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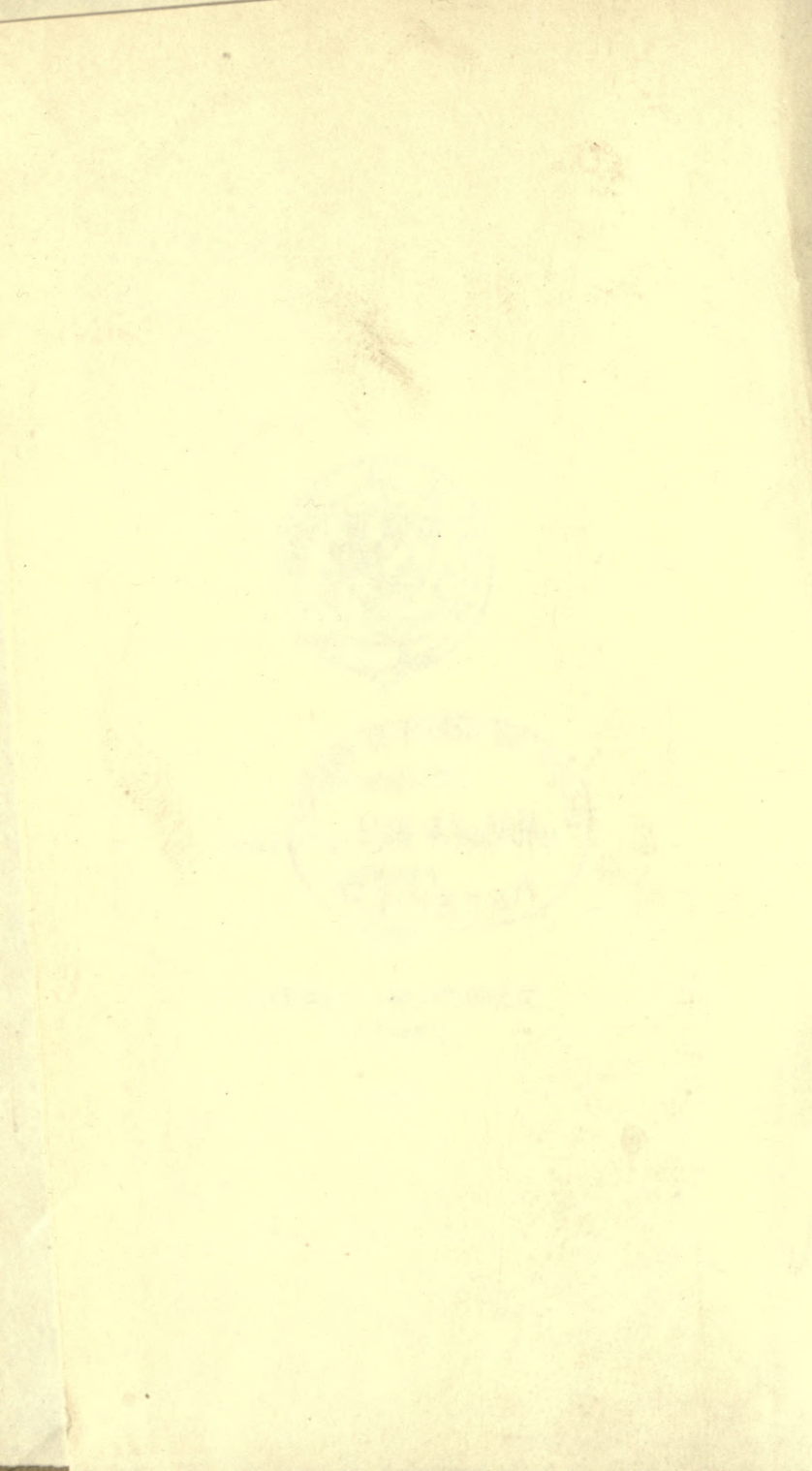
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VOL. XIX.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1869.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

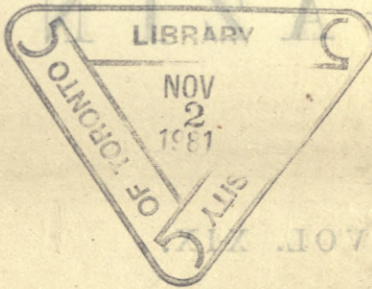
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"THIS IS THE WORK OF ONE WHO EARNS SIX HUNDRED FLORINS A YEAR."

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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1869.

That Boy of Norcott's.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GOOD-BY.



WHILE I strolled into the garden to select a table for our dinner, Eccles went in search of Mr. Delorme, and though he had affected to say that the important duty of devising the feast should be confided to the host, I could plainly see that my respected tutor accepted his share in that high responsibility.

I will only say of the feast in question that, though I was daily accustomed to the admirable dinners of my father's table, I had no conception of what exquisite devices in cookery could be produced by the skill of an accomplished restaurateur, left free to his own fancy, and without limitation as to the bill.

One thing alone detracted from the perfect enjoyment of the banquet. It was the appearance of Mr. Delorme himself, white-cravatted and gloved, carrying in the soup. It was an attention that he usually reserved for great personages, royalties, or high dignitaries of the court; and I was shocked that he should have selected me for the honour, not the less as it was only a few hours before he and I had been drinking champagne

with much clinking of glasses together, and interchanging the most affectionate vows of eternal friendship.

I arose from my chair to salute him, but, as he deposited the tureen upon the table, he stepped back and bowed low, and retreated in this fashion, with the same humble reverence at every step, till he was lost in the distance.

"Sit down," said Eccles, with a peculiar look, as though to warn me that I was forgetting my dignity; and then, to divert my attention, he added, "That green seal is an attention Delorme offers you—a very rare favour too—a bottle of his own peculiar Johannisberg. Let us drink his health. Now, Digby, I call this something very nigh perfection."

It was a theme my tutor understood thoroughly, and there was not a dish nor a wine that he did not criticize.

"I was always begging your father to take this cook, Digby," said he, with a half sigh. "Even with a first-rate artist you need change, otherwise your dinners become manneristic, as ours have become of late."

He then went on to show me that the domestic cook, always appealing to the small public of the family, gets narrowed in his views and bounded in his resources. He compared them, I remember, to the writers in certain religious newspapers, who must always go on spicing higher and higher as the palates of their clients grow more jaded. How he worked out his theme afterwards I cannot tell, for I was watching the windows of the house, and stealing glances down the alleys in the garden, longing for one look, ever so fleeting, of my lovely partner of the night before.

"I see, young gentleman," said he, evidently nettled at my inattention, "your thoughts are not with me."

"How long have we to stay, sir?" said I, reverting to the respect I tendered him at my lessons.

"You have thirty-eight minutes," said he, examining his watch: "which I purpose to apportion in this wise,—eight for the *douceur*, five for the cheese, fifteen for the dessert, five for coffee and a glass of *curaçoa*. The bill and our parting compliments will take the rest, giving us three minutes to walk across to the station."

These sort of pedantries were a passion with him, and I did not interpose a word as he spoke.

"What, a pineapple!" cried a young fellow from an adjoining table, as a waiter deposited a magnificent pine in the midst of the bouquet that adorned our table.

"Monsieur Delorme begs to say, sir, this has just arrived from Lacken."

"Don't you know who that is?" said a companion, in a low voice; but my hearing, ever acute, caught the words,—“He's that boy of Norcott's."

I started as if I had received a blow. It was time to resent these insolences, and make an end of them for ever.

"You heard what that man yonder has called me?" said I to Eccles.

"No; I was not minding him."

"The old impertinence,—'That boy of Norcott's.'"

I arose, and took the cane I had laid against a chair. What I was about to do I knew not. I felt I should launch some insolent provocation. As for what should follow, the event might decide *that*.

"I'd not mind him, Digby," said Eccles, carelessly, as he lit his cigarette, and stretched his legs on a vacant chair. I took no notice of his words, but walked on. Before, however, I had made three steps my eyes caught the flutter of a dress at the end of the alley. It was merely the last folds of some floating muslin, but it was enough to rout all other thoughts from my head, and I flew down the walk with lightning speed. I was right, it was Pauline. In an instant I was beside her.

"Dearest, darling Pauline," I cried, seizing her round the waist and kissing her cheek, before she well knew, "how happy it makes me to see you even for a few seconds."

"Ah, milord, I did not expect to see you here," said she, half distantly.

"I am not milord; I am your own Digby—Digby Norcott, who loves you, and will make you his wife."

"Ma foi! children don't marry—at least demoiselles don't marry them," said she, with a saucy laugh.

"I am no more an 'enfant,'" said I, with a passionate stress on the word, "than I was last night, when you never left my arm except to sit at my side at supper."

"But you are going away," said she, pouting, "else why that travelling dress, and that sack strapped at your side?"

"Only for a few weeks. A short tour up the Rhine, Pauline, to see the world, and complete my education, and then I will come back and marry you, and you shall be mistress of a beautiful house, and have everything you can think of."

"Vrai?" asked she, with a little laugh.

"I swear it by this kiss."

"Pardie, monsieur! you are very adventurous," said she, repulsing me; "you will make me not regret that you are going so soon."

"Oh, Pauline! when you know that I adore you, that I only value wealth to share it with you; that all I ask of life is to devote it to you."

"And that you haven't got full thirty seconds left for that admirable object," broke in Eccles. "We must run for it like fury, boy, or we shall be late."

"I'll not go."

"Then I'll be shot if I stay here and meet your father," said he, turning away.

"Oh, Pauline, dearest, dearest of my heart!" I sobbed out, as I fell upon her neck; and the vile bell of the railroad rang out with its infernal discord as I clasped her to my heart.

"Come along, and confound you," cried Eccles; and with a porter

on one side and Eccles on the other, I was hurried along down the garden, across a road, and along a platform, where the station-master, wild with passion, stamped and swore in a very different mood from that in which he smiled at me across the supper-table the night before.

"We're waiting for that boy of Norcott's, I vow," said an old fellow with a grey moustache; and I marked him out for future recognition.

Unlike my first journey, where all seemed confusion, trouble, and annoyance, I now saw only pleasant faces, and people bent on enjoyment. We were on the great tourist road of Europe, and it seemed as though every one was bound on some errand of amusement. Eccles, too, was a pleasant contrast to the courier who took charge of me on my first journey. Nothing could be more genial than his manner. He treated me with a perfect equality, and by that greatest of all flatteries to one of my age, induced me to believe that I was actually companionable to himself.

I will not pretend that he was an instructive companion. He had neither knowledge of history nor feeling for art, and rather amused himself with sneering at both, and quizzing such of our fellow-travellers as the practice was safe with. But he was always gay, always in excellent spirits, ready to make light of the passing annoyances of the road, and, as he said himself, he always carried a quart-bottle of condensed sunshine with him against a rainy day; and of my own knowledge I can say his supply seemed inexhaustible.

His cheery manner, his bright good looks, and his invariable good-humour won upon every one, and the sourest and least genial people thawed into some show of warmth under his contagious pleasantry.

He did not care in what direction we went, and would have left it entirely to me to decide, had I been able to determine. All he stipulated for was:—"No barbarism, no Oberland or glacier humbug. No Saxon Switzerland abominations. So long as we travel in a crowd, and meet good cookery every day, you'll find me charming."

Into this philosophy he inducted me. "Make life pleasant, Digby; never go in search of annoyances. Duns and disagreeables will come of themselves, and it's no bad fun dodging them. It's only a fool ever keeps their company."

A more shameless immorality might have revolted me, but this peddling sort of wickedness, this half-jesting with right and wrong,—giving to morals the aspect of a game in which a certain kind of address was practicable,—was very seductive to one of my age and temper. I fancied, too, that I was becoming a consummate man of the world, and his praises of my proficiency were unsparingly bestowed.

Attaching ourselves to this or that party of travellers, we would go off here or there, in any direction, for four or five days; and though I usually found myself growing fond of those I became more intimate with, and sorry to part from them, Eccles invariably wearied of the pleasantest people after a day or two. Incessant change seemed essential to him, and his nature and his spirits flagged when denied it.

What I least liked about him, however, was a habit he had of "trotting" me out—his own name for it—before strangers. My knowledge of languages, my skill at games, my little musical talents, he would parade in a way that I found positively offensive. Nor was this all, for I found he represented me as the son of a man of immense wealth and of a rank commensurate with his fortune.

One must have gone through the ordeal of such a representation to understand its vexations, to know all the impertinences it can evoke from some, all the slavish attentions from others. I feel a hot flush of shame on my cheek now, after long years, as I think of the mortifications I went through, as *Eccles* would suggest that I should buy some princely chateau that we saw in passing, or some lordly park alongside of which our road was lying.

As to remonstrating with him on this score, or, indeed, on any other, it was utterly hopeless; not to say that it was just as likely he would amuse the first group of travellers we met by a ludicrous version of my attempt to coerce him into good behaviour.

One day he pushed my patience beyond all limit, and I grew downright angry with him. I had been indulging in that harmless sort of half-flirtation with a young lady, a fellow-traveller, which, not transgressing the bounds of small attentions, does not even excite remark or rebuke.

"Don't listen to that young gentleman's blandishments," said he, laughing, "for, young as he looks, he is already engaged. Come, come, don't look as though you'd strike me, Digby, but deny it if you can."

We were, fortunately for me, coming into a station as he spoke. I sprang out, and travelled third-class the rest of the day to avoid him, and when we met at night, I declared that with one such liberty more I'd part company with him for ever.

The hearty good-humour with which he assured me I should not be offended again almost made me ashamed of my complaint. We shook hands over our reconciliation, and vowed we were better friends than ever.

What it cost him to abandon this habit of exalting me before strangers, how nearly it touched one of the chief pleasures of his life, I was, as I thought, soon to see in the altered tone of his manner. In fact, it totally destroyed the easy flippancy he used to wield, and a facility with strangers that once seemed like a special gift with him. I tried in vain to rally him out of this half depression, but it was clear he was not a man of many resources, and that I had already sapped a principal one.

While we thus journeyed, he said to me one day, "I find, Digby, our money is running short; we must make for Zurich: it is the nearest of the places on our letter of credit."

I assented, of course, and we bade adieu to a pleasant family with whom we had been travelling, and who were bound for Dresden, assuring them we should meet them on the Elbe.

Eccles had grown of late more and more serious; not alone had his gaiety deserted him, but he grew absent and forgetful to an absurd extent;

and it was evident some great preoccupation had hold of him. During the entire of the last day before we reached Zurich he scarcely spoke a word, and as I saw that he had received some letters at Schaffhausen, I attributed his gloom to their tidings. As he had not spoken to me of bad news, I felt ashamed to obtrude myself on his confidence and kept silent, and not a word passed between us as we went. He had telegraphed to the banker, a certain Mr. Heinfetter, to order rooms for us at the hotel; and as we alighted at the door, the gentleman himself was there to meet us.

"Herr Eccles?" said he, eagerly, lifting his hat as we descended; and Eccles moved towards him, and, taking his arm, walked away to some distance, leaving me alone and unnoticed. For several minutes they appeared in closest confab, their heads bent close together, and at last I saw Eccles shake himself free from the other's arm, and throw up both his hands in the air with a gesture of wild despair. I began to suspect some disaster had befallen our remittances, that they were lost or suppressed, and that Eccles was overwhelmed by the misfortune. I own I could not participate in the full measure of the misery it seemed to cause him, and I lighted a cigar and sat down on a stone bench to wait patiently his return.

"I believe you are right; it is the best way, after all," said Eccles, hurriedly. "You say you'll look after the boy, and I'll start by the ten-o'clock train."

"Yes, I'll take the boy," said the other; "but you'll have to look sharp and lose no time. They will be sequestering the moment they hear of it, and I half suspect old Engler will be before you."

"But my personal effects? I have things of value."

"Hush, hush! he'll overhear you. Come, young gentleman," said he to me—"come home and sup with me. The hotel is so full, they've no quarters for you. I'll try if I can't put you up."

Eccles stood with his head bent down as we moved away, then lifted his eyes, waved his hand a couple of times, and said, "By-by."

"Isn't he coming with us?" asked I.

"Not just yet: he has some business to detain him," said the banker, and we moved on.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

HERR HEINFETTER was a bachelor, and lived in a very modest fashion over his banking-house, and as he was employed from morning till night, I saw next to nothing of him. Eccles, he said, had been called away, and though I eagerly asked where? by whom? and for how long? I got no other answer than "he is called away," in very German English, and with a stolidity of look fully as Teutonic.

The banker was not talkative: he smoked all the evening, and drank beer,

and except an occasional monosyllabic comment on its excellence, said little.

"Ach, ja!" he would say, looking at me fixedly, as though assenting to some not exactly satisfactory conclusion his mind had come to about me—"Ach, ja!" And I would have given a good deal at the time to know to what peculiar feature of my fortune or my fate this half-compassionate exclamation extended.

"Is Eccles never coming back?" cried I, one day, as the post came in, and no tidings of him appeared; "is he never coming at all?"

"Never, no more."

"Not coming back!" cried I.

"No; not come back no more."

"Then what am I staying here for? Why do I wait for him?"

"Because you have no money to go elsewhere," said he, and for once he gave way to something he thought was a laugh.

"I don't understand you, Herr Heinfetter," said I; "our letter of credit, Mr. Eccles told me, was on your house here. Is it exhausted, and must I wait for a remittance?"

"It is exhaust; Mr. Eccles exhaust it."

"So that I must write for money; is that so?"

"You may write and write, mein lieber, but it won't come."

Herr Heinfetter drained his tall glass, and, leaning his arms on the table, said: "I will tell you in German, you know it well enough." And forthwith he began a story, which lost nothing of the pain and misery it caused me by the unsympathizing tone and stolid look of the narrator. For my readers' sake, as for my own, I will condense it into the fewest words I can, and omit all that Herr Heinfetter inserted either as comment or censure. My father had eloped with Madame Cleremont! They had fled to Innsprück, from which my father returned to the neighbourhood of Belgium, to offer Cleremont a meeting. Cleremont, however, possessed in his hands a reparation he liked better—my father's cheque-book, with a number of signed but unfilled cheques. These he at once filled up to the last shilling of his credit, and drew out the money, so that my father's first draft on London was returned dishonoured. The villa and all its splendid contents were sequestrated, and an action for divorce, with ten thousand pounds laid as damages, already commenced. Of three thousand francs, which our letter assured us at Zurich, Eccles had drawn two thousand: he would have taken all, but Heinfetter, who prudently foresaw I must be got rid of some day, retained one thousand to pay my way. Eccles had gone, promising to return when he had saved his own effects, or what he called his own, from the wreck; but a few lines had come from him to say the smash was complete, the "huissiers" in possession, seals on everything, and "not even the horses watered without a gendarme present in full uniform."

"Tell Digby, if we travel together again, he'll not have to complain of my puffing him off for a man of fortune; and, above all, advise him to avoid

Brussels in his journeyings. He'll find his father's creditors, I'm afraid, far more attached to him than Mademoiselle Pauline."

His letter wound up with a complaint over his own blighted prospects, for, of course, his chance of the presentation was now next to hopeless, and he did not know what line of life he might be driven to.

And now, shall I own that, ruined and deserted as I was, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, there was no part of all the misery I felt more bitterly than the fate of her who had been so kindly affectionate to me—who had nursed me so tenderly in sickness, and been the charming companion of my happiest hours. At first, it seemed incredible. My father's manner to her had ever been coldness itself, and I could only lead myself to believe the story by imagining how the continued cruelty of Cleremont had actually driven the unhappy woman to entreat protection against his barbarity. It was as well I should think so, and it served to soften the grief and assuage the intensity of the sorrow the event caused me. I cried over it two entire days and part of a third, and so engrossed was I with this affliction, that not a thought of myself, or of my own destitution, ever crossed me.

"Do you know where my father is?" asked I of the banker.

"Yes," said he, drily.

"May I have his address? I wish to write to him."

"This is what he send for message," said he, producing a telegram, the address of which he had carefully torn off. "It is of you he speak. 'Do what you like with him, except bother me. Let him have whatever money is in your hands to my credit, and let him understand he has no more to expect from Roger Norcott.'"

"May I keep this paper, sir?" asked I, in a humble tone.

"I see no reason against it. Yes," muttered he. "As to the moneys, Eccles have drawn eighty pound; there is forty remain to you."

I sat down and covered my face with my hands. It was a habit with me when I wanted to apply myself fully to thought; but Herr Heinfetter suspected that I had given way to grief, and began to cheer me up. I at once undeceived him, and said, "No, I was not crying, sir; I was only thinking what I had best do. If you allow me, I will go up to my room, and think it over by myself. I shall be calmer, even if I hit on nothing profitable."

I passed twelve hours alone, occasionally dropping off to sleep out of sheer weariness, for my brain worked hard, travelling over a wide space, and taking in every contingency and every accident I could think of. I might go back and seek out my mother; but to what end, if I should only become a dependant on her? No: far better that I should try and obtain some means of earning a livelihood, ever so humble, abroad, than spread the disgrace of my family at home. Perhaps Herr Heinfetter might accept my services in some shape; I could be anything but a servant.

When I told him I wished to earn my bread, he looked doubtingly at

me in silence, shaking his head, and muttering, "Nein, niemals, nein," in every cadence of despair.

"Could you not try me, sir?" pleaded I, earnestly; but his head moved sadly in refusal.

"I will think of it," he said at last, and he left me.

He was good as his word: he thought of it for two whole days, and then said that he had a correspondent on the shore of the Adriatic, in a little-visited town, where no news of my father's history was like to reach, and that he would write to him to take me into his counting-house in some capacity: a clerk, or possibly a messenger, till I should prove myself worthy of being advanced to the desk. It would be hard work, however, he said; Herr Oppovich was a Slavac, and they were people who gave themselves few indulgences, and their dependants still fewer.

He went on to tell me, that the house of Hodnig and Oppovich had been a wealthy firm formerly, but that Hodnig had over-specified, and died of a broken heart; that now, after years of patient toil and thrift, Oppovich had restored the credit of the house, and was in good repute in the world of trade. Some time back he had written to Heinfetter to send him a young fellow who knew languages and was willing to work.

"That's all," he said; "shall I venture to tell him that I recommend you for these?"

"Let me have a trial," said I, gravely.

"I will write your letter to-night, then, and you shall set out to-morrow for Vienna; thence you'll take the rail to Trieste, and by sea you'll reach Fiume, where Herr Oppovich lives."

I thanked him heartily, and went to my room.

On the morning that followed began my new life. I was no longer to be the pampered and spoiled child of fortune, surrounded with every appliance of luxury, and waited on by obsequious servants. I was now to travel modestly, to fare humbly, and to ponder over the smallest outlay, lest it should limit me in some other quarter of greater need. But of all the changes in my condition, none struck me so painfully at first as the loss of consideration from strangers that immediately followed my fallen state. People who had no concern with my well-to-do condition, who could take no possible interest in my prosperity, had been courteous to me hitherto, simply because I was prosperous, and were now become something almost the reverse for no other reason, that I could see, than that I was poor.

Where before I had met willingness to make my acquaintance, and an almost cordial acceptance, I was now to find distance and reserve. Above all, I discovered that there was a general distrust of the poor man, as though he were one more especially exposed to rash influences, and more likely to yield to them.

I got some sharp lessons in these things the first few days of my journey, but I dropped down at last into the third-class train, and found myself at ease. My fellow-travellers were not very polished or very

cultivated, but in one respect their good breeding had the superiority over that of finer folk. They never questioned my right to be saving, nor seemed to think the worse of me for being poor.

Herr Heinfetter had counselled me to stay a few days at Vienna, and provide myself with clothes more suitable to my new condition than those I was wearing.

“If old Ignaz Oppovich saw a silk-lined coat, he'd soon send you about your business,” said he; “and as to that fine watch-chain and its gay trinkets, you have only to appear with it once to get your dismissal.”

It was not easy, with my little experience of life, to see how these things should enter into an estimate of me, or why Herr Ignaz should concern him with other attributes of mine than such as touched my clerkship; but as I was entering on a world where all was new, where not only the people, but their prejudices and their likings were all strange to me, I resolved to approach them in an honest spirit, and with a desire to conform to them as well as I was able.

Lest the name Norcott appearing in the newspapers in my father's case should connect me with his story, Heinfetter advised me to call myself after my mother's family, which sounded, besides, less highly born, and I had my passport made out in the name of Digby Owen.

“Mind, lad,” said the banker, as he parted with me, “give yourself no airs with Ignaz Oppovich; do not turn up your nose at his homely fare, or handle his coarse napkin as if it hurt your skin, as I have seen you do here. From his door to destitution there is only a step, and bethink yourself twice before you take it. I have done all I mean to do by you, more than I shall ever be paid for. And now good-by.”

This sort of language grated very harshly on my ears at first, but I had resolved to bear my lot courageously, and conform, where I could, to the tone of those I had come down to.

I thanked him, then, respectfully and calmly for his hospitality to me, and went my way.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIUME.

“I SAW a young fellow, so like that boy of Norcott's, in a third-class carriage,” I overheard a traveller say to his companion, as we stopped to sup at Gratz.

“He'll have scarcely come to that, I fancy,” said the other, “though Norcott must have run through nearly everything by this time.”

It was about the last time I was to hear myself called in this fashion. They who were to know me thenceforward were to know me by another name, and in a rank that had no traditions; and I own I accepted this humble fortune with a more contented spirit and with less chagrin than it cost me to hear myself spoken of in this half-contemptuous fashion.

I was now very plainly, simply dressed. I made no display of studs or watch-chain; I even gave up the ring I used to wear, and took care that my gloves—in which I once was almost puppyish—should be the commonest and the cheapest.

If there was something that at moments fell very heavily on my heart in the utter destitution of my lot, there was, on the other hand, what nerved my heart and stimulated me in the thought that there was some heroism in what I was doing. I was, so to say, about to seek my fortune; and what to a young mind could be more full of interest and anticipation than such a thought? To be entirely self-dependent, to be thrown into situations of difficulty, with nothing but one's own resources to rely on, to be obliged to rely on one's head for counsel, and one's heart for courage, to see oneself, as it were, alone against the world, is intensely exciting.

In the days of romance there were personal perils to confront, and appalling dangers to be surmounted; but now it was a game of life, to be played, not merely with a stout heart and a ready hand, but with a cool head and a steady eye. Young as I was, I had seen a great deal. In that strange comedy of which my father's guests were the performers, there was great insight into character to be gained, and a marvellous knowledge of that skill by which they who live by their wits cultivate these same wits to live.

If I was not totally corrupted by the habits and ways of that life, I owe it wholly to those teachings of my dear mother, which, through all the turmoil and confusion of this ill-regulated existence, still held a place in my heart, and led me again and again to ask myself how *she* would think of this, or what judgment she would pass on that; and even in this remnant of a conscience there was some safety. I tried to persuade myself that it was well for me that all this was now over, and that an honest existence was now about to open to me—an existence in which my good mother's lessons would avail me more, stimulate me to the right and save me from the wrong, and give to the humblest cares of daily labour a halo that never had shone on my life of splendour.

It was late at night when I reached Trieste, and I left it at daybreak. The small steamer in which I had taken my passage followed the coast line, calling at even the most insignificant little towns and villages, and winding its track through that myriad of islands which lie scattered along this strange shore. The quiet, old-world look of these quaint towns, the simple articles they dealt in, the strange dress, and the stranger sounds of the language of these people, all told me into what a new life I had just set foot, and how essential it was to leave all my former habits behind me as I entered here.

The sun had just gone below the sea, as we rounded the great promontory of the north and entered the bay of Fiume. Scarcely had we passed in, than the channel seemed to close behind us, and we were moving along over what looked like a magnificent lake bounded on every

side by lofty mountains—for the islands of the bay are so placed that they conceal the openings to the Adriatic. If the base of the great mountains was steeped in a blue, deep and mellow as the sea itself, their summits glowed in the carbuncle tints of the setting sun, and over these again long lines of cloud, golden and azure streaks, marked the sky, almost on fire, as it were, with the last parting salute of the glorious orb that was setting. It was not merely that I had never seen, but I could not have imagined such beauty of landscape, and as we swept quietly along nearer the shore, and I could mark the villas shrouded in the deep woods of chestnut and oak, and saw the olive and the cactus, with the orange and the cleander, bending their leafy branches over the blue water, I thought to myself, would not a life there be nearer Paradise than anything wealth and fortune could buy elsewhere?

“There, yonder,” said the captain, pointing to the ornamented chimneys of a house surrounded by a deep oak-wood, and the terrace of which overhung the sea, “that’s the villa of old Ignaz Oppovich. They say the Emperor tempted him with half a million of florins to sell it, but miser as he was and is, the old fellow refused it.”

“Is that Oppovich of the firm of Hodnig and Oppovich?” asked I.

“Yes; the house is all Oppovich’s now, and half Fiume too, I believe.”

“There are worse fellows than old Ignaz,” said another gravely. “I wonder what would become of the hospital, or the poor-house, or the asylum for the orphans here, but for him.”

“He’s a Jew,” said another, spitting out with contempt.

“A Jew that could teach many a Christian the virtues of his own faith,” cried the former. “A Jew that never refused an alms to the poor, no matter of what belief, and that never spoke ill of his neighbour.”

“I never heard as much good of him before, and I have been a member of the town council with him these thirty years.”

The other touched his hat respectfully in recognition of the speaker’s rank, and said no more.

I took my little portmanteau in my hand as we landed, and made for a small hotel which faced the sea. I had determined not to present myself to the Herr Oppovich till morning, and to take that evening to see the town and its neighbourhood.

As I strolled about, gazing with a stranger’s curiosity at all that was new and odd to me in this quiet spot, I felt coming over me that deep depression which almost invariably falls upon him who, alone and friendless, makes first acquaintance with the scene wherein he is to live. How hard it is for him to believe that the objects he sees can ever become of interest to him; how impossible it seems that he will live to look on this as home; that he will walk that narrow street as a familiar spot; giving back the kindly greetings that he gets, and feeling that strange, mysterious sense of brotherhood that grows out of daily intercourse with the same people!

I was curious to see where the Herr Oppovich lived, and found the place after some search. The public garden of the town, a prettily planted spot, lies between two mountain streams, flanked by tall mountains, and is rather shunned by the inhabitants from its suspicion of damp. Through this deserted spot,—for I saw not one being as I went,—I passed on to a dark copse at the extreme end, and beyond which a small wooden bridge led over to a garden wildly overgrown with evergreens and shrubs, and so neglected, that it was not easy at first to select the right path amongst the many that led through the tangled brushwood. Following one of these, I came out on a little lawn in front of a long low house of two storeys. The roof was high-pitched, and the windows narrow and defended by strong iron shutters, which lay open on the outside wall, displaying many a bolt and bar, indicative of strength and resistance. No smoke issued from a chimney, not a sound broke the stillness, nor was there a trace of any living thing around,—desolation like it I had never seen. At last, a mean, half-starved dog crept coweringly across the lawn, and drawing nigh the door, stood and whined plaintively. After a brief pause the door opened, the animal stole in, the door then closed with a bang, and all was still as before. I turned back towards the town with a heavy heart: a gloomy dread of those I was to be associated with on the morrow was over me, and I went to the inn and locked myself into my room, and fell upon my bed with a sense of desolation that found vent at last in a torrent of tears.

As I look back on the night that followed, it seems to me one of the saddest passages of my life. If I fell asleep it was to dream of the past, with all its exciting pleasures and delights, and then awaking suddenly, I found myself in this wretched, poverty-stricken room, where every object spoke of misery, and recalled me to the thought of a condition as ignoble and as lowly.

I remember well how I longed for day-dawn, that I might get up and wander along the shore, and taste the fresh breeze, and hear the plash of the sea, and seek in that greater, wider, and more beautiful world of nature a peace that my own despairing thoughts would not suffer me to enjoy. And at the first gleam of light I did steal down, and issue forth, to walk for hours along the bay in a sort of enchantment from the beauty of the scene, that filled me at last with a sense of almost happiness. I thought of Pauline, too, and wondered would *she* partake of the delight this lovely spot imparted to *me*? would *she* see these leafy woods, that bold mountain, that crystal sea, with its glittering sands many a fathom deep, as I saw them? And if so, what a stimulus to labour and grow rich was in the thought.

In pleasant reveries, that dashed the future with much that had delighted me in the past, the hours rolled on till it was time to present myself at Herr Oppovich's. Armed with my letter of introduction, I soon found myself at the door of a large warehouse, over which his name stood in big letters. A narrow wooden stair ascended steeply from the entrance to a long low room, in which fully twenty clerks were busily

engaged at their desks. At the end of this, in a smaller room, I was told Herr Ignaz—for he was always so called—held his private office.

Before I was well conscious of it, I was standing in this room before a short thick-set old man, with heavy eyebrows and beard, and whose long coat of coarse cloth reached to his feet.

He sat and examined me as he read the note, pausing at times in the reading as if to compare me with the indications before him.

“Digby Owen—is that the name?” asked he.

“Yes, sir.”

“Native of Ireland, and never before employed in commercial pursuits?”

I nodded to this interrogatory.

“I am not in love with Ireland, nor do I feel a great liking for ignorance, Herr Owen,” said he, slowly; and there was a deep impressiveness in his tone, though the words came with the thick accentuation of the Jew. “My old friend and correspondent should have remembered these prejudices of mine. Herr Jacob Heinfetter should not have sent you here.”

I knew not what reply to make to this, and was silent.

“He should not have sent you here;” and he repeated the words with increased solemnity. “What do you want me to do with you?” said he, sharply, after a brief pause.

“Anything that will serve to let me earn my bread,” said I, calmly.

“But I can get scores like you, young man, for the wages we give servants here; and would you be content with that?”

“I must take what you are pleased to give me.”

He rang a little bell beside him, and cried out, “Send Harasch here.” And at the word a short, beetle-browed, ill-favoured young fellow appeared at the door, pen in hand.

“Bring me your ledger,” said the old man. “Look here now,” said he to me, as he turned over the beautifully clean and neatly kept volume: “this is the work of one who earns six hundred florins a year. You began with four, Harasch?”

“Three hundred, Herr Ignaz,” said the lad, bowing.

“Can you live and wear such clothes as these,” said the old man, touching my tweed coat, “for three hundred florins a year—paper florins, mind, which in your money would make about twenty-five pounds?”

“I will do my best with it,” said I, determined he should not deter me by mere words.

“Take him with you, Harasch; let him copy into the waste-book. We shall see in a few days what he’s fit for.”

At a sign from the youth, I followed him out, and soon found myself in the outer room, where a considerable number of the younger clerks were waiting to acknowledge me.

Nothing could well be less like the manners and habits I was used to than the coarse familiarity and easy impertinence of these young fellows. They questioned me about my birth, my education, my means, what

circumstance had driven me to my present step, and why none of my friends had done anything to save me from it. Not content with a number of very searching inquiries, they began to assure me that Herr Ignaz would not put up with my incapacity for a week. "He'll send you into the yard," cried one; and the sentence was chorussed at once. "Ja! ja! he'll be sent into the yard." And though I was dying to know what that might mean, my pride restrained my curiosity, and I would not condescend to ask.

"Won't he be fine in the yard!" I heard one whisper to another, and they both began laughing at the conceit; and I now sat down on a bench and lost myself in thought.

"Come; we are going to dinner, Engländer," said Harasch to me at last; and I arose and followed him.

CHAPTER XVII.

HANSERL OF THE YARD.

I was soon to learn what being "sent into the yard" meant. Within a week that destiny was mine. Being so sent was the phrase for being charged to count the staves as they arrived in waggon-loads from Hungary, oaken staves being the chief "industry" of Fiume, and the principal source of Herr Oppovich's fortune.

My companion, and, indeed, my instructor in this intellectual employment, was a strange-looking, dwarfish creature, who, whatever the season, wore a suit of dark yellow leather, the jerkin being fastened round the waist by a broad belt with a heavy brass buckle. He had been in the yard three-and-forty years, and though his assistants had been uniformly promoted to the office, he had met no advancement in life, but was still in the same walk and the same grade in which he had started.

Hans Spöner was, however, a philosopher, and went on his road uncomplainingly. He said that the open air and the freedom were better than the closeness and confinement withindoors, and if his pay was smaller, his healthier appetite made him able to relish plainer food; and this mode of reconciling things,—striking the balance between good and ill,—went through all he said or did, and his favourite phrase, "Es ist fast einerley," or "It comes to about the same," comprised his whole system of worldly knowledge.

If at first I felt the occupation assigned to me as an insult and a degradation, Hanserl's companionship soon reconciled me to submit to it with patience. It was not merely that he displayed an invariable good-humour and pleasantry, but there was a forbearance about him, and a delicacy in his dealing with me, actually gentlemanlike. Thus he never questioned me as to my former condition, nor asked by what accident I had fallen to my present lot; and while showing in many ways that he saw I was unused to hardship, he rather treated my inexperience as a

mere fortuitous circumstance than as a thing to comment or dwell on. Hanserl, besides this, taught me how to live on my humble pay of a florin and ten kreutzers—about two shillings—daily. I had a small room that led out into the yard, and could consequently devote my modest salary to my maintenance. The straitened economy of Hans himself had enabled him to lay by about eight hundred florins, and he strongly advised me to arrange my mode of life on a plan that would admit of such a prudent saving.

Less for this purpose than to give my friend a strong proof of the full confidence I reposed in his judgment and his honour, I confided to his care all my earnings, and only begged he would provide for me as for himself; and thus Hans and I became inseparable. We took our coffee together at daybreak, our little soup and boiled beef at noon, and our potato-salad, with perhaps a sardine or such like, at night for supper; the "Viertelwein"—the fourth of a bottle—being equitably divided between us to cheer our hearts and cement good-fellowship on certainly as acrid a liquor as ever served two such excellent ends.

None of the clerks would condescend to know us. Herr Fripper, the cashier, would nod to us in the street, but the younger men never recognized us at all, save in some expansive moment of freedom by a wink or a jerk of the head. We were in a most subordinate condition, and they made us feel it.

From Hans I learned that Herr Oppovich was a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. The former was an irreclaimable scamp and vagabond, whose debts had been paid over and over again, and who had been turned out of the army with disgrace, and was now wandering about Europe, living on his father's friends, and trading for small loans on his family name. This was Adolph Oppovich. The girl—Sara she was called—was, in Hanserl's judgment, not much more to be liked than her brother. She was proud and insolent to a degree that would have been remarkable in a princess of a reigning house. From the clerks she exacted a homage that was positively absurd. It was not alone that they should always stand uncovered as she passed, but that if any had occasion to address her he should prelude what he had to say by kissing her hand, an act of vassalage that in Austria is limited to persons of the humblest kind.

"She regards me as a wild beast, and I am therefore spared this piece of servitude," said Hans, and he laughed his noiseless uncouth laugh as he thought of his immunity.

"Is she handsome?" asked I.

"How can she be handsome when she is so overbearing?" said he. "Is not beauty gentleness, mildness, softness? How can it agree with eyes that flash disdain, and a mouth that seems to curl with insolence? The old proverb says, 'Schönheit ist Sanftheit;' and that's why Our Lady is always so lovely."

Hanserl was a devout Catholic; and not impossibly this sentiment made his judgment of the young Jewess all the more severe. Of Herr

Oppovich himself he would say little. Perhaps he deemed it was not loyal to discuss him whose bread he ate; perhaps he had not sufficient experience of me to trust me with his opinion: at all events he went no further than an admission that he was wise and keen in business; one who made few mistakes himself, nor forgave them easily in another.

"Never do more than he tells you to do, younker," said Hans to me one day; "and he'll trust you, if you do that well." And this was not the least valuable hint he gave me.

Hans had a great deal of small worldly wisdom, the fruit rather of a long experience than of any remarkable gift of observation. As he said himself, it took him four years to learn the business of the yard; and as I acquired the knowledge in about a week, he regarded me as a perfect genius.

We soon became fast and firm friends. The way in which I had surrendered myself to his guidance,—giving him up the management of my money, and actually submitting to his authority as though I were his son,—had won upon the old man immensely; while I, on my side,—friendless and companionless, save with himself,—drew close to the only one who seemed to take an interest in me. At first,—I must own it,—as we wended our way, at noon, towards the little eating-house where we dined, and I saw the friends with whom Hans exchanged greetings, and felt the class and condition he belonged to reflected in the coarse looks and coarser ways of his associates, I was ashamed to think to what I had fallen. I had, indeed, no respect, nor any liking for the young fellows of the counting-house. They were intensely, offensively vulgar; but they had the outward semblance, the dress, and the gait of their betters, and they were privileged by appearance to stroll into a café and sit down, from which I and my companion would speedily have been ejected. I confess I envied them that mere right of admission into the well-dressed world, and sorrowed over my own exclusion as though it had been inflicted on me as a punishment.

This jealous feeling met no encouragement from Hans. The old man had no rancour of any kind in his nature. He had no sense of discontent with his condition, nor any desire to change it. Counting staves seemed to him a very fitting way to occupy existence; and he knew of many occupations that were less pleasant and less wholesome. Rags, for instance, for the paper-mill, or hides, in both of which Herr Ignaz dealt, Hans would have seriously disliked; but staves were cleanly and smelt fresh and sweetly of the oak-wood they came from; and there was something noble in their destiny,—to form casks and hogsheads for the rich wines of France and Spain,—which he was fond of recalling: and so would he say, "Without you and me, boy, or those like us, they'd have no vats nor barrels for the red grape-juice."

While he thus talked to me, trying to invest our humble calling with what might elevate it in my eyes, I struggled often with myself whether I should not tell him the story of my life,—in what rank I had

lived, to what hopes of fortune I had been reared. Would this knowledge have raised me in the old man's esteem, or would it have estranged him from me? that was the question. How should I come through the ordeal of his judgment? higher or lower? A mere chance decided for me what all my pondering could not resolve. Hans came home one night with a little book in his hand, a present for me. It was a French grammar, and, as he told me, the key to all knowledge.

"The French are the great people of the world," said he, "and till you know their tongue, you can have no real insight into learning." There was a "yunker" once under him in the yard, who, just because he could read and write French, was now a cashier, with six hundred florins salary. "When you have worked hard for three months we'll look out for a master, Owen."

"But I know it already, Hanserl," said I, proudly. "I speak it even better than I speak German, and Italian too! Ay, stare at me, but it's true. I had masters for these, and for Greek and Latin; and I was taught to draw, and to sing, and to play the piano, and I learned how to ride and to dance."

"Just like a born gentleman," broke in Hans.

"I was, and I am, a born gentleman; don't shake your head, or wring your hands, Hanserl. I'm not going mad! These are not ravings! I'll soon convince you what I say is true." And I hurried to my room, and opening my trunk, took out my watch, and some trinkets, some studs of value, and a costly chain my father gave me. "These are all mine! I used to wear them once, as commonly as I now wear these bone buttons. There were more servants in my father's house than there are clerks in Herr Oppovich's counting-house. Let me tell you who I was, and how I came to be what I am."

I told him my whole story, the old man listening with an eagerness quite intense, but never more deeply interested than when I told of the splendours and magnificence of my father's house. He never wearied hearing of costly entertainments and great banquets, where troops of servants waited, and every wish of the guest was at once ministered to.

"And all this," cried he, at last, "all this, day after day, night after night, and not once a year only, as we see it here, on the Fräulein Sara's birthday!" And now the poor old man, as if to compensate himself for listening so long, broke out into a description of the festivities by which Herr Oppovich celebrated his daughter's birthday: an occasion on which he invited all in his employment to pass the day at his villa, on the side of the bay, and when, by Hanserl's account, a most unbounded hospitality held sway. "There are no portions, no measured quantities, but each is free to eat and drink as he likes," cried Hans, who, with this praise, described a banquet of millennial magnificence. "But you will see for yourself," added he, "for even the 'yard' is invited."

I cautioned him strictly not to divulge what I had told him of myself; nor was it necessary after all, for he well knew how Herr Ignaz resented

the thought of any one in his service having other pretensions than such as grew out of his own favour towards them.

“You'd be sent away to-morrow, younker;” said he, “if he but knew what you were. There's an old proverb shows how they think of people of quality:—

‘Die Juden nicht dulden
Den Herrschaft mit Schulden.’

The Jews cannot abide the great folk, with their indebtedness; and to deem these inseparable is a creed.”

“On the 31st of August falls the Fräulein's birthday, lad, and you shall tell me the next morning if your father gave a grander fête than that.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SAIL ACROSS THE BAY.

THE 31st of August dawned at last, and with the promise of a lovely autumnal day. It was the one holiday of the year at Herr Oppovich's; for Sunday was only externally observed in deference to the feelings of the Christian world, and clerks sat at their desks inside, and within the barred shutters the whole work of life went on as though a week-day. As for us in the yard, it was our day of most rigorous discipline; for Ignaz himself was wont to come down on a tour of inspection, and his quick glances were sure to detect at once the slightest irregularity or neglect. He seldom noticed me on these occasions. A word addressed to Hanserl as to how the “younker” was doing, would be all the recognition vouchsafed me, or at most, a short nod of the head would convey that he had seen me. Hanserl's reports were, however, always favourable; and I had so far good reason to believe that my master was content with me.

From Hans, who had talked of nothing but this fête for three or four weeks, I had learned that a beautiful villa which Herr Ignaz owned on the west side of the bay was always opened. It was considered much too grand a place to live in, being of princely proportions and splendidly furnished; indeed, it had come into Herr Oppovich's possession on a mortgage, and the thought of using it as a residence never occurred to him. To have kept the grounds alone in order would have cost a moderate fortune; and as there was no natural supply of water on the spot, a steam-pump was kept in constant use to direct streams in different directions. This, which its former owner freely paid for, was an outlay that Herr Oppovich regarded as most wasteful, and reduced at once to the very narrowest limits consistent with the life of the plants and shrubs around. The ornamental fountains were, of course, left unfed; jets-d'eau ceased to play; and the various tanks in which water-nymphs of white marble disported, were dried up; ivy and the wild vine draping the statues, and hiding the sculptured urns in leafy embrace.

Of the rare plants and flowers, hundreds of course died ; indeed, none but those of hardy nature could survive this stunted aliment. Green-houses and conservatories, too, fell into disrepair and neglect ; but such was the marvellous wealth of vegetation that, fast as walls would crumble and architraves give way, foliage and blossom would spread over the ruin, and the rare plants within, mingling with the stronger vegetation without, would form a tangled mass of leafy beauty of surpassing loveliness ; and thus the rarest orchids were seen stretching their delicate tendrils over forest-trees, and the cactus and the mimosa mingled with common field-flowers. If I linger amongst these things, it is because they contrasted so strikingly to me with the trim propriety and fastidious neatness of the Malibran Villa, where no leaf littered a walk, nor a single tarnished blossom was suffered to remain on its stalk. Yet was the Abazzia Villa a thousand times more beautiful. In the one, the uppermost thought was the endless care and skill of the gardeners, and the wealth that had provided them. The clink of gold seemed to rise from the crushed gravel as you walked ; the fountains glittered with gold ; the conservatories exhaled it. Here, however, it seemed as though Nature, rich in her own unbounded resources, was showing how little she needed of man or his appliances. It was the very exuberance of growth on every side ; and all this backed by a bold mountain lofty as an Alp, and washed by a sea in front, and that sea the blue Adriatic.

I had often heard of the thrift and parsimony of Herr Oppovich's household. Even in the humble eating-house I frequented, sneers at its economies were frequent. No trace of such a saving spirit displayed itself on this occasion. Not merely were guests largely and freely invited, but carriages were stationed at appointed spots to convey them to the villa, and a number of boats awaited at the mole for those who preferred to go by water. This latter mode of conveyance was adopted by the clerks and officials of the house, as savouring less of pretension ; and so was it that just as the morning was ripening into warmth, I found myself one of a large company in a wide eight-oared boat, calmly skimming along towards Abazzia. By some accident I got separated from Hanserl ; and when I waved my hand to him to join me, he delayed to return my salutation, for, as he said afterwards, I was "gar schön"—quite fine—and he did not recognize me.

It was true I had dressed myself in the velvet jacket and vest I had worn on the night of our own fête, and wore my velvet cap, without, however, the heron feather, any more than I put on any of my trinkets, or even my watch.

This studied simplicity on my part was not rewarded as I hoped for ; since scarcely were we under way than my dress and "get-up" became the subject of an animated debate among my companions, who discussed me with a freedom and a candour that showed they regarded me simply as a sort of lay figure for the display of so much drapery.

"That's how they dress in the yard," cried one; "and we who have three times the pay, can scarcely afford broadcloth. Will any one explain that to me?"

"There must be rare perquisites down there," chimed in another; "for they say that the old dwarf Hanserl has laid by two thousand gulden."

"They tell *me* five thousand," said another.

"Two or twenty-two would make no difference. No fellow on his pay could honestly do more than keep life in his body; not to speak of wearing velvet like the younker there."

A short digression now intervened, one of the party having suggested that in England velvet was the cheapest wear known, that all the labourers on canals and railroads wore it from economy, and that, in fact, it was the badge of a very humble condition. The assertion encountered some disbelief, and it was ultimately suggested to refer the matter to me for decision, this being the first evidence they had given of their recognition of me as a sentient being.

"What would *he* know?" broke in an elderly clerk; "he must have come away from England a mere child, seeing how he speaks German now."

"Or if he did know, is it likely he'd tell?" observed another.

"At all events let us ask him what it costs. I say, Knabe, come here and let us see your fine clothes; we are all proud of having so grand a colleague."

"You might show your pride, then, more suitably than by insulting him," said I, with perfect calm.

Had I discharged a loaded pistol in the midst of them, the dismay and astonishment could not have been greater. That any one "aus dem Hof"—"out of the yard"—should presume to think he had feelings that could be outraged seemed a degree of arrogance beyond belief, and my word "insult" was repeated from mouth to mouth with amazement.

"Come here, Knabe," said the cashier, in a voice of blended gentleness and command—"come here, and let us talk to you."

I arose and made my way from the bow to the stern of the boat. Short as the distance was, it gave me time to bethink me that I must repress all anger or irritation if I desired to keep my secret: so that when I reached my place, my mind was made up.

"Silk-velvet, as I live!" said one who passed his hand along my sleeve as I went.

"No one wishes to offend you, youngster," said the cashier to me, as he placed me beside him, "nor when we talk freely to each other, as is our wont, are any of us offended."

"But you forget, sir," said I, "that I have no share in these freedoms, and that were I to attempt them, you'd resent the liberty pretty soon."

"The Knabe is right," "He says what's true," "He speaks sensibly," were muttered all around.

"You have been well educated, I suspect?" said the cashier, in a gentle voice; and now the thought that by a word, a mere word, I might

compromise myself beyond recall flashed across me, and I answered, "I have learned some things."

"One of which was caution," broke in another, and a roar of laughter welcomed his joke.

Many a severer sarcasm would not have cut so deeply into me. The imputation of a reserve based on cunning was too much for my temper, and in a moment I forgot all prudence, and hotly said, "If I am such an object of interest to you, gentlemen, that you must know even the details of my education, the only way I see to satisfy this curiosity of yours is to say that if you will question me as to what I know and what I do not, I will do my best to answer you."

"That's a challenge," cried one; "he thinks we are too illiterate to examine him."

"We see that you speak German fluently," said the cashier; "do you know French?"

I nodded assent.

"And Italian and English?"

"Yes; English is my native language."

"What about Greek and Latin, boy?"

"Very little Greek; some half-dozen Latin authors."

"Any Hebrew?" chimed in one, with a smile of half mockery.

"Not a syllable."

"That's a pity, for you could have chatted with Herr Ignaz in it."

"Or the Fräulein," muttered another. "She knows no Hebrew," "She does; she reads it well," "Nothing of the kind," were quickly spoken from many quarters, and a very hot discussion ensued, in which the Fräulein Sara's accomplishments and acquirements took the place of mine in public interest.

While the debate went on with no small warmth on either side—for it involved a personal question that stimulated each of the combatants, namely, the amount of intimacy they enjoyed in the family and household of their master: a point on which they seemed to feel the most acute sensibility—while this, therefore, continued, the cashier patted me good-humouredly on the arm, and asked me how I liked Fiume; if I had made any pleasant acquaintances; and how I usually passed my evenings? And while thus chatting pleasantly, we glided into the little bay of the villa, and landed.

As boat after boat came alongside the jetty, numbers rushed down to meet and welcome their friends. All seemed half wild with delight; and the adventures they had had on the road, the loveliness of the villa, and the courtesy they had been met with, resounded on every side. All had friends, eager to talk or to listen—all but myself. I alone had no companionship; for in the crowd and confusion I could not find Hanserl, and to ask after him was but to risk the danger of an impertinence.

I sat myself down on a rustic bench at last, thinking that if I remained fixed in one spot I might have the best chance to discover him. And now

I could mark the strange company, which of every age, and almost of every condition, appeared to be present. If the marked features of the Hebrew abounded, there were types of the race that I had never seen before: fair-haired and olive-eyed, with a certain softness of expression, united with great decision about the mouth and chin. The red Jew, too, was there: the fierce-eyed, dark-browed, hollow-cheeked fellow, of piercing acuteness in expression, and an almost reckless look of purpose about him. There was greed, craft, determination, at times even violence, to be read in the faces; but never weakness, never imbecility: and so striking was this, that the Christian physiognomy seemed actually vulgar when contrasted with those faces so full of vigorous meaning and concentration.

Nothing could be less like my father's guests than these people. It was not in dress and demeanour and general carriage that they differed—in their gestures as they met, in their briefest greetings—but the whole character of their habits, as expressed by their faces, seemed so unlike, that I could not imagine any clue to their several ranks, and how this one was higher or greater than that. All the nationalities of Eastern Europe were there—Hungarian, Styrian, Dalmatian, and Albanian. Traders all. This one bond of traffic and gain blending into a sort of family races and creeds the most discordant, and types whose forefathers had been warring with each other for centuries. Plenty of coarseness there was, unculture and roughness everywhere; but, strangely enough, little vulgarity and no weakness, no deficient energy anywhere. They were the warriors of commerce; and they brought to the battle of trade, resolution and boldness and persistence and daring not a whit inferior to what their ancestors had carried into personal conflict.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE FÊTE.

IF, seated on my rustic bench under a spreading ilex, I was not joining in the pleasures and amusements of those around me, I was tasting an amount of enjoyment to the full as great. It was my first holiday after many months of monotonous labour. It was the first moment in which I felt myself free to look about me without the irksome thought of a teasing duty,—that everlasting song of score and tally, which Hans and I sang duet fashion, and which at last seemed to enter my very veins and circulate with my blood.

The scene itself was of rare beauty. Seated as I was, the bay appeared a vast lake, for the outlet that led seaward was backed by an island, and thus the coast-line seemed unbroken throughout. Over this wide expanse now hundreds of fishing-boats were moving in every direction, for the wind was blowing fresh from the land, and permitted them to tack and beat as they pleased. If thus in the crisply curling waves, the flitting boats and

the fast-flying clouds above, there was motion and life, there was, in the high-peaked mountain that frowned above me, and in the dark rocks that lined the shore, a stern, impassive grandeur that became all the more striking from contrast. The plashing water, the fishermen's cries, the merry laughter of the revellers as they strayed through brake and copse, seemed all but whispering sounds in that vast amphitheatre of mountain, so solemn was the influence of those towering crags that rose towards heaven.

"Have you been sitting there ever since?" asked the cashier, as he passed me with a string of friends.

"Ever since."

"Not had any breakfast?"

"None."

"Nor paid your compliments to Herr Ignaz and the Fräulein?"

I shook my head in dissent.

"Worst of all," said he, half rebukingly, and passed on. I now bethought me how remiss I had been. It is true it was through a sense of my own insignificant station that I had not presented myself to my host; but I ought to have remembered that this excuse could have no force outside the limits of my own heart; and so, as I despaired of finding Hanserl, whose advice might have aided me, I set out at once to make my respects.

A long, straight avenue, flanked by tall lime-trees, led from the sea to the house; and as I passed up this, crowded now like the chief promenade of a city, I heard many comments as I went on my dress and appearance. "What have we here?" said one. "Is this a prince or a mountebank?" "What boy, with a much-braid-bedizened velvet coat is this?" muttered an old German, as he pointed at me with his pipe-stick.

One pronounced me a fencing-master; but public reprobation found its limit at last by calling me a Frenchman. Shall I own that I heard all these with something much more akin to pride than to shame? The mere fact that they recognized me as unlike one of themselves—that they saw in me what was not "Fiumano"—was in itself a flattery; and as to the depreciation, it was pure ignorance! I am afraid that I even showed how defiantly I took this criticism,—showed it in my look, and showed it in my gait: for as I ascended the steps to the terrace of the villa I heard more than one comment on my pretentious demeanour. Perhaps some rumour of the approach of a distinguished guest had reached Herr Oppovich where he sat, at a table with some of the magnates of Fiume, for he hastily arose and came forward to meet me. Just as I gained the last terrace the old man stood barcheaded and bowing before me, a semicircle of wondering guests at either side of him.

"Whom have I the distinguished honour to receive?" said Herr Ignaz, with a profound show of deference.

"Don't you know me, sir? Owen—Digby Owen."

"What!—how? Eh,—in heaven's name—sure it can't be! Why, I protest it is," cried he, laying his hand on my shoulder, as if to test my

reality. "This passes all belief. Who ever saw the like! Come here, Knabe, come here." And slipping his hand within my arm he led me towards the table he had just quitted. "Sara," cried he, "here is a guest you have not noticed; a high and well born stranger, who claims all your attention. Let him have the place of honour at your side. This, ladies and gentlemen, is Herr Digby Owen, the stove-counter of my timber-yard!" And he burst with this into a roar of laughter, that, long pent up by an effort, now seemed to threaten him with a fit. Nor was the company slow in chorussing him: round after round shook the table, and it seemed as if the joke could never be exhausted.

All this time I stood with my eyes fixed on the Fräulein, whose glance was directed as steadfastly on me. It was a haughty look she bent on me, but it became her well, and I forgave all the scorn it conveyed in the pleasure her beauty gave me. My face, which at first was in a flame, became suddenly cold, and a faintish sickness was creeping over me, so that, to steady myself, I had to lay my hand on a chair. "Won't you sit down?" said she, in a voice fully as much command as invitation. She pointed to a chair a little distance from her own, and I obeyed.

The company appeared now somewhat ashamed of its rude display of merriment, and seeing how quietly and calmly I bore myself—unresentingly too—there seemed something like a reaction in my favour. Foreigners, it must be said, are generally sorry when betrayed into any exhibition of ill-breeding, and hastily seek to make amends for it. Perhaps Herr Oppovich himself was the least ready in this movement, for he continued to look on me with a strange blending of displeasure and amusement.

The business of breakfast was now resumed, and the servants passed round with the dishes, helping me amongst the rest. While I was eating I heard—what of course was not meant for my ears—an explanation given by one of the company of my singular appearance. He had lived in England, and said that the English of every condition had a passion for appearing to belong to some rank above their own; that to accomplish this there was no sacrifice they would not make, for these assumptions imposed upon those who made them fully as much as on the public they were made for. "You'll see," added he, "that the youth there, so long as he figures in that fine dress, will act up to it, so far as he knows how." He talked with a degree of assurance and fluency that gained conviction, and I saw that his hearers went along with him, and there soon began—very cautiously and very guardedly indeed—a sort of examination of me and my pretensions, for which, fortunately for me, I was so far prepared.

"And do all English boys of your rank in life speak and read four languages?" asked Herr Ignaz, after listening some time to my answers.

"You are assuming to know his rank, papa," whispered Sara, who watched me closely during the whole interrogatory.

"Let him answer my question," rejoined the old man, roughly.

"Perhaps not all," said I, half amused at the puzzle I was becoming to them.

“Then how came it your fortune to know them—that is, if you *do* know them?”

Slipping out of his question, I replied—“Nothing can be easier than to test that point. There are gentlemen here whose acquirements go far beyond mine.”

“Your German is very good,” said Sara. “Let me hear you speak French.”

“It is too much honour for me,” said I, bowing, “to address you at all.”

“Is your Italian as neat in accent as that?” asked a lady near.

“I believe I am best in Italian—of course, after English—for I always talked it with my music-master, as well as with my teacher.”

“Music-master!” cried Herr Ignaz; “what phoenix have we here?”

“I don’t think we are quite fair to this boy,” said a stern-featured, middle-aged man. “He has shown us that there is no imposition in his pretensions, and we have no right to question him further. If Herr Ignaz thinks you too highly gifted for his service, young man, come over to Carl Bettmeyer’s counting-house to-morrow at noon.”

“I thank you, sir,” said I, “and am very grateful; but if Herr Oppovich will bear with me, I will not leave him.”

Sara’s eyes met mine as I spoke, and I cannot tell what a flood of rapture her look sent into my heart.

“The boy will do well enough,” muttered Herr Ignaz. “Let us have a ramble through the grounds, and see how the skittle-players go on.”

And thus passed off the little incident of my appearance: an incident of no moment to any but myself, as I was soon to feel; for the company, descending the steps, strayed away in broken twos or threes through the grounds, as caprice or will inclined them.

If I were going to chronicle the fête itself I might perhaps say there was a striking contrast between the picturesque beauty of the spot and the pastime of those who occupied it. The scene recalled nothing so much as a village fair. All the simple out-of-door amusements of popular taste were there. There were conjurors and saltimbanques and fortune-tellers; lottery-booths and nine-pin alleys and restaurants, only differing from their prototypes that there was nothing to pay. If a considerable number of the guests were well pleased with the pleasures provided for them, there were others no less amused as spectators of these enjoyments, and the result was an amount of mirth and good-humour almost unbounded. There were representatives of almost every class and condition, from the prosperous merchant or rich banker down to the humblest clerk or even the porter of the warehouse; and yet a certain tone of equality pervaded all, and I observed that they mixed with each other on terms of friendliness and familiarity that never recalled any difference of condition: and this feature alone was an ample counterpoise to any vulgarity observable in their manners. If there was any snobbery it was of a species quite unlike what we have at home, and I could not detect it.

While I strolled about, amusing myself with the strange sights and scenes around me, I suddenly came upon a sort of merry-go-round, where the performers, seated on small hobby-horses, tilted with a lance at a ring as they spun round, their successes or failures being hailed with cheers or with laughter from the spectators. To my intense astonishment, I might almost say shame, Hanserl was there! Mounted on a fiery little grey, with blood-shot eyes and a flowing tail, the old fellow seemed to have caught the spirit of his steed, for he stood up in his stirrups, and leaned forward with an eagerness that showed how he enjoyed the sport. Why was it that the spectacle so shocked me? Why was it that I shrunk back into the crowd, fearful that he might recognize me? Was it not well if the poor fellow could throw off, even for a passing moment, the weary drudgery of his daily life, and play the fool just for distraction sake? All this I could have believed and accepted a short time before, and yet now a strange revulsion of feeling had come over me, and I went away, well pleased that Hans had not seen, nor claimed me. "These vulgar games don't amuse you," said a voice at my side, and I turned and saw the merchant, who, at the breakfast-table, invited me to his counting-house.

"Not that," said I; "but they seem strange and odd at a private entertainment. I was scarce prepared to see them here."

"I suspect that is not exactly the reason," said he, laughing. "I know something of your English tone of exclusiveness, and how each class of your people has its appropriate pleasures. You scorn to be amused in low company."

"You seem to forget my own condition, sir."

"Come, come," said he with a knowing look, "I am not so easily imposed on, as I told you a while back. I know England. Your ways and notions are all known to me. It is not in the place you occupy here young lads are found who speak three or four languages, and have hands that show as few signs of labour as yours. Mind," said he quickly, "I don't want to know your secret."

"If I had a secret it is scarcely likely I'd tell it to a stranger," said I, haughtily.

"Just so; you'd know your man before you trusted him. Well, I'm more generous, and I'm going to trust you, whom I never saw till half-an-hour ago."

"Trust me!"

"Trust you," repeated he slowly. "And first of all, what age would you give that young lady whose birthday we are celebrating?"

"Seventeen—eighteen—perhaps nineteen."

"I thought you'd say so; she looks nineteen. Well, I can tell you her age to an hour. She is fifteen to-day."

"Fifteen!"

"Not a day older, and yet she is the most finished coquette in Europe. Having given Fiume to understand that there is not a man here whose pretensions she would listen to, her whole aim and object is to surround

herself with admirers—I might say worshippers. Young fellows are fools enough to believe they have a chance of winning her favour, while each sees how contemptuously she treats the other. They do not perceive it is the number of adorers she cares for."

"But what is all this to me?"

"Simply that you'll be enlisted in that corps to-morrow," said he, with a malicious laugh; "and I thought I'd do you a good turn to warn you as to what is in store for you."

"Me? I enlisted! Why, just bethink you, sir, who and what I am: the very lowest creature in her father's employment."

"What does that signify? There's a mystery about you. You are not,—at least you were not,—what you seem now. You have as good looks and better manners than the people usually about her. She can amuse herself with you, and so far harmlessly, that she can dismiss you when she's tired of you, and if she can only persuade you to believe yourself in love with her, and can store up a reasonable share of misery for you in consequence, you'll make her nearer being happy than she has felt this many a day."

"I don't understand all this," said I, doubtfully.

"Well, you will one of these days; that is, unless you have the good sense to take my warning in good part, and avoid her altogether."

"It will be quite enough for me to bear in mind who she is, and what I am!" said I, calmly.

"You think so? Well, I don't agree with you. At all events, keep what I have said to yourself, even if you don't mean to profit by it." And with this he left me.

That strange education of mine, in which M. de Balzac figured as a chief instructor, made me reflect on what I had heard in a spirit little like that of an ordinary lad of sixteen years of age. Those wonderful stories, in which passion and emotion represent action, and where the great game of life is played out at a fireside or in a window recess, and where feeling and sentiment war and fight and win or lose—these same tales supplied me with wherewithal to understand this man's warnings, and at the same time to suspect his motives; and from that moment my life became invested with new interests and new anxieties, and to my own heart I felt myself a hero of romance.

As I sauntered on, revolving very pleasant thoughts to myself, I came upon a party who were picnicking under a tree. Some of them graciously made a place for me, and I sat down and ate my dinner with them. They were very humble people all of them, but courteous and civil to my quality of stranger in a remarkable degree. Nor was I less struck by the delicate forbearance they showed towards the host: for, while the servant pressed them to drink Bordeaux and Champagne, they merely took the little wines of the country, perfectly content with simple fare and the courtesy that offered them better.

When one of them asked me if I had ever seen a fête of such magni-

ficence in my own country, my mind went back to that costly entertainment of our villa, and Pauline came up before me, with her long dark eyelashes, and those lustrous eyes beaming with expression and flashing with a light that dazzled while it charmed. Coquetry has no such votaries as the young. Its artifices, its studied graces, its thousand rogueries, to *them* seem all that is most natural and most "naïve;" and thus every toss of her dark curls, every little mock resentment of her beautiful mouth, every bend and motion of her supple figure, rose to my mind, till I pictured her image before me, and thought I saw her.

"What a hunt I have had after you, Herr Engländer," said a servant, who came up to me all flushed and heated. "I have been over the whole park in search of you."

"In search of *me*? Surely you mistake."

"No; it is no mistake. I see no one here in a velvet jacket but yourself; and Herr Ignaz told me to find you and tell you that there is a place kept for you at his table, and they are at dinner now in the large tent before the terrace."

I took leave of my friends, who rose respectfully to make their adieux to the honoured guest of the host, and I followed the servant to the house. I was not without my misgivings that the scene of the morning, with its unpleasant cross-examination of me, might be repeated, and I even canvassed myself how far I ought to submit to such liberties; but the event was not to put my dignity to the test. I was received on terms of perfect equality with those about me, and, though the dinner had made some progress before I arrived, it was with much difficulty I could avoid being served with soup and all the earlier delicacies of the entertainment.

I will not dwell on the day that to recall seems more to me like a page out of a fairy tale than a little incident of daily life. I was, indeed, to all intents the enchanted prince of a story, who went about with the lovely princess on his arm, for I danced the mazurka with the Fräulein Sara, and was her partner several times during the evening, and finished the fête with her in the cotillon, she declaring, in that calm quiet voice that did not seek to be unheard around, that I alone could dance the waltz à deux temps, and that I slid gently, and did not spring like a Fiumano, or bound like a French bagman—a praise that brought on me some very menacing looks from certain commis-voyageurs near me, and which I, confident in my "skill of fence," as insolently returned.

"You are not to return to the Hof, Herr von Owen, to-morrow," said she, as we parted. "You are to wait on papa at his office at eleven o'clock." And there was a staid dignity in her words that spoke command; but in styling me "*von*," there was a whole world of recognition, and I kissed her hand as I said good-night with all the deference of her slave, and all the devotion of one who already felt her power and delighted in it.

Comparative Mythology.

COMPARATIVE Mythology is a long name for a collection of very little things. It is the science of fairy tales, the mystery of popular legends. It explains the rise and growth of all mythical beings, from Jack the Giant-Killer to the Olympian Zeus. It aims at answering all possible questions about these stories—how they arose; how grew and developed; how in the course of their existence they obtained such a great hold on the mind of man, entwined themselves round his dearest affections, possessed every object to which he directed his thought, vitiated at once his religion and his science, imperilled at the same time his moral feeling and his intellect; how it is that different countries, widely separated in distance and in civilization, have the same household tales: that the Choctaw mother relates to her children, in a form little altered, many a story which pleased Athenian boys centuries ago, and often caused a Himalayan valley to ring with laughter; how this beautiful yet deadly parasite has often well nigh crushed the purest religion and the highest reason, till a German monk, heading a brighter era, gave it a blow, of which in these days it is, we trust, rapidly dying; and in doing this our science will give us an insight into the early history of man, into his origin and his true character, far greater than without its aid we could ever have attained to.

Questions like these are asked in a moment, but they take years, centuries, to answer. Hecataeus, in the sixth century B.C., first timidly suggested that some of the wild stories then current, and forming a great part of the Grecian mythology, might possibly be referred to some more natural origin—might, perhaps, meet with a better explanation, than the ordinary one which accorded to them the rank of historical narratives. Scarcely more than thirty years ago, two Göttingen professors devoted their summer vacation to gathering from the lips of old country wives a wonderful collection of fireside stories, which had flowed in a peaceful undercurrent from their Norse spring, undisturbed by the tumult of the surface, the changes of the outer world; and a few years after this the genius of Ottfried Müller, of Kuhn, and of a host of German philologists (amongst whom let us not forget to place the Oxford Professor of Modern Languages), was brought to bear upon the long-known facts of classical mythology, and upon the vast store of material which the labours of the Brothers Grimm had brought to light, and it detected in them the manifold workings of one great law, varied in results, one in method; and from this time the principle which underlies all mythology has been and is established for ever.

Between these two limiting points of time speculation on this subject had been by no means idle. Although the gigantic proportions and the important position occupied by the Greek mythology prevented any free treatment of the whole extent of their stories by their own philosophers, yet there were not a few speculators who ventured to extend their scepticism to this stronghold of national prejudices.* Homer was to the common people a book of divine revelation, yet many joined with Plato in repudiating his idea of the Olympian Pantheon, rejecting as unnatural and untrue the immorality with which he invests his deities. Pindar refused to paint with such colours; and Euripides said boldly that the gods were not gods if they did anything evil. Previous to this the Sophists had formed a theory, which public opinion alone prevented them from extending, to account for the whole mythology; and even Herodotus and Thucydides, both deeply impressed with the reality and grandeur of the mythical history, could not forbear, the one to reject the tale of the dove who prophesied at Dodona, because doves cannot speak with human voice, or to declare that Helen never left Sparta at all; and the other to treat the whole Trojan war merely as a political enterprise of ordinary human beings. But the ordinary world had little sympathy with such inquiries, and many even amongst philosophers deemed them trivial. Socrates, as represented by Plato, shared this opinion, while at the same time admitting that the arguments of the Sophists might not be altogether irrational. "The man," he said, "who set himself this task was not much to be envied. He (Socrates) at least had no time to spare for such pursuits; and he thought it ridiculous that a man who did not, according to the Delphic oracle, know himself, should trouble himself about what did not concern him." †

The first men who felt themselves bound to inquire into the heathen mythology were the Christian Apologists. To them, as the defenders of the faith of Jesus, it presented itself as a rival system of belief. Olympus appeared as an opponent of heaven; Polytheism was in arms against the true God; while for the gigantic vista stretching away to the creation, which Old Testament writings revealed, the Greeks could oppose the cosmogony of Hesiod, which carried them quite as far back. And external testimony said nothing in favour of either; both systems appeared to stand in this respect on the same footing. "Are not," a Greek might have said, "the tales which I have been taught to believe as ancient as those your Jewish annalists have recorded? and if so, why am I to relinquish my belief for yours?" There was but one answer to this, and the champions of Christ took it: it was to deny the antiquity of the Gentile fictions. "Hence," says Mr. Gladstone, ‡ "perhaps the tendency

* The attempts of historians and philosophers to account for many of the myths are recounted by Grote (*Greece*, 1., pp. 524, *seq.*). They begin with the historian Hecateus, B.C. 500, and Theagenes, B.C. 520.

† *Plato's Phædrus*, Introduction.

‡ Address on "The Place of Ancient Greece," &c., pp. 11, 12.

of the Christian Apologists, in unconscious obedience to the exigencies of controversy, after they had proved by reasoning the truth and authority of the Gospels, and had smitten their enemy, as they did smite him, to the dust, by their moral arguments against Paganism, to accelerate its end and to demolish the very last of its seeming titles, its antiquity of origin, by refusing to affiliate any part or parcel of it, at any point of time, to the stock of a primeval religion, and by contending that so much of truth as was scattered through the rolls of its literature had been filtered in detail through successive media from Greece to Rome, from Egypt to Greece, but was ultimately to be traced in every case to the ancient people of God, and to the records and traditions which had had an historical existence among them."

For the Apologists saw, what indeed could not escape the notice of any one who effected a comparison between the Jewish and the Grecian records, a remarkable similarity subsisting in many of the stories related by the two, so that when they affirmed the truth of the one narrative, they could not well deny that of the other. They were driven then either to confess that the Greeks had independently preserved a large amount of truth, or to assert and to show that such as they possessed had been derived from the people of God. The latter was the only course at all consistent with the immense superiority it was their object to attach to Christianity, and we are consequently not surprised to find Justin, in his *First Apology*, asserting that the pagan myths were the fabrications of demons, who had heard the prophecy that Christ was to come, and "put forward many to be called sons of Jupiter," * accommodating their stories to the circumstances of the predicted event, as when, having heard that Christ was to come riding on a foal, they framed the tale of Bellerophon, who ascended to heaven on his horse Pegasus. In his second apology he seems to have somewhat changed his ground—asserting there that angels came to earth and begat children, who were the heathen gods, † a doctrine which Milton reproduced, and embodied in his epic. ‡ The *Address to the Greeks* elaborates still further the idea of the plagiarism which runs through heathen mythology: Justin there asserts that Homer had been to Egypt, and had learned from the priests the contents of the Mosaic writings, and that he framed tales in imitation of those contained in the Jewish books: the garden of Alcinous being a reproduction of Paradise, and the thrusting of Até from heaven by Zeus a distortion of the fall of Satan. Tatian undertakes to demonstrate the superior antiquity of the Christian philosophy to that of the Greeks, dwelling particularly upon the fact that Moses

* CLARKE'S *Ante-Nicene Lib.*, vol. ii. p. 53.

† *Ib.* p. 75.

‡ *Paradise Lost*, book i. l. 360, *seq.* Addison and Johnson both censured Milton strongly for mingling pagan mythology with Jewish religion. The poet has been vindicated by De Quincey, and on the right ground (*Works*, vol. vi. pp. 311, *seq.*) Michael Angelo did the same in his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, and also in his painting of the "Last Judgment."

was far anterior in point of time to Homer; and he then states, rather than proves, that the Greeks, without being aware of it, drew their doctrines from Moses as from a fountain.* This appears to have been the favourite theory during the Middle Ages, and it was adopted by religious scholars, especially in this country, down to a comparatively recent period.† Every incident which Greek or Roman mythology revealed was attempted to be affiliated to some Biblical narrative, and this was accomplished frequently by robbing one or both stories of their most beautiful features, whenever those happened to raise points of discrepancy. In this way Hercules was identified with Samson, Deucalion with Noah; the attempted sacrifice of Iphigenia by her father Agamemnon was declared to be a distorted form of the old Jewish tragedy played by Jephthah and his daughter; the story of Arion thrown from the Corinthian ship but saved by dolphins, was pronounced a parody of Jonah's history; the Hyperborean garden of eternal sunshine was a faint echo of the glories of Paradise; and the attributes with which the Greeks had clothed Athene were borrowed from those of the Divine wisdom.

The denunciation of all inquiries into the origin of myths placed by Plato in the mouth of Socrates did not express the opinion of all Greek philosophers. Scepticism with respect to legendary lore had begun with the first dawn of speculation, and the Sophists had not been slow in forming a theory on the subject. They regarded myths as pure fictions, but fictions which expressed truth, composed as allegories, and to be understood not literally but metaphorically. In Plato's *Protagoras*, the old sophist defending against Socrates the position that virtue may be understood by all, and is therefore teachable, cites, in support and illustration of his assertion, the myth of Prometheus, in which Zeus is fabled to have sent through Hermes the gift of social friendship to all mankind. This symbolical theory was adopted by the Neoplatonists of Alexandria, and it was not without supporters in Germany in the present century.‡ The greatest modern exponent of the theory is Lord Bacon. His dissertation on *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, a book received at its first appearance with great admiration, was intended as an exposition of the hidden truths, which were to be found in the classical mythology. Bacon thought it incredible that such strange absurdities and such revolting indecencies as are met with in the Greek and Latin poets should ever have been invented, were it not as vehicles for the conveyance of moral and intellectual truths. This opinion was confirmed by the fact that many words which appear in mythology as proper names are really abstract terms: Metis, the wife of Jupiter, is counsel; Typhon, insurrection; Pan, universality; Nemesis,

* CLARKE'S *Ante-Nicene Lib.* vol. iii. p. 43.

† Particularly by JACOB BRYANT, *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, and Sir Wm. JONES in various dissertations on the Hindu gods, in the *Asiatic Researches*. It has not even yet entirely disappeared. Dr. Döllinger has maintained it within the last few years.

‡ Creuzer, for instance, who attributes the formation of myths to a caste of priests from Egypt.

revenge. On examining the myths themselves, he found his expectations amply realized. Every absurdity was readily explained, its presence and popularity amply accounted for, by the fact that it served to point a moral. The more extraordinary the tradition the more readily did it yield to this treatment. Cupid was a puzzle so long as he was to be regarded as superhuman; but when he was found to be symbolical of an atom, and the wondrous tale told of him "to embrace in a concise parable the doctrine of the elements of things and of the origin of the world," on the theory of Democritus, the strangeness was supposed to disappear. When we are told that Typhon cut out Jupiter's nerves, and Mercury restored them, we are inclined to laugh, until Bacon tells us that this is only a parabolical way of saying that powerful rebellions take away from princes "their sinews of money and authority," but may be quelled by wise counsel and affable speech. All the explanations are, however, by no means so apt as this. Narcissus, beautiful and proud, who gazed at his own image until he died, shows us that self-love always destroys itself. Perseus arming to meet the Gorgons figures the preparation that should be made for war; the love of Endymion and Selene "has reference to the doubts and dispositions of princes;" Prometheus "doth clearly and elegantly signify Providence;" and the Sphinx is an incarnation of science. As an example of Lord Bacon's analysis of a myth, let us take that of Pan. The story of Pan the philosopher calls "a noble tale, as being laid out and big-bellied with the secrets and mysteries of nature." Each particular portion of the god reveals its own special truth. He is gifted with horns, because "horns are broad at the root and sharp at the ends, the nature of all things being, like a pyramid, sharp at the top. For individual or singular things, being infinite, are first collected into species, which are many also; then from species into generals, and from generals, by ascending, are contracted into things or notions more general, so that at length nature may seem to be contracted into an unity." These horns are said to touch heaven, because "the height of nature or universal ideas do in some sort pertain to things divine, and there is a ready and short passage from metaphysic to natural theology." The body of Pan is hairy, as "representing the beams or operations of creatures;" his beard long, "because the sun, when his higher half is shadowed with a cloud, and his beams break out in the lower, looks as if he were bearded;" his body bifurcated "with respect to the differences between superior and inferior creatures." The reed of seven pipes which the fancy of the poets had bestowed on him, symbolizes the harmony which the seven planets in their motion give forth; his sheep-hook "excellently applied to the order of nature, which is partly right, partly crooked;" it is bent at the upper extremity, "because all the works of Divine Providence in the world are done in a far-fetched and circular manner." The circumstances in which this wondrous being is placed, and the actions in which he has a part, are no less marvellously "laid out and big-bellied." The nymphs delight in Pan; that is, the "souls of things"

glory in nature. Yet he loves no one but Echo and Syrinx, for nature is satisfied with itself, and likes to hear its own voice, either in full or in quaintly murmured repetition. Pan is said to challenge Cupid in wrestling, for nature is wild, and tends to revert to chaos; but he is overcome, just as the wild elemental forces are ever controlled by a loving Creator. The kinder action of Nature is not lost sight of. Pan catches Typhon in a net; and by this we may read that Nature entangles and restrains all unwonted tumours. And, finally, in the tale that Pan found out Ceres casually while hunting, when all the other gods had looked for her long in vain, the ancients expressed their conviction that "philosophical abstractions" often fail to discover truths where blind chance succeeds. This pile of ingenious and improbable comparisons, which is made to do duty as the analysis of a simple myth, is a fair type of the system of symbolic treatment; and to us, who know the story to be susceptible of an explanation at once elegant and obvious, it reads very like a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole theory.

Orthodox classical critics have, as a rule, held an opinion differing from both those we have noticed. They have usually drawn a line between the probable and improbable portions of a tale, between the natural and the supernatural incidents; and they thought their criticism had been sufficiently discriminating, and their conclusion sufficiently accurate, when they argued from this that the former were historic and the latter fictitious. Those tales which relate the exploits of the gods were by one process or another explained away, and those of the actions ascribed to heroes which passed the limits of probability were regarded as the exaggerations natural to early times and oral tradition. But, because the feats of the gods on the plain of Troy were to be rejected as pure myths, did it therefore follow that the fact of the Trojan war was doubtful? Because the descent of Hercules to the land of shades, and his capture of Cerberus, were poetic fictions, was it to be supposed that every tale respecting him had no better foundation? Might not a careful and searching historic criticism, a rejection of supernatural incidents and of gross improbabilities, produce from the chaos of fact and fiction a consistent and probable narrative? Most historians have thought this possible.

This method was adopted by Greek historians. Hecataeus, as early as 500 B.C., suggested that the three-headed Cerberus of Hades was a real serpent, which inhabited a cavern on Mount Tænarus; but he appears very far from imagining that his theory could be extended to all the myths, or even all the improbable ones.* The Thessalians believed that the interior of their country had at one time been a lake, but that Poseidon had broken through the mountain chain, and established a communication with the sea. Herodotus says this tale is true, but only allegorically, for it had obviously been done by an earthquake.† The

* GROTE'S *Greece*, i. p. 524.

† *Ib.* i. p. 535.

Dodoneans related that two black doves had come from Thebes, in Egypt, one to Libya and the other to Dodona, both proclaiming that an oracle must be established. Herodotus explains this by supposing that two dark Egyptian women were brought over, who were compared to birds, because they spoke a foreign tongue; but afterwards, when the women came to understand the native language, it was said that the dove spoke.*

The method of transmuting legend into history was carried to an extremity by Euhemerus. "He melted down in this way the divine persons and legends, as well as the heroic. He represented both gods and heroes as having been mere earth-born men, though superior to the ordinary level in respect of force and capacity, and deified or heroified after death as a recompence for services or striking exploits."† Ennius translated into Latin the *Historia Sacra*, embodying these views; and St. Augustine found the shallow and unprincipled analyses of which the work is composed exceedingly useful, as helping to exhibit pagan mythology in a degraded light. Of the later Greek historians it is sufficient to say that, though unanimous in rejecting the conclusions of Euhemerus, they uniformly proceeded on the principle that a basis of historic truth underlay all myths, which was discoverable by the simple process of removing poetic exaggerations.

From the earliest times to those of Thirlwall and Gladstone, this has been the popular theory. It seems to have been generally felt that a mass of pure creations could never have obtained the ascendancy, could never have challenged the unhesitating credence, which these myths have found. It was argued that where there was a counterfeit there must have been a reality. And to this Mr. Gladstone has added another argument—the circumstantial manner of the narratives. Speaking more particularly of the *Odyssey*, he says:—"Over and above the episodes, which seem to owe their place in the poem to the historic aim, there are a multitude of minor shadings which run through it, and which, as Homer could have derived no advantage from feigning them, we are compelled to suppose real. They are part of the graceful finish of a true story, but they have not the shadowy character of what has been invented for effect." Whatever may be the value of this argument—and that it is very slight no one can doubt who knows how circumstantial are the additions made by oral propagation to the simplest narrative—and whatever may have been urged against this theory, there can be no doubt that it is at first sight plausible, and that it is the most obvious of all the attempted explanations; consequently, it has been almost universally adopted. Most men believe in the existence of a real Hercules, a real Helen, a real Odysseus, and never doubt that at least something analogous to the Trojan war or the Argonautic expedition was once verily enacted; and throughout all the legends of mythology which do not bear plainly the mark of incredible, miraculous,

* *Herod.* ii. 55-57; GROTE'S *Greece*, i. pp. 530, seq.

† *Ib.* ii. p. 548.

or supernatural details, a modified Euhemerism has been the regularly received theory.

Lastly, there were not a few scholars who, discarding the idea that myths were purely fictionary, and admitting a basis of reality, yet found that basis not in historical occurrence but in natural phenomena. They saw in these tales a representation of truth, not distorted history nor moral lessons, but poetic descriptions of the every-day events of life. The gods and heroes whose works they embodied were human types of physical inorganic objects, and the deeds recorded of them the natural processes in which those objects played a part. This interpretation was suggested in a most obvious manner by a somewhat numerous class of traditions, in which the name of the hero was a word used by the Greeks to denote some natural object. When we read the tradition that Boreas carried away Oreithyia from the banks of the Ilissus, and know that Boreas was the north wind, we can hardly avoid treating the myth as nothing more than a poetical or anthropomorphic statement of the fact that at one time the maiden had been blown into the stream, and so died. But names thus suggestive occur in comparatively few legends, and it was therefore impossible to extend this explanation, which we now know to be in the large majority of cases the true one, to the whole mythology, otherwise than as mere conjecture.

Up to a quite recent period these "guess-endeavours" were rival candidates for the favour of scholars, each having had much said in its favour, and each presenting its own special objectionable points. And it seemed impossible that any decision should ever be arrived at. For these myths had their origin in an age which it far transcends the utmost power of historical analysis to fathom; and, besides, they are the sole survivors of the life of that age—they alone remain to tell the story of the thoughts and feelings of early man. It is as though upon a fever-stricken vessel every soul had died, and nothing was left to tell the story but the obscure diary of one of the dead men. How, in such a case, can the truth be determined? The only record open to us is imperfect, one-sided, and there is nothing by which its degree of accuracy may be tested. Here were four hypotheses, each claiming to account for a phenomenon which occurred so long ago that no record remains to us to throw light on the question save the objects themselves in dispute.

This unsatisfactory speculation on a question at a time when proof and certainty were impossible naturally gave rise to a reaction towards scepticism and the despair of a science. Three great modern historians have, in works which are now standard authorities, proposed to treat the early traditions of nations as pure fictions without any basis of reality. Not that they denied the existence of such a natural basis, they simply declared that whatever it might be, it had now certainly passed beyond all hope of recognition, and that it was quite useless to attempt any discrimination between the real and the unreal in the mythology of antiquity. In his *Lectures on Roman History*, Niebuhr proposed to throw overboard the

whole of the tales which had, until then, done duty as the history of Rome under the early kings. Romulus was not to receive a treatment different from Jupiter—both had been equally believed in by the Romans; they had regarded the existence of the latter as no less certain than that of the former; and it is very unphilosophical to reject one because his existence is, to modern minds, incredible, while the other is retained because it is conceived possible that his story should be true. The same anthropomorphic tendency which served to account for the myth of the Supreme God would also explain the belief in a supposed founder of the Roman people. On this principle Niebuhr was led to reject, or at least to treat with perfect indifference, the whole of the artistically woven web of stories which constitute the history of Rome in early ages, and to treat the real and reliable history as commencing with the introduction of written records. This sceptical spirit is applied by Mr. Grote, in his classical work on the history of Greece, to the still larger mass of traditions which served to connect the Olympian deities with the lively and imaginative people of Greece. He allows no more reality to the Eponymi than to the gods. If the names of the four tribes of the primitive Athenian constitution (Geleontes, Hopletes, Argades, Aigikoreis), which are so clearly derived from the designations of their trades or occupations, could be attributed by the Greeks to the names of the four sons of Ion, it is not very difficult to imagine that Hercules, or Perseus, or Jason, might have been produced by a similar tendency to represent in human form, and clothe with human attributes, the ordinary objects of nature, and the every-day incidents of life. Besides, Mr. Grote argues, we have but a very slight conception of how pure fiction may, in all ages, obtain recognition and universal credence, if it harmonize with prevailing ideas, or supply an instance in favour of a popular belief. Although Charlemagne was an actually existing personage, yet the chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, universally received in the Middle Ages as containing a true biography of him, is absolute fiction; and a story relating a Florentine intrigue of Lord Byron's, to which Goethe gave currency, and which was received unhesitatingly at the time, has not the slightest particle of truth in it, and gained its circulation only because it supplied another link to a chain of similar occurrences with which the name of the poet has, with more truth, been associated, and, therefore, not merely harmonized with prevailing impressions, but lent an additional colour to, and framed an additional argument in support of, a popular creed. If this can happen in the midst of modern civilization and modern credulity, it surely must be futile to attempt to extract truth from a belief popular in an age when writing was unknown and the exaggeration of tradition had free play, and when social and national intercourse, which alone can check the manufacture and subsequent credit of tales, was reduced to a minimum. It is incredible that from an age up to the limits of which history grows constantly more and more indistinct, and the number of well-authenticated facts fewer and fewer, should have been preserved a clear, bold, and minute

narrative, leading up to the foundation of the people, and connecting them with heroes whose every act is particularized, and with gods to whom even the most credulous of modern scholars has never ventured to attribute reality. Mr. Grote, then, begins the history of Greece with the first Olympiad, and what is said to lie before that period he relates just as the Greeks believed it; and if you ask him what part of this collection of traditions you are to receive and what reject, how to discriminate between the reality and the fictitious incidents, how to separate the mythical covering from the concealed truth, he will tell you that such discrimination, such separation, is impossible; that you must receive them all simply as traditions believed by the Greeks, and nothing more; or he will reply, in the words of the painter Zeuxis, "The curtain is the picture."

In this same spirit the great historian of the Jews, Professor Ewald, has dealt with the stories related in the Old Testament. The same canon of historical criticism which has led Niebuhr to remodel early Roman story, and Grote to reject not only the embellishments of Greek traditions, but the groundwork on which they rest, has led their fellow-worker, in another part of the same field, to regard a large portion of what the Jewish and, since them, the Christian Church have been accustomed to look upon as history merely in the light of Hebrew traditions. The Pentateuch consists in large part of a collection of such traditions, which may or may not have an historical foundation. The Eponymous heroes Ewald deals with just as Niebuhr has dealt with Romulus, and Grote with Ion. Esau and Jacob are no more historical personages than Dorus or Æolus, but are, like them, fictitious representatives—the one of Arabian tribes, and the other of the chosen people of God. It is impossible to receive these and the like stories as actual historical narratives, equally impossible to dismiss them as pure poetic fictions; they must be considered and be related merely as the early traditions with which every vigorous nation is well supplied, and which it is quite impossible to condense and to sift into history, or to explain away into groundless allegory.

While these great teachers had been endeavouring to dispel from men's minds the delusion that in reading the tales of the poets respecting the early history of nations they were reading a record of actual facts, and while one at least of the three was protesting against any attempts to discover a basis of reality amidst the mass of fictions, other scholars were bringing the results of comparative philology to bear upon the language of the mythical stories, and thereby eliciting from those dry relics of antiquity a wondrous living meaning and establishing a veritable science of comparative mythology.

In order to appreciate the results which the comparative mythologists obtained, we must first shortly notice the principles which guided their researches. We have mentioned before that a certain class of myths declared, by the names of the gods or heroes whose actions they related, that reference was made to some fact of nature. Thus, when a Greek was told that the God Alpheus pursued Arethusa through the ocean he

could not fail to remember that Alpheus was the principal river of Peloponnesus, which for part of its course flowed underground and which was said to move, on reaching the sea, in an undercurrent towards Syracuse, there to mingle with the waters of the fountain of Arethusa; when he read in Homer (*Il.* xxi. 213—308) that Scamander fought with Achilles and was aided by his brother Simois, he would call to mind the little stream in the plain of Troy called by the gods Xanthus, and into which the Simois flowed; and so when “we read in Greek mythology that Helios was the brother of Eos and Selene, this needs no commentary. Helios means the sun, Eos the dawn, Selene the moon; nor does it require any great stretch of poetical imagination to understand how these three heavenly apparitions came to be called brother and sisters.”* Now it appeared, until recently, that the myths which in this way obviously suggested a simple explanation of their origin, formed an isolated class quite separate and distinct from the older tales, and it was to these last that the guess-endeavours we have recounted apply. But the development of linguistic science which characterized the early part of the present century led men to the increased study of the early Sanskrit literature; and by-and-by scholars came to read the Vedas, the old Brahmin hymns, and then at once the whole mystery of Greek mythology was cleared up. Those words which in Greek existed only as proper names, were shown to have once denoted some natural phenomenon; the Olympian deities appear in the Hindoo mythology as visionary abstractions hovering between personality and lifelessness. This old psalm-book takes us back to a stage in human thought when a large number of words, then the common property of the Indo-European race, were just on the point of leaving their original function as designations of the sun, the sky, the stars, and becoming proper names of deities and heroes. Many of them took this step, and were carried to Europe by the ancestors of the Greeks and Romans, to assume a permanent place in the mythology of their children when their original meaning had quite died out, and to be a puzzle to Europe for centuries, until a critical study of ancient Hindoo literature should restore to the world the meaning which had been so long concealed.

The majority of words used to express the phenomena of nature are abstract terms; they denote one, usually the most striking, of the characteristic points presented by the object they are employed to describe. The Greek Uranos is the Sanskrit Varuna, from Var to cover, and means the coverer; Endymion, the setting sun, is from *εν-δύω*, and means the diver.

All such words as day, night, dawn, twilight, sun, moon, sky, spring, summer, express originally—just as our proper names, White, Brown, &c.—not individuals, but qualities raised into substances.

* MAX MÜLLER'S *Chips from a German Workshop: Comparative Mythology*, ii. p. 158.

“Now, in ancient languages,” says Max Müller, “every one of these words had, necessarily, a termination expressive of gender, and this naturally produced in the mind the corresponding idea of sex, so that these names received not only an individual but a sexual character. There was no substantive which was not either masculine or feminine, neuters being of later growth and distinguishable chiefly in the nominative.

“What must have been the result of this? As long as people thought in language it was simply impossible to speak of morning or evening, of spring and winter, without giving to these conceptions something of an individual, active, sexual, and, at last, personal character. They were either nothings, as they are nothings to our withered thought, or they were something; and then they could not be conceived as mere powers, but as beings powerful. . . . In early language nature was *natura*, a mere adjective made substantive: she was the mother always ‘going to bring forth.’”*

On all subjects with which they are ill acquainted, people argue from words, as the history of metaphysics, and, indeed, the early history of every science, has shown us; and that words whose terminations had become signs of sexual distinctions should beget an anthropomorphic view of the natural objects to which they were applied, in an age when mankind was wholly ignorant of the operation of physical forces, need not, therefore, be thought surprising.

The working of this process is obvious in those mythical names which were understood by the later Greeks in their two applications as designations of natural objects and of supernatural personages, and only a sufficient philological analysis is necessary to show that those words which, in classic Greek, present themselves as purely proper names, have undergone precisely the same change. The researches of modern scholars, guided by a knowledge of Sanskrit, have placed us in possession of the original meaning of most mythical names. For example, they have found that Adonis, Apollo, Hercules, Ædipus, Orpheus, Perseus, and Theseus, are so many names for the sun; that Aphrodite, Athene, Danaë, Daphne, Eurydice, Erinnys, are designations of the dawn; that Paris and Helen meant originally nothing but light and darkness, and that Zeus, the supreme deity, is simply a name for the bright shining sky. Take any myth as related by a poet or historian, reduce it to its simplest form, translate the proper words which occur in it, and you arrive at a representation of some ordinary fact of nature.

To understand how, out of phrases expressive of such simple phenomena as sunrise, or night, a mythical story could have been constructed, it is only necessary to recur to the peculiarities which mark the speech of any little child, for mythology was formed in an age when the speech of the framers was infantile. The language of children is eminently sensuous; their whole style of thought and expression is anthropomorphic;

* *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. p. 55.

every word which expresses passion rather than action, states of being rather than visible deeds and motions, is applied to and used for the former only by obvious and ill-concealed metaphor from the latter. Every inanimate object is invested by them, both in thought and in speech, with the emotions and the powers which belong to humanity. Just so it was with the early Indo-Europeans. Instead of saying, "Night is succeeded by the sun," they would say, "Night gives birth to (or begets) the sun;" and the two stood to them in the relation of parent and child. So while we might say, "Night ceases when the sun rises," our ancestors would have said, "The sun kills the night;" and in this short sentence we may read the origin of that terrific feature, common to so many Greek legends, of the son being compelled, by blind and irresistible destiny, to destroy him to whom he owed his birth. Again, we might say, "The dawn precedes the sun, and passes away when the sun rises;" but a Greek would have said, "The sun pursues the dawn, who dies when he reaches her;" and this sentence, we know, is the foundation of the story of Apollo and Daphne. So in his simple, sensuous, active language, an ancient would have said, "The sun in the evening is united to the darkness which gave him birth;" and so in a beautiful image set on foot the dark and terrible tragedy which relates the incest of *Cædipus* and his mother *Iocaste*; or expressed the fact that the evening twilight dies when night is arrived, and the sun gone down, in words which afterwards told that *Eurydice*, stung by the serpent of darkness, was dead, and *Orpheus* had gone to *Hades* to fetch her back; and so, on the morrow, when the dawn glimmered, he would have said *Eurydice* was coming to earth restored if only *Orpheus* would not look on her; but when at full sunrise the dawn departed *Orpheus* had given the fatal glance and *Eurydice* was dead.

By such a process as this mythology was founded. There is hardly a single tale in the legendary lore of Greece or Rome which we are not able to reduce to a phrase descriptive in poetic fashion of some natural phenomenon. The field is so vast that it is, of course, impossible to give even the barest outline of it within the limits of an article, and any further description of this simple, elegant, and refined theory by means of which German philologists have made the dry bones of mythology to live again, is rendered unnecessary, by the admirable summary which is to be met with in the works of Professor Max Müller, and the more popular epitome by the Rev. G. W. Cox. One remark we add, with the view of clearing the theory from certain objections which have been urged against it on the ground of supposed inefficiency.

It is urged that this theory accounts only for a small portion of the myths, only in fact for their barest outline or root form, and that the minor life-like touches, the strongest proofs of historical reality, are not considered as at all calling for explanation. It is perfectly true that comparative mythologists profess to explain only the establishment of myths, and not their subsequent development. The former is all that needs elucidating. When once we understand how myths first came to

be formed, we can be at no loss to account for their extension and development. At first every separate natural occurrence gave rise to a myth which originally was quite distinct from all its cognates. The sun was at one time, or in one place, called Apollo, in another Odysseus, in a third Perseus; in like manner the various stages of the sun's journey were sometimes described under one name, sometimes under another. Every sentence representing any such natural operation was originally separate and disconnected from every other. There were consequently myriads of what we may call myth-germs, or buds current in the mythopoetic age; but afterwards came a process of natural selection. Perhaps a poet arises, one able to appreciate the beauty of these scattered fragments, and he gathers up and winnows out those which, by their intrinsic excellence or by their aptitude for poetic embellishment, commend themselves to his lyre, and so in his songs, with his under-touches and exaggerations by tradition or writing, they reach later ages. And a poet, if his poetry be worth anything, will leave a crude floating superstition in a very different state to that in which he finds it; the touches of nature, the quiet realistic shades are not of the essence of the story, and we should no more cite the *Odyssey* in proof of the actual existence of the hero, than we should the *Idylls of the King* as proof positive that Arthur once really walked and fought, or Merlin truly prophesied, or Guinevere secretly loved.

We distinguish then carefully between the story and its foundation—between the elaborate narrative as we read it in Homer or Hesiod, and the collection of little phrases and sentences from which it originally sprang. It is this latter alone which needs explanation, and which comparative philologists seek to explain. The full-grown myth is the result of a process of accretion and development which is, so far as we are concerned, perfectly lawless. When once Hercules had come to be realized by the Greeks as the embodiment of giant strength, the natural result would, as Max Müller says, be, that “in every town and village whatever no one else could have done would be ascribed to Hercules.” When the remains of primæval seas so frequently found at great elevations, had once suggested to a people the idea of an universal deluge, the imagination would be at no loss to add details accounting for the preservation and re-creation of mankind. Many a touch has the author of the *Odyssey* added, which, while it served his purpose of imparting a genuine human interest to the story, forms no part of the original myth, and which it is no more necessary for the mythologist to explain, than it would be for the historian who might endeavour to sift the basis of truth from the legend of Macbeth, to show how the knocking at the gate came to fill so conspicuous a part in Shakspeare's tragedy, or how the terrible apparition of Banquo arose to disturb the pomp of the kingly feast.

Mythology is a disease of language. It arises whenever, as is so often the case, men regard words not as representative “counters” but as substantial “money.” Every science in its infancy is attacked by this

parasite. It is, as we might say, to the mind of man what measles or whooping-cough is to the body—only far more dangerous. The higher branches of thought, philosophy and theology, have suffered terribly from its ravages. The realism of the Middle Ages was, as Mr. Mill has reminded us, a structure supported by arguments purely mythological; and it would probably astonish those who believe that mythology died when Christ rose, to find how many of the theological dogmas of modern times rest on a foundation not a whit stronger. The disease spreads most, however, amongst the ignorant, and amongst country people it has long been omnipotent as the foundation of old wives' tales—*Kinder und Haus Märchen*. Because the bernacle goose and the barnacle mollusc had names so much resembling each other, it was for centuries never doubted that the former developed from the latter, and observers there were who could describe the whole process of growth.* An obvious argument on the name of St. Christopher gave birth to the legend of his having carried the infant Saviour; and the title "Shotover," a bucolic corruption of *château vert*, originated the myth that Little John had signalized his prowess by sending an arrow over the hill of that name. The science of Comparative Mythology, the morbid anatomy of the human mind, is as yet in its infancy; and we venture to predict that those who choose to pursue the study will find a subject before them whose treasures will throw into the shade the vagaries of "Spiritual Wives," and the examination of which will furnish some of the most interesting chapters in that book hardly as yet begun to be written—the mental history of the human race.

* A full account of this legend will be found in MAX MÜLLER'S second series of *Lectures on the Science of Language*.

Christmas Eve.

A POEM. BY COUNT KRASINSKI.



THE space kindly allotted to the following paraphrase, though unusually large, allows no room for much prefatory comment. "Christmas Eve" is a poem of which the character and purpose will, I hope, be best explained by the perusal of it, even in this rude version. The effect of it is so little dependent on mere wording, the conception of it is so startling, the symbolism so distinct, so simple, that even in the clumsiest re-embodiment the original and intrinsic power of it must be apparent. This poem was published anonymously twenty-eight years ago. Had it been written yesterday, could it present to us more appropriately or more impressively than it does, the most modern aspect of an enormous subject? What to me appears not the least admirable characteristic of the poem is the impartiality with which that subject is treated. For this is not the impartiality of indifferentism, but the compassionate result of a large and generous humanity. The audacious evocation of the legendary St. John, as representative of the spiritual regeneration of society; the incarnation of purely ecclesiastical religion in the dead, half-buried body of St. Peter; the stupendous vision of the final dissolution of the great Roman Church, and the pathetic tenderness with which the poet, describing the splendour of its decrepitude and the grandeur of its fall, has idealized the heroic devotion of its most faithful disciples; these, and such like revelations of that imaginative intensity which constitutes the faculty of *vaticination*, and identifies poetry with prophecy, give to the whole of this singular poem a solemn and suggestive character, the effect of which will probably be felt in the most imperfect reproduction of it, far more forcibly than it could be realized from many chapters of descriptive criticism. It must be remembered that in Poland, as in Ireland, religious faith has been exalted and intensified by political persecution, and that Polish poets, more than any others, have "learn'd in suffering what they teach in song." That this, and many other poems not less remarkable by the same author, are the productions of an original and powerful genius, cannot be doubted by any one who reads them, even in the baldest translations. As regards myself, who do not understand Polish, it is entirely from such translations that my impressions of them have been derived. The poem of "Christmas Eve" has never yet, so far as I know, been translated into English, or noticed by any English critic. The author of *Central Europe*, who has devoted some interesting chapters to Polish literature, does not even allude to it. Out

of Poland, indeed, both the name and the works of Krasinski appear to be almost unknown; and he himself would seem, during his lifetime, to have been more anxious to impress his ideas than to impose his name upon the recollection of his countrymen. Yet his poetry is of a very high order, and if any competent Polish scholar would favour us with an accurate translation of his works, I, for one, should be grateful. Meanwhile, may all such scholars pardon me this attempt to rescue from the oblivion in which they have hitherto left it, the genius of a genuine poet.

R. LYTTON.

PARAPHRASE.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." . . . Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, "Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?" Peter seeing him, saith to Jesus, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" Jesus saith unto him, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me."
 —Gospel of St. John, c. xxi. v. 18, 20, 21, 22.

It was the morn of Christmas Eve. Methought
 That me that morning waked in Rome; but there,
 Soon as I waked, I could no longer rest,
 And, with a troubled spirit, I went forth
 Into the great Campagna. The pure dawn
 Was bathing with mild air and serious light
 A soft sad land of sepulchres and flowers.
 The air was silent on the waste, as there
 The air is ever: and the waste was sad,
 As it hath been for centuries.

All day long

The spirit led me over that sad land
 Unwearied. Hoary aqueducts awhile
 Craned out their lean decrepit backs, and stretched
 Their reptile legs innumerable, and sped
 Beside me, with no sound; but, one by one,
 They slipped, and lost themselves,—lay sprawling loose
 With broken spines; and I was left alone
 On the long waste, that watched me as I went,
 Wistful, and still. To startle solitude,
 Sometimes from out of hidden hollows rose
 Sepulchral ruins, robed in ivy buds,
 (Eternal grey beneath eternal green!)
 —Survey'd me with a sudden stony stare,

But let me pass ; and, as I passed them, sank
 Sullen again into the silent land.—
 I went, not knowing whither : but, at length,
 There came a far-off sound out of the sea,
 Calling my spirit seaward.

When I had scaled

The land's last liminary light blue hills,
 I looked, and lo ! the solitude was changed
 From waste land to waste water. And the sun
 Was setting o'er the waters. And I saw
 Far on the darkening deep a darker spot,
 That seem'd alive, and in the lonesome eve
 The sole thing living : for it moved, and grew
 Larger, and nearer. And the sun went down ;
 And still I saw it. And the vapours rose,
 And wrapped the waters ; but I saw it still,
 Still growing nearer. Then was I aware
 That what seem'd coming was a mighty ship
 Which had not either mast or sail, but moved
 On finn'd and foaming wheels ; and, in her midst
 Out of a brazen column wavering cones
 Of swarthy cloud adown the dim air curl'd.
 Even as a spectre moves, men know not how,
 So o'er those windless waters moved that ship,
 Swift, sullen, but not silent ; for I heard
 A goading spirit in the ship, that groan'd,
 And from her dark and vapourous decks a cry
 Came to me, crying, " Is it Christmas Eve ? "
 No watcher by the dead in a lone house,
 Who hears, or deems he hears, long after dark,
 The dead man call him, doth in deeper awe
 Make answer, than to that strange question I,
 With faltering voice, after awhile, replied :
 " This is, indeed, the night of Christmas Eve. "
 And, suddenly, methought the ship touched land ;
 Wrapped in wan vapour, like a mountain peak
 Whereon a beacon fire is burning out,
 At midnight cover'd by a moony cloud.
 Grazing the beach, that huge bulk groan'd again :
 And from its shuddering flanks roll'd cataract flame
 And streams of spouted sparks ; and all the decks
 Were red with fervid light, that lasted not
 A moment longer than the flash men see
 Before they hear the thunder. But that glare
 Show'd, ere it darken'd, on those lurid decks
 Crowds of pale men with melancholy eyes,

Clad in white mantles and red caps. " I heard
 Chains clank'd i' the dark : and from the ship was thrown
 A bridge that reach'd the rivage ; and those men
 Rushed down it, and came round me, crying out,
 With a shrill cry that, from their desert lairs,
 Waked all the dreary echoes of the waste,
 " Where, in this darkness, is the road to Rome ? "
 I answer'd, " Here there is no road ; but all
 Is desert." And those men, " Then lead us, thou ! "
 But I, irresolute, made no reply.
 They spake again, sighingly, in low tones
 Plaintive as Autumn winds : " Behold in us
 All that remains on earth of what was once
 The Polish Nation. For to us was sent
 An Angel (and we knew him come from God,
 Albeit, unlike God's happier angels, he
 Wearing, for robe, no radiance, but a shroud,
 With sullied wings and starless forehead), came,
 To bid us hither. We have journeyed far :
 The waves were stormy, and the winds were wild :
 And we are weary : but we shall have done
 God's bidding if, to-night, ere midnight hour,
 We reach at last the great Basilica
 Where is Saint Peter's sepulchre."

Then I :

" Follow me, O most miserable men ! "
 And, speaking, I began to foot the waste
 Backward, toward the city : all the while
 Fearing to look behind me, like a man
 Who, being made against his will to walk
 At midnight through a charnel, walks in haste,
 Dogg'd by the unseen forms of his own fears.
 I saw no cloud ; and yet the winds arose.
 The faint light of the unfathomable heavens,
 Thick-sown with shivering stars, made the dark plain
 Darker. And infinite the darkness seem'd.
 Sometimes cold gleams from bare grey sepulchres
 And ghastly ruins broke the boundless gloom :
 Sometimes, upstarting, spectral aqueducts
 Ran by us, and plunged headlong down the night :
 Far off, at times, the wail of windy reeds
 I heard : and heard, at times, high overhead
 The howlet's cry : at times, beneath my foot,
 The cavernous ground gave forth a hollow groan.
 Onward I went. And onward, after me,
 The pale men followed. In my hair I felt

Their icy breath, and, hard behind me, heard
 Their white robes fluttering on the night wind, quick
 And chill, as leaves in norland forests, swept
 By sleety rains. Anon, methought I saw
 A far-off desultory marsh-fire flit
 Over the plain before us : and the while
 I watched it, rose a second, then a third,
 Then more, then multitudes. Athwart the waste
 From all sides of the horizon round they rose,
 Rippling towards the centre. And I heard
 A sound of voices mingling on the wind.
 Louder those voices, and more large the lights,
 Wax'd as we went. Then I, at last, beheld
 A multitude of pilgrims marching fast
 Across the desert. In their hands they bore
 Torches. And, in the torchlight, I could see
 Standards, with blazon'd crosses, and the signs
 And symbols of all nations upon earth.
 Among those pilgrims mingled, following me,
 The men I led. And, while the sudden flush
 O' the smoky torch-flames on their faces flared,
 Then, first, I mark'd how very wan, and worn,
 And full of sadness, were those faces all.
 Only, in their large eyes strange brilliance burn'd ;
 But not what lights the eyes of living men.
 Like all the other pilgrims, they, too, lean'd
 Upon their sabres, heavily. Anon,
 Scarce had we join'd that other pilgrim host,
 (Outnumbering ours, as ever, on this earth,
 The weak must be outnumber'd by the strong.)
 When all its armèd squadrons wheel'd about,
 And, with mistrustful scrutinizing glance,
 Eyed us, demanding " Whence, and what, are these ? "
 To whom the pale-faced pilgrims made reply,
 A strange smile flickering o'er their livid lips
 Reproachful, " Are we known, then, to not one
 Of all the nations upon earth ? " A buzz
 Of sorrowing voices on the instant rose
 All round us, and the multitudinous host
 Of those embattled nations murmur'd " Nay,
 For now we know ye by your faces wan,
 White mantles torn, red fools' caps, batter'd swords,
 And give ye woeful welcome, you forlorn
 Last remnant of the chivalry of Christ ! "
 And all the bands moved forward. Those I led
 Spake to the others, " Brethren, we have seen

A shrouded Angel with a starless brow,
 Who bade us hasten hither, unto Rome.
 Speak ! have ye also heard some heavenly voice ? ”
 “ Amen ! ” moan'd all that mighty multitude,
 “ Obedient to the summons of the same
 Funereal Angel, have we left our homes
 In far-off lands, and, at his bidding, foot
 This desert, journeying thro' the dark to Rome.
 Ever by night, when men would sleep, his voice
 Rang in our ears till we could rest no more,
 Proclaiming ‘ Wake ! the night is now far spent,
 The hour is nigh at hand ; and it shall be
 The last ; when, at Saint Peter’s sepulchre,
 Christ shall be born again. And, after that,
 The Christ shall never any more on earth
 Be born, or buried.’ ” Having spoken thus
 They held their peace, and looked like men whom awe
 Of their own words had silenced. The stretched waste
 Listening, with all his hollow ears, received
 No sound save of the trampling of strange feet
 In massive, meditative march. The Poles
 Went first, impatient ; and, for speedier step,
 Over their forward-sloping shoulders flung
 Their milk-white mantles. From all regions round,
 Across the gloomy champaign evermore
 New pilgrims, with new banners, trooping came
 To join the ghastly pilgrimage. Aloof,
 The darkness with dim lights of distant lamps
 Wax'd lucent ; and, at length, with gradual power,
 The re-apparent walls of Rome released
 Their summits from the darkness ; as to those
 That journey to the mountains, more and more
 Tall craggy peaks and channell'd slopes emerge
 From what erewhile seem'd insubstantial cloud.
 Then we began to hear the silver chime
 Of jubilant church bells, and, round the roofs,
 The joyous light grew larger, till, all wrapped
 In rosy air, Rome burst upon the night.
 For all her gates and towers were garlanded
 With wreaths of florid flame ; and all her spires,
 Sprinkled with quivering sparks, and brazen domes
 And marble belfries metropolitan,
 Girt round with gorgeous belts of playful fire,
 Were loud with gurgling bells innumerable ;
 And I could no more recognize the roads
 And ruin'd ways I walked at morn, for now

The howlets' nests in hollow tombs were turn'd
To tufts of fiery bloom ; and radiant ropes
Of rainbow-colour'd stars, festooning all
The broken columns, twinkled on the wind.
Meanwhile, the enraptured populace of Rome
Ran shouting thro' her streets and squares, " Rejoice,
Rejoice, for now shall Christ be born again ! "
And when that merry Roman throng perceived
The pale-faced folk that follow'd me, and all
Those pilgrims passing, with them, thro' the gate,
They leaped for joy and sang " O Christmas guests,
Why come ye with such sorrowful faces all,
For Christmas guests unseasonably sad ?
But are ye weary, as ye well may be,
Of long wayfaring ? Here be golden fruits
That gush for thirsty lips, with juices cool,
And here be bubbling cups that from the brim
Drip with the rosy life-blood of the south.
O Christmas guests, too unlike Christmas guests,
Pluck off, pluck off those mourning garments ! Lo,
For weary brows young hands rose-chaplets weave !
For weary feet, by festive maidens fair,
Our streets are strewn with myrtle, strewn with palm ! "
But still, with sombre brows and eager eyes,
Those Polish pilgrims thro' the city march'd
Not answering aught. And I, that with them went,
Felt at my ear their faint lips, whispering " Hasto !
For we are weary, and the night is late."
I led them through the Forum. As we passed
That mighty Flavian amphitheatre,
Whose hollow, huge, dismantled masonry
Shows nightly to the solitary moon
Nothing but desolation, now gave forth
(Woven all round with blazing broidery
Of starry lamps interminable, intense.)
A vast and vivid glory. And, all within
The enormous cirque, his orb'd galleries high,
And hollow rows of airy arches, wreath'd,
Arch over arch, with fluttering splendour, humm'd
And moved in many a heapy murmurous mass
Of heaving life. Men on the roofless walls :
Men on the marble benches : men all round.
Youths, maidens, matrons, mothers, with their babes
Borne on their bosoms from a thousand homes
That, open-door'd, were emptying everywhere
Into that night's tumultuous festival

Their tributary streams of happy folk,
 Flung flowers upon us. And from rows on rows
 Of clapping hands, high up in air, we heard
 The rippled echo rolling round our heads,
 And ever and anon the indistinct
 Shout of the irrepressible multitude
 Saluting our arrival. All the walls
 And all the columns, all the capitals
 Flared in the Forum, as we went ; above,
 Brighter than all, the Capitolian hill
 Glow'd, and the Capitol—one crown of fire !
 " Hosannah ! " sang the festive Roman folk.
 Down the bright streets the dancing revellers throng'd
 With tapers, and with torches, and guitars
 Twanging sweet sound. And in the midst thereof,
 With souls unutterably sad, we moved,
 Bearing the burthen of a people's pain.
 Roses and violets from the balconies
 Rain'd on us, unregarded. Suddenly
 The deep bell of Saint Peter's, not far off,
 Began to sound ; and we made haste to reach
 The threshold of the great Basilica.
 Long reflex of the flaring city glow'd
 Beneath us as we trod the teeming bridge ;
 Scarce over Tiber's lurid stream, when loud
 The cannon thunder'd from St. Angelo.
 And lo, the large Piazza ! For, where else
 Did ever, amidst such marble forests, flash
 Such mighty fountains ? Thick as cluster'd bees,
 That hum upon the branch, the people swarm
 Beneath the great Basilica. The doors
 Wide open wait : and far, far, far within,
 Abyss beyond abyss of serene light
 Fathomless, unimaginable, immense !—

Thus far those Polish Pilgrims, and the rest,
 Had march'd on unimpeded. But, the goal
 Nigh gain'd, I, looking upward, was aware
 That all the steps were throng'd with hostile folk,
 Who, when the pilgrims would have pass'd, began,
 Massing a formidable front, to shout,
 " Ye pass not us ! For are not we the first ?
 And hath not this old Church been ours, whose chief
 Is, and was ever, chief of the whole world,
 For many a hoary century ? " Meanwhile
 Some of the pilgrims cried to us, " All night,

O Pale-faced People, ye have led the van
And shown the path, but who will venture now
To march in front, and win us entrance here ?”
Then I perceived the Polish sabres flash
Naked ; and well I deem'd that these pale men,
Who looked half dead already, would have sold
Their life's last blood-drops dearly. But there came
Forth on the porchèd pavement, from within
The great Basilica, above the crowd,
A man in purple clad. And that man's voice
Was as the voice of one to whom God gives
Authority. He to the people cried,
“ Suffer to pass in peace these men, by whom,
Erewhile a nation, for the Catholic Faith,
Was saved from death ; and who, for that faith's sake,
Died, afterward, themselves. Let the dead pass.”
Then the man waved his hand to right and left ;
And, left and right, the folk on either side,
In silence separating, spared a path
Whereby the pilgrims enter'd. And I looked,
But saw no more that man in purple clad.
Silent we trod the stately stairs, and passed
Silent along the large cathedral floors
To the main altar, where the sacred lamps
Burn ever above Saint Peter's sepulchre.
There, kneeling, all that ghastly chivalry
Unbuckled their white mantles, bared the breast,
And bow'd the head, and, holding in their hands
Each knight his unsheath'd glaive, silently pray'd.
All down the desert aisles gleam'd solemn shapes
In monumental marble pale, athwart
Blue mists of swimming incense. Overhead,
A dome profound of cloudy glory hung :
Beneath, all round, the immeasurable floors,
Wrought with mosaic gold and azure, seem'd
To search out shadowy frontiers in the gloom
Of saintly shrines and oratories dim,
And hollow chapels, where dead Music's ghost
Linger'd, and almost seem'd to be alive.
Far off, about the broad main doorways, all
The sacred spaces now began to sound
With footsteps and with songs. For, following now,
When we, first, won them entrance thro' the crowd
That cried us nay, those other pilgrims came ;
Sombre and silent, as they march'd erewhile
Thro' Rome's far-flaring revel. After these,

A cataract crowd, the Roman People rushed
 Tumultuous, with psalms and hymns ; and, fast
 O'erflowing, fill'd the huge Basilica.
 But when those pilgrim legions, round about
 Their native ensigns, each, in order ranged,
 Stood, arm'd, before the altar and the shrine
 To his own nation dedicate, again,
 (As tho' 'twere void of any living soul,
 Thro' all the hushed cathedral silence reign'd ;
 Silence and calm. From golden organ pipes
 There was no gurgling of the mystic founts
 Whence music wells, and all the psalmless shrines
 Were mute as caverns hollow'd by the wave
 Of seas that roll'd no more ere man was born.
 Only far off, along the vacant night
 A single trumpet from the Vatican
 Sounded. Faint signal of the Pope's approach !—

Then, down the central nave the monks of Rome
 Came cowl'd and sandall'd. And, one after one,
 Old men, behind them ; and still more old men,
 Still older, in white vestments vested each.
 Then, in their grey serge robes, the penitents ;
 And every penitent, between clasped hands,
 A crucifix against his bosom pressed.
 Then came the bishops and archbishops ; all
 Mitred, with silver croziers. After these,
 In scarlet capes, the cardinals. With whom,
 A multitude of priests in purple and gold
 (Dalmatics glowing with all gorgeous dyes)
 And troops of children—white-robed acolytes—
 Bearing the wine, the incense, and the crowns.
 And when, before the great main altar, these
 Had ranged themselves, the multitude all round,
 Kneeling, bow'd down their heads ; like a prone field
 Of harvest, that is weigh'd on by the wind.
 And, in the midst, a little grey old man,
 Upon whose palsied head a triple crown
 Shook, heavy, as the rotting autumn leaf
 Shakes on the weak top of a wither'd tree,
 Came, walking feebly. Down his glittering robe
 The white star wander'd. Far behind him, knelt
 His soldiers, and his servitors, and priests
 Bearing his throne. He only, in the midst
 Of all that kneeling multitude, stood up.
 Tottering, toward the altar, on he came,

With steps so faint, so feeble, and so slow,
 So very slow, that unto me it seem'd
 That little grey old man could never reach
 The spot where we were waiting his approach.
 His eyes, that looked like wintry washed-out stars,
 Winked weakly ever and anon, and shut,
 As tho' the immense light hurt them. Now and then
 His trembling hand above the people's heads
 He raised, and made, with frustrate finger, signs
 And gestures, unintelligibly checked,
 Of incompleted benediction :—signs
 Like fragmentary notes that just suggest
 The tune they cannot perfect, being struck
 Upon a broken instrument. Anon
 He paused, and sigh'd, and raised, or would have raised,
 His hands to heaven; but they, for lack of strength,
 Soon sank, weigh'd downward by the nerveless arms.
 At every weary sigh that old man sigh'd
 The people raised their faces from the floor,
 And moan'd. So much the Father's sadness fill'd
 The children's hearts with sorrow.

Then, methought

Some one,—some cardinal,—I knew not whom,—
 In purple clad,—the man I had seen erewhile,
 (What time above the throng'd cathedral stairs
 He stood, and bade us enter,) issuing forth
 From the main altar doubtless, all the time
 That I had miss'd him, he was standing there
 Hid by the crowd with footstep firm approached
 That old man, eldest of all earth's old men;
 And, with stretched arm, and gentle gesture, helped
 By mild compulsion of majestic eyes,
 Pointed to where the sacred lamplight stream'd
 Above Saint Peter's sepulchre. The old man
 Made a few short steps forward, and then stopped
 Trembling. That Cardinal—or whatsoe'er
 His title was—the man in purple clothed—
 From his serene imperative forehead shook
 The long locks lightly backward, smiling sad,
 And sign'd to those that bare the throne. They rose,
 And set the old man on it, lifting it
 Above the people's heads. And suddenly
 Again the shattering trumpet sounded shrill.
 The Cardinal—the man of mystic power,
 In purple clad—walked on beside the throne.
 The people rose. The bells began to sound.

Methought twelve times the high dome trembled. All
 The chapels, shrines, and aisles seemed reeling dim
 On orbs of rising incense. Up the steps
 Of the main altar, slowly, went the Pope.
 And then, I heard the man in purple say,
 "The Christ is born."

The pilgrims moan'd, "Alas,
 Because the Angel's words shall be fulfill'd,
 And this shall be the last time Christ is born!"
 The Roman people shrieked in wrath, "Who dares,
 Here, in Saint Peter's own cathedral church,
 To utter blasphemy?" Upsprang the Poles,
 Crying indignant, "You rash, unsad men
 Of Rome, rebuke not those that speak the truth!
 For these blaspheme not. But we all have seen
 The shrouded Angel, and have heard his voice."
 But now the prince of power—the mystic man
 In purple clothed—stretched forth his hand, and cried,
 "Peace, and good will to men! Let these men pray,
 And all men with them. For the midnight mass
 Begins. And now the dawn is not far off.
 And there is need, this night, of prayer on earth,
 And prayer in heaven."

He ceased. And all were still;
 For inmost prayer, unspoken, hushed all hearts.
 The Holy Father sat upon his throne.
 Once more, from all the sanctuaries rose
 Celestial choirs: and the deep organ base
 Roll'd: and then all the music ebb'd away,
 As tho' the gates of Heaven had oped, and shut.
 The white-robed priests approached, with helping hands,
 The Holy Father. He hath left his throne.
 And now he mounts the altar steps. And now
 He takes the chalice in his trembling hands.
 And now the Holy Sacrifice begins.
 The man in purple pour'd the mystic wine.
 The short, chill tinkle of a silver bell
 Went shivering thro' the silence of men's souls
 With sudden meaning. Then, when every face,
 Flat on the stone, with superseded sight,
 Felt the mute elevation of the Host,
 A voice was heard upon the air, "I AM."
 And lo! while, trembling yet, men raised their heads,
 All eyes beheld, above the middle door,
 An august human shape, with bleeding hands
 And bleeding feet, and all else white as snow.

Slowly, like snow, it melted from our sight.
 Then, while the Pope between his hands yet held
 The chalice, hesitating to pronounce
 The last great words, the man in purple clad
 Cried, "*Ite, missa est!*" And then again,
 "The fulness of the times is now fulfill'd."
 And, rending on his breast the purple robe,
 He stretched his hand, and touched Saint Peter's tomb,
 And cried, "Awake, and speak!"

From every lamp

Around that tomb a cloven fiery tongue
 Shot, and above the darkness underneath
 Hover'd a mystic crown of wavering flame.
 Then, from the inmost sepulchre uprose
 What seem'd the body of a buried man,
 With arms and hands stretched wide. The dead man's feet
 I saw not, for they rested in the tomb.
 The dead man's lips cried "Woe!"

And, at that cry,

Methought that, for the first time, the high dome
 Above our heads slipped from its base, and seem'd
 To settle, slowly, lower.

And again

The man that was in purple clad cried out,
 "Knowest thou me, Peter?"

And the corpse replied,

"At the Last Supper thou didst lean thy head
 Upon the bosom of the Lord. I know
 That thou dost tarry for Him yet."

The man

That was in purple answer'd him, and said,
 "To me it was ordain'd that, from this hour,
 I should abide for ever amongst men,
 And take the world, and press it to my heart,
 As to His own the Saviour pressed my head,
 On that last evening."

And the corpse replied,

"Do thou as it was bidden thee."

Thereat

The prince of power—the man in purple clad—
 Not speaking, waved a calm and august hand
 Over the tomb: and, with a mighty voice,
 The corpse within the tomb cried, "Woe is me!"
 And sank. And the tomb shut with a loud noise.
 And all the rafters, all the roofage, all
 The vaultings of the vast cathedral, cracked

And stagger'd. And the people shrieked for fear.
 Only those Poles, with calm bold eyes, looked up
 And watched the huge pile ruining over them,
 And stirr'd not; leaning on their sabres, sad.
 The little grey old man, that was the Pope,
 Whose palsied head only the triple crown,
 That hid it, made conspicuous, still clung
 Fast to the crumbling altar steps; nor moved,
 But, fixed in perilous posture, seem'd as one
 That would not, or that could not, *ever* move.
 The man in purple clad cried, "Go ye all
 Forth from this place, lest any perish here!"
 The people answer'd, "Lead, and save us, thou!"
 Even while they spake, their very voices shook
 The unsteady pillars; and the lamps began
 To waver on the wind, and then went out.
 The prince of power approached the Pope, and sigh'd,
 "Here wilt thou linger, Father?"

The old man,
 Lifting weak hands to stay his staggering crown,
 With anguished voice made answer, "Leave me, son.
 Here will I die."

When all the people heard
 That old man's answer, each that heard it cried
 With simultaneous terror, "He is mad!
 Let every man look to himself. Away!"
 The Roman people were the first to fly.
 Next, from their shaken sanctuaries, all
 The pilgrim legions, with their standards, fled.
 Then did the prince in purple clad kneel down
 For the last time, and with sad pitying lips
 He touched the forehead of that old, old man;
 And round his fallen tire he waved the sign
 Of benediction; and a circlet pale
 Of melancholy light began to play
 Around the old man's forehead in the gloom,
 Making it beautiful. The prince of power,
 Majestic, from the darken'd altar strode
 Down to the crowd that struggled in the doors,
 And, even as he went thro' that eclipse
 And ruin of a world's epitome,
 Clear light was all around him, like a star.
 The vast Basilica, from every pore
 Of its enormous agonizing frame
 Moan'd with convulsive spasm. The prince of power
 Sustain'd the dropping roofs, and, for a while

Pressed back the loosen'd pillars to their place,
 Constraining all things with his calm right hand,
 Lest any of the people should be lost.
 And as he passed the Poles, he said to these,
 "Follow ye me." But the Poles answer'd not.
 Again he turn'd his head, and said to them,
 "Follow me." But they neither spake nor moved.
 And he passed onward. Yet once more, methought
 When he was come to where the other folk
 Still struggled in the doorway, driving those
 Before him, as a shepherd drives his sheep,
 He turn'd, looked back, and beckon'd with the hand.
 But these men, waving wild above their heads
 Their sheathless swords (as tho' such weapons weak
 Could hold the roof from falling on them), all
 With one accord exclaimed, "We fly not hence !
 We will not leave the old man dying here.
 To die alone is bitter. We know that.
 And who will die with him, if we, too, go ?
 Leave us, O all of you ! Long since we learn'd
 How men must perish, not how men may fly."
 Then he in purple clad, before he pass'd
 The threshold, paused ; and from far off he waved
 The sign of benediction over these,
 As he had waved it over that old man ;
 And over these men's foreheads, also, play'd
 A pure pale light making them beautiful.
 In the grave, sweet, majestic, loving eyes
 Of him whose hand yet waved upon the gloom
 Were tears of pity : and I heard him say
 Sadly, "So be it. Perish !"

But meanwhile
 Not heeding, they around the altar throng'd,
 And knelt, and held the old man's dying hands,
 And wrapped him in their white cloaks, lifting him,
 Borne on their bosoms, lovingly, with care.
 Then, the main altar's massy pillars fell
 From his four sides—chalice and crucifix ;
 And, rushing down,—a night of ruin roll'd
 Upon a night of sorrow—the immense
 Bronze baldachin above them, with the roar
 As of a falling world, crashed to the ground.
 The porches of the great Basilica,
 The Palace of the Vatican, and all
 The innumerable columns of Saint Peter's Place,
 Dropped into dust. And the two fountains fell,

Like two white doves with broken wings, and died.
 The frighten'd people fled, and, flying, seem'd
 Even as the waves of a distracted sea
 Fleeting from an earth-shaken continent.

And, when I looked again, methought 'twas morn.

The sun was not yet risen. But still soft light,
 Already resting on the auroral hills,
 Reveal'd an uninvestigable heap
 Of ruin ; which was once Saint Peter's Church.
 Him, who thro' that disastrous midnight moved
 Erewhile in purple robes, I now beheld
 Once more, ascending with slow footstep firm
 This mount of monumental overthrow.
 And still the spirit led me in his steps,
 And still I follow'd, wondering what should be.
 And when he reached the summit, he sat down,
 Kingly, as one that sits upon a throne
 In lorddom of inviolable law.
 And all around he gazed upon the world,
 Even as on his allotted labour looks
 A strong man, loving what he hath to do,
 And feeling in the quiet of his soul
 The strength whereby it shall be done, with eyes
 That front, and understand, and fear it not.
 Then, while I gazed upon that mystic man,
 Down to his feet the purple vesture fell,
 And I beheld a grave and gracious form
 Of noble manhood in maturest power,
 Robed with celestial splendour, all pure white.
 The man's hands, resting on his large calm knees,
 Held, spread before him, a wide-open book
 Wherein, all silently, with spacious brows
 Above the pages stooped, he seemed to read ;
 And, while he read, his face was fill'd with light
 That stream'd up from the letters ; and the light
 Was like the meaning of the mighty world
 Made visible to man. Fearing to speak,
 Mutely I gazed on that majestic form ;
 But, while I gazed, in cloudless glory rose
 The sudden sun, and smote the alter'd land
 With light. Then I waxed bolder, and drew near
 And whisper'd, " Lord, was it, indeed, last night
 For the last time, that Christ was born again,
 In that great church which now is dust ? "

The man,

Not looking from the book wherein he read,
 Answer'd me, with a deep, assured, wise smile,
 "Henceforth, the Christ shall never more be born,
 Nor buried, upon earth. For now, the Christ
 Is evermore upon the earth, alive."
 Then, losing all my fear, I said aloud,—
 "Lord, is it true that those I led last night
 Are lost for ever, in that ruin'd church
 Buried with that old man?"

The saint replied,
 Glowing with solemn glory ineffable,
 "Fear not for them, my brother. They do well,
 Having well done. And in their love they live,
 Because love dies not. For the past is made
 One with the future in the life of man,
 From age to age, by every deed that adds
 The love of each man to the life of all.
 And them their Heavenly Father will not leave
 Alone in death, who would not leave alone
 Their Earthly Father dying. Be at peace.
 Verily those that rest, as those that rise,
 They also that be dead, as they that live,
 Living or dying loyal to the light
 Of what is best and loveliest in themselves,
 Abide not in the darkness. But in them
 Is what makes all men's lives and all men's deaths
 Lovelier and better. And the men themselves
 Abide in God. For God is light. And light
 Is love. And love is Everlasting Life.
 But now the light of God is perfected,
 Because the love of man is more and more.
 And we from death are passed into life,
 Because we love each other. The whole world
 Passeth away, and all the lusts thereof,
 All, that's not love. But whoso doth God's will
 Abideth ever. And the will of God
 Is that we love each other—not in word
 Neither in tongue, but in the truth, the deed.
 And whoso doeth this, in him the Word
 Is manifest, and no man teacheth him:
 Because the Word is Love, that teacheth all."

And when I heard those words, my spirit awoke.

R. LYTTON.

From an Island.

PART III.

X.

LADY JANE had walked angrily out through the studio door into the garden. Her temper had not been improved by a disagreeable scolding letter from Lady Mountmore which had just been put into her hand. It contained the long-looked-for scrap from Bevis, which his father had forwarded. Lady Jane was venting a certain inward indignation in a brisk walk up and down the front of the house, when Lord Ulleskelf came towards her.

"Are you coming this afternoon to explore the castle with us?" she asked. "I believe we are all going—that is, most of us. Aileen and Mena have gone off with my maid in the coach."

He shook his head. "No," he said. "And I think if it were not for the children's sake you none of you would much care to go. But I suppose it is better to live on as usual and make no change to express the hidden anxieties which must trouble us all at times."

"Well, I must say I think it is very ridiculous," said Lady Jane, who was thoroughly out of temper. "These young wives seem to think that they and their husbands are of so much consequence, that every convulsion of life and nature must combine to injure them and keep them apart."

Lord Ulleskelf had spoken forgetting that Lady Jane was quite ignorant of their present cause for alarm. He was half indignant at what he thought utter want of feeling, half convinced by Lady Jane's logic. He had first known St. Julian at Rome, years before, and had been his friend all his life. He admired his genius, loved the girls, and was devoted to the mother: any trouble which befell them came home to him almost as a personal matter. . . .

"It is perfectly absurd," the young lady went on. "We have heard at home all was well; and I cannot sympathize with this mawkish sentimentality. I hate humbug. I'm a peculiar character, and I always disliked much ado about nothing. I am something of a stoic."

"You heard by this mail?" said Lord Ulleskelf, anxiously.

"Of course we did," said Lady Jane. "I had written to my father to send me the letter. Here it is." And she put it into his hand.

They had walked on side by side, and come almost in front of the house, with its open windows. Lady Jane was utterly vexed and put

out. Hexham's look of annoyance when she had come in upon them a minute before was the last drop in her cup, and she now went on, in her jerky way,—

“Emilia is all very well; but really I do pity poor Bevis if this is the future in store for him—an anxious wife taking fright at every shadow. Mrs. St. Julian only encourages her in her want of self-control. It is absurd.”

Lord Ulleskelf, who had been examining the letter with some anxiety, folded it up. He was shocked and overcome. He confessed to me afterwards that he thought there was no necessity for sparing the feelings of a young lady so well able as Lady Jane to bear anxiety and to blame the over-sensitiveness of others. The letter was short, and about money affairs. In a postscript to the letter, Bevis said,—“Da Costa and Dubois want me to join a shooting-expedition; but I shall not be able to get away.” This was some slight comfort, though to Lord Ulleskelf it only seemed a confirmation of his worst fears.

“It is not a shadow,” he said, gravely. “If you like to look at this”—and he took a folded newspaper out of his pocket—“you will see why we have been so anxious for poor Emmy. Some one sent me a French paper, in which a paragraph had been copied from the Rio paper, containing an account of an accident to some young Englishman there. I have now, with some difficulty, obtained the original paper itself, with fuller particulars. You will see that this translation is added. I need not ask you to spare Mrs. Bevis a little longer, while the news is uncertain. The accident happened on the 2nd, four days before the steamer left. This letter is dated the 30th August, and must have been written before the accident happened.”

He turned away as he spoke, and left her standing there, poor woman, in the blaze of sunshine. Lady Jane never forgot that minute. The sea washed in the distance, a flight of birds flew overhead, the sun poured down. She stamped upon the crumbling gravel, and then, with an odd, choked sort of cry—hearing some of them coming—fairly ran into the house and upstairs and along the passage into the mistress's room, of which the door happened to be open.

This was the cry which brought Hester and Hexham out into the yard. I was in the drawing-room, when Lord Ulleskelf came in hurriedly, looking very much disturbed.

“Mrs. Campbell, for heaven's sake go to Lady Jane!” he cried. “Do not let her alarm Emilia. I have been most indiscreet—much to blame. Pray go.”

I put down my work and hurried upstairs as he told me. As I went I could hear poor Lady Jane's sobs. I had reached the end of the gallery when I saw a door open, and a figure running towards the mistress's room. Then I knew I was too late, for it was Emmy, who from her mother's bedroom had also heard the cry.

“Mamma, something is wrong,” said Emilia, “hold Bevvy for me!”

And before her mother could prevent her she had put the child in her arms and run along the passage to see what was the matter.

How shall I tell the cruel pang which was waiting for her, running up unconscious to meet the stab. Lady Jane was sitting crying on Mrs. St. Julian's little sofa. When she saw Emmy she lost all presence of mind: she cried out, "Don't, don't come, Emmy!—not you—not you!" Then jumping up she seized the newspaper and ran out of the room; but the translation Lord Ulleskelf had written out fell on the floor as she left, and poor frightened Emilia fearing everything took it up eagerly.

I did not see this—at least I only remembered it afterwards, for poor Lady Jane, meeting me at the door, seized hold of my arm, saying, "Go back, go back! Oh, take me to St. Julian!" The poor thing was quite distraught for some minutes. I took her to her room and tried to quiet her, and then I went, as she asked me, to look for my cousin. I ran down by the back way and the little staircase to the studio. It was empty, except that the little model and her mother were getting ready to go. The gentleman was gone, the child said: he had told her to come back next day. She was putting off her little quaint cloak, with her mother's help, in a corner of the big room. I hurried back to the house. On the stairs I found Hester, with her companion, and my mistress at the head of the stairs. Hester and Hexham both turned to me, and my mistress eagerly asked whether I had found St. Julian. I do not know how it was—certainly at the time I could not have described what was happening before my eyes; but afterwards, thinking things over, I seemed to see a phantasmagoria of the events of the day passing before my eyes. I seemed to see the look of motherly sympathy and benediction with which, in all her pain for Emilia, Mrs. St. Julian turned to her Hester. I don't know if the two young folks had spoken to her. They were standing side by side, as people who had a right to one another's help; and afterwards, when I was alone, Hester's face came before me, sad, troubled, and yet illumined by the radiance of a new-found light.

I suppose excitement is a mood which stamps events clearly-marked and well-defined upon our minds. I think for the most part our lives are more wonderful, sadder, and brighter, more beautiful and picturesque, than we have eyes to see or ears to understand, except at certain moments when a crisis comes to stir slow hearts, to brighten dim eyes to sight, and dull ears to the sounds that vibrate all about. So it is with happy people, and lookers-on at the history of others: for those who are in pain a merciful shadow falls at first, hiding, and covering, and tempering the cruel pangs of fear and passionate regret.

XI.

Emmy read the paper quite quietly, in a sort of dream: this old crumpled paper, lying on the table, in which she saw her husband's name printed. Her first thought was, why had they kept it from her? Here was news, and they had not given it. Bevis Beverley! She even stopped

cheerful view of things : after all it was the barest uncertainty and hint of evil, when all round, on every side, dangers of every sort were about each one of those whom we loved, from which no loving cares or prayers could shield them : a foot slips, a stone falls, and a heart breaks, or a life is ended, and what then ? . . . A horrible vision of my own child—close, close to the edge of the dreadful cliff, came before me. I was nervous and infected, too, with sad terrors and presentiments which the sight of the poor sweet young wife's misery had suggested.

In her odd, decided way, she said she must come out too. She could not bear the house, she could not bear to see the others.

Lady Jane walked beside me with firm, even footsteps, occasionally telling me one thing and another of her favourite brother. Her flow of talk was interrupted : the real true heart within her seemed stirred by an unaffected sympathy for the trouble of the people with whom she was living. Her face seemed kindled, the hard look had gone out of it ; for the first time I could imagine a likeness between her and her brother, and I began to feel a certain trust and reliance in this strange, wayward woman. After a little she was quite silent. We had a dreary little walk, pacing on together along the lane : how long the way seemed, how dull the hedges looked, how dreary the road ! It seemed as if our walk had lasted for hours, but we had been out only a very little time. When we came in there was a three-cornered note addressed to Lady Jane lying on the hall table. "A gentleman brought it," said the parlour-maid ; and I left Lady Jane to her correspondence, while I ran up to see how my two dear women were going on.

The day lagged on slowly : Emmy had got her little Bevis with her, and was lying down in her own room while he played about. Mrs. St. Julian came and went, doing too much for her own strength ; but I could not prevent her. She put me in mind of some bird hovering about her nest, as I met her again and again standing wistful and tender by her daughter's door, listening, and thinking what she could do more to ease her pain.

In the course of the afternoon St. Julian, who had been out when all this happened—having suddenly dismissed his model, and gone off for one of the long solitary tramps to which he was sometimes accustomed—came home to find the house in sad confusion. I think his presence was better medicine for Emmy than her mother's tender, wistful sympathy.

"I don't wonder at your being very uncomfortable," he said ; "but I myself think there is a strong probability that your fears are unfounded. Bevis says most distinctly that he has refused to join the expedition. His name has been talked of : that is enough to give rise to a report that he is one of the party. . . . I would give you more sympathy if I did not think that it won't be wanted, my dear." He pulled her little hand through his arm as he spoke, and patted it gently. He looked so tender, so encouraging, so well able to take care of the poor little thing, she clung to him closer and closer.

“Oh, my dearest papa,” she said, “I will try, indeed I will!” And she hid her face, and tried to choke down her sobs.

I had prepared a bountiful tea for them, to which St. Julian came; but neither Mrs. St. Julian nor Emilia appeared. Lady Jane came down, somewhat subdued, but trying to keep up a desultory conversation, as if nothing had happened, which vexed me at the moment. Even little Bevis soon found out that something was wrong, and his little voice seemed hushed in the big wooden room.

And then the next day dawned, and another long day lagged on. St. Julian would allow no change to be made in the ways of the house. He was right, for any change would but have impressed us all more strongly with the certainty of misfortune. On Thursday we should hear our fate. It was but one day more to wait, and one long, dark, interminable night. Hexham did not mean to leave us: on the contrary, when St. Julian made some proposal of the sort, he said, in true heart-tones, “Let me stay; do not send me away. Oh! St. Julian, don't I belong to you? I don't think I need tell you now that the one great interest of my life is here among you all.” The words touched St. Julian very much, and there could be no doubt of their loyalty. “Let him stay, papa,” said Hester, gently. In his emotion the young man spoke out quite openly before us all. It was a time which constrained us all to be simple, from the very strength of our sympathy for the dear, and gentle, and stricken young wife above.

Little Bevis came down before dinner, and played about as usual. I was touched to see the tenderness which they all showed to him. His grandfather let him run into his studio, upset his colour-pots, turn over his canvases—one of them came down with a great sound upon the floor. It was the picture of the two women at the foot of the beacon waiting together in suspense. Little Bevis went to bed as usual, and we dined as usual, but I shall never forget that evening, how endless and interminable it seemed. After dinner St. Julian, who had been up to see Emmy in her room, paced up and down the drawing-room, quite unnerved for once. “My poor child,” he kept repeating; “my poor child!”

The wind had risen: we could hear the low roar of the sea moaning against the shingle; the rain suddenly began to pour in the darkness outside, and the fire burnt low, for the great drops came down the chimney. Hexham did his best to cheer us. He was charming in his kindness and thoughtfulness. His manner to Hester was so tender, so gentle, at once humble and protecting, that I could only wonder that she held out as she did against its charm. She scarcely answered him, scarcely looked at him. She sat growing paler and paler. Was it that it seemed to her wrong, when her sister was in such sorrow and anxiety, to think of her own happiness, or concerns? It was something of this, for once in the course of the evening I heard her say to him,—

“I cannot talk to you yet. Will you wait?”

“A lifetime,” said Hexham, in a low moved voice.

for an instant to think what a pretty, strange name it was; stopped wilfully, with that sort of instinct we all have when we will not realize to ourselves that something of ill to those we love is at hand. Then she began to read, and at first she did not quite understand. A shooting-party had gone up the Paranà River; the boat was supposed to have overturned. The names, as well as they could gather, were as follows:—Don Manuel da Costa, Mr. P. Dubois, Mr. Bevis Beverley of the English Embassy, Mr. Stanmore, and Señor Antonio de Caita,—of whom not one had been saved. Emilia read it once quietly, only her heart suddenly began to beat, and the room to swim round and round; but even in the bewildering circles she clutched the paper and forced herself to read the dizzy words again. At first she did not feel very much, and even for an instant her mind glanced off to something else—to her mother waiting down below with little Bevis in her lap—then a great dark cloud began to descend quietly and settle upon the poor little woman, blotting out sunlight and landscape and colour. Emilia lost mental consciousness as the darkness closed in upon her, not bodily consciousness. She had a dim feeling as if some one had drawn a curtain across the window, so she told me afterwards. She was sitting in her mother's room, this she knew; but a terrible, terrible trouble was all about her, all around, everywhere, echoing in the darkness, and cold at her heart. Bevis, she wanted Bevis or her mother: they could send it away; and with a great effort she cried out, "Mamma! mamma!" And at that instant somebody who had been talking to her, but whom she had not heeded, seemed to say, "Here she is," and in a minute more her mother's tender arms were round her, and Emilia coming to herself again looked up into that tender, familiar face.

"My darling," said the mother, "you must hope, and trust, and be brave. Nothing is confirmed; we must pray and love one another, and have faith in a heavenly mercy. If it had been certain, do you think I should have kept it from you all this time?"

"How long?" said the parched lips; and Emilia turned in a dazed way from Mrs. St. Julian to Lady Jane, who had come back, and who was standing by with an odd, startled face, looking as pale almost as Emmy herself.

"Oh, Emmy, dear, dear Emmy, don't believe it: we have had a letter since. I shall never forgive myself as long as I live—never! I left it out; that hateful paper. Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed poor Lady Jane, once more completely overcome, as she sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands.

Little Emilia made a great effort. She got up from her seat with a piteous look; she went up to her sister-in-law and put her hand on her shoulder. "Don't cry, Jane," she said, trembling very much. "Mamma says there is hope; and Bevis said I was to try and make the best of things. I had rather know," said poor Emilia, turning sick and pale again. "May I see your letter?"

Lady Jane was almost overawed by the gentle sweetness of these two women.

"How can you think of me just now? Oh, Emilia! I—I don't deserve it!" And she got up and a second time rushed out of the room.

Emmy's wonderful gentleness and self-control touched me more than I can express. She did not say much more, but went back to her mother, and knelt down and buried her face in her knees in a childish attitude, kneeling there still and motionless, while all the bright light came trembling and shining upon the two bent heads, and the sound of birds and of bleating sheep and shouting children came in at the open windows. I thought they were best alone, and left them, shutting the door. The house was silent and empty of the life which belonged to it, only it seemed to me crowded to suffocation by this great trouble and anxiety. This uncertainty was horrible. How would the time pass until the next mail came due? I was thankful from my heart to think that half the time had passed. Only I felt now at this moment that I must breathe, get out upon the downs, shake off the overpowering sense of sorrow. I could not but feel when those so dear and so near to me were in so much pain; but on my way, as I passed Lady Jane's door, some compunction made me pause for a moment, and knock and go in. Poor Lady Jane! She was standing at the toilette-table. She had opened her dressing-case to get out the letter which she had hidden away there only a few minutes before, and in so doing she seemed to have caught sight of her own face in the glass, frightened and strange, and unlike anything she had ever seen before. And so she stood looking in a curious stupid way at the tears slowly coursing down her cheeks. She started as I came in, and turned round.

"I—I am not used to this sort of thing," said she. "I have been feeling as if I was somebody else, Mrs. Campbell. I don't know what I ought to do. What do you think? Shall I take this in? Will it be of any comfort?"

"It will be of no comfort, I fear. It was written before—before that happened. But I fear it is of no use trying to keep anything from her now," I said, and then together we went back to the door of the mistress's little room. Mrs. St. Julian put out her hand for the letter, and signed to us to go. Only as we walked away along the passage I heard a great burst of sobbing, and I guessed that it was occasioned by the sight of poor Bevis's well-known handwriting. Poor Lady Jane began to cry too, and then jerked her tears impatiently away, beginning to look like herself again.

"It's too absurd," she said. "All about nothing. Dear old Bevis! I am sure he will come back all safe. I have no patience with such silly frights. I am frightened too now; but there is no more danger than there was yesterday."

I could not help thinking there was some sense in Lady Jane's

tells me that she had a telegraphic message from that Captain Sigourney. Is it not odious of her now, at such a time? Oh, she can't have—can't have——”

“Eloped?” I said, smiling. “No, Aileen, I do not think there is much fear.”

As time went on, however, and neither of them reappeared, I became a little uneasy. Lady Jane's maid when questioned knew nothing of her mistress's intentions. Bevis was alone with his nurse, contentedly stocking a shop in his nursery out of her work-box. But it was not for Lady Jane that I was anxious—she could take care of herself; it was Emilia I was looking for. I put on my bonnet, and set off to try and find her. Hester and Hexham said they would go towards Ulleshall, and see if she was there.

I walked up the down, looking on every side. I thought each clump of furze was Emilia; but at last, high up by the beacon, I saw a dark figure against the sky.

Yes, it was Emilia up there, with beaten garments and with wind-blown hair. She had unconsciously crouched down to escape the fierce blast. She was looking out seawards, at the dull tossing horizon. It seemed to me such an image of desolation that it went to my heart to see her so. I called her by her name, and ran up and put my hand upon her shoulder.

“My dear,” I said, “we have been looking for you everywhere.”

Emilia gave a little start. She had not heard me call.

“I could not rest at home,” she said, “I don't know what brought me here. I think I ran almost all the way.”

She spoke with a trembling desperateness that frightened me. Two nights of sleeplessness, and these long maddening hours, were enough to daze the poor child. If she were to break down? But gentle things like Emilia bend and rise again.

“Come home now, dear Emilia,” I said; “it is growing dark. Your mother will be frightened about you.”

“Ah! people are often frightened when there is nothing to fear,” said Emilia, a little strangely.

I could see that she was in a fever. Her cheeks were burning, while I was shivering: for the cold winds came eddying from the valley, and sweeping round and round us, making the beacon creak as they passed. The wind was so chill, the sky so grey, and the green murky sea so dull at our feet, that I longed to get her away. It seemed to me much later than it really was. The solitude oppressed me. There was no life anywhere—no boats about. Perhaps they were lost in the mist that was writhing along from the land, and spreading out to sea. I cannot say why it was so great a relief to me at last to see one little dark speck coming across the straits where the mist was not drifting. The sight of life—for boats are life to people looking out with lonely eyes—this little dark grey speck upon the waters seemed to me to make the blast less dreary, and the lonely heights less lonesome.

We began our walk back in silence. Emilia's long blue cloak flapped in the wind, but I pulled it close about her. She let me do as I liked. She didn't speak. Once I said to her,—“Emilia, do you know, when I came up just now, I thought you looked like the picture your father painted. Do you remember it?”

“I—I forget,” said poor Emilia, turning away her face suddenly. All her strength seemed to have left her; her limbs seemed scarcely able to drag along; her poor little feet slipped and stumbled on the turf and against the white chalk-stones. I put my arm round her waist and helped her along as best I could, as we crept down the side of the hill.

“I think I cannot walk because my heart is so heavy,” said Emilia once in her childish way, and her head dropped on my shoulder. I hardly can tell what I feared for her, or what I hoped. Sleeplessness and anxiety were enemies too mighty for this helpless little frame to encounter.

I was confused and frightened, and I took a wrong turning. It brought us to the end of a field where a gate had once stood, which was now done away with. We could not force through the hedges and the palings: there was nothing to do but to turn back. It seems childish to record, but when I found that we must retrace so many of our weary steps, stumbling back all the way, in one of those biting gusts of wind, I burst out crying from fatigue, and sympathy, and excitement. It seemed all so dreary and so hopeless. Emilia roused herself, seeing me give way. Poor child, her sweet natural instincts did not desert her, even in her own bewildered pain. She took hope suddenly, trying to find strength to help me.

“Oh, Queenie,” she said. “Think if we find, to-morrow, that all is well, and that all this anxiety has been for nothing. But it could not be for nothing, could it?” she said.

It is only another name for something greater and holier than anxiety, I thought; but I could not speak, for I was choking, and I had not yet regained command of my own voice. Our walk was nearly over; we got out on to the lane, and so approached our home. At the turn of the road I saw a figure standing looking for us. A little figure, with hair flying on the gale, who, as we appeared, stumbling and weary, sprang forward to meet us; then suddenly stopped, turned, and fled, with fluttering skirts and arms outstretched, like a spirit of the wind. I could not understand it, nor why my little Mona (for it was her) should have run away. Even this moment's sight of her, in the twilight, did me good and cheered me. How well I remember it all. The dark rustling hedges, a pale streak of yellow light in the west shining beyond the hedge, and beyond the stem of the hawthorn-tree. It gleamed sadly and weirdly in the sky, among clouds of darkness and vaporous shadows; the earth reflected the light faintly at our feet, more brightly in the garden, which was higher than the road. Emilia put out her hand, and pulled herself wearily up the steps which led to the garden. It was very dark, but in the light from the stormy gleam she saw something which made her cry

Hexham went away to smoke with St. Julian. I crossed the room and sat down by Hester, and put my arms round her. The poor child leant her head upon my shoulder. Lady Jane was with Emilia, who had sent for her. Long after they had all gone up sad and wearily to their rooms, I sat by the fire watching the embers burn out one by one, listening to the sudden gusts of wind against the window-pane, to the dull rush of the sea breaking with loud cries and sobs.

All the events of the day were passing before me, over and over again: first one troubled face, then another; voice after voice echoing in my ears. Was there any hope anywhere in Hester's eyes? I thought; and they seemed looking up out of the fire into my own, as I sat there drowsily and sadly.

It was about two o'clock, I think, when I started: for I heard a sound of footsteps coming. A tall white-robed woman, carrying a lamp, came into the room, and advanced and sat down beside me. It was poor Lady Jane. All her cheerfulness was gone, and I saw now what injustice I had done her, and how she must have struggled to maintain it: she looked old and haggard suddenly.

"I could not rest," she said. "I came down—I thought you might be here. I couldn't stay in my room listening to that dreadful wind." Poor thing, I felt for her. I made up the fire once more, and we two kept a dreary watch for an hour and more, till the wind went down and the sea calmed, and Lady Jane began to nod in her arm-chair.

XII.

I awoke on the Thursday morning, more hopeful than I had gone to bed. I don't know why, for there was no more reason to hope either more or less than there had been the night before. On Thursday or on Friday the French mail would come with news: that was our one thought. We still tried to go on as usual, as if nothing was the matter. The bells rang, the servants came and went with stolid faces. It is horrible to say, but already at the end of these few interminable hours it seemed as if we were getting used to this new state of things. Emilia still kept upstairs. Lady Jane paced about in her restless way; from one room to another, from one person to another, she went. Sometimes she would burst out into indignation against Lady Mountmore, who had driven poor Bevis to go. She had influenced his father, Lady Jane declared, and prevented him from advancing a certain sum which he had distinctly promised to Bevis before his marriage. "A promise is a promise," said Lady Jane. "The poor boy was too proud to ask for his rights. He only went, I do believe, to escape that horrid Ephraim. We behaved like brutes, every one of us. I am just as bad as the rest," said the poor lady.

It was as she said. One day in June, when the Minister had sent to Mr. F., of the Foreign Office, to ask who was next on the list of Queen's messengers, it was found that the gentleman first in order had been taken

ill only the day before ; the second after him was making up his book for the Derby next year.

Poor Bevis—who was sitting disconsolately wondering how it would be possible to him to take up that bill of Ephraim's, which was daily appearing more terrible and impossible to meet—had heard St. Gervois and De Barty, the two other men in his room, discussing the matter, and announcing in very decided language their intention of remaining in London for the rest of the season, instead of starting off at a moment's notice with despatches to some unknown President in some unknown part of South America.

Bevis said nothing, but got up and left the room. A few minutes after he came back looking very pale. "You fellows," he said, "I shall want you to do a few things for me. I start for Rio to-morrow."

"Mr. St. Gervois told me all about it," poor Lady Jane said, with a grunt, as she told me the story.

This sudden determination took the Mountmores and Mr. Ephraim by surprise, and as I have said, it was on this occasion that Lady Jane spoke up on her brother's behalf, and that Emilia, after his departure, was formally recognized by his family. "If he,—when he comes back," cried Lady Jane, in a fume, "my father, in common decency, must increase his allowance." A sudden light came into her face as she spoke. The thought of anything to do or to say for Bevis was a gleam of comfort to the poor sister.

All that day was a feverish looking for news. St. Julian had already started off to London that morning in search of it. Once I saw the telegraph-boy from Tarmouth coming along the lane. I ran down eagerly, but Lady Jane was beforehand, and had pocketed the despatch which the servant had brought her. "It is nothing," she said, "and only concerns me." A certain conscious look seemed to indicate Sigourney. But I asked no questions. I went on in my usual plodding way, putting by candles and soap, serving out sugar. Sometimes now when I stand in the store-closet I remember the odd double feeling with which I stood there that Thursday afternoon, with my heart full of sympathy, and then would come a sudden hardness of long use to me, looking back at the storms of life through which I had passed. A hard, cruel feeling, of the inevitable laws of fate came over me. What great matter was it: one more life struck down, one more innocent happiness blasted, one more parting; were we not all of us used to it, was any one spared ever? . . . One by one we are sent forth into the storm, alone to struggle through its fierce battlings till we find another shelter, another home, where we may rest for a little while, until the hour comes when once more we are driven out. It was an evil frame of mind, and a thankless one, for one who had found friends, a shelter, and help when most in need of them. As I was still standing among my stores that afternoon, Aileen came to the door, looking a little scared. "Queenie," she said, "Emilia is not in her room. Lady Jane, too, has been out for ever so long. Her maid

out. I pulled Emilia back, with some exclamation, being still confused and not knowing what dark figure it was standing before me in the gloaming; but Emilia burst away from me with a cry, with a low passionate sob. She flew from me straight into two arms that caught her. My heart was beating, my eyes were full of tears, so that I could scarcely see what had happened.

But I heard a low "Bevis! Oh, Bevis!" For a moment I stood looking at the two standing clinging together. The cold wind still came in shrill gusts, the grey clouds still drifted, the sun-streak was dying: but peace, light, love unspeakable were theirs, and the radiance from their grateful hearts seemed to overflow into ours.

XIII.

"Where is Lady Jane?" interrupted Hexham, coming home in the twilight, from a fruitless search with Hester, to hear the great news. It was so great, so complete, so unexpected, that we none of us quite realized it yet. We were strangely silent; we looked at each other: some sat still; the younger ones went vaguely rushing about the house, from one end to the other. Aileen and Mona were like a pair of mad kittens, dancing and springing from side to side. It was pretty to see Hester rush in, tremulous, tender, almost frightened by the very depth of her sympathy. The mistress was holding Emilia's hand, and turning from her to Bevis.

"Oh, Bevis, if you knew what three days we have spent," said Hester, flinging her arms round him.

"Don't let us talk about it any more," said he, kissing her blooming cheek, and then he bent over the soft mother's hand that trembled out to meet his own.

It was not at first that we any of us heard very clearly what had happened, for Emilia turned so pale at first when her husband began speaking of that fatal expedition in the boat up the Paraná River, that Bevis abruptly changed the subject, and began describing the road from London to Tarmouth, instead of dwelling on his escape from the accident, or the wonders of that dream-world from whence he had come—an unknown land to us all of mighty streams and waving verdure; of great flowers, and constellations, and mysterious splashings and stirrings along the waters. Emmy—her nerves were still unstrung—turned pale, and Bevis suddenly began to describe his journey from Waterloo to Tarmouth, and his companion from London.

One of the first questions Bevis had asked was for news of his sister. Not knowing where anybody was to be found, he had gone straight to the Foreign Office on his arrival, for he was anxious to start again by the mid-day train for Broadshire. It was so early that none of his friends were come; only the porter welcomed him, and told him that there had been many inquiries after him,—a gentleman only that morning, who had

left his card for Mr. St. Gervois, with a request for news to be immediately forwarded to him at his lodgings. Bevis glanced at the name on the card,—Captain Sigourney: it was unknown to him, and, to tell the truth, the poor fellow did not care to meet strangers of any sort until he had seen or heard from his own people, and received some answer to that last appeal to his father. “The gentleman was to come again,” said the porter; “he seemed very particular.” Mr. St. Julian, too, had been there the evening before: he had come up from Broadshire on purpose to make inquiries. Bevis impatiently looked at his watch: he had not time to find St. Julian out—he had only time to catch the train. He wanted to get to his little Emmy—to put her heart at rest, since all this anxiety had been going on about him. “I shall be back again on Saturday,” he wrote on his card, and desired the porter specially to give it to St. Gervois, and to refer all references to him, and to no one else.

“And if the captain should come?” asked the porter.

“Oh, hang the captain,” said Bevis; “I don’t know what he can want. Tell him anything you like, so long as he does not come after me.”

“There is the gentleman,” said the porter, pointing to a languid figure that was crossing the street.

Bevis looked doubtfully at the stranger. He hastily turned away, called a passing Hansom, and driving round by the hotel where he had left his luggage, reached the station only in time to catch the quick train to Helmington. He thought of telegraphing, but it was scarcely necessary when he was to see them all so soon. He had posted a note to his father; he also wrote a line to St. Julian, which he left at the “Athenæum” as he passed.

As Bevis settled himself comfortably in the corner of his carriage, he was much annoyed when the door opened just as the train was starting, and a tall, languid person, whom he recognized as Captain Sigourney, was jerked in. What did he want? Was he following him on purpose? Was it a mere accident, or was this an emissary of that Ephraim’s, already on his track? It seemed scarcely possible, and yet . . . Bevis opened his *Times* wide, knitted his handsome brows, and glanced at his companion suspiciously. He had come already to the old anxieties, but the thought of seeing his little Emilia was so delightful to him that it prevented him from troubling himself very seriously about any possible chances or mischances that might be across their path. . . . The young fellow dropped his *Times* gradually, forgetting bills overdue, money troubles, debtors to forgive, and debts to be forgiven. He sat looking out at the rapid landscape, village spires, farms, and broad pleasant fields, dreaming of happy meetings, of Emilia’s glad looks of recognition, the boys, of Aileen, and his favourite Hester hopping about in an excitement of welcome gladness. “Will you let me look at your *Times*?” said a voice,—this was from Captain Sigourney, in his opposite corner. “I had to send off a telegraph at the last moment, and had no time to get a paper,” explained that gentleman. Bevis stared, and gave him the paper without speaking;

but the undaunted captain, who loved a listener, went on to state that he was anxious about the arrival of the South American mail. "I believe the French steamer comes in about this time?" he said, in an inquiring tone of voice. "Ah!" said Bevis, growing more and more reserved. Poor Sigourney's odd insinuating manner was certainly against him. "I shall probably have to telegraph again on the way," continued Sigourney, unabashed, as they neared Winchester. One thing struck Bevis oddly, which was this: When the guard at Winchester came to look at their tickets, his companion's was a return-ticket; and the poor young fellow having got a suspicious idea into his head, began to ask himself what possible object a man could have in travelling all this way down and back again in one day, and whether it would not be as well, under the circumstances, to change carriages, and get out of his way. "Here, let me out," he cried to the guard; and, to his great relief, Sigourney made no opposition to this move on his part.

"A fellow gets suspicious," said honest Bevis. "It was too bad. But I can't understand the fellow now. He seemed dodging me about. He had a return-ticket, too, and I only got away from him by a chance. I don't mind so much now that I have seen you, little woman. Ephraim may have a dozen writs out against me, for all I know. I thought there was something uncomfortable about the man the moment I saw him; and I asked the porter at the Foreign Office not to tell him anything about me." As Bevis went on with the account of his morning, my mistress and I had looked at one another and dimly begun to connect one thing and another in our minds. "I suppose I was mistaken," Bevis ended, shrugging his shoulders, "since here I am. But if not to-day, he will have me to-morrow. I only put off the evil day by running away. Well, I've brought back Jane's hundred pounds, and I have seen my little woman again, and the boy, and all of you, and now I don't care what happens."

"Hush," said Mrs. St. Julian: "my husband must help you. Your father has written to him. You should have come to us."

"I believe I acted like a fool," said Beverley, penitently. "Perhaps, after all, I fancied things worse than they were. I couldn't bear to come sponging on St. Julian, and I was indignant at something which my step-mother said, and—is Jane here, do you say?"

We were all getting seriously uneasy. Lady Jane's maid brought in the telegram she had found in her room, which seemed to throw some vague light upon her movements.

CAPTAIN SIGOURNEY, *Waterloo Station, to LADY JANE BEVERLEY,
Tarmouth, Broadshire.*

I IMPLORÉ you to meet me at Tarmouth. I come by the four-o'clock boat. I have news of your brother.

(Signed) SIGOURNEY.

"Sigourney!" cried Bevis.

There was a dead silence, and nobody knew exactly what to say next.

All our anxiety and speculation were allayed before dinner by the return of the pony-carriage with a hasty note from Lady Jane herself :—

DEAREST MRS. ST. JULIAN,—Kind Captain Sigourney has been to London inquiring for us. He has heard confidentially, from a person at the Foreign Office, that my brother *has been heard of* by this mail. He thought it best to come to me straight, and I have decided to go off to London immediately. I shall probably find my father at home in Bruton Street. I will write to-morrow. Fond love to dearest Emilia.

Your affectionate, anxious

JANE BEVERLEY.

“But what does it all mean?” cried Bevis, in a fume. “What business has Captain Sigourney with my safety?” And it was only by degrees that he could be appeased at all.

“This fire won’t burn!” cried Mona.

There is a little pine-wood growing not far from the Lodges, where Aileen and Mona sometimes boil a kettle and light a fire of dry sticks, twigs, and fir-cones. The pine-wood runs up the side of a steep hill that leads to the down. In the hollow below lie bright pools glistening among wet mosses and fallen leaves and pine-twigs; but the abrupt sides of the little wood are dry and sandy, and laced and overrun by a network of slender roots that go spreading in every direction. In between the clefts and jagged fissures of the ground the sea shines, blue and gleaming, while the white ships, like birds, seem to slide in between the branches. The tea-party was in honour of Bevis’s return, the little maidens said. They had transported cups and cloths, pats of butter and brown loaves, all of which good things were set out on a narrow ledge; while a little higher, the flames were sparkling, and a kettle hanging in the pretty thread of blue faint smoke. Mona, on her knees, was piling sticks and cones upon the fire; Aileen was busy spreading her table; and little Bevis was trotting about picking up various little shreds and stones that took his fancy, and bringing them to poke into the bright little flame that was crackling and sparkling and growing every moment more bright.

Bevis and Emilia were the hero and heroine of the entertainment. Hexham was fine, Aileen said, and would not take an interest, and so he was left with Hester pasting photographs in the dining-room, while the rest of us came off this bright autumnal afternoon to camp in the copse. The sun still poured unwearied over the country, and the long delightful summer seemed ending in light and brilliancy. It was during this picnic tea-drinking that I heard more than I had hitherto done of Mr. Beverley’s adventures.

“This kettle *won’t* boil!” said Mona.

And while Bevis was good-naturedly poking and stirring the flames, Emilia began in a low, frightened voice :—“Oh, Queenie, even now I can hardly believe it. He has been telling me all about it. He finished his work sooner than he had expected. I think the poor General was shot

with whom he was negotiating: at all events he found that there was nothing more for him to do, and that he might as well take his passage by the very next ship. And then, to pass the time, he went off with those other poor men for a couple of days' shooting, and then they met a drove of angry cattle swimming across the stream, and they could not get out of the way in time, and two were drowned," faltered Emilia; "but when dear Bevis came to himself, he had floated a long way down the stream. He had been unconscious, but bravely clinging to an oar all the time . . . and then he scrambled on shore and wandered on till he got to a wooden house, belonging to two young men, who took him in,—but he had had a blow on the head, and he was very ill for three days, and the steamer was gone when he got back to Rio—and that was how it was."

As she ceased she caught hold of little Bevis, who was trotting past her, and suddenly clutched him to her heart. How happy she was! a little frightened still, even in her great joy, but with smiles and lights in her radiant face,—her very hair seemed shining as she sat under the pine-trees, sometimes looking up at her husband, or with proud eyes following Bevy's little dumpling figure as he busily came and went.

"Here is Hexham, after all," cried Bevis from the heights, looking down as he spoke, and Hexham's head appeared from behind a bank of moss and twigs.

"Why, what a capital gipsy photograph you would all make," cried the enthusiastic Hexham as he came up. "I have brought you some letters. Hester is coming directly with William St. Julian, who has just arrived."

"I really don't think we can give you all cups," said Aileen, busily pouring from her boiling kettle into her teapot. "You know I didn't expect you."

Bevis took all the letters and began to read them out:—

I.

LORD MOUNTMORE to the HON. BEVIS BEVERLEY.

Friday.

MY DEAR BOY,—The news of your safe return from Rio has relieved us all from a most anxious state of mind. You have had a providential escape, upon which we most warmly and heartily congratulate you. With regard to the subject of your letter, I am willing to accede to your request, and to allow you once more the same sum that you have always had hitherto. I will also assist you to take up the bill, if you will give me your solemn promise never to have anything more to do with the Jews. Jane has pleaded your cause so well that I cannot refuse her. My lady desires her love.

Your affectionate father,
M——

Jane is writing, so I send no message from her. She arrived, poor girl, on Thursday in a most distressed state of mind. I hope we shall see you here with your wife before long.

II.

UNKNOWN FRIEND, *Ch. Coll., Cambridge, to GEORGE HEXHAM, ESQ.,
The Island, Tarmouth.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have been expecting this letter ever since I received your last, from which, by the by, one page was missing. Farewell, O friend of my bachelorhood. Seriously, I long to see you, and to hear all about it. I must also beg to congratulate the future Mrs. Hexham upon having secured the affections of one of the best and truest-hearted of men. I have no doubt she fully deserves her good fortune.

Ever, my dear fellow, affectionately yours,

III.

MRS. WILLIAM ST. JULIAN, *Kensington Square, to MRS. ST. JULIAN, Tarmouth.*

MY DEAREST MRS. ST. JULIAN,—I send this by William, who cannot rest until he has seen you all and told you how heartfelt are our sympathies and congratulations. How little we thought, as we drove off on Monday morning, of all that was at hand. It seems very *unfeeling* as I look back now. I shall feel quite nervous until William comes back, but he has promised to take a return-ticket to reassure me. I am quite surprised by the news you send me this morning of Hester's engagement. I always had my own ideas, though I did not speak of them (we quiet people often see a good deal more than people imagine), and I quite expected that Lady Jane would have been the lady. However, it is much better as it is, and Mr. Hexham is, I have no doubt, all you could wish for dear Hester. Do give my best and kindest congratulations to dear Emilia. How delighted she must have been to get the good news of her husband's safety. I hope it was not too much for her,—excitement is very apt to knock one up. The children send a hundred loves and kisses.

Believe me

Your affectionate daughter,

MARGARET ST. JULIAN.

P.S.—I have had a visit from a very delightful Captain Sigourney. He called upon me to ask for news of you all. It seems he escorted Lady Jane to town, and that in consequence of information he had received at the Foreign Office he was able to be of great service to her, although the information afterwards turned out incorrect. A person there had assured him that Mr. Beverley had been in town some time, and had returned to South America for good. What strange reports get about! One should be very careful never to believe anybody.

On Relics Ecclesiastical.

(BY "THE UNDEVELOPED COLLECTOR.")

PART I.

HOWEVER deeply we may regret the extravagances to which a superstitious use of relics has given rise, we cannot but confess that the feeling which led to their collection and preservation was at first both innocent and natural. It is a house of but poor memories in which deeply cherished *relics* do not exist. We cannot help treasuring up whatever recalls more vividly to us some absent and dearly loved friend. Nor, of course, is this feeling confined at all to personal friends; it extends to all those in whom, for whatever reason, we have a deep and real interest.

At what period the relics of martyrs and confessors first began to be collected does not clearly appear. Tradition would, as we shall see presently, carry the practice back to the times of the Apostles themselves. By the end of the fourth century, at all events, the custom had become quite established. About 398, S. Chrysostom preached a sermon, still extant, on the occasion of the translation of certain relics from Constantinople to a church about nine miles out of the city, at the instance of the Empress Eudoxia. In it he "commends the piety of the empress, and proves that if the clothes, handkerchiefs, and even the shadow of saints on earth had wrought such miracles, a blessing is certainly derived from their relics upon those who devoutly touch them." Some few years before, Cyril of Jerusalem had used much the same language; and in the next century, Jerome, the most learned in some respects of the Latin fathers, is of the same opinion.

The Empress Helena—an Englishwoman probably, born, some think, at York, but according to other accounts, daughter of Coel, King of Colchester—was one of the first great collectors, at the beginning of the fourth century. In later times no one seems to have been more rapacious and successful than the husband of our own Queen Mary, Philip II. of Spain. He got together no less than 7,421 relics, which were preserved in 515 beautifully wrought shrines in the Escorial. It is almost impossible to form any idea of the multitudes of relics accumulated in different places. In a curious and rare volume in my possession, by Calvin, entitled, *A very Profitable Treatise, declaring what great Profit might come to al Christendome yf there were a Register made of all Sainctes' Bodies and other Reliques, which are as well in Italy, as in Fraunce, Dutchland, Spaine, and other Kingdomes and Countreys*, the following

passage occurs:—"I thought that for as much as ther is not so lytle a cathedrall church that hath not as it wer thousands of bones and other such litle trifles, what shuld it be if one should gather together the whole multitude of two or thre thousande bishopricke, of twentye or thyrty thousand abbeys, of more then fourtye thousande coventes, of so many parishe churchs and chappels."

The desire of possessing relics soon led to many forgeries and impositions. S. Martin, Bishop of Tours, in the eleventh century, was pressed to visit a chapel in the neighbourhood much venerated by the people. Feeling some doubts about the genuineness of the relics, he set himself to discover their real history, and soon found that the "saint" was a robber who had been executed for his crimes. "In this town," says Calvin, "thei had (as men say) in times passed an arm of S. Anthony, the which, when it was inclosed in a glasse, they kissed and worshipped: but at such time as it was taken out and shewed forth, it was found to be the member of an hart. There was also on the high aulter hangyng the braine of Saint Peter. As long as it was inclosed, men did not doubt thereof, for it had bene blasphemie not to beleve the superscription. But when, as the neste was pulled out, and that men did better beholde it, it was founde to be a marble stone." Ford, in his amusing *Handbook for Spain*, gives us another instance. The trick was played off in 1588 on the Archbishop of Castro, who founded a college on the site where the relics were found, and marked the spots by crosses. "Alonso de Castillo and Miguel de Luna, two notorious impostors, forged the writings and hid the bones and lead-vessels. These they soon dug up, and then revealed the rare discovery to the prelate, who actually employed the very originators of the trick to decipher the unknown characters. They professed to relate to San Cecilio, since the patron of Granada, then a deaf and dumb boy, who, having been cured by a miracle, came to Spain, and there went blind. His sight was restored by wiping his eyes with the Virgin's handkerchief, for which relic Philip II. sent when ill in 1595. Some of these vouchers for the cure of San Cecilio were written in Spanish; and Aldrete, the antiquarian, narrowly escaped being burnt for saying that the Spanish language did not exist in the first century." A curious illustration occurred only recently, during the progress of some railway works which pass through the old churchyard of S. Pancras, of the manner in which duplicates, and even triplicates, of relics may exist. "Whilst carefully removing the remains of the dead, the excavators came upon the corpse of a high dignitary of the French Romish Church. Orders were received for the transshipment of the remains to his native land, and the work of exhuming the corpse was intrusted to some clever gravediggers. On opening the ground, they were surprised to find, not bones of one man, but of several. Three skulls and three sets of bones were yielded by the soil in which they had lain mouldering. The difficulty was how to identify the bones of a French ecclesiastic amid so many. After much

discussion, the shrewdest gravedigger suggested that, being a foreigner, the darkest-coloured bones must be his. Acting upon this idea, the blackest bones were sorted and put together, until the requisite number of rights and lefts were obtained. These were reverently screwed up in a new coffin, conveyed to France, and buried with all the pomp and circumstance of the Roman Catholic Church, and, in due time, will be regarded, no doubt, with the reverence due to their great antiquity and saintly lives."

