her husband coming through the gate and crossing the sloping lawn, Anne hurried to meet him with glowing pink cheeks and tips to her eyelids and nose, eager to tell him her schemes and adventures.

Trevithic himself had come home tired and dispirited, and he could

scarcely listen to his wife's chirrups with very great sympathy or encouragement.

"Lady Kidderminster wishes us to set up a carriage and a pair of horses!" Poor Trevithic cried out aghast, "Why, my dear Anne, you must be—must be What do you imagine our income to be?"

"I know very well what it is," Anne said with a nod; "better than you do, sir. With care and economy a very great deal is to be done. Leave everything to me and don't trouble your foolish old head."

"But, my dear, you must listen for one minute," Trevithic said. "One thousand a year is not limitless. There are calls and drains upon our incomings——"

"That is exactly what I wanted to speak to you about, John," said his wife, gravely. "For one thing, I have been thinking that your mother has a very comfortable income of her own," Anne said, "and I am sure she would gladly"

"I have no doubt she would," Trevithic interrupted, looking full in his wife's face, "and that is the reason that I desire that the subject may never be alluded to again, either to her or to me. He looked so decided and stern, and his grey eagle eyes opened wide in a way his wife knew that meant no denial. Vexed as she was, she could not help a momentary womanly feeling of admiration for the undaunted and decided rule of the governor of this small kingdom in which she was viceregent; she felt a certain pride in her husband, not in what was best in his temper and heart, but in the outward signs that any one might read. His good looks, his manly bearing, his determination before which she had to give way again and again, impressed her oddly: she followed him with her eyes as he walked away into the house, and went on with her calculations as she still paced the gravel path, determining to come back secretly to the charge, as was her way, from another direction, and failing again, only to ponder upon a fresh attack.

And meanwhile Anne was tolerably happy trimming her rose-trees, and arranging and rearranging the furniture, visiting at the big houses, and corresponding with her friends, and playing on the piano, and, with her baby, in time, when it came to live with them in the vicarage. Trevithic was tolerably miserable, fuming and consuming his days in a restless, impatient search for the treasures which did not exist in the arid fields and lanes round about the vicarage. He certainly discovered a few well-to-do farmers riding about their enclosures on their rough horses, and responding with surly nods to his good-humoured advances; a few old women selling lollipops in their tidy front kitchens, shining pots and pans, starch caps, the very pictures of respectability; little tidy children trotting to school along the lanes, hand in hand, with all the strings on their pinafores, and hard-working mothers scrubbing their parlours, or hanging out their linen to dry. The cottages were few and far between, for the farmers farmed immense territories; the labourers were out in the fields at sunrise, and toiled all day, and staggered home worn-out and stupefied at night;

the little pinafores released from school at midday, would trot along the furrows with their fathers' and brothers' dinners tied up in bundles, and drop little frightened curtsies along the hedges when they met the vicar on his rounds. Dreary, dusty rounds they were—illimitable circles. The country-folks did not want his sermons, they were too stupid to understand what he said, they were too aimless and dispirited. Jack the Giant-Killer's sleep lasted exactly three years in Trevithic's case, during which the time did not pass, it only ceased to be. Once old Mr. Bellingham paid them a visit, and once Mrs. Trevithic, senior, arrived with her cap-boxes, and then every thing again went on as usual, until Dulcie came to live with her father and mother in the old sun-baked, wasp-haunted place.

Dulcie was a little portable almanac to mark the time for both of them, and the seasons and the hour of the day, something in this fashion :—

Six months and Dulcie began to crawl across the drugged floor of her father's study; nine months to crow and hold out her arms; a year must have gone by, for Dulcie was making sweet inarticulate chatterings and warblings, which changed into words by degrees—wonderful words of love and content and recognition, after her tiny life-long silence. Dulcie's clock marked the time of day something in this fashion :—

Dulcie's breakfast o'clock.

Dulcie's walk in the garden o'clock.

Dulcie's dinner o'clock.

Dulcie's bedtime o'clock, &c.

All the tenderness of Jack's heart was Dulcie's. Her little fat fingers would come tapping and scratching at his study-door long before she could walk. She was not in the least afraid of him, as her mother was sometimes. She did not care for his sad moods, nor sympathize with his ambitions, or understand the pangs and pains he suffered, the regrets and wounded vanities and aspirations. Was time passing, was he wasting his youth and strength in that forlorn and stagnant Lincolnshire fen? What was it to her? Little Dulcie thought that when he crossed his legs and danced her on his foot, her papa was fulfilling all the highest duties of life; and when she let him kiss her soft cheek, it did not occur to her that every wish of her heart was not gratified. Hard-hearted, unsympathetic, trustful, and appealing little comforter and companion! Whatever it might be to Anne, not even Lady Kidderminster's society soothed and comforted Jack as Dulcie's did. This small Egyptian was a hard taskmistress, for she gave him bricks to make without any straw, and kept him a prisoner in a land of bondage; but for her he would have thrown up the work that was so insufficient for him, and crossed the Red Sea, and chanced the fortunes of life; but with Dulcie and her mother hanging to the skirts of his long black clerical coat, how could he go? Ought he to go? 400*l.* a year is a large sum to get together, but a small one to provide for three people—so long as a leg of mutton costs seven

shillings and there are but twenty shillings in the pound and 365 days in the year.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon, the dust was lying thick upon the lanes, on the country roads, that went creeping away white in the glare to this and that distant sleepy hollow. The leaves in the hedges were hanging upon their stalks; the convolvuluses and blackberries drooped their heads beneath the clouds that rose from the wreaths and piles of dust along the way. Four o'clock was striking from the steeple, and echoing through the hot still air; nobody was to be seen, except one distant figure crossing a stubble-field; the vicarage windows were close shuttered, but the gate was on the latch, and the big dog had just sauntered lazily through. Anne heard the clock strike from her darkened bed-room, where she was lying upon the sofa resting. Duleie playing in her nursery counted the strokes. "Tebben, two, one; nonner one," that was how she counted. John heard the clock strike as he was crossing the dismal stubble-field; everything else was silent. Two butterflies went flitting before him in the desolate glare. It was all so still, so dreary, and feverish, that he tried to escape into a shadier field, and to force his way through a gap in the parched hedge regardless of Farmer Burr's fences and restrictions.