Multitudes of once-honoured relics have long since disappeared. The Eastern conquerors of Jerusalem and Constantinople caused the loss of many. But just as it was said of the devastations at Rome, "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barberini," so at Constantinople the Western Latins far outdid the ravages of the Eastern Othmans. "These barbarians converted holy vessels into troughs for horses, mitres and vestments into helmets and halters, and broke into the tombs." We have to thank the Calvinists in Scotland, and the Puritans in England, for most lamentable and irreparable havoc. Whilst Will Dowsing and his worthy companions were "breaking down all the carved works" in the houses of God "with axes and hammers," and Richard Culmer was smashing the beautiful windows at Canterbury, leaving one figure standing—which he justified by saying that "he had an order to take down Christ, but had no order to take down the devil"—whatever seemed to them to savour of Popish imagery and superstition met with no mercy. The zeal of the Huguenots in 1562 was equally blind and disastrous. Indeed, the French altogether are answerable for more wanton and disgraceful havoc than perhaps any other nation. Not to mention the excesses in France itself at the time of the Revolution, there is scarcely a town in Spain that does not bear the marks of their ravages to this day—Soult being one of the greatest criminals. The inscription now in the Cathedral of Leon will give us a sample of their handiwork: "Este precioso monumento de la antigüedad, deposito de las cenizas de tantos poderosos Reyes, fue destruido por los Franceses año de 1809."

I have no intention of giving anything like a full account of the many relics still preserved in churches and cathedrals. That would far exceed the limit I propose to myself; but there are some relics so interesting, if we could have any good reason to believe in their genuineness, and others so curious, that some account of them may not be unacceptable.

We may not, perhaps, be surprised to find that the red earth from which Adam was made is still pointed out both at Hebron and at Jerusalem; but it is somewhat startling to be assured by Sir John Maundeville that his skull was found at Golgotha. The tradition about his burial is very curious, but I reserve it till I come to the mention of the True Cross. On the way to Baalbec, Maundrell mentions the tomb of Abel, said "to have given the adjacent country, in old times, the name of Abilene! The tomb is thirty yards long, and yet it is believed to have been just proportioned to the stature of him who was buried in it." The men in those days, and the women too, must have been giants indeed. The tomb of Eve, at Jedda, Burton tells us, is two hundred paces long. That of Seth, on the

slopes of Antilibanus is sixty feet in length. "It would have been twenty feet longer, but the prophet Seth, who came here preaching to the people who worshipped cows, was killed by them, and was hastily buried, with his knees doubled under his legs." Noah's tomb, on the opposite side of the valley, is one hundred and twenty feet long. By the time of Joshua the human race had begun to degenerate. His tomb, near Constantinople, is only thirty feet long.

Of course Sir John Maundeville has something marvellous to tell us about Noah's ark. He speaks of a "mountain called Ararat, but the Jews call it Taneez, where Noah's ship rested, and still is upon that mountain; and men may see it afar in clear weather. That mountain is full seven miles high, and some men say that they have seen and touched the ship, and put their fingers in the part where the devil went out when Noah said 'Benedicite.' But they that say so speak without knowledge; for no one can go up the mountain for the great abundance of snow which is always on that mountain, both summer and winter, so that no man ever went up since the time of Noah, except a monk, who, by God's grace, brought one of the planks down, which is yet in the monastery at the foot of the mountain." This must have been the plank afterwards carried off to Constantinople, for three of the doors of St. Sophia were venerated with wood from the ark.

There are few places of such antiquity the site of which is so satisfactorily determined as that of the Cave of Machpelah. It is by no means improbable that the bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still reposing there, though Calvin assures us they were, in his time, in the church of St. Maria sopra Minerva at Rome; and portions, at least, are still to be seen in the Cathedral of Prague. Bertrandon de la Brocquiere was shown, in Constantinople, in 1492, "a large stone, in the shape of a washstand, on which they say Abraham gave the angels to eat, when they were going to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah." Another relic of Abraham is preserved in the Caaba at Mecca. The original Caaba was of radiant clouds, sent down from heaven, at Adam's request, as a representation of the Paradise he had lost. On Adam's death this was removed, whilst another of the same form, built of stone by Seth, was destroyed in the Deluge. Ishmael, by the command of God, rebuilt the Caaba, assisted by Abraham. "A miraculous stone served Abraham as a scaffold, rising and sinking with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice. It still remains there, an inestimable relic, and the print of the patriarch's foot is clearly to be perceived on it by all true believers."

In a corner of the exterior wall of the Caaba is a stone held in great veneration by the Mohammedans. Some say it was one of the precious stones of Paradise; others, that it was Adam's guardian angel, changed to stone for not being more watchful. Anyhow, it was brought to Abraham and Ishmael by the Angel Gabriel,—a jacinth of dazzling whiteness then, but now black as ink from the touch of sinful men, and only to recover its purity at the Day of Judgment.

If we are to believe the Mohammedans, they are in possession, likewise, of the stone of Jacob's pillow,—the rock of the Sakrah, in the

Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem; but the real stone, as everybody knows, is in Westminster Abbey. Sandford, in his *History of the Coronation of James II.*, gives us the history of it:—"It is an oblong square, about twenty-two inches long, thirteen inches broad, and eleven inches deep, of a bluish steel-like colour, mixed with some veins of red; whereof history relates that it is the stone whereon the patriarch Jacob is said to have lain his head in the plain of Luza. That it was brought to Brigantia, in the kingdom of Galicia, in Spain, in which place Gathal, King of Scots, sat on it as his throne. Thence it was brought into Ireland by Simon Brech, first King of Scots, about 700 years before Christ's time; and from thence into Scotland by King Fergus, about 330 years before Christ. In the year 850 it was placed in the abbey of Scone, in the sheriffdom of Perth, by King Kenneth." All the Scotch kings were crowned on it till it was taken away by Edward I., and placed where it is now.

Remains of the "pillar of salt" of Lot's wife were still pointed out in the time of Maundrell; quite as genuine, no doubt, as M. de Sauley's discoveries of Sodom and Gomorrah. "On my first warning Abbé Michon," says this ingenious Frenchman, "of their presence, he laughed in my face, as much as to tell me I was dreaming."

Many people must be acquainted with Dr. Forster's startling translations of the mysterious characters found so abundantly in the peninsula of Mount Sinai. The dividing of the Red Sea; the miraculous supply of quails at Kibroth Hataavah; the victory over the Ammonites, through the hands of Moses being sustained by Aaron and Hur,—these, and many other things of the same kind, if we can believe the Doctor, are recorded by the Israelites in these contemporary inscriptions. Of course we have the Rock of Moses, with the impression of his rod, still remaining,—a large, isolated cube of coarse red granite, from twelve to fifteen feet high. Pieces of Aaron's rod are among the treasures of Aix-la-Chapelle; and Calvin tells us, "At Sainet John of Latrans, thei boste to have the arcke of the covenant with Aaron's rodde; and yet, neverthesse, this rod is also at the Holy Chappell of Paris, and they of Sayncte Saviour's in Spayne have a certaine piece."

Not far from the rock of Moses is pointed out the mould of Aaron's calf,—all, however, that remains being a rude figure of a head with two horns.

A very long and curious list might be made of the natural marks in stones, which, with a little assistance perhaps, have been shown as miraculous imprints. The Scythians, for instance, so Herodotus tells us, used to point out on the banks of the Tyras (Dnieper) the marks of the foot of Hercules, just like the foot of a man, only two cubits long. In the same way there are various places in India, and one spot especially in Ceylon, where the print of Buddha's foot is shown, left when he visited the earth after the Deluge with gifts and blessings for his worshippers. Still more famous was the print by Lake Regillus, left by the charger of one of "the Great Twin Brethren, who fought so well for Rome." In sacred history, besides the footprint of Abraham already alluded to, we have at Gebel Mousa the marks of the back of Moses when he "fled from

dread when he saw our Lord face to face. And in that rock is imprinted the form of his body ; for he threw himself so strongly and so hard on that rock, that all his body was buried into it through the miracle of God." Near the convent of Mar Elias is a slight depression on a rock, something like the figure of a man. Here Elijah, tradition says, lay under the shadow of an olive-tree, when flying from Jezebel.

Very many of these impressions have been connected with the history of our Lord. For instance, there have been shown at various times the writing of His fingers on the ground, when the woman taken in adultery was brought before Him ; His prayer similarly impressed ; the marks of his fingers at Nazareth when the people of that place were trying to cast Him down from the precipice upon which their city was built ; and the feet of the ass on which He rode to Jerusalem—just as the foot of Mohammed's camel is pointed out on Gebel Mousa, though in this case the monks of St. Catherine declared it was their own manufacture to save themselves from the Bedouins. The marks of His feet in the Temple, when the Jews took up stones to cast at Him, which the Mohammedans declare are the marks of their prophet when he mounted his celestial steed on his midnight visit to Jerusalem ; of His knees at Gethsemane, as well as the bodies of the sleeping Apostles ; those of His feet as He was hurried away ; of His shoulder on one of the houses at Jerusalem as He was led to crucifixion ; and finally, the marks of His feet as He ascended from Olivet. Of the two impressions—not more like feet than anything else—one was long ago stolen by the Mohammedans. In Arculf's time (A. D. 700) the description of them is:—"On the ground, in the midst of the Church, are to be seen the last prints *in the dust* of our Lord's feet, and the roof appears open above, where He ascended ; and although the earth is daily carried away by believers, yet still it remains as before, and retains the same impression of the feet." In Sir John Maundeville's time (1322) the description runs:—"From that mount our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to heaven on Ascension Day, and yet there appears the impress of His left foot *in the stone*."

Two impressions connected with our Lord are assigned to a later date than the Ascension. When St. Peter was flying from Rome to escape persecution, he was met by Christ, and thus accosted Him,—“Lord, whither goest thou?” “To Rome, to be crucified a second time.” Peter at once turned back, and soon afterwards was put to death. The marks of the Saviour's feet are shown in the church of St. Sebastian, at Rome. The stone, however, is said to bear clear marks of a chisel, and to be of a substance—white marble—certainly not used for road-paving at Rome in the time of the Apostle. Another, called “Le pas de Dieu,” is to be seen in the church of St. Radegunde at Poitiers. She was the Queen of Clothaire I., but afterwards took the veil.

Another mark is thus described by Maundrell:—"Near the bottom of the hill (Mount Olivet) is a great stone, upon which you are told the blessed Virgin let fall her girdle after her assumption, in order to convince S. Thomas, who, they say, was troubled with a fit of his old incredulity

upon this occasion. There is still to be seen a small winding channel upon the stone, which they will have to be the impression made by the girdle when it fell, and to be left for the conviction of all such as shall suspect the truth of their story of the Assumption." "There is no attempt at fraud," says Stanley, speaking of this and similar identifications, "or even at probability; nothing seems to have been too slight, too modern, for the tradition to lay hold of it. Criticism and belief are alike disarmed by the child-like, almost playful spirit, in which the early pilgrims and crusaders must have gone to and fro, seeking for places here and there, in which to localize the dreams of their own imaginations."

In Ireland we find the five pats of butter which St. Fiachna changed into stone, near Bantry—the prints of the priest's ass, made in his seven-mile leap, when his master was "purshued by the Tories"—the famous impressions at Clough-na-Cuddy, near Killarney—Fin-ma-Coul's finger in Donegal—and many others.

Not very long ago there was to be seen at Smethal's Hall, near Bolton-le-Moors, a miraculous impression, said to be that of George Marsh, one of the victims of Queen Mary's persecutions in 1555. On one occasion he "stamped his foot upon the place where he stood, in confirmation of the truth of his opinions: a miraculous impression was made upon the stone, as a perpetual memorial of the injustice of his enemies, leaving a natural cavity in a flag somewhat resembling the print of a man's foot, which neither time nor labour can efface." It seems, however, to have been destroyed when the chapel was burnt down in 1856.

The last instance I shall mention is of a somewhat different character. About three quarters of a mile from Montague House, and about 500 yards east of Tottenham Court Road, was a field called "The Field of the Forty Footsteps." They were about three inches deep; no vegetation ever grew on them, no ploughing could efface them. They were said to have been made by two brothers, who fought a fatal duel on that spot about a love-affair. A very curious account of a successful visit in search of them is given by Southey, and will be found in the second series of his *Common-Place Books*. "I see no reason or pretence," he says, "for any rational man to doubt the truth of the story, since it has been confirmed by these tokens for more than an hundred years successively." The field is now built over, and the footsteps, of course, have disappeared.

Natural marks in stones have often had a miraculous origin assigned to them. In the red veins of limestone men have found drops of blood, as in the Scala Santa, to be mentioned again presently—in the place now pointed out as the scene of the martyrdom of St. Stephen—in the stone preserved in the confessional of St. Maria in Trastevere, where the red marks are said to be the blood of St. Dorothea—and in the Fountain of Tears, in the garden at Coimbra, where Ignez de Castro was murdered. The red marks in the blood-stone are said to have been caused by some drops falling on a dark-green jasper at the Crucifixion.

The whiteness of the "Milk Grotto" at Bethlehem is attributed to some of the Virgin's milk falling upon it, and powdered pieces of it are in

great request amongst nursing mothers. "I shall make no remark," says the Abbé Geraud, "on the virtue of these stones, or on its causes. I merely affirm, as an ascertained fact, that a great number of persons obtain from it the relief they anticipate." The tears which Jacob shed when in search of Joseph, used to be pointed out on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, changed into black and white stones.

To another class, again, belong the "lentils," the remains of the food provided—so Strabo assures us—to the builders of the Pyramids, and still to be seen at their base. These "lentils" are nummulites, belonging to the Foraminifera,—usually microscopic, but in this case about the size of a half-crown piece,—which give its name to the limestone of which the Pyramids are constructed. The natives call them Pharaoh's Pence. Then, there are the Whitby Snakes, which St. Hilda changed into stone, specimens of which may be had by the dozen any day, though examples "with the heads on," like one I saw at Whitby a good many years ago, are, of course, "very rare." Most people, I suppose, now-a-days know them to be ammonites. Marmion, again, tells us,—

On a rock by Lindisfarne
St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born heads that bear his name.

These are the detached plates of the stem of an encrinite. A curious story is told of some stones near Mount Carmel. The prophet Elijah was one day passing by a garden belonging to a very churlish owner. The day was hot and sultry, and the prophet longed to quench his thirst with some of the tempting fruit. "Friend, you are mistaken," was the answer to his request for some; "those are only stones you see." "Many a true word is spoken in jest," replied the prophet, and passed on. When the owner went to gather them, he found them to be stones indeed, and stones they are to this very day. Some of them at least are said to be fossil echini. A very similar story is told of St. Kevin and the five loaves of a woman he met on Derrybawn. Near Rachel's monument, says Maundrell, "is a little piece of ground, in which are picked up a little sort of small round stones exactly resembling peas, concerning which they have a tradition here that they were once truly what they now seem to be; but that the blessed Virgin petrified them by a miracle, in punishment to a surly rustic who denied her the charity of a handful of them to relieve her hunger."

In the Cathedral of Milan, upon a pillar of Elba granite, is a brazen serpent, which some people seem to believe, in opposition to the account of its destruction by Hezekiah, to be the brazen serpent set up by Moses in the Wilderness. It seems to have been given by the Emperor of Constantinople to Archbishop Arnulf, who placed it where it now is, not however as a relic of Moses, but as a not unusual type of the Cross. At Oviedo, however, is some of the manna of the Wilderness. It was removed from Jerusalem when captured by Chosroes, King of Persia, and carried off to Africa. After many other wanderings it found its present resting-place. Another supply is at Aix-la-Chapelle.

If we could believe the Samaritan account of their copy of the Penta-

teuch, kept so carefully and reverently at Nablous, we should have in it one of the most ancient manuscripts, and certainly the most ancient autograph, in existence. It is said to have been written by Abishua, son of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron. Though its date has not been determined, we may, I think, safely assume that it has no pretensions to such an antiquity as this.

But I must not linger much longer amongst the relics connected with the Old Testament. I will just mention that the stones brought up by Joshua from Jordan were—some say are still—to be seen on Mount Gerizim. Arculf speaks of them as so heavy that two strong men, at the present day, could hardly lift one of them. The marble sarcophagus, richly carved with wreaths of flowers, which M. de Sauley carried off as that of David, and now in the Louvre, is pronounced by Mr. Fergusson to be certainly later than the time of Constantine. The rib in the Cathedral of Brunswick, as that of Goliath, belonged, no doubt, to a whale.

Considering the mighty changes that have swept over the Holy Land, it is not surprising that there should be difficulties in the identification of sites mentioned in the sacred narrative. But Lieutenant Warren's account, lately given at a meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund, is somewhat startling: "In studying the Holy Land it is most disappointing to find a dearth of evidence as to sites of places, and the more the matter is looked into the more difficult it becomes. There are points which are known beyond contradiction, such as Jaffa, Jerusalem, and others; but when details are sought for, there is the most conflicting evidence. Explorers must be content to be baffled and perplexed for a long time before they can bring out Jerusalem as it was; for, startling as it may appear, they have not yet a single fixed point from which to commence." Tradition, however, has no such difficulties. There is scarcely an incident recorded in the Gospels but the exact spot can be pointed out where it occurred.

Deferring for the present the marvellous story of the house of the Virgin at Nazareth, I may mention that the exact spot where the Angel Gabriel appeared to her is pointed out. It is in a cave, in form of a cross. Two pillars have been set up, one where the Virgin, the other where the Angel, stood. "Of these pillars," Maundrell tells us, "the innermost, being that of the blessed Virgin, has been broke away by the 'Turks, in expectation of finding treasure under it, so that eighteen inches' length of it is clean gone between the pillar and its pedestal. Nevertheless, it remains erect, though by what art it is sustained I could not discern. It touches the roof above, and is probably hung upon that, unless you had rather take the friar's account of it, viz. that it is supported by a miracle." The same writer has some very sensible remarks on the subject of the caves which are so commonly held as sacred spots in Palestine. "I cannot forbear to mention an observation which is very obvious to all that visit the Holy Land, viz. that almost all passages and histories related in the Gospel are represented by them that undertake to show where everything was done as having been done most of them in grottoes, and that even in such cases where the condition and

the circumstances of the actions themselves seem to require places of another nature. Thus, if you would see the place where St. Anne was delivered of the blessed Virgin, you are carried to a grotto ; if the place of the Annunciation, it is also a grotto ; if that of the Baptist's, or that of our blessed Saviour's Nativity—if that of the Agony, or that of St. Peter's repentance, or that where the Apostles made the Creed, or this of the Transfiguration—all these places are also grottoes ; and, in a word, wherever you go, you find almost everything is represented as done underground. Certainly, grottoes were anciently held in great esteem, or else they could never have been assigned, in spite of all probability, for the places in which were done so many various actions. Perhaps it was the hermits' way of living in grottoes from the fifth or sixth century downward that has brought them ever since to be in so great reputation."

Over the spot supposed to be that of the Nativity is a church built by the Empress Helena in 327, and one of the oldest specimens of Christian architecture in the world. In it is a marble slab, with a silver star in the centre, and inscribed, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." The swaddling-clothes in which our Saviour was wrapped are among the "Grand Reliques" at Aix-la-Chapelle. They were given with three others, one of them the cotton robe worn by the Virgin at Bethlehem, by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Haroun, King of Persia, to Charlemagne. They are only exhibited once in seven years, and as many as 150,000 pilgrims are said to have been present on one of these occasions. The swaddling-clothes are of a coarse yellow cloth. Calvin mentions a duplicate set at St. Paul's Church, Rome, "although that there be some lytle part of it at St. Saviour's, in Spain."

In the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome, enclosed in an urn of silver and crystal, are five boards of the manger in which our Saviour was laid. They were brought from Bethlehem by Pope Theodorus, in the seventh century, and are exhibited annually on Christmas Eve. Curiously enough, Sæwulf writes as if the manger was still at Bethlehem in his time (twelfth century) ; Maundrell, as late as 1697, speaks of visiting at that place "the manger in which it is said He was laid." The cradle of Christ used anciently to be shown in what is now the Mosque of Omar.

At what time the legend about the Wise Men of the East received its present form is uncertain. They are usually represented as three in number, but in the catacombs of Saints Nereus and Achilleus at Rome, is a painting, assigned to the end of the second century, containing one of the earliest known figures of the Virgin, in which four Magi are represented as bringing her gifts, two on each side. By the eleventh century, however, if not before, they appear as we have them now. In the words of Sir J. Maundeville, the three "kings were Jaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar ; but the Greeks call them Galgalathe, Malgalathe, and Sarathie ; and the Jews call them in Hebrew, Appelius, Americus, and Damasus." In one legend they are described as the three sons of Noah, who had been asleep in a cave under Mount Ararat, when they were awoke by an angel, "and they met together by a miracle of God ; for they met together in a city in India

called Cassak, which is fifty-three days' journey from Bethlehem, and yet they arrived at Bethlehem on the thirteenth day." In the star that guided them they had seen the figures of the Virgin and Child. The star, in one account, fell near Bethlehem; according to another, it was really the Southern Cross, which, after performing its duty to the Magi, took up its present position in the southern hemisphere. Sæwulf saw at Bethlehem the *marble* table at which they were entertained by the Virgin. They were among the first disciples of the Apostle St. Thomas when he visited India to preach Christianity; and after their death their bodies were removed to Constantinople. From Constantinople they were taken to Milan, where they remained for some time beneath the choir of the chapel of S. Martin, where the enormous sarcophagus which contained them is still shown. When the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa blotted out Milan in 1162, an attempt was made to remove them, but they fell into the victor's hands. At that time, Archbishop Reinald of Cologne was in Italy, and the three kings, with the body of St. Apollinaris as well, were presented to him. As he was returning with his treasures, the boat containing them stopped over against Remagen, and could be got no further. Thinking this a sign from heaven, the archbishop tried to find out which of his saints he must leave behind. On touching the shrine of St. Apollinaris, all the bells in the neighbouring church of S. Martin began ringing, and the saint was accordingly landed, and had honourable reception prepared for him at Apollinarisberg, where his head is still preserved. The three kings journeyed quietly to Cologne; but they have had some narrow escapes since then. Turenne's soldiers played at bowls with their skulls, and in the French Revolution they had to be carried, shrine and all, for safety, to Arnsberg, in Westphalia. It was rather an expensive journey, and changed a good many of the jewels into paste; but if you can believe the sacristan at Cologne, the shrine is still worth something like a quarter of a million pounds sterling: and for a few shillings you may see the three skulls, with their names inscribed in rubies, and with crowns, now no longer, as in days gone by, of gold, but of silver gilt. Their names carried about the person were considered as a never-failing remedy against the "falling sickness," as may be seen from the Ritual of Chartres in 1500. There was found, some years ago, at Dunwich, in Suffolk, a silver ring, on the circumference of which was the following inscription:—

Jasper fert myrrham : thus Melchior : Balthasar aurum :

Hæc tria qui secum portabit nomina Regum,

Solvitur a morbo, Christi pietate, caduco.

One of the objections against the account of the Massacre of the Innocents is, that there is no mention of it in Josephus; but in the history of such a monster of iniquity as Herod was, it is in no way surprising that such a comparatively trifling affair as that should be passed by. "Not more than ten or twelve children, most probably," says Alford, "perished in so small a place as Bethlehem and its neighbourhood." The Ethiopians, however, and Greeks, count no less than 14,000 children as having perished on this occasion. Well, then, may Sir John

Maundeville speak of "the charnel-house of the Innocents at Bethlehem, where their bones lie." Bertrandon de la Brocquiere saw several of their bodies at Murano, Venice; and one is preserved in the Escorial.

There are two places in the Holy Land which claim to be the "Cana of Galilee" mentioned by St. John: one Kâna el Jelil, which seems to be the true Cana; the other Kefr Kenna, which has for some considerable time been looked on as the scene of the miracle, and where, accordingly, the house and the water-pots are exhibited. There was only one there when Willibald visited it in 722, and "the travellers drunk wine out of it." Since that time they have curiously multiplied, for besides those on the spot there is one at Oviedo, another at the Escorial; and Calvin says, "I doe not knowe all places where they are shewed. I knowe well that ther are of them at Pise, at Ravene, at Cluny, at Angers, at St. Saviours in Spaine." But "some of them do contain no more than five quartes of wine at the most, other some lesse; the others do contain well nigh a firken. . . . But they have not been content wyth the vessels onely except they had therewith the drinke also; for at Orleance they say that they have the wine the which thei name Architrieline. . . . Once a year they make them that wyll brynge them their offeringe, lieke the ende of a sponne, telling them that they geve them to drinke of the wyne that our Lord made in the banquet. And the quantitie never diminisheth (provided alwaies that thei fil the gobblet)."

It is, however, as we approach the history of the Crucifixion, that relics increase to a degree that is utterly beyond the bounds of belief. Except, perhaps, Malchus's ear—and of that I would not speak positively—there seems to be scarcely an object alluded to in the sacred narrative (not to speak of others not mentioned there) but is, or was, to be found gorgeously enshrined in some noble church or cathedral. For instance, Calvin tells us "a relique of the asses taile whereon our Lord Jesus rode is to be shown at Genes;" and in the cathedral at Prague we have one of the palm-branches strewed before Him on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. With regard to the Table of the Lord's Supper, the accounts are somewhat contradictory. In 874 Bernard the Wise visited Gethsemane, where, he tells us, is "a church containing the *four* round tables of His Supper." In Sæwulf's time a change had taken place, for he speaks of "the Galilee of Mount Sion, and the *marble table* still preserved there on which He supped." Sir John Maundeville again speaks of seeing "part of the table" there, and also the vessel in which the feet of the disciples were washed; but he makes no mention of its material. But in the Lateran at Rome is a table shown as that of the Last Supper, made of *cedar*, and formerly encased in silver. As to the towel, Calvin tells us "there is one at Rome, at Sanct John of Latran: another at Aix, in Dutchland, at Sainct Cornelius, with the signe of Judas fote." One of the tears our Lord shed on the occasion, he adds, is at Saint Maximin. A part of the tablecloth is at Vienna, and is one of the relics produced on the occasion of a coronation. "There is of the breade at Sainct Saviours, in Spaine: the knife wherewith the Pascall Lamb was cut is at Trier." Bishop Arculf (700) speaks of the cup being, in his time, at Jerusalem, "concealed in a little

shrine, which Areulf touched and kissed through a hole in the covering. It is made of silver, of the capacity of about a French quart, and has two handles, one on each side." In Calvin's time, two seem to have been shown—"at our Ladye of the Ile, near to Lyons, and in Albegeios, in a certain convent of Augustines." With respect to the dish used for the Paschal Lamb, "the Sangraal," as it is called (graal being a French form of gradale), Spencer tells us it was brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathæa. After this it remained concealed from the eyes of men, because of the sins of the land, till at a feast which Arthur was holding at the Round Table, it suddenly appeared before their eyes. In consequence, all his knights took "the Sangraal's holy quest:" account of which will be found in the *Romance of the Mort d'Arthur*. In the Treasury at Genoa is a dish called "Il sacro Catino"—it was either one of the presents the Queen of Sheba made to Solomon, or the Paschal vessel in question—and likewise the dish in which Joseph of Arimathæa received the blood that flowed from the pierced side of our Lord. It was brought from Cæsarea, in 1101, on the taking of that city by the Crusaders—the Genoese selecting this relic as their share of the spoil. The person who dared to touch it ran the risk of fine or imprisonment, or even death itself. The French carried it off, of course, but it was restored in 1815, so carelessly packed, however, as to be broken in the transit. It is really an exceedingly curious and rare specimen of glass—hexagonal in shape, and beautifully transparent, with ornaments finished apparently with the graver, like the figures on the Portland Vase. In Calvin's time there were three other claimants for this honour—"at Rome, at Genes, and at Earles."

In the Lateran at Rome are two pillars from Pilate's house, and the famous "Scala Santa," the twenty-eight marble steps which led up to it, and which our Saviour ascended when He left the Judgment Seat. They were brought by the Empress Helena from Jerusalem. No one is allowed to go up them except on his knees. Clement XII. had them covered with planks of wood, and since then they have been three times renewed. The supposed marks of blood on them have been already alluded to. In the Church of Kreutzberg, near Bonn, is an imitation of these steps in Italian marble, with red stains, constructed by the Elector Clement Augustus in 1725.

At Jerusalem is a stone with two holes in it called "the bonds of Christ," and in Sir J. Maundeville's time there was also part of the chain by which He was bound; and as early as the fourth century there was pointed out the marble column at which He was scourged. In the time of Bertrandon de la Broequire it had been broken into several pieces—one part he saw in the church of St. Apostola at Constantinople, taller than a man, and two smaller pieces at Rome and Jerusalem. The first of these is still in the church of St. Praxedes, brought there by Cardinal John Columna, Apostolic Legate in the East, under Pope Honorius III. It is about eighteen inches long, of grey marble. Another piece is at St. Mark's, Venice. The cord of the rod used in the scourging is at Aix-la-Chapelle. At Jerusalem a column of grey marble is shown as that on which our Lord was made to sit when He was crowned. The crown itself in the

time of Bernard the Wise was suspended in the church of St. Simon at Jerusalem. Sir J. Maundeville will have it there were four crowns : "the first of the branches of aubespine, or white thorn ; and therefore hath white thorn many virtues ; for he that beareth a branch thereof upon him, no thunders nor tempest may hurt him ; and no evil spirit may enter in the house in which it is, or come to the place that it is in." The second was "of a white thorn which is called barbarines, which also hath many virtues." The third was of eglantine ; the fourth "of rushes of the sea." "Half of this crown," he tells us, "is at Paris, and the other half at Constantinople, and Christ had this crown on his head when He was placed on the cross : and therefore men ought to worship it, and hold it more worthy than any of the others." The Paris crown was given by the Emperor Baldwin to St. Louis, who in return paid off a large loan the Emperor had obtained from Venice. The Sainte Chapelle was built and endowed for its reception. The relics and reliquaries are said to have cost 2,000,000 francs. Sir J. Maundeville had one of the thorns given him : another, "which turns red every Good Friday," is in the Cathedral of Santiago ; two are at Prague ; one in the church of St. Maria della Spina at Pisa, brought from the Holy Land by a merchant of Pisa, and presented by his descendants in 1333 ; and another in the Duomo at Milan ; and some thirty or more besides are mentioned by Calvin. He also tells us that the reed put into our Lord's hands was at St. John Lateran : it is now also at Milan. At Jerusalem is shown the column on which the cock was roosting at the time of Peter's denial ; and in Calvin's time at least some of the money was still extant which Judas received as the reward of his treachery.

"It is an ancient tradition," says Mrs. Jameson, "that when our Lord was on His way to Calvary, bearing His cross, He passed by the door of a compassionate woman, who, beholding the drops of agony on His brow, wiped his face with a napkin, or, as others say, with her veil, and the features of Christ remained miraculously impressed upon the linen. To this image was given the name of Vera Icon, the True Image, and the cloth itself was called the Sudarium." A very interesting article on the portraits of Christ, in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1867, shows the name to be derived from the Gnostic Prounikos or Prounike, their name for the Supremo Wisdom. So many of these "Sudaria" came into existence that the veil had to be described as consisting originally of many folds. Of these "folds" one is at St. Peter's, Rome—brought, according to one legend, by Veronica herself to Rome and given to S. Clement. John VII. placed it in the Vatican in 707, from whence it was removed to San Spirito, and finally in 1440 to St. Peter's. Another, which formerly belonged to St. Ferdinand, the King of Castile, and deliverer of Seville and Cordova from the Moors, is now in the sacristy at Jaen, where it is called "Al Santo Rostro." "A third is at Montreuil-les-Dames at Laon ; another again at Cologne, and a fifth at Milan." The "Santo Volto" of Lucca, mentioned by Ford and Stanley as another "Sudarium," is a crucifix, to be described presently.

In the sanctum of the Convent of the Cross, at Jerusalem, is a little hole, bordered with silver, to mark the exact spot where the wood of which

the Cross was made, grew. The strange story about this tree has been already alluded to, and is thus given by Southey:—"Adam being ready to die, felt a fear of death, and desired earnestly a branch from the Tree of Life in Paradise. He therefore sent one of his sons thither to fetch one, in hope that he might escape this dreadful reward of sin. The son went and made his petition to the cherub who guarded the gate, and received from him a bough: but Adam meanwhile had departed: he therefore planted it on his father's grave: it struck root and grew into a great tree, and attracted the whole nature of Adam to its nutriment. The tree, together with the bones of Adam from beneath it, was preserved in the ark. After the waters had abated Noah divided these relics among his sons. The skull was Shem's share. He buried it in a mountain of Judea, called from thence Calvary and Golgotha, or the place of *a skull*, in the singular. The tree was, by remarkable providence, preserved, and made into the cross on which Christ was crucified; and this cross was erected in that very place where Adam's skull was buried." The tradition about it given by Sir John Maundeville is very different:—"You shall understand that the cross of our Lord was made of four kinds of trees, as is contained in this verse,—

In cruce fit palma, cedrus, cupressus, oliva;

for the piece that went upright, from the earth to the head, was of cypress; and the piece that went across, to which his hands were nailed, was of palm; and the stock which stood within the earth, in which was made the mortice, was of cedar; and the tablet above his head, on which the title was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, was of olive." And he then proceeds to give some elaborate reasons for the employment of these four kinds of wood.

After the Crucifixion, nothing was known of the Cross for nearly three hundred years. But in 326, the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, moved, as some say, by a vision, proceeded to Jerusalem in search of the true cross. The marble chair on which she sat, superintending the excavations, is still preserved. The labour of the workmen was at last rewarded by the discovery of three crosses. As the title had got detached, there was nothing to show which was the real cross; and accordingly recourse was had to a miracle; and two of them failing to recover a sick person, or, according to Sir J. Maundeville, a dead body, to health, whilst with the third recovery was instantaneous, there could be no further doubt in the matter. A magnificent church, called the Church of the Martyrdom, was built on the spot by Constantine, and the hole in the ground in which the cross stood is one of the things which pilgrims may see there still. Helena sent one portion of the cross to Constantinople; the other was enclosed in a silver case and kept at Jerusalem. Here it was seen by St. Paula in 390; but in 614 Chosroes, King of Persia, who subdued Palestine, carried it off with him, and it remained in his possession till 627, when it was recovered by the Emperor Maxentius, who took all the treasures of the Persian King, including, some say, 1,000 chests full of diamonds and precious stones. Very little, however, of the cross is now to be seen at Jerusalem. The piece formerly in possession of the Latins was, as they say, stolen from them by their

brother Christians, the Armenians. Arculf speaks of the *whole* cross being at Constantinople in his time, for he tells us about "a wooden chest with a wooden lid, containing three pieces of our Lord's cross; that is to say, the long timber cut in two, and the transverse part of the same holy cross." Sir J. Maundeville likewise declares that "at Constantinople is the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. And some men believe that half the cross is in Cyprus, in an abbey of monks called the Hill of the Holy Cross. But it is not so; for the cross which is in Cyprus is that on which Dismas, the good thief, was crucified. But all men know not that; and it is an evil act, because, for profit of the offering, they say that it is the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Whatever portion of the cross was at Constantinople is said to have been sent by the Emperor Baldwin to St. Louis, and by him deposited in the Sainte Chapelle. Another account, however, tells us that a large portion was given by the Emperor Theodosius to St. Ambrose, by whom it was studded with precious stones, and deposited in the Cathedral of Milan. The Huns stripped it of its jewels and then burnt it. Since that time, however, it has increased miraculously. "Let us consider," says Calvin, "howe many peecees there are therof through out the worlde. Yf I would onely recite that whych I coulde say, there would be a register sufficient to fyl a whole boke. There is not a so litle a town wher there is not some peece thereof, and that not onely in cathedrall churches, but also in some parishes. Likewise ther is not so wicked an abbey where there is not of it to be shewed. And in some places ther are good great shydes: as at the Holye Chappell of Paris, and at Poitiers, and at Rome, where there is a great crucifix made thereof as men saye. To be short, yf a man woulde gather together all that hath bene founde of thys crosse, there would be inough to fraighte a great ship." But, according to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, that is no argument against the genuineness of the pieces, for he says that though chips were almost daily cut off from it, and given to devout persons, yet the cross suffered no diminution thereby. And St. Cyril of Jerusalem, in mentioning the same circumstance, compares it to the feeding of the five thousand in the wilderness.

Besides the portions shown at St. Peter's, Rome; St. Mark's, Venice; in Genoa, Vienna, Prague, and numberless other places, I may mention the piece given by the Empress Helena to the church of St. Croce in Gerusalemme at Rome, and still preserved there; the piece at Heiligen-Kreutz in Austria, brought from Palestine in 1182 by Leopold V. of Austria, the bitter enemy of Cœur de Lion. Another piece was given by the Emperor Baldwin to Sigurd, King of Norway, in 1110, on condition that he and twelve other men with him should swear to promote Christianity with all his power, and erect an archbishop's seat in Norway if he could; and also that the cross should be kept where the holy King Olaf reposed, and that he should introduce tithes and pay them himself. Formerly there was a piece preserved among the jewels of James I. in the Tower of London; but it has since been "removed." The portion worn by Charlemagne, along with a locket of the Virgin's hair, is at Aix-la-Chapelle;

and very recently a piece was shown at a meeting of the Harrow Scientific Society, in a rosary that was supposed to have belonged to St. Vincent de Paul. About seven miles from Cashel are the ruins of what was once the famous and beautiful abbey of Holy Cross. The relic from which it got its name is said to have been presented by Pope Pascal II., about the year 1110, to Donough O'Brien, grandson of Brien Boru. Mr. Petric assures us that this relic still exists.

The "title" was sent by Helena to the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, where it still remains. "The inscription in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin is in red letters, and the wood is whitened. Thus it was in 1492, but these colours are since faded. Also the words 'Jesus' and 'Judæorum' are eaten away. The board is nine, but must have been twelve, inches long." The duplicate mentioned by Calvin at Toulouse, is called by Butler "an imitation." The inscription in this is in five lines, in the original in three. Some time ago a paragraph appeared in the *Kölnische Zeitung* giving an account of the discovery of a brass-plate, purporting to be one of the authoritative copies of the sentence passed on our Lord. It is, of course, a forgery, but a translation of it may be found by those who care to look for it in *Notes and Queries*, Ser. II. vol. vii. p. 104.

With respect to the nails, the first point of controversy is their original number—whether three or four. If the Empress Helena discovered four, one of them she threw into the Adriatic, to allay a dangerous storm in which she had been overtaken; another was made into part of a crown for Constantine, and one or both the others were "made a bridle to his horse," as Maundeville says, "to carry him in battle: and through virtue thereof he overcame his enemies, and won all the land of Lesser Asia, and from Syria to Jerusalem, from Arabia to Persia, from Mesopotamia to the kingdom of Aleppo, from Upper and Lower Egypt to all the other kingdoms, unto the extremity of Ethiopia, and into India the Less, that was then Christian." But in Calvin's time they were, he tells us, no less than fourteen or fifteen in number: 1, in the church of St. Helena at Rome; 2, at the Holy Cross, also at Rome (these however are really the same places); 3, at Milan; 4, at Carpentras (both claiming to be the one used in Constantine's bridle); 5, Sienna; 6, Venice; 7, Cologne; 8, Treves; 9, 10, and 11, Sainte Chapelle, church of the Carmelites, and church of St. Denis, Paris; 12, at Bruges; 13, at Draguignon; 14, nobody knows where the village of Tenaille is, where he places another. Butler takes him to task for this list, hinting that it only exists in his imagination. "Some multiplication of these relics," he says, "has sprung from the filings of that precious relic put into another nail made like it, or at least from like nails which have touched it. The true nail, kept at Rome in the church of the Holy Cross, has been manifestly filed, and is now without a point, as may be seen in all pictures of it. St. Charles of Borromeo, a prelate most rigorous in the approbation of relics, had many nails made like another which is kept at Milan, and distributed them after they had touched the holy nail. He gave one as a relic to King Philip II." Still it is not easy to account for the number of these still shown as

genuine nails. Besides those mentioned by Butler at Rome and Milan,—about which alone there would be some difficulty—one is shown at Paris, another at Aix-la-Chapelle, one or more at Vienna among the regalia; and the most famous of all, the “Sacro Chiodo,” which forms the fillet of the “Iron Crown” of Monza. This crown is said to have been given by Gregory the Great to Theodolinda, the famous Queen of the Lombards. It was used for centuries in the coronation of the Kings of Lombardy; and in later times by the Emperors of Germany; and in still more recent times by the Emperors of Austria, prior to the loss of their Lombard territories. Napoleon placed it on his head with the words, “*Dio me l’ha dato, guai a chi la tocca.*” He also instituted the “Order of the Iron Crown” in 1815, an order still in use in Austria.

The sponge with which the soldiers gave our Lord vinegar to drink is said to have been saved from Chosroes, by Nicetas, along with another relic, to be mentioned presently, and sent to Constantinople. But Arculf tells us he saw it at Jerusalem in his time: whilst Bertrandon de la Brocquiere mentions its being shown to him in the Church of St. Sophia. Apparently since then it has been divided: for one part is at Prague, another, if not the whole, at Aix-la-Chapelle; another at Milan; and another in the church of St. John Lateran at Rome, “tinged with blood, and held in great veneration.”

The other relic alluded to above, as saved by Nicetas, was the spear of Longinus, the good centurion. This also, Arculf says, was at Jerusalem, when he visited that city, broken into two pieces. In Sir J. Maundeville’s time there was a controversy about this relic. “The Emperor of Almaine possesses the spear-shaft, but the head of the spear is at Paris. Yet the Emperor of Constantinople saith that he hath the spear-head, and I have often seen it; but it is greater than that at Paris.” The Paris one was among the relics pawned by the Emperor Baldwin, and redeemed by St. Louis. Bertrandon de la Brocquiere speaks of the *end* of the lance as being, in his time, at Constantinople. St. Peter’s, at Rome, claims to possess the lance now—given in 1492 to Pope Innocent VIII. by the Sultan Bajazet II. Butler’s explanation of the two spears at Paris and Rome is, that the latter one wants the point, and that it is the point only at Paris. Another is among the regalia at Vienna. Calvin mentions two more—“one in the abbey of Tenail at Sainet Euge; the other at Selne, near to Burges.”

The Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle has the leathern girdle of Christ, belonging formerly to Constantine, part of whose seal is still attached to it: whilst one of the “grandes reliques” there is the scarf worn at the crucifixion and stained with blood. The porphyry slab on which the soldiers cast lots is in the Lateran; and Calvin loses his temper altogether when he speaks of the dice. “The one is at Tricvs, and two other at Saynete Savyoures in Spaine, wherein they have shewed lyvely what is their folyshenesse, for the Evangelistes saye that the souldyours dyd caste Lottes, whych were then drawn oute of an Hatte, or oute of somme such lyke thyng. Even as when men chuse the Kyng of the

Beane, or when as men playe at the Blancke, or at such other lyke games and pastimes. To bee shorte, everye man almoste knoweth what castynge of Lottes meaneth; it is commonly used in devydyng of partes. These Beastes have imagyned that the castynge of the Lottes was to play at Disc, when they were not in usage, at the least such as we have it now in our time; for in steade of sixe and ace and other poyntes, they had certayne markes which thei named by theyr names, as Venus or dogge. Now let them that wyll go kisse the reliques in credite of so loude, playne, and manifest lyers."

The "coat without seam" is reckoned the chief treasure of Treves. Originally it is supposed to have been of a red colour, but at present it is light brown. It is exhibited once in seven years, and brings an immense multitude of pilgrims on such occasions. Many miracles are related as having been performed by it—one very famous one on the young Countess Droste-Vischering, a relative of the Archbishop of Cologne. "Under the influence of strong excitement produced by the expectation of a miracle, while in the presence of the relic, she threw aside her crutches, and left the cathedral leaning upon the arm of her grandmother. The crutches were hung up in the cathedral as a trophy of her miraculous cure." The story, however, goes on—"The Countess repaired to Kreutzenach, a small watering-place, but alas! it was necessary to lift her out of the carriage, and she has been obliged to resume the use of crutches." Calvin mentions a second robe as kept at Argenteul, near Paris. "And if the bulle of Sainct Saviours in Spaine sayth trewe the Christians through theyr rashe unconsidered zeale have done worse than ever did the unfaithfull souldiours, for they durst not teare it in peces, but for to spare it cast lots therefore: and the Christians have torne it in peces to worship it. But yet what wyll thei ansvere to the Turke, who mocketh their follye, saying that he hath it in hys hands?"

It does not appear to be a matter of faith whether our Saviour's eyes were open or shut when He was hanging on the Cross. Yet in the twelfth century the town of Ferento was destroyed by the citizens of Viterbo because they had dared to represent Him with His eyes open.

I have already mentioned the tradition of the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathæa received the blood that flowed from our Lord's pierced side. Some collected by the centurion is said to be at Mantua, and some earth stained with it is at St. Mark's, Venice. The little village of Heiligenblut, at the foot of the Glocken, gets its name from a phial of this blood, brought by St. Briccius from Constantinople and deposited here in 1496. Some drops also are shown in the "Chapelle du Sang de Dieu," at Bruges, brought by Thierry of Alsace from the Holy Land, and by him presented to this church. Butler, however, would have us believe that in these cases the blood has "issued from the miraculous bleeding of some crucifix when pierced in derision by Jews or Pagans, instances of which are recorded in authentic histories."

"There are halfe a dousen townes at the leaste," says Calvin, "that doe boaste to have whole wyndynge shete of the Sepulchre. At Nice it

was transported from Chamberie thither. Item, Aix in Dutchland ; item, at Traiete ; item, at Besanson ; item, at Cadoin in Limosine ; item, a town of Lorraine, standing upon the porte of Assois."

The first of these was said to have been brought from Cyprus in 1453 by Margherite di Charini, the descendant of a nobleman of Champagne, who obtained possession of it in the Crusades. Duke Louis II. deposited it at Chambéry, where Francis I. visited it just before the battle of Marignano, and again on his return from the campaign, going on foot on this occasion from Lyons. It was removed to Turin in order that San Carlo Borromeo might venerate it, without the trouble of crossing the Alps. This fold "shows the blood-stained outline of the Saviour's body,—that at Besançon is marked with the ointments." Another shroud is in the Cathedral of Oviedo.

Sæwulf mentions the "rent" in the rock at Calvary, which is still shown there. Maundrell thus describes it:—"This cleft, as to what now appears of it, is about a span wide at its upper part and two deep, after which it closes, but it opens again below in another chapel contiguous to the side of Calvary, and runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. That this rent was made by the earthquake that happened at our Lord's passion there is only tradition to prove ; but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him ; for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other, and yet it runs in such intricate windings as could not well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instruments."

In the chapel of the palace of Caiaphas is the stone "which was laid to secure the door of our Lord's sepulchre. It was a long time kept in the Church of the Sepulchre ; but the Armenians stole it thence by stratagem, and conveyed it to this place. The stone is two yards and a quarter long, high one yard, and broad as much. It is plastered all over, except in five or six little places, where it is left bare to receive the immediate kisses and other devotions of the pilgrims." A fragment, however, eighteen inches square, is still shown in the Church of the Sepulchre.

‡ The Holy Sepulchre itself, or what is shown as such, had a narrow escape of being removed. In 1600 there came to Florence a mysterious person calling himself Faccardino, Emir of the Druses. He described himself as a descendant of "Pio Goffrido," and consequently an enemy of the Turks, and offered to get possession of the Holy Sepulchre. The Medicean Chapel at Florence was actually built for its reception. A squadron of ships was sent to the coast of Syria under the command of Inghirami ; and Faccardino and his associates, gaining access to the Sepulchre, began to cut it off, when the Greeks discovered them. The rascals managed to escape, but the marks of the saws remain there still.

Some pieces of the Sepulchre, however, were actually at Florence, which Godfrey gave to Pazzino di Pazzi, the Crusader who first scaled the walls of Jerusalem in 1088.

The Vehm:

WITH THE TRUE STORY OF A TRIAL, IN 1451, BEFORE THAT TRIBUNAL.

SOME few centuries ago, an English traveller wishing to visit the principal centres of interest in Germany would not have neglected Dortmund, in Westphalia, though the trouble and toil needed for the reaching it from the better-known cities of the Rhine must have been some hundredfold of what is required in these days to traverse the few hours of distance by rail that separate it from Cologne. But of all the thousands who yearly throng the Rhine country, it may be safely assumed that not one in a thousand now dreams of visiting the old head-quarters of the storied and fabled Vehm-gericht. Occasionally, probably, an English traveller may be found there; but it will be some business connected with the iron-trade that brings him to Dortmund. For the "red country," as Westphalia was formerly called, specially in connection with the subject of the *Vehm*, is a black country now, and Dortmund is a sort of German Wolverhampton. The surrounding country is of no special beauty naturally; and now the operations of the industry of which it is an important seat have turned it to special ugliness. The population of the place is soon observed to be "in a concatenation accordingly." They are a very different people from the well-known type of German burgher which is found in the pretty, sleepy "Residenz" cities of the fatherland, or the tourist-haunted districts of the stock sights and scenic beauty,—they are a people with whom the active pushing men of our own industrial centres would at once acknowledge brotherhood,—a people whose glances on the world around them are bounded by the present moment, if they have no imagination, and are directed to the future, when they are not devoid of that faculty; but who care nothing for the storied past. A photographer at Dortmund, on being asked if he could furnish a photograph of a certain object of much interest, as connecting itself with the history of the "Vehm," utterly pooh-pooh'd the notion that there could be any interest in the relic in question. As it happened, he had in some forgotten corner a photograph of the object sought for, and after much pressing produced it. But he expressed the utmost contempt for his own goods; and said that, if the stranger wanted what was really interesting and remarkable in Dortmund, he should buy a photograph of the grand new railway-bridge.

Nevertheless, the constructors of the railway, which skirts the ancient city, and the spot where, not many years since, its mediæval walls were still standing, have not been altogether unmindful of the storied memorials of the olden time in the place they were handing over to the genius

of the present and the future. They were working, of course, under Government surveillance, and that in Prussia is not likely to overlook or suffer to be needlessly obliterated the footprints of the past centuries.

It has been necessary to lower the level of the ground on which the station stands, just outside the city walls, some fifteen or twenty feet. And the first object which is likely to attract the observation of an arriving stranger is a mound of earth, left isolated in the midst of this excavated space, on which stands a solitary and very ancient linden-tree. This was the tree under which the meetings of the famed secret tribunal were held. And there it stands yet, a very strangely isolated and forlorn-looking memorial of the ever-vanished past, in the very midst of the noisy, living, bustling agencies that have destroyed that past, and are ever throwing it back into more and more utterly unfathomable abysses of oblivion. There stands the venerable tree. The railway-trains are rushing and shrieking over the scarred and blackened earth around it, where on the green sod the "Frei-herrn" met in solemn conclave—none the less secret that, in accordance with the fundamental rules of the institution, their sittings were held "on the red earth," beneath the open sky.

It was of this tree that I, finding myself at Dortmund about a year ago, wished to procure a photograph; and was told that what I ought really to interest myself about was the new bridge! An interesting object doubtless, tending to facilitate intercommunication, promote comfort, and make iron cheap. Nevertheless my interest in Dortmund was the fact that it was, as I have said, once upon a time the head-quarters and capital of the famed Vehm-gericht. I had been attracted thither solely by that fact; and the venerable *Vehm-linden* presenting itself to my notice immediately on my arrival, as I have described, whetted, I confess, my curiosity and interest. I went on into the city, eager to see and to investigate; and full of the *segniis irritant animos*, etc., of which the old linden had afforded so notable an example. But I soon found that the genius loci, to which I had looked to help me, was a changed genius. Change the string as often as you would, the Dortmunders would sing of nought but iron.

Nevertheless perseverance was not without its reward in this matter, more than it is wont to be in any other. After some inquiry, I succeeded in purchasing a thin octavo volume, long since out of print, and published originally only for a few subscribers, entitled a *History of the Free Imperial City Dortmund*, by Dr. Bernhard Thiersch, Director of the Gymnasium, etc., Dortmund, 1854. The first cursory inspection of this volume served to put a yet sharper edge on my curiosity, and to stimulate my interest not a little. Dr. Thiersch, speaking in his preface of the sources of which he had been able to avail himself for the construction of his history, gives a prominent place among them to the archives existing in the ancient town-hall. Now, the very mention of a store of archives existing in such a place was sufficient to excite the imagination not a little.

For this town-hall is about the only other remnant of antiquity besides

the linden-tree in Dortmund. It is a building of the thirteenth century, and *looks its age*: by no means a grand or splendid building; very different indeed from the superb municipal palaces of Flanders and Brabant; a low-browed, decrepit-looking edifice, very curious as an untouched specimen of what may be almost called the domestic architecture of the thirteenth century; and extremely picturesque from the irregularities of its weather-stained stone façade, broken by a twofold exterior stair, and by the deep recesses of overhanging arches. What might not a treasure of archives stored in such a building be supposed to contain!

But the statements put forth by Dr. Thiersch are still more calculated to excite one's imagination and interest. The archives in the "Rath-haus," he says, have been kept secret with the most jealous care. A great portion of them lie in a confused mass on the floor of the archive chamber. But many of them, and specially those relating to the Vehm, are contained in a walled-up repository, shut by an iron trap-door. "And mine," says Dr. Thiersch, "was probably the first hand which had touched them for more than three hundred years." Here was wherewithal to excite and feed curiosity. Nevertheless, a further examination of Dr. Thiersch's book did not altogether satisfy the expectations generated by such a preface. He is not satisfactorily explicit as to the exact nature of his wonderful find in the walled-up closet behind the iron door, which he had been the first to open for three hundred years. And after vainly endeavouring to obtain some accurate notions on this subject from his pages, I determined, seeing that the book was printed only thirteen years previously, to endeavour to obtain an interview with the author.

Alas! Dr. Thiersch had been an old man when he published his book, and had since died! No more to be learned from him respecting the secrets of the walled-up closet in the Dortmund Rath-haus!

Was there extant any widow Thiersch? any friend — anybody likely to be able to tell anything about him and his researches? At last we were directed to a bookseller, an aged man, who, it was said, would be more likely to know something about the matter than anybody else then alive in Dortmund. So we found our way to the house of bookseller Köppen, in the market-place; and after some little trouble succeeded in inducing his shop-assistant to call the old man down into his shop. It was less difficult to set him talking on the subject we wished to hear him speak of. He was evidently both an instructed and intelligent man; and we soon found that we had at last hit upon the best man for our purpose in all Dortmund.

But what Herr Köppen had to say of Dr. Thiersch was by no means satisfactory. He smiled, and shook his head at the story of the walled-up closet, that had not been opened for more than three hundred years. In fact, and to put the matter curtly and crudely, I fear that Herr Köppen looked upon the late director of the gymnasium as being very much of a humbug. He had, unquestionably, the old man said, obtained access to the archives in the town-hall, which was the more certain from the fact

that he had been subjected to an action at law for having published extracts from them without due authorisation. But that as to his having been the first to discover any portion of them, or as to their being otherwise than perfectly well known to the keepers of the archives, why, that was all *albernes Zeug!* i.e., in plain English, bosh and humbug!

As for the Vehm, he—Herr Köppen—knew something about it, and might be said to have himself seen the last of it, since he remembered well the last “Freigraf,” who had died an old man of ninety some twenty or thirty years ago,—the old bookseller could not recollect how long ago more accurately;—and what was more, he, Köppen, had himself sat under the linden as a member of the tribunal at the last of its meetings which had ever been held! The old man hurried on to assure us, with a rather naïve and amusing earnestness, that he had taken no part in passing any secret sentence of death upon any man; that the latest meetings which had been held had more of the nature of friendly and antiquarian celebrations than anything else,—a mere formal remembrance of the ancient assemblies which had once sent forth decrees from under the shade of that old linden which carried terror with them into the remotest part of Germany!

“But,” said Herr Köppen, “if you want a really trustworthy account of all that is truly known and can be conjectured with probability respecting the Vehm, apart from all the nonsense which has been told and written respecting it, you should get the work of Herr Paul Wigand, which was published at Hamm in 1825. But this,” said Herr Köppen, “is an exceedingly rare book.” “I possess a copy,” said the old man; “but if I part with it, I shall never be able to get another!” However, the volume—an octavo of 675 pages—was brought down; and, taking into consideration the extreme improbability that any one in Dortmund would ever ask for it, and the proof afforded by the thick dust upon it, that no hand had touched it for many a year, was eventually ceded to us at no very extortionate price.

Subsequent examination of the volume thus obtained soon sufficed to show that this history of Herr Paul Wigand is a very different sort of work from the wonder-loving and wonder-making pages of Dr. Thiersch; that it is in truth one of those exhaustive and scientific monographs for which German scholars and German literature are famous. But alas! historical science is more apt to dissipate romantic wonders than to create or foster them. And it is as well to confess the truth at once, that a perusal of Herr Wigand’s book is calculated to dissipate much of the romance and awe which has in these latter days gathered round the story of the terrible “Vehm,” or “Femgericht,” as Herr Wigand always writes the word.

The current notions on the subject, slight and exceedingly vague as they are, have been almost, if not entirely, derived from the writings of poets and romance-writers, who have unstintingly made capital of certain striking circumstances connected with the methods of procedure adopted by the Vehm, and of the almost universal ignorance of the few facts which history had to tell upon the subject. It has generally been imagined

that the Vehm was of the nature of a secret society ; that its proceedings were unrecognized by, and often hostile to, the recognized and regularly constituted government of the country ; and that the authority which it exercised was based solely upon a system of terror and secrecy. Now it is a sad cutting away of the ground beneath the feet of the poets and romancers to state that none of these notions seem to have been founded on fact. So far from having been a tribunal unrecognized by and at odds with the general government of the country, there seems little doubt that the Vehm was instituted by one of the Emperors, and, in all probability, by Charlemagne himself. Nor does it appear to have been more of the nature of a secret tribunal than was every irresponsible tribunal, from which there was no appeal, and which needed to give no account of its judgments to any superior court. And, as every one knows, most of the early mediæval tribunals belong to that category. Nor, lastly, does any especial terror seem to have attached itself to the proceedings of the Vehm beyond such as attends the acts of every jurisdiction established "for the terror of evil-doers ;" except, perhaps, that in the days when the Vehm flourished there was a greater degree of certainty that its judgments would be executed than was the case with the terribly weak and disorganized ordinary legal tribunals.

A great deal of mystery and interest of the bugaboo sort has been attached to certain phrases and terms of which the meaning is not known, and the communication and explanation of which are supposed to have constituted the essence of initiation into the association. Dr. Thiersch tells us of the oft-repeated cabalistic terms, "*Strick, Stein, Grass, Grein,*" and of the pass-word, "*Reinir dor Feweri.*" I find no mention of these words in the more scientific treatise of Wigand. And the probability seems to be that, as in other cases of secret or quasi-secret associations, the cabalistic mysteries of a kind calculated to excite the imagination were increased in proportion as the original veritable meaning, significance, and purpose of the institution decreased in reality and in importance.

An immense quantity of writing and of real antiquarian learning and research has been expended, *more Germanorum*, in endeavouring to ascertain with certainty the origin of the institution of the Vehm and the origin of the name. But no certainty is to be had upon the subject,—not even on the latter, one would have imagined, more easily to be discovered point. Few English readers would care to read an account of the various opinions on the subject, which German learning or German fancy have put forward, or of the researches by which these have been supported. It will be sufficient to give, in as few words as possible, the theory on the subject, which seems to have been adopted by the most competent authorities, and to be supported by the greatest amount of probability.

In all likelihood the peculiar jurisdiction known in the Middle Ages as the "Vehm," or "Fem," was first instituted by Charlemagne, or by the itinerant judges sent out by him, as is well known, on the all but hopeless errand of introducing some degree of law, justice, and order among the

populations subdued by him,—specially the Saxons,—new and very turbulent subjects, and new converts to Christianity. The mediæval writers, of course, tack a fable on to the tradition, which they found in too inconcrete a state to satisfy their legend-loving proclivities. They state that Charlemagne, being unable to put an end to the rebellions of the Saxons, sent an embassy to Rome to Pope Leo, to implore his advice as to what was to be done with these unmanageable Saxons. The Pope, after having listened to the ambassadors, went silently into his garden, and there having gathered some weeds and thistles, proceeded to hang them on a gallows, which he constructed of brushwood. The ambassadors returned and related what they had seen to the Emperor, who, after pondering on the matter deeply, instituted the Vehm at the Diet soon afterwards held in Paderborn. Of course the reader, who has not quite forgotten his school acquaintance with Ovid, sees at once whence the old chroniclers borrowed their legend.

Herr Wigand, however, is of opinion, that though the institution of the Vehm may be traced by historical documents as far back as to Charlemagne, the form and character which it assumed in the Middle Ages were not those in which it had been instituted, but were such as the changes of the times and the social circumstances of the country had gradually made them.

The institution of the Vehm seems to have been confined to Westphalia,—the systems of jurisdiction in which province, it may be mentioned, continued down to quite a recent period to be in many respects peculiar. Now all the acts and proceedings of the Vehm were always said to be done “on the red earth,” and some writers have understood this as a local limitation of the power of the tribunal. And here again a vast amount of conjecture and ingenuity has been expended in attempts to explain the meaning of the phrase. It has been sought to give a geological significance to it, for which there is not any sufficient ground in fact; and others have imagined that the state of society which needed the tribunal of the Vehm to repress its disorders, must needs have made of the country “a purple land,” as Byron characterized another soil on which law protected not life. This notion seems, however, to have been rather “*ben trovato*” than “*vero*,” and the real sense of the oft-recurring phrase, “on the red earth,” was, there can be little doubt, equivalent to saying, “in the open air.” The “red earth” is an expression often met with in old authors, much in the sense in which more modern writers would say “on the green earth,” or “under the greenwood tree.” And inasmuch as all the sittings and proceedings of the Vehm were invariably held and done in the open air, there can be little doubt that the phrase, “on the red earth,” was meant simply to mark that peculiarity of the Vehm, as distinguishing it from tribunals which sat beneath a roof.

The circumstances which tended to change and modify the original institution of the Vehm, and impart to it the character it assumed in the Middle Ages, may be briefly stated. They were the gradual dissolution of the imperial authority by means of the growing power and independence of

the nobles; the development of the feudal system, and of chivalry; the general relaxation of the social bond, and anarchy, which resulted from the custom, frequency, and even imperial recognition of private feuds; and lastly and later, the breaking-up of the feudal system, and the change in the condition of the masses of the people from being *vassals* to being *subjects*.

Now, as to the origin of the name, which is found written indifferently "Vehm," "Vem," "Fehm," or "Fem," Herr Wigand, after discussing and rejecting various attempts at explanation and etymology, refers his reader to "one of our most competent philologers, Jacob Grimm, the librarian in Cassel," whose authority on that or any other such subject will assuredly not be held to be less now than when Herr Wigand wrote.

Grimm writes as follows:—

"The unskilful and inadmissible derivations of the word Fehm would not have been so long and so frequently repeated if the word had been to be met with in any of the monuments of our ancient language or poetry. But neither in the oldest, nor in the far richer mediæval sources of High German is it found. At all events therefore it is not High German. But neither does it appear to be met with in Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, or the other northern tongues. If we possessed Westphalian poems, or treatises of any period from the ninth to the thirteenth century, we might hope to meet with it. Up to the present time it has only been read in deeds and records. Quite recently, however, I have at length found the word *Veme* in an entirely unknown poem, written apparently before the thirteenth century, and in a language, moreover, belonging to the Westphalian dialect. Upon a leaf of parchment, which the Court Counsellor Spangenberg of Celle removed from a book-cover, is a rhyming version of the story of Susanna and the Elders. Susanna repulsing the latter says:—

Mir ist bezzer herde vele
Dat ich mich der schande scheme
Und lide âne schult de *veme*.

That is: 'It is far better for me that I should shame to sin, and that I should expose myself thereby to *punishment* or judgment.' To suffer or endure the Vehm meant, then, voluntarily to submit to judgment; and that, as we see, in quite common parlance. The word does not occur again in the fragment. But the writer has occasion frequently to speak of 'judgment,'—'*richten*,' or '*rechte richten*;' and he might, in the passage above cited, have equally well used these phrases. Fortunately he has been induced by the necessities of the rhyme to write '*veme*;' and we are able thus to assign a distinct value to the word."

Grimm goes on to combat at length the opinions of those who would derive the word from the Scandinavian; but says that there is a Netherlandish use of the word, "in which tongue '*vêm*' means fellowship; and further, the place in which companions, or artizans, meet. The idea of secret proceedings or penal severity appears to be quite foreign to the word."

"Vehm-gericht" would seem then, in its origin, to have meant merely a

fellowship or society for the administration of justice;—a tribunal composed of numerous members.

The sole mode of inflicting death on those condemned by the Vehm, was hanging. They used a rope made of a willow plant; which was thence called, in the old German phrase, "Die Wyd," *i.e.* Weide, a willow. It was the rule of the Vehm to leave a dagger sticking in the tree on which a criminal, condemned by their tribunal, had been hanged, as a sign to all men that the deed was of their doing. No valuable object of any sort was ever removed from the person of the condemned criminal. Any one who should shelter one condemned by the Vehm was doomed to share his fate. Nay, even any one who should give such an outlaw the most vague hint of his danger was equally lost. A curious relic of the old time may still be read in an ancient writing in which the Vehm threaten "those who shall say cunningly 'there were as good bread to be eaten elsewhere as here,'" by which it was intended to warn those in danger from the terrible tribunal that they would do well to make off.

Upon the whole, there can be little doubt that the institution of the tribunal of the Vehm operated for good in the state of society the disorders of which had led to the creation of it. In the middle of the fifteenth century Might was Right throughout Germany. And if amid the general anarchy of this "Faust-recht," or "law of the strongest," which reigned throughout the German Empire, Westphalia was in a somewhat less distracted condition than some other provinces of the Empire, she owed it entirely to the Vehm. For highway violence was an offence against the Vehm—"Vehbruch."

The efforts of the Emperors to stem the tide of violence and disorder had been, rather more than less, futile, after Frederick I. had, in the hope of mending matters, recognized and legitimized the right of private war. It is always a difficult question whether some social evil, too deeply rooted in the manners of a people to be eradicated, can best be dealt with by prohibiting it or by regularizing it. Frederick I. thought that the prevalent custom of waging private warfare might be most successfully attacked by the latter method. And it would, perhaps, be presumptuous to say at the present day that he was wrong. But it certainly does seem as if the evil in question, and the anti-social results of the practice of it, became in the succeeding centuries more terrible than ever. The condition which Frederick I. prescribed to be observed for the legalizing of any act of private warfare was, that a formal declaration (*diffidatio*) should be sent by the person intending to make war to his adversary, at least three days before any overt act of hostility should be done. Whosoever neglected this formality was looked upon, not as a lawful enemy, but as a robber and murderer, and was punished (if possible) accordingly. But as it was not necessary that the feud-letter, or *diffidatio*, should specify any cause of quarrel, matters were not much improved by the new law. People knew only that they had an enemy, against whom it behoved them to be on their guard.

This was the state of society, the terrible evils of which the Vehm attempted to modify. But the method of its action, as well as the light which the operation of the institution is calculated to throw on the social history of the time, will be best appreciated by a perusal of the details of a real "case," the history of which has been, by happy chance, preserved in its entirety in the original documents concerning it. It will be seen that the city of Dortmund itself was concerned in the quarrel; and to this circumstance is probably due the preservation of the documents.

On the right bank of the little river Ruhr, which coming from out of Westphalia falls into the Rhine at Ruhrort, a little below Dusseldorf, rises, not far from the little market-town of Hagen, a steep height, with the ruins of a castle on it called Wetter. The guide-books point it out to the notice of travellers as "ganz malerisch,"—exceedingly picturesque—the same circumstances of locality which secured the degree of inaccessibility desired in the fifteenth century subserving equally well the landscape-painter's purposes in the nineteenth. The river Ruhr in this part of its course very nearly coincides with the ancient frontier line which once separated the Frank from the Saxon; and the border land was doubtless a district specially adapted to the purposes of such inhabitants as the former lords of Wetter. Every here and there in many districts of Germany peaks and crags, more or less inaccessible, are to be seen still crowned by the blackened remains of an old castellated dwelling, which the traveller is told was once the dwelling of one of the robber knights that infested the country in the Middle Ages. But it is rarely the case that one can get so near to the actual life of one of these robber knights as we are enabled to do by the documents which the curiosity attaching to the tribunal of the Vehm has caused to be brought to light.

On this height above the quiet little Ruhr, in this castle of Wetter, whose walls are still "ganz malerisch," dwelt about the middle of the fifteenth century, one Durk von Mallingrode, with his wife and his three sons, Hermann, Dietrich, and Kracht; noble vassals of the Count of the frontier marches, and none the less noble robber knights and waylayers of the brood of those who made the highways unsafe, and were ever on the watch to ease the travelling merchant of his burden.

Now, it so happened that, early in the year 1451, the good Knight Hermann von Mallingrode seized one Stephen Kullert, a burgher of Dortmund, on the highway between Dortmund and the neighbouring town of Unna, as the citizen was returning home to the former place, carried him to Unna, and there robbed him of everything he had with him. Mallingrode, however, well knew what awaited him if the matter were once brought before the Vehm; and he cast about, therefore, for some means of averting the danger. Up to that time he had always lived in friendship and good neighbourhood with the town of Dortmund; but now he suddenly sent a "feud-letter" to the burghers and council of that place, declaring himself to be at feud with the citizens. It will be observed that the good knight was guilty of a small anachronism in his

proceedings. But he hoped that so microscopical a matter would escape notice, and that his outrage against Stephen Kullert would pass muster as an act of lawful warfare against the community of which the trader was a member. It was more easy to make his subsequent deeds tally with the position he had chosen to assume; and that summer the corn was burned in the fields around Dortmund, as a token that the Mallingrodes really and quite *en règle* were at feud with the Dortmunders.

The council of Dortmund complained of Mallingrode's conduct towards Stephen Kullert to the knight's liege lord, the Margrave. But hawks do not pick out hawks' een. It was of no use! Dortmund also laid its complaint before the town-council of Unna. But Mallingrode seems to have been quite at home in Unna; and the council of that town, in reply to the complaint of the Dortmund people, "regretted that it could not serve the friendly neighbour-town of Dortmund in this matter, having no power over the Knight Hermann Mallingrode."

Then the council of Dortmund caused the robber knight to be summoned before the "Freistuhl" of Dortmund, as each tribunal of the Vehm was technically called, by one Reinhold Weselken, himself a native of Dortmund, and a "free sheriff," or member of the Vehm.

On the Tuesday following St. James's day, in the year 1451—in the last week of July, that is to say—Reinhold Weselken appeared before the Freigraf (free count) Wilhelm von der Zongher, who was presiding over the tribunal sitting under the linden-tree—that same tree which still stands on its isolated mound in the midst of the Dortmund railway-station—and then and there, with all due ceremonies, according to the rules of the Vehm, accused Hermann Mallingrode of having seized and robbed Stephen Kullert, merchant and citizen of Dortmund, upon the open high road, and without any preliminary declaration of feud against him. Whereupon, all lawful forms having been observed, the Freigraf issued a citation, summoning the accused to appear before the tribunal, held on the red earth under the linden-tree, on the Tuesday after the day of St. Remigius (the 1st of October, 1451), thus allowing about two months for the serving of the summons and the obedience to it by the accused.

Those who have formed their vague notions of the Vehm and its power from the current representations of romancers and poets will probably imagine that everything had now been done which was needed to secure the summary punishment of the malefactor for his crime. But the sequel of this genuine bit of history will disclose to them a very different state of things from that conceived by them.

The summons was issued. But the *servng it* upon such a malefactor as the robber knight, Hermann von Mallingrode, remained to be achieved; and was by far the most difficult part of the matter. The citation was entrusted to two "free sheriffs," who were ordered to effect service of it on the accused. Moreover, inasmuch as Mallingrode had, since the committal of his crime, become a declared and lawful enemy of the town of Dortmund, the Freigraf obtained from the town-council of that city a safe-

conduct for the accused, assuring him that he might come to Dortmund in security, and so return to his home, *save in the event of Mallingrode being found guilty of the offence attributed to him by the tribunal of the Vehm.*

It was, however, a difficult and even dangerous duty to undertake the due delivery of the citation. For Mallingrode, ever flitting from place to place, was not easily to be found, and was, moreover, dreaded by every one. The free sheriffs, Hermann Brabender and Hans Wortmann, were selected as bearers of the missive. But as soon as Mallingrode was made aware of what had passed under the linden, he endeavoured in every way to avoid the sheriffs, and to give them the slip. At length, however, in the month of August they succeeded in waylaying him in the neighbouring town of Camen, and there delivered the summons into his hands.

Upon this the robber knight flamed out into furious rage. He did not dare to attempt anything against the safety of the sheriffs in the town; but he threatened them with direst vengeance, "*whenever he should catch them in a suitable place.*"

The day appointed in the citation for Mallingrode's attendance before the tribunal assembled under the linden arrived. But no Mallingrode made his appearance—as, indeed, might have been expected. Neither did any one appear on his behalf. Thereupon, on the renewed application of the accuser, Weselken, a second citation was prepared, and duly issued by the court. Upon this occasion the document was entrusted to four free sheriffs. And in consideration of the threats which Mallingrode had uttered against the free sheriffs who had served the first citation, and of the desperate and dangerous character of the man, it was declared lawful, according to the rules and usages of the Vehm, for this second citation to be brought to his knowledge in either of the following ways. Either it might be secretly introduced into the castle of Wetter, the residence of the culprit; or, failing this, it might suffice to affix the document at a spot in the neighbourhood of the castle where four roads met. At the same time, it was also ordered that the robber knight should be summoned through the Freigraf of Volmarstein, a fortress on the left bank of the Ruhr, opposite to Wetter, within whose (Vehm) jurisdiction Wetter was situated. This second citation summoned him to appear before the court on the Tuesday after St. Cecilia's day—the 22nd of November. The four sheriffs chosen for the dangerous duty this time were Hans Wortmann, Hermann Clover, Reinhold Wettermann, and Johann Schrafar. Hermann Brabender, who, together with Wortmann, had been entrusted with the service of the first citation, had been so thoroughly cowed and terrified by Mallingrode's threats on that occasion, that he found means to excuse himself from taking any part in so perilous an embassy a second time.

Thus we see that all the terror arising out of the proceedings of the Vehm was not uniformly the portion of those who incurred the anger of the terrible tribunal.

We are told in detail how the four bold sheriffs set forth on their errand, and how they managed to approach the castle of Wetter by

by-ways and unfrequented paths, through woods and ravines, warily and stealthily, till, on reaching the neighbourhood of the castle, they decided to wait in ambush till the evening should bring its darkness to help them. Then Hans Wortmann, the boldest of the four, and the best acquainted with the locality, undertook to carry the summons to the castle, while the others were to wait and keep watch on a neighbouring height, ready to warn him of approaching danger, in case of need, by a preconcerted signal.

On the eastern side, the castle, we are told, appeared to rest—and appears still to rest—on the very edge of a sheer wall of jagged rock. And, in fact, the masonry only left between itself and the precipice a narrow margin, in places barely two feet wide. As the free sheriff could not venture to approach the castle by the usual way, he resolved to reach the gate by means of this narrow path. He attempted and succeeded. Hans Wortmann crept in the darkness to the castle-gate unperceived, silently and carefully affixed the citation to the grating in the door, “cut three chips from the wood thereof”—probably as a proof at need that he had been there—and returned to his companions by the same perilous way by which he had come.

At the same time the Freigraf von der Zongher, the president of the Dortmund “Freistuhl,” or Vehm tribunal, had sent a second copy of the letter of citation to the Freigraf Hackenberg, in Volmarstein, and had been informed by the latter that this also had been duly delivered to Hermann Mallingrode.

But, spite of all these carefully observed formalities, the accused did not appear on the second appointed day any more than he had appeared on the first. It was, indeed, hardly to be expected that he should do so. Being guilty, as he knew himself to be, of the crime attributed to him, to have presented himself under the linden at Dortmund would have been simply to put his neck into the halter. The citations summoning him thither bore too great a resemblance to the “Ducky, ducky, come and be killed!” And we may probably assume with safety that it was never expected that the criminal would obey the call. And in that case, the slow and deliberate observance of all the forms required by the regulations and usages of the institution is all the stronger proof that the terrible Vehm was essentially a law-regulated and law-abiding power.

The next step was that, in the presence of many assembled free sheriffs, Reinhold Weselken, the accuser, demanded that a third citation should be issued. This was done accordingly. For the third time Hermann Mallingrode was called to appear before the Vehm; and the day fixed on this occasion was the Thursday after St. George's day, the 23rd of April. This third summons was to be communicated to the accused by six free sheriffs, and by the Freigraf von der Zongher in person.

No record remains to show the manner of the service of this third citation. But it is probable that it was done openly; and that the dignity that hedged about the person of the Freigraf was a sufficient safeguard against the violence of even a Hermann Mallingrode.

Matters had now been pushed to the uttermost, and Mallingrode fell into serious apprehension. Before the Freistuhl, under the Dortmund linden, he would infallibly be lost; for he was guilty, and the proofs of his guilt were clear. In the extremity of his difficulty, he declared that he was ready to satisfy his accuser, *only not before the court at Dortmund*. At last he had recourse to his liege lord the Margrave, who consented to charge the Freigraf Hackenberg of Volmarstein that he should obtain a changing of the venue, as we should call it, and procure that the cause should be tried before the Freistuhl at the neighbouring town of Herdecke instead of at Dortmund. And to this end Hackenberg was to invite the Freigraf von der Zongher and the accuser Reinhold Weselken to come to Herdecke under promise of safe-conduct. The Volmarstein Freigraf accordingly made the desired communication to his colleague of Dortmund; and assured him, moreover, that the Margrave had Mallingrode in his power; and that the latter would appear without fail to meet his accuser before the Freistuhl of Herdecke. At the same time the Freigraf Hackenberg of Volmarstein forwarded a letter of safe-conduct for Count Wilhelm von der Zongher and for Reinhold Weselken;—a guarantee which was rendered necessary by the fact that Mallingrode was at that time at feud with Dortmund.

This letter, moreover, was signed by the three brothers, Hermann, Dietrich, and Kracht Mallingrode; and sealed with the family seal, bearing the device of a leaf of trefoil.

Further, there reached the Freigraf von der Zongher a letter from the free sheriffs, Eberhard Overlacker and Gert Weheim, offering themselves as bail and surety for Mallingrode.

It is very evident that the noble lord of Wetter, robber knight as he was, had friends; and that much effort was made in high quarters to save him; so far was it from being the case that the Vehm was able to proceed in a high-handed, panic-striking, or law-overriding manner in the affair.

It appears, however, that it was contrary to the usage of the Vehm to allow a cause to be removed from one Freistuhl to another, when it had reached the stage at which Mallingrode's affair had arrived. It could then only be concluded before its original judges. The Dortmund Freigraf accordingly declines the proposal of Hackenberg of Volmarstein with considerable indignation and surprise, as being a proposition quite out of all rule and precedent. He replies in a letter of considerable dignity to his brother noble and brother Freigraf, addressing him as "my especial good friend," but "begging him to understand" that the notion of his—Von der Zongher's—coming to Herdecke upon any such errand was quite out of the question; that it would be neither lawful nor becoming; and further informing his correspondent, that the accused had been duly warned and cited three times with all regular formalities; and that he would infallibly be judged and condemned in his absence, if on the third day named he failed to appear before the tribunal, in the King's court—(a remarkable phrase)—under the linden in Dortmund.

The third day came; but no Mallingrode came with it; and sentence

would then have been pronounced upon him at once, had it not been that the suretyship offered for him by the two free sheriffs, as has been related, presented an obstacle to this. It was necessary, therefore, that the court on its assembling at the expiration of the third term appointed for Mallingrode's attendance should pronounce a solemn verdict to the effect that the bail and suretyship that had been given on behalf of the accused could no longer be considered valid. And the definitive pronouncing of sentence on the robber knight was thus postponed to a fourth term. But no invitation to appear on this fourth day was sent to the criminal. Another Freigraf,—he of Verdinchhausen in Villigs by Schwerte,—was requested to make known to the accused the decision of the tribunal. The message was not entrusted to the Freigraf Hackenberg, for the obvious reason that he had already publicly taken the part of Mallingrode. The Count of Villigs made reply that he had conveyed the message entrusted to him; but that in his—the Count of Villigs'—opinion the suretyship offered by the two free sheriffs for Mallingrode is still valid and in force.

In all this is to be observed very remarkably, not only the careful and patient observance of every form of legality by the tribunal of the Vehm, but also the noticeable fact that no perfect accord and uniformity of action existed among the highest dignitaries of the association itself.

The Freigraf Wilhelm von der Zongher, however, appears to have passed over the objection of his fellow Freigraf of Verdinchhausen as unworthy of serious attention, for we find him writing yet again to him of Villigs by Schwerte, to inform him that the appointment of the fourth day fixed for definitively judging Hermann Mallingrode holds good; and that on that day the accused must appear before the court, or resign himself to such proceedings as the court may think fit to take against him, as one declared guilty of contempt of that high tribunal, and condemned *in contumaciam*.

And with this, provokingly enough, the record of the story ends! No further documents have been found. But there can be little doubt that this absence of further record may be taken to indicate that no further written proceedings were needed; that the robber knight was duly condemned on the appointed day; and that the dead body of Hermann Mallingrode was one day—perhaps not for months afterwards—found hanging on a tree by a withy band around his neck, and with a dagger, the emblem of the Vehm's justice, struck into the trunk of the tree beneath him.

Such is the true documentary history of a trial and condemnation by this celebrated and mysterious tribunal;—a story which, if it tends to dissipate much of the mystery and romance which has made the Vehm so apt a subject for the excitement of the imagination, has at least the advantage of being indisputably true and real, and of thus bringing home to our minds more completely and accurately than has hitherto been done for the generality of readers, the true nature, position, and mode of action of that famous institution.

Lettice Lisle.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WITCH-CLOVER.



THE weeks went on. There was a good deal of excitement at both the Chine and the Bunny, for there had been a successful run of goods farther down the coast. Sugar, tea, and brandy became very abundant, and the little colony was in a great state of suppressed exultation. Norton Lisle seemed to be in perpetual motion, running to and fro both by land and sea; and he received the congratulations of the community upon his exploits when all was over, with the grand dignity and complacency of a successful commander.

"To be sure it have a been trimming well done, and so secret," said he. "I don't know when we've a had a better stroke o'

work. They thought they'd a got the fair-trading under along these parts," he added with a grin. "I wonder what they thinks now? Tony, you mind and have them things all ready to-night. I don't know when we mayn't want 'um," he ended, rather consequentially, as he went off, after helping to stable the cart and horses, which were nominally kept for the brickyard, but were used for much more exciting work.

"He's wonderful sprack, is yer father," said Tony to Lettice, who was standing by, in her little red hood, waiting to go to the Pilot's. "I'm three years and better younger nor he. But that leg he is such a detriment to me, or else I might ha' been a comfortable man by this; and now I'm like to have neither toft nor croft, and it's very hard. What call have he to order me about like that? I'm as good as he at it," he ended, with a sigh at no longer being able to break the law.

"Ain't there nothing else as you could do?" said Lettice, sympathetically.

"Well, ye know, there's the deer in the Forest; and old Saul Saull, at the 'Bugle,' he's allays ready for to help off as many as I could

got. There were a merry brown hare as was playing and grinning at me o' Toosday. But there, what's the use of 'um coming like that, and I, as one may say, tied up by the leg? Things is sore changed now for the worse in all matters. They used to have fine times in the old days. I've heerd tell as how thirty or forty waggons, in broad daylight, with nigh a hundred men guarding of 'um, carrying of their tubs, and their faces blacked, would come up over Hengistbury Head, past the town, into the Forest. And for all they was guilty, without their clergy, for a lot o' things as they ain't now, law it didn't make a bit o' odds! Four-gallon tubs, and worth two or three guineas they was. They don't dare that now."

"But d'ye think father 'll go on like that allays?" said poor Lettice, anxiously. "If the fair-trading's worth such a deal o' money, can't he just make enow and go away to have done wi' it? Surely, if you're cotch, it'll be a sore job for us all."

Tony never laughed; but he made the grin which was its equivalent in his face.

"Well, 'tis clear yer ain't but a woman, child. Why, 'tis half the fun for to circumvent them gaugers, and just be off with but half the hair o' one's head like. There, d'ye think it's the fox them red-coated 'unters is caring for when they goes hollerin', and howlin', and galloping like that all about? When they've a cotch him, they just flings him to the dogs. 'Tis the sport, child, as they're a-chasing of, gentle and simple both alike, 'ye see?"

"No," answered Lettice, half laughing. "I can't see as it's any pastime."

"That's why all them young chaps 'll follow Norton anywhere," Tony went on, without attending to her. "And them at Seaford is just as keen. They'd give summat if they could ha' tootk yer father this last time. There's two or three o' the top ones as is as bad as Jeffreys,* they is, after a man. They was in a fine pet to be mated like that just when they thought they were safe to get he. You're off early to-day. What, Mary wants ye, does she? and Jesse's not up again wi' the rheumatics. Wonderful bad in his bones, I hear tell. There's nought like that for to hamper and hinder a man as one o' them bouts. And you're a learning o' that David his letters? He'll make a rare scholar! I'd as lief learn a cat for to play of the fiddle!" he called out after her, as she turned to go.

The music of alliteration seems to have had a great charm in most ancient ears, (as in the 119th Psalm, every verse of which begins with the letter that heads the section). It probably was a great help to the memory, and was a great feature in Anglo-Saxon and early English poetry: it survives to this day in the extreme love of the people for such assonance in their names and their descriptive nouns and verbs; and it is curious to see the rhythm revived with such effect in the choruses of *Atalanta*, much of the beautiful melody of which will be found to depend upon the alliteration.

Lettice went on her way gladly. The very sight of the thin blue

* Judge Jeffreys lives still in a proverb, near the scenes of his cruelties, though its origin is forgotten.

smoke of the peat fire in the pilot's cottage, with its pleasant, racy smell, always gave her a sort of homey feeling when she neared it. As she opened the door she heard Jesse's slow, sonorous voice reading aloud; he was quite alone, however: there was no one in the room but himself.

He was sitting with his wife's red cloak wrapped round him, and his noble-looking old head stood out against the cavernous depth of the great chimney-nook, which was almost as wide as the room itself, with the fire smouldering on the ground. He was not much above fifty; but exposure and hard living age a man far earlier than in the more cared-for classes, and, as the light fell upon him from a quaint little irregular window, with a sort of squint towards the sea, he looked like the Rembrandt picture of a philosopher. He laid down his well-thumbed Bible as the girl came in.

"Mary said you'd be here afore long. They've sent for her but now to look after Edwin's wife, as is down wi' a baby. She do put herself about a very deal for 'um all to be sure. I mind her mother saying afore we married, 'My Mary's a golden girl!'"

"Be ye any better to-day, Master Jesse?" said Lettice, timidly. She was a little afraid of the grave, still man.

"Well, child, I don't know when I've a iled so bad. I told * the clock, I believe, every hour all night. I think by whiles that it will be fine thing for to go away. But we must wait patient till we gets our orders; no man can sail wi'out them. The Lord he knows. I were searching into the Kingship," he said, with the far-seeing, abstracted look in his deep-set eyes of one intent on "spiritual experiences."

"What was it, Master Jesse?" said Lettice, after a pause, not feeling quite up to the point.

"The Second Advent, child, ye know; and the thousand years, and the thrones, and the beloved city,"—and he began to read out, in his earnest, rapt tone, one of those chapters in the Apocalypse whose gorgeous eastern imagery seems to have such a fascination for the minds of the hard-working folk much driven by life.

"'Tis like the music of great waters," said Lettice, earnestly, as the sound of the words died away. "I used to dream of them in the white robes with the gold often and often beforetime."

"And then, ye see, there's to come a new heaven and a new earth, and there's to be no more sea. I wonder how ever that's to be?" said the sailor, musing. "'Twill be like parting with an old friend, too, that will, for them as has had their business up and down, summer and winter, all their days, upon the deep waters. 'I must have up Simon for to 'xamine into that verse. Mary telled me o' the sarment upon the Sabbath last, at chapel, and that weren't the Gospel as I'd a wish it preached."

Lettice spent a quiet time looking after the sick man in his wife's absenee. Even the spirit of the unconquerable David yielded before Jesse. His instructor had had a sore time of it; he had long refused

* "And every shepherd tells his tale."—*Allegro*. Counts his number. "He telleth the number of the stars."

to learn A, on the logical principle that it only entailed B, and an indefinite series of such disagreeable consequences; but he was standing up to-day with his hands behind him, in a supernatural state of goodness, before the pilot, and repeating his letters, for the most part right, although in rather arbitrary order, with a great deal of prompting from Lettice, when Mary returned.

"Well, it is nice to hear him say 'em off so pretty," observed she, with much enthusiasm. "Such a mischiefful little dog as it is," she went on, looking fondly at him.

"Have ye seen any of the brothers?" said her husband. "I can't think what's become o' Caleb, as he haven't been here all day nigh me. David says the boat come back last night, too."

"Maybe he's along wi' Tony. Lettice, you're goin' home: you tell him to come, if ye see him, and the boy shall go with ye. Jesse'll be the better of that bottle o' ile as I lent 'um t'other day."

The two set off together. There had been a good deal of bad weather, grey and dull, with sea-fogs, but it had cleared away, and as they turned up out of the little valley, the long sweeps of brown undulating heath, with an occasional glimpse at the sea, were lighted up by the evening sun: stray seagulls hovered over the land; and a magnificent pomp of crimson and gold spread up above their heads to the zenith, where it was met by a pale greenish blue.

Their progress was slow. One moment David had his head in a hole after a dormouse's nest, the next he was burrowing after a "want," or "palmer-worms." At last they came to a stop altogether at a little island of green fern and grass, in a hollow amidst the sea of heather and gorse, still with some of the glory of its autumn colouring.

Lettice sat down and waited patiently while David prosecuted his researches into the natural history of the dumble-dore (humble-bee). She was singing to herself, "There is a land of pure delight, where sorrow cannot come." Her voice was not a fine one, but it was pure, tender, and delicate, like herself: there was an unconscious pathos in it, sweet and low. Where could she have found the expression she put into the Psalm? she was too young to have gone through the experience of life necessary to understand it. *Elle avait des larmes dans la voix.* She had just finished, and was looking absently for the witch-clover as she sat and sang—a good omen, as is well known, for

Even ash and four-leaved clover,
You are sure your love to see
Ere the day be over—

when she started at Caleb's great shadow, which fell upon their green nest as he stood at the top of the hollow.

"Who taught ye that hymn, Lettice?" said he, with unwonted feeling. "I've heard my mother sing it. She were so fond o' that about

Death like a narrer sea divides
That heavenly land from ours,

She said it were so like what 'tis here, looking athwart"—the Channel understood.

"She's but a twiddling little thing, but she can sing," said David, patronizingly. "Did ye never hear her tune up at chapel? I've a learnt her no end o' songs sin' she came here. 'King Arthur had Three Sons,' and 'There came Three Men out of the North.'* She know'd scarce any but hymn tunes when she come, did ye, Lettie? Now tune up. She don't like singing afore folk," he added, apologetically for his pupil. "Now let me hear whether you mind all as I've taught ye."

"I ain't listening," said Caleb, superciliously. "I've a got to look out to-night, and I must be off; but I don't believe she can sing all them verses of 'King Arthur' right through."

"Sing, Lettice," said David, shaking and pinching her violently; "he *shall* hear."

"Don't, David, you hurt me! I can't sing if you strangle me like that."

"Well, then, will ye do it if I leave go?" said her tormentor, pulling off her little red hood.

Lettice began: she had the real soul of music in her, and soon forgot everything but her singing. She had chosen a more pathetic ballad of Arthur's death, and sat, her little hands crossed in her lap, with a bunch of berries of the wythwind (*convolvulus*) and leaves in them, as she poured forth the delicate clear high notes, while the song rose and fell in the air like a lark's, and sank like it into the ground.

Caleb was apparently so engrossed with the look-out through his telescope over the country that he hardly seemed to hear.

Lettice had been singing without remembering her audience; but with the desire after sympathy of a real artist, she looked up to the tall sailor above her, when she had done, to see whether he liked it. He was standing, however, with his back to the setting sun, and she could not see his face, while the light fell full upon her, and almost blinded her when she turned towards him.

"Well, uncle Caleb," cried David, triumphantly, "what do ye say now? She's got it all right, ye see; and she sings it very nice, don't she?"

"Yes," replied he, shortly. "Ain't she going to sing the other one now?" he added, as Lettie arose out of their ferny hollow.

"No," she answered. "I must be getting off home, and Master Jesse hopes you're going to he: he's been a-wondering sore not to see you."

"What is it you was looking at so hard, and where was you going to in such a hurry, and where does ye come from, uncle?" said the boy, as Caleb still lingered.

"I've come from where I've a been to, and I'm going there likewise,"

* The west-country edition of "John Barleycorn," from which Burns took the idea.

laughed the sailor. "I believe you've a got a touch of Lawrence,* and that you was changed at nurse, you're so curis; and a-sitting there where the pixies has their dwelling!" said he, turning suddenly away with another laugh, as Lettie hurried out of the hollow.

"This ain't the pixies' piece. Law, I wouldn't have let thee stop there, if it were," said the boy. "There's a fairies' ring and no end o' pixy-stools † on the knap yonder, but not here; and, beside, you're an eldest-born, ye know, and the Puck can't harm ye. Why, if ye haven't found the witch-clover," he went on, snatching at the half-dead flowers and grass in her hand. "On'y think! that is queer, to be sure. I wonder whatever 'twill sinnify for you?"

Lettice looked down surprised. "And I didn't so much as know it, and have looked for it this ever so long and never found aught! Well, it is strange, how ye seeks ever and dunnot find, and finds when ye dunnot seek, as folk say. Is it to mean as I'm to see Everhard, I wonder?" she added to herself.

"I can't think whatever Caleb were after to-night," the boy went on presently, as he followed the girl, deep in thought. "Eh, I know now!" he burst out, clapping his hands. "He've been getting ready for the moonrakers at the great pool by the Stag's Head Knowl."

"What's them?" asked she.

"Eh, 'tis wonderful, Lettice! You don't rely know nothing but how to sing," said this aged man of the world, in a grand and condescending manner, revenging himself for the wrongs of the alphabet.

Lettice always submitted to his superior intelligence in such matters, and seemed perfectly contented with her position of humble ignorance.

"Why, 'tis when the gaugers is after them, and they flings the kegs into the ponds in the Forest, and fishes 'um out by nights."

"David, you come here," cried Tony, as they reached the Puckspiece, "and help me drag in these Bavins; we shall be done for if they're left out in the wet like this."

CHAPTER XIV.

TANGLING IN ONE'S HEART.

NORTON did not come near Jesse's house, though he was often enough up and down "The Chine." "Fair-trading"—for the ill-sounding word smuggling was never used—was a regular profession, and no one was ill regarded on the point; but Jesse had his own ideas of honour, and considered a "bound pilot" was "swore" not to dip his hands into such things; with which the delicate Puritan conscience of the man refused to have anything to do. He was a respected chief of the clan, and no

* "Lazy Lawrence" is a sort of Puck.

† "The fairies, whose dancing makes the rings, naturally want the 'stools' to sit upon when they are tired."

one questioned that he was indeed the "hoddest man" in all things, morality included.

He judged no one, however, and Caleb had hitherto been allowed to come and go unquestioned from the pilot-boat to the little trading-vessel, of which he was part owner, and with which now Norton seemed to have a great deal to do.

Lettice often heard her father mentioned with great respect. There was a very heartfelt admiration of his daring among the fishermen, and a chuckle of pride over his successful braving of the law; although they were apparently quiet-looking men, as respectable as their neighbours, and as unlike the traditional cut-throat, truculent smuggler, with cutlasses and pistols all round his belt, as the poetical chivalrous brigands, in velvet tights and silver buttons, are to the greasy ruffians who haunt the Apennines and carry off Moens.

The immense tract of wild ground, woodland, and heath which composed the New Forest stretched out temptingly behind the shore, and pretty nearly every fisherman and labourer in that district some forty years ago was either a smuggler or a poacher, often both at once. They were recognized callings, like any others. But although an evil deed which is not considered such by your class, does not injure the individual conscience, or degrade the man to the same extent, and a great many young fellows joined in "a run" from pure love of adventure: yet the perpetual breaking of the law gave a sort of wild, restless character to the inhabitants of a belt two or three miles wide, all along the southern coast of England, at that time, and did much harm.

Jesse had been at home for some time with his illness, and had heard and seen more than usual of what was doing among his brothers.

"Come wi' me to-night, Caleb," he said kindly, the first night that he went again to sea. "When it were nought but the vally of a pound of bacca or a keg o' spirits here and there, I didn't know, and I didn't no (care) anything about what you was doing as it were; but they say that the man have a died as were hit in the tussle down at Lady Cross, and I do hold that it's agin God A'mighty's law, let alone man's, for to risk your own life and other folks' in such like doings."

"Well, I'll see," replied Caleb, a little impatiently. "We ain't doing nothing to-night nor to-morrow, and I must speak to Norton; one can't break off sudden like that—soft and easy a bit."

"Them soft and easys leads a long way down the road to mischief," said his brother gravely.

"Now don't ye hiessenny (forebode evil) like that, Jesse," replied the young man, with an uneasy laugh, and then turning to his sister-in-law, who had just come in, "I don't know what to make o' that Lettice o' yourn." He had looked out of the door for something to change the conversation, and saw her coming up the hill. "Is she afraid o' me? She were watchin' and waitin' ever so long on the bridge the t'other day till I were gone past, as she thought."

"I wish you weren't so thick with Norton: he'll do ye no good," answered his brother. "He's a boreright fellow, as'll get hisself and you into trouble, and never see he's on the rocks afore his boat's just going down as might be. 'Twere a sore chance for you when he come back from beyond seas. Here's a button off," added he, taking up his thick pilot-coat, as Lettice came in at the door, and he saw her anxious little face.

"Mayn't I sew it on for you?" cried she eagerly, delighted to do anything for him.

Jesse gave her the coat, with a smile. "You're allays handy and ready with them little fingers of yourn. Caleb, you bring it after me. I've got to see to the tiller ropes; I shan't be gone not just yet," said he, as he went out of the house. Lettice began in haste.

"Just you look at that button!" cried Caleb, taking scornfully hold of her work. "Didn't I tell you so! them women can't do even their own jobs as well as men. Now, *I'm* agoin' to show ye how it should be done!"

"Ye can't thread yer needle," said Lettice.

"Can't I just?" he replied, as with much deliberation he set to work with his great big hands and succeeded. And then with a certain sailor-like awkward dexterity he certainly sewed on the button "like a rock," as he said, contemplating his work with his head on one side at a distance with great complacency.

"But then what a time you took!" observed Lettice. "I could ha' made a whole garment well nigh in the while ye was at it."

"Slow and sure wins the race," answered Caleb. "Yer needles runs as fast as yer tongues, and neither on 'um ain't o' much account. I can handle a swingel wi' any man o' my inches at the Hocktide games. Could you do much wi' a eudgel, Lettie? but ye're such a child! What's the use o' having such bits o' hands as yourn I wonder?" said he, snatching hold of her wrist and holding it up to scorn.

"I wish ye wouldn't treat me like a child when I ain't one," said Lettice, kindling, and with the tears gathering in her eyes as she dragged away her hand.

"Heyday, and what's the matter now?" cried Caleb, laughing. "What's that there hymn as David says? 'But, children, you should never let such angry passions rise.' I'm afeard your grandmother didn't do her duty by ye, not proper, along o' them hymns, or ye were a naughty—ahem, I mustn't say child—and 'twere no good learning of ye good things. She's like one of them little green flies," he said, turning to his sister-in-law. "When ye vex it, it ups as if 'twould like to sting, but it hasn't the means,—so, it's just cross and makes believe; that's Lettie all over."

"You let her alone, Caleb," said Mrs. Jesse; "'tis time for you to be off."

"And now, before I go, you just wind that there skein while I hold it, or you'll tangle it all to knots, as ye did the other t'other," said he, taking hold of an unlucky lump of thread which lay "in a mess" in Lettie's lap.

“My thread is small, my thread is fine, But he must be A stronger than thee, That can break this thread of mine,” sings the Witchwoman in *Thalaba*.

In another minute he was off like a shot.

“I can’t think,” said Lettice, looking up with a sigh of relief when he was gone, “if he hates women-folk so much, what for he don’t leave we alone? Here he’ve a spoilt all our talk, your’n and mine. I must be after going home in no time.”

“He’s wonderful took up wi’ ye, child, whatever he may be scorning with others or no, though I’m not sure whether he knows it hisself,” said Mrs. Jesse, stitching away without looking at her.

“Me!” cried Lettice, incredulously, flushing up to the roots of her hair. “Why, he never leaves worriting and tormenting of me.”

“He watches for ye like a cat wi’ a mouse, and he talks to noboddy when you’re there; and I seen him t’other day come up from ever so far once he’d found the print o’ yer little feet in the sand along this way,” said Mary, thoughtfully.

It had never occurred to the girl as possible. She had taken his attacks and scoffs quite literally as true expressions of his scorn for womankind, and the idea was as unpleasant as it was new to her. Two-and-thirty in her eyes was much the same as fifty, and she would as soon have expected Jesse himself to make love to her. She looked upon Caleb as belonging to an older generation, in spite of his quips and cranks. She had cared little about his opinion, and had therefore been shyly at her ease with him, and had answered him back again without much measuring what she said, and the directness of her speech, contrasted with her extreme gentleness and shyness, had a certain piquancy which had a great charm.

There are a number of things, however, not noticed when one’s mental eyes are elsewhere, but the truth of which flashes on one the moment they are heard. And Lettice knew now in her heart that this was true. Neither she nor Mary, however, said anything more, and in a few minutes the girl got up and went home.

“I should like well to have her for our own,” said Mrs. Jesse to herself, looking after her as she turned down the steep path from the house.

CHAPTER XV.

MAN IS A HUNTING ANIMAL.

It was the day after Lettice’s departure from the Woodhouse, and Amyas was standing at the door preparing to go out to his work in the fields, and looking rather wistfully down the avenue.

“I wonder will she write?” he mused half aloud. “I wish I’d telled her to. I’m afraid Norton will want to keep it dark where they’re a-going.”

"You may be sure he will," answered his mother. "His'n is works of darkness what don't love the light. What's that—a letter?" added she sharply, as the carter, who had been down to the nearest little town with a wood truck, appeared before the porch with one in his hand. "Is that from the child already?"

"It's put on it as it's for the young missus," observed the man; "and they said down at the Post as it had been a-waiting there this ever so many days, but no one had a been down."

"Who can have a wrote to her, I wonder?" said Mrs. Wynyate, as Amyas turned the letter over and over.

"It's from Ned," said he slowly.

"Whatever can he have got to write to she? he ain't so fond o' writing home neither; you'd best open it and see what 'tis."

"Nay, we won't do that; it ain't neither for thee nor me, mother. I'm doubtful as it's summat about that young fellow Wallcott; but I don't trust he anyhow, and we can't tell where she may be at these presents for to send it her, so it must just bide here awhile," said Amyas with some satisfaction. "And, mother, Norton ain't any great shakes; but I won't have upo' my mind as we're the cause o' his ruin; we've no call for that anyhow: so don't ye write to Ned nor nothing nor nobody; we'll set no gauger folk upo' his track—they'll find him out fast enow, and I'm in hopes as he'll let Lettice come home again after a bit to us."

"I'm sure I trust she've a got some one for to rule and guide her where she is: she's but a poor weak child, given to vanity and not grace, to lookin after the out'rd man that perishes, and not the inward as——"

"Well," said her constant defender Job, "I never see as she took on tittivatin' herself as some girls does; and it weren't she as made herself pretty for to look at. She can't help it; she growed so."

"Then there's that Norton, as ain't one bit fit to look after her," sighed her grandmother. But although it was expressed in so ungainly a manner, the poor old woman's heart was sore for her grandchild, snatched from what she considered her fostering care; and she was very seriously anxious and uneasy as she thrust poor Lettice's letter upon the high mantel-shelf in the kitchen, behind the end of the snuffer-tray: where, as "the chimney smoked that frightful to drive a cat mad," as Mrs. Wynyate often despondingly observed, it soon acquired the brownish yellow tinge of premature old age.

The letter indeed was written by Ned, but it had been dictated by Everhard. After the scene in the orchard he had quarrelled with his father to such an extent about Lettice, whom he refused absolutely to give up, that Wallcott declared in a fury, and in a tone which meant no mercy, that the first time he heard of his son's going down to the Woodhouse, or having anything to do with the Wynyates there, he would immediately enter proceedings against Amyas, foreclose the mortgage, and take possession. His mother had interfered with Everhard, and patched up a sort of hollow truce between father and son. He had retired to the

office at Seaford in high dudgeon, and consoled himself in the society of Ned Wynyate, whom he caused to set forth these facts to his niece, with many asseverations of constant faith—all which remained ignored behind the snuffer-tray, while poor Lettice was wearing her heart out for a word or a sign.

Everhard's room at the shipowner's was a large garret in the roof; but any inconveniences it possessed were amply atoned for, in his eyes, by the opportunities it afforded for "making a mess" with his roots and plants, undisturbed, except by a "tidying" in the household of more than ordinary strictness.

"I'll tell you what, Wallcott," said Ned, coming in at the door very early one morning two or three months after, with a bundle of papers under his arm, and looking very important, "they're in such a way at ours about the smuggling! They says it never were so bad; and there's been such a letter from the Board:—'It is plain, from the last returns, that there is an additional average of three and a half in the —— district, which must be considered as showing an amount of carelessness. . . .'"

"Half what, Ned? Half a smuggler? What's that, I wonder?" answered Everhard, indifferently, as he went on hunting among his shells and stones without attending. "I can't think what's become of that rare *Echinus* which I got for Mr. Denver—'fairies' hearts' my grandfather used to call 'em. I'm sure I had it yesterday," he went on, anxiously. "That horrid woman's been rummaging again, I do believe, and thrown it away! What a shame!" His "museums" always came to a bad end, and had been perpetually consigned to the dust-hole by careful housewives, from his mother downwards.

"It's no joke, I can tell you, about the Board," answered Ned, sitting down astride the only chair, and pushing off unceremoniously the fossils and dusty seaweeds with which it was covered. "There's a fellow they call Red Jack about, come back from foreign parts, they say, as used to give 'um no end o' trouble (it was before my time); and they think he's at the bottom o' it all now: we was quiet enow before. They're after the scent o' a great haul o' goods at this minute down the coast, and Dixon's got to be the head o' the party. He's allays standing in my way; it's very unfair. I'm sure I should ha' got to go in the cutter, if it hadn't been along o' him. He's allays striving to kip me down, he is; but I know where 'tis they think the cargo'll land: and if I can get leave to be out, will you drive me there, across country? We can borrow a gig; and that mare of yourn's a rum 'un to look at, but she's a rare 'un to go, and would do no end o' work, only you're allays so nesh with her."

"I'd like you just to see my father's face if I knocked her up, and asked for another horse; I, who havon't scarce spoke to him this three months," replied Everhard. "But I don't mind, for once; I've always thought it would be great fun to see a tussle with the smugglers. It's very odd that you don't hear anything from home, Ned; and that Lettice has never sent me a word all this time," he went on.

"No, it isn't a bit odd," replied Ned, decidedly. "Amyas is dead again you; and Lettice wouldn't write without he wished it: you may be quite sure o' that."

"Did you give my messages last week, as I told you?"

"I've had other fish to fry. Besides, they never writes to me, why should I to them? I shall be going back one of these days soon, and I can carry a whole barrow-load o' messages then, if you want it," answered Ned, getting up as he spoke. He was a short man, though he had been a tall boy, and as he stood with his hands in his pockets, square, reasonable, and determined, he was a great contrast to Everhard, pottering over his fossils and plants. They were a most uncongenial pair of associates; but Everhard considered Ned as a part of Lettice, and had a feeling for him accordingly, while that quintessence of practical common-sense valued his friend as being a round higher in the social ladder, and a good alliance for the uncle of his niece.

"What on earth did you buy that ugly beast for? You have the qucerest taste in pets to be sure," he went on, standing superciliously before a large cage, where a hideous hawfinch was sitting on his perch in dignified solitude, having slain, in single combat, every companion put in to share his captivity.

"He's very rare," apologized Everhard.

"Well, I'm sure that's lucky. I shouldn't care for one if he got so rare as he wasn't ever found at all. And there's that white rabbit," he went on, looking at the hutch on the gutter in the roof, outside the window. "Has she eat any more of her children, I wonder? They're so precious savage, your wild beasts all is. And this one's something fresh. What's going on here?" he inquired, with much scorn, peering into a large pan of sea-water, which stood in the corner of the room.

"These are my sea-anemones," replied Everhard. "Such beauties; I got 'em down the coast last week when I was after the fossils."

"Anemones! There ain't any anemones here."

"How stupid you are, Ned! Don't you know an Actinia when you see it?" said Everhard, rather grandly, as he came up behind him. But it was too true; there was nothing to be seen but a crab walking about the pan in great honour and glory. "It's that beastly crab which has eaten them all up, I do believe," cried he, wrathfully poking the offender.

Ned burst out laughing. "I wish they'd all eat each other up, I'm sure, and then you'd have got all your pets together convenient one inside t'other. Now, you leave all that rubbish nonsense and come along with me."

"You used to be very fond of birds and beasts, and sport, Ned, in old days, I know," said Everhard, discontentedly. "I can't think how you can laugh at it all in this way as you do."

"So I am fond o' sport now, only it's in a different fashion like. I've a took to hunting men; 'tis a deal more exciting," answered he, a little

grimly, "as you'd find too if you was to try; but it ain't every one as has the knack o' *that* hunting. There's that fellow Dixon has no more notion how it should be done, nor how to set a trap for 'um, nor nothing. You'd see, if *I* had but the chance, I wouldn't leave my man, not no more than a ferret or one of them blood-hounds they tells such stories on in the Forest, till I catched him, and held him too. Now you come and see after the gig with me."

"Russell said I'd been out so much he wouldn't let me out any day more till evening, and I don't like bothering him for leave so soon again: he was quite angry last week. Besides, it's fifteen miles to Froyle Creek, if it's a step. There's a storm coming up—it's so close; look out to windward how dark it's growing."

"Evening will be quite time enow; they won't think o' landing till after dark. There's a moon as big as your hat now, and, storm or no storm, she'll give us light sufficient to drive by. Besides, the fair-traders love a bit o' hazy weather; it makes 'um more sure to come in to-night."

And the stronger will carried the day.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN APPEAL.

VERY sorrowfully Lettice went home: it seemed to her as if she were about to lose all the ease and comfort of her intercourse with Mary. She had not the smallest feeling of interest even in Caleb; and though she was too humble in her opinion of herself to fancy that it would make much difference to him, she kept out of mischief, and stayed carefully away from the Chine for the next two days, and always contrived to escape when Caleb, who seemed perpetually to have business with Norton, appeared at the Puckspiece. She knew that he must be going to sea almost immediately, and she strove, by all the means in her power, to stave off the evil day of meeting, of which she had an undefined dread.

"The lugger's off by now," she heard her father say to Tony at last; "I wonder what luck they'll have this time? 'Twere queer, too, what had come over that lad Caleb—he didn't sim to know his own mind an hour together to go or stop. 'Twere a hard matter for to get him off, to be sure, this afternoon, and our hands is so short this time—'twould never have done to leave the Dutchman longer, or we should ha' had 'um down on us afore ever we could get in."

Towards evening, when she thought all was safe, tired of her seclusion, she scrambled down to the shore. It was very long now since she had had time to sit and dream there. There was a fresh brisk breeze, not too strong: the little white horses came prancing in, and touched up the expanse of green water, "shot" with purple and grey and blue, with the sort of life which gives the sea the charm of an animate thing. The bits of rock at her feet were hung with an olive-green seaweed, like slimy

fur, which rose and fell as the tide came rolling in, and looked happy and enjoying, after its long drouth. The sand-hoppers made the very sand seem alive, and the little crabs hurried about merrily, as they crept in and out among the stones.

"And there they all has to sit and wait till the water comes baek for 'um to drink, and can't do nothing like by themselves!" thought sho to herself.

The smooth reaches of wet sand sparkled in the evening light, and every bit of pink seaweed and broken shell shone as if it had been made in fairy-land—though, as Lettice had found to her cost, when she carried them eagerly home at the beginning of her stay, they lost their glory, as fairy gifts are always known to do in possession. Pale, rose-coloured clouds were sailing in the delicate blue sky; Nature seemed dressed in her best gala, and sparkled, and shone, and danced, and dazzled in a sort of brilliant fashion, which at first almost bewildered her, after her dark little room at home: the very air was crisp and delicious, though it was so far on in the autumn. Presently the moon began to rise, though it was still day: it was nearly full, and a long stream of silver light stretched far away over the sea; and as she watched the brilliant pathway of moonbeams she longed to pass across it "to some quiet place where nobody loved nobody," as she said to herself. "All the threads seems to get tangled the wrong way here," she sighed, as she sat thoughtfully and sadly on the beach with her head on her hands.

Presently she heard a tread on the shingle, and, turning, found Caleb close to her; the noise of the waves had prevented her perceiving him till he was quite near.

"I thought you was gone off to sea," said she, springing up with a blush.

"Did ye think ye was rid o' me so?" answered he, bitterly. "I couldn't go till I'd a seen ye again, ye might be sure o' that, Lettie," said the poor fellow, turning his white face away as he saw the expression in hers. "What for do ye get away from me now like this? Why won't ye scarce speak to me? What have I done as should make ye so strange? Don't ye know as I'd cut myself to pieces if ye was to want me to?"

"But I don't wish it," said Lettice, her eyes filling with tears as she walked away,— "on'y don't ye talk to me like that."

"No," answered he, stopping her, "ye must hear me. I love ye so as I don't know scarce what I do. Tell me how I may win ye? I'm right down beat, I'm as helpless as a child. Why do ye settle off-hand like that as ye won't have me without so much as giving me a chance?" said he, as the girl wrung her hands and turned away.

"Don't ye say so," replied she, weeping. "'Twould be o' no use thinking; I care for summun else, I do."

"But he can't care for ye not as I feel, and has never been nigh ye this ever so long as you've a been here, and he might ha' found out," he went on, seizing hold of her two hands.

"Let me go, Caleb! what good were it stopping? If you'd as many words as there's drops in the sea, don't ye see that it wouldn't sinnify now? it's too late."

"But ye might try and see whether ye couldn't fancy me if he don't come back again. Who is he, and what is he, and what is he like?"

"'Twouldn't make no odds whether he comes or no, I should go on just the same, and love don't come by wishing or not wishing it," said she, sorrowfully.

He sat down on the shingle looking so miserable that Lettice's tender heart would not let her leave him.

"It's on'y just now," pleaded she—"it won't be bad long: ye know ye never thought much not of womenfolk; it can't have been but like yesterday as ye could ha' thowt on me."

He shook his head ruefully.

"I believe 'twere from the first day as ever I set eyes upon ye, and carried ye across the water, though maybe I didn't know it; and a light heft ye was in my arms, Lettie, that day, for all ye've such a heavy one to my heart now."

"I'm so sorry, but ye'll think no more on it after a bit, Caleb," said she; "there's no end o' young maids as is better nor me all to nothing."

"What's other young maids to me," answered he, bitterly, "it's you as I want? My love's like the great sea washing over me, it's so strong. I niver thought as man could feel so," he went on, without attending to her as she tried to soothe him. "Seems as if I'd took the disease worse because I'm older," he said, with a bitter laugh. "Come to me, Lettie, try and think o' it again, Lettie. You say you're sorry; why will ye answer off like that short, without a thought like?" cried the poor fellow, springing up as he saw that she still lingered by him, and stretching out his arms towards her.

She turned hastily and ran. It could hardly be called a path which led up to the Puckspiece—only a rent in the cliffs where they were a little less steep. In general she was somewhat afraid of climbing them, but now she went up almost as if she had had wings; and Caleb, after standing and watching her until she reached the top and disappeared, turned slowly back home along the shore, his head bent down, and his hands clasped behind him, chewing the cud of his bitter thoughts. He walked sadly up at last into the pilot's cottage: there was nobody there but Mary, and he sat down, laid his arms on the table and his head upon them, and did not speak.

"She won't have me, Mary," he said at last, without looking up; "she've a got to care for summun else."

"Yes; I knowed that," answered she, sadly.

"What for didn't ye tell me then?" said he, starting up.

"I thowt yer might vex her like with laughing at her, and I niver give it a thought as it were anything but joke betwixt you and her till Tuesday evenin' as you was a-winding o' her skein."

"And what a fool I were," cried Caleb, rising and stamping with his feet, "a-winding in my heart with that thread of her'n!"

"I'm sure I should be glad enow to have her be one of us," said Mary. "She's a dainty little slip of a girl, that she is, and looks up so innocent out of her big eyes, and as fresh as a daisy, and ever had a ha'porth of love for them that wanted it, and she's so clean and clever wi' her fingers, for all ye laughed at her so about the buttons. Ye was allays fightin' of her and stirring of her up; how should I understand, and you so much older nor she? Well-a-day, she cares for summun else, 'tis no use yer thinkin' o' her."

"No use," cried he, angrily, "and how am I to help thinkin' of her? And as for that'n other man she've a took to, I don't mind: he can't care for her not as I do, or he'd have come after her long fur time afore this. I'm that mad in love with her," said he, with his teeth set, "as it seems nothing worth living if I don't get her, and she's so soft and gentle I'll *make* her turn to me."

"Don't ye be too sure, Caleb," said Mrs. Jesse, sadly. "Do ye mind what she said one time about women? Them soft elinging things sometimes takes such hold, like the ivy, as ye can tear 'um to bits afore ye looses them. Ye dunnot know what's women—nayther their strength nor their weakness."

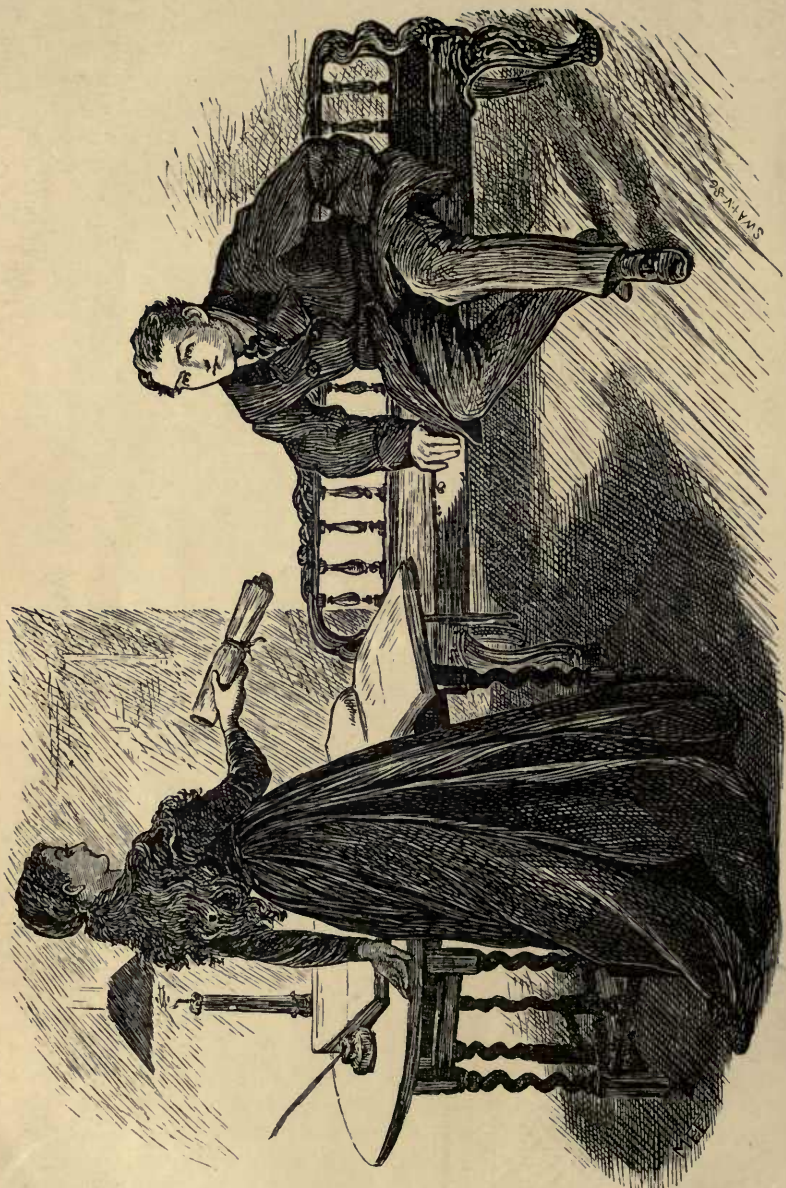
"I never set my mind to a thing but I won it yet," said Caleb, darkening.

"Don't ye talk like that, Caleb: pride goes afore a fall. Don't ye set yer mind on what ye can't mend nor make: things may be soft and have a will o' their own; just look at the water, and yet ye couldn't turn the tide not an inch."

"I shall be off wi' the fair-traders to-night, and I don't care how soon I get knocked o' the head by them gaugers," replied he, sadly.

"Don't ye go to break our hearts like that, Caleb," said Mrs. Jesse, with the tears in her eyes. "Ye know ye telled Jesse before as ye'd think better on it, and give o'er wi' they violent men—'tis no good strivin' agin what can't be. Little things and big 'uns comes from the Lord; 'twould be easier to thee once thou could'st think this, too, come from His hand. Think better of going now, my lad. 'Twill on'y mar and not mend thy matter," she entreated.

He strode out of the house without answering, and down to the boat which was waiting for him. Mary stood and watched him anxiously from the little terrace. His heart seemed to misgive him for leaving her without a word, and he turned and waved his hand to her, but he went on all the same. The wind was fair, and the fishing-boat was hoisting its little brown sails, like a bird spreading its wings.



MY INSTRUCTIONS

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

That Boy of Norcott's.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR INNER LIFE.



LET me open this chapter with an apology, and I mean it not only to extend to errors of the past, but to whatever similar blunders I may commit hereafter. What I desire to ask pardon for is this: I find in this attempt of mine to jot down a portion of my life, that I have laid a most disproportionate stress on some passages the most insignificant and unimportant. Thus, in my last chapter, I have dwelt unreasonably on the narrative of one day's pleasure, while it may be that a month, or several months, shall pass over with scarcely mention. For this fault—and I do not attempt to deny it is a fault—I have but one excuse. It is this: my desire has been to place before my reader the events, small as they might be, that influenced my life and decided my destiny. Had I not gone to this fête, for instance; had I taken my holiday in some quiet ramble into the hills alone; or had I passed it—as I have passed scores of happy hours—in the solitude of my own room, how different might have been my fate!

We all of us know how small and apparently insignificant are the

events by which the course of our lives is shapen. A look we catch at parting,—a word spoken that might have passed unheard,—a pressure of the hand that might or might not have been felt, and straightway all our sailing orders are revoked, and instead of north we go south. Bearing this in mind, my reader will perhaps forgive me, and at least bethink him that these things are not done by me through inadvertence, but of intention and with forethought.

“So we are about to part,” said Hanserl to me as I awoke and found my old companion at my bedside. “You’re the twenty-fifth that has left me,” said he, mournfully. “But look to it, Knabe; change is not always betterment.”

“It was none of *my* doing, Hanserl; none of *my* seeking.”

“If you had worn the grey jacket you wear on Sundays there would have been none of this, lad! I have seen double as many years in the yard as you have been in the world, and none have ever seen me at the master’s table or waltzing with the master’s daughter.”

I could not help smiling, in spite of myself, at the thought of such a spectacle.

“Nor is there need to laugh because I speak of dancing,” said he, quickly. “They could tell you up in Kleptowitz there are worse performers than Hans Spöner; and if he is not an Englishman, he is an honest Austrian!” This he said with a sort of defiance, and as if he expected a reply.

“I have told you already, Hans,” said I, soothingly, “that it was none of my seeking if I am to be transferred from the yard. I was very happy there—very happy to be with you. We were good comrades in the past, as I hope we may be good friends in the future.”

“That can scarcely be,” said he, sorrowfully. “I can have no friend in the man I must say ‘sir’ to. It’s Herr Ignaz’s order,” went he on; “he sent for me this morning, and said, ‘Hanserl, when you address Herr von Owen,’—aye, he said Herr *von* Owen,—‘never forget he is your superior; and though he once worked with you here in the yard, that was his caprice, and he will do so no more.’”

“But, Hans, my dear old friend.”

“Ja, ja,” said he, waving his hand. “‘Jetz ist aus!’ It is all over now. Here’s your reckoning,” and he laid a slip of paper on the bed:—“Twelve gulden for the dinners, three-fifty for wine and beer, two gulden for the wash. There were four kreutzers for the girl with the guitar; you bade me give her ten, but four was plenty,—that makes seventeen-six-and-sixty: and you’ve twenty-three gulden and thirty-four kreutzers in that packet, and so Leb wohl,” and with a short wave of his hand he turned away; but as he left the room I saw that the other hand had been drawn over his eyes, for Hanserl was crying: and I buried my face in the clothes, and sobbed bitterly.

My orders were to present myself at Herr Ignaz’s private office by noon. Careful not to presume on what seemed at least a happy turn in

my destiny, I dressed in my every-day clothes, studious only that they should be clean and well brushed.

"I had forgotten you altogether, boy," said Herr Ignaz as I entered the office, and he went on closing his desk and his iron safe before leaving for dinner. "What was it I had to say to you? Can you help me to it, lad?"

"I'm afraid not, sir; I only know that you told me to be here at this hour."

"Let me see," said he, thoughtfully. "There was no complaint against you?"

"None, sir, that I know of."

"Nor have you any to make against old Hanserl?"

"Far from it, sir. I have met only kindness from him."

"Wait, wait, wait," said he. "I believe I am coming to it. It was Sara's doing. Yes, I have it now. Sara said you should not be in the yard; that you had been well brought up and cared for. A young girl's fancy, perhaps. Your hands were white. But there is more bad than good in this. Men should be in the station they're fit for; neither above nor below it. And you did well in the yard; ay, and you liked it?"

"I certainly was very happy there, sir,"

"And that's all one strives for," said he, with a faint sigh; "to be at rest,—to be at rest: and why would you change, boy?"

"I am not seeking a change, sir. I am here because you bade me."

"That's true. Come in and eat your soup with us, and we'll see what the girl says, for I have forgotten all about it."

He opened a small door which led by a narrow stair into a back street, and shuffling along, with his hat drawn over his eyes, made for the little garden over the wooden bridge, and to his door. This he unlocked, and then bidding me follow, he ascended the stairs.

The room into which we entered was furnished in the most plain and simple fashion. A small table, with a coarse cloth and some common ware, stood ready for dinner, and a large loaf on a wooden platter occupied the middle. There were but two places prepared; but the old man speedily arranged a third place, muttering to himself the while, but what I could not catch.

As he was thus engaged the Fraulein entered. She was dressed in a sort of brown serge, which, though of the humblest tissue, showed her figure to great advantage, for it fitted to perfection, and designed the graceful lines of her shoulders, and her taper waist to great advantage. She saluted me with the faintest possible smile, and said:—"You are come to dine with us?"

"If there be enough to give him to eat," said the old man, gruffly. "I have brought him here, however, with other thoughts. There was something said last night—what was it, girl?—something about this lad,—do you remember it?"

"Here is the soup, father," said she, calmly. "We'll bethink us of these things by-and-by." There was a strange air of half command in what she said, the tone of one who asserted a certain supremacy, as I was soon to see she did in the household. "Sit here, Herr von Owen," said she, pointing to my place, and her words were uttered like an order.

In perfect silence the meal went on; a woman-servant entering to replace the soup by a dish of boiled meat, but not otherwise waiting on us, for Sara rose and removed our plates and served us with fresh ones; an office I would gladly have taken from her, and indeed essayed to do, but at a gesture, and a look that there was no mistaking, I sat down again, and unmindful of my presence, they soon began to talk of business matters, in which, to my astonishment, the young girl seemed thoroughly versed. Cargoes of grain for Athens consigned to one house were now to be transferred to some other. There were large orders from France for staves, to meet which some one should be promptly despatched into Hungary. Hemp, too, was wanted for England. There was a troublesome litigation with an Insurance Company at Marseilles, which was evidently going against the House of Oppovich. So unlike was all this the tone of dinner conversation I was used to, that I listened in wonderment how they could devote the hour of social enjoyment and relaxation to details so perplexing and so vulgar.

"There is that affair of the leakage, too," cried Herr Ignaz, setting down his glass before drinking; "I had nigh forgotten it."

"I answered the letter this morning," said the girl, gravely. "It is better it should be settled at once, while the exchanges are in our favour."

"And pay—pay the whole amount!" cried he, angrily.

"Pay it all," replied she, calmly. "We must not let them call us litigious, father. You have *friends* here," and she laid emphasis on the word, "that would not be grieved to see you get the name."

"Twenty-seven thousand gulden!" exclaimed he, with a quivering lip. "And how am I to save money for your dowry, girl, with losses like these?"

"You forget, sir, we are not alone," said she, proudly. "This young Englishman can scarcely feel interested in these details." She arose as she spoke, and placed a few dishes of fruit on the table, and then served us with coffee; the whole done so unobtrusively, and in such quiet fashion as to make her services appear a routine that could not call for remark.

"The *Dalmat* will not take our freight," said he, suddenly. "There is some combination against us there."

"I will look to it," said she, coldly. "Will you try these figs, Herr von Owen? Fiume, they say, rivals Smyrna in purple figs."

"I will have no more to do with figs or olives either," cried out Herr Ignaz. "The English beat you down to the lowest price, and then refuse your cargo for one damaged crête. I have had no luck with England."

Unconsciously, I know it was, his eyes turned fully on me as he spoke, and there was a defiance in his look that seemed like a personal challenge.

“He does not mean it for you,” said the *Fräulein* gently in my ear, and her voice gained a softness I did not know it possessed.

Perhaps the old man's thoughts had taken a very gloomy turn, for he leaned his head on his hand, and seemed sunk in reverie. The *Fraulein* rose quietly, and beckoning me to follow her, moved noiselessly into an adjoining room. This chamber, furnished a little more tastefully, had a piano, and some books and prints lay about on the tables.

“My father likes to be left alone at times,” said she, gravely, “and when you know us better, you will learn to see what these times are.” She took up some needle-work she had been engaged on, and sat down on a sofa. I did not well know whether to take my leave or keep her company, and while I hesitated she appeared to read my difficulty, and said,—“You are free, Herr von Owen, if you have any engagement.”

“I have none,” said I; then remembering that the speech might mean to dismiss me, I added hastily, “but it is time to go.”

“Good-by, then,” said she, making me a slight bow; and I went.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OFFICE.

ON the following day the cashier sent for me to say it was Herr Oppovich's wish that I should be attached to some department in the office, till I had fully mastered its details, and then be transferred to another, and so on till I had fully acquainted myself with the whole business of the house. “It's an old caprice of Herr Ignaz's,” said he, “which repeated failures have not yet discouraged him with. You're the fifth he has tried to make a supervisor of, and you'll follow the rest.”

“Is it so very difficult to learn?” asked I, modestly.

“Perhaps to one of your acquirements it might not,” said he, with quiet irony, “but for a slight example: here, in this office, we correspond with five countries in their own languages; yonder, in that room, they talk modern Greek, and Albanian, and Servian; there's the Hungarian group, next that bow-window, and that takes in the Lower Danube; and in what we call the Expeditions department, there are fellows who speak seventeen dialects, and can write ten or twelve. So much for languages. Then what do you say to mastering—since that's the word they have for it—the grain trade from Russia, rags from Transylvania, staves from Hungary, fruit from the Levant, cotton from Egypt, minerals from lower Austria, and woollen fabrics from Bohemia? We do something in all of these, besides a fair share in oak bark and hemp.”

“Stop, for mercy's sake!” I cried out. “It would take a lifetime to gain a mere current knowledge of these.”

“Then, there's the finance department,” said he; “watching the rise and fall of the exchanges, buying and selling gold. Herr Ulrich, in that

office with the blue door, could tell you it's not to be picked up of an afternoon. Perhaps you might as well begin with him; his is not a bad school to take the fine edge off you."

"I shall do whatever you advise me."

"I'll speak to Herr Ulrich, then," said he; and he left me, to return almost immediately, and conduct me within the precincts of the blue door.

Herr Ulrich was a tall, thin, ascetic-looking man, with his hair brushed rigidly back from the narrowest head I ever saw. His whole idea of life was the office, which he arrived at by daybreak, and never left, except to visit the bourse, till late at night. He disliked, of all things, new faces about him; and it was a piece of malice on the cashier's part to bring me before him.

"I believed I had explained to Herr Ignaz already," said he, to the cashier, "that I am not a schoolmaster."

"Well, well," broke in the other, in a muffled voice, "try the lad. He may not be so incompetent. They tell me he has had some education."

Herr Ulrich raised his spectacles, and surveyed me from head to foot for some seconds. "You have been in the yard?" said he in question.

"Yes, sir."

"And is counting oaken staves the first step to learning foreign exchanges, think you?"

"I should say not, sir."

"I know whose scheme this is well enough," muttered he. "I see it all. That will do. You may leave us to talk together alone," said he to the cashier. "Sit down there, lad; there's your own famous newspaper, *The Times*. Make me a *précis* of the money article as it touches Austrian securities and Austrian enterprises; contrast the report there given with what that French paper contains; and don't leave till it be finished." He returned to his high stool as he spoke, and resumed his work. On the table before me lay a mass of newspapers in different languages, and I sat down to examine them with the very vaguest notion of what was expected of me.

Determined to do something—whatever that something might be—I opened *The Times* to find out the money-article; but little versed in journalism, I turned from page to page without discovering it. At last, I thought I should find it by carefully scanning the columns; and so I began at the top and read the various headings, which happened to be those of the trials then going on. There was a cause of salvage on the part of the owners of the *Lively Jane*; there was a disputed ownership of certain dock warrants for indigo, a breach of promise case, and a suit for damages for injuries incurred on the rail. None of these, certainly, were financial articles. At the head of the next column I read: "Court of Probata and Divorce—Mr. Spanks moved that the decree *nisi*, in the suit of Clerement *v.* Cleremont, be made absolute. Motion allowed. The damages in this suit against Sir Roger Norcott have been fixed at eight thousand five hundred pounds."

From these lines I could not turn my eyes. They revealed nothing, it is

true, but what I knew well must happen ; but there is that in a confirmation of a fact brought suddenly before us, that always awakens deep reflection : and now I brought up before my mind my poor mother, deserted and forsaken, and my father, ruined in character, and, perhaps, in fortune.

I had made repeated attempts to find out my mother's address, but all my letters had failed to reach her. Could there be any chance of discovering her through this suit ? Was it possible that she might have intervened in any way in it ? And, last of all, would this lawyer, whose name appeared in the proceedings, take compassion on my unhappy condition, and aid me to discover where my mother was ? I meditated long over all this, and I ended by convincing myself that there are few people in the world who are not well pleased to do a kind thing which costs little in the doing ; and so I resolved I would write to Mr. Spanks, and address him at the court he practised in. I could not help feeling that it was at a mere straw I was grasping ; but nothing more tangible lay within my reach. I wrote thus :—

“ SIR,—I am the son and only child of Sir Roger and Lady Norcott ; and seeing that you have lately conducted a suit against my father, I ask you, as a great favour, to let me know where my mother is now living, that I may write to her. I know that I am taking a great liberty in obtruding this request upon you ; but I am very friendless, and very little versed in worldly knowledge. Will you let both these deficiencies plead for me ? and let me sign myself,

“Your grateful servant,

“DIGBY NORCOTT.

“ You can address me at the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, Fiume, Austria, where I am living as a clerk, and under the name of Digby Owen, —Owen being the name of my mother's family.”

I was not very well pleased with the composition of this letter ; but it had one recommendation, which I chiefly sought for—it was short, and for this reason I hoped it might be favourably received. I read it over and over, each time seeing some new fault, or some omission to correct ; and then I would turn again to the newspaper, and ponder over the few words that meant so much and yet revealed so little. How my mother's position would be affected—if at all—by this decision I could not tell. Indeed, it was the mere accident of hearing divorce discussed at my father's table that enabled me to know what the terms of the law implied. And thus I turned from my letter to the newspaper, and back again from the newspaper to my letter, so engrossed by the theme that I forgot where I was, and utterly forgot all about that difficult task Herr Ulrich had set me. Intense thought and weariness of mind, aided by the unbroken stillness of the place, made me heavy and drowsy. From poring over the paper, I gradually bent down till my head rested on it, and I fell sound asleep.

I must have passed hours thus, for it was already evening when I awoke. Herr Ulrich was about to leave the office, and had his hat on, as he aroused me.

"It is supper time, youngster," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Yes, you may well wonder where you are. What are you looking for?"

"I thought, sir, I had written a letter just before I fell asleep. I was writing here." And I turned over the papers and shook them, tossing them wildly about, to discover the letter, but in vain. It was not there. Could it have been that I had merely composed it in my mind, and never have committed it to paper? but that could scarcely be, seeing how fresh in my memory were all the doubts and hesitations that had beset me.

"I am sure I wrote a letter here," said I, trying to recall each circumstance to my mind.

"When you have finished dreaming, lad, I will lock the door," said he, waiting to see me pass out.

"Forgive me; one moment, sir, only one," cried I, wildly scattering the papers over the table. "It is of consequence to me—what I have written."

"That is if you have written anything," said he, drily.

The grave tone of this doubt determined the conflict in my mind.

"I suppose you are right," said I, "it was a dream." And I arose and followed him out.

As I reached the foot of the stairs I came suddenly on Herr Ignaz and his daughter. It was a common thing for her to come and accompany him home at the end of the day's work, and as latterly he had become much broken and very feeble, she scarcely missed a day in this attention. "Oh, here he is," I heard her say as I came up. What he replied I could not catch, but it was with some earnestness she rejoined,—

"Herr von Owen, my father wishes to say that they have mistaken his instructions regarding you in the office. He never expected you could at once possess yourself of all the details of a varied business; he meant that you should go about and see what branch you would like to attach yourself to, and to do this he will give you ample time. Take a week; take two; a month, if you like." And she made a little gesture of friendly adieu with her hand, and passed on.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNWISHED-FOR PROMOTION.

THE morning after this brief intimation I attached myself to that department of the house whose business was to receive and reply to telegraphic messages. I took that group of countries whose languages I knew, and addressed myself to my task in right earnest. An occupation whose chief feature is emergency will always possess a certain interest, but beyond

this there was not anything attractive in my present pursuit. A peremptory message to sell this, or buy that, to push on vigorously with a certain enterprise, or to suspend all action in another, would perhaps form the staple of a day's work. When disasters occurred, too, it was their monetary feature alone was recorded. The fire that consumed a warehouse was told with reference to the amount insured; the shipwreck was related by incidents that bore on the lost cargo, and the damage incurred. Still it was less monotonous than the work of the office, and I had a certain pride in converting the messages—sometimes partly, sometimes totally unintelligible—into language that could be understood, that imparted a fair share of ambition to my labour.

My duty was to present myself, with my book in which I had entered the despatches, each evening, at supper-time, at Herr Ignaz's house. He would be at table with his daughter when I arrived, and the interview would pass somewhat in this wise: Herr Oppovich would take the book from my hands without a word or even a look at me, and the Fraulein, with a gentle bend of the head, but without the faintest show of more intimate greeting, would acknowledge me. She would continue to eat as I stood there, as unmindful of me as though I were a servant. Having scanned the book over, he would hand it across to his daughter, and then would ensue a few words in whisper, after which the Fräulein would write opposite each message some word of reply or of comment such as, "Already provided for," "Further details wanted," "Too late," or such like, but never more than a few words, and these she would write freely, and only consulting herself. The old man—whose memory failed him more and more every day, and whose general debility grew rapidly—did no more than glance at the answers and nod an acceptance of them. In giving the book back to me she rarely looked up, but if she did so, and if her eyes met mine, their expression was cold and almost defiant; and thus, with a slight bend of the head, I would be dismissed.

Nor was this reception the less chilling that, before I had well closed the door, they would be in full conversation again, showing that my presence it was which had inspired the constraint and reserve. These, it might be thought, were not very proud nor blissful moments to me, and yet they formed the happiest incident of my day, and I actually longed for the hour, as might a lover to meet his mistress. To gaze at will upon her pale and beautiful face, to watch the sunlight as it played upon her golden hair, which she wore—in some fashion, perhaps, peculiar to her race—in heavy masses of curls, that fell over her back and shoulders; her hand, too, a model of symmetry, and with the fingers rose-tipped, like the goddesses of Homer, affected me as a spell; and I have stood there unconsciously staring at it till warned by a second admonition to retire.

Perhaps the solitude in which I lived helped to make me dwell more thoughtfully on this daily-recurring interview; for I went nowhere, I associated with no one, I dined alone, and my one brisk walk for health

and exercise I took by myself. When evening came, and the other clerks frequented the theatre, I went home to read, or as often to sit and think.

"Sara tells me," said the old man one day, when some rare chance had brought him to my office, "Sara tells me that you are suffering from over-confinement. She thinks you look pale and worn, and that this constant work is telling on you."

"Far from it, sir. I am both well and happy; and if I needed to be made happier, this thoughtful kindness would make me so."

"Yes; she is very kind, and very thoughtful, too; but, as well as these, she is despotic," said he, with a faint laugh; "and so she has decided that you are to exchange with M. Marsac, who will be here by Saturday, and who will put you up to all the details of his walk. He buys our timber for us in Hungary and Transylvania; and he, too, will enjoy a little rest from constant travel."

"I don't speak Hungarian, sir," began I, eager to offer an opposition to the plan.

"Sara says you are a quick learner, and will soon acquire it—at least, enough for traffic."

"It is a business, too, that I suspect requires much insight into the people and their ways."

"You can't learn them younger, lad; and as all those we deal with are old clients of the house, you will not be much exposed to rogueries."

"But if I make mistakes, sir? If I involve you in difficulty and in loss?"

"You'll repay it by zeal, lad, and by devotion, as we have seen you do here."

He waved his hand in adieu, and left me to my own thoughts. Very sad thoughts they were, as they told me of separation from her that gave the whole charm to my life. Sara's manner to me had been so markedly cold and distant for some time past, so unlike what it had been at first, that I could not help feeling that, by ordering me away, some evidence of displeasure was to be detected. The old man I at once exculpated, for every day showed him less and less alive to the business of "the House;" though, from habit, he persisted in coming down every morning to the office, and believed himself the guide and director of all that went on there.

I puzzled myself long to think what I could have done to forfeit her favour. I had never in the slightest degree passed that boundary of deference that I was told she liked to exact from all in the service of the house. I had neglected no duty, nor, having no intimates or associates, had I given opportunity to report of me that I had said this or that of my employers. I scrutinised every act of my daily life, and suggested every possible and impossible cause for this coldness; but without approaching a reason at all probable. While I thus doubted and disputed with myself, the evening despatches arrived, and among them a letter addressed to

myself. It bore the post-mark of the town alone, with this superscription, "Digby Owen, Esq., at Messrs. Oppovich's, Fiume." I tore it open, and read,—

"The address you wish for is, 'Lady Norcott, Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland.'"

The writing looked an English hand, and the language was English. There was no date, nor any signature. Could it have been, then, that I had folded, and sealed, and sent on my letter—that letter I believed I had never written—without knowing it, and that the lawyer had sent me this reply, which, though long delayed, might have been postponed till he had obtained the tidings it conveyed? At all events, I had got my dear mother's address—at least, I hoped so. This point I resolved to ascertain at once, and sat down to write to her. It was a very flurried note I composed, though I did my very best to be collected. I told her how and where I was, and by what accident of fortune I had come here; that I had reasonable hopes of advancement, and, even now, had a salary which was larger than I needed. I was afraid to say much of what I wished to tell her, till I was sure my letter would reach her; and I entreated her to write to me by return of post, were it but a line. I need not say how many loves I sent her, nor what longings to be again beside her, to hold her hand, and hear her voice, and call her by that dearest of all the names affection cherishes. "I am going from this in a few days into Hungary," added I; "but address me here, and it shall be sent after me."

When I had finished my letter, I again turned my thoughts to this strange communication, so abrupt and so short. How came it to Fiume, too? Was it enclosed in some other letter, and to whom? If posted in Fiume, why not written there? Ay; but by whom? Who could know that I had wished for my mother's address? It was a secret buried in my own heart.

I suddenly determined I would ask the *Fräulein* Sara to aid me in unravelling this mystery, which, of course, I could do without disclosing the contents of the note. I hurried off to the house, and asked if she would permit me to speak to her.

"Yes. The *Fraulein* was going out; but, if my business was brief, she would see me."

She was in bonnet and shawl as I entered, and stood with one hand on a table, looking very calm, but somewhat haughty.

"I beg your pardon, M. Owen," said she, "if I say that I can only give you a few minutes, and will not ask you even to sit down. If it be a matter of the office——"

"No, mademoiselle; it is not a matter of the office."

"Then, if it relate to your change of occupation——"

"No, mademoiselle, not even to that. It is a purely personal question. I have got a letter, with a Fiume post-mark on it, but without the writer's name; and I am curious to know if you could aid me to discover him. Would you look at the hand, and see if it be known to you?"

"Pray excuse me, M. Owen. I am the stupidest of all people in reading riddles or solving difficulties. All the help I can give you is to say how I treat anonymous letters myself. If they be simply insults, I burn them. If they relate what appear to be matters of fact, I wait and watch for them."

Offended by the whole tone of her manner, I bowed, and moved towards the door.

"Have you seen M. Marsac? I hear he has arrived."

"No, mademoiselle; not yet."

"When you have conferred and consulted with him, your instructions are all prepared; and I suppose you are ready to start?"

"I shall be, mademoiselle, when called upon."

"I will say, good-by, then," said she, advancing one step towards me, evidently intending to offer me her hand; but I replied by a low, very low, bow, and retired.

I thought I should choke as I went down the stairs. My throat seemed to swell, and then to close up; and when I gained the shelter of the thick trees, I threw myself down on my face in the grass, and sobbed as if my heart was breaking. How I vowed and swore that I would tear every recollection of her from my mind, and never think more of her, and how her image ever came back clearer and brighter and more beautiful before me after each oath!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MAN WHO TRAVELLED FOR OUR HOUSE.

As I sat brooding over my fire that same evening, my door was suddenly opened, and a large burly man, looming even larger from an immense fur pelisse that he wore, entered. His first care was to divest himself of a tall Astracan cap, from which he flung off some snow-flakes, and then to throw off his pelisse, stamping the snow from his great boots, which reached halfway up the thigh.

"You see," cried he, at last, with a jovial air, "you see I come, like a good comrade, and make myself at home at once."

"I certainly see so much," said I, drily; "but whom have I the honour to receive?"

"You have the honour to receive Gustave Maurice de Marsac, young man, a gentleman of Dauphiné, who now masquerades in the character of first traveller for the respectable house of Hodnig and Oppovich."

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, M. de Marsac," said I, offering my hand.

"What age are you?" cried he, staring fixedly at me. "You can't be twenty?"

"No, I am not twenty."

“And they purpose to send you down to replace *me*!” cried he; and he threw himself back in his chair, and shook with laughter.

“I see all the presumption; but I can only say it was none of my doing.”

“No, no; don't say presumption,” said he, in a half-coaxing tone. “But I may say it, without vanity, it is not every man's gift to be able to succeed Gustave de Marsac. May I ask for a cigar? Thanks. A real Cuban, I verily believe. I finished my tobacco two posts from this, and have been smoking all the samples—pepper and hemp-seed amongst them—since then.”

“May I offer you something to eat?”

“You may, if you accompany it with something to drink. Would you believe it, Oppovich and his daughter were at supper when I arrived to report myself; and neither of them as much as said, Chevalier—I mean Mon. de Marsac—won't you do us the honour to join us? No. Old Ignaz went on with his meal—cold veal and a potato salad, I think it was; and the fair Sara examined my posting-book, to see I had made no delay on the road: but neither offered me even the courtesy of a glass of wine.”

“I don't suspect it was from any want of hospitality,” I began.

“An utter want of everything, mon cher. Want of decency; want of delicacy; want of due deference to a man of birth and blood. I see you are sending your servant out. Now, I beg, don't make a stranger—don't make what we call a ‘Prince Russe’ of me. A little quiet supper, and something to wash it down; good fellowship will do the rest. May I give your man the orders?”

“You will confer a great favour on me,” said I.

He took my servant apart, and whispered a few minutes with him at the window. “Try Kleptomitz first,” said he aloud, as the man was leaving; “and mind you say M. Marsac sent you. Smart ‘bursche’ you've got there. If you don't take him with you, hand him over to me.”

“I will do so,” said I; “and am happy to have secured him a good master.”

“You'll not know him when you pass through Fiume again. I believe there's not my equal in Europe to drill a servant. Give me a Chinese, an Esquimaux; give me a Hottentot, and in six months you shall see him announce a visitor, deliver a letter, wait at table, or serve coffee, with the quiet dignity and the impassive steadiness of the most accomplished lacquey. The three servants of Fiume were made by me, and their fortunes also. One has now the chief restaurant at Rome, in the Piazza di Spagna; the other is manager of the ‘Iron Crown Hotel,’ at Zurich; he wished to have called it the ‘Arms of Marsac,’ but I forbade him. I said, ‘No, Pierre, no. The De Marsacs are now travelling incog.’ Like the Tavannes and the Rohans, we have to wait and bide our time. Louis Napoleon is not immortal. Do you think he is?”

“I have no reason to think so.”

“Well, well, you are too young to take interest in politics; not but that I did at fourteen: I conspired at fourteen! I will show you a stiletto

Mazzini gave me on my birthday; and the motto on the blade was, 'Au service du Roi.' Ah! you are surprised at what I tell you. I hear you say to yourself, 'How the devil did he come to this place? what led him to Fiume?' A long story that; a story poor old Dumas would give one of his eyes for. There's more adventure, more scrapes by villainy, dangers and death-blows generally, in the last twenty-two years of my life—I am now thirty-six—than in all the Monte Christos that ever were written. I will take the liberty to put another log on your fire. What do you say if we lay the cloth? It will expedite matters a little."

"With all my heart. Here are all my household goods," said I, opening a little press in the wall.

"And not to be despised, by any means. Show me what a man drinks out of, and I'll tell you what he drinks. When a man has got thin glasses like these—à la Mouseline, as we say,—his tippie is Bordeaux."

"I confess the weakness," said I, laughing.

"It is my own infirmity, too," said he, sighing. "My theory is, plurality of wines is as much a mistake as plurality of wives. Coquette, if you will, with fifty, but give your affections to one. If I am anything, I am moral. What can keep your fellow so long? I gave him but two commissions."

"Perhaps the shops were closed at this hour."

"If they were, sir," said he, pompously, "at the word Marsac they would open. Ha! what do I see here?—a piano? Am I at liberty to open it?" And without waiting for a reply, he sat down, and ran his hands over the keys with a masterly facility. As he flew over the octaves, and struck chords of splendid harmony, I could not help feeling an amount of credit in all his boastful declarations just from this one trait of real power about him.

"I see you are a rare musician," said I.

"And it is what I know least," said he; "though Flotow said one day, 'If that rascal de Marsac takes to writing operas, I'll never compose another.' But here comes the supper:" and as he spoke my servant entered, with a small basket, with six bottles in it; two waiters following him, bearing a good-sized tin box, with a charcoal fire beneath.

"Well and perfectly done," exclaimed my guest, as he aided them to place the soup on the table, and to dispose some hors d'œuvre of anchovies, caviare, ham, and fresh butter on the board. "I am sorry we have no flowers. I love a bouquet. A few camelias for colour, and some violets for smell. They relieve the grossness of the material enjoyments; they poetize the meal; and if you have no women at table, mon cher, be sure to have flowers: not that I object to both together. There, now, is our little bill of fare,—a white soup, a devilled mackerel, some truffles, with butter, and a capon with stewed mushrooms. Oysters they had not, not even those native shrimps they call scampi; but the wine will compensate for much: the wine is Rœdiger; champagne, with a faint suspicion of dryness. And as he has brought ice, we'll attack that Bordeaux you spoke of till it be cool enough for drinking."

As he rattled on thus it was not very easy for me to assure myself whether I was host or guest; but as I saw that this consideration did not distress *him*, I resolved it should not weigh heavily on *me*.

"I ordered a 'compote' of peaches with maraschino. Go after them and say it has been forgotten." And now, as he dismissed my servant on this errand, he sat down and served the soup, doing the honours of the board in all form. "You are called——"

"Digby is my Christian name," interrupted I, "and you can call me by it."

"Digby, I drink to your health; and if the wine had been only a little warmer, I'd say I could not wish to do so in a more generous fluid. No fellow of your age, however, knows how to air his Bordeaux; hot flannels to the caraffe before decanting are all that is necessary, and let your glasses also be slightly warmed. To sip such claret as this, and then turn one's eyes to that champagne yonder in the ice-pail, is like the sensation of a man who in his honeymoon fancies how happy he will be one of these days, 'en secondes nocces.' Don't you feel a sense of triumphant enjoyment at this moment? Is there not something at your heart that says, 'Hodnig and Oppovich, I despise you! To the regions I soar in you cannot come! In the blue ether I have risen to, your very vision cannot reach!' Eh, boy, tell me this."

"No; I don't think you have rightly measured my feelings. On the whole, I rather suspect I bear a very good will to these same people who have enabled me to have these comforts."

"You pretend, then, to what they call gratitude?"

"I have that weakness."

"I could as soon believe in the heathen mythology! I like the man who is kind to me while he is doing the kindness, and I could, if occasion served, be kind to him in turn; but to say that I could retain such a memory of the service after years, that it would renew in me the first pleasant sensations it created, and with these sensations the goodwill to requite them, is downright rubbish. You might as well tell me that I could get drunk simply by remembering the orgie I assisted at ten years ago."

"I protest against your sentiment and your logic too."

"Then we won't dispute the matter. We'll talk of something we can agree upon. Let us abuse Sara."

"If you do, you'll choose some other place to do it."

"What, do you mean to tell me that you can stand the haughty airs and proud pretensions of the young Jewess?"

"I mean to tell you that I know nothing of the Fraulein Oppovich but what is amiable and good."

"What do I care for amiable and good. I want a girl to be graceful, well-mannered, pleasing, lively to talk and eager to listen. There now, don't get purple about the cheeks and flash at me such fiery looks. Here's the champagne, and we'll drink a bumper to her."

"Take some other name for your toast, or I'll fling your bottle out of the window."

"You will, will you?" said he, setting down his glass, and measuring me from head to foot.

"I swear it."

"I like that spirit, Digby; I'll be shot if I don't," said he, taking my hand, which I did not give very willingly. "You are just what I was some fifteen or twenty years ago,—warm, impulsive, and headstrong. It's the world,—that vile old mill, the world,—grinds that generous nature out of one! I declare I don't believe that a spark of real trustfulness survives a man's first moustaches,—and yours are very faint, very faint indeed; there's a suspicion of smut on the upper lip, and some small capillary flourishes along your cheek. That wine is too sweet. I'll return to the Bordeaux."

"I grieve to say I have no more than that bottle of it. It was some I bought when I was ill and threatened with ague."

"What profanation! anything would be good enough for ague. It is in a man's days of vigorous health he merits cherishing. Let us console ourselves with Rœdiger. Now, boy," said he, as he cleared off a bumper from a large goblet, "I'll give you some hints for your future, far more precious than this wine, good as it is. Gustave de Marsac, like Homer's hero, can give gold for brass, and instead of wine he will give you wisdom. First of all for a word of warning: don't fall in love with Sara. It's the popular error down here to do so, but it's a cruel mistake. That fellow that has the hemp trade here—what's his name—the vulgar dog that wears mutton-chop whiskers, and fancies he's English because he gets his coats from London? I'll remember his name presently—he has all his life been proposing for Sara, and begging off,—as matters go well or ill with the House of Oppovich; and as he is a shrewd fellow in business, all the young men here think they ought to 'go in' for Sara too."

I should say here that, however distasteful to me this talk, and however willingly I would have repressed it, it was totally out of my power to arrest the flow of words which, with the force of a swollen torrent, came from him. He drank freely, too, large goblets of champagne as he talked, and to this, I am obliged to own, I looked as my last hope of being rid of him. I placed every bottle I possessed on the table, and lighting my cigar, resigned myself, with what patience I could, to the result.

"Am I keeping you up, my dear Digby?" cried he, at last, after a burst of abuse on Fiume and all it contained that lasted about half-an-hour.

"I seldom sit up so late," was my cautious reply, "but I must own I have seldom such a good excuse."

"You hit it, boy; that was well and truly spoken. As a talker of the highest order of talk, I yield to no man in Europe. Do you remember Duvergier saying in the Chambre, as an apology for being late, 'I dined with De Marsac?'"

"I cannot say I remember that."

"How could you? You were an infant at the time." Away he went after this into reminiscences of political life—how deep he was in that Spanish marriage question, and how it caused a breach—an irreparable breach—between Guizot and himself, when that woman, "you know whom I mean, let out the secret to Bulwer. Of course, I ought not to have confided it to her. I know all that as well as you can tell it me, but who is wise, who is guarded, who is self-possessed at all times?"

Not entirely trustful of what he was telling me, and little interested in it besides, I brought him back to Fiume, and to the business that was now about to be confided to me.

"Ah, very true; you want your instructions. You shall have them, not that you'll need them long, *mon cher*. Six months—what am I saying?—three will see it all up with Hodnig and Oppovich."

"What do you mean?" cried I, eagerly.

"Just simply what I say." It was not very easy for me to follow him here, but I could gather, amidst a confused mass of self-glorification, prediction, and lamentation over warnings disregarded, and such like, that the great Jew house of "Nathanheimer" of Paris was the real head of the firm of Hodnig and Oppovich. "The Nathanheimers own all Europe and a very considerable share of America," burst he out. "You hear of a great wine house at Xeres, or a great corn-merchant at Odessa, or a great tallow exporter at Riga. It's all Nathanheimer! If a man prospers and shows that he has skill in business, they'll stand by him, even to millions. If he blunders, they sweep him away, as I brush away that cork. There must be no failures with *them*. That's their creed."

He proceeded to explain how these great potentates of finance and trade had agencies in every great centre of Europe, who reported to them everything that went on, who flourished, and who foundered; how, when enterprises that promised well presented themselves, Nathanheimer would advance any sum, no matter how great, that was wanted. If a country needed a railroad, if a city required a boulevard, if a seaport wanted a dock, they were ready to furnish each and all of them. The conditions, too, were never unfair, never ungenerous, but still they bargained always for something besides money. They desired that this man would aid such a project here, or oppose that other there. Their interests were so various and wide-spread that they needed political power everywhere, and they had it.

One offence they never pardoned, never condoned, which was any, the slightest, insubordination amongst those they supported and maintained. Marsac ran over a catalogue of those they had ruined in London, Amsterdam, Paris, Frankfort, and Vienna, simply because they had attempted to emancipate themselves from the serfdom imposed upon them. Let one of the subordinate firms branch out into an enterprise unauthorised by the great house, and straightway their acceptances become dishonoured, and their credit assailed. In one word, he made

it appear that from one end of Europe to the other the whole financial system was in the hands of a few crafty men of immense wealth, who unthroned dynasties, and controlled the fate of nations, with a word.

He went on to show that Oppovich had somehow fallen into disgrace with these mighty patrons. "Some say that he is too old and too feeble for business, and hands over to Sara details that she is quite unequal to deal with; some aver that he has speculated without sanction, and is intriguing with Greek democrats; others declare that he has been merely unfortunate; at all events his hour has struck. Mind my words, three months hence they'll not have Nathanheimer's agency in their house, and I suspect you'll see our friend Bettmeyer will succeed to that rich inheritance."

Rambling on, now talking with a vagueness that savoured of imbecility, now speaking with a purposelike acuteness and power that brought conviction, he sat till daybreak, drinking freely all the time, and at last so overwhelming me with strange revelations, that I was often at a loss to know whether it was he that was confounding me, or that I myself had lost all control of right reason and judgment.

"You're dead beat, my poor fellow," said he at last, "and it's your own fault. You've been drinking nothing but water these last two hours. Go off to bed now, and leave me to finish this bottle. After that I'll have a plunge off the end of the mole, cold enough it will be, but no ice, and you'll find me here at ten o'clock with a breakfast appetite that will astonish you."

I took him at his word, and said "Good-night."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY INSTRUCTIONS.

My friend did not keep his self-made appointment with me at breakfast, nor did I see him for two days, when we met in the street. "I have gone over to the enemy," said he, "I have taken an engagement with Bettmeyer: six thousand florins and all expenses,—silver florins, mon cher; and if you're wise," added he in a whisper, "you'll follow my lead. Shall I say a word for you?" I thanked him coldly, and declined the offer.

"All right, stick to gratitude, and you'll see where it will land you," said he, gaily. "I've sent you half-a-dozen letters to friends of mine up yonder," and he pointed towards the North. "You'll find Hunyadi an excellent fellow, and the countess charming; don't make love to her, though, for Tassilo is a regular Othello. As for the Erdödis, I only wish I was going there instead of you;—such pheasants, such women, such Tokay, their own vintage. Once you're down in Transylvania, write me word whom you'd like to know. They're all dear friends of mine. By

the way, don't make any blunder about that Hunyadi contract. The people here will want you to break it,—don't on any account. It's the finest bargain ever was made; splendid timber, magnificent bark, and the cuttings alone worth all the money." He rattled out this with his own headlong speed, and was gone before I well knew I had seen him.

That evening I was ordered to Herr Oppovich's house to receive my last instructions. The old man was asleep on a sofa, as I entered, and Sara seated at a table by the fire, deeply engaged in accounts.

"Sit down, Herr Owen,"—she had ceased to call me von Owen,—
"and I will speak to you in a minute."

I was not impatient at the delay, for I had time to gaze at her silken hair, and her faultless profile, and the beautiful outline of her figure, as leaning her head on her hand, she bent over the table.

"I cannot make this come right,—are you clever at figures?" asked she.

"I cannot say it is my gift, but I will do my best to aid you." And now we were seated side by side, poring over the same page, and as she had placed one taper finger next the column of figures, I did so likewise, thinking far less of the arithmetic than of the chance of touching her hand with mine.

"These figures are somewhat confusing," she said. "Let us begin at the top,—fourteen hundred and six hundred, make two thousand, and twelve hundred, three thousand two hundred—now is this a seven or a three?"

"I'd say a three."

"I've called it a seven, because M. Marsac usually writes his sevens in this way."

"These are de Marsac's, then?" asked I.

"And why 'de,' may I ask?" said she, quickly, "why not Marsac, as I called him?"

"I took his name as he gave it me."

"You know him, then? Oh, I had forgotten,—he called on you the night he came. Have you seen him since?"

"Only passingly, in the street."

"Had he time to tell you that he has been dismissed?"

"Yes, he said he was now in Mr. Bettmeyer's office."

"Shall I tell you why?" she stopped, and her cheek became crimson, while her eyes sparkled with an angry fire, that actually startled me; "but let us finish this. Where were we?" she now leaned her head down upon her hands, and seemed overcome by her emotion. When she looked up again her face was perfectly pale, and her eyes sad and weariful. "I am afraid we shall wake him," said she, looking towards her father; "come into this room here. So this man has been talking of us?" cried she, as soon as we had passed into the adjoining room. "Has he told you how he has requited all my father's kindness? how he

has repaid his trustfulness and faith in him? Speak freely if you wish me to regard you as a friend."

"I would that you might, Fräulein. There is no name I would do so much to win."

"But you are a gentleman, and with noble blood. Could you stoop to be the friend of"—here she hesitated, and, after an effort, added, "a Jew?"

"Try me, prove me," said I, stooping till my lips touched her hand.

She did not withdraw her hand, but left it in mine, as I pressed it again and again to my lips.

"He told you, then," said she, in a half whisper, "that our house was on the brink of ruin; that in a few weeks, or even less, my father would not face the exchange—did he not say this?"

"I will tell you all," said I; "for I know you will forgive me when I repeat what will offend you to hear; but what it is safer you should hear." And, in the fewest words I could, I related what Marsac had told me of the house and its difficulties. When I came to that part which represented Oppovich as the mere agent of the great Parisian banker—whose name I was not quite sure of—I faltered and hesitated.

"Go on," said she, gently. "He told you that Baron Nathanheimer was about to withdraw his protection from us?"

I slightly bent my head in affirmation.

"But did he say why?"

"Something there was of rash enterprise, of speculation unauthorized—of—"

"Of an old man with failing faculties," said she, in the same low tone; "and of a young girl, little versed in business, but self-confident and presumptuous enough to think herself equal to supply his place. I have no doubt he was very frank on this head. He wrote to Baron Elias, who sent me his letter—the letter he wrote of us while eating our bread. It was not handsome of him—was it, sir?"

I can give no idea, not the faintest, of the way she said these few words, nor of the ineffable scorn of her look, while her voice remained calm and gentle as ever.

"No. It was not handsome."

She nodded to me to proceed, and I continued,—

"I have told you nearly everything; for of himself and his boastfulness—"

"Oh! do not tell me of that. I am in no laughing mood, and I would not like to hear of it. What did he say of the Hunyadi affair?"

"Nothing, or next to nothing. He offered me letters of introduction to Count Hunyadi; but beyond that there was no mention of him."

She arose as I said this, and walked slowly up and down the room. I saw she was deep in thought, and was careful not to disturb or distract her. At last she opened a writing-desk, and took out a roll of papers fastened by a tape.

"These," said she, "you will take with you, and carefully read over. They are the records of a transaction that is now involving us in great trouble, and which may prove more than trouble. M. Marsac has been induced—how we shall not stop to inquire—to contract for the purchase of an extensive wood belonging to Graf Hunyadi; the price, half a million of francs. We delayed to ratify an agreement of such moment, until more fully assured of the value of the timber; and, while we deliberated on the choice of the person to send down to Hungary, we have received from our correspondent at Vienna certain bills for acceptance in payment of this purchase. You follow me, don't you?"

"Yes. As I understand it, the bargain was assumed to be ratified?"

"Just so."

She paused; and, after a slight struggle with herself, went on,—

"The contract, legally drawn up and complete in every way, *was* signed; not, however, by my father, but by my brother. You have heard, perhaps, that I have a brother. Bad companionship, and a yielding disposition, have led him into evil, and for some years we have not seen him. Much misfortune has befallen him; but none greater, perhaps, than his meeting with Marsac; for, though Adolf has done many things, he would not have gone thus far without the promptings of this bad man."

"Was it his own name he wrote?" asked I.

"No. It was my father's," and she faltered at the word, and as she spoke it her head fell heavily forward, and she covered her face with her hands.

She rallied, however, quickly, and went on. "We now know that the timber is not worth one-fourth of this large sum. Baron Elias himself has seen it, and declares that we have been duped or—worse. He insists that we rescind the contract, or accept all its consequences. The one is hopeless—the other ruin. Meanwhile, the Baron suspends farther relations with us, and heavy acceptances of ours will soon press for payment. I must not go into this," said she, hurriedly. "You are very young to charge with such a mission; but I have great faith in your loyalty. You will not wrong our trust?"

"That I will not."

"You will go to Graf Hunyadi, and speak with him. If he be—as many of his countrymen are—a man of high and generous feeling, he will not bring ruin upon us, when our only alternative would be to denounce our own. You are very young; but you have habits of the world and society. Nay—I am not seeking to learn a secret; but you know enough to make you companionable and acceptable, where any others in our employ would be inadmissible. At all events, you will soon see the sort of man we have to deal with, and you will report to me at once."

"I am not to tell him how this signature has been obtained?" asked I, awaiting the reply.

"That would be to denounce the contract at once," cried she, as though this thought had for the first time struck her. "You know the penalty of a forgery here. It is the galleys for life. He must be saved at all events. Don't you see," cried she, eagerly, "I can give you no instructions. I have none to give. When I say, I trust you—I have told you all."

"Has Herr Ignaz not said how he would wish me to act?"

"My father knows nothing of it all! Nothing. You have seen him, and you know how little he is able now to cope with a difficulty. The very sense that his faculties are not what they were overcomes him, even to tears."

Up to this she had spoken with a calm firmness that had lent a touch of almost sternness to her manner, but at the mention of her poor father's condition, her courage gave way, and she turned away and hid her face, but her convulsed shoulders showed how her emotion was overcoming her. I went towards her, and took her hand in both my own. She left it to me while I kissed it again and again.

"Oh, Sara," I whispered, rather than spoke, "if you knew how devoted I am to you, if you knew how willingly I would give my very life for you, you would not think yourself friendless at this hour. Your trust in me has made me forget how lonely I am, and how humble, to forget all that separates us, even to telling that I love you. Give me one word—only one—of hope; or if not that, let your dear hand but close on mine, and I am yours for ever."

She never spoke, however, and her cold fingers returned no pressure to mine.

"I love you; I love you!" I muttered, as I covered her hand with kisses.

"There! Do you not hear?" cried she, suddenly. "My father is calling me."

"Sara, Sara! Where is Sara?" cried the old man, in a weak, reedy voice.

"I am coming, dear father," said she. "Good by, Digby; remember that I trust you!"

She waved me a farewell, and, with a faint, sad smile, she moved away. As she reached the door, however, she turned, and, with a look of kindly meaning, said, "Trust you in all things."

I sprang forward to clasp her to my heart, but the door closed on her, and I was alone!

CHAPTER XXV.

"ON THE ROAD" IN CROATIA.

I PASSED half the night that followed in writing to my mother. It was a very long epistle, but, in my fear lest, like so many others, it should not ever reach her, it was less expansive and candid than I could have wished.

Sara's name did not occur throughout, and yet it was Sara's image was before me as I wrote, and to connect my mother in interest for Sara was my uppermost thought. Without touching on details that might awaken pain, I told how I had been driven to attempt something for my own support, and had not failed.

"I am still," I wrote, "where I started, but in so far a different position that I am now well looked on and trusted, and at this moment about to set out on a mission of importance. If I should succeed in doing what I am charged with, it will go far to secure my future, and then, dearest mother, I will go over to fetch you, for I will no longer live without you."

I pictured the place I was living in, and its climate, as attractively as I was able, and said, what I verily believed, that I hoped never to leave it. Of my father I did not venture to speak, but I invited her, if the course of our correspondence should prove assured, to tell me freely all about her present condition, and where and how she was.

"You will see, dear mother," said I, in conclusion, "that I write in all the constraint of one who is not sure who may read him. Of the accident by which the address I now give this letter reached me I will tell when I write again. Meanwhile, though I shall not be here to receive it at once, write to me, to the care of Hodnig and Oppovich, and add, 'to be forwarded.'"

I enclosed a little photograph of the town, as seen from the bay, and though ill done and out of drawing, it still conveyed some notion of the pretty little spot with its mountain frame-work.

I had it in my head to write another letter, and, indeed, made about a dozen attempts to begin it. It was to Pauline. Nothing but very boyishness could have ever conceived such a project, but I thought—it was very simple of me!—I thought I owed it to her, and to my own loyalty, to declare that my heart had wandered from its first allegiance, and fixed its devotion on another. I believed—I was young enough to believe it—that I had won her affections, and I felt it would be dishonourable in me to deceive her as to my own. I suppose I was essaying a task that would have puzzled a more consummate tactician than myself, for certainly nothing could be more palpable than my failures; and though I tried, with all the ingenuity I possessed, to show that, in my altered fortunes, I could no longer presume to retain any hold on her affections, somehow it would creep out that my heart had opened to a sentiment far deeper and more enthralling than that love which began in a polka, and ended at the railway.

I must own I am now grateful to my stupidity and ineptness, which saved me from committing this great blunder, though, at the time, I mourned over my incapacity, and bewailed the dulness that destroyed every attempt I made to express myself gracefully. I abandoned the task, at length, in despair, and set to work to pack up for my journey. I was to start at daybreak for Agram, where some business would detain me a couple of

days. Thence I was to proceed to a small frontier town in Hungary, called Ostovitz, on the Drave, where we owned a forest of oak scrub, and which I was empowered to sell, if an advantageous offer could be had. If such should not be forthcoming, my instructions were to see what water-power existed in the neighbourhood to work saw-mills, and to report fully on the price of labour, and the means of conveyance to the coast. If I mention these details, even passingly, it is but to show the sort of work that was entrusted to me, and how naturally my pride was touched at feeling how great and important were the interests confided to my judgment. In my own esteem, at least, I was somebody. This sentiment, felt in the freshness of youth, is never equalled by anything one experiences of triumph in after life, for none of our later successes come upon hearts joyous in the day-spring of existence, hopeful of all things, and, above all, hearts that have not been jarred by envy, and made discordant by ungenerous rivalry.

There was an especial charm, too, in the thought that my life was no every-day common-place existence, but a strange series of ups and downs, changes and vicissitudes calling for continual watchfulness, and no small amount of energy; in a word, I was a hero to myself, and it is wonderful what a degree of interest can be imparted to life simply by that delusion. My business at Agram was soon despatched. No news of the precarious condition of our "house" had reached this place, and I was treated with all the consideration due to the confidential agent of a great firm. I passed an evening in the society of the town, and was closely questioned whether Carl Bettmeyer had got over his passion for the Fraulein Sara; or was she showing any disposition to look more favourably on his addresses. What fortune Oppovich could give his daughter, and what sort of marriage he aspired to for her, were all discussed. There was one point, however, all were agreed upon, that nothing could be done without the consent of the "Baron," as they distinctively called the great financier of Paris, whose sway, it appeared, extended not only to questions of trade and money, but to every relation of domestic life.

"They say," cried one, "that the Baron likes Bettmeyer, and has thrown some good things in his way of late."

"He gave him a share in that new dock contract at Pola."

"And he means to give him the directorship of the Viecovar line, if it ever be made."

"He'll give him Sara Oppovich for a wife," said a third, "and that's a better speculation than them all. Two millions of florins at least."

"She's the richest heiress in Croatia."

"And doesn't she know it!" exclaimed another. "The last time I was up at Fiume, old Ignaz apologised for not presenting me to her, by saying,—'Yesterday was her reception day, if you are here next Wednesday I'll introduce you.'"

"I thought it was only the nobles had the custom of reception days?"

"Wealth is nobility, now-a-days, and if Ignaz Oppovich was not a Jew he might have the best blood of Austria for a son-in-law."

The discussion soon waxed warm as to whether Jews did or did not aspire to marriage with Christians of rank, the majority opining to believe that they placed title and station above even riches, and that no people had such an intense appreciation of the value of condition as the Hebrew.

"That Frenchman who was here the other day, Marsac, told me that the man who could get the Stephen Cross for old Oppovich, and the title of Chevalier, would be sure of his daughter's hand in marriage."

"And does old Ignaz really care for such a thing?"

"No, but the girl does; she's the haughtiest and the vainest damsel in the province."

It may be believed that I found it very hard to listen to such words as these in silence, but it was of the last importance that I should not make what is called an *éclat*, or bring the name of Oppovich needlessly forward for town talk and discussion; I therefore repressed my indignation and appeared to take little interest in the conversation.

"You've seen the Fraulein, of course?" asked one of me.

"To be sure he has, and has been permitted to kneel and kiss her hand on her birthday," broke in another.

And while some declared that this was mere exaggeration and gossip, others averred that they had been present and witnessed this act of homage themselves.

"What has this young gentleman seen of this hand kissing?" said a lady of the party, turning to me.

"That it was always an honour conferred even more than a homage rendered, Madam," said I, stepping forward and kissing her hand, and a pleasant laughter greeted this mode of concluding the controversy.

"I have got a wager about you," said a young man to me, "and you alone can decide it. Are you or are you not from Upper Austria?"

"And are you a Jew?" cried another.

"If you'll promise to ask me no more questions, I'll answer both of these—I am neither Jew nor Austrian."

It was not, however, so easy to escape my questioners, but as their curiosity seemed curbed by no reserves of delicacy, I was left free to defend myself as best I might, and that I had not totally failed, I gathered from hearing an old fellow whisper to another:—

"You'll get nothing out of him: if he's not a Jew by birth, he has lived long enough with them to keep his mind to himself."

Having finished all I had to do at Agram, I started for Ostovitz. I could find no purchaser for our wood, indeed every one had timber to sell, and forests were offered me on all sides. It was just at that period in Austria when the nation was first waking to thoughts of industrial enterprise, and schemes of money-getting were rife everywhere; but such was the ignorance of the people, so little versed were they in affairs, that

they imagined wealth was to pour down upon them for the wishing, and that Fortune asked of her votaries neither industry nor thrift.

Perhaps I should not have been led into these reflections here if it were not that I had embodied them, or something very like them, in a despatch I sent off to Sara,—a despatch on which I had expended all my care to make it a masterpiece of fine writing and acute observation. I remember how I expatiated on the disabilities of race, and how I dwelt upon the vices of those lethargic temperaments of Eastern origin which seemed so wanting in all that energy and persistence which form the life of commerce.

This laborious essay took me an entire day to write, but when I had posted it at night I felt I had done a very grand thing, not only as an intellectual effort, but as a proof to the Fraulein how well I knew how to restrict myself within the limits of my duties; for not a sentence, not a syllable, had escaped me throughout to recall thoughts of anything but business. I had asked for certain instructions about Hungary, and on the third day came the following, in Sara's hand:—

“HERR DIGBY,—There is no mention in your esteemed letter of the 4th November of Kraus's acceptance, nor have you explained to what part of Heydäger's contract Hanser now objects. Freights are still rising here, and it would be imprudent to engage in any operations that involve exportation. Gold is also rising, and the Bank discount goes daily higher. I am obliged to you for your interesting remarks on ethnology, though I am low-minded enough to own I could have read with more pleasure whether the floods in the Drave have interfered with the rafts, and also whether these late rains have damaged the newly-sown crops.

“If you choose to see Pesth and Buda, you will have time, for Count Hunyadi will not be at his château till nigh Christmas; but it is important you should see him immediately on his arrival, for his intendant writes to say that the Graf has invited a large party of friends to pass the festival with him, and will not attend to any business matters while they remain. Promptitude will be therefore needful. I have nothing to add to your instructions already given. Although I have not been able to consult my father, whose weakness is daily greater, I may say that you are empowered to make a compromise, if such should seem advisable, and your drafts shall be duly honoured, if, time pressing, you are not in a position to acquaint us with details.