On the other side of the hedge there was a smaller field, a hollow with long grasses and nut hedges and a little shade, and a ditch over which Trevithic sprang with some remnant of youthful spirit. He sprang, breaking through the briars and countless twigs and limp wreathed leaves, making a foot-standing for himself among the lank grasses and dull autumn flowers on the other side, and as he sprang he caught a sight of something lying in the ditch, something with half-open lips and dim glazed eyes, turned upwards under the crossing diamond network of the shadow and light of the briars.

What was this that was quite still, quite inanimate, lying in the sultry glow of the autumn day? Jack turned a little sick, and leapt back down among the dead leaves, and stooped over a wan helpless figure lying there motionless and ghastly, with its head sunk back in the dust and tangled weeds. It was only a worn and miserable-looking old man, whose meek, starved, weary face was upturned to the sky, whose wan lips were drawn apart, and whose thin hands were clutching at the weeds. Jack gently tried to loosen the clutch, and the poor fingers gave way in an instant and fell helplessly among the grasses, frightening a field-mouse back into its hole. But this helpless, loose fall first gave Trevithic some idea of life in the hopeless figure, for all its wan, rigid lines. He put his hand under the rags which covered the breast. There was no pulse at first, but presently the heart just fluttered, and a little colour came into the pale face, and there was a long sigh, and then the glazed eyes closed.

John set to work to rub the cold hands and the stiff body. It was all he could do, for people don't walk about with bottles of brandy and blankets in their pockets; but he rubbed and rubbed, and some of the magnetism of

his own vigorous existence seemed to enter into the poor soul at his knees, and another faint flush of life came into the face, and the eyes opened this time naturally and bright, and the figure pointed faintly to its lips. Jack understood, and he nodded; gave a tug to the man's shoulders, and propped him up a little higher against the bank. Then he tied his handkerchief round the poor old bald head to protect it from the sun, and sprang up the side of the ditch. He had remembered a turnpike upon the highway, two or three hundred yards beyond the boundary of the next field.

Lady Kidderminster, who happened to be driving along that afternoon on her way to the Potlington flower-show, and who was leaning back comfortably under the hood of her great yellow barouche, was surprised to see from under the fringe of her parasol the figure of a man suddenly bursting through a hedge on the roadside, and waving a hat and shouting, red, heated, disordered, frantically signing to the coachman to stop.

"It's a Fenian," screamed her ladyship.

"I think;—yes, it's Mr. Trevithic," said her companion.

The coachman, too, had recognized Jack and began to draw up; but the young man, who had now reached the side of the carriage, signed to him to go on.

"Will you give me a lift?" he said, gasping and springing on to the step. "How d'ye do, Lady Kidderminster? I heard your wheels and made an effort," and Jack turned rather pale. "There is a poor fellow dying in a ditch. I want some brandy for him and some help; stop at the turnpike," he shouted to the coachman, and then he turned with very good grace to Lady Kidderminster, aghast and not over-pleased. "Pray forgive me," he said. "It was such a chance catching you. I never thought I should have done it. I was two fields off. Why, how d'ye do, Mrs. Myles?" And still holding on to the yellow barouche by one hand, he put out the other to his old acquaintance, Mary Myles, with the still kind eyes, who was sitting in state by the countess.

"You will take me back, and the brandy, I know?" said Trevithic.

"Is it anybody one knows?" said the countess.

"Only some tramp," said Jack: "but it's a mercy I met you." And before they reached the turnpike, he had jumped down, and was explaining his wants to the bewildered old chip of a woman who collected the tolls.

"Your husband not here? a pity," said John. "Give me his brandy-bottle; it will be of some good for once." And he disappeared into the lodge, saying,—“Would you please have the horses' heads turned, Lady Kidderminster? In a minute he was out again. Here, put this in” (to the powdered footman), and John thrust a blanket off the bed, an old three-legged chair, a wash-jug full of water, and one or two more miscellaneous objects into the man's arms. "Now back again," he said, "as quick as you can!" And he jumped in with his brandy; and the great barouche groaned, and at his command actually sped off once more along the road. "Make haste," said Trevithic; "the man is dying for want of a dram."

The sun blazed hot in their faces. The footman sat puzzled and disgusted on his perch, clasping the blanket and the water-jug. Lady Kidderminster was not sure that she was not offended by all the orders Mr. Trevithic was giving her servants; Mrs. Myles held the three-legged chair up on the seat opposite with her slender wrist, and looked kind and sympathetic; John hardly spoke,—he was thinking what would be best to do next.

“I am so sorry,” he said, “but I am afraid you must wait for us, Lady Kidderminster. I’ll bring him up as soon as I can, and we will drop him at the first cottage. You see nobody else may pass for hours.”

“We shall be very late for our fl—,” Lady Kidderminster began, faintly, and then stopped ashamed at the look in Trevithic’s honest face which she saw reflected in Mrs. Myles’ eyes.

“Oh, my dear Lady Kidderminster,” cried Mrs. Myles, bending forward from her nest of white muslins. “We *must* wait.”

“Of course we will wait,” said Lady Kidderminster hastily, as the coachman stopped at the gap through which Jack had first made his appearance. Trevithic was out in an instant.

“Bring those things quick,” said Jack to the magnificent powder-and-plush man; and he set off running himself as hard as he could go, with his brandy-flask in one hand and the water-jug in the other.

For an instant the man hesitated and looked at his mistress, but Lady Kidderminster had now caught something of Mr. Trevithic’s energy: she imperiously pointed to the three-legged chair, and Tomlins, who was good-natured in the main, seeing Jack’s figure rapidly disappearing in the distance, began to run too, with his silken legs plunging wildly, for pumps and stubble are not the most comfortable of combinations. When Tomlins reached the ditch at last, Jack was pouring old Glossop’s treacle-like brandy down the poor gasping tramp’s throat, dashing water into his face and gradually bringing him to life again; the sun was streaming upon the two, the insects buzzing, and the church clock striking the half-hour.

There are combinations in life more extraordinary than pumps and ploughed fields. When Trevithic and Tomlins staggered up to the carriage carrying the poor old ragged, half-lifeless creature on the chair between them, the two be-satined and be-feathered ladies made way and helped them to put poor helpless old Davy Hopkins with all his rags into the soft-cushioned corner, and drove off with him in triumph to the little public at the entrance of Featherston, where they left him.

“You have saved that man’s life,” said Jack, as he said good-by to the two ladies. They left him standing, glad and excited, in the middle of the road, with bright eyes and more animation and interest in his face than there had been for many a day.

“My dear Jack, what is this I hear?” said Anne, when he got home. “Have you been to the flower-show with Lady Kidderminster? Who was that in the carriage with her? What a state you are in.”

Jack told her his story, but Mrs. Trevithic scarcely listened. "Oh," said she, "I thought you had been doing something pleasant. Mrs. Myles was very kind. It seems to me rather a fuss about nothing, but of course you know best."

Little Dulcie saw her father looking vexed: she climbed up his leg and got on his knee, and put her round soft cheek against his. "Sall I luboo?" said she.

CHAPTER V.

BLUNDERBORE AND HIS TWO HEADS.

WHEN Jack went to see his *protégé* next day, he found the old man sitting up in the bar warming his toes, and finishing off a basin of gruel and a tumbler of porter with which the landlady had supplied him. Mrs. Penfold was a frozen sort of woman, difficult to deal with, but kind-hearted when the thaw once set in, and though at first she had all but refused to receive poor old Davy into her house, once having relented and opened her door to him she had warmed and comforted him, and brought him to life in triumph, and now looked upon him with a certain self-contained pride and satisfaction as a favourable specimen of her art.

"He's right eno'," said Mrs. Penfold, with a jerk of the head. "Ye can go in and see him in the bar." And Jack went in.

The bar was a comfortable little oaken refuge and haven for Miles and Hodge, where they stretched their stiff legs safe from the scoldings of their wives and the shrill cries of their children. The shadows of the sunny-latticed window struck upon the wooden floor, the fire burnt most part of the year on the stone hearth, where the dry branches and logs were crackling cheerfully, with a huge black kettle hissing upon the bars. Some one had christened it "Tom," and from its crooked old spout at any hour of the day a hot and sparkling stream went flowing into the smoking grog-glasses, and into Penfold's punch-pots and Mrs. Penfold's teacups and soup-pans.

Davy's story was a common one enough,—a travelling umbrella-mender—hard times—fine weather, no umbrellas to mend, and "parasols ain't no good; so cheap they are," he said, with a shake of the head; "they ain't worth the mendin'." Then an illness, and then the work-house, and that was all his history.

"I ain't sorry I come out of the 'ouse; the ditch was the best place of the two," said Davy. "You picked me out of the ditch; you'd have left me in the 'ouse, sir, all along with the ruck. I don't blame ye," Davy said; "I see'd ye there for the first time when I was wuss off than I ever hope to be in this life again; ye looked me full in the face, and talked on with them two after ye—devil take them, and he will."

"I don't remember you," said John. "Where was it?"

"Hammersley workus," said Davy. "Don't you remember Ham-

mersley Union? I was in the bed under the winder, and I says to my pardner (there were two on us), says I,—‘That chap looks as if he might do us a turn.’ ‘Not he,’ says my pardner. ‘They are werry charitable, and come and stare at us; that’s all,’ says he, and he was right you see, sir. He’d been in five years come Christmas, and knew more about it than I did then.”

“And you have left it now?” said Trevithic, with a strange expression of pity in his face.

“So I ’ave, sir, I’m bound to say,” said Davy, finishing off his porter, “and I’d rather die in the ditch any day than go back to that d— place.”

“It looked clean and comfortable enough,” said Trevithic.

“Clean, comfirable!” said Davy. “Do you think *I* minds a little dirt, sir? Did you look under the quilts? Why, the vermin was a-running all over the place like flies, so it were. It come dropping from the ceiling; and my pardner he were paralytic, and he used to get me to wipe the bugs off his face with a piece of paper. Shall I tell ye what it was like?” And old Davy, in his ire, began a history so horrible, so sickening, that Trevithic flushed up as he listened,—an honest flush and fire of shame and indignation.

“I tell you fairly I don’t believe half you say,” said Jack, at last. “It is too horrible and unnatural.”

“True there,” said Davy, comforted by his porter and his gruel. “It ain’t no great matter to me if you believes ’arf or not, sir. I’m out of that hole, and I ain’t agoin’ back. Maybe your good lady has an umbrella wants seeing to; shall I call round and ask this afternoon, sir?”

Jack nodded and said he might come if he liked, and went home, thinking over the history he had heard. It was one of all the histories daily told in the sunshine, of deeds done in darkness. It was one grain of seed falling into the ground and taking root. Jack felt a dull feeling of shame and sadness; an uncomfortable pricking as of a conscience which had been benumbed; a sudden pain of remorse, as he walked along the dusty lane which led to the vicarage. He found his wife in the drawing-room, writing little scented notes to some of her new friends, and accepting proffered dinners and teas and county hospitalities. Little Dulcie was lying on her back on a rug, and crooning and chattering; the shutters were closed; there was a whiff of roses and scented water coming in from the baking lanes. It was a pretty home-picture, all painted in cool whites and greys and shadows, and yet it had by degrees grown intolerable to him. Jack looked round, and up and down, and then with a sudden impulse he went up and took his wife’s hand, and looked her full in the face. “Anne,” he said, “could you give up something for me—something, everything, except what is yours as a right? Dear, it is all so nice, but I am very unhappy here. May I give up this pretty home, and will you come and live with me where we can be of more use than we are here?” He looked so kind and so imploring, that for

an instant Anne almost gave way and agreed to anything. There was a bright constraining power in Jack's blue eye which had to deal with magnetism, I believe, and which his wife was one of the few people to resist. She recovered herself almost immediately.