“The weather here is fine now. I passed yesterday at Abazzia, and the place was looking well. I believe the archduke will purchase it, and though sorry on some accounts, I shall be glad on the whole.

“For Hodnig and Oppovich,

“SARA OPPOVICH.”

“Of course if Count Hunyadi will not transact business on his arrival, you will have to await his convenience. Perhaps the interval

could be profitably passed in Transylvania, where, it is said, the oak-bark is both cheap and good. See to this, if opportunity serves. Bieli's book and maps are worth consulting."

If I read this epistle once, I read it fifty times, but I will not pretend to say with what strange emotions. All the dry reference to business I could bear well enough, but the little passing sneer at what she called my ethnology piqued me painfully. Why should she have taken such pains to tell me that nothing that did not lend itself to gain could have any interest for her? or was it to say that these topics alone were what should be discussed between us? Was it to recall me to my station, to make me remember in what relation I stood to her, she wrote thus? These were not the natures I had read of in *Balsac*! the creatures all passion, and soul, and sentiment; women whose atmosphere was positive enchantment, and whose least glance, or word, or gesture, would inflame the heart to very madness; and yet, was it not in Sara to become all this? Were those deep lustrous eyes, that looked away into space longingly, dreamfully, dazingly,—were they meant to pore over wearisome columns of dry arithmetic, or not rather to give back in recognition what they had got in rapture, and to look as they were looked into?

Was it, as a Jewess, that my speculations about race had offended her? had I expressed myself carelessly or ill? I had often been struck by a smile she would give, not scornful, nor slighting, but something that seemed to say, "These thoughts are not *our* thoughts, nor are these ways our ways;" but in her silent fashion she would make no remark, but be satisfied to shadow forth some half dissent by a mere trembling of the lip.

She had passed a day at Abazzia—of course, alone,—wandering about that delicious spot, and, doubtless, recalling memories, for any one of which I had given my life's blood. And would she not bestow a word—one word—on these? Why not say, she as much as remembered me; that it was there we first met! Sure, so much might have been said, or, at least, hinted at, in all harmlessness? I had done nothing, written nothing, to bring rebuke upon me. I had taken no liberty; I had tried to make the dry detail of a business letter less wearisome, by a little digression: not wholly out of *apropos*; that was all.

Was this the Hebrew heart bent solely on gain? And yet what grand things did the love of these women inspire in olden times! and what splendid natures were theirs! How true and devoted, how self-sacrificing! Sara's beautiful face, in all its calm loveliness, rose before me as I thought these things, and I felt that I loved her more than ever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN HUNGARY.

It still wanted several weeks of Christmas, and so I hastened off to Pesth and tried to acquire some little knowledge of Hungarian, and some acquaintance with the habits and ways of Hungarian life. I am not sure that I made much progress in anything but the "Csardas"—the national dance—in which I soon became a proficient. Its stately solemnity suddenly changing for a lively movement; its warlike gestures and attitudes; its haughty tramp and defiant tone; and, last of all, its whirlwind impetuosity and passion,—all emblems of the people who practise it,—possessed a strange fascination for me; and I never missed a night of those public balls where it was danced.

Towards the middle of December, however, I bethought me of my mission, and set out for Gross Wardein, which lay a long distance off, near the Transylvanian frontier. I had provided myself with one of the wicker carriages of the country, and travelled post, usually having three horses harnessed abreast; or, where there was much up-hill, a team of five.

I mention this, for I own that the exhilaration of speeding along at the stretching gallop of these splendid "juckers," tossing their wild manes madly, and ringing out their myriads of bells, was an ecstasy of delight almost maddening. Over and over, as the excited driver would urge his beast to greater speed by a wild shrill cry, have I yelled out in concert with him, carried away by an intense excitement I could not master.

On the second day of the journey we left the region of roads, and usually directed our course by some church spire or tower in the distance, or followed the bank of a river, when not too devious. This headlong swoop across fields and prairies, dashing madly on in what seemed utter recklessness, was glorious fun; and when we came to cross the small bridges which span the streams, without rail or parapet at either side, and where the deviation of a few inches would have sent us headlong into the torrent beneath, I felt a degree of blended terror and delight such as one experiences in the mad excitement of a fox-hunt.

On the third morning I discovered on awaking that a heavy fall of snow had occurred during the night, and we were forced to take off our wheels and place the carriage on sledge slides. This alone was wanting to make the enjoyment perfect, and our pace from this hour became positively steeple-chasing. Lying back in my ample fur mantle, and my hands enclosed in a fur muff, I accepted the salutations of the villagers as we swept along, or blandly raised my hand to my cap as some wearied guard would hurriedly turn out to present arms to a supposed "magnate;" for we were long out of the beat of usual travel, and rarely any but some high official of the State was seen to come "extra post," as it is called, through these wild regions.

Up to Izarous the country had been a plain, slightly, but very slightly,

undulating. Here, however, we got amongst the mountains, and the charm of scenery was now added to the delight of the pace. On the fifth day I learned, and not without sincere regret, that we were within seven German miles,—something over thirty of ours,—from Gross Wardein, from which the Hunyadi Schloss only lay about fifty miles.

Up to this I had been, to myself at least, a "Grand Seigneur," travelling for his pleasure, careless of cost, and denying himself nothing; splendid generosity, transmitted from each postilion to his successor, secured me the utmost speed his beasts could master, and the impetuous dash with which we spun into the arched doorways of the inns, routed the whole household, and not unfrequently summoned the guests themselves to witness the illustrious arrival. A few hours more and the grand illusion would dissolve! No more the wild stretching gallop, cutting the snowdrift; no more the clear bells, ringing through the frosty air; no more the eager landlord bustling to the carriage-side with his flagon of heated wine; no more that burning delight imparted by speed, a sense of power that actually intoxicates. Not one of these! A few hours more and I should be Herr Owen, travelling for the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, banished to the company of bagmen, and reduced to a status where whatever life has of picturesque or graceful is made matter for vulgar sarcasm and ridicule. I know well, ye gentlemen who hold a station fixed and unassailable will scarcely sympathize with me in all this; but the castle-builders of this world, and happily they are a large class, will lend me all their pity,—well aware that so long as imagination honours the drafts upon her, the poor man is never bankrupt, and that it is only as illusions dissolve he sees his insolvency.

I reached Gross Wardein to dinner, and passed the night there, essaying, but with no remarkable success, to learn something of Count Hunyadi, his habits, age, temper, and general demeanour. As my informants were his countrymen, I could only gather that his qualities were such as Hungarians held in esteem. He was proud, brave, costly in his mode of life, splendidly hospitable, and a thorough sportsman. As to what he might prove in matters of business, if he would even stoop to entertain such at all, none could say,—the very thought seemed to provoke a laugh.

"I once attempted a deal with him," said an old farmer-like man at the fireside. "I wanted to buy a team of 'juckers' he drove into the yard here, and was rash enough to offer five hundred florins for what he asked eight. He did not even vouchsafe me an answer, and almost drove over me the next day as I stood at the side of the gate there."

"That was like Tassilo," said a Hungarian, with flashing eyes.

"He served you right," cried another. "None but a German would have offered him such a rudeness."

"Not but he's too ready with his heavy whip," muttered an old soldier-like fellow. "He might chance to strike where no words would efface the welt."

Stories of Hunyadi's extravagance and eccentricity now poured in on all sides. How he had sold an estate to pay the cost of an imperial visit that lasted a week; how he had driven a team of four across the Danube on the second day of the frost, when a heavy man could have smashed the ice by a stamp of his foot; how he had killed a boar in single combat, though it cost him three fingers of his left hand, and an awful flesh wound in the side; and numberless other feats of daring and recklessness were recorded by admiring narrators, who finished by a loud "Elyen" to his health.

I am not sure that I went away to my bed feeling much encouraged at the success of my mission, or very hopeful of what I should do with this magnate of Hungary.

By daybreak, I was again on the road. The journey led through a wild mountain pass, and was eminently interesting and picturesque; but I was no longer so open to enjoyment as before, and serious thoughts of my mission now oppressed me, and I grew more nervous and afraid of failure. If this haughty Graf were the man they represented him, it was just as likely he would refuse to listen to me at all; nor was the fact a cheering one that my client was a Jew, since nowhere is the race less held in honour than in Hungary.

As day began to decline, we issued forth into a vast plain into which a mountain spur projected like a bold promontory into the sea. At the very extremity of this a large mass, which might be rock, seemed to stand out against the sky. "There—yonder"—said the postilion, pointing towards it with his whip; "that is Schloss Hunyadi. There's three hours good gallop yet before us.

A cold snowdrift borne on a wind that at times brought us to a standstill, or even drove us to seek shelter by the wayside now set in, and I was fain to roll myself in my furs and lie snugly down on the hay in the "wagen," where I soon fell asleep; and though we had a change of horses, and I must have managed somehow to settle with the postilion and hand him his "trink geld"—I was conscious of nothing till awakened by the clanking sound of a great bell, when I started up and saw we had driven into a spacious court-yard in which at an immense fire a number of people were seated, while others bustled about harnessing or unharnessing horses. "Here we are, Herr Graf!" cried my postilion, who called me Count in recognition of the handsome way I had treated his predecessor. "This is Schloss Hunyadi."

Our Rough, Red Candidate.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH ELECTION.

I.

CERTAINLY the thought of making a "deputy" (read, French M.P.) of Martin Boulet would never have occurred to anyone save Martin Boulet himself; and that the idea should ever have come to him, Martin Boulet, except as the visionary consequence of a too festive supper, was a thing past the reach of comprehension. It even caused no little consternation amongst us when, in that odd, dry way he had, our friend announced to us his intention of contesting the seat just vacated by M. de Foie-Gras, who had gone to sleep with his forefathers. I use the consecrated term: one could have heard a pin drop.

M. de Foie-Gras had not been buried above ten days, and yet the very night before, the *Moniteur* had come down to us from Paris with the decree convoking the electors of third circonscription of the Departement du Bouillon (*i. e.*, our circonscription) for that day three weeks. This looked like business. By the Constitution of 1852 the Government is allowed to wait six months before issuing a new writ; and a hasty convocation invariably means that the Minister of the Interior fears a close contest, and wishes to leave the Opposition no time for raising the wind. However, the Monitorial decree had not taken us by surprise; we had been expecting it every day since M. de Foie-Gras had been wrapped in his shroud; and from the first we had not wasted a moment in getting our fuel ready, and preparing to make things as hot as possible for the Ministerial nominee.

Three candidates were in the field.

The first was the "candidat officiel," M. de Foie-Gras, junior, the son of his lamented father, the late member; an enraged Imperialist, of course; age, 30; Knight of the Legion of Honour; Ex-attaché at the Court of St. James's; Member of the Jockey Club, &c.

The second was the Legitimist candidate, the noble Count de la Sauce-Piquante, brother of the Duke de la Sauce-Poivrée, whose primitive ancestors appear, by documentary evidence, to have flourished about the time of the deluge. This illustrious personage wore white enamel lilies in guise of shirt-studs, sleeve-links, and waistcoat buttons. He believed emphatically in the divine right of kings; kept up a monthly correspondence with the Count de Chambord, whom he loyally called "Henri V.;" and received the Pope's blessing, by telegraph, every year at Easter-time.

The third candidate was M. Romain-Gigot. He was an Orleanist.

He had been prefect of this very Departement du Bouillon before 1848, and, by zealously serving the policy of M. Guizot, had contributed his fair share towards bringing the dynasty he loved to grief. Become wise in his misfortunes, he had set himself once more to advocate liberal principles (he had been a radical before becoming a prefect), and now offered himself to the electors as an "enlightened friend of constitutional freedom."

Of these three we had not been long in making up our mind which to choose. M. de Foie-Gras, as nominee of the prefect, was to be resisted tooth and nail, by hand and foot, by hook and crook. The Count de la Sauce-Piquante would have quite enough of the support of the nobility and of the clericals without our having any need to stir in his favour. There remained, then, M. Romain-Gigot, who was not altogether perhaps the stuff of candidate we should have preferred. But, failing crumb, one must abide content with crust. M. Gigot was pledged to support the Opposition, in case of return; he was a good, pleasant fellow; gave first-rate dinners; and really stood some chance, especially with the tradespeople. After mature deliberation we had decided that he should be our man.

Now, to understand the state of mental commotion into which the sudden declaration of Martin Boulet threw us, I must explain who "we" were, and who Martin Boulet was.

"We" were the writers on the staff of the *Banner*, the Opposition organ of Chouffeuiry—Chouffeuiry being the prefectural town of the department; and Martin Boulet was our editor. He was a curious editor, however; and I suspect there are not many like him, either in France or in any other country. His pet maxim was "chacun pour soi," each for himself; and he pushed the practice of this axiom to its very furthest limits. Each individual member of his staff was as free as the air. He never thought of asking any of us to modify our opinions, or to tone down a single word or a line of our sometimes spitfire articles. The only question he put us, upon offering us an engagement, was, "Are you of the Opposition?" And when "Yes" had been answered, he left us to follow our own devices. We might be Bonapartist-Liberals, Orleanists, moderate Republicans, deep Radicals, red-hot Socialists, or eyen Legitimists, for all he cared. We were at liberty to advocate what theories we pleased in the columns of his journal. He never deigned to read anything we wrote until it appeared in print, and when—by virtue of the equitable French law which sentences the editor as well as the author of an offending article to imprisonment—he was sent to jail for our misdeeds, he went like a man, without uttering a complaint, and often remarking naïvely to his judges that he had not so much as seen the essay for which he was being condemned.

Naturally, however, he had his own opinions, and very inveterate ones they were; but it was precisely these opinions, and the extraordinary nature of them, that made him so placidly indulgent for the ideas of others. Had he wished to find a staff of writers of his own way of

thinking he must have gone on a pilgrimage to meet them ; for anything more totally incomprehensible than the theories he professed, it would have been impossible to discover. He believed in nothing, positively in nothing. His cool, dry-flavoured scepticism extended to everything. Constituted authority, under any shape or form, he held in abhorrence, and the very sight of a beadle was objectionable to him as embodying the notion of prerogative. It is not very easy to imagine what society would have looked like had he had the ordering of it ; but as one of his pet schemes for the government of men involved the abolition of policemen, prisons, and magistrates, and the granting to each citizen of the right of taking the law into his own hands when wronged, it is probable that under his guidance things would have passed off pleasantly.

And this was the man who wished to stand for the constituency which at the last general election had chosen M. de Foie-Gras !

What would the ghost of the late member think ? M. de Foie-Gras had humbled his backbone before three successive dynasties, let alone the Republic. He cherished the highly proper belief that everything that *is*, is just as it should be. Charles X., Louis Philippe, the Government of 1848, and Napoleon III., had all, turn by turn, been the objects of his affection, and not a doubt but that if a fourth dynasty had sprung up, he would have welcomed it with pleasure.

The generous opinions of this exemplary citizen had earned for him all sorts of honours at the hands of consecutive governments, and a reputation for the highest respectability at the hands of the community. His doctrine of passive obedience to the powers that be had been carefully inculcated by him upon mankind through the medium of many eloquent speeches, and his constituents had been really proud to entrust their interests to so great a personage during an unbroken period of thirty years. There was even some talk of erecting a statue to him, now that he was dead and gone, in order to perpetuate his memory. . . .

None of us ventured to say that we thought Martin Boulet mad when he talked of standing for Choufleury, but I am sure most of us thought so. We were all gathered together at the office, revising our proof-slips for that evening's impression. I, personally, had just finished a palpitating article in which I compared "our man," Romain-Gigot, casting himself into the electoral gulf, to Marcus Curtius devoting himself *pro bono publico*. I allowed the pen to fall from my hand ; my colleagues lapsed into silence ; and, as I have said before, one would have heard a pin drop.

Little Jules Tartine who presided over the department of "Theatrical Intelligence" in the *Banner*, was the first to recover.

"Good joke," he said, nibbling the end of his quill.

"No joke at all," replied Martin Boulet, in his quiet voice. "This scheme has been maturely ripening in my brain for some time past. I have tried to imagine what would be the face of our prefect Cornichon, if I were elected. And the temptation of throwing that man into a state of delirium for the next three weeks is too strong to be resisted. I never

was more serious in my life. I intend to stand; and I have just drawn up my address. Shall I read it you?"

We declared unanimously that we were impatient to hear the perusal of this document, and in the most natural way possible Martin Boulet began as follows:—

“ ‘*To the Electors of the 3rd Circumscription of the Dept. du Bouillon.*

“ ‘GENTLEMEN,—The surprise you will probably feel at my presenting myself as a candidate for your suffrages will be only equalled by my own astonishment in the case you should elect me. For having never in my life supported a minister of any kind, nor bowed down to a sovereign, nor cut capers on the floors of princely antechambers to be rewarded with a bit of red ribbon, I am well conscious of my deplorable inferiority to our late esteemed member, who cultivated to such rare perfection the arts of which I humbly avow my ignorance.

“ ‘In these days of mechanical progress, when “Paternal Governments” are good enough to lay down grooves in which thought and speech, literature and art, reading and writing, are made to run; in these happy days, when full liberty is given us to cry “bravo!” till we are hoarse at everything that is done by our rulers, and when a safe road to fortune is open to all who will leave their convictions at the toll-gate, it requires some perverseness of mind and—must I say it also—not a little crookedness of character to declare oneself otherwise than perfectly satisfied with all one sees around one.

“ ‘That “Empire” means “Peace” is amply proved by the reassuring fact that since his present Majesty has deigned to govern us he has signed peace no less than five times with different Powers against whom he has first made war.

“ ‘That the present régime is one of liberty is no less established by the total freedom of action displayed by our prefects in the suppression of newspapers, in the prohibition of public meetings, and in the enlightened prosecutions of all men suspected of having ideas.

“ ‘And that the credit of the reigning dynasty does not admit of a moment’s doubt, can be incontrovertibly proved by these facts: that for seventeen consecutive years our State budgets have been showing deficits varying from forty millions to a hundred and fifty millions of francs per annum; that three new loans have been issued; that our national debt has been nearly doubled; and that, notwithstanding these trifling circumstances, which would have been more than enough to swamp ten Governments in any land but ours, the Emperor is still on his throne, the ministers continue to hold their posts, and the faith in them is still so little shaken that, if they wanted to borrow more money to-morrow, they would find plenty of idiots to lend it them.

“ ‘Gentlemen, I will not trouble you with the articles of my belief. What I have said must sufficiently convince you of my deep admiration for imperial institutions. Should, however, more proofs be needed, I

have only to add that I am indebted to the Empire for having, on fifteen different occasions since the year 1851, been lodged and boarded at the State expense in the model gaol of this city ; that six years of hospitality have thus been afforded me by instalments ; and that, humbly conscious of never having done anything but speak the truth, I am still wondering to this day what can have procured me the honour of these frequent and flattering attentions.

“ ‘ I am, Gentlemen,
 “ ‘ Your obedient servant,
 “ ‘ MARTIN BOULET,
 “ ‘ Editor of the *Bannière de Choufleury.*’ ”

“ You will never dare to issue such an address as that ? ” we all cried out in chorus.

Our editor made no answer, but rose and touched the bell. One of the printer's devils appeared.

“ Take that,” said Martin Boulet ; “ and let the compositors set to work on it as soon as possible. I want 50,000 copies of it under form of circulars by this time to-morrow, and 5,000 copies under form of placards, with red letters, this very evening.”

This said, he turned to us calmly, and drawing a cigar from the depths of his pockets, remarked preparatory to lighting it,—

“ I say, my friends, I think we are going to see some hot work ; and I shouldn't wonder if, before long, I was under lock and key again. However, you know my maxim, *chacun pour soi*. I mean to plead my own cause every day in the first column of the *Banner* ; and you fellows will have the rest of the paper to yourselves as before. None of you need support me. Fight for your own men as much as you please. Write against me even, if you like.”

He struck a match.

“ I am off to the Prefecture,” he added, opening the door. “ I am going to apprise M. Cornichon of my intention. It wouldn't surprise me much if I took away his appetite.”

And without a word more he departed.

We remained staring stupidly at each other for a whole minute without opening our mouths. At last it was Jules Tartine, as before, who found something to say.

“ Good joke,” he exclaimed.

“ Excellent,” drily echoed Claude Toquet, who did the police news ; “ but, either I'm much mistaken, or Martin Boulet will have two years of imprisonment, and a ten thousand francs' fine, if he gets himself prosecuted again. I heard what old Dindon, the judge, said to him the last time, when he gave him twelve months for his article on *Napoleon le Petit*, ‘ You're driving on the straight road to Cayenne, M. Boulet. I advise you to take care.’ ”

“ Bah ! that's his own look-out,” cried Jacques Méringue, who wrote

the feuilleton. "Martin Boulet knows what he's doing. I vote we support him."

"Of course," exclaimed Tartine.

"We have no choice," said Toquet; "but, in for a penny in for a pound. Hand me the pen, Henri, and let us brew a leader between us for Martin Boulet."

"Make it hot," cried Méringue.

"And strong," shouted Tartine.

As for myself, I looked disconsolately for a moment at my article on Romain-Gigot and Marcus Curtius, and then tore it stoically in twain.

"Hurrah for Martin Boulet," I exclaimed, "et Vive la République!"

II.

According to the Constitution of 1852, to which I have already alluded, there is one deputy per *circumscription*; and each *circumscription* is supposed to number not less than 35,000, and not more than 52,500, voters. As, however, none are counted as voters but those who are registered, and as a great many people are too careless to go through the registering formalities, it generally happens that a member of the *Corps Législatif* represents from 50,000 to 60,000 adult males; that is, women and children included, a population of perhaps 150,000 or 200,000 souls. This was the case with our circumscription, which comprised no less than 232 *communes* (municipalities), and boasted 49,000 duly registered electors.

It is easy to understand that, in constituencies of this sort, a personal canvass from door to door, as the fashion is in England, must be out of the question.

The third circumscription of the Département du Bouillon was composed of the most heterogeneous elements. Chouffleury, its chief town, was a manufacturing city with a population of 60,000 inhabitants. But it was also an archbishopric, and the radical tendencies that usually pervade manufacturing centres were, therefore, kept pretty firmly in check by the influence of the clergy. It is impossible that there should exist a cathedral, a dean and chapter, a vigorous-minded prelate and a college of Jesuits in any town without this army of holy men exercising an influence on the things around them. The Archbishop of Chouffleury happened to be one of the lights of the Romish Church. It was impossible to find a seat in the cathedral on the Sundays when he preached; and he was known to be one of those intractable priests who have a will of their own, and the courage to use it. At the former election he had supported the Government candidate, M. de Foie-Gras. The fact is, he was then angling judiciously for a cardinal's hat, a distinction which entails a seat in the Senate. The cardinal's hat had been obtained, and now, his Eminence having nothing more to expect in the way of earthly dignities, was just the sort of man to turn round upon the Government and say, with his unctuous smile: "My conscience forbids me to uphold any but a true

friend of the Church." The true friend of the Church being, of course, in this case, the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, who was of high lineage and held Ultramontane views. The Imperial Government is always undergoing misadventures of this sort. It sets eyes upon an eloquent *curé*, who seems devoured with Bonapartist zeal. It promotes him to a bishopric, decorates him with the Legion of Honour, persuades the Pope to make him a cardinal; and then, lo, and behold! when all this has been done, the fine, white sheep turns out to be a black one; the ardent Bonapartist becomes a Legitimist, a partisan of the *vieille noblesse*, a fervent servant of the Court of Rome!

With regard to the manufacturing population, there were three great houses, employing from 1,500 to 2,000 hands each. In a general way the masters might count upon the support of their workmen. Not that the workmen were particularly attached to their employers, but that the latter exercised a very sharp supervision on the voting-day. Each master sent his foreman, or went in person, to stand by the ballot-box. As the workmen came up turn by turn and handed their voting-papers to the mayor, note was taken of those whose *bulletins* were blue or yellow instead of white (the latter being the Government colour), and the next day they were sure to be politely dismissed to their hearths and homes. It has frequently been asked, in the Corps Législatif, why the Opposition should not be allowed to have white papers as well as the Government, in order that the ballot may be really secret. But this question is obviously indiscreet, and the Government has never thought good to answer it.

At the last election of M. de Foie-Gras the manufacturers had, like our eminent archbishop, Cardinal Finemouche, supported the official candidate. At that time they were particularly anxious about a new line of rail which the Government had promised to lay down at Chouffleury; and the Minister of the Interior had clearly hinted that the only way of obtaining the aforesaid line of rail would be to return M. de Foie-Gras. This had been quite sufficient. But now the new line had been laid, and as the manufacturers were in no particular need of anything for the moment, it was just possible that they, too, might discover they had consciences, and vote which way they pleased.

The tradesmen of Chouffleury numbered all kinds of opinions in their ranks; but the large majority of them would probably lean towards M. Romain-Gigot, who was a fellow-townsman of theirs, bred and born at Chouffleury, and a staunch advocate of the thoughts and interests of the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class.

I come now to the rustic population,—the bumpkin hordes around Chouffleury,—who, out of the 49,000 voters of the circumscription, formed a preponderating mass of about 30,000. These worthy people were coated with a fine, solid crust of ignorance a good inch thick. Under this crust there were two deep layers of pigheadedness and stupidity; and if one dug a little further, one came upon a few successive strata of bigotry, superstition, and naïve greediness. It was a pleasure to see them vote. The

cure of their parish would go round the village, in company with the mayor, and distribute the official bulletins.

"You know what to do with this, my man?" would say the representatives of Church and State together.

"No," would answer the bumpkin.

"Well, then, you are to come to the *mairie* in ten days from this, and give it back to us."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes, that's all, my man. Only you must be mindful what you are about," would add the curé, sternly. "Some heretics are prowling about the neighbourhood, trying to win souls to the devil. Some of them may come to you, and offer you a blue or a yellow paper of this kind. Be careful to burn it at once; for if you kept it so much as an hour, it would cost you a hundred years of hell. You don't much want to go to hell, do you?"

"God forbid! Monsieur le Curé."

"Nor to the guillotine?" would insinuate the mayor; "for those same heretics who are coming this way, maybe to-morrow, or the next day, are Red Republicans, who drink nothing but blood. What they want to do is to set up a guillotine in every village, in order to cut off the heads of the peasants, and then to take their property."

"They'd better not show themselves here, then," would bellow the unhappy bumpkin, turning pale; "for, by our Holy Lady, I'll rip them open with my pitchfork!"

No more magic than this was needed when the Government and the clergy were of one mind about a candidate. This had always been the case hitherto. But it was difficult to foresee what would happen if the Archbishop of Choufleur were to patronize the Count de la Sauce-Piquante in opposition to M. de Foie-Gras junior, the official nominee. The priests and the mayors would then be at loggerheads in each one of the 232 *communes*, for in the same way as a French mayor owes his post to the prefect, and may be dismissed from it without warning, so also a French curé (*i. e.* vicar) owes his cure to his diocesan, and may be sent to the right-about at a simple nod from the latter. It is needless to remark that in case of electoral disobedience, the nod would be given.

This brief sketch of our position will serve to show the state of complete uncertainty in which we all stood on the day when Martin Boulet put himself forward as candidate. The issue of things depended mainly on Cardinal Finemouche. If this holy man consented to support the Government, M. de Foie-Gras would unquestionably be returned by an overpowering majority; the 30,000 rusties led on by the mayors and priests would vote for him without flinching. If, however, the conscientious prelate chose to bestow his favour upon the noble Count de la Sauce-Piquante, the question would remain an open one. The suffrages would be about equally split into three batches,—one voting with the mayors, the other with the clergy, and the third with the tradespeople.

Martin Boulet might possibly pick up a few crumbs from these three cakes. But as to being elected, the thing was so completely beyond the range of probability that had we French been a betting people, I for my part would have cheerfully laid 500 to 1 against him.

Happily for me we French are not a betting people.

III.

It was on Monday afternoon that Martin Boulet paid his visit to the Prefect, Cornichon. On the Tuesday those who had occasion to see this exalted functionary remarked that there was a look of care upon his brow. M. Cornichon was a man of "order." Having been an ardent republican in his youth, he had of course turned the most despotic of prefects in his riper years. He looked upon the sceptic, Martin Boulet, as a most dangerous, ill-conditioned traitor, and he really regretted—the honest man—that there was no article of the Code Napoleon which would have allowed the Government to hang him without the superfluous formalities of judgment. There was something of a personal feeling, too, in this bitter hatred; for Martin Boulet was one of the most clever writers in the French press, and of all the men upon whom he most loved to exercise his caustic wit, M. le Préfet Cornichon was the first. The *Banner* was a daily paper, but one day out of the seven had been especially set aside for squibs against the Prefect. As sure as each Wednesday came round, M. Cornichon might read a leader about himself in the first two columns of our journal, and the signature of the leader was invariably that of Martin Boulet. There was something diabolical in this choice of Wednesday. Had any other day been selected for these pitiless attacks, M. Cornichon might not have cared so much, but Wednesday was market-day. All the farmers of the neighbourhood came into the town on Wednesdays, and most of them would buy a newspaper to serve them for their week's reading. Now there were three newspapers to choose from, ours, the *Mitre*, which was the clerical organ, and the *Imperial*, the Prefect's own journal. Of course all manner of hindrances were thrown into the way of the *Banner* to impede its sale. The Prefect, making use of the discretionary powers conferred upon him by the laws of 1852, on the press, used to prohibit the newsboys from selling the *Banner* in the public streets. Those who wanted the paper were obliged to come to the office for it, or to go to one of the five booksellers' shops in the town of Choufleury. This was inconvenient. The office was some way off from the market-place, and two out of the five booksellers refused to take our paper for fear of losing the Prefect's patronage. Nevertheless, ours was somehow the journal which always sold best. On ordinary occasions it cost twenty centimes (2*d.*), but on market-days the price was lowered to a penny. In addition to this, the Wednesday's number contained a careful summary of the week's news, two letters from humorous correspondents at Paris and Marseilles, and quotations as to the prices of

wheat, barley, and beet-root upon all the markets of Europe. It was an understood thing that we writers on the staff were to take particular pains about our Wednesday articles; all our choicest anecdotes were laid by for that day, and if there was a good tit-bit of scandal amongst the local news it was sure to come out on that lucky market morning. The prefectural gazette did all it could to keep pace with us; but it was no go. As for the *Mitre*, it was a very quiet sort of journal; it kept its price invariably at threepence, appeared but once a week and made no attempt to compete with us. On market-day we usually sold five thousand copies of the *Banner*, and the Prefect used to blaspheme.

One will readily understand, therefore, the intense disgust which was felt by M. Cornichon when Martin Boulet's visit was announced him. Thinking at first that the editor of the *Banner* had been subjected to some police annoyance and was come to complain of it, he made up his features into a sardonic grin, and prepared with as much bitterness as possible to send his enemy about his business. The first words of Martin Boulet fell upon him like a bucket of iced water:—

"I shall not detain you long, Monsieur le Préfet. I'm only come to tell you that I'm going to stand for Choufleury. Pray be good enough to mention the fact to those whom it may concern. Good morning."

He was about to retreat without awaiting an answer when M. Cornichon, who had bounded to his feet and turned very red, stopped him by a wave of the hand.

"Is this a hoax?" he hissed.

Martin Boulet looked at him as though astonished.

"You are the last person I should ever think of joking with," he said, laughing.

"Because if it be not a hoax," continued the Prefect, working himself into a state of fury, "it is an act of frivolous and vexatious mischief. You know as well as I that your chances of being elected are absolutely null, and your only object in coming forward must be a desire to create disorder. I look upon this as a personal insult towards myself."

"You are perfectly at liberty to do so," replied the editor drily.

"And I shall act in consequence," went on the Prefect in a menacing tone.

"I quite counted upon that," rejoined Martin Boulet coolly.

"You will see, sir, what it costs to beard the Government," burst out M. Cornichon, growing redder and redder. "You have been locked up at least ten times.—"

"Fifteen times," said Martin Boulet modestly.

"At least fifteen times, sir, but you have not done yet with fines and imprisonment. I will make you bitterly rue the day when you thought yourself a match for me. Monsieur Martin Boulet, I will show you what a Prefect can do."

"And I, Monsieur le Prefet," answered Martin Boulet with exquisite politeness—"I will show you what a man of wit can do. You declare war against me?"

“You will see, sir—you will see.”

“Very well, I accept the challenge. You, with your twenty dozen of mayors, your brigade of police and your absolute authority—I, with my simple quill pen—each of us will do our best; and three weeks hence we shall see who is the winner.”

Martin Boulet made a most courteous bow and withdrew. That night he remained sitting up writing, until four o'clock in the morning. When we saw him at mid-day he was correcting with great care the proofs of an enormously long article, which was evidently intended to take up a whole page of the paper. Before sending it to print he handed it us to read. We remained stupefied upon finding that it was a eulogy in six columns on Cardinal Finemouche!

“Read on, read on,” cried our editor, silencing our exclamations: “you will see what I am driving at.”

We read on and we did see. Martin Boulet had headed his article: “An Earnest Appeal to True Catholics.” He began by adverting to the coming election, the which, said he, would be one of the most important ever witnessed. Whatever certain people might say, the contest must undoubtedly be looked upon as one between Religion and Irreligion, between Faith and Scepticism, between Catholicism and Voltairianism. The Government had put forward as its candidate a young man with a godless soul. (Here followed a smart summary of the life of M. de Foie-Gras junior, the gay sportsman of the Paris Jockey Club, the idolized favourite of the betting-ring, the green-room, and the gambling-table, “who had probably not so much as set foot within a church for the last ten years.”) Was this the sort of candidate to bring forward in an archbishopric? Must not our eminent prelate feel grievously shocked at such a want of regard on the part of the Ministry, and could he honestly reconcile it with his conscience to give his holy support to a young man who would so ill represent the Catholic spirit of this evangelical diocese? (Here an eloquent account of the good done by the worthy Archbishop since he had held the see, and a touching history of his life, in which Jean Joseph Finemouche was compared to St. John, his patron saint, to Thomas Aquinas, to St. Augustine, to Fénelon, to Bossuet, &c. &c. &c.) We might be divided upon the subject of politics, went on the wily journalist, but there could be but one opinion in this diocese on the subject of religion. If there had ever lived a sceptic in Choufleury, that man must have been converted from the very morning when Archbishop Finemouche preached his first sermon in the cathedral. It was impossible to hear the saintly prelate and not feel touched to the soul. Cardinal Finemouche was one of the pillars of Catholicism, one of the beacon-stars of the faithful, the John Chrysostom of the nineteenth century; and it was clearly his duty towards the Church he so well served to choose from amidst his flock a man of virtuous living to represent the third circumscription in the Legislative Chamber.

Martin Boulet wound up by declaring that he personally had put himself forward as candidate, but that his doing so must only be construed as

a protestation against the candidature of M. de Foie-Gras; that he had, in honest truth, not the slightest wish or ambition to become a deputy; and that he should withdraw at once in favour of any Catholic-Liberal (the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, M. Romain-Gigot, or M. Baudet, for instance) whom it might please the Archbishop to support.

Except on Wednesdays, when it appeared at 11 A.M., the *Banner* was usually published at five in the afternoon. At four o'clock on the day following Martin Boulet's visit to the Prefect, a commissary of police and four gendarmes walked into the office to seize the paper. Martin Boulet received them smilingly, offered a seat to the commissary, and put that day's *Banner* into his hand, with the meek request to know what there could possibly be in the paper to merit a seizure. The commissary could scarcely believe his eyes. He had made so sure that there would be some outrageous leader in favour of Martin Boulet's candidature, that he had not thought it worth the while to wait until the paper was offered for sale. He had received his orders from the Prefect, and had come straight-way to the office. The "Appeal to True Catholics" staggered him; he turned stupidly over the pages of the journal, but could not find a single line with which to find fault. Martin Boulet had suppressed everything we had written about himself. The paper was entirely made up of laudatory articles about the clergy, the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, M. Romain-Gigot, and a certain M. Baudet, of whom more anon.

The commissary of police made a fearful grimace. It was not the Prefect's game to offend the Archbishop or the Legitimist Count. The former was too powerful, and the latter was one of those ancient noblemen whom the court desired to conciliate. He felt he had put his foot into a trap. However, it was impossible to retreat. He would become the laughing-stock of the whole town, if, after coming to gather wool, he went away shorn. A Frenchman dreads ridicule more than anything.

"Seize the paper!" he said in a hoarse tone to his gendarmes.

The soldiers obeyed, took up the papers, still damp from the press, by armfuls, carted them solemnly into a wheelbarrow, and stalked off with them to the police-station. Martin Boulet gratified himself with a horn-pipe, and fifty minutes afterwards a new edition of the *Banner* was flooding the town. Its four pages were blank, with the exception of the following lines that appeared in large type on the frontispiece:—

"At four o'clock this afternoon the *Banner* was seized by the police, according to the special orders of Monsieur Cornichon. The cause of this arbitrary act is a leader in which, speaking out of the fulness of our admiration, we had alluded to the well-known virtues of our beloved Archbishop, and the just influence which those virtues have earned for him throughout the length and breadth of this diocese. We were perfectly well aware of the indifference—we might almost say the aversion—which is felt by our Prefect for all matters regarding religion. In 1848, at the time when he was yet a republican, he made no secret of his Voltairian proclivities. But we should never have thought that he would so far have

forgotten what is due to the dignity of his office as to have put his public authority at the service of his private antipathies. We speak more in sorrow than in anger. We regret to see a man of such real merit as M. Cornichon so completely led away by his anti-Catholic propensities. And we especially deplore that in the present instance his passion should not have allowed him to reflect that, whilst aiming only at the Church, he was in reality insulting our venerable prelate, and so incurring the grave censure of all who call themselves believers."

This shot fired, Martin Boulet slipped on his dress-clothes, put on a white cravat and white gloves, and bolted off to the archbishopric with a printed copy of the interdicted leader in his pocket. What passed betwixt him and the Cardinal he never told us; but this is certain, that his Eminence, who had only wanted a pretext for supporting the noble Count de la Saucy, caught adroitly at that offered him by our editor. The Prefect could not deny that the *Banner* had been seized; and it would have been idle to pretend that it had been seized by a mistake. The Cardinal had a right to consider himself insulted. He thanked Martin Boulet in his dulcet voice for "having manfully braved persecution on account of the Church;" he gave him his episcopal blessing, and asked him to dinner. The next day the *Mitre* contained a paragraph which threw the whole of Choufleur into a state of commotion. The clerical organ declared in categorical terms that all true Catholics must vote against M. de Foie-Gras.

This was "first blood" to Martin Boulet.

IV.

The Prefect was not quite a fool, only three parts of one, as Jules Tartine used to say. When he heard of the blunder committed by the commissary of police, his first impulse was to go and explain everything to the Cardinal, in hopes that much humility might propitiate that personage. But when he saw the article in the *Mitre*, he perceived that it was too late. The promptness of the Archbishop's action in setting his face against the official candidate, without allowing the authorities any time for explanation, was a sufficient proof that the prelate had long been meditating a desertion. M. Cornichon accordingly resolved to waste no time in useless diplomacy, but to follow up the commissary's lead, and combat the clerical party with energy. He wrote that day to the Minister of the Interior to explain what had happened. He admitted that the election must now be a troublesome one, but he bade his Excellency be of good cheer, as victory would certainly rest with the Government in the end.

As M. Cornichon despatched this epistle he had quite sense enough to reflect that if he now allowed himself to be beaten it would be all up with him. A French prefect who loses an election, under circumstances such as this, can always wager with confidence that within three months of his failure he will be recalled.

M. le Préfet Cornichon entered the lists like a gladiator of old, prepared to win or die.

The first thing he did was to send for M. de Braillard, the Procureur Impérial (*i. e.* Public Prosecutor), and give him orders to institute proceedings against Martin Boulet for his article, "An Appeal to True Catholics." In point of fact, he would have preferred waiting until some sharper leader had been written, but he had no option in the matter. When a paper has been seized, the authorities are bound to justify the course by a public trial.

A public prosecutor is not paid to have an opinion of his own: he is paid to do as the Government orders him. M. de Braillard read the article, bowed to M. Cornichon, and went home to make out a summons against the editor of the *Banner* for "*inciting the citizens to hatred and contempt of the authorities.*" This is the set phrase in press prosecutions. It is one of those good indictments of elastic capacity which may be made to net any kind of offence under the sun. When a journalist is indicted for exciting to hatred and contempt of the Government, let him go straight-way and bet ten thousand to one on his conviction: there will be no chance of losing.

Martin Boulet's trial took place four days afterwards. M. Dindon, the judge, had received a wink from M. Cornichon the night before, and the excellent magistrate was at no loss to understand what that wink meant. After a summing up of such indignant vigour that an impartial spectator might have wondered whether M. Dindon were not the counsel for the prosecution, instead of the arbiter between plaintiff and defendant, Martin Boulet heard himself condemned to three months of imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs. On the night of the trial, M. Cornichon, meeting M. Dindon at a party, remarked with wonder that he, M. Dindon, was not yet decorated.

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "I thought that you had the cross of honour a long while since: it must be an omission on the part of the Government; but rest easy, judicial integrity like yours deserves reward, and you may rely on me to procure it you." M. Dindon blushed with pleasure. *Mens conscia recti!*

In France a journalist prosecuted for a political offence is not sent to prison immediately after sentence; he is allowed to choose his own time for undergoing his penalty, and sometimes waits several months before surrendering himself prisoner. The French authorities show a certain tact in this respect: so long as a political offender undergoes his sentence they care very little how, when, or where he does so. Martin Boulet, therefore, walked freely away from the court, after hearing his condemnation. "This has served my purpose better than anything," he said, laughing; "imprisonment for a religious leader will make a martyr of me; you will see that before this day week all the Catholics of the town will have left their cards upon me." Of course, the *Banner* made an immense fuss about its editor's trial. Five thousand copies were distributed gratis

in the hamlets and parishes around Choufleury, and as many copies sold in the town itself. As Martin Boulet had predicted, all the clergy and about three hundred of the most fervent worshippers of the Church paid him visits of condolence. The Archbishop gave a special dinner in his honour, and introduced him to the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, to whom he respectfully promised his support. Two ultra-radical papers of Paris, however, astounded to hear that the republican Martin Boulet was so demeaning himself, asked what could be the reason of it; but our editor despatched a member of his staff to Paris to let the Opposition editors into the secret of his game, and the Liberal journals then joined *con amore* in the crafty plan which he was privately devising.

"It is time now to fire my second shot," said Martin Boulet, on the afternoon following the Cardinal's dinner; "and this time M. Cornichon's outworks will be the worse for the battering. One of you fellows must write me a choice leader in favour of M. Baudet."

Who was M. Baudet? I have already alluded to him cursorily, but without entering into particulars. M. Baudet was the wealthiest manufacturer in Choufleury. His own firm, "Baudet and Son," employed fifteen hundred workmen; but the house of "Machin, Chose and Company" having suddenly failed, M. Baudet had added their establishment to his, so that, counting the two houses together, he had no less than three thousand two hundred "hands" in his pay. To a man of some brains this proud position might have inspired ambitious ideas, but M. Baudet was not made of aspiring stuff. The mission of some men on earth is to soar, that of others to waddle: M. Baudet was of the latter class. His mind was like one of the looms in his manufactory: it worked only in uniform movements and fabricated only a certain kind of thoughts. Just as no one would ask a cotton-loom to spin silk, so no one would have asked M. Baudet to indulge in any ideas but those that concerned his manufactory and the administration thereof. M. Baudet rose at stated hours, took his meals at settled times, did all he had to do at fixed moments, and was altogether as fair an instance as might be found of the state of mechanism to which a living being can be reduced by a constant intercourse with machinery. And yet it was this breathing combination of wheels, spindles, and bobbins, out of which Martin Boulet had conceived the idea of making a parliamentary candidate!

As may be concluded from his manner of going to work, Martin Boulet had really very little thought of becoming himself a deputy. In common with a great many Frenchmen of the same extreme views as himself, all he looked to in an election was the success of the Opposition candidate, whoever that candidate might be. If he were a republican, so much the better; if not, an Orleanist would do as a substitute; and if an Orleanist were not forthcoming, why a Legitimist might be accepted in his place. The great point was to beat the Imperial Government. Martin Boulet hated the Government, and he had taken it into his head, this time, that

the official candidate should *not* be returned, if he and his cunning could help it. You do not know in England what an "official candidate" is, and cannot therefore understand the immense price that the Government sets on his return. It is a man whom the Minister of the Interior picks up one morning—it does not particularly matter where—and to whom he says in discreet terms: "Monsieur, we have in such and such a department a fine stupid lot of bumpkins, as benighted a collection as you could ever hope to meet with from one end of the empire to the other. Well, relying upon the hopeless stupidity of these dolts and their blind subservience to their rulers, we gave them right of suffrage in 1851, so that, funny as it may seem to you, they have a vote apiece and a deputy between fifty thousand of them. After looking about me for a man well suited to represent this mass of concrete ignorance in the Corps Législatif, I have made up my mind that there is no person more fit for the work than yourself. You will take the train, therefore, and go down to the constituency. The Prefect will take you in hand, march you about from village to village, and pay your costs of advertising, bill-sticking, and occult bribery out of the tax-payer's money. The thing will not cost you a penny. You will be elected, you will come to Paris each winter to legislate, and you will receive the salary of twelve thousand francs a year which the nation awards to its deputies. All we ask you in return is to vote as we tell you; for, as you quite understand that you will owe your election entirely to us, you must consider yourself as holding a government appointment neither more nor less."

In nine cases out of ten the official candidate comes out of the contest with flying colours. At the general election of 1857 the Opposition carried five seats only out of two hundred and seventy five; in 1863 they were a little more successful, that is, they counted twenty-three victories to two hundred and sixty defeats. The pressure exercised by the Prefects is too strong to be resisted anywhere but in large towns, and it was a fantastic idea on the part of Martin Boulet to have ever thought of waging war with the Government in such a circumscription as that of Choufleury, where the bumpkin element predominated.

But this was his scheme: In the first place to set the Prefect and Archbishop at variance, in order to deprive the official candidate of the support of the clergy; in the second, to put his own name forward, in order that the extreme radicals, who might have abstained from voting rather than give their suffrages to such men as the Count or M. Gigot, might come to the ballot-boxes and swell the number of opposers; in the third, to get M. Baudet to stand, so that the votes of the manufacturing interest might be lost to the government; and, in the fourth, to bring about a coalition of the four independent candidates, that is, to bind them by this agreement—that if the election were not decided by a first ballot, all the Opposition votes should be made over to the one out of the four amongst them who should have been most successful on the first day.

To understand this last clause, it must be recollected that, in France, no candidate can be returned unless he have obtained a clear majority of the whole number of votes actually polled. For instance, if there be thirty thousand and ten voters in a constituency, it needs fifteen thousand and six suffrages to validate his election. If, therefore, there be five candidates, one for the Government and four against it, and the Government candidate obtain more votes than any of his rivals, without, however, attaining to the fifteen thousand and six needed, the ballot must be begun again. The voting might continue indefinitely if, on the second ballot day, the same five candidates came up as at first; but it is usual with the independents to form an alliance beforehand, and the Government candidate is generally left to compete alone on the second day with the one out of his four adversaries who obtained most suffrages on the first ballot. The retiring candidates, of course, take the precaution of begging their supporters to vote for the man in whose favour they have withdrawn.

If Martin Boulet could prevail upon M. Baudet to stand, the fate of M. de Foie-Gras would be pretty nearly certain; for, with the clerical, the commercial, the manufacturing, and the radical interests against him, he would have positively none but such peasants as the mayors could intimidate to rely on. The difficulty was, however, to persuade M. Baudet. Martin Boulet called upon the Archbishop to talk the matter over with him. The Archbishop had naturally as much interest as any one to see the manufacturer stand, for, upon the coalition system, if his own candidate, M. de la Sauce-Piquante, could only beat his three brother independents in the first ballot, he would have all their votes on his side for the second. The name of M. Baudet represented 6,000 suffrages at least to be gathered in the different manufactures. The Cardinal reflected that, tagged on to the 8,000 or 9,000 which he anticipated obtaining of his own influence for the Count, these votes would carry the clerical man through like a cannon-ball.

"Yes, monsieur," he said, stroking his well-mown chin, "it would be highly desirable that M. Baudet should stand."

"I think your Eminence might effect this," remarked the journalist, respectfully.

The Cardinal thought so too; but he kept silent to hear what Martin Boulet had to say.

"M. Baudet has a wife," ventured the editor, after a discreet cough.

"Who is very regular in her attendance at the cathedral," interpolated the prelate, with unmoved seriousness.

"Precisely, Monseigneur; and if your Eminence——"

Cardinal Finemouche, who knew all the wiles of diplomacy, interrupted Martin Boulet by an amiable smile. The latter understood that his Eminence accepted the *rôle* that was submitted to him; but that he wished to keep up appearances by seeming to ignore the little plot. He rose, therefore, to take his leave. The Archbishop held out his white

hand, and looking archly at the astute Republican: "M. Boulet," said he, "I wish you would give me an opportunity of supporting *you* in an election. A journalist of your talent would be a great gain to the Church party."

"What must I do, Monseigneur?"

"Why, be as good a Catholic when the present election is over as you are pretending to be now."

"If there were more bishops like your Eminence there would be fewer sceptics like myself," replied Martin Boulet, gallantly; "but you must own, Monseigneur, that you are often indebted to us infidels for a very great pleasure."

"Which pleasure?"

"Why that of converting us, my lord; and if I may judge from the danger I feel myself to be running in your Eminence's presence, that pleasure must be no new sensation to you. But I must make my bow, Monseigneur, or else I shall be deserting my camp, and then what would my patron, St. Voltaire, say?"

The Cardinal and the journalist both laughed, and parted the best friends possible. A police spy, who had been placed near the archbishopric to report to M. Cornichon the names of all who went in and all who came out, set down on his notes that M. Martin Boulet issued from the Cardinal's "with a joyful face." Whilst the Prefect was pondering over this bit of news, and wondering what infernal bit of mischief the editor could have been brewing now, a second message arrived, to the effect that, at four o'clock, his Eminence's carriage had carried off the Cardinal and his chaplain to the suburban district where most of the great manufacturers had their private villas. M. Cornichon, who had not yet begun his canvass amongst the manufacturers, turned pale; but when the third message announced that Monseigneur Finemouche had gone to the house of M. Baudet, and had remained there three hours, the Prefect gave vent to a horrible oath, rang furiously at his bell, and ordered his brougham.

"Drive to M. Baudet's," he shouted to his footman, throwing himself wildly into the carriage. "Be quick; don't lose a minute."

The horses started off, and rattled at a racing pace through the town, M. Cornichon turning restlessly upon his seat, and swearing peevishly whenever his steeds seemed to lag. All at once, however, the wheels came to a standstill. An immense buzzing crowd was sweeping round the brougham, and completely choking up the thoroughfare. It was in Casserolle Street, where the office of the *Banner* was. The Prefect let down one of the glasses, and put his head through the window; but he had no sooner done so than he fell back again speechless and despairing. The newspaper-office was glaringly illuminated from roof to basement, and upon an immense sheet, that hung from the windows of the sixth floor to those of the second, was painted in flaming letters a foot high, "*The new Liberal Candidate for Choufleur is M. BAUDET;*" and a little

LOWÉR, "VOTE FOR ONE OF THE FOUR LIBERAL AND INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES:—

LA SAUCE-PIQUANTE,
ROMAIN-GIGOT,
ANON BAUDET,
OR
MARTIN BOULET."

The crowd was cheering!

"Drive back home," said M. Cornichon, mournfully. "That cursed scribbler has stolen a march upon me," he added to himself. "He has wrought more in these ten days, and of himself alone, than all the rest of the town put together. I'm done for now, unless something new turns up; but I vow he shall find his victory dearly bought."

So spake M. Cornichon; but Martin Boulet, who was standing at his window fomenting the excitement of the mob, had noticed the Prefect's carriage, and was grinning diabolically. "Vive M. Cornichon!" he cried, waving his hat; and the crowd, ever ready to yelp at its oppressors, when it can do so with impunity, first looked to see that there were no gendarmes coming, and then howled hideously to vent its spleen.

Ignobile vulgus!

V.

But ten days remained before the time of election. Martin Boulet had not yet issued his address, although the printed copies of it had been lying at his office for more than a week. The *Banner* also spoke very little about its editor's candidature, but a great deal about those of the three other gentlemen, who were leaving not a stone unturned to make the contest a hot one. As the French law does not allow public meetings for political purposes, there could be no tumultuous gatherings such as Englishmen are used to; but the independents did their best to slip through the meshes of the law by giving a series of colossal dinners, to which two or three hundred people were invited at a time, and at which mildly seditious speeches were made at dessert. The Prefect, who did not wish to put forth all his power without having first tried persuasive means, paid a visit to each of the four candidates separately, and made heroic attempts to win them over to him. To M. de la Sauce-Piquante he promised a post of minister plenipotentiary, if he would only withdraw from the contest: he was specially empowered by the Ministry to make the offer, he added; and in this he spoke the truth, for the Government neglects no means of inducement on such occasions. To M. Romain-Gigot he represented that the Emperor desired nothing better than to make a senator or a prefect of him again if he would only rally himself to the Imperial dynasty. To M. Baudet he held up the certain promise of the Legion of Honour, and an appointment as mayor of Choufleur, if only

the manufacturing "hands" would support M. de Foie-Gras. And, finally, to Martin Boulet, the Republican, M. Cornichon declared that if the *Banner* and its editor would only remain neutral in the coming struggle, the three months of prison and the ten thousand francs fine incurred by Martin Boulet would be remitted him by a Ministerial pardon.

These conciliatory advances failed most signally. The Count de la Sauce-Piquante stared coldly at M. Cornichon, and pretended not to understand him. M. Romain-Gigot answered grandly that he had never sold his conscience. M. Baudet, who had been coached by his faithful spouse, stammered something, and referred the Prefect to that lady. Madame Baudet, who had quite wit enough to see that her husband would obtain anything he liked from the Government, if he consented to sell his vote when once in the Corps Législatif, felt that it would be like killing the goose with the golden eggs to retire from the fight. "I will ask you for the Legion of Honour when M. Baudet is a deputy," she said, merrily; "and you will not refuse it then, I am sure." As for Martin Boulet, he listened gravely to the Prefect's offer, and then replied, with mock solemnity:

"Monsieur le Préfet, I regret extremely that I should be unable to accept your conditions; but I hold them to be so exceedingly generous that I shall certainly make them known to all my readers. Our conversation shall appear in large type on the first page of the *Banner* this very afternoon."

If M. Cornichon could have sentenced Martin Boulet to be boiled publicly in the market-place, it is certain he would have done so with the sincerest joy.

M. de Foie-Gras, the official candidate, had not hitherto put in an appearance at Chouffeury. He had been going the round of the rural districts in the company of the two hundred and thirty-two mayors, but had not been quite so successful as he had hoped. The bumpkins had, most of them, more fanaticism than partisanship. They listened to their curés in preference to their mayors; and M. de Foie-Gras had ample occasion to see that their feelings of enthusiasm for him were below freezing-point. One morning he made his solemn entry into Chouffeury, and put up at the best hotel; that where M. de la Sauce-Piquante already lodged. To do him justice, he was not much cast down by the unusual coldness with which he had been met by his bumpkin constituents. It was not in the nature of that young man to be cast down at anything. To begin with, he was not in the least excitement about his election. He looked upon the Prefect in the light of an electoral agent, whose business it was to get him through: and if he failed, he was quite aware that a nomination to the Council of State awaited him. (M. de Foie-Gras) by manner of consolation. There were also plenty of other circumscriptions into which the Government would easily push him if the people of Chouffeury would not have him. He was rich, of good blood, of high connection, and a mighty favourite at Court, where he led the "*cotillons*" at the State balls. The Government had more need of him than he had of the Government.

"I can very well live and enjoy myself without being a deputy," he soliloquised one day; "but the Ministry is not likely to find many men who would vote so obediently as I without asking questions. I am a fish worth hooking."

To this happy philosophical disposition M. de Foie-Gras joined a keen taste for sporting. He had acquired it in England, and everything that resembled a race was sure to afford him relish. Therefore the prospect of a close contest was likely to please him much more than a "walk-over;" and when, on the day of his arrival at Choufleury, M. Cornichon announced to him that his prospects were less brilliant than he had hoped, the young man received the news with something akin to pleasure. It was a new sensation to find that he was amidst a population beginning to simmer with independence. Having often heard his father say that the French were the most abject curs under heaven when governed by a strong hand, he was a little anxious to see how the "curs" of Choufleury were going to shake themselves clear of the official collar and tether so long imposed upon them. He was also not a little anxious to catch a sight of Martin Boulet, about whom he was beginning to hear so much. It was Martin Boulet who, day and night, was running about the town talking over the workmen, and saying gallant things to their wives. It was Martin Boulet who was keeping his three brother Liberals up to their work; burning incense under the nose of the Count de la Sauce, the better to drag that exalted person into out-of-the-way holes and hovels, where the Legitimist lord, making ghastly efforts to smile, kissed dirty-faced children, and put golden *louis* into their hands. It was Martin Boulet who, arm in arm with M. Romain-Gigot, the "ex-prefet du Bouillon," canvassed the shops of the local tradesmen, and inserted long puff advertisements in the *Banner* for them gratuitously. It was Martin Boulet who wrote eloquent leaders about "our influential and illustrious compatriot, M. Baudet, whose commercial celebrity extended from the Seine to the Ganges, and from the Thames to the Mississippi." M. Baudet, who had never suspected himself to be so great a personage, began to find that the world seemed of a brighter colour to him than it had ever done before. Visions of stars and crosses, senators' robes and noble coronets, were beginning to flit across his fleecy cotton brain. A seat in the Corps Législatif might lead to anything; and his breath was cut right short when Martin Boulet insinuated calmly that it was out of men such as he (M. Baudet) that sovereigns were wont to make Cabinet Ministers. Yes, it was Martin Boulet who was doing all these things. It was he who was everywhere and anywhere; running hither and thither, missing not a chance nor an opportunity, but speaking always for others, never for himself, and winning adherents by the hundreds from the simple fact that, instead of saying "Vote for me, the Republican," he cried only, "Vote for one of us four, no matter which; the Government offers you but one candidate, whilst we give you four to choose from."

"The man is a very devil," remarked the Prefet, "and what is

worse, he is keeping out of my clutches. He has issued no address yet, so that there is no pretext for having him arrested for sedition; and his articles are all so carefully worded that there is no means of seizing his paper again."

"He must be a pleasant fellow to know," reflected M. de Foie-Gras, going back to his hotel. M. Cornichon had organized a monster meeting for that evening at the theatre of Chouffeury: the official candidate was to address the crowd, and of course he was going to devote an hour to his toilet to be smart for the occasion.

He had just adjusted his white cravat, when his valet entered with a card. "The gentleman is waiting in the drawing-room," he said.

"Ah!" exclaimed M. de Foie-Gras; and he ran down at once, for he had read the name on the card: it was that of Martin Boulet.

The journalist was dressed in the height of fashion. M. de Foie-Gras, who was a great stickler in the matter of attire, remarked with a feeling amounting to respect that M. Martin Boulet's coat was a *chef-d'œuvre* which even a member of the Jockey Club might envy. As for the trousers, they were simply celestial; and the effect created by the boots was so magical that M. de Foie-Gras was just on the point of asking the name of the crafty artificer who had made them, when happily he remembered that he had before him an enemy and a rival. He bowed with dignity, but keeping his eyes attentively fixed on his opponent's waistcoat, which was of a new cut.

Martin Boulet, who was equally at his ease with a cardinal, with a prefect, or with a dandy, entered smilingly upon the motives of his visit, and made his antagonist laugh before he had uttered ten words. This was a good beginning. "Sit down, monsieur," said the young man, wandering from the waistcoat to the satin scarf, and asking himself why the deuce it was that his own scarves would never sit so well.

"Monsieur le Marquis," began the editor—(M. de Foie-Gras was not a marquis, but he loved to don that title when travelling abroad, and he had made certain timid ventures to wear it at home: for instance, his handkerchiefs were all embroidered with a coronet. He accordingly blushed up to the ears with pleasure on hearing this apostrophe)—"Monsieur le Marquis," repeated the journalist, "my name is probably little known to you, so that I shall not be saying much if I tell you that I have the honour of being your antagonist in the present election. However, it is necessary that you should be apprised of that fact, as well as of this other, that I am the editor of one of the two daily prints in this town."

M. de Foie-Gras bowed.

"I am one of your constant readers, Monsieur," he replied, with courteous presence of mind.

"Then I condole with you, Monsieur le Marquis," returned Martin Boulet gravely: "for it is a great infliction to me to be obliged to read even my own articles in the *Banner*, and I should no more think of reading those of my staff than I should think of drinking rhubarb for dinner."

M. de Foie-Gras' features relaxed into an incipient giggle. He saw that the journalist was not a bird to be caught with chaff.

"I have never so much as set eyes on your paper," he said frankly; "but I have heard a great deal about it. Do you smoke? Here are some capital cigars. Let us light up and talk at ease."

The cigars proved excellent. Martin Boulet—who, when he chose to try, could talk like Talleyrand, Sheridan, and Sydney Smith all three rolled together—kept the official candidate in a blissful state of political oblivion, good-humour, and mental intoxication for a whole hour and a half. He took him as a skilful cook would have taken a fowl, larded him with thin slices of delicate praise, rolled him about in a soft white flour of compliments, trussed him adroitly with a pointed homage to his high name, his immense influence and the rest of it, and subjected him to a delicate browning before a clear fire of flattery. He praised him and everything about him: the "*Marquis's*" racing-stud, his successes on the turf, his conquests over the fair sex, his princely extravagance over the gambling-table: all these topics were handled in such a way as only a Frenchman can understand. M. de Foie-Gras was like a child in the journalist's hands, or, better still, he was like a man who is being soaped in a Turkish bath by a first-class shampooer. The sensation was delightful: he thought Martin Boulet the most agreeable man he had ever come across, and for the sum of two sous he would have kissed him on both cheeks.

When Martin Boulet saw that he had fairly trapped his man, then—but not until then—did he proceed to unburden his mind. He had come, he said, to explain to the "*Marquis*" on what grounds he had attacked him with such seeming bitterness in the *Banner*. He wished M. de Foie-Gras to understand that he had not the faintest desire to be disagreeable to him personally, and that it was only in accordance with the exigencies of political warfare that he thus ventured to draw his pen against him. He hoped, however, that the "*Marquis*" would bear him and his party no ill will, and would not imagine that they meant all they said when they declared him unfit to represent the constituency. For the matter of that, Martin Boulet thought that "*Monsieur le Marquis*" would make an infinitely better deputy than either of the other four candidates; and, had he come forward on his own account, the *Banner* would have had great pleasure in supporting him. But it was the official patronage to which thinking people objected. It was the taking an educated and intelligent man, who had quite merit and talent enough to press his own claims in person, and promenading him about from street to alley, from village to hamlet, under the wing of peasant mayors, whose indiscreet and blustering patronage made him look ridiculous.

M. de Foie-Gras, who remembered the very poor figure he had cut in his rural circuit, coloured slightly, and felt that his interlocutor might be saying the truth. He was quite convinced of it when the editor added, with courtier-like suavity of tone:—"Our country people are not all so

stupid as they seem, Monsieur le Marquis. They have quite sense enough to discern between a man of birth and talent and an absurd clown. You would have carried all before you had you presented yourself as an independent; but really—excuse the comparison—when people see a Foie-Gras walking about at the heels of men like these mayors and prefects, one cannot help thinking of a thorough-bred racer who would allow himself to be harnessed with a jackass.”

This was a stinger. The young man grew red and bit his lips. He looked with a sort of humility upon the sparkling journalist. He reflected that this well-dressed, witty, and talkative fellow was one of the most influential writers in France; that he was hand in glove with all the literary men of Paris; that the columns of every journal in the empire were open to him; and that if he only took it into his head to publish a humorous account of his (M. de Foie-Gras’) odyssey through the electoral circumscription of the *Bouillon*, he might splash him with ridicule from top to toe. M. de Foie-Gras thought with horror of what it would be if ladies began to titter when he entered a drawing-room; if those infernal journalists, who manage to creep in everywhere, complimented him sarcastically upon strutting about the country arm in arm with retired cheesemongers, pork-butchers, and tallow-chandlers. True it was that really great men made light of ridicule, and bore it good-humouredly until it wore off. But M. de Foie-Gras was modest enough to feel that he was not a great man, and that if once men of wit began to laugh at him he should have no more peace or joy on earth.

“And have you—been—been writing all this that you say in the papers?” he asked, trying to look unconcerned, but stammering nervously.

“No, not yet,” answered Martin Boulet. “The last thing I wrote upon you, M. le Marquis, is this: it appears in the *Banner* of this evening.” And the editor handed a paper to the official candidate. The latter tore it open, and almost devoured its contents. As he read, however, his features gradually relaxed: by degrees an expression of relief stole over his face, and at last his eyes gleamed with visible satisfaction. The article described Raoul de Foie-Gras as a Brummell, a Don Juan, and a Brillat-Savarin. It exaggerated his wealth, his prodigality, and his luxury; it spoke of his amatory triumphs as if they were things known from one end of Europe to the other; and it depicted him as a connoisseur who could tell the year of a wine’s vintage with his eyes blindfolded. The conclusion of this racy portrait was of course that M. de Foie-Gras would do better to return to Paris, and lead the fashion there, than to come down and dazzle poor devils in the country; and that, above all, if he valued “his reputation of *homme d’esprit*” and “*galant homme*,” he would, the next time he came forward to compete for a seat, have the manliness and courage to stand upon his own merits only, and shake himself clear of prefects who wore cotton gloves, mayors who wore no gloves at all, and police spies, who only served to cast odium and ridicule upon those they served.

Ambrosia must have been less delectable to the gods than was this leader to the young Parisian. He would have lost twenty elections for a few articles of this kind. He could scarcely refrain howling for joy when Martin Boulet told him that a fellow to it had been sent to the chief Paris papers,—the famous *Figaro* amongst them. However, for the form of the thing, he pretended to look grave.

“You have handled me pretty roughly, Monsieur,” he observed.

“Alas, yes,” replied the journalist; “and I am afraid that if after that you try to canvass amongst our virtuous matrons, you will have the respectable confraternity of husbands down upon you like a nest of hornets. You have become in Choufleurly the ‘triste lupus stabulis.’”

M. de Foie-Gras twirled his moustache and looked at himself in the glass. He even hummed the well-known madrigal:—

Enfant chéri des dames,
Je fus en tout pays
Fort bien avec les femmes,
Mal avec les maris.

“You’re caught, too, my young lordling,” muttered Martin Boulet *sotto voce*; and the next words of M. de Foie-Gras confirmed his reflection, for after walking twice meditatively up and down the room, the official candidate stopped and said:

“M. Boulet, I was to have addressed a public meeting to-night. . . .”

“You are fortunate, Monsieur le Marquis. We of the Opposition are not allowed thus to address our constituents: an imperial law prohibits public meetings; and it is only those who, like M. Cornichon, are commissioned to enforce the laws, who may venture so openly to break them.”

“Exactly,” returned M. de Foie-Gras, nodding. “Well, I don’t think all this is fair game. I don’t want to win by undue advantages. I shall not attend this meeting, and I shall tell M. Cornichon that I mean to fight my battle without his patronage.”

At this moment the rattling of wheels was heard, and a carriage pulled up with a clatter before the door of the hotel. Martin Boulet looked through the window. “Talk of the devil!” he exclaimed. “Here is the Prefect.”

“Yes, he has come to fetch me,” answered the young man. “But hide yourself in the next room, M. Boulet, and leave the door open: you will hear how I receive him.”

The journalist had just time to beat a retreat when M. Cornichon entered: his prefectural uniform upon him, his sword by his side, and his red ribbon upon his breast. Before he had had leisure to open his mouth, Raoul de Foie-Gras had assumed an imposing attitude, as that of Julius Cæsar refusing the crown. “Monsieur le Préfet,” he said, “I have been thinking the matter over. To make a good tussle there should be fair fighting; and we are not fighting fairly. The magistrates, the police, and the gendarmerie are doing our work, and dirty work it is. I have made up

my mind to come forward unsupported. I am very much obliged to the Government for its patronage; but henceforth I mean to dispense with it."

M. Cornichon rubbed his eyes to know if he were dreaming. As for M. de Foie-Gras, he reflected that all the papers in the empire would speak on the morrow of his disinterestedness,—that the Liberals would extol him, that society would look with respect upon him, and that, whether he succeeded or failed, he would become from that moment a "personage," a man of mark, a being out of the common.

"Je serai célèbre," he murmured; and once more he surveyed himself in the glass with evident complacency.

The day after his interview with M. de Foie-Gras, Martin Boulet issued his famous address. But M. Cornichon, the Prefect, was not a man to joke in matters of revenge: he had promised his republican adversary that he would wreak his vindictiveness upon him, and he meant to keep his word. He had had no difficulty in guessing that M. de Foie-Gras' magnanimity was a piece of Martin Boulet's work; and the editor's address had not left the office above an hour before all the copies of it that had been intended for pasting on walls had been seized as seditious. At the same time M. de Braillard, the public prosecutor, made out a new summons against the journalist on the old indictment of exciting to hatred and contempt of the Government. Martin Boulet retaliated by flooding the town and country with his address in the form of circulars. These, being placed under envelope as private letters, were not liable to seizure. The Prefect, however, made nought of this legal difficulty, but ordered the confiscation of all the copies that could be found. Hereupon the journalist addressed a petition to the Council of State for leave to prosecute the Prefect on the charge of unlawful and arbitrary conduct. The Paris papers began to grow excited about this extraordinary election, and M. Cornichon was knocked about by the Liberal press as he had never been before in his life.

Just a week before the eventful day, he received this telegram from the Minister of the Interior: "You must win at all hazards. Take no heed of what M. de Foie-Gras says. Back him up *nolens volens*. The Liberals here are talking of nothing else but this contest; if they win, it will be a triumph for them and a snub for us."

There was no mistaking the tone of this despatch. The *Banner*, for the first time since a fortnight, had that very day advocated its editor's candidature. The Prefect sent as before to have it seized, but this time the gendarmes put chains and padlocks on the presses and closed the office. A guard was set at the door, and the next morning a prefectural decree suppressing the paper altogether was pasted up about the town. Of course the decree was accompanied by the notice of a new prosecution on the part of M. Braillard, so that Martin Boulet had thus two criminal trials on hand. But he was not to be daunted at this. Immediately he entered into relations with the editor of the *Mitre*, to

whom he paid a round sum of money for a fortnight's purchase of his journal. Five days before the election the *Mitre* announced that it would, until further notice, appear daily, and that copies of it might be had gratis on application at the office. M. Cornichon was, however, getting desperate. A French prefect is liable to no prosecution unless the Council of State authorise the proceedings; and this it rarely or, to speak more correctly, never does, so that a prefect can do pretty nearly what he pleases without having to bear the consequences. M. Cornichon resolved to strain his power to the utmost: he pre-emptorily suppressed the *Mitre* as he had done the *Banner*; he ordered a third prosecution to be instituted for sedition against Martin Boulet; he flatly prohibited all meetings of the independent candidates with their supporters on the pretext of dining together or holding parties; he caused all the addresses of the four Liberals to be torn off the walls in the streets, and he gave all the priests of the diocese to understand that if they attempted to urge the claims of the Opposition upon their hearers, he would have them arrested in their pulpits.

Indignant at all this, M. de Foie-Gras endeavoured to protest. He felt he was being treated as a little boy, and was on tenter-hooks lest Martin Boulet should suspect that he had a hand in any of these persecutions. He plainly told the Prefect that he would not be thus supported against his will; but M. Cornichon, tired of his clamour and determined to hoist him into the seat whether he liked it or not, paid not the smallest attention to anything he said.

Wherever he turned, M. de Foie-Gras saw enormous placards with his own name upon them, staring him in the face. The Prefectural journal, now the only paper in the town, was being distributed gratis each day by cartloads; and at the head of the front page, the unhappy official candidate could always read the hateful words: "Vote for M. de Foie-Gras, the Government candidate." Nor was this all. M. Cornichon, who knew the wholesome effect of a little seasonable terror upon the masses, had ordered the Colonel of the garrison to patrol armed companies of soldiers through the streets by day and night, as though the authorities of the town dreaded a revolution. This is a very favourite trick when a prefect wants to intimidate the working-classes; and it rarely misses its aim. To crown all, a dozen artisans, who had been heard saying in a public-house that they should vote for Martin Boulet, were arrested on the charge of holding an illegal and seditious meeting, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

In the midst of all this, Martin Boulet's three trials came on. No time is lost in such cases. The last of the indictments had been made out on a Wednesday. On the Friday—that is, two days before the election day (which is always a Sunday in France)—the republican journalist appeared at the criminal bar. As every one knows, there is no jury for political offences. M. Dindon was the judge as before. With the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, or rather the hope of it,

dangling before his eyes, he convicted Martin Boulet on the three counts of seditious writing and treason, mulcted him in a fine of 50,000 francs, and condemned him to two years' imprisonment.

When the unabashed Boulet left the court, he found all the avenues to it blocked up with armed squadrons of cavalry. It had been feared that the people would manifest their sympathies for the plucky editor, and the soldiers had formal orders to charge on the first symptoms of a gathering. The crowd, however, kept its distance. But all that afternoon, and all that evening, Martin Boulet himself, his staff, and a hundred volunteers he had enrolled, were spreading through the town and suburbs, distributing the bright scarlet voting-papers that bore his name; and on all sides promises were gathered that the papers would be well employed on the trysting day.

"Do you know," he said to me, whilst he was dining placidly a few hours after his condemnation—"Do you know, I have an idea that I shall be elected? The thought had never occurred to me till three or four days ago. All I had cared for then was to carry one of the Opposition candidates through. But, during all this week, old Cornichon has been overdoing his game. By all these vexations and prosecutions he has brought my name into everybody's mouth. Our townsmen are beginning to pity me and to feel proud of me. My not having canvassed much for myself is also a point in my favour. People will set it down for magnanimity and disinterestedness. The Prefect is an ass and a blunderer. He has succeeded in discontenting every one, without much frightening anybody except a few poor workmen; whilst I, on the contrary, have, without trying to do so, made myself a host of friends. I am sure I must have shaken a thousand hands since my sentence this morning. I have had nothing but visits all day."

Jules Tartine here entered.

"I have just been sowing good seed," he said, mopping his streaming brow. "I have been on my legs since noon, and have distributed 700 of your bulletins with my own hand. Pour me out a glass of wine now, Master Boulet, and let us drink your health."

"Put on your best clothes for Sunday," laughed out our editor, pouring out the liquid; "and prepare yourselves for a treat. I am meditating a *coup-de-théâtre* for that day, and you will see if it does not raise the odds to something like two to one in my favour."

We drank his health with no heeltaps; and had it not been that we were in a public restaurant, we should have bellowed "*Vive la liberté*" till we were hoarse.

VI.

The sun rose on the morning of the election as brightly as for a wedding-feast. The day before had been employed in the unceasing distribution of red bulletins; and, as on the Friday of his committal,

Martin Boulet had been positively besieged with visitors from dawn till dusk. Amongst these visitors our editor's three Liberal competitors had been the first; and both M. de la Sauce-Piquante, M. Gigot, and M. Baudet were loud in their thanks for all he had done for them. Towards the evening M. de Foie-Gras had appeared, pale and miserable, to give an account of himself, and declare that it was not his fault if the Prefect supported him so perseveringly. Martin Boulet, who knew this very well, but who had his reasons for desiring to frighten the luckless official candidate, answered drily that M. de Foie-Gras must be jesting; that M. Cornichon would not be working for him as he was if he had received no encouragement; but that if things really were as "Monsieur le Marquis" stated, then all that Martin Boulet could say was that he pitied him. He added that the position of a man who was being thrust forward against his will was so utterly singular that it deserved to be made special mention of, and that he should certainly send up to the Paris papers an article entitled "Le Candidat Malgré Lui," which would make people laugh. The wretched M. de Foie-Gras knew what this menace meant, and felt a cold perspiration ooze over him. "You must not do that," he gasped imploringly.

"Indeed I will, though," answered the editor, and he went out slamming the door.

The early train on the Sunday brought down the pick of the Liberal journalists of Paris, who had all come to shake hands with Martin Boulet, and to mount guard for him near the ballot-boxes, to see that all was conducted fairly. Their arrival caused an immense sensation, and they were mobbed as Hottentots would have been: for journalists are all known to the public by their names in France, and there is always a good deal of curiosity about them. After a rousing champagne breakfast, which began at nine and ended at twelve, the whole party adjourned to the cathedral, at the door of which the four Liberal candidates met each other, and shook hands. The cathedral was a very large one; but on this occasion it was closely packed from one end to the other. It had been announced that the Cardinal himself would preach; and, after all that had happened during the week, it was fair to suppose that his sermon would not pass without some pointed political allusions. The appearance of the four Liberals, but especially that of Martin Boulet and his pleiad of literary friends, caused a sort of thrill to run round. A frenzy of whisperings commenced, and people stood on tiptoe to see if M. de Foie-Gras would also put in an appearance. But M. de Foie-Gras knew better. It had been reported to him that his antagonists would all be at the cathedral, and he had no wish to sit face to face with them, to see them sneer or laugh at him.

The service passed off as usual, but amidst general impatience. The congregation had no thought but for the coming sermon. The choristers with their slow chanting were voted a cordial nuisance; and the precentor who led the choir gabbled as fast as possible, almost fearing that the people would get up and hiss him unless he made haste.

At last, at one o'clock precisely, the mighty assemblage settled into a deep hush, as, preceded by his vergers, the Cardinal, in his scarlet robes and white lace fringes, descended from his throne and walked down the nave. The next minute every eye was fixed upon him as he stood in the pulpit, with a slight hectic flush of excitement on his face and a resolute expression marked upon his brow. He glanced deliberately around him, and then opened a letter which he held in his hand. "My brethren," he said, in a calm, determined voice, "I have received a letter from our Prefect this morning, and I desire to read it you."

The dead silence woke up for a second to a murmur of astonishment and expectation, but calmed down as soon, and became deeper and more intense than before. Every ear was strained, every heart beat.

The Cardinal looked once more around him, and then read:—

"MONSEIGNEUR,—A rumour having come to my ears that it is your Eminence's intention to allude to the coming election in your sermon of this day, I think it right to forewarn your Eminence against using the influence of the pulpit otherwise than in support of the Government: for any word which your Eminence might let fall to advocate the claims of an enemy of the reigning dynasty would be liable to be construed as seditious, and dealt with accordingly.

"I beg to remain, Monseigneur,

"Your Eminence's most obedient servant,

"THE PREFECT OF THE DEPARTMENT."

An explosion of loud murmurs followed the reading of this intimidating note. For a moment people forgot that they were in a cathedral, and gave free vent to their thoughts; but by a wave of his hand the Archbishop brought back calm. He had drawn out his watch, and was looking at the time.

"My brethren," he said, "it is twenty minutes past one. At two o'clock the voting will commence, and continue till six. It is not my intention to preach to you to-day: for in the state of excitement in which I see you all, it would be useless to make any attempt to divert your minds from the subject which is engrossing them. I cannot dismiss you, however, without passing a comment upon the letter I have just read. It is an endeavour to tamper with freedom of conscience and liberty of action. What your own votes may be, I have no right either to surmise or inquire. Each of you, individually, will vote as his own sense of right shall direct. But, for my part"—(here he raised his voice and looked steadfastly at his hearers)—"But, for my part, I shall this day make use of the vote which the Constitution has given me, and record it *against* the Government."

* * * * *

The excitement in the market-place in front of the cathedral was tremendous. The Archbishop's words had sounded like the startling

echoes of a trumpet in the ears of the astonished town. An immense crowd surrounded the four Liberals, who were standing together; and a general move was made towards the town-hall, where the voting was to take place. At this moment Martin Boulet turned round towards those of his friends who were next him, and whispered, "Now for my *coup-de-théâtre*." Then raising his voice he shouted as loud as he could: "My friends! I have been condemned to two years of prison, and I seize this opportunity, now that you are all together, to wish you good-by: for I am going this very moment to surrender myself prisoner at the city jail. I need only tell you that these two years of captivity will neither silence my tongue nor split my pen. On the day of my liberation you will find me on the breach as before, ready to fight for your interests and your liberties; ready to suffer again and again for the truth; ready to hurl defiance and scorn at my oppressors, and ready to cry, as I do now, 'Down with tyranny, and hurrah for freedom!' . . ."

Imagine a tempest suddenly let loose, and you will have an idea of what followed Martin Boulet's words. The French, who are a curish lot under a yoke, become very devils when excited. No such speech as that of Martin Boulet's had been heard since the troublous days of the Republic. Scarcely had it been uttered than half a dozen of those ubiquitous police spies that are interspersed by the Imperial Government through every crowd of more than a dozen people, rushed upon the journalist and tried to silence him. But a forward rush on the part of the Parisian visitors prevented them. A scuffle ensued. Somebody cried, "Vive la République," and in one moment the immense mob, panting with emotion, was uttering the old cry with frantic cheers. "Lift him up and carry him in triumph!" roared a thousand voices; and amidst the waving of hats, the stamping of feet, and the maddened acclamations of men and women, old men and children, priests and soldiers, all turned wild together and all mixed pell-mell, Martin Boulet was raised aloft upon the shoulders of his friends and borne triumphantly through the streets. The crowd was swelling like a mountain torrent under a storm; windows were being opened on every side, and women were waving hands and handkerchiefs as enthusiastically as the men. The uproar was terrific. The people seemed to have forgotten all prudence. A dozen of armed soldiers who were going to relieve guard fled in dismay as they came in sight of the hooting, rebel host. The *Marseillaise* was begun, and before the second verse had been commenced five thousand voices were singing its well-known strains. Had Martin Boulet spoken the word at that moment, the town-hall would have been invaded and the prefecture stormed without a moment's hesitation. But amidst all the clamouring of his worshippers he himself remained calm. "Carry me to the prison," he kept on repeating; and vaguely hoping that they would be asked to break in the jail and liberate the prisoners, his bearers did as he bade them. The ovation went on increasing instead of diminishing; but when at last the prison was reached, and Martin Boulet stood by the door and laid his hand upon the bell, the excitement rose to

delirium! "No! no!" shouted the workmen, becoming mad. "No! no!" echoed the women, beginning to cry. "Pull him back—he shan't go to prison," cried every one furiously. "Good-by, my friends!" exclaimed Martin Boulet; and then there was an indescribable scene. With a spontaneous movement the whole crowd rushed forward, with their heads uncovered and their arms extended, to touch him and shake his hands. The boisterous cheers had given place to a clamour of wailings; and Martin Boulet, who had held up till then, broke down and drew his hand across his eyes. And then the prison door opened. . . .

VII.

It was we, Martin Boulet's friends, who then roared at the top of our voices: "Come and vote for him! come and vote for him!" We were answered with ringing acclamations. But two hours before, the large majority of those who had just joined in this demonstration had probably little thought of voting for the republican; now, however, all but the red *bulletins* were cast away. From two o'clock till six the ballot-boxes were flooded with one uninterrupted flow of Martin Boulet tickets. Mobs never do things by halves. A body of fanatics, uttering startling cries, rushed about in front of the town-hall, thrusting red voting-papers into the hands of all new comers. Many, no doubt, voted *red* against their will; but at six o'clock the Mayor of Choufleuray came, pale and breathless, to the Prefect, to tell him that he had not received a single voting-paper of the official colour. That night it was everywhere known that almost all the votes polled in the town were *red* ones. It only remained to be known now how the bumpkins had voted. These latter electors, not having been present at the ovation at Choufleuray, had, no doubt, voted in perfect coolness; that is, either for M. de Foie-Gras or the Count.

On the Monday at noon we all gathered on the market-place to await the official declaration. It came at last, set forth in this wise:—

Number of registered electors	49,317
Number of votes actually given	43,744
M. Martin Boulet	21,317
Count de la Sauce-Piquante	11,101
M. de Foie-Gras	9,215
M. Romain-Gigot	2,111
M. Baudet	1,290

No one having obtained the 21,872 votes needed to constitute an "absolute majority," a new ballot will take place next Sunday.

VIII.

This result caused a mighty surprise throughout the empire, and as for M. Cornichon, he was so utterly shocked by it that he remained speechless when he received the news. Neither was it of any use, he

found, to attempt retrieving matters before the second ballot, for, faithful to the mutual engagement they had made, MM. de la Sauce-Piquante, Gigot, and Baudet all retired from the contest on the Monday afternoon, and issued an address praying their supporters to vote for Martin Boulet. The only remaining rival was consequently M. de Foie-Gras ; but this gentleman, becoming wiser and sadder by his defeat, felt not the slightest desire to re-enter the lists. The proof slips of a certain article entitled "Le Candidat Malgré Lui" had perhaps something to do with this prudent determination ; for Martin Boulet had politely forwarded these proofs to him under sealed envelope, with a polite prayer to revise them and then send them on to the Paris *Charivari*. M. de Foie-Gras was only too happy to burn this diabolical leader, into which all our editor's wit had been infused. He, too, issued an address to the 9,000 who had honoured him with their suffrages, and requested them to vote . . . for whom they pleased.

The second ballot was announced as follows :—

Number of registered electors	49,317
Votes actually given	35,718
M. Martin Boulet (sole candidate)	35,718
M. Martin Boulet is elected.			

IX.

The *Moniteur* of ten days afterwards contained the two following announcements :—

"The judgment of the tribunal of Choufleury, condemning M. Martin Boulet to two years of imprisonment and a fine of 50,000 francs, has been cancelled by the Cour Impériale of Paris."

"*Departmental Intelligence*.—We hear that M. Cornichon, Prefect of the Dept. du Bouillon, has tendered his resignation to the Government, and that this resignation has been accepted."

X.

The only man who never pardoned Martin Boulet his triumph was Cardinal Finemouche. He persists in thinking to this day that our editor made a fool of him.

On Relics Ecclesiastical.

(BY "THE UNDEVELOPED COLLECTOR.")

PART II.

BEFORE speaking of some of the miraculous crucifixes which are to be found in various parts of Europe, I may allude to one of the earliest known representations of the Crucifixion,—curiously enough, a caricature. During some excavations at Rome a few years ago, a portion of an old street was discovered on the Palatine,—the wall being covered with *graffiti*, similar to those curious scribblings found at Pompeii. Thanks to Father P. Garucci, this interesting relic was secured, and is now carefully preserved in the Collegio Romano. The caricature is supposed to be of the time of the Emperor Septimius Severus (193-211). A Christian is represented worshipping an ass hanging on a cross, and an accompanying inscription in Greek informs us, "Alexamenos worships God."

Of crucifixes none is perhaps more interesting than that of Lucca. We are told that the favourite imprecation of William Rufus was "Per sanctum vultum de Luca!" which refers most probably to the object in question. It is of cedar-wood, and is said to have been made by Nicodemus, whose house at Ramleh (Arimathæa) is still pointed out, and the spot, of course, where the crucifix was made. Like many other similar figures, it is so overloaded with gorgeous robes and jewels as to admit of little examination on the few occasions—three times a year—on which it is publicly exhibited. It is said to have been miraculously brought to Lucca in 782.

Another crucifix ascribed to Nicodemus is at Oviedo. The material in this instance is ivory. The feet are represented apart, *four* nails, consequently, having been employed,—just as in a metal crucifix in the Vatican, supposed to be one of the oldest in existence, and to belong to the sixth century. The Oviedo crucifix is ascribed by Ford to the eleventh century.

Another by the same artist is "El Cristo de Burgos." "According to the best authorities," says Ford, "it was carved by Nicodemus out of supernatural materials; but to others it appears to be graven out of Sorian pine, and either by Becerra or Hernandez. Be that as it may, as a work of art it is admirable, and the expression of suffering in the head drooping over the shoulder is very fine. When we last were shown this crucifix it was covered with jewel-embroidered curtains, and wore a superb petticoat." Like some other images, it made a miraculous voyage

to Spain, being found in the Bay of Biscay by a merchant of Burgos, who placed it in the Augustine convent. Here it worked so many miracles that the archbishop, naturally enough, wished to move it to the cathedral, but after twice walking back again, it was allowed to remain in peace. At one time its beard used to grow regularly, but since the French invasion its growth has ceased.

Another of these Nicodemus crucifixes is "El Cristo de Beyrut," at Valencia. Bertrandon de la Brocquiere saw it at Beyrout. "There is also another miraculous building that has been changed into a church, which formerly was a house belonging to the Jews. One day these people, finding an image of our Lord, began to stone it, as their fathers had in times past stoned the original; but the image having shed blood, they were so frightened with the miracle that they fled, and accused themselves to the bishop, and even gave up their house in reparation for their crime. It was made into a church, which at present is served by the Cordeliers." Subsequently to the Frenchman's visit it changed its quarters,—set off from Beyrout, and sailed up the river to Valencia, where a pillar marks the place of its landing,

Few images of our Lord are so famous as the "Santissimo Bambino" in the church of S. Maria di Araceli at Rome. A Franciscan pilgrim carved it out of a tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, and falling asleep over his work, found on awaking that it had meanwhile been painted by St. Luke. It has a most wonderful reputation for healing the sick, and is provided with a special carriage in which to pay its visits. The triumvirs—my friend, Count Saffi, being one of them—made the people who had charge of it a present of the Pope's state carriage for its use; but, on the Pope's return, the property was reclaimed.

Another famous crucifix is preserved in the church of La Santa Trinità, Florence. In the eleventh century, the younger son of a noble house in Florence, Giovanni Gualberto, felt himself in honour bound to revenge the death of his brother Hugh, who had been murdered. He met his enemy one Good Friday in a narrow road where there were no means of escape. The poor man, in despair, threw himself at Gualberto's feet, in the form of a cross, and implored mercy. Gualberto was moved by the appeal, and on going afterwards with his enemy to the Church of San Miniato, the crucifix there bowed its head to him in token of approval. He afterwards founded the monastery of Valombrosa. On the suppression of this convent by the French the crucifix was removed to Florence.

In the Church of S. Maria del Carmine, Naples, is another crucifix held in great veneration, and only exhibited on the first and last days of the year. Besides the many miraculous cures of which it has the credit, it bowed its head in 1493 to a cannon-ball that was passing through the church, and so escaped unhurt. It was not, however, so clever as an image of the Virgin at Hal, in Belgium. In a side-chapel

of the Church of St. Martin is a pile of cannon-balls, thirty-three in number, which were caught by the Virgin in her robe when the town was bombarded.

One of the most beautiful of the crucifixes in Spain is in the Colegio de Corpus, at Valencia. It belonged to the founder, Archbishop Juan Ribera, and was placed here, says Ford, "by his express order, as a relic, from the number of miracles which it worked. To us it appeared to be Florentine, and of the time of Jean de Bologna." It is used in the representation of the Crucifixion, which is exhibited here, as in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, every Good Friday.

Another famous image is "El Cristo de la Cepa," at Valladolid. Two men, working in a vineyard, the one a Jew, the other a Christian, were disputing about their different religions. "I will believe you to be in the right," said the Jew, "when your Messiah comes out of this vine." The image immediately appeared.

The curious small bronze crucifix which the Cid always carried about him in battle is now at Salamanca, where it is known as "El Cristo de las Batallas." "The crown is black, the apron gilt, and girdled with a white belt, studded with gilt chequer-work." The oldest crucifix in Spain, and "one of the oldest authentic pieces of Christian plate existing," is at Santiago. It is a gilt filigree work, studded with uncut jewels, and is inscribed, "Hoc opus perfectum est in era ixoo et duodecima. Hoc signo vincitur inimicus, hoc signo tuetur pius. Hoc offerunt famuli Dei Adefonzus princeps et conjux." At Caravaca is the cross brought down from heaven by angels, on May 3, 1231, when Don Gines Perez Chirinos wanted to say mass to the Moorish king Deceyt. "Rings, when rubbed against the cross," Ford tells us, "protect the wearers from illness. Any water into which it is dipped obtains sanative qualities. The peasants fancied it would secure them from Sebastian's pillagers, which it did not. Volumes have been written on its powers."

Another cross—also the work of angels—is at Oviedo, where, likewise, is preserved "La Cruz de la Victoria," which has a history. It fell from heaven just before the battle of Cangas, where Pelayus, afterwards Duke of the Goths, gave the first serious check to the Saracens. 124,000 Moors were killed on the field, 69,000 more drowned under Monte Amosa, and the 375,000 who escaped to France were slaughtered there. The cross was given by King Adefonsus and Ximena, in 808. "Quisquis auferre presumpserit mihi," says the inscription, "fulmine divino intereat ipse: nisi libens voluntas dederit mea." "Neither age nor the threat of lightning," says Ford, "could save La Cruz de la Victoria from being seized from the altar by a French soldier, who carried it off just as the sacrilegious Dionysius stole the pagan *Victoriolas aureas*. It was rescued by the canon Alfonso Sanchez Ahumada by a mere accident, as he told us himself, which hereafter will be cited as a miracle; and that anything of silver escaped the Gaul is, indeed, little short of being one."

In the monastery of San Pedro de Arlanza is the cross sent by Pope

John XI. to the Count Ferman Gonzales, as a sure remedy against hail-stones. In 1488 Bishop Lino de Acuña, in order to test its virtues, thrust it into a fire, which was instantly extinguished. And I must not forget to mention the cross of Cardinal Mendoza, which figured on a very memorable occasion, having been hoisted, in 1492, on the Alhambra, at the expulsion of the Moors. An old cross at Brescia may be mentioned in connection with this. It is said to have been the stem of the Oriflamme, for a long time the royal standard of France. Originally it was the flag of the Abbey of St. Denis, whither angels had brought it from heaven.

Perhaps the most famous crucifix connected with our own island is the "Black Rood of Scotland." It was probably among the regalia of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and was at any rate carried to Scotland by the Princess Margaret, when she fled with her brother Edgar, after the battle of Hastings, becoming subsequently the wife of Malcolm III. After her death its history is somewhat uncertain; but it was taken possession of by Edward I. when he bagged the "Stone of Seone," but restored in 1327. It appears again in 1346, when King David Bruce had it with him at the disastrous battle of Neville's Cross, when it fell once more into the hands of the English, and was given to the Priory at Durham. Since then nothing seems to be known about it. It was probably conveyed to a safe (or unsafe) place by some zealous and pure-minded reformer in the time of Henry VIII.

Another cross, held in equal veneration in the time of Edward I., was the cross Nigth, or Neytz. Little, however, is known of it except its name, which figures in some of the State papers of that period.

I have already mentioned the S. Veronica portraits of our Lord: I must not omit another of a somewhat similar character, now preserved in the Church of St. Sylvester, at Rome. The tradition concerning it, as given by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, is that Abgarus, King of Edessa, being dangerously ill, sent a messenger with a letter to "Jesus the good Saviour, who has appeared in the borders of Jerusalem," asking Him to come and heal him. Our Saviour wrote him a reply, saying that the work which had been given Him to do would not allow of His leaving the country, but promising to send him, after His ascension, one of His disciples who should restore him to health. The messenger, however, not seeming satisfied with the result of his mission, Christ gave him a towel, with which He had washed His face, and on which His features were miraculously impressed. This portrait remained at Edessa till 944, when it was removed, together with the letters, to Constantinople. From this city the Venetians say they brought it to Rome. In the Armenian church of St. Bartolommeo at Genoa, however, is another "genuine" Abgarus portrait, brought there by Leonardo de Montalto in 1384.

In the Church of S. Prassede at Rome is another of these linen portraits of our Lord, attributed to St. Peter. Being, whilst at Rome, a frequent guest in the house of the Pudens mentioned in St. Paul's Epistle

to Timothy, he was asked by one of the daughters what our Lord was like. On this he took her handkerchief and sketched the features upon it. These linen portraits are certainly of very extreme antiquity, and the legends of their production were given as they are now in the time of the Empress Helena.

Allusion has already been made to St. Luke as a painter. He is said to have always gone about with two portraits, one of our Lord, the other of the Virgin, by which he made many converts. A picture of our Lord in the Vatican is attributed to him. In the monastery of Valombrosa is another certainly very old picture, on a panel of cypress-wood, said to be his work. The features are strongly emphasized, the face long, the eyes large and bright, with eyelids drooping and arched brows.

I must not forget here to mention some of the miraculous wafers, preserved in so many places, which have proved so conclusively at various times the truth of the dogma of transubstantiation. A volume has been written about them : it was published at Brussels in 1770, and was entitled *Histoire des Hosties Miraculeuses*. One of these wafers is in the cathedral at Brussels. As in many other cases, the Jews were charged with blasphemous conduct towards it. Those poor creatures, in the Middle Ages, seem to have been looked on much as King John used to regard his dearly beloved subjects, as so many money-bags to be squeezed as long as anything could be got out of them. In 1290 there was a universal massacre of them throughout Germany, on the charge of having insulted the Host : and at Bacharach are the ruins of a very beautiful Gothic chapel, dedicated to St. Werner, a boy said to have been crucified by the Jews in derision, with just as much truth, no doubt, as tales of similar atrocities at Gloucester and Lincoln. The body was then said to have been thrown into the river, but instead of floating down the stream, went up to Bacharach, where it was taken care of and afterwards canonized. The Brussels wafer was stolen by a Jew one Good Friday, about the end of the fourteenth century, and carried off to the synagogue. Here it was pricked by the knives of the congregation, on which blood gushed out, and the impious people were stricken senseless. On their crime being discovered, the ring-leaders were put to death with horrible torments. A special Sunday is set apart for the commemoration of this miracle, and the wafer itself is exhibited on that day.

A somewhat similar story is told of the wafers at Deggendorf, in Bavaria. After various insults, all of them defeated by miraculous interference, the wafers were thrown into a well ; but a brilliant light upon the waters revealed the crime. This led to the discovery of the offenders, and of course to the confiscation of their goods.

The wafer preserved in the Escorial was the one that shed blood at Gorcum, in Holland, in 1525, when trampled under foot by the Zwinglians. It had a narrow escape at the French invasion, when it was hid in the cellar, other contents of which were better appreciated by the soldiers. It was restored with great pomp by Ferdinand VII., in 1814.

At Daroca, in N. Castile, are six wafers, consecrated by the curate of Daroca for a valiant Spaniard who was besieging the castle of Chio in Valencia. Twenty thousand Moors coming to the rescue, the hero and five knights prepared to attack them, after having first communicated. The Moors, however, set upon them, and the wafers were thrown away into some bushes. When the twenty thousand Moors had been put to flight, the curate returned in search of the wafers, which he found had been changed into flesh. Naturally enough each of the six knights wished to get possession of these wonderful relics, but instead of amicably dividing them, they agreed to put them all in a box, which should be set on the curate's mule, and that wherever he carried them to, there they should remain. The mule accordingly set off, and never stopped till he reached the Church of Daroca, one hundred miles away, where he knelt till his precious burden was removed.

In the Lateran at Rome is an altar very carefully preserved. A priest at mass had very great doubts on the subject of transubstantiation. A wafer fell from his hands, went through the slab, and left a hole which can be seen to this very day.

The very beautiful cathedral of Orvieto was built to receive one of these wafers. A priest at Bolsena, in 1263, not being as honest in his belief as he professed to be, was cured of his heresy by blood flowing from the wafer he was consecrating. He hastened at once to Orvieto, where Urban IV. was then staying, and obtained absolution. A vault is still pointed out at Bolsena where the miracle occurred.

Numerous as are the images of our Lord to which miraculous powers have been attributed, those which represent the Virgin are still more numerous. Of her pictures, the most famous of course are those attributed to St. Luke. In a vault near the Church of S. Maria, in Via Lata, Rome, was found a rude drawing of the Virgin, with an inscription saying it was one of the seven painted by Luke. There was nothing to connect it specially with the Evangelist. Since the tenth century, however, St. Luke has been represented as a painter, and chosen as the patron saint of painting. Accordingly several old paintings of the Virgin have been ascribed to his hand. One, for instance, is in the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome, placed there by Paul V. It bears the following inscription:—"Here at the high altar is preserved that image of the most blessed Mary which, being delineated by St. Luke the Evangelist, received its colours and form divinely. This is that image with which Gregory the Great (according to St. Antonine), as a suppliant, purified Rome, and the pestilence being dispelled, the angel messenger of peace, from the summit of the Castle of Adrian, commanding the Queen of Heaven to rejoice, restored health to the city."

Calvin mentions four of these portraits at Rome: first, the one just mentioned, "which as they say he made in his devotion, with the ring wherewith Joseph wedded her;" the second "at the new Sainet Maries, the which thei say was also made by Sainet Luke in Troades, and that

since that time it was brought to them by an angel;” the third “at S. Maries Araceli, in such likeness as she was when she stood by the cross;” and, lastly, “the chief and principal” at Sainet Augustines, “for it is it (if one believe them) that Sainet Luke carried always with him, even until he made it to be buried in his grave.”

Of other portraits attributed to him, one was sent from Jerusalem to the Empress Pulcheria, who placed it in the Church of the Hodegorum, which she built in honour of the Virgin at Constantinople. Another is in the Church of the Carmine, Florence; another at Cambrai; another in the Alhambra; another in the church built on the site of the house of St. Mark at Jerusalem, and another in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Besides these there is the celebrated image-picture in the Convent of Saindâya, about four hours' journey from Damascus. Maundrell mentions a tradition of its having been on one occasion stolen, but the thief finding it had been changed into flesh, was only too glad to restore it. Bertrandon de la Brocquiere gives a good account of it:—“Here is a church of green monks, having a portrait of the Virgin painted on wood, whose head has been carried thither miraculously, but in what manner I am ignorant. It is added, that it always sweats, and that this sweat is an oil. All I can say is, that when I went thither I was shown at the end of the church, behind the great altar, a niche formed in the wall, where I saw the image, which was a flat thing, and might be about one foot and a half high by one foot wide. I cannot say whether it is wood or stone, for it was entirely covered with clothes. The front was closed with an iron trellis, and underneath was the vase containing the oil. A woman accosted me, and with a silver spoon moved aside the clothes, and wanted to anoint me with the sign of the cross on the forehead, the temples, and breast. I believe this was a mere trick to get money; nevertheless, I do not mean to say that our Lady may not have more power than this image.”

In the Church of San Juan, at Valencia, is a portrait of the Virgin, with a very extraordinary history attached to it. One day she appeared to Martín de Alvaro, a Jesuit, and desired that she might be painted exactly as he saw her. Juanes, the artist, was appealed to, and after a course of fasting and prayer succeeded so admirably that the Virgin, on a second visit, professed herself perfectly satisfied with his performance.

Another very famous picture of the Virgin is in the Church of La Santissima Annunziata at Florence. If we are to take Vasari's word for it, it was painted by Pietro Cavallini; but he must be wrong, for the people of Florence will tell you it was the work of angels: and they have in consequence just been spending 8,000*l.* on it, for a new crown for the Virgin.

The last of these pictures I shall mention is one preserved in the monastery on Monte Nero, Leghorn. This picture sailed off by itself from

Negropont, in 1345, landing at Ardenza. Here a shepherd discovered it, and by the Virgin's special direction carried it to its present resting place.

Painting, however, was not St. Luke's only accomplishment, if we believe the stories told of him. We must allow him to have been a very diligent carver as well. One specimen of his handiwork I shall have to speak of presently, when I come to mention Loretto. In Spain there are at least three images ascribed to him. First of all, one at Guadalupe, only second in sanctity to the image of Zaragossa, to be mentioned by-and-by. "The Virgin of Guadalupe," Ford tells us, "was the great patroness of Estremadura. She guided the invaders of the New World to victory and spoil, and to her a share was always apportioned; hence the number of her shrines in Mexico, where Cortes transported his local recollections. He himself, on landing in Spain in 1538, hurried to worship her image for nine days. He and his followers hoped, by offering at her altar the *spolia opima* of their strangely achieved wealth, to obtain death-bed pardons." The image was given by Gregory the Great to San Leandro, "the Gothic uprooter of Arianism;" hidden during the six centuries of Moorish dominion; and discovered miraculously, in 1330, by a cowkeeper of Caceres. The convent established here in 1389 was at one time the richest in Spain, and the shrine so full of costly offerings that Victor carried off from it no less than nine cartloads of silver.

Next in point of honour is the Virgin of Atocha, at Madrid, the special patroness of the royal family, who used to visit it every Sunday. Its history and the explanation of its name are both extremely uncertain. One account makes St. Peter bring it to Spain; another makes Gregory the Great remove it from Antioch, whence its name. Others, who believe it to have been made at Ephesus in 470, when the Nestorian heresy was condemned, suppose the name to be a corruption of *θεοτόκος*; lastly, Atocha is the bass-weed in which the image revealed itself after the expulsion of the Moors from Castile.

The third is the Virgin of Monserrat, brought to Barcelona in the year 50, by St. Peter. This, too, was hidden from the Moors in 717, and remained buried till 880, when it was discovered by some shepherds who had been led to the spot by angels. A chapel was built for its reception, as it refused to be removed, and there it remained for nearly a thousand years, till the suppression of the convent.

The most famous image, however, in Spain, is that of Zaragossa, which came down from heaven on a pillar which is still preserved there. Like most of these ancient images it is very dark-coloured. The treasures in jewels and gold were once enormous, and rivalled those of Loretto, Monserrat, and Guadalupe, but they were plundered by the invaders. Mellado estimates at 129,411 dollars the *obsequio*, or complimentary *gift*, made by the chapter to Marshal Lannes. Ford tells us some wonderful stories about it. "It restored lost legs. Cardinal de Retz mentions in his *Memoirs* having seen a man whose wooden substi-

tutes became needless when the originals grew again on being rubbed with it; and this portent was long celebrated by the dean and chapter—as well it deserved—by an especial holiday; for Macassar oil cannot do much more. This graven image is at this moment the object of popular adoration, and disputes even with the worship of tobacco and money. Countless are the mendicants, the halt, blind, and the lame, who cluster around her shrine, as the equally afflicted ancients, with whom physicians were in vain, did around that of Minerva; and it must be confessed that the cures worked are almost miraculous.”

It would be both wearisome and useless to try to mention all the famous images in Spain; but three or four may just have a passing notice. One is at Granada, which revealed itself miraculously at Avila, and was brought by Ferdinand and Isabella to the siege of Granada, and set up at San Sebastian; one is at Leon, in the chapel of our Lady of the Dice, so called because an unsuccessful gambler, in a fit of passion, threw his dice at it, hitting the infant's face, which immediately bled; one at Valencia, called *La Virgen de los Desamparados*, made in 1410, by order of the Spanish Anti-Pope Luna, Benedict XIII. In the French invasion this image was created generalissima, wearing the three gold bars—the *Marqués de los Palacios*, who was in command in Valencia, doing his duty by laying his bâton at her feet. The image, however, did not distinguish itself so much as the “*Mondbezwingerin*” at Laybach, which, in one of the Turkish invasions, put itself at the head of the terrified inhabitants, and led them out to victory. At Mondoñedo is one called *La Inglesa*, being the image taken from St. Paul's at the Reformation; with which I may mention one at Aix-la-Chapelle, to which Mary Queen of Scots gave a crown of gold, which is still preserved in the treasury.

Spain, however, has by no means a monopoly of these wonderful images. In France, for instance, is *Notre Dame de Puy*, in the Velay: one tradition would make the original image the oldest in the world, and the work of the Prophet Jeremiah. Those who are content with a somewhat more reasonable antiquity, represent it as made by the Christians on Mount Lebanon, and brought from the Holy Land to France in the time of the Crusades. It was a piece of cedar-wood, wrapped round with strips of papyrus, upon which were painted the face, hands, and feet, all of a negro tint. There is a long list of papal and royal visitors to this most famous image. During the French Revolution the image was burnt, and the present facsimile, made from recollection, does not attract as many pilgrims as the prototype did. Still, even now, as many as 4,000 are said to assemble on the image's feast-day. A portion of the papyrus is preserved in the Museum.

Another famous image in France is that of *Notre Dame de la Garde* at Marseilles, of particular veneration among the sailors in the Mediterranean. In the cabins of all the smaller craft will be found a picture of this image, with a lamp burning before it; and the chapel itself, where the old olive-wood image is preserved, on the top of a bare rocky hill, is crammed

with votive offerings of those who owe, as they believe, their lives to its protection.

In Bavaria, one very famous image is that of Maria Hilf, near Passau. Here the infant Saviour is represented standing on the lap of the Virgin, whilst a stream of water gushes forth at her feet. The pilgrims, who are counted by thousands, have to ascend to the church by a covered staircase, saying a paternoster on each of the 264 steps.

Still more famous is that at Altötting—the Bavarian Loretto. The Black Virgin, in this instance, was brought thither in 696; and there it has continued ever since, except during the Thirty Years' War, when it was removed for a while, with its treasures, for safety to Salzburg. The number of pilgrims to this image is almost incredible, Charlemagne being one of the earliest of its distinguished visitors.

Austria boasts of a famous image at Marbach, in the Pilgrimage Church of Maria Taferl. The image was originally hung on the branches of an oak; and having a great reputation for securing good harvests, was much frequented by the peasantry, who assembled annually to hold a feast on a stone table. When the oak began to decay, a peasant attempted to cut it down; but instead of striking the tree, he only struck his own foot. Looking up, he saw the offended image, which, upon proper intercession, healed the wound. Since then its fame has gone far and wide, and each September sees a crowd of pilgrims to the church, varying from 50,000 to 130,000 people.

Styria has one quite as famous—the black lime-tree image of Mariazell. It was originally the property of a hermit, called Lambert, who visited this country in the eleventh century, and built himself a wooden cell. In the following century a Margrave of Moravia, who, as well as his wife, suffered from gout, had a divine intimation that, by a visit to the Virgin, they would both be cured; which accordingly came to pass, and the grateful convalescents built a stone chapel in place of the cell. Over this has been erected the present magnificent church. The Virgin is represented seated, holding the infant Christ in her arms, and resplendent with jewels. The railing before it is of solid silver, presented, as the inscription informs us,—“*Virgini Cellensi pro filio Josepho a Deo procurato*,”—by the Emperor Leopold. In the treasury is a very large topaz, the gift of Joseph II., a diamond cross contributed by Maria Theresa, and several other very valuable jewels. On one of the jubilees no fewer than 373,000 pilgrims are said to have visited the shrine.

Not less famous is the Virgin of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland. One of the original possessors, in this instance, was a member of the noble house of Hohenzollern, the hermit Meinrad, in the time of Charlemagne, to whom it had been presented by S. Hildegarde, abbess of Zurich. In 861 he was murdered by two robbers, but the crime was discovered through Meinrad's pet ravens, who pursued the murderers to Zurich. The sanctuary was rebuilt and occupied by Benedictine monks. When it was about to be consecrated, in 948,—so the bull of Pius VIII. assures us,—the Bishop

of Constance was roused from his sleep by the songs of angels, and next day informed there was no need of any new ceremonies, as the building had been already consecrated by the presence of our Lord. It soon rose to great fame and wealth, and, except St. Gall, ranked highest of all the Swiss monasteries, the abbot being a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. In 1798 the French, as they thought, carried off the image to Paris, but the monks declared they had been deceived, and that the real one had been safely conveyed into the Tyrol. The average number of pilgrims is said to be 150,000.

Besides these "first-class" images, there are numberless others whose reputation is more local, though scarcely less miracle-workers than their more well-known sisters. The miraculous image in S. Maria in Campitelli, Rome, stayed a pestilence there in 1659; another in S. Maria della Vittoria, is renowned for its victories over the Turks; and a third in St. Giovanni a Carbonari, Naples, is a sure refuge against earthquakes and eruptions whether of Vesuvius or unruly citizens. At Bogen, in Bavaria, is a curious hollow figure of the Virgin, of stone, which signalized itself by swimming up the river,—a similar feat being performed by the image of Notre Dame de Hanswyk, in Belgium. This latter figure, however, fell into the hands of the confederates in 1580, who destroyed it utterly.

Weeping images have excited commotion at different times, but I may allude to one instance perhaps not so generally known as some others are. When the city of St. Petersburg was being built, great consternation was caused by a report that the image of the Virgin had been seen to shed tears. Peter the Great immediately gave orders that it should be brought to him to the palace. On minutely examining the figure, he discovered some small holes in the corners of the eyes, and on turning the figure round, a cavity still containing a few drops of oil. The mystery was explained: the heat of the tapers burning before the image melted the oil, and "hence the tears."

Of all the legends which, in spite of the most clear proofs of their utterly fabulous character, are still treated as real histories by the Church of Rome, the most extraordinary is that of the House of Loretto, to the truth of which the papal infallibility of Leo X. was pledged in 1518.

According to the tradition, the Empress Helena having discovered the habitation of the Virgin, built over it a magnificent church, in which was the inscription: "Hæc est ara in qua primo jactum est humanæ salutis fundamentum." This church having been destroyed by the Saracens, the house was transported by angels on December 10, 1291, to the coast of Dalmatia. On the hill near Fiume, where it is said to have rested, is a pilgrimage church, with a somewhat long staircase to it of four hundred steps. It remained there exactly three years, when it suddenly appeared at Loretto, St. Nicholas of Tolentino being specially warned by the Virgin of its arrival. At first it seems to have been somewhat

uncomfortable in its new quarters, but after three changes of position finally settled down in 1295 in the spot where it now stands.

The house itself is a very rude building of brick, about thirteen feet high, twenty-nine long, and twelve wide, with one door and one window. The angels lost the floor in bringing the house from Nazareth, and a new one accordingly has been provided of white and red marble. Over the fire-place is an image of the Virgin and Child, sculptured by St. Luke. It is of cedar-wood, quite black with age. "Nothing can be more hideous," Murray tells us in his indispensable *Handbook*, "more fetish-like, swathed in a ball-shaped dress, hung with gems of enormous value. The figure of a black doll hanging above the door of a dealer in marine-stores is a high work of art in comparison with the effort of the Apostle's chisel." Inside are also three earthenware pots, formerly the property of the Holy Family and once covered with gold, but the French stripped two of them. An Archbishop of Coimbra, in the time of Paul III., stole one of the stones of the Santa Casa; but conscience pricking him, as it did in the case of some purloined illuminations I know of, and health failing, the archbishop made a clean breast of it, restored the stone, and became perfectly whole. An exact imitation of the Santa Casa, image and all, may be seen at Prague. There are few buildings upon which money has been so lavished as on this House of Loretto. It is encased with white marble, most richly and beautifully sculptured, Bramante supplying the designs, and all the most famous artists of the day being employed on the works. Preparations for it began in the time of Pope Julius II., but the works actually commenced under Leo X., and after lasting through the Papacy of Clement VII., were finished in that of Paul III.

Areulf in 700 mentions the Church at Nazareth, and says that "on this site *stood formerly* the house in which our Lord was nursed while an infant." Sæwulf in 1102 mentions the "city of Nazareth being entirely laid waste and overthrown by the Saracens." Sir John Maundeville, who would have revelled in such a story, evidently knows nothing about it; and worse still, Bertrandon de la Broequerie says plainly, "Of the house wherein our Lady was when the angel appeared to her, *not the smallest remnant exists.*" It is about his time—the fifteenth century—that the story first began to be circulated. But anybody that goes to Nazareth now is shown the *cave* in which the Annunciation and other events connected with the Santa Casa took place, though of course an imaginary site has been found for the house as well, over the vestibule in front of the grotto. Stanley, in his *Palestine*, has some such ingenious remarks on the story that I cannot help quoting a few of them. "Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the erusaders in the neighbouring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. . . . Can we wonder that under such circumstances there should have arisen the feeling, the desire, the belief, that if

Mohamed could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mohamed? The house of Loretto is the petrification, so to speak, of the 'Last sigh of the Crusaders.' . . . We can easily imagine that the same tendency which by deliberate purpose produced a second Jerusalem at Bologna, and a second Palestine at Varallo, would on the secluded shores of the Adriatic, by some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on their coasts, produce a second Nazareth at Fiume and Loretto. What in a more poetical and ignorant age was in the case of the Holy House ascribed to the hands of angels, was actually intended by Sixtus V. to have been literally accomplished in the case of the Holy Sepulchre by a treaty with the Sublime Porte for transferring it bodily to Rome, so that Italy might then have the glory of possessing the actual sites of the conception, the birth, and the burial of our Saviour."

Relics of the Virgin are in great abundance. "Forsomuch," says Calvin, "as they holde that her bodye is no more in yearthe, the meane for to bost themselves to have her bones is taken awaye from them." The story of her Assumption, however,—her body having been conveyed to heaven by angels as she was being carried out to burial by the twelve Apostles,—is by no means the original tradition concerning her. Arell speaks of "the empty tomb of stone at Jerusalem, in which the Virgin Mary is said to have been buried; but who moved her body, or when this took place, no one can say." The Third General Council, that of Ephesus, A. D. 341, declared that both the Virgin and St. John were buried in the building in which they were assembled. It has now been authoritatively settled otherwise.

The font in which she was baptized is shown in the Syrian convent of St. Mark, in Jerusalem. The cotton robe worn at the Nativity, and the locket containing her hair, which Charlemagne always carried about with him, have been already mentioned as being preserved at Aix-la-Chapelle. One very strange relic of her, kept at many places, as, for instance, Santiago, Oviedo, &c., is her milk. About this Calvin has, of course, a good deal to say:—"Touching the mylke, [it] is not nowe needfull to number the places where ther is of it, neither shuld we come to any ende thereof, for thir is not so littell a toune, nor so wicked a convent, be it of monkes, or be it of nones, wher some parcell thereof is not showed, some more, some lesse, not that they were not ashamed to bost themselves to have had holle pottle fulls, but forasmuche as thei thought that their lie should be the more covered. They have, therefore, invented to shewe onely as much thereof as might be kept in a glasse, to the end men might examen it no nearer. So that if the holye Virgyné hadde bene a cowe, or that she had been a norse al her lifetyme, yet could she not scarsely have geven suche quantetye of milke: on the other part, I would gladly aske them how this milke, whych at this present daye is shewed almost throughout the world, was geathered for to be preserved untill our tyme. For we doe not reade that ever anye had thys curiositye. It is well sayde that the

shepherdes dyde worshyppe Jesus Christe, and that the wise men did offer to him their presentes ; but it is not saide that thei did carie back mylke for a recompence. Saynet Luke recitethe that which Simeon did foreshewe the Virgine, but he sayeth not that he asked of her milke."

Some of her garments take the place formerly occupied by the Palladium at Troy, of which at least six different "originals" existed in after time ; and the robe of Ilione, one of the seven safeguards of Rome. At Tortosa, for instance, it is her girdle, which she brought with her own hands from heaven in 1178, St. Peter and St. Paul attending her. Its authenticity was vouched for by Paul V. in 1617. "It is brought out to defend the town on all occasions of public calamity, but failed in the case of Suchet's attack." Another of her girdles is at Prato. At Oviedo it is her casulla, which she placed on the shoulders of San Ildafonso at Toledo ; the slab on which she alighted there bearing the inscription,—“Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.” At Chartres it is her under garment, given by Charles le Chauve ; of mighty service on many occasions, especially at the time when Rollo was defeated under the walls of that town by Dukes Rudolf of Burgundy and Robert of Paris. Her pocket-handkerchief is at Prague ; and Calvin mentions likewise her slipper at Saint Jaqueries, a shoe at Sainte Flour, two of her combs, one at Besancon, another at Rome. “There is of her gounes at Rome, at St. John of Latran. Item at St. Barbares' Church ; item at Saint Maria's upon Minerve ; item at Saint Blase Churehe. At Saint Saviour's, in Spaine, at the least, they say they have certain pieces. I have heard of many other places ; but they are not in my memorie.”

I must not forget her espousal ring, now in the Imperial Cabinet at St. Petersburg, and her wedding ring (one of several) at Perugia.

Lastly, let me quote once more from Bertrandon de la Brocquiere. He tells us that at the Deposition “the Virgin was weeping over the body, but her tears, instead of remaining on it, fell on the stone ; and they are all now to be seen upon it. I at first took them for drops of wax, and touched them with my hand, and then bended down to look at them horizontally, and against the light, when they seemed to me like drops of congealed water.” This wonderful stone was at that time at Constantinople.

The cave in which John the Baptist lived in the Wilderness, and the fountain at which he quenched his thirst, are, of course, still pointed out in the Holy Land. But a very curious mistake has been made about the substances mentioned by the Evangelist as constituting his food. There is no reason whatever for thinking that locusts and wild honey mean anything else than locusts and wild honey ; and there is nothing very extraordinary in their forming the food of an Eastern ascetic. But Arculf had pointed out to him “trees with broad round leaves of a milky colour, with the savour of honey, which are naturally fragile, and, after being bruised with the hand, are eaten ; and this is the wild honey found in the woods.” And Maundrell says,—“Near this cell there still grow some old locust-trees, the monuments of the ignorance of the middle times. These

the friars aver to be the very same that yielded sustenance to the Baptist; and the Popish pilgrims, who dare not be wiser than such blind guides, gather the fruit of them, and carry it away with great devotion."

At Sebaste (Samaria) a dungeon is pointed out as the place where he was beheaded, though Josephus says positively that it took place in the Castle of Machærus. At any rate he seems to have been buried at Samaria, "between two prophets," Maundeville assures us, "Elisha and Abdias." The cloth on which his head was laid is one of the four "grandes reliques" at Aix-la-Chapelle. In the time of Julian the Apostate (361-363) some Pagans broke into the tomb, burnt the bones, and scattered the ashes to the winds. Some small portions were collected by the Christians, and sent to St. Athanasius at Alexandria, where the Emperor Theodosius, in 396, built a magnificent church for their reception. "The finger, however, that showed our Lord," Sir J. Maundeville tells us, "saying, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' would never burn, but is all whole. S. Tecla, the holy virgin, caused that finger to be carried to the hill of Sebaste, and there men make great feast for it." By Calvin's time this finger had multiplied most marvellously. "There is one at Besanson, in the church of Saint John the Great; another at Lions; another at Burges; at Florence another; another at Saincte John of Adventures neare to Mascon." The right hand of the Baptist must have escaped altogether, for it is now to be seen at Munich. As for the head the accounts are hopelessly irreconcilable. In Sir J. Maundeville the account is:—"There (Sebaste) was wont to be the head of St. John the Baptist, inclosed in the wall: but the Emperor Theodosius had it drawn out, and found it wrapped in a little cloth, all bloody; and so he carried it to Constantinople: and the hinder part of the head is still at Constantinople: and the fore part of the head, to under the chin, is at Rome, under the church of St. Silvester, where are nuns; and it is yet all broiled, as though it were half burnt: for the Emperor Julian above mentioned, of his wickedness and malice, burnt that part with the other bones, as may still be seen; and this thing hath been proved both by Popes and Emperors. And the jaws beneath, which hold to the chin, and a part of the ashes, and the platter on which the head was laid when it was smitten off, are at Genoa: and the Genoese make a great feast in honour of it, and so do the Saracens also. And some men say that the head of St. John is at Amiens, in Picardy; and other men say that it is the head of St. John the Bishop. I know not which is correct, but God knows; let however men worship it, the blessed St. John is satisfied." The Amiens head was brought there by Wallo de Sarton, a canon of that cathedral, when Constantinople was taken by the French in 1204; and, according to Calvin, there is the "signe of the cut of a knife, overwhart the eye, which they say Herodias gave him." In the Revolution, it was a good deal damaged, and now consists only of the frontal bone and upper jaw. Another head used to be shown in the Abbey of St. Acheul, and two

or three others in different places in France. All travellers to Damascus, however, know that the Baptist's head is preserved there,—one of the most holy relics of the place. “In the Church of St. John the Baptist, now converted into a mosque, and held too sacred to enter, or almost to look into, are kept the head of St. John and some other relics, esteemed so holy that it is death even for a Turk to presume to go into the room where they are kept.” It is preserved in a casket of gold. Khaled, after capturing the city, insisted on being conducted into the cave in which it is kept. Even there, however, it cannot have a perfect set of teeth, for one of them is at Vienna.

Of St. Peter the number of relics is, as we might expect, very considerable. Amongst the earliest was one formerly kept, so tradition says, in the cloisters at Westminster—a portion of his fishing-net. The two chains with which he was bound at Jerusalem were given to the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius, on her visit to that city in 439. One of them she sent to Constantinople, the other to her daughter Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III., at Rome, by whom they were deposited in a church on the Esquiline, built by her, and now called S. Pietro in Vincoli. Both chains appear to be there at present, kept in a bronze tabernacle executed by Pollajuolo. The chain at Constantinople must have been removed in very early times, for we find the ambassadors of the Emperor Justinian begging some small portion for their master. Filings of these chains, enclosed in crosses and golden keys, were a highly esteemed gift in the Middle Ages. Gregory the Great sent such a key to King Chilbert. One link of the chain is shown at Vienna. “The iron gates through which the angel of the Lord led Peter out of prison, and which were never opened afterwards,” were to be seen in Jerusalem in the time of Bernard the Wise. The door of the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, at which Peter knocked, is in the Syrian convent of St. Mark in the same city. One of his sandals is at Oviedo; and “at Sainct Saviour's in Spaine,” says Calvin, “they have one of Sainct Peter's slippers, but of the fashion and the thing whereof it is made, I can make no mencion; but it is to be supposed that it is such like marchandise as that which is at Poitiers, the whiche are made of satynne brodered wyth gold. Behold howe brave they do make him after his death for to recompense him of the povertie wherein he lived duryng his lyfe tyme.” At Oviedo also is a portable altar, which he and the other Apostles used to carry about with them. “It is shaped like a book, is encased in silver, and decorated inside with ivory-carvings, and certainly is a work of the tenth century.” En suite with this there is his cope at Rome, on which Calvin remarks: “It was not yet in those dayes the fashion or maner so to disguyse themselves; for they did not playe the kynde of Maskers in the Churehe as they do at this present;” his crozier “shewen at Sainct Steven of Grees at Paris;” and his sword, about which “thei marre all, in that they can not agree, for they of Cologne fermeli maintaine that they have it, and likewise they of Tryer;

so in belyng the one the other, thei geve good occasion that one shuld beleve neither of them both."

It may appear strange that the question whether St. Peter were ever at Rome or not could ever have been a matter of controversy; yet no little pains have been taken to show that the stories of the Apostle's visit to that city are wholly apocryphal. The question, however, has now, I believe, been pretty well settled in the affirmative, and the attempts to upset it acknowledged as the invention of some over-zealous Protestant, perhaps as a set-off against the Popish cock-and-bull story of the "Nag's Head" consecration of our English bishops. The reason of his visiting Rome was, according to tradition, to counteract Simon Magus, who had acquired great influence even with the Emperor, and yet was so feared by the people that a statue was erected to him with the inscription "Simoni Deo Sancto." Whilst at Rome he was the guest of the Senator Pudens, whose daughters, Praxedes and Pudentiana,—the Senator himself had been St. Paul's first convert in Rome,—were persuaded by him to embrace Christianity. The site of this house is now occupied by the church of S. Pudentiana, and here the table at which he ate is still preserved. The "Pontifical chair" in which he and many of his successors sat is in St. Peter's, encased in bronze, the work of Bernini in 1667. The *marble* throne which he used at Antioch is in the Church of S. Pietro di Castello, in Venice. The wooden table used by him in the administration of the Eucharist is at the Lateran—none but the Pope, or a Cardinal authorised by special brief, being allowed to officiate on it now. The prison in which he was confined was the Mamertine. Here is still pointed out the pillar to which he was bound, and a mark on the surface of the wall is said to have been made by his head, in some rough treatment by his gaolers. Processus and Martinianus, the two men into whose charge he was committed, were soon converted by his preaching, and as there was no water at hand with which to baptize them, a spring, still existing, burst up in the prison. One tradition as to the site of his crucifixion led to the building of Bramante's most beautiful temple of S. Pietro in Montorio, in the crypt of which is shown the hole in which the cross stood. Another tradition gives a very different locality. After his crucifixion his remains were placed in the catacombs of the Vatican, but removed to those of S. Callixtus when Nero made a circus over the Apostle's first burying-place. In the time of Vespasian an attempt was made by some Greeks to carry off his remains and those of St. Paul. On being recovered they were placed for some time in the catacombs of the Church of St. Sylvester. When St. Cornelius removed them from this place in the middle of the fourth century, the bodies were divided,—one half of each Apostle being deposited in the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura on the Ostian Road, the other half of St. Peter's body being carried back to its original burying-place, where it is still. On the Friday before Palm Sunday these relics are placed upon the high altar, and the Pope goes in great state to visit them. The heads of

both Apostles are in the Lateran, encased in silver, and some of their teeth are in the Church of S. Prassede. I must not forget his toenails, which at one time are said to have been so abundant that they would have filled a sack.

St. Andrew suffered martyrdom at Patras, in Achaia, on a cross of the shape still called St. Andrew's Cross. It was brought to the nunnery of Weaune, near Marseilles; but was afterwards removed to the Abbey of St. Victor, where it is still preserved. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, having obtained some portions of the cross in 1483, put his new order of knighthood, the Golden Fleece, under the patronage of St. Andrew, just as King Achaius did in Scotland, and as has been done in Russia. The body of the Apostle was carried to Constantinople in 367, where it remained till 1220, when it was removed to Amalfi. Another tradition, however, tells us that Regulus, a monk of Patras, being warned by a dream, set off in 369 with "the relics" of St. Andrew, and landed in Scotland, where the relics were deposited in what was afterwards the Cathedral of St. Andrew's, the Apostle becoming soon afterwards the patron saint of Scotland. Whether these relics consisted of more than an arm is not quite clear. The head, however, came into possession of Pius II. in 1461—accounts differ as to the source—and is now at St. Peter's. It was stolen in 1848, but afterwards discovered and restored. Whilst the body was at Patras, an oil distilled from it, which had great reputation for miraculous cures. After being at Amalfi for some time, the oil made its appearance again, and became both famous and profitable, under the name of the "manna of St. Andrew." Amongst other wonderful things it performed, it dispersed the Turkish fleet under Heyradin Barbarossa, in 1544.

The Amalfi body, however, was not the only one that St. Andrew possessed. Before the Revolution, the Church of St. Simeon at Toulouse was owner of no less than six, if not seven, of the Apostles, St. Andrew being one of them. No wonder there was an inscription over the entrance, "Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus." Besides the head at Rome, Calvin tells us, "there is in Sainct Grisogone a shoulder, at Sainct Eustace a side, at the Holy Ghost's Church an arme, I cannot tel what other part at Blaise, at Aix, in Province, a fote."

St. James the Greater is the patron saint of Spain. The body of the Apostle, after his decapitation, placed itself in a boat, which came for the purpose, and set off for Spain. On his way he passed by Bouzas, in Portugal, where the wedding of the lord's daughter was taking place. One of the amusements on the occasion was throwing the cane, which took place on the sea-shore. To the consternation of the party, the bridegroom's horse plunged into the sea, only emerging when it reached the boat of St. James, which had stopped for the purpose. After the interview, the horse again disappeared, landing afterwards covered, as well as his rider, with scallop-shells; St. James being pleased to promise that he would take good care of any pilgrim who should visit his future

shrine, and wear a scallop-shell in token of having done so. Papal bulls excommunicated those who dared to sell pilgrims scallop-shells, except at Santiago.

Leaving Bouzas, the saint's body continued its voyage, and landed not far from Santiago, the stone on which it lay down enveloping it like a cloak. After sundry perils, it was hid in a cavern, where it remained nearly 800 years, when it was discovered by a hermit and removed to Santiago. A pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella (*Campus Stellæ*, from the star which pointed out the place where the body lay,) was as indispensable in the Middle Ages as that to Mecca is for Mohammedans now. No fewer than 2,460 licences for this pilgrimage were granted to Englishmen in the year 1434. At the battle of Clavijo—one of the thirty-eight occasions on which St. James came to help the Spaniards—he appeared, as Castor and Pollux did at Regillus, on a “steed as white as snow,” and killed 60,000 Moors, and ever since then “Santiago!” has been the battle-cry of Spain. In one of the Mexican engagements in which he appeared, his charger was a grey one. Bernal Diaz, who was present on the occasion, thinks that the rider was really Francesco de Morla, and not the Apostle. “Nevertheless,” he adds, “it may be that the person on the grey horse was the glorious Apostle St. James, and that I, sinner as I am, was unworthy to see him.” An articulated figure of the Apostle, kept at Burgos, was sometimes used to place the crown on the heads of the Kings of Spain. A duplicate body was among the treasures of Toulouse; and Southey tells us, ancient his heads in Spain, that though at first

He had no head,
He afterwards had two;
Which both worked miracles so well,
That it was not possible to tell
The false one from the true.

Tradition represents the beloved disciple St. John to have risen again in bodily form immediately after death, and to have ascended into heaven. There are consequently very few relics of him remaining. Sir J. Maundeville has two traditions about him: first, that in his tomb at Ephesus “is nothing but manna, which is angels' meat;” and, secondly, that he is not dead, but sleeping there. “And in truth there is great marvel, for men may see the earth of the tomb many times openly stir and move, as though there were living things under.” At Rome, the Church of S. Giovanni in Oleo marks the place where, by order of the Emperor Domitian, he was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, out of which he came unhurt. A portion of his coat is at Vienna. The cup out of which he drank poison—tradition varies very widely as to the occasion—had become double in Calvin's time. “The one is at Bullin, and the other at Rome, at Saint John of Latran.” He should have said in the Church of S. Croce. A cloth that had enveloped his body was at Rome in the time of Gregory the Great, when the Empress Constantia sent to

him for some relics of St. Peter and St. Paul. He sent her instead a portion of this "*brandeum*." The Empress being much displeased, the Pope, to show that such things were not to be despised, laid the *brandeum* on the altar, took a knife and pierced it, and forthwith there issued a stream of blood.

There were also two relics connected with him after his resurrection: one a sandal which he brought to the Empress Galla Placidia, A.D. 425, for the church she built to him on her preservation from a storm she met with on her way from Constantinople to Ravenna; the other a ring, which Edward the Confessor gave to a mendicant pilgrim, as he was returning one day from Westminster Abbey. Four-and-twenty years afterwards, St. John presented himself to two English pilgrims in Palestine, and commanded them to restore the King his ring, which had really been given to himself. This was done accordingly. On the King's death it was committed to the Abbot of Westminster, to be kept there for ever; and there, no doubt, if it is not gone, it remains still. Another account, however, says that it was deposited in the chapel of Havering, in the parish of Hornchurch, Essex, and there remained till the Reformation.

St. Philip had two bodies, one at Toulouse, the other in the church of the Santi Apostoli at Rome. His arm was brought from Constantinople to Florence in 1204. St. Bartholomew was even better provided; one body is in the church of S. Bartolommeo in Isola at Rome: another, Calvin tells us, was "in the kingdom of Naples; and yet, above all this, the skinne of Sainct Barthelmew is at Pise," and a hand besides, not to mention other relics in other places. The Roman specimens came there in 983, having been in 508 at Duras in Mesopotamia, then in the Isle of Lipari, and subsequently at Benevento. The Bishop of Benevento sent an arm to Edward the Confessor, who gave it to the Cathedral of Canterbury.

At Croyland Abbey there used to be a custom of giving small knives to all comers on St. Bartholomew's Day, in allusion to the tradition of his having been flayed alive by order of Astyages, King of Armenia. It was put a stop to in the time of Edward IV. on account of the expense.

"Saint Matthew and Saynct Thomas have remayned the most poorest," says Calvin; but he mentions the body of the former as being at Salerno, where it is still, in the cathedral dedicated to him by Robert Guiscard, the Norman King of Naples and Sicily, who plundered Pæstum to decorate it. The body was brought from the East in 930. "Wyth his bodye he hath but onely certayne bones at Trier, an arme at Rome, at Sainct Marcell and at Saynct Nicolas a head." One of his bones is at Cologne. St. Thomas's body is mentioned by Calvin as being "at Ortono;" his head is at Valencia, "which was taken every year in grand procession to revisit his body at the Socos." But Sir J. Maundeville declares that in the country of the Mabaron, ten days' journey from India, "lies the body of St. Thomas, the Apostle, in flesh and bone, in a fair tomb, in the city

of Calamy, for there he was martyred and buried. But men of Assyria carried his body to Mesopotamia, into the city of Edessa; and afterwards he was brought thither again. And the arm and the hand that he put in our Lord's side when he appeared to Him after His Resurrection, is yet lying in a vessel without the tomb. By that hand they make all their judgments. For when there is any dissension between two parties, and each of them maintains his cause, both parties write their causes in two bills and put them in the hand of St. Thomas; and anon he casts away the bill of the wrong cause and holds still the bill with the right cause. And therefore men come from far countries to have judgment of doubtful causes." A cross stained with his blood, and part of the Brahmin's lance that caused his death, are said to have been found, together with some of his bones, at Malipur, the ancient metropolis of Coromandel, by one of the viceroys of John III., King of Portugal.

Maundeville was much astonished at the veneration paid to an idol in the same church in which the body of the Apostle was resting. "To that idol men go on pilgrimage, as commonly and with as great devotion as Christian men go to St. James or other holy pilgrimages. . . . In a word, they suffer so great pains and so hard martyrdoms for love of their idol, that a Christian, I believe, durst not take upon him the tenth part of the pain for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ."

James the Less was to be found at Toulouse, and again in the Church of the Santi Apostoli at Rome. A spare head is at Santiago. If he were the same person with James the first Bishop of Jerusalem, there is another relic connected with the Apostle, the episcopal chair he used to occupy, now preserved in the Armenian convent at Jerusalem.

The bodies of St. Simon and St. Jude pretty well exhaust the list of the treasures of Toulouse; other relics of them are at St. Peter's.

I must not forget the tree on which Judas Iscariot hanged himself. In Bishop Arculf's time it was a fig-tree, but Sir J. Maundeville calls it an elder. It is a solitary blasted tree, standing on the Hill of Evil Counsel.

On the site of the house of St. Mark, at Jerusalem, is now a church, containing the font, with its silver cover, in which the Evangelist was baptized. When murdered in Alexandria, the Christians collected his mangled remains, and deposited them in a church in that city, where they remained till 815, when Bono, the tribune of Malamocco, "conveyed" them to Venice, where they were placed in the Church of St. Theodore. Subsequently this church was destroyed, and the present noble structure erected in its stead. The saint's body was placed in a secret spot under one of the great pillars, for fear of a second over-zealous relic-hunter. St. Mark is the patron saint of Venice, and his name her battle-cry. In the treasury is a reliquary, said to contain a fragment of the autograph copy of his Gospel. His ring, in the same treasury, was put into the hands of a fisherman, who on February 25, 1340, rowed three men out to sea in the midst of a fearful storm, which threatened to destroy the

city. The three passengers were in reality St. Mark, St. George, and St. Nicholas di Lido; and the ring was to be the warrant for the handsome reward the fisherman was to claim from the State, as having been the means of its preservation.

St. Luke, according to one account, suffered martyrdom at Patras. Accordingly it was from that place that his remains were translated by Constantius, in 357, and carried off to Constantinople; though some portions appear to have been sent to Brescia, Nola, and Fondi. When the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople was repaired by Justinian, three wooden chests were found, with inscriptions stating that they contained the bodies of St. Luke, St. Andrew, and St. Timothy. Gregory the Great had the head conveyed to Rome, and placed in the monastery of St. Andrew. Other relics of the Evangelist are to be found on Mount Athos.

With respect to other persons whose names are mentioned in the Gospels, I may say that the arm of St. Simeon, on which he bore our Lord in the Temple, is at Aix-la-Chapelle; and Bertrandon de la Brocquiere was shown his body at Zara, in Dalmatia. The remains of Nicodemus are at Pisa, to which city they were given, together with those of Gamaliel, by Godfrey of Bouillon, for the services its citizens had rendered him in the Crusades.

Joseph of Arimathæa set off from Palestine with the determination to wander about the earth till he had found a second Mount Tabor. Eventually he landed on Wearyall Hill, near Glastonbury, the low grounds in those days being covered by the sea, and in the Tor recognized the object of his search. He struck his stick into the ground (another tradition says, a thorn from the Crown of Thorns), where immediately it took root, becoming, in fact, the famous Glastonbury thorn, which, according to a most true and veritable chap-book, budded on the morning of Christmas Day, blossomed at noon, and faded away at night. The original tree existed till the time of Queen Elizabeth, when one of its two trunks was destroyed by a Puritan, who would have cut down the other as well, if a chip had not jumped up, of its own accord of course, and put his eye out. A "military saint" in the time of Charles I. completed its destruction. Descendants, however, which still bloom at Christmas, may be seen in the abbey grounds. Another famous tree at Glastonbury was the walnut, brought by a pilgrim from Palestine, which came suddenly into leaf every St. Barnabas's day, fragments of which were highly esteemed as charms against every sort of misfortune. King James, though he did not believe in tobacco, was a firm believer in the Glastonbury walnut.

It may seem strange that any uncertainty should exist as to whether Mary Magdalen was the same person as Mary the sister of Martha or not, yet not only is the point uncertain, but so strong is the evidence on both sides, it appears absolutely indeterminable. Common tradition, however, makes them the same, and represents the Magdalen coming, with her sister and Lazarus, to Marseilles, where Lazarus was the first bishop, and

taking up her abode in a cave called Le Saint Beaume, between Toulon and Marseilles. Her relics were discovered in the thirteenth century at St. Maximins, and "were authentically proved genuine by many monuments found with them." Charles of Anjou, who had been taken prisoner by the King of Arragon, ascribed his liberation to the Magdalen, and caused her remains to be transferred, with great pomp, to the church he had built at that place; and there they exist still. The head is in a subterranean chapel, in a gold case set with large diamonds. It consists only of her skull, except a small portion of the forehead—the spot where our Saviour is said to have touched her. But there are other claimants for the possession of her relics. As Calvin says, "There foloweth after Lazarus and Magdeline his sister. As touching him, he hath, as farre as I know, but thre bodies; one is at Mersels, the other at Authum, the thyrd at Avalon. . . Forasmuch as Magdeline was a woman, it behoved that she should be inferiour to her brother, therefore she hath but two bodies, whereof the one is at Vesele, near Auserre, and the other, which is of greater renome, at St. Maximins, in Province. There where the head is a part, with her *noli me tangere*, whiche is a piece of waxe, which some doe thynke to be the marke that Jesus Christ gave her in despit because he was sory that she woulde touch him." The Vezelay one, Butler suggests, may be that of "some other Mary mentioned in the Gospel." Calvin, however, had never read *Willibald's Travels*, or he would have known that a third body was at Ephesus, which the Greeks held to be the genuine one, and which was translated to Constantinople by Leo the Wise.

Of the Apostle chosen into the room of the traitor—St. Matthias—one body is in the abbey church of Trier, another at St. Maria Maggiore at Rome—though this last may possibly belong to another Matthias, one of the early bishops of Jerusalem; and Calvin declares there is another at Padua. "Besydes this, he hath a head and an arme aparte likewise at Rome."

The remains of St. Stephen were interred about twenty miles from Jerusalem, at the expense of Gamaliel. Here they remained till the fifth century, when Gamaliel himself revealed to a Greek priest the place of their sepulture. They were then transferred, in the first instance, to Jerusalem, and secondly, by Theodosius the younger, to Constantinople; though Sir J. Maundeville says the greater part of his head was still in Jerusalem in his time. Some of his relics had also been carried off to Glastonbury in 962, along with those of the patron saint of Wales, St. David, who had built a chapel there. Some of St. Stephen's bones, and of his blood as well, are at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Constantinopolitan relics were removed by Pope Pelagius to Rome and deposited in the Basilica of St. Lorenzo. When the sepulchre of that saint was opened for the reception of St. Stephen, he moved on one side to give the proto-martyr the place of honour, and won himself very properly in consequence the title of "Il Cortese Spagnuolo."

Many places are pointed out as connected with St. Paul. For instance, there is, at Damascus, the house of Justus, where he stayed on his first visit there, containing, curiously enough, the tomb of Ananias, though Ananias's own house is pointed out in another part of the city. The Turks in Sir J. Maundeville's time, and perhaps still, held the tomb in great reverence and kept a lamp constantly burning before it. Then there is the window where he was let down by a basket, but the basket itself seems to have disappeared. Then at Rome we have the centurion's house in which he lodged, now occupied by the Church of S. Maria in Via Lata, with a spring of water to which a similar history is attached as that of St. Peter's in the Mamertine prison. The house of Pudens, whose wife Claudia is called the daughter of Caractacus, in which he afterwards lodged, has been already mentioned. He is said to have been beheaded on a spot now made most dreary and desolate by malaria, where is the Church of S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane, which gets its name from the three fountains which sprang up on the three places where his head bounded after decapitation. The pillar also is shown in the same church on which he was put to death. Allusion has been already made to some of the removals his body has had: one half is now in St. Peter's, the other in the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, so interesting to Englishmen as the church of which our Kings were protectors before the Reformation. The original church, however, was burnt down in 1823. His chains are also at Rome, except perhaps one link, which is at Vienna. His head is kept with that of St. Peter in the Lateran.

Barnabas is said to have been stoned to death at Salamis in Cyprus, and there buried. His remains were found in the time of the Emperor Zeno, with the autograph Gospel of St. Matthew, which he had always carried about with him on his breast. It was sent to the emperor.

I must only further mention that the relics of Aquila and Priscilla are in the Church of S. Prisca at Rome.

NOTE.—I am enabled through the courtesy of Mr. Ainsworth, of Smithills Hall, to say that the impression of the foot of George Marsh, mentioned in the January number of the *Cornhill*, was not destroyed by fire, but "is still an object of curiosity and interest to a large number of visitors."

Lettrice Lisle.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FIGHT WITH THE "FAIR TRADERS."



IT is a very painful moment to a girl, all whose actions have been hitherto under the control of others, when she suddenly finds that the responsibility of decision really rests upon her, and that no one else can share with her the bitter burden of inflicting pain—that it is her own will which has done the deed, her own words which have given the wound, and that she can shelter herself behind no one else even in her thoughts for the act. Lettrice passed a miserable night and morning; she had no one to speak to, no one who could give her a word of comfort or advice. She dared not go down to “The

Chine,” for she knew how tenderly Mary felt towards her brother-in-law and did not feel sure how she would take her refusal.

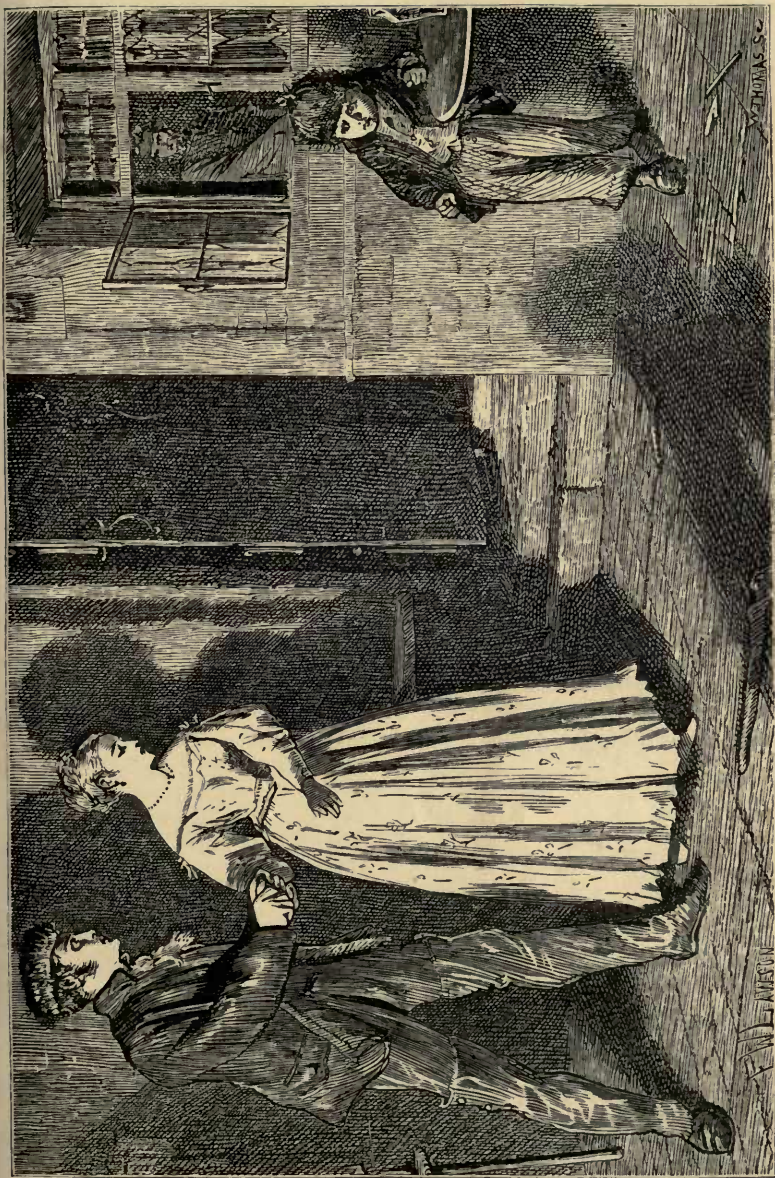
There was a good deal of coming and going at the Puckspiece, but “you’d best know nothin’ of it, if so be you should be asked,” said Mrs. Edney, when she inquired.

Late in the afternoon, however, David appeared with the important air of a messenger of state.

“Aunt Mary sends word as how you’re to go down to her without fail, as soon as may be, and she was all alone she bid me say, and wanted ye sorely, and I’m in a great hurry,” he called out when she tried to stop him, and ran off.

She hurried down to the pilot’s cottage as soon as she possibly could.

“Oh, Lettie!” said Mary, eagerly, as the girl came panting into the house; and then she paused as if she hardly knew how to go on. “Set ye down, chile; why, you’re all in a trimble with coming so fast. What



LETTICE'S LOVERS.

were that imp Davy about to hurry ye so?" said she, as if to gain time. "I wanted to see ye, Lettie, sorely: there's such a deal going on, and folk setting theirselves to their ruin, and no one to speak a word like, and I scarce know where to turn," said the poor woman, strangely moved from her usual calm condition. "There's summat doing more nor or'nary—a great landin' o' goods somewhere or 'nother: that imp David telled me a bit, and I wormed the rest out o' Edwin's wife. Ye didn't know (how should ye?) how Jesse's been strivin' these months past to persuade Caleb to give o'er wi' fair-trading and bide along o' he. 'Tain't so much as he thinks a keg or two o' sperits nor a bit o' sugar 'll do any one's soul hurt; but there's been summun killed down coast, where there was a big run last month, and the revenue officers is just mad, and swears summun shall hang for't next time they catches 'um at it; and Jesse he said, says he, when it come to losing life and takin' of it, he did conceive that were agin God's law, let alone man's, and that Caleb hadn't no right to risk doing neither the one nor the t'other. And the lad had as good as said he would give o'er wi' 'um and not go nigh 'um no more—" and then Mary hesitated. "And last night when he come home he were like one crazy mad, and said he didn't care what came o' him wi' the gaugers, and then he went off wi' Edwin, as had waited for him with the boat, hopin', after all, as he might think better on it. Yer father's been egging of him on, and persuading him as this'n were to be the biggest ventur' of the season, and 'twould be coward like to leave 'um that time when they was sure to have a fight for't: that's what Edwin's wife telled me, and Caleb went off wi' he yesterday. Eh, if I had but heerd on it! but they never tells me them things, because o' Jesse. And yer father! if he chooses to risk his own neck, he didn't ought to lead they young 'uns into the trouble. He were in for it hisself ten year agone, and left, ye know, to be out o' the way; and when he thinks 'tis blowed over, here he's risking it again. And now he's after my boy, who'd ha' been quiet enow an he'd been just left alone," moaned Mrs. Jesse.

Lettice sat by with her hand over her eyes, but did not speak.

"I did think maybe Caleb might be up to yer father most like even now. They never knows, not exact, when nor where the run will land, and this time the cutter's out, and the coastguard has warning a' along the line, and that makes our fellows just more mad for to circumvent 'um."

"But what can I do?" said Lettice, the great tears gathering in her eyes.

"They say as they'll land first at the Puckspiece for to git yer father. Couldn't ye send and say wouldn't Caleb come to ye, and then if ye can get the speech o' him, tell 'un it isn't right o' him to be so venturesome, and to risk his life like that—ask him not to fling hisself into the fire, as no good can come of it."

"But he won't give it o'er for me asking o' him," replied the girl.

"He'd do anything you asted o' him," said Mrs. Jesse, energetically,

without looking at her. "Don't ye know as he'd lay his hand o' the fire if ye wanted it?" And she wrung her hands as she spoke.

"I'll try what I can," said Lettice, slowly; "but wouldn't he think as I meant more than——?"

"Couldn't ye think o' him, Lettie?" interrupted Mrs. Jesse. "There ain't many not like him. He's so tender; and thoughtful, and kind, for all that bantering way with him. I dunnot know what like him may be as you've a set yer mind to, but he must be a terrible good 'un as he's fit to tie his shoestrings to Caleb, as yer father's a lurin' on to destruction."

Lettice looked the picture of misery, but she was silent.

"And a queer thing love is, to be sure," said Mrs. Jesse, almost passionately. "Here's this 'un ye cares for as ye scarce know, nor has seed not a score o' times in yer life, maybe; and for to be true to he as don't care so much as to come anigh ye this long fur time" (Lettie winced) "ye won't hold out yer hand ever such a bit to save life and liberty for one as is being dragged in by yer own father to his ruin, and would lay down his life cheerful for ye any day, as well ye knows it. Save him, child, if ye can, and see after about lovin' of him."

Poor Lettice was sore beset; she had risen to go, and stood now, the great tears rolling slowly down her cheeks, but very still, with her hands clasped before her so tightly that her own gripe gave her pain, while she was hardly conscious of the reason.

"I'll do what I can," said she; "but 'twouldn't do to ask him to stop for my sake when I haven't got that sort to give 'um as he wants me to, or to hinder of him going with that kind o' words, aunt Mary; 'twould do no good for to act lies no mere than to speak 'um. I don't love him. I'll go home directly, happen he may come up to our place though."

"I don't want thee to say aught to him as isn't true; but sure, plenty's the words as thou could'st find in thy heart for to say to him an yer would try for 'um as is true as gospel, and yet would serve to kip him quiet for a while till this bout's over."

Mrs. Jesse was more used to give help and advice than to ask for either. She felt as if she had done her hard task ungraciously, and was urging the poor girl more than she would have dared to do in her calmer moments, and she threw her apron over her head and moaned pitifully.

The afternoon was close, almost oppressive, and hardly a breath of air was stirring. Poor Lettice felt as if she were stifling, and drew near the door, too miserable to answer, and not knowing what to do.

"There's a smartish storm coming up. 'Tis queer weather for so late in the year," said Mrs. Jesse at last, with a heavy sigh, and looking out at the sea. "I wonder where 'twill find the boat! and Jesse, too, where's he? Look at them margets!" she interrupted herself as three magpies flew by. "Two for a wedding, three for a funeral. Whatever

will that mean? David shall go with ye," she added, as she saw Lettice preparing to set out. "'Tis trimming likely as there's bad folk abroad to-day, and he can stop at the Puckspiece for when ye want him: ye may chance find as ye can send to our folk somewhere."

"She must go by the cliffs then if I'm to go with her," said that worthy, with great determination; "there's all sorter things may be a doin' out at sea as a man wants to look at."

They set forth together. The little sheep-path wound in and out, following the line of coast, sometimes so close to the edge that you could pitch a pebble on to the shore a couple of hundred feet or more just below; sometimes the little green riband of turf fell back among the tangles of heather and furze. The boy was so intent upon watching the sea that she could hardly get him along at all.

"I must get on, David," said she, at last. "Look! what's that?" and she laid her hand on him as she pointed to a trim vessel behind him, with all its sails set, which came creeping round the projecting horn of the bay in the windless calm.

"Eh, yer beast!" answered he, shaking his small fist at it. "Bad luck to it. It's the revenue cutter, a villain, hovering round the coast after mischief. And look," he added, "yonder, far out at sea, there's them other sails. I wonder which on 'em is ourn? Wouldn't they give summat to be up here, both on 'um, where they can see out: no end of way off?"

On the dark line of the sea, where it met the horizon, a score of little ships, with all sails spread, trying to catch a breeze, were attempting to get up the Channel; but were almost as stationary as "painted ships upon a painted ocean," each looking like a white butterfly.

There was evidently a storm rising. The deep voice of the sea sounded like the angry growl of a wild beast before it springs: the note was low, but threatening, though all was so still; two or three large drops fell out of the sultry copper-coloured sky.

"'Twill be a wonderful night," said the boy. "Lots o' folk will be about soon as 'tis dark." And he turned to the west, where the sun was setting in a pomp of lurid orange and red.

"They doesn't talk much afore thee, fear thou'lt let out summat; but la! thou'st not sharp enow for that! What hurt could such a little 'un as thee do? Why, I could knock thee down wi' my fut," said the imp, from the height of his magnificent three feet six. "There'll be fine doings p'r'aps, who knows, to-night? Since that run at Roxton Creek a month back, the gaugers, they says, is that mad angry, for not a soul would tell, and the kegs o' speerit worth three guineas each and more; they swore the next should'n't pass like that."

As they reached the little hill behind the Puckspiece came the first thunder-clap, sudden and sharp.

The girl sank into the heather; and hid her face.

“Run, Lettie, yer silly!” cried the little lad, shaking her. “Theest’ll be soaked like a herring!” And he dragged her in as the rain came down like a waterspout, almost before they had gained their shelter.

“You’d best stay to-night,” said Mrs. Tony, as David stood before the fire with much majesty; “yer aunt won’t look for ye.”

“Do ye know what’s come o’ the lugger? When did she get off?” said Lettice, anxiously.

At that moment, Tony came into the kitchen with a wonderfully busy manner about him.

“I shall want ye, ye little chap—ye’d best stay; the speerits is out to-night rumbling and rampaging like anything,” he said, half laughing as he looked at Lettice.

David cast a knowing wink at her. “I’ll stay,” said he, with great condescension.

The rain came down with a will, the thunder-claps succeeded each other like salvoes of artillery, but they did not last: the clouds passed over their heads after a time, and the storm sank away.

The night was very dark, the thunder had not cleared the air, the wind uncertain and in puffs.

“David, come out wi’ ye,” said Tony, who had again left the house, and now looked in with a great armful of sticks. “The bavins* is dry in the sheds: you go and fetch ’em out as quick as you can.”

“A beacon!” cried the boy in great delight, turning head over heels as he spoke.

“You hold your tongue!” said Tony.

“They ain’t a goin’ to land here?” inquired his wife, with some anxiety.

“There ain’t no choice but here. There’s too many to fight to-night. The coastguard’s gone to “The Bunny,” and the cutter’s off the Dutchman’s Wrook. Norton’s got summun to peach as we was going to land there, and the man were to git I dunno what for his pains,” said Tony, with a grin. “The coastguard’s gone there these two hours back to be ready. Russell seed ’em pass all right.”

As the night fell a great waggon and two carts came up the steep sandy road, and took their station close to the little wood.

The beacon was lit on a bare heathery space, just at the very edge of the cliff, and close to where the steep cleft of the bunny opened up from the shore. In spite of the rain the sandy soil was almost dry already, and, with the dry bavins, nominally collected for the brick-kiln, they were able to keep up a great light, which flared high in the air, leaping up in great forked flames from time to time, as armsful of gorse and pine-branches were heaped upon it, and then sinking again low and red.

There was a pause: the men fed the fire steadily, and their black forms could be seen against the light as they went to and fro with the fuel.

* Faggots.

“Whatever have they done to the other beacon at the Monk’s Head?” said one of them: “There did ought to have been one there for to mislead the cutter; but it must ha’ gone out: P’raps their wood ain’t so dry as ourn,” he added, peering into the darkness; “it’s lucky that at Froyle Creek is all right.”

The stamping of the horses was heard on the other side the little wood; else out of the sound of the waves all was still, and the darkness lessening as the moon was rising and the heavy clouds clearing away.

In a few minutes the brown ‘sail of the lugger came in sight for a moment within the circle of light cast by the beacon upon the sea, and then passed into more convenient obscurity. The boats came off with muffled oars, and there was some bustle and confusion on the shore of the little cove, where they were landing the cargo.

Presently a line of heads began to appear above the cliff as man after man came up, each with a keg slung before and two behind. There were few words spoken—a little laughter; but they were in too great a hurry for anything but their work.

“Hand ‘um up one from t’other, t’would be far quicker,” said Norton Lisle’s voice.

The busy line of men stretched from nearly the bottom of the cliff, where the kegs were being hoisted out of the boats, to the top of the bunny, and down the shelving path—slippery with the fir pines—which led through the wood to the spot where the carts were ready in waiting for their cargo.

The last of the kegs was landed and the vessel was just clearing off, when a loud cry arose on land where the men were loading the goods, as the coastguard came upon them, while at sea the dreaded cutter came standing in with all her sails set. She had found out the mistake in her intelligence as soon as the party on shore; but though nearer in distance from “The Bunny,” the wind had obliged her to tack out to sea without even the beacon to guide her the chief part of the way—for the light had been put out as soon as possible after the lugger was safely in, and she had been beating up and down for the point in the dark pretty much at hazard.

“Now for it, lads!” cried Norton, as the “swingels” began to play—the same cudgels with which their ancestors, the West Saxons, had done good service under Alfred; and again later on, it is said, at the battle of Sedgemoor.

To maim an officer in discharge of his duty was “felony without benefit of clergy,” as they knew well, but cudgel-blows were supposed to be all fair play: they were nearly two to one, but the coastguard and the crew of the cutter were both well armed, and the fight was therefore not unequal. In the dark wood many a Homeric combat went on unsung, “and one seized his foeman by the midst, another smiting on the head, dragged him gasping.” There is nothing like the use of blunt weapons for developing individual prowess: to give and take for half an

hour, without serious harm, enables a degree of skill and courage to be shown which is sadly cut short by "villanous saltpetre" taking effect at five hundred yards' distance, while it must have required "a good deal of killing" before Ajax's brazen sword took effect on his foes.

The "swingels" were going merrily, but the blood of the revenue officers began to rise: it was difficult to stand the smart blows of nearly invisible cudgels without returning something in kind.

"Drive on!" shouted Norton to the carters.

"At your peril!" cried the chief gauger. "If the waggons stir, I'll shoot the leader."

The carters, without attending to him, urged on the team; he fired: the poor horse, maddened with pain, turned short round and the man fell under his feet. David was close at hand, nearly under the wheels, but he had as many lives as a cat, and scrambled out on the other side, and the next moment was hammering and shaking the closed door of the house.

"Let me in, let me in, aunt Sally; I must come in."

Mrs. Tony cautiously undid the bolts.

"Give me uncle Tony's pistols—he wants 'um," said he, breathlessly, as she locked the door again.

"And that's what you shan't have," said she, very determinedly.

"I must, I tell'ee! The coastguard's beginning to fire, and the cutter's men has their cutlasses, and don't ye hear Norton screeching like mad to the carters to drive off, and the other t'other gauger shouting to 'um to stop? And they say as that young Wynyate as is so hot agin' the fair trading has just a drove up in a gig wi' another young chap."

"Wynyate?" cried Lettice. "Uncle Ned!"

It was what she had always dreaded; her ideas as to his duties were very vague and uncertain, but she knew that very probably this part of the coast might be within reach of his division. She rushed to the window.

"Uncle Ted," she screamed, "don't kill him! It's my father," she cried in an agony.

"What's the use o' that?" said Mrs. Tony, philosophically. "D'yo think they'd give o'er for a girl screeching and squealing like that?"

But Lettice was deaf to such considerations, and while his aunt's attention was directed to her the boy suddenly undid the bolts, and with a burning stick in his hand, rushed out again into the *mêlée*, which was surging fiercely up now round the carts.

"'Tis the first reel fight as they've had this season," said Mrs. Tony, composedly; "but I wish Tony'd come up; he'll get into mischief surely."

As she was shutting the door again, however, her husband forced his way in.

"I must have the pistols! why didn't you send 'um?" he whispered angrily, as he entered the inner room.

"How can ye!" said his wife, in a low eager voice, as she followed him in. "'Tis felony without yer clergy" (she had got up the phrase most patly) "to resist the officers, as you've telled me score and scores of times."

Tony made no answer, but went on fumbling under the bed where they were hidden.

"And ye'r so lame as ye can't help 'um anything to matter," lamented his wife; "'twould be different if ye was one-and-twenty and had yer legs."

"We might save the run yet," he answered, as he knelt down opening a hole in the floor.

A flash passed over his wife's stolid face: she turned suddenly out of the room and locked the door behind her; the window was grated and there was no other means of exit for the lame man. She found the kitchen empty and Lettice gone.

"To be sure!" said she, as she saw that two of her three prisoners had escaped. "Well, if they likes to get their heads broke, 'tis their own look-out: I've got the one as sinnifies safe," she ended to herself, with much satisfaction.

There had been no shooting hitherto, but of the horse—only fair hand-to-hand fighting; but as Lettice came out the report of one pistol was heard and then another. She had lost sight of David—who had dashed forwards—and drew back terrified under the shelter of the house. In a few minutes some one came up dragging a wounded man towards the lighted window.

"I shall be back directly, Dixon," said Ned. "I must just see that the men squander themselves outside by the carts."

And he was off again before she recognized him in the dark, for there was a cry from the wood for help."

She crouched over the wounded gauger trying to do what she could for him in the midst of her terror.

"Are you much hurt?" said she.

"I ain't much the better for it," answered he; "I'm afraid they've pretty well done for me. I hope they'll catch him that fired," he went on, looking eagerly into the darkness. "It were in revenge for killing the horse I do believe."

At that moment a tremendous flare of fire lit up the whole space round: it gleamed on the pine-trunks among which the men were dodging; it showed the carters hurriedly unlading the useless waggon, and helped them to drive off the smaller carts; and it settled a disputed point in one kicking, struggling mass of legs and arms. Two of the coastguard succeeded in securing a man who certainly without the light would have made his escape, while another of the smugglers threw his opponent in a wrestling-match and got away.

A whole group of men now came up towards the house, gesticulating, talking, and explaining, and Lettice could distinguish Everhard's voice.

"It was that man who fired the pistol—I could swear to it—who's got away," said he.

She was hardly surprised: the faculty of wonder seemed dead in her. She felt as in a dream, when nothing seems improbable, and every one turns up everywhere, and the unexpected is what is likeliest to occur.

"What, Lettie!" cried he, in extreme wonder, when he reached the lighted space before the house. He took hold of her anxiously, but was too much interested in what had happened not to go on with his story. "Ned and I had got hold of one of 'um—I believe it were Red Jack: he was the head one for certain, egging on the rest, and I think it was he fired at Dixon. We should have kept him too, but for that fellow who set upon Ned," said he, turning back towards the prisoner. "And eh! I was like nothing by myself in the big man's hands; he threw me like a child; I never felt such fists. But, I warrant, I could swear to them, and that shock of red hair, anywhere though his face was blackened."

To his surprise he felt Lettice shiver in his clasp. He left hold of her suddenly. What could this fellow be to her?

In another moment the prisoners came up heavily ironed, and escorted on both sides.

Lettice knew that the first of them was Caleb by a sort of instinct, even before she saw him.

"I did my best, Lettie," said he, slowly and sadly. "*He's* safe off, and I should have got away myself if it hadn't been for that beastly light. I wonder who started it?"

The boy put up his face from between the men's legs.

"Oh, Caleb! I's so sorry! I couldn't see, and I did want so bad to see! And the men at the carts was swearin' at the dark, and I thought 'twould help 'um load the kegs, and I set fire to just a very little 'un as had rolled away. I'd allays heerd say the light of the speerits were so fine, and I'd no more thought o' harming ye nor anything!"

The coastguard laughed jeeringly at the boy.

"Well, you've done our business, young 'un, as well as though you'd a been paid for it."

"You've a scuttled my boat pretty fair for me anyhow, David," muttered poor Caleb, with a sigh.

It was but half a victory after all for the revenue officers: their chief was wounded, a great part of the cargo had been carried off; on the other hand, they had secured two prisoners.

"You must manage now for the best yourselves," said Dixon to one of his men, when they had carried him into the house. "I don't think I can do you much more good now. Why, what's this?" he added, as Tony came out of the inner room when the door was undone, crestfallen, but on the whole not sorry to be safe when he saw how matters had fallen out.

"I locked it," said his wife. "He's lame; what for should he get into mischief?"

Dixon laughed rather grimly. "I advise yer, sirrah, to help go after the doctor as fast as ye can, if ye wish to keep out o' mischief with us."

"Lettie, what on earth are you doing here?" said Everhard, gravely, as soon as he had helped to deposit the wounded man on the truckle-bed, and had time to look round.

The girl did not answer.

"Who is Red Jack, and what is he to you, that you should care so for him? I don't understand," went on Everhard, utterly puzzled, and looking jealously about him.

"How was it you was trying to take him?" said Lettice, looking tearfully up into his face. "It was my father, and one of the men says he's wounded too."

"Your father," replied he, with a great start, drawing back.

"Ah," thought she, "he'll not care for me any longer, now he knows that."

"We've no time to lose: there must be men left here to guard what's left of the spirits, and I'm too bad to move," said poor Dixon. "The prisoners must be got off to the cutter. Where on earth can that fellow Wynyate be got to?" he went on angrily. "He's allays for putting himself forward when there's no call for him, and now, when he could do some good, nobody can lay hands upon him."

"He took hisself off with the gig when the cry was as Red Jack had got away," said one of the men—"driving, as it were more convenient so to get to the next coastguard station, he said. He'd rouse the country that side, I take it."

"And that's uncommon cool," cried Everhard, much annoyed. "What a shame! and the mare that's come seventeen miles this evening, and not a minute's rest. He'll founder her as sure as fate, and then whatever 'll my father say? What a fool I was to let him bring me here!" he muttered to himself. "How am I to get back without the trap, I wonder?"

"You must go back in the cutter," said Dixon, wearily, "if that's all. Besides, you'll be wanted as a witness for who shot at me, and I don't choose you should be out of our sights. More by token that you'd scarce be safe going off home by land alone this dark night, after you've been helping to lay hands on some of them fair traders; and there's scarce enow of us for to do the work."

"If Norton Lisle's afoot again, there'll chance be a rescue an we don't make haste," said one of the older men.

"There, do you hear," said Dixon, "you go along with the rest?"

As he spoke, Everhard had gone once more to Lettice's side; but she drew back from him, for in the circle of light outside thrown through the door she saw Caleb's face sad and lowering, with such an expression of pain in it that she could not bear to do anything to increase it. He knew

now only too clearly who it was that stood in his way, and he bit his lip till the blood almost came, as he stood there heavily ironed, utterly helpless, hardly able to move hand or foot.

"Oh, if only we could ha' settled it in fair fight, him and me—fists or cudgels either—we should ha' seen which were the best man of us two fast enough," he muttered between his teeth.

"There's no time to waste, lads," said Dixon, lying back. "Lead off them two towards the cutter. 'Twill be safer that way than by land."

Lettice turned away from Everhard, and went out and up to Caleb's side as they were moving off. She laid her hand upon his bound wrists, but he winced as if the touch had been hot iron, for he read her feeling as plainly as if she had spoken it. He saw it was no love that prompted the act, and he hated the mere compassion, and perhaps undervalued its tenderness.

"Oh, Caleb," said she, choked with her tears, "how can I thank ye enow for getting of him off safe; but what will aunt Mary say when she hears you're took?" she sobbed.

He looked at her darkly for a minute, but did not answer, and they walked him away.

Everhard stood by, watching her angrily. She turned coldly from him—she felt almost as if he had her father's blood on his hands. Why had he thrust himself forward thus to help in taking him? it wasn't his business. Mary's innendoes, too, came back again to her: he might have found out where she was if he had tried before this. Why had he kept away from her all this time?

"So she's took on with that fellow," said Everhard, jealously, to himself. "Well, let her, then!" and he did not seek to come near her again before he followed the rest down to the shore.

The Puckspiece seemed to sink again into silence. David had run off in one direction; Tony was gone for the doctor with one of the men.

The coastguard were busy collecting the scattered kegs. Mrs. Edney was occupied with the wounded man, and Lettice at first had enough to do in assisting her. There was some commotion and noise as other smuggled goods were discovered. But at length they left further examination till daylight, and all was still but the tread of the night-watchers. Mrs. Tony was busy up and down, providing for her unwelcome guests. The sick man had dozed off uneasily. The wind was rising, and sighing sadly in the little pine-wood, as Lettice sat by him, vainly trying to bring her thoughts into order. What would become of her father, and what were the other two out at sea in this stormy night doing and thinking of? Her anger against Everhard sank when she was alone—she discovered all sorts of excellent reasons for his not coming near her—and then she began to take herself to task about Caleb. But her conscience acquitted her in

that direction: she had never encouraged him, or even suspected the young man's love until it was too late.

"What'll they do with that young 'un they've a took?" she heard one coastguard say to the other, as they sat smoking over the fire.

"Hang him," replied an older one, laconically. "Them Edneys is always in mischief."

"Nay, they'll scarce do that, as he weren't armed," said the first; "they'll transport him most like."

So that was what he had risked in trying to save her father.

"Who was that other t'other young chap as drove up wi' Wynyate?" went on the coastguard again.

"'Twere the son of the old feller as lends money, and is no end of rich, they says, down at Mapleford, as is in the ships' office at Seaford; but he'd no call down here with our folk. I can't think what he was after, on'y he's very thick wi' Wynyate."

"Well, that there's the right stuff, though," observed the younger man: "I likes to see a young fellow ready for to hit out agin' anybody and everythink. I wonder is he gone off with the rest in the boat now?"

Tony had returned by this time, bringing with him the doctor: the Puckspiece had not a good name in the neighbourhood; but a surgeon carries a white flag of truce and is welcome and safe everywhere. He did what was necessary for Dixon's wounds, but the man lay in a very precarious state, and the room was so small that Lettice was not wanted any longer: there was more than help enough. "You'd best go to bed, child," said Mrs. Tony, meaning to be kind.

And she retreated to her own little cell. "Nobody wants me," she said, drearily, to herself.

She felt utterly desolate and forsaken: the waters seemed to go over her. There was no one now to whom she could appeal for sympathy: her uncle Amyas could not endure Everhard; even Mary would always feel that she was, however involuntarily, the cause of Caleb's misfortune. Her poor little conscience was tormenting itself with all sorts of doubts: had she done rightly by them all? She seemed to herself like a leaf driven to and fro among these vehement men, with no free will or action left her but the power of giving pain.

The bitter feeling arose within her that by no turn of fate could she now be simply happy at no one's expense, that anyhow she must be the cause of sorrow—until at last she could have moaned aloud as she rocked herself to and fro in her miserable loneliness.

And the stormy wind rose among the pines, and sang its great music among their branches as on a majestic organ, with a solemn sound which made itself heard even amidst the storm of her own feelings, and she turned to listen.

In her Puritan education, her thoughts often came to her, not in her

own words, but in those of the grand old hymns and psalms and spiritual songs of past great men.

“O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,”

it seemed to say to her,

“Our shelter in the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.”

“Our shelter!” “home!” repeated the poor child, as the words sank into her heart and stilled her throbbing pulses. And her whole soul went up in a kind of voiceless prayer. “And then she lay and spoke not, but He heard in heaven.” And soothed and quieted, she fell asleep at last as the dawn was beginning to break.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HALF A GALE IN THE CHANNEL.

EVERHARD had turned away and followed the prisoners and their guard. The dim night made the footing difficult and dangerous through the wood and down the front of the sand-cliffs by which they were to reach the shore. There was no time to be lost; the storm was beginning to rise. “’Twill be a wild night,” said one of the men.

The brilliant lights, where the moon touched the top of a wave, or a shining wet stone, made the black shadows still deeper; and the outlines of the dark figures of the men came out with curious distinctness against the bright light in the sky. By day the features and details are what occupy one’s attention; but in twilight it is the outline which principally strikes the eye.

He crawled down the steep chine as best he could, no one taking any notice of him, or caring what became of him. He was in an exceedingly discontented frame of mind upon all subjects. It is not an agreeable sensation to discover that the father of your intended is a smuggler in danger of his life; or, secondly, that you have yourself been actively engaged, without the smallest necessity—as a labour, in fact, of love—in trying to capture him. He was very anxious about Lettice herself; and, finally, he had been left in the lurch, deserted by his friend, stranded, after having been dragged into the pursuit of the smugglers against his will, as he repeated to himself several times in exculpation of his doings—made use of in a way by no means pleasant to his self-love.

The authority over the party was gone after poor Dixon’s loss, and the next in command was only anxious to get off his men, and entirely careless about Everhard’s comfort or dignity.

“You can go home in the lugger, if you please: the cutter’s full,” he said, somewhat cavalierly, when appealed to.

Everhard's sympathies went over to the enemy. What call had he to help against the smugglers? They had done him no harm: in fact, at that very moment, there was a cigar of very doubtful extraction in his own pocket; and as he scrambled on after the rest, there was great revulsion in his feelings towards them. He was angry with Lettice, with himself, with everybody, in short, except Caleb, who was sitting before him on a stone, with his head on his knees, looking the picture of misery: for he was fastened now hand and foot. His captors had left him for a moment; there was a good deal of delay and difficulty in getting the men and goods on board: the wind was rising fast, and the tide rising.

Everhard stood a little way off and looked intently at him. The motives for most actions are mixed. He is a bold man who flatters himself that he can understand even his own, or unravel their cloudy texture: the strand is far too much twisted in most cases. His pride had been hurt; he had been made nothing of. He was taken honestly with a sudden compassion for the young fellow whose career he had thus helped to cut short. It is unpleasant, until you are used to it, to assist in shutting up a man for seven years or more, with a chance of hanging, for the sake of a law so purely human and conventional as smuggling. A touch of a mock-heroic impulse of magnanimity came over him. "It was an ugly trick in me," said he to himself. "Can you swim?" he muttered in a low voice as he passed him.

Caleb did not answer. He had vowed a deadly hatred in his heart against his prosperous young rival.

"Who's got the key of the handcuffs?" went on Everhard in the same tone. It was like putting an electric spark into a man, to hear a friendly voice at that moment, but there was no time for more.

"Come up," shouted the officer to him through the noise of the surf; "you're to go in this boat." It was putting off to the cutter heavily laden, amidst a great deal of noise and confusion, nobody seeming exactly responsible for anything. The first prisoner had got in, and they were only waiting for Caleb, who had slipped on the sand, and could not rise, manacled as he was.

"He can't get into the boat with those things round his ankles," said Everhard, helping him up somewhat deliberately. They were off a lee shore with a storm coming on,—there was no time to be lost.

"Take him on board the lugger in the other boat, and mind you're careful to put on the handcuffs again as soon as you're in," screamed the officer, much troubled at his divided responsibility, and at not being able to be in two places at once, in his attempt to get off both vessels safely.

The remainder of the guard had succeeded in getting Caleb into the other boat, and then into the lugger, Everhard keeping close to him. In a few more minutes they had raised the anchor, and were going before the wind much faster than was pleasant on a dark night so near the shore.