"How ridiculous you are, John," she said, pettishly. "Of course I will do anything in reason; but it seems to me very wrong and unnatural and ungrateful of you," said Mrs. Trevithic, encouraging herself as she went on, "not to be happy when you have so much to be thankful for; and though, of course, I should be the last to allude to it, yet I do think when I have persuaded papa to appoint you to this excellent living, considering how young you are and how much you owe to him, it is not *graceful*, to say the least, on your part"

John turned away and caught up little Dulcie, and began tossing her in the air. "Well," said he, "we won't discuss this now. I have made up my mind to take a week's holiday," he added, with a sort of laugh. "I am going to stay with Frank Austin till Saturday. Will you tell them to pack up my things?"

"But, my dear, we are engaged to the Kidd"

"You must write and make my excuses," Jack said, wearily. "I must go. I have some business at Hammersley." And he left the room.

Chances turn out so strangely at times that some people,—women especially, who live quietly at home and speculate upon small matters—look on from afar and wonder among themselves as they mark the extraordinary chain-work of minute stitches by which the mighty machinery of the world works on. Men who are busy and about, here and there in life, are more apt to take things as they find them, and do not stop to speculate how this or that comes to be. It struck Jack oddly when he heard from his friend Frank Austin that the chaplain who had been elected instead of him at the workhouse was ill and obliged to go away for a time. "He is trying to find some one to take his place, and to get off for a holiday," said Mr. Austin. "He is a poor-sort of creature, and I don't think he has got on very well with the guardians."

"I wonder," said Trevithic, "whether I could take the thing for a time? We might exchange, you know; I am tired of play, heaven knows. There is little enough to do at Featherston, and he might easily look after my flock while I take the work here off his hands."

"I know you always had a hankering after those unsavoury flesh-pots," Austin said, with a laugh. "I should think Skipper would jump at your offer, and from all I hear there is plenty to be done here, if it is work you are in want of. Poor little Skipper did his best at one time; I believe he tried to collect a fund for some of the poor creatures who couldn't be taken in, but what is one small fish like him among so many guardians?" said Mr. Austin, indulging in one of those clerical jokes to which Mr. Trollope has alluded in his delightful *Chronicles*.

Jack wrote off to his bishop and to his wife by that day's post. Two

different answers reached him ; his wife's came next day, his bishop's three days later.

Poor Anne was frantic, as well she might be. "Come to Hammersley for two months in the heat of the summer ; bring little Dulcie ; break up her home !—Never. Throw over Lady Kidderminster's Saturdays ; admit a stranger to the vicarage !—Never ! Was her husband out of his senses ?" She was deeply, deeply hurt. He must come back immediately, or more serious consequences than he imagined might ensue.

Trevithic's eyes filled up with tears as he crumpled the note up in his hand and flung it across the room. It was for this he had sacrificed the hope of his youth, of his life,—for this. It was too late now to regret, to think of what another fate might have been. Marriage had done him this cruel service :—It had taught what happiness might be, what some love might be, but it had withheld the sweetness of the fruit of the tree of life, and only disclosed the knowledge of good and of evil to this unhappy Adam outside the gates of the garden.

Old Mr. Bellingham did not mend matters by writing a trembling and long-winded remonstrance. Lady Kidderminster, to whom Anne had complained, pronounced Trevithic mad ; she had had some idea of the kind, she said, that day when he behaved in that extraordinary manner in the lane.

"It's a benevolent mania," said Lord Axminster, her eldest son.

Mrs. Myles shook her head, and began, "He is not mad, most noble lady. . . ." Mrs. Trevithic, who was present, flushed up with resentment at Mrs. Myles venturing to quote scripture in Jack's behalf. She did not look over-pleased when Mrs. Myles added that she should see Mr. Trevithic probably when she went to stay at Hammersley with her cousin, Mrs. Garnier, and would certainly go and see him at his work.

Jack, who was in a strange determined mood, meanwhile wrote back to his wife to say that he felt that it was all very hard upon her ; that he asked it from her goodness to him and her wifely love ; that he would make her very happy if she would only consent to come, and if not she must go to her father's for a few weeks until he had got this work done. "Indeed it is no sudden freak, dear," he wrote. "I had it in my mind before"—(John hesitated here for a minute and took his pen off the paper)—"that eventful day when I walked up to the rector, and saw you and learnt to know you." So he finished his sentence. But his heart sank as he posted the letter. Ah me ! he had dreamed a different dream.

If his correspondence with his wife did not prosper as it should have done, poor Trevithic was greatly cheered by the bishop's letter, which not only gave consent to this present scheme, but offered him, if he wished for more active duty, the incumbency of St. Bigots in the North, which would shortly be vacant in Hammersley, and which, although less valuable than his present living as far as the income was concerned, was much more so as regards the souls to be saved, which were included in the bargain.

New brooms sweep clean, says the good old adage. After he took up his residence at St. Magdalene's, Jack's broomstick did not begin to sweep for seven whole days. He did not go back to Featherston; Anne had left for Sandsea; and Mr. Skipper was in possession of the rectory, and Trevithic was left in that of 500 paupers in various stages of misery and decrepitude, and of a two-headed creature called Bulcox, otherwise termed the master and the matron of the place. Jack waited; he felt that if he began too soon he might ruin everything, get into trouble, stir up the dust, which had been lying so thickly, and make matters worse than before; he waited, watched, looked about him, asked endless questions, to not one of which the poor folks dared give a truthful answer. "Nurse was werry kind, that she was, and most kinsiderate, up any time o' night and day," gasped poor wretches, whose last pinch of tea had just been violently appropriated by "nurse" with the fierce eyebrows sitting over the fire, and who would lie for hours in an agony of pain before they dared awaken her from her weary sleep. For nurse, whatever her hard rapacious heart might be, was only made of the same aching bones and feeble flesh as the rest of them. "Everybody was kind and good, and the mistress came round reg'lar and ast them what they wanted. The tea was not so nice perhaps as it *might* be, but they was not wishin' to complain." So they moaned on for the first three days. On the fourth one or two cleverer and more truthful than the rest began to whisper that "nurse" sometimes indulged in a drop too much; that she had been very unmanageable the night before, had boxed poor Tilly's ears—poor simpleton. They all loved Tilly, and didn't like to see her hurt. See, there was the bruise on her cheek, and Tilly, a woman of thirty, but a child in her ways, came shyly up in a pinafore, with a doll in one arm and a finger in her mouth. All the old hags sitting on their beds smiled at her as she went along. This poor witless Tilly was the pet of the ward, and they did not like to have her beaten. Trevithic was affected, he brought Tilly some sugar-plums in his pocket, and the old toothless crones brightened up and thanked him, nodding their white night-caps encouragingly from every bed. Meanwhile John sickened: the sights, the smells, the depression of spirits produced by this vast suffering mass of his unlucky brothers and sisters, was too much for him, and for a couple of days he took to his bed. The matron came to see him twice; she took an interest in this cheerful new element, sparkling still with full reflection of the world outside. She glanced admiringly at his neatly appointed dressing-table, the silver top to his shaving-gear, and the ivory brushes.