Two sailors from the cutter had been sent to take possession of the

little vessel, which was prize, and therefore precious to them all, but the rest of the men on board were all landsmen.

"Help me on with those handcuffs," said the officer, holding tight on to Caleb, though the vessel gave such a tremendous lurch that he could only keep his footing by clinging fast to his prisoner. Caleb smiled a little grimly as he set him straight again.

"You'll want all the help you can get, in such weather, I can tell ye," cried Everhard. "The lugger belonged to the man: he can steer her a deal better than any of you will; he can't get away in a sea like this any way, and I wouldn't risk all our lives, if I were you, with tying up the only man on board as knows anything about the boat. Can't ye leave him till morning, and we get near to the shore again?"

The officer was new to the men and not used to the sea, and much taken aback at finding himself in a place of such responsibility, with no one to command him or to be answerable for mistakes; and Caleb was left at liberty. He had not hitherto uttered a word; but, as the boat went plunging over the heavy dark waves, shivering all over, he seized the tiller-ropes out of the hands of the incapable who had hold of them, and shouted his orders to the other men.

"The boat will behave wonderful. She can swim like a duck wi' a man who knows how to handle her," muttered he, with the sort of stern pleasure in danger which a man often feels who is a real master of his work, and quite over and above the hope of escaping from the horror of being shut up within prison walls.

"Keep her head towards Seaford," screamed the officer.

"You'll not see Seaford to-night," said Caleb, "with the wind dead agin' us, and half a gale in the Channel."

But the noise was much too great for any one to be heard. He had said truly: the little vessel seemed to obey his "handling." She shipped no seas under his skilful steering, though the showers of salt spray came rushing over her as she ploughed her way over the enormous rollers of an inky blackness which came in on her straight from the Atlantic, "without a stick between her and America," and threatening to sink her before morning light.

CHAPTER XIX.

WAIFS AFTER A STORM.

THE grey morning was only just beginning to appear, when Lettice was roused from her uneasy sleep by a shower of gravel thrown at the window, repeated again and again. She sprang up, and opening the casement cautiously, saw a little grey thing with a very uncertain outline moving about outside, extremely like the pucks and pixies to whom the place

rightfully belonged. It was making signs to her, and for a moment she drew back startled. "Lettice," said David's voice, "yer father sends ye word as ye was to git him a little bag o' money, o' his'n as is hid—" and here his eager whisper became inaudible.

"Where, David? I can't hear," said the girl, anxiously leaning out of the window.

"'Tis in the old chimley in the room where he bided, eleven bricks from the bottom, five bricks from the side. Yer was to git it out wi' this old knife I've a brought ye. And I wish 'twere me as 'twere to do it—'twould be rare fun. But I haven't a care to let them gauger bodies git hold of me," said he with much importance. "Wouldn't they be glad, not they! Norton'll want his money and things for to git clear out o' the countryside; and don't ye trust Tony not anyways, I was to say. See, yer father fastened this bush to me, and nobody can't tell whether I bean't a bush mysen!" The imp had got a couple of boughs tied to him before and behind, which "puzzled the sight" of him as it were, and he vanished in the gloaming as he came.

The morning rose dark and dismal: the storms of autumn rain, which had now fairly begun, poured down during the whole day without intermission. The revenue officers tore up every plank about the house, and broke into every place they could think of after concealed goods: the burrow in the hill was discovered behind the stables, and kegs were found in the dreaded well.

The whole place was utterly wretched and miserable; there was not a hole or corner where Lettice could take refuge except in the sick man's room, while the splash of the rain went on uninterruptedly hour after hour.

She went round and round, watching anxiously for an opportunity to get alone into her father's room; but there seemed never a chance. "I'll lay me down there and rest a bit," she had heard one of the men who had been up all night say the first thing after she rose.

At last there was a cry that a fresh hole had been found in the hill: for Tony having discovered that he was likely to get into trouble with the "Board," was at last giving his valuable assistance. The men's attention was all turned to the spot—even poor Dixon raised his head; and Lettice hurried into the dilapidated room. The floor had all been torn up, the rain was dripping through the broken roof: the chimney even had been examined, but without success.

She counted her bricks; but David had not told her on which side she was to search, and the first corner which she tried showed no signs that the blackened mortar had ever been disturbed; and she was turning her attentions to the other end, when she started at Tony's voice outside,— "Why, what on airth," said he, "can't ye make a fire in that chimbley where Norton used to bide, if you're so wet as all that?" And she retreated in haste. At last, while the men were occupied in dragging in

the wood and turf, she took her chance in despair, dug desperately again among the bricks, came at length upon the right one, and drew out from behind it a little dirty bag from its concealment, which she had only just time to hide when she was called on imperiously to "get them a light" by the men, and she replaced the brick only just as they came in.

"Bless us, child, why, what's come over ye? What's the matter now ye looks so flustered? Has any o' them men been a speakin' to ye? I'll tell ye what: ye must just be making out going home to yer friends," said Mrs. Tony, as Lettice in a breathless state came back into the kitchen. "Ye must send word as they're to fetch ye. This isn't the place for ye."

"But what if father should come back and want me?" replied Lettice, anxiously, thinking of the bag.

"Lawk-a-daisy, child, how should he come back, I wonder? Why, they'd up and take him like nothing. *He'll* never not come nigh the place. And ye see there isn't vittle for ye here, nor nothing; and you'd be much best out of the way, wi' all these men about. Tony shall drive ye 'cross country: he can borrow his brother's cart, and yer uncle can meet ye at 'The Bugle,' if you write to 'um."

"He'll scarce get it in time," said Lettice. "The letters don't come most whiles but when they're fetched."

"If he ain't there, Tony must just go on wi' ye home."

"Don't ye think Mary'd take me in till I see a bit about father?" insisted the girl.

"She might or she mightn't—I can't say; but ye didn't ought to ask her. You're yer father's child, and all folk knows it now. What a detriment that 'ud be to Jesse pilot, as has allays took such pains for to kip his hands clean o' such-like. And who'll ever be our mainstay now but on'y he? If I might be so bold, sir," said she, turning to the doctor, who had just come in, "as to ask you write for us, as we are in a strait along o' the child, as ought by rights to be sent home away from here. She's 'Red Jack's' girl, she is."

There is no class out of whom so much work, unpaid and unthanked, is got by the community as a country doctor. His time, himself, and all that is his, is supposed to be the property of the public; and it is wonderful how ungrudgingly it is given. The surgeon looked up, under his grizzled eyebrows, at the girl's face as she stood beside him. "So that's Red Jack's daughter, is she? I shouldn't have thought it. Well, she'll be better at home—if she's got one—than knocking about here, that's very certain, now her father's gone: so I don't care if I do." And Lettice's fate was sealed.

Towards evening the rain and wind lulled, and Mary appeared at the door of the house.

"There's nobody strange mustn't come in here," cried one of the men rudely.

"It's the pilot Edney's wife," said the other, a coastguard who was of the countryside. "She's a rare 'un to nuss she is, and she've the beautifullest patience ever I see with the sick 'uns; there was a little lad o' ourn as would niver ha' got through the measles if it hadn't been along o' she."

And upon these testimonials Mary was allowed to come in. She busied herself at first about poor Dixon, and her very touch and manner seemed to set Sally's clumsy contrivances right; so that he looked up relieved. "My head did drub finely afore yer came in; and she elums so, as she gallies me to come nigh the wound," said he, with a sigh.

At last Mary was able to get a word with the girl alone, in the little room behind.

"I didn't ought to ha' urged thee so, dearie, t'other day," were her first words as she sat down on the little truckle-bed which nearly filled the room, while Lettice took the place of a pan of water which stood upon her box, and was pretty nearly the only other furniture. "Sure, yer couldn't help it all anyhow; but I were just mad to think as yon poor lad were flinging his life away like that, and I catched like at the first twig I thought on."

Lettice kissed her gratefully, but was silent.

"So you're going back agin to yer own people," said Mary, thoughtfully. "Well, 'tis clear as day that's the on'y place for ye now, an ye have the leuth (shelter) of a home for to go to. It wouldn't do not for you to stop here any longer. But you'll be a sore miss for me, with yer little ways and yer little face, and who knows when ever we shall meet again? And me as thought maybe Caleb might ha' won upon ye to stop with us for good and all; but it weren't to be, yer see, and we can't go agin what's set down up there, ye know; that's what Jesse says. But what wi' prevenent grace and pedestration, and all them things, why, I'm quite muzzed by times, I am," she said, a little irritably. "But there I knows 'tis all right," added she, taking fast hold of Lettice as if she could not bear to part with her, in spite of this decree of the destinies and Jesse.

"I wonder when we shall hear o' thy father and them all? There, Jesse he couldn't kip away yesterday, but come home to know how it had all gone with Caleb. He were a wrestling in prayer for him pretty nigh the best part all last night after we heard he was took, that it might be made a blessing to his soul. But I could ha' wished as it had been God A'mighty's pleasure he should save his soul, like outside in the world as 'twere," she said, with a sort of impatient sadness. "He were ever solitsome (cheerful) in his mind, and so lissom in his body, as 'twill be hard lines for a free 'un like he to be scrowdged up inside walls wi' a lot o' mean men as has done wrong. Jesse used to laugh and say Caleb in the Scriptur, were a stout young fellow, and a true and brave 'un, too; and so wore this 'un, likewise."

"I've got a little bag o' money o' my father's," said Lettice, writhing under these painful reminiscences, partly to turn the subject, and partly because Mary was a strong box to whom anything confided was sacred and secure. "Whatever shall I do wi' it? Shall I gi'e it to ye to take care on? Won't he most like have to come down to the Chine some time afore long?"

"I'll take it and welcome, child; but I don't know whether he ain't more likelier to ha' dealings now t'other side country: he'll think as ye have it wi' you, and order hisself to get it accordingly." And so the little bag remained behind.

"They say that Caleb went off in the lugger after all. I wonder where they are by now?" continued Mary, with a sigh, as they came out together at an outcry from Sally.

"I wish you'd come here a bit, Mary," complained she. "He's hollerin' after ye like anything is that Dixon. I can't do aught to pleasure him, he's so fractious; and he's that contrary wi' his physic as he's like them razor-fish, which the more you pulls 'um the more they won't come."

"Hasn't there nought been heard o' Red Jack yet?" asked Dixon, as they came in; and Mary once more "soothed and smoothed" the sick man.

"No, and I wonder, too," answered one of the men, who was drying his clothes by the fire. "I thought as that Ned Wynyate would ha' cotch hold on him afore now. He's like a bulldog he is: once he gits a thing in his eye, he do hold on he do."

Chirping Crickets.

I WENT the other night to see a play called *Dot*, in which a beneficent cricket chirping on the hearth brings a kindly warmth to the very hearts of the people assembled round it. The poor, ill-used husband, sitting all night staring at the empty grate, softens and kindles under the influence of this beneficent cricket. The sceptical young sailor tears off his disguise; the narrow-minded taskmaster, after a short experience of the chirpings of this friendly insect, becomes generous, charitable, and begins to pay the most marked attentions to the poor toymaker's daughter. Then, lo, and behold! the fireplace opens, and a glowing apparition comes down the chimney, and the beaming spirit of the hearth is revealed to the spectators, who laugh kindly, and clap applause.

As we all know, it is not only at the play the spirits of the hearth appear. In the darkness of these long winter evenings their lights gleam, and their voices echo cheerfully through the old houses. Newport Refuge (my text for to-day) is alight; other hearths are kindling. There is an old house near the river with red wings, and a stately roof, and diamond panes, where I saw a real spirit on the hearth the other night; only it was more beautiful and shining even than the crowned lady at the play,—a tall spirit in robes of green, lighted by stars, twinkling crimson and golden; a spirit Briareus-like, with outstretched arms, and beautiful gifts hanging from them, and glittering flags and wreaths. All round about it stood a crowd of wistful little babies, with big round eyes, in which this wonderful shining was reflected. Only one night in all the year does this lovely wonderful spirit appear to the little patients at Gough House Hospital—poor tiny aching creatures with wounds, and pains, and plagues innumerable. Their little pale faces may be seen peeping out of the narrow windows of the old house—at the people passing by, at the men at work in the wood-yard, at the boats sailing along the river hard by. Other little children who are well come, nod to them, and play upon the old steps leading up to the ancient doorway, over which "Victoria Hospital for Children" is written up in big letters, for those who run to read.

In this community, which the lady in charge kindly gave me leave to explore for myself, there are about thirty little children. The first room into which I wandered belonged to eight babies, who are put to bed about six o'clock, in cradles all round the room. In each cradle lies a silent, abstracted, blinking heap; one nurse and a little helpful patient are tucking them all busily away. There was not a dissentient voice among them. Home babies shout, kick, shake the house with their indignant

voices. But these infants were all good, all going to sleep, clutching their prizes and tiny dolls and clenched fists behind their little chintz curtains.

* * * * *

In the older wards the children were gathered round the tall fender in the firelight, chattering to one another, the little blind boy lying flat on the floor, the little white wan girl in her nightcap sitting in a tiny wicker-chair, so still, so touchingly tranquil, that it gave one a pang to see. A sweet-faced rosy little maiden, with great brown eyes, is lying paralyzed on her back in her crib.

"I don't want to go home," said one little fellow, who had come from his back-kitchen home to be cured and dipped in these healing waters. "I likes being here best."

"I'm going home," said the little blind boy, kicking on the floor. "I'm going home to-morrow,—I am."

"He is always saying that," laughed the other children.

"I have been here—oh, a very long time," said a tall boy called Georgy; "oh, a long time; but I don't remember. I have been here six weeks, I think."

"He has been here the longest," said the little children, wagging their heads; "longer nor any one."

"Do you like this better than school, David?" I asked one of them.

David nods and nods. "Ye-es, ma'am," says he. All the little children laugh.

"He don't want to go home," says a little girl sitting up in her crib.

They are very happy, poor little souls! and it is not while they are in the hospital that one is sorry for them. The lady who has charge of them all says the hardest part is sending them away; but others are waiting and they must go in turn. She amused me by describing their bewilderment sometimes when they come, at the sight of the baths and the water provided. They have never even heard of such things at home, and cannot make them out. Their complaints are, many of them, caused by sheer neglect and want of cleanliness; and yet, how can it be helped? A man came to the hospital the other day; he had eight children, no work, a wife sick in a hospital, and one child very ill at home. David is one of seven in a dark kitchen, where he lives with a mangle, a sick father, a thriftless mother. What chance have the poor little children? The mangle cannot do everything. It is only a mangle, and it could not feed and clothe nine people, though it went on of its own accord turning from one year's end to another.

"It is not only that the children are generally cured when they come here," said Miss S——, "but they learn things which they never forget. They are taught little prayers; they get notions of order and cleanliness. One little girl said she should go home and teach the others all she had learnt. She came from a miserable place, poor little thing. One would be glad to think that any good influences might follow the children after they have left us."

For the first time they hear of something besides the squalid commonplaces of their daily lives. This hospital is doing true and good work in its district: one can only hope that others in their places may rise up, and that there may be more and more kind teaching and comfort in store for all poor little children, and more and more kind hands to succour them, and friendly roofs to shelter them from the blast.

The ladies who superintend the children's hospital are trying an experiment just now. They want to establish a fever cottage somewhere in the country, to which they may send the poor little patients who cannot of necessity be let into their wards.

Every one knows the Great Parent Hospital, in Ormond street. Yesterday I heard some one speaking of a little off-shoot in Queen's Square, founded by two ladies who take in children afflicted with hip disease, an illness so tedious and so long that the other hospitals are obliged to refuse them admittance. In town and country villages, and seaside places, people are at work, and sisters of charity of one sort or another (for it is not the quilled cap which makes the difference) are nursing and tending their little patients, stirred by the same gentle, natural impulse, which makes real mothers love their little ones with an anxious pain and love and fear, in which some women find the greatest happiness which this world can bestow. At Brighton there is more than one little home for sick children. One specially in Montpellier Road, for little convalescents, where the care is so wise and tender, that people who, like myself, go to see, come away with a real friendship and love for the little place.

If some mighty spirit were to give us the gift of seeing into the lives of the people who are passing like ourselves through the slush and mud and dim vapours of a London winter, we might well be scared, we middle respectable classes, hurrying along from one comfortable firelit world to another,—worlds closed in by curtains and shutters, warmed by fires and carpets, steaming with the flavour of good things. We go out into the streets, and hurry back again to our snug paradises, where white-robed houris are singing and playing upon grand pianos with golden strings, where ministering butlers and waiters and parlour-maids are pouring claret into thin glasses that sparkle, where tables are spread à la Russe with fruit and with flowers, and the faithful are feasting in companies of six, eight, and ten at this season of the year. As they feast they are reclining upon seats of mahogany and rosewood, and discoursing of past and future deeds. Shining is the broadcloth, spotless the white linen; veils and crowns are set on the heads of the matrons, and wreaths lie on the maidens' heavy tresses that are platted and stained to gold; and soft words are uttered; and smoking viands pass round between the pauses of the conversation. But, speaking seriously, it seems almost impossible to some of us, living in a certain fashion, to realize the state of mind in which certain other people alongside are existing,—people whose chief possessions are a few rags perhaps, a body to hunger and weary

with, aching feet to tramp along the pavement, the fierce winds blowing at the corners, the gusts of rain, and the piled-up mud in the streets. The wet railings to lean against are theirs too, a kerbstone perhaps to rest upon, and the bitter fruits of the knowledge of hunger, of patience, of utter weariness, of the length of the night.

"I daresay you don't know what it is to walk about all night long," a woman said to me one day not long ago; and her eyes filled up with tears as she spoke quietly in a sort of whisper. "I walked about three nights this week," she said, "till a person I met took pity on me, and let me into her room. She was only a poor woman; not a lady," the woman said. "She told me to come here." "Here," was the women's ward in the Newport Market Refuge, a long room, with slender iron pillars, and a double row of narrow beds on either side of the middle passage. The beds were wooden frames stretched with sacking, and fastened to the wall. By each bed a woman was standing, waiting while some one at the far end of the room was busily preparing bowls of hot coffee and dividing hunches of white bread. One or two of the women looked scared and sad; but not all. Till this person spoke to me, I should never have guessed how the week had passed for her nor what straits she was in. I had even wondered to see her there, for her appearance was decent and respectable, and her face looked quiet and cheerful; only when she answered me, her eyes filled with tears, and her voice failed. This was the only woman to whom I spoke; but I suppose there were some thirty of them in the long room, who had just been let in out of the rain.

I had come a long way, and the horse had struggled and stumbled through the black, twinkling mud, for it was dark and wet with rain this London winter's evening; dim crowds were flitting and hurrying along shadowy pavements that all the flaming gas-becks in the shop-fronts were not enough to lighten,—no sky overhead, no tops to the houses, but a dense Christmas vapour dripping upon the heads of the passers-by. We turned from gas to utter blackness, out of the long street which had put me in mind of some foreign street for odd stores, tobacco, bird-cages, jewellery-shops; and then we jolted into dark and lonely places where no lights were shining, and no one passed. The cab stopped, and the man asked me which was the way to go. A small shrill ghost appearing in a doorway, and hearing us talk of the Newport Refuge, screamed out to us to "go ba-ack, turn to the roight, and then to the lef' agin;" and then, in another gloom, the stumbling horse stopped once more, and the driver opened the door of the cab. The rain was beginning to cease, but the drops still dripped as I stood in the middle of a muddy sheet, to which I could see no shore. As well as I could make out, we were in a narrow sort of court-passage, opening into a wider court, with tall tenements enclosing it. One or two people were standing round about something that looked like a big barn-door, half-open. "In there, missus," said a man with a pipe; and so out of the darkness I stumbled through the barn-door.

I was a little bewildered after my long drive by what seemed at first a dazzle of light, a din of voices, a sudden strumming of distant music. . . . I think I went up some steps. I saw a staircase, a passage, in which was a lighted window, and a man's face looking out over some books. A woman was standing at the window, a great round clock was ticking, and its hands were pointing to ten minutes past five. I asked the porter if this was the Refuge, and if the people were all in for the night? Yes, they were all come; some sixty of them, out of the street. "We let them in early to-night;" said the man at the window, "because of the rain."

I myself was glad enough to get under shelter. I don't know how I should have felt if I had been walking about all day and all the night before, and all the day before that, and the night before that again, in the slough without, as some of the people had done who were just admitted. If I had come to ask for a night's lodging, the man at the window would have asked me my name, what I worked at, where I slept the night before. The other woman standing beside me said she made envelopes, had been turned off some weeks, meant to go to this place and that in the morning to ask for work; had tried all day long, and all the shops, and didn't know what she should do.

"There is no reason why you should not find employment," said the man at the window. "People write as many letters in winter as in summer. You should ask at the manufactories instead of going to the shops. There is a man here to-night who had given up asking in despair. I sent him to Messrs. —, and he got work immediately. You can go up."

One of the committee, who had come in with a dripping umbrella, asked if the woman had ever been there before?

"No," she said, anxiously. "Mrs. So-and-so in the court had took her in last night, and the neighbours told her to come."

The porter nodded, and at this sign of Watchful's the poor Christiana, nothing loth, trudged up to her supper by the wooden stairs that led to the women's dormitories. It was a very simple affair, soon settled, and the man shut up his book for the night, for the people were all in. There they were, two long lines of names all the way down the page.

I followed Mr. C. through the men's ward, which was on the ground-floor. It was like the women's ward, more beds, more suppers preparing, and more weary folks waiting to eat, and rest a little while, before they started again on their rounds. I followed my friend quickly down this middle passage, for the many eyes fixed upon us made us glad to escape. I was surprised by the respectable self-respecting look of most of the refugees. They did not look like people often look in workhouses, with that peculiar half-hopeless, half-cunning face, which is so miserable to see. There were some workmen and others, shabbily dressed, but still respectable, and looking like shopmen or clerks or servants out of place. One boy, I remember, glanced up with a bright handsome Lord Byron face as we passed, and I also carried away the vision of a melancholy old man with a ragged beard, sitting staring before him, with his hands on his

knees. After we left the ward, Mr. C. began telling me something of the people who came to it. They were of all trades and callings: clergymen, officers, schoolmasters, a well-known radical reformer, a billiard-marker, a surgeon. In last year's list I see fifty-one tailors and sixteen waiters were admitted. They come in for a night or two, or stay on longer if there seems any reason for it, or chance of employment. To some of us it may seem sad to read that no less than sixty-five soldiers took refuge in the ward last year, and that no other calling has sent so many applicants for relief. "Of all who come," said Watchful, "they are the most difficult to provide for. We got one a situation in a county gaol the other day; but it is not always that we can help them." Men of war, mulcted of their arms, discharged before they have served their time, knowing no trade, sick, helpless. It seems a hard fate enough. I heard of some poor invalided fellows coming back from India the other day, discharged, in high spirits at the prospect of getting away and seeing their friends and homes again. "Good-by, you Asiatics!" one of them shouted, waving his cap, as the train set off. The farewells are cheerful perhaps, but the welcomes awaiting these poor men at their journeys' end are not cheering to contemplate. Some of these soldiers are discharged for bad conduct, but others have sad stories to tell. I could not help wondering the other night, as I talked to my guide, who there was among the men of peace ready to fight their battles.

Here, in the Newport Refuge, many get helped, one way and another. Trouble and time are given ungrudgingly by the committee, by the people upon the establishment, and by the kindest of sisters, in her nice grey dress and white cap. This lady is in charge of the women's department. She sits in her quaint dark room, leading out of the women's sleeping-ward, with its glass doors opening every instant to admit one or other person,—application, complaint, inquiry, petition. The women come, the boys come, the committee comes, and its wives and stray outsiders like myself; but there is a method in all these comings and goings, a meaning and an unaffected kindness and good-fellowship that impress one irresistibly. The sister told me to go and see the boys' refuge, and the kitchen, where all the suppers were preparing. It was a large kitchen on the ground-floor, with cocoa-nut matting and generous-looking pans and coppers, and a white cook watching the coffee-pots that were just beginning to boil.

The Newport Refuge not only takes in people to sleep for the night, and cooks their supper for them, but there are also some small folks whom it keeps altogether,—certain homeless boys, who live in the old house, and who are taught and fed, and finally started in life from this curious busy hive of a home. We went wandering among the dark passages of this ancient high-roofed barn this foggy, flaring, winter's night. A painter dealing in lights and sudden glooms might have found more than one subject for his art. Through an open door I caught sight of a little

group of tailors at work. They were in a long low play-room, where I have been amused to see the boys darting about in the twilight like imps at play, shouting, galloping, gambolling. Now the little imps were hard at work in a bright corner of the dark room, squatting cross-legged in a circle on the floor, round a tall lamp, and demurely stitching at the rents and patches in their various garments. Grey walls, grey boys, with their little brown faces, a black master; strongly-marked shadows and lights, a red handkerchief tied round a boy's neck,—it does not take much to make up a harmonious picture. The little fellows were unconscious of pictorial effect as they sat cobbling and mending a few of the tears and tatters that exist in this seam-ripped world. The triumph of the tailors was a grand pair of trousers that one of the little fellows had achieved, with all the buttons gleaming brass. The conqueror himself, I believe, was despatched to fetch the garment, which was displayed before us,—the banner of the industrious little phalanx at our feet. The master tailor and the committee-man had a little talk together, while I watched the boys' youthful fingers sticking in stitches with much application, but some uncertainty. So-and-so was to be apprenticed, such an one had sent a good account of himself, another wanted to give up tailoring altogether; and when the little consultation was over we left the tailors, and climbed a winding stair. It seemed to lead us into the kingdom of boys. A cheerful jingle of sounds, serapings, boyish voices, met us from above, from below; small clumping steps and echoes; boys flying up and down, disappearing through doors. In one room, by the light of a blazing fire, a number of little fellows were trolling out a Christmas hymn, at the pitch of their childish voices. In the intervals of this hymn came a brilliant accompaniment from above of I don't know what trumpets, trombones, flutes, executing some martial measure. The two strains went on quite independently of each other, and making noise enough, each in its own place, to deafen the auditors and drown every other sound.

One of the choristers was pointed to by the umbrella, and beckoned off to come and show us the sleeping-ward, where the boys each possess a box, a suit of Sunday-clothes, a bed, a grey blanket, and a red one, and a nice little pair of sheets, all doubled up like a roly-poly pudding, neatly cut through the middle.

The young chorister proceeded to make his bed very nicely and expeditiously. While he was accomplishing this little task, I saw the grand pair of trousers being carefully put away in the box of their fortunate possessor.

Upstairs, in a sort of loft, where the bandsmen were practising, while the master beat time energetically, the little musicians puffed and blew at enormous instruments, by the music on the stands before them. The little fellows seemed to me like all the champions of Christendom manfully struggling with vomiting monsters and yawning dragons. One boy was solemnly puffing away at an ophicleide quite as big as he was, with an enormous proboscis that seemed ready to gobble him up each time it

advanced; others gallantly grasped writhing brass serpents: a rosy-cheeked infant was playing on the flute, a boy on a bench was reading a song-book, a charwoman was scrubbing the floor. The sister, in her quaint grey gown, came up the stairs, and stood smiling at the overflowing music, and beckoning to us: for we could not hear her speak in the din of their youthful lungs and violent trumpets and trombones. The sister wanted us to come to the shoemakers, before they left off work.

So we left the musicians playing their triumphant march. Well may they play it, fortunate little musicians, rescued from the darkness without, where no stars are shining, and monsters, not harmless and tameable like these, are wandering ready to make a prey of children, and weakness, and helpless things, vainly struggling against the dark and deadly powers of ignorance and want.

The little shoemakers were finishing for the day. They lived at the other end of the building in a cell all to themselves. There was a kind eager young master to direct them; there were more gas-becks, more lights and shadows, brown-faced boys, drills and lasts, very thick little boots on the floor, with nails, drills and shapes, and abundant energy. The sister laughed, seeing the little fellows' desperate efforts. "Look at Carter," she said, "how hard he is working." Carter grinned, but did not look up, and tugged away at his leather thongs more vigorously than ever. They offered to make me a pair of shoes. They had made some for the sister already. This very day a friend has consented to be measured for a pair of hobnailed boots. As we were finding our way downstairs back to the sister's room again, we began to meet trays of food, like trays in a pantomime, coming up apparently of their own accord. "Go down, trays," cried the sister, and the slices of bread, the mugs, &c. began slowly to descend again.

The sister told me that the little bandsman I had seen with the flute was the son of a soldier at the Cape, who had brought him to the Home before he left, and who regularly paid for him out of his earnings, and wished that he should be brought up a bandsman. Some children are drafted on to other institutions; some are apprenticed. Grown-up people are helped one way and another. I heard of a cook who had no clothes, but who knew of work. This man was given clothes, and allowed to live there long enough to save a few shillings out of his wages, so as to redeem his things and set up in a lodging for himself. The report tells of newspaper editors and musicians helped on to work. Servants come in great straits, and they, too, are assisted.

I have not space to set down all the ways and means, and people, and wants, and supplies, that are brought together here.

It is pleasant to come away from these refuges and hospitals with a remembrance of children's laughter in the twilight, and voices at play, of troubles quieted, of the sick and wounded made whole, of a divine light of hope and love shining upon the arid and blighted vineyard, and the weary or failing labourers at work among the vines.

Reine d'Amour :

ROMANCE À LA BIEN-AIMÉE.

Close as the stars along the sky
 The flowers were in the mead,
 The purple heart, and golden eye,
 And crimson-flaming weed :—
 And each one sigh'd as I went by
 And touch'd my garment green,
 And bade me wear her on my heart
 And take her for my Queen
 Of Love,—
 And take her for my Queen.

And one in virgin white was drest
 With downcast gracious head ;
 And one unveil'd a burning breast
 Mid smiles of rosy red :
 All rainbow bright, with laughter light,
 They flicker'd o'er the green,
 Each whispering I should pluck her there
 And take her as my Queen
 Of Love,—
 And take her as my Queen.

But sudden at my feet look'd up
 A little star-like thing,
 Pure odour in pure perfect cup,
 That made my bosom sing.
 'Twas not for size, nor gorgeous dyes,
 But her own self, I ween,
 Her own sweet self, that bade me stoop
 And take her for my Queen
 Of Love,—
 And take her for my Queen.

Now all day long and every day
 Her beauty on me grows,
 And holds with stronger sweeter sway
 Than lily or than rose ;
 And this one star outshines by far
 All in the meadow green ;—
 And so I wear her on my heart
 And take her for my Queen
 Of Love,—
 And take her for my Queen.

The Story of Vittoria Accoramboni.

DURING the pontificate of Gregory XIII. (1572—1585) the Papal See reached the lowest point of degradation. Art and learning had become extinct in Rome. The splendid days of Leo and Julius were forgotten. It seemed as if the spirits of the Renaissance had deserted Italy for Germany; all the powers of the Papacy were directed to the suppression of heresies, and to the re-establishment of its supremacy over the intellect of Europe. Meanwhile society in Rome had returned to mediæval barbarism. The brief polish of classical manners and pagan splendour, beneath which the depraved and godless cruelty of the Roman nobles had been hidden, was worn off. The Holy City became a den of bandits; the territory of the Church supplied a battle-ground for perpetual party strifes, which the weak old man who wore the triple crown was utterly unable to control. It is related how a robber chieftain, Marianazzo, refused the offer of a general pardon from the Pope by pleading that the profession of a bandit was more lucrative, and afforded greater security, than life within the walls of Rome. The Campagna, and the ruined citadels about the basements of the Sabine and Ciminian hills, harboured multitudes of robbers, who were protected by great nobles for the advantages which they derived from the assistance of abandoned and courageous bravos. There was hardly a family in Rome which could not number some black sheep among the bandits. Murder, sacrilege, the love of plunder and adventures, poverty, and hostility to the ascendant faction in the city, were common causes of outlawry, nor did public opinion regard a bandit's life as anything but honourable.

It may readily be imagined that in such a state of things the wildest tragedies were common enough in Rome. The history of some of these has been preserved to us. That of the Cenci is well known. And such a tragedy, more rife in characteristic incidents, although less horrible, is that of Vittoria Accoramboni, or Accorambuona, or Corombona—for her name is variously written.

Vittoria Accoramboni was born of a noble but impoverished family at Agubio in the Duchy of Urbino. The old chroniclers are rapturous in their praise of her beauty, grace, and exceeding charm of manner. Not only was her person most lovely, but her mind reflected all the virtues of a modest, innocent, and winning youth. She exercised an irresistible influence over all who saw her, and many were the offers of marriage she refused. At length a suitor appeared whose condition and connections with the Roman ecclesiastical aristocracy rendered him most acceptable in the eyes of the Accoramboni. They greeted him with joy, and gave him

Vittoria for his bride. Felice Peretti was the name of the successful suitor. His mother, Camilla, was sister to Felice, Cardinal of Montalto, afterwards Pope Sixtus V. The Peretti were of humble origin. The Cardinal himself had tended swine as a boy in his native village of Fermo; but, supported by an invincible belief in his own destinies, and gifted with a powerful intellect and determined character, he had passed through all grades of the Franciscan order to its Generalship; had received the bishoprics of Fermo and St. Agatha; and lastly, in the year 1570, had assumed the title of Cardinal Montalto. He was now on the highway to the Papacy, amassing money by incessant care, studying the humours of surrounding factions, and by mixing but little in the intrigues of the Papal court, winning for himself the reputation of an inoffensive old man. Thus he hoped to creep into the throne; nor were his expectations frustrated, for in 1585 he was elected Pope, the parties of the Medici and the Farnesi agreeing to accept him as a stop-gap and a compromise. When once firmly seated on St. Peter's chair, he showed himself in his true colours—an implacable administrator of severest justice, a rigorous economist, an iconoclastic foe of paganism. His stubborn genius combined the strange elements of force, narrowness, reforming ability, and contracted prejudices.

It was the nephew, then, of this man, who had abandoned his own name in compliment to the Cardinal his uncle, that Vittoria Corombona married. For a short time they lived happily together. Vittoria proved all that could be wished. She secured the favour of her powerful uncle-in-law, who doted on the charms of his engaging niece, and with her mother and her brothers she lived quietly in Rome, notorious for her wit and virtue no less than for her beauty. Of her four brothers Ottavio was in orders, and through the interest of Montalto, had obtained the see of Fossombrona: of Giulio we hear little: Flaminio shared his sister's fortunes, and perished with her at the end: Marcello was an outlaw for his crimes, and lived outside the walls among the bandits. Such was the family which gathered round Felice Peretti's house in Rome.

But matters did not long remain so. Vittoria's mother was ambitious, and the beautiful young wife, however fair to look upon, gracious in word, and gentle in address, was yet capable of executing in cold blood the most revolting crimes. A prince of the house of Orsini, Paolo Giordano, Duke of Bracciano, enslaved by her beauty, made her proposals of love; but Vittoria and her mother would not entertain his illicit suit. Prudent and ambitious, they refused his offers, unless he promised to make Vittoria his wife. Felice, it is true, was in the way, but if Bracciano only promised to place the ducal coronet upon Vittoria's head, that little matter might be easily arranged. Now Bracciano was a widower; he had been married to Isabella de' Medici, sister of the Grand Duke Francesco and the Cardinal Ferdinando. Suspicion of adultery had fallen on Isabella, and her husband, with the full concurrence of her brothers, had quietly disposed of her, whether by poison, or the halter, or the knife, we do not hear. At any rate, it was well known that the Duke of Bracciano had murdered

his wife, and no one thought the worse of him; for, strange to say, in those days of abandoned vice and intricate villany, certain points of honour were maintained with scrupulous fidelity. The suspicion of a wife's adultery to the most savage and brutal husband was enough to justify his semi-judicial vengeance, and the dishonour she had brought upon his house was shared by her brethren, so that they stood by, consenting to her death. Isabella left one son, Virginio, to her husband, who became the heir of Bracciano's dukedom. It shows the savage nature of the times that a man who had murdered his wife, the daughter of the most powerful house in Italy, for a point of honour, should seek a second wife in a woman who was ready to kill her own husband in order to secure his hand. Irresistible passions governed the Italians of that day, and small attention was paid to bloodshed.

But, meantime, how should poor Felice be entrapped? They caught him in a snare of peculiar atrocity, by working on the kindly feelings which his love for Vittoria had caused him to extend to all the Coromboni. Marcello, the outlaw, was her favourite brother, and Marcello, at that time, lay in hiding, and under the suspicion of some more than ordinary crime, beyond the walls of Rome. Late one evening, while the Peretti family were retiring to bed, and Felice himself was preparing for repose after a laborious day, a messenger from Marcello arrived, entreating him to repair as hastily and secretly as possible to Monte Cavallo. Marcello had some affairs of the greatest importance to communicate, and begged his dearly-loved brother-in-law not to fail him at a grievous pinch. To attire himself for the expedition was the work of an instant. Felice showed himself most eager to set forth and help Vittoria's Marcello. It was in vain that his wife and her mother reminded him of the darkness of the night, the loneliness of Monte Cavallo, its ruinous palaces and robber-haunted caves. In vain they begged him to defer his visit till the morning, or, at least, to take with him a body of armed followers. He refused their advice, and laughed at their fears. Perhaps, they did not press too warmly, and perhaps the tears Vittoria shed for her lord's safety were mingled with more touching lamentations over her brother's unknown danger. Anyhow, Felice went forth and never returned. His body was found on Monte Cavallo, stabbed through and through, without a trace that could identify his murderers. Suspicion fell on Vittoria and her kindred and the Duke of Bracciano; nor was this dissipated by the Coromboni taking refuge in the quarter of the Orsini, where Duke Bracciano harboured them. A Cardinal's nephew, even in those troublous times, was not killed without some noise being made about the matter. Accordingly, Pope Gregory began to take measures for discovering the authors of the crime. Strange to say, however, the Cardinal Montalto, notwithstanding the great love he bore his nephew, entreated Gregory to let the investigation drop. His extraordinary moderation and self-control, on this occasion, were noticed: it was thought that the man who could so tamely submit to his nephew's murder, and suspend the very arm of justice when already raised for vengeance, would prove a mild

and indulgent ruler. At the time, it was believed the Cardinal owed his elevation to the Papal chair in a great measure to this timely and judicious apathy. Meanwhile, Bracciano married Vittoria. But when Sixtus ascended the throne, the first thing he did was to vow revenge against the murderers of Felice, and to exterminate the bandits from his territory. His strenuous policy forced Bracciano to fly with the Coromboni family from Rome. There was no resisting the energetic justice and the thirst for vengeance which this stern old Pope—deemed falsely the most mild and pitiful of dotards—had displayed.

The Duke and Duchess reached Padua in safety, where they hired a splendid palace. At Venice also, and at Salo on the Lago di Garda, they provided themselves with fit dwellings for their princely state, and their large retinues, intending to divide their time between the pleasures which the capital of luxury afforded and the simpler enjoyments of the most beautiful of Italian lakes. But “*la gioja dei profani è un fumo passaggier.*” Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, died suddenly at Salo on the 10th of November, 1585, leaving the young and beautiful, but guilty Vittoria helpless among enemies. What was the cause of his death? History does not give a clear and certain answer. The Duke had indeed suffered from a disease called lupus on account of its consuming and voracious destructiveness. But he was a strong man, in the prime of life. The Pope hated him, had vowed his death, and poisons were always at hand in Italy at that day. It is well known how Sixtus exterminated a whole band of robbers by driving mules laden with poisoned meat into their neighbourhood; nor can we doubt him capable of cutting off his deadly foe by means more sure and subtle than disease. Anyhow, Bracciano died suddenly, leaving large sums of money, jewels, goods, and houses to his wife Vittoria, whom indeed he seems to have loved dearly. His principedom and the honours of the Duchy of Bracciano he bequeathed to Virginio, his son by Isabella de’ Medici. Vittoria, with her brothers Marcello and Flaminio, repaired at once to Padua, where they were met by Prince Luigi Orsini, the dead man’s relative. High words ensued between the widow and the prince. He disputed Bracciano’s will, and strove to wrest her jointure from Vittoria. She, however, was supported by her brothers. Then on the night of Sunday, December 23, forty men disguised in black and fantastically tricked out with wild devices to inspire horror, entered Vittoria’s palace. Through the long galleries and loggie and chambers hung with arras they spread stealthily, trapped Vittoria and Flaminio, and slew them both: Marcello managed to escape. It is related that Vittoria was killed with circumstances of peculiar cruelty: the murderer pierced her left side with a stiletto and worked the weapon about, asking her if he had touched her heart.

All Padua at once was up in arms. Messengers were despatched to Venice, in order that the ministers of justice might be sent to apprehend so great a criminal as Prince Luigi. No one seems to have reflected on the crimes of Vittoria, or to have looked upon her death as a just retribution

for a husband's murder. On the contrary, they only thought about her youth and beauty, and cursed the villain who had cropped this flower of surpassing loveliness. Her wonderful dead body, pale yet sweet to look upon, its golden hair surrounded with the circlet of her dukedom, and its splendid limbs arrayed in satin, was laid out in the chapel of the Eremitani. There the people came to look at her. The grim gaunt frescoes of Mantegna watched her day and night as she lay stretched upon her bier, solemn and calm, and but for pallor, beautiful as if in life. Rage was in the heart of the Paduans. *Dentibus fremebant*, says the chronicle, when they beheld the gracious lady stiff in death. Gathering in knots around the candelabra placed beside the corpse, they vowed vengeance against the Orsini. To fly to arms and storm his palace was their first impulse. But they did not find him unprepared; and engines, culverins, and fire-brands were directed to the palace doors and barricades. At last he yielded and was brought for trial to the court. "The Prince Luigi," says the chronicle, "walked attired in brown, his poignard at his side, and his cloak elegantly slung upon his arm. The poignard being taken from him, he leaned upon a balcony and began to trim his nails with a pair of little scissors which he found there." On St. Stephen's day following he was strangled in prison, and his body was laid out in state in the Cathedral of Padua. After that they carried it for burial to Venice. That was a bloody Christmas. Thirteen of his followers were hung next day. Two were quartered while still living, one of these named Paganello, who had slain Vittoria, having his left side probed with his own cruel dagger. Nineteen were hung after a few days: others were imprisoned; some were sent to the galleys; seven received their liberty. Thus ended this terrible affair, which made a noise throughout the length and breadth of Italy because of Vittoria's exceeding beauty and her cruel death.

NOTE.—This narrative is based upon the translation by Stendhal of the contemporary chronicle, the interest of which, to those who are familiar with Webster's celebrated tragedy, and who may be curious to see how he developed his materials, is critically great.

Browning in 1869.

THAT there should be fashions in literature, modes and changing tastes, is one of the most constant and melancholy proofs of the imperfection of the human mind; nor is their succession less pleasing to contemplate if it be true, as we think it is, that these tides and fluctuations of favour are more frequent and violent in modern times than they were in times of old. The ancient love of art, the ancient perception of beauty and truth, must have been far more constant and positive as well as more diffused than it is in our own day. It may be that we moderns have found a new sense in a perception of the beautiful in nature, but we seem to have gained it at the cost of an almost unfailling recognition of truth in literature and the beautiful in art. We are confident in the one—consciously uncertain in the other. That they of old were blind to the grandeur and loveliness which we so clearly see, and with one accord adore, is a natural as well as a flattering surprise. But in the modern mind there have been two totally different sentiments about “the picturesque”—first, curiosity sinking into dread, and then what seems to be an inborn yearning and love; and though this last is an incalculable gain, we cannot boast that what is good and beautiful in the finer works of men is any clearer, surer, or more steadfast for it. Indeed, it is rather compensation than gain. We cannot understand that there should ever have been two minds about the alps and the sea, while about poetry, architecture, music, we have as many minds as modes in millinery. We do not change them a little, but completely. Always clear and positive, the differences of mode in what should be matter of fixed opinion are so great as to discredit in the eyes of one generation the very sanity of another. And this is true in England not only of arts for which we have no innate faculty, like painting, or that are supposably under the influence of historic change, like architecture; it is specially and remarkably true of poetry, for which the race has splendid gifts, a genius renewed generation after generation. A people which has produced so many poets, from Chaucer through the ballad-makers on to Shakspeare’s time and ours, might fairly be presumed to have at last a sharp clear knowledge of what poetry is; and, whenever any particular poet presents his work, to be able to make its mind up once for all as to the value of it. That this is not our way how many examples show? Almost as many examples as poets to choose from. An age that is the mother of perfect beauty and strength exposes it on the hillside as an ungainly thing, for any chance traveller to cherish if he will, while she fondles a troop of manifest mediocrities:—manifest, that is, to the next age, which brings

the obscure genius to honour, and afterwards wonders at its own misguided taste in doing so. Taste, judgment, opinion,—it is as shifting as the clouds, as various as the skies; what it obscures to-day was always dark and unlovely, and that is only bright by nature which it shines upon now. The different judgment of whole generations upon Shakspeare's work is past all understanding. It is as if eyes did not always see, or as if black were sometimes white, and black again. But not to go back so far as Shakspeare, if we take the changes of estimate within the memory of man we find wonders enough, in prose and poetry alike. When it was first published, *Sartor Resartus* was generally understood to be great rubbish, and there are signs that prepare us for hearing it so called again. Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, published when he was an obscure magazine writer, was a full and perfect manifestation of his genius, and it remains, after all that was afterwards accomplished, one of his finest works; but it did nothing for his obscurity then, and not one in five of his admirers have read it to this day or seem to know its worth. But *Jack Sheppard*, that brilliant contemporary production!—nobody was blind to the genius in *Jack Sheppard*, written by one whom all the world recognized as Thackeray's master. However, we are dealing particularly with poetry now; and it is more to the purpose to cite Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and the rest, and to recall to mind how various their fortunes have been in public favour. Now it has been one thing, and then quite another,—all within half a lifetime. "School" condemns "school," new taste dooms the old; the dead are alive, and that is formally interred which is to live for ever. What has become of Crabbe?—he used to be supposed to write very good tales in verse, and may be they are as good now as ever they were. When is Goldsmith to have due homage, whose "Traveller" and "Deserted Village" are poems sweet and fine? And if Alexander Smith was, as we must all recollect he was, the first heir of Shakspeare in 1854, how is it that he is now accounted a sort of poetical ranter, proper to be forgotten? However such questions may be answered, they only illustrate what we began with—the instability, the incapacity, the monstrous versatility of popular judgment in matters which are equally obvious at all times and of themselves can never change.

Now-a-days, just at this particular nick of time, we seem to be at the beginning of another variation in the general estimate of poets and poetry. It is not long ago that both were called and known to be "a drug." We confessed that we had overdosed ourselves—that we had taken too much poetry: Scott's, Moore's, Southey's, L. E. L.'s, Mr. Montgomery's, as well as the different pudding of Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and Coleridge. Tennyson, at intervals of two or three years or so, we could, we *must* enjoy; nevertheless, poetry was a drug. The publishers, who know well the tastes of the public, got quite satirical about it, and the reviews never mentioned it without humour. Lately the taste has revived. The demand for novels slackens; and those who watch the market say that good average poets

are likely to command a ready sale for some time to come. It is welcome news, all the more that we can believe it; because not only is attention more readily given to the newer aspiration of the time, but there are signs of fresh turns of opinion and opposite currents of favour. Not that these are at all determinate: the needle trembles, but which way it is going to veer is uncertain yet. Mr. Swinburne's success may be significant of the coming mode, especially as he dazzles most the younger mind; though to our sight it is nothing more than the trembling of the needle, now more sensitive than usual to polar influence. Mr. Morris has elicited sympathies equally strong in a different direction; and he is a poet—another name which we may write at once in the noble roll of Englishmen of genius. And if we have reason to be glad of his rise and almost instant recognition by the world, we may mark, as another sign of new life in poetry, the rapid, the sudden advance of Robert Browning in public honour. True, he has advanced in his art much at the same time; but not quite coincidentally, for a love of Browning, a taste for the olives of his verse, began to be more general *before* he came forward with that most perfect product of his genius, "Caliban on Setebes." This previous beginning of a taste amongst all people who read sufficed to open their minds to an immediate perception of what that one poem signified: neither more nor less than the possession of a mind which, once at least, could soar as high and see as deeply and as far as any mind that ever was, almost. The publication of the volume which contained this poem among other beautiful things, was thus very fortunate in point of time. "Pippa Passes," in which all Browning's genius is visible and much of it startlingly clear, did not suffice to bring for him the full daylight of general appreciation, nor did other poems equally fine as well as brief and easy to read—like "In a Gondola," and "The Last Flight of the Duchess." Unfortunately, there was an excuse for not knowing Browning's poems at all. You could say, with a creditable air of being critical and candid, that he was really too obscure for you; that the labour of reading him was too much. Indeed, among the other fashions of which we have spoken, it was not long ago the fashion to say that—whether you had read much or little of the poems you disposed of *à la mode*. You admitted, languidly, that there were fine things in them, and supposed that some people really could understand and enjoy them as a whole; but you, unhappily, were a plain mortal; you only got confused by riddles however ingenious, and bothered with barbarisms however splendid. This was for a long time the proper tone to take about Browning in "society"—that conscious but still potent sham, which is so very scornful of what it happens to think eccentric at any particular time. Not that this kind of criticism was quite without reason. That Browning is often very obscure—that he does march you along line after line in darkness, while he goes on with his See this, See that, as if it were broad daylight—is undeniable. It is also true that he is not very careful that your path

shall be made straight in the gloom, but drags you over verse rugged with many a sudden barbarous line, at which you *must* stumble. And these are so many distinct faults that must be counted against him. No doubt the obscure may be and is one of the most beautiful things in poetry. Without obscurity no poet can be nearly perfect; obscurity meaning such shade as best reveals violets in the woods, primroses under the bank, or the twilight that makes more splendid than any other one the morning star. But the obscurity from which start meanings bright as that star, and suggestions reflected as clearly into your mind as the first morning clouds, that is a different thing to downright darkness, pain to the eyes to peer into; and a good deal that Browning has written is dark in that way. Moreover, there is no excuse whatever for bad versification. A bad line is as much a flaw as a grain of sand in a pearl; and it is a flaw all the same whatever the beauty of the poem, the pearl, it has got into. There is no bad workmanship so bad as a poet's bad workmanship; and when it is the consequence of deliberate haste and carelessness, it almost amounts to a criminal offence against literature. Genius, like property, has its duties as well as its privileges; and one of its most obvious duties is to chasten and ennoble the language by which it lives, and not to make rough music of it, or to put its vulgarities to noble use. The poet's licence does not extend to liberties with grammar, nor freedom to clip the Queen's English at convenience. If charges of this kind were formally made against Browning, he would be condemned by an army of witnesses out of his books—witnesses lame, halt and blind by his own default. And nothing that he can do is atonement for such handiwork: they are committed sins of perpetual offence. Made known in the reviews and generally talked of, they have been cited against Browning by people whom they never offended, since they had never read him; but they were unanswerable by those who *had* read him, and thus the fashion of a time was continued. Browning was a genius—yes, but really too profound: he was too obscure and barbarous to be adopted as a taste. But, as we have already said, there presently appeared a little weariness of the old views, or a new generation came into possession of the popular voice and showed signs of choosing a “note” of its own. The praises of Browning were now proclaimed aloud where they were never heard before; and there arose a general timid whisper of his name as after all a man to swear by, *the* man possibly. Then it was—most opportunely—that he published the volume which contains “Caliban;” a poem of such manifest worth that the world must have been as dull and deaf as it had been on several previous occasions if it had not instantly known it for an immortal thing. As it happened, however, the world had become more curious and alert; and it took the new volume with pleased surprise. More reading of Browning and more praise of him after that. Recurrence to his previous works;—doubt, on reading “Sordello” again, whether it had not been the victim of gross joking,

and whether it might not really be understood after all;—wonder that anybody could ever have overlooked the force and beauty in the “Bells and Pomegranates” for instance;—more confident and outspoken opinion in college coteries, in “society” and elsewhere, as to the author’s merits; in short, a general upspringing of breezes blowing into the haven of popular favour. Well may we rejoice at it. This at least is not a change of fashion to marvel at or to deplore; and though Browning has had to wait a long time for the universal recognition which he always deserved, it is now pretty complete, and it does not come too late for him, since it finds him in the fulness of life and the plenitude of power. Just when his work is getting to be widely apprehended, and beginning to inspire a common delight, he is able to show that he has more to give than ever he gave before. *Dramatis Personæ* was published only a few months ago; and now we have another book, which, though it does not contain, so far as we know it, any particular piece of work like that which we have already praised, does throughout its whole bulk exhibit all the mastery of Browning’s natural genius. As we have already said, that mastery was visible almost in its entire range in “Pippa Passes,” published how many years ago? But in *The Ring and the Book* we have a far more magnificent demonstration of it than he has ever given us before. Everybody has heard by this time what the plan is of this wonderful story, and knows how original and how daring was the attempt. Had the poet’s invention been employed in devising some severest test of dramatic genius, had his first intention been to put his own faculties to the sharpest proof, he could scarcely have imagined a task more difficult than that which he began when he commenced to write *The Ring and the Book*. Here, from real life, is an imbroglio of contending circumstances, in which a husband more or less wronged appears; a young runaway wife, more or less an angel and a victim; a handsome young priest, who runs away with or (otherwise) rescues her; judges who condemn the pair to as much punishment as if they did not think them guilty; parents of the girl who did put upon the husband a deceit when they married her to him, though probably *she* did not deceive, in spite of appearances. These are the personages, with some vague hints of the circumstances, of this wonderful dramatic story, which culminates in the murder, by the husband, of the wife and of her true or reputed parents. Simply to relate the story, or to get at the truth of it through its stubborn contradictions, has not been the poet’s aim alone. What he does is to show how it may appear to half-a-dozen different minds. “Guido’s right and wrong, Pompilia’s wrong and right,” are in debate. First, we hear what half Rome makes of them, moved by sympathy for the wronged and exasperated husband; then, how to the other half Pompilia seemed a saint and martyr both; then how the “critical mind,” “the finer sense of the city,” dissertated on the case; next, how Guido Franceschini tells the tale fresh from torture; afterward, in what light it appeared when the young priest, Caponsacchi, went through the story

point by point before the judges ; then, how, on her deathbed, Pompilia endeavours to explain her life ; finally,—

How Guido, to another purpose quite,
Speaks, and despairs, the last night of his life.

No such description as this, no description at all, is capable of conveying an adequate idea of the intricacies of fact, argument, and character through which the poet moves with the light of his genius, startling one after the other into life, casting one after the other into a doubtful existence of shadow. That faculty of Shakspeare's which justifies the epithet "divine" so freely applied to him—the faculty of looking all passions through and through with perfectly dispassionate eyes, and of dealing them here and there, each strictly after its kind, without an emotion—something of that supreme gift we discern in the intellectual candour displayed by Browning as he speaks with the mouth and mind of Guido, of Caponsacchi, of one half-Rome, the other half-Rome, and the gentleman of quality who expounds the *tertium quid*. It is noticeable, however, that we have a generally better *workmanship* when the poet speaks for those who are on the right side than when he speaks for those who are in the wrong. In mere ingenuity of reflection, inference, and argument he is splendidly impartial ; but still there is enough of sympathy for one side to give a little extra warmth and colour to the verse whenever he is speaking for it. This, however, detracts but little from the poet's claims to a share of the Shakspearian quality aforesaid. First, we have the subtlety which out of the records of a trial creates half-a-dozen several and distinct characters, each consistent with every fact and suspicion brought out by the trial. But this is obscured by the finer subtlety which shows the play of these several minds over the same facts, the same doubts and suspicions, the different magnitude and significance of the same injuries, temptations, provocations, rights and wrongs. It is useless, however, to attempt any definition of such subtleties, or to appraise in criticism what the critic cannot possibly present to view. We can only say that whereas the scheme of the poem obviously demanded dramatic faculties of a high order, if it was to be a tolerable picture of life, what Browning has made of it is more than a picture : it is a brilliant demonstration of the human mind, seen under many varieties by one searching light. But that the poem is faultless we by no means say. Though its greatness is almost wholly dramatic, there is an error in its construction which the dramatist last of all should make. It is not that the poet's own sentiments about the story and his sympathy with certain of its personages are to be detected in the workmanship, whereas they should never show at all, but that he begins by an open declaration of them ; says, to start with, that this is a villain and a liar whatever may appear in the course of the story, and that this other is at no moment to be mistaken for anything else than a suffering angel. She may run away with a young priest, and he may go off with her in the garb of a gay cavalier ; but we shall find that it is all nothing. Surely this is not good art ?

The dramatist should have no more judgment about the character he displays and the passion he depicts than nature herself who first created them. He should never play the commentator; still less should he take sides and explain his reasons for doing so before the play begins. True it is that in this case the dramatic skill of the poet is so great that, even after we are told who really is right and who wrong, we follow every turn of the story with suspense—holding now with Pompilia, now inclining to Guido, and generally viewing the priest much as the “finer sense of the city” did. Better testimony than this to the poet’s genius and fidelity can scarcely be imagined; nevertheless, that which supplies a triumphant test of his skill is itself a fault. Altogether, the introduction, which explains the story, and how it originated, and how it is to be dealt with, is the least excellent part of the book. Though all the rest of the work might lead us to hope that Browning had abandoned the indulgence of the careless writing, the obscurity, the clipped prosaic lines which unquestionably do derogate from much of his work, this preface shows that he has not done so. Sentences twenty-five lines long, and every fifth line parenthetical, are to be found there. Such liberties as—

A-smoke i’ the sunshine Rome lies gold and glad,

for “golden and glad,” are frequent, intolerable as they are. What would be thought of the prose which set forth that a city lay gold and glad? that certain prints exposed for sale in the highway were “saved by a stone from snowing broad the square?” We should call it unbearably bad English; and bad English in prose is worse in poetry. Haste or indifference leaves here, also, such torturing lines as—

Turned wrong to right—proved wolves sheep, and sheep wolves.

Haste or indifference spoils such passages as this:—

There stands he,
While the same grim black panelled chamber blinks,
As though rubbed shiny with the sins of Rome,
Told the same oak for ages.

In the same way (in page 57 of vol. i.), a lamp which is meant to light a dungeon, does, in grammatical truth, light the straw in it. Here, likewise, may be found too many instances of the fault of falling into superfluities, as in the description of the man of quality—

Who breathing musk from lacework and brocade,
His solitaire amid the flow of frill,
Powdered peruke on nose, and bag on back,
And cane dependent on the ruffled wrist,
Harangues in silvery and selectest phrase,
'Neath sunlight in a glorified saloon,
Where mirrors multiply the girandole;
Courting the approbation of no mob,
But Eminence This, and All-Illustrious That,—&c.

Here the last line but two is a fatal indulgence of the overmuch, spoiling a perfect little picture. Such faults as these are really serious faults, nor

are they such as are sometimes pardoned as inseparable from a particular style. They are glaring and remediable errors, made in haste and permitted by negligence. Mr. Browning knows perfectly well that in blank verse a line like—

An instance I find much insisted on

is not musical, and that

Rome lies gold and glad

is not grammatical; only he will not take the trouble to make that right which wrongs his verse. The wonder is that he should content himself with faulty writing whose mind has been cultivated as much by art as by literature, and for whom an antique gem or earthen cup has as much significance as a sonnet or a flower. The faculties by which he has delight in arts which, eloquent as they are, speak in no way but through exact proportion, grace of form, rhythm of colour and line, should have preserved him from the negligence which leaves his work marred in these very particulars of expression. This new book of itself shows that his workmanship can be as good as he chooses to make it. What flaws we have found are almost all in the prologue; they disappear before it ends in that most touching address to his wife in heaven. The four parts of the story itself, which is all we have read of it, are told in verse as clear and vigorous as any that ever came from the poet's pen; while, as for the subtlety, the insight, the light of genius which plays over the various incidents of the tragedy and the minds of those who were involved in it, they are the fullest and finest manifestations of Browning's power that have ever yet been made. In this poem we have a perfect survey of what was briefly though splendidly displayed in "Caliban on Setebos." What gives us additional pleasure in reading it is, that it is written so late. We share the poet's own pride in a genius which grows greater in his waning days, or shows more brightly as the fires of youth decline. This is not only his good fortune, but ours also; and it is a little remarkable that the same thing is true of both the great poets of our generation. Tennyson and Browning both face the downward slope—their backs are fairly turned to the hill now; and both have gained, in these later days, a greater power, while they display at least as fine and true a light. *Lucretius* is testimony for the one, *The Ring and the Book* is testimony for the other. Both men have many a year before them yet, in the natural course of life; and what each has done within these two years gives us the splendid promise of added honour to the age which they have already ennobled.



HONEST WORK."

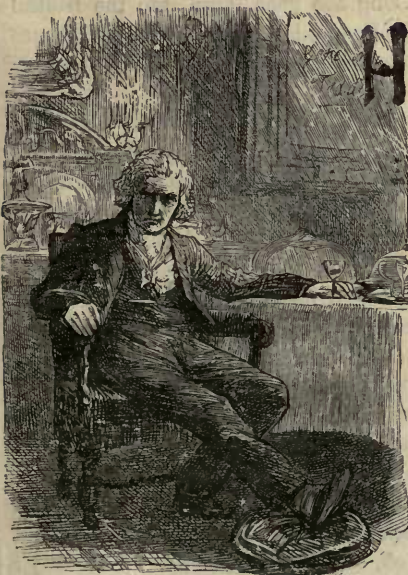
THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1869.

Put Yourself in His Place.

“I will frame a work of fiction upon notorious fact, so that anybody shall think he can do the same ; shall labour and toil attempting the same, and fail—such is the power of sequence and connection in writing.”—HORACE : *Art of Poetry*.

CHAPTER I.



HILLSBOROUGH and its outlying suburbs make bricks by the million, spin and weave both wool and cotton, forge in steel from the finest needle up to a ship's armour, and so add considerably to the kingdom's wealth.

But industry so vast, working by steam, on a limited space, has been fatal to beauty : Hillsborough, though built on one of the loveliest sites in England, is perhaps the most hideous town in creation. All ups and downs and back slums. Not one of its wriggling, broken-backed streets has handsome shops in an unbroken row. Houses seem to have battled in the air, and stuck wherever they tumbled down dead

out of the mêlée. But worst of all, the city is pockmarked with public-houses, and bristles with high round chimneys. These are not confined

to a locality, but stuck all over the place like cloves in an orange. They defy the law, and belch forth massy volumes of black smoke, that hang like acres of crape over the place, and veil the sun and the blue sky even in the brightest day. But in a fog—why, the air of Hillsborough looks a thing to plough, if you want a dirty job.

More than one crystal stream runs sparkling down the valleys, and enters the town; but they soon get defiled, and creep through it heavily charged with dyes, clogged with putridity, and bubbling with poisonous gases, till at last they turn to mere ink, stink, and malaria, and people the churchyards as they crawl.

This infernal city, whose water is blacking, and whose air is coal, lies in a basin of delight and beauty: noble slopes, broad valleys, watered by rivers and brooks of singular beauty, and fringed by fair woods in places; and, eastward, the hills rise into mountains, and amongst them towers Cairnhope, striped with silver rills, and violet in the setting sun.

Cairnhope is a forked mountain, with a bosom of purple heather and a craggy head. Between its forks stood, at the period of my story, a great curiosity; which merits description on its own account, and also as the scene of curious incidents to come.

It was a deserted church. The walls were pierced with arrow-slits, through which the original worshippers had sent many a deadly shaft in defence of their women and cattle, collected within the sacred edifice at the first news of marauders coming.

Built up among the heathery hills in times of war and trouble, it had outlived its uses. Its people had long ago gone down into the fruitful valley, and raised another church in their midst, and left this old house of God alone, and silent as the tombs of their forefathers that lay around it.

It was no ruin, though on the road to decay. One of the side walls was much lower than the other, and the roof had two great waves, and was heavily clothed, in natural patterns, with velvet moss, and sprinkled all over with bright amber lichen: a few tiles had slipped off in two places, and showed the rafters brown with time and weather: but the structure was solid and sound; the fallen tiles lay undisturbed beneath the eaves; not a brick, not a beam, not a gravestone had been stolen, not even to build the new church: of the diamond panes full half remained; the stone font was still in its place, with its Gothic cover, richly carved; and four brasses reposed in the chancel, one of them loose in its bed.

What had caused the church to be deserted had kept it from being desecrated; it was clean out of the way. No gipsy, nor vagrant, ever slept there, and even the boys of the village kept their distance. Nothing would have pleased them better than to break the sacred windows time had spared, and defile the graves of their forefathers with pitch-farthing and other arts; but it was three miles off, and there was a lion in the way: they must pass in sight of Squire Raby's house; and, whenever they had tried it, he and his groom had followed them on swift horses that could

jump as well as gallop, had caught them in the churchyard, and lashed them heartily; and the same night notice to quit had been given to their parents, who were all Mr. Raby's weekly tenants: and this had led to a compromise and flagellation, 2.

Once or twice every summer a more insidious foe approached. Some little party of tourists, including a lady, who sketched in water and never finished anything, would hear of the old church, and wander up to it. But Mr. Raby's trusty groom was sure to be after them, with orders to keep by them, under guise of friendship, and tell them outrageous figments, and see that they demolished not, stole not, sculptured not.

All this was odd enough in itself, but it astonished nobody who knew Mr. Raby. His father and predecessor had guarded the old church religiously in his day, and was buried in it, by his own orders: and, as for Guy Raby himself, what wonder he respected it, since his own mind, like that old church, was out of date, and a relic of the past?

An antique Tory squire, nursed in expiring Jacobitism, and cradled in the pride of race; educated at Oxford, well read in books, versed in county business, and acquainted with trade and commerce; yet puffed up with aristocratic notions, and hugging the very prejudices our nobility are getting rid of—as fast as the vulgar will let them.

He had a sovereign contempt for tradespeople, and especially for manufacturers. Any one of those numerous disputes between masters and mechanics, which distinguish British industry, might have been safely referred to him, for he abhorred and despised them both with strict impartiality.

The lingering beams of a bright December day still gilded the moss-clad roof of that deserted church, and flamed on its broken panes, when a young man came galloping towards it, from Hillsborough, on one of those powerful horses common in that district.

He came so swiftly and so direct, that, ere the sun had been down twenty minutes, he and his smoking horse had reached a winding gorge about three furlongs from the church. Here, however, the bridle-road, which had hitherto served his turn across the moor, turned off sharply towards the village of Cairnhope, and the horse had to pick his way over heather, and bog, and great loose stones. He lowered his nose, and hesitated more than once. But the rein was loose upon his neck, and he was left to take his time. He had also his own tracks to guide him in places, for this was by no means his first visit; and he managed so well, that at last he got safe to a mountain stream which gurgled past the north side of the churchyard: he went cautiously through the water, and then his rider gathered up the reins, stuck in the spurs, and put him at a part of the wall where the moonlight showed a considerable breach. The good horse rose to it, and cleared it, with a foot to spare; and the invader landed in the sacred precincts unobserved, for the road he had come by was not visible from Raby House, nor indeed was the church itself.

He was of swarthy complexion, dressed in a plain suit of tweed, well made, and neither new nor old. His hat was of the newest fashion, and glossy. He had no gloves on.

He dismounted, and led his horse to the porch. He took from his pocket a large glittering key and unlocked the church door; then gave his horse a smack on the quarter. That sagacious animal walked into the church directly, and his iron hoofs rang strangely as he paced over the brick floor of the aisle, and made his way under the echoing vault, up to the very altar; for near it was the vestry-chest, and in that chest his corn.

The young man also entered the church; but soon came out again with a leathern bucket in his hand. He then went round the church, and was busily employed for a considerable time.

He returned to the porch, carried his bucket in, and locked the door, leaving the key inside.

That night Abel Eaves, a shepherd, was led by his dog, in search of a strayed sheep, to a place rarely trodden by the foot of man or beast, viz. the west side of Cairnhope Peak. He came home pale and disturbed, and sat by the fireside in dead silence. "What ails thee, my man?" said Janet, his wife; "and there's the very dog keeps a whimpering."

"What ails us, wife? Pincher and me? We have seen summat."

"What was it?" inquired the woman, suddenly lowering her voice.

"Cairnhope old church all o' fire inside."

"Bless us and save us!" said Janet, in a whisper.

"And the fire it did come and go, as if hell was a blowing at it. One while the windows was a dull red like, and the next they did flare so, I thought it would all burst out in a blaze. And so 'twould, but, bless your heart, their heads ha'n't ached this hundred year and more, as lighted that there devilish fire."

He paused a moment, then said, with sudden gravity and resignation, and even a sort of half business-like air, "Wife, ye may make my shroud, and sew it and all; but I wouldn't buy the stuff of Bess Crummies; she is an ill-tongued woman, and came near making mischief between you and me last Lammermas as ever was."

"Shroud!" cried Mrs. Eaves, getting seriously alarmed. "Why, Abel, what is Cairnhope old church to you? You were born in another parish."

Abel slapped his thigh. "Ay, lass, and another county, if ye go to that." And his countenance brightened suddenly.

"And, as for me," continued Janet, "I'm Cairnhope; but my mother came from Morpeth, a widdy: and she lies within a hundred yards of where I sit a talking to thee. There's none of my kin laid in old Cairnhope churchyard. Warning's not for thee, nor me, nor yet for our Jock. Eh, lad, it will be for Squire Raby. His father lies up there, and so do all his folk. Put on thy hat this minute, and I'll hood myself, and we'll go up to Raby Hall, and tell Squire."

Abel objected to that, and intimated that his own fireside was particularly inviting to a man, who had seen diabolical fires that came and went, and shone through the very stones and mortar of a dead church.

“Nay, but,” said Janet, “they sort o’ warnings are not to be slighted neither. We must put it off on to Squire, or I shall sleep none this night.”

They went up, hand in hand, and often looked askant upon the road.

When they got to the Hall, they asked to see Mr. Raby. After some demur they were admitted to his presence, and found him alone, so far as they could judge by the naked eye; but, as they arrived there charged to the muzzle with superstition, the room presented to their minds some appearances at variance with this seeming solitude. Several plates were set as if for guests, and the table groaned, and the huge sideboard blazed, with old silver. The Squire himself was in full costume, and on his bosom gleamed two orders bestowed upon his ancestors by James III. and Charles III. In other respects he was rather innocuous, being confined to his chair by an attack of gout, and in the act of sipping the superannuated compound that had given it him—port. Nevertheless, his light hair, dark eyebrows, and black eyes, awed them, and co-operated with his brilliant costume and the other signs of company, to make them wish themselves at the top of Cairnhope Peak. However, they were in for it, and told their tale, but in tremulous tones and a low deprecating voice, so that if the room *should* happen to be infested with invisible grandees from the other world, their attention might not be roused unnecessarily.

Mr. Raby listened with admirable gravity; then fixed his eyes on the pair, in silence; and then said in a tone so solemn it was almost sepulchral, “This very day, nearly a century and a half ago, Sir Richard Raby was beheaded for being true to his rightful king—”

“Eh, dear, poor gentleman! so now a walks.” It was Janet who edged in this—

“And,” continued the gentleman, loftily ignoring the comment, “they say that on this night such of the Rabys as died Catholics hold high mass in the church, and the ladies walk three times round the churchyard; twice with their veils down, once with bare faces, and great eyes that glitter like stars.”

“I wouldn’t like to see the jades,” quavered Abel: “their ladyships I mean, axing their pardon.”

“Nor I!” said Janet, with a great shudder.

“It would not be good for you,” suggested the Squire; “for the first glance from those dead and glittering eyes strikes any person of the lower orders dumb; the second, blind; the third, dead. So I’m informed. Therefore—*let me advise you never to go near Cairnhope old church at night.*”

“Not I, sir,” said the simple woman.

“Nor your children: unless you are very tired of them.”

“Heaven forbid, sir! But oh, sir, we thought it might be a warning like.”

“To whom?”

“Why, sir, th’ old Squire lies there; and heaps more of your folk: and so Abel here was afear’d—but you are the best judge; we be no scholars. Th’ old church warn’t red-hot from eend to eend for nought; that’s certain.”

“Oh, it is me you came to warn?” said Raby, and his lip curled.

“Well, sir” (mellifluously), “we thought you had the best right to know.”

“My good woman,” said the warned, “I shall die when my time comes. But I shall not hurry myself, for all the gentlemen in Paradise, nor all the blackguards upon earth.”

He spake, and sipped his port with one hand, and waved them superbly back to their village with the other.

But, when they were gone, he pondered.

And the more he pondered, the farther he got from the prosaic but singular fact.

CHAPTER II.

IN the old oak dining-room, where the above colloquy took place, hung a series of family portraits. One was of a lovely girl with oval face, olive complexion, and large dark tender eyes: and this was the gem of the whole collection; but it conferred little pleasure on the spectator, owing to a trivial circumstance—it was turned with its face to the wall; and all that met the inquiring eye was an inscription on the canvas, not intended to be laudatory.

This beauty, with her back to creation, was Edith Raby, Guy’s sister.

During their father’s lifetime she was petted and allowed her own way. Hillsborough, odious to her brother, was, naturally, very attractive to her, and she often rode into the town to shop and chat with her friends, and often stayed a day or two in it, especially with a Mrs. Manton, wife of a wealthy manufacturer.

Guy merely sneered at her, her friends, and her tastes, till he suddenly discovered that she had formed an attachment to one of the obnoxious class, Mr. James Little, a great contract builder. He was too shocked at first to vent his anger. He turned pale, and could hardly speak; and the poor girl’s bosom began to quake.

But Guy’s opposition went no farther than cold aversion to the intimacy—until his father died. Then, though but a year older than Edith, he assumed authority and, as head of the house, forbade the connection. At the same time he told her he should not object, under the circumstances, to her marrying Dr. Amboyne, a rising physician, and a man of good family,

who loved her sincerely, and had shown his love plainly before ever Mr. Little was heard of.

Edith tried to soften her brother; but he was resolute, and said Raby Hall should never be an appendage to a workshop. Sooner than that, he would settle it on his cousin Richard, a gentleman he abhorred, and never called, either to his face or behind his back, by any other name than "Dissolute Dick."

Then Edith became very unhappy, and temporised more or less, till her lover, who had shown considerable forbearance, lost patience at last, and said she must either have no spirit, or no true affection for him.

Then came a month or two of misery, the tender clinging nature of the girl being averse to detach itself from either of these two persons. She loved them both with an affection she could have so easily reconciled, if they would only have allowed her.

And it all ended according to Nature. She came of age, plucked up a spirit, and married Mr. James Little.

Her brother declined to be present at the wedding; but, as soon as she returned from her tour, and settled in Hillsborough, he sent his groom with a cold, civil note, reminding her that their father had settled nineteen hundred pounds on her, for her separate use, with remainder to her children, if any; that he and Mr. Graham were the trustees of this small fund; that they had invested it, according to the provisions of the settlement, in a first mortgage on land; and informing her that half a year's interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was due, which it was his duty to pay into her own hand and no other person's; she would therefore oblige him by receiving the enclosed cheque, and signing the enclosed receipt.

The receipt came back signed, and with it a few gentle lines, "hoping that, in time, he would forgive her, and bestow on her what she needed and valued more than money; her own brother's, her only brother's affection."

On receiving this, his eyes were suddenly moist, and he actually groaned. "A lady, every inch!" he said; "yet she has gone and married a bricklayer."

Well, blood is thicker than water, and in a few years they were pretty good friends again, though they saw but little of one another, meeting only in Hillsborough, which Guy hated, and never drove into now, without what he called his antidotes: a Bible and a bottle of lavender-water. It was his humour to read the one, and sprinkle the other, as soon as ever he got within the circle of the smoky trades.

When Edith's little boy was nine years old, and much admired for his quickness and love of learning, and of making walking-stick heads and ladies' work-boxes, Mr. Little's prosperity received a severe check, and through his own fault. He speculated largely in building villas, overdid the market, and got crippled. He had contracts uncompleted, and was liable to penalties; and at last saw himself the nominal possessor of a brick wilderness, but on the verge of ruin for want of cash.

He tried every other resource first; but at last he came to his wife, to borrow her 1,900*l.* The security he offered was a mortgage on twelve carcasses, or houses the bare walls and roofs of which were built.

Mrs. Little wrote at once to Mr. Raby for her money.

Instead of lending the trust-money hastily, Raby submitted the proposal to his solicitor, and that gentleman soon discovered the vaunted security was a second mortgage, with interest overdue on the first; and so he told Guy, who then merely remarked, "I expected as much. When had a tradesman any sense of honour in money matters? This one would cheat his very wife and child."

He declined the proposal, in two words, "Rotten security!"

Then Mr. James Little found another security that looked very plausible, and primed his wife with arguments, and she implored Guy to call and talk it over with them both.

He came that very afternoon, and brought his father's will.

Then Edith offered the security, and tried to convey to the trustee her full belief that it was undeniable.

Guy picked terrible holes in it, and read their father's will, confining the funds to consols, or a first mortgage on land. "You take the money on these conditions: it is almost as improper of you to wish to evade them, as it would be of me to assist you. And then there is your child; I am bound in honour not to risk his little fortune. See, here's my signature to that."

"My child!" cried Edith. "When he comes of age, I'll go on my knees to him and say, 'My darling, I borrowed your money to save your father's credit.' And my darling will throw his arms round me, and forgive me."

"Simpleton!" said Guy. "And how about your daughters and their husbands? And their husbands' solicitors? Will they throw their arms round your neck, and break forth into twaddle? No! I have made inquiries. Your husband's affairs are desperate. I won't throw your money into his well; and you will both live to thank me for seeing clearer than you do, and saving this 1,900*l.* for you and yours."

James Little had writhed in his chair for some time: he now cried out wildly, "Edith, you shall demean yourself no more. He always hated me: and now let him have his will, and seal my dishonour and my ruin. Oblige me by leaving my house, Mr. Raby."

"Oh, no, James!" cried Edith, trembling, and shocked at this affront.

But Guy rose like a tower. "I've noticed this trait in all trades-people," said he grimly. "They are obsequious to a gentleman so long as they hope to get the better of him; but, the moment they find it impossible to overreach him, they insult him." And with this he stalked out of the house.

"Oh, my poor James, how could you?" said Edith.

"Forgive me," said he, quietly. "It is all over. That was our last chance."

Guy Raby walked down the street, stung to the quick. He went straight to his solicitor and arranged to borrow 1,900*l.* on his own property. "For," said he, "I'll show them both how little a snob can understand a gentleman. I won't tamper with her son's money, but I'll give her my own to throw into his well. Confound him! why did she ever marry him?"

When the business was virtually settled, he came back to the house in great haste.

Meantime Mr. James Little went up to his dressing-room, as usual, to dress for dinner; but he remained there so long that, at last, Mrs. Little sent her maid to tell him dinner was ready.

The girl had hardly reached the top of the stairs, when she gave a terrible scream that rang through the whole house.

Mrs. Little rushed upstairs, and found her clinging to the banisters, and pointing at the floor, with eyes protruding and full of horror. Her candlestick had fallen from her benumbed hand; but the hall-lamp revealed what her finger was quivering and pointing at: a dark fluid trickling slowly out into the lobby from beneath the bed-room door.

It was blood.

The room was burst into, and the wretched tottering wife, hanging upon her sobbing servants, found her lover, her husband, her child's father, lying on the floor, dead by his own hand; stone dead. A terrible sight for strangers to see; but for her, what words can even shadow the horror of it!

I drop the veil on her wild bursts of agony, and piteous appeals to him who could not hear her cries.

The gaping wound that let out that precious life, her eye never ceased to see it, nor her own heart to bleed with it, while she lived.

She was gently dragged away, and supported down to another room. Doctor Amboyne came and did what he could for her; and that was—nothing.

At this time she seemed stupefied. But, when Guy came beaming into the room to tell her he had got her the money, a terrible scene occurred. The bereaved wife uttered a miserable scream at sight of him, and swooned away directly.

The maids gathered round her, laid her down, and cut her stays, and told Guy the terrible tidings, in broken whispers, over her insensible body.

He rose to his feet horrified. He began to gasp and sob. And he yearned to say something to comfort her. At that moment his house, his heart, and all he had, were hers.

But, as soon as she came to herself, and caught sight of him, she screamed out, "Oh, the sight of him! the sight of him!" and swooned away again.

Then the women pushed him out of the room, and he went away with uneven steps, and sick at heart.

He shut himself up in Raby Hall, and felt very sad and remorseful. He directed his solicitor to render Mrs. Little every assistance, and supply her with funds. But these good offices were respectfully declined by Mr. Joseph Little, the brother of the deceased, who had come from Birmingham to conduct the funeral and settle other matters.

Mr. Joseph Little was known to be a small master-cutler, who had risen from a workman, and even now put blades and handles together with his own hands, at odd times, though he had long ceased to forge or grind.

Mr. Raby drew in haughtily at this interference.

It soon transpired that Mr. James Little had died hopelessly insolvent, and the 1,900*l.* would really have been engulfed.

Raby waited for this fact to sink into his sister's mind ; and then one day nature tugged so at his heart-strings, that he dashed off a warm letter beginning—" My poor Edith, let bygones be bygones," and inviting her and her boy to live with him at Raby Hall.

The heart-broken widow sent back a reply, in a handwriting scarcely recognisable as hers. Instead of her usual precise and delicate hand, the letters were large, tremulous, and straggling, and the lines slanted downwards.

" WRITE to me, speak to me, no more. For pity's sake let me forget there is a man in the world who is my brother and his murderer. "

" EDITH. "

Guy opened this letter with a hopeful face, and turned pale as ashes at the contents.

But his conscience was clear, and his spirit high. " Unjust idiot ! " he muttered, and locked her letter up in his desk.

Next morning he received a letter from Joseph Little, in a clear, stiff, perpendicular writing :—

" SIR,—I find my sister-in-law wrote you, yesterday, a harsh letter, which I do not approve ; and have told her as much. Deceased's affairs were irretrievable, and I blame no other man for his rash act, which may God forgive ! As to your kind and generous invitation, it deserves her gratitude ; but Mrs. Little and myself have mingled our tears together over my poor brother's grave, and now we do not care to part. Before your esteemed favour came to hand, it had been settled she should leave this sad neighbourhood and keep my house at Birmingham, where she will meet with due respect. I am only a small tradesman ; but I can pay my debts, and keep the pot boiling. Will teach the boy some good trade, and make him a useful member of society, if I am spared.

" I am, sir,

" Yours respectfully,

" JOSEPH LITTLE. "

“SIR,—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your respectable letter.

“As all direct communication between Mrs. James Little and myself is at an end, oblige me with your address in Birmingham, that I may remit to you, half-yearly, as her agent, the small sum that has escaped bricks and mortar.

“When her son comes of age, she will probably forgive me for declining to defraud him of his patrimony.

“But it will be too late; for I shall never forgive her, alive or dead.

“I am, sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“GUY RABY.”

When he had posted this letter he turned Edith's picture to the wall, and wrote on the canvas—

“GONE INTO TRADE.”

He sent for his attorney, made a new will, and bequeathed his land, houses, goods and chattels, to Dissolute Dick and his heirs for ever.

CHAPTER III.

THE sorrowful widow was so fond of her little Henry, and the uncertainty of life was so burnt into her now, that she could hardly bear him out of her sight. Yet her love was of the true maternal stamp; not childish and self-indulgent. She kept him from school, for fear he should be brought home dead to her; but she gave her own mind with zeal to educate him. Nor was she unqualified. If she had less learning than schoolmasters, she knew better how to communicate what she did know to a budding mind. She taught him to read fluently, and to write beautifully; and she coaxed him, as only a woman can, over the dry elements of music and arithmetic. She also taught him dancing and deportment, and to sew on a button. He was a quick boy at nearly everything, but, when he was fourteen, his true genius went a-head of his mere talents: he showed a heaven-born gift for—carving in wood. This pleased Joseph Little hugely, and he fostered it judiciously.

The boy worked, and thought, and in time arrived at such delicacies of execution, he became discontented with the humdrum tools then current. “Then learn to make your own, boy,” cried Joseph Little, joyfully; and so initiated him into the whole mystery of hardening, forging, grinding, handle-making, and cutlery: and Henry, young and enthusiastic, took his turn at them all in right down earnest.

At twenty, he had sold many a piece of delicate carving, and could

make gravings-tools incomparably superior to any he could buy ; and, for his age, was an accomplished mechanic.

Joseph Little went the way of all flesh.

They mourned and missed him ; and, at Henry's earnest request, his mother disposed of the plant, and went with him to London.

Then the battle of life began. He was a long time out of employment, and they both lived on his mother's little fortune.

But Henry was never idle. He set up a little forge hard by, and worked at it by day, and at night he would often sit carving, while his mother read to him, and said he, "Mother, I'll never rest till I can carve the bloom upon a plum."

Not to dwell on the process, the final result was this. He rose at last to eminence as a carver ; but as an inventor and forger of carving-tools he had no rival in England.

Having with great labour, patience, and skill, completed a master-piece of carving, (there were plums with the bloom on, and other incredibles,) and also a set of carving-tools equally exquisite in their way, he got a popular tradesman to exhibit both the work and the tools in his window, on a huge silver salver.

The thing made a good deal of noise in the trade, and drew many spectators to the shop window.

One day Mr. Cheetham, a master-cutler, stood in admiration before the tools, and saw his way to coin the workman.

This Cheetham was an able man, and said to himself, "I'll nail him for Hillsborough, directly. London mustn't have a hand that can beat us at anything in our line."

He found Henry out, and offered him constant employment, as a forger and cutler of carving-tools, at 4*l.* per week.

Henry's black eyes sparkled, but he restrained himself. "That's to be thought of. I must speak to my old lady. She is not at home just now."

He did speak to her, and she put her two hands together and said, "Hillsborough ! Oh, Henry !" and the tears stood in her eyes directly.

"Well, don't fret," said he : "it is only saying no."

So when Mr. Cheetham called again for the reply, Henry declined, with thanks. On this, Mr. Cheetham never moved, but smiled, and offered him 6*l.* per week, and his journey free.

Henry went into another room, and argued the matter. "Come, mother, he is up to 6*l.* a week now ; and that is every shilling I'm worth ; and, when I get an apprentice, it will be 9*l.* clear to us."

"The sight of the place !" objected Mrs. Little, hiding her face in her hands instinctively.

He kissed her, and talked good manly sense to her, and begged her to have more courage.

She was little able to deny him, and she consented ; but cried, out of his sight, a good many times about it.

As for Henry, strong in the consciousness of power and skill, he felt glad he was going to Hillsborough. "Many a workman has risen to the top of the tree in that place," said he. "Why, this very Cheetham was grinding saws in a water-wheel ten years ago, I've heard uncle Joe say. Come, mother, don't you be a baby! I'll settle you in a cottage outside the smoke; you shall make a palace of it; and we'll rise in the very town where we fell, and friends and foes shall see us."

Mr. Cheetham purchased both the carving and the tools to exhibit in Hillsborough; and the purchase-money, less a heavy commission, was paid to Henry. He showed Mrs. Little thirty pounds, and helped her pack up; and next day they reached Hillsborough by train.

Henry took a close cab, and carried his mother off to the suburbs in search of a lodging. She wore a thick veil, and laid her head on her son's shoulder, and held his brown though elegant hand with her white fingers, that quivered a little as she passed through the well-known streets.

As for Henry, he felt quite triumphant and grand, and consoled her in an off-hand, hearty way. "Come, cheer up, and face the music. They have all forgotten you by this time, and, when they do see you again, you shall be as good as the best of them. I don't drink, and I've got a trade all to myself here, and I'd rather make my fortune in this town than any other: and, mother, you have been a good friend to me; I won't ever marry till I have done you justice, and made you the queen of this very town."

And so he rattled on, in such high spirits, that the great soft thing began to smile with motherly love and pride through her tears, ere they found a lodging.

Next day to the works, and there the foreman showed him a small forge on the ground floor, and a vacant room above to make his handles in and put the tools together: the blades were to be ground, whetted, and finished by cheaper hands.

A quick-eared grinder soon came up to them, and said roughly, "Ain't we to wet new forge?"

"They want their drink out of you," said the foreman; and whispered, in great anxiety, "Don't say no, or you might as well work in a wasp's nest as here."

"All right," said Henry, cheerfully. "I'm no drinker myself, but I'll stand what is customary."

"That is right," said Foreman Bayne. "'Twill cost you fifteen shillings. But Peace is cheap at as many guineas."

The word was given, and every man who worked on the same floor with Henry turned out to drink at his expense, and left off work for a good hour. With some exceptions they were a rough lot, and showed little friendliness or good-humour over it. One even threw out a hint that no cockney forges were wanted in Hillsborough. But another took him up and said, "Maybe not; but you are not much of a man to drink his liquor and grudge him his bread."

After this waste of time and money, Henry went back to the works, and a workman told him, rather sulkily, he was wanted in the foreman's office.

He went in, and there was a lovely girl of eighteen, who looked at him with undisguised curiosity, and addressed him thus: "Sir, is it you that carve wood so beautifully?"

Henry blushed, and hesitated; and that made the young lady blush herself a very little, and she said, "I wished to take lessons in carving." Then, as he did not reply, she turned to Mr. Bayne. "But perhaps he objects to teach other people?"

"We should object to his teaching other workmen," said the foreman; "but," turning to Henry, "there is no harm in your giving her a lesson or two, after hours. You will want a set of the tools, Miss?"

"Of course I shall. Please put them into the carriage; and——when will he come and teach me, I wonder? for I am wild to begin."

Henry said he could come Saturday afternoon, or Monday morning early.

"Whichever you please," said the lady, and put down her card on the desk; then tripped away to her carriage, leaving Henry charmed with her beauty and ease.

He went home to his mother, and told her he was to give lessons to the handsomest young lady he had ever seen. "She has bought the specimen tools too; so I must forge some more, and lose no time about it."

"Who is she, I wonder?"

"Here is her card. 'Miss Carden, Woodbine Villa, Heath Hill.'"

"Carden!" said the widow. Then, after a moment's thought, "Oh, Henry, don't go near them. Ah, I knew how it would be. Hillsborough is not like London. You can't be long hid in it."

"Why, what is the matter? Do you know the lady?"

"Oh, yes. Her papa is director of an insurance company in London. I remember her being born very well. The very day she was christened——her name is Grace——you were six years old, and I took you to her christening: and oh, Harry, my brother is her godfather. Don't you go near that Grace Carden; don't visit any one that knew us in better days."

"Why, what have we to be ashamed of?" said Henry. "'Tisn't as if we sat twiddling our thumbs and howling, 'We have seen better days.' And 'tisn't as if we asked favours of anybody. For my part I don't care who knows I am here, and can make three hundred a year with my own hands and wrong no man. I'd rather be a good workman in wood and steel than an arrogant old fool like your b——. No, I won't own him for yours or mine either——call him Raby. Well, I wouldn't change places with him, nor any of his sort: I'm a British workman, and worth a dozen Rabys——useless seum!"

"That you are, dear; so don't demean yourself to give any of them lessons. Her godfather would be sure to hear of it."

"Well, I won't, to please you. But you have no more pluck than a chicken——begging your pardon, mother."

"No, dear," said Mrs. Little, humbly, quite content to gain her point and lose her reputation for pluck; if any.

Henry worked regularly, and fast, and well, and in less than a fortnight a new set of his carving-tools were on view in Hillsborough, and another in London; for it was part of Mr. Cheetham's strategy to get all the London orders, and even make London believe that these superior instruments had originated in Hillsborough.

One day Miss Carden called and saw Bayne in the office. Her vivid features wore an expression of vexation, and she complained to him that the wood-carver had never been near her.

Bayne was surprised at that; but he was a man who always allayed irritation on the spot. "Rely on it, there's some reason," said he. "Perhaps he has not got settled. I'll go for him directly."

"Thank you," said the young lady. Then, in the same breath, "No, take me to him, and perhaps we may catch him carving—cross thing!"

Bayne assented cheerfully, and led the way across a yard, and up a dirty stone stair, which, solid as it was, vibrated with the powerful machinery that steam was driving on every side of it. He opened a door suddenly, and Henry looked up from his work, and saw the invaders.

He stared a little at first, and then got up and looked embarrassed and confused.

"You did not keep your word, sir," said Grace, quietly.

"No," he muttered, and hung his head.

He seemed so confused and ashamed, that Bayne came to his assistance. "The fact is, no workman likes to do a hand's-turn on Saturday afternoon. I think they would rather break Sunday than Saturday."

"It is not that," said Henry, in a low voice.

Grace heard him, but answered Mr. Bayne: "Oh, dear, I wish I had known. I fear I have made an unreasonable request: for, of course, after working so hard all the week—— but then why did you let me purchase the tools to carve with? Papa says they are very dear, Mr. Bayne. But that is what gentlemen always say if one buys anything that is really good. But of course they *will* be dear, if I am not to be taught how to use them." She then looked in Mr. Bayne's face with an air of infantine simplicity: "Would Mr. Cheetham take them back, I wonder, under the circumstances?"

At this sly thrust, Bayne began to look anxious; but Henry relieved him the next moment by saying, in a sort of dogged way, "There, there; I'll come." He added, after a pause, "I will give you six lessons, if you like."

"I shall be so much obliged. When will you come, sir?"

"Next Saturday, at three o'clock."

"I shall be sure to be at home, sir."

She then said something polite about not disturbing him further, and vanished with an arch smile of pleasure and victory, that disclosed a row of exquisite white teeth, and haunted Henry Little for many a day after.

He told his mother what had happened, and showed so much mortified pride that she no longer dissuaded him from keeping his word. "Only pray don't tell her your name," said she.

"Well, but what am I to do if she asks it?"

"Say Thompson, or Johnson, or anything you like, except Little."

This request roused Henry's bile. "What, am I a criminal to deny my name? And how shall I look, if I go and give her a false name, and then she comes to Bayne and learns my right one? No, I'll keep my name back, if I can; but I'll never disown it. I'm not ashamed of it, if you are."

This reduced poor Mrs. Little to silence; followed, in due course, by a few meek, clandestine tears.

Henry put on his new tweed suit, and hat, and went up to the villa. He announced himself as the workman from Cheetham's; and the footman, who had probably his orders, ushered him into the drawing-room at once. There he found Grace Carden seated, reading, and a young woman sewing at a respectful distance. This pair were types; Grace, of a young English gentlewoman, and Jael Dence of a villager by unbroken descent. Grace was tall, supple, and serpentine, yet not thin; Jael was robust and ample, without being fat; she was of the same height, though Grace looked the taller. Grace had dark brown eyes and light brown hair; and her blooming cheek and bewitching mouth shone with expression so varied, yet vivid, and always appropriate to the occasion, grave or gay, playful or dignified, that her countenance made artificial faces, and giggling-in-the-wrong-place faces, painfully ridiculous. As for such faces as Jael's, it killed them on the spot, but that was all. Jael's hair was reddish, and her full eyes were grey; she was freckled a little under the eyes, but the rest of her cheek full of rich pure colour, healthy, but not the least coarse; and her neck an alabaster column. Hers was a meek, monotonous countenance; but with a certain look of concentration. Altogether, a humble beauty of the old rural type; healthy, cleanly, simple, candid, yet demure.

Henry came in, and the young lady received him with a manner very different from that she had worn down at the works. She was polite, but rather stiff and dignified.

He sat down at her request, and, wondering at himself, entered on the office of preceptor. He took up the carving-tools, and explained the use of several; then offered, by way of illustration, to work on something.

"That will be the best way, much," said Grace quietly, but her eye sparkled.

"I dare say there's some lumber to be found in a great house like this?"

"Lumber? why, there's a large garret devoted to it. Jael, please take him to the lumber-room."

Jael fixed her needle in her work, and laid it down gently on a table near her, then rose and led the way to the lumber-room.

In that invaluable repository Henry soon found two old knobs lying on the ground (a four-poster had been wrecked hard by), and a piece of deal plank jutting out of a mass of things. He pulled hard at the plank; but it was long, and so jammed in by miscellaneous articles, that he could not get it clear.

Jael looked on demurely at his efforts for some time; then she suddenly seized the plank a little higher up. "Now, pull," said she, and gave a tug like a young elephant: out came the plank directly, with a great rattle of dislocated lumber.

"Well, you are a strong one," said Henry.

"Oh, one and one makes two, sir," replied the vigorous damsel, modestly.

"That is true, but you threw your weight into it like a workman. Now hand me that rusty old saw, and I'll cut off as much as we want."

While he was sawing off a piece of the plank, Jael stood and eyed him silently a while. But presently her curiosity oozed out. "If you please, sir, be you really a working man?"

"Why, what else should I be?" was the answer, given rather brusquely.

"A great many gentlefolks comes here as is no better dressed nor you be."

"Dress is no rule. Don't you go and take me for a gentleman, or we shan't agree. Wait till I'm as arrogant, and empty, and lazy as they are. I am a workman, and proud of it."

"It's nought to be ashamed on, that's certain," said Jael. "I've carried many a sack of grain up into our granary, and made a few hundred-weight of cheese and butter, besides house-work and farm-work. Bless your heart, I bayn't idle when I be at home."

"And pray where is your home?" asked Henry, looking up a moment, not that he cared one straw.

"If you please, sir, I do come from Cairnhope village. I'm old Nat Dence's daughter. There's two of us, and I'm the youngest. Squire sent me in here, because Miss said Hillsborough girls wasn't altogether honest. She is a dear kind young lady; but I do pine for home and the farm at times; and frets about the young calves: they want so much looking after. And sister, she's a-courting, and can't give her mind to 'em as should be. I'll carry the board for you, sir."

"All right," said Henry carelessly; but, as they went along, he thought to himself, "So a skilled workman passes for a gentleman with rustics: fancy that!"

On their return to the drawing-room, Henry asked for a high wooden stool, or chair, and said it would be as well to pin some newspapers over the carpet. A high stool was soon got from the kitchen, and Jael went promptly down on her knees, and crawled about, pinning the newspapers in a large square.

Henry stood apart, superior, and thought to himself, "So much for

domestic servitude. What a position for a handsome girl—creeping about on all fours ! ”

When all was ready, he drew some Arabesque forms with his pencil on the board. He then took an exquisite little saw he had invented for this work, and fell upon the board with a rapidity that, contrasted with his previous nonchalance, looked like fury. But he was one of your fast workmen. The lithe saw seemed to twist in his hand like a serpent, and in a very short time he had turned four feet of the board into open work. He finished the edges off with his cutting tools, and there was a transformation as complete as of linen cloth turned lace.

Grace was delighted. “ Shall I ever be able to do that ? ”

“ In half a day. That’s not carving : that’s trickery. The tool does it all. Before I invented this saw, a good workman would have been a day over that ; but now *you* can do it in half an hour, when you are master of the instrument. And now I’ll show you honest work.” He took one of the knobs and examined it ; then sawed off a piece, and worked on the rest so cunningly with his various cutters, that it grew into a human face before their very eyes. He even indicated Jael Dence’s little flat cap by a means at once simple and ingenious. All the time he was working the women’s eyes literally absorbed him : only those of Grace flashed vivid curiosity, Jael’s open orbs were fixed with admiration and awe upon his supernatural cleverness.

He now drew some more Arabesques on the remaining part of the board, and told Miss Carden she must follow those outlines with the saw, and he would examine her work on Monday morning. He then went off with a quick independent air, as one whose every minute was gold.

“ If you please, Miss,” said Jael, “ is he a real working man, or only a gentleman as makes it his pastime ? ”

“ A gentleman ! What an idea ! Of course he is a working man. But a very superior person.”

“ To be sure,” continued Jael, not quite convinced, “ he don’t come up to Squire Raby ; but, dear heart, he have a grander way with him than most of the Hillsborough gentlefolks as calls here.”

“ Nonsense ! ” said Grace, authoritatively. “ Look at his nails.”

Henry came twice a week, and his pupil made remarkable progress. She was deferential, attentive, enthusiastic.

By degrees the work led to a little conversation ; and that, in due course, expanded into a variety of subjects ; and the young lady, to her surprise, found her carver well read in History, and Sciences, and severely accurate in his information, whereas her own, though abundant, was rather loose.

One day she expressed her surprise that he could have found time to be so clever with his fingers and yet cultivate his mind.

“ Well,” said he, “ I was lucky enough to have a good mother. She

taught me all she knew, and she gave me a taste for reading; and that has been the making of me: kept me out of the public-house for one thing."

"Ah! you *were* fortunate. I lost my mother, sir, when I was but eight years old."

"Oh, dear, that was a bad job," said Henry brusquely but kindly.

"A very bad job," said Grace, smiling; but the next moment she suddenly turned her fair head away and tears stole down her cheeks.

Henry looked very sorry, and Jael, without moving, looked at Grace, and opened those sluices, her eyes, and two big drops of sympathy rolled down her comely face in a moment.

That day, when young Little shut the street door of "Woodbine Villa" and stepped into the road, a sort of dull pain seemed to traverse his chest. It made his heart ache a little, this contrast of the sweet society he had left and the smoky town towards which he now turned his face. He seemed to be ejected from Paradise for the next five days. It was Monday, yet he wished the next day was Saturday, and the intervening period could be swept away, so that he might be entering that soft Paradise instead of leaving it.

And this sentiment, once rooted, grew rapidly in an aspiring nature, and a heart that had never yet entertained a serious passion. Now the fair head that bowed over the work so near him, the lovely hand he had so often to direct, and almost to guide, and all the other perfections of mind and body this enchanting girl possessed, crept in at his admiring eyes, and began to steal into his very veins, and fill him with soft complacency. His brusque manner dissolved away, and his voice became low and soft, whenever he was in her delicious presence. He spoke softly to Jael even, if Grace was there. The sturdy workman was enthralled.

Often he wondered at himself. Sometimes he felt alarmed at the strength of his passion and the direction it had taken.

"What," said he, "have I flirted with so many girls in my own way of life, and come away heart-whole, and now to fall in love with a gentlewoman, who would bid her footman show me the door if she knew of my presumption!"

But these misgivings could neither cure him nor cow him. Let him only make money, and become a master instead of a workman, and then he would say to her, "I don't value birth myself, but if you do, why, I am not come of workpeople."

He traced a plan with workmanlike precision:—Profound discretion and self-restraint at "Woodbine Villa;" restless industry and stern self-denial in Hillsborough.

After his day's work he used to go straight to his mother. She gave him a cup of tea, and then they had their chat; and after that the sexes were inverted, so to speak: the man carved fruit, and flowers, and dead woodcocks, the woman read the news and politics of the day, and the

essays on labour and capital, and any other articles not too flimsy to bear reading aloud to a man whose time was coin. (There was a free library in Hillsborough, and a mechanic could take out standard books and reviews.) Thus they passed the evening hours agreeably, and usefully too, for Henry sucked in knowledge like a leech, and at the same time carved things that sold well in London. He had a strong inclination to open his heart about Miss Carden. Accordingly, one evening he said, "She lost her mother when she was a child."

"Who lost her mother?" asked Mrs. Little.

"Miss Carden," said Henry, very softly.

The tone was not lost on Mrs. Little's fine and watchful ear; at least her mind seized it a few seconds afterwards.

"That is true," said she. "Poor girl! I remember hearing of it. Henry, what is that to you? Don't you trouble your head about that young lady, or she will trouble your heart. I wish you did not go near her."

And then came question upon question, and vague maternal misgivings. Henry parried them as adroitly as he could; but never mentioned Miss Carden's name again.

He thought of her all the more, and counted his gains every week, and began to inquire of experienced persons how much money was wanted to set up a wheel with steam power, and be a master instead of a man. He gathered that a stranger could hardly start fair without 500*l*.

"That is a good lump!" thought Henry; "but I'll have it, if I work night as well as day."

Thus inspired, his life became a sweet delirium. When he walked, he seemed to tread on air: when he forged, his hammer felt a feather in his hand. The mountains in the way looked molehills, and the rainbow tangible, to Youth, and Health, and Hope, and mighty Love.

One afternoon, as he put on his coat and crossed the yard, after a day's work that had passed like a pleasant hour, being gilded with such delightful anticipations, the foreman of the works made him a mysterious signal. Henry saw it, and followed him into his office. Bayne looked carefully out of all the doors, then closed them softly, and his face betrayed anxiety, and even fear.

"Little," said he, almost in a whisper, "you know me: I'm a man of peace, and so for love of peace I'm going to do something that might get me into a wrangle. But you are the civilest chap ever worked under me, and the best workman, take you altogether, and I can't bear to see you kept in the dark, when you are the man whose skin——only——if I act like a man to you, will you act like one to me?"

"I will," said Henry; "there's my hand on it."

Then Bayne stepped to his desk, opened it, and took out some letters.

"You must never tell a soul I showed them you, or you will get me

into a row with Cheetham ; and I want to be at peace in-doors as well as out."

" I give you my word."

" Then read that, to begin."

And he handed him a letter addressed to Mr. Cheetham.

" SIR,—We beg respectfully to draw your attention to a matter, which is of a nature to cause unpleasantness between you and the Trades. We allude to your bringing a workman in from another town to do work that we are informed can be done on the premises by your own hands.

" We assure you it would be more to your interest to work in harmony with the smiths and the handle-makers in your employ, and the trade generally.

" Yours respectfully,

" THE COMMITTEE
OF THE EDGE-TOOL FORGERS' UNION."

Henry coloured up at this, and looked grieved ; but he said, " I am sorry to be the cause of any unpleasantness. But what can I do ? "

" Oh," said Bayne, with a sardonic grin, " they are sure to tell you that, soon or late. Read this :"—

No. 2 was dated a week later, and ran thus :—

" MR. CHEETHAM, SIR—I think you do very ill to annoy a many craftsmen for one. Remember, you have suffered loss and inconvenience whenever you have gone against Trades. We had to visit you last year, and when we came your bands went and your bellows gaped. We have no wish to come again this year, if you will be reasonable. But, sir, you must part with London hand, or take consequences.

" BALAAM."

Henry looked grave. " Can I see a copy of Mr. Cheetham's reply ? "

Bayne stared at him, and then laughed in his face, but without the gaiety that should accompany a laugh. " Cheetham's reply to Balaam ! And where would he send it ? To Mr. Beer's lodgings, No. 1, Prophet Place, Old Testament Square. My poor chap, nobody writes replies to these letters. When you get one, you go that minute to the secretary of whatever Union you are wrong with, and you don't argue, or he bids you good morning ; you give in to whatever he asks, and then you get civility ; and justice too, according to Trade lights. If you don't do that, and haven't learned what a blessing Peace is, why, you make up your mind to fight the Trade ; and if you do, you have to fight them all ; and you are safe to get the worst of it, soon or late. Cheetham has taken no notice of these letters. All the worse for him and you too. Read that."

No. 3 ran thus:—

“DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of your keeping on this knobstick, in defiance of them that has the power to make stones of Hillsborough too hot for you and him. Are you deaf, or blind, or a fool, Jack Cheatem? You may cheat the world, but you don't cheat the devil, nor me. Turn cockney up, with no more ado, or you'll both get kicked to hell some dark night by

“BALAAM'S ASS.”

Henry was silent; quite silent. When he did speak, it was to ask why Mr. Cheetham had kept all this from him.

“Because you shouldn't take fright and leave him,” was the unhesitating reply.

“For that matter they threaten him more than they do me.”

“They warn the master first; but the workman's turn is sure to come, and he gets it hottest, because they have so many ways of doing him. Cheetham, he lives miles from here, and rides in across country, and out again, in daylight. But the days are drawing in, and you have got to pass through these dark streets, where the Trades have a thousand friends, and you not one. Don't you make any mistake: you are in their power; so pray don't copy any hot-headed, wrong-headed gentleman like Cheetham, but speak them fair. Come to terms—if you can—and let us be at peace; sweet, balmy, peace.”

“Peace is a good thing no doubt,” said Henry, “but” (rather bitterly) “I don't thank Cheetham for letting me run blindfold into trouble, and me a stranger.”

“Oh,” said Bayne, “he is no worse than the rest, believe me. What does any master care for a man's life? Profit and loss go down in figures; but life—that's a cypher in all their ledgers.”

“Oh, come,” said Henry, “it is unphilosophical and narrow-minded to fasten on a class the faults of a few individuals, that form a very moderate portion of that class.”

Bayne seemed staggered by a blow so polysyllabic; and Henry, to finish him, added, “Where there's a multitude, there's a mixture.” Now the first sentence he had culled from the *Edinburgh Review*, and the second he had caught from a fellow-workman's lips in a public-house; and probably this was the first time the pair of phrases had ever walked out of any man's mouth arm in arm. He went on to say, “And as for Cheetham, he is not a bad fellow, take him altogether. But you are a better for telling me the truth. Forewarned, forearmed.”

He went home thoughtful, and not so triumphant and airy as yesterday; but still not dejected, for his young and manly mind summoned its energy and spirit to combat this new obstacle, and his wits went to work.

Being unable to sleep for thinking of what he should do, he was the first to reach the works in the morning. He lighted his furnace, and then

went and unlocked the room where he worked as a handle-maker, and also as a cutler. He entered briskly, and opened the window. The grey light of the morning came in, and showed him something on the inside of the door that was not there when he locked it overnight. It was a very long knife, broad towards the handle, but keenly pointed, and double-edged. It was fast in the door, and impaled a letter addressed, in a vile hand—

“TO JAK THRE TRADES.”

Henry took hold of the handle to draw the knife out ; but the formidable weapon had been driven clean through the door with a single blow.

Then Henry drew back, and, as the confusion of surprise cleared away, the whole thing began to grow on him, and reveal distinct and alarming features.

The knife was not one which the town manufactured in the way of business. It was a long glittering blade, double-edged, finely pointed, and exquisitely tempered. It was not a tool, but a weapon.

Why was it there, and, above all, how did it come there ?

He distinctly remembered locking the door overnight. Indeed, he had found it locked, and the window-shutters bolted ; yet there was this deadly weapon, and on its point a letter, the superscription of which looked hostile and sinister.

He drew the note gently across the edge of the keen knife, and the paper parted like a cobweb. He took it to the window and read it. It ran thus :—

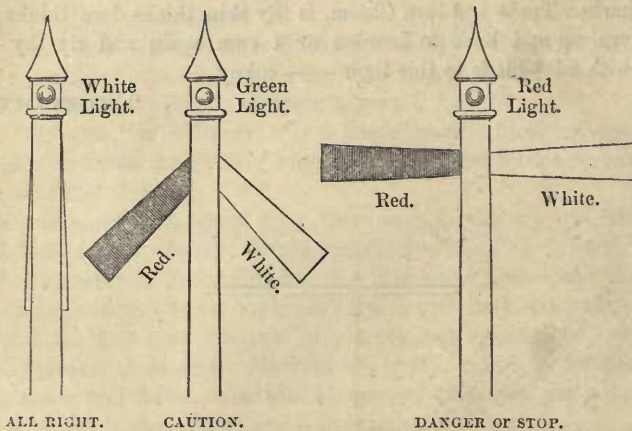
“This knifs wun of too made ekspres t’other is for thy hart if thou dosent harken Trade and leve Chetm. is thy skin thicks dore thinks thou if not turn up and back to Lundoon or I cum again and rip thy — carkiss with feloe blade to this thou — cokny

“SLIPER JACK.”

Railway Signalling.

In the early days of railways the signals, which were more or less derived from the old colliery tramroads, were of a rough description, few in number, and of various shapes and sizes. What is termed the "semaphore" has, however, now to a great extent superseded all other signals, and will, we have no doubt, eventually be the only signal used by daylight in this country. On the South-Western, Great Western, and some other lines, we still see the old signals; but on these lines almost all new signals are of the "semaphore" pattern.

The semaphore signal consists of an upright post, with a moveable board (technically a "fan") let into it, and hung on a pivot at its upper end; this board is capable of being moved to the extent of a quadrant, *i. e.* through an arc of 90° . When the board is hanging vertically and is almost concealed by the post, the signal denotes "all right;" when it is inclined to the post at an angle of 45° , it denotes "proceed cautiously;" and when it is placed at right angles to the post, it means "danger," or "stop." At night the same signals are given by lamps placed on the post, in which coloured glasses are used. Thus, a white light means "all right;" a green one, "proceed cautiously;" and a red one, "danger," or "stop." We subjoin a



sketch of a semaphore signal-post with two arms, one arm applying to trains proceeding in one direction, and one to trains in the other direction. The driver of any train approaching the post has to consider only the signal-board on the left hand, or "near side," of the post. The side of the signal-board which faces him is painted red, the other side being painted

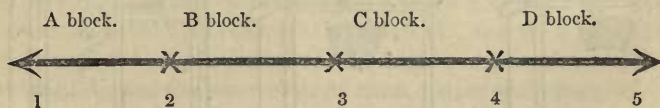
white. The lamp on the top of the post would have two lenses (each with coloured glasses), one pointing in each direction.

The first signal (of the vertical arm and white light) is gradually being discarded, and only two signals are used at most junctions and large stations, namely, the arm at an angle of 45° , with a green light, meaning "proceed;" and the arm at right angles, with a red light, meaning "stop."

The reasons for this course are that simplicity is gained in using two signals instead of three, that the vertical arm is rather the absence of a signal than a signal proper, that the white signal light may be confused with ordinary white lights near towns, and that since the electric telegraph has been used for signalling trains, the necessity for a signal "proceed cautiously" has disappeared, as will be shown by our description of the electric telegraph signalling further on.

In the days when the electric telegraph was not discovered, and trains were the quickest modes of conveying intelligence, a minimum interval of time was maintained—or intended to be maintained—between a train and the next one which followed on the same line of rails. Thus, at some places, five minutes was the time allowed between trains, at others ten minutes or more. Under this system, which was the best in those days, it was advantageous to have a signal which would inform the driver of a train following another that there was only the bare minimum of time between his train and the preceding one, and so the signal "proceed cautiously" was useful. But with the electric telegraph grew up a new and very superior system, viz., that instead of a minimum interval of time, a minimum interval of space should be preserved between trains. It is obvious that an interval of time between two trains does not provide any security, unless the speed of both trains is the same, or nearly the same. If the foremost train break down between two signalling stations, or the engine be overloaded, the pursuing train will gain upon it, and unless the second train can be stopped by the guard of the first train, a collision is inevitable; but so long as an interval of space can be preserved between the trains there can be no collision. This system of an interval of space is technically called the "block" system, and we will endeavour to explain the theory and practice of it.

To carry it into effect, a railway is divided into blocks or divisions, which may be of equal or unequal lengths, without affecting the principle. Thus, a line representing the railway may be divided into "blocks" or sections, which we will call A, B, C, D, by certain points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, which represent signal-boxes. So that between 1 and 2 is A block;



between 2 and 3, B block; between 3 and 4, C block; and between 4 and 5 is D block.

The signal-boxes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, are placed in communication by means of

the electric telegraph, so that 1 communicates with 2, 2 communicates with 1 and 3, 3 with 2 and 4, 4 with 3 and 5, 5 with 4. We will suppose that a train requires to travel from 1 to 5, being the first train in the day. The signalman at 1 telegraphs to signalman at 2 that the train is ready to start. The line being clear, the signalman at 2 gives permission for the train to travel from 1 to 2. He then telegraphs to 3 that the train is ready to leave 2, and to proceed to 3; but he does not allow it to pass 2 until the signalman at 3 gives permission; before the train can pass 3, the signalman at 4 must give permission, and so on. As soon as the train has passed 2, and thus got off A block, the signalman at 2 telegraphs the fact to 1; when it is off B block, the man at 3 telegraphs the fact to 2, and so on. This is called giving the "in" signal, meaning that the train is off the particular block to which it refers; and until the "in" signal has been given, no signalman is allowed to send another train on to the block, or even to ask permission to do so. This process is pursued over every block into which the railway is divided, and, if faithfully carried out, renders it impossible that two trains can be on one block at any one time on the same line of rails. The lengths of the blocks, or distance between the signal-boxes, varies with the amount of traffic, from seven or eight miles in the country to five or six hundred yards near London. The signalling for a train passing over any block, say B block, summarized is this:—

- (1.) Signalman at 2 tells signalman at 3, "Train is ready."
- (2.) Signalman at 3 tells signalman at 2, "Line clear; send train."
- (3.) Signalman at 2 tells signalman 3, "I have sent train."
- (4.) Signalman at 3 waits till train reaches his signal-box, and has passed on to the next block, and then tells 2, "Train has arrived."

The electric signals are transmitted in various ways; the earliest mode was by a signalling code in which a certain number of beats on a bell or gong meant a certain signal. Thus, No. 1 signal above might be given by one beat, No. 2 signal by two beats, and so on. Where many signals were thus transmitted, bells or gongs of different tones were used. This audible code is sometimes replaced or supplemented by ocular means of signalling by electricity. Thus, on the Metropolitan Railway a moveable cardboard disc is turned by electricity behind a fixed card, in which a hole

Miniature Semaphore.

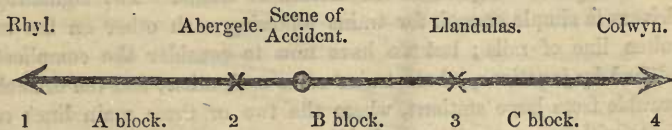


is cut, so that only a portion of the moveable disc is seen at one time. On this moveable disc the words "train on line," or "line clear," are printed, and, as they appear at the hole, so a train is stopped or sent on to the block, a stroke being given on a bell at the same time, to attract the attention of the signalman.

On the South-Eastern, South-Western, and other railways, a miniature "semaphore" is used, the arms of which are lowered by electricity by the signalmen in the signal-boxes on each side of that in which the miniature signal is fixed. The little semaphore is locked up in a mahogany and glass case, and it is very curious to see its tiny arms raised and depressed by an invisible power applied by men many miles off. On the South-Eastern Railway the miniature semaphore is used in addition to the audible code. Different means, in fact, are employed on different lines; but they all have for their objects, first, rendering a signal unmistakable, and secondly, simplicity.

If our readers have followed the description of the block system, they will see that on its adoption the necessity for more than two semaphore signals disappeared. The line between any two signal-boxes either has a train on it or it has not. If there be no train on the line the signal is given, "proceed;" but if there be a train, the signal is given, "stop." There are no half measures, such as a cautioning signal implies, and it is, therefore, wanted no longer.

If the block system had been in efficient use on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, the Abergele accident would have been avoided. Assuming the block system, suppose that the signal-station at 2 is Abergele, and that 3 is Llandulas, 1 being the signal-station at Rhyl, and 4 being Colwyn.



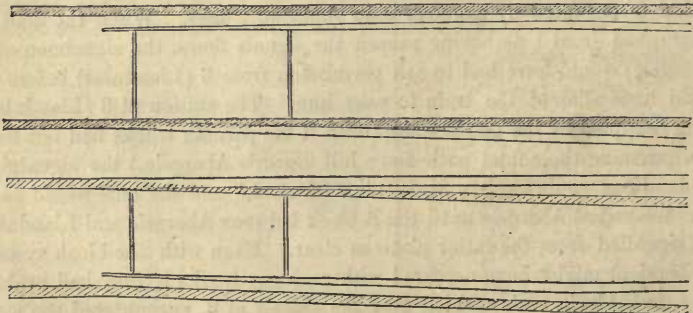
The scene of the accident is B block, between Abergele and Llandulas. The limited mail is traversing A block, and at the same time Llandulas station is occupied by a goods-train shunting trucks. When the mail is telegraphed from 1 as having passed the signals there, the signalman at 2 (Abergele) would have had to ask permission from 3 (Llandulas) before he would have allowed the train to pass him. The station at 3 (Llandulas) being occupied by the goods-train, (even if the paraffin trucks had not then been pursuing their fatal path down hill towards Abergele,) the signalman at Llandulas would have replied, "line blocked," and the mail would have been delayed at Abergele until the B block between Abergele and Llandulas was signalled from the latter place as clear. Even with the block system the accident might have occurred with runaway trucks if they had broken away on C block, and, rushing past the signals at 3, encountered the mail on B block; but such was not the case under consideration. The goods-engine was shunting the trucks at Llandulas station, which is situated

on B block—for a station is always considered to extend between the distant signals on each side of it. When the mail had passed Abergele there were two trains on one block, which would not have been allowed with the block system.

It is perfectly true, no doubt, that contrivances like the block system, which depend at last on human care and capability, are liable at times, from this cause, to break down; and we have known accidents, like those at the Clayton and Blackheath Tunnels, and at Chapel le Frith, on the Midland Railway, and others, occur through the signalmen making a mistake in the message sent by electric telegraph. But these accidents prove nothing against the system: in some cases it was found that incompetent signalmen were employed; in others that they were overworked; and the residue are to be attributed to that element of human fallibility which cannot be eliminated. The system is manifestly good that two trains on the same line of rails should not be within a certain distance of each other at any time; and we cannot but think that railway directors incur a heavy responsibility, both to their shareholders, who have to pay for accidents, and to the public at large, by neglecting to employ the block system universally. The North-Western were almost, if not quite, the first to use the electric telegraph for signalling on their main line, and it is in use on portions of almost all the leading railways in the kingdom; but from time to time we find (as on the Chester and Holyhead Railway), probably through a fatal and shortsighted parsimony, that the directors have thought some branch line likely to do well enough without it.

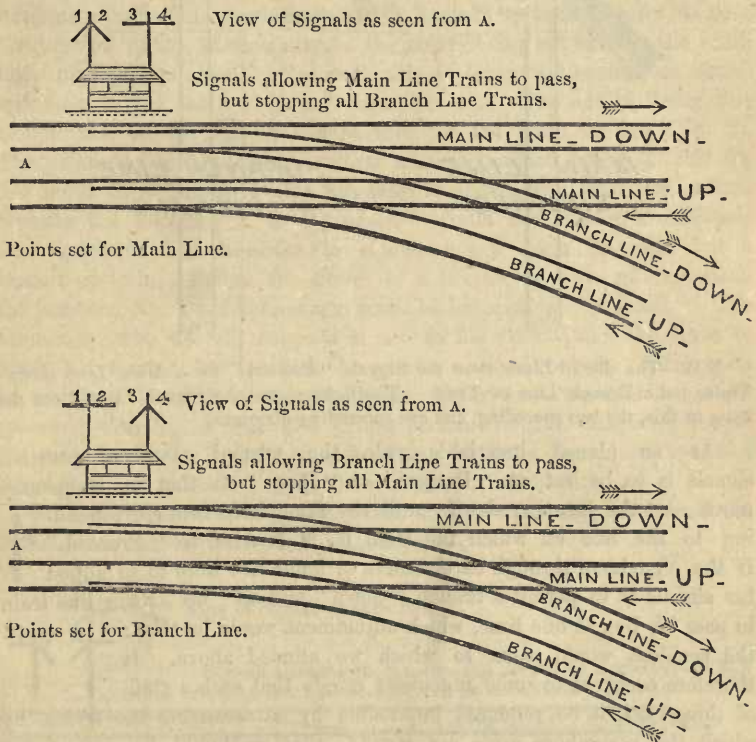
The signalling by electricity is between signalman and signalman, and is only therefore in the nature of instruction how they are to exhibit their “semaphore” signals to the drivers of trains. The signalling to the drivers is simple enough for trains following each other on the same unbroken line of rails; but we have now to consider the complication introduced by junctions, where trains cross each other, and the difficulties inseparable from large stations, where the two or three main lines communicate with numerous lines and sidings.

Switches or Points in both Positions.



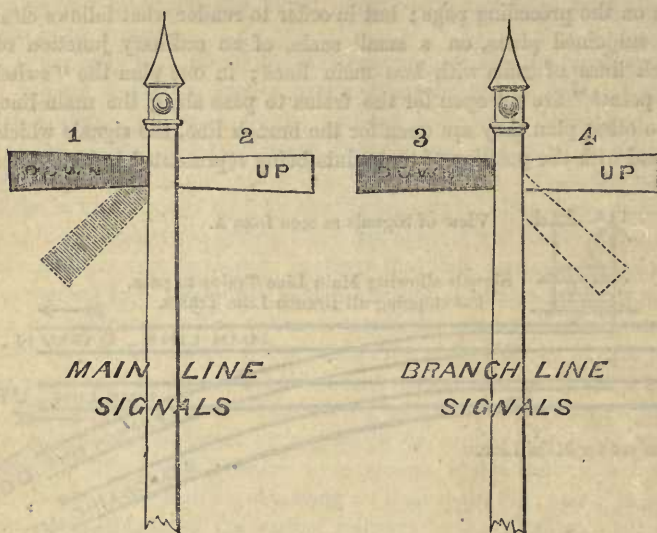
N.B.—The shaded lines denote the path along which a Train must necessarily travel, on account of the flanges of the wheels.

Most people know how one line of railway communicates with another by means of "switches" or "points," an enlarged sketch of which we have given on the preceding page; but in order to render what follows clear, we have subjoined plans, on a small scale, of an ordinary junction of two branch lines of rails with two main lines; in one plan the "switches" or "points" are set open for the trains to pass along the main line, and in the other plan they are open for the branch line, the signals which correspond with the position of the points being represented in both cases:—

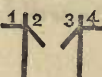


By inspection of the diagram of the junction, it is obvious that if, while a down-train is passing on to the branch line, an up-train should come along the main up-line, the down branch train must be cut in two. The signalling, therefore, at junctions, must be of the carefullest. The semaphore signals for an ordinary junction like the one in the diagram would be, as shown enlarged on the next page, at the junction itself. In addition to these, there would also be what are called "Distant Signals," which are placed at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile from the junction in all three directions in which the lines of rails point. The "Distant Signals" are worked by a wire or wire-rope from the signal-box, and their use is to inform the engine-driver of the position of the main signals

before he reaches them, and also, in the event of a train being delayed at a junction, to protect the rear of it from being run into.



N.B.—The dotted Lines show the Signals “Proceed” for a Main Line DOWN-Train, and a Branch Line UP-Train. The figures over the Signal “fans” are the same in this, the two preceding, and one succeeding diagrams.

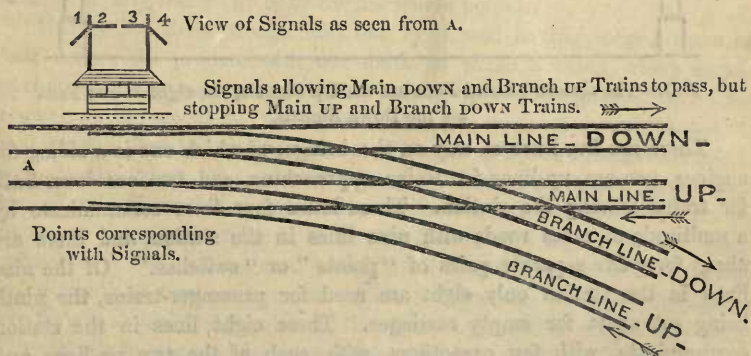
As an almost invariable rule the normal state of junction signals is to be set at “Danger” or “Stop,” so that no train may move past the junction signals until the semaphore arm corresponding to the line on which the train is, is lowered to “Proceed.” If the signalman through carelessness or ignorance were to so adjust his signals as to permit a branch “down” and an “up” main line train to pass his box at one time, which adjustment would be thus:  the accident would occur to which we alluded above. It therefore occurred to some ingenious minds that such a state of things might be rendered impossible by so arranging the levers, by which the semaphore arms are moved, that it should be out of the signalman's power to give a combination of signals which, if obeyed, must produce a collision.

In the same way an organ might be so constructed that it would be mechanically impossible for the player to put down notes which were not in harmony one with another. With regard to the signals, this system is called the “locking” system; but we will refer to it hereafter as the “harmony” system, as being more expressive of the aim and intention of its inventors. The “harmony” system was soon still further improved by bringing the levers by which the “switches” are moved into communication in the signal-box with the levers by which the semaphore arms are moved, so that (1) the signals should be in harmony one with

another, and (2) that they should be in harmony with the switches, and (3) that the switches should be in harmony one with another. Thus if it were necessary for a branch down-train to pass the junction, it should be necessary, before the permissive signal could be given, for the "switches" to be moved which give access from the main down-line to the branch down-line; and when the permissive signal is given, all the signals which, if lowered to "proceed," might induce a collision, should be firmly locked at "danger," or "stop."

To give an instance in the case of the junction depicted above. Suppose a main-line down-train and a branch up-train require to pass the junction at the same moment: the points being set fair for the main line, the signalman would be at once able to lower the semaphore corresponding to the main "down" line (No. 1). The act of doing this would lock all the signals except that for the main up-line (No. 2). The points, as we have said, in their normal position being set fair for the main line, No. 2 is also left free to move, and this with safety, because the lowering it to "proceed" would not induce a collision. Our signalman has, however, to signal, not a main up-train, but a branch up-train. Before the driver of a branch up-train will approach the junction, No. 4 semaphore arm must be lowered to "proceed." The signalman (who we will suppose is new to his work) pulls the lever to lower No. 4 arm; but he finds he cannot move it an inch. Thereupon he recollects his instructions, which are first to move the switches corresponding with No. 4 arm, and giving access from the branch up-line to the main up-line. When he has done this he finds No. 4 arm free, and the signals and switches assume the position depicted below.

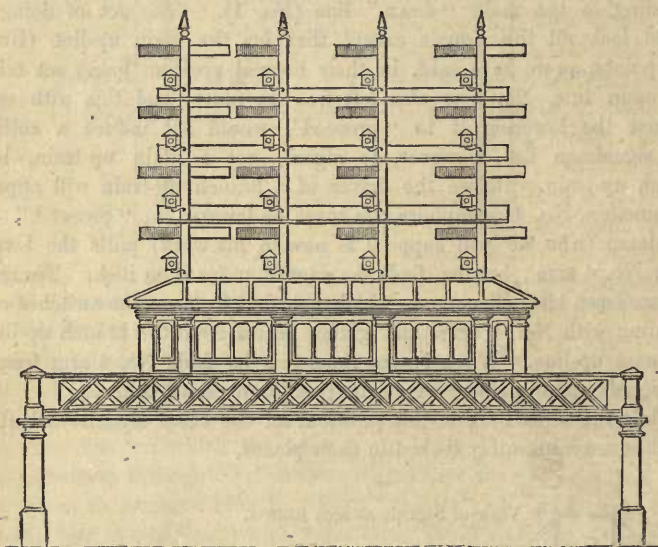
While the signals are in this position, all the other signals and all the switches are immovably locked in their places.



The "harmony" system was in the first instance, we believe, used at junctions; but it was quickly extended to the signals for large stations, where, instead of two lines joining two other lines, there are far more complicated problems. We have probably sufficiently described the general

principles of signalling to be able to proceed to give some idea of what has to be done in the working of a large metropolitan station; and we think we cannot do better than recall a visit which we paid to Cannon Street station some months ago, with the impressions produced then on our minds, when we were not so well acquainted with the subject as we since have made ourselves.

Before entering the Cannon Street station signal-box, a sketch of which is given below, and which is situated on an iron bridge over the lines of rails (five in number), which are themselves on the bridge over the Thames, we tried to make ourselves acquainted with the exterior aspect of affairs, and generally with the nature of the work which had daily to be performed in the station.



N.B.—The sixteen Shaded Fans are the Up Signals, the eight White Fans are the Down Signals.

There are five lines of way on the bridge, of which one is a siding for engines, two are up-lines for trains approaching, and two are down-lines for trains leaving the station. These latter four lines communicate by a multitude of cross roads with nine lines in the station, and there are about forty-five separate pairs of "points" or "switches." Of the nine lines in the station only eight are used for passenger-trains, the ninth being set apart for empty carriages. These eight lines in the station communicate, with few exceptions, with each of the two up-lines and with each of the two down-lines: the necessity for this arrangement arises from the peculiar circumstances of Cannon Street station. Trains for the country start from Charing Cross, come to Cannon Street by one line, and leave it, stern first, by another, fresh engines being attached to the tail of each arriving train to take it away on its journey. The same,

mutatis mutandis, is the process with trains from the country. In consequence of this every platform is at once an arrival and departure platform, and has to communicate with both the up-lines and both the down.

Looking at the signal-box externally, we find that it is about forty feet long and nine feet wide, that there are four signal-posts, on two of which there are eight semaphore arms, and on the other two only four, making in all twenty-four semaphore arms. The necessity for this large number arises from the fact that each of the eight passenger-lines in the station communicates with two up-lines and one down-line. As each platform-line has its particular signal, this accounts for $3 \times 8 = 24$ arms. The remaining down-line is devoted to the traffic to Charing Cross only, and communicates with four platforms; this line is signalled by a post inside the station, the arms on which are worked from the signal-box. The sketch on the preceding page shows the signal-box and signals, as seen from the Surrey side of the river.

In addition to the semaphore arms there are also a number of small semaphore and disc-signals fixed near the ground, and also worked from the signal-box: these instruct engine-drivers when they may enter or leave the sidings and go to the engine-dépôt on the Surrey side of the river. Altogether there are thirty-seven distinct signals worked from the signal-box, and all are constructed on the "harmony" system, not only between themselves, but also with the forty-five pairs of points by which access is given to and from the eight lines of way in the station.

We are told by our guide that during an ordinary working day about six hundred trains pass in and out of the station, but on Whit Monday as many as seven hundred and seventy-five trains were signalled. If we assume the average working day to be fifteen hours long—say from 6.30 A.M. to 9.30 P.M.—the latter number would give the astonishing average of fifty trains per hour for the whole period.

Having got these things into our head, and having dodged three or four trains, we prepare with our guide to climb a steep, sharp-edged, narrow, uncompromising iron ladder leading up to the signal-bridge. We remark on the ascent of the ladder as being a work of great discomfort, and are told that the engineer purposely made it trying to the uninitiated, so as to discourage all visitors to the signal-box. We think he has succeeded even beyond his expectations. Arriving at the top, however, we pause on the signal-bridge to take a bird's-eye view of the extraordinary cobweb of lines crossing each other in all directions, and also to receive a few words of caution from our guide. These are to the effect that we are to talk as little as possible in the signal-box, and to reserve any questions which we cannot put in a whisper to our guide until we come out again. All the time we have been gathering these particulars of the exterior, trains have been whistling, steaming, and rushing about, and some of the semaphore arms have continually been working up and down. At one time we counted two trains coming in and two trains going out at the same moment, and the whole place conveyed an idea of extraordinary

activity, though without any bustle. There is no shouting of men or waving of arms (except the semaphore arms); but the eyes of all who have to do with the trains wait on the signal-arms, and as they move up and down so trains come and go.

There appears to be no end to the trains, and they twine about like long snakes as they pass from one line to another. The time of our visit was the busiest of an ordinary working day, and we were told that there were about fifty trains coming and going during the hour we were there.

We now enter the signal-box. We find it a long, narrow room, with glass all round it, through which we get a clear view of the station and the ever-moving trains. All along one side of it, united in an iron frame, which is level with the floor, are the sixty-seven levers that work the points and signals. The first glance reminds one of an enormous beer-engine, such as publicans use to pump the beer from their cellars. The levers, which are about four feet high above the floor, are painted in the brightest colours; the black levers work the switches or points, the three yellow levers work three distant signals on the Surrey side of the river, the eight red levers the signals relating to one up-line, the eight red levers striped with black the signals of the other up-line, the eleven blue levers the signals for the two down-lines, and the five or six white levers the disc-signals near the ground. All the levers are, moreover, distinguished by being numbered from one to sixty-seven consecutively, on brass plates attached to each.

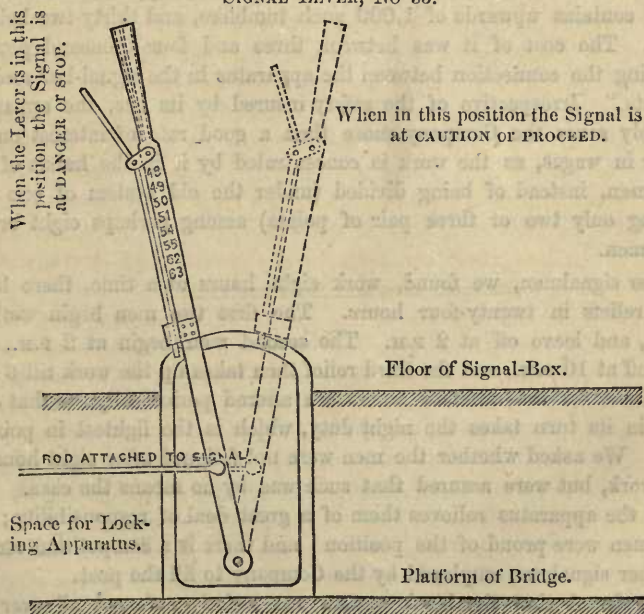
On the sides of the signal-levers we notice are painted certain numbers, quite apart from the distinguishing numbers of the levers; on some levers there are two numbers, on others seven or eight, and the numbers seem to follow no order. We find that they refer to the levers which work points, and that in order that the signal-lever on which they are painted may be moved so as to lower the signal connected with it to "proceed," it is necessary that the point-levers which the numbers indicate should first be moved. We will give an example to illustrate our meaning further on. There are several electric telegraph apparatus and miniature electric semaphores, there is a large clock in the centre of the signal-box, there is a plan of the station with all the points distinguished by numbers, there are desks for the two telegraph-clerks, a stove, a washing-place, lockers for flags and fog-signals, &c.

So much for the still life of the signal-box, if such a term can be applied to such a place. Now for the inhabitants:—There are two grave, tall, broad-shouldered signalmen, and on the leader of these two devolve all the arrangements as to shunting engines and empty trains, and also as to the particular platform to which a train is to go, subject, of course, to the general regulations of the superintendent of the line. The two signalmen are ceaselessly but quietly walking up and down and moving some of the levers. There are two telegraph-clerks who sit watching the miniature electric semaphore arms like cats at a mousehole, and entering the hours and minutes of arrival and departure of every train in large books. Bells are constantly ringing in different tones and with different numbers

of strokes. When a bell is rung the telegraph clerk quietly observes, "Up Greenwich," "Down North Kent," or "Up Mail," the signalmen pull a number of levers and through the windows we see these particular trains moving underneath us in different directions. Scarcely a word is spoken except by the telegraph-clerks, and there is an indescribable air of quiet work without a minute's cessation, but there is a total absence of confusion, hurry, or bustle.

Some of the trains have to cross from the westernmost line to the eastern side of the station, and, in order to do so, have to cross diagonally three or four lines of rails, and pass through as many as eight pairs of points. If a train were proceeding at the same time on any of these lines, the crossing train would to a certainty be cut in half, and if the points were not in their proper position the crossing train would run off the line. Here we see the beauty of the "harmony" system. Until this diagonal road is perfectly made by the eight pairs of points being properly adjusted, it is impossible for the signalman to give the signal permitting an engine-driver to move along the diagonal road. When all is ready, the signal is given, and the fact of lowering the semaphore arm to give the signal locks all the other signals in their places at "danger," stopping all other traffic, and all the points in connection with the diagonal road are locked immovably until the signal is once more raised to "danger," after the train has passed. We now see an example of the use of the numbers painted on the sides of the signal-levers. We watch, say No. 33 lever, painted red, which moves an up-signal.

SIGNAL LEVER, No 33.



It has painted on its side 48, 49, 50, 51, 54, 55, 62, 63. Presently the telegraph-clerk says "Down Greenwich." We see the signalman go to the black point-levers Nos. 48, 49, 50, 51, 54, 55, 62, 63, pull them over as a barmaid draws so many glasses of ale with a beer-engine, then he pulls over the signal-lever No. 33, and the train presently glides into the station. The levers above enumerated were the different notes which resulted in the harmony necessary to unloose No. 33. If one single point lever had been left untouched, the broad-shouldered signalmen might have broken their backs before the signal-lever No. 33 could have been moved. The point-levers which have to be moved to unloose any particular signal-lever are known by heart by the signalmen, who in practice never, after the first few days, have occasion to look at the distinguishing numbers: but nothing depends on the accuracy of their memory; if they were to forget one of the necessary point-levers, they would discover the fact immediately by the signal-lever refusing to move, and the only result would be that the train, which may not move unless the signal is lowered to "proceed," would be delayed perhaps half a minute.

There is a large cavity between the floor of the signal-box and the girders of the signal-bridge, which is occupied by the apparatus which produces this marvellous result of locking and unlocking. Our guide opened a trap-door, and below we saw rods and iron slides innumerable. It would be impossible in an article like this to describe the machinery: suffice it to say that the principle resembles that of a tumbler-lock, in which the key lifts a number of pieces of metal (called tumblers) just sufficiently to allow the bolt to be moved. The apparatus at Cannon Street contains upwards of 1,000 such tumblers, and thirty-two bolts or slides. The cost of it was between three and four thousand pounds, including the connection between the apparatus in the signal-box and the "points." Irrespective of the safety insured by its use, the apparatus probably saves the Company more than a good rate of interest on the money in wages, as the work is concentrated by it in the hands of two signalmen, instead of being divided (under the old system of one man working only two or three pair of points) among perhaps eight or ten switchmen.

The signalmen, we found, work eight hours at a time, there being three reliefs in twenty-four hours. The first two men begin work at 6 A.M., and leave off at 2 P.M. The second men begin at 2 P.M., and leave off at 10 P.M., and the third relief then takes up the work till 6 A.M. The times for the different reliefs are altered periodically, so that each relief in its turn takes the night duty, which is the lightest in point of work. We asked whether the men were not fatigued after eight hours of such work, but were assured that such was by no means the case. The use of the apparatus relieves them of a great deal of responsibility; the signalmen were proud of the position; and there is a competition among the other signalmen employed by the Company to fill the post.

We found that the block system was strictly enforced all over the

South-Eastern Railway, and that the length of the blocks, which in country districts may be six or eight miles, is, on the Charing Cross Railway, in some cases less than a quarter of a mile. Even with this short distance, which is rendered necessary by the extraordinary quantity of traffic, the system has been found to work most admirably.

The "harmony" or locking system is, we believe, in use at all London stations, and is enforced by the Board of Trade on all new lines; but the Board has no power to compel companies to adopt it, or the use of the block system, on any old railway. Although the State should interfere very cautiously in matters relating to traffic arrangements, there are cases in which the powers of the Board of Trade might be enlarged with benefit to the public and without any oppression to the railway companies. The public would gain in the additional security of travelling, and the companies would reap the benefit of immunity from accidents, which are most distressing, not only to the sufferers by them, but also to the staff of the railway, and are, moreover, of all proceedings the most ruinously costly.

We have thus endeavoured to give a sketch of an important and complicated system. The necessity of compression on the part of the writer may possibly entail the necessity of careful study on the part of his readers. We trust, however, that the interest of a subject which touches so nearly the welfare of the millions who travel by railways, will justify such study. This paper will prove, at least, that our engineers use no slight amount of skill and forethought to prevent the occurrence of railway collisions.

Lettice Visle.

CHAPTER XX.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE.

THE next day the storms had all cleared away, and the morning rose looking perfectly mild and innocent, as if it had never known bad weather or ill-temper, and was certainly not repentant. Nature is credited with many of the feelings of man, but no one ever suggested remorse as one of them, the most purely human of all passions.

Tony had not been in so great a hurry to dispose of Lettice as his wife, who had taken it into her head that to get rid of the girl was to dispose of the proofs against them of smuggling; but he fetched the little cart in which they were to go, and was ready to start early: the spoils of war were, however, being carried off by the coastguard, and he was kept in attendance on them, on what was to him most distasteful work, till long past mid-day.

“They kips me like that to vex me, I really do believe,” said he, chafing angrily, with a cut at the shaggy Forest pony when at last he got away, with Lettice sitting by his side, as much oppressed by the responsibility of her father’s little bag as if it had been the whole regalia of England.

She looked round for the last time on the desolate little settlement as they turned off across the moor, and thought how changed it all was to her since the day when first she came there. The same objects look so strangely different when every hill and bit of coast has a recollection attached to it; and a sort of personal friendship exists with every little bay, and every bush and tree has, as it were, a memory hung round its neck, or an association which makes it interesting.

It was a mild November day, and as they reached the forest country the autumn tints of the trees—which stretched far and wide—looked gorgeous under the long level rays of the sun, softened by a delicate blue haze. It was the more striking coming from the bare headlands and the evergreen pine-woods among which she had been living: the change of the seasons produces scarcely any change on the sea and the shore, or the sand-cliffs and the firs. It had been a very dry season, and the leaves had only just begun to fall, except where the yesterday’s storm had brought down a bright carpet of them here and there: the golden yellow of the maple and the elm, the more sober russet of the oak, and the rich fiery tawny reds and browns of the beech, all flamed out in the beautiful sunshine; while the deep green of the hollies and yew with which the Forest is studded, made the colour still more striking. Some trees seem

to lose their lives so gaily, putting on their greatest pomp of beauty before they die, like the beech, while others part with their leaves one by one, greyly and sadly, like the ash. And yet there is a melancholy in all this brilliancy, in the perishable beauty which every breath of wind helps to destroy; even the most cheerful sunshine in November has a certain sad look of a dying year.

“The autumn’s pretty nigh at an end,” said Tony at last; “for all that flare and glare o’ them trees, they’ll be stripped naked afore many days now. We was out o’ luck to be sure this time! and poor Caleb took like that when he might have cut away ’asy, if it hadn’t been along o’ yer father.” Tony was not troubled with fine feelings himself, and had no notion of giving poor Lettice pain, while she was wincing under the thought so that she could hardly sit still. “I did feel queesy and queery I did,” went on the imperturbable Tony, “when Sally locked me in o’ that fashion, and the coastguard fund me like a bird in a cage; but ’twere all for the best ye see.—And maybe Caleb ’ll get off even now,” continued his affectionate brother with much calmness. “He’s so lissom and so spry he may give ’em all the slip still, who knows? How they have a-kep’ us so late now as ’twill be very ill convenient for me to get home again.”

Lettice did not answer, and they drove on across the wide heaths and forest-glades, by cross-cuts and byways apparently exceedingly well known to her conductor.

They passed by troops of deer and droves of brown wild pigs, which were feasting up and down on the harvest of beech-mast and acorns, followed by a guardian: “Gurth the swineherd” is not extinct in the Forest. Tony looked enviously from one to the other. “I’m sure I don’t know how I shall get me a livin’; the deer and the little porkers won’t serve, for I never could larn Sally to do for ’un, not as she should: the fair trade won’t do now; and there I’m just left stranded like seaweed o’ last spring-tide.”

They had reached a bare, rushy, boggy, broken bit of ground, covered with furze and heath, and with a number of old neglected gravel-pits with a good deal of water now lying at the bottom, where the hill broke off. The sun was just going down when they passed a little upland pool, with the wind chasing the tiny waves across it. It looked very wild and lonely: a plover flew by them with a faint “peewit;” two or three lean mouse-coloured cows with deer-like heads, and almost as active as the deer themselves, galloped out of the way. Lettice was struck with the solitary look of the place. Great bars of black cloud were coming up *against* the wind, urged on by some strong contrary current in the upper air; for whereas there was a brisk breeze and a rustling of leaves in the opposite direction, the long dark bands came solemnly up as if moved by a determined conscious will, as it were in the very teeth of the wind—which is always very striking. They spread gradually over the upper sky; a pale orange light streamed out between them, while the moon was rising, and shone brightly on the little tarn.

Suddenly, the black figure of a man, running at his utmost speed out of a little wood beyond, came out distinctly against the moonlit water, followed in a minute or two by another in hot pursuit. The distance grew less and less between them as they rushed on, stumbling among the hollows and "tumps" of the broken ground.

"Look—oh, look!" cried Lettice. "What's the matter about that poor man?"

"There, he's down again, and he'll be cotech: the more's the pity," answered Tony, whose sympathies were all against the side of justice, as a matter of principle; and he drew up for a minute, and watched anxiously for the result. "The other t'other's the more lissom o' the two, I'm afraid, and first 'un ha'n't got start enow. Nay, there, he's up again, I do declare. Hoorah! He'll win away yet."

There was an imperious cry for assistance from the pursuer, who was near enough to catch sight of the cart; but Tony did not stir.

"Nay, thou'lt get nought out o' me," muttered he to himself. "I'll crawl into no thorns for thee. I don't know, and I don't ho anything about the matter!" And he turned towards the road, where the line of deep gravel-pits, edged with a fringe of red and orange beech brushwood, dipped down over the hill; and into which the two figures now suddenly disappeared one after the other.

"Oh, Tony, see you?" cried Lettice, eagerly. "Where are they gone to, so sudden? They've fallen over the pits. Can't ye help 'um? Ain't he one of our people, p'r'aps? Oh, go and see." And she laid both hands earnestly on the reins and attempted to get out of the cart.

"I've got into trouble once this month, and I won't again not for nobody," said Tony with an oath, pushing her hands away, and driving on most determinedly. There were angry cries for help in the distance, and a shrill whistle or two, but he turned a deaf ear to everything, and jolted on to the hard road.

"Don't ye see there's a waggon coming up as they can stop if they like? And it's no business o' mine, and I won't go near 'um; so there's an end on't," he replied, doggedly, in answer to all Lettice's entreaties, as he urged on the tired horse faster than before in the fast gathering twilight.

Amyas was standing at the door of "The Bugle," looking anxiously out as the little cart drove up. "Why, how late ye are! I was a'most afraid ye wouldn't come to-night," said he, going to fetch his horse out of the stable.

Mr. Saul Saull received Tony and the girl with rather a glum countenance. "We haven't a heerd nought o' yer father? no, certainly. How should we hear?" he said, very shortly, in answer to Lettice's inquiries. "A chap running away, was there? We don't know nought o' fellers running away here." And he looked askance at a man—like a gauger in disguise—who came out of the house as they spoke, and turned up the road by which they had come, on hearing the whistle dimly in the distance.

"We'd best be off, Lettice," said her uncle, coming back hurriedly:

'tain't well to be out so very late in these parts. Get in quick; you can't do aught with such like things as these. You don't know who it is you've seen that you should go for to make or to mar."

She was transferred to the other cart, and they drove on again.

The clouds were beginning to disappear, and the moon was reigning triumphantly with a single star at her side, as they drove silently on along the bylanes and the cross-country tracks: sometimes shining behind a group of great trees on a knoll whose boughs and trunks stood out dark against the sky, and threw long shadows far down the hillside; sometimes the light lying cold and still on the flat grass of the moonlit glades which opened before them, with a tracery of the lines of the branches across it.

"Why, child, what a time it is since I saw thee; seems as 'twere an age like," said Amyas, affectionately, when they had reached the high-road; and she had inquired after every one at home.

"Have ye seen young Wallcott sin' you have been away?" added he, after a pause.

"On'y once, the day but one back," answered Lettice, shyly, "as he came up with uncle Ned to the Puckspiece when the cutter and the coast-guard was after our people as had got in a cargo o' run goods."

"Well," answered her uncle inquiringly, when she paused, "and then?"

"I scarce spoke to him. Not that he knew it were father, but he were trying to lay hold of him, and were like to have done it too; but Caleb got him off safe from 'um all; and after that, when he came up to me, why Caleb were by, and I couldn't not before him——"

"And who's Caleb?" asked Amyas, who could hardly help smiling at this very lucid statement of the matter.

"He were youngest brother to Tony, what yer saw brought me to 'The Bugle,' and to Master Jesse Pilot and aunt Mary."

"Yes, but what were he to my little Lettie? that's what I wanted to know," said her uncle, tenderly.

But Lettice did not answer, and they drove on: the great silent shadows of the trees crossing the road and the broad open spaces, and their own shadow moving along, now beside them, now in front, as the road turned and wound about, with a curious sort of living motion almost uncanny in its pertinacity.

"Oh, uncle Amyas," she burst out presently, sobbing as she spoke, "why is it things allays goes so contrary like when one can't like 'um again, and it's all so cross, and don't fit, as 'twere? There—there's that there moon and star: a week ago and they seemed a-coming together so nice, hurrying up so fast for to meet, and now to-night there she's hurrying away just as much the t'other way."

They had left the woodland and had reached a wide, open common, over which shone the great broad moon: it glinted on the wet heath pools and the puddles left by the yesterday's rain, and traced out the line of road, which stretched distinctly before them, white against the dark heath, winding up and down.

“Look, Lettie,” said Amyas, pointing to it with his whip; “it goes in and out, and there’s toilsome hills, and lower down comes the ford, what’s sometimes very deep waters; and we only see a bit o’ it at a time, and must just only travel on upo’ that, ruts and all, as we have before us; but it goes on home all the same, we know.”

“Yes, uncle Amyas,” answered she, meekly, but with a dissatisfied sadness in her tone.

He looked down at her, for his quick ear caught her expression of doubt, and even in the moonlight he could see her troubled little face. “But you think as I can’t understand what it is as you’re feeling now?” he said.

“Why, you’re old, uncle Amyas,” answered she, gently, “and never knowed, most like, what ’twere about loving folk, ye know.”

He smiled a little bitterly at the hoar antiquity implied in this estimate of his forty-four years. “No, I’m not old,” he said, slowly, “though I seem so to thee; and if I were, I have been young and had the heartache. ’Tis queer, too, how the young ones thinks their’s a quite new smart, as no one in this weary world has ever a had before. I’ve a been through that bitter river,” he went on musing. “To me it seems like yesterday, and I know what ’tis. I half broke my heart for one as threw me off, and took to another man as were a better one, she thought. And I’ve a lived to be glad, Lettie—and that’s worse nor being sorry—not only to have lost her, but to know as she I fancied never was at all, but only just as ’twere in my own thought. So ye see we’ve had neighbour’s fare, you and me,” he ended with a sad smile, “and I can feel for ye too, little one.”

The girl looked up anxiously into his face, worn and sad, with the fixed lost look of one gazing into the past. With his extreme reserve, she knew the effort which such a confidence must have cost him, and she was very grateful, though her heart went on saying, “But it ain’t happened so a bit with me, like what he says.” She pressed affectionately up to his side, but they neither of them spoke again. The lights in the distant cottages shone out like stars far over the wild heaths, and they looked in at the unshuttered casements as they passed one quiet little home after another, and could see the firelight shimmering and glimmering fitfully on the whitewashed ceiling, or the one candle shining here on a young mother’s face as she held her baby closely to her and rocked it to sleep; or on an old, worn, bent figure stooping over the low fire, full of years and rheumatism,—and there seemed as if whole stories of lives were told by that single glimpse as the cart drove on,—so much in such a little space.

At length, having crossed the ford and passed the “dark lane” and the avenue, they reached their own door at the Woodhouse, where Mrs. Wynyate appeared with a light in her hand, shading her eyes as she looked out from the porch, while Job stood at the wicket with a halter over his shoulders, as if he were taking himself up from grass.

“Whatever have a kep’ ye this long fur while?” said Mrs. Wynyate.

"And how about Norton?" asked Job. "We couldn't make out naught from the doctor's letter. Have he got away from them revenue folk? and where were it you've a been? and who's took?"

"Take the girl in and warm her, and give her summat t' eat, mother, first," observed Amyas, as he looked at Lettice's white face, "afore ye ask her all them questions. "What, ain't there a spunk of fire?" he added, as they came into the cold, comfortless, dark "hall-place."

"I never lights the grate till mid November, as well you knows, Amyas; and this ain't but the first days," said his mother, with great decision. She regulated her fires by the almanac, not by the cold or the feelings of her friends. "But there's a bit in the kitchen anyhow." And she led the way in.

The girl was looking curiously round at her old haunts, when Job returned from taking the horse.

"Weren't there a letter for Lettie came one day after she were gone?" said he. She turned eagerly to search for it when she heard what he said; but no letter could be found.

"I saw a wisp o' summat, hitched up on the mantle 'twere," said Nancy, the "dunch," when she was appealed to; "and we was short one day o' paper for to light the fire. No; I nivr give a thought as 'twere aught as sinnified when I took he."

"'Twere on'y from Ned," said Job, in a consoling tone, as the poor girl's face fell and she looked as if she were going to burst out crying.

"But, uncle Job, he might ha' writ about something, ye know. Oh, whatever could it have been?" she repeated to herself; "what were in it I wonder? how can I find what it were he meant to say?"

CHAPTER XXI.

"SINGLE MISFORTUNES NEVER COME ALONE."

ALL things seemed to fall again for Lettice into the old ruts, and all was so strangely the same, and yet her feeling so different, that she sometimes pinched herself to know if she were indeed herself. In one sense her grandmother's incessant complaints and lectures seemed to fall unnoticed on her preoccupied mind, in which she almost unconsciously went on living over again the existence of the last few months; but, on the the other hand, she missed the pleasant solitude of the past when she could think out her own thoughts uninterruptedly.

The weather had entirely broken up, and the wind and rain moaned ceaselessly among the great trees, bringing down the leaves in showers, and beating against the window-panes. The world looked very sad and dreary. She seemed to herself to have left her girlhood somewhere behind her, and to have subsided into a grey middle age, wherein she walked up and down and wondered at her own deadness.

While Job wondered what had become of Norton, and "what about

Ned," with praiseworthy perseverance every morning regularly at the same hour and in the same words, she added a sort of postscript in her own mind in favour of Everhard and Caleb, and the whole tribe of Edneys. But neither of them got any answer to their inquiries.

"I hold as Norton 'ud get away: he were ever a wisome chap, even from a little lad, he were," he generally ended.

News was long in reaching the secluded Woodhouse, but at length Job came in one day as much excited as was possible to his philosophic tone of mind.

"What d'ye think's up now? they've a took up Norton Lisle at last! and who d'ye think's done it? Why, Ned! Seems he was following arter him day and night after that time at the Puckspiece Lettie were telling on, and never so much as knew who 'twas he were after. (All them stories along o' Red Jack had pretty nigh died out for they young things this long fur time.) And so it came to pass as Ned got upon his track not far from the old 'Bugle.' I dessay he were biding along o' that Saul Saull; he were ever a rare 'un for hiding and helping them o' the fair trade. And Norton ran, and Ned ran, ever so fur, and Ned were fleeter o' foot nor the t'other. It wouldn't ha' been so ten year back, I know that: Norton were a trimming smart young fella; but we don't grow no younger,—not most of us," said Job, plaintively, but prudently qualifying this general admission.

"Oh, uncle Amyas," cried Lettice, breathlessly, "sure it were them two as we saw running near the King's Bottom pool. We telled ye, you know, when we got up to 'The Bugle.'"

"But what about the catching, Job?" said Mrs. Wynyate, coming up behind.

"Why, Ned had his hand just upo' the other's collar, as one may say; when Norton, not for to be took, he turned short off, and le'p straight into the gravel-pits as was nigh, thinking to save hisself by the water, and he'd chance it anyways. And Ned wouldn't be baulked like that, and jumped too; and there he come right atop o' the other, and broke his leg wi' the shock, the water being so shalla'; and Ned hadn't not a stroke o' harm. 'I've a had ye in my grip before, my man; but I've got ye fast now,' says he, quite satisfied. And the other looks up and says, so bitter, 'Ye've a done a shrewd turn to yer sister's husband and yer niece's father, Ned Wynyate; that's what ye have. My blood be upo' yer head now that I'm took; and ye shall rue it to yer dying day.' For the other gauger come up just then, and he says Ned did look uncommon took aback when he found out who 'twere, and so red i' the face and so crass as nobody mightn't speak to him scarce, after they got away Norton out o' the pit."

"And what will they have done with poor father after that?" said Lettice, with much anxiety. "They can't take him to gaol, and him with his leg broke like that, surely?"

"They'll put him away into the prison hospital for to get well afore they tries him, they says; but that'll be all,"

"'Twere an ugly trick by one's own kinsman. I could wish as Ned hadn't a done it," said Mrs. Wynyate, in her outspoken way about friend and foe.

"Poor Ned! I'm sure he must be sorry enough by now," sighed Amyas.

"He were ever so anxious for to get forrard i' the world," moralized Job; "and he says, says he, 'I wants to do summat altogether out o' the common way like;' and there now he have been and gone and took and done it. Them as is quiet, and bides at home, don't get into such scrapes," he concluded, with much dignity.

"Uncle Amyas, won't you take me to Mapleford to see father?" cried Lettice, tearfully.

"Yes, child, and welcome," answered he. "They'll not let thee bide wi' him; but sure 'twill be a comfort to him to see thy face in that sad place. And cousin Susan maybe 'll take us in for a bit. 'Tis a sore time sin' I've been near the old place, and I don't say I shall be glad to see it again," he muttered to himself.

They saw and heard nothing of Ned, although the whole Forest rang with his successful capture of the redoubted Red Jack. He was by no means thin-skinned; but it galled him to be everywhere congratulated on his "unflinching sense of duty," and the ironical compliments of the very revenue officers themselves upon his "public-spirited conduct" towards his own family were not exactly the sort of renown which he desired.

"How were I to know the man as I hadn't seen since I were a child?" he repeated, passionately. "And as if I were to blame, him coming across my duty like that."

Amyas's bad time seemed now to have reached a crisis.

"There's a letter from them lawyers saying Wallcott's agoing to fore-close and take possession; that he won't give a day's more time," said he, moodily, one morning soon after to the rest.

"Well, I'm sure I thought yon young chap would ha' seen to it, and kep' off his father; he promised so fair," broke out Job, earnestly.

"There ain't much rest to be found for them as puts their trust in man," observed Mrs. Wynyate, severely. "I never thought much o' that young Wallcott, or what ye could any way find to see in him, with his hair like a wisp o' hay for colour, and so wishy-washy too after pleasuring and pastimes as a man ought to be ashamed o' wasting his time so," she added, indignantly, looking with a frown at Lettice, who turned away with a flush upon her face.

"Why don't I hear from him? Why don't he send a word or a sign?" moaned the poor girl to herself, as she went out into the wood-yard, nominally to search for the produce of a wandering laying hen. "I couldn't do other than I did that time at the Puckspiece, sure he must know that, and he all one as if he had my father's blood upon his hands as it were—he must know that," she repeated to herself again and again, as she went up and down in the bitter wind. The gusts were bringing down the leaves

by thousands, and blowing them before her in a wild dance, and all the gorgeous colouring which had so lighted up the world a few days before had now been swept away by the ruthless weather. "He should write," she went on, "if it were only to say as there's an end o' it all with me; 'twould be no wonder wi' this hanging over father's head I'm sure, on'y what must most like be; but he should make Ned write or something. How shall I ever live on like this, wi'out knowing a bit what he's thinking of or doing; and he can't but tell now what's going on here, with his father putting in for the mortgage?"

As she came back into the house she met Amyas and Job in consultation.

"We'll just have to go over to Mapleford to-morrow, Lettie," said her uncle. "I must see the lawyers along o' all this mess, and we ought to look us out a counsellor for to defend yer father upo' his trial when it comes."

"What I want to know is this here," observed Job, with his most solemn nod of the head. "If we hires a lawyer to defend we, who bees to pay he? that's what I'm axing Amyas, I am."

"I'm not going to throw good money after bad fighting the mortgage, if ye mean that," replied his brother; "but Norton mustn't be left without help like; we'd cut some trees, only I don't know what's ourn and what ain't now. But we'll sell a cow, or make any shift sooner nor that."

"Father's got some money—enough for that anyhow, wi'out robbing you, uncle Amyas," cried Lettice eagerly with a blush, feeling secretly for the little bag, from which she never parted company.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE AISLE OF MAPLEFORD MINSTER.

"So you're pegging away again," said the old blind man as he assisted at the departure. "'Tis a terrible big traveller as you've a got to be, Lettice; better nor fifty mile they says you've a bin already, and here ye are gadding off again!"

"It ain't gadding, Dannel," replied she sadly—"on'y to see poor father in prison."

"And out o' sight the best place he could be in too," muttered he, "where he can't a do hurt to nobody; that's my way o' thinking."

"You'll have a jobbet to get in dry to Mapleford to-day," observed Job, dismally. "'Twill be shower off, shower on, till night, I take it."

"We shan't mind—shall us, Lettice? It won't hurt if the weather is a little lippy," said Amyas with a smile, wrapping a horse-cloth round her as they drove away. "I mustn't lose time seeking for some place for us all to bide in, and I'm hoping something might turn up where we're going, though cousin Susan's a give up the tanyard."

He spoke so much more cheerfully than usual, that Lettice looked

round surprised. In truth, the pain of suspense had been more difficult for him to bear than even the misfortune of leaving the home to which he once clung so fondly; to sit and wait for the knife to fall, without any power of averting it, had taken the pleasure out of every act and every feeling of possession now for so many years, that it was more a relief from a burden than as a loss that the blow fell at last.

A shining island of light, where the sun broke through the clouds, lit up the high "lawns" (a "lawn" is only unploughed pasture-land) and the steep chalk landslips showing white against the round grassy downs, as they came in sight of Mapleford, sitting in its low valley. Among the flat water meadows which followed the line of the river, and were of a brilliant green even so late in the year, here and there a tall poplar stood out like a spire among the great round-headed elms scattered in the hedge-rows: grey-blues, blue-greens, the harmony of the colouring was extreme. And in the midst stood the stately old Minster, every part of it, from its grey stone tower to its round-headed windows, with their toothed mouldings and mighty buttresses, giving a feeling of its hoar antiquity.

Not far from the Cathedral, on the hillside, stood five little square red boxes, slated to a point, exactly alike.

"There, them's what my uncle built just afore he died; and Susan gets a good rent for 'um too," said Amyas, pointing to them with some pride.

There are many ways in which Mr. Darwin's "struggle for life" is carried on; and in many things the meanest, shabbiest, and cheapest win the day. In architecture they are, certainly at present, the most successful. Given the smallest quantity of material to cover a certain space—result, *red boxes*. One has a very keen sense that civilization is by no means all gain, as one looks at the productions of the ages of barbarism, and compares them with those of our own "enlightened time."

They crossed the river by a high stone bridge almost as ancient as the Minster; but Mapleford was older than its bridge, as was marked by its name. The town brought together on the "ford" of the "Ox" must have existed before that on the "bridge" of the "Cam."

As they drove up the narrow, steep street, Lettice, who had never seen anything more gorgeous than the village shop, was amazed at the magnificence before her.

"Look, uncle, at all them beautiful things hanging up there! Why, what will they do wi' all those yards upo' yards?"

"Well, it do look as if there was napery and drapery enough for to last the county till doomsday," answered he, smiling.

"And the picturs! Isn't it wonderful to see the folk all pass by and niver so much as stop to look in; surely, surely! But I shouldn't love to be shut in with walls o' this fashion, and nought but a tiddy bit o' blue sky right atop o' one's head. I hope uncle Amyas won't want to live here," she said sorrowfully to herself.

When they drove up to Mrs. Susan's door, her welcome was of the coldest.

“Yes, I can put up yer and Lettie, I dessay, for a day, or maybe two, while you’re looking out,” said she; “but it’s a very trouble thing for one’s belongings to be took up like that Norton; so ill-convenient, as one may say, for to have one’s first-cousin’s husband maybe hanged or transported. One has no credit of one’s kindred so.”

Poor Lettice winced, coloured, grew pale, and turned away with the tears in her eyes.

“Nay, cousin,” said Amyas, in a vexed tone, “it won’t come to so bad as that. And you needn’t fear for your good name; you that has married out on it all, and don’t belong, nor nothing. Ye’ll try sure and have respect before her father’s child,” he whispered anxiously.

“Law,” said that lady, “if I didn’t clean forget all about her! ’Tis so long sin’ I’ve a seen any o’ ye, that it stands to reason I can’t mind how one and another is jined together.”

“Well, I must go and see about the lawyer for Norton, and the permit for the girl to see him, and a deal more, let alone my own business,” said Amyas, in a hurry to get away.

“Can’t I go with ye, uncle?” said Lettice, anxiously catching at any opening which might save her from being left with her dreaded cousin.

“Yer might just go into the Minster, child, if ye like. I mind how oft I used to get into trouble wi’ my uncle, looking in at the music. ’Tis nigh the hour o’ arternoon service, and ’twill serve to while away the time. I shan’t be back this ever so long. Ye can find yer own way home by yourself, I’ll be bound.” And he left her in the Close. All was so silent there that when the shouts of two passing boys were echoed back from the walls of the Cathedral, Lettice could not help wondering at their wickedness: the only sound came from the jackdaws wheeling round the tower, and the rooks cawing in the lofty elms, which yet looked dwarfed by the size of the enormous pile.

She opened the little wicket in the south door, and entered under the mighty old round grey arches. Many a king and bishop and great chief slept under their quiet aisles; and though Lettice was unconscious even that they ever had existed, there was a sort of solemn rest in the place which soothed and quieted her. The organ was pealing under the majestic vault, poised as it were in the air, arch upon arch rising high up into the heavens. It seemed a strange creation to have been reared by petty creatures like herself, men who “looked like flies,” she said to herself as she looked up and saw a man performing some little work of reparation somewhere up in the skies.

The disproportion between the work and the worker is nowhere so great. In all buildings raised by man for his own use there is a plain serving of a visible end; but the purely impersonal character of the thought of these nameless architects who built for the glory of God alone, the lavish pouring out of all man’s best gifts for what was thought to be His service, is a very grand and touching testimony to the intenseness of the belief in the unseen in those days, which we have not gained by losing.

Two old deaf women and a blind man were the paid audience and spectators of the grand choral service sounding to those otherwise empty walls ; the sole enjoyers of that great poem written in stone.

She sat down on a bench in a quiet corner, while the music seemed to wrap and whirl her up into a new heaven of sound. It is like a sixth sense, that understanding of what music has to tell,—to perceive the whole world of images and sensations into which it alone opens the door. "*Le règne du son commence où celui de la parole finit,*" says Lamartine. Presently came the prayers in what the intoning made appear to her a strange language ; but the intention comforted her even when she could not follow the words, and the closing "Amens" seemed to her like voices from heaven answering. A long ray of light came through a western window. "Seems as if the angels must come up and down that way into the church," thought she to herself. She could see, where she sat, into one of the transepts, full of monuments, statues, and busts, which looked strangely eerie as the evening light faded gradually away. All sorts of curious fancies passed through her head, born of the music. "I wonder whether them dead people steps down at night off of their tombstones into the church, and meets together to speak, p'r'aps, o' what they done aforetime in their lives?" thought she.

It was a stranger company if they did than she could understand—kings and pious men, light ladies and bishops, holy nuns, soldiers, abbesses, and statesmen mingled together in wonderful confusion.

There was one bust which she fixed upon as like the idea of her dead mother, whose presence seemed almost to hover over her. It is strange how there is something so sacred in the very name of a mother that, even where the person has been very indifferent and careless, or even harsh, the relation still remains as a holy memory, as in Lettice's case, and the child, if the loss has been in infancy, so as to throw the halo of time and mystery over it, worships the idea as a sort of guardian angel, to the wronging often of those living and loving far more.

She was sitting at the foot of one of the enormous stone masses of clustered columns, which looked almost as large as a house in itself, and she gazed up into the mighty labyrinth of arches and roofs above her head. Each part in a Gothic structure seems to grow out of each by a natural and ever-varying sequence, there is something so living in it ; while a Palladian or Italian building obtains height by simply piling a repetition of column and architrave and niche one upon the other again and again,—a far more awkward and inartificial manner of accomplishing it. When the storm of solemn sound thrilling through the aisles came to a stop, the dead stillness seemed to have a charm for her which was almost a music in itself. She woke up from the sort of trance into which it had thrown her, and, as she got up timidly to go out after the choristers, she saw Everhard standing watching her a little way off from behind a grim grating. She was not surprised ; somehow, she felt as if all good and true things must be born of that glorious gift of sound.

“Lettice,” said he, impatiently, “I saw you passing with your uncle towards the Close, a long way off, and followed after, but the choir door was shut in my face before I could get in; and there I have been trying all this while to make you turn, and you never so much as stirred, sitting there looking so calm and quiet, and I chafing outside. What are you doing here?” he went on, in an aggrieved tone.

“We came part for to see my father, if so be I could,” said she, sadly. “He’s been took, ye know, and has broke his leg, and——”

“Yes, I know,” he answered, hurriedly; and then, anxious to get her off the line of thought which the subject led to, “A wonderful bad time we had in the Channel t’other night, you may depend on’t.”

“You got all safe back?” said she, with a little emphasis on the “all,” which he understood, and looked at her suspiciously, not liking the Caleb topic much better than the last. He made a third attempt.

“Your uncle’s come about the mortgage, I suppose? I wrote you word how that I thought to have stopped all about it with my father, and that he’d promised the matter should lay by,” he went on, drawing her arm within his, and hurrying on with her, he did not care where, up into the transept.

“Oh, that was the letter as was lost,” she thought to herself, but she did not speak.

“I only heard about what he’d done yesterday, and came up here directly, and flung it at him that he’d broke his word with me; and I’m not bound any longer to wait, as I promised. Come off with me somewhere, and let us be married quick. Why should we wait any longer like this? Once it were done, they’d all be quiet enough, and satisfied, you’d soon see.”

There are no such decided measures taken as by a somewhat undecided man—partly perhaps because he is governed by impulse, and partly because he is very much afraid of being governed by any one else.

“But I can’t leave ’um all that way; and yer father’s quite right, maybe, not to let ye take up with my father’s child,” said the poor girl, looking up anxiously at him through her gathering tears. “We mustn’t go agin him as is, after all, thinking for your good; and, maybe, if we wait patient he may come round after a bit, as ye said; but the other thing we never can undo.”

“You don’t care for me, Lettie,” he said, flinging away her hand, but taking it again directly: “you care for some one else; you throw me over when ye are out of sight. Why did ye never answer my letter which I wrote to the Woodhouse so long ago?” he went on, vehemently. “I’ve been true to you; I’ve quarrelled with my father about it all, so that I’ve scarce been near home all these months, and there you’ve been forgetting me with strange new people and things. What was that Caleb to you, or you to him, when you were troth-plighted to me?” he said, working himself up into a state of wrathful indignation, with a sort of dim sense that to declare himself wronged, although he could not exactly

tell how, gave him a kind of power over her, and kept off the thought of the way in which they had last met, and the reason she had to complain of his attack upon her father.

"Nothing, nothing; he weren't nothing to me, and never were; how could I ever think o' he? I couldn't help it if he cared for me," cried Lettice, timidly.

"Well, then, what reason can there be why you shouldn't give consent to marry?"

"How can I leave uncle Amyas, as has been so good to me, in his trouble?" said the poor girl. "And you know we mustn't do what can't be done openly before God and man."

"You'd be doing him most good by marrying me, Lettice; you must see that. 'Twould settle a heap o' things, about money and mortgages and all."

"And then my father? I must see my father; and till it's all settled, what's to happen about him?" said she, with a shiver: "how can I think o' marrying, or giving in marriage? and you know there's things hanging over us there that you mayn't maybe wish it yerself then."

Everhard winced, but he recovered himself. By this time he was hotly in earnest, on horseback on his new thought. The very strength of the passion into which he had worked himself, and the opposition, which he did not expect from her, goaded him on, perhaps farther than he would have gone in cold blood.

"I don't care about your father; it isn't him I want to marry; it's you, and you know it. And, Lettice, just see here: it's me as wants now to make all straight for yer uncle, and planning all sorts of sacrifices for you, and you won't move an inch for me. Let us alone," he said, turning angrily to the beadle—who, regardless of delicate perplexities, was driving them remorselessly before him out at the door. "There's a shilling for you to leave us quiet," he went on, remembering there was no other form of words understood by that functionary.

"Oh, mother!" cried poor Lettice, as they passed and repassed under the marble bust round which she had chosen to hang her longing desire for a mother, "what ever shall I do? won't you help me and tell him it ain't right, and we mustn't do it?"

"You must turn out if ye don't want to see the monuments. There's St. Swithin's, what brings the rain, or, maybe, the bit o' a skull and the plait o' red hair o' a Saxon lady as were found in an oak coffin three feet six inches below the stone floor when——" pursued the inexorable beadle, returning upon them. "It's tea-time," he explained, as they turned a deaf ear to this delightful offer. "I can't wait no longer, unless so be it were to——"

Everhard would have compounded for the sight of any amount of scalps of any colour, but Lettice walked rapidly away down the nave, and in a few minutes they were once more in the open air.

He did not cease his urging, as he kept close by her side; but her

gentleness had no touch of weakness in it ; she had by this time made up her mind what was right, and as Mary had once said of her, nothing then would turn her—she “was like a little rock.” As they crossed by the corner of the Close they came upon Amyas, who was coming back to fetch her.

“Leave her alone, young man,” said he, gravely. “What is it you want her to do, as you should urge a lone girl like that ?” and he took his niece’s arm within his own almost angrily.

“He’s been doing all he could wi’ his father for us, uncle Amyas,” whispered Lettice anxiously, as Everhard still kept close alongside them.

“He’ve no business with it, any way : let him go his way, and leave us to follow ourn. It ain’t real love of you, but love of hisself, if he drives and strives wi’ a woman like that. What is it, Lettice, as he wants you to do so sorely ?”

But neither of them gave any answer. “You’d speak fast enough both on ye if ’twere anything to be proud on,” said Amyas bitterly.

“You always turn it against me, whatever it is I do,” answered Everhard indignantly. “I’m not ashamed one bit of what I wanted : I asked her to marry me out o’ hand, and have done with it. You’d soon all be content enough once it were finished and settled.”

“Has yer father took back his word any more since that day I heard him swear he’d see you ruined first ?”

Everhard was silent.

“Have ye even got a blessed sixpence you can call yer own for to nourish her, or a home to shelter her in, as isn’t his’n ?”

“Russell’s very angry at me being out so much ; he’s just said I sha’n’t stop in the office any longer,” blurted out Everhard, incautiously ; “but I’ll find something else to do.”

“There !” said Amyas, walking on faster as he spoke, and drawing Lettice with him. In his dislike for the young man, he was as unjust to the love which was, after all, making him risk everything for her, as Everhard was to him. “You and yours has got the Woodhouse, and a’most everything belonging to us. If ye want my ewe lamb, as is pretty nigh all as is left me, you come wi’ yer father’s consent i’ yer hand like a man, fair and open afore the world—that’s what I have to say to ye, Everhard Wallcott, and then we’ll see !” They had reached the busy street ; the young man caught one glimpse of the little gentle face looking sadly and regretfully back, and then they parted.

Military Administration.

IN an article which was published in this Magazine a few months ago, we dealt, at some length, with two subjects closely connected with Army Reform, which may be described as the question of the private soldier, and the question of the officer. We endeavoured in that article to show how our army might be raised, and how it might be officered, with increased efficiency, and at a diminished expense. The subject which we propose to deal with to-day is, perhaps, less attractive than those which we have previously considered, but it is the most important and the most difficult of the many important and difficult subjects connected with Army Reform.

If the sole object of Army Administration was to secure a good and efficient army, the solution of the problem would be comparatively simple. Find out the ablest possible man; give him a *carte blanche* to deal with the subject in his own way; and, if the selection were a happy one, the end would probably be attained. But, though the organization of an efficient army is one of the conditions of a good Military Administration, there is another condition which, in a Constitutional Monarchy, must not be forgotten. It is not only essential that the army should be well organized, but that it should be so organized as to be completely subject to the control of Parliament. It must be in the power of Parliament not only to say such things shall or shall not exist in future, but also to take cognizance of any abuses or fancied abuses, one by one, as they arise.

But then we immediately find ourselves face to face with another difficulty. If the head of the army is to be immediately and personally responsible to Parliament, is it not probable that Parliament will be tempted to interfere with subjects in which the interference of Parliament is, to say the least, inadvisable? If, for instance, the head of the army, charged with the administration of the patronage of the army, be a Minister with a seat in Parliament, is there not some danger of his confusing the interests of his party with the interests of the profession? Whatever system of promotion may ultimately be adopted for the army, it is clear that, at least from some grades, promotion must go by merit, or to use another word, by selection. Now is it not consistent with all experience that promotion by merit does involve more or less a degree of favouritism? Human nature looks more kindly on the peculiar qualifications of its political adherents than of its political opponents. The system in force in the navy is exactly in point; every now and then a case creeps out into the papers in which it is found that the Admiralty has formed an exalted opinion of the peculiar qualifications of some well-born cadet, which the microscope of public opinion had failed to

discover. But the administration of the army has hitherto had the peculiar merit that these jobs—to use an irreverent word—have not taken place. Promotion in the army—we are, of course, only speaking of those cases of promotion which involve selection—has, on the whole, been conducted in a manner which has been satisfactory to the army at large; and, if we take the trouble of inquiring, we shall find that this satisfaction is almost entirely due to the fact that the head of the army, responsible to the army for these promotions, is a military man, uninfluenced by the usual inducements to political jobbery.

If, then, there is any force in this consideration, it is surely essential that, whatever steps may be taken to subject the Commander-in-Chief to the control of Parliament, those steps should avoid interference with the peculiar position the Commander-in-Chief now occupies, and which has saved the army from the evils attendant on political intrigue. In theory, indeed, nothing can be more admirable than the checks which have already been established on the Commander-in-Chief. Any one who will examine the report of the Committee on Army Organization, which was published in 1860, will understand more clearly than, in the short space of an article, it would be possible to explain, the nature of those checks. It is sufficient to say, that it is the peculiar virtue of the present system that, while the control is absolute, it is so arranged that it can only be exercised on occasions of real necessity. Take, for instance, the case of appointments to the army. The Commander-in-Chief has practically the absolute nomination to all first commissions, but, before he takes the Queen's pleasure on those appointments, he sends a list of them to the Secretary of State for the concurrence of the latter, and, even after the Queen's pleasure has been taken on the appointment, it rests with the Secretary of State to give his final sanction to it by directing its notification in the *Gazette*. Now it must be tolerably clear that it would be difficult for the Secretary of State to exercise any improper interference in this case. It would be very difficult for him to revise a mere list of names, and there would be no object in his doing so if he had not the power to substitute for them other names; but it must be equally clear that the control is absolutely sufficient should any case of real necessity arise: that, if Parliament was determined to control the Commander-in-Chief, it would be able, through the parliamentary Minister, to veto every appointment the Commander-in-Chief proposed to make.

But then another set of critics reply,—“It is quite true that in theory the control of the War Office over the Horse Guards is all that can be desired; but in practice this control is rarely or never exercised; and the fact that the Commander-in-Chief happens to be a prince of the blood, gives him so peculiar a position that it probably will never be seriously exercised.” And, of course, it is quite apparent that the peculiar position and the great social rank of the Commander-in-Chief does give him an independence which he would not certainly possess, if he had been simply selected on the same professional grounds on which a general officer is

chosen for any particular command. But it does not at all follow that these critics are right in assuming that it is consequently a misfortune that the Commander-in-Chief should be an officer of the most exalted rank. On the contrary, the more exalted is his position the less likely is he to be hampered with personal claims which it is difficult for him wholly to ignore. If a Commander-in-Chief were selected on the same principle as the general of a district, he would bring to the Horse Guards all the friendships of his past career. He would know too much of the personal qualifications of a few officers with whom he had happened to be associated, and, in comparison, too little of the qualifications of the army at large. He would be too accessible to certain officers, and, as a consequence, too likely to be subjected to adverse criticism. The example of the Admiralty is again in point; it is generally admitted that naval patronage was never so fairly administered as under the rule of the Duke of Somerset; and, without disparaging the peculiar impartiality which the Duke exhibited, is it not probable that his high rank saved him from a pressure to which men of less social eminence would have been subjected? that, in short, there are places in which rank is a positive advantage, for the want of which, little, if anything, can compensate?

But if, for these reasons, it is clearly advisable that the Commander-in-Chief should be an officer of such exalted rank as almost always to be socially the superior of the Secretary of State, it is more than ever desirable to take care that the administration of the army shall be regulated in such a way as to compensate the Secretary of State for the advantages of rank with which the Commander-in-Chief is invested. Usually only one solution is offered of the problem. Military men and civilians generally concur in ascribing all the evils of our military administration to the separation of the War Office and the Horse Guards; and they point to the example of France and the administration of the army in that country to give force to their proposal. But ought not this singular alliance between military men and civilians to make us, of itself, suspicious of the wisdom of the proposal? Military men are, and always have been, jealous of civilian control. Civilians are openly aiming at a more complete subjection of the army to the civil power. The reasoning of one or other of these advocates must necessarily be faulty, since they both propose to use the same means for entirely different ends. Nor is the example of France in reality in point. France is governed by an absolute monarch, and the responsibility of the Minister of War is practically a responsibility to the Emperor, and not to the people. Nor, if we turn from these arguments to a consideration of the probable effects of the proposal, shall we find much to reconcile us to it. If the War Office and the Horse Guards are united in one office, one of two things must follow: either the Secretary of State must be the servant of the Commander-in-Chief, or the Commander-in-Chief must be the servant of the Secretary of State. It can hardly be necessary to refer to the consequences which would result from the adoption of the first of these

alternatives. There is probably hardly even a military advocate for an irresponsible Minister as the head of the army. But if the second alternative were adopted, if the Commander-in-Chief were made, what it is almost impossible to conceive that he would ever consent to be made, a subordinate official of the War Office, in the sense in which Sir E. Lugard and Sir H. Storks are subordinates, will any gain, except possibly a slight administrative economy, result from the change? Will not there be a grave probability of the introduction of political influence into the administration of army patronage, from which the comparative independence of the Commander-in-Chief has hitherto saved the army, but against which, if that independence be lost in the fusion of the Horse Guards with the War Office, there will no longer be any guarantee? No doubt the separation of the two offices is in one sense inconvenient: it is in this sense inconvenient to have a Treasury to control all the other offices, or an Audit Office to audit the accounts of the other departments. The work, which the Treasury and the Audit Office do, could more easily be performed by the departments they supervise. But to ensure the good conduct of public business, there can be no question that it is advisable to submit to the slight inconvenience and expense which the existence of these departments entails; and for a similar reason it is advisable to submit to the slight administrative inconvenience which is inseparable from the separation of the Horse Guards from the War Office.

But this double administration can of course only be tolerated as long as it enables the War Office effectually to assert a civilian control, or a parliamentary control, over the army. If, notwithstanding the existence of the War Office, the Commander-in-Chief is to be practically uncontrolled; if, in short, the War Office is to be useless for the chief purpose for which it was invented, it would be far better to have no War Office at all. And there is no doubt that there is a growing feeling that the power of the Horse Guards "has increased, and is increasing." The main cause to which the power of the Horse Guards may be traced—the great social eminence of the Commander-in-Chief—has already been referred to; but there is a secondary cause, which is quite as important, and which can, fortunately, be remedied. Year by year, a military element has been introduced into the War Office. Eleven years ago, when the War Office was in its infancy, all the high officials in the office were civilians. Sir B. Hawes, the Under Secretary of State, was a civilian; Mr. Godley, whose abilities it is impossible to remember without regret, was Assistant Under Secretary of State, and a civilian. The heads of the supply branches—stores, commissariat, purveyors, and clothing,—were all non-military men; and the only military officer of eminent status in the War Office was the Military Adviser of the Secretary of State. Successive changes have been made in the War Office of 1858. The civilian element has been gradually, but successfully, eliminated. A military Under Secretary of State, with a military assistant under him, is practically the sole adviser of the Secretary of State on one class of subjects; while a

military Controller-in-Chief is his sole adviser on another class. It is true that a "*de facto*" civilian, of considerable ability, does still exist as Assistant Under Secretary of State; but, in the first place, if common report be correct, he has not the influence in the office which his abilities deserve; and, in the next place, his status is distinctly inferior to that of the Under Secretary of State and of the Controller-in-Chief. It is clear, therefore, that whatever relics of civilian control may still exist in the War Office are only faintly perceptible in an officer of inferior rank and secondary influence. Now we maintain that it is the presence of military men in the War Office which practically increases the power of the Horse Guards, and diminishes the control which the War Office ought to exercise. Military men, disguise it as we may, are naturally imbued with certain traditions inseparable from military life. These traditions are uniformly hostile to the control which the War Office exercises over the Horse Guards. Ask the first officer you meet his opinion on the subject; he will ascribe the evils of military administration to the existence of the War Office. He has never regarded—perhaps pride in his profession disqualifies him from regarding—the War Office as a constitutional device for asserting the control of Parliament over the army. Professionally speaking, he has much to say for himself; but the constitutional considerations, to which he omits to refer, are, we contend, of far greater importance than the inconvenience which he alleges, with a certain force, must necessarily result from the double *régime*. If this man is given a position of power in the War Office, is it likely that he will, from the mere fact of living in the atmosphere of Pall Mall, shake himself free, in a moment, from the prejudices and traditions which have been accumulating in him for years? But there is a still more important consideration, which is worth remembering. Military men are necessarily dependent for their professional advancement on the Commander-in-Chief, with whom the selection of officers for the prizes of the profession—the colonelcies of regiments, for instance, practically rests. Now, without desiring to say one word against a single member of the War Office, is the system defensible which places men in a position where it is one of their chief duties to control the Horse Guards, who are entirely dependent on the Horse Guards for their professional advancement?

The introduction, then, of military men into the War Office has led to the decay of War Office control. The disease suggests its own remedy. Let the highest posts in the War Office be in future confined to civilians. The highest officer of the War Office ought to be the permanent Under Secretary of State. He ought to occupy the position which half-a-dozen other persons are endeavouring to usurp, of chief adviser to the Secretary of State; and, occupying this position, he ought, if there is anything at all in the argument we have stated, to be a civilian. Whether the parliamentary Under Secretary of State be a professional man or no, is a matter of less importance. There is little fear of a member of Parliament forgetting, in an over-regard for his profession, his responsibility to Parliament.

But the introduction of military men is not the only complaint from which the War Office has been suffering. It has been suffering from a plethora of advisers, and every step which has hitherto been taken has aggravated the disease. Successive Secretaries of State, hampered with the work which was ever gaining on them, have all resorted to the same remedy—the appointment of more and more heads to intercept the stream, which threatened to overwhelm them. But the device, so far from abating, only added to the violence of the flood. The increase in the staff increased the work which it was its object to diminish. If the exact reverse of this plan were now adopted,—if, in lieu of a multitude of counsellors the Secretary of State were in future to be content with the two to whom allusion has been made—the two Under Secretaries of State; if they, and they alone, were to be the channels through which all official communications should reach him, he would find that it would be easier to deal with the two broad channels, in which all the business of the office would consequently be compelled to flow, than with the innumerable streamlets, all tendering discordant advice, and striving for different objects, which are now surging around him.

The adoption of this plan would, of course, entail the division of the War Office into branches, and the appointment as heads of those branches of officers of position and influence, but of position and influence distinctly inferior to that of an Under Secretary of State. There can be little difficulty in defining the branches into which the War Office, almost naturally, resolves itself. The first should have the supervision of military works, and be placed under a director of works; the second, which should be entrusted to a director of ordnance, should have the charge of the armaments of the army. Though the heads of these branches should be military men, they should be called on to sever, as a condition of their appointment, their connection with the army, and should, consequently, be solely in receipt of civil pay. The third department of the War Office should comprise the supply branches of the army, and be under the charge of a civilian or of a retired military man. The fourth department should transact the business connected with the personnel of the army; and supervise the militia and volunteers so far as the administration of our reserve forces would still be left with the War Office. Each of these departments should be entrusted with the custody of its own accounts, and should execute its own contracts. But, side by side with them, there should be a small account branch, which should be relieved of the many duties entrusted to the present account branch with, perhaps, the single exception of the preparation of the annual estimates; and to this branch, the head of which should be of equal rank with the heads of the four other departments, all the proposals of the other branches should be referred for special financial consideration. The two great changes which the adoption of these suggestions would entail are the entire reconstitution of the account branch; and a reconsideration of the status which has been assigned to the Controller-in-Chief.

The account branch is, perhaps, the most anomalous of the many anomalies existing in the War Office. The same passion for centralisation which, in 1856, effected the union in Pall Mall of a number of distinct offices, inspired the War Office authorities with the idea of collecting all the accounts of these several offices into one branch. The decision, of course, inflicted an enormous amount of work on the War Office, because it practically resulted in a great portion of the work of the office being done twice over; but there was this excuse for it, that the only audit to which the War Office accounts were then subjected was an appropriation audit, and there was consequently a necessity, which found expression in the establishment of a central account branch, for some financial check on the different branches. But when Lord de Grey established a separate audit branch, the time surely arrived for altering the status of the account branch. The inconvenience, resulting from a separate system of accounts—an inconvenience which it will take very little reflection to show—ought to have been done away with, and each branch entrusted with its own accounts. For purposes of administration it must clearly be advisable that a branch, charged with the performance of any specific duty, should prepare the accounts connected with that work. The clerk, for instance, who compiles the list of efficientes in the volunteer force is surely, at least, as competent as a clerk sitting in another room to perform the very simple duty of converting these numbers into pounds, the only other process which is requisite to decide the exact amount of allowance which is to be issued to each corps. It is difficult to see how any check is gained by this division of the work, or how any end is attained, except a necessity for two sets of books, almost duplicates of each other, and a consequent addition to the clerical labours of the War Office. But not only is it a simpler arrangement for the same man to perform the double duty, but the check on expenditure is, if he does so, actually greater. How is it possible for any one to know so well, as the branch entrusted with a particular duty, the expenses connected with its administration? Who, for instance, except the barrack branch, can possibly know whether any particular barrack were or were not occupied on a particular day, and consequently liable to rates? Yet a mistaken passion for centralisation has taken this duty from the barrack branch, which was acquainted with it, and has assigned it to the account branch, which is wholly ignorant of it. We are not, of course, now referring to the audit of accounts. The few remarks which we may have to make on War Office audit we must reserve for another part of this article. We are speaking of simple duties of account, and we maintain that these duties ought to be discharged by those by whom they can most easily be performed—the different branches, and not the one account branch of the War Office.

The argument will appear stronger if, for its immediate purposes, the branches of the War Office are regarded as, what in reality they are, distinct offices. The barrack branch is really as distinct from the clothing branch as the Home Office is from the Board of Trade. But who would, for a moment,

tolerate the absurdity of having an account branch common to the Board of Trade and the Home Office. Yet this is precisely what is done in the War Office, and has been one of the many causes which have led to the confusion in that office. Correct this anomaly; make the account branch, what it ought to be, the financial adviser of the Secretary of State, and one of the many problems connected with War Office reform will immediately be solved.

But the status of the Controller-in-Chief, or, as we should infinitely prefer that he should be called, of the Director of Supplies, is a matter of far greater importance. It is really the hinge on which the War Office question is turning, and its solution consequently involves the solution of the whole question of army administration. That there should be a head of the great supply branches of the army, or, to put it in another way, that those branches should be united under one head, is a proposition so universally conceded that it is not worth consideration in this article. But it must not be forgotten that these supply branches are the branches in which great economy or great extravagance can most easily take place, and that they are consequently the branches in the administration of which the British tax-payer is the most particularly interested. It needs no other argument to prove the excessive importance of insisting on every precaution being taken for their economical administration.

The arguments which prove the necessity of asserting the control of the War Office over the Horse Guards, may with equal propriety be urged against the independent position which has been assigned to the head of the supply branches. Military objects are not always compatible with economy; and a military man, placed in a position of great responsibility, will be likely to lose sight of mere questions of economy in his constant anxiety to promote the efficiency of his immediate department. He does not regard the subject as the public regards it. In his anxiety to have a certain amount of matériel ready for every possible contingency, he forgets that it may be undesirable to incur the waste which is inseparable from a large amount of stores. It is essential, therefore, that the proposals of such an officer should be referred, for financial consideration, to some other authority; but it is equally necessary that the authority to whom they are referred should be of rank at least as great as that of the officer by whom they are made. If the proposals of a Controller-in-Chief, ranking as an Under Secretary of State, are only to be considered by an Accountant-General with little higher status than that of a clerk, it is clear that if there be a conflict of opinion, the Accountant-General must give way. But if the Controller-in-Chief and the Accountant-General both occupy the positions of Assistant Under Secretaries of State, the result will be very different; the advantages of a real financial opinion will be gained, and there will be no danger of the financial bearings of each proposal being lost sight of from the comparative obscurity of its exponent.

Nor is the status of the Controller-in-Chief the only subject for consideration with regard to the control scheme. The adoption of that scheme entails the appointment of local controllers, and their position and duties

are almost as important as the position and duties of the Controller-in-Chief. In France—and the intendance system in France was the origin of the English system of control—the Minister at War unites in himself the double functions which in England we find it necessary to separate between a Secretary of State and a Commander-in-Chief; and in each military command in France there is an officer called an *Intendant-Général*, who practically represents the Minister of War in his capacity of Secretary of State, just as the General in command represents him as Commander-in-Chief. These intendants have great powers entrusted to them. Practically they carry out their peculiar duties of transport and supply without reference to the General in command; and so great is the success attendant on the system, that it was rightly considered advisable to engraft something of the same kind on our own administration. The idea found expression in the appointment of the committee over which Lord Strathnairn presided; and it is worth remarking that that committee was originally composed entirely of military men, and that, though a civilian was added to it as an afterthought, he was a civilian of inferior rank to that of the other members of the committee. The committee recommended the gradual introduction of what is now known as the control system. Practically following the example of France, and adopting the advice which Sidney Herbert had given six years before, they proposed that the supply branches of the army should be placed under a common head, and that local controllers should be appointed to supervise locally the business of these branches. They deviated from their model in giving the controllers less power and less independence than is assigned to the intendants in France. Sir H. Storks was desired to embody the report into regulations; and if those regulations are honestly compared with Lord Strathnairn's report, it will be immediately seen that just as Lord Strathnairn fell short of the French, so Sir H. Storks fell short of Lord Strathnairn. The intendants which, under the name of controllers, Lord Strathnairn had proposed to deprive of half their authority, Sir H. Storks reduced to the position of the servants of the commanding officer. The intendants in France, acting on their own responsibility, Lord Strathnairn converted into controllers moving with the concurrence of the commanding officer; and Sir H. Storks directed to act under the directions of the commanding officer.

Now in a constitutionally governed country it seems clear that a policy, exactly the reverse of that which Sir H. Storks proposed, should have been adopted. The local controller should have been given the status and independence of military control which is assigned to an intendant in France. He should have been made the representative, and given the status of the representative of the Secretary of State; instead of being made a mere tool in the commanding officer's hands. It is no answer to this argument to say that a military commander must be given supreme authority, and that this authority cannot exist in the presence of such an official as we propose to create. We maintain that it does exist in France; that its existence is indispensable, if Parliamentary government is to continue; and

that the appointment of local controllers ought to have afforded additional facilities for the possibility of its existence.

As long as the different departments of supply were independent of each other, and the local heads of each department were consequently officers of comparatively inferior rank, there might have been a difficulty in giving these departments the independence to which, as representatives of the War Office, they would *primâ facie* have been entitled. But, as soon as it was determined to unite these departments under one officer, it immediately became possible to give to that officer the independence which, in France, officers similarly situated enjoy, and which every constitutional consideration urgently demanded. That the French example and the constitutional consideration should have been disregarded are circumstances which are very much to be regretted. The course which has been taken is to be regretted on the high ground that it is subversive of the constitutional principles on which the government of the country is carried on: it is equally to be regretted, because the moment the controllers are made the unreasoning subordinates of a military man, they will cease to have any opportunity of exercising their own peculiar qualifications; they will be dependent not independent: submissive and not self-reliant.

If the course which we have recommended had been adopted: if the controllers had been given the authority and the status to which, as the representatives of the Secretary of State for War, they had a claim, there is no reason why another reform, which would enormously assist the facilities of administration, should not have been effected. We might have made each military command really complete in itself. To carry out this reform it would be necessary to reverse the policy which we have hitherto pursued: to decentralise in lieu of centralising. Those who have paid any attention to the question will immediately see the increase of efficiency which would result, if each military command was made an administrative centre; and it is probably impossible to exaggerate the relief which the War Office would experience if the correspondence with which it is now inundated were consequently intercepted at the head-quarters of each district. One little example will be sufficient to show how great this relief would be. Each regiment has now to apply to the War Office for the cartridges to which it is annually entitled. The War Office, after duly performing the many little official duties of registration, minuting, submission and approval, forwards the requisition to the Military Storekeeper. The Military Storekeeper, who possibly may live in the very town in which the regiment is quartered, and who is at least as well acquainted with the regulations which govern the supply as the officials at the War Office, then, but not till then, issues the cartridges. Now it can require no great discernment to see that the interference of the War Office in the matter is quite unnecessary. Indeed, the manifest impossibility of referring to the War Office for instructions has necessitated a recourse to the simpler system abroad. But it must be equally clear that, if the Storekeeper were, as Sir H. Storks proposes he should be, the

mere slave of the commanding officer, bound implicitly to obey the latter's instructions, whether they were contrary to regulation or no, there would be grave objections to doing away with the intervention of the War Office. If, in short, the Storekeeper can say, "No, you are asking for much more ammunition than I am entitled to issue to you, and I will not issue it without War Office authority," a sufficient check will be placed on military extravagance; but if the Storekeeper is to say, as Sir H. Storks proposes, "You are asking for too many cartridges, and I must consequently ask you to give me the order for them in writing, and then I will issue them," surely the prospects of extravagance are enormously increased, and a wasteful officer will be able to entail on us considerable expense. It no doubt may be answered that the commanding officer, as the representative of the Secretary of State, will be responsible for the expenditure, and that it makes no real difference whether it is the commanding officer or the storekeeper who is responsible for it, provided that the responsibility can be brought home to some one. But to this reasoning it may be conclusively replied, that the whole principle of the administration of our army turns on the point that the military authorities shall have no control whatever over expenditure; and if this principle is altered the control of Parliament over the army will be immediately lessened.

But the administration of the regular army forms only a portion of the problem which we have to solve. Our regular army represents only a fragment of the force which could be raised for the defence of the country, and which would, of course, mainly consist of the different branches of our reserves. The efficiency or non-efficiency of these forces it is not our present intention to discuss. It would be, in fact, irrelevant to do so in an article purely devoted to the question of administration; but the administration of these forces, or, to speak more plainly, the administrative relations of these forces to the War Office, we have always considered faulty. The reserve forces are now under an Inspector-General of Reserves, with a staff of sub-inspectors under him, and a seat at the War Office. It was, no doubt, supposed that the existence of a staff of able military men, specially detailed to inspect our reserves, would tend to fuse a military spirit into these forces; and possibly, in the early days of the volunteer army, it was necessary that certain military officers should be appointed, whose duty should be to devote their whole attention to the organization of the infant force. But, if this necessity ever existed, it has long passed away. The battalion organization of the force is an accomplished fact; and the only other organization which ought to be effected is the brigade and divisional organization, to the accomplishment of which the presence of special inspectors forms an insuperable bar. If the volunteers were ever required in actual war, the very first condition incidental to their service would be to place them under the command of the generals of districts; and the inspectors, who have been associated with them for years past, would consequently be left without any forces to supervise. If, then, the true end of all organization in peace ought to be a prepara-

tion for war, nothing can be worse than the system on which we are organizing our reserves. Nor is there any real difficulty to deter us from altering the present system, and placing the reserves in each military district under the generals in command. Our volunteer artillery has, almost from its infancy, formed an exception to the rule which has placed the volunteer force under a separate staff of inspectors; and our volunteer artillery has always formed the most efficient arm of the volunteer force. It is perfectly clear that a reform, which has thus proved to be applicable to artillery, must equally be applicable to rifle volunteers; and a reform could consequently be adopted which would effect a small economy, by saving the pay of the present inspecting staff, and would probably do more than all which has hitherto been done to make the volunteer force really ready for war.

It will give completeness to this consideration of the changes which are necessary in our military administration, if we review the reasons which make it advisable to transfer the audit of army accounts from the War Office to the Auditor-General. The audit branch of the War Office satisfies none of the conditions which are inseparable from an efficient audit. The auditor of the War Office, instead of being independent, is the mere servant of the Secretary of State, to whom every official in the audit branch owes his appointment, looks for promotion, and depends on for pay. The argument for a departmental audit, that an extra-mural audit could not possibly be in possession of information without which the accounts could not be audited, is really the same argument which we have ourselves used for a system of branch accounts; but this argument, surely, only proves that the audit of army accounts ought to be conducted by auditors sitting in Pall Mall; and the objection which it raises would consequently be removed if a branch of the audit office, under the control of the Auditor-General, and entirely independent of the Secretary of State, were established in Pall Mall. The country would thus secure the advantage of an independent audit, and the Secretary of State would be relieved of a portion of his most difficult duty.

We have thus endeavoured to deal with the leading features of our military administration. We have stated the changes which, in our judgment, might with advantage be introduced into it. The wisdom of our suggestions it must rest with others to determine. The necessity for some change must be evident to all. The present system is doomed internally and externally. A new system must be created to take its place. Let us not shrink from the most careful consideration of what that system should be. A false step now may involve disaster here. It is no light matter to deal with the administration of an army whose past history is associated with the most brilliant pages in the annals of our country; whose future must necessarily be connected with the future of the greatest empire the world has ever seen.

Some Remarks on Travelling in America.

MORE than one American friend of mine has frankly put to me the question, What induced you to come to this country? As I am neither a commercial traveller, nor an emigrant, nor a British Ambassador, nor a novelist of universal popularity, the question did not answer itself. The fear of seeming to be more complimentary than sincere, forbade the obvious reply, that the pleasure of seeing my interrogator was of itself a sufficient inducement; and I confess to have been a little puzzled to give a perfectly sincere and intelligible answer. Yet I am convinced that an answer might be given which would not only satisfy a reasonable enquirer, but would make the voyage across the Atlantic more popular than it is at present. It is easy, indeed, to give certain negative reasons. In America, for example, there are no picture-galleries: there are no ancient churches or venerable ruins; there are but one or two places where the traveller is bound to be affected by historical associations; and, which sums up the whole of these conveniences, there is no infallible Murray to lay down a course from which the traveller cannot swerve without a manifest dereliction of duty. When you have done Niagara, Chicago, and the Capitol at Washington, you may lay your hand on your heart and declare that you have conscientiously performed the whole duty of a tourist. To one who has been dragged through the "sights" of a European city, there is an inexpressible relief in travelling where burdens are not laid upon one's curiosity too great for the ordinary strength of humanity. It is true, indeed, that even Americans cannot be quite exonerated from the charge of useless cruelty to their guests. It is well known that the United States abound in certain phenomena, generically known as "institutions;" and the tourist who is weak enough to yield to the demand, finds that an institution combines in itself all the horrors of picture-galleries, cathedrals, ruins, battle-fields, and every torment known to Bädeker or Murray. He may be galloped through an unceasing round of schools, hospitals, deaf and dumb asylums, and what not, until his brain is nothing but a whirlpool of statistics, and his hand has been shaken into approximate dislocation. Nay, it is whispered by those who have gone through the process, that the victim will not be let off for merely passive suffering; in accordance with the precedent of the aborigines, who made their prisoner sing whilst he was being tortured, the traveller will sometimes have "to make a few remarks." Fortunately, a good stock of commonplaces is at hand, as life-buoys are hung up in every corner of a steamboat, and he will be able to save himself from drowning in the deep waters of rhetoric, by clutching at one of the usual demonstrations that Englishmen and Americans are, if it be possible, a

something more than identical. For the benefit, however, of future adventurers, it may be remarked that a firm countenance at the first approach will generally reveal an unexpected fact. When your hospitable host (for all Americans are hospitable) sees that you really don't like institution hunting, you will find out, surprising as it may appear, that he does not like it either. Englishmen have hitherto thought it right for the most part to come out as Tocquevilles on a small scale, or as amateur representatives of the Social Science Association; and their hosts naturally think it right to treat them with the respect due to philosophical enquirers. They exhibit institutions, and their guest becomes a political lecturer. The mildest of English travellers is ready to pour out an extemporary dissertation upon the influence of democracy, the laws of social evolution, the influences of race, and the working of natural selection as applied to the human being. Perhaps he has never seen a school since he was flogged at Eton; but he will go the rounds at Boston with unflagging patience, and pronounce on the relative advantages of the two systems (if we can be said to have a system) of national education. The worst part of it is that an enquirer of this kind is apt to be dissatisfied unless he can discover some startling curiosity; he is as much disappointed at coming home without having found some totally abnormal varieties of mankind, as a geologist who has investigated a new formation without adding a new species to the fossils already known. The British tourist hearing of the singular beings detected by enterprising enquirers, often in remote corners of the continent, imagines that America is one vast museum of anomalous creatures; and is quite disappointed at hearing little more of Mormons, Shakers, Jumpers, and disciples of the Oneida Creek prophet in New York than in London. He regards the country too much as a museum of morbid anatomy; and has thereby induced a distinguished American writer to complain pathetically of the annoyance of being taken for "a specimen." He remarks, what is well worth remembering, that there is a great deal of human nature everywhere; and the traveller would do well to impress upon his mind that most Americans have two legs, many of the ordinary passions of humanity, and a resemblance to the European races, which may entitle them to be placed zoologically in the same class, or even species. Doubtless it is a useful, and, for some persons, an interesting occupation to investigate the social phenomena of America, though always with the proviso that they had better not adopt the attitude of a superior being examining a black-beetle; but any member of the large class, with which I confess my sympathy, who have a rooted aversion to useful information, and who hold statistics to be about as agreeable a food for the mind as parched peas for the stomach, will shrink from the supposed necessity of acting as a commission of enquiry. If he frankly acknowledges his dislike, he will find that his friends are perfectly ready to smoke cigars with him instead of going to institutions, and to consider him as an ordinary visitor, instead of a philosopher with a mission.

Here, then, we come back to the question, why should such a man go to America? The commercial traveller is intelligible, and so is the institution hunter; but what attraction is there for the ordinary tourist, who enjoys his trips most, as everybody enjoys novels, when they haven't got a high moral purpose? Are the troubles of a sea-voyage, and the discomforts of American travelling to be encountered merely for the sake of a little loafing which might be done as easily on the boulevards of Paris or the banks of the Lake of Lucerne? New York is in some respects a fine city, but it is proverbial amongst the natives that a good New Yorker, when he dies, goes to Paris. Why, when the paradise is at our doors, should we cross 3,000 miles of that most unpleasant contrivance, the Atlantic Ocean, in order to see a merely terrestrial phenomenon? My first answer would be, as expressed in the shortest possible terms, in order to enjoy a new sensation. We may be *blasés* in the matter of European travel: it grows stale, flat, and unprofitable; historical associations are a bore: we have discovered that the place where Charles I.'s head was cut off is exactly like the place where it wasn't; pictures we have seen enough, not being of a specially artistic turn, to know that fat pulpy women are generally called after the name of Rubens, and our curiosity is temporarily slaked; we have tramped up and down ancient churches till our sense of veneration is in danger of being permanently dulled; and even in the ever-glorious Alps, the certainty of meeting Brown, Jones, and Robinson in the most hidden recesses of ice and rock is rather damping to one's enthusiasm. We have something of the feeling of the traveller described somewhere by Mr. Dickens, who, after a night's journey, fancies that he has an internal dress of cobwebs producing a troublesome cutaneous irritation. We have lived in such a whirl of fellow-countrymen that we wish to take off our clothes and shake out our pockets to be rid of them. We might even venture to argue that the omnipresence of the ever-increasing Yankee traveller is some inducement to plunge recklessly into a country, where at least he will not be an extraneous substance. Europe, in short, has been so overrun that the most improbable result of travelling in a country is to see anything of the natives; for the cosmopolitan race of guides, hotel-keepers, and valets de place, who gather round the traveller as barnacles fix upon the timbers of a ship, wards off all contact with the genuine population. In the old days of grand tours, the English lord made acquaintance with the court of every country that he visited, and carried letters of introduction to every distinguished man. For obvious reasons, the system has become impossible for all but a very few of the select; and we see as little of the society of France or Switzerland as if we were members of the swell-mob on a business tour. The grand tour of the present day is a trip through America to St. Francisco, and thence by Australia, Japan, and China, to India, and back by the Holy Land. It has not been as yet travelled so often as to extinguish hospitality by the inordinate abundance of guests. The Englishman in America, if he has only provided himself with some good introductions, may be certain of the

kindest reception—indeed of so much kindness as to embarrass him in speaking his mind with all the freedom desirable. I know that some travellers have another code of morality. A man may have taken them into his house, and treated them as old friends on the faith of a slight introduction; but no weak-minded sense of gratitude must be allowed to override the imperative demands of truth. Duty will not permit the guest to sink the important fact that his host—kindly as he may be—nevertheless uses a spittoon, and speaks with a decided nasal twang. And as spittoons and nasal twangs are good tangible facts, they will figure in the narrative more prominently than the delicate flavour of kindly feeling pervading every action of the entertainer, which constitutes genuine hospitality. Indeed, it is perhaps natural that the more abnormal developments of national character should impress themselves most strongly upon the traveller's recollection. Quiet family-life is hard to describe; bowie-knives and revolvers will make the dulllest pages bristle into some kind of vivacity. And therefore it is, I imagine, that so few books of American travel reflect faithfully, what I am sure must be amongst the strongest feelings of their authors, pleasant memory of the extreme kindness and simplicity of family-life in America. The American, if not a more sociable, appears to be at least a more easy-going animal than his cousin. Society is still far simpler, and hampered by fewer conventional restrictions than in England. We have heard, indeed, lately, a great deal about the enormities and extravagances of Shoddy. The *nouveau riche* is, of course, a much commoner phenomenon in America than in England, and is perhaps more disposed to vulgar ostentation. Money, as a general rule, is spent freely in proportion to the ease with which it is gained; a gold-miner who has found a big nugget, amuses himself by throwing sovereigns at sparrows; and the fortunate man who has struck oil—metaphorically or otherwise—in America is only embarrassed to find means of expenditure. He cannot found a family or become a great landed proprietor, for the state of society which makes such things possible does not exist; nor has there ever been an aristocracy to lay down an accepted system of rules for the correct expenditure of money and display of magnificence. A large establishment of servants is impossible, where an increase of servants means a disproportionately rapid increase of expense and vexation. If he is a man of public spirit, he may follow Mr. Cornell's example in founding a university, or show that munificent liberality to which Mr. Peabody has accustomed Englishmen. Otherwise, he is reduced to some personal, and therefore ostentatious modes of expenditure. He will build a white marble house in the finest situation in the town, ornamented, it may be, in the worst of taste, and fitted up with an ingenious variety of labour-saving contrivances of which we have no conception. The ladies of his family will witch the world with a lavish display of Parisian finery. It would astonish English women to meet ladies at a fashionable watering-place, who appear every day in a perfectly new and splendid costume, and yet, for want of a lady's maid, are reduced to unpacking their own gigantic trunks in

presence of an admiring audience. Yet it is only a natural result of a state of things in which wealth may command any amount of luxury, but next to nothing in the way of personal services. Putting aside, however, the class which startles New York by splendid entertainments, by exhibiting priceless trotting horses in the Central Park, or by such other modes of extravagance, the English traveller will be charmed by the manners of the large cultivated class who have not bent the knee to the great idol, Shoddy. He will, perhaps, think that an American home of the better kind is a specially felicitous combination of refinement and simplicity. Yet, in the very use of the word "home," I am reminded of one prejudice, which, though often ridiculed, has never been suppressed. It was one of our most cherished theories that that word expressed an idea unknown beyond the four seas. In France, the people being naturally vain, frivolous and insincere, family life is there, of course, a hollow imposition. In America, where they have retained this and some other words of our language, home is probably perverted to mean a temporary perch in a hotel or boarding-house, where privacy is impossible, and meals a mere scramble for food, after the fashion of Regent's Park monkeys disputing a handful of nuts. Hence, as I saw recently explained with much complacency by a paper which is generally friendly to Americans, it is easy to account for the dissolute manners of the youth. Deprived of home life, and brought up in an atmosphere of cocktails and tobacco, how should they be otherwise than dissolute? So far as I have been able to hear, the fact is as imaginary as the explanation. Young America is about as moral as young England; or, if worse in some ways, is in some important respects decidedly superior. As for the supposed preference for hotel-life, the explanation is obvious. American life may be described with some completeness as the result of a struggle to meet the dearness of labour by social or mechanical contrivances. Sometimes the contrivance is so ingenious as to effect more than a compensation; at others the ingenuity has not hitherto made up for the difficulty. And, in spite of all contrivances, housekeeping is a burden to American ladies of which we have no conception. By all kinds of clever devices, a recently built American house is so improved, that one servant can do the work of two in England; but then one servant seems to give more than twice as much trouble as one here. The American must smile bitterly when he reads the lamentations in which English housekeepers sometimes relieve their bosoms of much perilous stuff, and fill the columns of newspapers out of season. Let the repining lady imagine herself transported to New York, and requested to keep house with a couple of raw Irish girls, endowed with primitive notions of cleanliness and cookery, with power to give warning at a moment's notice, with a new sense of independence which delights to display itself by a want of ordinary civility, and with a marriage-market ruling strongly in favour of the feminine population. The Irishwomen have, it is true, many virtues in America as elsewhere, but in America they are apt to display them chiefly by amazing liberality

to their Church or to the Fenian treasury. Our English friend would find herself as hardly used as her coachman, accustomed to drive a sleek pair of horses round the Park, if invited to provide himself in future with a couple of rough ponies caught the same morning off a moor. It would not be very strange, nor show a rooted aversion to the privacy of family life, if she took refuge for a time in a hotel where, at least, the troubles of management would be taken off her hands. Indeed, when admiring, as one cannot help admiring, the energy of the delicate-looking and graceful American ladies, who seem to discharge household duties from which our countrywomen would shrink aghast, and at the same time to keep themselves thoroughly "posted up" in politics, theology, and literature, I have been much more inclined to wonder at their willingness to keep up separate households than at their occasional retreats into hotel life. That family life has the same charms for an American that it has for an Englishman, and in spite of far greater difficulties, may be seen by simple inspection. Comparing London with a continental city, we wonder at the dispersive instincts of the population. It looks as if a whirlwind had carried away a large number of houses, and powdered the whole surrounding district by dropping them down at random. London melts into the country by imperceptible degrees, and is only the denser nucleus of a nebulous mass of houses. It is perhaps a fair inference, that the tastes—due to family affections, or to sulkiness, or to individual eccentricity—which induce an Englishman to keep his neighbours at arm's length are exhibited in the arrangement of his metropolis. Its geography seems to prove that his ideal is a house in a garden by itself; or if that is unattainable, then a "semi-detached" residence. If, now, we transport ourselves to Boston, we find precisely a similar phenomenon. The country, with its small undulations and occasional glimpses of the sea may remind us in some ways of Devonshire; though the greater extent of forest and the numerous "ponds" (in England we should dignify them by the name of lakes) conspire, with many differences of detail, to remind us that we are in a foreign country. In every direction there are charming nooks, in which innumerable villas nestle themselves, to sparkle out from the trees with all the brilliance that an American sun can confer upon walls painted white, contrasted by green shutters and verandahs. It is obvious that the ideal cherished by the person whom our grandfathers called a "cit"—the trim suburban house well in view of the smoke of the neighbouring town, flourishes in New England as in the old country. The tide of business which ebbs and flows into Boston and back, is conveyed by horse-cars instead of the British omnibus or railway; the American house is built of timber instead of brick; it looks out from a rough paddock instead of the trim gardens which are made possible by a steady supply of labour; and the fences and stone dykes surrounding the unkempt woods have a very makeshift appearance to an English eye. But one thing is plain. The American, like the Englishman, loves to have a house of his own, well separated by a little tract of ground from his neighbour; and, like other

people, is only driven into a caravansary by sheer force of necessity. The forces of cohesion which bind a family together, and those of dispersion which hold it in an orbit, distinct from that of its neighbours, show their intensity there, as here, in the physiognomy of the towns. If we went to a lower stratum of society the case would be stronger. I know of no town whose appearance is so pleasant, in a sense different from the artistic, as Philadelphia. Artistically, I admit, a wilderness of small red-brick houses, with white marble doorsteps, arranged chess-board fashion, and each as like its neighbour as mathematical exactness can make it, is not a cheering spectacle. Yet it is pleasant, after all the lamentations about overcrowding in London, which make the heart sick, to see a town in which every artizan sets up a separate and really comfortable house for himself. Our family life in England is doubtless very charming, but it is a luxury beyond the reach of the lowest classes.

To follow out these reflections would lead me too far. The sum and substance of what I am urging is, that a prominent characteristic of American life is the number of households of singular simplicity and friendliness, admission into which is easy for an English traveller. There is, in truth, plenty of prejudice against Englishmen in their collective capacity. Rightly or wrongly, Americans think that we have dealt unfairly by them, and it is simply childish to attempt to smother this feeling by ignoring its existence. But the individual is welcomed with a kindness which sometimes leads me to fancy that there must be a happy affinity between the two races. It is due, perhaps, as much to the contrasts as to the points of similarity that I have always found an Anglo-American alliance—in the sphere of private life—to be arranged with special facility. If it were necessary to mention a shortcoming in American society, it would, perhaps, be that there is a certain monotony of character. In an old country we find greater varieties and more distinctive types. An Englishman has a greater chance of being encrusted, as it were, with the prejudices of ages. He and his have been fixed in a particular class or district till they have been engrained with certain peculiarities. The country gentleman, the agricultural labourer, the artisan from the manufacturing districts, and so on, are all cast in comparatively rigid moulds, and form so many distinct castes. The differences, doubtless, tend to disappear. "Worn in yonder social mill," as the poet remarks of London, "we wear each other's angles down;" and the marks of a special trade or province become, year by year, less distinctly traceable. Yet it is a shock to the English traveller when he finds that American judges don't wear wigs; that their butchers don't dress in blue; and that their agricultural population have abandoned smock-frocks and gaiters. The incessant shuffling of the cards which goes on in American society, the constant melting down and reforming of every class and order, tends to the multiplication of a single type, and renders what we call, eulogistically, a man of originality, or dyslogistically, a humourist, or an eccentric person, a greater rarity than in England. Yet the loss is not without compensa-

tion. The better specimens of humanity gain, as it seems to me, a greater facility in meeting all orders of men. They are quicker at making acquaintances, and in admitting a stranger to familiar intercourse. It is comparatively rare to find in America that between you and your acquaintance there is a great gulf fixed, and that whilst meeting on equal terms, you and he have a radically different stock of ideas and experiences. An American, we know, is ready to be a lawyer, an official, a schoolmaster, a newspaper editor, a railway director, or to take up half a hundred other trades at a moment's notice; and it is hard if you cannot find some interests in common with so versatile an actor. Whatever the cause, it is easier to place yourself on easy terms with an average American than with an average Englishman; and any assertion tending to show that family life in America has not many charms in which the unvarying hospitality of the country makes participation singularly easy, is to be repudiated as a detestable heresy, founded on no sufficient observation, but rather repugnant to the plainest facts of the case.

Hence my first answer to the question with which I started is that a man should visit America in order to make many pleasant intimacies, some of which, unless by his own fault, may probably ripen into durable friendships. And that is a reason which can hardly be alleged in favour of the ordinary series of vacation-tours. Yet it may be that the human mind craves for some more definite and tangible advantage. Americans have been pretty well laughed out of the regulation question; "how do you like our country, sir?" but there is another twofold inquiry of which the traveller will be certain to hear more than enough. "Have you seen Niagara?" is the first question; which, if satisfactorily answered, is followed by, "Have you been to Chicago?" Giving a wide interpretation to the questions, we may infer that, in the opinion of Americans themselves, the two great sources of interest are to be found in certain wonders of natural scenery, and in the material results of their superabundant energy. Of Niagara it would be almost impertinent to speak, except to say, in passing, that descriptions generally do it great injustice by failing to dwell upon its marvellous beauty, as distinguished from the mere grandeur of so many tons of water falling so many feet. In gazing at it—and one ought to do nothing but gaze at it for hours—one loses the sense of mere power in admiration of its grace and exquisite colouring, and sinks the big water-privilege in the more poetical glories which are independent of sheer size and weight. But Niagara should perhaps be taken as the representative of American scenery at large, as the crowning beauty of the Continent. And here I fear that our admiration will be yielded more grudgingly. The English traveller will perhaps complain that the general impression made upon him is apt to be rather melancholy. The reasons are tolerably obvious, and throw some light upon the general conditions of American travel. Rightly to enjoy any scenery properly requires a good deal of education. The Alps, for example, confound and puzzle at first sight; it is only by long familiarity that one

learns to appreciate even the bare fact of their size and height; they require to be studied before they are surrounded by the associations which make them inexpressibly charming to the experienced mountaineer. Every one, again, must have been struck, on returning to the ordinary English country from the Continent, with the smallness of the scenery—not only in mass but in detail. It looks as if it had just come out of a bandbox; the hills and valleys are in miniature, and the country resembles a garden, not only in completeness of cultivation, but in the insignificant size of its features. It is some time before we can condescend to take pleasure in the picturesque vignettes which abound in its innumerable corners. America is precisely the reverse of this. In spite of all that we have heard of its vast size, we generally fail to realize how much of wilderness still lurks in the immediate neighbourhood of the towns. Starting even from New York, we come in a few miles upon country which, to an English eye, is still in a state of colonial roughness. It is like entering a large house where the painters have not yet finished their work, and where one or two scattered bits of furniture only make the surrounding bareness more dismal. The roads are tracks, with ruts knee-deep in mud, and the fields are surrounded by stretches of tangled wood. The Englishman is startled by signs which he is accustomed to interpret as evidences of slovenly neglect. It is only by reflection that he can read their true meaning. It is not that the tenants are small or indolent, but that the palace they inhabit is so vast. Hitherto they have only had time, as it were, to pick out the tit-bits of the country. The swarm does not settle, because it is ever being drawn to the fertile lands of the West. Rightly, perhaps, we ought to regret the extreme cultivation which marks every corner of England, because it is a sign of a population pressed for room, and forced to turn even the most unpromising places to account. By the same reasoning, the unfinished aspect of America should please us by suggesting how far the world is from being full. We may increase and multiply a good while yet before we shall be treading on each other's toes. Whether it is possible to look at things in this light, after a due amount of practice, is more than I know. The American, according to the old story, feels cramped and confined in England, and is afraid of walking out for fear of falling over the edge. He probably glories in the magnificent distances which are as characteristic of the whole country as of its political capital. But poor sophisticated Europeans, with their acquired standard of neatness, are saddened by the ragged, untidy look of the country—the gaps between cultivation and the timber-houses in all the rawness of modern erection. A journey only deepens the impression. American talk always exhibits that sovereign contempt of distance which is manifested in their fashion of scampering over Europe. A Yankee whom I once met had passed a holiday of about two months in visiting every capital in Europe, from Lisbon to St. Petersburg and Constantinople, being equally ignorant of the languages of all, and had thrown in Jerusalem out of pure gaiety of

heart. A friend will tell you that you really ought to visit such and such a place—it is only twenty-four hours off by rail. In a couple of years they will be going from New York to San Francisco just to have a chat with a friend. Now when a man travels from London (say) to Vienna, he passes innumerable places of historic interest; he sees half a dozen entirely distinct races; every two or three hours he comes to a town with a distinct character of its own; and even a survey from a railway-carriage reveals a scene varying in the most distinctive characteristics. Let him go a similar distance in America. He has the variety of sometimes passing half-cleared forests and sometimes crossing mile after mile of level plain—once prairie and now covered with one enormous field of Indian corn. But the towns seem as if they had all been turned out of one manufactory: after long stretches of solitude he comes upon a little centre of population, and finds that, for all he can see, it might be a slip of the town from which he started accidentally set down in the wilderness. When some ruler of Russia travelled across his empire, it is said that sham villages were hastily run up, to deceive him with an exaggerated estimate of the population. The American traveller might fancy that a similar trick had been performed on him, and that to save trouble the scene-painter had made all his villages of the same pattern. A vast steppe is dull in its natural form; when it has been despoiled of its wildness by the presence of a scattered population, and when the population so scattered is identical in appearance and manners, from one end of it to the other, it is a trifle duller than before. And I cannot wonder that many Europeans find the process of crossing the States not a little conducive to *ennui*.

Yet, as we travel, a certain sense of grandeur is gradually impressed upon us. The only way in which the size of a country can be fairly realized is by measuring it with those compasses which Providence has bestowed upon us all. An American pedestrian, I see, is performing the feat of walking, I think, 2,000 miles, at the rate of over fifty miles a day. If his course is measured in a straight line he will have a more vivid notion of the magnitude of his country than any other citizen of the United States—not that they are generally deficient in that respect. As walking tours are not yet fashionable in America, we must take the best substitute we can in a railway journey, and when we have travelled for twenty-four hours, or some multiple of that time, without producing any assignable change in the landscape, we are fully prepared to admit that the United States, if they are not a great nation, have at least a very big territory. The same effect is produced by that peculiarity in which America has an undeniable advantage over Europe. A great mountain is an impressive sight, but even the loftiest of European mountains scarcely commands a radius of more than 150 miles or so. It is grand in itself, but it does not suggest a vast horizontal surface. But a mighty river, such as the Rhine or the Danube, is more suggestive. Looking on the huge current, we are carried in imagination up to its sources in the distant

glaciers, and think of the huge territory from which it draws its supplies. For this reason, as well as from the apparent life and almost personality of a river, it has always a powerful influence on our thoughts. The St. Lawrence or the Mississippi seem to me to be always repeating the true American formula, What a big country this is ! The Mississippi, in its lower course, is as ugly a stream as need be ; there is something unwholesome about its very colour ; but the stream mutters as it flows. There are in me and my tributaries 6,000 miles of uninterrupted navigation ; my valleys occupy 1,250,000 square miles, and have room for a population of I know not how many millions ; that is a good knock-down fact, in presence of which all your romance about the Rhine, or that wretched little creek of a Thames, may go for what it is worth, and burst like one of my bubbles. And we must truly admit that there is an eloquence of a kind in a figure with a good many cyphers after it—an eloquence which, like that of cannon-balls or bank-notes, there is, in a sense, no resisting.

One other point must be noticed. The appreciation of scenery depends in a great degree upon the material accommodation of the observer. Against this law of nature there is no reasoning. A man with the eyes of Turner and with the sensibility of Wordsworth would be indifferent to the noblest scenery, if he was starving or exhausted with fatigue, or even if his digestive faculties were seriously out of order. Now, in spite of certain advantages, the incidents of American travel are not calculated to bring the mind into a healthy tone. The railways, hastily constructed to meet the needs of a vast and scattered population, are necessarily much slighter in every way than those of European countries, and, consequently, the speed is inferior and the travelling much rougher. The cars are long and fragile boxes, which are by no means kept right side up with much care. When, as sometimes happens, the locomotive runs into another train it crumples them up like a sheet of paper. At any moment one seems to be bumping perceptibly over every stone in the road. The system of construction, indeed, is, to my mind, pleasanter than our own, when, as in Switzerland and some of the South German railways, more attention is paid to the comfort of the travellers. Near the great towns, also, efforts are being made, with considerable success, to introduce a superior class of what are called "palace" or "drawing-room" cars ; and in some of the Western trains, you can not only sleep in a decent berth—an improvement for which one sighs in vain on European lines—but there is a coffee-room in the train, to which you can repair for purposes of refreshment or "liquoring up." The trains on the great Pacific railway will, it is said, have all the conveniences of a hotel moving on wheels. But at present, the prevailing sense of a traveller across the endless spans of the American continent, is one of distinct discomfort. He is put into a rough wooden packing-case, provided with windows that will open by a feat of gymnastics, enough to let a cold draught into his ear, and in winter with a stove that threatens speedy suffocation ; he is jammed into an uncomfortable seat, with room for one person and a half, and, therefore,

filled with two ; he is jolted slowly along when the train is at speed, and kept waiting for an intolerable time at stations. Punctuality is rare, and complaint useless. No American ever complains ; and, indeed, there is no one to whom to address your complaint. The submission of the public is wonderful. A friend of mine was once snowed up in a train for a whole night owing to gross carelessness of the officials, during which not a soul grumbled, or even proposed writing to the papers. In America, as a general rule, it is to be remembered that if you want a thing done, you must either leave it undone, which is the simplest, or do it yourself, which is not always possible, or pay an exorbitant price for some one to do it for you, or wait till a hundred other people have the same want, when it will be done more or less carelessly, and rather by way of condescension. Railway officials are not, as in England, your servants, nor, as on the Continent, your irresponsible masters. They are equals, who will do what you want if you choose to wait their convenience. On leaving your railway, you can, it is true, get a certain amount of comfort provided, at a fixed and moderate rate, at a hotel. An American hotel is a wonder of administrative skill ; it is as superior to the ordinary London hotel, for example, as a machine for making cotton to the old-fashioned systems for making it by hand. And, on the same principle, it is as inferior to the best European models, as any product of machinery is to the same article made by a genuine artist. It succeeds in providing enough for any reasonable person by doing things on a large scale and in obedience to a well-ordered system. But if you are, as a man should be, unreasonable, and require some personal attention suited to your individual peculiarities, you are apt to resent the treatment, and to feel that you are a human being, not a mere No. 666 to be treated with a certain amount of machine-made hospitality. In short, a monster hotel is, to my mind at least, a depressing place of abode ; and I always sigh for some of the charming inns still to be found in many nooks and corners of the old world, where the landlord will treat you like a personal friend, and not as an abstract symbol to be affixed to the heading of a bill.

Hence, I should say, that the machinery of travelling is only too much in harmony with the general dulness of the scenery. The ideas impressed upon you by the scenery are those of enormous size, but rather painful monotony ; the ideas, in short, which naturally arise from the sight of a territory of boundless resources, which has everywhere lost the bloom of primitive wildness, and not yet produced the rich variety of an old and complex civilization. The railways are the first rough lines of communication which show that man has established his superiority, but has not as yet thoroughly subdued the territory. The hotels are appropriate to an improvised population, vast barracks of an advancing army—not homes of a settled people. The sight is in every respect well worth seeing—for once. No statistics nor descriptions can impress upon one's mind the aspect of the vast region upon which Americans are precipitating themselves with zeal almost resembling religious enthusiasm. The picturesque

varieties, which can only result from the combined labour of many succeeding generations, slowly developing new social forms, are, of course, absent; and the absence makes itself felt at every turn. In a new country almost everything is raw, crude, and, more or less, uncomfortable to the body and to the imagination. We scarcely realize, till we have visited the country, the extent to which this holds true, even of America; and neither can we realize the vastness of its undeveloped resources and the external aspect of the advance guard of civilization. An American travelling in Europe profits more than we can well imagine, by giving a vivid conception of the scenes of past history; he really learns, for the first time, that the world did not begin on the 4th of July, 1776, nor even with the arrival of the *Mayflower*. A European profits something, if not so much, by actual contemplation of the seat of the empires of the future, and the vast, though dim possibilities that are opening even for a generation now in existence. But, probably, he will be content with learning the lesson once; and will benefit more by its result than by any particular pleasure at the time.

The great object, indeed, of visiting the West is, if we may trust Americans, to see such cities as Chicago. Chicago, I fear, is rapidly becoming a bore. Like the New Zealander of intolerable memory, it has been hitched into so many bits of eloquence that we begin to wish it had never existed. Thirty years ago, as we are incessantly reminded, the population amounted to about a dozen families, now it is 200,000 or 300,000. A piece of land which was then exchanged for a few gallons of whisky, is now enough to make a man's fortune. We visit the town and see a repetition, with a few modifications, of New York or Boston. There are big hotels, broad rectangular streets, lines of horsecars, handsome theatres, a state-house with a dome, and, in short, all the ordinary appearance of a great town in America. But why should we come to see so very commonplace a sight? Because there was nothing to be seen thirty years ago, that does not prove that what is now to be seen is at all remarkable. If we had seen the city grow under our eyes, the effect would, doubtless, be more sensible, only we can't sit down for thirty years to see the town grow. Rapid as the process may be, the change is not visible to the naked eye in a day or in a week. Nay, is it not as wonderful, when we come to think of it, that London should have increased by a population equal to several Chicagos within the same time? That our overgrown metropolis should expand so fast is more singular than that a great many people should be attracted to a country of untouched resources, and gather in vast numbers round the principal commercial centre. If we saw any distinctly new forms of architecture or engineering, they would excite such interest as their intrinsic merits might deserve. And if we stay long enough in the town to penetrate beneath the surface of society, there is, doubtless, a good deal to be learnt in the conditions of opinion resulting from so rapid a growth. Speaking merely of the external aspect, a slice of New York in the boundless West is not more amazing than a slice of

New York on the Hudson. The traveller learns little more from personal observation than he would learn from a book of statistics; unless, indeed, he has previously failed to realize the fact that great energy exerted in a new field may result in a quiet reproduction of the most commonplace forms.

I have said nothing of the more distant journeys, where a traveller may shoot buffaloes, risk his scalp, study the working of polygamy, or examine the natural wonders of the most wonderful of countries, California. Such excursions have merits of their own, of which there is here no space to speak. Neither do I wish to say much of the picturesque scenery of America. The White Mountains of New England, the wilderness of New York, the great valley of Virginia, and many other districts, have charms of their own; but are scarcely to be reckoned as equal in interest to many European districts. Lake George, for example—the show lake of the Northern States—seems to me, though I say it with fear and trembling, to be very inferior to Loch Lomond, in spite of its crystal waters and forest-covered hills; and there is nothing, in Yankee phrase, which can begin to compare with the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the grander scenery of Europe. Moreover, if I may venture to refer once more to so grovelling a topic, American scenery is only in an early stage as regards accommodation for travellers. Things, indeed, are rapidly changing. The wilderness is beginning to blossom into vast hotels; a railway—I shudder at the thought—has profaned the summit of Mount Washington, the loftiest of the White Mountains, and Americans are developing a love of their own scenery with their usual energy. Hitherto they have been in the same stage as we were a hundred years ago. Saratoga, and its like, are precisely analogous to Bath in the last century. They are places to which people come on the pretence of drinking waters, but really to enjoy the pleasures of flirtation and social display. We have discovered a more reasonable mode of spending our holidays; partly because the increase of town-life enhances the pleasures of a genuine solitude, and partly because the solitudes have been made more accessible and much less solitary. We take our ease in Scotland, or Norway, or Switzerland, after an overdose of London, and rejoice in shooting-jackets when wearied by the tyranny of dress-coats. Our fathers, to whom travelling was more difficult and the country more uncivilized, gathered to the pleasures of Bath, as certain classes still amuse themselves at Baden or Hombourg. A similar change is taking place in America; Saratoga has reached its culminating point, and tourists now rush off to the scenery of *The Last of the Mohicans*, as they do to that of *The Lady of the Lake*. “Bloody Pond,” and the ruins of Ticonderoga are pointed out by drivers of stages, just as their brethren grow eloquent in the Trossachs and the Brig of Turk. Bears are still to be found, deer to be shot, and innumerable trout to be caught in the primeval forests of the Adirondacs; but year by year they are more frequently penetrated by the genuine tourists, and before long they will be brought under the dominion of hotel-keepers, and their beauties will be

puffed by guide-books and by pedestrians. The change is a very good one for Americans, and it is well that they should become awake to the beauties of their own country, seeing that ten days of ocean divide them from European scenery. Only I cannot believe that Europeans will find it worth while to cross the ocean simply in search of the picturesque—even though the effect be enhanced by the splendours of the American fall. There is abundant beauty, and it may be taken with thankfulness by way of supplement or gratuitous addition to the bargain.

I feel a certain remorse in thinking of Niagara and of some of the great American rivers. But with that exception—and I admit that it is a very large exception—no one but the very ardent connoisseur of scenery, who delights in every new expression on the face of Nature, will find a sufficient inducement to cross the Atlantic in the mere beauties of external aspect.

I should say then that the American traveller ought certainly to accept the advice which will generally be pressed upon him—that he should visit Niagara, and make a trip to Chicago and to the Mississippi. He will receive impressions of great interest, though not by a very agreeable process. But he ought not to spend too much time on this performance. He should reserve a large part of his holiday for settling down quietly in some well-chosen place. We laugh at Americans for galloping across Europe, and rightly enough; but it is at least equally absurd to gallop through America. In Europe, at least, a superficial glimpse shows much that is worth seeing; in America, what is revealed to the superficial observer is comparatively uninteresting; what lies below the surface is of far greater value. If you see a pyramid or a cathedral for five minutes you carry away something; but in learning the character of man or a nation, the first five minutes probably gives you only something to unlearn. It is worth while, therefore, to take your preliminary canter—if I may so speak—whilst the mind is still fresh to new impressions, and to distribute the remaining time between two or three places, where you have the best chance of penetrating a little into society. If a man spends a week at half-a-dozen different points, he loses two or three days of each in distributing letters of introduction, and has to break off every acquaintance as soon as it is formed. If he spends six weeks in one, he begins to form real intimacies, and has time to correct his natural blunders. In this way, too, he can best learn the most important lessons of a foreign country.

Why, indeed, to extend my original inquiry, should a man travel at all? What is he likely to acquire besides innocent recreation? A time-honoured apologue used to describe an English nobleman who, on visiting some Italian city, was brought to open shame by the discovery that he had not seen a remarkable monument in one of his own estates in England. I have always thought that that nobleman was in the main a sensible person. He could see England after he was disabled by the gout, by the cares of family or of office, from travelling; Italy, in those days, he might never be able to see again. Not only so, but he would learn from a day

in Italy more that was quite new to him than he could discover in a month amongst familiar scenes. Does not the first hour at Calais or Boulogne teach the British cockney lessons about foreigners, which have failed to come home to him in his whole previous life? The New World is in certain respects even more instructive than the Old, to those who visit it with their eyes open. I do not put much faith, indeed, in gentlemen who rush across the Atlantic with note-books, and come home with complete theories of Democracy, and cut and dried doctrines about the future progress of mankind. No man can expect to understand a new country in six weeks; he is lucky if his opinion is worth much after six years. What we learn by foreign travels is not so much a knowledge of foreign countries, as a knowledge of our own. If this sounds like a paradox, I think reasons may be given for accepting it as a tolerably obvious truth.

What do we learn, for example, by going to America? Ever since Tocqueville's most instructive book, people have been going there to study, as they say, the working of democratic institutions. Our Conservative friends generally indulge in the remark that the best cure for a lover of democracy is a journey to a land where democracy is supreme. If the remark were well founded, there would be an easy retort; the fact that a member of the upper classes coming from a country where the upper classes have things pretty much their own way, to a country where the lower classes have a good deal to say for themselves, finds the results unpleasant to him personally, is not surprising; nor is it a conclusive proof that the results are to be condemned by the people at large. As a matter of fact, however, I think that the truth is very different. Almost every grown-up man brings so much more than he finds, that he more frequently succeeds in confirming his own prejudices: the Tory returns with a stronger affection for the British constitution; and the Radical with radicalism a shade or two deeper than before. The reason is tolerably obvious. A traveller may be compared to a magnet passing over a heap of dust, and attracting to itself all the particles of steel: it makes a spontaneous selection with greater certainty than any mechanical contrivance. In a similar way every fact that suits a particular mind adheres to it by an unconscious attraction, whilst the opposite facts are repelled, not by design, but from sheer inattention. The traveller in any country is surrounded by an invisible atmosphere, composed partly of his preconceived prejudices, and partly of those which have naturally gathered round him, and looks at everything through a more or less delusive medium. In America there are certain special facilities for the process. One man falls into a Republican, and another into a Democratic, connection; he is naturally handed on to sympathizing friends, and is enveloped in a magic circle of which he is only partially conscious. Before he knows it, he has adopted a certain set of arguments, and has learnt the proper parry for every thrust of his antagonist. The party-lines of demarcation are deep; antipathies still retain some of the bitterness produced by the war; and the absence of any recognized centre of society, such as exists in London, tends to keep

parties at arms' length, and to prevent their interpenetration and the consequent formation of intermediate varieties. One school predominates at Boston, and another in New York ; and it is very difficult for the traveller not to accept for the time the prejudices of his hosts. When an American newspaper makes statements and advances arguments on its own behalf, its antagonist is apt simply to ignore their existence, unless they happen to serve as a convenient peg upon which to hang a retort. One is naturally compelled to associate with one set of advocates, or the other, and can seldom have a fair set-to before any competent judge.

It is easy, then, to discover certain ideas with which society is fermenting, and to judge to some extent of their merit ; but it is impossible, without great care, unusual candour, and peculiar advantages, to say which are the most deeply rooted, and producing the strongest effects of society. We observe certain schools of political and religious thought : it is extremely hard to say which is likely to prevail ; we can perceive difficulties without making an accurate estimate of the chances that they will be surmounted, and many admirable influences at work, whose future is a mystery for any ordinary observer. The greatest thinker who ever visited America expected that the Federal system would fall to pieces at the first serious effort at secession ; the acutest ruler in Europe thought that the South had succeeded in establishing its independence ; and, therefore, commonplace people who dip into American society for a few months may well be shy of confident prophecy, and may doubt whether they have not left out of calculation some of the forces which in the event may prove of most importance. When, therefore, a vacation tourist sums up the whole evidence, and delivers a confident verdict on the success or failure of the great experiment, we may, I think, congratulate him on his courage, but hardly on his judgment. He has, indeed, seen enough to excite his curiosity and to stimulate his powers of speculation. He has seen a country in a condition to which, whether the result be for good or for evil, there certainly is no parallel. He has seen, for example, a country of boundless resources, only waiting to be turned to account ; a nation of amazing and restless energy developing in every direction with incredible rapidity ; a stream of the poor and ignorant of every civilized country pouring in and threatening almost to swamp the native population ; he has seen religious creeds struggling keenly for the mastery ; political theories trying to work themselves out under conditions previously unexampled ; new social circumstances modifying all accepted opinions, and bringing about changes in the most settled relations of life ; a vast country, in short, resembling a vast caldron, in which a strange mixture of populations, creeds, and prejudices is constantly fermenting, and whose ultimate product it might puzzle the boldest prophet to foretell. If any man ventures, after a short experience, to say that he has not only determined all the necessary elements of the calculation, and has brought out a definite result to be propounded authoritatively for our acceptance, I can only repeat that I admire his courage. I prefer to leave the question to

those who can give a large portion of their lives to its study, and shall then be rather slow to acquiesce implicitly in their decision.

Perhaps, however, it is rather superfluous to argue against a tourist trusting too much to the value of his judgments. It is something if he gains a tolerable perception of some of the leading conditions of the problem. But, as affecting a man's knowledge of his own country, I think the journey is more likely to be profitable. The mere change in the geographical point of view is worth obtaining. England looks so very small such a long way off. It is useful to remember sometimes that we live in a little island, and like Mrs. Gamp, must take the consequences of such a situation. But, more than this, it does a man good to be for a time exposed to the action of a set of ideas so very different in many ways from his own. It is like dipping a substance into some new chemical solution, which brings out some hitherto latent properties. Probably we may say, without offence to any political school, the effect will be twofold. We shall find that with many changes of external forms, a good many old-fashioned faults show themselves in a new shape; an American can be a snob, though he has not the blessing of a House of Lords, and a most determined Philistine, though he has defaced some of the true old British idols. On the other hand, we shall find it possible to move, and breathe, and even enjoy a good appetite without certain old-established institutions, which we had fancied essential to our existence. We should discover, that we have all our lives taken on trust, as part of the eternal order of nature, certain arrangements which really imply a vast number of ideas and habits peculiar to a special order of civilization. The breadth and simplicity with which certain ideas are expressed, without all the reserve and qualification necessary in an old society, have a healthy effect on the mind. We have to argue from first principles, and see them applied unflinchingly to the most extreme cases. Without mentioning anything which might hurt the prejudices of any of my readers, I may still hint that there are some institutions which they might find it difficult to justify to persons who persist in starting from the "inherent and imprescriptible rights of mankind." When forced to abandon all arguments from custom and vested interests, we might possibly discover that some of our pet institutions require a society of very special constitution; or, on the other hand, we might sometimes draw back from the bold conclusions which Americans draw from doctrines which we perhaps admit in the abstract. A defender of universal suffrage is brought face to face with the fact, and if he deals honestly with himself, will have to explain why, and under what circumstances it is right that, the rough Irish emigrant who carries his ballot to the polls, should have as powerful a voice as his most intelligent and refined native; and may enquire what are the chances that if a hundred such voters hold one opinion to be right, whilst ninety-nine believe in its contradictory, the hundred will be infallibly correct. There are, of course, abundant answers to this and other questions. I only say that American experience throws them into strong relief, and forces them upon the attention of every

one. The great issues which divide society are there stated with remarkable simplicity, and are not complicated with the innumerable minor disputes which distract an older and more complex social order. It is a very good training for an ordinary English intellect to be forced into the discussion of the broad questions which are being daily stated in the simplest terms in a new society. He will probably return with a more distinct comprehension of the real tendency of many forces which already agitate English society, but not in so pronounced and unmistakeable a form.

These scattered remarks will, I hope, have given some kind of answer to my original question. The traveller in America will, I have said, make many friends, if he deserves to make them; or, in other words, if he comes in a friendly spirit, he will gain a more vivid conception of the theatre and external aspect of some of the greatest, and, in many respects, most interesting national developments which have ever altered the face of the world; and he will return, possibly with his prejudices strengthened, but probably with his mental horizon permanently widened, and a clearer perception of the bearing of many important political and social changes at home. Americans have so many points in common with ourselves, and are yet so strongly contrasted with us that we are specially suited to exercise a powerful stimulus upon each other. An interchange of intelligent travellers is desirable to produce a healthy reaction of opinion. Both of us have, doubtless, much to learn in the way both of encouragement and of warning. And the one piece of advice which may be added is simply this: that it is equally foolish to indulge in flattery or abuse. An American, who is good for anything, dislikes, above all things, the Englishman who is an indiscriminate admirer of his institutes, and is apt to believe that his would-be flatterer is either insincere or is so laudatory because he is ignorant. Between nations as between men, we should condemn what we don't like unequivocally, if without rancour; and it is not till we can tell a man his faults to his face that we can really claim him as a friend.

Guinevere to Lancelot.

THE night is here, and thou art with me still,
 Loved one, although beyond the reach of hands
 Eager to clasp thee; and I long to fill
 Again this soul more dry than desert sands
 Now thou art gone, with the deep-flowing streams
 Of thy most gracious presence. Soon it will
 Return all life-like in the land of dreams.

How shall our struggling hearts, so many years
 As may perchance be thine and mine, sweet Love,
 Out-face this ceaseless storm of hopes and fears,
 For aye within us, round, below, above?
 Oh ask me not; for whether joy or tears
 Remain for us, we must bear silently,
 Dearest, and with a love that cannot die.

How do the angels reason of our love?
 And those blest spirits that are gone before,
 Who, now rejoicing in their place above,
 Walked with us on this melancholy shore
 Of life, years, years ago; will they forgive
 In us such earth-born folly? Or once more
 Could we with such as they are choose to live?

Ah weary hearts, encrusted o'er with dross
 Caught up from this vile world! Can we be sure,
 When of this lower life we suffer loss,
 They will beat freely in an air so pure,
 Fit for the souls who enter into light?
 Such dross is in the grain; it must endure
 Our own, unchanging still, in death's despite.

But come what will, to the last agony,
 My choice is made; I cannot yield thee up.
 Dross or pure gold, I give it all to thee.
 The pearls of all my life shall in thy cup
 Be thrown and melted; they are nought to me,
 Save as they make some bubbling sparkle rise
 To see itself one instant in thine eyes.

The Civil Service.

AMONGST the various questions which are now engaging the attention of the public, and which will probably soon be discussed by our reformed Parliament, that of the Civil Administration of the country occupies a prominent position. We are all deeply interested in the character and efficiency of our executive. Its functions are so high and weighty,—embracing, as they do, the dispensing of justice, the protection of life and property, the collection of the revenue, the conduct of our Foreign and Colonial affairs, the provision of an educational machine, the management of the Post Office, and all those other duties which belong to a central government—that it is unnecessary to point out how greatly the honour and welfare of the country are concerned in their due and satisfactory performance. It is not proposed, on the present occasion, to inquire whether those duties should be more extended or more limited than they are : whether the direct agency of Government should occupy a wider sphere in the management of our affairs by assuming, for instance, the control of our railways and telegraphs, our water and gas supply, or whether its province should be more circumscribed than it is. The object of this article is a more simple and practical one, viz., to investigate the internal organization of that portion of the executive which is called the Civil Service.

It is hardly necessary to trace back the origin and growth of that service. Suffice it to say, that the date of its birth could not be well fixed upon : that during its childhood and early manhood it did not receive the most judicious or invigorating treatment, and now that it is arriving at maturity it requires tonics, stimulants, and a bracing atmosphere to bring it into a healthy condition. In former days the expenses of the civil administration of the country were either paid by the Sovereign out of his hereditary revenues, or were included in the grant made to him for the "Civil List," as it was, and as it still is, erroneously called. It comprised all the chief offices of State as well as of the Royal Household. On the accession of each Sovereign since the time of Charles II., a specific sum has been voted by Parliament for these purposes. During the reign of William and Mary 700,000*l.* a year was the amount fixed upon. This was continued till the accession of George III., when 900,000*l.* was voted. George IV. received a grant of 1,050,000*l.*, and when William IV. came to the throne, the plan, which is now in force, of confining the Civil List to expenses connected with the Privy Purse, Royal Household, &c., was adopted, and 510,000*l.* a year was voted. One object of this change was to transfer the control of the public expenditure from the Crown and the Government to the House of Commons. This has been the tendency of

all recent legislation, and now all charges connected with the departments of State are annually examined and appropriated by Parliament. Occasional revisions of establishments have taken place and various offices have from time to time been abolished, several of which brought benefit only to the holder and none to the State. The names of some remind one of days gone by. There were the Annuity Pells Offices, the Tellers of the Receipts, the Tally Court, the Hanaper Office, the Clerk of the Pipe, First Fruits Office, Signet Office, the Salt Office, the Hawkers' and Pedlars' Office ; nor must we omit a high judicial office in former days,—the Chief Justice in Eyre, whose duty it was to administer forest laws ; also a political one of great importance eighty years ago, viz., the Office of the Secretary of State for America. Some offices have been done away with because the duties attached to them were nominal or performed by deputy—sinecures in short ; some, because a different order of things in our fiscal and political institutions rendered them useless. But while some have been abolished, many others have been created ; and establishment after establishment has been formed and increased. Fifty years ago there were three Secretaries of State : one for the Northern Department, who attended to the affairs of Northern Europe ; one for the Southern Department, who was concerned with the affairs of France and Southern Europe, and one for War. Now there are five, besides Departments for Trade, Education, Science and Art, a Poor Law Board, and a Board of Works. Early in the present century there were fourteen judges, besides the Lord Chancellor and the Masters in Chancery, now there are twenty-seven, and upwards of sixty county-court judges.

This has, of course, led to augmented expenditure. In less than eighteen years, the public contribution towards the education of our children has increased by more than a million. Law and justice, during the same period, has risen from 1,300,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.* And, as population increases, and the requirements of society become enlarged and elevated, the demands upon the public purse will still become greater. The recognition of each new social need necessarily involves expense. If, for instance, we compare the administration of justice now with what it was fifty years ago ; if we call to remembrance the protection which was afforded by the " Charlies " and constables of former days, and now look at our police organization ; if we bear in mind the measures which of late years have, but too slowly, been passed for the enlightenment of our fellow-creatures, as well as for the preservation of their health and lives, we shall find explanations, to a great extent, of our augmented expenditure. The consolation is that, if properly applied, this expenditure is not unprofitable. The great thing is to see that we get our money's worth. There is no reason, because the object is excellent, that funds should be misapplied or frittered away. But we have chiefly now to do with the Civil Service proper, that is, our chief departments of State. In the ten years from 1858 to 1868 the expenses on account of salaries of clerks and others in the Civil Service have increased from 1,235,932*l.* to 1,703,230*l.* First, there are the revenue departments, consisting of

the Customs, Inland Revenue, and Post Office. Then there are the establishments of the Houses of Parliament, the Treasury, the Secretaries of State offices, the Privy Council, the Board of Trade, Civil Service Commission, Board of Works, Woods and Forests, Poor Law Commission, Audit, Charity Commission, and other smaller departments. From a return which was made out in 1860, it appeared that the Civil Service was composed as follows, viz. :—

1. Heads of Departments, Political	34
" " Non-political	154
2. Sub-Heads of Departments	1,489
Clerks, Established	13,768
" Temporary	389
3. Professional Officers, Superior	1,922
" " Inferior	1,921
4. Inferior Officers, Indoor	2,259
" " Outdoor	36,566
5. Artizans and Labourers	29,613
6. Persons not wholly employed, Women and others	14,941
				103,056

The position and condition of the Civil Service has not failed to attract attention in several quarters during the last few years. Various allegations with regard to the efficiency of certain departments, and complaints by the members of the service themselves with respect to their position and emoluments, have led to official and parliamentary inquiries. The first of these was conducted by means of a commission, consisting of Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart., M.P., and Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B., in 1858. In their report, which was made in November of that year, they commenced by recognizing the importance of the permanent Civil Service. "The Government of the country," they said, "could not be carried on without the aid of an efficient body of permanent officers, occupying a position duly subordinate to that of the Ministers, who are directly responsible to the Crown and to Parliament, yet possessing sufficient independence, character, ability, and experience to be able to advise, assist, and to some extent influence, those who from time to time are set over them." They then acknowledge that the Civil Service has contributed to "the proper discharge of the functions of Government;" but observe that "its organization is far from perfect. It does not attract to its ranks the ablest and most ambitious of the youth of the country." Those who shrink from the competition of professional life, who are physically weak, or constitutionally indolent, and who have no desire to raise themselves to public eminence, were such as, in their opinion, composed the Civil Service. The duties upon which the civilian is employed were thus described :—"Many of the first years of his service are spent in copying papers, and other work of almost a mechanical character. . . . The remainder of his official career can only exercise a depressing influence upon him, and renders the work of the office distasteful to him." The promotion is slow, and by seniority; and if a vacancy in a position of any importance occurs, he is not considered qualified by his previous

training, and a stranger is introduced. "The want of encouragement, in the form of good-service pensions and honorary distinctions, is also severely felt in the ordinary civil branch of the public service, which is the only one in which these classes of reward are not dispensed."

This report was followed by a discussion, or rather by a series of written opinions, on the views and recommendations which it contained. Men of high position in the service, and several celebrities in the scholastic world, recorded their opinions, which, as may be supposed, varied considerably. The chief issue raised was, whether the competitive system was the best mode of obtaining the admission to the service of the most qualified men. The tutors of colleges and the head-masters of schools were naturally biassed in favour of any measure which should hold out encouragement to academical merit. Several civil servants also supported the proposition, on the ground that efficiency would be secured; but the majority of civilians, together with the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, were opposed to a system of unlimited competition, basing their objections on the ground that, constituted as the Civil Service was, the plan would fail to procure the services of the men best suited for their duties; that it is not safely applicable to offices of trust, as there would be no security for the moral qualities of candidates; and that it would be extinguishing personal responsibility in the appointment to public offices. Few Blue-books have ever been presented to Parliament which have contained such able and interesting papers as those in which these opinions were expressed. It was an intellectual contest upon a most important social question, and men of great ability and high position were ranged on either side. Amongst the advocates for open and unlimited competition were Drs. Jowett, Temple, Thompson, Moseley, Jelf, Vaughan, Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Mr. Chadwick. Amongst its opponents were Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, Sir James Stephen, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. Herman Merivale, Sir Thomas Fremantle, Sir Alexander Spearman, and others.

The Commissioners of 1853, in their zeal for the cause which they had espoused, made their case rather too strong. They were, no doubt, actuated by the main desire to increase the efficiency and ameliorate the condition of the service; but their description of it was considered calculated to convey an unfair and injurious impression of its general character. It found an able champion in Mr. Arbuthnot, the Auditor of the Civil List; and his observations on the subject elicited from Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan the following frank acknowledgment:—"We beg leave to express our sincere regret that the language of any portion of our report should have been such as to create a painful feeling in the minds of the able and honourable body of men composing the service to which we ourselves belong, and with which we cannot but feel it an honour to be connected. We gladly take this opportunity of adding our own testimony to that of the more eminent persons to whom Mr. Arbuthnot refers with respect to 'the general uprightness, the zeal, and efficiency of the officers of which it is composed, and to the willing and useful aid which is rendered by them to all administrations, without reference to politics,'"

These discussions took place, it must be remembered, fifteen years ago. Two years after that, viz., in May, 1855, an order of Council was issued appointing the present Civil Service Commissioners. The duties allotted to them were:—1st. To ascertain that all future candidates for admission to the Civil Service are within the prescribed age. 2nd. That every candidate is free from any physical defects or disease which would be likely to interfere with the proper discharge of his duties. 3rd. That his character is such as to qualify him for public employment; and, 4th. That he possesses the requisite knowledge and ability for the performance of his official duties. This order, it will be observed, did not interfere with the system of nomination. It simply required proof that a candidate was competent to undertake what would be required of him. But this was not enough to satisfy the majority of administrative reformers. Their idea seems to have been that the chief, if not the only, panacea for all the deficiencies and shortcomings of the Civil Service, was open competitive examinations. The subject was on several occasions brought before the House of Commons, and in 1860 a Select Committee was appointed to consider and report on it. This Committee, while directing its attention principally to the question of first admissions to the service, extended the range of its inquiries beyond this limited area, and while coming to the conclusion that a system of competition was the best mode of securing competency, also expressed an opinion “that success in obtaining qualified candidates for the Civil Service must depend quite as much on the prospects and opportunities of promotion subsequently held out to the clerk in his official career, as on the immediate pecuniary advantages offered, or the judicious selection of young men in the first instance.” With regard to open competition, the Committee hesitated to recommend its immediate adoption, and declined to advise its application to the lower grades of civil servants, such as excise-officers, tide-waiters, letter-carriers, and others of this class. It was suggested, however, that every vacancy should be competed for by not less than three candidates, to be nominated by the chief of the office. This is the course which, up to the present time, has been generally followed. Every person nominated to a junior situation in a Government office must obtain a certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners that he has the necessary qualifications before entering on his duties, and he has to obtain this through a competitive examination with several others. It is indispensable that every candidate, of whatever class, should write a good hand; should be able to spell correctly; and should be conversant with the elementary portions of arithmetic. The other subjects of examination, which are regulated according to the department to which the candidate is nominated, are—geography, history, pure and mixed mathematics, vulgar and decimal fractions, logarithms, languages, précis of paper, English composition, elements of constitutional law and of political economy. The number of vacancies in all descriptions of situations averages about 3,300 per annum. The different results of the examinations are curious. The same number of

the same class of candidates may be examined in the same subjects by means of the same set of questions. The number of marks obtained by the lowest of the successful candidates in one examination will be greater than the highest in another. The fact might be instructive if the future career of the candidates were followed. But we are not told whether the most successful candidates, in running the race of official life, outstrip their colleagues, who, at the commencement, appear to be less accomplished. I do not say this with a view to disparage the system. Much may be said for and against it. At any rate we cannot now go back to the plan of pure nomination with no examination. I am inclined to think that, as at present applied, the competitive system, upon the whole, works advantageously. But I am afraid that, however perfect the plan of admission may be, the training and the subsequent career of the civil servant is not calculated to encourage exertion, or to develop intellect. With regard to the examinations, tests on special subjects are comparatively useless. Familiarity with modern languages is necessary for the diplomatic service, and a knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics should be required of those who seek admission into the scientific branches of the army. But this does not apply to the junior civil servant: what is required of him is the general knowledge which should have been acquired by a young man who has received a liberal education, as well as those moral qualities which good training has cultivated and matured. Such a foundation would furnish the best promise that he would soon learn his duties and perform them properly.

When once admitted to the service, the junior civil servants become entitled to pay at the rate of from 80*l.* to 100*l.* a year, which is increased by small instalments, varying from 10*l.* to 16*l.* annually, until it reaches two or three, and sometimes four hundred a year. His promotion is regulated by seniority, and in time one out of fifty may rise to a position of 600*l.*, or even of 800*l.* and 1000*l.* a year. The civil servant also becomes entitled to superannuation allowance if his health should fail, or if he should remain in the service till the age of sixty years. The amount is of course regulated by the length of service. Under the existing law, after ten years and under eleven years, 10-60ths of the salary is granted; between eleven and twelve years, 11-60ths; and so on, until the completion of a period of forty years' service, when 40-60ths is granted. We learn, from certain statistics that were laid before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, that of 9,399 persons superannuated in twenty years, many were fifty years of age, but the larger number had reached their sixtieth year; 210 were granted pensions at seventy, twelve at eighty, and one nonagenarian lived to retire, and to enjoy a pension. The majority of these relieved the State from all payment on their account at or before the age of sixty, 42 at sixty-five, 210 at seventy, 67 at seventy six, and 12 at eighty. It was calculated by Dr. Farr that those who were superannuated at fifty-eight and a half years of age enjoyed their pensions ten and a half years.

Now let us see what is the ordinary career of a youth who enters

the service. For the first ten or fifteen years we learn that the young clerk, who is now probably just beginning to appreciate the fruits of a classical and mathematical education, and who has been required to prove before the Civil Service Examiners that he has attained a certain knowledge in each of these branches of study before he gained his present prize, is employed in the most trivial and ordinary duties, such as copying letters, ticketing papers, adding up figures, keeping books of account, &c. ; that "good men are kept down in the junior class for twenty-five years, waiting for vacancies in the superior class ;" that, in a Secretary of State's office, "twenty years' service is the ordinary time required to attain a salary of 400*l.*;" and this by men of whom Mr. Hernan Merivale said it was "difficult to overrate the ability and knowledge required to perform a portion of their functions with complete effectiveness." This would hardly appear to be a good training for bringing out all those moral and intellectual powers which fit a man for positions of trust and responsibility. What mental endowments can blossom under such a sky? When these are the prospects of the service, how can it be expected that young men of ability and energy will remain members of it? It is not in human nature to take to an occupation without an object.

Work without hope, there is not life in it.

But, it is argued, there is no lack of candidates for the junior appointments; and this is brought forward as a proof that the attractions of the service are sufficient. The service may attract, but does it keep hold of the active energy that may enter it? We do not learn how many leave disheartened, and how many remain disgusted with their fate. We do, however, know this, that the average number of those who leave annually, by resignation and other causes, is considerably more than that caused by death and superannuation. During the five years ending 1853, 4,811 left the service; 882 by death, 1,382 on superannuation, and 2,547 by resignation. There are, no doubt, instances of men of distinguished ability, who, in spite of obstacles and discouragements, have risen at last to,—we cannot say conspicuous, for there are few conspicuous positions,—but to high station in the public service. And many clever men remain and seek a field for their talents in other directions—in literature, science, and art. These latter go through their official routine duties, but their hearts are in that other work which will bring distinction and fame. Our readers will recollect the joy, almost to madness, which overwhelmed Charles Lamb when he was emancipated from his desk at the East India House; how he alludes, in a letter to Wordsworth, to his "thirty years' slavery," and to his pity for his "old pen-and-ink fellows" whom he had left "in the lurch, fag! fag! fag!" In his case the world at large may be thankful that he was not encouraged to master the ryotwar and zemindary systems, and was not tempted by a rapid increase of salary to devote his exclusive attention to the affairs of India. But this would not have been compatible with his genius. As it was, the regularity of an office was irksome and oppressive. On one occasion, it may be recollected, he was brought up before the head of his department to be

reprimanded for his habit of arriving late in the morning. The excuse he made for himself, was "Ye-es, sir, I-I admit that I co-co-come late; but bear in mind how early I go." But we need not be afraid of having too many Charles Lambs in the service. When his name occurred to me I was going to observe that too much stress has, I think, been laid upon the points of competitive examination. Other suggestions have been made for improving the service, but this has been the main question which has engaged public attention, the only one which has formed the subject of debate in Parliament, and the solitary proposal which has been adopted. I quite admit that a well-devised plan of admitting competent persons is a point gained, but this will fail to produce the desired good if nothing else is done. It was not beginning at the right end, or, at any rate, in the right way. It would have been far better, in the first instance, to have removed the acknowledged defects of a service, in which it was said the able and ambitious were wanted but not secured, and then to have taken steps to attract ability and ambition to its ranks. "There is a time to plough and a time to sow," but we have been sowing before the ground was prepared for the seed.

Now, the difficulty that meets us at starting is the excess of numbers in regard to the amount and character of the work to be done. There is hardly a young man in a Government office who will not acknowledge that the time of one-third of his companions is scarcely occupied between ten and four o'clock. The following humorous description of the daily routine of office life was composed some years ago by a man* who held a high official appointment, and who enjoyed a considerable literary reputation:—

From ten till eleven—have breakfast for seven,
 From eleven till noon—think you've come too soon,
 From twelve till one—think what's to be done,
 From one till two—find nothing to do,
 From two till three—think it will be
 A very great bore to stay till four.

This caricature will not, of course, be acknowledged as a fair representation of the manners and customs of a public office in England in the year 1869. Nor is it. But does any private establishment, does any joint-stock company, any railway company, entertain a staff compared with the work to be done, of the same size as that of most of our Government departments?

Mr. Childers, towards the close of last session, drew the attention of the House of Commons to the subject of the Civil Service, in a speech marked by great ability and sound sense; and in the course of it remarked that "in many instances two public servants would be able to do the work which now required three." A thorough examination into the numerical strength of most departments, and the duties which have to be discharged, would, I expect, entirely substantiate this opinion. The overstocked condition of our public offices is the legacy of times when placemaking was a means of satisfying political claims, and of gaining political support. A

* The late Thos. L. Peacock, Esq., Examiner at the East India House, who was succeeded by John Stuart Mill, Esq.

reduction in the numbers of junior appointments should accordingly be the first step towards internal organization. It would be the means of giving occupation to those who are now scarcely employed. It would be the means of raising individual pay, which, considering the rise in the price of the necessaries of life, and other circumstances of the times, is now scanty enough. It would increase the efficiency of an office, for it would substitute zeal and activity for indifference and idleness; it would tend to hasten promotion. There are upwards of 100,000 persons employed in the Civil Service. Of these about 80,000 occupy inferior positions, which take them out of the category of clerks. There remain then 20,000 whose position we are now considering. We will assume that 6,000 can by degrees be dispensed with; the annual average number of vacancies is about four per cent. If nominations to half the junior appointments were suspended, in other words, if every other vacancy only were filled up for some time to come, a gradual reduction would be effected, without interfering with any existing interest. It will very probably be said of an office here and there, that the amount of work to be performed is such that it will not admit of any reduction in the number of clerks. If this should be the case, it will, I think, be found upon further inquiry that some of the work transacted may be dispensed with; that the mode of doing business may be simplified; that correspondence may be reduced and forms abolished. It will be discovered, in short, that red-tape and routine bear sway. Not that routine, in the proper sense of the term, is to be despised. On the contrary, rightly handled, it is essential to the true despatch of business. "Order, distribution, and an apt singling out of parts," as Bacon said, "is the life of dispatch, provided the distribution be not too subtle; for he who does not divide will never enter well into business, and he who divides too much will scarce come out of it clearly." This is the correct definition of routine, and unless the principle thus laid down is followed, no office can be really efficient. It involves that distinct distribution of duties amongst the individual members of an establishment which fixes responsibility, and ensures the prompt and expeditious transaction of business. I cannot help thinking that room will be found for improvement in this respect in some of our public departments.

A more judicious division of labour would also be a great advantage. A line should be drawn between the intellectual and mere mechanical work. In every department or office it may be taken for granted that there are three classes. First (to begin from the bottom), there is the copyist and keeper of papers; secondly, the man of method and arrangement, who is endowed with average intellectual powers, and with those qualities which belong to a good man of business; thirdly, the man of ability, energy, and sound judgment, the ready writer and clear reasoner. The first class, which is most useful, and essential to carrying on the work of an office, probably constitutes half the service, and might, as was suggested by the commissioners before mentioned, be made a separate branch altogether, with emoluments proportionate to the value and amount of the labours performed. Whether the engagements made with

these clerks should be temporary, or whether they should be regarded as a permanent staff with the privileges of superannuation allowances, are questions which would require consideration. Probably it would be desirable to have a proportion of each. It is this class which Sir Charles Trevelyan thinks may advantageously be recruited with non-commissioned officers who have retired from the army. Many men of this kind might probably be exceedingly well-suited for the duties in question. A clear hand and steady habits would be the chief qualifications, and the test examinations should be reduced to the proper standard. But the second and higher class above described would then become the one which the junior clerk would join when first admitted into the regular establishment of an office. And from this class the higher appointments should be made—not without some reference to seniority, but chiefly with regard to superior qualifications. There would not then be a lack of occupation, requiring intelligence and assiduity, even for the latest comer. Not that a certain amount of copying and such-like work would not be necessary in every office, although the separation above indicated were carried out. For a beginner and learner attentive copying is instructive; and a knowledge of detail is always useful at any time in his future career. The saving which would be effected by the reduction in numbers, and by the division of mental from mechanical work, would prepare the way for the grant of such increase in the pay of the civil servant as would be more commensurate with the qualifications which are now required, and with the duties which he would then perform. The present salaries, especially of the junior clerk, cannot be regarded as adequate; and if the amount, as well as the quality of work is to be raised, it would be only fair that a proportionate rise should take place in the emoluments. Low pay and insufficient occupation are now the sources of most of the evils to which the young civilian is subjected. If they were removed, the body of the service would become more contented, and the efficiency of every department would be enhanced. Thus would be secured that economy which, as Burke said, “is itself a great revenue.”

If further evidence were required beyond the facts and opinions which we have laid before our readers, to justify the proposal for a scale of pay which should increase at a rate more rapid than at present, it would be furnished by the evidence of the competent judges who have been consulted and examined on the subject. We have before quoted Mr. Merivale to show that twenty years' service was required to attain a salary of 400*l*. Sir James Stephens said, “The pay is small; in the lower grades especially.” Sir Thomas Fremantle alluded to the poor inducements held out by the service, “either in present emoluments or prospective advantages.” Sir Cornewall Lewis considered “that the efficiency of the Civil Service depended at least as much upon the system of promotions as upon the original appointments, and that the defects of the present state of things are owing more to the former than to the latter.” Compared with professional men, the salaries given should be rather above than below the average of their emoluments, for every profession contains

men who have made, and who entered it with the expectation and intention of making, no advance at all.

But how, it will be asked, is this separation to be carried out? I do not apprehend that there would be much difficulty in so arranging it that we should glide from one system into the other almost imperceptibly. Gradual reforms are the surest and safest. Any violent or immediate change should be avoided. The number of clerks in the service have been estimated at 20,000, and we have assumed that 6,000 may by degrees be dispensed with. Two-fifths of the remainder, or 5,600, are probably employed in the mechanical or inferior description of work, which has been described. All, however, have entered the service upon the same terms. Nothing, therefore, must be allowed to interfere with just expectations. Existing holders of office should not be touched, except upon the ground of confirmed incompetency. But, without much weeding, the natural course of events will help us. As in the case of the service generally, it has been proposed that a reduction should be effected by an abstinence from fresh appointments, so would I propose, as a general plan, that four per cent. per annum of two-fifths of all the vacancies that occur (which, at length, would make up the 5,600) should be transferred to the new or lower division. We should then have a service for head work consisting of 8,400, and another for copying and keeping papers of 5,600. Five-and-twenty or thirty years would pass before the five or six thousand transfers were made, and the department completed, but a quarter of a century is not much in the life of a nation. "Life is short, art is long." Fifteen years have already passed since the discussions alluded to in this article first took place. There is every reason, therefore, why we should no longer delay a beginning of some kind.

Another disadvantage which the Civil Service labours under is the paucity in the number of prizes. Among the few there are, the highest are insignificant compared with those in other professions. The Law, the Church, the Army, the Navy have all positions of high emolument and distinction, while the highest appointments in the Civil Service are about equal to the salary of a county court judge or a stipendiary magistrate. There are those, I am aware, who argue that, so long as men can be found who will perform the duty properly and satisfactorily, there is no need for increased pay. But the fact is, "the service of the public is a thing which cannot be put to auction, and struck down to those who will agree to execute it the cheapest. When the proportion between reward and service is our object, we must always consider of what nature the service is, and what sort of men they are that perform it." These were the words of Burke, in his speech on administrative reform in 1780. And what are the "sort of men" that perform the duties—we are now referring only to the highest duties—connected with the civil administration of the country? What is required of a public servant in an eminent position? He must be a man of considerable ability and knowledge; he must be able to write clearly and concisely; he must be prompt to offer an independent opinion upon questions of public policy; he must be

decisive when necessary, and yielding at the proper time; he must be a man of high honour and unimpeachable character, and dignified and courteous in his manner. He has acquired, by his experience of public affairs, and his observation of the minds and characters of men of various conditions, that clear perception of what is safe and practicable which pre-eminently qualifies him to guide and instruct the rising politician, and to help the experienced statesman, who, in the course of our constitutional changes, are made his official superiors. These are the qualities, these the attainments of the men who fill the chief permanent offices in departments of State. And no better school would be afforded for educating men for these positions than the Civil Service, if properly organized,—if early merit in its servants were detected and fostered,—if faithful and intelligent performance of duty were duly rewarded. As it is, few men are chosen from the body of the service to fill these prominent offices. Their earliest and best days, as we have shown, are generally frittered away. The enfeebling effect of this drudgery, and the depressing influence of slow promotion, unfit many for positions of responsibility and authority when at length the opportunity is offered.

Another characteristic of the vocation of the civil servant is that, however high the situation which he may fill, his work is performed in comparative obscurity. It is a part of his duty patiently to assist others to reap distinction from the exercise of his brain. This is obviously unavoidable and necessary. It is in the nature of the profession, and there is no ground for complaint. Responsibility to the crown and commonwealth must necessarily reside with the Minister, and no one else. If he be unacquainted with the technical or even general duties of his office when first appointed, it is no fault of his. He is not selected until he has exhibited great qualities for administration of some sort or degree. But he must necessarily be dependent on others for information and guidance before he can direct; and even when he is in a position to decide for himself, much must be left to subordinates, both in the way of preparation and suggestions on important matters, and decision on minor ones. All I say is that those who thus assist and advise deserve well of their country, and are entitled to consideration from their Government. It is no slight responsibility they incur, it is no slight power they wield, although, as it were, in an indirect or unknown way. Importance is added to the position, when we consider the democratic proclivities of the present day, and the urgent necessity, under the circumstances, of possessing an executive who should pursue their public duties free from the prejudices and influence of party, and who should be animated by a pure, loyal, and conscientious spirit. While on this point of obscurity, the difference in this respect between the Civil Service and the other public services and professions may be pointed out. A lustre shines over the deeds of the Army, the Navy, the Law, and the Church, which both cheers and strengthens them. "A Peerage or Westminster Abbey," was one of the sentiments which inspired the hero of Trafalgar; and the feeling that his daring, his perseverance, and his zeal will be appreciated

by his countrymen at home, keeps up the spirits and raises the courage of many a soldier and sailor in distant seas and foreign shores. A certain number in each of these professions must, as a matter of course, attain to eminence and distinction. It is not so with the civilian. Most frequently the highest positions, which should be regarded by every man who enters the service as a fair object of ambition, are given to men from other professions, or to men who are considered to have claims upon the Government for political services. It is not alleged that unqualified men have been selected for these posts. I could name several who would be ornaments to any service, or any profession. Nor is it contended that the country has not a right to the best services from whatever quarter it may be obtained. But it would not only not be showing an undue preference, but a most legitimate and desirable preference, to select qualified members of the service to fill the higher appointments which belong to that service.

Then, again, the present honorary rewards and distinctions are lavishly conferred upon the other servants of the State compared with the quota which the Civil servant receives. In the military service, which, of course, will always present a much larger array of those who have justly obtained the honours of the Bath, there are about six hundred knights commanders and companions, compared with about a dozen in the Civil Service. I think, therefore, that Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan came to a right conclusion when they said that the highest situations in the service should be open to men who have distinguished themselves in subordinate positions, and that the Civil Service should not be, as it may now be said to be, the only service where rewards in the shape of honorary distinctions are, if not positively withheld, most sparingly dispensed. Public service, though not observed by the public eye, may be just as valuable, and equally deserving of such recognitions, as when rendered in the field, or at foreign courts. Self-denying devotion to the State may find its own reward in the breast of the public servant whose lofty aspiration is to do his duty honestly and well. "A good conscience is a continual feast." But it is not a question of ethics that we are now discussing. We are speaking of the practical working of our public departments; and I say that in the Civil Service, as much as in the Army and Navy, the Bar, ay, and the Church, it is politic and just to fan the ambition which is implanted in every intelligent being, and which is one of the strongest springs of human action.

The views and recommendations which have been enunciated are, I believe, shared by all men who have thoughtfully investigated the subject. They agree that the organization and classification of the present Civil Service is imperfect. The great body of civil servants themselves are of that opinion. The "able" now feel that there is not scope for active exertion; the "ambitious" that there is no field for their ambition; the energetic finds himself in no better position after many years of wearisome toil than those who have shirked work and neglected duty; and many of

the most promising leave in despair of success.* The service is called a most important one, and it can certainly lay claim to that designation both on account of the duties which it performs, and the unsullied character which it maintains. It is therefore desirable on every consideration, whether in regard to the interests of the public or the claims of the service, that efficiency and economy should be secured.

Our consideration has been confined to the higher division of the Civil Service, and I have not attempted to inquire into the position of the lower grade, which, while it is composed of the least important and influential men in the service, is numerically larger than the other, and commands our interest and sympathy. It is composed of tide-waiters, weighers, letter-carriers, messengers, warehouse-labourers, and such like, and comes from the class which produce our non-commissioned officers and skilled mechanics. The great point is to secure intelligent men of honest, upright character, and sober habits, and to offer them such pay and such prospects, in the shape of advancement and a certain number of prizes, as shall obtain these qualities, and enable them to maintain a proper position among their fellows. As in the higher division of the service, so in this—if competency is secured, the work will be done better by fewer numbers.

To recapitulate, my position briefly is this:—The service is suffering from an inherent and inherited depression, which is not likely to be removed while its members remain in the atmosphere, and receive the training and encouragement, to which they are now accustomed. The remedies are obvious and simple, viz. : To admit the qualified and competent ; to prove that they are such by limited competitive examinations ; to reduce the numerical strength of the service by one-third of its present numbers ; to separate the intellectual from the mechanical duties, and to form two separate establishments for the performance of each ; to raise the pay of the higher of these classes, and to establish a different scale and system of remuneration for the other ; to promote, as a rule, by seniority, but to make promotion depend more upon merit than is now the case ; to remove the inefficient and incompetent, from whatever cause they may become so ; to reserve the highest positions in the service for the most deserving and best qualified, making, if necessary, transfers from one office to another, if a competent person should not be available in the office in which the vacancy occurred ; and, lastly, to recognize long, faithful, and valuable service by a more liberal grant of honorary distinctions than is now done.

* And no wonder, if claims and just expectations are neglected as they sometimes are. The recent appointment, to the office of Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Mint of a junior clerk in the Treasury, over the head of the senior officer of the Mint, who has been in the public service for thirty-six years, and whose qualifications for the office are undoubted, cannot fail to have a very discouraging effect upon conscientious work in public offices.



"THIS BOY IS MY SON, HUNYADI."

That Boy of Norcott's.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SCHLOSS HUNYADI.

WHEN I had made known my rank and quality, I was assigned a room—a very comfortable one—in one wing of the castle, and no more notice taken of me than if I had been a guest at an inn. The house was filled with visitors; but the master, with some six or seven others, was away in Transylvania, boar-shooting. As it was supposed he would not return for eight or ten days, I had abundant time to look about me, and learn something of the place and the people.



Schloss Hunyadi dated from the fifteenth century, although now a single square tower was all that remained of the early building.

Successive additions had been made in every imaginable taste and style, till the whole presented an enormous incongruous mass, in which fortress, farmhouse, convent, and palace struggled for the mastery, size alone giving an air of dignity to what numberless faults would have condemned as an outrage on all architecture.

If there was deformity and ugliness without, there was, however, ample comfort and space within. Above two hundred persons could be accommodated beneath the roof, and half as many more had been occasionally stowed away in the outbuildings. I made many attempts, but all unsuccessfully, to find out what number of servants the household consisted of. Several wore livery, and many—especially such as waited on guests humble as myself—were dressed in blouse, with the crest of the house embroidered on the breast; while a little army of retainers, in Jäger costume, or in the picturesque dress of the peasantry, lounged about the courtyard, lending a hand to unharness or harness a team, to fetch a bucket of water, or strap down a beast, as some weary traveller would ride in, splashed and wayworn. If there seemed no order or

discipline anywhere, there was little confusion, and no ill-humour whatever. All seemed ready to oblige, and the work of life, so far as I could see from my window, went on cheerfully and joyfully, if not very regularly or well.

If there was none of the trim propriety, or that neatness that rises to elegance, which I had seen in my father's household, there was a lavish profusion here, a boundless abundance, that, contrasted with our mode of life, made us seem almost mean and penurious. Guests came and went unceasingly, and, to all seeming, not known to any one. An unbounded hospitality awaited all comers, and of the party who supped and caroused to-night, none remained on the morrow, nor, perhaps, even a name was remembered.

It took me some days to learn this, and to know that there was nothing singular or strange in the position I occupied, living where none knew why or whence I came, or even so much as cared to inquire my name or country.

In the great hall, where we dined all together—the distinguished guests at one end of the table, the lesser notabilities lower down, and the menials last of all—there was ever a place reserved for sudden arrivals; and it was rare that the meal went over without some such. A hearty welcome and a cordial greeting were soon over, and the work of festivity went on as before.

I was soon given to understand that, not only I might dispose of my time how I pleased, but that every appliance to do so agreeably was at my disposal, and that I might ride, or drive, or shoot, or sledge just as I fancied. And though I was cautious to show that my personal pretensions were of the very humblest, this fact seemed no barrier whatever to my enjoyment of all these courteous civilities.

“We're always glad when any one will ride the juckers,” said a Jäger to me; “they are ruined for want of exercise, and, if you like three mounts a day, you shall have them.”

It was a rare piece of good luck for me that I could both ride and shoot. No two accomplishments could have stood me in such request as these, and I rose immensely in the esteem of those amongst whom I sat at table when they saw that I could sit a buck-jumper and shoot a wood-pigeon on the wing.

While I thus won such humble suffrages, there was a higher applause that my heart craved and longed for. As the company—some five-and-twenty or thirty persons—who dined at the upper table withdrew after dinner, they passed into the drawing-rooms, and we saw them no more. Of the music and dancing, in which they passed the evening, we knew nothing; and we, in our own way, had our revels, which certainly amply contented those who had no pretensions to higher company; but this was precisely what I could not, do what I might, divest myself of. Like one of the characters of my old favourite Balzac, I yearned to be once more in the “salon,” and amongst “*ces épaules blanches*,” where the

whole game of life is finer, where the parries are neater, and the thrusts more deadly.

An accident gave me what all my ingenuity could not have effected. A groom of the chambers came suddenly one evening into the hall where we all sat to ask if any one there could play the new Csardas called the "Stephan." It was all the rage at Pesth; but no copy of it had yet reached the far east. I had learned this while at Pesth, and had the music with me; and, of course, offered my services at once. Scarcely permitted a moment to make some slight change of dress, I found myself in a handsome salon with a numerous company. In my first confusion, I could mark little beyond the fact that most of the persons were in the national costume, the ladies wearing the laced bodice, covered with precious stones, and the men in velvet coats, with massive turquoise buttons, the whole effect being something like that of a splendid scene in a theatre.

"We are going to avail ourselves of your talent at the piano, sir," said the Countess Hunyadi, approaching me with a courteous smile. "But let me first offer you some tea."

Not knowing if fortune might ever repeat her present favour, I resolved to profit by the opportunity to the utmost; and while cautiously repressing all display, contrived to show that I was master of some three or four languages, and a person of education generally.

"We are puzzled about your nationality, sir," said the Countess to me. "If not too great a liberty, may I ask your country?"

When I said England, the effect produced was almost magical. A little murmur of something I might even call applause ran through the room; for I had mentioned the land of all Europe dearest to the Hungarian heart, and I heard, "An Englishman! an Englishman!" repeated from mouth to mouth, in accents of kindest meaning.

"Why had I not presented myself before? Why had I not sent my name to the Countess? Why not have made it known that I was here?" and so on, were asked eagerly of me, as though my mere nationality had invested me with some special claim to attention and regard.

I had to own that my visit was a purely business one; that I had come to see and confer with the Count; and had not the very slightest pretension to expect the courtesies I was then receiving.

My performance at the piano crowned my success. I played the "Csardas" with such spirit as an impassioned dancer alone can give to the measure he delights in, and two enthusiastic encores rewarded my triumph. "Adolf, you must play now, for I know the Englishman is dying to have a dance," said the gay young Countess Palfi; "and I am quite ready to be his partner." And the next moment we were whirling along in all the mad mazes of the "Csardas."

There is that amount of display in the dancing of the "Csardas" that not merely invites criticism, but actually compels an outspoken admiration whenever anything like excellence accompanies the performance. My

partner was celebrated for the grace and beauty of her dancing, and for those innumerable interpolations which, fancy or caprice suggesting, she could throw into the measure. To meet and respond to these by appropriate gesture, to catch the spirit of each mood, and be ready for each change, was the task now assigned me; and I need not say with what passionate ardour I threw myself into it. At one moment she would advance in proud defiance; and as I fell back in timid homage, she would turn and fly off in the wild transport of a waltz movement. Then it was mine to pursue and overtake her; and, clasping her, whirl away, till suddenly, with a bound, she would free herself, again to dramatize some passing emotion, some mood of deep dejection, or of mad and exuberant delight. It was clear that she was bent on trying the resources of my ingenuity to the very last limit; and the loud plaudits that greeted my successes had evidently put her pride on the mettle. I saw this, and saw, as I thought, that the contest had begun to pique; so taking the next opportunity she gave me to touch her hand, I dropped on one knee, and kissing her fingers, declared myself vanquished.

A deafening cheer greeted this finale, and accompanied us as I led my partner to her seat.

It is a fortunate thing for young natures that there is no amount of praise, no quantity of flattery, ever palls upon them. Their moral digestion is as great as their physical; and even gluttony does not seem to hurt them. Of all the flattering speeches made me on my performance, none were more cordially uttered than by my beautiful partner, who declared that if I had but the Hungarian costume,—where the clink of the spur and the jingle of the hussar equipment blend with the time,—my “Csardas” was perfection.

Over and over again were regrets uttered that the Empress, who had seen the dance at Pesth done by timid and unimpassioned dancers, and who had, in consequence, carried away but a faint idea of its real captivation, could have witnessed our performance; and some even began to plot how such a representation could be prepared for her Majesty's next visit to Hungary. While they thus talked supper was announced; and as the company were marshalling themselves into the order to move forward, I took the opportunity to slip away unnoticed to my room, well remembering that my presence there was the result of accident, and that nothing but a generous courtesy could regard me as a guest.

I had not been many minutes in my room when I heard a footstep in the corridor. I turned the key in my lock, and put out my light.

“Herr Engländer! Herr Engländer!” cried a servant's voice, as a sharp knocking shook the door. I made no reply, and he retreated.

It was clear to me that an invitation had been sent after me; and this thought filled the measure of my self-gratulation, and I drew nigh my fire, to sit and weave the pleasantest fancies that had crossed my mind for many a long day.

I waited for some time, sitting by the fire-light, and then relit my

lamp. I had a long letter to write to Mlle. Sara; for up to then I had said nothing of my arrival, nor given any account of the Schloss Hunyadi.

Had my task been simply to record my life and my impressions of those around me at Hunyadi, nothing could well have been much easier. My few days there had been actually crammed with those small and pleasant incidents which tell well in gossiping correspondence. It was all, too, so strange, so novel, so picturesque, that, to make an effective tableau of such a life, was merely to draw on memory.

There was a barbaric grandeur, on the whole, in the vast building; its crowds of followers, its hordes of retainers who came and went, apparently at no bidding but their own; in the ceaseless tide of travellers, who hospited for the night, went their way on the morrow, no more impressed by the hospitality, to all seeming, than by a thing they had their own valid right to. Details there were of neglect and savagery, that even an humble household might have been ashamed of, but these were lost—submerged as it were—in that ocean of boundless extravagance and cost, and speedily lost sight of.

It was now my task to tell Sara all this, coloured by the light, a warm light, too, of my own enjoyment of it. I pictured the place as I saw it, on the night I came, and told how I could not imagine for a while in what wild region I found myself; I narrated the way in which I was assigned my place in this strange world, with Ober-jägers and Unter-jägers for my friends, who mounted me and often accompanied me in my rides; how I had seen the vast territories from hill-tops and eminences which pertained to the great Count, boundless plains that in summer would have been waving with yellow corn, and far-stretching woods of oak or pine lost in the long distance; and last of all, coming down to the very moment I was writing, I related the incident by which I had been promoted to the society of the castle, and how I had passed my first evening.

My pen ran rapidly along as I told of the splendours and magnificence of the scene, and of a company whose brilliant costume filled up the measure of the enchantment. "They pass and re-pass before me, in all their gorgeous bravery, as I write; the air vibrates with the music, and unconsciously my foot keeps time with the measure of that Csardas that spins and whirls before me till my brain reels with a mad intoxication."

It was only when I read over what I had written, that I became aware of the questionable taste of recording these things to one who perhaps was to read them after a day of heavy toil, or a sleepless night of watching. What will she think of me, thought I, if it be thus I seem to discharge the weighty trust confided to me? Was it to mingle in such revelries I came here, or will she deem that these follies are the fitting prelude to a grave and difficult negotiation? For a moment I had half determined to throw my letter in the fire, and limit myself simply to saying that I had arrived, and was awaiting the Count's return; but my pride, or rather my vanity, carried the day; and I could not repress the delight I felt to be in a

society I clung to by so many interesting ties, and to show that here I was in my true element—here breathing the air that was native to me.

“I am not to be supposed to forget,” I wrote, “that it was not for these pleasures you sent me here, for I bear well in mind why I have come, and what I have to do. Count Hunyadi is, however, absent, and will not return before the end of the week, by which time I fully hope that I shall have assumed such a position here as will mainly contribute to my ability to serve you. I pray you, therefore, to read this letter by the light of the assurance I now give, and though I may seem to lend myself too easily to pleasure, to believe that no seductions of amusement, no flatteries of my self-love shall turn me from the devotion I owe you, and from the fidelity to which I pledge my life.” With this, I closed my letter and addressed it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SALON.

THE morning after my Csardas success, a valet in discreet black brought me a message from the Countess that she expected to see me at her table at dinner, and from him I learned the names and rank of the persons I had met the night before. They were all of that high noblesse which in Hungary assumes a sort of family prestige, and by frequent intermarriage really possesses many of the close familiar interests of the family. Austrians, or indeed Germans from any part, are rarely received in these intimate gatherings, and I learned with some surprise that the only strangers were an English “lord” and his countess—so the man styled them—who were then amongst the guests. “The lord” was with the Count on the shooting excursion; my lady being confined to her room by a heavy cold she had caught out sledging.

Shall I be misunderstood if I own that I was very sorry to hear that an Englishman and a man of title was amongst the company. Whatever favour foreigners might extend to any small accomplishments I could lay claim to, I well knew would not compensate in my countryman's eyes for my want of station. In my father's house I had often had occasion to remark that while Englishmen freely admitted the advances of a foreigner, and accepted his acquaintance with a courteous readiness, with each other they maintained a cold and studied reserve; as though no difference of place or circumstance was to obliterate that insular code which defines class, and limits each man to the exact rank he belongs to.

When they shall see, therefore, thought I, how my titled countryman will treat me—the distance at which he will hold me—and the measured firmness with which he will repel—not my familiarities, for I should not dare them, but simply the ease of my manner—these foreigners will be driven to regard me as some ignoble upstart who has no pretension whatever to be amongst them. I was very unwilling to encounter this humilia-

tion. It was true I was not sailing under false colours. I had assumed no pretensions from which I was now to retreat. I had nothing to disown or disavow; but still I was about to be the willing guest of a society, to a place in which, in my own country, I could not have the faintest pretension; and it was just possible that my countryman might bring this fact before me.

He might do worse—he might question me as to who and what I was; nor was I very sure how my tact or my temper might carry me through such an ordeal.

Would it not be wiser and better for me to avoid this peril? Should I not spare myself much mortification and much needless pain? Thus thinking, I resolved to wait on the Countess at once, and explain frankly why I felt obliged to decline the gracious courtesy she had extended to me, and refuse an honour so full of pleasure and of pride.

She was not alone as I entered—the Countess Palfi was with her—and I scarcely knew how to approach my theme in presence of a third person. With a bold effort, however, I told what I had come for; not very collectedly, indeed, nor perhaps very intelligibly, but in such a way as to convey that I had not courage to face what might look at least like a false position, and was almost sure to entail all the unpleasant relations of such. “In fact, madam,” said I, “I am nobody; and in my country men of rank never associate with nobodies, even by an accident. My lord would not forgive you for throwing him into such acquaintanceship, and I should never forgive myself for having caused you the unpleasantness. I don’t imagine I have made my meaning very clear.”

“You have certainly made me very uncomfortable,” broke in Countess Hunyadi, thoughtfully. “I thought that we Hungarians had rather strict notions on these subjects, but these of your country leave them miles behind.”

“And are less reasonable besides,” said the Palfi, “since your nobility is being continually recruited from so rich a bourgeoisie.”

“At all events,” cried the Countess, suddenly, “we are here at Schloss Hunyadi, and I am its mistress. I invite you to dine with me; it remains for you to decide how you treat my invitation.”

“Put in that way, madam, I accept with deference;” and I bowed deeply and moved towards the door. The ladies acknowledged my salute in silence, and I fancied with coldness, and I retired.

I was evidently mistaken in attributing coldness to their manner; the ladies received me when I appeared at dinner with a marked cordiality. I sat next Madame Palfi, who talked to me like an old friend; told me who the various people at table were; and gave me great pleasure by saying that I was sure to become a favourite with Count Hunyadi, who delighted in gaiety, and cherished all those that promoted it. Seeing what interest I took in the ways of Hungarian life, she explained many of the customs I saw around me, which, deriving from a great antiquity, were doubtless soon destined to give way before the advance of a higher civilization. I

asked what she knew of the English guests. It was nothing, or next to nothing—Count Hunyadi had made their acquaintance at Baden that summer, and invited them to pass their Christmas with him. Countess Palfi had herself arrived since they came, and not seen them, for “my lord,” as he was generally called, had left at once to join the shooting party; and my lady had not appeared since the day after her arrival. “I only know that she is a great beauty, and of most charming manners. The men all rave of her, so that we are half jealous already. We were expecting to see her at dinner to-day, but we hear that she is less well than yesterday.”

“Do you know their name?”

“No; I believe I heard it—but I am not familiar with English names, and it has escaped me; but I will present you by-and-by to Count George Szechenyi, who was at Baden when the Hunyadi met them,—he’ll tell you more of them.”

I assured her that my curiosity was most amply satisfied already. It was a class in which I could not expect to find an acquaintance, far less a friend.

“There is something almost forced in this humility of yours,” cried she. “Are we to find out some fine morning that you are a prince in disguise?” She laughed so merrily at her own conceit that Madame Hunyadi asked the cause of her mirth.

“I will tell you later on,” said she. We soon afterwards rose to go into the drawing-room, and I saw as they laughed together that she had told her what she said.

“Do you know,” said the Countess Hunyadi, approaching me, “I am half of Madame Palfi’s mind, and I shall never rest till you reveal your secret to us?”

I said something laughingly about my incognito being the best coat in my wardrobe, and the matter dropped. That night I sang several times, alone, and in duet, with the Palfi, and was overwhelmed with flatteries of my “fresh tenor voice” and my “admirable method.” It was something so new and strange to me to find myself the centre of polite attentions, and of those warm praises which consummate good breeding knows how to bestow without outraging taste, that I found it hard to repress the wild delight that possessed me.

If I had piqued their curiosity to find out who or what I was, I had also stimulated my own ambition to astonish them.

“He says he will ride out with me to-morrow, and doesn’t care if I give him a lively mount,” said one, speaking of me.

“And you mean to gratify him, George?” asked another.

“He shall have the roan that hoisted you out of the saddle with his hind quarters.”

“Come, come, gentlemen, I’ll not have my protégé injured to gratify your jealousies,” said Madame Hunyadi; “he shall be my escort.”

“If he rides as he plays billiards, you need not be much alarmed about him. The fellow can do what he likes at the cannon game.”

"I'd give fifty Naps to know his history," cried another.

I was playing chess as he said this, and turning my head quietly around I said, "The secret is not worth half the money, sir; and if it really interests you, you shall have it for the asking."

He muttered out a mass of apologies and confused excuses, to all the embarrassment of which I left him most pitilessly, and the incident ended. I saw, however, enough to perceive that if I had won the suffrages of the ladies, the men of the party had conceived an undisguised dislike of me, and openly resented the favour shown me.

"What can you do with the foils, young gentleman?" whispered Szechenyi to me, as he came near.

"Pretty much as I did with you at billiards, a while ago," said I, insolently, for my blood was up, and I burned to fix a quarrel somewhere.

"Shall we try?" asked he drily.

"If you say without the buttons, I agree."

"Of course I mean that."

I nodded, and he went on:

"Come down to the riding-school by the first light to-morrow then, and I'll have all in readiness."

I gave another nod of assent, and moved away. I had enough on my hands now, for, besides other engagements, I had promised the Countess Palfi to arrange a little piece for private theatricals, and have it ready by the time of Count Hunyadi's return. So far from feeling oppressed or overwhelmed by the multiplicity of these cares, they stimulated me to a degree of excitement almost maddening. Failure somewhere seemed inevitable, and, for the life of me, I could not choose where it should be. As my spirits rose, I threw off all the reserve I had worn before, and talked away with an animation and boldness I felt uncontrollable. I made "calembourgs," and dashed off impromptu verses at the piano, and when, culminating in some impertinence by a witty picture of the persons around me, I had convulsed the whole room with laughter, I sprang up, and saying good-night, disappeared.

The roars of their laughter followed me down the corridor, nor did they cease to ring in my ears till I had closed my door.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR MEETING.

I COULD more easily record my sensations in the paroxysm of a fever than recall how I passed that night. I am aware that I wrote a long letter to my mother, and a longer to Sara, both to be despatched in case ill befell me in my encounter. What I said to either, or how I said it, I know not.

No more can I explain why I put all my papers together in such

fashion that they could be thrown into the fire at once, without leaving any, the slightest, clue to trace me by. That secret, which I had affected to hold so cheaply, did in reality possess some strange fascination for me, and I desired to be a puzzle and an enigma even after I was gone.

It wanted one short hour of dawn when I had finished; but I was still too much excited to sleep. I knew how unfavourably I should come to the encounter before me with jarred nerves and the weariness of a night's watching; but it was too late now to help that; too late, besides, to speculate on what men would say of such a causeless duel, brought on, as I could not conceal from myself, by my hot temper. By the time I had taken my cold bath my nerves became more braced, and I scarcely felt a trace of fatigue or exhaustion. The grey morning was just breaking as I stole quietly downstairs and issued forth into the courtyard. A heavy fall of snow had occurred in the night, and an unbroken expanse of billowy whiteness spread out before me, save where, from a corner of the court, some foot-tracks led towards the riding-school. I saw, therefore, that I was not the first at the tryst, and I hastened on in all speed.

Six or eight young men, closely muffled in furs, stood at the door as I came up, and gravely uncovered to me. They made way for me to pass in without speaking, and while stamping the snow from my boots, I said something about the cold of the morning, they muttered what might mean assent or the reverse, in a low half-sulky tone, that certainly little invited to further remark.

For a few seconds they talked together in whispers, and then a tall ill-favoured fellow, with a deep scar from the cheek-bone to the upper lip, came abruptly up to me.

"Look here, young fellow," said he. "I am to act as your second, and though, of course, I'd like to know that the man I handled was a gentleman, I do not ask you to tell anything about yourself that you prefer to keep back. I would only say that, if ugly consequences come of this stupid business, the blame must fall upon you. Your temper provoked it, is that not true?"

I nodded assent, and he went on.

"So far, all right. The next point is this. We are all on honour that, whatever happens, not a word or a syllable shall ever escape us. Do you agree to this?"

"I agree," said I, calmly.

"Give me your hand on it."

I gave him my hand, and as he held it in his own he said,—“On the faith of a gentleman, I will never reveal to my last day what shall pass here this morning.”

I repeated the words after him, and we moved on into the school.

* * * * *

I had drawn my sofa in front of the fire, and stretching myself on it, fell into a deep dreamless sleep. A night's wakefulness, and the excitement I had gone through, had so far worked upon me that I did not hear the opening of my door, nor the tread of a heavy man as he came forward and seated himself by the fire. It was only the cold touch of his fingers on the wrist as he felt my pulse that at last aroused me.

"Don't start—don't flurry yourself," said he, calmly, to me. "I am the doctor. I have been to see the other, and I promised to look in on you."

"How is he? Is it serious?"

"It will be a slow affair. It was an ugly thrust—all the dorsal muscles pierced; but no internal mischief done."

"He will certainly recover then?"

"There is no reason why he should not. But where is this scratch of yours? Let me see it."

"It is a nothing, doctor,—a mere nothing. Pray take no trouble about it."

"But I must. I have pledged myself to examine your wound; and I must keep my word."

"Surely these gentlemen are scarcely so very anxious about me," said I, in some pique. "Not one of them vouchsafed to see me safe home, though I had lost some blood, and felt very faint."

"I did not say it was these gentlemen sent me here," said he, drily.

"Then who else knew anything about this business?"

"If you must know, then," said he, "it is the English Countess who is staying here, and whom I have been attending for the last week. How she came to hear of this affair I cannot tell you, for I know it is a secret to the rest of the house; but she made me promise to come and see you, and if there was nothing in your wound to forbid it, to bring you over to her dressing-room and present you to her. And now let me look at the injury."

I took off my coat, and, baring my arm, displayed a very ugly thrust, which, entering above the wrist, came out between the two bones of the arm.

"Now I call this the worse of the two," said he, examining it. "Does it give you much pain?"

"Some uneasiness; nothing more. When may I see the Countess?" asked I, for an intense curiosity to meet her had now possessed me.

"If you like, you may go at once: not that I can accompany you, for I am off for a distant visit; but her rooms are at the end of this corridor, and you enter by the conservatory. Meanwhile, I must bandage this arm in somewhat better fashion than you have done."

While he was engaged in dressing my wound he rambled on about the reckless habits that made such rencontres possible. "We are in the middle of the seventeenth century here, with all its barbarisms," said he. "These young fellows were vexed at seeing the notice you attracted; and that was

to their thinking cause enough to send you off with a damaged lung, or a maimed limb. It's all well, however, as long as Graf Hunyadi does not hear of it. But if he should, he'll turn them out, every man of them, for this treatment of an Englishman."

"Then we must take care, sir, that he does not hear of it," said I, half fiercely, and as though addressing my speech especially to himself.

"Not from me, certainly," said he. "My doctor's instincts always save me from such indiscretions."

"Is our Countess young, doctor?" asked I, half jocularly.

"Young and pretty, though one might say, too, she has been younger and prettier. If you dine below stairs to-day, drink no wine, and get back to your sofa as soon as you can after dinner." With this caution he left me.

A heavy packet of letters had arrived from Fiume, containing, I surmised, some instructions for which I had written; but seeing that the address was in the cashier's handwriting, I felt no impatience to break the seal.

I dressed myself with unusual care, though the pain of my arm made the process a very slow one; and at last set out to pay my visit. I passed along the corridor, through the conservatory, and found myself at a door, at which I knocked twice. At last, I turned the handle and entered a small but handsomely furnished drawing-room, about which books and newspapers lay scattered; and a small embroidery-frame near the fire showed where she who was engaged with that task had lately been seated. As I bent down in some curiosity to examine a really clever copy of an altar-piece of Albert Durer, a door gently opened, and I heard the rustle of a silk dress. I had not got time to look round when, with a cry, she rushed towards me, and clasped me in her arms. It was Madame Cleremont!

"My own dear, dear Digby!" she cried, as she kissed me over face and forehead, smoothing back my hair to look at me, and then falling again on my neck. "I knew it could be no other when I heard of you, darling; and when they told me of your singing, I could have sworn it was yourself."

I tried to disengage myself from her embrace, and summoned what I could of sternness to repel her caresses. She dropped at my feet, and, clasping my hand, implored me, in accents broken with passion, to forgive her. To see her who had once been all that a mother could have been to me in tenderness and care, who watched the long hours of the night beside my sick bed; to see her there before me, abject, self-accused, and yet entreating forgiveness, was more than I could bear. My nerves, besides, had been already too tensely strung; and I burst into a passion of tears that totally overcame me. She sat with her arm round me, and wept.

With a wild hysterical rapidity she poured forth a sort of excuse of her own conduct. She recalled all that I had seen her suffer of insult and shame; the daily outrages passed upon her; the slights which no woman can or ought to pardon. She spoke of her friendlessness, her

misery; but, more than all, her consuming desire to be avenged on the man who had degraded her. "Your father, I knew, was the man to do me this justice," she cried; "he did not love me, nor did I love him; but we both hated this wretch, and it seemed little to me what became of me if I could but compass his ruin."

I scarcely followed her. I bethought me of my poor mother, for whom none had a thought,—neither of the wrongs done her, nor of the sufferings to which she was so remorselessly consigned.

"You do not listen to me. You do not hear me," cried she, passionately; "and yet who has been your friend as I have? Who has implored your father to be just towards you as I have done? Who has hazarded her whole future in maintaining your rights,—who but I?" In a wild rhapsody of mingled passion and appeal she went on to show how Sir Roger insisted on presenting her everywhere as his wife. Even at courts she had been so presented, though all the terrible consequences of exposure were sure to ring over the whole of Europe. The personal danger of the step was a temptation too strong to resist; and the altercation and vindication that must follow were ecstasy to him. He was pitting himself against the world, and he would back himself on the issue.

"And here, where we are now," cried I, "what is to happen if to-morrow some stranger should arrive from England, who knows your story, and feels he owes it to his host to proclaim it?"

"Is it not too clear what is to happen?" shrieked she; "blood, more blood,—theirs or his, or both! Just as he struck a young prince at Baden with a glove across the face, because he stared at me too rudely, and shot him afterwards; his dearest tie to me is the peril that attaches to me. Do you not know him, Digby? Do you not know the insolent disdain with which he refuses to be bound by what other men submit to; and that when he has said, 'I am ready to stake my life on it,' he believes he has proved his conviction to be a just one?"

Of my father's means, or what remained to him of fortune, she knew nothing. They had often been reduced to almost want, and at other times money would flow freely in, to be wasted and lavished with that careless munificence that no experiences of privation could ever teach prudence. We now turned to speculate on what would happen when he came back from this shooting-party; how he would recognize me.

"I see," cried I; "you suspect he will disown me?"

"Not that, dear Digby," said she, in some confusion; "but he may require—that is—he may wish you to conform to some plan, some procedure of his own."

"If this should involve the smallest infraction of what is due to my mother, I'll refuse," said I, firmly, "and reject as openly as he dares to make it."

"And are you ready to face what may follow?"

"If you mean as regards myself, I am quite ready. My father threw me off years ago, and I am better able to fight the battle of life now than

I was then. I ask nothing of him—not even his name. If you speak of other consequences—of what may ensue when his hosts shall learn the fraud he has practised on them——” It was only as the fatal word fell from me that I felt how cruelly I had spoken, and I stopped and took her hand in mine, saying, “Do not be angry with me, dear friend, that I have spoken a bitter word; bear with me for *her* sake, who has none to befriend her but myself.”

She made me no answer, but looked out cold and stern into vacancy, her pale features motionless, not a line or a lineament betraying what was passing within her.

“Why remain here then to provoke a catastrophe?” cried she suddenly. “If you have come for pleasure, you see enough to be aware there is little more awaiting you.”

“I have not come for pleasure. I am here to confer with Count Hunyadi on a matter of business.”

“And will some paltry success in a little peddling contract for the Count’s wine, or his olives, or his Indian corn, compensate you for the ruin you may bring on your father? Will it recompense you if his blood be shed?”

There was a tone of defiant sarcasm in the way she spoke these words that showed me, if I would not yield to her persuasions, she would not hesitate to employ other means of coercion. Perhaps she mistook the astonishment my face expressed for terror; for she went on: “It would be well that you thought twice over it ere you make your breach with your father irreparable. Remember it is not a question of a passing sentimentality, or a sympathy, it is the whole story of your life is at issue. If you be anything, or anybody, or a nameless creature without belongings, or kindred.”

I sat for some minutes in deep thought. I was not sure whether I understood her words, and that she meant to say it lay entirely with my father to own or disown me, as he pleased. She seemed delighted at my embarrassment, and her voice rung out with its own clear triumphant cadence, as she said, “You begin at last to see how near the precipice you have been straying.”

“One moment, madam,” cried I. “If my mother be Lady Norcott, Sir Roger cannot disown me; not to say, that already in an open court he maintained his right over me and declared me his son.”

“You are opening a question I will not touch, Digby,” said she gravely—“your mother’s marriage. I will only say that the ablest lawyers your father has consulted pronounce it more than questionable.”

“And my father has then entertained the project of an attempt to break it?”

“This is not fair” cried she eagerly; “you lead me on from one admission to another till I find myself revealing confidences to one who at any moment may avow himself my enemy.”

I raised my eyes to her face, and she met my glance with a look cold, stern, and impassive, as though she would say, “Choose your path now,

and accept me as friend or foe." All the winning softness of her manner, all those engaging coquetries of look and gesture, of which none was more mistress, were gone, and another and a very different nature had replaced them.

This then was one of those women all tenderness, and softness, and fascination, but who behind this mask have the fierce nature of the tigress. Could she be the same I had seen so submissive under all the insolence of her brutal husband, bearing his scoffs, and his sarcasms, without a word of reply? Was it that these cruelties had at last evoked this stern spirit, and that another temperament had been generated out of a nature broken down and demoralized by ill treatment?

"Shall I tell you what I think you ought to do?" asked she calmly. I nodded assent. "Sit down there, then," continued she; "and write these few lines to your father, and let him have them before he returns here."

"First of all, I cannot write just now,—I have had a slight accident to my right arm."

"I know," said she, smiling dubiously. "You hurt'it in the riding-school; but it's a mere nothing, is it not?"

I made a gesture of assent, not altogether pleased the while at the little sympathy she vouchsafed me, and the insignificance she ascribed to my wound.

"Shall I write for you, then; you can sign it afterwards?"

"Let me first know what you would have me say."

"Dear father.—You always addressed him that way?"

"Yes."

"Dear father, I have been here some days, awaiting Count Hunyadi's return to transact some matters of business with him, and have by a mere accident learned that you are amongst his guests. As I do not know how, to what extent, or in what capacity, it may be your pleasure to recognize me; or whether it might not chime better with your convenience to ignore me altogether, I write now to submit myself entirely to your will and guidance, being in this, as in all things, your dutiful and obedient son."

The words came from her pen as rapidly as her fingers could move across the paper; and as she finished, she pushed it towards me, saying:

"There,—put Digby Norcott there, and it is all done!"

"This is a matter to think over," said I gravely. "I may be compromising other interests than my own by signing this."

"Those Jews of yours have imbued you well with their cautious spirit, I see," said she scoffingly.

"They have taught me no lessons I am ashamed of, madam," said I, reddening with anger.

"I declare, I don't know you as the Digby of long ago! I fancied I did, when I heard those ladies coming upstairs each night, so charmed with all your graceful gifts, and so eloquent over all your fascinations; and now, as you stand there, word-splitting, and phrase-weighing, canvassing what it might cost you to do this, or where it would lead you

to say that, I ask myself, is this the boy his father said,—‘Above all things, he shall be a gentleman?’”

“To one element of that character, madam, I will try and preserve my claim—no provocation shall drive me to utter a rudeness to a lady.”

“This is less breeding than calculation, young gentleman. I read such natures as yours as easily as a printed book.”

“I ask nothing better, madam; my only fear would be that you should mistake me, and imagine that any deference to my father’s views would make me forget my mother’s rights.”

“So then,” cried she with a mocking laugh, “you have got your courage up so far—you dare me! Be advised, however, and do not court such an unequal contest. I have but to choose in which of a score of ways I could crush you—do you mark me? crush you! You will not always be as lucky as you were this morning in the riding-school.”

“Great heaven!” cried I, “was this then of *your* devising?”

“You begin to have a glimpse of whom you have to deal with? Go back to your room and reflect on that knowledge, and if it end in persuading you to quit this place at once, and never return to it, it will be a wise resolve.”

I was too much occupied with the terrible fact that she had already conspired against my life to heed her words of counsel, and I stood there stunned and confused.

In the look of scorn and hate she threw on me, she seemed to exult over my forlorn and bewildered condition.

“I scarcely think there is any need to prolong this interview,” said she at last, with an easy smile; “each of us is by this time aware of the kindly sentiments of the other; is it not so?”

“I am going, madam,” I stammered out; “good-by.”

She made a slight movement, as I thought, towards me; but it was in reality the prelude to a deep curtsy, while in her sweetest of accents she whispered, “Au revoir, Monsieur Digby, au revoir.” I bowed deeply and withdrew.

CHAPTER XXX.

HASTY TIDINGS.

OF all the revulsions of feeling that can befall the heart, I know of none to compare in poignant agony with the sudden consciousness that you are hated where once you were loved; that where once you had turned for consolation or sympathy you have now nothing to expect but coldness and distrust; that the treasure of affection on which you had counted against the day of adversity had proved bankrupt, and nothing remained of all its bright hopes and promise but bitter regrets and sorrowful repinings.

It was in the very last depth of this spirit I now locked myself in my

room to determine what I should do, by what course I should shape my future. I saw the stake for which Madame Cleremont was playing. She had resolved that my mother's marriage should be broken, and she herself declared Lady Norcott. That my father might be brought to accede to such a plan was by no means improbable. Its extravagance and its enormity would have been great inducements, had he no other interest in the matter.

I began to canvass with myself how persons poor and friendless could possibly meet the legal battle which this question should originate, and how my mother, in her destitution and poverty, could contend against the force of the wealth that would be opposed to her. It had only been by the united efforts of her relatives and friends, all eager to support her in such a cause, that she had been enabled to face the expenses of the suit my father had brought on the question of my guardianship. How could she again sustain a like charge? Was it likely that her present condition would enable her to fee leaders on circuit and bar magnates, to pay the costs of witnesses, and all the endless outgoings of the law?

So long as I lived, I well knew my poor mother would compromise none of my rights that pertained to me; but if I could be got rid of—and the event of the morning shot through my mind—some arrangement with her might not be impossible—at least, it was open to them to think so; and I could well imagine that they would build on such a foundation. It was not easy to imagine a woman like Madame Cleremont, a person of the most attractive manners, beautiful, gifted, and graceful, capable of a great crime; but she herself had shown me more than once in fiction the portraiture of an individual, who, while shrinking with horror from the coarse contact of guilt, would willingly set the springs in motion which ultimately conduce to the most appalling disasters. I remember even her saying to me one day,—“It is in watching the terrible explosions their schemes have ignited that cowards learn to taste what they fancy to be the ecstasy of courage.”

While I thought what a sorry adversary I should prove against such a woman, with all the wiles of her nature, and all the seductions by which she could display them, my eyes fell upon the packet from Fiume, which still lay with its seal unbroken. I broke it open half carelessly. It contained an envelope marked “letters,” and the following note:—

“HERR OWEN,—With this, you are informed that the house of Hodnig and Oppovich has failed, dockets of bankruptcy having been yesterday declared against that firm: the usual assignees will be duly appointed by the court to liquidate, on such terms as the estate permits. Present liabilities are currently stated as below eight millions of florins. Actual property will not meet half that sum.

“Further negotiations regarding the Hunyadi contract on your part are consequently unnecessary, seeing that the most favourable conditions

you could obtain would in nowise avert or even lessen the blow that has fallen on the house.

"I am directed to enclose you by bill the sum of two hundred and eighteen florins, twenty-seven kreutzers, which, at the current exchange, will pay your salary to the end of the present quarter, and also to state that, having duly acknowledged the receipt of this sum to me by letter, you are to consider yourself free of all engagement to the house. I am also instructed to say that your zeal and probity will be duly attested when any reference is addressed to the managers of this estate.

"I am, with accustomed esteem and respect,

"Your devoted servant,

"JACOB ULRICH.

"P.S.—Herr Ignaz is, happily for him, in a condition that renders him unconscious of his calamity. The family has retired for the present to the small cottage near the gate of the Abazzia Villa, called 'Die Hütte,' but desires complete privacy, and declines all condolences.—J. U.

"2nd P.S.—The enclosed letters have arrived here during your absence."

So intensely imbued was my mind with suspicion and distrust, that it was not till after long and careful examination I satisfied myself that this letter was genuine, and that its contents might be taken as true. The packet it enclosed would, however, have resolved all doubt: they were three letters from my dear mother. Frequent reference was made to other letters which had never reached me, and in which it was clear the mode in which she had learned my address was explained. She also spoke of Sara as of one she knew by correspondence, and gave me to understand how she was following every little humble incident of my daily life with loving interest and affection. She enjoined me by all means to devote myself heartily and wholly to those who had befriended me so generously, and to merit the esteem of that good girl, who, caring nothing for herself, gave her heart and soul to the service of her father.

"I have told you so much," said she, "of myself in former letters" (these I never saw) "that I shall not weary you with more. You know why I gave up the school, and through what reasonings I consented to call myself Lady Norcott, though in such poverty as mine the assumption of a title only provoked ridicule. Mr. McBride, however, persuaded me that a voluntary surrender of my position might be made terrible use of against me, should—what I cannot believe—the attempt ever be made to question the legality of my marriage with your father.

"It has been so constantly repeated, however, that Sir Roger means to marry this lady—some say they are already married—that I have had careful abstracts made of the registry, and every detail duly certified which can establish your legitimacy—not that I can bring myself to believe your father would ever raise that question. Strangely enough, my allowance, left unpaid for several years, was lately resumed, and Foster

and Wall received orders to acknowledge my drafts on them, for what, I concluded, were meant to cover all the arrears due. As I had already tided over these years of trial and pressure, I refused all save the sum due for the current year, and begged to learn Sir Roger's address that I might write to him. To this they replied 'that they had no information to give me on the subject; that their instructions, as regarded payments to me, came to them from the house of Rödyer, in Frankfort, and in the manner and terms already communicated to me,'—all showing me that the whole was a matter of business, into which no sentiment was to enter, or be deemed capable of entering."

It was about this period my mother came to learn my address, and she avowed that all other thoughts and cares were speedily lost in the whirlpool of joy these tidings swept around her. Her eagerness to see me grew intense, but was tempered by the fear lest her selfish anxiety might prejudice me in that esteem I had already won from my employers, of whom, strangely enough, she spoke freely and familiarly, as though she had known them.

The whole tone of these letters—and I read them over and over—calmed and reassured me. Full of personal details, they were never selfish in its unpleasant sense. They often spoke of poverty, but rather as a thing to be baffled by good-humoured contrivance or rendered endurable by habit than as matter for complaint and bewailment. Little dashes of light-heartedness would now and then break the dark sombreness of the picture, and show how her spirit was yet alive to life and its enjoyments. Above all, there was no croaking, no foreboding. She had lived through some years of trial and sorrow, and if the future had others as gloomy in store it was time enough when they came to meet their exigencies.

What a blessing was it to me to get these at such a time! I no longer felt myself alone and isolated in the world. There was, I now knew, a bank of affection at my disposal at which I could draw at will; and what an object for my imitation was that fine courage of hers, that took defeats as mere passing shadows, and was satisfied to fight on to the end, ever hopeful and ever brave.

How I would have liked to return to Madame Cleremont, and read her some passages of these letters, and said, "And this is the woman you seek to dethrone, and whose place you would fill! This is she whose rival you aspire to be. What think you of the contest now? Which of you should prove the winner? Is it with a nature like this you would like to measure yourself?"

How I would have liked to have dared her to such a combat, and boldly declared that I would make my father himself the umpire as to the worthier. As to her hate or her vengeance she had as much as promised me both, but I defied them; and I believed I even consulted my safety by open defiance. As I thus stimulated myself with passionate counsels, and burned with eagerness for the moment I might avow them, I flung

open my window for fresh air, for my excitement had risen to actual fever.

It was very dark without. Night had set in about two hours, but no stars had yet shone out, and a thick impenetrable blackness pervaded everywhere. Some peasants were shovelling the snow in the court beneath, making a track from the gate to the house-door, and here and there a dimly burning lantern attached to a pole would show where the work was being carried out. As it was about the time of the evening when travellers were wont to arrive, the labour was pressed briskly forward, and I could hear an overseer's voice urging the men to increased zeal and activity.

"There has been a snow-mountain fallen at Miklos, they say," cried one, "and none can pass the road for many a day."

"If they cannot come from Pesth, they can come from Hermanstadt, from Temesvar, from Klausenberg. Guests can come from any quarter," cried the overseer.

I listened with amusement to the discussion that followed; the various sentiments they uttered as to whether this system of open hospitality raised the character of a country, or was not a heavy mulct out of the rights which the local poor possessed on the properties of their rich neighbours.

"Every flask of Tokayer drunk at the upper table," cried one, "is an eimer of Mediasch lost to the poor man."

"That is the true way to look at it," cried another. "We want neither Counts nor Tokayer."

"That was a Saxon dog barked there!" called out the overseer. "No Hungarian ever reviled what his land is most famed for."

"Here come travellers now," shouted one from the gate. "I hear horses at full speed on the Klausenberg road."

"Lanterns to the gate, and stand free of the road," cried the overseer; and now the scene became one of striking excitement, as the lights flitted rapidly from place to place; the great arch of the gate being accurately marked in outline, and the deep cleft in the snow lined on either side by lanterns suspended between posts.

"They're coming at a furious pace," cried one; "they've passed the toll-bridge at full gallop."

"Then it's the Count himself," chimed in another. "There's none but he could force the toll-bar."

"It's a country waggon, with four juckers; and here it comes;" and as he spoke four sweating horses swung through the gateway, and came full speed into the court.

"Where is Kitzlach? Call Kitzlach! call the doctor!" screamed a voice from the waggon. "Tell him to come down at once."

"Out with the juckers, and harness a fresh team," cried the same voice. And now, as he descended from the waggon, he was surrounded with eager figures, all anxious to hear his tidings. As I could gather nothing

from where I was, I hastily threw on a fur coat, and made my way down to the court. I soon learned the news. A terrible disaster had befallen the hunting-party. A she-boar, driven frantic by her wounds, had dashed suddenly into the midst of them, slightly wounded the Count and his head Jäger, but dangerously one of the guests, who had sustained a single combat with her and killed her; not, however, without grievous injury to himself, for a large blood-vessel had been severed; all the efforts to staunch which had been but half successful.

"Have you your tourniquet, doctor?" cried the youth from the waggon, as the equipage was turned again to the gate.

"Everything—everything."

"You'll want any quantity of lint and bandages: and, remember, nothing can be had down yonder."

"Make your mind easy! I've forgotten nothing. Just keep your beasts quiet till I get up."

I drew nigh as he was about to mount, and whispered a word in his ear.

"I don't know," said he, gruffly. "I can't see why you should ask."

"Why don't you get up?" cried the youth, impatiently.

"There's a young fellow here importuning me to ask you for a place in the waggon. He thinks he knows this stranger."

"Let him get in at once, then; and let's have no more delays." And scarcely had we scrambled to our places, than the loud whip resounded with the quick, sharp report of pistol-shots, and the beasts sprung out at once, rushed through the narrow gateway, and were soon stretching along at their topmost pace through impenetrable blackness.

Crouching in the straw at the bottom of the waggon, I crept as closely as I could to where the doctor was seated beside the young man who drove. I was eager to hear what I could of the incident that had befallen; but, to my great disappointment, they spoke in Hungarian, and all I could gather, from certain dropping expressions, was that both the Count and his English friend had been engaged in some rivalry of personal daring, and that the calamity had come of this insane contest. "They'll never say, 'Mad as a Hunyadi' any longer up at Lees. They'll say, 'Mad as an Englishman.'"

The young fellow spoke in wondrous admiration of the wounded man's courage and coolness, and described how he had taught them to pass a light ligature round his thigh, and tighten it further by inserting a stick to act as a screw. "Up to that," said he, "he had been bleeding like a tapped wine-fass; and then he made them give him large goblets of strong Bordeaux, to sustain him."

"He's a bold-hearted fellow then?" said the doctor.

"The Count declares he has never met his equal. They were alone together when I started, for the Englishman said he had something for the Count's own ear and begged the others to withdraw."

"So he thought himself in danger?"

"That he did. I saw him myself take off a large signet-ring and lay it

on the table beside his watch, and he pointed them out to Hunyadi as he came in and said something in English; but the Count rejoined quickly, 'No, no. It's not come to that yet.'

While they spoke slowly, I was able to gather, at least, the meaning of what passed between them, but I lost all clue so soon as they talked eagerly and rapidly, so that, confused by the unmeaning sounds, and made drowsy by the fresh night air, I at last fell off into a heavy sleep.

I was awakened by the noise of the wheels, over a paved street. I looked up, and saw, by the struggling light of a breaking dawn, that we were in a village where a number of people were awaiting us. "Have you brought the doctor?" "Where is the doctor?" cried several together; and he was scarcely permitted to descend, so eager were they to seize and carry him off.

A dense crowd was gathered before the door of a small two-storied house, into which the doctor now disappeared; and I, mixing with the mass, tried as best I might to ask how the wounded man was doing, and what hopes there were of his life. While I thus went from one to another vainly endeavouring to make my question intelligible, I heard a loud voice cry out in German, "Where is the young fellow who says he knows him?"

"Here," cried I, boldly. "I believe I know him—I am almost sure I do."

"Come to the door then, and look in; do not utter a word," cried a tall dark man, I soon knew to be Count Hunyadi. "Mind, sir, for your life sake, that you don't disturb him."

I crept on tiptoe to the slightly open door, and looked in. There, on a mattress on the floor, a tall man was lying, while the doctor knelt beside him, and seemed to press with all his weight on his thigh. The sick man slowly turned his face to the light, and it was my father! my knees trembled, my sight grew dim—strength suddenly forsook me, and I fell powerless and senseless to the ground.

They were bathing my face and temples with vinegar and water to rally me when the doctor came to say the sick man desired to see me. In a moment the blood rushed to my head, and I cried out, "I am ready."

"Be calm, sir. A mere word, a gesture, may prove fatal to him," whispered the doctor to me. "His life hangs on a thread."

Count Hunyadi was kneeling beside my father, and evidently trying to catch some faint words he was saying, as I stole forward and knelt down by the bedside. My father turned his eyes slowly round till they fell upon me,—when their expression suddenly changed from the look of weary apathy to a stare of full and steadfast meaning—intense, indeed, in significance; but I dare not say that this conveyed anything like love or affection for me.

"Come closer," cried he, in a hoarse whisper. "It is Digby, is it not? This boy is my son, Hunyadi," he said, with an increased effort. "Give me your hand." He took my trembling fingers in his cold moist hand, and passed the large signet-ring over my second finger. "He is

my heir. Gentlemen," he cried, in a tone at once haughty and broken by debility, "my name, my title, my fortune all pass to *him*. By to-morrow you will call him Sir Digby——"

He could not finish—his lips moved without a sound. I was conscious of no more than being drawn heavily across the floor, not utterly bereft of reason, but dulled and stunned as if from the effect of a heavy blow.

When I was able I crept back to the room. It was now the decline of day. A large white cavalry cloak covered the body. I knelt down beside it, and cried with a bursting heart till late into the night.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN SORROW.

OF what followed that night of mourning I remember but snatches and brief glimpses. There is nothing more positively torturing to the mind in sorrow than the way in which the mere excitement of grief robs the intellect of all power of perspective, and gives to the smallest, meanest incidents the prominence and force of great events. It is as though the jar given to the nervous system had untuned us for the entire world, and all things come amiss. I am sure, indeed, I know it would have been impossible to have met more gentle and considerate kindness than I now experienced on every hand, and yet I lived in a sort of feverish irritability, as though expecting each moment to have my position questioned, and my right to be there disputed.

In obedience to the custom of the country, it was necessary that the funeral should take place within forty-eight hours after death, and though all the details had been carefully looked to by the Count's orders, certain questions still should be asked of me, and my leave obtained for certain acts.

The small Church of Hunyadi-Naglos was fixed on for the last resting-place. It contained the graves of eight generations of Hunyadis, and to accord a place amongst them to a stranger and a Protestant was deemed a high honour. Affliction seemed to have developed in me all the pride of my race, for I can recall with what sullen hauteur I heard of this concession, and rather took it as a favour accorded than accepted. An overweening sense of all that my father himself would have thought due to his memory was on me, and I tortured my mind to think that no mark of honour he would have desired should be forgotten. As a soldier, he had right to a soldier's funeral, and a "Honved" battalion, with their band, received orders to be present. For miles around the landed gentry and nobles poured in, with hosts of followers. Next to a death in battle, there was no such noble death as in the hunting-field, and the splendid prowess of my father's achievement had won him imperishable honour.

All was conducted as if for the funeral of a magnate of Hungary. The titles and rank of the deceased were proclaimed aloud as we entered the graveyard, and each whose station entitled him to be thought a friend came forward and kissed the pall as the body was borne in.

One part of the ceremony overcame me altogether. When the third round of musketry had rung out over the grave, a solemn pause of half a minute or so was to ensue, then the band was to burst out with the first bars of "God preserve the Emperor;" and while a wild cheer arose, I was to spring into the saddle of my father's horse, which had been led close after the coffin, and to join the cheer. This soldier declaration that death was but a passing terror, revolted me to the heart, and I over and over asserted I could not do this. They would not yield, however; they regarded my reasons as childish sentimentality, and half impugned my courage besides. I do not know why I gave in, nor am I sure I ever did yield; but when the heavy smoke of the last round slowly rose over the bier, I felt myself jerked up into the saddle of a horse that plunged wildly and struck out madly in affright. With a rider's instinct I held my seat, and even managed the bounding animal with the hand of a practised rider. Four fearful bounds I sat unshaken, while the air rang with the hoarse cheer of some thousand voices, and then a sickness like death itself gathered over my heart,—a sense of horror, of where I was and why, came over me. My arms fell powerless to my sides, and I rolled from the saddle and fell senseless and stunned to the ground.

Without having received serious injury, I was too ill to be removed from the little village of Naglos, where I was confined to bed for ten days. The doctor remained with me for some days, and came again and again to visit me afterwards. The chief care of me, however, devolved on my father's valet, a smart young Swiss, whom I had difficulty in believing not to be English, so perfectly did he speak our language.

I soon saw this fellow was thoroughly conversant with all my father's history, and, whether in his confidence or not, knew everything that concerned him, and understood his temperament and nature to perfection. There was much adroitness in the way in which he showed me this, without ever shocking my pride or offending my taste by any display of a supposed influence. Of his consummate tact I need give but one—a very slight instance, it is true, but enough to denote the man. He, in addressing me as Sir Digby, remarked how the sound of my newly acquired title seemed to recall my father to my mind at once, and ever after limited himself to saying simply "sir," which attracted no attention from me.

Another instance of his address I must record also. I had got my writing-desk on the bed, and was writing to my mother, to whom I had already despatched two telegraphic messages, but as yet received no reply. "I beg pardon, sir," said La Grange, entering in his usual noiseless fashion; "but I thought you would like to know that my lady has left Schloss Hunyadi. She took her departure last night for Pesth."

"You mean——?" I faltered, not really knowing what I would say.

"Yes, sir," said he, thoroughly aware of what was passing in my mind. "She admitted no one, not even the doctor, and started at last with only a few words of adieu in writing for the Countess."

"What impression has this left? How are they speaking of her?" asked I, blurring out against my will what was working within me.

"I believe, sir," said he, with a very faint smile, "they lay it all to English ways and habits. At least I have heard no other comments than such as would apply to these."

"Be sure that you give rise to no others," said I, sternly.

"Of course not, sir. It would be highly unbecoming in me to do so."

"And greatly to your disservice besides," added I, severely.

He bowed in acquiescence, and said no more.

"How long have you served my father, La Grange?" asked I.

"About two years, sir. I succeeded Mr. Nixon, sir, who often spoke of you."

"Ah, I remember Nixon. What became of him?"

"He set up the Hôtel Victoria at Spa, sir. You know, sir, that he married, and married very well too?"

"No, I never heard of it," said I, carelessly.

"Yes, sir; he married Delorme's daughter, la belle Pauline they used to call her at Brussels."

"What, Pauline Delorme?" said I, growing crimson with I know not what feeling.

"Yes, sir, the same: and she's the size of old Pierre her father already; not but she's handsome still—but such a monster!"

I cannot say with what delight I heard of her disfigurement. It was a malice that warmed my heart like some good news.

"It was Sir Roger, sir, that made the match."

"How could that be? What could he care about it?"

"Well, sir, he certainly gave Nixon five hundred pounds to go and propose for her, and promise old Pierre his patronage, if he agreed to it."

"Are you sure of this?" asked I, eagerly.

"Nixon himself told me, sir. I remember he said, 'I haven't much time to lose about it, for the tutor, Mr. Eccles, is quite ready to take her, on the same terms, and Sir Roger doesn't care which of us it is.'"

"Nor the lady either, apparently," said I, half credibly.

"Of course not. Pauline was too well brought up for that."

I was not going to discuss this point of ethics with Mr. La Grange, and soon fell off into a vein of reflection over early loves, and what they led to, which took me at last miles away from Pauline Delorme, and her fascinations.

I would have liked much to learn what sort of a life my father had led of late: whether he had plunged into habits of dissipation and excess; or whether any feeling of remorse had weighed with him, and that he

sorrowed over the misery and the sorrow he had so recklessly shed around him ; but I shrunk from questioning a servant on such matters, and merely asked as to his habitual spirits and temper.

"Sir Roger was unlike every other gentleman I ever lived with, sir," said he. "He was never in high spirits except when he was hard up for money. Put him down in a little country inn to wait for his remittances, and live on a few francs a day till they arrived, and I never saw his equal for good humour. He'd play with the children ; he'd work in the garden. I've seen him harness the donkey, and go off for a load of firewood. There's nothing he would not do to oblige, and with a kind word and a smile for every one all the while ; but if some morning he'd get up with a dark frown on his face, and say, 'La Grange, get in your bills here, and pay them ; we must get away from this dog-hole ;' I knew well the banker's letter had come, and that whatever he might want, it would not be money."

"And had my lady,—madame, I mean,—no influence over him ?"

"None, sir, or next to none ; he was all ceremony with her ; took her in to dinner every day with great state, showed her every attention at table, left her at liberty to spend what money she liked. If she fancied an equipage, it was ordered at once. If she liked a bracelet, it was sent home. As to toilette, I believe there are queens have not as many dresses to change. We had two fourgons of her luggage alone, when we came to the Schloss, and she was always saying there was something she was longing for."

"Did not this irritate my father ?"

"No, sir ; he would simply say, 'Don't wish, but write for it.' And I verily believe this indifference piqued her—she saw that no sacrifice of money cost him anything, and this thought wounded her pride."

"So that there was not much happiness between them ?"

"There was none, sir ! Something there was that Sir Roger would never consent to, but which she never ceased to insist on, and I often wondered how she could go on, to press a man of his dangerous temper, as she did, and at times she would do so to the very verge of a provocation. Do you know, sir," said he, after a short silence—"if I was to be on my oath to-morrow, I'd not say that he was not seeking his death when he met it ? I never saw a man so sick of life—he was only puzzled how to lay it down without dishonour."

I motioned him to leave me as he said this, and of my father I never spoke to him more.

CHAPTER XXXII.]

THE END.

Two telegrams came from my mother. They were little other than repetitions. She had been ill, and was impatient to see me. In the last, she added that she would shorten the distance between us by coming to Dublin to meet me. I was to enquire for her at "Elridge's Hotel."

I was no less eager to be with her ; but there were many matters of detail which still delayed me. First of all, all my father's papers and effects were at Schloss Hunyadi, and some of these were all-essential to me. On arriving at the Castle, a sealed packet addressed Sir Digby Norcott, Bart., in Madame Cleremont's hand, was given me. On opening, I found it contained a bunch of keys, without one word of any kind. It was an unspeakable relief to me to discover that she had not sent me either her condolences or her threats, and I could scarcely reassure myself that we had parted thus easily.

My father's personal luggage might have sufficed for half-a-dozen people. Not only did he carry about a quantity of clothes that no ordinary life could have required, but that he journeyed with every imaginable kind of weapon, together with saddlery and horse-gear of all fashions and shapes. Fishing-tackle and hunting-spears abounded ; and lassos of Mexican make seemed to show that he had intended to have carried his experiences to the great savannahs of the West.

From what I had seen of him, I was in no way prepared for the order and regularity in which I found his papers. All that regarded his money matters was contained in one small oak desk, in which I found a will, a copy of which it was stated was deposited with Norton and Temple, Solicitors, Furnival's Inn. The document ran thus :—

“ I leave whatever I may die possessed of in personal or real property to the wife I have long neglected, in trust for the boy I have done much to corrupt. With time, and in the enjoyment of better fortune, they may learn to forgive me ; but, even if they should not, it will little trouble the rest of—ROGER NORCOTT.

“ I desire that each of my servants in my service at the time of my death should receive a quarter's wages ; but no present or gratuity of any kind. It is a class that always served me with fear and dislike, and whose services I ever accepted with distrust and repugnance.

“ I also desire that my retriever, ‘ Spy,’ be shot as soon after my death as may be, and that my other dogs be given away to persons who have never known me, and that my heirs will be particular on this head, so that none shall pretend that they inherit this or that of mine—in token of friendship or affectionate remembrance.

“ There are a few objects of furniture in the care of Salter, the house-agent at Brussels, of which I beg my wife's acceptance ; they are intrinsically of little value, but she will know how dearly we have both paid for them. This is all.

(Signed) “ ROGER NORCOTT, Bart.

“ Witnesses, JOSEPH GRANES, head groom.

“ PAUL LANYON, house-steward.”

This will, which bore for date only four months prior to his death, did not contain any, the slightest, allusion to Madame Cleremont. Was it that

by some antecedent arrangement he had taken care to provide for her, omitting, through a sense of delicacy to my mother, all mention of her name? This I could not guess at the time, nor did I ever discover afterwards.

In a larger desk I found a mass of letters; they were tied in packets, each with a ribbon of a different colour; they were all in women's handwriting. There were several miniatures on ivory, one of which was of my mother, when a girl of about eighteen. It was exceedingly beautiful, and wore an expression of girlish innocence and frankness positively charming. On the back, in my father's hand, there was—"Why wont they keep this look? Is the fault theirs or ours?"

Of the contents of that box, I committed all to the flames except that picture. A third desk, the key of which was appended to his watch, contained a manuscript in his writing, headed "My Cleremont Episode, how it began, and how it cannot but end." I own it pushed my curiosity sorely to throw this into the fire without reading it; but I felt it would have been a disloyalty, which, had he lived, he never would have pardoned, and so I restrained myself, and burned it.

One box, strongly strapped with bands of brass, and opening by a lock of most complicated mechanism, was filled with articles of jewellery, not only such trinkets as men affect to wear in shirt-studs and watch-pendants, but the costlier objects of women's wear; there were rings and charms, bracelets of massive make, and necklaces of great value. There was a diamond cross too, at back of which was a locket, with a braid of very beautiful fair hair. This looked as though it had been worn, and if so, how had it come back to him again? by what story of sorrow, perhaps of death?

If a sentiment of honour and loyalty had made me burn all the letters, I had found there was no restraining the exercise of my imagination as to these relics, every one of which I invested with some story. In a secret drawer of this box, was a considerable sum in gold, and a letter of credit for a large amount on Escheles, of Vienna, by which it appeared that he had won the chief prize of the Frankfort lottery, in the spring drawing; a piece of fortune, which, by a line in his handwriting, I saw he believed was to cost him dearly:—"What is to be counterpoise to this luck? An infidelity, or a sudden death? I can't say that either affright me, but I think the last would be less of an insult."

In every relic of him, the same tone of mockery prevailed,—an insolent contempt for the world—a disdain from which he did not exempt himself—went through all he said or did; and it was plain to see that, no matter how events went with him, he always sufficed for his own unhappiness.

What a relief it was to me to turn from this perpetual scorn to some two or three letters of my dear mother's, written after their separation indeed, but in a spirit of such thorough forgiveness, and with such an honest desire for his welfare, that I only wondered how any heart could

have resisted such loving generosity. I really believe nothing so jarred upon him as her humility. Every reference to their inequality of condition seemed to affect him like an insult; and on the back of one of her letters there was written, in pencil, "Does she imagine I ever forget from what I took her; or that the memory is a pleasant one?"

Mr. La Grange's curiosity to learn what amount of money my father had left behind him, and what were the dispositions of his will, pushed my patience very hard indeed. I could not, however, exactly afford to get rid of him, as he had long been entrusted with the payment of tradesmen's bills, and he was in a position to involve me in great difficulty, if so disposed.

At last, we set out for England; and never shall I forget the strange effect produced upon me by the deference my new station attracted towards me. It seemed to me but yesterday that I was the companion of poor Hanserl, of the "yard;" and now I had become, as if by magic, one of the favoured of the earth. The fame of being rich spreads rapidly, and my reputation on that head lost nothing through any reserve or forbearance of my valet. I was an object of interest, too, as the son of that daring Englishman who had lost his life so heroically. Heaven knows how La Grange had related the tragic incident, or with what embellishment he had been pleased to adorn it. I can only say that half my days were passed in assuring eager inquirers that I was neither present at the adventure, nor wounded in the affray; and all my efforts were directed to proving that I was a most insignificant person, and without the smallest claim to interest on any side.

Arrived in London, I was once more a "personage;" at least, to my family solicitors. My father's will had been already proved, and I was recognized in all form as the heir to his title and fortune. They were eager to know would I restore the family seat at Hexham. The Abbey was an architectural gem that all England was proud of, and I was eagerly entreated not to suffer it to drop into decay and ruin. The representation of the borough—long neglected by my family—only needed an effort to secure; and would I not like the ambition of a parliamentary life? What glimpses of future greatness were shown me! what possible chances of this or that attained that would link me with real rank for ever! And all this time I was pining to clasp my mother to my arms; to pour out my whole heart before her, and tell her that I loved a pale Jewish girl, silent and half-sad-looking, but whose low soft voice still echoed within my heart; and whose cold hand had left a thrill after its touch that had never ceased to move me.

"Oh, Digby, my own, own darling," cried she, as she hugged me in her arms, "what a great tall fellow you have grown, and how like—how like him!" and she burst into a torrent of tears, renewed every time that she raised her eyes to my face, and saw how I resembled my father. There seemed an ecstasy in this grief of which she never wearied, and day after day she would sit holding my hand, gazing wistfully at me, and

only turning away as her tearful eyes grew dim with weeping. I will not dwell on the days we passed together: full of sorrow they were, but a sorrow so hallowed by affection that we felt an unspeakable calm shed over us.

My great likeness to my father, as she first saw him, made her mind revert to that period, and she never ceased to talk of that time of hope and happiness. Ever ready to ascribe anything unfavourable in his character to the evil influences of others, she maintained that though occasionally carried away by hot temper and passion, he was not only the soul of honour but had a heart of tenderness and gentleness. Curious to find out what sudden change of mind had led him after years of neglect and forgetfulness to renew his relations with her, by remitting money to her banker, we examined all that we could of his letters and papers to discover a clue to this mystery. Baffled in all our endeavours, we were driven at length to write to the Frankfort banker through whom the letter of credit had come. As we assumed to say that the money should be repaid by us, in this way hoping to trace the history of the incident, we received for answer, that though bound strictly to secrecy at the time, events had since occurred which in a measure removed that obligation. The advance, he declared, came from the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, Fiume, who having failed since that time, there was no longer the same necessity for reserve. "It is only this morning," he added, "that we have received news of the death of Herr Ignaz Oppovich, the last of this once opulent firm now reduced to utter ruin."

My mother and I gazed on each other in silence as we read these words, when at length she threw her arms around me and said, "Let us go to her, Digby; let us set out this very day."

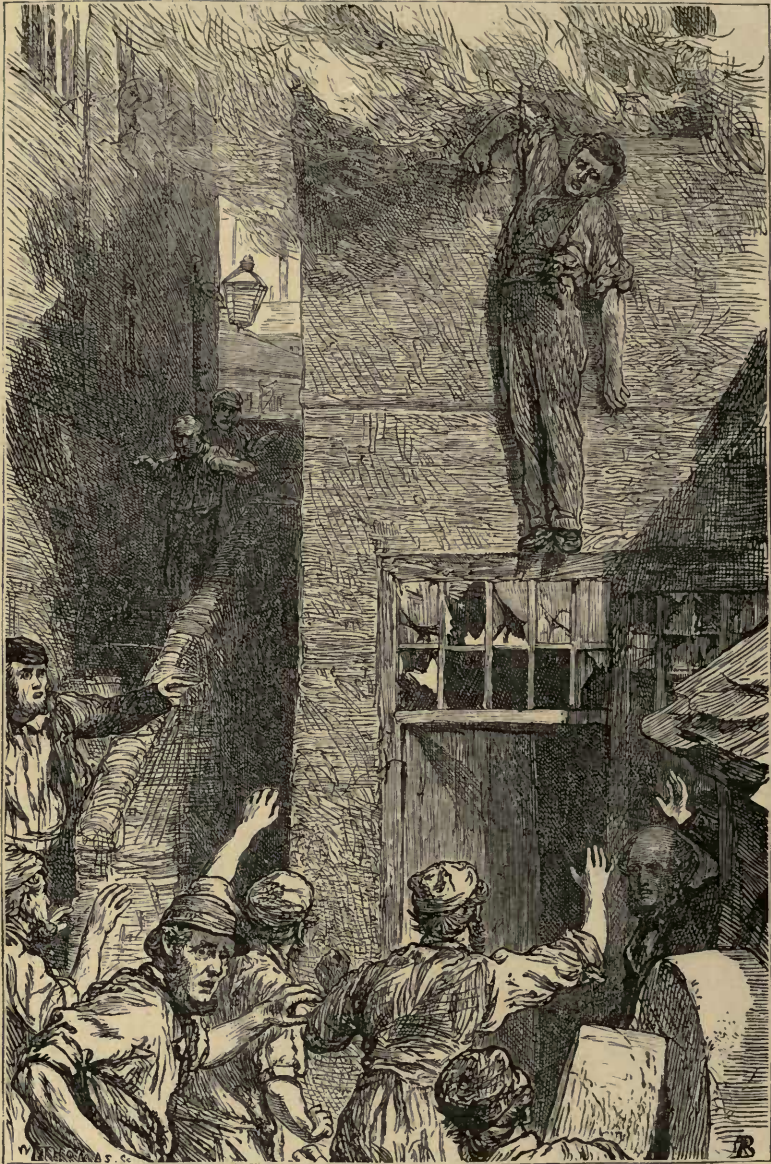
Two days after we were on the Rhine. I was seated with my mother on the deck of a river steamer, when I was startled to hear a voice utter my name. The speaker was a burly stout man of middle age, who walked the deck with a companion to whom he talked in a loud tone.

"I tell you, sir," said he, "that boy of Norcott's, what between those new coal-fields and the Hexham property, can't have less than ten thousand a year."

"And he's going to marry a rich Austrian Jewess, they say," replied the other, "as if his own fortune was not enough for him."

"He'll marry her, and desert her just as his father did."

I have but to say that I accomplished one part of this prediction, and hope never to fulfil the other.



"DEATH BY SUFFOCATION AT HIS BACK, AND BROKEN BONES AWAITED HIM BELOW."

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1869.

Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER IV.



ANY ONE who reads it by the fireside may smile at the incongruous mixture of a sanguinary menace with bad spelling. But deeds of blood had often followed these scrawls in Hillsborough, and Henry knew it: and, indeed, he who cannot spell his own name correctly, is the very man to take his neighbour's life without compunction; since mercy is a fruit of knowledge, and cruelty of ignorance.

And then there was something truly chilling in the mysterious entrance of this threat on a dagger's point into a room he had locked overnight. It implied supernatural craft

and power. After this, where could a man be safe from these all-penetrating and remorseless agents of a secret and irresponsible tribunal?

Henry sat down awhile, and pored over the sanguinary scrawl, and glanced from it with a shudder at the glittering knife. And, while he was in this state of temporary collapse, the works filled, the Power moved, the sonorous grindstones revolved, and every man worked at his ease, except one, the best of them all beyond comparison.

He went to his friend Bayne, and said in a broken voice, "They have put me in heart for work; given me a morning dram. Look here." Bayne was shocked, but not surprised. "It is the regular routine," said he. "They begin civil; but if you don't obey, they turn it over to the scum."

"Do you think my life is really in danger?"

"No, not yet; I never knew a man molested on one warning. This is just to frighten you. If you were to take no notice, you'd likely get another warning, or two, at most; and then they'd do you, as sure as a gun."

"Do me?"

"Oh, that is the Hillsborough word. It means to disable a man from work. Sometimes they lie in wait in these dark streets, and fracture his skull with life-preservers; or break his arm, or cut the sinew of his wrist; and that they call *doing* him. Or, if it is a grinder, they'll put powder in his trough, and then the sparks of his own making fire it, and scorch him, and perhaps blind him for life: that's *doing* him. They have gone as far as shooting men with shot, and even with a bullet, but never so as to kill the man dead on the spot. They *do* him. They are skilled workmen, you know: well, they are skilled workmen at violence and all, and it is astonishing how they contrive to stop within an inch of murder. They'll chance it though sometimes with their favourite gunpowder. If you're very wrong with the trade, and they can't *do* you any other way, they'll blow your house up from the cellar, or let a can of powder down the chimney, with a lighted fuse, or fling a petard in at the window, and they take the chance of killing a houseful of innocent people, to get at the one that's on the black books of the trade, and has to be *done*."

"The beasts! I'll buy a six-shooter. I'll meet craft with craft, and force with force."

"What can you do against ten thousand? No: go you at once to the Secretary of the Edge-Tool Grinders, and get your trade into his union. You will have to pay; but don't mind that. Cheetham will go halves."

"I'll go at dinner-time."

"And why not now?"

"Because," said Henry, with a candour all his own, "I'm getting over my fright a bit, and my blood is beginning to boil at being threatened by a sneak, who wouldn't stand before me one moment in that yard, knife or no knife."

Bayne smiled a friendly but faint smile, and shook his head with grave disapprobation, and said, with wonder, "Fancy postponing Peace!"

Henry went to his forge, and worked till dinner-time. Nay, more, he was a beautiful whistler, and always whistled a little at his work; so today he whistled a great deal: in fact, he over-whistled.

At dinner-time he washed his face and hands, and put on his coat to go out.

But he had soon some reason to regret that he had not acted on Bayne's advice to the letter. There had been a large trades' meeting overnight, and the hostility to the London craftsman had spread more

widely, in consequence of remarks that had been there made. This emboldened the lower class of workmen, who already disliked him out of pure envy, and had often scowled at him in silence: and, now, as he passed them, they spoke at him, in their peculiar language, which the great friend and supporter of mechanics in general, *The Hillsborough Liberal*, subsequently christened "THE DASH DIALECT."

"We want no ——— cockneys here, to steal our work."

"Did ever a ——— anvil-man handle his own blades in Hillsborough?"

"Not till this ——— knobstick came," said another.

Henry turned sharp round upon them haughtily, and, such was the power of his prompt defiant attitude, and his eye, which flashed black lightning, that there was a slight movement of recoil among the actual speakers. They recovered it immediately, strong in numbers; but in that same moment Little also recovered his discretion, and he had the address to step briskly towards the gate and call out the porter; he said to him in rather a loud voice, for all to hear, "If anybody asks for Henry Little, say he has gone to the Secretary of the Edge-Tool Forgers' Union." He then went out of the works; but, as he went, he heard some respectable workman say to the scum, "Come, shut up now. It is in better hands than yours."

Mr. Jobson, the Secretary of the Edge-Tool Forgers, was not at home, but his servant-girl advised Little to try the "Rising Sun;" and in the parlour of that orb he found Mr. Jobson, in company with other magnates of the same class, discussing a powerful leader of the *Hillsborough Liberal*, in which was advocated the extension of the franchise, a measure calculated to throw prodigious power into the hands of Hillsborough operatives, because of their great number, and their habit of living each workman in a tenement of his own, however small.

Little waited till *The Liberal* had received its meed of approbation, and then asked respectfully if he might speak to Mr. Jobson on a trade matter. "Certainly," said Mr. Jobson. "Who are you?"

"My name is Little. I make the carving-tools at Cheetham's."

"I'll go home with you; my house is hard by."

When they got to the house, Jobson told him to sit down, and asked him, in a smooth and well-modulated voice, what was the nature of the business. This query, coming from him, who had set the stone rolling that bade fair to crush him, rather surprised Henry. He put his hand into his pocket, and produced the threatening note, but said nothing as to the time or manner of its arrival.

Mr. Jobson perused it carefully, and then returned it to Henry. "What have we to do with this?" and he looked quite puzzled.

"Why, sir, it is the act of your Union."

"You are sadly misinformed, Mr. Little. *We never threaten.* All we do is to remind the master that, if he does not do certain things, certain other things will probably be done by us; and this we wrap up in the kindest way."

"But, sir, you wrote to Cheetham against me."

"Did we? Then it will be in my letter-book." He took down a book, examined it, and said, "You are quite right. Here's a copy of the letter. Now surely, sir, comparing the language, the manners, and the spelling, with that of the ruffian whose scrawl you received this morning——"

"Then you disown the ruffian's threat, sir?"

"Most emphatically. And if you can trace it home, he shall smart for interfering in our business."

"Oh, if the trade disowns the blackguard, I can despise him. But you can't wonder at my thinking all these letters were steps of the same—yes, and Mr. Bayne thought so too; for he said this was the regular routine, and ends in *doing* a poor fellow for gaining his bread."

Mr. Jobson begged to explain.