John was feverish and thirsty, and was draining a bottle of mirky-looking water when Mrs. Bulcox came into the room. "What is that you are drinking there, sir?" said she. "My goodness, it's the water from the tap,—we never touch it! I'll send you some of ours; the tap-water comes through the cesspool and is as nasty as nasty can be."

"Is it what they habitually drink here?" Trevithic asked, languidly.

"They're used to it," said Mrs. Bulcox; "nothing hurts them."

Jack turned away with an impatient movement, and Mrs. Bulcox went off indignant at his want of courtesy. The fact was, that Jack already knew more of the Bulcox's doings than they had any conception of, poor wretches, as they lay snoring the comfortable sleep of callousness on their snug pillows. "I don't 'alf like that chap," Mr. Bulcox had remarked to his wife, and Mrs. Bulcox had heartily echoed the misgiving. "I go to see him when he is ill," said she, "and he cuts me off as sharp as anything. What business has he comin' prying and spying about the place?"

What indeed! The place oppressed poor Jack, tossing on his bed; it seemed to close in upon him, the atmosphere appeared to be full of horrible moans and suggestions. In his normal condition Jack would have gone to sleep like a top, done his best, troubled his head no more on the subject of troubles he could not relieve; but just now he was out of health, out of spirits—although his darling desire was his—and more susceptible to nervous influences and suggestions than he had ever been in his life before. This night especially he was haunted and overpowered by the closeness and stillness of his room. It looked out through bars into a narrow street, and a nervous feeling of imprisonment and helplessness came over him so strongly that, to shake it off, he jumped up at last and partly dressed himself, and began to pace up and down the room. The popular history of Jack the Giant-Killer gives a ghastly account of the abode of Blunderbore; it describes "an immense room where lay the limbs of the people lately seized and devoured," and Blunderbore "with a horrid grin" telling Jack "that men's hearts eaten with pepper and vinegar were his nicest food. The giant then locked Jack up," says the history, "and went to fetch a friend."

Poor Trevithic felt something in Jack's position when the gates were closed for the night, and he found himself shut in with his miserable companions. He could from his room hear the bolts and the bars and the grinding of the lock, and immediately a longing would seize him to get out.

To-night, after pacing up and down, he at last took up his hat and a light in his hand, and opened his door and walked downstairs to assure himself of his liberty and get rid of this oppressive feeling of confinement. He passed the master's door and heard his snores, and then he came to the lower door opening into the inner court. The keys were in it—it was only locked on the inside. As Jack came out into the courtyard he gave a great breath of relief: the stars were shining thickly overhead, very still, very bright; the place seemed less God-forgotten than when he was up there in his bedroom: the fresh night-air blew in his face and extinguished his light. He did not care, he put it down in a corner by the door, and went on into the middle of the yard and looked all round about him. Here and there from some of the windows a faint light was burning and painting the bars in gigantic shadows upon the walls; and at the end of the court, from what seemed like a grating

to a cellar, some dim rays were streaming upward. Trevithic was surprised to see a light in such a place and he walked up to see, and then he turned quickly away, and if like uncle Toby he swore a great oath at the horrible sight he saw, it was but an expression of honest pity and most Christian charity. The grating was a double grating and looked into two cellars which were used as casual wards when the regular ward was full. The sight Trevithic saw is not one that I can describe here. People have read of such things as they are and were only a little while ago when the *Pall Mall Gazette* first published that terrible account which set people talking and asking whether such things should be and could be still.

Old Davy had told him a great many sad and horrible things, but they were not so sad or so horrible as the truth, as Jack now saw it. Truth, naked, alas! covered with dirt and vermin, shuddering with cold, moaning with disease, and heaped and tossed in miserable uneasy sleep at the bottom of her foul well. Every now and then a voice broke the darkness, or a cough or a moan reached him from the sleepers above. Jack did not improve his night's rest by his midnight wandering.

Trevithic got well, however, next day, dressed himself, and went down into the little office which had been assigned to him. His bedroom was over the gateway of the workhouse and looked into the street. From his office he had only a sight of the men's court, the wooden bench, the stone steps, the grating. Inside was a stove and green drugget, a little library of books covered with greasy brown paper for the use of those who could read. There was not much to comfort or cheer him, and as he sat there he began

think a little disconsolately of his pleasant home, with its clean comfortable appointments, the flowers round the window, the fresh chintzes, and, above all, the dear little round face upturned to meet him at every coming home.

It would not do to think of such things, and Jack put them away, but he wished that Anne had consented to come to him. It seemed hard to be there alone—him a father and a husband, with belongings of his own. Trevithic, who was still weak and out of sorts, found himself making a little languid castle in the air, of crooked places made straight, of whited sepulchres made clean, of Dulcie, grown tall and sensible, coming tapping at his door to cheer him when he was sad, and encourage him when he was weary.