"Many complaints are brought to us, who advise the trades. When they are frivolous, we are unwilling to disturb the harmony of employers and workmen; we reason with the complainant, and the thing dies away. When the grievance is substantial, we take it out of the individual's hands, and lay it before the working committee. A civil note is sent to the master; or a respectable member of the committee calls on him, and urges him to redress the grievance, but always in kind and civil terms. The master generally assents: experience has taught him it is his wisest course. But if he refuses, we are bound to report the refusal to a larger committee, and sometimes a letter emanates from them, reminding the master that he has been a loser before by acts of injustice, and hinting that he may be a loser again. I don't quite approve this form of communication. But certainly it has often prevented the mischief from spreading farther. Well, but perhaps he continues rebellious. What follows? We can't lock up facts that affect the trade; we are bound to report the case at the next general meeting. It excites comments, some of them perhaps a little intemperate; the lower kind of workmen get inflamed with passion, and often, I am sorry to say, write ruffianly letters, and now and then do ruffianly acts, which disgrace the town, and are strongly reprobated by us. Why, Mr. Little, it has been my lot to send a civil remonstrance, written with my own hand, in pretty fair English—for a man who plied bellows and hammer twenty years of my life—and be treated with silent contempt; and two months after, to be offering a reward of twenty or thirty pounds, for the discovery of some misguided man, that had taken on himself to right this very matter with a can of gunpowder, or some such coarse expedient."

"Yes, but, sir, what hurts me is, you didn't consider me to be worth a civil note. You only remonstrated with Cheetham."

"You can't wonder at that. Our trade hasn't been together many years: and what drove us together? The tyranny of our employers. What has kept us together? The bitter experience of hard work and little pay, whenever we were out of union. Those, who now direct the trades, are old enough to remember when we were all ground down to the dust by the greedy masters; and therefore it is natural, when a grievance arises, we

should be inclined to look to those old offenders for redress in the first instance. Sometimes the masters convince us the fault lies with workmen; and then we trouble the master no more than we are forced to do in order to act upon the offenders. But, to come to the point; what is your proposal?"

"I beg to be admitted into the union."

"What union?"

"Why, of course the one I have offended, through ignorance. The edge-tool forgers."

Jobson shook his head, and said he feared there were one or two objections.

Henry saw it was no use bidding low. "I'll pay 15*l.* down," said he, "and I'll engage not to draw relief from your fund, unless disabled by accident or violence."

"I will submit your offer to the trade," said Jobson. He added, "Then there I conclude the matter rests for the present."

Henry interpreted this to mean that he had nothing to apprehend, unless his proposal should be rejected. He put the 15*l.* down on the table, though Mr. Jobson told him that was premature, and went off as light as a feather. Being nice and clean, and his afternoon's work spoiled, he could not resist the temptation; he went to "Woodbine Villa." He found Miss Carden at home, and she looked quietly pleased at his unexpected arrival: but Jael's colour came and went, and her tranquil bosom rose and fell slowly, but grandly, for a minute, as she lowered her head over her work.

This was a heavenly change to Henry Little. Away from the deafening workshop, and the mean jealousies and brutality of his inferiors, who despised him, to the presence of a beautiful and refined girl, who was his superior, yet did not despise him. From sin to purity, from dirt to cleanliness, from war to peace, from vilest passions to Paradise.

Her smile had never appeared so fascinating, her manner never so polite yet placid. How softly and comfortably she and her ample dress nestled into the corner of the sofa and fitted it! How white her nimble hand! how bright her delicious face! How he longed to kiss her exquisite hand, or her little foot, or her hem, or the ground she walked on, or something she had touched, or her eye had dwelt on.

But he must not even think too much of such delights, lest he should show his heart too soon. So, after a short lesson, he proposed to go into the lumber-room and find something to work upon. "Yes, do," said Grace. "I would go too; but no; it was my palace of delights for years, and its treasures inexhaustible. I will not go to be robbed of one more illusion. It is just possible I might find it really is what the profane in this house call it—a lumber-room—and not what memory paints it, a temple of divine curiosities." And so she sent them off, and set herself to feel old—"Oh, so old."

And presently Henry came back, laden with a great wooden bust of

Erin, that had been the figure-head of a wrecked schooner; and set it down, and told her he should carve that into a likeness of herself, and she must do her share of the work.

Straightway she forgot she was worn out; and clapped her hands, and her eyes sparkled. And the floor was prepared, and Henry went to work like one inspired, and the chips flew in every direction, and the paint was chiselled away in no time, and the wood proved soft and kindly, and just the colour of a delicate skin, and Henry said, "The Greek Statues, begging their pardons, have all got hair like mops; but this shall have real hair, like your own: and the silk dress, with the gloss on; and the lace: but the face, the expression, how can I ever——?"

"Oh, never mind *them*," cried Grace. "Jael, this is too exciting. Please go and tell them 'not at home' to anybody."

Then came a pretty picture: the workman, with his superb hand, brown and sinewy, yet elegant and shapely as a Duchess's, and the fingers almost as taper, and his black eye that glowed like a coal over the model, which grew under his masterly strokes, now hard, now light: the enchanting girl who sat to him, and seemed on fire with curiosity and innocent admiration: and the simple rural beauty, that plied the needle, and beamed mildly with demure happiness, and shot a shy glance upward now and then.

Yes, Love was at his old mischievous game.

Henry now lived in secret for Grace Carden, and Jael was garnering Henry into her devoted heart, unobserved by the object of her simple devotion. Yet, of the three, these two, that loved with so little encouragement, were the happiest. To them the world was Heaven this glorious afternoon. Time, strewing roses as he went, glided so sweetly and so swiftly, that they started with surprise, when the horizontal beams glorified the windows, and told them the brightest day of their lives was drawing to its end.

Ah, stay a little while longer for them, Western Sun. Stand still, not as in the cruel days of old, to glare upon poor, beaten, wounded, panting warriors, and rob them of their last chance, the shelter of the night; but to prolong these holy rapturous hours of youth, and hope, and first love in bosoms unsullied by the world—the golden hours of life, that glow so warm, and shine so bright, and fleet so soon; and return in this world——Never more!

CHAPTER V.

HENRY LITTLE began this bust in a fervid hour, and made great progress the first day: but, as the work grew on him, it went slower and slower; for his ambitious love drove him to attempt beauties of execution that were without precedent in this kind of wood-carving; and, on the other hand, the fastidiousness of a true craftsman made him correct his attempts

again and again. As to those mechanical parts, which he entrusted at first to his pupil, she fell so far short of his ideal even in these, that he told her bluntly she must strike work for the present ; he could not have *this* spoiled.

Grace thought it hard she might not be allowed to spoil her own image ; however, she submitted, and henceforth her lesson was confined to looking on. And she did look on with interest, and, at last, with profound admiration. Hitherto she had thought, with many other persons, that, if a man's hand was the stronger, a woman's was the neater : but now she saw the same hand, which had begun by hewing away the coarse outlines of the model, bestow touches of the chisel so unerring and effective, yet so exquisitely delicate, that she said to herself, " No woman's hand could be so firm, yet so feather-like, as all this."

And the result was as admirable as the process. The very texture of the ivory forehead began to come under those master-touches, executed with perfect and various instruments : and, for the first time perhaps in the history of this art, a bloom, more delicate far than that of a plum, crept over the dimpled cheek. But, indeed, when love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece.

Henry worked on it four afternoons, the happiest he had ever known. There was the natural pleasure of creating, and the distinct glory and delight of reproducing features so beloved ; and to these joys were added the pleasure of larger conversation. The model gave Grace many opportunities of making remarks, or asking questions, and Henry contrived to say so many things in answer to one. Sculptor and sitter made acquaintance with each other's minds over the growing bust.

And then young ladies and gentlemen dropped in, and gazed, and said such wonderfully silly things, and thereby left their characters behind them as fruitful themes for conversation. In short, topics were never wanting now.

As for Jael, she worked, and beamed, and pondered every word her idol uttered, but seldom ventured to say anything, till he was gone, and then she prattled fast enough about him.

The work drew near completion. The hair, not in ropes, as heretofore, but its silken threads boldly and accurately shown, yet not so as to cord the mass, and unsatin it quite. The silk dress ; the lace collar ; the blooming cheek, with its every dimple and incident ; all these were completed, and one eyebrow, a masterpiece in itself. This carved eyebrow was a revelation, and made everybody who saw it wonder at the conventional substitutes they had hitherto put up with in statuary of all sorts, when the eyebrow itself was so beautiful, and might, it seems, have been imitated, instead of libelled, all these centuries.

But beautiful works, and pleasant habits, seem particularly liable to interruption. Just when the one eyebrow was finished, and when Jael Dence had come to look on Saturday and Monday as the only real days in the week, and when even Grace Carden was brighter on those days, and

gliding into a gentle complacent custom, suddenly a Saturday came and went, but Little did not appear.

Jael was restless.

Grace was disappointed, but contented to wait till Monday.

Monday came and went, but no Henry Little.

Jael began to fret and sigh; and, after two more blank weeks, she could bear the mystery no longer. "If you please, Miss," said she, "shall I go to that place where he works?"

"Where who works?" inquired Grace, rather disingenuously.

"Why, the dark young man, Miss," said Jael, blushing deeply.

Grace reflected, and curiosity struggled with discretion; but discretion got the better, being aided by self-respect. "No, Jael," said she; "he is charming, when he is here; but, when he gets away, he is not always so civil as he might be. I had to go twice after him. I shall not go nor send a third time. It really is too bad of him."

"Dear heart," pleaded Jael, "mayhap he is not well."

"Then he ought to write and say so. No, no; he is a radical, and full of conceit: and he has done this one eyebrow, and then gone off laughing and saying, 'Now let us see if the gentry can do the other amongst them.' If he doesn't come soon, I'll do the other eyebrow myself."

"Mayhap he will never come again," sighed Jael.

"Oh, yes, he will," said Grace, mighty cunningly; "he is as fond of coming here as we are of having him. Not that I'm at all surprised; for the fact is you are very pretty, extremely pretty, abominably pretty."

"I might pass in Cairnhope town," said Jael, modestly, "but not here. The moon goes for nought when the sun is there. He don't come here for me."

This sudden elegance of language, and Jael's tone of dignified despondency, silenced Grace, somehow, and made her thoughtful. She avoided the subject for several days. Indeed, when Saturday came, not a word was said about the defaulter: it was only by her sending for Jael to sit with her, and by certain looks, and occasional restlessness, she betrayed the slightest curiosity or expectation.

Jael sat and sewed, and often looked quickly up at the window, as some footstep passed, and then looked down again and sighed.

Young Little never came. He seemed to have disappeared from both their lives; quietly disappeared.

Next day, Sunday, Jael came to Miss Carden, after morning church, and said, meekly, "If you please, Miss, may I go home?"

"Oh, certainly," said Grace, a little haughtily. "What for?"

Jael hung her head, and said she was not used to be long away. Then she lifted her head, and her great candid eyes, and spoke more frankly. "I feel to be drawed home. Something have been at me all the night to that degree as I couldn't close my eyes. I could almost feel it, like a child's hand, a pulling me East. I'm afeard father's ill, or maybe the calves are bleating for me, that is better acquaint with them than

sister Patty is. And Hillsborough air don't seem to 'gree with me now not altogether as it did at first. If you please, Miss, to let me go; and then I'll come back when I'm better company than I be now. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Why, Jael, my poor girl, what is the matter?"

"I don't know, Miss. But I feel very unked."

"Are you not happy with me?"

"'Tis no fault of yourn, Miss," said Jael, rustic, but womanly.

"Then you are *not* happy here."

No reply, but two clear eyes began to fill to the very brim.

Grace coaxed her, and said, "Speak to me like a friend. You know, after all, you are not my servant. I can't possibly part with you altogether; I have got to like you so: but, of course, you shall go home for a little while, if you wish it very, very much."

"Indeed I do, Miss," said Jael. "Please forgive me, but my heart feels like lead in my bosom." And, with these words, the big tears ran over, and chased one another down her cheeks.

Then Grace, who was very kind-hearted, begged her, in a very tearful voice, not to cry: she should go home for a week, a fortnight, a month even. "There, there, you shall go to-morrow, poor thing."

Now it is a curious fact, and looks like animal magnetism or something, but the farmhouse, to which Jael had felt so mysteriously drawn all night, contained, at that moment, besides its usual inmates, one Henry Little: and how he came there is an important part of this tale, which I must deal with at once.

While Henry was still visiting Woodbine Villa, as related above, events of a very different character from those soft scenes were taking place at the works. His liberal offer to the Edge-Tool Forgers had been made about a week, when, coming back one day from dinner to his forge, he found the smoky wall written upon with chalk, in large letters, neatly executed—

"Why overlook the Handlers?"

"MARY."

He was not alarmed this time, but vexed. He went and complained to Bayne; and that worthy came directly and contemplated the writing, in silence, for about a minute. Then he gave a weary sigh, and said, with doleful resignation, "Take the chalk, and write. There it is."

Henry took the chalk, and prepared to write Bayne's mind underneath Mary's. Bayne dictated:—

"I have offered the Handlers the same as the Forgers."

"But that is not true," objected Henry, turning round, with the chalk in his hand.

"It will be true, in half an hour. We are going to Parkin, the Handlers' Secretary."

"What, another 15l.! This is an infernal swindle."

"What isn't?" said Bayne, cynically.

Henry then wrote as desired; and they went together to Mr. Parkin.

Mr. Parkin was not at home. But they hunted him from pillar to post, and caught him, at last, in the bar-parlour of "The Pack-saddle." He knew Bayne well, and received him kindly, and, on his asking for a private interview, gave a wink to two persons who were with him: they got up directly, and went out.

"What, is there anything amiss between you and the trade?" inquired Mr. Parkin, with an air of friendly interest.

Bayne smiled, not graciously, but sourly, "Come, come, sir, that is a farce you and I have worn out this ten years. This is the London workman himself, come to excuse himself to Mary and Co., for not applying to them before: and the long and the short is, he offers the Handlers the same as he has the Smiths, fifteen down, and to pay his natty money, but draw no scale, unless disabled. What d'ye say? Yes, or no?"

"I'll lay Mr. Little's proposal before the committee."

"Thank you, sir," said Little. "And, meantime, I suppose I may feel safe against violence, from the members of your union?"

"Violence!" said Mr. Parkin, turning his eye inwards, as if he was interrogating the centuries. Then to Mr. Bayne, "Pray, sir, do you remember any deed of darkness that our union have ever committed, since we have been together; and that is twelve years?"

"Well, Mr. Parkin," said Bayne, "if you mean deeds of blood, and deeds of gunpowder, etcetera—why, no, not one: and it is greatly to your honour. But, mind you, if a master wants his tanks tapped and his hardening-liquor run into the shore, or his bellows to be ripped, his axle-nuts to vanish, his wheel-bands to go and hide in a drain or a church belfry, and his scythe-blades to dive into a wheel-dam, he has only to be wrong with your union, and he'll be accommodated as above. I speak from experience."

"Oh, rattening!" said Mr. Parkin. "That is a mighty small matter."

"It is small to you, that are not in the oven, where the bread is baked, or cooled, or burnt. But whatever parts the grindstones from the Power, and the bellows from the air, and the air from the fire, makes a hole in the master's business to-day, and a hole in the workmen's pocket that day six months. So, for Heaven's sake, let us be right with you. Little's is the most friendly and liberal offer that any workman ever made to any union. Do, pray, close with it, and let us be at peace; sweet—balmy—peace."

Parkin declared he shared that desire: but was not the committee.

Then, to Henry: "I shall put your case as favourably as my conscience will let me. Meantime, of course, the matter rests as it is."

They then parted; and Henry, as he returned home, thanked Bayne heartily. He said this second 15*l.* had been a bitter pill at first; but now he was glad he had offered it. "I would not leave Hillsborough for fifteen hundred pounds."

Two days after this promising interview with Mr. Parkin, Henry received a note, the envelope of which showed him it came from Mr. Jobson. He opened it eagerly, and with a good hope that its object was to tell him he was now a member of the Edge-Tool Forgers' Union.

The letter, however, ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR,—I hear, with considerable surprise, that you continue to forge blades and make handles for Mr. Cheetham. On receipt of this information I went immediately to Mr. Parkin, and he assured me that he came to the same terms with you as I did. He says he intimated politely, but plainly, that he should expect you not to make any more carving-tool handles for Mr. Cheetham, till his committee had received your proposal. He now joins me in advising you to strike work for the present. Hillsborough is surrounded by beautiful scenes, which it might gratify an educated workman to inspect, during the unavoidable delay caused by the new and very important questions your case has raised.

"Yours obediently,

"SAML. JOBSON.

"P.S.—A respectable workman was with me yesterday, and objected that you receive from Mr. Cheetham a higher payment than the list price. Can you furnish me with a reply to this, as it is sure to be urged at the trade meeting."

When he read this, Little's blood boiled, especially at the cool advice to lay down his livelihood, and take up scenery: and he dashed off a letter of defiance. He showed it to Bayne, and it went into the fire directly. "That is all right," said this worthy. "You have written your mind, like a man. Now sit down, and give them treacle for their honey—or you'll catch pepper."

Henry groaned, and writhed, but obeyed.

He had written his defiance in three minutes. It took him an hour to produce the following:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry for the misunderstanding. I did not, for a moment, attach that meaning to anything that fell either from you or Mr. Parkin.

"I must now remind you that, were I to strike work entirely, Mr. Cheetham could discharge me, and even punish me, for breach of contract. All I can do is to work fewer hours than I have done: and I

am sure you will be satisfied with that, if you consider that the delay in the settlement of this matter rests with you, and not with me.

“ I am

“ Yours respectfully,

“ HENRY LITTLE.

“ I furnish you, as requested, with two replies to the objection of a respectable workman that I am paid above the list price.

“ 1.—To sell skilled labour below the statement price, is a just offence, and injury to trade. But to obtain above the statement price is to benefit trade. The high price, that stands alone to-day, will not stand alone for ever. It gets quoted in bargains, and draws prices up to it. That has been proved a thousand times.

“ 2.—It is not under any master's skin to pay a man more than he is worth. If I get a high price, it is because I make a first-rate article. If a man has got superior knowledge, he is not going to give it away to gratify envious Ignorance.”

To this, in due course, he received from Jobson the following :—

“ DEAR SIR,—I advised you, according to my judgment and experience : but, doubtless, you are the best judge of your own affairs.”

And that closed the correspondence with the Secretaries.

The gentle Jobson and the polite Parkin had retired from the correspondence with their air of mild regret and placid resignation just three days, when young Little found a dirty crumpled letter on his anvil, written in pencil. It ran thus :—

“ Turn up or you'll wish you had dropped it. You'll be made so as you'll never do hands turn agin, an never know what hurt you.

(Signed)

“ MOONRAKER.”

Henry swore.

When he had sworn, (and, as a Briton, I think he had denied himself that satisfaction long enough,) he caught up a strip of steel with his pincers, shoved it into the coals, heated it, and, in half a minute, forged two long steel nails. He then nailed this letter to his wall, and wrote under it in chalk, “ I offer 10*l.* reward to any one who will show me the coward who wrote this, but was afraid to sign it. The writing is peculiar, and can easily be identified.”

He also took the knife that had been so ostentatiously fixed in his door, and carried it about him night and day, with a firm resolve to use it in self-defence, if necessary.

And now the plot thickened : the decent workmen in Cheetham's works were passive ; they said nothing offensive, but had no longer the

inclination, even if they had the power, to interfere and restrain the lower workmen from venting their envy and malice. Scarcely a day passed without growls and scowls. But Little went his way haughtily, and affected not to see, nor hear them.

However, one day, at dinner-time, he happened, unluckily, to be detained by Bayne in the yard, when the men came out; and two or three of the roughs took this opportunity and began on him at once, in the Dash Dialect, of course; they knew no other.

A great burly forger, whose red matted hair was powdered with coal-dust, and his face bloated with habitual intemperance, planted himself insolently before Henry, and said, in a very loud voice, "How many more trade meetings are we to have for one — knobstick?"

Henry replied, in a moment, "Is it my fault if your shilly-shallying committees can't say yes or no to 15*l*. You'd say yes to it, wouldn't you, sooner than go to bed sober?"

This sally raised a loud laugh at the notorious drunkard's expense, and checked the storm, as a laugh generally does.

But men were gathering round, and a workman who had heard the raised voices, and divined the row, ran out of the works, with his apron full of blades, and his heart full of mischief. It was a grinder of a certain low type, peculiar to Hillsborough, but quite common there, where grinders are often the grandchildren of grinders. This degenerate face was more canine than human; sharp as a hatchet, and with forehead villanously low; hardly any chin; and—most characteristic trait of all—the eyes, pale in colour, and tiny in size, appeared to have come close together, to consult, and then to have run back into the very skull, to get away from the sparks, which their owner, and his sire, and his grandsire, had been eternally creating.

This greyhound of a grinder flung down a lot of dull bluish blades, warm from the forge, upon a condemned grindstone that was lying in the yard; and they tinkled.

"— me, if I grind cockney blades!" said he.

This challenge fired a sympathetic handle-maker. "Grinders are right," said he. "We must be a — mean lot and all, to handle his — work."

"He has been warned enough; but he heeds noane."

"Hustle him out o' works."

"Nay, hit him o'er th' head and fling him into shore."

With these menacing words, three or four roughs advanced on him, with wicked eyes; and the respectable workmen stood, like stone statues, in cold and terrible neutrality; and Henry, looking round, in great anxiety, found that Bayne had withdrawn.

He ground his teeth, and stepped back to the wall, to have all the assailants in the front. He was sternly resolute, though very pale, and, by a natural impulse, put his hand into his side-pocket, to feel if he had a weapon. The knife was there, the deadly blade with which his enemies

themselves had armed him ; and, to those who could read faces, there was death in the pale check and gleaming eye of this young man, so sorely tried.

At this moment, a burly gentleman walked into the midst of them, as smartly as Van Amburgh amongst his tigers, and said steadily, "What is to do now, lads?" It was Cheetham himself. Bayne knew he was in the office, and had run for him, in mortal terror, and sent him to keep the peace. "They insult me, sir," said Henry ; "though I am always civil to them ; and that grinder refuses to grind my blades, there."

"Is that so? Step out, my lad. Did you refuse to grind those blades?"

"Ay," said the greyhound-man, sullenly.

"Then put on your coat, and leave my premises this minute."

"He is entitled to a week's warning, Mr. Cheetham," said one of the decent workmen, respectfully, but resolutely ; speaking now for the first time.

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Mr. Cheetham, in exactly the same tone. (No stranger could have divined the speakers were master and man.) "He has vitiated his contract by publicly refusing to do his work. He'll get nothing from me but his wages up to noon this day. But *you* can have a week's warning, if you want it."

"Nay, sir. I've nought against you, for my part. But they say it will come to that, if you don't turn Little up."

"Why, what's his fault? Come now ; you are a man. Speak up."

"Nay, I've no quarrel with the man. But he isn't straight with the trade."

"That is the secretaries' fault, not mine," said Henry. "They can't see I've brought a new trade in, that hurts no old trade, and will spread, and bring money into the town."

"We are not so — soft as swallow that," said the bloated smith. "Thou'st just come t' Hillsborough to learn forging, and when thou'st mastered that, off to London, and take thy — trade with thee."

Henry coloured to the brow at the inferior workman's vanity and its concomitant, detraction. But he governed himself, by a mighty effort, and said, "Oh, that's your grievance now, is it? Mr. Cheetham—sir—will you ask some respectable grinder to examine these blades of mine?"

"Certainly. You are right, Little. The man to judge a forger's work is a grinder, and not another forger. Reynolds, just take a look at them, will ye?"

A wet grinder of a thoroughly different type and race from the greyhound, stepped forward. He was thick-set in body, fresh-coloured, and of a square manly countenance. He examined the blades carefully, and with great interest.

"Well," said Henry, "were they forged by a smith, or a novice that is come here to learn anvil work?"

Reynolds did not reply to him, nor to Mr. Cheetham: he turned to

the men. "Mates, I'm noane good at lying. Hand that forged these has nought to learn in Hillsbro', nor any other shop."

"Thank you, Mr. Reynolds," said Henry, in a choking voice: "that is the first gleam of justice that I——" He could say no more.

"Come, don't you turn soft for a word or two," said Cheetham. "You'll wear all this out in time. Go to the office. I have something to say to you."

The something was soon said. It amounted to this—"Stand by me, and I'll stand by you."

"Well, sir," said Henry, "I think I must leave you if the committees refuse my offer. It is hard for one man to fight a couple of trades in such a place as this. But I'm firm in one thing: until those that govern the unions say 'no' to my offer, I shall go on working, and the scum of the trades shan't frighten me away from my forge."

"That's right; let the blackguards bluster. Bayne tells me you have had another anonymous."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here: you must take care of yourself, outside the works; but I'll take care of you inside. Here, Bayne, write a notice that, if any man molests, intimidates, or affronts Mr. Little, in my works, I'll take him myself to the town-hall, and get him two months directly. Have somebody at the gate, to put a printed copy of that into every man's hand as he leaves."

"Thank you, sir!" said Henry, warmly. "But ought not the police to afford me protection, outside?"

"The police! You might as well go to the beadle. No; change your lodging, if you think they know it. Don't let them track you home. Buy a brace of pistols, and, if they catch you in a dark place, and try to do you, give them a barrel or two before they can strike a blow. Not one of *them* will ever tell the police, not if you shot his own brother dead at that game. The law is a dead letter here, sir. You've nothing to expect from it, and nothing to fear."

"Good heavens! Am I in England?"

"In England? No. You are in Hillsborough."

This epigram put Cheetham in good humour with himself, and, when Henry told him he did not feel quite safe, even in his own forge, nor in his handling-room, and gave his reasons, "Oh," said cheerful Cheetham, "that is nothing. Yours is a box-lock; the blackguard will have hid in the works at night, and taken the lock off, left his writing, and then screwed the lock on again: that is nothing to any Hillsborough hand. But I'll soon stop that game. Go you to Chestnut Street, and get two first-class Bramah locks. There's a pocket-knife forge upstairs, close to your handling-room. I'll send the pocket-knife hand downstairs, and you fasten the Bramah locks on both doors, and keep the keys yourself. See to that now at once: then your mind will be easy. And I shall be in the works all day now, and every day; come to me directly, if there is anything fresh."

Henry's forge was cold, by this time; so he struck work, and spent the afternoon in securing his two rooms with the Bramah locks. He also took Cheetham's advice, in another particular. Instead of walking home, he took a cab, and got the man to drive rapidly to a certain alley. There he left the cab, ran down the alley, and turned a corner, and went home round about. He doubled like a hare, and dodged like a criminal evading justice.

But the next morning he felt a pleasing sense of security when he opened his forge-room with the Bramah key, and found no letters nor threats of any kind had been able to penetrate.

Moreover, all this time you will understand he was visiting "Woodbine Cottage" twice a week, and carving Grace Carden's bust.

Those delightful hours did much to compensate him for his troubles in the town, and were even of some service to him in training him to fence with the trades of Hillsborough: for at "Woodbine Villa" he had to keep an ardent passion within the strict bounds of reverence, and in the town he had constantly to curb another passion, wrath, and keep it within the bounds of prudence. These were kindred exercises of self-restraint, and taught him self-government beyond his years. But what he benefited most by, after all, was the direct and calming effect upon his agitated heart, and irritated nerves, that preceded, and accompanied, and followed these sweet, tranquillizing visits. They were soft, solacing, and soothing; they were periodical, and certain. He could count on leaving his cares, and worries, twice every week, at the door of that dear villa; and, when he took them up again, they were no longer the same; heavenly balm had been shed over them, and over his boiling blood.

One Saturday he heard, by a side-wind, that the unions at a general meeting had debated his case, and there had been some violent speeches, and no decision come to; but the majority adverse to him. This discouraged him sadly, and his yearning heart turned all the more towards his haven of rest, and the hours, few but blissful, that awaited him.

About 11 o'clock, that same day, the postman brought him a letter, so vilely addressed, that it had been taken to two or three places, on speculation, before it reached its destination.

Little saw at once it was another anonymous communication. But he was getting callous to these missives, and he even took it with a certain degree of satisfaction. "Well done, Bramah! Obligated to send their venom by post now." This was the feeling uppermost in his mind. In short, he opened the letter with as much contempt as anger.

But he had no sooner read the foul scrawl, than his heart died within him.

"Thou's sharp but not sharp enow. We know where thou goes coorting up hill. Window is all glass and ripe for a Peter shall blow the house tatums. There's the stuff in Hillsbro and the men that have done others

so, and will do her job as wells thine. Powders a good servant but a bad master.

“ONE WHO MEANS DOING WHAT HE SAYS.”

At this diabolical threat, young Little leaned sick and broken over the handle of his bellows.

Then he got up, and went to Mr. Cheetham, and said, patiently, “Sir, I am sorry to say I must leave you this very day.”

“Don’t say that, Little, don’t say that.”

“Oh, it is with a heavy heart, sir; and I shall always remember your kindness. . . But a man knows when he is beat. And I’m beat now.” He hung his head in silence awhile. Then he said, in a faint voice, “This is what has done it, sir,” and handed him the letter.

Mr. Cheetham examined it, and said, “I am not surprised at you being taken aback by this. But it’s nothing new to us; we have all been threatened in this form. Why, the very last time I fought the trades, my wife was threatened I should be brought home on a shutter, with my intestines sweeping the ground. That was the purport, only it was put vernacular and stronger. And they reminded me that the old gal’s clothes (that is Mrs. Cheetham: she is only twenty-six, and the prettiest lass in Coventry, and has a row of ivories that would do your heart good: now these Hillsborough hags haven’t got a set of front teeth among ’em, young or old.) Well, they told me the old gal’s clothes could easily be spoiled, and her doll’s face and all, with a penn’orth of vitriol.”

“The monsters!”

“But it was all brag. These things are threatened fifty times, for once they are done.”

“I shall not risk it. My own skin, if you like. But not hers: never, Mr. Cheetham: oh, never; never!”

“Well, but,” said Mr. Cheetham, “she is in no danger so long as you keep away from her. They might fling one of their petards in at the window, if you were there; but otherwise, never, in this world. No, no, Little, they are not so bad as that. They have blown up a whole household, to get at the obnoxious party; but they always make sure he is there first.”

Bayne was appealed to, and confirmed this; and, with great difficulty, they prevailed on Little to remain with them, until the unions should decide; and to discontinue his visits to the house on the hill in the meantime. I need hardly say they had no idea the house on the hill was “Woodbine Villa.”

He left them, and, sick at heart, turned away from Heath Hill, and strolled out of the lower part of the town, and wandered almost at random, and sad as death.

He soon left the main road, and crossed a stile: it took him by the side of a babbling brook, and at the edge of a picturesque wood. Ever and anon he came to a water-wheel, and above the water-wheel a dam made

originally by art, but now looking like a sweet little lake. They were beautiful places; the wheels and their attendant works were old and rugged, but picturesque and countrified: and the little lakes behind, fringed by the master-grinder's garden, were strangely peaceful and pretty. Here the vulgar labour of the grindstone was made beautiful and incredibly poetic.

"Ah!" thought poor Little, "how happy a workman must be that plies his trade here in the fresh air. And how unfortunate I am to be tied to a power-wheel, in that filthy town, instead of being here, where Nature turns the wheel, and the birds chirp at hand, and the scene and the air are all purity and peace."

One place of the kind was particularly charming. The dam was larger than most, and sloping grass on one side, cropped short by the grinder's sheep; on the other his strip of garden: and bushes and flowers hung over the edge and glassed themselves in the clear water. Below the wheel, and at one side, was the master grinder's cottage, covered with creepers.

But Henry's mind was in no state to enjoy these beauties. He envied them; and, at last, they oppressed him, and he turned his back on them, and wandered, disconsolate, home.

He sat down on a stool by his mother, and laid his beating temples on her knees,

"What is it, my darling?" said she softly.

"Well, mother, for one thing, the unions are against me, and I see I shall have to leave Hillsborough, soon or late."

"Never mind, dear; happiness does not depend upon the place we live in: and oh, Henry, whatever you do, never quarrel with those terrible grinders and people. The world is wide. Let us go back to London; the sooner the better. I have long seen there was something worrying you. But Saturday and Monday—they used to be your bright days."

"It will come to that, I suppose," said Henry, evading her last observation. "Yes," said he, wearily, "it will come to that." And he sighed so piteously that she forbore to press him. She had not the heart to cross-examine her suffering child.

That evening, mother and son sat silent by the fire: Henry had his own sad and bitter thoughts; and Mrs. Little was now brooding over the words Henry had spoken in the afternoon; and presently her maternal anxieties found a copious vent. She related to him, one after another, all the outrages that had been perpetrated in Hillsborough, while he was a child, and had been, each in its turn, the town talk.

It was a subject on which, if her son had been older, and more experienced in her sex, he would have closed her mouth promptly, she being a woman whose own nerves had received so frightful a shock, by the manner of her husband's death. But, inadvertently, he let her run on, till she told him how a poor grinder had been carried home to his wife, blinded and scorched with gunpowder and another had been taken home,

all bleeding, to his mother, so beaten and bruised with life-preservers, that he had lain between life and death for nine days, and never uttered one word all that time, in reply to all her prayers and tears.

Now Mrs. Little began these horrible narratives with a forced and unnatural calmness; but, by the time she got to the last, she had worked herself up to a paroxysm of sympathy with other wretched women in Hillsborough, and trembled all over, like one in an ague, for herself: and at last stretched out her shaking hands, and screamed to him, "Oh, Harry, Harry, have pity on your miserable mother! Think what these eyes of mine have seen—bleeding at my feet—there—there—I see it now"—(her eyes dilated terribly at the word)—"oh, promise me, for pity's sake, that these—same—eyes—shall never see *you* brought and laid down bleeding like *him!*" With this she went into violent hysterics, and frightened her son more than all the ruffians in the town had ever frightened him.

She was a long time in this pitiable condition, and he nursed her: but at last her convulsion ceased, and her head rested on her son's shoulder in a pitiable languor.

Henry was always a good son: but he never loved his mother so tenderly as he did this night. His heart yearned over this poor panting soul, so stately in form, yet so weak, so womanly, and loveable; his playmate in childhood, his sweet preceptor in boyhood; the best friend and most unselfish lover he had, or could ever hope to have, on earth; dear to him by her long life of loving sacrifice, and sacred by that their great calamity, which had fallen so much heavier on her than on him.

He soothed her, he fondled her, he kneeled at her feet, and promised her most faithfully he would never be brought home to her bruised or bleeding. No: if the unions rejected his offer he would go back to London with her at once.

And so, thrust from Hillsborough by the trades, and by his fears for Miss Carden, and also drawn from it by his mother's terrors, he felt himself a feather on the stream of Destiny; and left off struggling: beaten, heart-sick, and benumbed, he let the current carry him like any other dead thing that drifts.

He still plied the hammer, but in a dead-alive way.

He wrote a few cold lines to Mr. Jobson, to say that he thought it was time for a plain answer to be given to a business proposal. But, as he had no great hope the reply would be favourable, he awaited it in a state bordering on apathy. And so passed a miserable week.

And all this time she, for whose sake he denied himself the joy and consolation of her company, though his heart ached and pined for it, had hard thoughts of him, and vented them too to Jael Dence.

The young are so hasty in all their judgments.

While matters were in this condition, Henry found, one morning, two fresh panes of glass broken in his window.

In these hardware works the windows seldom or never open: air is procured in all the rooms by the primitive method of breaking a pane here

and a pane there; and the general effect is as unsightly as a human mouth where teeth and holes alternate. The incident therefore was nothing, if it had occurred in any other room; but it was not a thing to pass over in this room, secured by a Bramah lock, the key of which was in Henry's pocket: the panes must have been broken from the outside. It occurred to him directly that a stone had been thrown in with another threatening scrawl.

But, casting his eye all round, he saw nothing of the kind about.

Then, for a moment, a graver suspicion crossed his mind: might not some detonating substance, of a nature to explode when trodden upon, have been flung in? Hillsborough excelled in deviltries of this kind.

Henry thought of his mother, and would not treat the matter lightly or unsuspectingly. He stood still till he had lighted a lucifer match, and examined the floor of his room. Nothing.

He lighted a candle, and examined all the premises. Nothing.

But, when he brought his candle to the window, he made a discovery: the window had two vertical iron uprights, about three-quarters of an inch in circumference: and one of these revealed to his quick eye a bright horizontal line. It had been sawed with a fine saw.

Apparently an attempt had been made to enter his room from outside.

The next question was, had that attempt succeeded.

He tried the bar: it was not quite cut through.

He locked the forge up directly, and went to his handling-room. There he remained till Mr. Cheetham entered the works; then he went to him, and begged him to visit his forge.

Mr. Cheetham came directly, and examined the place carefully.

He negatived, at once, the notion that any Hillsborough hand had been unable to saw through a bar of that moderate thickness. "No," said he, "they were disturbed, or else some other idea struck them all of a sudden; or else they hadn't given themselves time, and are coming again to-morrow. I hope they are. By six o'clock to-night, I'll have a common wooden shutter hung with six good hinges on each side, easy to open at the centre; only, across the centre, I'll fix a Waterloo cracker inside."

"A Waterloo cracker!"

"Ay, but such a one as you never saw. I shall make it myself. It shall be only four inches long, but as broad as my hand, and enough detonating powder in it to blow the shutter fifty feet into the air: and, if there should be one of Jobson's lads behind the shutter at the time, why he'll learn flying, and nought to pay for wings."

"Why, sir, you are planning the man's death!"

"And what is *he* planning? Light your forge, and leave the job to me. I'm Hillsborough too: and they've put my blood up at last."

While Henry lighted his forge, Mr. Cheetham whipped out a rule, and measured the window exactly. This done, he went down the stairs, and crossed the yard to go to his office,

But, before he could enter it, a horrible thing occurred in the room he had just left ; so horrible, it made him, brave as he was, turn and scream like a woman.

Some miscreant, by a simple but ingenious means, which afterwards transpired, had mixed a quantity of gunpowder with the smithy-slack or fine cinders of Henry's forge. The moment the forge was hot, the powder ignited with a tremendous thud, a huge mass of flame rushed out, driving the coals with it, like shot from a gun ; Henry, scorched, blackened, and blinded, was swept, as by a flaming wind, against the opposite wall ; then, yelling, and stark mad with fright (for nothing drives men out of their wits like an explosion in a narrow space), he sprang at the window, head foremost, and with such velocity, that the sawed iron snapt like a stick of barley-sugar, and out he went head foremost ; and this it was made Cheetham scream, to see him head downwards, and the paving-stones below.

But the aperture was narrow : his body flew through, but his right arm went round the unbroken upright, and caught it in the bend of the elbow.

Then Cheetham roared, " Hold on, Little ! Hold on, I tell you ! "

The scared brain of a man accustomed to obey received the command almost without the mind ; and the grinders and forgers, running wildly into the yard, saw the obnoxious workman, black as a cinder from head to foot, bleeding at the face from broken glass, hanging up there by one hand, moaning with terror, and looking down with dilating eye, while thick white smoke rushed curling out, as if his body was burning. Death by suffocation was at his back, and broken bones awaited him below.

On Relics Ecclesiastical.

(BY "THE UNDEVELOPED COLLECTOR.")

PART III.

If the number of relics ascribed to Apostolic times has appeared somewhat astonishing, our wonder must go on increasing as we descend to more recent periods. When relic-collecting had become a regular and encouraged custom, when an African Council could decree that no church should be built without them, it was natural enough that churches should vie with each other in their museums of saintly rarities. Cities fought for the "earthly tabernacle" of some martyr or confessor, just as Smyrna and others did about the birthplace of Homer. The joint of a finger, if nothing better could be had, was a present Emperors were not ashamed to make or archbishops to receive. Amidst such an *embarras de richesses*, all that can be done is to pick out from the mountain a fragment here and there that has more than common interest.

The earliest saint to which a church was dedicated after St. Peter and St. Paul is said to be S. Agnes. Constantine the Great appears to have built the church at Rome, now called S. Agnese fuori le Mura, at the request of his daughter Constantia, only a few years after the saint's death. At all events, it is of such antiquity that in 625 it required to be repaired. It was built on the spot where her remains were deposited, and are still preserved in a rich shrine, the gift of Paul V. "Every year the Abbot of St. Peter's ad Vincula blesses in it, at high mass, two lambs, which are then carried to the Pope, who also blesses them. After this, they are sent to the nuns of St. Lawrence in Panisperna, or sometimes to the capuchinesses, who make of them wool palliums, which his Holiness blesses and sends to archbishops as an emblem of meekness and spotless purity."

S. Cecilia, the patroness of music, was buried by Pope Urban in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, where her sarcophagus is still shown; the house in which she had lived being, according to her dying wish, converted into a church. When Pascal I. was engaged in repairing this church, the saint appeared to him, and told him of the place where her remains would be discovered. They were of course removed to her church, and remained there undisturbed till the 16th century, when the sarcophagus was once more opened before Cardinal Baronius and other distinguished persons, and her body found in the position represented in her statue by Stefano Maderno. The cypress coffin after this was enclosed in a silver shrine—which was carried off, of course, by the French when they occupied Rome.

Her remains were left behind, and can be seen by those who care to see them, in the third week in Lent.

Few places in the East are better known than the Convent of S. Catharine in the peninsula of Mount Sinai. One cannot help regretting that there should not be more foundation in fact for the legends which have given us so many exquisite pictures of her "marriage," and such portraits as that by Raffaele, in our own National Gallery. After her martyrdom at Alexandria, angels carried her—as represented in Müller's well-known picture—to the top of the mountain which bears her name, whence she was removed to her present resting-place. Sir J. Maundeville says that in the Church of S. Catharine "are many lamps burning, for they have enough oil of olives both to burn in their lamps and to eat also; which plenty they have by God's miracle: for the ravens, crows, and choughs, and other fowls of that country, assemble there once every year, and fly thither as in pilgrimage: and each brings a branch of bays or olive in its beak, instead of offering, and leaves it there, of which the monks make great plenty of oil; and this is a great marvel. And since fowls that have no natural knowledge or reason go thither to seek that glorious virgin, well more ought men to seek her and worship her. . . . Beside the high altar, raised on three steps, is the chest of alabaster containing the bones of S. Catharine, and the prelate of the monks shows the relics to the pilgrims, and rubs the bones with an instrument of silver, whereupon there issues a little oil, as though it were a kind of sweating, which is neither like oil nor balm, but is very sweet of smell; and of that they give a little to the pilgrims, for there issues but a small quantity of the liquor. They next show the head of S. Catharine, and the cloth that she was wrapped in, which is still all bloody. And in that same cloth, so wrapped, the angels bore her body to Mount Sinai, and there they buried her with it." Her relics now consist only of her skull and hand, set in gold and richly ornamented with jewels.

S. Agatha, the Sicilian martyr, was buried at Catania, to the great comfort and protection, as it seems, of its inhabitants. "There," says Willibald, "is Etna; in case of an eruption of which the inhabitants of Catania take the veil of S. Agatha and hold it up towards the fire, which immediately ceases."

Everybody who knows anything of Naples knows that its great treasure is the blood of St. Januarius, contained in two phials, which are kept in a chapel dedicated to him, and which liquefies twice a year, on each occasion for eight days. St. Januarius, according to his "authentic history," was decapitated at Pozzuoli, in 305, when lions had refused to devour him in the amphitheatre. His body was removed in the time of Constantine to Naples, and the two phials given at the same time to Bishop Severus. Nothing more is heard of them till the eleventh century. Meanwhile, the saint's body had been removed to Benevento; but, after sundry translations, it was brought back to Naples in 1497, and deposited in the cathedral. The blood is said to liquefy whenever the saint's head

is brought near it. This marvel, however, is not unique. In the chapel of St. Pantaleone, at Ravello, is a phial of that saint's blood, which liquefies on the anniversary of his martyrdom. A very curious account of the Neapolitan miracle is to be seen in the diary of the Earl of Perth (1696), published by the Camden Society. "The Roman lady who had gathered it from off the ground in a sponge, had, in squeezing of it into the glass, lett a bit of straw fall in too, which one sees in the blood to this very day." "Among many miraculous deliverances," says Butler, "which the city of Naples ascribes to the intercession of this great saint, none is looked upon as more remarkable than its preservation from the fiery eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. Its protection from this dreadful volcano was most remarkable in 685, 1631, and 1707. In this last, whilst Cardinal Francis Pignatelli, with the clergy and people, devoutly followed the shrine of St. Januarius in procession to a chapel at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, the fiery eruption ceased; the mist, which before was so thick that no one could see another at the distance of three yards, was scattered, and at night the stars appeared in the sky."

The saint, however, seems to require stirring up now and then, as upon the occasion when he was publicly whipped in the streets of Naples for his negligence. And Professor Phillips, in his new and excellent work on Vesuvius, suggests an account of the virtue of the saint's interference differing somewhat from that which the Romish biographer has so trustingly supplied.

Mention has already been made of the "manna of St. Andrew." A rival liquid is to be found at Bari, where a tomb, said to be that of St. Nicholas—who even when a baby scrupulously observed the fasts of Wednesdays and Fridays, and afterwards became Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and whose remains were stolen by some merchants of Bari, about 1087—distils what is called the "manna of St. Nicholas"—an effectual cure for more diseases than Parr's life pills can pretend to. An ancient palace, now the Priory, was given by Robert Guiscard for the reception of the relics, and received very substantial benefactions both from Robert himself and his son Roger, whose coronation chair is still shown there.

The legend of the Canaanitish giant, St. Christopher, must be true; for are there not two of his molars, mighty as those of an ass, preserved carefully among the relics at Valencia and Santiago?

I must not omit to mention one or two of the men who are answerable for an institution which has been, at times, of infinite service to mankind, and without which religion and learning would have died out altogether; whereas, at other periods, it has been equally productive of disaster—I mean monasteries. The founder of the order of hermits was St. Paul of Thebes, who, in a persecution under the Emperor Decius, retired into a desert, being then twenty-two years old. A spring supplied him with drink, and a palm-tree with food. When forty-three years afterwards the palm-tree died, a raven brought him daily half a loaf of bread, except on the occasion of the only visit he ever received,—from St. Anthony, the

founder of Monachism,—when the raven very considerably brought a double portion. When he died, at the age of 113, two lions dug his grave. His remains were carried off to Constantinople by the Emperor Michael Comnenus; and afterwards, in 1340, to Venice; and lastly, to Buda, by Louis I. of Hungary.

The body of St. Anthony was, in 561, carried off to Alexandria. When the Saracens conquered Egypt in 635 it was removed to Constantinople; but in 1070 given to Joselin, a nobleman of Vienne, in Dauphiné, who gave it to his native town.

The connection of the saint with the disease which goes by his name will be best explained by the following account from *Butler's Lives of the Saints*:—“In 1089 a pestilential erysipelas distemper, called the sacred fire, swept off great numbers in most provinces of France; public prayers and processions were ordered against the scourge. At length it pleased God to grant many miraculous cures of this dreadful distemper to those who implored His mercy through the intercession of St. Antony, especially before his relics; the church in which they were deposited was resorted to by great numbers of pilgrims, and his patronage was implored over the whole kingdom against this disease.”

One of the strangest roads by which any man ever attempted to reach heaven was that of St. Simeon Stylites, who for seven and thirty years lived on the top of a pillar. During the first four years it was six cubits high, for the next three it was twelve, then for ten years it was twenty-two, and for the last twenty it was forty cubits high. He was buried at Antioch.

Few names are more famous than that of St. Francis d'Assisi. The small Gothic chapel and cell in which he lived and prayed are now enclosed in the magnificent church of La Madonna degli Angeli. The crucifix in the church of St. Damian outside Assisi spoke three times to him,—“Francis, go and repair my house, which thou seest falling.” The story of his receiving the stigmata two years before he died is so well known, it need only be alluded to. Some of the blood from his side is kept in the cathedral at Recanati. He was the founder of the Franciscans, or Friars Minor, the second order of mendicant friars that found their way into England, and the most powerful. St. Francis himself sent nine friars to England in 1219, their first convent being at Canterbury, their second at Northampton. One very important one was near Newgate, built by Margaret, the second wife of Edward I., in 1306. Whittington gave it its great library in 1429. At its dissolution, it was changed by Edward VI. into a school, and is now Christ's Hospital.

Another of our large schools—the Charter-house—gets its name from the Carthusians, for whom Sir Walter Manny founded a monastery in 1371. It was dissolved in the time of Henry VIII., and its Prior, John Houghton, put to death for denying the king's supremacy. Henry gave it to Sir Thomas Audley. After passing into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, whose attainer, in 1572, caused it to revert to the crown, it was purchased

in 1611 for 13,000*l.* by Thomas Sutton, who founded the present institution. So strict are the Carthusian rules that though persons may pass into this order from any others, a Carthusian can never become a member of any other whatever. Yet Voltaire admitted that it was the only ancient one which had never wanted reform.

One of the most famous of the Franciscans was Bonaventura, the Seraphic doctor. His body was carried to the new church of the Franciscans at Lyons, where Charles VIII. placed it in a magnificent shrine. In 1562 the Calvinists plundered it, but the head and other portions were recovered and restored. Charles of Orleans, who had been captured at Agincourt, falling ill of a fever, "set himself to implore the patronage of S. Bonaventura, and a perfect recovery was the recompence of his devotion. In gratitude, as soon as he was set at liberty, he went to Lyons to offer up his thanksgivings and prayers at the tomb of the saint, on which he bestowed magnificent presents."

Still earlier in England, and almost as powerful, were the Dominicans, or Black Friars. One of the greatest ornaments of that order was St. Thomas Aquinas—the subtle doctor—as he is generally called, though when he was at college he was considered so stupid as to go by the sobriquet of the great Sicilian ox. An orange-tree is still pointed out at Fondi which he planted, and the pulpit from which he preached at Pisa. He was at one time professor in a university that existed then near Naples, Charles of Anjou fixing his salary at the sum of an ounce of gold a month, rather different from the payment of professors now-a-days. On his death his body was given to the Dominicans by Pope Urban V., to be carried either to Paris or Toulouse, as Italy had already the body of St. Dominic at Bologna. It was carried to Toulouse—150,000 persons, with Louis the Duke of Anjou at their head, coming to meet it—and there, in the Dominican church, with the exception of some portions at Salerno, Paris, and Naples, it exists still.

To no order of monks is literature under such deep obligations as to that of the Benedictines. The works issued under the supervision of the brethren of St. Maur will always remain as a most honourable testimony to their wonderful diligence and great learning. Near Subiaco the cave is still pointed out to which St. Benedict retired when only fourteen years old. A huge rock, which hangs over the monastery, looks, as it is said to be, suspended miraculously. In the garden below roses bloom marvellously, the descendants of those Benedict tended with his own hand. There is, however, another legend about them, which is that they were originally the thorns on which Benedict used to roll himself in his penitential exercises, but changed into roses by St. Francis when he visited the spot in 1223. On one occasion, at least, Benedict's influence was very powerful for good. Totila, King of the Goths, had been committing horrible atrocities in Italy: hearing of Benedict's fame, he dressed up one of his officers as king and sent him to the saint, who discovered the imposture long before the man reached him. Totila afterwards went in

person, when Benedict rated him well for his cruelties, and, what is more to the purpose, with a good deal of success.

I must not pass by without any mention the names of Ignatius Loyola—the founder of the most powerful order of monks that has ever existed, and the most feared, the Jesuits—who reposes in an urn of gilt bronze in the gorgeous church of the Jesuits at Rome, or his almost equally famous scholar, St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies. The room in which Loyola was born is considered almost as sacred as the house of Loretto, and the spot is still pointed out at Monserrat where he watched before the Virgin the night before founding his order.

Quite as famous in Spain, at least, is the name of S. Teresa, the foundress of the Barefooted Carmelites, the commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies in the Peninsular War. So anxious was she for the honour of martyrdom that she started off, when only seven years old, with her brother in search of it among the Moors; but their uncle met with them, and brought them back. She was buried at Avila, where she died in 1582, “10,000 martyrs assisting at her bedside, and the Saviour coming down in person to convey His bride to heaven. See, for details, Ribadeneyra.”

One more Spanish saint must have a word, St. Vincent, who gives his name to the promontory, and to a noble title in our own country. His “bones” were discovered in Valencia, and carried to the Abbey of Castres in Languedoc, where they were burnt by the Huguenots. His “body,” however, was carried off from the promontory by Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, in 1189, to Lisbon. His stole is the palladium of Zaragossa. Whilst Childebert had been besieging that city in 542, he was astonished to see constant processions taking place. On finding that it was the stole of St. Vincent which was being thus carried about, and that the inhabitants ascribed their success to its presence, he raised the siege, on condition of the relic becoming his own, which accordingly was carried to Paris, and given to the Church of St. Vincent, now called St. Germain des Prés. Perhaps, after all, it was only an imitation; for the stole was again brought out when the French attacked Zaragossa, in 1707; but on this occasion its powers had gone, and the town fell into the hands of the enemy.

Before coming to England we must stop for a moment at Rheims, to tell the story of its sacred oil. Rheims gets its name from St. Remy, the apostle of the Franks, who was buried there. When he was about to baptize Clovis, the first King of France, after his victory over the German Franks at Cologne, a dove brought from heaven the oil that was used at the ceremony. This *sainte ampoule* was used ever afterwards at the coronation of the Kings of France. On one occasion, however, its use had to be dispensed with. When Henry the Huguenot made his peace with the Romish Church, in 1593, and his coronation had been determined on, a somewhat unexpected difficulty presented itself. In 1588 the League had decreed that no person should be recognized as king who had not been anointed with the holy oil of Rheims. Rheims, however, had not recog-

nized Henry, and the oil accordingly was not forthcoming. But if the oil could not be had, something better could. A hundred and twelve years before the baptism of Clovis St. Martin of Tours had fallen downstairs, and received very serious injuries. "Physicians were in vain;" but an angel appeared with a supply of balsam, which effected an instant cure; and this was accordingly used at Henry's coronation. In 1793 the *sainte ampoule* was smashed, when the mob destroyed the bodies of three Carolingian kings and twenty-five archbishops that had been buried at Rheims. Some portion of the oil, however, must have escaped, as it reappeared at the coronation of Charles X.

A piece of the old blue cloak of this same St. Martin formed the royal banner of France till the earldom of Vexin, a fief of the Abbey of St. Denis, became united with the crown, when its place was taken by the red silk oriflamme, which disappeared in the time of Louis XI.

One name ever to be remembered in England is that of Pope Gregory the Great. Everybody, I presume, knows the somewhat mild pun he was guilty of when he met with the little English boys for sale in the market-place at Rome. Very soon after, he started off on a missionary expedition to Britain, but was brought back again. However, he did not give up his good intentions altogether, and in process of time Augustine and his companions were despatched on their errand of love, and found a welcome from Ethelbert, King of Kent.

At Canterbury is the old chair of grey Purbeck marble, which tradition says was the coronation chair of the Pagan kings of Kent; but given by the King to the great missionary. It is still used at the enthronization of an Archbishop. Its date, however, does not seem to be earlier than the thirteenth century.

Augustine gave his name to what was, not long ago, a magnificent ruin, but is now happily restored as the Missionary College at Canterbury. The Pope did not forget to supply his friends with a library. It has long been dispersed, but some volumes which belonged to it are still traceable: a copy of the Gospels, for instance, is in the Bodleian at Oxford, and another in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

There is, I fear, no escape from the conclusion that the patron saint of "Merrie England" was an exceedingly disreputable character. The scene of his combat was, according to one legend, at Selene in Libya; according to another, near Beirout. At Damascus, De la Brocquiere tells us, "I saw the stone from which St. George mounted his horse when he went to combat the dragon. It is two feet square; and they say that when formerly the Saracens attempted to carry it away, in spite of all the strength they employed they could not succeed." His "dragon" was orthodox Christianity, which, as an Arian, he laboured hard to destroy. Long before the Norman Conquest he was a favourite saint in England, but Cœur de Lion is answerable for his present estimation. The church at Lydda dedicated to him is said to have been built by the Lion-hearted King. The Church of St. Giorgio in Velabro, on the door

of which Rienzi posted up his famous notice, contains the head of the saint and the banner of red silk he used to carry about with him.

St. Patrick, though the Apostle of Ireland, was not the first introducer of Christianity into that island. Palladius, the Apostle of Scotland, whose shrine at Fordun was carried off in the Reformation, preceded St. Patrick by some years, and remained in the country till driven out by the King of Leinster. But two other names are also mentioned: St. Kieran, whose chair is still shown at the Cathedral of Kilkenny, and St. Declan, who landed at Ardmore in Waterford. Being unprovided with the means of performing divine service, a stone some four or five tons weight floated from Rome, on which were vestments, a bell for his tower, which, together with the church, was built in one night, and a lighted candle for the mass. The stone is still to be seen on the shore, resting on two other stones, and held so sacred that at low water pilgrims crawl round it several times on bare knees, and then creep under it. As many as 12,000 or 15,000 persons are to be seen there at the Saint's festival. The clay from his grave, of which the supply is never exhausted, is mixed with medicines and held infallible.

St. Patrick himself is said to have been born at Tours, and to have been carried as a slave to Ireland whilst very young. He managed to escape, but could not return as a missionary till he was 60 years old; passing an equal number of years in the country, during which he founded 365 churches, ordained as many bishops, and 3,000 priests. He was buried at Downpatrick, where his grave, on which nothing but grass and the shamrock can grow, is held most sacred. About a mile and a half off is the Struel well. St. Patrick and St. Bridget one day were walking together, when St. Bridget, feeling thirsty, expressed his doubts whether his companion could do what Moses did in the wilderness, provide a miraculous supply of water. On that St. Patrick struck St. Bridget on the foot, the blood that issued was changed into water, and the stream has been running ever since. St. Patrick had a wonderful cow, the bones and one of the horns of which were discovered at Ardpatrik. On one occasion its calf was stolen, and the cow made the large double trench from Cashel to Ardmore whilst going in search of it. The saint's staff was carried from Armagh to Christ Church Cathedral at Dublin, and burned in 1508. It was at that church that Lambert Simnel was crowned as Edward VI., the crown used on the occasion being borrowed from the statue of the Virgin in a neighbouring church. There is a very ancient bell in existence which may, without any great stretch of imagination, be supposed to have been the identical bell of St. Patrick, which Colgan tells us, when tolled as a preservative against evil spirits and magicians, was heard from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from the Hill of Howth to the western shores of Connemara. No wonder, with such implements at hand, the saint banished all reptiles from Ireland. Irish soil was considered a sure preservative against vermin of all sorts, and the mound on which Cockermouth Castle in Cumberland is built was

brought from Ireland under that impression. The bell itself is uncouth enough, being "composed of two pieces of hammered iron, connected by brass solder and by twelve rivets." But the cover is magnificent, set with jewels, and apparently of the eleventh century, and evidently at that period considered a very precious relic.

If England confesses her obligations to Italy for St. Augustine, Germany must admit her debt to England for her apostle, St. Boniface. Boniface, or Winfrid, as his name was at first, was born at Crediton. It was through Gregory II. that he was induced to make Germany the scene of his labours. Among his royal friends were King Ina, and Carloman, eldest son of Charles Martel, who was induced by him to become a monk. It was, however, no such uncommon proceeding in those days; for that same year, Frisigitha, Queen of the West Saxons, took the veil, and no less than eight Northumberland kings had anticipated the example of the Emperor Charles V. It was Boniface who crowned Pepin, the first of the Carolingian kings, who was so kind as to allow the six "*rois fainéans*" of the Merovingian stock that existed in his time, to show themselves to their loving subjects once a year. Boniface was murdered by Pagans when seventy-five years old, and his body was placed in the Cathedral of Fulda, but now consists only of a fragment of his skull. In the sacristy is his ivory crozier and the dagger by which he was murdered. In the *Acta Sanctorum* is a long history of an "incredible number of miracles which have been wrought by God at the relics and through the intercession of St. Boniface."

"*Audi alteram partem*" is advice which is all the less attended to because it often happens to be unpleasantly appropriate. One amusing instance we have had lately in the controversy between Archbishop Manning and *The Times*, about Thomas à Becket. That these two potentates should disagree is what everybody of course was prepared for; but it is not often, except in politics, that we meet with such a refreshing illustration of the old story of the gold and silver shield. Some people, I suspect, would call one version "pure cant," and the other "Kant pure," and be malicious enough perhaps to add that it was difficult to say which was the more objectionable. No doubt there are parts of Becket's life which will not bear examination. No doubt Henry was beyond measure astonished at the Tartar he had caught in the new Archbishop of Canterbury, and had more meaning than he would afterwards confess to when he uttered his unfortunate wish to be rid of the turbulent priest that was such a plague to him. But if Becket pushed his spiritual claims upon the Crown and nation to an unjustifiable degree, it was after all only a just retaliation for the monstrous injustice the Crown had not scrupled to inflict upon the Church. Anyhow, Henry was penitent enough when he heard of the Archbishop's death, and in Butler's elegant language, "not only wept, but howled and cried out in the excess of his grief." A magnificent shrine was built to contain his relics, a perfect blaze of gold and jewels, the most valuable being a diamond given by Louis VII. of France. Stow

gives us a description of it:—"It was built about a man's height, all of stone; then upwards of plain timber, within which was an iron chest, containing the bones of Thomas Becket, as also the skull, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of the skull laid in the same wound. The timber work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold, damasked and embossed, garnished with brooches, images, angels, chains, precious stones, and great oriental pearls: the spoils of which shrine, in gold and jewels of an inestimable value, filled two great chests, one of which six or eight men could do no more than convey out of the church. All which was taken to the King's use; and the bones of St. Thomas, by command of Lord Cromwell, were there burnt to ashes in September, 1538." Henry begged the diamond, and wore it as a ring: and even Mary did not object to have it afterwards in her collar. The hair shirt which was discovered on Becket's body after death is at Douay. The stone stained with his blood was cut out and sent to Rome, where a church has been built to his memory. Part of Le Bret's sword, by which he was killed, was given by Cardinal Guala de Bicchieri, the Papal legate in England in the reigns of John and Henry III., to the cathedral at Vercelli, where it still remains. His mitre, long preserved at Sens, together with some of his vestments, was in 1862 in the possession of Cardinal Wiseman, who sent it to the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington. Sens was the place to which Becket fled in 1184. At Vezelay he pronounced his famous excommunication of Henry and all his abettors, which so enraged the King that he threatened to put down all the Benedictine abbeys in England if that order gave any further protection to the Archbishop.

At Avranches is pointed out a column at which Henry is said to have kneeled when he made atonements for Becket's murder, and received absolution from the Papal legates. Becket's shrine was at one time wonderfully popular. "Whilst no man brought his gift to the altar of his Saviour, in Canterbury Cathedral, throughout a whole year, offerings were made at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in the same place, and during the same period, to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds." No wonder, however, he was such a favourite, when no less than 263 miracles are ascribed to him; though how many of them were of the character of one that figures in a quaint sermon of Latimer's I am not prepared to say. A gentlewoman of London was met by one of her neighbours in the street, and asked, "Mistress, whither go ye?" "Marry," said she, "I am going to St. Thomas of Acres, to the sermon: I could not sleep all this last night, and I am going now thither; I never failed of a good nap there." In one of the miracles King Henry figures. He had resolved to do penance at Canterbury for his share in Becket's death. Barefoot, and in a woollen shirt and short cloak, he walked from St. Dunstan's Church to the Cathedral, kissed the spot where the archbishop had fallen, and submitted to be scourged by the monks and ecclesiastical dignitaries who were present on the occasion. "Next morning, as he

was hearing mass before the tomb, the King of Scotland, his most cruel enemy, was taken prisoner by a small number of men."

Cœur de Lion, on returning from Palestine, walked from Sandwich to the shrine, to give thanks for his deliverance; King John paid it a visit after his coronation; and probably none of our kings, from the second Henry to the eighth, failed to make the famous pilgrimage. The legend about the "bad end" to which the murderers came, and the inscription over their supposed tomb at Jerusalem—"Here lie the wretches who martyred blessed Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury"—are altogether apocryphal. Bret died quietly in his own bed; Tracy became Grand Justiciary of Normandy; Fitzurse went to Ireland, where he founded the family of the Mc Mahons, of Wexford; whilst Hugh de Morville, lord of Burgh-by-Sands, in Cumberland, was made Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent. His sword, long preserved at Kirk Oswald, was afterwards placed in the hand of a statue, which Thomas Carlisle, "organist and sculptor," executed for Sir Wilfrid Lawson, of Brayton Hall.

The two days set apart for Becket in the English calendar—December 29 is the day of his martyrdom, and July 7 of the translation of his remains from the crypt—were removed therefrom by the "Defender of the Faith," Henry VIII.

The mention of abuses naturally leads to that of the Reformation. To go, however, into any account of the numerous relics of that most interesting and important period would far exceed the limits I have proposed to myself. Accordingly I shall stop here. I had intended to give some examples of the prices which relics have fetched at various times; but I will content myself with an extract from a would-be "humourous poem," called *Chalcographimania*. "I cannot refrain from recording the Methodistical mania which never was more powerfully evinced by the most bigotted catholics, than became manifest a short time back at the sale of Huntington's effects at Hermes Hill, Pentonville, where among other precious relics of this saint among the ranters, producing extraordinary sums, an old arm-chair must particularly stand recorded, which, although not intrinsically worth fifty shillings, was knocked down to a devotee for sixty pounds, whilst Saunders the auctioneer was commissioned to go as far as one hundred, had the competitorship continued. In addition to this chair mania, I have recently been informed that the spectacles of Huntington and every other article produced similar exorbitant sums, whilst it is asserted that a waggon of the prophet's was purchased by a farmer, who was one of his most zealous followers, for no less a sum than one thousand two hundred pounds."

Angling.

THE angling season for both salmon and trout has commenced. The Acts of Parliament lately passed For the Better Preservation of Inland Fisheries, have curtailed the "close season," and have added to the "open season" a part of the month of February, a part of the month of September, and the whole of October, during which latter period some good sport may be had both in rivers and lakes. The demolition of the far too numerous fixed engines which had overspread the tidal portions of rivers, has been the means of opening them up, and removing many serious and fatal obstructions, which presented themselves to the fish on their return from the sea. These engines in general extended from high-water mark down to the low-water mark, and in some instances, and these perhaps not a few, protruded beyond the low-water mark into the channel of the river, often amounting to an impediment to the navigation. From the latter the fish had no chance of escape. Salmon, when returning homeward and running up stream, pursue their course with the rising tide, gradually approaching closer to the land, on the look-out for the fresh-water streams, which serve as their guide to the spawning-beds. Before the introduction of the late enactments, during the portion of the year allotted to fishing with fixed engines, the supply of parent fish depended chiefly upon the observance of the "weekly close-time,"—the only period during which they could with certainty pursue their onward course without fear of interruption. The weekly close-time commences on Saturday evening and terminates on the following Monday morning (when fishing with the fixed engine is strictly prohibited under a heavy penalty), and at present cannot, where weirs or such like obstructions exist, be too closely observed. Conservators, water-bailiffs, and all persons interested in the preservation of inland fisheries should endeavour to secure the largest possible stock of "spawners," as on their protection and due preservation must entirely depend our future supply of fish. But for the prompt and timely interference of the legislature, with regard to the fisheries, by the removal of all illegal weirs, salmon would have ultimately disappeared from our waters. However, with proper care and active supervision, enforcing the salutary and absolutely necessary provisions of these late enactments on behalf of the finny race, we may year after year expect to see beneficial results arising, salmon once more abundant, the angler fully compensated for former disappointments, and the "fox-hunting of fishing," to use Colonel Hankey's very appropriate phrase, restored to its old excellence and glory.

During the spring months, the early or spring salmon-fishing, as it is

termed, is in its prime. About the middle of May it has declined, as we approach the peal or grilse season, when the second or summer run of fish takes place. The peal or grilse, though less in size and weight than the spring fish, are by no means less vigorous, and in most rivers present themselves in a formidable array, and afford excellent sport. The heavy spring fish may hold out for a harder and more protracted contest with the angler, but the wiry and active peal does not less test piscatorial skill and judgment, by the lively and ever rapid movements with which it seeks to out-general and defeat the attack made on its liberty by the rod and line. The best time for the spring salmon-fishing is during the warmer hours of the day. It is quite time enough to commence angling about ten o'clock in the forenoon and close about four in the afternoon. As the days become longer and the evenings milder, fish will take well up to sunset. In the peal season the very earliest and latest hours prove the most successful; and in summer and autumn mornings the angler may be seen at his work as early as four o'clock, from which time he continues to ply his art until nine or ten in the forenoon, when he retires until the later afternoon hours invite him again to try his skill. It not unfrequently happens that a fish, which had risen falsely and refused to take the fly in the early part of the day, has been captured in the evening. It is not advisable to continue to fish over a salmon that has refused to take upon being presented with a change of flies; far better to let him rest for a little, and having marked the spot where he rose, try him again when the sun has declined. Another plan which has been suggested in the case of a false-rising fish, is to cross to the opposite bank, and bring the fly over him from the contrary direction. However, the real "tug of war" takes place during the afternoon fishing, more particularly if a salmon should happen to be hooked about dusk: success will then altogether depend upon the coolness and steadiness of the angler.

In Scotland the natives never think of angling for salmon when the days are bright and the water clear and low. The hours they select are from eleven o'clock, or midnight, to daybreak, when they are almost certain to be compensated by a good bag filled with the heaviest fish from the pools. Unless the night happens to be comparatively a bright one, it is both difficult and perplexing work to secure and safely land the prey. The angler receives no previous intimation of the enemy's intention to make an attack. Slowly, silently, but deadly is his advance: there is no splash or tumble, no break of the water as in the day, his work is altogether carried on beneath the surface: a hard tug at the wheel, accompanied with a rapid revolution of its axle alone, announces that the battle has begun; but the angler has one satisfaction, he knows that his prey has been well and firmly hooked—as all fish are that take deeply—therefore he may press upon him the more confidently: yet this will be far from compensating for the disadvantage of not being able to watch and anticipate his movements as in the broad daylight. The click-wheel has been recommended for night-fishing, for the alarm which it gives, and

because the click prevents the line from running out more freely than it should, thereby serving to obviate a "slack" being given to the fish. Besides, if the angler should become inattentive to his work, or permit his thoughts to stray away to distant fields of contemplation, he becomes instantly aroused to a sense of duty, and to the perils of his situation. The best description of salmon-flies for night-angling is the following: a black or dark blue fur body, closely overlaid with broad silver tinsel, and a white jib, and wings from the feather of a goose or swanquill; a bright gray body has merit, or one composed of equal parts of gray donkey's-hair and fox-cub fur of an ashy hue, well mixed together with brownish wings from the tail-feather of the golden-pheasant.

June and July are the best months for night-angling, and there is then much better hope of success, on account of the twilight, which continues throughout the night. When the water is low and the days bright, the fish conceal themselves in the deeps during the daytime, but at nightfall they move up to the shallows and heads of streams in quest of food. A great deal depends upon the sort of night which has been selected; if there should be the least dew falling not a fish will stir or look at a fly. Such is the drowsy and deterrent effect produced on them by the dew-fall. There must also be a good brisk wind, with a blue, overcast, and cloudy sky. On such a night as this there is a certainty of good sport and the capture of the heaviest fish. In trout-fishing, after sunset, the "feed," as it is termed by anglers, is also regulated by the dew-fall. Some nights it lasts for a considerable time; but the moment the dew begins to fall, the hitherto active and busy trout, which were splashing and tumbling about in all directions throughout the stream, become, as if by magic, silent, and for the remainder of the night not another move is heard. Mr. Dunbar, in writing about the river Spey, remarks that "many gentlemen angle all day when the river is low and the weather bright and sunshiny without taking a single fish. After they return home is the time the natives go to work. I recollect a notorious poaching character showing me on one morning no fewer than eight salmon, two of which would weigh upwards of twenty pounds apiece, which he told me he had caught with the fly after eleven o'clock the night before." It is to be apprehended that however fair, as regards sport, the inducements held out by night-angling for salmon may be, that few save the poachers know much of its results practically, or can testify much in its favour. The "gentler brothers of the angle" much prefer at the midnight hour being buried in the depths of balmy slumber, to wandering along the banks of a romantic stream, with its beauties faintly shadowed forth in the dim gray twilight of a soft summer's night.

Among the many artificial trolls which have been so ingeniously invented for salmon and trout-angling, the silk "phantom-minnow" stands deservedly high in estimation, and if used in spring, when salmon take a troll, will be found as effective as any of the ordinary natural baits, and will save much of the disagreeableness arising from baiting the hook

with the salmon-fry, trout-fry, or loach, and moreover obviate the payment of the penalty attached to the capture and possession of salmon and trout fry. The "phantom-minnow," wherever it has been used, has proved to be a most decided success in trout-fishing, and during spring and autumn may be thoroughly relied on, and, particularly in large lakes where there is a heavy run of fish, its killing qualities cannot be over-estimated. On no other troll, natural or artificial, may a good day's angling be more surely staked in the commencement and end of the season. Of the "phantom-minnow" there are two kinds—the one light-coloured, and the other somewhat deeper in shade. The angler should be always provided with both kinds; and if fishing from a boat, where trolling with two rods can be conveniently carried on, by letting each of them rest against a pin fixed for the purpose in the after-part of the boat, he should alternately change the minnows from the light to the deep water. Sometimes the dark one answers well close to the shore, and, vice versâ, the light one is preferred by the fish.

As regards trolling in salmon-courses, it is desirable to avoid it as much as possible, as it has the effect of rendering the fish indifferent to the fly. In some rivers it is considered unsportsman-like to exhibit a troll, and in general good fly-fishers much prefer not making use of it. But where fish prove sulky or have been wounded by the fly-hook, it may perhaps be advantageously called into requisition. The shrimp has been much employed of late years as a bait for salmon, and should be mounted with swivels, and the bait-line leaded; but a similar objection to it holds good, and wherever it has been used there has been an end to the fly. In some rivers its use has been interdicted, and in general it should be dispensed with. In fact, it would be no loss to the angling fraternity if it should become the object of legislative prohibition, and find a place in the same category as the otter. Run the otter over a trout-lake a few times, and you destroy the fly-fishing of it for a considerable period—even, perhaps, for the remainder of the season, and similarly does the shrimp damage the salmon-course. They may do well for the greedy, selfish, and unscientific, but they should never find a place among the paraphernalia of the true and genuine sportsman.

Salmon will not rise to the fly when the water is above its average height, nor when it is too deeply coloured. At the clearing of a flood, the angler may look forward to a good bag of both salmon and trout. In spring, when frosty nights are succeeded by soft and mild days, salmon take freely. When the wind has changed from a favourable point, as from south or west to north or east, fishing is most uncertain, until the wind has been fixed for some time. The most propitious days for salmon-angling are those with rattling showers and light well-defined clouds, which impart a healthy tinge to the water. Hazy days, or those accompanied with a "Scotch mist," are favourable. Salmon also take readily at the tail of a hail-shower. The changes of new and full moon are supposed to exercise a lethargic influence over fish. However, doctors

differ on this point. With a low barometer fishing is invariably bad. And though "old Izaak" says that "he who waits for the wind will never sow," yet doubtless there are signs and indications in the weather, which the angler should deem worthy of his attentive observation, and he who acts wisely will carefully note them.

The best length of rod for ordinary salmon-angling is about seventeen feet, which will be found on trial as effective, and more convenient than one of greater length. A fault common to novices in salmon-fishing, and sometimes unwittingly indulged in by "veterans" in the art, is the practice of striking a fish too hastily, after he has risen to the fly. At least a couple of seconds should be permitted to elapse before striking the fish, so that he may have had time to have fairly turned away from the angler. The salmon, in descending with the fly to his place of rest, gives a sort of "roll," which causes a break in the water. When the disturbance so caused has closed over him, then is the time to strike him. This should be done with the point of the rod lowered slantwise towards the water. In striking high, the fly is apt to be dragged out of his mouth. But though this delinquency may be accounted for and excused on the plea of nervousness, there is an offence which is totally unpardonable: that of giving a "slack" to a fish after he has been hooked. This is the gravest crime that an angler can be guilty of. The O'Gorman, after giving particular instructions for its avoidance, says, "If all these should fail to keep you from this crime, may you lose your flies and fish in rocks and weeds, and your hat and gloves in the water; may the rain find its way into your sleeve; may you forget your cigar-case and dram-bottle; and, finally, when you wash your face after coming in, may your shirt-sleeves drop into the basin you are using." Many a good fish has been lost by this imprudence after considerable play and when almost tired out. Though it is, of course, sheer madness to dream of stopping a fish on the run, yet the line should never be permitted to pass so freely from the wheel, that it may not be fairly taut during the entire time that he is thus furiously rushing along. He should be compelled to carry out the line with him as he goes, and the angler should never anticipate his speed by helping him freely to it. When he has reached the end of his chase, he should be instantly brought again under the bow of the rod and fairly "butted," and no time should be given him for reflection, otherwise he will soon find his way round stumps and rocks. By a side-motion, or inclination of the rod, a fish may be turned aside, and led the contrary way to that in which he is heading, if it be done with care and dexterity. This is a rule that should be indelibly imprinted on the angler's mind, "that an over-slack line is worse than an over-tight one." When a fish comes to the surface, splashing and tumbling and springing out of the water, acting the part of an acrobat, he should be held tightly, to prevent him throwing himself across the line, which he will decidedly accomplish if he is indulged with the least "slack."

A wide difference of opinion seems to be prevalent among the "brothers of the craft" as to the mode in which a salmon-river should be

fished. Some are in favour of commencing at the head of each course and fishing onwards and downwards to its tail; others assert that the contrary plan is far better, to begin at the foot and fish backwards and upwards towards the top, and so to proceed from pool to pool, passing on to the head of the river, alleging as a reason that if a fish should be hooked near the middle or tail of the pool, he will not disturb the fish in the upper part, but will confine his play to the lower part of it. The object of the fish on entering a river is to continue his ascent, and not to descend towards the sea from whence he came, unless insurmountable obstacles should compel him. He loses his advantage as soon as he turns down stream, for the water acts injuriously on his gills: therefore, instinctively, he will, at all hazards, endeavour to run right ahead, and, by playing up stream, be certain to cause a commotion among the fish which are lying at the top of the pool. A salmon, after being hooked, will, in nine cases out of ten, run across and against the current, rather than go downwards and along with it. If the angler should prefer fishing upwards and backwards, he will place himself at a disadvantage. The reflection of his body, and the movements of his rod, will be seen by each fish in the pool long before he has had an opportunity of bringing his fly over them, thereby tending to scare and render the fish timid and wary. In fishing from the head of the stream, onwards and downwards, the first object that will attract the undisturbed fish will be the fly, and that long before the angler has come near where he lies in the stream. The natural course of the river itself is onwards and downwards, and all objects upon and beneath its surface are carried along in the same direction. It may be held, therefore, that the angler should not pursue a course contrary to that which the analogy of nature suggests, nor, at his own personal inconvenience, become retrograde in his movements.

Salmon-flies differ much from trout-flies, and particularly in having no corresponding counterpart in nature. They are, for the most part, but creations of the angler's fancy, and are tied more or less gaudy according to the streams that they are intended for, as salmon are fond of whatever is attractive and showy. Salmon will sometimes take the trout-fly in rivers where they have been for some time from the sea, and where they congregate in large numbers, but more by accident than as a fixed rule. The O'Gorman, an Irish gentleman who was much celebrated as an angler, makes a very valuable remark in his work on angling. He says, that "when the natural trout-flies begin to appear on the rivers, your salmon-flies should be as nearly of their colour in the body as possible. On this suggestion," he continues, "I have since acted, and have had the greatest success, particularly after rising a fish with a gaudy fly, and then throwing over him one as nearly as possible of the colour of the trout-fly on the water. But I have invariably, in the first instance, if the river was dark or turbid, fished with gaudy flies, and have had anglers laughing at me till I had a fish hooked to their great astonishment." In fine, a good angler must be provided with flies of all kinds and sizes. Some-

times nothing will be looked at but gaudy flies, at another none but very plain ones. As the season advances, there must be a corresponding change in the size and dressing of the salmon-fly; both must be sensibly decreased. Though the various works on angling furnish lists of general salmon-flies, which will be suitable to any and every water, yet each river has its own peculiar class of flies, varying more or less in colour, gaudiness, and size. One who is unacquainted with the proper flies for a river which he may fish for the first time, will find it prudent to try the general flies in the first instance, and now and again substitute for them other patterns which he found to be "killers" elsewhere. In this he must be guided by the state and appearance of the water which he fishes. As a dictum on this point, Ephemera, in his *Handbook of the Salmon*, says:—"I solicit attention to this great rule—that large gaudy flies suit only deep and somewhat turbid waters, and that small sombre-hued flies are fittest for low and clear water. Flies of medium size and mediocre brilliancy of colours are appropriate for water moderately deep and moderately limpid." The Shannon flies are large and gaudy, the Tweed patterns plain and dark, and the Welsh flies still plainer. The Blackwater, and the Fergus, which is a tributary of the Shannon, require flies holding a medium between the gay-coloured Shannon flies, with their golden-pheasant crests and topplings, and the dull sad Scotch or Welsh fly. If these rules, propounded by The O'Gorman and Ephemera, be blended together, they will furnish good and sound advice to the salmon-angler, and, if followed up, furnish him with good serviceable and killing flies. Let him, for instance, procure a set of flies adapted to salmon-fishing in general. Let him also have the gaudy patterns, and particularly let him be well stocked with the trout-patterned salmon-flies, such as March browns, hare's-ear, and hare's-ear and yellow, clarets, blacks, olives, greens, and browns, tied large, on salmon-hooks, in the body resembling the trout-fly, and having a moderately gaudy jib, and wings slightly accommodated to the salmon pattern. With such an assortment he may rely on success. Too much force cannot be given to The O'Gorman's advice. Wherever it has been adopted, it has proved practically and eminently successful. It appears to be a grave mistake on the part of salmon-fly tiers not to remember that salmon and trout feed on the same insects, and that the salmon becomes accustomed to the appearance of the natural fly after he has been for some time resident in the fresh water, and that, therefore, they should select for some of their patterns at least, the happy "golden mean" between the salmon and trout fly. It is pretty certain that if they do, they will produce a very killing class of salmon-fly.

There are two descriptions of trout-flies to which we may briefly call attention. They are Irish patterns, and are known as the Dromore and Inchiquin flies. They have been found excellent on both rivers and lakes for trout, and are also first-rate droppers for peal. In Ireland, on the continent of Europe, in Scotland, and America, they have been tried, and have proved themselves to be the right sort. As they happen not to be very gene-

rally known, and are rather difficult to tie well, we append the following directions for tying them:—"The general size is that of the peal, or small salmon-fly," but they are also tied some sizes less for light river-fishing. "Bite your link, and tie up to nearly opposite the beard of the hook; put on silver or yellow tinsel for a tail; if silver, let your mohair tail be green and rough, but not too large; then put on three fibres of brown mallard as a jib; next add a deep red hackle, proportioned to the size of the fly, after which your yellow tinsel; then break your fur to the consistence and quantity you require, taking care to twist it well on the silk, and put it on carefully and rather thinly towards the tail part, but a little fuller towards the head. Leave a portion of the shank bare for the wing and head; then clip away the superfluous fur that may impair the lie of the hackle, which then put on—each turn before every row of tinsel, and two turns at the finish. Next take as much peacock-breast feather as you may deem sufficient for the body of the wing, and tie it fast; after which take a sufficient quantity of the brown mallard-feather to form each side-wing, which you must take care to keep distinct from each other, fasten well and clip properly; take some black ostrich-feather or break some blue mohair for the head, which twist well on the silk, and put on, taking care not to have it too full: then take a pin, separate, and double down the mallard-feathers from the peacock-breast feather, and knot twice between them." The colours used for this fly are cinnamons, clarets, browns of all kinds, olives and the various hare's-ear shades and mixtures. Widgeon-feather may be substituted for the brown mallard. The body may also consist of more than one colour, as gray or hare's-ear plain next the tail, and brown on the upper half of the body, or one half of the body may be cinnamon, and the remainder claret, fiery brown, or olive. The Inchiquin pattern is similar, consisting of the same style of body, but lighter in form, and the smaller sizes untinselled, with yellow or green silk tails, and having for wing plain rail's-wing feather for the centre, and strips of green peacock for the side feathers. These are very pretty patterns, and form a handsome bunch of flies,—the deep brown mallard or widgeon backing and land-rail wing contrasting most favourably with the rich green peacock-breast feather. As to their killing qualities, they need but a trial to establish their excellence in this respect.

The acquisition of the art of fly-tying is essentially requisite to constitute the complete and accomplished angler, and no one, however well provided he may be with stores of flies procured from the shops, or from local professional fly-tiers, is equal to the many and constant demands which will be made upon him, in his piscatorial excursions, for dainty tit-bits for both salmon and trout. To become a first-class fly-tier, the angler must become a student of nature, and in the case of trout-fishing he must carefully and accurately imitate the natural flies. No matter what may be affirmed to the contrary, a neat and precisely shaped fly, with a body of the proper hue and appropriate wings, will prove successful, when the clumsier and less exact imitations must prove a

failure. Trout are exceedingly sharp-sighted, and will at once detect the least difference between the real and the counterfeit fly. A change of a hackle from light to dark, or the reverse, will not pass unnoticed, and will destroy the killing properties of the fly.

It is this art of fly-tying, and consequent imitation of the natural flies and insects, that invests angling with the air of a science and takes from it the character of a mere practical acquisition, consisting only in a dexterous use of the rod and line. Each month has got its own peculiar brood of flies and insects, some of them continuing their existence for days and weeks, some of them changing their colours in proportion to their span of life, and others springing into being in the morning, and, after basking for a few short hours in a bright and genial sunshine, disappearing again for a season. To the casual observer, these tiny creatures that flutter along the bank, that dap up and down on the surface, and flit on rapid wing across the crystal stream, seem to present no appreciable variety. In his estimation they are all alike, and without any distinction. But such is not the fact. The angler who has made them his study in subserviency to his fly-tying art, will immediately discern and estimate their relative properties, and, opening up the book of nature, he will readily discriminate between them and detect the points in which they essentially differ. Among them he beholds some having their bodies graduated in all the finely tinted shades of green, from the light pea-green to the deepest emerald. He sees browns innumerable; olives, clarets, fiery browns, cinnamons, yellows, blacks, and blues; grays light and dark; some with particoloured backs and legs; some spangled with gold, and others curiously tipped with silver; some with dark sepulchral-looking wings, and others o'erhung with a clear transparent and gauze-like tapestry. To become thoroughly and practically acquainted with this but small portion of nature's handiwork, is the aim of the fly-tier, and his business it is to carefully imitate those various and numerous natural flies and insects. For this purpose he must provide himself with a vast stock of materials. He must become a borrower from the animal kingdom, and both beasts and birds must lend him their aid. The torrid and the frigid zones, the depths of the forest, and the homesteads alike must cater to his wants; and where he fails to obtain all that he requires from these, he must call to his assistance the art of man, and, by the dyer's skill and knowledge, procure minutely precise shades of colour, to enable him to approach as nearly as he may the productions wrought by nature's own delicate and curiously fine finger.

Out of School in the Middle Ages.

THROUGH the whole of the five or six centuries known as the Middle Ages, every high-road in Europe was alive with youths hastening to the schools. They crossed and recrossed mountain, forest, and narrow sea by *tens of thousands*; and they crowded the several seats of learning—Oxford, Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, and Prague, as thick as bees. Indeed, it is said that they generally outnumbered all the other residents of these cities—30,000 being actually set down as attending the schools of Oxford; 50,000, 70,000, and even 100,000, those of Paris; while a notion of the numbers who selected Prague as *alma mater* may be formed from the tale told of the multitude that accompanied the celebrated professor John Hoffman, when expelled from that university by the influence of Huss—a host which several writers estimate as high as 40,000.* Nor were these the only universities in existence. There were others of all but equal note at Orleans, Montpellier, Padua, and Leipsic; and twenty-four more, some of them of great celebrity, were erected between 1403 and 1499. Humbler establishments, too, existed in plenty. Every cathedral had its school, and so had every monastery. Several of these were academies of large pretence, which exacted a certain amount of preparatory knowledge from those who sought admission—Pope Adrian IV., for instance, having been rejected in his boyhood by the monks who conducted the school of St. Alban's, because his acquirements did not come up to their standard. The parson of the parish, also, seldom objected to increase his generally scanty stipend by playing the part of pedagogue. And, finally, many a wandering scholar was glad to exchange instruction against board and lodging in hamlet and homestead which lay beyond the reach of regular institutions. All this shows that the numbers under education during the Middle Ages were much larger than we are disposed to think: they were larger, indeed, than in any age from the Reformation down to thirty years ago; for, with so much good, that great event wrought one large evil, sweeping away from many quarters the educational organization that had been growing up for centuries, without substituting anything in its stead.

When conquest had ceased, and society began to reorganize, and when, therefore, learning began to be appreciated, any teacher who put himself forward was sure to obtain a following that speedily multiplied to

* Wood and Bulaeus vouch for Oxford and Paris. With respect to the event at Prague, Dubravius puts the number expelled or seceding at 24,000; Lauda, a contemporary, estimates it at 36,000; and Lupatius at 44,000.

thousands, if he happened to be a man of ability. Of course, in such a case he would find it necessary to fix his school in some place adapted to supply the material wants of his pupils. And as there were few situations which those periodical invaders, dearth and plague, did not render untenable for any length of time, the early history of learning is full of instances of teachers and their disciples migrating from place to place in search of food and lodging. Nor were these the only considerations that dictated the choice of locality. The fame of a good teacher was sure to spread, even into other countries; it was, therefore, indispensable that he should settle in some well-known and easily accessible spot: and thus in a short time we find the principal cities of the West fairly stocked with teachers. Rulers and citizens, too, soon found their advantage in these schools, and did their utmost to perpetuate them. With that view they extended peculiar privileges, at first to the preceptors, but eventually to the whole body of the students, and, in some cases, to their servants. And these privileges grew and flourished, until, by the thirteenth century, we find them including exemption from taxes of all kinds, from arrest, seizure of goods, and the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals even in cases of atrocious crime. Nobody was allowed to promulgate a sentence of excommunication or interdict against a university without special licence from the Pope; and the Emperor Frederick I., whose example was generally followed, published a rescript (1158) which directed that students should pass freely throughout the empire, and forbade their arrest for debt or crime on their way to or from school. Even so late as the reign of Charles V. these privileges were still considered of sufficient moment to merit the attention of the diplomatist, and obtain a place in important treaties. We find a portion of the 33rd article of the Treaty of Madrid, concluded 1526, devoted to the claims urged by the University of Burgos for "les maux et dommages excessifs qu'ils ont soustenus et soufferts durant ces guerres, contre la forme des privilèges qu'ils disent avoir des prédécesseurs dudit Roy Chrestien;" and the 42nd article of the same treaty stipulates that to "the lord of Chau, Messire Charles de Poupet, chamberlain and first butler to the Emperor, should be restored the ransom which he had been compelled to pay for his children, who being scholars of the University of Paris, and therefore privileged and assured by law that they could not be made prisoners, were not fair prey (*de juste prise*); that the said ransom should be restored by those who had exacted it, or by their heirs; and that in this matter the very Christian King was to cause ample and speedy justice to be done, according to the privileges of the said University of Paris." Nor were these privileges withdrawn until long after the Reformation. Those claimed by the University of Paris remained in full force until 1592. Then, for the first time, the Provost of that city dispensed with the oath which had been exacted at their installation from every one of his predecessors for three centuries and a half, to observe himself, and protect with all his power, the immunities of the learned brotherhood. And those privileges were even more widely extended

among ourselves. For ages they obstructed the course of English justice under the name of Benefit of Clergy:—an institution which enabled every one who could read to perpetrate at least one capital crime without risk during the course of his life; and which, among other nice results, tempted the British nobility of the “first year of Edward VI.” to satirise themselves through all time by securing impunity to their order without the drudgery of wading through hornbook and primer, for such gentlemanlike offences as highway robbery, horse-stealing, house-breaking, and robbing churches.*

Of course the heads of the various universities would have found much difficulty in maintaining order among these multitudes, even under circumstances exceptionally favourable; but circumstances during the Middle Ages were precisely the reverse. For a long time the universities were little more than guilds of teachers, organized chiefly with a view to shut out incompetent interlopers from a very lucrative profession. Their degrees were just so many certificates showing that those who possessed them were free of the craft. And their rectors and other officials had little power, except as centres of resistance to assaults on their overgrown privileges. The republic of letters, indeed, as represented by the university, was a very loose federation. The various classes seldom worked well together; while beyond the precincts of the lecture-hall, every one—tutor and pupil—did pretty much as he felt inclined. Nor could it well have been otherwise. There were few buildings specially adapted to collegiate purposes until towards the close of the era, and these few were designed for the use of poor scholars. The classes, therefore, were conducted, for the most part, in rooms hired by the professors at their own risk: a custom which could not tend greatly to strengthen central authority. These rooms, also, were too often situated in the very worst quarters. Writing on the subject in the thirteenth century, Cardinal de Vitry remarks—and these remarks had better remain in the “decent obscurity” of the language he uses—that “in una autem et eadem domo scholæ erant superius, prostibula inferius. In parte superiori magistri legebant; in inferiori meretrices officia turpitudinis exercebant. Ex una parte meretrices inter se et cum cenonibus (lenonibus) litigabant; ex alia parte disputantes et contentiose agentes clerici proclamabant.” Nor was the private life of the student much adapted to correct the impressions thus received. It was the custom for several students to club together and engage what was called a hall. They then elected a head or regent—usually a student more advanced than themselves—and took it in turn to provide the food and prepare the meals. Thus they lived, and those who were that way given read under the direction of the regent. At one time there were as many as 300 of these halls at Oxford. And Chaucer gives us a glimpse of their economy and of the character of the inmates in the tale of the *Miller of Trowpington*. Such a system was evidently not very

* Vide BLACKSTONE, book iv, chapter xxviii.

conducive to morality. Young fellows thus given up to their own devices, and hedged round with immunities, were not likely to prove models of behaviour. And there were several things besides to render them rough, riotous, and profligate. In the first place, a large fraction were scholars indeed in name, but vagabonds in reality, who, as Wood, Fuller, and others testify, found the academic gown a very convenient covering for their misdeeds, and who managed to exempt themselves from all jurisdiction by pleading scholarship in the face of the civil magistrate, and denying it before the clerical one; and Wood estimates these martinetts, as they were called, at fully a third of those who frequented the University of Oxford. In the second place, the example of the pastor and master was, in the great majority of cases, far from edifying; indeed, from the days of Abelard down to those of Ravillac, it must be confessed that the pedagogue of the Middle Ages, whether he dogmatized in a palace, or held forth in the merest hedge-school, bore a very indifferent reputation. Politian, the boast of Florence and the tutor of the princely Medici, was the most learned man of his time, and, if gossips do not err, probably the most abandoned. And his deeply-learned and roystering, and, therefore, very worthy successor in the school of Florence, Crinitus, had his skull cracked with a bottle by one of his pupils while conducting an orgy after the manner of Trimalecion. Another of these learned and much esteemed professors, Bartholomew Socinus, was accustomed to supplement his scholastic exertions by practical lessons in the noble art of gaming—to which he was as devoted as Marshal Blucher himself. And a third, Eobanus, who had a peculiar capacity for swilling that would have done him honour in the eyes of Porson, once challenged a notorious bibber to a drinking tourney, and laid his antagonist dead on the spot. Indeed, so noted were preceptors for their ability in this way that, to have pushed the bottle theologically, was the mediæval equivalent for that elegant expression, “drunk as a fiddler.” Nor are we libelling the profession by any means. Indeed, were we to take its members at their word; were we to rely implicitly on such letters as passed between Poggio Bracaliano and his bitter enemy, Philephus, or between Abelard and his comical correspondent, Foulkes, or on such precious scraps of autobiography as Cardan has left us; were we to paint these professors as they paint one another and themselves, we should be compelled to set them down, one and all, as arrant scamps. Nor would the alternative be much to their credit. For in proportion as we acquit them of depravity, we must condemn them of sinning against truth. And if anybody feels inclined to stand up for the general moral worth of the mediæval instructors, we beg to present him with the dilemma.

Gown and town never harmonized particularly well together in the olden time. The turbulence and the privileges of the students on the one side, and the exactions and impositions of the citizens in matters of food and rent on the other, were always fruitful of dissension. Indeed, nothing but sheer gain rendered the presence of a large school tolerable to the

civilian ; and nothing but absolute necessity reconciled the student to the presence of the trader. And whenever opportunity served, both the one and the other exerted himself to pay off old scores by aid of pike and quarter-staff. In 1209, for instance, an Oxford scholar having accidentally killed a woman belonging to the town, while engaged with some of his fellows in athletic sports, the townspeople rose in a body, attacked the hall to which the offender belonged, and not being able to capture him, seized three of his companions and hanged them at once. Redress being refused—in some degree because it happened to be rather exorbitant as put in the demand of the university,—the whole of the students left the place, and retired, some to Reading, others to Cambridge. At their solicitations the Pope laid an interdict on the town, and denounced the pains and penalties of excommunication against any teacher who should presume to pursue his calling therein before the citizens had made ample reparation. And that they found themselves compelled to do much sooner than they had calculated on. They might possibly have borne the privation of religious rites a little longer, though perhaps not quite so stoically as the wicked people of Frankfort, who impudently declared, after an interdict of twenty-nine years' duration, that neither man nor matron among them felt a whit the worse. But, conjoined with loss of trade, the interdict was not to be contended with by the men of Oxford. Accordingly, the students speedily found themselves back in their old haunts, with their privileges greatly amplified. But even this affair was as nothing to that which occurred at Cambridge in 1260. There, it appears that the students were divided into two hostile factions, called "north" and "south ;" thus reproducing in the colleges the current animosity of the period ; for then and long after, as many a furious battle attested, there was little love lost between the "north countrie" and the "south." A representative of each of these parties happening to quarrel, came to blows, and their fellows of both sides joining in, a tremendous riot ensued. Utterly unable to make head against it of themselves, the Cambridge doctors called upon the citizens for aid. But the latter only interfered to become principals in the fray, and for many days Cambridge presented the aspect of a city taken by storm—fire, robbery, and violence revelling on all sides. Nor was order restored until a body of troops marched in. Having by this means quelled the disturbance, the authorities proceeded to distribute a very one-sided sort of justice ; for while the students sat secure under cover of their privileges, the citizens, having no such shelter, suffered severely, no less than sixteen of them being consigned to the gallows. Wat Tyler's year also was signalized by unusual troubles at Cambridge. The citizens attacking the university, forced the masters to sign a renunciation of their immunities ; and then burnt the college archives and broke the seals in the market-place. But the gownsmen had ample revenge, for the townsmen had to contribute liberally to the numerous scaffolds that were raised at the close of that rebellion. These, however, were only a few of the more prominent broils. Minor matter of the sort

was of ceaseless recurrence, being rendered particularly rife at Cambridge by the numerous tournaments which were held in that vicinity. Nor was the Continent any better off. There, as well as in England, dissension and riot resulted wherever town came in contact with gown. A memorable instance of this occurred at Orleans in 1236, where the citizens set upon the clerks, slew some, and flung a few more into the Loire; and in return were assailed by the noble relatives of some of their victims and massacred by wholesale. Scenes not very dissimilar were now and then enacted at the Italian universities, particularly that of Bologna; where the professors, at one period, not only forbade the students to intermarry with the citizens, but actually attempted to render degrees a matter of entail in their own families.

It was in Paris, however, that the turbulence and the privileges of the students were manifested to the greatest advantage. In 1229 a drunken student quarrelled with the keeper of a cabaret because the latter refused to serve him with more wine. The people of the quarter siding with the wine-seller, the student and one or two of his pot companions received a sound thwacking and took themselves off. But it was only for that day. Early on the morrow they reappeared, with a following that would have delighted the heart of a Celt bent on annihilating an opposition lecturer. First assailing the wine-shops, they broke them open in all directions, drank the liquors, smashed the barrels, paraded the vintners and flogged them with circumstances of grotesque ignominy, and took unwarrantable liberties with their womankind. Had the students limited themselves to these mild achievements, it is probable that authority—lay and clerical—would have looked quietly on. But riotous learning on this occasion behaved in no respect better than riotous ignorance could have done. Having used up all the wine-sellers, as well as their wares, they proceeded to lavish their attentions on the citizens indiscriminately, and by midday all Paris was one vast Donnybrook—as that delectable spot used to be forty years ago. This was during the regency of Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, and to her court in hot haste hied a deputation of the Parisians, every man of them “with his crown comfortably cracked.” “Wiping their bloody noses,” as the annalist writes with a commendable attention to detail, they told their story, and her Majesty became exceeding wroth thereat. Calling out her Guards, and ordering them to the scene of strife, she very heedlessly commissioned them to punish the rioters when they caught them. The gallant routiers marched imposingly towards town, but reflecting that some thousands of reckless students were ugly customers to deal with in the narrow streets, they diligently inquired which way the rioters were to be met with, and took the opposite. This led them to a field where a number of the more exemplary scholars were quietly exercising. At sight of cap and gown the valour of the routiers took fire at once. They formed and charged, killing several of the astonished youths outright, wounding a great many and robbing all they laid hands on with the greatest dexterity. This gave another turn to the affair.

The losses and broken bones of the citizens were no longer of account in anybody's eyes. Nothing was thought of henceforth but the broken privileges of the learned, nothing heard but their loud demands for justice. Had anybody but the Queen been the offender, assuredly he or she would have had sufficient cause for sorrowful repentance. And it cost even her Majesty a good deal of anxiety and annoyance, and much humiliation, before the university condescended to forget it. What a mere subject might expect for trenching on the immunities of the learned was exemplified in the case of the Count of Savoisy, a powerful favourite at the court of Charles VI. This worthy had the misfortune to countenance his vassals in an affray with some of the students during a religious procession, and the lackeys had the audacity, not merely to chastise their opponents, but to follow them into a church where they had taken refuge, and beat them there. This was a serious offence, and so the Count found it. In spite of the powerful influence exerted in his favour he was heavily fined, saw his town-house—a magnificent building—razed to the ground, and was further compelled to seek out and arrest, at his own charge, such of the actual offenders as had fled. And even then he escaped very much better than the unfortunate magistrates who were now and then provoked by some extraordinary atrocity to treat the *protégés* of the university like any other felons. In 1304 Messire Pierre Barbier, a scholar, was committed to prison, condemned and executed for murder, as if he, the said Pierre Barbier, had been a vile unlettered scoundrel. But, as was needful, this indiscriminate magistrate was soon rendered sensible of his error. All study was instantly suspended, and the clergy of Paris were summoned, under pain of excommunication, to assemble in the Church of St. Bartholomew. The ecclesiastics, however, did not require to be threatened into a step like this. They gathered, nothing loth—archpriests, canons, and curates,—and fraternising with doctors and students, raised crosses and banners innumerable, and proceeded in formidable procession to that Jericho, the house of the Provost. Having encompassed it in all directions, they commenced a simultaneous howl to the following effect: “Reparation! reparation! cursed Sathan! Dishonourer of Holy Mother Church! Wounder of her rights! Reparation, or down with you to the pit with Dathan and Abiram.” And this moderate request they accompanied by volleys of stones that made sad havoc of the Provost's doors and windows. But as the “cursed Sathan” did not exactly know how to improvise the required reparation at a moment's notice, he was then and there excommunicated according to the severest form of that terrible sentence. Nor was this all. Having exhausted its breath and all the paving-stones within reach, the procession re-formed and made its way to the palace. And high was the tone that it took in the presence of the perplexed monarch. For though Philip le Bel was accustomed to carry things with a very high hand in most cases, he met his match for once in the university. At first nothing would satisfy that learned body but the

instant suspension of the Provost from the very highest of his own numerous gibbets. Nor was it without much respectful expostulation and humble entreaties that the monarch managed to save the life of his magistrate. But that grace was only accorded on condition that the offender should be degraded from his office, beg pardon on his knees of the university, remove the clerk from the gibbet, kiss him on the mouth, found two chaplaincies for the benefit of his—the clerk's—soul, and then make pilgrimage in his shirt to Avignon in order to obtain absolution. And precisely similar was the fate of Messire Guilliame de Tignouville, Provost in 1408, who, as the annalist puts it, “thinking, forsooth, that his knowledge of the civil law gave him a right to disregard the sacred canons,” actually dared to hang two students on the common gallows in the face of open day, and in the presence of a mob that howled with exultation.—“It seems, then, that both scholars and regulars will be punished for the future just the same as other people.” These students, Messire Olivier François and Messire Jean de St. Leger, the one a Breton and the other a Norman, had waylaid, robbed, and murdered a party of merchants. That, however, was no concern of the Provost's, and though the latter and his friends made a stubborn fight of it from Christmas to Easter, he had finally to submit to precisely the same terms as his predecessor, the kissing on the mouth included. And in this way was authority taught to distinguish between education and ignorance in the pleasant days of old.

It was only once in a hundred years, or thereabout, that justice ventured with well-grounded fear and trembling to meddle with the student. But the student was always fiercely at war with justice. It was deposed in 1560 by the attorney who kept the town registers at Valence, that he could not remember a single morning for eight years past, whereon the records were not filled with notices of outrages perpetrated the night preceding by the scholars. “Whoever stirred abroad after dark,” said he, “was sure to be robbed and beaten, if not murdered.” And besides this, houses in the outskirts, and sometimes in the centre of the town, were broken open nightly, and every possible crime perpetrated on the inmates. And it was the same in most other towns that boasted of school or college. Indeed, it was rather more with a view to the doings of the students than to those of the regular thieves—that the mystery plays were ordered to be closed, in all cases, by four o'clock in winter. This was not pleasant; but in addition the student was accustomed to diversify his legal and illegal pursuits with outrageous practical jokes. He carried quills containing unpleasant insects to church, and blew them upon the congregation. He fastened the devout together by means of fish-hooks. He scattered adhesive burrs, and “itching powder,” on the passengers. He greased the pavement in front of the churches, and he delighted to attach ridiculous appendages to the frocks of the friars. But his especial pleasure consisted in tormenting the watch, ornamenting them according to his fancy, and fixing them in ridiculous positions when he happened to find

them asleep, and inveigling them into unpleasant predicaments when he chanced to encounter them awake. Sometimes he took it in his head to transfer the burden of the next gibbet to the sign of an obnoxious trader; and occasionally he ventured to suspend the trader himself from the said gibbet. He was always at feud with apprentice, lackey, and soldier, and no gathering ever took place without a drawn battle between these inveterate belligerents. He was particularly conspicuous as the exponent of current feeling, and in this character he was dreaded above all things by unsuccessful generals, rapacious mistresses, and unpopular magistrates and ministers. These people he was always ready to lampoon, caricature, and burn in effigy; and equally forward, when occasion served, to hiss, hoot, and stone.

Next to his excessive privileges and equally excessive turbulence, the mediæval student was notorious for his propensity to wandering. But for this he had some excuse. Every university had its own peculiar subject of excellence;—Paris being renowned for theology, Montpellier for medicine, the Italian schools for law, and the Spanish for the natural sciences. Consequently, before an education could be completed, it was necessary to make the tour of Western Europe, and nearly every student did so. Indeed, there is scarcely a name celebrated in literature or statecraft during the middle ages that may not be traced from one end of Christendom to the other in search of knowledge. Becket, for instance, studied at Oxford, Paris, and Bologna; Dante at Padua, Bologna, Paris, and Oxford; Wolsey's successor Cromwell, and Popes Sylvester II. and Pius II. extended their learned travel still further; and not a few of the early scholars, like Guarius the Veronese, and the learned John of Basingstoke, archdeacon of Leicester, sailed to Athens or Constantinople to learn Greek; or like the monk Adelard pushed their way through a thousand difficulties to the East to make acquaintance with that, in those days, much-desired tongue, Arabic, in its purity.

A source almost as prolific of learned rambling as the desire of knowledge, was the wish to exhibit that knowledge when acquired. A man of many tongues, or much science, was as ostentatious of his wares as the vainest beauty, and even more industrious in seeking opportunities for display. It became fashionable for well-read men to wander about from one celebrated college to another propounding elaborate subtleties, extraordinary paradoxes, and singular conceits, and challenging discussion upon all. This custom developed that brilliant class of men represented in Italy by Picus of Mirandola, and in Britain by the Admirable Crichton and Mark Alexander Boyd. Its best specimen, however, was—one whose traits to a great extent have been borrowed to adorn the others—Ferdinand de Cordova, who flashed out in full radiance at Paris in 1445. This youth—he was then but nineteen—was a model of manly beauty and a prodigy of learning. He spoke all the known tongues, was a consummate jurist, a profound theologian, and a skilful physician. He was deeply learned in the mathematics, and, as far as astrology went, the bosom friend and confidant

of the stars. He knew by heart the works of the most celebrated schoolmen in addition to those of Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna and Aristotle. And he could handle all this learning with unrivalled dexterity. Nor was he less formidable in helm and shield than under cap and gown, for he was a perfect swordsman, and he rode like a centaur. And he was just as superexcellent in the milder accomplishments. He sang, he danced, he painted, he composed, and he played admirably on all possible musical instruments. As for his achievements, they were just as extraordinary. He vanquished all the disputants, overturned all the tilters, and won all the beauties. He dazzled, indeed, until his contemporaries, unable to account for him otherwise, pronounced him with one voice—the devil incarnate. And his end was as mysterious as his capacity. For just when his genius flashed the brightest—whiff, it went out; but where, how, or when nobody could tell.

The theses in which these argumentative itinerants delighted were only too ridiculous. But for all that they sufficed to set those pugnacious generations very seriously by the ears. More than once have the learned throughout Europe taken sides on some worthless quibble and fought it out in the school-room with foot and fist, as well as with the tongue. The weaker party, of course, always went to the wall; and often a good deal further. For on these occasions it was the custom to expel professors by the dozen, and scholars by the thousand. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, we find the University of Paris busy discussing whether *ego amat* was not as good a phrase as *ego amo*; and endeavouring to settle the true pronunciation of the letter Q by “the strong arm of the law.” And these subjects of dispute were sound sense itself in comparison with many others. Irish students were particularly renowned for their perverse ingenuity in fabricating dilemmas, and their annoying industry in fixing honest people between them. In the eighth century we find them tormenting all Christendom with this piece of logic:—“You must either affirm or deny that the three persons of the Trinity are three substances. If you affirm it you are undoubtedly a Tritheist, and worship three gods. And if you deny it, this denial implies that there are not three distinct persons, and you fall into Sabellianism. And so, my worthy friend, whichever way you take it, you are a heretic, and safe for condign punishment.” This was neat, and gave the clerical authorities much trouble in its time. And no sooner was it forgotten than some other subtle Irishman was sure to propound something as mischievously two-edged; until the Green Island’s chiefest boast in those days, Erigena, originated that puzzling controversy about “universals” which gave ample employment to all the doctors, before the Reformation called them up from quibble and quiddity to the discussion of matters of solid interest.

Of course the toils of learned travel fell with comparative lightness on men of means; but still they had their difficulties. If they took earnestly to study, their chances were that they devoted themselves to that department of all others most obnoxious to their friends; occupying themselves

with the *belles lettres* instead of law; or plunging over head and ears into theology instead of devoting themselves to Avicenna and Galen. Such was the case with Petrarch among others. His father burnt his poetic manuscripts and shifted him from one university to another in the hope of changing his inclination. And the dutiful son made every effort to second these measures, actually learning the whole body of the civil law by rote, in the hope of reconciling himself to its intricacies. But all in vain, for he could not but be a poet. And very similar were the troubles of Boccaccio, whose sire tried first to mould him into a merchant, and then into a lawyer, with just as little effect. Thomas Aquinas, too, suffered much on account of his unconquerable predilection for dry logic and theology. These subjects he adopted greatly to the annoyance of his noble relatives, who did every thing they could to restore him to a proper frame of mind. Finding milder measures unavailing, they confined him for two years in the family stronghold, treating him during that time to many rebukes, a good deal of bread and water, and occasional flagellations, and finally employing a very pretty lady to make love to him. But Thomas,—as firm against this queer device as against persecution,—got rid of the temptress by the aid of the saints and a firebrand turned into a cudgel, and thenceforth, hopeless of his conversion into a man of the world, his mother connived at his escape by the window, and allowed him to follow his bent. But youths of rank had other and more serious impediments to dread when they engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. Wars frequently obstructed the roads, and bands of robbers always infested them, so that the unfortunate student who had anything to lose often found himself waylaid and tied to a tree, like the celebrated Anselm in the neighbourhood of Bec. But he had not always the luck of that worthy in escaping before the wolves or the weather interfered to put an end to his rambles.

The vast proportion of these literary wanderers, however, were the children of the people—cadets of the loom and the plough—lads who begged their way through the Trivium and Quadrivium, climbing often to the highest dignities, and becoming, according to the turn of their genius, renowned lawyers, skilful diplomatists, leading ministers, and even popes. But in the meantime their novitiate wound through hardships and privations in plenty of the kind which Cervantes, who seems to write from experience, enumerates by the mouth of Don Quixote:—"Among the hardships of the scholar we may, in the first place, name poverty. He endures misery in all shapes, in hunger and in cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in a combination of all. Still, however, he gets something to eat, either from the rich man's leavings, or from the sops of the convent—that last miserable resource of the poor scholar. Nor is he without some neighbour's fireside or chimney-corner to keep him at least from extreme cold. And at night he *generally* sleeps under cover. I will not enlarge upon other inconveniences to which he is exposed, such as scarcity of linen, want of shoes, threadbare coats, and the surfeits he is

liable to when good fortune sets a plentiful table in his way." And that Cervantes does not exaggerate, the following sample of poor-scholar life as it was towards the close of the middle ages will sufficiently attest.

Thomas Platter was a native of St. Gall, and a contemporary of Luther, Zwingle, and the Reformers generally. Up to his ninth year he was employed as a goatherd among his native rocks. But his mother, a poor hard-working widow, like so many other mothers of the same period, was possessed with an ardent desire that one of her sons should become a priest; for in those days it was universally held that the angel's salutation, "Blessed art thou among women," applied quite as much to every mother who had a son in orders as to the Virgin herself. Fixing on Thomas, as most likely to bring her under the influence of the blessing, Dame Platter sent him for instruction to a neighbouring curate. Here, however, the boy learnt nothing but a little music, which his master taught him chiefly with an eye to his own benefit,—for the moment young Platter could get through an anthem correctly, his tutor packed him out to sing for eggs before the doors. In no other respect did this model teacher trouble himself concerning his disciple, except to pull him about by the ears or the hair, whichever came first to hand, when he happened to be out of temper. Justly conceiving that this kind of training was not exactly adapted to advance her son towards the priesthood, Dame Platter determined that Thomas should become a poor scholar; and a cousin of his, one Paul Summermatter, a sturdy varlet of nineteen or twenty, who had been for years engaged in the honourable profession, happening just then to pay a flying visit to St. Gall, he was easily induced to take charge of little Thomas, and initiate him into all the mysteries of the craft, receiving a gold florin as fee.

In those days, says Platter, it was customary for youths who desired to learn, and especially to prepare themselves for the priesthood, to wander about, sometimes alone, but more frequently in groups. Being mostly very poor, they made shift to support themselves on the road and at school by begging. The bigger ones were called Bacchants, and the smaller, Sharpshooters. It was the duty of the bacchant to instruct the sharpshooter in the elementary branches; and the latter, in return, was bound to wait upon his senior, accompany him in his wanderings, beg for him, and when mendicity happened to be at a discount, sharpshoot, that is, in plain English, steal without scruple. The bacchant's share of the contract was only too frequently neglected; but woe was certain to befall the sharpshooter who failed in his. Consequently, while the drudges went about half-famished, begging and stealing, and thus graduating in all the smaller vices, the bacchants prepared for taking honours in the great ones by leading a jolly life, drinking, gaming, rioting, and robbing, too, whithersoever they went. An admirable method, truly, of training the spiritual pastors and masters of Christendom, and sufficiently explanatory of many curious mediæval phenomena.

Platter and his cousin joined a group of poor scholars at Constance,

and set out for Breslau. There were nine of them in all, six bacchantes and three sharpshooters. Their route lay through Augsburg, Ratisbon, Prague, and thence as nearly as possible along the track adopted by the Crown Prince of Prussia in the recent campaign. The little ones begged through the towns and villages as they passed along, and the big ones usually made themselves comfortable with the result in the alehouses. Platter being small, very simple, and a genuine Switzer—at once a rarity in Eastern Germany, and a curiosity, on account of the martial fame of his countrymen—made an universally successful fag, gleaned plentifully where most others failed. But this was not much to his own advantage; for his cousin always took possession of his gettings, thrashed him soundly when he ventured to help himself, and kept him incessantly on the “quest.” Besides, whenever he happened to grow weary during his earlier marches, Paul walked behind, and made him skip along by applying a stout switch smartly to his bare legs.

Approaching Silesia, the fags were given to understand by the bacchantes that poor scholars were licensed to steal geese, ducks, and provisions generally all through that province. And Platter, at least, devoutly believed, rejoicing greatly thereat, and longing for the hour when he should tread this highly favoured soil, and exercise thereon all the rights and privileges in matters thievish that pertained to his order. Accordingly, a fat goose happening to cross his path at the first Silesian village they reached, Master Thomas knocked it down with a pebble, and clapped it coolly under his coat, paying small regard to the owner, who happened to be looking on. Greatly to his astonishment, however, an alarm was raised, and a number of peasants, armed with halberts, came rushing out to reclaim the booty and punish the plunderers. The fags dropped the goose, took to their heels, and managed to escape. When they came to talk the matter over, they unanimously attributed the failure to the fact that Thomas had neglected to bless himself on setting out that morning. They made no further attempt, however, to assert their peculiar rights, at least so openly.

Some marches from Breslau the bacchantes quarrelled and separated, probably on account of the gettings of the fags, which, as Platter tells us, diminished to such an extent that they were nearly starved, the people being so obdurate that they had for the most part to lie out in the fields, and so watchful that the cleverest of the group could do little or nothing in the way of “conveyance,” as practised by poor scholars. At Breslau, however, things mended; and, as a result, the fags nearly choked themselves by eating too much,—Master Thomas, in particular, suffering severely from overfeeding.

They found several thousand poor scholars at Breslau, among whom a very characteristic organization had grown up in the course of time. The town was divided into seven parishes, each of which contained its school; and it was the rule that the pupils of one parish should never beg in another. Whoever attempted the trick was sure to be recognized as an interloper,

and some such fate befell him as awaits the dog of Constantinople when he strays into a strange district. Cries of "At him, boys! at him!" ("*Ad idem! ad idem!*") roused the fags of that particular quarter in a twinkling; and unless the intruder happened to be particularly fleet of foot, he was always kicked and cuffed to his heart's content before he managed to get home. Sometimes his comrades ran to the rescue, and if, as frequently happened, the bacchants took part in the fray that ensued, it was sure to grow to formidable dimensions. Many bacchants, says Platter, had grown grey at Breslau, having been maintained there by their fags twenty, thirty, and some of them even forty years! As usual, our authority was a very successful beggar; pliant and amiable, he made himself a general favourite with the householders, often bringing home as many as six loads of provisions of an evening. On one occasion a gentleman offered to adopt him, but his cousin would not hear of it, and Platter had been so accustomed to be controlled by this vagabond, that he dared not choose for himself. However, as he remarks, he never left that house empty-handed.

In winter the fags lay upon the floor of the school-room and the bacchants in small chambers, of which there were several hundreds attached to the school. But in summer the juniors gathered grass and slept in the neighbouring churchyard. When it rained they ran into school; and when it thundered they sang Sacred music all night, for which the people usually rewarded them by an extra dole of alms. As for study, the fags generally did little, Thomas himself none at all, and not the slightest attention was paid to their morals. The elders, indeed, were not so utterly neglected, being instructed by nine professors, who all taught at the same hour and in the same room, much as follows:—The teacher first read the lesson—a passage from some Latin author—and the students wrote it down, pointed it, and then construed it; so that each of them had several large books of notes to carry home with him at the close of the session. Some pious people had endowed a hospital exclusively for the poor scholars, and little Platter was several times an inmate during the short time he passed at Breslau. But so long as he remained therein he preferred to be on the floor rather than on the beds.

In a few months such numbers of poor scholars thronged into the town that even Platter found it difficult to eke out a subsistence; and so his bacchant and himself, in company with six others, migrated to Dresden, suffering greatly from hunger on the way. In the neighbourhood of Neumark, happening to encamp by a well a short distance from the wall, their fire attracted the attention of the watch, who discharged a culverin at them, but fortunately hit no one. This, however, did not spoil their supper. They had stolen two geese and plenty of turnips, begged salt and one or two other things, and got a pot somehow. So removing out of sight behind a coppice, they cooked their plunder and had a glorious feast. Then, lying down under the trees, they slept soundly, until roused towards morning by an odd noise. Going to ascertain the cause, they

found a stream crossed by a weir and crowded with fish. Setting to work, they took a shirtful in a few minutes, and then resumed their march; and the day finished even better than it began: for a clown, whose mother had a strong desire to see a Switzer before she died, and who was thoroughly gratified in that respect by a good view of Platter, treated them that evening to beer and food without stint.

At Munich, which was their next goal, Platter scraped acquaintance with a soap-boiler, named Hans Schräll. This man had once been a Master of Arts at Vienna, but had abandoned letters out of pure disgust at the doings of the clerical body. In his company our sharpshooter spent some of his time, travelling about with him to buy ashes, and "making more soap than Latin by a very great deal."

After five years of wandering, Paul Summermatter and Platter returned to St. Gall. Being young, the latter had learnt a little of every dialect then current in Germany, and he took due care to display his accomplishments. "Bless us," said his relatives, "our Tommy speaks so profoundly that we can't make out one half he says." "But for all that," he adds, "I did not yet know how to read."

In a few days the pair set out again: this time for Ulm, taking with them a very little boy, named Hildebrand Klabbermatter. This youth received a piece of cloth for a coat as a parting gift from one of his relatives, and it was expected that they would soon beg money enough to pay for the making. And so they did; for, says Platter, "through practice I understood the whole art of begging to a nicety. I could sound the good nature of carl and housewife at a glance; knew when to whine and where to laugh, in what quarter to sing, and with whom to be saucy; and could instantly discover what was coming—a staff, a groschen, or a parcel of broken meat—from the pursing up of the mouth." But the coat was not very speedily made. That indeed would have been to have killed a goose which laid them a good many nice eggs, and the poor scholars were not so stupid.

As usual, Platter had to surrender all he received, not daring to eat a morsel without leave. But little Hildebrand, being something of a glutton, devoured the food nearly as fast as he got it. The little he brought home exciting the suspicions of the elder ones, they watched him, and caught him in the fact. That night there was a solemn gathering of the bacchants and sharpshooters belonging to the party. Hildebrand's crime was discussed with due gravity, and sentence pronounced, and executed at once. Throwing the offender on a bed, the bacchants covered his mouth with a pillow to stifle his cries, and beat him without mercy. From that time forth there was no more gorging in secret among the fags. They preferred, as Platter declares, to drive the dogs in the street from their bones. A moving picture Thomas paints of the miseries he suffered at Ulm—hungry, frost-bitten, singing with woful heart under the windows far on into the night, afraid to return empty-handed, and not quite sure of escaping punishment, however fortunate; and he dwells gratefully on the occasional

kindnesses which he experienced, especially from a certain pious widow ; how she used to chafe his hands and wrap his benumbed feet in furs, and minister in other ways to his pressing wants.

From Ulm they tramped to Munich. Here, too, the piece of cloth brought them in an ample harvest. But on returning again to Ulm, as they did a year later, and still parading the stuff with the usual cry, people began to suspect them. "What, the coat not made yet!" said one. "Get along, you are playing us tricks," said another. "I believe that coat will be worn out before there is a needle put in it," said a third. And he was not far wrong ; for what with trailing it about in all weathers, and squabbling with rival beggars, by this time the cloth had quite lost its gloss, and got several rents besides. "What became of it in the end, I know not," says Platter ; "but this I do know, it never made its appearance as a coat."

Another flying visit was paid to St. Gall, and then the party set off again to Munich. On their arrival the bacchants, as usual, betook them to a tavern, leaving the fags to shift for themselves ; and the latter, as nobody could be induced to give them shelter, resolved to pass the night on some corn-sacks which they had noticed in the market-place. But on this occasion they found better quarters than they expected. Some women who happened to be employed in the salt-house hard by, took pity on them, gave them their supper, and made them comfortable for the night. One of them, a widow, desired to keep Platter altogether, and he, nothing loth, remained, not showing again among the poor scholars for several weeks. But his bacchant could not afford this, so in great wrath he sought out Master Thomas and soon discovered his retreat. Platter was terribly frightened, but by the advice of the widow pleaded sickness, and so escaped for that time. On returning to school, however, Paul gave him a pretty broad hint of what he might expect if he persisted in taking such liberties, declaring that some day he would trample him under his feet. Thomas knew very well that bacchants were in the habit of keeping promises like this, and then for the first time it occurred to him to run away. He went back, indeed, to the widow for a day or two longer ; but on Sunday, getting up early in the morning and telling her that he wanted to go to school to wash his shirt, he hastened out of the city. But afraid to return to Switzerland, as Paul would be sure to pursue him in that direction, he crossed the Iser, and, placing the bill on the other side of that river between him and the city, sat down and—wept bitterly.

In the midst of his tears, and before he had decided what to do, a boor came up with his waggon, and Platter rode on with him for ten or a dozen miles. Then alighting, he made his way on foot to Seilzburg. The roads were covered with hoar frost, and the runaway had neither cap nor shoes ; his coat, too, nearly worn out and far too small, sheltered him but poorly from the blast. He was accustomed, however, to that kind of thing, and trudged bravely along. Failing to beg a passage down the

Danube to Vienna, he thought of returning to Switzerland; but the direct road thither lay through Munich, and that he dared not take. So he went on to Freissing, where there was a school. After passing a short time in this place some of the fags warned him that "the big bacchant from Munich was looking for him armed with a halbert." In his terror Platter started off directly for Ulm, and took shelter for a season with his pious widow, who received him gladly. But in eight months more his cousin, who by some means had traced him out, followed again in pursuit. Night was falling when Platter heard of Paul's arrival, but he took at once to the road, and made for Constance at the top of his speed. "He lost a good benefice in me," said Platter, speaking of his cousin. "I had supported him well in idleness for a good many years; no wonder, then, that he looked so sharply after me." However, they never met again. What became of Paul is not recorded. He may have sobered down and taken orders like so many more of those wild fellows whom Platter speaks of seeing absorbed into the priesthood without a single qualification for the office. He may have become an average curate, as such reverend gentlemen were in those days; or he may have preferred to play bacchant to the last, picking up fresh drudges, and clinging to them as the Old Man of the Sea clung to Sinbad, rambling from university to university, and realizing on the road such coarse pictures—especially night-pieces—as Fielding and Smollett delighted to paint.

As Platter crossed the bridge at Constance, and saw the Swiss boys in their white jackets, he declares he thought himself in heaven. But not choosing to remain in such a thoroughfare as Constance, he went on to Zurich; where he found some bacchants from St. Gall, and to them he offered his services as fag. One would have thought that he ought to have had enough of sharpshooting by this time; but it must be remembered that if he still wished to become a scholar—and, in spite of all his troubles and small success hitherto, that Platter did most earnestly—he had no other alternative. While at Zurich he received a message from Paul, who, wearying of the chase, had remained at Munich, promising to forgive him if he went back. But to this, of course, Platter paid no attention; and as his new masters proved in no respect better than the old one, he quitted their service, and travelled to Strasburg in company with one Anthony Benetz, a lad of his own age. At Strasburg they found a multitude of poor scholars, but not one good school, so they went on towards Schlestadt. A gentleman upon the way told them that this was a poor place and overrun with poor scholars, a piece of information which drew tears from Platter's companion. "But," said Platter, "I bade him cheer up—telling him that if there was but *one* poor scholar who could make shift to live at Schlestadt, I would certainly be able to provide for us *two*." It was here that Platter began to study for the first time—being then eighteen—sitting with the little ones "like a great clucking hen among the chickens,"—as he expresses it. But this did not last long. Such was the influx of poor scholars, that by Whitsuntide he could no longer provide food

enough for both, and they took again to the road—on this occasion towards Solothurn; where there was that poor scholar's paradise—a good school and plenty of food to be had for the asking. Here he found that too much time was lost in church for study to be pursued with advantage, and leaving Solothurn he turned his face homeward. "What devil has blown you here?" said his mother when the wanderer returned. "You a priest! No such luck, mine! You waste your time strolling about instead of learning, and I shall never be the joyful mother of a priest!" This was not very encouraging, and so Platter remained at home no longer than he could help. Before he set out again, however, he had learnt to write by the aid of a neighbouring priest—but not, it is to be presumed, the gentleman who had taught him to sing for eggs. Going off to Zurich, he met at last with a teacher to his taste—the celebrated Myconius, and his wanderings as a poor scholar ceased. Myconius drilled him into a thorough Latinist, and by hard and persevering study he made himself a good Grecian and a deep Orientalist. Becoming then a teacher himself, he rose slowly but surely in fame, closing his career at an advanced age, in great honour, at the head of the College of Basil.*

All poor scholars, however, did not rely so completely on pure charity as the bacchant appear to have done. Many recommended themselves to hospitality by their social talents. In several quarters the flute or the rebeck as certainly betokened the student as the inkhorn or the book. And those who were not musical made amends for the deficiency by cultivating their powers of narration. Nor were these always mere temporary devices. Very frequently the poor scholar made a profession of them in after life, and elected to be a minstrel or a raconteur in preference to a priest. Nor was the raconteur's by any means a poor line of business; that is, if he could gratify his audience with the latest novelty, and especially with the newest essay or poem of some current celebrity. These were the men of whom Petrarch writes—"Gifted with memory and industry, but unable to compose themselves, they recite the verses of others at the table of the great, and receive gifts in return. They are chiefly solicitous to please their hearers by novelty. Often they beset me with entreaties for my unfinished poems, and often I refuse. But sometimes moved by the poverty or worth of my applicants I yield to their desires. The loss is small to me, though the gain to them is great. Many have visited me poor and naked, who, having obtained their request, have returned to thank me loaded with presents and dressed in silks." And it was to these men that the great writers of the middle ages owed that wide and rapid diffusion of their renown, which rivals what the press can do for the writers of the present day.

Other poor scholars again preferred to draw a subsistence from the superstition of the period. Sir Matthew Hale's device to pay a bill was

* In the end the law had to interfere between the Bacchant and the Sharpshooter. John George of Saxony, for instance, issued an edict in 1661 forbidding the elder students to rob or ill-treat the younger under severe penalties.

a very common one with them. Many a scamp replenished his purse and his wallet by extemporizing gibberish over a field of young corn or a promising litter of pigs; or by posting up nonsense on the door of barn or cow-house; or by penning a text on a piece of parchment to be worn round the neck by way of charm. And this last expedient, by the way, was far from being confined to the poor scholars. It was much in vogue with the monks, who drove a roaring trade in these amulets, to the great destruction of valuable manuscripts, which they made away with thus by piecemeal. The scholar, too, who could draw a horoscope or calculate a nativity, was always sure of good quarters. Such a character makes a prominent figure in many popular mediæval stories; *—predicting a felon's doom for some unfortunate baby, and living to pronounce it in the character of judge, and to reverse it too—for some accident usually occurs to make the culprit known to him as the subject of his astrological calculations, and therefore, as a fit and proper object for his mercy. Often too, in times of high excitement, these vagabonds ventured boldly into the domain of the wizard. But in these cases, not being thoroughly versed in the vague obscurity and oracular reserve of word and deed affected by the genuine adept, they generally came to grief, as in the following instance, which occurred at Dijon during the madness of Charles VI.: Two scholars, named Poinson and Briquet, announcing that they had discovered the cause of the King's malady, and the means of restoring him to health, established themselves in a thick wood near the gate,—a spot very favourable to their operations. Having levied heavy contributions on the people, who, considering the object, scarcely dared refuse, they caused twelve pillars to be made, as many chains, and a massive circle, all of iron. They next set up the pillars in the wood, fixed the chains, and raised the circle to the top. This took up a good many weeks, but the wizards at least did not object, nor, as they lived in the midst of unusual plenty, had they any just cause. When the preliminaries were at last completed, a day was fixed for the incantation, and the whole city, and the country too, thronged thither to behold. As soon as the crowd had mustered, the wizards declared that it was now indispensable to pick out twelve men, who were to allow themselves to be chained to the pillars during the ceremony. One of these, indeed, it was admitted, was to be carried off by the demon, but—as the wizards rather cunningly put it—no loyal Frenchman could object to run the risk. A good many faces looked blank enough at this, but before any one could make up his mind to run away, a dozen names belonging to citizens of good repute, and all wedged in among the foremost ranks of the spectators, were read out, with the bailli at their head. And in a very few minutes every one of them, bailli and all, was coaxed into the circle, partly by dint of hearty elbowing, but chiefly because the crowd hinted pretty broadly that they had no alternative. The wizards chained them to the pillars, and then began to

* As the collection called "The Seven Corsc Masters."

gibber and dance,—a game they kept up until everybody was tired, themselves included, but without producing any particular result. Much to the disappointment of the outsiders, nobody was whisked away, nor did even one solitary imp condescend to put in an appearance. At last it became too evident that the whole thing was a farce, and great was the indignation. The mob groaned, hooted, howled, and cast rubbish,—a great deal of which, but of course purely by accident, fell upon the respected person of the bailli, who swore pretty audibly to be amply avenged on the two impostors the very moment he got loose. The twelve good men and true reviled the wizards, and the wizards reviled the twelve good men and true, declaring that the latter had wilfully and of malice aforethought spoilt the incantation by secretly making the sign of the cross within the circle. Of course the wizards were arrested—one of them after a very smart chase—and led at once to the stake. But scarcely had the flames that consumed them expired, when a most destructive tempest burst over the district—it was then harvest-time—and this was universally attributed to the malicious spirits of the executed sorcerers.

The glimpses which history affords of mediæval manners—of the doings and the influence of such representative men as John Ball, Wolsey, Bishop Acunha, and Cardinal Fregosi, form an all-sufficient comment upon this kind of clerical training. Seeing them at their studies, we are not astonished to find clergymen figuring as they do in the tales of Boccaccio and the extravagances of Rabelais. In countless instances the pastors were, as these writers represent them, the agents of demoralization; men who seemed to know but one text, “The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,” and who only sought to illustrate it. As for the chaplains, they displayed much more of the pander and buffoon than of the herald of grace. And they recommended themselves to the favour of their patrons rather by the contrivance of amusement than the construction of homilies. Take the Abbé Delebaigne as an example. This reverend gentleman, as Bouchet tells us, prepared a peculiar musical instrument for the delectation of Louis XI. He had a hamper made with a number of narrow compartments, thrust a live pig into each, and placed a cylinder, stuck with points and turned by a handle, across. He then covered the internal arrangements carefully from view, and had the machine carried into the royal presence. Pulling a very solemn face, he turned the handle, and the porkers squeaked like a hundred-and-fifty pairs of bagpipes, to the intense delight of the monarch—who then and there rewarded the deviser of this, the first hurdy-gurdy on record, with half-a-dozen fat livings.

M a r t i a l .

“ You see, sir, he may not be a judge of what is an epigram, but clearly he is a judge of what is not an epigram.” This was said by Dr. Johnson of a gentleman who had endeavoured to dissuade Elphinstone from publishing his translation of Martial; and it pretty accurately expresses the degree of knowledge on the subject which is possessed by the world in general. There are certain compositions which, however much they may resemble an epigram in form, we pronounce at once not to be epigrams. But when required to define how much point, how much brevity, how much wit, is necessary to justify the title, we find ourselves entirely at a loss. Many of Martial’s pieces terminate with some short moral sentiment in nowise akin to wit. Others seem to differ in no respect from the shorter poems of Propertius and Tibullus; and to deserve the name of elegies just as much as of epigrams. Very few of them are rounded off with that kind of versified *bon mot* which is essential to the modern idea of this species of composition. Sometimes, indeed, he presents us with specimens of the kind, unrivalled for elegance and felicity; and, for all we know, these may be the few good epigrams which the poet himself was thinking of in the well-known classification of his works which he himself has given us. But, on the whole, he is remarkable rather for graceful fancy, combined with brilliant execution, than for what we are now accustomed to call wit. His writings, too, are largely pervaded by that peculiar Pagan pathos which abounds so in the Odes of Horace, and is so susceptible of poetic treatment. These qualities united make him a very charming writer; while, as far as style is concerned, we affirm without hesitation that he who has not read Martial has yet to learn of what the Latin language is capable.

For this last reason especially we are glad to see him at length promoted to that place in our educational system, from which he has been so long excluded—partly, we suppose, on account of the difficulties of the text, partly because of the gross language and odious allusions with which the most sparkling and beautiful collection of *vers de société*, which the world can boast of, is unhappily disfigured. The ingenuity and research of modern scholars have done much to remedy the first; while a judiciously expurgated edition was all that was necessary to counteract the bad effects of the second. An expurgated edition was published in 1689 for the use of Westminster School, which has always been a great cultivator of the epigram. But the notes are meagre and unsatisfactory. In Lemaire’s edition the notes are tolerably copious, but the collection has not been winnowed. It has been reserved for Messrs. Paley and Stone,* as far as we

* *Select Epigrams from Martial, with English Notes.* Whittaker & Co.: London.

know, to combine both qualifications of a really good school edition—one as select as the Westminster, and even better annotated than Lemaire. Difficulties and impurities have been removed together. And at length we have Martial before us in the guise of a modern gentleman, polite, observant, and facetious; full of anecdote, of repartee, of shrewd or jocund inuendo; but at the same time perfectly decorous, and perfectly intelligible. A complete picture of Roman manners is exhibited in his pages; and with the aid of the *Gallus** we can realise to ourselves the life that Martial led almost as well as if he now had chambers in the Temple, and published his books in Piccadilly.

Martial, it appears, lived in lodgings in a good quarter of the town, though it cannot be identified with precision. His apartments were on the third floor, called the *cœnaculum*, and looked out upon the laurel shrubberies which grew about the *Porticus Vipsana*. He had, too, his Sabine farm near the town of *Nomentum*; but as he calls it *rus minimum*, and tells us that a gnat would starve upon it, that a cucumber could not lie straight upon it, and that he stored his harvest in a snail-shell, we are to conclude that it did not make much addition to his income. Poor as it was, however, it was still a country-house—an aristocratic appurtenance which highly incensed his brother poets, more especially when he added to it the still graver offence of setting up his own carriage out of the profits of his pen. These, however, were not large enough to save him from constant embarrassments, nor from being obliged to put up with many inconveniences and indignities, which, it is evident, galled him most severely, and drew from his pen several of his bitterest epigrams. Without being plunged into the same abject poverty which, rather more than a hundred years ago, was the lot of so many English men of letters, the Roman author of the period drank to the dregs the same cup of mortifications. To rise from his bed before it was light on a freezing morning in December; to tramp through the snow and ice to his patron's house, there to stand shivering amid a crowd of parasites and cutthroats, till the great man condescended to appear: to return again at night for the paltry coin wherewith a Roman noble rewarded the devotion of his clients: to dine with the patron, and be jeered at by the very slaves in waiting, as they handed round the coarse fish, the rotten fruit, and the rough thick wines of Spain deemed good enough for the second table, exhibiting all the while an ostentatious anxiety about the safety of the spoons and tankards: to be insulted by petty gifts and complimentary presents so trivial as to be only complimentary to a man without sense or self-respect: this and much more was the lot of authors who were reputable and even popular writers in their own country. That it should have been the lot of one whose works were read all over Europe; who was the friend of Lucan, Pliny, and Quintilian: and who was in the receipt of an income sufficient to

* Published 1838. A kind of Roman novel intended to illustrate the private life of the Romans.

enable him to live in all other respects like a gentleman, is indeed wonderful. Imagine the Poet Laureate going off at seven o'clock in the morning to cringe in the ante-room of a duke, and returning in the afternoon to receive half-a-crown from the hall-porter!

It is these curious contrasts which make Roman life so interesting a study, and, to some extent, so difficult of comprehension. We have here to picture to ourselves a famous author in a high position, whose ordinary associates are the most distinguished men of the day, whose company is courted by the fashionable world, no less than by scholars and statesmen, yet at the same time expected to exhibit a servility which would have shocked even Shadwell, and to be grateful for charities which Otway or Savage would have spurned. When Martial went to sup with Lucan in that magnificent villa which Juvenal refers to,—we have always thought with some little bitterness,—we wonder if the guests joked him about his occupations of the morning, or asked him how many quadrantes he had lately got out of Marcus, or how the magpie tasted the last time he dined with Ponticus. We must presume they did; since the epigrammatist himself did not shrink from publishing his grievances to the world, and from exposing the very patrons to whom he was indebted for these favours. And here again we are encountered by another difficulty. How did the patrons themselves relish being ridiculed in this way? If Marcus and Ponticus are feigned names, nevertheless the poet struck at a system, the supporters of which would have felt bound to resent the affront, though none of them were mentioned by name. One would have thought that the impudent, ungrateful dog who repaid his sportula* with lampoons, would soon have been a marked man at every vestibule in Rome; and that he would very shortly have had no patron to complain of. The explanation probably is that these gentlemen were not all alike; that the more liberal and highly cultivated among them treated such clients as Martial with proper consideration and respect; that their exaction of attendance was less rigorous, their dole much larger, and that the invidious distinctions of the dinner-table were in their houses less offensive. Men of this kind would rather be amused at a satire which was levelled exclusively at more mean and vulgar entertainers. And as Martial's fortunes improved, there is reason to believe that he was able to emancipate himself from the service of all but the better class of patrons. Indeed, it seems incredible that the poet could ever have shown his face again at a man's levée, or been invited to his table, after having once publicly denounced him as a snob, a glutton, and a miser.

Martial complains greatly of the obstacles thrown in the way of steady work by these half-compulsory levées; from which we gather that the morning was his time for writing when he had it to himself. He would probably get up about six o'clock in summer, and an hour later in the winter. The labours of the toilet would be postponed to the hour of the bath, and breakfast with the Romans was nothing more than a crust of bread and a

* The half-crown aforesaid.

bunch of grapes eaten standing. He would therefore have between five and six clear hours to dispose of before noon, at which time business was over for the day. If he had no *salutatio* or levée that was absolutely unavoidable that morning, we may imagine him sitting down to thank Parthenius for a new toga, or Rufus for a gold cup; or perhaps to write a congratulatory poem on some recent public event, concluding, we may be sure, with an exquisite compliment to the deity who ruled Rome, hidden carefully till the last couplet, then leaping forth like an arrow from the bow. Towards ten o'clock, however, it is not improbable that he may have to go out on business, from ten to twelve being the usual hours at Rome for all miscellaneous occupations. He is incessantly worried, he tells us, with engagements of various kinds; and among others we find a very suspicious mention of "having to fix his seal to some important document," which, as Martial had no property, may, perhaps, have been something analogous to those oblong pieces of paper with which literary gentlemen of all ages seem to have been peculiarly familiar. We have reason indeed to know that our poet was not wholly ignorant of such transactions, as we find him reproaching a usurer named Phœbus with putting him off from day to day on pretence of making inquiries and so forth—a system not wholly without parallel in modern times—and bidding him say "no" at once and have done with it. This business of importance transacted, he might perhaps look into his bookseller's in the Argiletum, which was not very far from the tabernæ, the chief resort of the money-dealers, and hear what Tryphon or Atrectus had to say about the sale of his last volume. He would then return home to his lunch or prandium, consisting of fish, eggs, and the cold meat remaining over from yesterday's dinner. After this he would take a short nap. Then came a game of ball or other gymnastic exercise, corresponding to our canter in the Park; then the bath, where he would meet by appointment the friend who was coming home to dine with him; and then, great event of all, the cœna. This routine of events is, however, liable to interruption. Great men will either detain him in the street or drop in at his lodgings, and he cannot tell them they are troublesome. Actors and dancers claim a share of his time, and he is unwilling to be rude to them. Then he has recitations to attend, sometimes of unconscionable length.

Auditur toto sæpe poeta die.

The lawyers, rhetoricians, and grammarians were all addicted to this practice, and you could not neglect their invitations without giving mortal offence. So that Martial says it was often past four o'clock before he got to the baths, generally tired to death; while after that he still had to fetch his sportula before going to dinner.

If he dined at home, with one or two friends quietly, he would not feel bound to offer them anything very sumptuous. Saltfish and eggs; sausages with thick sauce; beans and bacon; and a dessert composed of grapes, pears, chesnuts, and olives; were washed down with wine of which the poet says that his guests must make it good by drinking it—a

common Roman phrase, though the meaning of it is a little obscure. It probably was equivalent to our own proverb, that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. "I shan't praise my own wine," Martial seems to say; "I leave you to find out its merits, and prove them by the quantity you drink." Others have suggested that Martial means his guests to bring contentment with them, which is the best relish for all viands. A third interpretation is more Bacchanalian, namely, that the host is exhorting his company to drink till the wine, at all events, seems good, *i.e.* till they have lost the power of discrimination. At this little dinner—*cœnula*—ladies might be present; and Martial speaks of one Claudia as the great attraction of his table on a particular occasion. When the company was larger, a more delicate entertainment was provided. Dinner over—and it could not last much later than six or seven o'clock—the guests would take their departure, and the poet might go to work again for a few hours, if he chose; unless it was to be followed by a *commissatio*, or night revel, which generally wound up the dinner-parties of the rich and gay. Or Martial, who decidedly came within the definition of a fast man, might either make his way down to the Suburra, or entertain some denizen of that quarter in his own abode. He describes himself in one poem as about to dine alone, in the expectation that "Telethusa" will visit him that evening. He was, moreover, in great request as a diner-out, and, on the whole, we should think that very few of his verses were written by the midnight oil. He expressly tells us that he likes to drink deep into the night, and is not very fond of rising too early in the morning.

Such was the life of a literary man at Rome during the reigns of Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. Martial was born at Bilbilis, the modern Calatajud, in the year A.D. 39, and he died at the same place A.D. 104. Of these sixty-five years thirty-four had been passed at Rome, and he was nearly sixty when he returned to his native country. Whether he had been married during his residence at Rome seems uncertain; but on coming back to Bilbilis he was fortunate enough to secure the hand of Marcella, a Spanish lady, still young and handsome, who brought him a snug fortune, on which he ended his days in comfort. He didn't much enjoy the society of Bilbilis after that of Rome; but his wife, he says, compensates for all.

Tu desiderium dominæ mihi mitius urbis
Esse jubes: Romam tu mihi sola facis.*

A compliment turned with his usual neatness, and perhaps more than his usual sincerity.

Before examining the position of Martial in Roman literature and in general literature, it will be better to notice at once the two charges which have been brought against his character. Fulsome adulation of a wicked and debauched prince is the first; excessive grossness is the second. Let us take the last of these first. Licentious writing may be judged of from

* Regretful visions disappear at home,
Thy love, Marcella, makes perpetual Rome.

two distinct points of view. We may consider it either in its relation to the author, or in its relation to the public. Sometimes that which indicates great laxity in the writer is comparatively harmless to the reader, as *Tom Jones*. Sometimes that which is dangerously exciting to the imagination, proceeds from the pen of one who is comparatively pure in conduct, as *Clarissa Harlowe*. The first shocks our taste; but it is the second which saps our morals. The first kind of grossness consists simply in calling a spade a spade. Everybody knows quite well what the habits of the Romans were. Martial simply deals with them as one of the acknowledged facts of life which it was mere prudery to ignore. The second kind of grossness is that which lies in the thought and not in the language, and which, if we accept Burke's dictum, ought to be no grossness at all. But its effects are all the worse for that very reason. The insinuations and suggestions of Ovid in his *Art of Love* are of this latter sort, and calculated to kindle passions and corrupt innocence in a tenfold greater degree than anything to be found in Martial. Which, then, was the worse man of the two? We have no hesitation in deciding that the former was the more prurient if the latter was the more coarse; that if Martial is the more repulsive, it is precisely on that account that Ovid is the more seductive. Martial does not dress up vice in attractive colours, or represent the pursuit of a woman's virtue as one of the most exciting and interesting kinds of sport in which a man can be engaged. He simply does not shrink from reality. He took society as he found it, and did not quarrel with its vices; but he did not lay himself out to make profligacy poetical, or to purchase popularity by stimulating licentious impulses. If he could say a witty thing on an indecent subject, its indecency did not restrain him. But that's about the worst that can be said. If he found it necessary to the humour of the moment to introduce Philænis or Galla, he introduced them; but they are subordinates, not principals. The nature of the vices to which he so frequently refers is an entirely distinct question. They were characteristic of the age, and prove nothing against the individual. We are only entitled to judge of Martial's misdemeanours exactly as posterity may judge of any modern writer who shall allude to the vices of the present day with a freedom offensive to our grandchildren. There are those who do so already, with a freedom offensive to ourselves.

Martial's flattery of Domitian does not seem to us more exaggerated than Virgil's flattery of Augustus. A great part of such flattery is purely formal and conventional. It had become the fashion at Rome to affect to believe that the Emperors after death were enrolled among the gods, and this political fiction naturally tinged the language in which their subjects paid court to them. But is there anything so much more extravagant in this than in the attributes which are solemnly ascribed to Christian Princes? At least it is but a question of degree. And, if the character of the individual be allowed to have anything to do with it, Domitian, we must remember, had his good points. If he was cruel,

tyrannical, and immoral, he nevertheless was the author of several social and administrative reforms of great value. But it was rather to the office and position of the Emperor, the visible head of the world, the vicegerent of the Gods on earth, than to the private character of the man that this adoration was paid. There was something infinitely grand and affecting to the imagination in that superb idea of universal empire embodied in a single person possessed of absolute power, and recognizing no authority between himself and Jove. We moderns can but feebly appreciate the hold of this idea upon the popular mind; and more especially on the provincial mind, which had neither the Roman memories of the Republic, nor any very distinct national traditions of its own to counteract the influence. These considerations should never be absent from our minds in appraising the degree of self-abasement to which a writer must necessarily have sunk, before he could address his sovereign in the language of Martial. And we should especially remember, at the same time, and looking at the question from another point of view, that the very hyperbole by which these effusions are distinguished is inconsistent with that element of hypocrisy which is essential to all real adulation. When the poet says that Domitian is greater than Hercules, or that his return to Rome at midnight, will turn night into day, nobody is deceived by such compliments. When the virtues attributed to a mortal man are something superhuman and impossible, all that such flattery can be taken to mean is, that the author desires to be very civil to the object of it, and that he adopts for that purpose the current phraseology of the period. A compliment almost ceases to be false as soon as it becomes monstrous.

Pliny says of Martial that he had plenty of gall in his composition; and no doubt his retaliation upon those who had ill treated him was often bitter enough. But for all that, he is a satirist of the school of Horace and Addison rather than of Juvenal and Swift. "A dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops, or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes," is just what Martial would have ridiculed had hoops been worn or snuff been taken in his day. These, and what may be called the minor immoralities—all illiberal views of life; all petty affectations and hypocrisies; all pretenders, impostors, and bores either in literature or in the intercourse of society, are the objects of his satire, as well as absurdities and extravagances of dress or demeanour. He is incapable of the high moral indignation and the dreadful irony which Mr. Thackeray occasionally exhibited; but in reading Martial one is irresistibly reminded of *Vanity Fair* and the *Book of Snobs*. Major Ponto, the would-be aristocrat; Desborough Wiggle, the would be lady-killer; Crump, the college toady; Jawkins, the political bore; Pitt Crawley, old Osborne, Mr. Wagg, and Mr. Wenham, represent exactly the class of follies and meannesses on which Martial made incessant war; a class of follies a little graver on the whole than those which Addison best appreciated, and much less grave than those which roused the wrath of Juvenal; but precisely those

on which Thackeray shows to most advantage; and which before his time, perhaps, had met with no adequate exponent in English literature.

Martial then, as far as his satire was concerned, must have been to the society of Rome very much what Addison, first, and Thackeray afterwards, were to the society of England. But there was another side to his character upon which he is seen in a wholly different—we hope it will convey no wrong impression, if we add, a much more amiable light. He had the sensibility, the love of beauty, and the delicate fancy of a true poet. And his poems which are not satires, seem to us to show that, with leisure and opportunity, he might have rivalled Ovid, and menaced even the supremacy of Catullus. But he lived from hand to mouth, a hurried, rakish, anxious life, like that of Theodore Hook or Oliver Goldsmith; and whether he possessed the inclination, supposing him to have had the leisure, to compose any longer poems is more than doubtful. He says indeed, once, that if Rome will find a Mæcenas he will find an Ænead. But he seems to prefer vindicating the superiority of his own poetry over both tragic and epic. He says it is all very well to call his epigrams playthings; but that he is the real trifler who describes the feast of Thyestes or the flight of Dædalus. His own pages smack of human life, and mirror the manners and the foibles of a real world. Let men sneer if they like, says his Muse to him, at your little oaten pipe, as long as it is able to drown the roar of their trumpets.

The sweetness, the brightness, the tenderness, and the exquisite melody of the tunes which he played on that instrument raise him in our opinion above either Tibullus or Propertius. He had not certainly quite the soft plaintiveness of the former, who coos to us like the dove from “immemorial elms;” nor the deep thought and powerful style of the latter. But he equals them in the beauty of his sentiments, and excels them in the play of his fancy, in the vividness of his descriptions, and in the wonderful grace and finish of his almost perfect versification. Among English poets he reminds us chiefly of Herrick. But as in all the lyrists of that age there is a certain family likeness, so in Suckling, in Lovelace, and later on, in Andrew Marvel, we find examples of the peculiar turn of thought which distinguished their Roman predecessor. The “why so pale and wan, fond lover,” of Suckling, is exactly in the vein of Martial. But one may open Herrick at random, sure of lighting upon something that, but for knowing to the contrary, you might almost take for a translation of him. Such are the “Bracelet,” and “The Willow Garland;” but where the resemblance is so general it is, perhaps, a mistake to particularize.

It will be seen, therefore, that Martial covers a tolerably large space of ground in the literary field. It now only remains to give a few specimens of his beauties, both as an epigrammatist proper and a simple elegiac poet.

In the former character Martial only occasionally comes up to the modern idea of an epigram. But when he does, both his wit and his work

are of the very finest temper. As good an example of poetic fancy and epigrammatic point united as we are able to select is the epigram on the return of Domitian to Rome from his expedition to the north. The poet chides the morning star for lingering when all Rome is awaiting the return of Cæsar.

Phosphore, redde diem : quid gaudia nostra moraris ?
 Cæsare venturo, Phosphore, redde diem.
 Roma rogat. Placidi numquid te pigra Bootæ
 Plaustra vehunt, lento quod nimis axe venis ?
 Quid cupidum Titana tenes ? Jam Xanthus, et Æthon
 Frena volunt : vigilat Memnonis alma parens.
 Tarda tamen nitidæ non cedunt sidera luci,
 Et enpit Ausonium Luna videre ducem.
 Jam, Cæsar, vel nocte veni : stent astra licebit,
 Non deerit populo, te veniente dies.

The high poetic beauty of the imagery here employed, as well as the consummate elegance of the composition, and chiselled roundness of the style, can escape no scholar. But besides these merits, the little piece before us is the very perfection of an epigram. Mark how everything leads up to the concluding idea, and yet how unexpectedly it comes upon us; perfectly logical, and yet a complete surprise. The following imperfect paraphrase may, perhaps, help some of our readers to catch the drift of the original :—

Bright Phosphor, bring the morning,
 Why still our joy delay ?
 Lo Cæsar home returning !
 Sweet Phosphor bring the day.

Thou surely hast not tarried
 With dull Bootes's car,
 Whom coursers might have carried
 Unyoked from Leda's star ?

Still frets impatient Titan
 Whose steeds demand the rein,
 And still to see thee brighten
 Aurora wakes in vain.

Still, still each starry cluster
 Usurps the heavenly dome,
 The moon prolongs her lustre
 To see the Lord of Rome.

Stand fixed, each constellation ;
 Thou moon, prolong thy ray ;
 Great Cæsar's restoration
 Shall turn our night to day.

Messrs. Paley and Stone call attention to some of Milton's lines in the "Ode to the Nativity" which are almost a paraphrase of Martial.

A charming little piece of the same kind, addressed to the river Rhine, on the return of Trajan, is as follows :—

Nympharum pater, anniumque Rhene,
 Quicumque Odrysiæ bibunt pruinas,
 Sic semper liquidis fruaris undis,
 Nec te barbara contumeliosi
 Calcatum rota conterat bubulci :
 Sic et cornibus aureis receptis,
 Et Romanus eas utrâque ripa :
 Trajanum populis suis et urbi,
 Tiberis te dominus rogat, remittas.

Tiber is the monarch of rivers, and he orders the Rhine, his subject, to send back Trajan to Rome. What a pretty fancy! how pat to the purpose! And how artfully the point is veiled till the last moment, when the key-note is struck, and the whole meaning of the poem breaks upon us, like a fairy bursting from a flower! Who thinks of the Tiber till his name is mentioned? Then we feel at once that he has been murmuring through the poem all the time. This little poem, too, is conceived quite in the spirit of Milton's,—

May thy brimming waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills;
 Summer drought, or singed air,
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud.

Other very pointed epigrams are iii. 43, ii. 5, iii. 60, iii. 38, vii. 97, iv. 67, and *Lib. Spect.* 3; the point of the latter being something like Tennyson's

Norman and Saxon and Dane are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.

Among epigrams conspicuous for tenderness and depth of feeling, though less elaborately pointed, may be mentioned iv. 13, on the marriage of Pudens and Claudia; vii. 96, on the death of an infant; and iv. 73, on Vestinus. We subjoin a few lines from the second for the benefit of our classical readers, seeing that they defy translation :—

Quid species, quid lingua mihi, quid profuit ætas?
 Da lacrymas tumulo, qui legis ista, meo.
 Sic ad Lethæas, nisi Nestore serius, umbras
 Non eat, optabis quem superesse tibi.

The "Vestinus" is a very beautiful epigram, and we are not sure that we should not pronounce it in some respects to be Martial's masterpiece.

A good specimen of the moral epigram, with reflections upon life in general, is vi. 70, upon an old man named Cotta, sixty-two years old,

who has never had a day's illness in his life. This gives Martial occasion to say that life, after all, ought only to be reckoned up by its healthy days. If all our hours of sickness be subtracted, how long shall we be found to have lived in comparison with Cotta ?

Infantes sumus, et senes videmur.
Non est vivere, sed valere, vita est.

How admirably put, and susceptible of how wide an application !

Those who wish to see the extraordinary fertility of Martial's fancy, and his equally wonderful command of language, should read in particular three epigrams in the eighth book—28, 33, and 51—and the 18th of the eleventh book. One Paullus has made the poet a present of a drinking vessel formed out of a leaf from his Prætorian crown, which was made of gold beaten out into the shape of bay or laurel leaves. This tiny goblet Martial likens contemptuously to all the lightest and most trivial things he can imagine. It would be shaken by the flight of a distant gnat, or the very smallest butterfly. A lily, when drooping in the sun, would hold more. It is thinner than the spider's web, and lighter than the thread of the silkworm. Fabulla spreads the chalk upon her face in a thicker layer ; and the oilskin cap in which ladies shroud their hair is tougher. Soap-suds are more substantial ; the cuticle of an unhatched chicken is less fragile : than this trumpery bit of metal which the donor so pompously calls a phiala.* The astonishing ease with which all these comparisons are hit off in a series of the most polished couplets, a single line being allotted to each of them, is at least as remarkable as the succession of images itself, and justifies our remark that until a man has read Martial he is ignorant of the full powers of the Latin language. The same may be said of xi. 18, where the poet ridicules the dimensions of his Sabine farm in the most exquisite hendecasyllabics. It is laid waste, he says, by a mouse, as much dreaded by the farmer as if it were the Calydonian boar. A single swallow's nest absorbs his whole straw-rick. His sacred grove is a herb-bed, and his wine-vat is a nutshell. So he concludes with the following to the donor :—

Errasti, Lupe, literâ sed unâ :
Nam quo tempore prædium dedisti,
Mallet tu mihi prandium dedisses.†

The descriptions of natural scenery which we find in Martial testify not only to the same happy gift of language, but to an appreciation of the beauties of nature, and of all the sights and sounds and occupations of rural life, which shows that dissipation had not impaired his freshness of feeling. The description of his friend Faustinus's villa is perhaps the

* A saucer-shaped goblet, like a champagne-glass.

† Your gift had been better
By the change of one letter ;
When you gave me a rood
I wanted food.

best known of Martial's writings, and has been closely imitated in the *Gallus*. It contains a most animated picture of a real Roman farm, such as were attached to the country-houses of the wealthy, corresponding perhaps to the "home farm," the appendage of an English manor-house. The well-stored granaries; the poultry-yard, swarming with every variety of fowl that was capable of domestication; the pigeons, the pigs, and the lambs; the tenants coming up from the village with their dutiful presents of honey and eggs and cheese, a fat capon, or a tender kid; the bailiff and the overseer going out fishing together, or snaring field-fares, or netting deer; the slaves working cheerfully in the garden; and the children huddling over the fire; are all noted with a loving eye, and sketched in with a master's hand. But perhaps the most beautifully descriptive passage in all Martial is the poem on the villa of Julius Martial, situated on the Janiculum, iv. 64:—

Lati collibus imminent recessus :
 Et planus modico tumore vertex
 Cœlo perfruitur serenior:
 Et curvas nebula tegente valles
 Solus luce nitet peculiari.

Here we have the original of Goldsmith's—

As some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
 Towers from the rest, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though clouds and vapours round its base be spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

The poet goes on to say how that from this height you look down upon the whole city, with all its neighbouring suburban retreats; can see the carriages rolling along the Flaminian, without hearing the rumble of the wheels, and the barges gliding on the river, without hearing the curses of the boatmen. We feel that in these days it behoves us to be sparing of our Latin, or we could have wished to give the poet's description of his own garden at Bilbilis, which he got with Marcella, after his return to Spain, and an almost equally well-written tribute to the beauties of his native land to be found in a letter addressed to his countryman Licinianus, i. 49, beginning, "Vir Celtiberis non tacende gentibus." It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that neither paraphrase nor translation can do even the shadow of justice to Martial's workmanship, nor convey more than a very feeble impression of his sentiments and ideas. The *wit* of an epigram is proverbially incapable of translation, depending, as it does, upon peculiar arrangements of words which cannot be transferred to another language without losing all their flavour.

That Martial combined with the keenest relish for that literary and polite society of which Rome was the centre a genuine taste for the pleasures of the country is to be gathered indirectly from innumerable allusions in his poetry. But in one or two pieces he has proclaimed in so many words his own idea of a happy life, and that is a rural life, dignified by the sense of independence, enlivened by field sports, and

passed in the society of friends in your own station of life, from whom you want nothing, and who want nothing from you. Who, he asks, would hang about the palaces of patrons who had a small estate of his own, and could live plentifully on the produce of his own land? What delight greater than to empty out your game-bag before the kitchen fire, after a long day's sport, or to land a lively fish with a single horse-hair; and then to sup off your broken-legged table on bacon and roasted eggs? In the 47th of Book X. he repeats this opinion in favour of a country life, laying special stress on the *res non parata labore sed relicta*. And it is quite impossible to suppose that all this was affectation. How much or how little he lived on his own farm at Nomentum we have little means of ascertaining. It furnished his table with vegetables, poultry, and wine, as we learn from Ep. x. 48, where he describes a rather better kind of dinner which he is giving to a party of six. But the language in which he speaks of it elsewhere is manifestly incompatible with its having afforded him any facilities for field sports. Whether, on the other hand, he ever partook of this amusement on the estates of his wealthier friends, does not appear from his writings; and, on the whole, it is more probable that he carried these tastes with him from his native hills, where game of many kinds must have abounded before the woods had disappeared. The mountain range on which Bilbilis is supposed to have once stood is bleak and bare enough; but many other Spanish mountains which are now equally naked are known to have once been forest; and as Martial mentions by name certain woods in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, as famous covers for the stag, the hare, and the boar, we must suppose that the crags of Bilbilis have shared the common fate. Martial always looked back with great affection on the scenes of his youth which, happier in this respect than another poet with whom he has much in common, he lived to revisit; there to end his life among the objects which he loved best, and to find in the society of a devoted woman, in his books and his garden, his fountains, his fishponds, and his dovecote, ample solace for the coolness with which he seems to have been received by the petty town which he immortalized.

Finally, we see in Martial not only a great Roman wit, and critic of the men and manners of his own time, but a graceful and tender poet who appeals to all time; not only the brilliant man about town, but also the simple country gentleman, sportsman, and naturalist. This remarkable combination is, to say the least of it, extremely rare, while in this case it lends the charm of variety to an author's pages whose perpetual brilliancy might otherwise become monotonous. It alone constitutes a claim upon the attention of the literary world which has never yet been duly recognised. We trust, however, that this wrong is about to be repaired; and it is in the hope of contributing, in however slight a degree, to this desirable result, that the present article has been written.

Modern Venetian Glass and Enamel Mosaics.



At the extreme end of the Piazza of St. Mark there is observable a shop crowded with objects as varied and as exquisite in form as the clouds at sunset over the lagoons, as bright and tender, and harmonious in colour as the necks and breasts of St. Mark's own doves. If you have a weakness for old Venetian glass, and have sought for specimens in amateur collections and old curiosity-shops throughout Europe, here your attention is at once arrested, and you are inclined to feel that you need seek no further. If, on the contrary, you have taken pride in the flashing, sparkling, angular antics of cut-glass, you will scarcely believe that the forms before you, and the forms to which you are accustomed, are of identical material, and that the difference results alone from the greater or less perception of the beautiful by the eye, and the swifter or slower obedience to its rule, of the hand of man. Entering, you will be surprised in either case to learn that those glowing, chastened, drooping chandeliers with their festoons and garlands, each leaf and tendril copied from Nature,—those lily-shaped vases and crocus bowls, ice-frosted flagons, opal beakers, filigree decanters, and flame-spiralled glasses,—those emerald, purple, or ruby-tinted chalices, those agate or chalcedonic urns and silver-sprayed mirrors,—are all the handiwork of the modern glass-blowers of Murano, whose eye for colour and delicacy of touch—once the lost secrets of the past—prove them worthy as well as lineal descendants of the Barovieri and Miotti, the Segusi, Barbini, and the legion of artists whose genius won world-wide fame for themselves, and wealth and honour for the *Serenissima*.

But for the commerce and industry of Venice in the past we should not gaze to-day on her marble-encrusted palaces and star-studded churches, and unless that commerce and industry be revived, we must not only lay aside all hope for her art life in the future, but must resign ourselves to see her priceless art-treasures of the past fade, and slowly but surely perish. It is admitted by all that no city of the Peninsula has suffered and lost, for the sake of unity and independence, more than Venice. In 1847 she had regained a fair portion of her ancient prosperity. With 1848 her disasters recommenced. To a direct outlay of fifty millions of francs during the siege of 1849—which, for a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, was an enormous sum—must be added the indirect burdens of stagnant commerce, trebled taxation, exiled sons, the resolve of her exasperated victors to exalt Trieste at her expense, and, finally, her separation from Lombardy by a custom-house line in 1859. In 1866 Italy welcomed with genuine cordiality this favourite sister, but the

condition of the family finances prevented her from tendering much pecuniary assistance. Blunders, fortunately not irreparable, in commercial treaties; the futile attempt to compete with Trieste on unequal terms; and the delusion, common to all who have been for any time subject to despotic rule, that the Government ought forthwith to make and mend everything, without much effort in that respect on the part of the people;—these and minor mishaps have retarded the progress which in two years might reasonably have been expected. Still some advance is visible. Schools are open and fairly attended; working-men's associations, co-operative societies, and a popular library founded; a technical institute or high commercial school established; water streets are being drained, the canal leading from the port of Malamoco to the Arsenal is being deepened to receive vessels of the largest size, while a regular line of steamers in correspondence with the Indian mail is established between Venice, Brindisi and Alexandria. Projects for docks and bonded warehouses, for a direct water entrance to St. Mark's Place, and for establishing direct commercial relations with foreign countries, are on foot; and Parliament has just voted eleven millions for repairing and enlarging the Arsenal.

Meanwhile, foremost among accomplished facts, stand the manufactures of glass and of enamel mosaics: the rapid strides made during two years leaving no doubt that, if present efforts continue, and the commonest luck attend them, Venice will once more reign supreme in the magic regions from which she herself believed her children to be for ever banished.

The "art of glass," as it is called to the present day, was, according to the most accredited historians, brought to the desert islands by the fugitives who first drove the piles and laid the foundations of the sea-girt city; and when it is remembered that the Romans were the first to learn that art from the Phœnicians, and that the glass factories of Rome, up to the fall of the Empire, outrivalled those of Syria and Egypt, there is no reason to doubt that the inhabitants of the most flourishing cities of the Roman Empire, when abandoning them to the inroads of the barbarians, carried with them, in their imaginations and at the tips of their fingers, this useful art, dependent merely on fancy, dexterity, and the simplest materials.

The first distinct record, however, is in 1090. From that date to 1291 the glass factories and furnaces increased so rapidly in Venice that—either because they exposed the city to frequent fires, or because of the peculiar colour-brightening atmosphere of Murano—the *Maggior Consiglio* ordered them all to be removed to that island, then considered a suburb of the city. In the *Correr Museum* is preserved the *Mariegola dei fiolieri de Muran*, whence we glean the laws that regulated, the privileges granted, and the penalties that menaced this race of artists, dear as their own power to the republican aristocrats. They were divided into four classes: 1st, the glass-blowers; 2ndly, the mirror and window-glass makers; 3rdly, the bead-makers; 4thly, the workers in rods and enamels. Each class was governed by a body of nine members; five owners of factories, and four head artists, or *maestri*, chosen by the workmen, and subject to

the political vigilance of the Council of Ten. Two individuals, chosen by this body, had the right of entry to all the workshops day and night, to see that all went on regularly. The workshops opened on the 1st October and closed on 31st July. The owners of factories and the foremen were required to contribute an annual sum for the maintenance of unfortunate manufacturers or unemployed foremen, for the aged and infirm; and every owner to give a ducat, and every foreman a day's wages, for the support of the schools. In order to attain to the rank of foreman, or *maestro*, an apprentice, or *garzone*, was required to execute a given work, and submit it to the judgment of the *comparto*, or body of nine. If the work was approved, he became a *maestro*; if rejected, he remained in the *garzonado*. When the foremen were too numerous no further trials were permitted; when the apprentices exceeded the necessary number foremen were forbidden to take fresh pupils.

Terrible were the punishments inflicted on any Muranese who taught his art to any but a native of the island. If he fled with his secret to a foreign land, he was peremptorily summoned to return; if he failed to obey the summons, his nearest relatives were imprisoned. If he still remained callous to his duty to the Republic, an emissary was commissioned to put him to death. It is difficult to ascertain when the first enamels were made in Venice; but it is certain that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries Byzantine artists taught the Venetians to perfect them; and such apt pupils did they prove, that "those who passed off enamels for precious stones were fined one thousand ducats, and condemned to two years' imprisonment in the pozzi."

The privileges conferred were no less important. The citizens of Murano were entitled to fill the first offices of the Republic. All the glass-workers might carry a *Vasina di coltelli*, i. e. two knives in a sheath. Neither the *Bargello* nor the *Sbirri*, nor even their chief, *Missier grande*, could land on the island; native magistrates alone could arrest a citizen, and send him to the supreme tribunals. The Muranese had the right of entering the first *peota*, or magnificently decorated barque, which accompanied the Doge on Ascension-day to wed the Adriatic, after which ceremony they might coin their own gold and silver *oselle*. But the most precious privilege was conferred on the daughters of the manufacturers and of the foremen, who were allowed to wed with Venetian patricians, their children inheriting the father's rank, which privilege, considering the jealousy and exclusiveness of the aristocrats, gives one a fair notion of the esteem in which the glass art was held.

In 1546 the *Libro d'oro* was instituted; only those born in Murano of fathers also born there were inscribed as citizens. The book or parchment still exists in the Museum of Murano: 173 families were first registered, then other 17, by order of the Supreme Tribunal. Of these, 87 existed at the fall of the Republic, and 54 are still extant.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the art of glass flourished and progressed, bringing an annual revenue of eight millions of

ducats to the *Serenissima*. In the eighteenth it was less flourishing, and with the fall of the Republic, like all else, decayed. The Austrians naturally encouraged the manufactures of Bohemia, Styria, and Carinthia, and, moreover, regarded the regulations and societies of the Muranese as dangerous political associations. Many of the *maestri* emigrated to other lands, bearing with them their magic art. With the exception of the bead manufacture, in which department Venice has ever held her own, the glass art was for a time utterly lost. The specimens of old Venetian blown glass were sought for as eagerly as pictures by her great masters, and purchased at fabulous prices; while, as a proof that the manufacture of enamels had almost ceased, it may be noted that Gregory XVI., born in Venice and educated at Murano, chose, as a gift to his birthplace, Roman enamels to be employed in the repairs of St. Mark. Not that the Muranese had forgotten the art, as, in 1811 and 1818, two exquisite tables in ornamental mosaic were wrought by Benedetto Barbaria for Napoleon I. and Francisco I. of Austria; but monumental mosaic being then altogether neglected, the demand, and consequently the supply of enamels ceased. About 1836, Lorenzo Radi and Francisco Torcellan, both Muranese, set to work to discover the lost secrets of the materials of which these enamels were made, and the still more difficult art of fusion. In 1840 they received the gold medal from the Venetian Academy for their gold and silver enamels; and the collection now existing in the Murano Museum is considered by *connoisseurs* equal in all respects, and in the flesh-tints superior to those of the ancients. Fortunately for these persevering men, their efforts became known to Dr. Salviati, an enterprising art-loving lawyer, who warmly espoused the idea set on foot by the Abbate Zannetti, of restoring to Venice one at least of her ancient glories. To have recovered the methods of manufacturing the old enamels was but one step in the right direction; artists must be trained to use them in the restoration of the old, and in the manufacture of new mosaics. So Salviati opened a mosaic school, chose the best artists from the Venetian Academy, summoned a first-rate mosaicist from Rome, and formed a drawing-class for working-men. Perhaps the first specimen of their skill was exposed to the public on the walls of the "Venetian Enamel Mosaic Works," on the Grand Canal, where from a gold ground the figures of Titian and Tintoret stand out in exquisite relief, and bid fair to defy the moisture and cold of a climate that has destroyed all other attempts at exterior mural painting. In 1861 the Commission appointed by the Imperial Royal Academy to visit the establishment expressed, as the result of the examination, "the conviction so strong that it could not well be stronger of the excellence displayed in every department of the works." Salviati's first great commission was received from the Queen for the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor, where the soffits of the twelve side windows and the twenty-eight panels of the blank west window are occupied with the full-length figures of kings and historic personages in mosaic on gold ground; while the spaces between the ribs of the groined roof are covered with

angels, inscriptions, coats-of-arms, foliage, &c., covering 1,100 square feet. In St. Paul's the large picture of Isaiah and two angels was executed by Salviati's artists, who have also contributed much to the embellishment of the Albert Memorial, on the four pediments of which are allegorical figures on gold ground representing painting, architecture, sculpture, and poetry, and beneath the pediments, on spandrels, other figures illustrative of the arts symbolized by those above. The blue vault is studded with gold stars and coats-of-arms. These, together with the decorations of the Mausoleum at Frogmore, in the façade of the Wedgwood Memorial at Burslem, offer English amateurs fair opportunities of judging for themselves of the adaptation of enamel mosaic to interior and exterior mural decoration. When I last visited the studio on the Grand Canal, I found several of the mosaics of St. Mark's undergoing repairs on the floors and tables of the rooms.

In 1861, the administration of the Cathedral entered into a contract with Salviati to supply all the enamels required, and last year he contracted for all the repairs of the pavements and domes, to be executed in fourteen years, 20,000 francs to be paid annually for the mere labour. Already, twelve large figures in the cupola nearest the entry have been repaired, some literally manufactured. These mosaics are of the thirteenth century. When first examined from the pavement, they seemed intact; but, on closer inspection, it was found that, while the tesserae adhered closely to the cement, the cement had become almost entirely detached from the cupola, owing to the cracking of the walls, from subsidence of the foundations. Before displacing the figures, a tracing is taken, and an exact coloured sketch made by a first-rate artist. Then the figure is taken down and carried to the studio, and the same tesserae, freed from the cement, used in the reproduction, except the flesh-tints which have faded. The next undertaking is to be the Apocalypse, which is almost entirely ruined. This was the grand work of the mosaicists of the fifteenth century, from the cartoons of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. First-rate artists are now preparing the cartoons from antique sketches, preserved, it is said, in the archives of the Cathedral. The figures as yet replaced are such perfect reproductions that, looking upwards from the pavement, it is hardly possible for the finest judges to distinguish the modern from the ancient.

To those who have read Madame Sand's exquisite tale of *Les Maitres Mosaïstes*, it will sound strange to hear of mosaics being manufactured in a studio; but to this possibility Salviati owes much of his present success. In olden days, the mosaic was executed on the spot, the tesserae being fixed one by one on the cement prepared; but Salviati has trained his men to reverse the cartoons, and put in the tesserae with the surface downwards—a coarse paper, on which is a rough sketch of the cartoon, covered with paste, serving to keep them together. When the subject is completed, it is carefully packed and sent to its destination, where a skilful artist fixes it on the wall or dome with a special cement, which

Salviati affirms to be identical with that employed by the ancients. In this manner, 6,400 square feet of mosaic have been manufactured during the last year. The workmanship differs according to the point of view from which the decoration is to be seen. The finest specimens cost 125 francs, the coarsest 40 francs, per square foot. This method does not apply to pictorial mosaic, which requires the utmost skill of a first-rate mosaicist, such as this establishment can boast in Podio, who executed the figure of Niccolo Pisano, from Leighton's cartoon, for the New Court of the Kensington Museum, and the Giorgione, Apelles, Benozzo Gozzoli, and William of Wykeham, which now adorn the walls. This artist improves at every fresh attempt. His portrait of Lincoln was a masterpiece. His Marco Polo, now in the show-room at the establishment, and the Columbus, surpass for delicate gradation of tints, richness and vividness of colour, flow of drapery, and grandeur of expression, all his former works. To this success Salviati has contributed not a little by his instruments for cutting the enamels into all conceivable geometrical figures, whereas, in past times, the tesserae were all cut in quadrangular shapes. Thanks to the sinews of war furnished by an English Company, the establishment on the Grand Canal is no longer dependent on the noble, persevering but erratic Radi for its enamels, but has furnaces of its own at Murano, which produce nearly all the required tints. When stock was taken on 31st December, 1868, it was found that the company possessed 70,000 kilograms of enamel, of 1,700 different colours and gradations. Some of the *paste* still baffle them, such, for instance, as the famous *arventurino*, which is only produced by Bigaglia and Zecchin in perfection. The ingredients, and even the proportions, are known to all, but do not, in different cases, produce the desired result. Only last month I saw a large block, just removed from the furnace, as dull and lifeless as mahogany. The chemists and workmen—who, by the way, shut out masters and proprietors when they are making an experiment—were bitterly disappointed, and declared that they had found out everything save the right heat to be secured at the moment that the gold crystallizes. These experiments are too costly to be often repeated; and in these departments, artistic enthusiasm is considerably tempered by the representative of the English shareholders, who has brought into the concern a measure of worldly wisdom, the only element formerly wanting to ensure success.

As soon as he had established his mosaic works on a sure foundation, Salviati turned his attention to the revival of Venetian blown glass, and in this department has exceeded the expectation of his most sanguine admirers. In the eighteenth century this art was so utterly lost that Giuseppe Briatie, in order to recover some of the secrets, worked as a porter in a glass factory in Bohemia, and on his return obtained from the Republic the exclusive right of manufacture, and a law prohibiting the introduction of any foreign glass into Venice. His manufactory existed until 1790, after which period, if we except a few successful attempts made by Domenico Bussolin, the author of a very interesting little pamphlet

entitled *Les célèbres Verreries de Venise et de Murano*, the art of glass seemed hopelessly lost. As late as June, 1866, Mr. Chaffers, in his paper on early Venetian glass, speaks of its chief beauties as things of the past. The methods of manipulating reticulated glass, he tells us, "are yet undiscovered, and all attempts at imitation have been hitherto unsuccessful." He speaks of the rich sapphire colour as lost, and gives an engraving of a cup, regarded as quite unique, for which Mr. Slade paid 6,000 francs. At the present moment you may set before Antonio Seguso, or Antonio and Giovanni Barovier, any specimen of old Venetian glass, and they will copy it with all its perfections, and, if you choose, its imperfections, and hand you a facsimile in colour, form and *weight*, made under your own eye. Both in 1866 and 1868 I spent hours in the work-room of Murano, fascinated, despite the blinding heat, by the fairy forms and rainbow hues evolved before my eyes; by the intense, grave, silent enthusiasm of the workmen, which extends itself even to the small children admitted to watch the proceedings; by the impossibility of quitting the scene of labour until the piece in hand could be secured from failure by completion. On my first visit the head workman was requested by Salviati to make me any article I might fancy; I chose a wine-glass with deep bowl, initial stem, and broad ruby-tinted foot. The man dipped his hollow iron rod into a pot of molten white glass, caught up a lump, rolled it on an iron slab, popped it into the furnace, blew through his rod, tossed it aloft, and a hollow ball appeared. His assistant handed him a rod of metal, in which a green serpent seemed coiled in a white cage: this he caught, and, quick as lightning, formed two initials, touching the bowl with the tip of the M, to which it adhered. Then his assistant offered more white glass, which was joined to the bottom of the M, spun round, opened with nippers, and so the foot was formed. Again into the furnace, and then the shears opened and hollowed the deep and slender bowl. Then the assistant handed a scrap of ruby molten glass, of which the master caught a hair as it were, wound it round the rim of the bowl, and of the foot. Once more into an upper oven, where it must remain till the morrow to cool, and then I drew a long breath of relief; for,—knowing that if the metal be too hot or too cold, if too much or too little be taken on the rod, the weight and colour will be faulty; that too quick or too slow an action on the part of the assistant, in presenting or withdrawing his rod, may spoil the whole,—one cannot watch such processes without intense excitement. This excitement the workmen share in their own silent fashion; and when any rare experiment is going on, all gather round the master in breathless anxiety, while no sound comes from the parted lips save in the form of a hint or caution. During my last visit the question was, how to remedy a defect in an exquisite antique ewer, of white and sapphire, lent by the Brescian Museum to be copied. The scroll handle, in the original, had a pinch, and the pinch was renewed in the copy. The workman said that it was necessarily produced by the assistant's shears in handing the scroll to be fixed. "Let him hold it higher," said one. "Then I shall

fix the handle awry." And such was the result. He tried again, and this time the proper curve was not attained. Once more, and by a dexterous movement he caught the scroll in the air, it seemed to me, and fixed it in its right place, producing the sapphire ewer exactly, minus only the defective pinch.

But these men by no means restrict their efforts to servile copies. Salviati used to allow them two hours for original attempts; and Zannetti, a sort of superintendent, now that the heat of the furnace is too much for his eyes, is most fertile in producing new designs. The immense lampadaro—one of five ordered by Prince Giovanelli, to adorn the ball-room of his palace—is a sort of co-operative design. It is of white glass: the candlesticks, ruby-tinted, seemingly hung by frail transparent links of purest glass; pinks and tulips, with their spiked upright leaves, blossom between the tiers; while—and this is the innovation—garlands of leaves and flowers, such as are now blossoming in the early spring, are hung beneath the bosses, which are generally ugly and forlorn. The hanging lampadaro is by far the largest ever blown, and is composed of innumerable different pieces: so that if any get broken, they can be at once replaced. Salviati imagined the garlands, Zannetti designed the chandelier, Barovier grew the field-flowers, and Seguso wrought the parts. Such is the perfection to which this master has attained that he will turn out any given number of pieces of precisely the same size, form, and weight. This perfect obedience of the hand to the eye is the *ne plus ultra* of the artist in glass. In the same room with their fathers are two young lads, who work together, one week as master, the next as assistant. I watched them as they stood at the furnace mouth: one sedate, stern, intent as his father; the other, the master of the week, bright-eyed, restless, but the deftest little imp imaginable. Beakers of nebulous opal, ewers, vases and urns spun from his fairy rod; but, as his father pointed out, he could make no two things alike, neither could he yet manage to *marry* the colours. This is one of the modern triumphs of Murano. For two side cornices of the Casino Borghese, Zannetti had designed two exquisite chandeliers. A broad raised foot of opal, aventurina and ruby, on which opaque white swans cluster, bears up the transparent tiers of candlesticks, each piece fitting into the piece above, so that the heavy iron rod in the centre is dispensed with. The difficulty experienced by Seguso in blowing his hollows of precisely the right size to receive the piece to be inserted was great, but he overcame it. Then, as though this were not sufficient, the foot did its utmost to plague him; the three *paste* declined to keep company; all would go peaceably into the annealing oven, but on the morrow the ruby had sprung, or the aventurinino had cracked, or the opal itself gaped in despair at its refractory companions. Only after six trials did they all behave themselves, and the chandelier was sent to the casino on the appointed day. Another pretty device is the conjunction of opaque and transparent glass: for instance, dessert-plates with opaque white *lattice* centre, and sea-green, ruby, sapphire, or purple transparent borders.

These opaque centres lend themselves kindly to the miniature-painter's brush, and very exquisite are the glasses, bowls, plates and dishes ornamented with views of Venice, portraits of the Doges, and of children. Whether so much time and skill should be lavished on such a fragile body is a question for purchasers to decide. The price of these productions must necessarily be high, as it often happens, as with porcelain, that the surface cracks in the furnace after the painter's work is perfected, and when this is the case it may be urged, with Mr. Ruskin, that it is a sin to waste so much time and exquisite handiwork on such perishable material. This point conceded, it would still be matter for regret if the introduction of English capital were to involve the absolute sacrifice of beauty to utility. The wages of the glass artists are of course high, ranging from 2*l.* to 4*l.* per week. But then the masters are few and unique—having been educated gradually for this newly revived art—and the intense heat so seriously affects the eyesight that few can pass the age of forty at the furnace-mouth. The men might, of course, in lieu of devoting their time and labour to the production of such costly articles as we see in the show-room, turn out glasses and bottles by the thousand, and in such wise ensure the commercial prosperity of the concern. Still to turn the Murano studio into a mere glass and bottle manufactory would be to deny its origin, to say nothing of breaking the hearts of masters and men. Indeed in this, as in most cases, beauty and utility can be combined. When the present Marquis Guìori, owner of the magnificent porcelain-manufactory of the *Doccia*, a few miles from Florence, came of age, he found that from the time that his great-grandfather, the Marquis Carlo, founded the factory, in 1744, until the present time, immense sums of money had been sunk in the venture, and he was compelled to choose between three courses;—either to close the manufactory; to restrict his men to producing useful articles; or to make the pots and pans pay for the vases, urns, and other artistic ware, the completion of one of which will sometimes occupy an artist an entire month. He chose the last of the three, and while the produce and sale of his choicest porcelain is increased, he has brought the manufacture of common earthenware up, or rather down, to the wants of the poorest peasant who needs a pot in which to boil his beans. Why should not the Anglo-Italian Company imitate the ex-Syndic of Florence, and, side by side with their Murano studio, set up a common glass and bottle manufactory? That it is needed no one can deny: a common black bottle costs twopence—threepence—in Italy; and ten to one the neck flies in corking, so that most people buy common glassware of this kind of foreign manufacture. The company possesses large buildings and plenty of space at Murano, and could procure labour cheap, without interfering with their educated artists.*

* Since the above article has been in print, we learn, with great satisfaction, that Signor Montechi, the present manager of the glass and mosaic works, has obtained

In one department the company has made great progress, and that is in the art of packing. In 1866, every article that came to Florence was smashed. I remember some friends of mine, who were enthusiastic about the revived "art of glass," and who awaited the arrival of their sundry purchases with almost childish impatience. When the cases arrived, no one could distinguish his special property; the entire contents were smashed. The present director of works has altered all this. I have just seen a case opened on its arrival, and there is not a piece broken: slender reticulated ewers, shell-shaped bowls, of fligree, ruby, and aventurin; opal vases, with scraps of coloured marble confined, and snakes twining round the base; glorious hanaps, with opaque flowers on their bossed stems; ruby raised stands, with wine-glasses of every form and hue; crocus-flower cups, all intact, thanks to the careful hands that swathed and folded them in the sweet-scented *alga marina* of the lagoons. A dépôt has just been opened in Florence; and Salviati himself, who still remains the artistic director of the Venetian works, has already established one in Paris. Hearty goodwill towards the Adriatic's Bride cannot be better expressed than in wishing her as much success in all her undertakings as has hitherto attended her "enamel mosaics and glass revival."

the consent of the shareholders to a plan of this description. He is about to try a new furnace, in which *torba* and other lignites can be consumed. If the experiment succeeds, the grand problem of fuel will be solved, as the combustible matter to be found in the lagoons will of course cost much less than the wood hitherto brought by boat from *terra firma*, and a common glass manufactory will be opened in Murano in 1870.

Fifty Brides :

AN OLD TALE RE-TOLD, BEING A MEDLEY FROM HOMERIC
AND OTHER SOURCES.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGER GUEST.

THE sun had set and the streets were dark in Argos. But in the palace of the King was a blaze of many lights and a brightness as of the noon-day ; for from gold and silver and bronze flashed back the splendour of myriad lamps. The doors of the palace were golden ; silvern were the door-posts ; and the threshold was bronzen ; and on either side of the entrance stood golden and silvern hounds, dumb guardians of the portal, wrought by the cunning hand of Hephæstos himself. From the threshold inwards stretched rows of seats whereon were laid embroidered cushions, the handiwork of maids and matrons ; and in recesses behind the seats were golden figures of youths, each set upon a silvern pedestal, and holding in either hand a lamp. At the further end of the hall folding-doors opened into a spacious garden, where green grass and russet apple and blue fig and red pomegranate and verdant olive and purple grape rejoiced the eye from season to season, and where twin fountains plashed and murmured soothing music to the ear. Such glory had been given to King Danaos by the gods who live for ever.

Outside the threshold stood a stranger wonder-stricken. His dress was travel-stained, but his mien was princely and his form was graceful beyond that of common men. In his hyacinthine curls, his falcon eye, his open brow, and stately air, was more than the majesty of mortal man : he looked Apollo's self in human shape. Such though he was he faltered a moment, struck by the wonder of the golden sheen ; then, with a muttered prayer to Aphrodite, he strode swiftly up the brilliant hall. The revel was hushed, and silence fell on all who ate and drank with Danaos ; all eyes were turned on the godlike man who burst upon them as a vision from heaven.

But he, looking neither to right nor left, paused not till he reached the sacred hearth, close by the throne whereon was seated the best beloved of Danaos' wives, Hyperoche, mother of Hypermnestra. There, as she sat beside the King, he bowed himself even to the ground, and kneeling, clasped her by the knees, and spake her name, and begged her grace :

"Hyperoche, Queen of queens," he said, "a humble suppliant bends before thee ; a stranger asks thine intercession with thy royal consort and

these noble guests; grant me, I pray thee, present harbourage, and a safe return to mine own land."

Thus spake he: then he bowed himself towards the hearth and sat him down amid the ashes.

And for a while there was no voice, but silence reigned throughout the hall. For all were wonder-stricken at the stranger's mien, such grace had been given him by the immortal gods.

But at last rose up Pisidemos, the oldest of the grey-beards in Argos; Pisidemos who was chiefest of all in eloquence and whom the gods had endowed with wisdom. He rose up, and bowing himself before King Danaos, said:

"O King, live for ever! But deign, I pray thee, to listen to my words; for to the hoary head there is respect in Argos. And well thou knowest it is not to thine honour to leave this noble stranger seated by the hearth. Raise him up presently, therefore, from the ashes, and seat him upon a silvern seat; and bid the heralds fill the cups with wine, that we may pour a libation to Father Zeus, whose favour is vouchsafed to worthy suppliants; and let an housewife set before the stranger good store of what is by her in the house, that he may eat, and drink, and bless us also."

Now, when the King heard these words, straightway he took the stranger by the hand and raised him up, and made him to sit upon a glittering seat, having deposed therefrom Laodamas, the bravest of his knights, who sat continually by the King, and whom the King delighted to honour.

And, when he bade, an handmaid brought quickly pure water in an ewer of gold upon a basin of silver to wash the stranger's hands; and beside him she drew out a polished table, and an housewife spread thereon good store of royal fare. And the stranger did eat and drink and was satisfied. And when he had eaten and drunken they poured another libation to Zeus, the guardian of suppliants.

Then the King ordered, and they swept a space whereon the dancers might dance. And Demodocos, prince of bards, took down his harp from the peg whereon it hung continually, and sat him down in the centre of the space, and around him gathered a circle of youths in the pliant strength of early manhood, and as his fingers swept the chords, they trod a measure to the rhythm of the music: and the stranger marvelled at the twinklings of their feet.

Then, when the merry dance was done, Demodocos tuned his harp afresh, and sang of love and Aphrodite. And the heart of the stranger was glad within him, and he spake to Demodocos words of praise. "Great bard," said he, "I give thee thanks. Above all other bards, I commend thy song. Surely either Musa, daughter of Zeus, or Apollo's self taught thee thy craft, for never yet was mortal bard who sang so sweetly the deeds of love. Doubtless, thou thyself, too, in the shades of the olive-groves, hast often whispered to Argive maiden the tale thou canst rehearse

so well ; and the golden-haired goddess herself, I warrant, hath smilingly aided thy suit."

So spake he ; and the heart of the blameless bard was glad.

Then rose up Danaos before them all, and said, "Hearken to me, ye nobles of Argos, while I say what my mind prompteth. Go ye now to rest, each to his own home, and to-morrow we will feast this noble stranger, and offer sacrifice to the gods ; and, after that, we will further, if we may, whatsoever this noble stranger desireth—if, indeed, it be not rather an immortal who hath come down to us——"

"Not so, great King," broke in the stranger ; "but a mortal am I, and no immortal, either in substance or in appearance : nor liveth any mortal man more in need than I of mortal aid."

And all the guests shouted aloud, and were eager to aid the gentle stranger. Then they, having poured a libation to Hermes, gat them away each to his rest ; but the stranger was left in the royal hall. And Danaos and Hyperoche sat by him still, whilst the handmaidens were removing the remnants of the feast. And white-armed Hyperoche spake and said, "Sir stranger, I will ask thee three questions at once ; but answer or not as seemeth unto thee good : for the stranger may come, and get him gone, and yet reveal neither name nor race. Who art thou ? Whence comest thou ? Why so travel-stained ?"

Then answered the stranger and said, "From a distant land am I come, O Queen, and I boast myself the son of a sire who is not unknown to name and fame. And men say I bear my father's lineaments. I was led hither by Eros, the blind-eyed god ; and therefore am I so travel-stained, for Eros tarrieth not, and seeth not to pick his way. But, I pray thee, question me no more to-night. To-morrow thou shalt learn both my name and my business."

He ceased, and the King regarded him askance, and muttered to himself in his silvery beard.

But white-armed Hyperoche called to her damsels to make ready for the stranger a fleecy couch in the place where strangers slept.

And they, when they had fulfilled his commands, came near unto the stranger, and said, "Arise, sir stranger, and go to thy rest, for thy couch is ready in the strangers' place." And when he heard their words, he arose, for his eyes were heavy, and he longed for sleep. So he bowed himself before the King and the Queen, and lay down to rest in the strangers' place.

Then King Danaos sought his own chamber, apart, in a retired nook of the spacious palace. And his sleep went from him as he mused about the stranger ; but white-armed Hyperoche slumbered by his side.

CHAPTER II.

HYPERMNESTRA.

MEANWHILE, in her gaily-painted bower, slept peerless Hypermnestra, the pride of Argos. She was the best beloved of Danaos' daughters, and the Graces themselves had decked her with beauty. And she dreamed a dream, and this was the fashion of it. There appeared unto her her favourite sister, Amymone, who hovered above her head, and addressed to her these words: "Hypermnestra, sweet sister, why art thou so neglectful? The bridal hour is nigh, and yet thou leavest unwashen the beautiful robes our father gave us to wear upon our wedding-day. Two score and ten white robes he gave, a robe for each of his daughters; and he entrusted them all to thee, the darling of white-armed Hyperoche. Now, therefore, let us arise, and go down to the rippling river, and plunge them in the limpid stream, and whiten them to the whiteness of Aphrodite's skin. Wake, sister, wake. The marriage-morn is nigh, and we must be clad as brides at the altar of Hymenæos. Well thou knowest thou art our father's darling, and whatsoever thou sayest that will he do. Ask, therefore, and he will give us the royal cars, and the sure-footed mules, that we may drive to the rippling river wherein Argive maidens are wont to steep their garments. For we be a king's daughters, and pomp becometh the daughters of a king."

And when Eos drove forth her roseate car, proclaiming to men the dawn of day, immediately Hypermnestra awoke from her sleep, and her mind was perplexed with the vision of the night. And she hastened to don her deep-breasted robe, and she fastened her zone with its golden buckle, and she tripped straightway to Amymone's bower, and told to Amymone all the fashion of her dream. And the twain marvelled greatly; but Amymone said, "Methinks, sweet sister, it is a message from the gods. Now, therefore, do as thou art bid. Ask of the King, and he will lend us the cars, and let us drive to the river to wash our robes. And speak thou to our sisters, that they come with us, for they love thy voice, and will do thy bidding."

And Hypermnestra did so; and King Danaos easily allowed her request. He granted the cars and the sure-footed mules, and Hyperoche provided good store of meat, and wine she added in goat-skin bottles.

And the number of the cars was in all ten, each drawn by eight mules. In the first, Hypermnestra held the silken reins, and guided the sure-footed mules; and Amymone drove the second; and the rest were driven each by a daughter of the King, according as the sisters yielded rank. And beside the princesses in every car rode a bevy of maidens, who waited upon them and did their bidding.

And when they arrived at the rippling river, they stripped from them the robes they wore, and went down into the water like a group of Naiades.

There they laved their snow-white limbs, and washed the robes they had brought with them.

And many a river-god peered from his grot, and sighed for love of the mortal maidens. But when they had bathed to their heart's content, and washed their robes, they anointed themselves with the sweet olive-oil, and clad themselves afresh, and sat them down to eat, and to drink, and to make merry.

And their maidens laid out the robes to dry. And when they had eaten, and drunken, and were merry, they rose up to play. And the air was filled with the music of their laughter, and dazzling was the gleam of the many white arms as they tossed the ball one to another. And when they were weary of their sport, they sat down in a circle, and joined together in sweet converse. And Hypermnestra sat in the centre; and she lifted up her voice and said, "Listen to me, ye daughters of Danaos, for yesternight I had a strange vision; and to none have I told it save sister Anymone." Then she recounted unto them the wonder of her dream, and all the sisters were dumb with astonishment. Then Hypermnestra spake again, saying, "Listen to me, sweet sisters all; for I have a tale to tell of a sight I saw before the vision which came from the gods. Know, therefore, that yesternight, before I laid me down to sleep, as I gazed from the window of my latticed bower, lo! a stranger stood at the palace-gates, and his face was as the face of an immortal god. But as I looked and marvelled greatly, the goddess Aphrodite took the mist from my eyes, and straightway I knew him who he was. No god was he, but a mortal man, and men call him Lynceus, son of Ægyptos. Start not, sweet sisters, but hear me out; for, by the gods who live for ever, his coming bodeth no harm to us. For well I know Eros hath guided him hither. True it is our father thinketh ill of him, and fled from him and from his brethren; but well I remember how upon a day, in a cypress-grove at sunny Rhodos, he swore to me, by Aphrodite, that I should be his wedded wife. And round my wrist he clasped this bracelet, and, with lips to lips, and heart to heart, we pledged our mutual loves. And even then the voice of our father was heard calling aloud for Hypermnestra. So Lynceus departed to join his host. For well ye must remember how our father was flying from the face of our uncle, and how our uncle's sons, twoscore and ten in number, even as we are, were pursuing after him with horsemen and footmen; and how we took refuge in the grove of Poseidon. There Lynceus found me, for Aphrodite guided him, and covered him with a mist, so that our spies discerned him not. Nor do I verily believe that the sons of Ægyptos meant our father harm; only between our uncle and our father was ancient feud and enmity. So now you have my tale, and hither did I bring you that I might tell you the matter privily. For our maidens are busy with the meat and drink, and in drying and packing our snow-white robes. And mark my words (for the vision was from the gods), those robes will be our wedding garments. For Lynceus and his brethren shall we put them on." She ceased, and for a little space there was deep

silence. But at last Amymone answered, and said, "My sister, what words are these which have escaped thy lips? Hast thou forgotten, or regardest thou not the oath which we sware to our father Danaos? How he caused us to stand round the altar of Zeus the Avenger, each holding in her right hand a dagger, golden-hilted, poison-tipped, and swear by the gods who live for ever, 'so help us, Zeus, in our utmost need, as we shall carry these daggers, night and day, till Hermes give us welcome chance to sheathe them in the hearts of Ægyptos' sons?' Surely the memory of this abideth for ever." And, as she finished speaking, she drew from her robe, out of the fold where it lay concealed, a dagger, golden-hilted, poison-tipped, and flashed it in the light of the sun; and all her sisters, save one, murmured assent, and flashed their daggers in the light of the sun.

But Hypermnestra rose up hastily from the place where she sat, and tripped lightly down to the river's brink, and raised her right arm above her head, and flung her dagger afar into the stream. The golden hilt sparkled like fire, and, as it touched the rippling stream, a snow-white hand, as of Aphrodite, caught it, and drew it swiftly under, and a voice, like the voice of the laughing goddess, cried, "Love hath triumphed, love is king."

Then Hypermnestra returned to her sisters, and stood in their midst, and said unto them, "My tongue was sworn, my heart unsworn. But now let us be going; and ye, sweet sisters, to whom I have revealed my secret, show the love ye bear to me by telling the story in my father's ears; for well ye know I am our father's darling, and she who shall be the first to betray me shall fill my place."

But all her sisters wept bitterly. And Amymone sobbed and said, "Hypermnestra, dear sister, what is this that thou hast spoken? Surely passion hath perverted thy mind. We be no traitresses, but true maidens, and thy secret is safe in thy sisters' bosoms. Only I would that the gods might have pity on thee, and avert from thee a father's curse." And all the sisters sobbed and murmured assent.

And Hypermnestra fell on her knees before them, and said: "Pardon me, sisters, for I am sad, and all my soul is heavy with anguish. My heart is gall, how then shall my words be other than bitter? But sunset approaches, and we must be gone."

So they mounted sorrowfully upon the easily moving cars, and the sure-footed mules drew them swiftly to the city. And the sun had set, and the streets were dark as they halted at the royal palace; but from the stately hall streamed the light of lamps and the sound of revels.

And the sisters departed each to her own bower.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER GUEST DISCLOSES HIS NAME.

Now it was so that when Hypermnestra and her sisters had gone down to the river to wash their robes, that King Danaos spake to the assembled guests who ate at his table continually, and said: "Hearken to me, ye nobles of Argos, for our meal is done, and the bard hath sung his song. Let us, therefore, go forth a-field, and make trial of ourselves in manly sports, that the stranger may tell his friends at home how excellent are we above other men in buffets, and in wrestling, and in leaping, and in running, and in throwing the disc, and in bending the bow."

Thus spake he, and led the way, and the others willingly followed him to the lists. And behind them thronged a mighty crowd, to see the sports, and shout the victors' praise.

And when they had arrived at the spacious lists, in running Podarces was far the best; and in wrestling and bending the bow, Eurystheus; and in leaping, Ixalos; and in throwing the disc, Hecatebolos; and in buffets, Laodamas.

Then said Laodamas, thinking evil of the stranger for whom he had been displaced from the seat of honour, to Hecatebolos, and to Podarces, and to Ixalos, and to Eurystheus: "Go to, let us ask this stranger, whether he know aught of manly sports, and whether he will strive with us in throwing the disc, or in buffets, or in running, or in wrestling, or in leaping, or in bending the bow."

And Hecatebolos answered and said: "Thou hast spoken well, my brother: myself will ask him of his prowess."

So Hecatebolos drew near to the stranger, and bowed himself with mock humility, and said scornfully: "The harp and the love-song please thee well, sir stranger: but hast thou joy in manly sports? Thy face is fair, and thy locks are like the hyacinth; thou art straight of back and pliant of limb; yet methinks the dance becometh thee best,—thou seemest not cast in the athlete's mould."

And the other answered with knitted brows: "Friend, thou sayest not well, and thy speech is that of a foolish man: the fool alone is discourteous to strangers. Hast thou never learned that manliness and strength come not alone from coarseness and bulk? I had not thought to have joined the sports, for my soul is heavy with anxious care; but thy churl's speech hath cut me to the quick, and thou shalt see what this arm can do."

Thus he spake, and cumbered as he was with his cloak, he sprang up before the multitude, and seized a disc larger by far than those where-with the Argives were wont to contend. And thrice he poised it carefully, and then let it go from his sinewy hand. The missile buzzed as it cleft the air, and at the whiz thereof the people cowered. It alighted beyond

the dints of all who that day had competed in throwing the disc ; and Aphrodite marked where it fell. For the goddess stood by in the guise of a youth, and called to him from the place where she stood : “ Thy dint, sir stranger, is not hard to determine : the very blind might discern it by the touch, so far is it beyond the rest.”

And the stranger was gladdened at the sound of her voice. And when he had found a friend in the throng, his heart was lightened, and he cried aloud : “ Let him who may attain such a cast, but methinks there is none who will cast beyond. And for the rest, whoever hath the stomach, let him come forward and hold his own, either in running, or in leaping, or in wrestling, or in bending the bow, or in buffets.”

But all the athletes held their peace and abode in their places, for they were astounded at the stranger’s prowess.

At last stepped forth Laodamas, equal in buffets to Polydeuces. And all the Argives shouted with joy when they saw their champion preparing for the buffet.

Then the stranger laid aside his cloak, and stripped off his tunic, and had the gauntlets bound upon his hands ; and the twain stood together, face to face, in the middle of the lists.

And Laodamas mocked the stranger, and said : “ Thou art like unto those who softly lie on beds of down ; soft be the bosom of mother Earth.”

And the stranger, eying him sternly, answered : “ The vaunter cometh to an ill end, and the issue of contests is in the hands of the gods. Peradventure thou thyself mayest find that Earth is but a hard step-mother.”

And when they had thus spoken, they took up their ground, and prepared themselves to lay on load.

Thrice did Laodamas aim a blow that had felled the lordliest bull of the herd, and thrice did Aphrodite interpose and turn it off into the empty air. But when for the fourth time he gathered up his strength and essayed to strike his antagonist to earth, she darted from her eye a dazzling love-shaft, and Laodamas was blinded, so that he could not see ; and quick as thought the stranger struck him. The lightning descends not more quickly on the oak than the stranger’s fist shot out upon Laodamas ; and as the oak falls crashing to the earth, so fell Laodamas from the stranger’s buffet. It struck him fairly behind the left ear, and toppled him over motionless on the ground. Awhile he lay, and his friends gathered round him and sought to rouse him from his death-like swoon ; but he opened not his eyes, for the space during which a sixth part of the sand drops through in an hour-glass. And when his life returned to him again, his comrades bare him to his own home.

Then the people shouted to crown the stranger and proclaim him victor in the sports of the day. So the stranger was led before King Danaos, who placed on his brows the wreath of laurel : and the heralds proclaimed the stranger victor. Then King Danaos addressed the stranger

and said : " Sir stranger, thy prowess hath filled me with wonder. Oh ! that the gods had given me a son like thee ! And now hearken to my words, for I have somewhat to say unto thee. Know that I have fifty daughters, the fairest of virgins ; and the fairest of all is Hypermnestra, daughter of Hyperoche. Her will I bestow upon thee in marriage before to-morrow's sun go down, if only thou art free to take her to wife, and if thy lineage bring no dishonour (and touching *that* my mind misgives me not, for I see nobility stamped upon thy face)."

And the stranger trembled and said : " Swear unto me by the gods that live for ever."

And the King sware unto him.

Then said the stranger : " Dread King, I gladly receive thy words, and may'st thou perform thy promise to me. For to that end did I come hither, that I might wed fair Hypermnestra. And for my lineage, thou knowest it well : not only noble, but royal is it. And I marvel that thou knowest me not ; for men trace in me my father's features."

Hereupon the King was greatly troubled, and the fashion of his countenance was changed, and he said grimly : " The irrevocable oath hath passed my lips, and as I have sworn, so will I do : say therefore whence thou comest and by what name thou art called of men."

And the stranger answered : " From the land of the Melampodes do I come, and men call me Lynceus, son of Ægyptos."

Then for a while the King was silent, whilst Lynceus knelt upon the earth before him. And after a space the King took him by the hand and said : " Rise, Lynceus, son of Ægyptos, no longer my nephew and enemy, but henceforward my son and friend. And tell me now, I pray thee, of thy brethren, how they fare ; for well I remember how my brother Ægyptos made prayer to me that I should give them my daughters, a daughter to each as the lots might appoint, that our families might be one and our kingdoms united. Tell me of them, I pray you, how they fare, and how their hearts be affected towards my daughters."

And Lynceus answered : " An easy task hast thou imposed, O King ; for my brethren crossed the seas with me, and lie concealed even now in the sacred grove of Zeus the Saviour ; so set were their hearts upon thy daughters. For it chanced upon a day ere thou fleddest before the face of my father, (believe me, O King, without a cause,) my brethren and I were chasing the deer. And in the chace we came upon a wood-covered hill, whence we looked down carelessly upon a limpid stream. And we saw a sight which a god would have purchased with his deathlessness. And at first we wist not what it was, and feared to have stumbled upon nymphs at play. But soon we knew them who they were ; for in the hair of each flashed the golden combs which in happy days Ægyptos gave them. And all my brethren gladly assented that I should wed fair Hypermnestra, and themselves would abide by the decision of the lots ; for choice indeed there was none to make, and each was worthy of the

embraces of a god. And we came not all together to thy palace; lest peradventure our number should cause distrust, and we well knew thou hast long distrusted us and thought evil of us—without a cause. Now, therefore, send to fetch my brethren; and to-morrow let there be a great marriage, and let enmity cease between our houses; for Ægyptos wisheth thee not evil but good.”

He ceased, and Danaos caught him by the beard and drew him close and kissed his cheeks. But from the eyes of the King flashed a baleful light. Then the King commanded, and the heralds went and fetched away the brethren of Lynceus and brought them to the palace; and hand-maidens gave them water to wash, and changes of raiment and oil and perfume; and they sat down in the gleaming hall with King Danaos, and Queen Hyperoche, and Lynceus, and the nobles of Argos, and did eat and drink and were merry.

Now, when they had all eaten and drunken their fill, and the bard had made them glad with music, King Danaos rose up before them all, and said: “Hearken to me, ye nobles of Argos, for my heart is inditing of a good matter. Lo! here be fifty heroes, sons of my brother; and I have fifty daughters, fairest of virgins, and of these I have promised to Lynceus the fairest, Hypermnestra daughter of Hyperoche, and he is to wed her on the morrow. What hindereth us to have fifty brides and but one marriage? For the brethren of Lynceus love the sisters of Hypermnestra, and are willing to abide by the issue of the lots.”

And the nobles raised a loud shout of assent that Lynceus should take Hypermnestra to wife, and that his brethren should abide by the issue of the lots.

And Hypermnestra and her sisters heard the shouting of the nobles, and the sisters wist not what it meant; but Hypermnestra laughed in her secret heart.

And when the King and his guests had poured a libation to Hermes, they arose, and departed each to his own place.

CHAPTER IV.

A MARRIAGE-PARTY AND ITS SEQUEL.

Now when Eos with rosy-tinted fingers had drawn aside the curtains of night, and given entrance to the early sun, King Danaos rose up in haste from his couch, and cast about him his robe; and his eyes glittered like two sparks. And he called one of the maidens who waited continually upon Hyperoche, and he charged the damsel to go straightway to the bowers of Hypermnestra and her sisters, and bid them assemble presently in the women's chamber, for that the King had somewhat to say unto them. And the damsel did so. And the sisters assembled as they were bidden, and the King entered and stood before them. He ordered from the

presence all the maidens who ministered to the princesses, and closed the doors upon them with the well-fitting fastenings: and he and his daughters only were left. Then he opened his mouth and said unto them: "My daughters, let us give thanks unto Hermes, the giver of all good gifts, for he hath delivered our enemies into our hands. Be mindful of your oath which ye swore to me, and of the daggers golden hilted, poison tipped which I gave unto you; for to-night ye shall sheathe them in the hearts of our enemies. And, now, listen to me. This day shall be your bridal-day, and ye shall wed the sons of Ægyptos. To Lynceus I have promised Hypermnestra, and the rest shall abide by the issue of the lots. Put ye on, therefore, your snow-white robes, having first bathed in water from the Lernæan spring, and with chaplets deck your golden hair. And when the marriage-rites are over, and the feast is done, and the guests are well-drunken, the bridegrooms will totter heavy with wine (for that shall be a care to me) each to the bower where lies his bride. Then eat with them the quince, the emblem of fecundity, and wait until the nuptial-song without the door hath ceased. And when the song hath ceased and the footsteps of the departing singers are heard no more, and the drunken bridegrooms' sleep is heavy, then the hour of vengeance will have come: then rise, my daughters, and take your daggers golden-hilted, poison-tipped, and with a prayer for strength to Zeus the Avenger, avenge the wrongs of Danaos and his daughters. And be not deluded or weakened in purpose by wine-born love and vinous blandishments and honeyed words: for the sons of Ægyptos were deceitful ever; they love not you, but your inheritance. Is it not enough that they drove us from Libya and from Rhodos, but must they take Argos also from us? I know the naughtiness of their hearts, for they would marry my daughters, and make them bond-slaves, exalting concubines over their heads. Swear to me, therefore, my daughters, that this shall not be: renew the oath ye swore at Rhodos." And voices—fifty save one, replied: "We swear by the gods who live for ever." And King Danaos marked not how that the voices were fifty save one: and he strode exultant from the women's chamber.

As they were commanded, so did they, and the marriage-ceremonies were completed. Water was brought from the Lernæan spring that both brides and bridegrooms might wash therein. And King Danaos offered a solemn sacrifice to Hera and Artemis and the Sisters Three. And to the Sisters the brides made an offering from their golden hair. Ivy and laurel adorned the palace, and, as the nuptial pomp went gaily through the streets, young men danced reels to the sound of lute and harp. A thousand torches sputtered and blazed, and matrons stood at their doors to gaze.

Then came the feast, the song, and deep carouse.

But first the brides went each to her bower ere Danaos called for larger cups.

And when the larger cups were brought, Aphrodite, in the form of a cup-bearer, whispered to Lynceus winged words: "Shun thou the wine-cup, for Hypermnestra is weeping as she waits for thee in her lonely bower. Beguile the King, that he note not when thou refrainest, else evil will reach thee even in Hypermnestra's arms."

And Lynceus was troubled, but he obeyed her voice, and beguiled the King; so that Danaos laughed in his secret heart when he saw all his sons-in-law, heavy with wine, go tottering towards the bridal bowers.

And when the nuptial song had been sung, the singers and the dancers went away to their rest, and throughout the palace all was silent—save a fearful cry.

A cry that shivered through the corridor, and passed along from bower to bower as a halloo leaps from crag to crag when hunters chase the mountain-goat. And it reached the ears of two listeners; one clasped his hands with joy, and said, "Great Zeus, I thank thee, for Danaos is avenged;" but one, pale-faced, dishevelled, white-lipped, and starting-eyed, awaked the slumbering form upon her couch, saying, "Lynceus, arise, and get thee gone! Fly from my arms, my newly-married spouse, for fear thou sink in everlasting sleep. Lo! danger comes whence thou dreamest not of it; fly from my cruel sire; fly from my wicked sisters. Woe is me, that I must tell a tale of husbands slain on the bridal night; slain by those whose father is mine own." And Lynceus awoke, and the words of Hypermnestra still rang in his ears as he whispered, "Sweet love, why weepest thou? And wherefore this ado?" And she answered him, wailing: "Tarry not, but get thee gone, whilst night and Aphrodite favour thee; for my father took an oath of my sisters, and would have taken an oath of me, that we should this night slay thy brethren and thyself. But thee I could not kill, save with excess of love: howbeit, a sound hath told me that my sisters have performed their oath. Now, therefore, tarry not; but take this twisted cord, and get thee gone down by the lattice." And Lynceus answered: "Nay, for in the morning thy father will come, and when he findeth me not, he will slay thee." And she said, "Not so; he dares not slay the daughter of Hyperoche; and of bonds or banishment I reckon not at all. 'Tis exile enow to be parted from thee. And now go, as thou lovest me. Peradventure the gods will be gracious unto us and devise a means to unite us again. But and if we part for ever, forget me not when I am dead, but on my tombstone inscribe thy plaint."

And Lynceus arose and donned his garments and unsheathed his sword and knelt upon the ground, and swore by Styx and the infernal gods that he would linger not by night or day till he had avenged his brethren and released his bride. Then he kissed her as she wept upon his neck; and afterwards he went down by the cord from the lattice, and Aphrodite covered him with a mist, so that he was invisible to mortal eyes.

And when half a revolving year had passed, as King Danaos was

feasting upon a day in his hall with the nobles of Argos, a messenger was brought before him : and the man was dusty and blood bespattered and faint, so that he could not speak ; and the King commanded and the heralds poured out for the man a goblet of wine, and the King said, " Drink, messenger, a cheering draught, then tell thine errand of weal or woe."

And he, when he was strengthened by the wine, spake and said : " O King, as I stood on my watch I was ware of an armed man, and I shouted unto him in the Argive tongue : and answer made he none, only he drew his bow and shot forth an arrow, so that I was sore wounded. Then I turned and fled ; and, as I fled, I looked behind me, and lo ! the air was filled with a cloud of dust, as the dust that is raised by a host in motion. Now, therefore, O King, look to thyself ; for, as the gods live, thine enemies are upon thee."

And Danaos rose up and the nobles of Argos with him ; and they girded on their arms, and they blew the trumpets to sound the alarm, and they put themselves in battle array. But that same night Danaos, King of the Argives, and all his daughters, save one, were slain. And Lynceus and Hypermnestra reigned in Argos.

A Pilgrimage to Juste.

ESTREMADURA has a bad name among the provinces of Spain for dulness, dreariness, and poverty, in all things affecting the pleasure and comfort of the traveller. The towns are few and far between, poor and unattractive, the country monotonous and desolate, the people uninteresting, and the climate more African than is consistent with enjoyment. Objects of interest there are no doubt. There is Merida, rich in Roman remains above all the towns of Spain; there is Badajoz; there is Albuera, "glorious field of grief;" and there are the marvellous hams of Montanches. But, except to an individual happy in the possession of three very different forms of enthusiasm—equally keen as an antiquarian, a British patriot, and a gourmand—there is scarcely sufficient inducement for undertaking a journey into a region so remote and primitive. One corner, however, of Estremadura, though it shares the neglect with which the rest of the province is treated, deserves a better fate. If mountain and valley, wood and water, have any charms, there are not many tracts in Spain more charming than the strip of country between the Tagus and the lofty sierras that separate Estremadura from Old Castile and Leon; nor are there many towns in the Peninsula more venerable, picturesque, and thoroughly Spanish, than the fair old city of Plasencia, the capital of the district. Plasencia is one of those decayed old Spanish towns which at every turn somehow remind one of the reduced hidalgos we meet with in *Gil Blas*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and romances of that school: towns without any visible means of support, to all appearance living upon nothing, and incapable of justifying their existence on any economic principle, being neither producers nor consumers of anything, stooping to no trade and countenancing no manufacture, save only that of cigarettes, which branch of industry flourishes extensively and incessantly; towns by no means lively, but still preserving a kind of stately cheerfulness springing from a pride that rises superior to fortune; and evidently deriving much comfort from the possession of tall old houses with crumbling carved doorways and time-worn scutcheons. Such a town is Plasencia internally, and, for the rest, a web of narrow shady streets, with a bright, hot plaza in the middle, and a plentiful supply of cool, dim churches, each big enough to contain the entire population. Externally, it may compare, for picturesqueness of site, with Ronda, Toledo, or Cuenca, being one of those ancient fenced cities set on a hill that have never yielded to a weakness for suburbs or any form of extramural development, but keep themselves as jealously within their old walls and gates and towers as if the Moor were still in the land. Above the town, to the north and east, rise the rugged mass of the Sierra de Bejar, and the

granite peaks of the Sierra de Gredos, almost the rivals in height of the Pyrenees. At the break between the two ranges is the Puerto de Tornavacas, through which the rough bridle-path from Old Castile descends, following the course of the valley of the Jerte, one of the wildest and grandest in the whole Castilian chain. In the throat of this valley, on a rocky promontory almost encircled by the stream which sweeps round its base, and girdled by olive-clad hills, stands Plasencia, making good her claim to the name she bears—at least in the eye of the artist and lover of the picturesque.

But, fair as is the prospect of Plasencia and its surroundings, there is a fairer still, and one more inviting to the sentimental traveller, beyond the hills which bound the valley to the east. There lies the famous Vera de Plasencia, the true site of the Elysian Fields of the ancients, if certain Spanish topographers are to be trusted; but, at any rate, the elysium chosen by the Emperor Charles V. when

With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He sought the refuge of monastic rest.

The Vera is generally described as a valley; but more properly it is only one side or slope of a valley, as, indeed, the name implies, vera being nothing more than a contraction of *rivera* or *ribera*, the Spanish equivalent for the Italian *riviera*. It is, in fact, that portion of the southern slope of the Sierra de Gredos which descends to the river Tietar, one of the chief tributaries of the Tagus. Lying high above the torrid plains of Estremadura, sheltered on the north from the biting winds of Castile by mountains more than 10,000 feet in height, abounding in glens watered by snow-fed streams, enjoying at once mountain breezes and a southern aspect, it is no great wonder that the Vera of Plasencia should be a gem of verdure and fertility. Add to this, a seclusion from the rest of the world almost as perfect as that of an island in the Pacific, and it is easy to understand the attractions of the spot in the eyes of the Jeromite monks, who, early in the fifteenth century, built themselves cells and planted orchards on the bank of the Yuste, and thus laid the foundation of the monastery which was to make that little mountain stream a name in history.* It matters little whether it was from mere report of its charms that Charles was led to fix upon Yuste for his retreat, or whether, as one story has it, he was enamoured of its beauties when, hunting in the sierra above, he came suddenly on the view of the broad rich vale, and the peaceful convent buildings nestling in the chestnut woods at his feet. However he was led to make choice of it, few places can show so good a *prima facie* claim to being worthy of a pilgrimage as the spot which he chose who had two hemispheres to choose from, all the loveliest lands of Europe, and a newly-found paradise beyond the seas. The good city of Plasencia, however, does not appear to be generally of that opinion.

* It is scarcely necessary to observe that the common mode of writing the name "St. Juste," is altogether incorrect.

Lying, as it does, far removed from the beaten tracks, and rarely visited by strangers, it has not been awakened in the usual way to the pretensions of Yuste as a local lion and an object of interest, and to it Yuste is nothing more than a ruined convent in a very out-of-the-way nook among the neighbouring mountains. And it is better, far better, that it should be so. Few places are improved by the presence of the tourist and the things he brings in his train; and the last home of the Spanish Cæsar, "El Cesar," as the historians of the country love to call him, is certainly not one of them. If ever there was a spot where the garrulous laquais de place, with his dull routine, or the gabbling guide, with his set formula of lies, would be an impertinence and an irritation, that spot is Yuste. That sort of accompaniment may be endured along the corridors of a pompous palace, or by the damp side of a noisy waterfall, but it would be intolerable in the lonely mountain nest of the worn-out imperial eagle. Spanish guides, it is true, in the few places where there are established lions and guides, are the most inoffensive specimens of their order. That they know nothing is a matter of course; but they have the rare virtue of making no pretence of knowing anything. They not only abstain from volunteering information, but they are candid enough to confess entire ignorance on the very subjects a knowledge of which is the consideration for their hire. A traveller in Spain, for instance, will find, as a general rule, that he knows considerably more about the road he ought to travel than the guide whom he has paid to show it to him; and that, in respect of any advantage to be derived from the contract, he is much in the position of Mr. Flanagan of Mullingar, when that gentleman was working his passage home by the canal-boat. For the sake of those who are not acquainted with the legend, it may be necessary to explain that Mr. Flanagan, being for some reason under the necessity of observing strict economy in his travelling expenses, arranged with the friendly captain of a canal-boat to work his passage, and the work assigned to him was to lead the horse on the towing-path. It is said that, to the day of his death, he was unable to see wherein the agreement had been an advantageous one to him, and the employer of a guide in Spain will frequently find himself revolving a similar problem.

The guide retained at Plasencia for the purpose of showing me the way to Yuste was in many respects admirably suited for such a pilgrimage. The observant reader of travellers' tales must have remarked that it is the privilege of that class to pick up and employ most exceptional specimens of the human race. To judge by those records, the persons who take service under the traveller are always remarkable men, more than common droll, odd, honest, ugly, jovial, or rascally, as the case may be; in fact, possessed of some quality or qualities in a degree that distinguish them from the rest of their species. The philosopher will, perhaps, attempt to account for the fact by pointing out that the traveller has frequently nothing on earth to do but to meditate upon the peculiarities of his attendant, whatever he may be, muleteer, driver, porter, guide or dragoman, and that,

consequently, these become in time exaggerated out of all proportion, until at length he firmly believes that the wart is a wen, the slight moral obliquity confirmed depravity, and what is mere simple good-humour a concentration of all the virtues. The theory may be a sound one; but, whether it is or not, I desire to maintain the privileges of my order, and, as a traveller, claim the prescriptive right to something out of the common in the way of a guide. He was a tall, lean, elderly man, moving on legs so thin that it seemed like tempting fate to venture abroad upon them in so breezy a country as that of Plasencia. But probably the wind ignored him, as it does the telegraph posts, and in truth he offered very little more surface for it to act upon. His nose and his neck were of unusual length and thinness; the former red at the tip, and the latter bent like that of an aquatic bird. Indeed, it was impossible to look at him without tracing an affinity to the wading order of fowl. A rough portrait I possess of him on a leaf of my pocket-book, is, I observe, labelled "The Stork," and he certainly did resemble one in gait, build, and expression of countenance. He was, I found, by no means inferior as a trencherman, as indeed might have been expected from his length and lankiness; but his doings in flesh-meats were completely thrown into the shade by his performances as an eater of melons. To say that, during the three days we travelled together, he devoured more than his own bulk and weight in melons would give no idea of his powers in this line, for his bulk and weight were not remarkable, while the quantity he consumed certainly was. This fruit, common everywhere in Spain, is particularly abundant round Plasencia, and at every opportunity that occurred en route he called upon me for a few cuartos, and laid in a stock, with which he refreshed himself as we walked so incessantly, that he left an unbroken trail of discarded rind. Either my ready compliance with these frequent calls, or my having agreed without a word to pay him the wages he asked—a dollar, I think—made the worthy fellow attach himself strongly to my service, and he showed his desire to fulfil his part of the contract conscientiously in many ways. At our posada suppers, which of course we took, posada fashion, out of the same dish, if his fork in its wanderings through the stew struck any specially fat or juicy morsel, I had great difficulty in inducing him to retain the prize. His views as to the right of property in such finds were quite feudal; and when we had returned to Plasencia, and I had paid him off, he seemed to feel himself still bound to do suit and service, or else to work out some unsatisfied balance of duty, for, during the remainder of my stay, he hung about the door of the posada, and followed me perseveringly in all my rambles through the town. This kind of dog-like loyalty, even where the relation of master and servant is of the most temporary sort, is, however, very common in Spain, at least in the more unsophisticated parts. The Spanish peasant is full of old-fashioned and



frequently unbusinesslike notions, and in a case of this sort does not at all look upon his engagement as a mere commercial transaction, in which he undertakes, for a fixed sum, to supply a certain amount of labour. He conceives himself to be bound to his employer by ties of a much more personal nature. Occasionally his reading of the terms of his bond will show itself in ways not altogether pleasant, as in the instance mentioned above; but it is impossible to quarrel with the intention. With a little patience and forbearance, there is no man easier to get on with. Though he frequently is about as ignorant as man can be, he is never boorish or clownish, and there is a mixture of simplicity and natural manliness in his character that keeps him from servility on the one hand, and that kind of coarse assertion of equality that is sometimes mistaken for independence of spirit, on the other. As for ignorance, that is hardly a serious drawback. Those who have ever been plagued with a too-well-informed guide will perhaps go even farther, and say with Launce, "O villain, that set down among his vices! out with't, and place it for his chief virtue." In this respect, my friend the Stork was well qualified for the part of companion in a meditative excursion like that for which he was engaged. He had no more ideas about Charles V. than he had about Confucius, and, indeed, I don't know that he had any ideas about any subject whatever. Besides which, long indulgence in melons had evidently destroyed his digestion, and given him a dejected demeanour and a melancholy cast of countenance, quite in harmony with a sentimental journey. As he stalked sadly among the ruins and neglected gardens of Yuste, he might have been taken for the spirit of Dyspepsia, haunting the spot where the mightiest monarch of his day died a victim to that disorder.

Yuste lies seven leagues, or something more than twenty-five miles, nearly due east of Plasencia. Crossing the stream of the Jerte, and the bright strip of pimiento garden and vineyard stretched along its bank, the road winds upwards among the olives on the opposite side of the valley, and, passing over the dividing ridge, dips into and soon loses itself in a region thoroughly Estremaduran in aspect. For a while there is some sparse cultivation. As we passed, the ploughers were here and there at work, scratching the parched soil with the primitive plough of the country, and sending great dun-coloured clouds of dust rolling down over the valley of the Tagus, like the smoke of a battle-field. But soon all signs of man and his doings are left behind, and the country becomes an untamed wilderness, and the way a mere path, "a partridge road," as the expressive Spanish phrase terms it, winding for miles through scrub and brushwood, with here and there patches of larger timber and open grassy glades. To the British traveller it is classic ground, that rough woody hillside sloping down to the broad yellow plain, bounded by the distant Guadalupe mountains. Away to the left lies the field of Talavera; close by, on the right, is Malpartida de Plasencia, where Craufurd's brigade was in bivouac on the 28th of July, 1809, after a march of twenty miles, when the Spanish fugitives came in with the news that the army

was defeated, and Sir Arthur Wellesley killed; and it was along here was made that most marvellous of marches, in which sixty-two miles were travelled in twenty-six hours, by men weighted with some sixty pounds each, and this in the dog days, under an Estremaduran sun beating down with a fierceness all but tropical. This, in itself, was a feat worthy of the army that—as was said by him who trained it, led it, and gloried in it—“could go anywhere, and do anything;” but there was something more in it. These men were marching, as they believed, not to share in a victory, but to bear their part in a defeat. It is no disparagement of the heroes of Talavera, Badajoz, or Salamanca, to say that here was a heroism as genuine as was ever shown in the breach or on the battlefield.

The Vera proper is not reached until, skirting the village of Arroyo Molinos, Mill-brook, as we should say, and passing through the little town of Pasaron—a charming jumble of quaint old houses, half wood, half brick, just like those villages one lights upon in nooks of the Moselle country—the path crosses a projecting spur of the sierra, and begins to descend through a forest of oak and chestnut. At length, between the stems, the beautiful Vera breaks suddenly on the view. Far away to the south is the blue line of the sierras of Toledo and Guadalupe, bounding on that side the broad valley, or rather plain, of the Tagus, a vast tawny expanse, streaked with dark lines like a tiger's hide. Opposite rise the Picos de Gredos, a lofty cluster of grey spires, with, beyond them, the main chain stretching away to the east, while the rugged sierra Lanes projects itself in a south-westerly direction towards Plasencia. It was across this latter, having first passed the Puerto de Tornavacas, at the head of the Plasencia valley, that Charles descended on Yuste in his last journey. On the summit is the rough pass, then called the Puerto Nuevo, now the Puerto del Emperador, on which he looked back, saying, “No other pass now but that of death”—“Ya no pasaré otro puerto sino el de la muerte.” Below, in the obtuse angle formed by these two mountain ranges, lies the Vera—a wavy tract of glens and ridges, hills and dales, in some parts thickly wooded with oak, in others a chaos of rocks and brushwood, and here and there spreading out into park-like opens, full of thymy knolls, and slopes deep in fern and dotted with noble patriarchal chestnuts. It was long before I could discover Yuste, but at last, with the aid of the telescope, I made out, half buried among the woods on one of the opposite slopes, a tall grey building, with a lowly, red-roofed, white-walled house beside it—the chapel of the convent, and the palace of the Emperor. In Ford's time, the hospitable monks, not yet turned adrift, welcomed the rare stranger within their walls; but now Yuste is inhabited only by the care-taker of the proprietor, the Marques de Mirabel, and the pilgrim must put up at the posada of the little village of Cuacos, about a mile below the convent. This village of Cuacos, however, has its place in the programme of a pilgrimage to Yuste; for it occupies a prominent position in the annals of the Emperor's retire-

ment. Here lived the chief officers of the little court he retained about him—all, in fact, except those in immediate and constant attendance on his person ; and here were lodged those visitors whom affection or affairs drew to the retreat of the royal recluse. Even royalty, in the persons of the Emperor's sisters, Eleanor and Mary, the Queens of France and Hungary, accepted the shelter of Cuacos. An evil name has clung to the people of the village. Ponz in his *Viage de España* credits them with a savage disposition and ferocity, a character which is probably traceable to the records of certain knavish and boorish acts on the part of some of the inhabitants during Charles's residence at Yuste ; such as poaching the trout in his ponds, and impounding his cows when they strayed. A heavy item in the indictment is that they threw stones at the young Don John of Austria—then known only as Geronimo, a page in the household of Luis Quixada the chamberlain—because he climbed their trees after the cherries ; as if pelting an orchard-robbing urchin were any proof of barbarity. I can only speak of the Cuacos folk as I found them, and certainly I perceived nothing savage or ferocious in their appearance or manners, and encountered nothing but the civility and friendliness which the stranger, as far as my experience goes, always meets with in the villages of Spain. A rough bridle-road, about a mile in length, ascends from the village up to the gate of Yuste, running for the latter part of the way close under the crumbling wall of the convent grounds. Few roads in the world have seen finer company pass along than this wild woodland path. Queens, princes, nobles and churchmen of every degree, ambassadors, and statesmen, have picked their steps over these rough stones ; for the retirement of Charles V. was not that complete monastic seclusion from the world and its affairs and cares that Robertson and earlier historians fancied. He had come down from the saddle, but he had by no means relinquished his hold of the reins. Many hundreds of times did Quixada travel this road in his journeys to and fro ; and as we view the procession now, now that time has dimmed the gilding and toned down the colours, among all the nobles there is not a nobler figure than his. Quixada, his life, his character, his services, and his connection with Charles and his family, form one of those pleasant by-ways of which we occasionally get glimpses here and there in following the course of history. Pleasant green lanes, so to speak, running by the side of the great dusty highway on which the armies march, and the kings and ministers travel in their gilt coaches ; where the collector of the true *pulverem historicum* has no business ; and the historian who has to press onward with the throng, cannot afford to linger ; but where there is a natural freshness irresistibly tempting the loungee and the idler to turn aside and loiter, letting the crowd pass on. Such an one is the life of Colonel Don Luis Quixada, mayordomo to Charles V., as seen in the few glimpses we get of it, most of them afforded by his own letters, discovered among that great treasure-trove which formed the foundation of Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's delightful volume, the *Cloister Life*, and of the *Charles*

Quint, of M. Mignet. In the noble picture gallery of Madrid there are two portraits of Charles by Titian. One, the finest equestrian picture in the world, as Ford calls it, is the eager soldier in full armour, as he appeared on his war-horse at the head of his troops. The other is the hipped and careworn Emperor, weary of life. He stands with his left hand resting on the neck of a noble dog, who looks up in his face with a wistful expression: you can almost hear the affectionate, half-sympathetic whimper of the grand old hound. No one who has read the story of Charles's retirement can look at that picture without thinking of the faithful, single-minded, unselfish old soldier, whose eyes to the very last seem to be fixed upon the face of his master. When Charles landed at Laredo after his formal abdication in Brussels, all was at sixes and sevens until Quixada was summoned from his patrimonial house at Villagarcia, and from that moment to the end, except for one brief interval, he was always at the Emperor's side, supporting and watching. All through the long weary journey across the plains of Castile, he was there, and as they descended the rocks of the Puerto Nuevo, in their last stage, he marched pike in hand, beside his master's chair, rejoicing to see how the invalid bore up against the fatigues of the rough road. Throughout the life at Yuste it was the same. He was always on guard; now snuffing suspiciously at the hampers of pickled salmon and eels that came across the mountains—hampers of gout and indigestion in his eyes; now growling at the monks as they clustered round the royal devotee; now fairly showing his teeth and driving them back, when they wanted, as he says, "to bury him alive" in his last illness, by prematurely administering the extreme unction; and in the last scene of all, standing by the bed of him whom he called, and in his honest heart believed to be, "the greatest man—*el hombre mas principal*—the world had ever seen, or was to see," looking down on the face of the dead, unable to persuade himself, as he confesses in his letter, that death had indeed come between them. Even later, when the body lay in state in the chapel, he still kept his post, and when they brought in a chair for an infirm official, he drove them back, declaring that he would allow no one to sit in the presence of the Emperor. It is easy to see that it was not so Quixada would have had his old master and leader die, if die he must. He would have rather seen him get together his merry men once more and sail for another attempt on Algiers; or, pushing further eastward, engage the Turk, and make an end, like a good soldier and Christian, fighting the unbelievers. Better that, than die smothered in a cloister among a pack of droning monks. Quixada had another responsibility besides that of watching over the health and comfort of the Emperor. He was nominally the master, but in reality the guardian, of the boy afterwards known as Don John of Austria, the *enfant gaté* of the Yuste household, and the one ray of human sunshine in that somewhat sombre little court. Philip II. excepted, he was the sole depository of the secret of the boy's birth; and it is characteristic of his loyalty that he allowed his wife to entertain a suspicion about the parentage of the youth

which would have disturbed the harmony of most families, but which appears to have strengthened rather than weakened the affection of the good Doña Magdalena. A suspicion, too, which was dispelled in a manner equally characteristic, when, on the occasion of a fire breaking out in their house at Cuacos, Quixada rescued his charge first, before he saw to the safety of his wife. Then she was persuaded that it must be the son of their Sovereign they had under their roof. It is a pleasant little group to contemplate, the noble old hidalgo and his lady and their adopted son, for such he always considered himself; and in after years, when he had become the famous general and the idol of the Spanish army, he still preserved the warm affection of his boyhood for that good kind lady whom, as he said himself, he regarded as his own mother. If the church was really the destination Charles had marked out for the son of his old age, he could scarcely have chosen a worse tutor than Quixada to prepare him for such a life; and for such a career as was actually that of Don John, there could hardly have been better training than that he was likely to receive in the household of the chivalrous old soldier and high-minded, high-bred Castilian gentleman. It was probably about the battle-fields of the Low Countries, the assault on the Goleta, and the siege of Metz, rather than about theology, that the master and pupil talked, and possibly they were together when the news came in of the Turkish doings in Minorca; when the pupil, boylike, made his vow—afterwards redeemed at Lepanto—that when he was a man he would go fight the Turks. It must have been a pretty picture, that which these old trees along the Yuste wall have seen many and many a time—the tough old soldier marching with military stiffness up the shady path, with a grave smile breaking out from under his grizzled moustache at the frolics of the bright-haired, blue-eyed, sunburnt boy that frisked along by his side, skimming pebbles after the blackbirds as they shot out of the bushes, or larking with the pretty little peasant-girls of Cuacos as they tripped by in their red and green sayas, with their baskets of eggs for the convent. And it makes one think of another scene a few years later, in which the same two figures appear under another wall, at Seron in Andalusia, when the gallant old soldier and faithful servant lay dying on his last foughten field, in his harness, and in his duty, and his old pupil stood over him, as the historian tells us, “in sorrow as deep as the love he bore him.” *

At a corner not far from the convent gate there is a tablet let into the wall, which the author of *The Cloister Life* seems inclined to attribute to Quixada's affection for the memory of his master, but which is much more suggestive of monkish zeal for the credit of the house and the saintly character of its guest. It bears the imperial arms, and below them the inscription—

“En esta santa casa de S. Hieronimo de Yuste se retiró a acabar su vida, el que toda la gastó en la defensa de la fé y conservacion de la justicia,

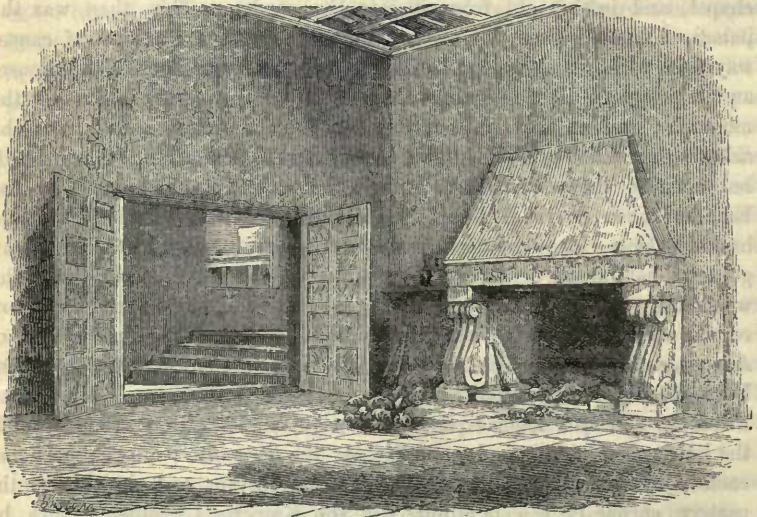
* “Con grande sentimiento conforme al mucho amor que le tenia.”—HURTADO DE MENDOZA: *Guerra de Granada*.

Carlos V. Emperador, Rey de las Españas, christianisimo, invictisimo. Murió a 21 de Setiembre de 1558."

"Into this holy house of St. Jerome, of Yuste, retired to end his life, he who spent it all in the defence of the faith and the preservation of justice, Charles V. Emperor, King of the Spains, most christian, most unconquered. He died on the 21st of September, 1558."

A little further on the path reaches a piece of level sward, shaded by large trees, conspicuous among which stands the nogal grande, the great walnut tree under which was one of the favourite seats of the Emperor, and opposite, to the right, is the west front of the chapel, a plain substantial gothic structure in a tolerably good state of preservation externally. On the left hand side of the chapel are some dilapidated convent buildings and some of modern date, and on the other, the south side, is the gate which gives admission to the palacio of Yuste, as the people of the neighbourhood call it. As I approached I was encountered by none of those dragons or harpies who guard the entrances of show-places in other parts of Europe. There was no one to propose to show me all the available sights in the shortest possible space of time, or to claim the sole power of obtaining the keys of select and exclusive shrines—nothing to be done but to push the gate open and walk in. Inside, I found a small courtyard, in the middle of which stood a noble orange tree, almost a forest tree in size, and all of a glow with golden fruit, which a couple of urchins were endeavouring to bring down with stones. To the right lay the now neglected garden, that was the resource and solace of the Emperor when too feeble for rambles or rides among the woods of Yuste; and in front a modest two-storied house, built against the south wall of the chapel, and jutting out from it into the garden. This, then, was the palace of Yuste. From the pavement of the courtyard a kind of causeway rises with a gentle slope to the level of the upper floor of the house, an arrangement less fatiguing than steps to the gouty limbs of the monarch; and at the head of this causeway a gallery runs across the side of the building, deeply sunk into the wall, and sheltered overhead, but open to the west. Here stands the mounting-block used by the Emperor when he rode abroad; and here was his favourite lounge and basking-place. Here he used to sit on fine evenings, and watch the sun go down behind the distant sierra, pouring a flood of golden light over the wooded slopes below; and here it was that he was sitting, as the inscription on the wall behind sets forth with minute particularity, "on the 31st of August, at four in the afternoon," looking his last out over the beautiful Vera, when the fever from which he never rose again struck him down. From the gallery a flagged passage, at right angles with it, runs through the house from side to side, and divides the floor into two equal portions, each containing two rooms. That at the farther end, in the south-eastern corner of the building, was the Emperor's cabinet, where he received his visitors, gave audience, and transacted that portion of the business of the country which he still retained in his own hands.

For, as has now been abundantly shown, Charles's abdication was an abdication of the pomp rather than of the power of royalty; and to the last he considered himself a sort of final court of appeal in the higher matters of state. The chamber in which the mighty ones of the earth once settled the destinies of nations had become, when I saw it, the dwelling-room of the bailiff's family, and, as I looked in, their mid-day puchero was simmering pleasantly on the hearth. On the opposite side of the passage, abutting on the wall of the chapel, is the Emperor's bedroom, the room in which he died. As I saw it, it was unfurnished and empty, except for a pile of melons and a heap or two of apples on the floor. Like the other rooms of the "palacio," it is of moderate size and tolerably lofty, and, with its ample fireplace, deep-cut window and substantial walls, not without a certain air of coziness and comfort, not altogether consistent with the ideas suggested by the phrase "cloister life." But here again, as Sir W. Stirling Maxwell has pointed out, the earlier historians have been in error. Charles's life at Yuste was not one of monastic seclusion, and still less was it one of ascetic severity. He had comforts, and even luxuries, around him in abundance, and the almost squalid austerity attributed to his retirement is as little in accordance with facts as Robertson's description of the buildings with their actual appearance and arrangement. But the most striking feature about the room is the door or window, for it served both purposes, which opens on the adjoining chapel. It is near the north-western corner of the room, and leads to an opening or passage with half-a-dozen steps, pierced through the thick wall, slantwise and upwards, in such a manner that the high altar in the chapel beyond was in full view from the opposite corner of the chamber.



In this corner, the spot from which the accompanying sketch is taken, stood the bed of the Emperor. The altar-piece was the great "Gloria"

of Titian, now in the Museo at Madrid, painted for Charles by Titian, and representing the greatest of the monarchs of the earth kneeling as a suppliant at the foot of the throne of Heaven; and this was before the eyes of the dying Emperor when he murmured, "Ya voy, Señor,"—"Now I go, Lord,"—and passed away.

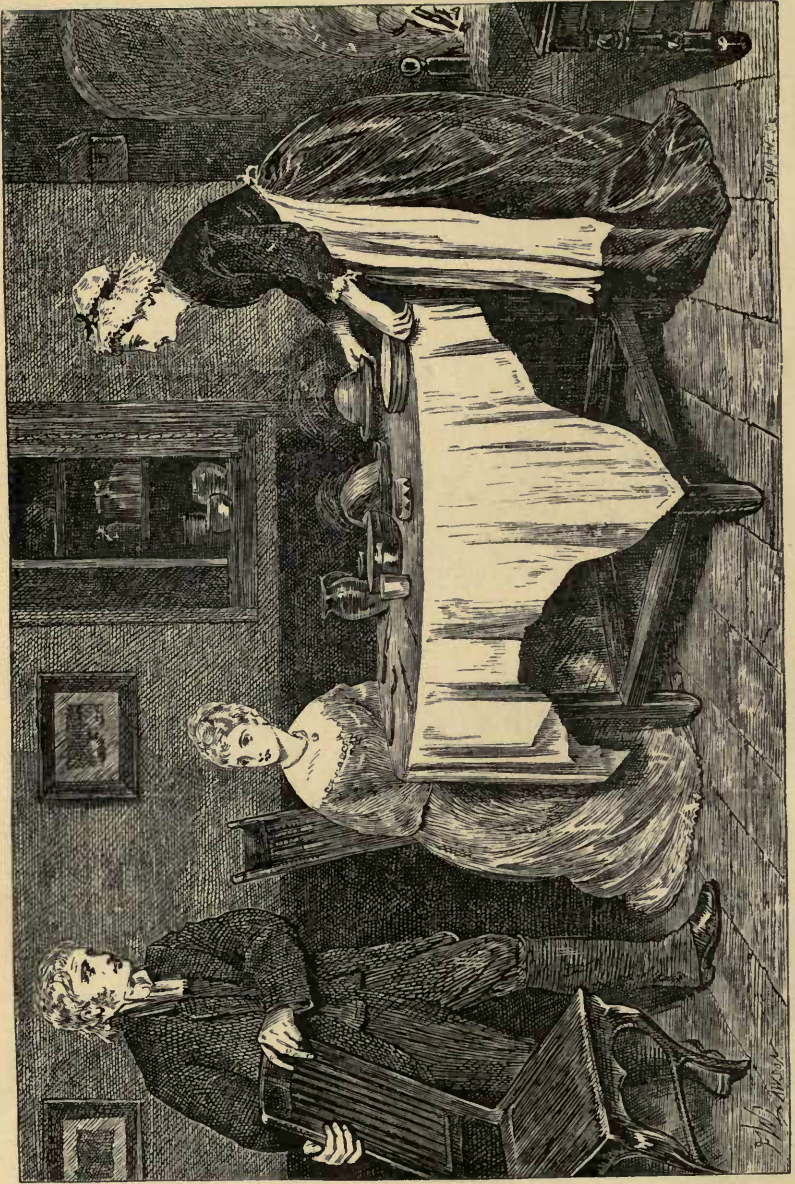
Through the window you can descend on to the platform where the remains of the altar stand. Internally the church is wholly dismantled; everything removable has been removed, and nothing remains but bare walls and a floor strewn with rubbish. One relic of the Emperor has, indeed, survived the general ruin. High up in a niche in the wall, just opposite the window, is the rough oblong wooden chest in which the body lay fifteen years at Yuste, before it was removed to the gorgeous marble lodging in which it now rests, in the Panteon of the Escorial. If these mouldering planks could speak, they could set at rest a disputed question; whether Charles did in truth ever lie shrouded in simulated death in his coffin, while prayers were offered up for the repose of his soul, and afterwards alone in the closed chapel. The story, as the author of the *Cloister Life* shows, rests solely on the account given by Leti in his *Life of Charles*, which was adopted and worked up by Robertson. That some ceremony did take place the day before he was seized by his last illness is clear, but all the evidence goes to prove that it was nothing more than a funeral service, which he attended, without any dramatic assumption of death. The strongest evidence, perhaps, on the subject is of a negative sort. If anything so extraordinary, and so trying to a feeble shattered invalid, had really taken place, Quixada was not the man to remain silent about it; more especially if it was, as Robertson says, the cause of the attack of the next day. No fear of the Church would have stopped the growls of the faithful major-domo, if he had reason to think the days of his master were shortened by any unusual rite.

On the opposite, or north side of the chapel, lie the cloisters and ruined walls of the monastery, which seem in many places only held together by the ivy that clings to them. Below, the little cloister garden is a tangled wilderness, and the box edgings which bordered the once trim paths, have shot up and grown into an all but impenetrable jungle. "Aqui no hay mas que ruinas," as the good wife of the palacio said, when we parted at the gate, conveying in those words the utmost deprecation that Spanish phrase or Spanish sentiment is capable of. Still, ruins as they are, there are sermons in the stones, and, more than sermons, some curious sympathetic influence, a certain subtle something, that makes the dry bones in the valley live, and humanizes the postured figures of the Tussaud gallery of History. Something of this sort I felt looking backing upon Yuste from the opposite hill, as the afternoon sun of autumn streamed across the Vera, tinging the tree-tops with gold, and falling bright upon the wall of the gallery, where three centuries ago it lit up the pale face of Charles V., as he gazed upon the same prospect. As I sat I was joined by my comrade, who, too, had his remembrances of Yuste. The

good dame of the convent had pressed upon me some of the produce of the garden, which, as newspaper editors say, I was compelled, from want of space, to decline with thanks. My Gehazi, however, had apparently turned back and taken somewhat of her; for he bore in his arms a melon about the size of a baby, the descendant perhaps of a melon whose growth had been watched by the Emperor; and as we passed into the wood, and the trees behind shut out the view of Yuste, he marched in the rear, munching sadly.



YUSTE FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



"THERE AIN'T A LIGHTER HAND AT A PUDDEN, THOUGH I SAY IT AS SHOULD'N'T."

Lettice Pisle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NIGHT-WATCHING AT THE PILOT'S.



ON that same November evening, as Lettice and her uncle were driving across the Forest, Mary sat over the smouldering peat fire in the cottage at Edney's Creek, doing nothing, for a wonder. "I can do that as well by the light o' the moon, and save candle," said she to herself, with a sigh, as she thought over the many sorrows and perplexities of her friends; when the door, which was always on the latch, opened suddenly, and a shapeless mass crawled in. She uttered a cry, and Caleb laughed at her, as he raised himself and stood upright.

"I came in under the shadder o' the hill," said he, "in the dusk of the evening, till just the steps, and then I crope, for I thowt bad folk

might be abroad, and I'd best not be seen coming in, with the moon getting up."

"How can ye go for to be so venturesome, lad," whispered Mary, anxiously, "to come like that right into the mouth of the mischief?"

"Well, they're as little like to nose me here as anywhere," replied he, with a smile. "They'll think I should be afraid to come home."

"Ye must be nigh famished, and afore (*frozen*) too," said she, heaping on fuel, and preparing some food. "And how ever did ye slip off like a bird from the fowlers? They said ye was handcuffed."

"'Twere mainly along o' that young Wallcott. He ain't a bad chap, though I don't love him. Where's Lettice?" he went on, his tone changing.

"Gone off to-day, along wi' Tony, as is driving her toward home."

"Gone!" repeated he, with a strong emphasis, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, as he looked out grimly towards the coast-line which led to the Puckspiece.

"Yes. What for should she stop here, wi' nobody to look after her, and her father as can't come back (though he weren't much good, to be sure), and the home all broke up like?"

"I should like just to ha' see'd her again," he answered, moodily. "Who knows how——?"

"What for, lad?" said Mary, turning affectionately round to him, as she stooped over the fire, which she was trying to pet into a blaze. "What good is it searching after spilt milk? She can't have ye if she would, and she wouldn't have ye if she could. What can a man have more?"

Caleb did not answer. He moved restlessly about the room, opened the door, and looked out into the night.¹

"Sure you'd best not stand there in the open, Caleb," said she, at last. "How can ye tell who's about in the night?"

He came back, and set himself on the low settle in the great chimney-corner, whi'e she hung a cloth over the window.

"You'll forget it after a bit," said she.

There was a much-mended garment of David's hanging up to dry, which he lifted out of his way.

"Look'ee, Mary," said he, "there's some rents you can patch in so neat as you can scarce tell that aught's amiss underside, and there's other some as rags out all round, and you're not a bit forrarder wi' yer work. 'Tis all how the stuff's made, and I ain't one as can take up wi' folk, and set 'um down again so easy."

At that moment David's face peered down from the steep staircase which led from the bed-room; the boy's face looked smaller and whiter, and his eyes bigger and blacker than ever with the excitement of the past days.

"Now, David," whispered Mary, "you be still, and don't you be tittering nor talking. 'Tis as much as his life is worth."

"As if I'd be such a nena," answered he, scornfully. "I ain't a woman to want to go prating, as Caleb says they does. How ever did ye get off, Caleb? Tell me quick." And the boy capered round him like an imp in the firelight.

"There, you go and get on your boots, and help watch outside for me," said Caleb. "I know you'll be safe enow not to let it out I'm here."

"Not till you've telled me about how you giv 'um all the slip," replied the boy, settling himself obstinately on Caleb's knees.

"Well, we'd drifted ever so fur off out, and 'twere no end o' lucky for me as we hadn't got the real thing aboard, only a Custom-house fellow as knowed scarce anything; and when morning came there was the headlands off Lady Cross looking like ghostes in the twilight, sea and sky as thick as pea-soup, but the wind going down a bit with the rain. 'Can't ye put into the Bareham harbour?' says young Wallcott, 'we shan't get back this month, beating up and down against the wind,

this fashion.' 'Hold your tongue!' hollers the other, 'I know my duty, and my orders was to follow the cutter.' 'But if ye can't?' says Wallcott, 'and there ain't neither food nor drink for so many aboard; and we're cold, and wet, and hungry.' 'And cross too,' mutters the Custom-house one. And so at last he gives consent, and 'twere a long time afore we could bring her in anyhow. So then, when we got a bit under shelter, where the sea weren't so rampageous, the officer he stands up wi' the handcuffs in his hand. 'I say, you take the helm now,' says he to one of the men. 'I won't have no skulking off here.' And just then he trod on a coil of rope, and summun (I'm thinking 'twere young Wallcott) twitched it up from under his feet, and down he came flat up' his face."

The boy clapped his hands.

"I owe him a good turn for it, I do; and so then I jumped overboard, and swum for it. I wouldn't be took anyhow again; and a hard matter I had for to get ashore, and were as well nigh drowned as could be, I know that, the sea were so strong. They put off the boat after me; but I were right up the hill and far away in no time, and the sea-fog coming up so as they couldn't see fur."

"And then you hid?" said David, eagerly—who, as he sat astride on Caleb's knees, administered a severe kick whenever the narrator paused for a moment. "What, you knowed the folk down there, did ye? and they took ye in these two days and a night?"

"Well, we come across a pretty deal o' folk up and down wi' the fair-trading, and can do 'um good and harm, too, by times, they knows," answered Caleb, with a tired yawn.

"David, you go off to bed. Folks 'll think summat's wrong if they see thee about. I'll kip watch: nobody 'll wonder if I'm afoot late or early; and we can't never be still wi' thy little tongue clacking. Who knows what mayn't be nigh outside hearkening?"

"But I'm to stop and help take care of Caleb," answered he, half-crying.

"You go off now, and I'll wake ye to take care of me presently," said the sailor, good-naturedly; and with much difficulty the boy was at last got rid of.

"What do ye think for to do now, Caleb?" said Mary, sadly. "Ye can't stop in these parts, poor lad. You'd be safest out at sea. Ye shouldn't ha' come home, though it's summer light to my eyes to see ye back again; but 'tis a sore let and hindrance to yer getting off clear."

"Ye don't know when Jesse 'll be home? I thought maybe he'd be on the watch to help me off. I can't go nigh Edwin: *he* won't do nothing: he's so chicken-hearted, he's afraid o' his own shadder; and the others is at sea. I shall ha' to go farther down coast again, I do believe; but 'twere as if somethin' drew me back home, and I couldn't keep away."

"Ye didden' think ye might find her here?" sighed Mary; but he did not answer.

"Won't ye rest ye a bit then now? You're just fagged and wearied

out," she went on presently, as he finished the warm mess she had got ready.

"I'll not risk going upstairs then—the winder's too small. I'll just lay me down wi' a blanket in the corner, and be off when the moon goes down afore morning light, for there ain't harbour about here for a man to be safe."

But instead of going he sat on over the fire, which had sunk away again, idly drawing figures in the peat-dust, unearthing sparks from amongst the ashes, which grew redder as they met the air, and then went out altogether.

"'Parsons and clerks,' do ye mind we used to call 'um, Mary, and see which on 'um 'ud hold out longest. There's mine dead, anyhow," said he, rather gravely, as one particular brand he was watching sank away. "What did ye see or hear of her afore she went away? and what did she say?" he went on, at last rising.

"She didn't a say much—she ain't a girl, ye know, for much discourse; but it did seem to go right through her, it did, when she said you'd been took helping off that ne'er-do-well, her father, and how ever could she be thankful enow."

"I don't want her to be thankful nor nothing," said he, angrily, kicking over the "andiron" * of the fire, "if that's all she have to give me. I ain't a cow-beaby to ask her alms, or to blare like a silly child if she don't give me what I want. But that she should ha' took up wi' one of them gauger folk goes agin me."

"He isn't a ganger, I don't believe," said Mary, gently, "if that 'll do any good."

"Then he consorts with them as is, and that's pretty nigh as bad. I'd like to hike out the whole boilin' o' 'um," he muttered, violently.

Mary was silent. "'Tis strange, too, how it's a took hold on ye, and ye ha' knowed her so short a time."

"I don't think that odds it," he answered, with a sigh. "There's a blind lad at Seaford what never saw the light: *he* don't mind; but if so be he'd set eyes on it for ever such a little, I'll warrant he'd pine for it all the days o' his life. And so now I'll be going. Hang that moon," he said, looking out, "she's enow to ruin a man to be so bright to-night o' all the nights of the year. There was clouds rising as I come along, and I hoped we might ha' had cazelty weather this evening at least."

There was a broad sweep of most aggravating moonlight on the sea, inconceivably beautiful, as every little wave caught the beams and was tipped with silver, but there was no one to enjoy it. A small black vessel sailed slowly across, suspiciously near the shore. They watched it together anxiously, but it passed on.

"Good-night, lad," said Mary, tenderly. "'Tis well to breeze up again'

* Her andirons were two winking cupids,
Nicely depending on their brands.—*Cymbeline*.

bad luck ; but 'tis said, ' In quietness shall be yer strength.' Dunnot ye fight too strong wi' fate."

Caleb was silent. " You've been a good sister to me, anyhow, Mary," he said at last, abruptly, shutting the door and going off to his hole.

" He's too masterful wi' life, poor lad," said Mary to herself, as she began to put up a bundle of things for him which she thought might be useful ; " and it falls a deal heavier wi' them as can only break afore the storm, nor wi' them as can bend a bit. God help him, 'tis a poor look-out to have all and everything break up like this under him. I wish Jesse'd come home, as has the helping hand for all, and the word in season : he'd know how to manage get him off and say what would quiet his mind a bit. Who knows, too, when he'll ever set eyes on the lad again as he thinks so much on ? 'Twill be next never's-tide afore ever we have him home again."

She went out again and again in the shadow of the cottage to look up and down and all around. The house was most inconveniently visible on its little knoll, and the short scrub behind was hardly high enough to conceal an escaping man. She listened intently, with all her compassion and all her affection as it were concentrated in her eyes and ears, till the tension grew so great that it seemed to her that she heard footsteps or saw something move in every direction, and she kept on turning from side to side in terror lest she should fail in the look-out on her lonely watch.

But the night wore on without any disturbance.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN OPENING FOR A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

LETTICE and her uncle walked on together in silence, and their thoughts were not so far apart as they fancied. Everhard could not have done a better stroke of business for himself in Amyas's eyes than his last boyish, incautious speech. It was impossible to suspect a young fellow of any sinister designs who evidently let out whatever was uppermost in his mind.

Lettice's heart was greatly comforted, on the other hand. " I don't care what happens now," thought she to herself, " so long as he haven't been and forgot me." A young girl's love is satisfied with very airy diet. So long as her feelings can find rest in a complete trust, she can wait any indefinite time without even much distress as to the outward presence of what she cares for. Her imagination is so active that she lives a second life with his. It was enough to brighten even the dark and dirty street at Mapleford.

When they returned again to Mrs. Smart's house she had recovered her temper. It is a brittle article, and even the very best will give way, it is well known, under certain provocations ; Jane, her little maid, had

been detected that morning going out with "an artificial" in her bonnet, and there had been a scene in consequence: besides which there had been no time to put up her best curtains, which had been taken down to be made into new ones.

"And 'tis so aggravating," she muttered to herself, "when one's got nice things, and they're out o' the way just when they're wanted. And why Amyas couldn't just give me notice they was coming to stop here? But 'tis just like men. And when one's slaved and slaved, they takes a chop for dinner, or a bit o' pie or so, just as a matter of course, which it's my belief they thinks things grow so, I re'ly do declare."

She now, however, received them with a mitigated countenance, and even went so far in honouring her guests as to usher them into the best parlour,—which was a most doubtful delight.

"You take care as your boots is wiped," said she, anxiously, as they entered, scrubbing her own feet carefully as she spoke, which were already spotlessly clean.

The parlour was a mirror of gentility and a miracle of ugliness; nothing in it was ever used, or ever intended to be used. The fireplace was full of cut-paper, to prevent any weak notion that a fire could be lighted there; the carpet, of a design large enough to fit the town-hall, was drugged carefully; two patterns and a half of the paper reached across one side of the room, and every colour in the rainbow had been pressed into the service: pink and red, and yellow and blue and green, struggled for the mastery in every direction. The mantelpiece and the sideboard were loaded with frightful ornaments, and everything was so precious that it was covered up and shaded, and oil-clothed and drugged in the most aggravating way. It was oppressively close: the window had never been opened since the room was made, and the blinds were of course down. There is a curious want of any sense of proportion, or harmony of colour, or beauty of form in the ordinary middle-class house; taste seems a matter entirely of cultivation in England.

"Sit ye down in that cheer on the oil-cloth," said Mrs. Smart.

Lettice felt as depressed when established in this hall of ceremony as if it had been a dentist's room. Amyas muttered something about his horse, and escaped in spite of his hostess's efforts.

"So it's all up wi' the Woodhouse, I hear tell," said she to Lettice, looking after him rather discontentedly. "And what may be the sum as Amyas has been and mortgaged it for, I wonder?"

"I'm sure I don't know, cousin Smart; but uncle Job says it ain't half the value o' the property, and as him as lends on it" (she could not bear to use the word Wallcott in such a connection: it seemed to her a sort of profanation) "would have an out-and-out bargain for his money."

"Is it a' so set and settled as the monecy couldn't be paid off even now, and the place saved as has been so many years in the family?" said Mrs. Smart, sharply. Her words always came out as if they had an edge to them. Except in the shape of the mouth and chin, her countenance,

however, was even curiously unlike herself; the features were small and delicate: she had been a very pretty woman, and, indeed, was so still, though the bloom had passed out of her face. "But you don't know nothing about it," added she, impatiently.

"What, you weren't thinking as it were possible you could——?" cried Lettice, jumping at the idea of rescue, and preparing to be grateful, though Mrs. Smart's keen steel-blue eye did not give promise of much romantic generosity.

"No, I wasn't a thinkin' o' nothing at all," replied she sharply. "And now, as Amyas's a-gone no one knows where, (as if his horse couldn't eat his vittles wi'out his stuffing of it down his throat,) we may as lief go into the kitchen,—and he been so long away he might stop and have a bit o' chat," she went on discontentedly. "I suppose I must get ye summut for yer suppers now—coming down on one this way, wi' full hearts and empty stomachs, as one may say, which it's a poor look-out. And why Amyas couldn't bide quiet and talk, I can't think—I'm sure," she could not help adding, half to herself, as the grievance of his departure once more recurred to her.

The kitchen was so exquisitely clean, so rubbed and scrubbed, and polished and whitened, that it was clear Mrs. Smart's one little maid had no sinecure. It was a good while before Amyas came back; and Lettice had been subjected to such a fire of questions upon all subjects during the interval, that she felt "as if 'twere one of them little birds me and Ned used to roast wi' a string, turning and twistin' on a' sides afore the flame," said she to herself.

"How many cows were there in milk? and what butter did they give? and how much arable land was there at the Woodhouse? What! ye don't know? How many ricks o' corn then was there in the yard this season? What, ye never counted!" And so on for nearly an hour.

"I haven't been there myself since I were a young girl; but I knows a'most as much about it as you, I do believe."

Lettice grew more and more distressed at her own hopeless dulness. Mrs. Smart was a mistress of the art by which you mix in a number of questions on points which your patient is hardly likely to know, and then testify the greatest surprise at his sad ignorance. By this system, properly administered, the victim can be reduced to a state of abject despair at his own pitiable stupidity, and of consequent awe at your powers.

"But I shan't say nothing to nobody, you may be very sure, about the debts. 'Tis an ugly bird that fou's its own nest," she ended.

There was ample space for Mrs. Smart's culinary operations—on which she prided herself—before Amyas again came in; but he was only just in time, both for the temper and the dumping of his hostess.

"There ain't a lighter hand at a pudden, though I say it that shouldn't," said she, as she put one on the table; "but it's a mercy you're in afore 'tis like a bit o' lead," she went on, a little reproachfully.

They sat down together to their meal. Amyas was silent and thoughtful. "I've been inquiring up and down for a place where I could do the work, and find a house for mother and Lettie. 'Tis wonderful how hard it is to find an opening for a middle-aged man," he said, at last, with half a smile at the girl. "I thought I might ha' done summat at the old tanyard; but they don't want hands. Everything's always slack everywhere when a man wants to get him a living," he ended, sadly.

"We all has our troubles," moralized Mrs. Smart. "I'm sure I'm that put about wi' looking after the tenants flitting i' the King William Row, and their slates allays off, and repairs, and rates and taxes, and all along of it, I don't know sometimes where to turn. The late Mr. Smart used to say one wanted a husband wonderful in these days when one had a got a bit of property, if 'twere only just to look after things."

The "late Mr. Smart" would have been much astonished to hear himself thus appealed to: he had not been at all used in his lifetime to be quoted as an oracle with such respect, and had indeed had rather a hard time of it, having married an heiress without much means of his own. "I dunnot know," he'd say, "'how a lone woman's to get on in these days.'"

"Well, I've allays heard as you managed as nice and kep' all things as straight as anybody could wish to see. I mind you could allays do anything you set your mind to in old days," said Amyas, with a smile, consolingly.

Mrs. Smart indeed did herself the greatest injustice: she was as well able to grasp a piece of business keenly, and carry it through successfully, as any man in England.

"He'd a long illness, hadn't he, poor Smart? I heard he were ailing this ever so long," went on Amyas kindly.

"Ill? He were ill better nor two years; and a very deal o' trouble he were, you may depend on't: wanting this and wanting that, and allays complaining. You're lookin' a deal older, Amyas, since you and me met," said Mrs. Smart, looking across the table with a very cousinly smile, which did not quite say the same as her words, "and yet you and me's pretty much of an age."

"I've had a deal o' trouble, and that ages a man more than years," he answered, with a sigh. He might have said, with truth, how little she herself was changed; but Amyas did not deal in even complimentary truth.

He looked very pleasant as he sat opposite her. The excitement of the day's work had roused him out of his habitual depression, and the mild, serious, thoughtful expression of his handsome features made him by no means an uninteresting cousin; the worn, sad look of his face, with its high bare forehead, had for the moment passed away, and he looked ten years younger than usual.

Lettice gazed at him in surprise: he had always to her been her "old uncle," and now, seeing him through the eyes of a contemporary, who

evidently did not look upon him in the least in that light, "I didn't know as uncle Amyas was like that," she thought to herself.

At length, when the meal was over and disposed of, "I want to speak to you, Amyas, if you be so pleased. Lettice, you go upstairs and help Jane make the beds, or anyways you can. 'Tis about an opening you was speaking of?" the girl heard Mrs. Smart begin as she closed the door after her.

"'Tis a long while since we were together like this, Amyas," said Mrs. Susan gently, clearing her throat, and smoothing her apron as she spoke. "It minds me a deal o' old times, and my father and all."

"Yes, it is a long time indeed," answered the unconscious Amyas, sadly, but not in the least perceiving the line of thought along which his cousin desired him to follow.

"'Twould ha' been a fine thing for me if things had took another turn than they has," went on Mrs. Smart, with a discreet cough; "and perhaps for you too."

Amyas looked up, greatly perplexed.

"I mean," said his cousin, turning bashfully away and snuffing the cauliflower-head of the tallow-candle, 'pour se donner une contenance,' "as your property and mine together would ha' saved the Woodhouse, and kep' out them nasty money-lenders. You behaved very handsome, I will say that, Amyas, about when my father died, and I haven't forgot it to you."

"Well, that's all over and done for," said he, rising a little impatiently. "You was welcome enow, and 'twas your own right, and you married Smart; and a quiet man and a good husband he made, I heard tell."

"Yes, Amyas," said his affectionate reliet, finding it necessary to be more explicit; "but he's dead and gone now, poor man. I was a saying just now, 'twere a pity as my father didn't manage different in the old time. I were headstrong, and wanted my own way, I know; but he should just ha' seen to me as had no mother. Young girls wants guiding to their own good. And what wi' them as wants to marry her and them as she wants to marry, 'tis a hard matter to choose right for she as has a bit o' property; and I chose wrong, I did," said the lady, with much candour; "though I won't say but he were a good man were poor Smart," she ended, with a sigh, and brushing her hand across her eyes. "My property it's worth a pretty penny per year; and we could get the Woodhouse out o' pawn, if we did it together."

She was going on;—but by this time Amyas had caught her meaning, and had risen in the utmost terror. He had the greatest respect for his cousin's powers of managing and of getting what she "set her mind to," and did not feel sure that he should not be compelled to marry her, whether he would or no.

"Well, cousin, bygones should be bygones, they say, you know; and past's past, and old times can't be got back again. When a tree's dead,

you can't make it live again, not wi' a' the digging and dunging and watering in Christendom; and so, you see, we won't talk any more about such things, nor nothing."

Then as a sense of absurdity in the whole matter came over him, with his tender regard for the feelings of others, he returned from the door to which he was making with all his might, and shook hands, with a smile.

"We can be friends and all that, yer know, cousin Susan, and thank ye kindly for thinking of me this way; but it can't be, and so there's an end of it," he ended, with unwonted decision, roused by the magnitude of the peril before him.

Meanwhile the girl had gone upstairs, as she was desired. "Jane" was far too active a person to require any help—and had indeed slipped out "unbeknownst" to her mistress. Lettice sat on alone in the dark little room; but she was weaving her own fancies so busily that she scarcely found it out. She could hear the deep chime of the great clock of the Minster in the quiet of the night; and the remembrance of the organ and the singing which she had heard there that day seemed mixed up inextricably with Everhard in her mind, and all that he had said and done; and these altogether were such good company that she was sorry when Mrs. Smart's voice, less harsh than usual, with a more feminine fall in it than any one had ever heard before, summoned her downstairs again. "I wonder what they've been doing of?" thought Lettice to herself, as she watched her cousin's strangely thoughtful manner. There had been a real honest feeling for Amyas mixed with Mrs. Smart's desire after a good stroke of business, and she was touched and quiet for the rest of the short evening.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAPLEFORD GAOL.

"THE order's for ye to be at the prison-door at eight, Lettice," said her uncle next morning. "And I'll be off to the lawyer as soon as may be, and settle for your father." Lettice put the little bag into his hand.

"I'd rather not," said he, reluctantly; but he could not stand her look of entreaty, and took it sorely against the grain.

"You take yer Bible in yer pocket," observed Mrs. Smart, who had recovered her spirits, (and indeed felt "that all had, maybe, been for the best, and she and her money had perhaps had an escape.") "'Twill be a mercy anyhow. I'm sure he wants doing good to, does yer father. And here's a couple o' apples, and the 'dog in a blanket' as were left yesterday, as he might fancy perhaps."

Then following them, as they had nearly left the house—

"Here's a trac'," she cried: "'Buttons for the Breeches of Salvation,' as was left here t' other day—'tis a pity it should be wasted. 'Twould

be a fine thing for the soul of him if he'd read it. You might happen drop it and leave it there when you come away, who knows?"

And with this mixture of spiritual and creature comforts they at last were allowed to go.

They walked on together in silence.

"I think we'll be off home this afternoon, Lettie," said her uncle, sadly, as they reached the awful door of the gaol. "I don't fancy the town now; and there isn't nothing to be had here to my mind. Leastways," he went on, with a sort of dreary laugh, "them as I suit don't suit me anyhow; and so we won't stop any longer. You and me's country-bred, Lettie, and we likes those ways best." And he left her to finish his business. With extreme trepidation the girl showed her order at the grim-looking gate. She had the proper horror of a prison, and entered with an awe-struck terror which would have been most wholesome for the offenders within, if she could have communicated it to them.

She passed through an inner court, where a great uproar was going on among the prisoners: some of whom were playing at fives, with much confusion.

"You dreve less noise there," shouted the jailor as they went through, but without the smallest effect, one man even making a face at the authority as he passed. Prison discipline was a nearly unknown art in those times. Lettice, a good deal frightened, followed her conductor at a run, and when they reached the cold stone passage, it seemed almost a haven of safety.

"Here's your daughter come to see you," said the jailor, opening the door of the infirmary cell—where Norton Lisle was lying on a narrow bed, with his broken leg in a good deal of pain—and leaving them alone.

"What, Let, are you there?" said he, surlily. "Have ye got the bag? and has Amyas been after the councillor for me?" And then, almost without waiting for the answer, "What did that fellow Ned mean by aftering me like that? I weren't on his beat, and he'd no call after me any way." And his abuse became so frightful that at last Lettice, in utter dismay, leant back so that he could not see her—bound down as he was in the bed—and stuffed her fingers into her ears.

His moods, however, never lasted long. In a little time another of the prisoners, a strong-made, lazy-looking fellow in a velveteen jacket, who had been set to wait upon the sick man, opened the door and lounged in. The prisoners were all huddled together, old and young, poachers, pickpockets, and felons, without much idea either of reformation or punishment, only of shutting them up out of the way.

"'Tis Jem Grove, old Dannel's son: you knows he, Lettie," explained Norton, almost cheerfully.

"Well, and how's the old man? I haven't seen he I don't know when. There I were out o' luck to-year," grumbled Jem: "I hadn't a had but one month o' the pheasant-shootin', and there I were took quite

uncommon soon. Most times I've a kep' out this ever so much longer, and come in pretty much when 'twere convenient, and got my board and lodging at the dead time o' the year out o' the county, free like, till it were pretty nigh time to begin again 'of a shiny night, in the season o' the year,' " said he, laughing. "I don't say as we hasn't a jolly time o' it here, and 'tis cold lodging out. Nineteen times I've a been here now, and a goodish lot too, and should know; but I'd reither ha' bided out a bit longer too, you tell father."

"Jest you look at me," sighed Norton, "tied like this, and don't you complain as have got yer legs."

"What's the use o' legs if ye can't use them?" yawned Jem.

"Where is it I'm to tell Dannel you were took, and how were it?" said Lettice, in her conscientious desire to take her message correctly.

"Why, there, I were night-poaching, and caught wi' the pheasant on me, and kipper brought me up to the Hall; and 'twere so late, 'Twon't do to rouse Squire,' says he. So him and me and the watcher, and the groom and one or two more, sot over the fire in the saddle-room till dawn, and had some beer and a smoke. And when 'twere dawn Squire says he wouldn't commit me not hisself; and there didn't I drive down to the lock-up in the pheenaton as pleasant as could be, a-takin' of the air? And one of the young leddies was a-walking in the park; and I took off my hat grand to she, and she lowted (*bowed*) to me, and I a long way off like, for she conceited I were a gentleman.* Didn't we laugh like anything?"

"Can't ye get me a drink o' water? I'm so drouthy, and that critch † is empty," interrupted Norton, impatiently; "or else didn't ye say you'd an apple about ye? Give me one o' he, Lettie."

"Has she brought word if that fellow Dixon's a-getting on to well, that you shot? If he dies, there won't be much chance for you, I'm thinking," said his Job's comforter.

"These girls never know nothing; but I'll swear I never fired the shot," replied Norton, angrily. "You should ha' stopped for to nuss him, if ye couldn't do anything else," he went on, turning to her. "His life's worth a very deal to me now, which it weren't my way of thinking a little time back."

"No, that I'll be bound for it," replied Jem, laughing, as he fetched the jug; and then, too glad to be rid of his charge, went out again and locked the door.

"So Caleb got away after all?" said Norton presently; it is wonderful how, when there is any sort of confederation or freemasonry among men, like that of smuggling, news will penetrate into the most unlikely places.

Lettice gave a start, and turned away towards the wall, much afraid of her father's observation on her tell-tale face; but he had other things to think of, and took no notice. "How did it come?" said she.

* Him and his work you have right well conceited.—*Julius Caesar*.

† *Fr. cruche*.

“They say ’twere along o’ that lathy young chap Wallcott, what thought he were a match wrestling wi’ Norton Lisle,” observed her father with a sort of grin, “and a pretty fall he got trying to take me up, he did.” The remembrance seemed to put him in good humour, and he grew more communicative. “I haven’t heard not exact how ’twere, but somehow the officer was for putting on the handcuffs aboard ship, after Caleb had been steering ’um all night too—and I will say that for the lad, there isn’t a steadier hand at the tiller up nor down the Channel. They’d just got under the lee of the land, and Wallcott tripped him up (that’s that rascally gauger) wi’ haggng at a rope, and the men was just about merry when they see him fall, and that made him mad angry they say, for Caleb cut over the side and swum off like a fish, betwixt and between.”

Lettrice blushed all over with delight. The thought of Caleb had been like a remorse to her, and that he should be safe, and through Everhard’s intervention, made her eyes sparkle and her face aglow.

“Caleb were took like in your stead,” she ventured at last to say, as her father seemed to have altogether forgotten this point.

“I believe he were, and he did come in with a whoppen knock or two in the tussle, when he set to with the coastguard; ’twere uncommon well thought on to put in as he did,—but there, ye see I were took after all, so it didn’t so much mind,” said Norton, like many other folk, only grateful for value received. “Why didn’t ye bring word about that Dixon, for to tell me summut as I wants to know?” he said, tumbling about as far as the broken leg tightly strapped on the cradle allowed him. The misery of constraint and quiet to such an active man was pitiable to see.

“Mayn’t I turn that pillow, father; and strive set the sheets more comf’able?” she began, compassionately.

“You let me alone,” replied he; but somehow she had her pleasure with him, and she went on straightening and smoothing and setting to rights, by a sort of instinct, till she had so changed the look of the wretched, untidy, melancholy infirmary cell, that it seemed a different place.

The relief, however, did not last long. “I couldn’t make out about what come o’ Caleb after all; and as for that Ned——”

“Shouldn’t I maybe read a bit, father?” interrupted Lettrice, dreading another outbreak, and at her wit’s end how to soothe him. “There were somethin’ I mind in the Book about another Caleb as Master Jesse used to read,” she said, catching at the word as a sort of diversion to his wrath.

“Well, I don’t mind so much. Read away. P’r’aps I might get a nice sleep with it,” said her hopeful patient, tossing his arms testily.

Lettrice had been brought up to think one chapter in the Bible quite as useful as another: in short, as a sort of charm; and too glad to have found any kind of opening, she turned up and down in much trepidation, looking vainly for the passage containing the account of Caleb.

“Well, cut away,” said her father, impatiently. “What are ye waitin’ for?” And, in a fright, she fell pretty much at random on a chapter. The lulling sound of the reading told upon him before long.

“That’s a pretty tale enow,” he said, not attending, and half asleep. “I likes to hear o’ all that fighting. I wonder what come of it all, and what all them killings and murderings was about?” he muttered, drowsily.

“But, father,” said Lettice, much horrified, and beginning to explain and remonstrate, even at the risk of an outbreak, when the door was unlocked——

“Time’s up!” cried the jailor, putting in his head authoritatively; and she was obliged to go.

“She’s a middlin’ good little maid she is,” muttered her father, drowsily, to himself when she was gone. “I don’t mind if she do come again, it makes time pass.”

But Lettice did not hear this magnificent tribute to her merits.

“’Tis very hard when one can’t do nothing at all for a body, and is so helpless and stupid like,” sighed she to her little self as she came sadly away, quite unconscious that she had been “making sunshine in a very shady place.” “I wonder whether they’ll let me see him again, and I’m afraid that I read it all wrong, as he didn’t seem to care.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVERHARD AND HIS MOTHER.

EVERHARD, extremely indignant at his treatment, and nursing his wrath to keep it warm, had gone home to his father’s house, after parting from Lettice and her uncle, to fetch his horse and ride back to Seaford. It was a solid, red-brick, substantial-looking place, just out of the town, with a great walled kitchen-garden behind, and a little paved path from the green wicket to the front door, before which stood sentinel a couple of yew-trees artistically carved into a pair of green dumb waiters. It had once been a sort of dower-house for some dowager of a small country family, in the times when Mapleford was a little capital for the winter gaieties of the neighbourhood, before London had swallowed up all such local centres of “good” society; but it had now fallen very much out of repair, and Wallcott had had it “a great bargain.”

Everhard came round by the stable-yard behind the house, and found his mother alone in the kitchen. She had made an effort, when first they came into the “grand house,” to live a little more “according,” as Everhard was always striving to make her do; but gentility was a burden and sorrow to her, and she always escaped from the bore of the parlour to the more congenial saucepans. Dressed, as she was at that moment, in a plaid stuff of some abominable mixture of red and yellow in great black squares, and a black net cap with purple bows—which looked as if it had

been sat upon—she certainly did not appear much like the owner of the house, or the rightful successor of the stiff old strait-laced lady who had lived there before her.

“What! you’re not off yet? I thought you was gone,” said she, as he came in, with a look of extreme pleasure at the sight of her boy again—the very apple of her eye—even though it might be only for a moment. “Anne’s gone out, and I were just doing her work—lest yer father come home, so I’m all in my dishabilles, as they say,” she went on apologetically.

“I went down town first,” said he, moodily, without at all entering into what he had been doing there.

“And now can’t ye stay till to-morrow, Everhard? ’tis too late for ye to ride all that way to Seaford these short days.”

“How can you talk like that, mother?” he answered, irritably. “I told you before, Russell would turn me off, as sure as fate, if I didn’t get back to-night—he as good as said so that day I’d been out so long in the lugger. He’s right down angry this time, and says he might as well have no clerk at all in the office, and cousin or no cousin he won’t stand it.”

“Will you just stop then while I git ye a bit to eat in no time?” said his mother, bustling eagerly about.

“Make haste then—I can’t wait a minute,” muttered Everhard, his stoicism giving way: for the smell out of the saucepan was good, and he relented in his own favour. “A pretty way I should be in,” he went on, stretching himself, with a sort of dismal laugh, “if I’m turned off there, and can’t live here, me and father scarce speaking as now we do.”

“Don’t ye think you could manage not to go agin’ him so much, my boy?” said Mrs. Wallcott—good, fat, comfortable, red-faced woman as she was, who bore no grudges to any one, and could not conceive how anybody should not give up anything for love and peace at home. “I’m sure I can’t think what made you take up with that young girl out of all the girls that’s in the world, as yer father says, just as ’twere to vex him.”

“What’s the use of your speaking in that way, mother, when you know she’s the only one I ever could or would fancy,” said Everhard, angrily; “and she’s not so easy to get neither, as you think. I’ve just met her down at the Minster, and she and her uncle won’t have anything to say to me, so to speak, until I’ve got father’s consent, fair and open; so there now you see what’s like to come of that, him being what he is, that a regiment of horse wouldn’t turn him, when he’s got a fancy.”

Mrs. Wallcott looked exceedingly distressed, and laid her hand on his shoulder as he sat and ate. He moved a little aside, as if to reach something, so as to shake it off, not roughly, but very completely. His mother gave an inaudible sigh, and turned away to add another to the quantity of useless things which she had crowded on the little table for him: she would not see that he was bored by her caress.

“Don't, mother; there's more than plenty,” said he, in a vexed tone. “I wish you'd just sit down now, and be quiet.”

Everhard was ashamed of his mother and ashamed of his shame. Her vulgarities and her manners and her dress all galled and irritated him, and he was not so grateful for her unvarying, unwearying affection as he knew he ought to be. He never appeared to less advantage than at home, where he was always saying little unkind, impatient things, which he repented of the moment they were out of his mouth, and doing small ungracious acts, which he would sometimes have given much afterwards to recall, but still not sufficiently so to prevent his acting in exactly the same way a few minutes after. The tone of her voice, the fat way in which she swung into the room, the very sound of her creaking boots, annoyed him beyond measure. He was very sensitive to beauty and grace, and still more to their absence, and as there was not much chance of Mrs. Wallcott's learning to be either slim, or graceful, or educated, or quick of apprehension and tact, (although she would have been cut to pieces for his sake without any hesitation,) he went on sinning and repenting and sinning again in a way which spoilt all his own comfort at home.

Perhaps the thick layers of fat with which nature had endowed Mrs. Wallcott prevented her feeling a good deal of the pain which he inflicted, and her profound sense of his superiority, and virtues, and graces, made her always convinced in the end that he—her last remaining child, her beloved Benjamin—must always be right, whatsoever he might say or do. There was a power of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation in her which took out the sting as it were from any unkind or neglectful thing done to her: “humility is the cure for many a heartache.”

His dog at this moment jumped upon Everhard's knees. “Down, Teazer,” said he in an annoyed tone. “Mother, you must shut him up till I'm gone, or he'll be after me—here's the chain—and I can't keep him at Seaford any longer. Mrs. Russell's so cross now: she says he brings mud into the house, and she won't stand him no more. She'll be turning all my ‘museum’ out of doors soon, I do believe, even if they let me stop,” he added, dismally. He had fallen on the north side of favour at the ship-owner's, from his repeated absences, and had been made to feel it bitterly.

He rose as he spoke, and shook off his dog's caresses as he had done his mother's: he was very unhappy was poor Everhard, and it showed itself, as it does with some people, in being altogether put out and cross with everything.

Still, however, when at last he had mounted his horse and was riding away in rather doleful guise, he turned back to look at his mother, who was struggling violently to put up the dog. Teazer had been moved out of his usual calm business-like manner by seeing his master go off alone, and was now leaping wildly in the air, dragging at his chain, and howling and whining pitifully in his vain attempts to follow; and Everhard, as he

rode out of the stable-yard into the road, called out, in a much more tender tone to both, "Good-by, mother—good-by, Teazer, poor old dog!"

"There ain't a many like my boy," said Mrs. Wallcott enthusiastically, though much out of breath, as she tried to pacify the unhappy Teazer, and watched her son disappear, with a passionate poetry of affection in her fat old body which would have done credit to the youngest and handsomest of her race, and furnished a whole regiment of poets with materials for no end of odes and songs and sonnets; but she was a "dumb dog," and had neither voice nor manners with which to express what was in her. No one could see the light, or hear the music of the feelings going on inside her; and, indeed, a fat old red-faced vulgar woman like Mrs. Wallcott had hardly any right to anything so beautiful as feelings in most people's eyes.

Everhard had ridden off in an extremely discontented condition. He considered himself a model of chivalry, constancy, and all the cardinal virtues, and with some reason. He had made his home too hot to hold him; and whether he had failed in duty to his father or not, he had certainly not done so to Lettice. True, he had been amusing himself very tolerably up and down the world for the last six months, but it had been all on the highest principles of self-sacrifice; and the evening after he returned from Mapleford, he sat over the fire in the ship's office after work with a pair of tongs in his hands, exceedingly aggrieved, and looking very deplorable as he recounted his woes to Ned.

"And then for 'um to treat me in that fashion; and why she wouldn't marry me and have done with it, I can't think. Wrong! It weren't a bit wrong, when my father's broke his word like that, and I could manage my mother easy enough. I believe after all that she cares for that Caleb more than she does for me, and so I didn't let out to her as he'd got away, and I that have got into all sorts of scrapes for her sake."

Ned had by this time recovered his spirits, and that desire of advising everybody about everything which a man always feels in double force when he has himself been guilty of an action of doubtful expediency. All the time Everhard was talking he had been running over some lists and papers which he had to give in, adding up, comparing, subtracting, and lending only half an ear to the complaints and surmises with which his friend disconsolately solaced himself.

"Look, Wallcott," said he at last, putting the finished return in his pocket, "you're a silly fella. First head"—and he counted on his fingers, "here's a poor girl sees one man doing his out and out best for to save her father, while you're doing yourn to take him up. She mayn't be so fond o' such a one as Norton Lisle, but you can't expect she'd be so over and above grateful to you for what you've a done. Second head, you ask her to run away from Amyas, and them as has been good to her and done for her all the days of her life, when they're in the thickest o' their trouble, and she maybe a help to 'un, and ought to. I like her all the better for doing of it, I do. And as for yer father and Russell, they'll all

come right in time, but you're so tail-on-end (*eager*). So there you has my 'report,' swallow it how you like," he ended, in his dogged, literal, matter-of-fact way, leaning his back against the mantelpiece and lifting up his coat-tails.

"And you think she may care for me just the same as before? After all, I know so little of her," said Everhard, analysing and doubting, as was his manner, and occupied with his own side of the question, as usual, almost exclusively.

"That's yer own fault. I can't answer as to that. Why did ye ask her to marry you before you know'd her then? but I do: she's gentle and she's coy, but she's as true as steel."

"I know that, or I shouldn't have cared for her so," cried Everhard, with angry inconsistency.

"Then she's not like to throw herself at any other young fellow's head, as you seem to think's her way,—and a pretty way too to believe of one's true love," he ended tauntingly.

"There's that mare never will be good for anything since you drove her to death the night we were up at the Puckspiece," said Everhard, not very relevantly, but catching at the first weapon of offence he could think of. "I was better than four hours getting home last night from Mapleford, and all in the dark; and if I'm turned out of the office here—as Russell says he'll hardly keep me for twenty pounds—you won't find another will be so patient with your tantrums, Ned Wynyate," said he at last, standing up, and goaded into a sort of rebellion against his oppressive friend. "You get into scrapes, too; only, somehow, you make believe so hard you're all right, that one gets to think so too!"

Ned knew how true this was, and prudently held his tongue further on the matter. "We'll go out and see what the cutter's been about," he said, consolingly, to change the conversation.



IT WAS THE WOMAN HE HAD LOVED, THE ONLY ONE.

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Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER VI.



A T sight of this human cinder, hanging by one hand between two deaths, every sentiment but humanity vanished from the ruggedest bosom, and the skilled workmen set themselves to save their unpopular comrade with admirable quickness and judgment: two new wheel-bands, that had just come into the works, were caught up in a moment, and four workmen ran with them and got below the suspended figure: they then turned back to back, and, getting the bands over their shoulders, pulled hard against each other. This was necessary to straighten the bands: they weighed half a hundred-

weight each. Others stood at the centre of the bands, and directed Little where to drop, and stood ready to catch him should he bound off them.

But now matters took an unexpected turn. Little, to all appearance, was blind and deaf. He hung there, moaning, and glaring, and his one sinewy arm supported his muscular but light frame almost incredibly. He was out of his senses, or nearly.

“Let thyself come, lad,” cried a workman, “we are all right to catch thee.”

He made no answer, but hung there glaring and moaning.

“The man will drop noane, till he swoons,” said another, after watching him keenly.

“Then get you closer to the wall, men,” cried Cheetham, in great anxiety. “He’ll come like a stone, when he does come.” This injunction was given none too soon: the men had hardly shifted their positions, when Little’s hand opened, and he came down like lead, with his hands all abroad, and his body straight; but his knees were slightly bent, and he caught the bands just below the knee, and bounded off them into the air, like a cricket-ball. But many hands grabbed at him, and the grinder Reynolds caught him by the shoulder, and they rolled on the ground together, very little the worse for that tumble. “Well done! well done!” cried Cheetham. “Let him lie, lads, he is best there for a while; and run for a doctor, one of you.”

“Ay, run for Jack Doubleface,” cried several voices at once.

“Now, make a circle, and give him air, men.”

Then they all stood in a circle, and eyed the blackened and quivering figure with pity and sympathy, while the canopy of white smoke bellied over head. Nor were those humane sentiments silent; and the roughs seemed to be even more overcome than the others: no brains were required to pity this poor fellow now; and so strong an appeal to their hearts, through their senses, roused their good impulses and rare sensibilities. Oh, it was strange to hear good and kindly sentiments come out in the Dash dialect.

“It’s a —— shame!”

“There lies a good workman done for by some —— thief, that wasn’t fit to blow his bellows, —— him!”

“Say he *was* a cockney, he was always —— civil.”

“And life’s as sweet to him as to any man in Hillsborough.”

“Hold your —— tongue, he’s coming to.”

Henry did recover his wits enough to speak; and what do you think was his first word?

He clasped his hands together, and said,—“MY MOTHER! OH, DON’T LET HER KNOW!”

This simple cry went through many a rough heart; a loud gulp or two were heard soon after, and more than one hard and coally cheek was channelled by sudden tears. But now a burly figure came rolling in; they drew back and silenced each other.—“The Doctor!” This was the remarkable person they called Jack Doubleface. Nature had stuck a philosophic head, with finely-cut features, and a mouth brimful of finesse, on to a corpulent and ungraceful body, that yawed from side to side as he walked.

The man of art opened with two words. He looked up at the white cloud, which was now floating away; sniffed the air, and said, “Gunpowder!” Then he looked down at Little, and said, “Ah!” half drily, half sadly. Indeed several sentences of meaning condensed themselves

into that simple interjection. At this moment, some men, whom curiosity had drawn to Henry's forge, came back to say the forge had been blown up, and "the bellows torn limb from jacket, and the room strewed with ashes."

The doctor laid a podgy hand on the prisoner's wrist: the touch was light, though the fingers were thick and heavy. The pulse, which had been very low, was now galloping and bounding frightfully. "Fetch him a glass of brandy-and-water," said Dr. Amboyne. (There were still doctors in Hillsborough, though not in London, who would have had him bled on the spot.)

"Now, then, a surgeon! Which of you lads operates on the eye, in these works?"

A lanky file-cutter took a step forward. "I am the one that takes the notes out of their eyes."

"Then be good enough to show me his eye."

The file-cutter put out a hand with fingers prodigiously long and thin, and deftly parted both Little's eyelids with his finger and thumb, so as to show the whole eye.

"Hum!" said the Doctor, and shook his head.

He then patted the sufferer all over, and the result of that examination was satisfactory. Then came the brandy-and-water; and while Henry's teeth were clattering at the glass and he was trying to sip the liquid, Dr. Amboyne suddenly lifted his head, and took a keen survey of the countenances round him. He saw the general expression of pity on the rugged faces. He also observed one rough fellow who wore a strange wild look: the man seemed puzzled, scared, confused, like one half awakened from some hideous dream. This was the grinder who had come into the works in place of the hand Cheetham had discharged for refusing to grind cockney blades.

"Hum!" said Dr. Amboyne, and appeared to be going into a brown study.

But he shook that off, and said, briskly, "Now, then, what was his crime? Did he owe some mutual aid society six-and-fourpence?"

"That's right," said Reynolds, sullenly, "throw everything on the union. If we knew who it was, he'd lie by the side of this one in less than a minute, and, happen, not get up again so soon." A growl of assent confirmed the speaker's words. Cheetham interposed and drew Amboyne aside, and began to tell him who the man was and what the dispute; but Amboyne cut the latter explanation short. "What," said he, "is this the carver whose work I saw up at Mr. Carden's?"

"This is the very man, no doubt."

"Why, he's a sculptor: Praxiteles in wood. A fine choice they have made for their gunpowder, a workman that did honour to the town."

A faint flush of gratified pride coloured the ghastly cheek a moment.

"Doctor, shall I live to finish the bust?" said Henry, piteously.

"That and hundreds more, if you obey me. The fact is, Mr. Cheetham,

this young man is not hurt, but his nerves have received a severe shock ; and the sooner he is out of this place the better. Ah, there is my brougham at the gate. Come, put him into it, and I'll take him to the infirmary."

"No," said Little, "I won't go there ; my mother would hear of it."

"Oh, then your mother is not to know?"

"Not for all the world ! She has had trouble enough. I'll just wash my face and buy a clean shirt, and she'll never know what has happened. It would kill her. Oh, yes, it would kill her !"

The Doctor eyed him with warm approval. "You are a fine young fellow. I'll see you safe through this, and help you throw dust in your mother's eyes. If you go to her with that scratched face, we are lost. Come, get into my carriage, and home with me."

"Mayn't I wash my face first? And look at my shirt; as black as a cinder."

"Wash your face, by all means; but you can button your coat over your shirt."

The coat was soon brought, and so was a pail of water and a piece of yellow soap. Little dashed his head and face into the bucket, and soon inked all the water. The explosion had filled his hair with black dust, and grimed his face and neck like a sweep's. This ablution made him clean, but did not bring back his ruddy colour. He looked pale and scratched.

The men helped him officiously into the carriage, though he could have walked very well alone.

Henry asked leave to buy a clean shirt. The Doctor said he would lend him one at home.

While Henry was putting it on Doctor Amboyne ordered his dogcart instead of his brougham, and mixed some medicines. And soon Henry found himself seated in the dogcart, with a warm cloak over him, and whisking over the stones of Hillsborough.

All this had been done so rapidly and unhesitatingly that Henry, injured and shaken as he was, had yielded passive obedience. But now he began to demur a little. "But where are we going, sir?" he asked.

"To change the air and the scene. I'll be frank with you—you are man enough to bear the truth—you have received a shock that will very likely bring on brain-fever, unless you get some sleep to-night. But you would not sleep in Hillsborough. You'd wake a dozen times in the night, trembling like an aspen leaf, and fancying you were blown up again."

"Yes, but my mother, sir! If I don't go home at seven o'clock, she'll find me out."

"If you went crazy, wouldn't she find you out? Come, my young friend, trust to my experience, and to the interest this attempt to murder you, and your narrow escape, have inspired in me. When I have landed you in the Temple of Health, and just wasted a little advice on a pig-headed patient in the neighbourhood (he is the squire of the place), I'll

drive back to Hillsborough, and tell your mother some story or other : you and I will concoct that together as we go."

At this Henry was all obedience, and indeed thanked him, with the tears in his eyes, for his kindness to a poor stranger.

Dr. Amboyne smiled. "If you were not a stranger, you would know that saving cutlers' lives is my hobby, and one in which I am steadily resisted and defeated, especially by the cutlers themselves; why I look upon you as a most considerate and obliging young man for indulging me in this way. If you had been a Hillsborough hand, you would insist upon a brain-fever, and a trip to the lunatic asylum, just to vex me, and hinder me of my hobby."

Henry stared. This was too eccentric for him to take it all in at once. "What!" said Dr. Amboyne, observing his amazement. "Did you never hear of Dr. Doubleface?"

"No, sir."

"Never hear of the corpulent lunatic, who goes about the city, chanting, like a cuckoo, 'Put yourself in his place—put yourself in her place—in their place?'"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Then such is fame. Well, never mind that just now; there's a time for everything. Please observe that ruined house: the ancient family to whom it belongs are a remarkable example of the vicissitude of human affairs." He then told him the curious ups and downs of that family, which, at two distant periods, had held vast possessions in the county; but were now represented by the shell of one manor-house, and its dovecote, the size of a modern villa. Next he showed him an obscure battle-field, and told him that story, and who were the parties engaged; and so on. Every mile furnished its legend, and Dr. Amboyne related them all so graphically, that the patient's mind was literally stolen away from himself. At last, after a rapid drive of eleven miles through the pure invigorating air, they made a sudden turn, and entered a pleasant and singularly rural village: they drew up at a rustic farm-house, clad with ivy; and Dr. Amboyne said, "This is the Temple: here you can sleep, as safe from gunpowder, as a field-marshal born."

The farmer's daughter came out, and beamed pleasure at sight of the doctor: he got down, and told her the case, privately, and gave her precise instructions. She often interrupted the narrative with "Lawkadaysies," and other rural interjections, and simple exclamations of pity. She promised faithful compliance with his orders.

He then beckoned Henry in, and said, "This picture of health was a patient of mine once, as you are now; there's encouragement for you. I put you under her charge. Get a letter written to your mother, and I'll come back for it in half an hour. You had a headache, and were feverish, so you consulted a doctor. He advised immediate rest and change of air, and he drove you at once to this village. Write you that, and leave the rest to me. We doctors are dissembling dogs. We have still something

to learn in curing diseases ; but at making light of them to the dying, and other branches of amiable mendacity, we are masters."

As soon as he was gone, the comely young hostess began on her patient. "Dear heart, sir, was it really you as was blowed up with gun-powder?"

"Indeed it was, and not many hours ago. It seems like a dream."

"Well, now, who'd think that, to look at you? Why, you are none the worse, forbye a scratch or two, and, dear heart, I've seen a young chap bring as bad home, from courting, in these parts; and wed the lass as marked him—within the year."

"Oh, it is not the scratches; but feel my hand, how it trembles. And it used to be as firm as a rock; for I never drink."

"So it do, I declare. Why, you do tremble all over; and no wonder, poor soul. Come you in this minut, and sit down a bit by the fire, while I go and make the room ready for you."

But, as soon as he was seated by the fire, the current began to flow again. "Well, I never liked Hillsborough folk much—poor, mean-visaged tykes they be—but now I do hate 'em. What, blow up a decent young man like you, and a well-favoured, and hair like jet, and eyes in your head like sloes! But that's their ground of spite, I warrant me; the nasty, ugly, dirty dogs. Well, you may just snap your fingers at them all now. They don't come out so far as this; and, if they did, stouter men grows in this village than any in Hillsborough: and I've only to hold up my finger, for as little as I be, and they'd all be well ducked in father's horsepond, and then flogged home again with a good cart-whip well laid on. And, another thing, whatever we do, Squire he will make it good in law: he is gentle, and we are simple; but our folk and his has stood by each other this hundred year and more. But, la, I run on so, and you was to write a letter again the doctor came back. I'll fetch you some paper this minut."

She brought him writing materials, and stood by him, with this apology, "If 'twas to your sweetheart, I'd be off. But 'tis to your mother." (With a side glance,) "She have been a handsome woman in her day, I'll go bail."

"She is as beautiful as ever in my eyes," said Henry, tenderly. "And, oh, heaven! give me the sense to write to her without frightening her."

"Then I won't hinder you no more with my chat," said his hostess, with kindly good humour, and slipped away upstairs. She lighted a great wood fire in the bedroom, and laid the bed and the blankets all round it, and opened the window, and took the home-spun linen sheets out of a press, and made the room very tidy. Then she went down again, and the moment Henry saw her, he said: "I feel your kindness, Miss, but I don't know your name, nor where in the world I am." His hostess smiled. "That is no secret. I'm Martha Dence—at your service: and this is Cairnhope town."

“Cairnhope!” cried Henry, and started back, so that his wooden chair made a loud creak upon the stones of the farmer’s kitchen.

Martha Dence stared, but said nothing; for almost at that moment the Doctor returned, all in a hurry, for the letter.

Henry begged him to look at it, and see if it would do.

The Doctor read it. “Hum!” said he, “it is a very pretty, filial letter, and increases my interest in you; give me your hand: there. Well, it won’t do: too shaky. If your mother once sees this, I may talk till doomsday, she’ll not believe a word. You must put off writing till to-morrow night. Now give me her address, for I really must get home.”

“She lives on the second floor, No. 13, Chettle Street.”

“Her name?”

“Sir, if you ask for the lady that lodges on the second floor, you will be sure to see her.”

Doctor Amboyne looked a little surprised, and not very well pleased, at what seemed a want of confidence. But he was a man singularly cautious and candid in forming his judgments; so he forbore all comment, and delivered his final instructions. “Here is a bottle containing only a few drops of faba Ignatii in water. It’s an innocent medicine, and has sometimes a magical effect in soothing the mind and nerves. A table-spoonful three times a day. And *this* is a sedative, which you can take if you find yourself quite unable to sleep. But I wouldn’t have recourse to it unnecessarily; for these sedatives are uncertain in their operation; and, when a man is turned upside down, as you have been, they sometimes excite. Have a faint light in your bedroom. Tie a cord to the bell-rope, and hold it in your hand all night. Fix your mind on that cord, and keep thinking, ‘This is to remind me that I am eleven miles from Hillsborough, in a peaceful village, safe from all harm.’ To-morrow, walk up to the top of Cairnhope Peak, and inhale the glorious breeze, and look over four counties. Write to your mother at night, and, meantime, I’ll do my best to relieve her anxiety. Good-by.”

Memory sometimes acts like an old flint-gun: it hangs fire, yet ends by going off. While Dr. Amboyne was driving home, the swarthy, but handsome, features of the workman he had befriended seemed to enter his mind more deeply than during the hurry, and he said to himself, “Jet black hair; great black eyes; and olive skin; they are rare in these parts; and, somehow, they remind me a little of *her*.”

Then his mind went back, in a moment, over many years, to the days when he was stalwart, but not unwieldy, and loved a dark but peerless beauty, loved her deeply, and told his love, and was esteemed and pitied, but another was beloved.

And so sad, yet absorbing, was the retrospect of his love, his sorrow, and her own unhappy lot, that it blotted out of his mind, for a time, the very youth whose features and complexion had launched him into the past.

But the moment his horse's feet rang on the stones, this burly philosopher shook off the past, and set himself to recover lost time. He drove rapidly to several patients, and, at six o'clock, was at 13 Chettle Street, and asked for the lady on the second floor. "Yes, sir; she is at home," was the reply. "But I don't know; she lives very retired. She hasn't received any visits since they came. However, they rent the whole floor, and the sitting-room fronts you."

Dr. Amboyne mounted the stair and knocked at the door. A soft and mellow voice bade him enter. He went in, and a tall lady in black, with plain linen collar and wristbands, rose to receive him. They confronted each other. Time and trouble had left their trace, but there were the glorious eyes, and jet black hair, and the face, worn and pensive, but still beautiful. It was the woman he had loved, the only one.

"Mrs. Little!" said he, in an indescribable tone.

"Dr. Amboyne!"

For a few moments he forgot the task he had undertaken; and could only express his astonishment and pleasure at seeing her once more.

Then he remembered why he was there; and the office he had undertaken so lightly alarmed him now.

His first instinct was to gain time. Accordingly, he began to chide her gently for having resided in the town and concealed it from him; then, seeing her confused and uncomfortable at that reproach, and in the mood to be relieved by any change of topic, he glided off, with no little address, as follows:—"Observe the consequences: here have I been most despotically rustivating a youth who turns out to be your son."

"My son! is there anything the matter with my son? Oh, Doctor Amboyne!"

"He must have been out of sorts, you know, or he would not have consulted me," replied the Doctor, affecting candour.

"Consult! Why, what has happened? He was quite well when he left me this morning."

"I doubt that. He complained of headache and fever. But I soon found his *mind* was worried. A misunderstanding with the trades! I was very much pleased with his face and manner; my carriage was at the door; his pulse was high, but there was nothing that country air and quiet will not restore. So I just drove him away, and landed him in a farmhouse."

Mrs. Little's brow flushed at this. She was angry. But, in a nature so gentle as hers, anger soon gave way. She turned a glance of tearful and eloquent reproach on Doctor Amboyne. "The first time we have ever been separated since he was born," said she, with a sigh.

Dr. Amboyne's preconceived plan broke down that moment. He said, hurriedly,—

"Take my carriage, and drive to him. Better do that than torment yourself,"

“Where is he?” asked the widow, brightening up at the proposal.

“At Cairnhope.”

At this word, Mrs. Little's face betrayed a series of emotions: first confusion, then astonishment, and at last a sort of superstitious alarm.

“At Cairnhope?” she faltered at last. “My son at Cairnhope?”

“Pray do not torment yourself with fancies,” said the Doctor. “All this is the merest accident—the simplest thing in the world. I cured Patty Dence of diphtheria, when it decimated the village. She and her family are grateful; the air of Cairnhope has a magic effect on people who live in smoke, and Martha and Jael let me send them out an invalid now and then to be reinvigorated. I took this young man there, not knowing who he was. Go to him, if you like. But, frankly, as his physician, I would rather you did not. Never do a wise thing by halves. He ought to be entirely separated from all his cares, even from yourself (who are doubtless one of them), for five or six days. He needs no other medicine but that, and the fine air of Cairnhope.”

“Then somebody must see him every day, and tell me. Oh! Doctor Amboyne, this is the beginning: what will the end be? I am miserable.”

“My man shall ride there every day, and see him, and bring you back a letter from him.”

“Your man!” said Mrs. Little, a little haughtily.

Doctor Amboyne met her glance. “If there was any ground for alarm, should I not go myself every day?” said he, gravely, and even tenderly.

“Forgive me,” said the widow, and gave him her hand with a sweet and womanly gesture.

The main difficulty was now got over; and Dr. Amboyne was careful not to say too much, for he knew that his tongue moved among pitfalls.

As Dr. Amboyne descended the stairs, the landlady held a door ajar, and peeped at him, according to a custom of such delicate-minded females, as can neither restrain their curiosity nor indulge it openly. Dr. Amboyne beckoned to her, and asked for a private interview. This was promptly accorded.

“Would ten guineas be of any service to you, madam?”

“Eh, dear, that it would, sir. Why, my rent is just coming due.”

Under these circumstances, the bargain was soon struck. Not a syllable about the explosion at Cheetham's was to reach the second-floor lodger's ears, and no Hillsborough journal was to mount the stairs until the young man's return. If inquired for, they were to be reported all sold out, and a London journal purchased instead.

Having secured a keen and watchful ally in this good woman, who, to do her justice, showed a hearty determination to earn her ten guineas,

Dr. Amboyne returned home, his own philosophic pulse beating faster than it had done for some years.

He had left Mrs. Little grateful, and, apparently, in good spirits; but, ere he had been gone an hour, the bare separation from her son overpowered her, and a host of vague misgivings tortured her, and she slept but little that night. By noon next day she was thoroughly miserable; but Dr. Amboyne's man rode up to the door in the afternoon with a cheerful line from Henry.

“All right, dear mother. Better already. Letter by post.

“HENRY.”

She detained the man, and made up a packet of things for Cairnhope, and gave him five shillings to be sure and take them.

This was followed by a correspondence, a portion of which will suffice to eke out the narrative.

“DEAREST MOTHER,—I slept ill last night, and got up aching from head to foot, as if I had been well hid. But they sent me to the top of Cairnhope Peak, and, what with the keen air and the glorious view, I came home and ate like a hog. That pleased Martha Dence, and she kept putting me slices off her own plate, till I had to cry quarter. As soon as I have addressed this letter, I'm off to bed, for it is all I can do not to fall asleep sitting.

“I am safe to be all right to-morrow, so pray don't fret.

“I am,

“Dear mother,”

&c. &c.

“DEAREST MOTHER,—I hope you are not fretting about me. Dr. Amboyne promised to stop all that. But do write, and say you are not fretting and fancying all manner of things at my cutting away so suddenly. It was the Doctor's doing. And, mother, I shall not stay long away from you, for I slept twelve hours at a stretch last night, and now I'm another man. But really, I think the air of that Cairnhope Peak would cure a fellow at his last gasp.

“Thank you for the linen, and the brushes and things. But you are not the sort to forget anything a fellow might want,” &c.

“No, my darling son. Be in no hurry to leave Cairnhope. Of course, love, I was alarmed at first; for I know doctors make the best of everything; and then the first parting!—that is always a sorrowful thing. But, now you are there, I beg you will stay till you are quite recovered. Your letters are a delight, and one I could not have, and you as well, you know.

“Since you are at Cairnhope,—how strange that seems,—pray go and see the old church, where your forefathers are buried. There are curious inscriptions, and some brasses nobody could decipher when I was a girl;

but perhaps you might, you are so clever. Your grandfather's monument is in the chancel: I want you to see it. Am I getting very old, that my heart turns back to these scenes of my youth?

“ P.S.—Who is this Martha Dence ? ”

“ DEAR MOTHER,—Martha Dence is the farmer's daughter I lodge with. She is not so pretty as her sister Jael that is with Miss Carden; but she is a comely girl, and as good as gold, and bespoke by the butcher. And her putting slices from her plate to mine is a village custom I find.

“ Mother, the people here are wonderfully good and simple. First of all, there's farmer Dence, with his high bald head, like a patriarch of old; and he sits and beams with benevolence, but does not talk much. But he lets me see I can stay with him six years, if I choose. Then, there's Martha, hospitality itself, and ready to fly at my enemies like a mastiff. She is a little hot in the temper; feathers up in a moment; but, at a soft word, they go down again as quick. Then, there's the village blacksmith. I call him 'The gentle giant.' He is a tremendous fellow in height, and size, and sinew; but such a kind, sweet-tempered chap. He could knock down an ox, yet he wouldn't harm a fly. I am his idol: I sauntered in to his smithy, and forged him one or two knives; and of course he had never seen the hammer used with that nicety; but instead of hating me, as the bad forgers in Hillsborough do, he regularly worships me, and comes blushing up to the farmhouse after hours, to ask after me and get a word with me. He is the best whistler in the parish, and sometimes we march down the village at night, arm-in-arm, whistling a duet. This charms the natives so that we could take the whole village out at our heels, and put them down in another parish. But the droll thing is they will not take me for what I am. My gentle giant would say 'Sir' till I pretended to be affronted; the women and girls will bob me curtsseys, and the men and white-headed boys will take off their hats, and pull their front hair to me. If a skilled workman wants to burst with vanity, let him settle in Cairnhope.”

[EXTRACT.]

“ Martha Dence and I have had words, and what do you think it was about? I happened to let out my opinion of Mr. Raby. Mother, it was like setting a match to a barrel of gunpowder. She turned as red as fire, and said, 'Who be you that speaks against Raby to Dence?'

“ I tried to pacify her, but it was no use. 'Don't speak to me,' said she. 'I thought better of you. You and I are out.' I bowed before the storm, and, to give her time to cool, I obeyed your wishes, and walked to Cairnhope old church. What a curious place! But I could not get in; and, on my return, I found Mr. Raby keeps the key. Now, you can't do a thing here, or say a word, but what it is known all over the village. So Martha Dence meets me at the door, and says, very stiffly, she thought I might have told her I wanted to see the old church. I pulled a long, penitent face, and said, 'Yes; but, unfortunately, I was out of her good

books, and had orders not to speak to her.' 'Nay,' says she, 'life is too short for long quarrels. You are a stranger, and knew no better.' Then she told me to wait five minutes while she put on her bonnet, as she calls it. Well, I waited the five-and-forty minutes, and she put on her bonnet, and so many other smart things, that we couldn't possibly walk straight up to the old church. We had to go round by the butcher's shop, and order half-a-pound of suet; no less. 'And bring it yourself, this evening,' said I, 'or it might get lost on the road.' Says the butcher, 'Well, sir, that is the first piece of friendly advice any good Christian has bestowed——' But I heard no more, owing to Martha chasing me out of the shop.

"To reach the old church we had to pass the old ruffian's door. Martha went in; I sauntered on, and she soon came after me, with the key in her hand. 'But,' said she, 'he told me if my name hadn't been Dence he wouldn't trust me with it, though I went on my bended knees.'

"We opened the church-door, and I spent an hour inside, examining and copying inscriptions for you. But, when I came to take up a loose brass, to try and decipher it, Martha came screaming at me, 'Oh, put it down! put it down! I pledged my word to Squire you should not touch them brasses.' What could I do, mother? The poor girl was in an agony. This old ruffian has, somehow, bewitched her, and her father too, into a sort of superstitious devotion that I can't help respecting, unreasonable as it is. So I dropped the brass, and took to reflecting. And I give you my thoughts.

"What a pity and a shame that a building of this size should lie idle! If it was mine I would carefully remove all the monuments, and the dead bones, etcetera, to the new church, and turn this old building into a factory, or a set of granaries, or something useful. It is as great a sin to waste bricks and mortar as it is bread," etc.

"MY DEAR HARRY,—Your dear sprightly letters delight me, and reconcile me to the separation; for I see that your health is improving every day, by your gaiety; and this makes me happy, though I cannot quite be gay.

"Your last letter was very amusing, yet, somehow, it set me thinking, long and sadly; and some gentle remarks from Dr. Amboyne (he called yesterday) have also turned my mind the same way. Time has softened the terrible blow that estranged my brother and myself, and I begin to ask myself, was my own conduct perfect? was my brother's quite without excuse? I may have seen but one side, and been too hasty in judging him. At all events, I would have you, who are a man, think for yourself, and not rush into too harsh a view of that unhappy quarrel. Dearest, family quarrels are family misfortunes: why should they go down to another generation? You frighten me, when you wonder that Nathan and his family (I had forgotten his name was Dence) are attached to Mr. Raby. Why, with all his faults, my brother is a chivalrous, high-minded gentleman; his word is his bond, and he never deserts a friend, however humble; and I have heard our dear father say that, for many generations, uncom-

mon acts of kindness had passed between that family of yeomen and the knights and squires of Raby.

“And now, dear, I am going to be very foolish. But, if these Dences are as great favourites with him as they were with my father, she could easily get you into the house some day, when he is out hunting; and I do want you to see one thing more before you come back from Cairnhope—your mother’s picture. It hangs, or used to hang, in the great dining-room, nearly opposite the fireplace.

“I blush at my childishness, but I *should* like my child to see what his mother was, when she brought him into the world, that sad world in which he has been her only joy and consolation.

“P.S.—What an idea! Turn that dear old church into a factory! But you are a young man of the day. And a wonderful day it is; I cannot quite keep up with it.”

“DEAR MOTHER,—I have been there. Mr. Raby is a borough magistrate, as well as a county justice; and was in Hillsborough all day to-day. Martha Dence took me to Raby Hall, and her name was a passport. When I got to the door, I felt as if something pulled me, and said, ‘It’s an enemy’s house; don’t go in.’ I wish I had obeyed the warning; but I did not.

“Well, I have seen your portrait. It is lovely. It surpasses any woman I ever saw. And it must have been your image, for it is very like you now, only in the bloom of your youth.

“And now, dear mother, having done something for you, quite against my own judgment, and my feelings too, please do something for me. Promise me never to mention Mr. Raby’s name to me again, by letter, or by word of mouth either. He is not a gentleman; he is not a man; he is a mean, spiteful, cowardly cur. I’ll keep out of his way, if I can; but if he gets in mine, I shall give him a devilish good hiding, then and there, and I’ll tell *him* the reason why; and I will not tell *you*.

“Dear mother, I did intend to stay till Saturday, but, after this, I shall come back to you to-morrow. My own sweet dove of a mammy; who, but a beast, could hurt or affront you?

“So no more letters from your

“Dutiful and affectionate son,

“HARRY.”

Next day young Little took leave of his friends in Cairnhope, with a promise to come over some Sunday, and see them all. He borrowed a hooked stick of his devotee, the blacksmith, and walked off with his little bundle over his shoulder, in high health and spirits, and ripe for anything.

Some successful men are so stout-hearted, their minds seem never to flinch. Others are elastic; they give way, and appear crushed; but, let the immediate pressure be removed, they fly back again, and their enemy

finds he has not gained an inch. Henry's was of this sort; and, as he swung along through the clear brisk air, the world seemed his football once more.

This same morning Jael Dence was to go to Cairnhope, at her own request.

She packed her box, and corded it, and brought it down herself, and put it in the passage, and the carrier was to call for it at one. As for herself, four miles of omnibus, and the other seven on foot, was child's play to her, whose body was as lusty and active as her heart was tender and clinging.

She came in to the drawing-room, with her bonnet and shawl on, and the tear in her eye, to bid Miss Carden good-by. Two male friends would have parted in five minutes; but this pair were a wonderful time separating, and still there was always something to say, that kept Grace detaining, or Jael lingering; and, when she had been going, going, going, for more than half an hour, all of a sudden she cried out, "Oh! There he is!" and flushed all over.

"Who?" asked Grace, eagerly.

"The dark young man. He is at the door now, Miss.—And me going away," she faltered.

"Well then, why go till he has paid his visit? Sit down. You needn't take off your bonnet."

Miss Carden then settled herself, took up her work, and prepared to receive her preceptor as he deserved, an intention she conveyed to Jael by a glance, just as Henry entered, blooming with exercise and the keen air, and looking extremely handsome and happy.

His reception was a chilling bow from Miss Carden, and from Jael a cheek blushing with pleasure at the bare sight of him, but an earnest look of mild reproach. It seemed cruel of him to stay away so long, and then come just as she was going.

This reception surprised Henry, and disappointed him; however he constrained himself, and said politely, but rather coldly, that some unpleasant circumstances had kept him away; but he hoped now to keep his time better.

"Oh, pray consult your own convenience entirely," said Miss Carden. "Come, when you have nothing better to do; that is the understanding."

"I should be always coming at that rate."

Grace took no notice. "Would you like to see how I look with my one eyebrow?" said she. "Jael, please fetch it."

While Jael was gone for the bust, Henry took a humbler tone, and in a low voice began to excuse his absence; and I think he would have told the real truth, if he had been encouraged a little; but he was met with a cold and withering assurance that it was a matter of no consequence. Henry thought this unfair, and, knowing in his own heart it was ungrateful, he rebelled. He bit his lip, sat down as gloomy as the grave, and resumed his work, silent and sullen.

As for Jael, she brought in the bust, and then sat down with her bonnet on, quaking; for she felt sure that, in such a dismal dearth of conversation, Miss Carden would be certain to turn round very soon, and say, "Well, Jael, you can go now."

But this Quaker's meeting was interrupted by a doctor looking in to prescribe for Miss Carden's cold. The said cold was imperceptible to vulgar eyes, but Grace had detected it, and had written to her friend, Dr. Amboyne, to come and make it as imperceptible to herself as to the spectator.

In rolled the Doctor, and was not a little startled at sight of Little.

"Hallo!" cried he. "What, cured already? Cairn hope for ever!" He then proceeded to feel his pulse instead of Miss Carden's, and inspect his eye, at which Grace Carden stared.

"What, is he unwell?"

"Why, a man does not get blown up with gunpowder without some little disturbance of the system."

"Blown up with gunpowder! What *do* you mean?"

"What, have you not heard about it? Don't you read the newspapers?"

"No; never."

"Merciful powers! But has he not told you?"

"No; he tells us nothing."

"Then I'll tell you. It is of no use your making faces at me. There is no earthly reason why *she* should be kept in the dark. These Hillsborough trades want to drive this young man out of the town: why—is too long and intricate for you to follow. He resists this tyranny, gently, but firmly."

"I'd resist it furiously," said Grace.

"The consequence is, they wrote him several threatening letters; and, at last, some caitiff put gunpowder into his forge; it exploded, and blew him out of a second-floor window."

"Oh! oh!" screamed Grace Carden and Jael; and by one womanly impulse they both put their hands before their faces, as if to shut out the horrible picture.

"What is that for?" said the Doctor. "You see he is all right now. But, I promise you, he cut a very different figure when I saw him directly afterwards; he was scorched as black as a coal——"

"Oh, Doctor, don't; pray don't. Oh, sir, why did you not tell me?"

"And his face bleeding," continued the merciless Doctor.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" And the sweet eyes were turned, all swimming in water, upon Henry, with a look of angelic pity.

"His nerves were terribly shaken, but there were no bones broken. I said to myself, 'He must sleep or go mad, and he will not sleep in the town that has blown him up.' I just drove the patient off to peace and pure air, and confided him to one of the best creatures in England—Martha Dence."

Jael uttered an exclamation of wonder, which drew attention to her and her glowing cheeks.

"Oh yes, Miss Jael," said Henry, "I was going to tell you. I have been a fortnight with your people, and, if I live a hundred years, I shall never forget their goodness to me. God bless them."

"'Twas the least they could do," said Jael, softly.

"What a pity you are going out. I should have liked to talk to you about your father, and Martha, and George the blacksmith. Doctor, who would live in a town after Cairnhope?"

Jael's fingers trembled at her bonnet-strings, and, turning a look of piteous supplication on Grace, she faltered out, "If you please, Miss, might I stay over to-day?"

"Of course. And then he will tell you all about your people, and that will do just as well as you going to see them; and better."

Off came Jael's bonnet with wonderful celerity.

"Get the whole story out of him," said Dr. Amboyne. "It is well worth your attention. As for me, I must go as soon as I have prescribed for you. What is the matter?"

"The matter is that there's nothing the matter; prescribe for that. And that I'm a goose—prescribe for that—and don't read the newspapers; prescribe for that."

"Well, then, I prescribe the *Hillsborough Liberal*. It has drawn a strong picture of this outrage, and shown its teeth to the trades. And, if I might advise a lady of your age and experience, I would say, in future always read the newspapers. They are, compared with books, what machinery is compared with hand-labour. But, in this one instance, go to the fountain-head, and ask Mr. Henry Little there, to tell you his own tragedy, with all the ins and outs."

"Ah! if he would," said Grace, turning her eyes on Henry. "But he is not so communicative to poor us. Is he, Jael?"

"No, Miss."

"He never even told us his name. Did he, Jael?"

"No, Miss. He is very close."

"Open him then," said the Doctor. "Come, come, there are a pair of you; and evidently disposed to act in concert; if you cannot turn a man inside out, I disown you; you are a discredit to your sex." He then shook hands with all three of them, and rolled away.

"Jael," said Miss Carden, "oblige me by ringing the bell."

A servant entered.

"Not at home to any human creature," said the young lady.

The servant retired.

"And, if they see me at the window, all the worse—for *them*. Now, Mr. Little?"

Henry complied, and told the whole story, with the exception of the threat to his sweetheart; and passed two delightful hours. Who is so devoid of egotism as not to like to tell his own adventures, to sympa-

thizing beauty? He told it in detail, and even read them portions of the threatening letters; and, as he told it, their lovely eyes seemed on fire; and they were red, and pale, by turns. He told it, like a man, with dignity, and sobriety, and never used an epithet. It was Miss Carden who supplied the "Monsters!" "Villains!" "Cowards!" "Wretches!" at due intervals. And once she started from her seat, and said she could not bear it. "I see through it all," she cried. "That Jobson is a hypocrite; and he is at the bottom of it all. I hate him; and Parkin worse. As for the assassin, I hope God, who saw him, will punish him. What I want to do is to kill Jobson and Parkin, one after another; kill them—kill them—kill them—I'll tell papa."

As for Jael, she could not speak her mind, but she panted heavily, and her fingers worked convulsively, and clutched themselves very tight at last.

When he had done his narrative, he said sadly, "I despise these fellows as much as you do; but they are too many for me. I am obliged to leave Hillsborough."

"What, let the wretches drive you away? I would never do that—if I was a man."

"What would you do then?" asked Henry, his eye sparkling.

"Do? Why fight them; and beat them; and kill them. It is not as if they were brave men. They are only cunning cowards. I'd meet cunning with cunning. I'd out-wit them somehow. I'd change my lodging every week, and live at little inns and places. I'd lock up every thing I used, as well as the rooms. I'd consult wiser heads, the Editor of the *Liberal*, and the Head of the police. I'd carry fire-arms, and have a body-guard, night and day; but they should never say they had frightened me out of Hillsborough—if I was a man."

"You are right," cried Henry. "I'll do all you advise me, and I won't be driven out of this place. I love it. I'll live in it, or I'll die in it. I'll never leave it."

This was almost the last word that passed this delightful afternoon, when the sense of her own past injustice, the thrilling nature of the story told by the very sufferer, and, above all, the presence and the undisguised emotion of another sympathizing woman, thawed Grace Carden's reserve, warmed her courage, and carried her, quite unconsciously, over certain conventional bounds, which had, hitherto, been strictly observed in her intercourse with this young workman.

Henry himself felt that this day was an era in his love. When he left the door, he seemed to tread on air. He walked to the first cab-stand, took a conveyance to his mother's door, and soon he was locked in her arms.

She had been fretting for hours at his delay; but she never let him know it. The whole place was full of preparations for his comfort, and certain delicacies he liked were laid out on a little sideboard, and the tea-things set, including the silver teapot, used now on high occasions only.

She had a thousand questions to ask, and he to answer. And, while he ate, the poor woman leaned back, and enjoyed seeing him eat; and, while he talked, her fine eyes beamed with maternal joy. She revelled deliciously in his health, his beauty, and his safe return to her; and thought, with gentle complacency, that they should soon return to London together.

In the morning, she got out a large light box, and said, "Harry, dear, I suppose I may as well begin to pack up. You know I take longer than you do."

Henry blushed. "Pack up?" said he, hesitatingly. "We are not going away."

"Not going away, love? Why you agreed to leave, on account of those dreadful unions."

"Oh, I was ill, and nervous, and out of spirits; but the air of Cairnhope has made a man of me. I shall stay here, and make our fortune."

"But the air of Cairnhope has not made you friends with the unions." She seemed to reflect a moment, then asked him at what time he had left Cairnhope.

"Eleven o'clock."

"Ah! And who did you visit before you came to me?"

"You question me like a child, mother."

"Forgive me, dear. I will answer my own question. You called on some one who gave you bad advice."

"Oh, did I?"

"On some woman."

"Say a lady."

"What does that matter to me?" cried Mrs. Little, wildly. "They are all my enemies. And this one is yours. It is a woman, who is not your mother, for she thinks more of herself than of you."

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY had now to choose between his mother's advice and Miss Carden's commands; and this made him rather sullen and irritable. He was glad to get out of his mother's house, and went direct to the works. Bayne welcomed him warmly, and, after some friendly congratulations and inquiries, pulled out two files of journals, and told him he had promised to introduce him to the Editor of the *Liberal*. He then begged Henry to wait in the office, and read the files—he would not be gone many minutes.

The *Constitutional* gave a dry narrative of the outrage, and mourned the frequency of such incidents.

The *Liberal* gave a dramatic narrative, and said the miscreant must have lowered himself by a rope from the parapet, and passed the powder inside without entering. "He perilled his life to perpetrate this crime; and he also risked penal servitude for ten years. That he was not deterred by the double risk, proves the influence of some powerful motive; and that motive must have been either a personal feud of a very virulent kind, or else trade fanaticism. From this alternative there is no escape."

Next day, both journals recorded a trade-meeting at "The Rising Sun." Delegates from the Edge-Tool Forgers' Union, and the Edge-Tool Handlers' Union, with some other representatives of Hillsborough unions, were present, and passed a resolution repudiating, with disgust, the outrage that had been recently committed, and directed their secretaries to offer a reward of twenty pounds, the same to be paid to any person who would give such information as should lead to the discovery of the culprit.

On this the *Constitutional* commented as follows:—"Although we never for a moment suspected these respectable unions of conniving at this enormity, yet it is satisfactory to find them, not merely passive spectators, but exerting their energy, and spending their money, in a praiseworthy endeavour to discover and punish the offenders."

Henry laid down the paper, and his heart felt very warm to Jobson and Parkin. "Come," said he, "I am glad of that. They are not half a bad sort, those two, after all."

Then he took up the *Liberal*, and, being young and generous, felt disgusted at its comment:—

"This appears very creditable to the two unions in question. But, unfortunately, long experience proves that these small rewards never lead to any discovery. They fail so invariably, that the unions do not risk a shilling by proffering them. In dramatic entertainments the tragedy is followed by a farce: and so it is with these sanguinary crimes in Hillsborough; they are always followed by repudiation, and offers of a trumpery reward quite disproportionate to the offence, and the only result of the farce is to divert attention from the true line of inquiry as to who enacted the tragedy. The mind craves novelty, and perhaps these delegates will indulge that desire by informing us for once, what was the personal and Corsican feud which led—as they would have us believe—to this outrage; and will, at the same time, explain to us why these outrages with gunpowder have never, either in this or in any preceding case, attacked any but non-union men."

When Henry had read thus far, the writer of the leader entered the room with Mr. Bayne.

A gentleman not above the middle height, but with a remarkable chest, both broad and deep; yet he was not unwieldy, like Doctor Amboyne, but clean-built, and symmetrical. An agreeable face, with one remarkable

feature, a mouth full of iron resolution, and a slight humorous dimple at the corners.

He shook hands with Henry, and said, "I wish to ask you a question or two, in the way of business: but first let me express my sympathy, as a man, and my detestation of the ruffians, that have so nearly victimized you."

This was very hearty, and Henry thanked him, with some emotion. "But, sir," said he, "if I am to reply to your questions, you must promise me you will never publish my name."

"It is on account of his mother," whispered Bayne.

"Yes, sir. It was her misfortune to lose my father by a violent death, and of course you may imagine——"

"Say no more," said Mr. Holdfast: "your name shall not appear. And—let me see—does your mother know you work here?"

"Yes, she does."

"Then we had better keep Cheetham's name out as well."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you. Now I'll answer any questions you like."

"Well, then, I hear this outrage was preceded by several letters. Could I see them?"

"Certainly. I carry mine always in my pocket, for fear my poor mother should see them: and, Mr. Bayne, you have got Cheetham's."

In another minute the whole correspondence was on the table, and Mr. Holdfast laid it out in order, like a map, and went through it, taking notes. "What a comedy," said he. "All but the denouement. Now, Mr. Bayne, can any other manufacturers show me a correspondence of this kind?"

"Is there one that can't? There isn't a power-wheel, or a water-wheel, within eight miles of Hillsborough, that can't show you just such a correspondence as this; and rattening, or worse, at the tail of it."

Mr. Holdfast's eye sparkled like a diamond. "I'll make the round," said he. "And, Mr. Little, perhaps you will be kind enough to go with me, and let me question you, on the road. I have no sub-editor; no staff; I carry the whole journal on my head. Every day is a hard race between Time and me, and not a minute to spare."

Mr. Cheetham was expected at the works this afternoon: so Henry, on leaving Mr. Holdfast, returned to them, and found him there with Bayne, looking, disconsolately, over a dozen orders for carving-tools.

"Glad to see you again, my lad," said Cheetham. "Why, you look all the better."

"I'm none the worse, sir."

"Come to take your balance and leave me?" This was said half plaintively, half crossly.

"If you wish it, sir."

"Not I. How is it to be?"

"Well, sir, I say to you what you said to me the other day, Stick to me, and I'll stick to you."

"I'll stick to you."

Bayne held up his hands piteously to them both.

"What, sir?" faltered he, turning to Cheetham, "after all your experience!" then to Henry, "What, fight the trades, after the lesson they have given you!"

"I'll fight them all the more for that," said Henry, grinding his teeth; "fight them till all is blue."

"So will I. That for the trades!"

"Heaven help you both!" groaned Bayne, and looked the picture of despair.

"You promised me shutters, with a detonator, sir."

"Ay, but you objected."

"That was before they blew me up."

"Just so. Shutters shall be hung to-morrow: and the detonators I'll fix myself."

"Thank you, sir. Would you mind engaging a watchman?"

"Hum? Not—if you will share the expense."

"I'll pay one-third."

"Why should I pay two-thirds? It is not like shutters and Bramah locks: they are property. However, he'll be good against rattening; and you have lost a fortnight, and there are a good many orders. Give me a good day's work, and we won't quarrel over the watchman." He then inquired, rather nervously, whether there was anything more.

"No, sir; we are agreed. And I'll give you good work, and full time."

The die was cast, and now he must go home and face his mother. For the first time this many years he was half afraid to go near her. He dreaded remonstrances and tears: tears that he could not dry; remonstrances that would worry him, but could not shake him.

This young man, who had just screwed his physical courage up to defy the redoubtable unions, had a fit of moral cowardice, and was so reluctant to encounter the gentlest woman in England, that he dined at a chop-house, and then sauntered into a music-hall, and did not get home till past ten, meaning to say a few kind, hurried words, then yawn, and slip to bed.

But, meantime, Mrs. Little's mind had not been idle. She had long divined a young rival in her son's heart, and many a little pang of jealousy had traversed her own. This morning, with a quickness which may seem remarkable to those, who have not observed the watchful keenness of maternal love, she had seen that her rival had worked upon Henry to resign his declared intention of leaving Hillsborough. Then she had felt her way, and, in a moment, she had found the younger woman was the stronger.

She assumed, as a matter of course, that this girl was in love with

Henry, (who would not be in love with him?) and had hung, weeping, round his neck, when he called from Cairnhope to bid her farewell, and had made him promise to stay. This was the mother's theory; wrong, but rational.

Then came the question, What should she do? Fight against youth and nature? Fight, unlikely to succeed, sure to irritate and disturb. Risk any of that rare affection and confidence her son had always given her?

While her thoughts ran this way, seven o'clock came, and no Henry. Eight o'clock, no Henry. "Ah!" thought the mother, "that one word of mine has had this effect already."

She prepared an exquisite little supper. She made her own toilet with particular care; and, when all was ready, she sat down and comforted herself by reading his letters, and comparing his love with the cavalier behaviour of many sons in this island, the most unfilial country in Europe.

At half past ten Henry came up the stairs, not with the usual light elastic tread, but with slow, hesitating foot. Her quick ear caught that too, and her gentle bosom yearned. What, had she frightened him? He opened the door, and she rose to receive him, all smiles. "You are rather late, dear," she said; "but all the better. It has given me an excuse for reading your dear letters all over again; and I have a thousand questions to ask you about Cairnhope. But sit down first, and have your supper."

Henry brightened up, and ate a good supper, and his mother plied him with questions, all about Cairnhope.

Here was an unexpected relief. Henry took a superficial view of all this. Sharp young men of twenty-four understand a great many things; but they can't quite measure their mothers yet.

Henry was selfishly pleased, but not ungrateful, and they passed a pleasant and affectionate time: and, as for leaving Hillsborough, the topic was avoided by tacit consent.

Next morning, after this easy victory, Henry took a cab and got to "Woodbine Villa," by a circuitous route. His heart beat high as he entered the room where Grace was seated. After the extraordinary warmth and familiarity she had shown him at the last interview, he took for granted he had made a lasting progress in her regard.

But she received him with a cold and distant manner, that quite benumbed him. Grace Carden's face and manner were so much more expressive than other people's, that you could never mistake or doubt the mood she was in; and this morning she was freezing.

The fact is, Miss Carden had been tormenting herself: and, when Beauty suffers, it is very apt to make others suffer as well.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Little," said she, "for I have been taking myself to task ever since, and I blame myself very much for some things I said. In the first place, it was not for me" (here the fair speaker coloured up to the temples,) "to interfere in your affairs at all: and

then, if I must take such a liberty, I ought to have advised you sensibly, and for your good. I have been asking people, and they all tell me it is madness for one person to fight against these unions. Everybody gets crushed. So now let me hope you will carry out your wise intention, and leave Hillsborough; and then my conscience will be at ease."

Every word fell like an icicle on her hearer's heart. To please this cold, changeful creature, he had settled to defy the unchangeable unions, and had been ready to resist his mother, and slight her immortal and unchanging love.

"You don't answer me, sir!" said Miss Carden, with an air of lofty surprise.

"I answered you yesterday," said he, sullenly. "A man can't chop and change like a weathercock."

"But it is not changing, it's only going back to your own intention. You know you were going to leave Hillsborough, before I talked all that nonsense. Your story had set me on fire, and that's my only excuse. Well, now the same person takes the liberty to give you wise and considerate advice, instead of hot, and hasty, romantic nonsense. Which ought you to respect most—folly or reason—from the same lips?"

Henry seemed to reflect. "That sounds reasonable," said he; "but, when you advised me not to show the white feather, you spoke your heart; now, you are only talking from your head. Then, your beautiful eyes flashed fire, and your soul was in your words: who could resist them? And you spoke to me like a friend; now you speak to me like an enemy."

"Oh, Mr. Little, that is ridiculous."

"You do though. And I'm sure I don't know why."

"Nor I. Perhaps because I am cross with myself; certainly not with you."

"I am glad of that. Well, then, the long and the short is, you showed me you thought it cowardly to fly from the trades. You wouldn't, said you, if you were a man. Well, I'm a man; and I'll do as you would do in my place. I'll not throw my life away, I'll meet craft with craft, and force with force; but fly I never will. I'll fight while I've a leg to stand on."

With these words he began to work on the bust, in a quiet dogged way that was, nevertheless, sufficiently expressive.

Grace looked at him silently for half a minute, and then rose from her chair.

"Then," said she, "I must go for somebody of more authority than I am." She sailed out of the room.

Henry asked Jael who she was gone for.

"It will be her papa," said Jael.

"As if I care what he says."

"I wouldn't show *her* that, if I was you," said Jael, quietly, but with a good deal of weight.

"You are right," said Henry. "You are a good girl. I don't know which is the best, you or Martha. I say, I promised to go to Cairnhope some Sunday, and see them all. Shall I drive you over?"

"And bring me back at night?"

"If you like. I must come back."

"I'll ask Miss Carden."

The words were quiet and composed, but the blushing face beamed with unreasonable happiness; and Grace, who entered at that moment with her father, was quite struck with its eloquence; she half started, but took no further notice just then. "There, papa," said she, "this is Mr. Little."

Mr. Carden was a tall gentleman, with somewhat iron features, but a fine head of grey hair: rather an imposing personage; not the least pompous though; quite a man of the world, and took a business view of everything, matrimony, of course, included.

"Oh, this is Mr. Little, is it, whose work we all admire so much?"

"Yes, Papa."

"And whose adventure has made so much noise?"

"Yes, Papa."

"By-the-by, there is an article to-day on you: have you seen it? No? But you should see it; it is very smart. My dear," (to Jael,) "will you go to my study, and bring the *Liberal* here?"

"Yes, but meantime, I want you to advise him not to subject himself to more gunpowder and things, but to leave the town; that is all the wretches demand."

"And that," said Henry, with a sly deferential tone, "is a good deal to demand in a free country, is it not, sir?"

"Indeed it is. Ah, here comes the *Liberal*. Somebody read the article to us, while he works. I want to see how he does it."

Curiosity overpowered Grace's impatience, for a moment, and she read the notice out with undisguised interest.

"THE LAST OUTRAGE.

"IN our first remarks upon this matter, we merely laid down an alternative which admits of no dispute; and, abstaining from idle conjectures, undertook to collect evidence. We have now had an interview with the victim of that abominable outrage. Mr. * is one of those superior workmen who embellish that class for a few years, but invariably rise above it, and leave it' (there—Mr. Little!)—'He has informed us that he is a stranger in Hillsborough, lives retired, never sits down in a public-house, and has not a single enemy in Hillsborough, great or small. He says that his life was saved by his fellow-workmen, and that as he lay scorched ——' (Oh dear!)"

“Well, go on, Grace.”

“It is all very well to say go on, Papa —— ‘scorched and bleeding on the ground, and unable to distinguish faces’ (poor, poor Mr. Little!) ‘he heard, on all sides of him, expressions of rugged sympathy; and sobs, and tears, from rough, but—man-ly fellows, who ——’ (oh! oh! oh!”)

Grace could not go on for whimpering, and Jael cried, for company. Henry left off carving, and turned away his head, touched to the heart by this sweet and sudden sympathy.

“How badly you read,” said Mr. Carden, and took the journal from her. He read in a loud business-like monotone, that, like some blessed balm, dried every tear. “‘Manly fellows who never shed a tear before: this disposed of one alternative, and narrowed the inquiry. It was not a personal feud; therefore it was a trade outrage, or it was nothing. We now took evidence bearing on the inquiry thus narrowed; and we found the assault had been preceded by a great many letters, all of them breathing the spirit of Unionism, and none of them intimating a private wrong. These letters, taken in connection, are a literary curiosity; and we find there is scarcely a manufacturer in the place who has not endured a similar correspondence, and violence at the end of it. This curious chapter of the human mind really deserves a separate heading, and we introduce it to our readers as

“THE LITERATURE OF OUTRAGE.”

“‘First of all comes a letter to the master intimating that he is doing something objectionable to some one of the many unions that go to make a single implement of hardware. This letter has three features. It is signed with a real name. It is polite. It is grammatical.

“‘If disregarded, it is speedily followed by another. No. 2 is grammatical, or thereabouts; but, under a feigned politeness, the insolence of a vulgar mind shows itself pretty plainly, and the master is reminded what he suffered on some former occasion when he rebelled against the trades. This letter is sometimes anonymous, generally pseudonymous.

“‘If this reminder of the past, and intimation of the future, is disregarded, the refractory master gets a missive, which begins with an affectation of coarse familiarity, and then rises, with a ludicrous bound, into brutal and contemptuous insolence. In this letter, grammar is flung to the winds, along with good manners; but spelling survives, by a miracle. Next comes a short letter, full of sanguinary threats, and written in, what we beg leave to christen, the Dash dialect, because, though used by at least three million people in England, and three thousand in Hillsborough, it can only be printed with blanks, the reason being simply this, that every sentence is measled with oaths and indecencies. These letters are also written phonetically, and, as the pronunciation, which directs the spelling, is all wrong, the double result is prodigious. Nevertheless, many of these pronunciations are ancient, and

were once universal. An antiquarian friend assures us the orthography of these blackguards, the scum of the nineteenth century, is wonderfully like that of a mediæval monk or baron.

“When the correspondence has once descended to the Dash dialect, written phonetically, it never remounts towards grammar, spelling, or civilization; and the next step in the business is rattening, or else beating, or shooting, or blowing-up the obnoxious individual by himself, or along with a houseful of people quite strange to the quarrel. Now, it is manifest to common sense, that all this is one piece of mosaic, and that the criminal act it all ends in is no more to be disconnected from the last letter, than the last letter from its predecessor, or letter 3 from letter 2. Here is a crime first gently foreshadowed, then grimly intimated, then directly threatened, then threatened in words that smell of blood and gunpowder, and then—done. The correspondence and the act reveal—

The various talents, but the single mind.

“In face of this evidence, furnished by themselves, the trades’ unions, some member of which has committed this crime, will do well to drop the worn-out farce of offering a trumpery reward, and to take a direct and manly course. They ought to accept Mr. *’s preposterously liberal offer, and admit him to the two unions, and thereby disown the criminal act in the form most consolatory to the sufferer; or else they should face the situation, and say, “This act was done under our banner, though not by our order, and we stand by it.” The *Liberal* will continue to watch the case.’”

“This will be a pill,” said Mr. Carden, laying down the paper. “Why, they call the *Liberal* the workman’s advocate.”

“Yes, Papa,” said Grace; “but how plainly he shows—— But Mr. Little is a stranger, and even this terrible lesson has not —— So do pray advise him.”

“I should be very happy; but, when you are my age, you will know it is of little use intruding advice upon people.”

“Oh, Mr. Little will treat it with proper respect, coming from one so much older than himself, and better acquainted with this wretched town. Will you not, Mr. Little?” said she, with so cunning a sweetness that the young fellow was entrapped, and assented, before he knew what he was about; then coloured high at finding himself committed.

Mr. Carden reflected a moment. He then said, “I can’t take upon myself to tell any man to give up his livelihood. But one piece of advice I can conscientiously give Mr. Little.”

“Yes, Papa.”

“And that is—TO INSURE HIS LIFE.”

“Oh, Papa!” cried Grace.

As for Henry he was rather amused, and his lip curled satirically.

But the next moment he happened to catch sight of Jael Dence’s face: her grey eyes were expanded with a look of uneasiness; and, directly she

caught his eye she fixed it, and made him a quick movement of the head, directing him to assent.

There was something so clear and decided in the girl's manner, that it overpowered Henry, who had no very clear idea to oppose to it, and he actually obeyed the nod of this girl, whom he had hitherto looked on as an amiable simpleton.

"I have no objection to that," said he, turning to Mr. Carden. Then, after another look at Jael, he said, demurely, "Is there any insurance office you could recommend?"

Mr. Carden smiled. "There is only one I have a right to recommend, and that is the 'Gosshawk.' I am a director. But," said he, with sudden stiffness, "I could furnish you with the names of many others."

Henry saw his way clear by this time. "No, sir, if I profit by your advice, the least I can do is to choose the one you are a director of."

Grace, who had latterly betrayed uneasiness and irritation, now rose, red as fire. "The conversation is taking a turn I did not at all intend," said she, and swept out of the room with royal disdain.

Her father apologized carelessly for her tragical exit. "That is a young lady who detests business; but she does not object to its fruits,—dresses, lace, footmen, diamonds, and a carriage to drive about in. On the contrary, she would be miserable without them."

"I should hope she never will be without them, sir."

"I'll take care of that."

Mr. Carden said this rather drily, and then retired for a minute; and Grace, who was not far off, with an ear like a hare, came back soon after.

But in the meantime Henry left his seat and went to Jael, and, leaning over her as she worked, said, "There is more in that head of yours than I thought."

"Oh, they all talk before me," said Jael, blushing faintly, and avoiding his eye.

"Jael Dence," said the young man, warmly, "I'm truly obliged to you."

"What for?"

"For your good advice. I didn't see how good it was till after I had taken it."

"I'm afeard Miss Grace gave you better."

"She advised me against my heart. What is the use of that?"

"Ay, young men are wilful."

"Come, come, don't you go back. You are my friend and counsellor."

"That is something," said Jael, in a low voice; and her hands trembled at her side.

"Why, my dear girl, what's the matter?"

"Hush! hush!"

Wallenstein and His Times.

PART I.

No movement ever became really formidable until the pith of it had been thrown into half-a-dozen words, comprehensible by the popular mind, and, more essential still, agreeable to the popular ear. It was neither Pope Urban, nor Peter the Hermit, nor the cruelties of the Turks, nor yet the sufferings of the pilgrims, but the two words—"Deus vult"—that made the Crusades a great success. It was John Ball's jingle—"When Adam delved," and so forth, rather than feudal tyranny, that gathered rebellion 60,000 strong after Wat Tyler. A similar rhyme was as mischievous to France in the matter of the Jacquerie. And an old shoe on the end of a stick—"Bundschuh"—with a suitable refrain, never failed to rouse the German peasantry against their mediæval lords and masters. Luther was much benefited in his times by these popular catchwords; and the same may be said of all other revolutionists, not forgetting our own, who distinguished themselves in 1688 by shaping a spell of might out of such unpromising materials as "warming-pans and wooden shoes." Conspicuous among these fire-raising sentences was the one left as a legacy to the world in general, and to Germany in particular, by the Diet which sat at Augsburg in 1555: "*Cujus regio, ejus religio*"—or as it may be Englished, "whence the lead, thence the creed"—said the sages who deliberated there. And the apophthegm was so much to the taste of the ruling classes that it became for many a long day their favourite maxim. Thenceforward, whenever the prince thought fit to discard recognized doctrines and adopt new ones, the people were compelled to follow the august example, with the very mild alternative of emigration to a land—if any such existed—wherein their opinions might chance for the time to be fashionable at court. We had several samples of the working of the *Cujus Regio* in these islands; but not nearly so many as some of our neighbours. In the Palatinate, for instance, the people were left pretty much to themselves, so far as religious matters went, up to 1560. But in that year, the Elector Frederick took it into his head to embrace strict Calvinism, and for the next sixteen years nothing else was tolerated. There was some putting to death, a good deal of imprisoning, and plenty of emigration during his time in the Palatinate. Nor did these things cease with his death. His successor, Louis, proved just as ardent and intolerant in the cause of Lutheranism, and spent the whole of his reign in turning things topsy-turvy again after the fashion set by Frederick. This was not pleasant for the people, and, unfortunately, it was not all.

In 1585 came another stern Calvinistic ruler, and a third vigorous illustration of the *Cujus Regio*. And precisely similar things went on in all directions among the hundred and odd independencies of the "Fatherland."

This was terribly demoralizing to everybody. The people, habituated to change one set of principles at word of command, became indifferent to all; at the same time the scenes of suffering, which persecution accumulated daily before their eyes, could not but render them hard and ferocious. Nor were the clergy any better off. The *Cujus Regio*, in conjunction with the intense competition that then existed between rival creeds, compelled these gentlemen to make things as pleasant as possible between royal crime and royal conscience; and, therefore, when at all anxious for the worldly prosperity of their respective creeds, they had really no alternative but to ignore their leading principles. But it was the character of the rulers that suffered most of all. Pampered as they were, they soon learned to consider anything and everything a fair excuse for pulling off old opinions and putting on new ones. Some did so out of mere whim; others, impelled by ambition; that one because he had suffered a disappointment, this one because he had been insulted; Gebbhard Truchses on account of a pretty face, and the Prince of Neuburg, stimulated by a box on the ear, received during a drinking-bout from his intended father-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg. And princely morality suffered at least as much from the *Cujus Regio* as princely consistence.

Thanks to it, one "religious and gracious" prince could indulge with impunity in polygamy; another in profane swearing and foul expressions generally; a third in debasing the coinage; and so on, until the lesser degrees of vice became absolutely meritorious in sovereigns by comparison. "Louis of Württemberg, whose virtues rendered him the darling of his people, was everlastingly drunk," writes Menzel; and though the eulogium may appear rather a queer one to us of the nineteenth century, who have lost the faculty of harmonizing brilliant merit with habitual intoxication, yet a eulogium, and a strong one, it really was, and still remains, when applied to a character of 250 years ago.

These were the times that formed the character of the subject of our paper.

The biography of Albert Wincellaus Eusebius Wallenstein for the first eighteen years of his life may be summed up in three lines. He was born in 1583,—a Bohemian gentleman and a Protestant. Left an orphan at thirteen, he was bandied about among his relatives until a Catholic uncle sent him to the Jesuit seminary at Olmütz, where, of course, he was converted. He next became a page in a noble household; and, so far, that is all we know of him. Anecdote-mongers, indeed, have spared his youth just as little as that of other celebrities. But as they have localized their pretty legends in this instance at places which Wallenstein never visited at all, or only much later on in life, we are justified in disregarding them.

The moment he began to mix with men, Wallenstein stood out in bold relief from the crowd. Not that his character was a brilliant one. He displayed none of that fatal dexterity of hand and brain which, giving youth a notion that it can do everything, wastes the best years of life in attempting a hundred things, and leaves maturity with a wretched incapacity for anything. From the very first Wallenstein rendered himself conspicuous by a massive will, and an all-absorbing purpose. Desultory achievements and mere showy exploits he detested. But he never shrank from *anything* that tended to help him to his object. Power was his passion, and he soon found that wealth was the principal element of power. But at nineteen or twenty he was not a very wealthy gentleman. Accordingly he looked about to find the readiest means of becoming a millionaire. Now every age has its own short and easy method of growing rich, and that of 260 years ago was Alchemy. To this study, then, Wallenstein at once, and most heartily, devoted himself. Nor was the twin science Astrology neglected: for it is your intense ambition, rather than overpowering love or withering hate, that burns to pry into the future. He commenced these studies at college, and he continued them during that indispensable promenade, the Grand Tour, carrying with him the renowned adept, Verdengus, and consulting all the more celebrated alchemists of Europe on the way. He even paused for months at Padua to take full advantage of the unrivalled occult attainments of Professor Argoli. And he returned to Vienna enough of an astrologer to pit his science on occasion against that of the masters of the craft. He had not, indeed, succeeded in his great object, and learnt to make gold; but he had acquired much skill in imitating the metal: and a day came when this accomplishment proved a very good substitute for the other. That, however, was not yet; and, alchemist and astrologer though he was, Wallenstein did not appear likely to be any the wealthier unless he turned charlatan outright,—a lucrative profession certainly, but rather less dignified than that of court fool, unless it happened to shelter under the skirts of the respectable 'ologies, and Wallenstein had mastered none of these. So he did what many another ambitious youth has done under similar circumstances—looked up a wealthy widow and married her; not without some trouble, though, for he encountered a formidable rival in a certain dashing soldier—Cratz. We are sorry contemporaries have left us no details of this rivalry—nothing to throw light on the wooing of Wallenstein—which is a pity, for the story would certainly have been amusing. The dame, Lucretia von Laudich, though well stricken in years, was greatly given to patronizing the knaves who then, even more than now, dealt in medicaments for renovating beauty and exciting affection; and, therefore, must have been as ultra-sentimental in the matter as Wallenstein was business-like. Of the two, Cratz was assuredly the more likely to prevail in such a contest, and, therefore, curiosity must regret that gossips have omitted to record how Wallenstein managed to get the better of him. Be this as it may, the lady proved a very exacting, troublesome, and jealous wife, nearly killing her husband on one occasion

by administering a love-potion ! But in 1614 she died, and left him her whole fortune, consisting of a large sum in ready cash, and sundry estates in Bohemia and Moravia. Free to follow the impulses of ambition, Wallenstein made good use of his wealth, raising a regiment of cavalry at his own expense, and distinguishing himself in sundry campaigns, as well he might, considering that in those days there never was any lack of hard blows in the Holy Roman Empire. Rapidly acquiring court favour, he was created a baron, and appointed Governor of Moravia, somewhere in 1616. There, too, he distinguished himself ; but it was by such extraordinary rapacity as to create quite a scandal—even at the corrupt court of Vienna. Summoned thither to vindicate himself, he made his first great proof of the wonder-working power of gold. By dint of hard bribing, spending ten thousand pounds in the process, he was acquitted and relegated to his government, where he remained, still money-grubbing, till the close of 1618.