Had the fever come back, and could it be that he was wandering? It seemed to him that all the heads of the old men he could see through the grating were turning, and that an apparition was passing by—an apparition, gracious, smiling, looking in through the bars of his window, and coming gently knocking at his door; and then it opened, and a low voice said,—“It's me, Mr. Trevithic—Mrs. Myles; may I come in?” and a cool, grey phantom stepped into the dark little room. “How ill you are looking,” Mrs. Myles said, compassionately. “I came to ask you to come back and dine with us; I am only here for a day or two with my cousin

Fanny Garnier. She visits this place and brought me, and I thought of asking for you; and do come, Mr. Trevithic. These—these persons showed me the way to your study.” And she looked back at the grinning old heads that were peeping in at the door. Mary Myles looked like the lady in *Comus*—so sweet, and pure, and fair, with the grotesque faces, peering and whispering all about her. They vanished when Trevithic turned, and stood behind the door watching and chattering like apes, for the pretty lady to come out again. “I cannot tell you how glad we are that you have come here, Mr. Trevithic,” said Mrs. Myles. “Poor Fanny has half broken her heart over the place, and Mr. Skipper was so hopeless that it was no use urging him to appeal. You will do more good in a week than he has done in a year. I must not wait now,” Mrs. Myles added. “You will come, won’t you?—at seven; we have so much to say to you. Here is the address.”

As soon as Jack had promised to come, she left him, disappearing with her strange little court hobbling after her to the very gate of the dreary place.

Jack was destined to have more than one visitor that afternoon. As he still sat writing busily at his desk in the little office, a tap came at the door. It was a different apparition this time, for an old woman’s head peeped in, and an old nutcracker-looking body, in her charity-girl’s livery, staggered feebly into his office and stood grinning slyly at him. “She came to borrow a book,” she said. “She couldn’t read, not she, but, law bless him, that was no matter.” Then she hesitated. “He had been speaking to Mike Rogers that morning. You wouldn’t go and get us into trouble,” said the old crone, with a wistful, doubtful scanning interrogation of the eyes: “but I am his good lady, and ’ave been these thirty years, and it do seem hard upon the gals, and if you could speak the word, sir, and get them out. . . .”

“Out?” said Jack.

“From the black kitchen—so they name it,” said the old crone, mysteriously: “the cellar under the master’s stairs. Kate Hill has been in and out a week come yesterday. I knowed her grandmother, poor soul. She shouldn’t have spoke tighty to the missis; but she is young and don’t know no better, and my good man and me was thinking if maybe you could say a word, sir—as if from yourself. Maybe you heard her as you went upstairs, sir; for we know our cries is ’eard.”

So this was it. The moans in the air were not fancy, the complainings had been the real complaints of some one in suffering and pain.

“Here is the book,” said Jack, suddenly; “and I’m afraid you can have no more snuff, ma’am.” And with a start poor old Betty Rogers nearly stumbled over the matron, who was standing at his door.

“Well, what is it you’re wanting now?” said Mrs. Bulcox. “You mustn’t allow them to come troubling you, Mr. Trevithic.”

“I am not here for long, Mrs. Bulcox,” said Jack, shrugging his shoulders. “While I stay I may as well do all I can for these poor creatures.”

A gleam of satisfaction came into Mrs. Bulcox's face at the notion of his approaching departure. He had been writing all the morning, covering sheets and sheets of paper. He had been doing no harm, and she felt she could go out for an hour with her Bulcox, with an easy mind.

As Mr. and Mrs. Bulcox came home together, Jack, who was looking from his bedroom window, saw them walking up the street. He had put up his sheets of paper in an envelope, and stamped it, and addressed it. He had not wasted his time during their absence, and he had visited a part of the workhouse unknown to him before, having bribed one pauper and frightened another into showing him the way. Mr. Bulcox coming under the window heard Jack calling to him affably. "Would you be so kind as to post this packet for me?" cried Jack. The post-box was next-door to the workhouse. "Thank you," he said, as Mr. Bulcox picked up the thick letter which came falling to the ground at his feet. It was addressed to Colonel the Hon. Charles Hambleton, Lowndes Square, London. "Keeps very 'igh company," said Bulcox to his wife, and he felt quite pleased to post a letter addressed to so distinguished a personage.

"Thank you," said Jack again, looking very savagely pleased and amused; "it was of importance." He did not add that it was a letter to the editor of the *Jupiter*, who was a friend of his friend's. Trevithic liked the notion of having got Bulcox to fix the noose round his own neck. He felt ashamed of the part he was playing, but he did not hurry himself for that. It was necessary to know all, in order to sweep clean once he began. Poor Kate Hill still in durance received a mysterious and encouraging message, and one or two comforts were smuggled in to her by her gaoler. On the Wednesday morning his letter would appear in the *Jupiter*—nothing more could be done until then. Next day was Tuesday: he would go over to Sandsea and talk Anne into reason, and get back in time for the board; and in the meantime Jack dressed himself and went to dine with the widows.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARCÆ CUT A THREAD OF MRS. TREVITHIC'S KNITTING.

MRS. MYLES' cousin, Mrs. Garnier, lived in a quaint, comfortable-looking low house on the Chester high-road, with one or two bow-windows and gables standing out for no apparent reason, and a gallery upstairs, with four or five windows, which led to the drawing-room.

The two widows were very fond of one another and often together; there was a similarity in tastes and age and circumstance. The chief difference in their fate had been this—that Fanny Garnier had loved her husband, although she could not agree with him—for loving and agreeing do not go together always—and Mary Myles' married life had been at best a struggle for indifference and forgiveness; she was not a very easily

moulded woman; she could do no more than forgive and repent her own ill-doing in marrying as she did.

The trace of their two lives was set upon the cousins. A certain coldness and self-reliance, a power of living for to-day and forgetting, was the chief gift that had come to Mary Myles out of the past experience of her life. Fanny Garnier was softer, more impressionable, more easily touched and assimilated by the people with whom she came in contact; she was less crisp and bright than Mary, and older, though she was the same age. She had loved more and sorrowed more, and people remember their sorrows in after-years when their angers are forgotten and have left only a blank in their minds.

George Garnier, Fanny Garnier's husband, had belonged to that sect of people who have an odd fancy in their world for making themselves and other folks as miserable as they possibly can—for worrying and wearying and torturing, for doubting and trembling, for believing far more eagerly in justice (or retribution, which is their idea of justice) than in mercy. Terror has a strange morbid attraction for these folks—mistrust, for all they say, seems to be the motive power of their lives: they gladly offer pain and tears and penitence as a ghastly propitiation. They are of all religions and creeds; they are found with black skins and woolly heads, building up their altars and offering their human sacrifices in the unknown African deserts; they are chipping and chopping themselves before their emerald-nosed idols, who sit squatting in unclean temples; they are living in the streets and houses all round about us, in George Garnier's pleasant old cottage outside the great Hammersley city, or at number five, and six, and seven in our street, as the case may be; in the convent at Bayswater, in the manses and presbyteries. You or I may belong to the fraternity, so did many a better man, as the children say. St. Simon Stylites, Athanasius, John Calvin, Milton, Ignatius Loyola, Savonarola, not to speak of Saints A, B, C, D, and E.

Mary poured Jack out a big cup of strong tea, and brought it across the lamp-lit room to him with her own white hands. Mrs. Garnier shivered as she heard his story. The tea smoked, the lamps burnt among the flower-stands, the wood fire blazed cheerfully, for Mrs. Myles was a chilly and weak-minded person, and lit her fire all the year round, more or less. Trevithic, comfortably sunk back in a big arm-chair, felt a grateful sense of ease and rest and consolation. The atmosphere of the little house was so congenial and fragrant, the two women were such sympathizing listeners; Mary Myles' bright eyes lighted with such kindly interest; while Mrs. Garnier, silent, available, sat with her knitting under the shade of the lamp. The poor fellow was not insensible to these soothing influences. As he talked on, it seemed to him that for the first time in his life he had realized what companionship and sympathy might mean. Something invisible, harmonious, delicate, seemed to drive away from him all thought of sin or misery and turmoil when in company

with these two kind women. This was what a home might have been—a warm, flower-scented, lamp-twinkling haven, with sweet still eyes to respond and brighten at his success and to cheer his failing efforts. This was what it never, never would be, and Trevithic put the thought away. It was dangerous ground for the poor heart-weary fellow, longing for peace and home, comfort and love; whereas Anne, to whom he was bound to look for these good things, was at Sandsea, fulfilling every duty of civilized life, and not greatly troubled for her husband, but miserable on her own account, hard and vexed and deeply offended.

Mrs. Trevithic was tripping along the south cliff on the afternoon of the next day, when the sound of footsteps behind her made her stop and look round. As she saw that it was her husband coming towards her, her pale face turned a shade more pale.

“Oh, how d’ye do?” Anne said. “I did not expect you. Have you come for long?” And she scarcely waited for him to come up to her, but began to walk on immediately.

Poor John; what a coming home! He arrived with his various interests, his reforms, his forthcoming letter in the *Jupiter*; there was the offer of the bishop’s in his pocket—the momentary gladness and elation of return—and this was all he had come back to!

“Have you come on business?” Mrs. Trevithic asked.

“I wanted to see you and Dulcie,” John answered; “that was my business. Time seems very long without you both. All this long time I have only had Mrs. Myles to befriend me. I wish—I wish you would try to like the place, Anne. The two ladies seem very happy there.”

“Mrs. Myles, I have no doubt,” said Anne bitterly. “No,” she cried, “you need not talk so to me. I know too much, too much, too much,” she said, with something like real pathos in her voice.

“My dearest Anne, what do you mean?” Trevithic said kindly, hurrying after her, for she was walking very fast.

“It is too late. I cannot forgive you. I am not one of those people who can forget easily and forgive. Do you think I do not know that your love is not mine—never was—never will be mine? Do you think gossip never reaches me here, far away, though I try to live in peace and away from it all? And you dare mention Mary Myles’ name to me—you dare—you dare!” cried Anne, in her quick fierce manner.

“Of course I dare,” said Trevithic. “Enough of this, Anne,” and he looked as hard as Anne herself for a minute; then he melted. “Dear Anne, if something has failed in our home hitherto, let us forgive one another and make a new start in life. Listen,” and he pulled out the bishop’s letter and read it to her. “I need not tell you how much I wish for this.”

His wife did not answer. At first he thought she was relenting. She went a little way down the side of the cliff and waited for him, and then

suddenly turned upon him. The wash of the sea seemed to flow in time with her words.

“You are cruel—yes, cruel!” said Anne, trembling very much, and moved for once out of her calm. “You think I can bear anything,—I cannot bear your insults any longer! I must go,—leave you. Yes, listen to me, I *will* go, I tell you! My father will keep me here, me and little Dulcie, and you can have your own way, John, and go where you like. You love your own way better than anything else in the world, and it will make up to you for the home which, as you say, has been a failure on the whole.” And Mrs. Trevithic tried to choke down a gulp of bitter angry tears.

As she spoke John remembered a time not so very long ago, when Anne had first sobbed out she loved him, and when the tears which she should have gulped away had been allowed to overflow into those bitter waters of strife—alas! neither of them could have imagined possible until now.

They had been walking side by side along the beach, the parson trudging angrily a little a-head, with his long black coat flapping and swinging against his legs; Anne skimming along skilfully after him, with her quick slender footsteps; but as she went along she blamed him in her heart for every roughness and inequality of the shore, and once when she struck her foot against a stone her ire rose sore against him. Little Dulcie from the rectory garden spied them out afar off, and pointed and capered to attract their attention; but the father and mother were too much absorbed in their own troubles to heed her, even if they could have descried her small person among the grasses and trees.

“You mean to say,” said Jack, stopping short suddenly, and turning round and speaking with a faint discordant jar in his voice, “that you want to leave me, Anne?”

“Yes,” said Anne, quite calm and composed, with two glowing cheeks that alone showed that a fire of some sort was smouldering within. “Yes, John, I mean it. I have not been happy. I have not succeeded in making you happy. I think we should both be better people apart than together. I never, never felt so—so ashamed of myself in all my life as since I have been married to you. I will stay here with papa. You have given up your living; you can now go and fulfil those duties which are more to you than wife or children or home.” Anne—who was herself again by this time—calmly rolled up her parasol as she spoke and stood waiting for an answer. I think she expected a tender burst of remonstrance from her husband, a pathetic appeal, an abandonment possibly of the mad scheme which filled her with such unspeakable indignation. She had not counted on his silence. John stopped short a second time, and stood staring at the sea. He was cut to the heart; cruelly stunned and shocked and wounded by the pain, so that he had almost forgotten his wife’s presence, or what he should say,

or anything but the actual suffering that he was enduring. It seemed like a revelation of a horrible secret to which he had been blind all along. It was like a curse falling upon his home—undreamt of for a time, and suddenly realized. A great swift hatred flamed up in his heart against the calm and passive creature who had wrought it—who was there before him waiting for his assent to her excellent arrangements; a hatred, indeed, of which she was unworthy and unconscious; for Anne was a woman of slow perception. It took a long time for her to realize the effect of her words, or to understand what was passing in other people's minds. She was not more annoyed now with Trevithic than she had been for a long time past. She had no conception of the furies of scorn and hatred which were battling and tearing at the poor fellow's kind heart; she had not herself begun to respond even to her own emotions; and so she stood quite quietly, expecting, like some stupid bird by the water's edge, waiting for the wave to overwhelm her. "Do you not agree with me?" she said at last. Trevithic was roused by his wife's question, and answered it. "Yes; just as you wish," he said, in an odd, cracked voice, with a melancholy jar in it. "Just as you like, Anne." And without looking at her again, he began once more to tramp along the shingle, crushing the pebbles under his feet as he went. The little stones started and rolled away under his impatient tread. Anne from habit followed him, without much thinking where she was going, or what aim she had in so doing; but she could not keep up with his strong progress—the distance widened and widened between them. John walked farther away, while Mrs. Trevithic following after, trying in vain to hasten her lagging steps, grew sad and frightened all at once as she saw him disappearing in the distance. Her feet failed, her heart sank, her courage died away all suddenly. Like a flame blown out all the fire of her vexation and impatience was gone, and only a dreary nothing remained. And more hard to bear even than the troubles, the pains, the aches, the longings of life, are its blanks and its wants. Outer darkness, with the tormenting fires and the companion devils, is not the outer darkness that has overwhelmed strong hearts with terror and apprehension. No words, no response, silence, abandonment—to us weak, loving, longing human creatures, that is the worst fate of all.

Anne became very tired, struggling after Trevithic. A gull flapped across her path, and frightened her. Little by little she began to realize that she had sent him away, and he was going. She could see him still; he had not yet turned up the steps from the cliff to the rectory garden, but he was gone as certainly as if she could no longer see him. And then she began to learn in a void of incredulous amaze, poor sluggish soul, that life was hard, very hard, and terribly remorseless; that when you strike, the blow falls; that what you wish is not always what you want; that it is easy to call people to you once perhaps, and to send them away once, but that when they come they stay, and when they go they are

gone and all is over. Why was he so headstrong, so ungrateful, so unreasonable? Was she not right to blame him? and had he not owned himself to be in the wrong? Ah, poor wife, poor wife! Something choking and blinding seemed to smite the unhappy woman in her turn. She reached the steps at last that lead up the cliff to the rectory garden where little Dulcie had been playing when her mother left her. Anne longed to find her there—to clutch her in her poor aching arms, and cover her sweet little rosy face with kisses. “Dulcie,” she called, “Dulcie, Dulcie!” her voice echoing so sadly that it struck herself, but Dulcie’s cheery little scream of gladness did not answer, and Anne—who took this silence as a bad omen—felt her heart sink lower. In a dim way she felt that if she could have met Dulcie all would have been well.

She was calling still, when some one answered; figures came to the hall-door, half-a-dozen officious hands were outstretched, and friendly greetings met her. There was Miss Triquett who was calling with Miss Moineaux, and Miss Simmonds who had driven up in her basket-carriage, and old Mr. Bellingham trying in a helpless way to entertain his visitresses, and to make himself agreeable to them all. The old gentleman, much relieved at the sight of his daughter, called her to him with a cheerful, “Ah, my dear, here you are. I shall now leave these ladies in better hands than mine. I am sorry to say I have a sermon to write.” And Mr. Bellingham immediately and benevolently trotted away.

With the curious courage of women, and long habitude, Mrs. Trevithic took off her hat and smoothed her straight hair, and sat down, and mechanically began to make conversation for the three old ladies who established themselves comfortably in the pleasant bow-windowed drawing-room and prepared for a good chat. Miss Simmonds took the sofa as her right (as I have said before, size has a certain precedence of its own). Miss Triquett, as usual, rapidly glanced round the apartment, took in the importation of workboxes, baskets, toy-boxes, &c., which Anne’s arrival had scattered about, the trimming on Mrs. Trevithic’s dress, the worn lines under her eyes. Mrs. Trevithic took her knitting from one of the baskets, and rang the bell and desired the man to find Miss Dulcie and send her; and meanwhile the stream of conversation flowed on uninterruptedly. Mr. Trevithic was well. Only come for a day! And the little girl? Thanks—yes. Little Dulcie’s cold had been severe—linseed-poultices, squills, ipecacuanha wine;—thanks, yes. Mrs. Trevithic was already aware of their valuable medicinal properties. Mr. Pelligrew, the present curate, had sprained his thumb in the pulpit-door—wet bandages, &c. &c. Here Miss Simmonds, whose eyes had been fixed upon the window all this time, suddenly exclaimed,—

“How fond your husband is of that dear child Dulcie, Mrs. Trevithic! Where she is with her papa in the garden.”

“Dear me!” said Triquett, stretching her long neck and lighting up

with excitement. "Mr. Trevithic must be going away; you never told us. He is carrying a carpet-bag."

As she spoke, Anne, who had been sitting with her back to the window, started up and her knitting fell off her lap. She was irresolute for an instant. He could not be going—going like that, without a word. No, she would not go to him.

"O dear me!" said Miss Simmonds, who had been trying to hook up the little rolling balls of worsted with the end of her parasol, "just see what I have done." And she held it up spindle fashion with the long thread twisted round it and hooked.

"I think I can undo it," said Miss Moineaux.

"I beg your pardon, I—I want to speak to my husband," said Mrs. Trevithic, starting up and running to the door.

"He is gone," said Miss Triquett to the others, looking once more out through the big pleasant window. "Dear Miss Moineaux, into what a mess you have got that knitting—let me cut the thread."

"Poor thing, she is too late," said Miss Moineaux, letting the two ends of the thread fall to the ground.



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The Cornhill magazine

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