Meanwhile the Cujus Regio as practised by the house of Habsburg was arranging the materials for a mighty conflagration. Family quarrels, and the interpolation of a couple of tolerant princes, had rendered that line of sovereigns the very last to begin. But when they did set to work it was in downright earnest. And it must be confessed that they had quite sufficient to tax all their energies, for the Reformation had made extraordinary progress in their dominions. The southern provinces were soon dragooned back to the old faith ; then Austria had its turn ; and, finally, Hungary. There were many peasant revolts the while, and one or two formidable rebellions. But these were all put down, partly by open force and merciless cruelty, and partly by vile treachery and merciless cruelty ; for, somehow or other, cruelty was the inseparable adjunct of whatever instrument their exigencies compelled the Habsburgs to adopt. Up to 1617 Bohemia, that stronghold of Reformation, had remained comparatively undisturbed. That kingdom, therefore, was thronged with refugees. But in the year just named Ferdinand of Gratz, the originator and chief supporter of Austrian persecution, was recognized as heir to the various crowns of the family ; and the Emperor Mathias being old and broken in health and spirit, he at once assumed the direction of affairs. This roused the refugees, who hated him with the concentrated malice of bigots, exiles, and ruined men. Led by that magnificent demagogue, the subtle, daring, and eloquent Count Thurn—a man who loved to fish in troubled waters, but still more to rouse the storm that was to trouble them—they intrigued, plotted, and harangued with all the restless energy of vengeance, to excite the Bohemians against their prince. Nor was this a difficult task. The fiery wars waged by Hussites and Romanists were little more than a century old, and the animosities engendered thereby were still at a good red heat. Besides, the hurricane struggle of creed against creed, not yet over in France or the Netherlands, was ready to break out at any moment along the Rhine, where, banded under rival leagues, Reformer and Romanist stood front to front, with the trumpet

at the lip and the sword half drawn. This was exciting; but this was not all. The doings of Jesuit and Habsburgher had, for many a day, alarmed the Bohemians, and warned them in unmistakable terms to prepare for a similar conflict. And though as yet all was calm within that ancient kingdom, it was the ominous calm—the thrilling pause—the five minutes of unutterable anxiety that precedes the rush of battle. There can be no question that Ferdinand intended, sooner or later, to deal with the Bohemians as he had already dealt with Styrians, Austrians, and Hungarians. And there can be just as little question that he was brought in collision with them far sooner than he wished, and long before he was ready. It was thus the matter befell:—Precisely at the perilous juncture no less than two Protestant communities took the liberty of building their churches on Roman Catholic abbey-lands without the consent of the trustees. The latter naturally demurred, and a quarrel began that soon interested a dozen nations, and ended by involving Europe in the terrible Thirty Years' War. It must be allowed that, in an artistic point of view, there have been few prettier squabbles than this. Contradictory as they were, both the parties to it were decidedly and legally in the right! By Article VI. of the "Majestäts Brief"—a sort of Magna Charta granted to the Bohemians in 1609—the Protestants were empowered to build churches "in towns, villages, or elsewhere, without hindrance or molestation." The Catholics, on the other hand, according to the well-known *Cujus Regio*, were perfectly justified in preserving their faith intact within the limits of their own domains. This was just the sort of dilemma between whose horns a school-man would have delighted to pin an adversary. But the Bohemians unfortunately were too impassioned to appreciate its beauties, otherwise undoubtedly they would have borrowed our Chancery Court, as a sort of shrine, wherein to preserve it for the admiration of future ages. The thing, of course, was referred to Vienna, while millions looked eagerly on. Not the least interested were the refugees; but they were something more than mere spectators. Under their direction numerous insolent petitions were concocted and despatched to court by still more insolent bearers: until Ferdinand and his advisers were goaded into arresting the deputies, and ordering the demolition of the buildings—precisely as Thurn and his confederates desired. Of course all good Bohemians were furious at the conduct of the court, and equally, of course, the refugees took care to improve the occasion. Indignation meetings were gathered, speeches made, and pamphlets disseminated, all tending to increase the universal excitement. Among other measures a monster meeting was convened at Prague to consider the situation. It met on the 23rd of May, 1618, and a memorable affair it proved.

And here we must pause to notice one of the amiable privileges which certain municipalities arrogated in the days of old. It was this,—when-ever their magistrates happened to displease them, the burghers were given to flinging them headlong from the windows of the Rathhaus, or Town

Hall. So that the cry, "Down with So-and-So," vague as it is just now, was tolerably intelligible in the middle ages. The custom, of course, had an origin; but that is a matter of dispute. It is sufficiently like a trait of the ancient Romans to justify ardent classics in attributing it to them. And it is not so unlike a practice of the still older Hebrews to deter those, who delight in tracing every good thing up to that people, from assigning it to their favourites. Indeed, those who exercised the privilege last appear to have been of this opinion, for they justified their conduct by a pertinent allusion to the fate of Jezebel. To our mind, however, the thing seems to have been neither more nor less than hanging in embryo. It certainly wanted nothing of that operation but—the rope. Be the origin, however, what it may, the thing itself was sufficiently common. In this way the weavers of Louvain disposed of no less than seventeen of their magistrates in 1382; thus, too, the citizens of Breslau dealt with the whole body of their town-councillors in 1420; and thus the good people of Vienna got rid of their obnoxious burgomaster and syndics in 1461. Traces of the same pleasant custom may be met with in the records and in the civic architecture of Nuremberg, Augsburg, Dantzic, and half a hundred other places. But it was at Prague that defenestration, as they called it, was practised in all its glory. And not without sufficient reason. No other mediæval city was half so well qualified to assert the privilege, or so admirably adapted to exercise it. Prague was tenanted by various races—conquering and conquered. These, of course, hated one another devoutly, and took the utmost pains to preserve intact their several barbarous dialects and conflicting usages. And from the days of Huss and Zisca downwards bitter religious animosities were superadded to the other choice elements of discord. Besides, the city was always thronged by thousands of students—sturdy fellows all—who delighted in a riot. And, as if to give full scope to the defenestrating proclivities of this turbulent mass, the place was divided into three different municipalities, each with its separate Rathhaus. The course of time had taught the magistrates of most other old German towns to neutralize this custom very considerably, by providing secret outlets from the council-chamber, specimens of which may be noticed at Ratisbon and other places to this very day. But the citizens of Prague were not to be defrauded of their rights in this scurvy fashion. They could not, indeed, prevent the excavation of such rat-holes; but they took good care to render them nearly useless, by placing the council-chamber at the very top of the Rathhaus. Nor were the municipal dignitaries of Prague the only officials liable to this process. It was frequently extended to Ministers of State. At first the latter were generally precipitated from the Wysehrad, a stronghold that crowns a precipice over the Moldau, to the south of the Neustadt; and where, by the way, during the mistiest times, a certain termagant, Queen Libussa, used to dispose of her innumerable lovers in the same way. In later days, however, these old battlements were exchanged for the windows of the council-chamber—the

“Green Room”—of the Hradschin, on the other side of the river. And the said chamber—still with a view to the privilege—was placed just under the roof, twenty-five good yards from the ground.

Peasant and paladin, the Bohemians gathered from all quarters; and on the appointed day a mighty throng covered Zisca's Berg to the top. There was no lack of stern feeling there, and no lack of exciting topics, nor of the skill to handle them, though the last was hardly requisite, for every object round teemed with recollections only too eloquent at such a crisis. An assembly like that could have but one result. What with stirring memories and fiery oratory, in an hour the multitude was ripe for any mischief—howling for an object whereon to vent its rage. And the tide of passion was taken as it rose. Down they poured—Thurn in front—to the Grosser Ring, in the centre of the Altstadt. There they defiled—clashing their iron flails or “tooth-picks,” as they playfully called them, and shaking the town with their shouts—between the old Rathhaus, memorable for examples of Hussite vengeance, and the old Thien-Kirche, still more memorable as the scene of Zisca's eloquence: for the blind old warrior had been a very Boanerges in the pulpit. Thus refreshed, they resumed their tremendous promenade, thronging down the Plattuer Gasse, and over the old bridge, without much heeding St. John Nepomuk, or the twenty-seven other statues that graced its length. Thence they hurried, roaring and rushing like a winter torrent, through the devious windings of the Kleinseite, to their goal, the Hradschin. The ministers were there already; but, though acquainted with the national excitement, and not unaware of the meeting and its dangerous character, there was not a single sentry posted to keep the door. It was only when the massive yell of universal revolt thundered up to their lofty chamber that they awoke to find themselves unguarded, unfriended, without a tongue to plead, or a sword to strike for them: a door and a flight of stairs, and nothing more, between them and the vengeance of a hundred thousand foes. A mass of men, every one of them noble, headed by Count Thurn, forced their way upstairs. They found but five persons in the chamber. Three of these, however, were the very men they wanted. One, the secretary, Fabritius, was a mean cringing knave, to whose gratuitous officiousness a good deal of the roughness of the Austrian rule was attributed. As for the ministers, Slawata and Martinitz, they were even more bitterly hated. They had ousted the natives from power, they had monopolized office upon office, they had fattened upon fine and confiscation; one of them at least was that always detested thing, a renegade, and of both it was asserted that they were in the habit of hunting their serfs with hound and horn to mass. In comparison with these the other two were almost meritorious, and were passed without injury, but in much terror, nevertheless, out of the room, down the stairs, and thence to their dwellings, suffering nothing worse than much hustling and more vituperation, by the way. Rid of these, six gentlemen, bearing the noblest names of old Bohemia, laid hold of the victims, and flung them right through the windows with such hearty good-

will that the last of the three was in the air before the first had reached the ground. Down the ministers tumbled from the dizzy height into the ditch beneath, amid the roar of the multitude; several flying shots, not badly aimed, followed; and, as it was intended that they should rot where they fell, no further notice was taken of them. But unfortunately for this good intention, the Bohemians were sadly given to a trick very well known in Edinburgh forty years ago. Ever since the rebuilding of the Hradschin in 1541 the servants had been accustomed to cast waste paper and other rubbish out of these same windows, and the heap that resulted never being meddled with, had accumulated to somewhat formidable dimensions in the course of 170 years. Besides, the three happened to be arrayed in full Spanish costume that morning, and their capacious cloaks expanding like parachutes as they went down, deposited them so gently on the heap that they escaped without even a broken bone. One of them, indeed, had his hand discoloured, and another a lock of hair cut away by pistol-bullets; but that was all. Gathering themselves up, they sneaked quietly away to shelter, and in a little time managed to get clear off from Prague. But the *pun*-ishment of two of them at least was not yet over. The secretary was ennobled shortly after under the title of Baron Hohenfall, or High Tumbler; and Martinitz under that of Count Schmeissanski, or Pitched Over—genuine specimens of Habsburg humour these.

This act brought matters to a crisis. There could be no parleying, no faltering, no receding henceforth. So a revolutionary government was established at once in Bohemia, with Thurn at its head. And the first act of that skilful administrator was to raise an army. Moravia was regarded as a Bohemian dependency in those days, and its Governor, Wallenstein, had that exaggerated reputation which invariably clings to a rising but not thoroughly tried man. The command of the new army therefore was offered to him in the first instance. But knowing well the weakness incident to rebellions, and still better acquainted with the value of royal prestige—a mighty thing in those days, and with the powerful organization and vast influence of the Jesuits, which were sure eventually to band the greater portion of Catholic Europe on the side of Ferdinand,—he refused decidedly to have anything to do with Thurn or his party. Nor was he content with mere refusal;—he employed the remainder of the year in organizing a royal army in Moravia. There were other Bohemians as loyal as Wallenstein, and these fled the country, or took refuge in the two or three strong towns that declared for Ferdinand, closely pursued by sentences of confiscation and exile. Adventurers from all quarters crowded into Bohemia—men of broken fortunes and desperate characters; and among the rest, with four thousand consummate cut-throats at his back, came that prince of partisans, Count Mansfeldt.

There was but a small force available in Austria at the time, and that was despatched at once to the scene of action under General Bouquoi.

Another imperial leader—Dampiere—was hurried up from Hungary in the same direction, although the Hungarians rose fiercely and closed upon his track like a flowing tide. The Habsburg fortunes were low enough just then. Besides Bohemia and Hungary, several provinces were in open revolt; and those that had not yet followed the example were widely disaffected—Austria itself as much as any. Not that the empire was completely denuded of loyalists; far from it. But large and powerful as the party eventually proved, for the time being it was helpless. Insurrection had swept over the country like an inundation, and those who were not utterly paralysed by the event thought of nothing as yet but shunning its violence.

Meanwhile, leaving Mansfeldt to cope with Bouquoi, Thurn marched straight upon Vienna. It was a daring stroke, but the wisest withal that could have been adopted. But Vienna was not fated to fall on that occasion. The moment Thurn crossed the borders Wallenstein, who even then had his spies everywhere, redoubled his exertions, and took care that the news should reach the Bohemian in sufficiently exaggerated form. Alarmed at the prospect of such a foe upon his flank, and still more alarmed at the focus thus presented to reaction, Thurn turned aside from the capital and made a rapid dash at Olmütz. He reached that city so suddenly that Wallenstein, whose half-hearted levies fell away as the Protestant leader approached, had barely time to escape with a troop of cuirassiers and—the *money-chest, which he clung to with characteristic tenacity*. He had effected his purpose, however, and for that time, at least, saved the empire. This happened early in 1619, and Thurn, having carried all before him, and established rebellion on a respectable footing in Moravia, was back before Vienna with recruited forces and splendid hopes before the middle of March. A few days after his reappearance the old Emperor Mathias died—in accordance with the forecast called the seven M's of Kepler: Magnus, Monarcha, Mundi, Medeo, Meuse, Martio, Morietur, as that philosopher is reported to have written beforehand; and the event added greatly to his astrologic fame. But unfortunately for its credit, the same story is told with a variation of another character of the period—Doctor Jessen. This learned Bohemian had been captured on his return from a treasonable visit to Bethlem Gabor in 1618. He was soon exchanged for a court favourite, who happened to be in durance among his countrymen. But during his captivity he had amused himself by writing up the capitals I. M. M. M. M. conspicuously on the walls of his dungeon. These letters—which he explained thus: Imperator, Mathias, Meuse, Martio, Morietur—were greatly talked of at the time. Crowds came to stare at them, of course, and among others the future Emperor Ferdinand. He, however, preferred to read them his own way: Iesseni, Mentiris, Malamorte, Morieris (“As to Iessen the liar, he will die a bad death”)—a reading which proved just as true as the other one, for Jessen was hanged shortly after the battle of the White Mountain. And as it is with this, so it is with most detached anecdotes,

especially the smarter ones. They are told of too many persons to be true of any; in other words, they are said to have happened too often ever to have happened at all.

Thurn and his Bohemians were without Vienna, and what was there within? 1,500 foot, 200 horse, abundant terror, and still more abundant disaffection. But Thurn, though a matchless demagogue, was a very poor general. Instead of storming the town at once, he dallied away three precious months in intrigue and negotiation. Not that these things were altogether ineffective. If they did nothing else, they kept the imperial family in the extremity of torture for a Yankee eternity—that is, ninety days. The Emperor, however, would make no concession. Helpless, and almost hopeless, as he was, he determined to the last to be a monarch or nothing. Everybody else gave away. His family entreated, and the Jesuits advised him to agree to anything and everything, *at least for the present*; or otherwise to fly and await the dawn of a better day among the faithful Tyrolese. But Ferdinand would do neither. And yet he knew that there was no help at hand; that Thurn might enter the city at his pleasure; and that the numerous traitors within the walls debated almost publicly whether they should not seize him, give him the tonsure by force after the Merovingian fashion, and, immuring him for ever in a convent, seize his children and bring them up in the Protestant faith. Very probably it was the knowledge of these debates that determined Thurn to wait and watch. Very probably the Bohemian chief calculated that the malcontents would do his work much better than he could dare to do it for himself, and that his surest course would be to maintain his threatening attitude unaltered, thus encouraging and strengthening his partisans by his presence, while his inaction left ample scope to their treasonable impulses. It was a wily plan, and would have been eminently successful but for one little trifle—the game could not always be thus confined merely to the Habsburgs, the malcontents, and Thurn. Meanwhile, day by day the traitors grew more audacious, and day by day the imperialists lost heart and fell off, until Ferdinand stood almost alone in his palace. At length Thurn roused and prepared for an assault; but rather with a view to stimulate his partisans than to act decisively himself. His troops drew up to the gates, and his artillery battered the palace, throwing its shot insolently in at the very windows. *Ferdinand changed his apartments and prayed against his enemies.* This cannonade decided the conspirators. While Thurn demonstrated without, they armed within and hurried to the palace. At their head were the noblest of the ancient nobility; for, with small exception, the present Austrian aristocracy dates only from the Thirty Years' War. Sixteen of them, headed by Thonradtel of the once great house of Ebergassing, forced themselves into the presence of their sovereign. This was the 11th of June, 1619, and a terrible morning it was within the ramparts of Vienna. There all was hurry and alarm. Some secreted their females and their valuables; others looked up and whetted their long-concealed weapons.

As to the palace, there the women and the priests wept together in helpless despair. Ferdinand was left to debate alone against a host. And what a debate was that! Extreme impotence was on the one side, and exulting insolence on the other. "Sign!" said Thonradtel, presenting a document overflowing with humiliating conditions. "Sign!" cried his comrades, laying their hands on their swords. "Sign! sign!" growled their followers in the corridors, on the stairs, and down in the court-yard below. But Ferdinand refused. They reasoned, he refused; they expostulated, he refused; they threatened, he still refused. Their faces flushed, their words grew fierce; the circle closed round the Prince, swords too flashed out, and Thonradtel, grasping his arm, *commanded* him to sign. If ever man looked death full in the face, Ferdinand did so then. The nobles had now gone too far to retract; with them, too, it was all or nothing. Let but one strike, and every sword would follow the example. Ferdinand's life hung by a thread, and he knew it, but he never faltered. He was no warrior, had indeed disgraced himself on the only occasion wherein he had ventured to show himself in arms; but now he was every inch a hero, as impassive as if he had been cast in brass. Old Rodolph and Maximilian, valiant as they were, might have been proud of their descendant. "Sign!" thundered Thonradtel for the last time, and more than one keen blade was pointed at Ferdinand's unsheltered breast. A moment more and—"Hark! what's that?" cried Jorger of Hernhall's, dropping the point of his weapon in startled surprise. "Himmel!" growls Hagger of Alensteig, "but it's a cavalry trumpet. Can Thurn be in the town?" And up it came, clear and ear-piercing, that rousing tira-la which horsemen love to hear. They rushed to the windows, and as they did so the trumpet-blast died away, and the ring of bridle and sabre and the clatter of many hoofs took its place. Another minute, and a dense body of cuirassiers trotted into the square, and pulled up with a ringing shout, right under the windows. "Whose are these?" questioned the nobles in astonishment. That was soon settled. A mass of the new comers threw themselves from their horses and dashed up the stairs without ceremony. There was a scuffle without, and then the chamber-door opened and admitted a tall thin figure, surmounted by a hard stern countenance, with piercing black eyes, heavy moustache, and short, bristling, black beard and hair. "Wallenstein!" cried the Emperor, bursting from his impassibility. "Ter Teufel!" screamed Thonradtel, crushing up his document, and dashing out of the palace, followed by the rest of the deputation, and preceded by the valiant Hagger, who tripped over his sword and rolled from head to foot of the stairs. The house of Habsburg was saved. That night came the news of a Royalist victory in Bohemia, and ere morning dawned, Thurn's camp was deserted, and himself far off on the way to the frontiers.

And how came Wallenstein thither so opportunely? That is soon told. After his escape from Olmütz he had no very pleasant march, for rebellion threw a hundred obstacles in his path. After much dodging

and shifting, many marches and not a few countermarches, he fell in with Dampiere, then advancing to reinforce Bouquoi. A few days after came intelligence of the imminent peril of Ferdinand. Of course a junction with Bouquoi was no longer to be thought of. Dampiere doubled back in haste, and Wallenstein, breaking off with his horsemen and his money-chest, seized a number of boats near Krems, and, dropping rapidly and unsuspected down the Danube to Vienna, managed to pass between Thurn's careless posts, and gained the palace at the very nick of time.

It was, indeed, the nick of time. Had Thurn taken Vienna, or even maintained his post before it a little longer, the imperial crown would have been lost for ever to the house of Habsburg, and with it the greater portion of the hereditary domains. Truly, Wallenstein was a mighty benefactor! Thanks to him, Ferdinand reached Frankfort in time, and history tells the rest. But even as an emperor his position, for a time, was sufficiently disheartening. Rebellion, triumphant in Böhemia, was far from being quelled elsewhere. The capital itself was not safe: a fiercer foe than Thurn—Bethlem Gabor and his wild borderers—was rapidly approaching. Ferdinand returned in haste to organize resistance; he recalled some troops from Bohemia, and gathered up new levies. But before he could do half that was requisite, the Transylvanian Waiwode was upon him on the one side, while Thurn, whom the large detachments made by Bouquoi had set free, came down on the other. But not to play the same insolent part as before. Men and soldiers, and confidence too, were now within the walls, and the assailants had to win every inch of ground in the face of stern resistance. Every day developed additional skill and daring on the part of the besieged, and always among the most distinguished was Wallenstein. At length, hopeless of success, discontented with one another, and, above all, apprehensive of the storm that was gathering, the besiegers withdrew. The leaguer began in October, and it was over by the opening of the new year. By that time, too, Ferdinand's affairs had greatly improved on all sides. At home judicious measures, combined with the imperial prestige, had won back many a malcontent, and not a few open rebels. And abroad diplomacy had been even more successful. France and England were neutralized; the Protestant League was dislocated, while that of the Catholics, drawn closer together, was even then mustering in arms under Maximilian of Bavaria. Spinola, too, was marching on the Palatinate; reinforcements were crossing the Alps from Italy; and Spanish gold was gathering reckless spirits everywhere for this fresh crusade.

Meanwhile the new Bohemian King was speeding fast to ruin: wasting his money, misspending his time, losing his friends, encouraging his enemies, and insulting his subjects by such tricks as the following:—
“*Fridericum Pragæ prope molendinum magnum, magna omnium indignatione, cum fæce populi lavantem visum fuisse.*” He had not even the atoning quality of personal courage, but was just as useless in the field as

he was in the council. By the time the campaign opened in 1620 the Bohemians were beyond comparison weaker than at the outbreak of the revolt. Then they were as one—then they overflowed with enthusiasm; but now they were disappointed and depressed, while every man distrusted his neighbour.

On the 10th of September, 1620, the invading army crossed the frontiers, and no more brilliant host ever marched to fight its first battle. The ranks included an unparalleled number of world-known celebrities. There, at the head, was that cuirassed Jesuit, the renowned old war-dog Tilly; there, with his iron horsemen, was the fiery rider Papenheim—he who, like the Napiers, was always sure to be hit; there—strange scene for such a man, then a volunteer of eighteen—was the philosopher Descartes; there, yet little more than a raw peasant, was the terrible partisan, John de Wart; there was the infamous Count Merode; there was he who became the first soldier of his day, when Turenne was in his prime, the gallant Merci; there was Cratz, Illo, Terski, Isoloni; and there, finally, was Wallenstein himself, in the capacity of quartermaster-general.

The battle of the White Mountain, like so many other decisive actions, was fought on a Sunday. Wallenstein was not present, having been detached the day before on a foraging expedition: so we shall pass over the details. That single fight ruined Frederick. Mansfeldt, indeed, maintained the struggle desperately for long years after; but he was a mere adventurer, who made the cause of the "Winter King" an excuse for continuing an exciting career. Pledging themselves to a general amnesty, the imperial leaders took quiet possession, except just of the districts occupied by Mansfeldt. And, for a time, there was no appearance of treachery. There was no harrying of districts with fire and sword; there were no proscriptions, no confiscations, no executions. Even religion was left untouched. One month passed, and another, and yet another without a change. It really appeared that this time at least a Habsburg would not play false. Hundreds who had been in hiding resumed their avocations. Confidence returned everywhere, and by the ensuing February the greater part of Bohemia presented no trace of the recent struggle. But Habsburg vengeance, whether in Spain, or in Holland, or in Bohemia, never disappointed itself by premature action, never drew the net until the meshes were full; and this was now the case. At midnight, February 28, 1621, forty-eight great Bohemian barons were surprised in their beds, and hurried in fetters to the Hradschin. But not for immediate punishment. Indeed, at first they were looked upon, and by themselves as well as others, in the light of hostages for the good behaviour of the nation, so long as Mansfeldt should make head. But in three months more that leader had been hurled into the Palatinate, and Bohemia secured. And then the work of death began. On the 21st of June the conquerors had a defenestration of their own. A scaffold was raised before the windows of the old Rathhaus,

opposite that Thien-Kirche, which still bore aloft the stirring emblems of Zisca : the chalice and the sword, the privilege and its guarantee. But the one was broken, and the other about to pass away for ever. On this scaffold was raised a lordly seat, and there, as the sun rose, the Imperial Commissioners arranged themselves, Prince Liechtenstein in the midst, with Slawata and Martinitz on his right hand and his left. The Grosser Ring was thronged with mail-clad men, and an army kept the neighbouring streets. Five o'clock struck ; and, at the stroke, a baron stepped through the window to the block. Another and another followed, until twenty-four heads fell. One by one they died, like valiant gentlemen. Some young and full of life, others old and hoary, tottering on the very brink of the grave ; the ages of ten among them amounting to full seven hundred years. But all died with the same unfaltering mien, the same touching courage. The very morning of that longest day seemed to weep, preserving a rainbow full in front until the last proud head had fallen. It was the Arad of the seventeenth century. *Alas for the line, whose annals are stained by two such bloody pages ! And during the whole of the terrible hours of butchery, the author was prostrate before the image of the *Black Virgin* at Marianzel, two hundred miles off in Styria, whither he had made a pilgrimage afoot, expressly to pray for the souls of his victims !

During the next few years, the Bohemians underwent a reign of terror. Confiscation, death, and exile went on by wholesale. Civil and religious liberty were stamped out together. The very literature of the country was proscribed and persecuted, and stamped out too ; for it also had been guilty of heresy and rebellion. And the Bohemians, from probably the brightest race in Europe, degenerated within a single generation into positively the most stolid.

Many of the estates were given away, and many more put up for sale by the Imperial Commissioners ; and this, in conjunction with the necessities created by fine and exile, threw so large a quantity of land into the market, that the price fell, in many cases, to less than a year's rent. Among those who profited most by this state of things was Wallenstein. Though holding by no means the foremost rank in the army, he had received by far the largest share of the plunder, and, possessing even then enormous funds, he made still larger purchases. But, not content with fair gains, if such gains may be called fair, he resorted to one of the tricks of the alchemists in order to swell them, and purchased several estates with coin so debased as to be not worth half its nominal value. There were complaints and loud ones ; but these were soon silenced by probably the most extraordinary edict ever issued by monarch, an edict which legalized this kind of swindling in Wallenstein's case only. But he did not purchase with a view to retain. The lands he had received by grant were sufficiently ample. The remainder he merely withdrew from the market until the prices ran up, and then he disposed of them at an enormous profit. This lucrative traffic he carried on until the last hour

of his life, investing his gains in the banking-houses of Italy, until, what with lands and funded wealth, by 1624 he was in the receipt of not less than 800,000*l.* a year; and with his fortune grew his favour at court. In 1621 he married the daughter and heiress of Count Harrach, the Great Chamberlain, became a member of the Aulic Council, and was created a Count; and in two years more he was still further elevated to the rank of Duke and Prince of the Empire. Thenceforth he was popularly known as the "Friedländer;" and nobly did he support his dignity. Now, at last, it began to be suspected that his money-grubbing had a deeper source than that of mere avarice, for his profusion was only less boundless than his wealth. His magnificence, indeed, had not yet attained the maturity it was destined to reach; but even then it was more than princely. Nothing like it had been seen in Europe since the days of Wolsey. But, in the midst of all this splendour, he was the same gaunt figure as ever—stern, silent, and unsympathetic, a world within himself; his vocabulary limited to words of command; dealing with men as with cattle, buying their brains and their arms as he wanted them, but never descending to familiarity, friendship, or confidence with any one; a man to be dreaded for his severity, distrusted for his selfishness, detested for his scornful insolence and unscrupulous rapacity, and blindly followed for his liberality and never-failing success; a man who, admitting no companionship in his rise, could expect no devotion in his fall. A man, in short, to be all-powerful in prosperity, and utter in his ruin.

On the Art of Dinner-Giving.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I AM going to give some advice upon a most important subject ; and I believe the advice will be very valuable. One must sometimes speak up for oneself, or, at any rate, for one's subject. This, however, is not a subject which should be rushed into, in a headlong manner. It needs and deserves some preface.

In the first place, my good amanuensis, to whom I am dictating this letter, is kind enough to remind me that I have treated this subject once before. I do not care about that: I have forgotten, and I dare say the world has forgotten, what I said before; and, if I repeat myself, it will only show that certain things have continued to make an impression on my mind, and that enlarged experience has not, in those matters, caused me to change that mind.

I am not daunted by what Mr. Bright has recently told us, namely, that he and his department, the Board of Trade, are in the habit of offering the best advice to the other departments, and finding that it is uniformly neglected.

My subject is different. My audience is different. I find that when I write a paper upon Differential Duties, or on the Incidence of Taxation, or on the comparative merits of Direct and Indirect Taxation, I sometimes have only one true, faithful reader, who reads without skipping, and who is myself. With regard to my present subject it is not only most interesting, but it is a perennial one. Long after the Irish Church question is settled, there will still be dull dinners given in London. And even when the soundest principles of economic reform have been introduced into all the departments of the State, there will still be an absence of gaiety in some of, what are called, the best dinner-parties.

Then look at the magnitude of the subject. It is not too much to say, that 2,500 dinner-parties will be given in London to-day. I think what it would be to add only a little animation, only a little more real pleasure, to each of these 2,500 dinner-parties! Such is my great aim. That deep thinker, Emerson, has said somewhere, that one of the main objects of all the different modes of civilization, is to bring a number of agreeable people together, to put their legs under the same mahogany or deal table at dinner.

My friends—but friends are so partial—are good enough to say that I am apt to treat of small matters which are unworthy—so they are pleased to remark—of the dignity of my pen. I am very much obliged to them for their anxiety to maintain this dignity. (By the way, do they all read

any part of my treatises upon the Incidence of Taxation?) But, at any rate, they will say that, upon the present occasion, I have taken up a subject fully worthy of that dignified pen.

Now, without further preamble, we will go heartily into this great subject. In the first place, it is desirable to have a good host and hostess. I particularly say hostess, because, as far as my experience goes, what are called men-parties are mostly a failure. Men are never so agreeable as when they are with women, or women as when they are with men; and I hold that thorough festivity without the glad presence of women is impossible.

Now, when I say a good host and hostess, I do not mean that they must be wonderfully clever or brilliant people; but that they must be genial, kind, and encouraging. They must give you the notion that they are thoroughly pleased to see you.

Now about the guests. There, again, the same quality, geniality, is the first thing to be looked for; also, a happy audacity. Cultivate the man who has the splendid courage to talk to some one across the table. He is a real treasure at a dinner-party. Of course the main object in inviting guests is to bring people together who will like one another. No minute rules can be given upon this part of the subject.

I venture to make only one or two suggestions on the foregoing head. Do not be too much afraid of asking people to meet at dinner, because you think they will not suit one another. I have no doubt the bold man who ventured to ask Dr. Johnson and Wilkes to the same dinner-party underwent some qualms of fear; but you see it answered thoroughly. The only people to be sedulously avoided are ill-natured and quarrelsome people. If the world would ask them to family dinners only, it might cure them of their ill-nature and quarrelsomeness. I shall never forget what a man of great humour (a publisher too)—alas! no more—told me that he underwent from the presence of one of these habitually quarrelsome fellows at one of his, the publisher's, parties. "Why, sir, he raised up such a feud amongst us, that I left the table, went into my bedroom overhead, undressed, got into a cold bath, and remained there until I heard the storm downstairs abate."

A remark, perhaps worth noting, has been made by dinner-givers, as to the proportion of numbers of men and women to be invited; and they say that it should be, as nearly as may be, seven men to five women. This results from the fact, that women, though often accused of being great talkers, are, in reality, small and timid talkers when compared to men. With regard to the total number of guests to be asked, that seems to many people a point of great importance; but is in reality of less importance than is supposed. Some persons imagine that if they ask eight people to dinner, all will go right; but that if they ask sixteen, all will go wrong. Whereas the sixteen will probably divide into two divisions of good talk, if the elements of force and vivacity in the party are not wholly confined to one part of the table.

I begin from the beginning; and, therefore, I begin with the question of invitations. These should not be issued long beforehand. When you receive an invitation to a dinner, which is to come off three weeks hence, you cannot help feeling that you do not know what will happen in the interval. You are almost afraid to accept, and you do, perhaps, at last accept with fear and trembling. I recall to my mind the practice of two distinguished Ministers of former days. It was "Consule Planco," *i.e.* when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister; for I am sorry to say that I can date my experience of dinners from so primeval a period. Well, one of these Ministers had a habit of bringing home with him to his family dinner four or five Members of Parliament, whom he had met with while attending the House on that day. The other Minister had a habit of inviting any eminent or agreeable people, who came to him in the course of the day. Sometimes, he would invite a whole deputation, if they were pleasant and rational, so that the matter in question might be discussed at dinner. The parties given by these Ministers were eminently agreeable; and, indeed, it may be laid down as a rule, that a party, which is got together in a hurry, is nearly sure to be agreeable.

There is a very difficult question connected with invitations to dinners. This is the question of punctuality. You receive an invitation for dinner, in which a certain hour is named. You really do not know whether you are to be punctual to that hour, or whether you are to come half-an-hour afterwards. I propose a great and distinct reform in this respect—namely, that the exact time should be stated at which the dinner should be on table, and that it should be permitted to the guests to arrive at any moment within half-an-hour of that fixed time, the host and hostess being prepared to receive the guests at any time within that half hour. If the dinner were made the starting-point of punctuality, all people would know where they were, and what they had to conform to. In a vast city, like London, there is no measuring, without great thought and without making large allowance for misadventures, what will be the requisite time for traversing any given distance. And we, the guests, should all feel comfortable, if we knew, for certain, that the dinner would not wait for us, but would go on with the imperturbability and irrevocability of fate. I have always admired the account of that dinner in one of Hook's most clever novels, in which a certain unfortunate baronet, Sir Harry Winscot, comes in very late at a Marquis's dinner; and the Marquis, ignoring the vulgar appetites of lower men, desires that ice and wafers should be handed to Sir Harry Winscot. I think that if we are late, we should, without complaint, partake the fate of poor Sir Harry. The dinner should be independent of everybody, and should pursue its regulated march of perfect punctuality, regardless of the errors or misfortunes of the guests. The guests, too, would be much happier, and would feel much more independent, if this system were rigidly observed.

Then, I maintain that the time of dinner should be early. The

Romans, who knew a thing or two, inclined to early dinners for great parties, and were wont

“partem solido demere de die.”

This was very wise ; for if you want to make a man cross at dinner, you have only to make the dinner-hour a little later than that which he is accustomed to ; whereas, he bears with wonderful fortitude his food being supplied to him at an earlier hour. The Zoological Gardens afford a good lesson upon this point.

Now I come to one of the most important points of the whole subject. I sum it up in few words. Avoid unnecessary apparatus. Too much apparatus is the death of all pleasantness in all society. Recollect what Horace, not a bad judge in these matters, says :—

“Persicos odi, puer, apparatus ;
 Displacent nexæ philyrâ coronæ
 Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
 Sera morctur.”

How I should venture, in a liberal manner, to construe the last two lines, is thus :—

“Do not seek for the early green pea, for the precocious strawberry, or for the pallid asparagus which has endured much unkindly forcing ; but keep to what is in season, and to what is brought by natural means to perfection.”

Then, I take another instance of unnecessary apparatus ; and that is having unnecessary ornaments for the table. I must tell an anecdote to illustrate this position of mine. One of the foremost political men of our time gave a great dinner-party. I was honoured by an invitation. I must say that the guests had been most skilfully chosen. There were not only great political personages, but people who were eminent in science, in literature, and in art. Nevertheless, the wheels of conversation drove heavily. The next day I met, in the street, one of the guests. I said to him, “It was not a lively dinner yesterday ; and, with such a host, and such guests, it ought to have been lively.” “No,” he replied, “it was not lively ; but do you know the reason why ? Our host is a man who has the keenest appreciation of works of art ; and did you not observe that the table was cumbered with these works of art, and that we could not see one another ? That explains everything.”

I think it did explain everything, and I went away feeling I had gained, what is called a “wrinkle,” in the art of dinner-giving. I am told that on the table of the greatest personage in the land there is a beautiful simplicity as regards all ornamentation, and that this is found to have a very good effect. I have, after profound reflection on this matter, come to the conclusion that a handsome tall ornament upon the table is equivalent to the presence of a disagreeable guest, and tends, about as much, to prevent good talk and geniality. If you must have much ornament, keep it low, so that it may not interrupt sight and sound.

I come now to another branch of the subject, which I believe is also of great importance. I would say, diminish waiters and waiting. And here I seem to hear a general shout of objection, especially from the ladies of any household; but I hold to my rule, notwithstanding. Multitudinous waiters only oppress shy people; and the very thing they do, is the very thing that ought not to be done. What is the object of bringing people together? It is to promote good talk and good nature. Now, talk must begin upon trivial subjects; and it is an immense advantage for shy persons (and we are all more or less shy) to have something to do,—to have some service to render to our neighbours. Admirable waiting prevents this.

As a crucial instance of what I mean, I would say that never has there been a greater blunder perpetrated in shy England, than in committing the care of the wine to the waiters. How we ever could have been so foolish as to have suffered the wine to be taken off the table, and to have given up the habit of drinking wine with people, is to me astounding. In former days what difficulties I have known to be overcome by the practice of asking people to drink wine with you at table. Two men have most unwillingly got into some feud with one another; perhaps it was two Cabinet Ministers—for though we outer people, we “externs,” have no knowledge of what goes on in Cabinets, we may yet conjecture that there is sometimes a little disagreement of opinion, perhaps even harshly expressed, in those lofty regions of the blessed. Lord A. asked Lord B. to take a glass of wine, and it was meant to be, and felt to be, an overture of good-fellowship and reconciliation. Or, take it lower down, Mr. A. met Mr. B., the reviewer of his work. Now Mr. B. had said some nasty things about Mr. A., also some things which were tolerably palatable. Mr. A., warmed by good cheer and good-fellowship, thought that he would forgive poor B., who, after all, was not so bad a fellow, and he asked him to take wine, and the literary feud was in a fair way of being made up. The man who should revive this custom of drinking wine together at dinner, will be a public benefactor. We will not set up a statue of him, for statues, especially in modern dress, are so often ludicrous; but we will write on his tomb (and that tomb ought to be in Westminster Abbey) that he was the man who revived the ancient and laudable practice of drinking wine together at dinner in England.

The two great causes of the failure of society to produce pleasure are fear and shyness. Care has, by Horace, been described as sitting behind a horseman, ride he never so swiftly.

“Post equitem sedet atra cura.”

And certainly fear (in the shape, perhaps, of a nicely-powdered footman) stands behind the chair of the guest at a great dinner-party. This poor guest fears that he shall not know what topic to begin upon with his next neighbour. He is too timid to adventure upon a discussion of a general subject with any opposite neighbour. He fears

to be trivial : he fears to be didactic. Now, here let me say a thing which is contrary to the opinion of many clever persons, but to which I hold strongly—it is that any discussion is good. People fancy that discussion must be pedantic—that it is likely to partake of the shop, and be shoppy ; but, after all, there is nothing that interests a company more, if they are worth interesting, than good discussion upon any topic, whatever may be the topic. The older men of this generation say that talk at dinner-tables is not so good as it used to be. If this be so, I think it has arisen from the fact that earnest discussion has been thought to be unpolite and ill-bred. “ Sir, we had good talk.” Thus said Dr. Johnson, and I believe that he meant to say, “ We had good talk upon one or two great subjects.” A butterfly mode of talk, flying from one flower to another, and sipping the sweets of this or that, in a rapid manner, is not really good talk. I do not believe that most men are averse from the talk of the shop. They delight to hear politicians talk politics : they delight to hear lawyers talk law : they even delight to hear physicians talk physic. Only let the talk be earnest talk, and all men rejoice in it. As this is a period in the world’s history, when all the greatest questions of the time are brought before us in the most succinct manner by the public press, there never can, on any given day, be wanting great subjects for discussion, and ample materials for discussing them. It is the business of the host, or of the “ Master of the Revels ”—and there is always such a man in any company—to determine what shall be the topics of conversation, and to keep the company to those topics. A skilful person will take care that there shall not be too much time and attention given to any one topic, and that it shall vary according as men or women are present.

Now, as to shyness, as I have said before, we are all shy, some in a greater, some in a lesser degree. The rules which I have advocated have all been laid down with a view to diminish shyness. The less of pomp and circumstance you have, the less you will have of shyness ; the less formality, the less shyness. And here I may remark, that the custom I have proposed to revert to, of drinking wine together, would be very valuable. The master of the house has thus an opportunity of bringing into notice any guest, and he has also the opportunity of making known the name of that guest, which, in these days when formal introductions are omitted, is very valuable in every society. But to revert to shyness. It cannot be doubted that most of the reforms I have advocated would tend to limit the operation of this noxious quality, which prevents so many able men and clever women from doing themselves justice in society. The simpler the banquet, the fewer the servants, the narrower the table, and the more that the more audacious amongst the company are able to manifest their audacity, the more comfort there is for the shy man or woman, youth or girl. And when you consider that shyness and sensitiveness are closely allied to deep feeling and even to genius, the more requisite it is to do everything which should encourage shy people to come out of their shell of shyness, and to discourage everything which should

make them withdraw all their feelers and shut up, like the delicate sea-anemone, when touched by the rude hand of man or boy.

Now, about the viands for dinner. I think it must be admitted by everybody that the most agreeable people in society have passed the age of forty. At that age we are told that a man is either a fool or a physician—or, as a cynical friend of mine observes—probably both. By that time he has discovered that one or two plain dishes suit him best; and that he had better keep to one sort of wine. Of these plain dishes he can seldom get enough; while with kickshaws he is much tormented and tempted at great dinners. This all makes for simplicity of food. Not that I would cruelly discourage all great culinary attempts. Let those be for the people who like them, and who do not suffer from them; but I would greatly discourage their number.

I am now going to utter what will perhaps be called a great heresy. I believe that people would like to see the substance of their dinners upon the table. Some of my readers may say that a *menu* gives sufficient information. I doubt that. Between the *menu* and the presence on the table of the things enumerated, there is all the difference that there is in reading what is written about a thing, and in seeing the thing itself. Besides, the presence on the table of the dishes to be offered to the guests is a move towards simplicity of living, and I think also towards good taste. Fruits and flowers, and ornaments of all kinds, are very well in their way; but, if needful, they may be partially dispensed with, or their presence may be postponed, while we are engaged in the solid business of eating.

Now, the other day, apropos of food, I dined with that most pleasant host, Mr. G., and his still more pleasant wife, Mrs. G. But it was a sad day for me. G. is a man who has been blessed, or the other thing, by great riches; and he has a French cook. Some of this great artist's inventions made me very ill. Now I would apostrophize my friend G. in this way: "Do not think, when I refuse your invitations to dinner, that it is from any distaste for your society and that of Mrs. G., but I dread your French cook. That pleasant, rotund, and accomplished foreigner—comely, too, with his white vestments and his white cap—presents to me the awful idea of Black Death. When that distinguished foreigner goes to revisit his dear Paris for three weeks (surely you, who are a kind-hearted man, allow him that holiday), I shall be delighted to dine with you and Mrs. G., and to banquet upon the inferior productions of some Betsy or Molly, who holds the undistinguished post of kitchen-maid in your superb kitchen."

Now, though I am somewhat puritanical about dinners, I am by no means puritanical about dress. It is all stuff and nonsense to talk about

"Beauty unadorned, adorned the most;"

and I say, that I have never known a beautiful woman who cannot be improved by beauty in dress, provided it be the dress that suits her

beauty. The same with men. I have ever observed that when men come to a party well-dressed, wearing perhaps their orders, or their official uniforms, they feel that there is to be an increase of festivity and are more polite and agreeable.

Even "—— the polite" is still more courteous, and, if possible, a still more agreeable guest, when he indulges us with the Order of the Garter.

One great point in dinner-giving is, that the hostess should know when to move after dinner. Most clever women stay too long. They delight in good talk, and in the good talk of clever men; but they forget that festivity, to be successful, should be rapid. Everything in this life is too long; and dinners, as well as church services, require to be greatly abridged. A great wit, of a former generation, once said to me, after we had been detained an unconscionable time by a very brilliant hostess not being willing to leave the dinner-table, "There is no material difference, sir, amongst women, but this—that one woman has the sense to leave the dinner-table sooner than another. I trust, young man, that you will recollect this when you have to make the choice of a wife."

I have, hitherto, not spoken of those dinners of dinners, called public dinners. Indeed, they are painful subjects to speak about, or think upon, for those whose fate it has been to go through many of them. One would rather say with Dante—*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*. But this would be cowardly, and though not anxious to recall past sufferings, one should not fear to look back upon them.

Has there ever been anything devised, in the way of social intercourse, resembling a British public dinner? And is there any people in the world, but the conservative British people, who would continue to endure such dinners? Not that they might not be made pleasant things enough; for the Englishman likes dining, and is never more genial than when he has dined.

But, a public dinner!—the length of it; the tediousness of it; the toasts; the speeches; the elaborate talk about nothing;—what social suffering can be compared with it?

To blame, without proposing a remedy, is a shallow mode of proceeding. I therefore venture to propose some remedies for the tediousness of public dinners. And, first, I boldly propose that the toasts should be limited to four or five; that there should be no music except at dinner-time; and that, in public dinners, far more even than in private dinners, there should not be a great variety of dishes, causing much waiting, in every sense of the word. If the four or five hours devoted to public dinners could be diminished by half, great would be the delight of the diners, and charities would be proportionately enriched. The moment that fatigue and weariness enter into any so-called pleasure, at that moment failure begins.

Now, about the cutting down of the toasts. Why should all public dinners be regulated on the same basis of speechification? In some of

these dinners it would surely be sufficient to have for toasts, a loyal one, "The Queen and the Rest of the Royal Family;" then "the toast of the evening," a business toast; then, some other toast which is appropriate to the occasion; and, finally, thanks to the Chairman. I am even ungallant enough to wish sometimes that the toast of "The Ladies" should be omitted; but I am not rigid upon that or any other point. If there is an eminent person present, and His Eminence is gifted with the gift of after-dinner speaking, by all means let his health be proposed; for a good speech is a great delight, even after dinner.

There are occasions when it is desirable to allude to the Legislature; but, even then, why demand speeches from persons representing both branches of the Legislature? Again, when it is desirable to propose the health of our brave defenders, why divide those defenders into different classes, and so inflict upon ourselves and our victims separate speeches from representatives of Naval officers, Marine officers, Coast-guard officers, officers of the Line, Militia officers, Volunteer officers? I am sure no man admires the Volunteers more than I do, and more heartily wishes them thorough success and increasing reputation. They have immensely added to our weight in European politics. But sometimes, at a public dinner, a wicked thought has crossed my mind, whether we do not pay too dearly for these signal advantages, in having had another toast—"The Volunteers"—added to our list of toasts at public dinners. In few words, consolidation is never more wanted in Acts of Parliament than it is in after-dinner speeches. Consolidate, consolidate, consolidate. I say this, imitating the late Sir Robert Peel in his "Register, register, register!" and I am sure, if that good man were now alive, that there is no one who would more heartily agree with what I have just said than he would, for such things as public dinners were a great suffering to him.

Then, as regards music. No man delights in music more than I do; indeed, the only time that it is ever unwelcome to me is, when it causes a public dinner to drag on wearily.

In these days of railways, when trains will wait for no man, as the evening goes on, there is a gradual dropping-off of guests; and so a public dinner generally ends with an anti-climax of sparse attendance and feeble cheering. I throw in, as a final remark, the remark that the men whom you want to shine as guests at public dinners, are generally very busy persons, who come there somewhat reluctantly, and much wearied with the business of the day. They will be sure to shine more brightly the less you tax their powers of endurance. And remember, too, that at public dinners, there are no ladies present, at least, at the table, which is a great drawback to festivity, and causes it to be the more needful to ensure the festiveness of the festivity by endowing it with the joy that always attends brevity.

Let it not be thought that in the endeavour to make the party-giving of mankind more simple, less formal, less expensive, and more pleasurable,

we are aiming at a small matter. The greatest men—amongst them, Goethe and Sydney Smith (two people not much alike in other respects)—have laid down this grand maxim (I have not the words before me, but I remember the substance of the passages): that pleasure is an abiding thing—that a man is permanently the better and happier for having, if only once in his life, enjoyed some innocent pleasure heartily.

These two remarkable men coincided in another view they took of human society. They had both seen and lived with the most intelligent people in their respective countries. They had lived with wits, and scholars, and men of science, and great people. And they both said that the happiness of society consisted in bringing people together who had a mutual respect for one another, and who would be inclined to love one another. Now let dinner-givers think of this great maxim, though it may appear to be a commonplace one. Your object should be—for fortune has blessed you with the means of doing it—to promote harmony and good-fellowship in the world,—to make men of different classes understand one another,—and, in short, to blend society together in bonds of affection and respect.

I have hitherto spoken of this matter of entertainment, if not humorously, at any rate without great seriousness. But there is a serious side to the matter. “Plain living and high thinking” should be the main object to be aimed at; and you, who are rich and powerful, could do much to promote this. Remember that if there is any truth impressed upon us by the records of history, it is this: that great luxury generally precedes remarkable decadence in every nation—that is, in every nation that we know much about—the annals of which have been accurately recorded. It is for you to encourage simplicity in living; and you may be sure that this simplicity will coincide with that, which must be your great object, namely, to give the greatest pleasure by your entertainments.

Having said so much about dinner-parties, I am tempted to say a few words upon a kindred subject; namely, evening-parties. These are at present carried on in London with great barbarity. Nothing in social life, calling itself pleasure, has been made so tiresome, painful, and dispiriting. The hours are very late. Ingress, movement about the rooms, and egress, are, in general, equally difficult. There is no pretence, even, of amusement; conversation, in such a crowd, must be of the most vapid kind; and, altogether, these evening-parties afford a notable instance of what people can be made to do and to suffer, if fashion bids them so to do and to suffer.

It may be admitted that there is some slight use in these evening-parties where they are great political réunions, enabling members of the same party in the State to become acquainted with one another. Such evening-parties may fairly be considered business; but that they should be imitated by party-givers who have none of this business to transact, is a singular instance of the imitative and monkey nature of man as regards his amusements. Why the rest of us should imitate these great political people I cannot imagine.

But, if we must be imitative, and cannot strike out anything original in this matter, we might surely imitate what has been found to be successful in other times, and in other countries. I allude, especially, to the French salons. They were very successful, and there has been something like them, in former days, even in this country.

One of the essential elements of pleasure is ease; and nothing was more easy, both to the hosts and to the guests, than réunions of the kind I mean. That the members of a family should be sitting comfortably at home, pursuing, to a great extent, their usual avocations, and yet ready to receive, on stated occasions, any of their friends who might like to come to them, and who might have received invitations to do so, seems to be a most natural and easy method of showing hospitality. Hardly anybody in London knows anybody well enough to drop in at the second anybody's house in an unceremonious fashion; but some approach to this easiness of access might be made with great benefit to society.

This mode of enlarging the family circle would be of peculiar advantage in the middle classes. There has been much talk lately about "the young man of the period." Much has been said for him, and much against him. I think he is greatly to be pitied. You can hardly imagine a more desolate position than that of the young man from the country, who comes up to enter into some public office, or some merchant's house of business, or to study as a lawyer or a doctor. The head of a household can hardly ever do a kinder thing than to admit into his family circle any young men in such a position, with whom he may have any acquaintance. This may be done with very little expense or trouble if it be done in the way I have indicated. This may seem a small thing, but has in it the seeds of a great reform.

Everybody likes to have admittance to something which resembles a home. It is a fond delusion, prevailing chiefly amongst women, that clubs are very delightful things, whereas they are, for the most part, merely gorgeous temples of dulness. No young man really likes them much; but what is he to do when no homes are open to him? You may be sure that an immense amount of vice, folly, and extravagance would be prevented if the home-circles in London were enlarged in the way that I have suggested.

Very beneficial, too, would it be for the families themselves, where often, as I suspect, dulness reigns supreme. Moreover, marriages would thus be made more judiciously; for the more opportunities young men and young women have of seeing one another in something closely resembling domestic life, the more judicious will be the marriages amongst them.

Again, one of the most undoubted facts in modern life, is, that there is great fatigue attending all public amusements, which makes the busy and the feeble, and the old, fly from them; and which consequently circumscribes the young in their amusements. A man, wearied out with the business of the day, cannot undertake the fatigue of going to plays and

concerts ; but the same man—probably a hospitable, genial fellow—would be delighted to receive young people at his own home, if it were not upset by it, and if perhaps he had a chance of his game of whist.

All these suggestions may seem very small ; but it is very small things which greatly affect social intercourse, and which make it either a torment or a joy. Anything is to be welcomed which would bring us back to more simplicity of life and to less lavishness of expenditure. Display, pomp, pretentiousness are the destruction of pleasure, and are a sort of death instead of recreation.

Finally, it is to be noted that those men and women who would be the greatest ornaments of society, and afford it the most delight, are the very persons who are compelled to abjure society, on account of the hindrance that it is to good work, and of the fatigue, expense, and weariness which it occasions.

Recent satirists have blamed ostentation, and have been very hard upon scheming fathers and mothers of families. The satirists were not altogether wrong ; but those they ridiculed were perhaps more to be pitied than to be ridiculed. Many a chaperone is performing, at great sacrifice of health and comfort, what seems to her, and is to her, a kind of solemn duty, which duty, however, might be got through much more easily if society were placed upon an easier and more pleasant basis.

I learnt a lesson of toleration once from listening to a great speech of Lord Grey's, in the House of Commons, when he was Lord Howick. He said this, or something to this effect:—"Whenever you find a class of persons going wrong, and subjecting themselves to much blame, you may depend upon it that there is something which compels them to commit the error in question. No class is bad. There is something which causes the evil you perceive ; and that something is not inherent in the class. It is something, too, which may be remedied."

My readers will readily see how the above words apply to the present subject. When we blame the young men of the period, or the young women of the period, or chaperones and scheming mothers, or the middle classes for being needlessly ostentatious, or the great people for making so little of their great means of hospitality, and their social advantages, depend upon it there is something which requires to be blamed and to be amended, rather than the class of persons who are blamed—something, perhaps, which they do not see, and so far they are to blame ; but something which is quite independent of their merits or demerits as a class.

Now, I am going to answer an objection which is sure to be taken against all that I have said. Indeed, I doubt not that it has already been taken. Surely some audacious individual has before now ventured, though "with bated breath, and whispering humbleness," to suggest to the great ladies who give the principal political parties on each side, that their parties are just a trifle dull, and that these parties are made unnecessarily severe and painful by overcrowding. They have, doubtless, not failed to reply

that it cannot be otherwise, for they have such a number of people to ask. The only answer to this formidable objection would be, Then you should have more parties. The excuse urged by these great ladies for this overcrowding is exactly the same as would be urged right down, throughout the social scale. Mrs. Brown uses the same formula of excuse in this matter as the Duchess or the Countess. It is certainly a great misfortune for society, that London is so vast and populous as it is. The pleasantest society is in much smaller cities, such as Dublin, for instance. But, as we live in this great town, we must make the best of it. I do not believe that the giving a few more parties, with a lesser number of guests at each party than there is at present, would be an increase of trouble, expense, and fatigue at all proportionate to the increase of comfort and satisfaction which would result from this proposed change. And it is better to have five successes in party-giving than three huge failures, even if the trouble, expense, and fatigue should be a little increased.

I do not pretend that I see the exact remedy for the evils I have alluded to ; but I have proposed certain remedies ; and, all I can say is, try them. Try what would be the result, if you were to make the pleasures of society more rational as regards times and seasons, less expensive, more home-like, more friendly, having more consideration for the nature both of old and young. And do not let the oft-quoted saying of that wise man, Sir George Lewis, whose loss we all deplore so much who knew him—a saying so often quoted because it is so horribly true—“Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures,” continue to be a reproach to this generation—a generation so rich in art, and science, and in literature, and which possesses, in large measure, if they could be properly evoked, all the elements of thoroughly good fellowship.

I am, my dear Mr. Editor,

Your very faithful friend,

A MOST RELUCTANT DINER-OUT.

The Jacobite Ladies of Murrayshall.



SOME years since there lived, in an old Scottish farmhouse, three maiden ladies—Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily W——. Their father, a staunch Jacobite, had been a lawyer in Edinburgh. Upon his death they had found a home in the house of their brother, whose political opinions also favoured the Stuart cause. In their brighter days the family possessed a comfortable little estate—the Sands—on the banks of the Forth; but, after the troubles of “the ’45,” Mr. W—— the younger had been obliged to retire with his excellent wife and large family of sons and daughters to Murrayshall farm, and had accepted the post of *factor* or land-steward to his relation, the Laird of P——, from whom he rented the farm on a long lease. In time, certain of his daughters married, while his sons pushed their fortunes in different ways—in trade, in medicine, and in other honourable callings; the church, the army, the navy, the law, being closed professions to them, since they could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover.

Mr. W——’s income was very small when he settled at Murrayshall—so small that people in our luxurious days would regard his condition as one of real poverty. But although there was much self-denial, there was certainly no want in that picturesque farmhouse. Mr. W—— reared his family creditably, gave a home to his maiden sisters, and supplied shelter and hospitality to many another friend and relative.

Years went past. Miss Marion and her two sisters were at length left alone at Murrayshall with their old aunt Katharine, who was bedridden. The three sisters alternately sat up with the invalid each night, and amused their hours of watching by writing novels: productions which have remained unpublished, however. Miss Jenny’s novel—*The Earl of Tankerville*—a sentimental romance of the old school, was generally regarded as the best of the sisters’ stories. Every night poor Mrs. Katharine enjoyed her glass of whisky toddy—there was no sherry or port-wine negus for invalids of limited means in those days—and then the youthful nephews and nieces, some of whom were generally staying at Murrayshall, were admitted to her chamber to say good-night and to receive their grand-aunt’s blessing. Much some of them wondered when she rehearsed her nightly list of toasts—the healths respectively of all at home, of such members of the family as were in foreign parts, and, last, not least, of *him*—“Over the water.” Aunt Katharine died—the children grew up, married, and settled—their children again gathered round the home-hearth of Murrayshall, and listened with eager faces and loving hearts to the old-world stories of their good grand-aunts, Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily.

It was a home to love and remember, with its quaint nooks and corners, where, among other strange relics of a bygone age, childish eyes looked with wonder on hoops and high-heeled shoes ; with its easter and wester garrets and wide ghost-like attic lobby, where dark mahogany double chests of drawers with elaborate brass handles found ample space ; its sitting-room, so thoroughly comfortable, yet so simple, with treasures of rare books and old pictures ; its best bedroom, whose chief ornament was the back of an old chair hung against the wall—a sacred chair, for had not Prince Charles Edward sat in it ?—its stone-floored *laigh* (low) room—once the lady's chamber, where more than one Laird of P—— first saw the light,—it was the only gloomy room in the house, and was afterwards abandoned to the servants,—and its garden, with broad grassy walks, gnarled apple and pear trees, fragrant damask and York and Lancaster roses, beds of homely vegetables bordered by bright old-fashioned flowers, and walls clustered over with the white Prince Charlie rose, honeysuckle, and spreading currant-bushes.

In the morning, it was pleasant to hear the clamour of the jackdaws which built among the ivy-covered crags close by ; while house and sheep dogs barked in chorus, and the geese, as they ran with expanded wings from the farmyard down to the willow-bordered pond under the shadow of the rock, sent forth their wild jubilant cries, all multiplied and echoed back in a strange ringing clang.

Pleasant was it, too, in the evening when the daws, with their resounding though monotonous “caw-caw,” came home to their sheltered nests ; the sleek kine from the clover pastures, and the patient plough-horses from their toil in the furrowed fields. Then, as darkness came on, how brightly shone out the stars watched for as familiar friends by many an inmate of that lonely house, who could point out Arcturus and his sons to wondering little ones, or teach them where to look for the sword and belt of great Orion.

There was always “rough plenty,” with a hearty welcome, at Murrays-hall. No fancy dairy, but a plain *milk-house*, where large *bowens* (round flat iron-hooped wooden basins) threw up the richest cream, and stores of cheeses lined the shelves. The butter was the yellowest, the eggs the largest in the country-side ; both fetched good prices at the market-town of Stirling.

Orphan and invalid youthful relatives alike found a home and tender care at Murrayshall. The sad-hearted became cheery, the sickly became strong. Old friends—maiden ladies and widows, with or without a pittance,—were honoured guests at the primitive farmhouse. The Episcopalian clergy and their families were very welcome there ; and welcome too were those of other denominations. The poor were cared for, no matter what their creed ; the sick were nursed ; the troubled in heart or spirit were helped and comforted. The most stiff-necked Cameronian could hardly look grim, though the Murrayshall ladies, in antique silk-gowns, short ruffled sleeves and long black mittens, drove past him on Palm Sunday, on their

way to "the Chapel," with a bit of palm-willow in their hands. Had not Miss Jenny taken calf's-foot jelly and mutton-broth to his sick child only a few weeks before? And had not Miss Marion knitted a warm woollen cravat for the invalid boy with her own hands?

There were great gatherings in that old house at Christmas time: friends and relatives, long parted, met again at board and hearth. There was also a feast in the kitchen, not only for the servants of the house, but for the cottagers and humble neighbours of the district. There was no stint of roast-meat, shortbread, and Scotch bun, and the lowlier guests were not permitted to return to their homes empty-handed. Certain of the more privileged housewives were taken upstairs to see "the ladies," who thoroughly interested themselves in promoting the happiness of all. Above-stairs there were games, music, and cheery talk among the young folks, while the old people enjoyed many rubbers of whist.

Miss Marion, with her shrewd common sense and kindly disposition, was the mainstay of the house. She was lame, unfortunately, and so remained much at home, spinning, plying her needle, and writing letters. Miss Jenny had been, it was said, a great beauty in her youth, and, indeed, was beautiful in old age. She possessed literary tastes, and superintended the education of the many young people who were frequently gathered under the roof-tree of Murrayshall. Miss Lily was the housekeeper of the establishment, and famous for her preserves and currant-wine. The servants were quite fixtures; they were regarded as a part of the family, and shared ever both its joys and sorrows.

Miss Marion died at a great age in 1821.

Miss Jenny, though much her junior, followed her sister to the grave, in the great snow-storm of February, 1823.

Miss Lily was then left alone with two elderly nieces, Miss Phemie and Miss Mary, who took charge of the household when their aunt became incapacitated by age and infirmity. But she was only old in years, not in heart. Those who frequented Murrayshall cannot readily forget the good old lady in her simple cap, her homely gown crossed in front over the clear white muslin kerchief, and a small Indian shawl thrown over her shoulders. In winter her chair was drawn close to the fire; in summer her place was at a sunny window where the bees hummed among the honeysuckle and the birds cheered her with their song. Her knitting-basket and snuff-box lay beside her Bible on the broad window-ledge. She worked wonderfully for so old a woman. In her youth she had elaborately embroidered more than one gown, by always taking advantage of the odd ten minutes which so many of us let slip past, because they are only ten minutes.

Kind, simple, and charitable as were the ladies of Murrayshall, party spirit, though not affecting their intercourse with their poorer neighbours, most certainly influenced their relations with the magnates of the county. Far closer was the intimacy kept up with Episcopalian and Jacobite families than with those who, besides being Presbyterians, had been staunch

in their adherence to the Hanoverian Succession. When visited by any of the latter class, more state and ceremony were observable in the bearing of the good ladies. The conversation was more guarded on both sides, in the courteous anxiety of each party not to offend the other's prejudices.

Many a well-appointed equipage slowly ascended the steep richly wooded byroad dignified by the name of avenue, and drew up in the yard or court at the low massive door, the chief entrance to the house.

The Laird of C——, who had fought when a boy at Minden, returned to Scotland in 1827, a grand-looking old man of eighty, after a strange chequered life spent more on the Continent than in his native country. He deemed it right to call and pay his respects at Murrayshall, and was duly ushered into the quaint parlour, delicately scented with roses, which in summer filled every flower-vase in the room, while through the open easement came the odour of mignonette from the boxes on the window-sills. As Miss Lily, then over ninety but in the full possession of her faculties, rose to meet him, he stepped forward with the alacrity of eighteen and all the grace of *la vieille cour*, and astounded the sedate old dame by saluting her in the French fashion with a gentle kiss on each cheek. She bore the greeting, however, with more apparent equanimity than did her niece, Miss Phemie, who was scandalized and indignant that the head of a strict Presbyterian family, faithful to the reigning dynasty, and himself, it might be, a disciple of Voltaire, should have presumed to take so great a liberty. She could scarcely conceal her displeasure till the fascinating manner and conversation of the stately old laird riveted all her attention, and even called forth her reluctant admiration. An excellent woman in many ways, Miss Phemie was, perhaps, somewhat wanting in suavity, and apt to be a little bitter at times.

In a lonely spot not far from Murrayshall, and on the same estate, there had once stood a very small old Episcopalian chapel; but when half in ruins, it had been pulled down by the Laird of P——. Some of the stones were even taken to build a wall or cottage. To this, in Miss Phemie's eyes, most sacrilegious act, was it owing, as a judgment from Heaven, that the eldest son of the man by whose orders the consecrated building had been removed, was left childless, and the broad lands of P—— were destined to pass to the younger branch of the family; while the humbler folks who had made use of the sacred stones never, according to Miss Phemie, thrived afterwards. Assuredly, were she now living, the impetuous lady would regard the recent humiliation of the Kingdom of Hanover as a striking judgment on its royal race for the Elector's old usurpation of the Stuart throne.

Near where the old chapel had stood was a humble farmhouse, the tenant of which once invited the ladies of Murrayshall, and the young people residing with them, to drink tea. Among the young people were some English nieces, who, under the protection of their mother, a clever, strict, and somewhat formal matron, accompanied their Scotch cousins to the rural merry-making. After a ceremonious meal, at which

ample justice was done to the fresh-baked *cookies* and well-buttered flour scones which graced the board, a certain stiffness which had hitherto prevailed, wore off—the sound of a violin was heard, and the young folks were invited to dance. As they flew with spirit through the intricate Scotch reel, the host, seeing the Southern lady sitting alone, looking less severe and unbending as she watched the pleased faces around her, suddenly walked up to her and offered himself as a partner for the next dance. On her civil but very decided refusal, he said, solemnly, “I beg your pardon, mem, for maybe ye dinna approve o’ promiscuous dancing among the sexes.”

Of a winter’s evening, when the family were gathered round the fire, whose cheery crackle, with the ticking of the clock and *soughing* of the wind, were the only sounds heard, one of the Murrayshall ladies in a low clear voice would relate to a youthful audience some of her Jacobite reminiscences. The mother of the sisters was a Haldane—a scion of the Lanrick family, so long devoted to the House of Stuart. After the ’45, when the Duke of Cumberland quartered a body of his soldiers at Lanrick, the ladies of the family were restricted to certain rooms, while in the corridor without a sentinel kept guard. It was a period of grave danger and trouble—the fugitive Lanrick gentlemen were in hiding in the neighbourhood. One day Miss Janet Haldane, the laird’s sister, went to walk in the grounds with some of her young people, leaving her little niece Cissy in the house. As Miss Janet on her return passed the soldier in the corridor, he said to her in a low voice, without changing a muscle of his countenance or seeming to address her, “Do not let that child be left alone again. Had she shown another what she has shown to me, it would have brought you into trouble.”

On questioning the little child, she told her aunt with great glee how she had asked the soldier to go into their bedroom that she might show him their funny store-cupboard. Then, lifting up the valance of the oaken bedstead, she called his attention to a number of cheeses which were stowed there—provender that was to be conveyed gradually at night by trusty hands to the men of the family in their place of concealment.

A brother of the three sisters, at that time a little boy, made friends with the Duke’s officer who was in charge of Lanrick. William W—— had a handsome silver fork and spoon which had been given him by his godfather. He showed it with childish pride to Captain ——, who admired it so much that, spite of the boy’s indignant grief, he appropriated it, thinking himself, no doubt, quite entitled to Jacobite spoils. Years after, when William W—— was a merchant in London, he overheard an old red-faced military man talking pompously, at a large dinner-party, of the Scotch campaign, and mentioning the fork and spoon episode as having heard it from another person, who evidently considered the whole affair a good joke. William W—— got up, crossed over to the officer, and presenting his card, said quietly—“You are the man, sir, and I am the boy.”

It was dark and late one night when the Lanrick and Annet men met in conclave at the neighbouring manor-house of Annet. Suddenly they

were disturbed. There was loud knocking at the door. A troop of soldiers occupied the court-yard, and an English officer demanded entrance in King George's name.

The Jacobites had little time for thought. Escape at the moment seemed impossible. The lights were extinguished, however, and the conspirators quietly ensconced themselves behind a row of long greatcoats and cloaks hanging from pegs in a deep recess caused by the turn of the staircase. Miss Peggy Stuart, the elder daughter of the house, told her sister Annie to keep quiet in the parlour upstairs and not to stir on any account, whatever happened. Peggy, waving back the servants, then opened the door herself, and informing the officer there were only "lone women" at home, begged he would leave his men outside and come and search the house himself. Major —— courteously granted her request, apologizing for intruding at such an untimely hour. Peggy led him upstairs, telling him the steps were worn and bad, and begging him to be careful how he advanced. At the turn of the staircase she redoubled her attention, holding the candle very low, so that the steps might be more distinctly seen. The cloaks, the greatcoats, and the hidden men were left behind, the officer again apologizing for the trouble he gave. After ascending a few more steps, Peggy stumbled, gave a loud shriek, the candlestick fell from her hand, and they were left in utter darkness. "Bring a light, Annie—for heaven's sake bring a light!" And Peggy groaned as if in agony. "Why don't you bring a light, Annie?" she exclaimed again. And then explaining to Major —— that her sister was very deaf, she directed him to the parlour on the upper landing, whence he soon emerged followed by Annie with a lamp in her hand. The officer and Annie assisted Peggy to the parlour sofa, where she bitterly bemoaned her sprained ankle, and acted an effective little fainting scene. After due attention and condolence, the Major, conducted by Annie, made diligent but fruitless search all over the house. By this time, indeed, the Jacobite gentlemen had fully availed themselves of Miss Peggy's diversion in their favour, and had escaped by a back window. Quickly they put the wild muir and the Tod's glen between them and the house of Annet.

Miss Lily was in her ninety-third year when she was taken away in March, 1829. After her death there was a great sale of the antique furniture and household treasures of Murrayshall.

The cattle and poultry went to other owners. The farm was re-let—strange footsteps passed up and down the old staircase, strange voices echoed through the rooms. Poor people and little children looked wistfully up at the small-paned windows. Old friends turned away sorrowfully from the deserted house. The craggy furze-clad rock and the Scotch fir-trees seem to cast a deeper shadow on the old house since that dreary morning, long years ago, when the last of the Jacobite ladies was carried forth to her resting-place in the churchyard of St. Ninian.

A Cynic's Apology.

THERE are certain outcasts of humanity—pariahs to whom the most benevolent of mankind refuse to extend a helping hand—misshapen cripples in soul, who are displayed by some cruel demonstrator, like specimens in bottles at a medical museum, to illustrate the disastrous consequences of grievous moral disease;—and of these unfortunates I confess myself to be one. I seldom enter a church, or attend a public meeting, without hearing myself held up to execration—not by name, but by reputation—as the heartless cynic, the man who sits in the seat of the scorner, or the rightful owner of some other opprobrious title drawn from profane or sacred sources. In short, I am a person given to rather dyspeptic views of things, inclined to look at the seamy side of the world, and much more ready to laugh at a new actor than to go wild with enthusiasm over his performance. Now I freely admit that for the most part the preachers are perfectly right. Undoubtedly enthusiasm is the most essential of all qualities, if not the one thing needful. It prevents the world from sinking into a stagnant and putrefying pool. We could not improve, nor even remain in a stationary position without it. And, what is more, the preachers are justified in giving a rather exaggerated prominence to the enthusiastic view of life; for mankind is much more in want of the spur than of the curb. Let them encourage any number of young St. Georges to mount and ride forth in search of a dragon; for though in real life the dragon breed is probably extinct since the days of the pterodactyle, it will be some time before we shall want game-laws to protect dragons of the metaphorical kind, or be able to dispense with the services of any St. George that may enlist. Yet, after all, there is another side of things which we may sometimes remember when we are beyond the charmed circle of pulpit eloquence. A clergyman does well to insist chiefly upon the necessity of self-denial; but it does not follow that we should never have a taste of cakes and ale. As, indeed, we are ready enough for the most part to take our meals regularly without special encouragement, our teachers do not insist upon the necessity of our eating and drinking and indulging in an occasional festivity. They trust to the unaided propensities of our nature to secure the proper discharge of those functions, and are content to throw their whole weight upon the side of restraining our excesses. For a similar reason, I presume, we are never told that we ought sometimes to laugh at our neighbours, to throw cold water upon their zeal, and to pick holes in their favourite little projects for the reform of humanity. It is imagined that that duty may be safely left to the unprompted malevolence of our nature, of which it is presumed

that there will be a sufficient crop after every diligence has been used in pruning it down. Now here, I venture to suggest, there is an omission in the common run of exhortation. There is, as I shall try to prove, a certain useful piece of work to be done, and if we are content simply to denounce those who do it, it will, of course, be done in a bad spirit and from malevolent motives. I claim no lofty mission for the cynic; and I merely suggest that, like mosquitoes, they are part of the economy of nature. One of Lincoln's apologues—of which the original application matters little—told how he and his brother were once ploughing on a Kentucky farm: the horse was going at an unusually good pace, when Lincoln knocked off a huge "chin-fly" that was fastened to his hide. "What did you do that for?" exclaimed his brother. "That's all that made him go." The whole of my claim for cynics is that they act at times the part of "chin-fly," on the pachydermatous population of the world. If we rashly attempt to crush them out of existence, we only make them more spiteful than before, and may not improbably discover that, like other vermin, they do some dirty work, which is not the less essential to our comfort. The most ingenious of the socialist theorizers maintained that men who did particularly unpleasant services to mankind, should be rewarded by being held in special honour, instead of being shunned as is usual in our imperfect society. Scavengers and chimneysweeps, for example, would have some compensation for groping in filth by occupying at other times the best seats in public places. I do not go so far as this. I am content to be trodden under foot (in spirit only) by innumerable preachers—and perhaps it does not want much courage to bear the satire of ordinary sermons; they may spit upon my gaberdine, and call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, as much as they like. I shall never desire to cut off a pound of their flesh; I would, at most, retaliate, like poor old Shylock, by some harmless abuse, and invite them, not (as I might) to be grateful, but to remember that I too, like venomous reptiles, have a certain place in the world. To explain this a little more in detail, let us consider one or two particular cases. Thus, for example, every one who has reached a certain time of life has been annoyed by a peculiar race, known amongst its own members as the "earnest," and to the rest of mankind as prigs. It is notoriously difficult even for naturalists to trace out the identity of certain creatures who vary very much at different stages of their development. A man who remembers the companions of his university career, is sometimes amazed at the number of enthusiastic clergymen and respectable lawyers who at a later period claim to have been among his contemporaries, and wonders from what new material this finished product has been constructed. Gradually he finds that a stout boating-man, whose talk was of bumping, and whose food was of bleeding beefsteak, has fined down into an ascetic priest; or that a cadaverous mathematical student has blossomed into a rubicund lawyer. Now the case of the prig is the reverse of this. He is a specimen of arrested development. Instead of being modified by the atmosphere of

the outside world, he has carried into it all the simplicity characteristic of his earliest manhood. There is something refreshing and even elevating about the spectacle of these harmless enthusiasts. They carry us back to the time when the sight of our names in a class-list produced a feeling of ineffable pride, and a fellowship seemed more glorious than a seat in the Cabinet. There is upon this earth no person who surveys mankind "from China to Peru" with a more exquisite sense of perfect complacency than the young gentleman who has just put on his bachelor's hood. Early donhood, if I may so call it, is the time of life at which nature assists us by throwing out an abnormal development of self-esteem, as the marmot grows fat to strengthen him against the approach of winter. The Union is still to our minds an assembly whose debates reverberate throughout the empire; to row in the university eight is an honour worth the sacrifice certainly of learning, and possibly even of health; to be a first-class man is to have won a decisive success in the battle of life. In the little world to which our ambition has hitherto been confined, we have risen to the summit of all things; for tutors, professors, and other authorities are nothing but contemptible old fogies hide-bound with useless pedantry. So imposing, indeed, is the position of the youth who has just won high honours, that I confess that I have never been able to meet as an equal those who attained that position when I was a freshman. Thackeray speaks of the old gentleman of seventy who still shuddered at the dream of being flogged by the terrible head-master of his youth. In my imagination, the lads who held sway in the university when I first had the honour of a gown, and who, as we fondly believed, rivalled, in different departments, Porson and Sir Isaac Newton, and Pitt, and Coleridge, and Byron, are still surrounded by a glory exceeding that of any of the sons of men. But a cynical freshman would be an impossible creature.

Most men soon part with their university bloom: the world demolishes their splendid ideal, and even Oxford and Cambridge sink to be provincial towns with a large proportion of cultivated men and promising lads; but not enchanted palaces of virtue and learning. The senior wrangler himself walks down the Strand without attracting a crowd; and a benighted metropolis has rather hazy notions of the precise meaning of triposes and littlegoes. Yet there are a happy few who carry about with them to later life the rose-coloured atmosphere which first gathered round them in the walks of Trinity or Christchurch, and retain the estimate then formed of the outer world of barbarians. These are the genuine prigs; and as live and let live is a very good, though very trite motto, I have no objection to their existence. They would not voluntarily hurt my feelings; and indeed the really irritating thing about them is their invariable condescension. They have the art of posing themselves like monumental statues on invisible pedestals which they carry about with them. They are sincerely anxious to put us at our ease. They smile benevolently at any little criticisms which we may hazard, as one smiles at the infantile

prattle of children. They have a mission, of which they are perfectly conscious, and they move in a light not vouchsafed to the horny eyes of a cynic. But they feel deeply that their ineffable superiority does not entitle them to be harsh with us. They have even been known to approve of an occasional joke, though never condescending to make one themselves; they deal gently but firmly with us; and after we have amused ourselves with our playthings, bring us back to the discussion of a serious subject. If the conversation strays, for example, to some mere personal gossip, they take advantage of the first accidental loophole to ask our opinion of the merits of female suffrage, or the prospects of trades-unionism. On woman's rights they are especially strong—it may be from a natural sense of gratitude; for women, as natural haters of priggishness and inclined to sentiment, are generally far more tolerant of priggishness than men. Perhaps, too, there is something pleasant to the feminine imagination in the air of infallibility which these excellent beings affect; for they are apt to gather into cliques, and round private prophets, of whom to confess ignorance is to confess yourself one of the profane. This gives them that great advantage which belongs to the esoteric disciples of a narrow sect—the power of forming mutual admiration societies. A great, though unintentional, service has been done them by an eloquent writer, as far as possible removed from their weaknesses, in popularising the nickname Philistine. Like other nicknames, that word has degenerated in common use, till it is sometimes a mere shibboleth, employed by the genuine prig to designate all who are not prigs. Not but that the two characters may be sometimes reconciled in that truly portentous variety of the prig who founds his claim to superiority on the exclusive possession of the true doctrine about the currency, or the checks and balances of the British constitution. But, as a rule, to do him justice, the prig chooses for his pet doctrine some less husky and indigestible fragment of truth.

To object to such persons in their youth would be morose; though even then the phase is not without its dangers. It implies a consciousness—which may frequently be well founded—of great powers, and a rather overweening estimate of their importance. It is useful, we may say, as the yolk which surrounds a bird before it has left the egg—on condition that it is thoroughly absorbed. When the day-dreams of the youth begin to turn into the settled delusion of the man, they first show their enervating influence. To eradicate these delusions requires that treatment with some biting social acids which cynics are destined by nature to secrete. The youthful enthusiast who has not undergone some such hardening process suffers from a sort of fatty degeneration of the moral nature. He exhibits that insipid flabby sentimentalism which does more than anything to disgust reasonable men with philanthropy. It is, doubtless, a thousand pities that any one should be disgusted with so essential a virtue: but how is it to be avoided? A man who is capable of deep emotion at the mass of misery which still stagnates in the world, who is anxious for stern and sharp remedies well considered and vigorously carried into execution, is thrust aside by the

crowd of amiable quacks who are occupied in puffing themselves and their pet nostrums. The cliques—each of which possesses, in its own estimation, the one panacea for curing all our evils—form, as it were, a series of social hothouses, in which philanthropists are forced, like early peas, to an unhealthy precocity of growth. They shoot up into prize specimens, intensely admired by those who have carefully cultivated them, and manured them with compliment and applause, but of weak fibre and feeble constitution. If you venture to criticize one of these gushing and feminine creatures, you are accused of harshness, brutality, and indifference to the finer feelings of our nature. You are a coarse cynic, and probably a sceptic into the bargain; your impatience of schemes that won't work, and of feeble attempts to varnish decayed places instead of curing them, is considered to imply indifference to the end desired. It is easy to set down the contempt of practical men for half the charitable schemes of the day to a grovelling selfishness. Much of it may be so; but it only needs a glance at the chaotic muddle of the London charities, to see the advantage that would result if people would look before they leap, and take a lesson or two from the scorners and sneerers. Doing good requires forethought as well as other things; and the fashionable denunciation of cynicism has tended to deprive us of the benefits of all criticism. People are so charmed with the romantic aspect of things that they won't look at the prosaic, commonplace aspect of the evils to be encountered. To say the truth, one is occasionally inclined to regret that martyrdom has gone out of fashion. Doubtless it was wrong to saw an apostle in two; but the practice had its advantages. It forced social reformers into a sterner temper, and a more thorough-going policy, and discouraged the crowd of thoughtless volunteers, who hinder the work they profess to help. The word, indeed, remains, but its whole signification is altered. Two of the most desirable events in life are, to be suppressed by Act of Parliament or to become a martyr. In one case, you are left with a good income and nothing to do; in the other, you are the object of universal sympathy, and may very probably receive even pecuniary compensation. When stakes and faggots were in vogue, there were objections to the honour; but now it would be hard to show a man a more delicate attention than to prosecute him for heresy, whether theological, political, or even scientific, for he is certain to become a "lion," and not improbably the pet of some enthusiastic clique.

As this moral tonic has gone out of use, the critic's sneer is, perhaps, the best substitute left. It may do something to clear the atmosphere of cant, and to strip the prig of his inordinate affectations. By itself it can, indeed, do nothing; but it gets rid of some of the constantly accumulating masses of humbug, and allows us at least to see things as they are. To the objection that it is cruel, the answer is that it can hardly hold the existing evils in check. The unfounded superstition that brutal critics of a former day slew Keats by their abuse has long been worn out, and is scarcely even quoted more than once a week or so. We may say, in

Rosalind's words, "men have died, and worms have eaten them"—but not of criticism. Persons who talk of the ferocity of the most fabulous creature known as the slashing critic, must indulge in some very erroneous estimates of the amount of genius in this country. A hasty calculation may be easily made. Compare the number of novelists of established reputation with the swarms of aspirants, whose first efforts are criticized in nearly every paper we take up, and then compare the number of favourable and unfavourable judgments. A rule of three will result, which would prove either that we are now turning out rivals to Fielding, or Scott, or Thackeray with unprecedented rapidity, or that many respectable writers are being welcomed with an excess of compliment. It is only too easy to say which is the most probable alternative. Or we may compare the number of living authors of recognized ability, who struggled against critics in their youth—if any such can be named—with the number who have been hopelessly spoilt by undue praise. At every turn we find really clever novelists, poets, and artists who have made a hit on their first attempt, and have ever since been their own servile imitators. It is of the rarest occurrence now to find one who has been exposed to the opposite and less searching trial of hostility, or even want of recognition. Unless a man wilfully plunges into some abstruse branch of inquiry, some thorny byway of metaphysical or historical inquiry, he is in especially greater danger from the excess than the deficiency of sympathy. A patron, we know, in Dr. Johnson's time, was "one who looked with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he had reached ground, encumbered him with help." The public, we are told, has taken the place of patron and discharges it in very different fashion. It has innumerable critics placed, like the Humane Society's men on the Serpentine, with ample provision of hooks, ropes, and grapples. On the first appearance of a swimmer of any buoyancy, he is seized, hauled on shore, patted on the back, applauded, petted, treated to drinks, supplied with funds, and generally made into an idol with all the questionable advantages of such a position. If some poor critic comes by and says, "Really that young man is an impostor," he is hooted at as a cynic whose only motive must be an unworthy jealousy. And yet there are impostors—if we may imitate Galileo's profession of faith. Nay, so far is criticism from damaging genuine talent, that even an impostor, if endowed with sufficient impudence, can thrive and wax fat and sell innumerable editions in the teeth of his scorers. All that the critic can hope to do is to keep alive the belief that there is some distinction between good writing and bad, and to encourage public opinion occasionally to assert its independence. It is an encouraging fact that by incessantly hammering at the point, sensation novelists have been forced to put forward a defence. Critics are totally unable to crush the faults of which they complain, but they can maintain a certain sensibility to blame. It is still known by tradition that there are some canons of good taste, which a man may indeed safely defy so far as his bookseller's

account is concerned, but which will avenge themselves on his future fame. If the tradition does not quite expire, it is due to a few faithful critics—much reviled by the enthusiastic part of mankind—who go about smiting pretenders right and left; and, it may be, sometimes administering a random blow to some one who does not deserve it.

The enthusiasts, who think that revolutions are to be made with rosewater, that the world is to be awed by patting all the good boys on the head without administering the birch to the bad ones, may possibly object to this doctrine. It sounds plausible to say, praise the good and let the bad find its own path to decay. Yet even they will perhaps admit some force in the next claim which I venture to put forward. There are in this world certain persons known by the good old English name of fools. Although we shrink from applying the name to any individual, we know that, in the aggregate, they form a vast and almost impenetrable phalanx. Like other men, they have their uses; they serve, perhaps, as ballast, and prevent the machinery of the world from moving too fast. Certainly they do it effectually. There is something portentous about the huge masses of dogged stupidity which environ us on every side. There are noodles alive who repeat with infinite variations the oration composed for them by Sydney Smith, and repeat their little saws about the wisdom of our ancestors, the contrast between theory and practice, and other profound considerations leading up to the grand conclusion, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. It may be that some of the finest specimens of the tribe were those who lately engaged in the defence of the worst abuses in work-houses, and happily compared all who denounced them to persons with a morbid appetite for "putrid oysters." The force of the analogy may not be very obvious, but it had a certain currency at the time from the happy confusion of ideas which it indicated. Vestrymen, as this scrap of their eloquence implies, are frequently dull; and it may even be that their education gives them a dulness of a peculiarly fine flavour. But we cannot flatter ourselves that dulness is confined to Bumbledom, nor to its unfortunate subjects. There is, we may venture to imagine, some stupidity in high places; and if any doubts be entertained on the subject, we might ask Mr. Mill for his opinion of Conservative members of Parliament, or Mr. Bright for his views of bishops. Assuming that those eminent men cannot be speaking entirely without book, and noting, for our private edification, the singular resemblance between the two sides of the House of Commons, and the fact that lawn sleeves do not naturally change human nature, we may venture to hazard a conjecture that there is probably a good deal of stupidity up and down the country. How is it to be assaulted with any prospect of success? The thick armour which Providence has bestowed upon this class of mankind is proverbial. Take it for a rule, as the poet observes,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

But if anything is to be done, he must be made to smart. Some one must do for him that kind office which had to be done for the mediæval knight

who had been tumbled over in his impregnable suit of armour, and force open the rivets. Where is his vulnerable place? Preaching, however eloquent, passes over him like a distant and pleasant murmur. He plants himself more firmly in his seat, and refuses to budge. He is like a huge wrestler whom I have seen wearing down his active antagonist by sheer weight. If he moved, he was thrown in an instant; but so long as he stood stolidly stockstill no efforts were of the slightest use. We want some one to stir him up as the Spanish bull is excited by a firework or two planted in his neck. Now, fortunately, the very dullest of mortals is more or less accessible to contempt. He dislikes being written down an ass. He throws off his mantle of sevenfold indifference under a few judicious taunts, and brings his clumsy strength into the arena. It is curious to remark how, in a political contest, the loftiest eloquence loses its effect after a day or two; and some little epigram thrown out in the heat of the contest remains fizzing and sparkling unquenchably, in spite of all efforts to stamp it out, and keeps up the spirit of the weary combatants. Keen, scornful common sense, compressed into a few pungent words, piercing through the buncombe and the flummery, should be welcomed even by those it attacks. It is the signal that the parade of the fencer with blunted foils is over, and that real work with sharp steel is beginning.

But it may be urged this is, after all, a debasing view of things. Cynics who delight to pierce windbags and to unmask humbugs, are equally apt to throw mud at heroes. Even if the hero laughs at them, the popular mind is prejudiced. If, in those old days of dragons and martyrs, there had been such things as newspaper reporters and weekly essayists, what kind of criticism would have greeted men who died in the discharge of the noblest of duties? Or suppose that even now some gallant missionary has been devoured in the Cannibal Islands, and that the court journalist of that country has managed to catch something of the European tone. "The news which has just come to us," he would perhaps say, "is certainly to be lamented. Cannibalism, as a custom, is undoubtedly doomed, though we may regret the sentimentality which has finally suppressed so picturesque and harmless a custom. Be that as it may, we have become too dainty to eat our enemies, though not too dainty to kill them; we have sacrificed to morbid prejudices a savoury and nutritious article of diet; and, of course, laws, however unsatisfactory in point of reason, must be obeyed. Even missionaries who land upon our shores must be protected. But we would ask them, if they still retain any gleams of common sense, what it is that they expect to gain? Mumbo Jumbo may not be in all respects a satisfactory object of worship; but what known doctrine is thoroughly satisfactory? His worshippers believe that if they knock each other on the head, or marry more than a dozen wives, or eat human flesh out of season, they will suffer for it; it is a rough creed containing, it may be, some errors; but, on the whole, it is excellently adapted to the state of

civilization, and any more refined doctrines would simply fly over the people's heads. Mumbo Jumbo's priests are not men of any high polish, but they have a great influence over the vulgar, and save some expense in police arrangements. The man who upsets such a state of things, incurs a heavy responsibility, and ought to be perfectly clear that his teaching will be better adapted to the minds of his audience. If he is fool enough, for the sake of so doubtful a good, to run the risk of being made into chops, we are of course bound, as far as may be, to frustrate his excellent intention, and to prevent him from obtaining the object of his foolish wishes. So far as we can secure it by reasonable precautions, his friends shall not boast that he has been converted into meat, roast, boiled, or baked; but if we unluckily fail, they must also thoroughly understand that we hold him to be simply an idiot whose folly has met with its natural, if not its lawful reward."

In some such tone, I imagine, we should greet many martyrdoms now-a-days: and I fully admit that it is only within narrow bounds, only when acting as a strictly subordinate check, that cynicism is desirable or pardonable. Mustard is a good thing, but we cannot dine off it; and there are, undoubtedly, limits to the use of vitriol. When chivalry is sneered away, there is a fearful loss to the people whose powers of reverence are injured; only at present I fear it is in equal danger of being stifled by injudicious praise, and lost from sight in a mass of Brummagem imitations. A little supply of cynicism should be kept on hand to test the genuine nature of the article. Let us only reflect, to use one obvious illustration, how much good would be done if in every church there came in at sermon-time the cynic who is so often denounced in his absence; if he was accommodated with a seat, and allowed to put the clergyman a few questions afterwards in private: would not the logic to which we are treated be generally sounder, the eloquence more severe, and a little more care be shown not to shelter sheer nonsense under the respect due to sacred things? We should, I fancy, more frequently enjoy what, in spite of all that is said against sermons, is really one of the most elevating of all possible influences, the eloquence of a man who has put the whole powers of his mind to enforce doctrines of whose truth and vital importance he is even passionately convinced, and who further remembers that he is talking to men as well as to children.

The New Military Breech-Loader.

THE somewhat prolonged inquiry, which had for its object the selection of a breech-loading rifle for the British soldier has at last terminated. In preceding numbers of this Magazine * we traced the progress of the inquiry, and recorded, first, the selection of the Snider system of conversion for application to the existing muzzle-loading Enfield rifles; secondly, the raising of the curtain upon the competition between the rifles from which the selection of the future arm was to be made.

Of the Snider rifle it is unnecessary to say much here. It is now, after some years of trial, generally recognized as an arm of remarkable accuracy, efficiency, and simplicity. Notwithstanding dire predictions of failure, it has in no sense failed or fallen short of our expectations. Few military men would now care to exchange the Snider for any breech-loading rifle in use among foreign armies. The cartridge, upon which so much of its success depends, has also steadily grown in favour at home and abroad. Speaking generally, we may say that the whole of her Majesty's regular troops are armed with the Snider, the existing stock of Enfields having been used up in the process. Indeed, it has been found necessary to supplement the original store of convertible arms with a few new Sniders, and some 50,000 are to be made this year, differing from the first pattern only in two important particulars. They will have steel barrels, and the breech-action will be provided with a safety-bolt, to obviate the danger of a breech-block being blown open by the escape of gas from a damaged cartridge. With regard to this last point, it may be well to observe that, with one pattern of the Boxer cartridge (V), a few casualties of this sort have occurred. In an attempt at economy this cartridge was made weaker than preceding patterns, and the balance of safety was thus, as it has proved, reduced to too fine a point. A cartridge faulty in any respect, or a gun which, from some imperfection in the fitting or dimensions of its parts, failed to afford the cartridge the requisite support, was liable to give rise to an explosive escape—a liability which, of course, increased when the two happened to come together in hazardous combination. Accordingly, the cartridge was once again brought to such a strength as would cover all reasonable imperfections of manufacture in arm and ammunition; and the temporary difficulty was thus easily and, it would seem, completely overcome. But, unquestionably, the remedy, although effectual, is a wrong one. The principle of depending wholly upon your cartridge for ultimate safety is unsound. It is unsound in two senses,—

* *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1866, and August, 1867.

economically and mechanically. As to economy, we have seen that it has been necessary as a precautionary measure to revert to a stronger and, therefore, more expensive cartridge than might have been prudently employed with an arm of which the breech could not be blown open. Mechanically, it appears unsound to depend upon the niceness of a combination, upon perfect excellence of parts, and upon an exactness of manufacture which practice has shown cannot always be observed—or which can be observed only at additional cost. And, generally, the public would be better secured against accidents if the Proof Act were to include a clause refusing a certificate to any breech-loader, the safety of which is not independent of its cartridge—a clause which clearly cannot be introduced so long as the Government arm is one of what we may call the non-safety class. So that the decision to provide the remaining Sniders with a safety-bolt is a commendable one, and might have been adopted with advantage in the first instance. Of the minor modifications in the bullet for the Snider it is unnecessary here to speak. Substantially, the arm and its ammunition, with the exceptions which we have named, remain unaltered.

With the appointment, early in 1867, of a Special Committee to determine whether it would be desirable to supply Sniders indefinitely or to adopt some other system for future manufacture, and, if so, to select the future breech-loader, our readers are already familiar. It will be sufficient to remind them that the Committee consisted of Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards, President; and Captain Rawlins, 48th Regiment, Captain Mackinnon, 3rd Regiment, Earl Spencer, and Mr. E. Ross, as members. Captain Haig, R.A., acted as secretary until near the close of the inquiry, when illness deprived the Committee of his valuable services. The first duty of the Committee was to examine the arms submitted in reply to a War Office advertisement of the 22nd October, 1866, and to award the prizes which were offered in this advertisement. The advertisement had imposed certain elementary conditions as essential to qualify an arm to compete for the prizes, and with these conditions the larger proportion of the arms, and, with one exception, the whole of the cartridges, neglected to comply. Of the one hundred and twenty arms submitted, early and late, only thirty-seven were eligible to compete. Some were too long, others too short; others were submitted after the proper date. By a process of elimination, which we have described in a former article, the thirty-seven arms were reduced to nine, and the competition for the prize, or prizes, lay between the following arms:—* the Albin and Braendlin, Burton (two systems), Fosbery, Henry, Joslyn, Peabody, Martini, and Remington. The first or prize stage of the inquiry is one which now possesses little interest. It afforded, no doubt, an opportunity of obtaining an insight into the merits of various systems,

* In the *Cornhill Magazine* of August, 1867, we gave illustrations and descriptions of these nine rifles.

and of acquiring information and experience generally ; it was interesting, of course, to the competitors ; and it served usefully as a means to an end—the end being the collection of a sufficient number of systems from which to select. But beyond this it had little or no bearing upon the ultimate result. We may, therefore, dispose of it in as few words as possible. The whole of the nine rifles selected to compete failed to attain the qualifying figure of accuracy, and the majority of them fell short of the standard in some other respects. Even when deductions had been made on these accounts, there was considerable difficulty in instituting a fair comparison, owing to the great variety in ammunition and in the calibre of the arms submitted. For example, the celerity of loading and general manipulation of the breech mechanism is influenced greatly by the length of the cartridge, and that depends in a great measure on the calibre of the rifle, and on the charge of powder ; and there is also considerable difficulty and loss of time in loading occasioned by cartridges of inferior manufacture. Accordingly, it was decided that the conclusion must be arrived at solely with reference to the systems as they stood submitted, and to their performances during the trials, without reference to their capabilities of improvement and development, taking each with all its defects in arms or ammunition, even where these defects might have arisen from faults in the details of manufacture. Judged in this way, the arms were placed in the following order :—1st, Henry ; 2nd, Burton (2nd system) ; 3rd, Albin and Braendlin ; 4th, Fosbery ; 5th, Burton (1st system) ; 6th, Peabody ; 7th, Martini ; 8th, Remington ; 9th, Joslyn.

In consequence of all the arms having in one or more respects fallen short of the standard, and because Mr. Henry had neglected to comply with the condition which required pure beeswax to be used for the lubrication, the first prize of 1,000*l.* “for the best arm,” was withheld altogether. But the Henry breech-action was deemed superior to that of any of its rivals, and the second, or breech-action prize of 600*l.* was awarded to it. It is important to note that the Martini breech-action failed not on its own account, but because of the failure of its ammunition. The Committee are very precise on this point, which, as the Martini action has now been preferred to the Henry, ought to be thoroughly understood. They say, the Martini failed “entirely owing to defects in ammunition.” What these defects were, may be ascertained by reference to other passages in the report. The cartridges were copper rim-fire cartridges, and “they burst repeatedly near the rim,” and altogether acquitted themselves so badly, that the mechanism can scarcely be said to have had a chance. It may be urged that as the competition for the 600*l.* prize was one between breech-actions only, the cartridge ought not to have influenced the decision. But the answer to this is, You cannot consider a breech-action independently of its cartridge. The relation between the cartridge and the breech, as we have before pointed out, is so intimate, that, practically, it is impossible to separate them. The cartridge is, in fact, at the moment of firing, a part, and a most important part, of the breech of the gun. If the

cartridge fails, the breech will fail more or less :—more, when the actual safety of the gun depends upon the cartridge, as in the Snider ; less, when only the proper operation of the action is affected, as in the Martini. The cartridge is, in fact, the pivot upon which the success or failure of the breech mechanism in a large measure turns. The due appreciation of this point is one of such fundamental importance in the consideration of this question, that we cannot regret that it has received the striking exemplification which is afforded by the temporary eclipse and disqualification of the Martini, and its subsequent recovery and final remarkable success when provided with a good cartridge.

The competition for the cartridge prize is even less interesting and important than that for the gun prize, since, as we have stated, it was practically limited to one cartridge. "The only ammunition which was considered likely to fulfil the conditions of the War Office advertisement, was that sent in by Mr. Daw." The Committee were further "of opinion that no Government ammunition should be allowed to compete for the prize ;" and as the Boxer Government cartridge was, moreover, "not specially entered for competition," it was not, for a double reason, permitted to receive a prize. Therefore, the 400*l.* prize was awarded to the one cartridge which was deemed eligible to receive it—Mr. Daw's ; but, comparing the Daw cartridge with the Boxer cartridge, the Committee pronounce a distinct opinion that "the present Government pattern is the best ;" and although they thought it proper, for the reasons which we named, to withhold the prize from the latter, they marked their appreciation of its superiority in the most practical manner, by selecting it as the cartridge *par excellence* to be used exclusively in the further experiments of breech-loading arms.

The most valuable result obtained from this first stage of the inquiry appears to us to have been the conclusion which the Committee were able to draw with reference to the inferiority of the paper or consuming cartridge to one made of metal. Whatever doubts may have been entertained on this point were effectually solved by the experience gained in the course of these trials, when every consuming cartridge, to which class the Chassepot and all needle-gun cartridges belong, proved more or less of a failure. Thus, the cartridge element, which in a breech-loader is one of conspicuous importance, became more than half solved ; while the further comparisons which were made between the Government cartridges and those of other patterns, justified, as we have seen, the definitive acceptance of the former as the best—a decision which, at the same time, got rid of the rim-fire class of ammunition. Here, then, was a starting-point for the Committee to work from in their selection of an arm for adoption into the service. But this was not the only point which permitted of present decision. It appeared to the Committee that, "in the manufacture of breech-loaders, accurate shooting had not been considered as attentively as ingenious methods of closing the breech." This was sufficiently shown by the failure of the several competing arms to reach

the standard of accuracy laid down, which was by no means an extravagantly high one. By way, therefore, of clearing the ground, it was resolved to separate the shooting question from the loading question. The first involved the weight of bullet, the bore, grooving, weight, and description of barrel, and other points connected with the delivery of an accurate, far-reaching, effective fire; the second, all those points, such as the nature of cartridge-case and breech mechanism, which have for their object the simple and reliable multiplication of the rate of fire. There is between the two a distinction sufficiently sharp to permit of—or we should say to require—their independent consideration. The rate of loading is no more connected with the character of the fire than is the number of barrels which an arm may possess with the practice which each barrel is capable of making, or than the range of a gun is affected by the number of men engaged in loading it. Therefore, the barrel question and the breech question were very properly and decidedly separated, with the intention, which has now been realized, of afterwards tacking the best barrel and the best breech together, and thus producing an arm for adoption into the service. The difficulty which had become evident in the first stage of the competition, of making any trustworthy comparison between arms of different calibres, induced the Committee to intermit their experimental investigations, with a view to obtaining the evidence of experts on the various points on which a decision had to be arrived at. The evidence received, and which is of the highest value, was fairly concurrent with regard to the principal qualifications required for an efficient military weapon, and the means by which those qualifications were most likely to be obtained. By the light of this evidence and their own experience, the Committee were able to lay down three important elements in the barrel, viz. its length, weight, and calibre. The length was fixed at 35 inches. The weight of the barrel was laid down at 4 lbs. 6 ozs. With regard to calibre, no less than four former reports of the Ordnance Select Committee had pointed to the .45" calibre as the one likely to be the most suitable for the future arm of the British soldier; and fortified by these expressions of opinion, and by the results of their own observations, the Committee decided on adopting this size for the bore of the new arm.

It was further resolved to use a bullet of 480 grains weight, a powder charge of eighty-five grains, and a lubrication of pure beeswax. The soundness of each of these selections admits, no doubt, of discussion; and the wisdom of arbitrarily fixing these conditions at all has even been questioned. But a review of all the circumstances, and a careful examination of the evidence, will probably satisfy an impartial inquirer that the Committee adopted, on the whole, the best and most hopeful course.

Regarding the breech-mechanism question as for the moment not under discussion, we may now follow the Committee in their selection of barrel. It was at first resolved to fit the whole of the barrels submitted with the Snider action; but as this course would have involved some delay,

it was ultimately decided to use for the trials of the barrels the Henry breech, which had already, as we have seen, proved itself so good as to have gained the 600*l.* prize. Accordingly, a circular letter was sent to the makers of the best-known and most successful rifle-barrels, inviting them to send in steel barrels, conforming to the conditions laid down, to be fitted to the Henry mechanism. The gentlemen thus addressed were Messrs. Henry, Lancaster, Metford, Rigby, Westley Richards, and Whitworth; while the Enfield rifling was represented by a $\cdot 45$ and a $\cdot 5$ -inch bore, both fitted with the Snider action. Mr. Metford declined to afford his assistance; and Mr. Westley Richards requested, and obtained, permission to use a special cartridge (the Berdan) in preference to the Boxer.

The principal details of the arms and ammunition which entered for this trial, were as follows:—

Name of Arm.	Bore.	Twist.	Number and Description of Grooves.	Cartridge Case.	Bullet.	
					Description.	Largest Diameter.
(1) HENRY	$\cdot 45''$..	1 in 22" uniform.	Polygonal, 9-sided, with beading or rib at intersection of the planes.	Boxer ..	Solid, hardened, 480 grains.	$\cdot 45''$.
(2) WESTLEY RICHARDS.	$\cdot 45''$..	1 in 21" uniform.	Polygonal, 8-sided.	(1) Boxer (2) Berdan	Solid, hardened, 485 grains.	$\cdot 44''$.
(3) LANCASTER.	Oval .. (1) $\frac{4}{16}$ $\frac{6}{16}$ $\frac{4}{16}$ $\frac{5}{16}$ (2) $\frac{4}{16}$ $\frac{6}{16}$ $\frac{4}{16}$ $\frac{5}{16}$	1 in 36" at breech, 1 in 20" at muzzle.	Oval	Boxer ..	Solid, hardened, (1) 480 grains, (2) 477 grains.	$\cdot 45''$.
(4) WHITWORTH.	$\cdot 45''$..	1 in 20" uniform.	Hexagonal ..	Do. ..	Hollow base and point, 480 grains.	$\cdot 448''$.
(5) RIGBY..	$\cdot 451''$..	1 in 20" uniform.	Eight broad grooves, leaving corresponding narrow bands or ridges, with rounded edges.	Do. ..	Solid, hardened, 480 grains.	$\cdot 448''$.
(6) ENFIELD small-bore.	$\cdot 45''$..	1 in 20" uniform.	Six segmental shallow grooves, progressively deepening.	Do. ..	Pure lead, hollow head and base, 480 grains.	$\cdot 449''$.
(7) ENFIELD half-inch.	$\cdot 50''$..	1 in 28" uniform.	Seven segmental shallow grooves, becoming progressively shallower.	Do. ..	Do. 440 grains.	$\cdot 498''$.

The trials commenced on the 23rd of June last, and were continued at intervals as the barrels were received, which in some instances was not until three or four months afterwards. It is fair, before noticing the results of the accuracy competition, to point out that several of the makers recorded their opinions that the time allowed was insufficient to enable them to do justice to their systems, or to satisfy the problem of

obtaining from good muzzle-loading systems an equal, or approximate, or sufficient degree of accuracy in breech-loaders.

The ranges were 300, 500, 800, and 1,000 yards. For the sake of convenience, three of the guns, the Lancaster, Rigby, and Westley Richards, commenced their practice at the 500 yards range. The results with these guns at this range being unsatisfactory, they were not persevered with at the other distances. This reduced the competition to four barrels, of which three were $\cdot 45''$ bores, viz. the Henry, Whitworth, and Enfield; and one was a $\cdot 5''$ bore.

The following table gives the best performances of these arms at the four ranges, the results being the averages of five targets, of twenty shots each:—

	300 Yards.		500 Yards.		800 Yards.		1,000 Yards.	
	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.
Henry, $\cdot 45''$..	·47	0 30 3	0 90	1 8 42	1 85	2 3 57	2 59	2 47 4
Whitworth, $\cdot 45''$..	·54	0 40 10	1 07	1 12 3	2 91	2 4 36	Not carried forward to this range.	
Enfield, $\cdot 45''$..	·51	0 35 42	1 03	1 8 25	2 08	2 2 28	3 55	2 46 21
Do. $\cdot 50''$..	·59	0 30 23	1 03	1 5 17	2 46	2 13 40	3 96	3 23 19

(In addition, two Westley Richards', with Berdan cartridges, were fired; but the results were unsatisfactory.)

Thus, at all the ranges, the Henry was more accurate than its rivals; while in flatness of trajectory, as determined by the clinometer, it was practically equal to the other two $\cdot 45''$ rifles, and only slightly excelled at the shorter ranges by the $\cdot 5''$. Fired from the shoulder, which for the purpose of determining the trajectory is a more reliable method than firing from the fixed rest, the Henry even at the shorter ranges proved superior to the $\cdot 5''$. In the course of this practice it became established that in the Henry rifle no deterioration of shooting resulted from fouling, hitherto a recognized difficulty with $\cdot 45''$ bore. Indeed, at the 300 and 800 yards ranges the Henry gave rather better figures uncleaned than it did when cleaned. The Whitworth barrel failed at the shorter ranges. By this trial the competition was reduced to the Henry and the two Enfields. And the superiority of the Henry to the Enfield $\cdot 45''$ bore in accuracy was deemed sufficient to warrant its preference. In other words the Henry became established as the best of the $\cdot 45''$ bore barrels. But it became necessary to compare it strictly at all points with the $\cdot 5''$ bore and the service $\cdot 577''$ bore Snider. The results as to initial velocity were as follows:—

	Calculated Mean Initial Velocity.
Henry, $\cdot 45''$	1362·7
Enfield, $\cdot 50''$	1342·7
Snider, $\cdot 577''$	1252·3

Giving another point of advantage to the first-named arm. The penetration trials were peculiarly interesting, and may be summarised as follows:—

Fired through ½" Elm Planks, 1" apart.

Henry, .45"	Average penetration, 14½ planks.
Enfield, .50"	Do. 8½ "
Snider, .577"	Do. 8½ "

Fired through 3-inch Balks of dry Fir Timber, placed close together.

	At 50 Yards.	At 100 Yards.
Henry, .45"	Penetrated 3 balks easily	Penetrated 3 balks, and in two cases out of three penetrated fourth balk.
Enfield, .50"	Stopped by 2nd balk	See results at 50 yards.
Snider, .577"	Do. do.	Do. do.

Fired against an Iron Plate.

	Plate .261" thick,	Plate .125" thick.
Henry, .45"	Penetrated at 200 yards ; not at 300 yards.	Penetrated at 500 yards.
Enfield, .50"	Penetrated at 100 yards ; not at 150 yards.	} Failed to penetrate at 300 yards.
Snider, .577"	Penetrated at 75 yards ; not at 100 yards.	

Fired against a Rope Mantlet (Four thicknesses of 3-inch Rope).

Henry, .45"	Penetrated at 350 yards ; but not at 400 yards.
Enfield, .50"	" 50 " 100 "
Snider, .577"	Failed at 50 yards.

Fired at an ordinary Gabion, filled with Earth from a Clay Soil.

Henry, .45"	Penetrated at 10 and 25 yards. Failed at longer distances.
Enfield, .50"	} Failed to penetrate.
Snider, .577"	
The Jones' iron-bonnd gabion was proof against all.	

Fired at a Sap Roller.

Henry, .45"	Penetrated at 10 and 25 yards. Failed at longer distances.
Enfield, .50"	} Failed to penetrate.
Snider, .577"	

Fired at a Sand-bag, containing one bushel of Sand.

Henry, .45"	Penetrated at 10 yards and at 100 yards.
Enfield, .50"	} Failed to penetrate.
Snider, .577"	

Some experiments were also made on the carcase of a dead horse with a view to observing the nature of the wounds inflicted. The bullets of the Henry produced the most severe wounds. Veterinary Surgeon Harrison testifies that "the smaller" (*i.e.* Henry) "bullets appeared to produce

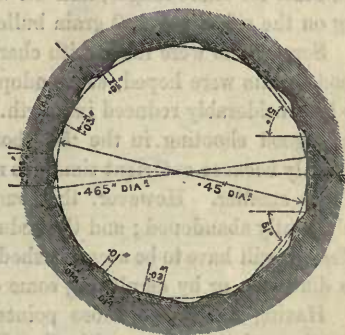
the most severe fractures of the bones, the larger ones were more disposed to flatten and traverse the soft tissues adjoining the bones." In one instance the Henry bullet penetrated the body of the horse, making a very large lacerated wound on exit. Thus, in accuracy, trajectory, initial velocity and penetration, the Henry was superior, for no special experiments were needed to show that it would shoot better than the service Snider, and it had proved itself better than the .5" bore. The following table gives the relative trajectories of the three arms, supposing the gun to be laid on the ground and fired at the foot of the object:—

—	Safe Distance for Cavalry.	Safe Distance for Cavalry.	Greatest Height of Trajectory.
Henry, .45"	Nil	Between 139 and 396 yards.	8.1 feet.
Enfield, .50"	Between 221 and 325 yards.	Between 123 and 406 yards.	—
Snider, .577"	Between 138 and 400 yards.	Between 92 and 438 yards.	—

In practice, of course, the margin of safety would be greater, as the rifles would not generally rest on the ground, while aim would most likely be taken at the centre, instead of the foot of the object fired at. But for comparative purposes, the above table is useful.

Lastly, the Henry rifle requires a much less allowance to be made for wind than the .5" or .577" bores. The experiments on this point appear to show that at 1,000 yards, the allowance required for a fresh cross wind with the Henry, is about one half that which is necessary with the larger bores, and proportionately less at the shorter ranges.

As the only point in which the larger bores had an advantage—the reduced length of cartridge—was neutralised by the practical equality in the cubic measurements and weights of the three ammunitions; as on all the other points, the Henry was superior; and as, finally, the endurance of the system of rifling seemed to be thoroughly established by the absence of deterioration when as many as 30,000 rounds were fired from a single barrel, while in cost its production is unlikely to exceed that of the other



HENRY RIFLING.

arms, the Committee reported that "the Henry barrel, .45" bore, is the most suitable in all respects for the requirements of the service."

Before quite leaving the barrel question, one or two points demand notice. First, in consequence of representations from Mr. Henry that rifles on his system having seven plane sides were equal in shooting qualities to those with nine plane sides, that in power of endurance they

were possibly superior, and that the cost of manufacture would probably be slightly less, the Committee, after satisfying themselves on these points, recommended the seven-grooved barrel in preference to the nine-grooved: a course which they were the more willing to adopt as the seven-groove proved to have rather the flatter trajectory.

Some experiments were made with a Henry barrel $\cdot 4''$ shorter than was laid down by regulation, and the results were as good as those from the longer barrel. It is a question whether it is now any longer desirable—certainly it appears no longer necessary—to retain the original length of barrel defined for a military arm at a time when a military arm was as much needed for bayonet work as for shooting. The introduction of breech-loaders has largely reduced the military importance of the sword and lance and bayonet; the occasions must henceforth be rare when hand-to-hand contests will be possible; and the reduced weight and superior handiness of a shorter arm would seem to recommend the relaxation of the old traditional rules on this point.

Experiments were made with a lighter bullet of 380 grains, with the object of ascertaining whether the trajectory at the shorter ranges might not be lowered and the ammunition lightened, without occasioning deterioration in accuracy of shooting. It was found that the accuracy of the 380 grain bullet, even at 300 and 400 yards, was sensibly inferior to that of the 480 grain, and its penetration was considerably less. On the other hand, its trajectory at the shorter ranges was slightly less; and the saving of weight on seventy rounds of ammunition was 1 lb. Weighing these advantages and disadvantages,—considering the inconveniences which would attend the employment of two weights of bullets, one for long, and the other for short ranges, and the disadvantage of having a double sighting on the rifles, the 480 grain bullet was ultimately accepted.

Some trials were made with charges of compressed powder, from which good results were hoped, as its adoption would have enabled the cartridge to be considerably reduced in length. But although the compressed powder gave good shooting in the $\cdot 50''$ bore, it was not satisfactory in the $\cdot 45''$, possibly because sufficient time was not accorded for meeting the conditions of the smaller. However, the compressed powder had to be somewhat reluctantly abandoned; and the reduction in the length of cartridge, if ever effected, will have to be accomplished in some other way, either by enlarging its diameter, or by employing some other material than gunpowder.

Having dealt with those points which connect themselves with the shooting of the arm,—with the delivery of a fire of sufficient range, accuracy, penetrative power, flatness of trajectory, and uniformity under conditions of long-sustained firing, we have to consider the steps by which the selection of the breech was determined—of the arrangement, that is to say, for so facilitating loading as to permit of a fire of this established character being multiplied in its delivery to a rate which would satisfy the requirements of the age, and with safety, certainty, and ease.

The number of breech-loading systems submitted to the Committee

was very great,—considerably over one hundred, if we include late admissions. The general course of experiments to which the rifles were submitted was as follows:—The arms were (1) carefully examined; and (2) if approved, twenty or more shots were fired for rapidity, by which process some test of the simplicity and convenience of manipulation of the arms was obtained, as well as a direct measure of the extreme rate of fire of which the arm was capable. To imitate the conditions of a sand-storm, or of a shower of dirt from a parapet, and of similar and not unfrequent conditions of service, the mechanisms were (3) subjected to a sand test: fine sand being thrown over the actions both open and closed, and the rifle fired without any cleaning except what could be done by hand. (4) Three cartridges, purposely damaged to ensure a serious escape of gas, were fired to test the safety of the arm with imperfect ammunition. Here we may notice that the Committee had, very properly, set their faces hard against the admission of an arm which was liable to have the breech blown open under a test of this sort, and in an early stage of the competition they rejected the Roden-Snyder on this account. (5) If the arm satisfied the first four tests, it was subjected to an exposure test of great severity, a hundred rounds being fired on four consecutive days, the rifle being left in the open air exposed to rain,—water being artificially applied during the intervals, and the breech being left alternately open and closed. After this the rifle was exposed during three or four days and nights, and again fired to test its condition. (6) Finally, it was taken to pieces and examined. Arms on the bolt system were subjected to an extra trial, which was designed to test a special weakness to which this system is considered liable. Cartridges, made purposely sensitive, by omitting the safety shoulders on the anvil, by using a short cap (which came to the same thing), by increasing the length of the anvil, by increasing the quantity of detonating composition, &c., and thus imitating defects which might possibly, although rarely, occur in the manufacture of large quantities of ammunition, were jammed in the breech, and the bolt pushed forcibly against them, the liability of the arm to cause a premature explosion under these circumstances being noted. It will be admitted that a rifle which is capable of sustaining these various trials, which is rapid and simple in its action, which exhibits no inherent mechanical imperfection, which is not too costly, and which is capable of sustaining long-continued firing without injury, is *primâ facie* likely to be equal to the requirements of the service. Let us now observe how the selection of such an arm was arrived at.

The preliminary examination had sufficed to eliminate as obviously unsound or unpractical a large number of the inventions. There remained, however, three classes of rifles which seem to merit further consideration. There were, first, the nine arms which had competed for the prize, and which have been already named. There were, secondly, those which were disqualified for the prize competition, but which had been set aside as entitled to further consideration. These were eleven in number, as follows:—Berdan, Carter and Edwards, Fosbery (No. 4),

Greve and Dowling, Hammond, Needham, Poulteney, Westley Richards (two systems), Sharp, Wilson. There were, thirdly, forty-five arms which had been submitted after the first report of the Committee had been rendered, and which it is unnecessary here to name. Among them were the French Chassepot and the Austrian Werndle, together with other rifles of considerable celebrity. A careful selection, and the observation of the performances of the arms under some of the preliminary trials, justified the extensive reduction of these lists, until there finally remained only ten rifles, as follows:—Bacon, Berdan, Carter and Edwards, Henry, Kerr, Martini, Money Walker, Westley Richards (two systems), and Wilson,—some of which were retained, less because of their intrinsic merit, than because their late entries had precluded the possibility of sufficient preliminary trials. Of these guns, the Bacon, Carter and Edwards, Kerr and Wilson, represented the bolt system, the remainder represented the block. During the subsequent trials, two accidents occurred with bolt guns: one with the Bacon, the other with the Wilson; and when the defective cartridges which had been purposely supplied for experiments with this class of gun came to be used, the Bacon, Wilson, and Kerr rifles showed that under these exceptional circumstances they were capable of exploding the cartridge prematurely. The Bacon did actually thus explode a cartridge; the Kerr and Wilson indented the caps. This left only the Carter and Edwards, but evidence before the Committee led to their rejection of this gun as being liable to the remote contingency, common, probably, to all bolt guns, of exploding a cartridge simply by the blow delivered by the bolt on its base. It is stated that in some instances even the fall of a cartridge with over-sensitive cap or non-safety anvil, upon the floor of the factory, has produced an explosion; such cartridges jamming in the breech of a bolt gun would, it is reasonable to assume, in a certain proportion of cases, be almost certainly fired. On account of this element of danger—an element more or less present in all bolt guns, according to their construction—the Committee eventually rejected this class of breech-action altogether. We need, therefore, only follow the fortunes of the six block guns. In the rapidity trials, they were placed in the following order:—

	Bore.	Min.
1st. Westley Richards (elevating block)	·45 inch	20 rounds in 1.0
2nd. Martini	·433 „	Do. 1.2
3rd. { Henry	·45 „	Do. 1.7
{ Westley Richards (falling block)	·45 „	Do. 1.7
4th. Berdan	·45 „	Do. 1.10
5th. Money Walker	·5 „	Do. 1.14

In the damaged-cartridge and sand tests all the arms acquitted themselves satisfactorily. In the exposure tests the Berdan, Westley Richards (elevating block), and the Money Walker, became decidedly unserviceable; and the other Westley Richards went very near to breaking down. This trial practically reduced the competition to the Henry and Martini, and of these the Martini gave the better performance, having been found in perfect order at the close of the experiment, while two springs of the Henry were broken. In all the trials after the close of the prize com-

petition, the Martini had been fired with the Boxer cartridge-case and a compressed powder charge; and to the former its very different performance, as compared with that in the prize trials when copper cartridges were used, was entirely due, forcibly illustrating the soundness of the position upon which we have ever insisted, as to the paramount importance of the cartridge element. But, as it had by this time been discovered that loose powder was preferable as regards accuracy, to compressed powder, for .45" bores, it became necessary to test the Martini with a longer loose-powder cartridge-case, and fitted to a .45" barrel. An arm adapted to these conditions was supplied and passed successfully through the rapidity, sand, damaged-cartridge, and exposure tests. The rapidity attained exceeded that of any of the other arms, being twenty rounds in fifty-three seconds, after a week's exposure to rain and artificial applications of water, and to firing at intervals during this period, 400 rounds. The arm, uncleaned, fired twenty rounds in one minute three seconds; so that it was evident that the Martini action was equally adapted to the long or short cartridge, and it was therefore placed in direct competition with the Henry. A comparison was carefully taken between the two on the essential points of safety, strength, number and simplicity of parts, facility of manipulation, and cost. Under the heads of safety and strength, both arms were considered equal. In regard to the number and simplicity of parts, the Martini has the advantage. It has only thirty parts,* against forty-nine in the Henry; while the extractor plate soldered on to the barrel of the latter arm is also considered a disadvantage. In facility of manipulation, the Martini, owing to the absence of a hammer, has the advantage. And in the Henry there is the possibility,—as was discovered during the trials,—of placing the cartridge in front of the extractor, and thus temporarily disabling the arm. Finally, the Martini is stated to be rather the cheaper arm of the two. Moreover, the committee prefer a gun without, to one with, a side lock, in consequence of the occasional liability of the lock to become "wood-bound" when exposed to wet, to say nothing of the additional operations and the multiplication of parts entailed.

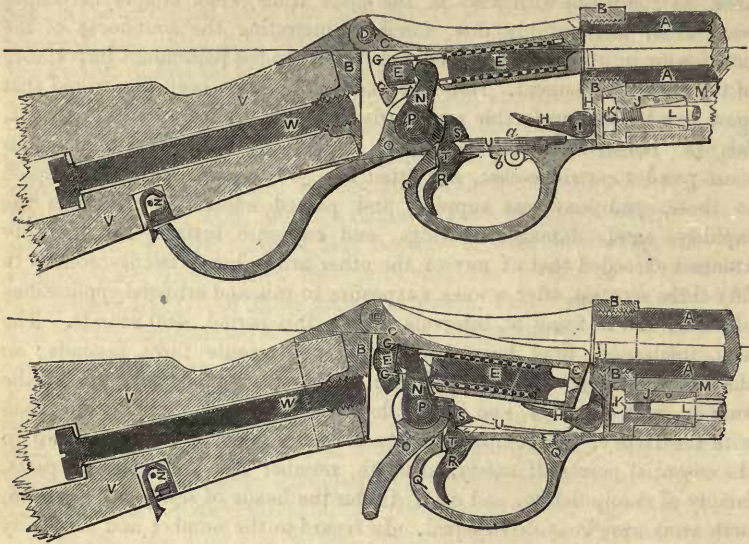
Thus it came about that the Martini action was in the end preferred to the Henry, and as it is safer than the Snider action without safety-bolt, and stronger, has fewer parts, (the Snider without safety-bolt has thirty-nine,) is quicker and more easy to manipulate, and costs less: the Martini system of breech mechanism was ultimately recommended for adoption for the future arm. This result is one which we receive with satisfaction, the more so perhaps because, as far back as August, 1867, we ventured to name the Martini as, in our opinion, the best of the competing arms.†

The cartridge presents all the advantages which have given the service cartridge its high position, such as strength, capability of sustaining rough

* Now reduced, by a simplification and improvement of the indicator, to 27.

† "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."—*Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1867.

usage and resisting damp, facility of extraction, non-liability to explosion *en masse*, &c.



AA Barrel.
 BB Body.
 CC Block.
 D Block axis-pin.
 E Striker.
 F Main-spring.
 G Stop-nut.
 H Extractor.
 I Extractor axis-pin.
 J Rod and fore-end holder.

K Rod and fore-end holder screw.
 L Ramrod.
 M Stock, fore-end.
 N Tumbler.
 O Lever.
 P Lever and tumbler axis-pin.
 Q Trigger-plate and guard.
 R Trigger.

S Tumbler-rest.
 T Trigger and rest axis-pin.
 U Trigger and rest-spring.
 V Stock-butl.
 W Stock-bolt washer.
 Z Lever catch bolt, spring, and pin.
 a Locking-bolt.
 b Thumb-piece.

SECTIONS OF MARTINI BREECH-ACTION.

It now only remained to wed the Martini action to the Henry barrel. The ceremony was successfully performed at Enfield about the beginning of the present year, and four Henry-Martini arms, with a supply of ammunition, were furnished for further experiment. It may be interesting here to give the results of the final trials of the complete arm :

Range.	Mean Figure of Five Targets of 20 Shots each.	Best Figure obtained.	Angle of Elevation.		
			°	'	"
300 yards	Feet. ·57	Feet. ·47	0	38	34
500 "	·95	·79	1	1	26
800 "	1·63	1·29	2	2	29
1,000 "	2·80	2·19	2	38	26
1,200 "	3·46	2·28	3	55	34

Rate of fire attained, without taking aim, 20 rounds in 48 seconds.

Riflemen will know how to appreciate these figures, which represent the capabilities of the proposed weapon, and which, we hope, will be at least approximately approached when the arms are supplied in large numbers.

A very few words, added to the accompanying drawings of the new

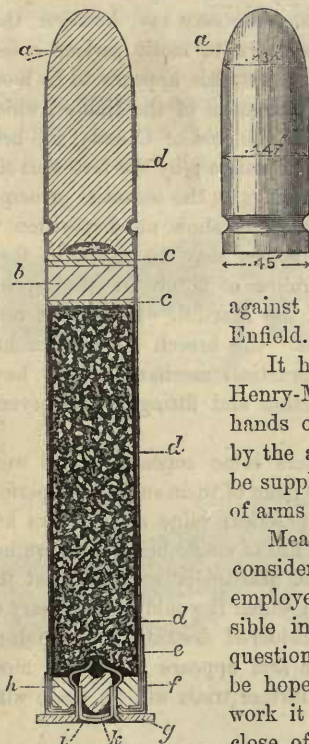
rifle, will suffice to describe the breech-action. The breech is closed by a block which swings on a pin passing through the upper rear end of the shoe, the recoil being taken by the shoe.* The cartridge is exploded by a direct acting piston, which is driven by the action of a strong spiral spring within the breech-block. This block is acted on by a lever to the rear of the trigger-guard. The act of pushing the lever forward causes the block to fall, the spring to be compressed, and the empty cartridge-case to be ejected. On drawing back the lever the block is raised so as to close the breech, and the arm is ready to be fired. It is provided with a safety-bolt, which we are inclined to think might, perhaps, be advantageously dispensed with. The indicator at the side shows if the arm is cocked or not. The details of the ammunition are, with the exception of the bullet and lubricating arrangement, so similar to those of the service cartridge, that

they need no further description than is afforded by the sketch.

The barrel, rifling, &c. have been described above. In order to facilitate shooting, an improved sight, similar to that known as the "Whitworth sight," has been adopted (see drawing of arm). The total cost of the new weapon is estimated at 2*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*, as against 2*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* Its weight is 9 lbs. 4½ ozs., against 9 lbs. 2 ozs., for the service Snider-Enfield.

It has been properly determined to give the Henry-Martini a rough, practical trial, in the hands of soldiers, before finally adopting it; and by the autumn about 200 arms (hand-made), will be supplied, and early next year a greater number of arms made by machinery.

Meanwhile, a few questions remain open for consideration, such as the nature of bayonet to be employed, the description of powder, and the possible introduction of gun-cotton. The last is a question of considerable importance, and it is to be hoped that a serious attempt will be made to work it out thoroughly. It is impossible, at the close of a long article, to discuss the merits of gun-cotton as a propellent agent; but chief among the advantages which would result from its introduction are, the absence of smoke, and the reduction in the length and bulk of the cartridge. But as yet gun-cotton is not ripe for adoption; not that



- aa Bullet (lead and tin).
 b Beeswax lubricating wad.
 cc Discs of thin cardboard.
 dd Brass coiled cartridge-case.
 e Inner base cup.
 f Outer base cup.
 g Iron base disc.
 h Papier mâché wad.
 i Anvil.
 k Percussion cap.

* This point has been thoroughly established, practically and theoretically. There is no strain on either the block-pin or lever-pin.

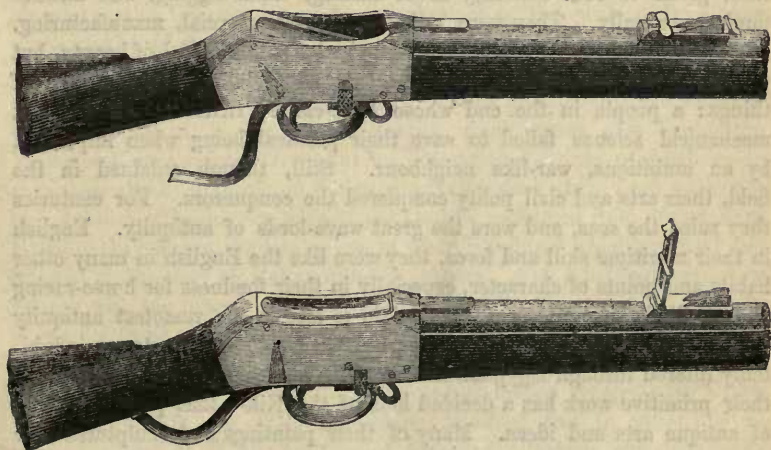
the material, as now made, is dangerous or uncertain, but because the precise details of manufacture by which its explosive power can be regulated or applied to the best advantage, have not yet been determined with sufficient accuracy to admit of its use in an arm of precision. Confident opinions have, however, been pronounced by men qualified to judge, as to the ultimate possibility of employing it, and we trust that those opinions will hereafter be justified.

Our remarks have extended to so great a length that we cannot afford the space to consider the various objections which have been urged against the new arm. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to do so in view of the fact that the weapon will not be adopted until it has proved itself in the hands of troops experimentally armed with it practically efficient. If these objections have any force, they can hardly fail to be confirmed in the forthcoming trials. We may say, however, that of these objections the only one which appears to merit serious consideration is the question of a spiral spring; but this appears to be more than half answered by the successful performances of the Snider, which contains no less than three spiral springs, in the cold of Canada, the heat of India, and the variable temperature of Abyssinia; by the fact that the French and Prussians both employ spiral springs as the essential principle of action of their military arms, and that they show no disposition to abandon this element, whatever other changes may be made in their army; and by the absence of any appearance of failure in this spring throughout the long and severe trials of the Martini. Further, it may be added, by way of general remark, that "the breech mechanism has been submitted to the examination of practical mechanics, who have expressed their opinion that the construction and fitting of the several parts is mechanically correct."

Together with the other breech-loaders some repeating rifles were submitted to the Committee, but they were none of them sufficiently perfect to justify their adoption. Moreover, the practical value of repeaters has diminished in proportion as the rapidity of fire of single breech-loaders has increased, and the rate attainable with the Martini is so great that the circumstances would be exceedingly rare in which it would be necessary to increase it. But in case it would be considered desirable to introduce repeaters for special use, the Winchester arm appears to be the most hopeful specimen, and it is probable that further trials will be made with this weapon.

One word in conclusion: we now appear to be in a fair way to the adoption of a breech-loader likely to meet all possible requirements in respect of rapidity, accuracy, range, simplicity and strength. This result has been arrived at after an elaborate and not inexpensive series of trials. Meanwhile, other nations have not been idle; and the broad result will be the development of military small-arm fire to an extent exceeding all former experience. Ought we to stop here? Clearly not; and the next step, a step which should be no longer delayed, appears to be

sufficiently obvious. We must now strive to protect our troops from the deadly fire which will henceforth be brought to bear upon them. In its way, this is no less important than the adoption of an efficient arm; but, hitherto, this branch of the subject has been strangely neglected. Abroad it is not neglected—nearly all the great Continental armies are busy instructing their troops in the art of seeking and obtaining cover. This is to be done in two ways: by the improvement of the skirmishing drill, and by the adoption of an efficient and ready system of field entrenchment. Under the first head we include the necessity of teaching our soldiers that a man who exposes his whole body, who neglects to take advantage of every stone and tree and sheltering undulation, who is not apt in shifts and devices which have hitherto been considered more characteristic of an "Alabama duel," than of formal military operations, is a marked, and probably a lost man. Under the second head, we hope ere long to see a serious attempt made to organize a system of spade drill, and to teach battalions to improvise cover when nature does not afford it. If we neglect these precautions we may as well throw our breech-loaders aside; for, under these circumstances, the best breech-loader in the world will fail to avert disaster and defeat.



HENRY-MARTINI RIFLE.

The Etruscans, the English of Antiquity.

OF all the old peoples of Italy that have made a mark in history, leaving an impress on modern civilization, none interest more than the Etruscans. They have left a written language which no one can read; stupendous public works which time fails to destroy; and a rich and suggestive art, frail often in material, but exquisite in workmanship, which the grave has preserved during a silence of nearly thirty centuries. Everywhere their cities crowned the most picturesque and impregnable mountain sites, rejoicing in varied views, pure air, and excessive climbing, as greatly as modern towns delight in the easy access, heavy atmosphere, and cramped scenery of the lowlands.

Their inhabitants were a strong-limbed, broad-headed, industrious race, given to road-building, sewer-making, canal-digging, and nature-taming generally. They were religious too, commercial, manufacturing, keen of business, of course luxurious, not wholly unmindful of beauty, but preferring the strength and comfort that comes of a practical view of things: a people in the end whose hard-earned riches and long-tested mechanical science failed to save their political being when imperilled by an ambitious, war-like neighbour. Still, though subdued in the field, their arts and civil polity conquered the conquerors. For centuries they ruled the seas, and were the great wave-lords of antiquity. English in their maritime skill and force, they were like the English in many other habits and points of character, especially in their fondness for horse-racing and pugilistic encounters. Their origin is lost in the remotest antiquity of the East. Nevertheless, their earliest civilization comes to us indubitably filtered through Egyptian and Assyrian sources. What we dig up of their primitive work has a decided look of the Nile—that prolific mother of antique arts and ideas. Many of their paintings and sculptures bear also a strong likeness to those of Nineveh.

Independently of other inducements, it is worth while to make the tour of the ancient cities of Etruria on account of the loveliness of their situations and the varied beauty of the landscape encircling them. Take, for instance, Volterra, set on high, overlooking the Mediterranean, the fertile Pisan territory, and a Plutonic tract of country at its feet, split and warped into savage fury of chasm and nakedness by internal fires. Its situation marks it finally for a doom as tragic as that of the cities of the Plain; indeed one more dramatic,—for it will be thrown down from its towering height into a bottomless quicksand below, which is swallowing in immense mouthfuls the mountain on which it stands.

Having already engulfed the Church of St. Giusti, it has reached on the north the ancient walls of the Badia, from which the monks have fled in dismay, leaving their remarkable cloisters trembling on the brink of a precipice of sand five hundred to a thousand feet deep, which leans over a treacherous abyss of hidden waters, sapping the unsolid earth above them with relentless energy. Each year the distance between the precipice and the city is growing less, yet it seems fascinated by the peril. The massive walls which have stood firmly on their foundations three thousand years may help induce a feeling of security in their ability to outlive this enemy as they have all others. But the contrast in sensations is most startling when, after following their circuit for miles in wonder at their hugeness, one comes at a single step upon this tremendous undermining of a mountain which, at an unexpected moment, is destined not merely to leave no one stone of them on another, but to bury them for ever from human sight, and with them the people who trusted to their strength for safety. It is an impressive spectacle, not only of the transitoriness of all human work, but of those agencies which are preparing the earth for new forms and species of existence. I comprehend sleeping quietly on the edge of a volcano or during a battle, for there the elements of death have in them that of the sublime, which puts the spirit on a level with the occasion; but the thought of the prolonged, helpless strangulation of a whole city irresistibly sucked into the bowels of the earth, is awful. No heroisms can avail in burial alive, and no human sacrifice can avert the destruction after Nature has sounded the signal of doom. Yet with a degree of stupidity which seems past belief, the Volterrians once refused to permit an enterprising citizen of Leghorn to save their city by draining off the encroaching waters while there was time, on condition of having for himself the land he reclaimed from devastation. Possibly they feared the loss of one of their "sights," which are food and raiment to the poor of Italian cities in general, each inhabitant consoling himself with the reflection, "after me the flood." The "sight" certainly is one not to be met in other parts. Go to see it, but do not tarry long.

Orvieto is as firmly as Volterra is loosely placed, on its foundation of rock. Following the circuit of the perpendicular precipice on which the town stands, its walls rise many hundred feet in parts, in as straight a line as if all built up of masonry. Perugia struggles in a vagabond manner along the crests of several hills or terraces, evincing a desire to get into the rich valleys below. Chiusi with a glorious outlook over two lakes, girt around with a green swell of mountains, whose olive-grounds and vineyards rise and fall until they dash their fragrance against its ugly walls, shows like a dark spot in the bountiful nature around it. The kingly virtues of Persenna are as much lost sight of in his now beggarly capital as is his famous tomb, once a wonder of the world. But what else can be in a nest of excavators whose most productive industry lies in rifling ancestral tombs and fleecing the visitor; not to speak of the dubious reputation of the place as an

entrepôt for the sale of false antiquities. My landlord could not give a morsel of meat to eat that the teeth could penetrate, but he had to offer his museum of Etruscan antiquities for the modest sum of fifty thousand francs. The ascent to the bedrooms was guarded by a long lugubrious line of cinerary urns, remarkable only for their archaic coarseness. Chiusi is neither clean, cheerful, nor comfortable, but it has its special attractions and much genuine art remaining, although its best museum the Casuciumi has been sold to the city of Palermo.

The Maremma is a vast cemetery of Etruscan cities, but disease and desolation have replaced their once vigorous commercial life. Scarcely a spadeful of earth can be turned up without disturbing the dust of their inhabitants. The same picturesque choice of sites of towns obtains here as elsewhere. Cortona is the queen of them all, though Citta-della-Pieve, garlanded with oak and chestnut forests, looks on a landscape not so diversified but in some details more exquisitely lovely.

I wish I could credit the founders of Etruscan cities with a love of the beautiful in nature in regard to the situations they selected. But I fear they had no greater liking this way than modern Italians. Sanitary considerations and personal security led them up the hills to live and to girt themselves around with solid walls. The plains were damp and unwholesome before they were drained and planted. Still in "locating" as they did, and in disposing their walls and gateways, they must have obeyed a latent instinct of beauty even in a land where nature is so bountiful that it is difficult to go amiss in laying the foundations either of a house or a town. We find in them all a varied succession of surprising views which could scarcely be more completely pleasurable had the sites of their cities been specially chosen with this end.

In treating of Etruscan art, it is not necessary to specify its antiquarian distinctions, but only its general characteristics. The best way to get at these is to study the contents of the tombs. They were excavated and built much after the plan of the dwellings of the living, with a similar disposition of chambers or halls, corresponding to the room required for the dead, except when they took the form of mausoleums or monuments, and were made immense labyrinthian structures, whose ruins now seem more the work of nature than of man. Interiorly they were lavishly decorated with painting and sculpture in relief on the walls and ceilings. When first opened, these decorations are quite fresh and perfect. After an experience of the ghastly relics of modern sepulchres, it is with pleased astonishment one enters for the first time an Etruscan house of the dead. If it be a sepulchre hitherto undisturbed, the visitor finds himself, or he can easily so imagine, in the presence of the original proprietors. The apartments opening one into another have a look of domestic life, while the ornamentation is not confined to mythological or symbolical subjects; but is intermingled with scenes of social festivity, games, pic-nics, races, theatrical exhibitions, and whatever they enjoyed in their everyday world; thus indicating that they fancied they were entering upon a new life corre-

sponding in many particulars with their old. It is another form of the Indian notion of new and better hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit. But the good or evil past had much to do in their minds with the reception that awaited them. Guardian genii, effigies of the avengers of wrong, protectors of the good, symbols of immortality, occult doctrines put into pictorial life, these looked down on them from carved roofs and frescoed walls, which were further secured from wanton sacrilege at the hands of the living by figures of monstrous serpents and demon heads, or the snake-entwined visage of the terrible Medusa. There was so much of value to tempt the cupidity of even the heirs in the tombs of the wealthy, that it was necessary to render them awful as well as sacred to the common imagination. Indeed, there is room for believing that, while in some instances deposits of jewels and other costly objects were made in compliance with the religious customs, they were afterwards covertly withdrawn by means of a secret entrance known only to the persons interested, if not of the family itself; perhaps left expressly by conscience-hardened workmen for the sake of plunder. But, as enough has been already secured by modern excavators to stock the principal museums of Europe, it proves that the practice of burying treasures of art was in general respected among the old Etruscans, who, doubtless thinking to need them again, wished to have them within their ghostly reach.

On entering a tomb at Volterra, I was surprised to see wine and food on one of the urns in the centre. I asked the peasant-woman,—whose flickering torch cast a mysterious shadowy light over the pale figures that looked up to us out of great staring eyes, with their libation-cups or *pateræ* held invitingly out, as if to be filled,—if the spirits of her ancestors still thirsted for the warm drink of their native hills. “Oh, no,” she said, “we put it here to cool for ourselves.” It seems one must come to Italy to learn best how to utilize the grave-chill otherwise than as a moral refrigerator or theological bugbear.

If the tomb be anterior to the Roman fashion of burning the corpses, we often find the noble lady or great officer laid out in state on bronze biers and funeral couches, looking as in life, with their jewellery or armour on them, as prompt, to all appearance, for the pursuits of love or war as ever. Their favourite furniture, vases, bronzes, articles of toilet, and sometimes children's toys—the pet dolls and engraved primers—are placed about them ready for instant use. A few minutes' exposure to the air reduces the bodies to dust; but the records of their personal tastes and habits remain. The family scene of some of the sepulchres is made more real by rows of portrait statues in various attitudes placed on urns of sarcophagi, and arranged in order around the chamber, very much after the manner of a fashionable reception. In those days, guests more often reclined at banquets than sat upright. We see them, therefore, commonly in that position, and if husband and wife, decorously embracing or caressing, the arm of the man thrown lovingly over the shoulder of the partner of his home. Each is draped as in life, wearing their usual ornaments

and insignia of rank. The base, which contains the ashes or bodies, is elaborately sculptured, sometimes in full relief, with mythological or historical scenes, or symbols and events relating to the deceased persons. The oldest and most common of these cinerary urns are coarsely painted and modelled in terra-cotta ; but the finer are done in marble or alabaster, under Grecian influence, with occasional gilding.

These tombs are the libraries and museums of Etruscan history. Without them, not only would there have been important gaps in the annals of the people, and, indeed, all real knowledge of their life lost, but modern art would also have missed its most graceful and precious models and patterns in bronze, jewellery, and plastic materials in general. These offer a most needed contrast to the graceless, clumsy, meaningless, or vicious styles of ornament which prevailed after the loss of mediæval art, and before a revival of the knowledge of the pure forms of the antique Grecian taught us what beauty really is. We may estimate the extent to which the manufacture of artistic objects was carried by this people by the fact that from the small town of Volsinium, the modern Bolsena, Flavius Flaccus carried off to Rome 2,000 bronze statues. It is believed by many that the Etruscans were superior to the Greeks in the working of bronze, or anticipated them in perfecting it and the making of fictile vases. Each nation possessed a consummate art of its own, the origin of which in either was equally archaic and rude, while in time both styles in Italy became so intermingled that it requires a practised eye to discriminate between them, especially after Greek colonies settled in Southern Italy and their artists were employed throughout the peninsula.

Etruscan art proper is as thoroughly characteristic and indigenous as is the Greek ; but instead of a keen sense of beauty as its animating motive, there was a love of fact. It is essentially realistic, delighting in vigour and strength, and in telling its story plainly and forcibly, rather than with grace and elegance of expression. Before it was subjected to Greek influence, it was more or less heavy and exaggerated, with an unwitting tendency to the grotesque, faulty in detail, often coarse, but always expressive, emphatic, and sincere. Ignoring the extreme principles of Greek selection, it takes more to common nature as its guide. Nevertheless, it has a lofty idealism, or, more properly speaking, creative faculty of its own, which, as we shall see in its best art, inspires its natural truth with a feeling of the sublime. This supernal mystical element, which it has always exhibited, comes of the Oriental blood of the race. Grecian art is poetry ; Etruscan, eloquence. Homer inspires both ; but the difference between them in rendering the same thought is very obvious.

I find an essential distinction in their ideas of death and the future life, as interpreted by their sepulchral art. Apparently the Greek was so absorbed in his sensuous enjoyment, or so shaken in his earlier faiths by the varied teachings of his schools of philosophy, that he formed no very precise notions of his condition after death. In its most spiritual aspect

it was vague and shadowy; very beautiful and poetical in the interior sense of some of his myths, but lacking the exhortative and punitive character of the more fixed and sterner Egyptian and Etruscan dogmas. Respect for the gods, beauty, heroism, enjoyment, leaving the hereafter to expound itself, or viewing it fancifully; these were in the main the sentiments and feelings at the bottom of Greek theology. But the Etruscan was far more practical and positive, notwithstanding the large admixture of Oriental mysticism in his belief. Indeed this positiveness may be traced back to a strong element of unquestioning faith in Asiatic ancestors, whose imaginations were extremely susceptible to the spiritual influences of unseen powers, and were also opposed to the pantheistic ideas of the more intellectual Greeks. None had it stronger than the Persians and Jews. Descending from them it rooted itself deeply in the creeds of Christendom—firmest and severest in Protestantism. As all know, whenever it has come in collision with science, religion is apt to require the latter to give way, or be denounced as heretical. In this connection it is interesting to note how far the Etruscan idea of the future coincides with Christian ethics.

The joyous reliance on his fancy which contented his neighbour evidently did not satisfy the conscience of the Etruscan. Like the more northern races, whose harshest doctrines find speech in the diabolism of Calvinistic theology, he, too, must have a positive, material hell, with suitable demons, but with the special and noteworthy difference that his final doom was not a question of faith only, but of works. His good and evil deeds were accurately weighed by the infallible judges, and he was sentenced accordingly. Etruscan tomb-sculpture is much taken up by these solemn scenes. At the door leading to eternal torment sits an expectant fiend, and directly opposite is the entrance to the regions of happiness, guarded by a good angel. These await the decision of the fate of the soul on trial, which is attended by the good and evil genii, which were supposed to be ever present with the living. The demonism of Etruria is sterner and less mystical than the Egyptian, although not as frightful as that of mediæval Christendom. Images of terror, however, are common, and made as ugly and repulsive as those of an opposite character are made handsome and attractive. Still Typhon, one of the angels of death is a beauty in comparison with his more modern namesake, and even big-eared, heavy-limbed Charon, with his fatal hammer, is mild and pleasing, beside Spinello's Beelzebub. Their most successful attempts at ferocious ugliness arrive only at a grotesque exaggeration of the negro physiognomy in a form of the ordinary human shape. Serpents figure largely in these paintings, but as often in a good as a bad sense, as the symbol of eternity. The important truth that we find in them is the recognition of an immediate judgment passed on the soul after death, and the substantiality of the rewards or punishment awaiting it.

The Etruscans were eminently a domestic people of warm, social affections. Woman evidently was held in equal esteem to men. Every-

where she shares his cares and pleasures. The position of wife is one of the highest honour and influence, subordinated to no accomplished class of courtesans as in Greece, nor accompanied by the great laxity of manners that at a subsequent period defiled Rome. Indeed, Etruscan art is singularly pure and serious, except as it borrowed from foreign sources its dissolute Bacchic rites. But these were never very popular. Their artists prefer exhibiting the natural sentiments and emotions with a touching simplicity of positive treatment. A favourite subject was the death-parting of families. Husband or wife, lover or friend, embrace or shake hands tenderly, the dying with an elevated expression of resignation and hope, the survivors with a quiet grief that bespeaks a conviction of future reunion. Children weep around, or are held to the dying lips to take a last kiss; the pet dog watches sympathetically the sorrowful scene; hired mourners perform their functions, and the whole spectacle is serious and impressive. The dignified courtesy manifested by the principals in these farewells shows that no doctrinal despair poisoned their latest hour on earth, but rather that they looked upon the separation as one does a call to a necessary journey. A spirit horse for the man, or a chariot for the woman, with winged attendants, are always depicted quietly waiting outside the house until their services are needed for the journey to the new country. If death has already occurred their torches are reversed. The Greeks loved to look on death in a sensuously beautiful shape, like Endymion sleeping, or Hylas borne off by water-nymphs. They sought to disguise to themselves its painful and dismal features. Death was best regarded as a sweet slumber or a delightful ravishment. An Etruscan shielded his senses by no such poetical expedients. He felt it was a real journey to a new life, and so represented it for good or bad on the evidence of his actual character. His artistic creations to people the world which opened itself to his dying view were not merely men deified and super-sensuous, but a distinct, supernal race with attributes corresponding to their spiritual functions. What his devils were we have seen; his genii, furies, and other celestial powers were grand in idea, often sublime in creation, and as well as he knew to make them, beautiful; more elevated in conception and functions than those of the Grecian mythology; fit precursors of the angels and archangels of Giotto, Orgagna and Luca Signorelli. In truth mediæval art had but little to do to adjust this phase of the Etruscan to its own purpose. The infant Jupiter in the arms of his nurse as seen in the Campagna bas-reliefs is the legitimate model in motive and grouping of subsequent Madonnas and Bambinos. But the most striking of their supernal creations are the two so-called female furies which guard the portal of the principal sarcophagus of the Volunni sepulchre near Perugia.

The contents of this family vault merit attention because of their pure Etruscan character and feeling in the best time of their art, when its native strength was tempered by the Grecian sense of the beautiful. Several generations of the Volunnii are found deposited here in elegant

urns, all admirable as art, but especially the two that face the visitor as he enters the principal chamber. One contains the ashes of the chief of his family, the other, the remains of a lady of the same name of high distinction. Both these monuments are remarkable for extreme simplicity, purity of style, breadth of design, and refined adaptation to their honoured purpose. The man lies in a semi-upright posture, with head upraised on a richly draped couch. He is not dead, as we moderns persist in representing our departed friends, as if we were disbelievers in the doctrine of immortality, leaving on the spectator's mind only a disagreeable impression of material dissolution; nor does he sleep, as the mediævalists in better taste and feeling represent their dead, while calmly waiting the universal resurrection; but with greater truth than either, he lives.

This characteristic vitality of the Etruscan effigies is worthy of observation in two respects. First, it displays the skill of their artists in rendering individual likeness,—making their figures natural without diminishing aught of the solemnity of their purpose. They are the veritable persons they represent, receiving us moderns with the same polite dignity which would have distinguished them had our call been two thousand years earlier, while they were still in the flesh. Secondly, we learn from it that they believed their dead entered at once on a new life without any intermediate sleep or purgatorial probation. I interpret the Etruscan in his tomb to mean that he still regarded himself in all respects as his old identical earthly self called to a new part in life, but retaining every original characteristic and experience, and holding that future changes in him must be the result of processes of growth and development in accordance with laws analogous to those that regulated the formation of his personality on earth. Meantime he remains himself and none other at our gracious service, if I read the lesson in stone aright. It seems to me that the Pagan Etruscans recognized this vital principle of creation more decidedly, or at all events more practically, than we Christians do. They may have sensualized their faith in immortality overmuch by their funeral feasts, games, and music, or other exhibitions of their enjoyment of the good things of life, with the evident expectation of something corresponding to these pleasures and honours hereafter. But, as the moral qualities of the departed were made the test of his spiritual condition, the lesson was a salutary and hopeful one. The base of the chief monument of the Volunni is, to my apprehension, as completely a spiritualized motive in art of this sort as exists, uniting consummate simplicity of treatment to a sublimity of character, excelled only in this respect by Blake's design of Death's door, which is the highest conception in the most chaste and suggestive form that the Christian mind has yet achieved to embody its idea of eternal life. The figures do not so much express the new birth as the mysteries attending it. On each side of the door, which represents the passage from the tomb to the life beyond, sits a colossal, winged female figure, in whom the nobility of both

sexes is harmoniously united, devoid of any sexual feeling proper, chastely draped, wearing sandals, a burning torch uplifted in one hand, the other slightly turned towards the door, and with an expression that seems to penetrate the secrets of eternity. I say colossal figures, though in reality they are very small, but so grand is their treatment that nothing actually colossal as to size excels the impression they make of supernal force and functions. They are in a sitting attitude, with the feet drawn up and crossed; but the artist has succeeded in giving them a self-supporting look, and also of taking away from the spectator the feeling that they could need any material support. As they will they are in rest or motion. This is a real sublimity of art, because it diverts the mind from thought of material laws to sole cognizance of its loftiest spiritual functions. In this subtle superiority of spirit over matter, these figures, perhaps, surpass the sculptures of Michael Angelo, and in other respects are akin to his extraordinary power, devoid of the physical exaggeration which obtains in so much of his work, but which further stamps him as a genuine descendant of ancient Etruscan masters now unknown to us by name. Even with his finest symbolical statues, Night and Day, it is difficult, on first view, to get rid of an unwelcome sense of weight, size, and solidity, though this finally disappears as their full meaning and nobleness flow into the mind. The superiority of their Etruscan prototypes is manifest at once from the fact that they suggest nothing below the standard of their conception. We feel the trembling awe of the four shadowy figures, now dimly seen, issuing from the tomb with an anxious, inquiring look at the mystical guardians of the gates of Eternity. Modern learning calls them Furies. Their countenances, nevertheless, are benevolent and inviting. If we meet no more unkindly faces than theirs on being ushered into the other life, it will be a desirable welcome.

The monument of the lady is less elaborate, but as finely treated in its way. A beautiful head of Medusa on a panel is the sole ornament of the base of the urn, the cornice of which, like the others, contains obituary inscriptions. A handsome matron in her prime is seated on the top in a curule chair. She is profusely draped, the right arm, however, being bare and upraised, and the hand with unconscious action lightly touching her shoulder, as she earnestly listens, and looks a little forward and downwards. One fancies her a judge; of a surety, one accustomed to be obeyed, but still just and gracious, and in every sense a lady.

Etruscan women were trusted housekeepers. They sat at the head of the table and kept the keys, except those of the wine-cellars. They had greater social freedom, and were more eligible to public posts than are their English sisters, whom they so much resembled in their domestic habits. One of the female ancestors of Mæcenas had a military command. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in believing that the distinguished lady of the Volunni sepulchre once held an important office of state,—a supposition which seems the more plausible from the masculine pose of the right hand on the knee, which is authoritative in movement

and indicative of firmness and decision. It does not detract at all from the feminine grace and beauty of the statue, but rather adds dignity and character to it. As an art motive, this monument is as effective and suggestive as Buonarrotti's "Duke Juliano," misnamed Lorenzo. The plates of these monuments in the expensive work, *Il Sepolcro dei Volunni*, edited by Count Connestabile, Perugia, 1855, though fairly correct in design, fail to do them justice in spirit.

The miniature winged genii, modelled in terra-cotta, attached to the lamp hung from the roof of the tomb, are graceful and appropriate conceptions, on a par in sentiment with Fra Angelico's guiding angels in his "Last Judgment." A spiritual, almost ecstatic element, akin to his, is sometimes to be met with in the best specimens of genuine Etruscan art. It is not to be confounded with the Grecian beautiful, for it is the result of a higher clairvoyance of the imagination into spiritual life. It seems strange at first thought that such a lofty mystic element should be found in the art of a people whose chief attributes of their supreme good or god were strength, riches, wisdom—not love; not even admitting into their triad of divine credentials, like the Greeks, beauty, but taking the same materialized and practical view of the purposes of life that the English race does under the specious term "common sense." But through their grosser understanding of things there is ever to be detected the spiritual light which discloses their Oriental origin, purged of the worst shapes of Asiatic superstition and mysticism, manifesting itself in impressive and intelligible speech after 2,000 years of silence in Pagan graves.

The greatest puzzle of Etruscan art is the extraordinary bronze found at Arezzo, but now in the Uffizzi Gallery, called, in antiquarian despair of interpretation, the Chimera. It has the body of a lion, with the head of a goat growing out of its back, poisoned by the bite of a serpent that forms the tail of the compound beast, whose entire body is showing the fatal effects of the venom. If it admits of explanation, I should say the lion represented the strength and riches of the Etruscan civilization, the goat its corrupting luxury, and the reptile the fatal sting of sin that finally cast it into the mire never to rise again among the nations.

Lettice Lisle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUSPENSE.



'VE a heard as that there Dixon's a very deal worse," said Job a few days after (he was always the person to hear the news). "They says he were that worrety as they was obliged to carry him from the place where Lettie were, handy the sea, to his own home, and that the wound took cold or summat, and they didn't know how 'twould turn. 'Twill go hard wi' Norton Lisle if ought bad happens to he, I take it."

"That's what comes o' them as will foller their own way, like Absolum, as were caught by the hair o' his head, and King Nebuchadnezzar, as eat grass like an ox," said Mrs. Wynyate, improving the occasion, if not the tempers of her listeners.

"But Norton haven't a been caught by the hair o' his head, nor eat grass, nor nothing," said the impervious Job, insensible to types and emblems; "and till so be as he's a going to be hung, we lives in hopes as he'll get off safe. They say as that young Wallcott's summoned for to bear witness agin him, which ain't just pleasant, as one may say, for nobody," he ended, looking at Lettice.

Poor Lettice spent the days in misery. She had a feeling as if her own fate depended, more or less, on the trial, as well as her father's; as if old Wallcott's opposition would never be overcome "if anything happened" to Norton, as she euphuistically called it in her own mind; and yet as if it were very wicked to be thinking of herself when such matters of life and death were on hand.

Norton had recovered so fast that his trial was to come off at the winter assizes.

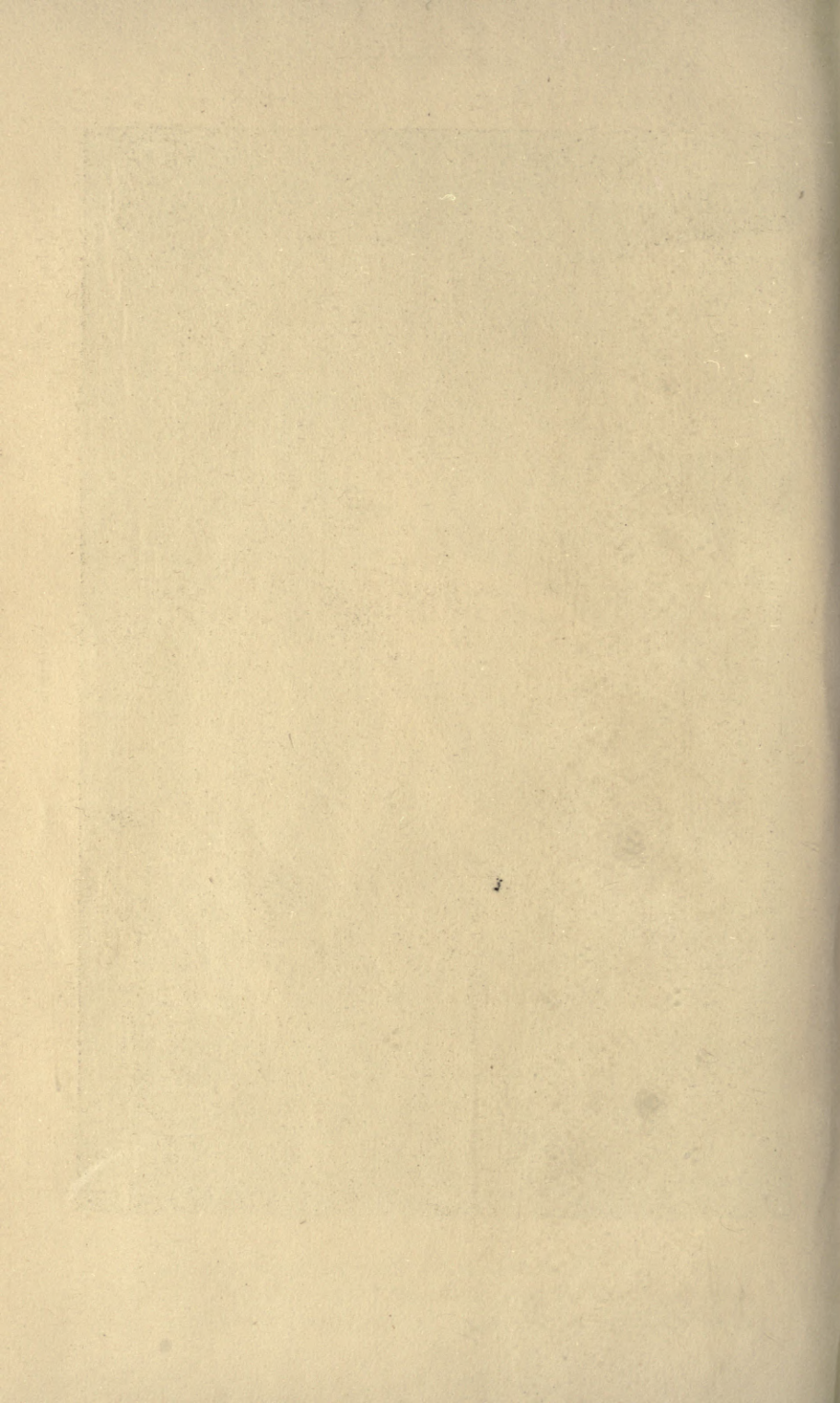
"Summun must go and see which way it all turns out," said Job, when the time came. "Tell'ee what, I think 't had best be me: Amyas hates a throng he does, and Lettie won't so much care see her father come



SPRINGTIDE.

SYZAIN

W. H. WOOD



to grief if he's to be hung, or sich like; so I'll just make the best o' my way over to Mapleford; and if cousin Smart'll take me in, well and good; and if she won't, why there it is."

"Nay, I can't leave Norton without some one to send to if anything happens," said Amyas kindly; "so we'll e'en both go together."

Mrs. Wynyate was more unhappy than she chose to allow. With some very worthy people it is a sort of religion in such cases to make your neighbours and friends unhappy too. As they sat at supper that evening, there was no rest for anybody in the room—"Why had Lettice left the dairy-pans so dim? and why hadn't Amyas been after Norton a bit to see after his soul, what were in such a poor way? And the girl they'd got to help, when Lettice went away to her father, was so light o' head and so slow o' heels, there was no bearing her; and the flour hadn't come, and why was Job always so forgetful?"—till at last Job—who was the only one, as he declared, who "stood up to her," and who had not yet finished his bread and cheese,—undertook his own defence at such length, and in a voice which overpowered even his mother's, that Amyas got up in silence and left the room.

Job went on tranquilly with his work, *i.e.* his supper, till at last Mrs. Wynyate, hearing some laughing in the kitchen, charged in to bring the offenders to punishment, carrying with her the only candle.

Lettice dropped down on a little stool before the dim fire, wearied out heart and soul; Job got up, with his mouth full, and leant against the mantelpiece. Neither spoke: the mere fact of silence seemed a relief not rashly to be broken.

"'Tis well," he said at last, "as there's a place wheré what's wrong here 'll be righted there." Did he mean that he should be able to make his mother as uncomfortable elsewhere as she did him at present? "I wonder," he went on, consideringly, "whether it ain't as bad to have a tongue to nagg folk's lives out all round all their days, as for a man to bring up a lot o' silly little dabs o' kegs of stuff, to do folk good, into the land? and yet there ye see there's one on 'um's fit to lose his neck for't, and t'other's a very pious female, as one might say——"

"Oh, don't, uncle Job, please; how can ye!" cried Lettice, horrified.

"——And an 'ornament to her sec,' as the preacher said on collection day, when she put money in the plate," went on Job, without minding her.

"You know it says in the Book, 'Judge not,'" interrupted the girl, feverishly; "and I'm sure I've got enow in my evil heart to look to, and try not to repine, and 'tis all for our good, and we deserve it all, and a deal more too, for our sins."

"As for yer sins, Lettice, well, ye see I don't know so much neither. And who 's strove and drove more than Amyas, I'd like to know? and done his duty both by man and beast 'in that situation whereunto he were called?' As far as I can see, 'tis them as is done wrong to as is so sorry and penitent and all that, and them as wrongs is as comferble as ever they can stick. What do you say, Amyas?" he ended meditatively: for as he

spoke, his brother had come back in the darkness, and seeing that all was quiet, pulled up his chair to the fire and sat down in silence; but Amyas made no answer. Presently, in the quiet night, there rose the Christmas hymn,—the “waits.”

“But it ain’t the right day; they suits their own convenience as to their rounds, and is noways petticklar when they comes,” said Job, going out to have a bit of chat with them.

There was a plaintive fall in the rude music, softened by distance and night. “Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day,” as Portia says; and they sat on listening, without speaking or stirring. The singers had ended their carol, and, quite unconscious of their heresy, were singing a hymn to the Virgin—which, with the tenacity of village customs, had lasted on nearly three hundred years after the time when the meaning had died out of the words.

“What does it all signify in the world, uncle Amyas?” said Lettice, when the music stopped, bringing up her stool to his side, and leaning her head against him as she had not done since her “troubles.” “How is it with life and all things? While the music was talking, as ’twere, it seemed to me as if I could see it all plain, but now ’tis got all dark again.”

“I’m sure I can’t say,” replied Amyas, sighing, with that unwillingness to bring up his faculties to tackle a hard subject which is found in many men of more education than Amyas.

The small white cat came purring up to her. It had grown quite wild and shy during the long months she had been away, and would not come near her on her return. Its strangeness had vexed her, for she valued its little friendship as a reminder of her happy days with Everhard. Now, when she took no notice, it jumped into her lap.

Presently, as he pushed in the half-burned brands to the fire, and a flame shot up, he saw her disappointed face.

“Look, dear child,” said her uncle, with an effort: “yer might talk yerself hoarse, splaining things to that little kit; ’twouldn’t understand any bit the more all yer strove: same with you, when yer was a baby, what good were it telling of ye the how and the why? ‘See in part—through a glass darkly,’” he half-muttered to himself. “I’m thinking it must be the same with us. Every now and then we seems to catch a light, and then it’s sunk again, like that blaze, and we couldn’t put it into words neither; but there’ll come a time, please God, when we shall know even as He knows us. ‘Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief,’” he ended, rising with a sigh, as Mrs. Wynyate came back into the room.—“Now it’s time for us all to go to bed, mother,” he ended.

The next day seemed to Lettice interminable. Her uncles left home early. It had been a wild night: the wind was whirling round the house, tearing at the branches of the great elms; sobbing and moaning, as it seemed, round the house, with gusts of cold rain drifting fitfully past from time to time—which was the only way in which the winter showed itself. The draggeltailed fowls and peacocks, the dismal-looking cows

and horses, took shelter as they could: everything looked miserable, and drenched, and dreary, and uncomfortable without, while within Mrs. Wynyate's ceaseless complaints of the dirt brought in by each successive entrance, had gone on since the morning. Lettice, in silence, had brushed and tidied and straightened in vain; and she now sat, when evening came, depressed and wretched, in a sort of comfortless despair, trying to realize to herself what was going on at Mapleford, and the share which Everhard would be forced to take in the trial—when at last her grandmother came into the room, and she rose, fearing she knew not what; but Mrs. Wynyate sat down quietly by her side and uttered not a word.

"You'd best not sit up any longer, Lettice; 'tis no use, and it's getting late," said she at last, and then, seizing the girl's hand as she passed her chair with unwonted feeling, in an iron grasp, the old woman went on in a broken, rugged voice, with vehement energy: "Pray, child, pray, that it mayn't be barren sorrow to us all, but that it may bear fruit to life eternal!" and, to Lettice's surprise, she saw a great tear in each dim eye, though they did not fall. She stooped down with a sudden impulse and kissed the stern old face for the first time in her life with a feeling of affection.

"Good-night, granny—thank you, dear granny!" she cried, running out of the room to hide her own tears, for Mrs. Wynyate had a horror of emotions.

The next morning she was crossing the upper end of the farmyard, when, to her surprise, she came upon Job.

"Well, so ye see I'm come back; I were just coming in to tell ye. The trial came on so late as I couldn't make it out to get home last night," he said, tranquilly; "so I set off ere 'twere light this mornin' wi' the butcher's cart. Amyas will be here afore long."

"But what came of the trial? how were it all?" cried the poor girl breathlessly.

"Why, ye see, there were a big 'un in a wig went on a pokin' and a pounding at yer father, ever so long up and down; and hadn't he done this'n and hadn't he a done that'n all the days o' his life?—till at last grandfa judge he comes down o' him and says, That there ain't fair, you ha'n't a got nothin' to do with all that, only just did he kill Dixon?"

"What! 's Dixon dead?" cried Lettice.

"Nay, he's none dead, but was going on for better, last I heerd."

The poor girl wrung her hands, past her patience at the impossibility of getting on.

"But how were it settled at the end?" said Mrs. Wynyate, coming up to the rescue.

"Some on 'um said one thing and some said t'other way. I'm a' muzzed and can't tell rightly how 'twere. There were a little chap, sharp as a needle, what fired the pistol, says one; and next one pruv he weren't there a bit, his face being blacked so as they couldn't know him."

"Whose face?" said Lettice.

“ ’Twere as if they set up the things for to bowl ’um down again, as we does skittles, up them, down t’others; to it agin, my masters.”

“ But the end, what was the end? what’s his sentence,—Norton’s sentence?” said Mrs. Wynyate, exasperated to a degree, and shaking him violently by the coat, as if by that means she could shake the words out of the interminable Job.

“ Well, he were transported for life, or twenty-five years was it? I ain’t quite clear I ain’t,” blurted out Job, angrily. “ So there, now, ye has it yer own way, and a great hurry you’re in to be sure for such fine news,” he went on, in great dudgeon at not being allowed to tell his story as he pleased.

Lettrice breathed a little more freely at last.

“ There they was bothering and boring Everhard about his helping off one Caleb at sea. I can’t think whatever he done it for,” wondered Job.

“ Why, it was he got off father in the first place,” said Lettrice, indignantly.

“ Well, which on ’um done right and which on ’um done wrong, I’m not sure; I don’t know how ’twere rightly. Dixon had a wounded hisself, somebody else said,” he went on, consideringly. “ But, to be sure, them counsellors they tangles things, and twistes of them, and tosses ’um up like a bull does a red handkercher, till there ain’t nothin’ left o’ a plain man’s tale, there ain’t.”

When Amyas returned there was not much additional information to be gained even out of him; he had that disinclination to gather up his recollections, as it were, into concrete description, which is so often the case among men. One thing, however, Lettrice did pick up. Addressing no person in particular, he said,—

“ That young Wallcott came out of it uncommon well, I will say that for him; he didn’t say too much nor too little, but there he held on to a plain story and stuck to it. ’Twere dark and he didn’t know the man, and his face were blacked, and he saw no pistol fired, and Dixon weren’t dead nor nigh to it,” he said.

“ And Norton?” said his mother, impatiently. “ Did ye see him after all were over? and did he take on about it? and what did he say about going away so far?”

“ He didn’t seem to think scarce anything much anyways. There’s a ship going right off to Australia, they tells him, and he says, ‘ I’m a very handy chap, and shan’t be long a making my way out there, I take it.’ ”

Norton went out to Australia, where, as he expected, he did very well before long—earned his ticket-of-leave, and “ founded a family.” Antecedents were leniently regarded in those parts; besides, there were many worse men in his Majesty’s dominions than Norton Lisle, who yet had never been boarded and lodged at the public expense; there are no holes, however, for pegs of his peculiar construction in an old civilization, unless indeed he had 5,000*l.* a year, when he could have indulged his sporting instincts without any one finding much fault either with him or them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

EVERHARD had been a good deal badgered and browbeaten at the trial, and when it was over he went moodily up once more to his father's house, where luckily he found Mrs. Wallcott alone.

"At all events, I haven't done any hurt to Lettie's father, I don't believe; but it's been a bad time, mother," said he, sitting down gloomily in the kitchen. "And then my father came up to me in court, and said out loud, 'There! ye must be main glad to be well out o' that mess o' marrying a felon's girl!' Does he think I'm a going to leave hold o' her hand because she wants helping more, I'd like to know?" he went on, marching up and down the kitchen. "I'll soon let him hear a bit o' my mind when he comes in, I will."

"Now you see here, my dear boy," she began, with great earnestness. "Don't ee begin wi' a set-to wi' yer father: it just breaks my heart and don't do a bit a good, but just makes him ten times worse, knockin' o' yer heads together, hitting just where 'twould be better missed. You just leave all quiet, and let me try and make it straight. There's times and there's times, and a continual drip, they says, 'll wear away the hardest stone."

"But then where shall we be, mother, Lettice and me, before you've got through the rock? why we shall be dead and buried, and much good it will do us then to win with him," said Everhard, half laughing at his own lugubrious images.

"Well, ye see, if Norton had a been hung, maybe it mightn't have been so well," replied Mrs. Wallcott, meditatively; "but now as he'll just be settled right away, outside nowhere, as one may say, and beyond reach o' mischief, 'tis next best to being dead, and summat like it: so yer father may come round better now, nor before time, who knows?"

Everhard accordingly held his tongue during the remainder of the evening, till he went back to Seaford; and his father seemed to be only too glad to take it for granted that all was as he desired, to tide over the difficulty by leaving things alone under cover of a truce, and to consider that his son would forget all about it in time.

"Give him the rein enow, and he'll tire of it and think better of it hisself, that's what I say," said he, with a sigh of relief when Everhard had left the house.

"I don't see what you're to do if he's so bent upon it," said Mrs. Wallcott, philosophically, a day or two after, when she had propounded Everhard's case to her husband for the sixth or seventh time. She was standing with the top of a saucepan in her hand, while he went on fulminating vengeance against his son for his crimes.

"Anne's been and burnt the bacon again," she said, parenthetically, as she looked into it. "That girl's enough to sour cider, she's so careless,

that she is." Then resuming the thread of her discourse—"if thread it could be called where thread was none,"—"It ain't as if you'd a got heaps o' boys and girls o' yer own, Mr. Wallcott, for to leave yer goods to. You've got but one on 'um, and I can't see as there ain't any harm in the girl. I seen her out o' winder t'other day along wi' her uncle what were a coming out o' that Susan Smart's, which it's wonderful what a temper she have a got to be sure, and so uppish no one can't stand her; and Lettice—if that's her name—I don't see as she won't do as well as another on 'um. Girls is poor flimsy things nowadays, not a bit like when I were young; but there, I don't know who'd be good enow for my boy, that I don't. You may go farther and fare worse, I says, Mr. Wallcott." Mrs. Wallcott was a mistress of that style called the roundabout; and how she ever reached her conclusions was a mystery known only to herself.

"Yes, I that have just made it all good about the Woodhouse, that's all safe in my hands. The papers are to be finished to-day. And the girl's uncle ruined right off, and her father a smuggler and in danger o' hanging. A pretty man for Everhard to consort wi', as I've saved and slaved for all my life!" shouted Wallcott, angrily.

"We didn't use to be so petticklar," answered his wife. "'What for are ye collying* o' me?' says the pot to the kettle."

It was too true to be pleasant.

"I tell ye, I'd rather leave my money to the pigs," cried Wallcott, his face purple with passion and the veins on his forehead swollen with the violence of his rage. Mrs. Wallcott drew back; she well knew it would do no good to cross him in such a mood. He turned out of the house towards the stable, muttering angrily. "Bring out the new bay," he called out roughly. It was an ill-tempered beast, like himself, which he had just bought at a good deal under its value for that very reason: one of those "bargains" which are so very dear at the money.

The horse fidgeted and moved excitedly, first to one side and then the other, so that its master was a long time without being able to mount. "Quiet, ye brute!" he went on calling furiously. At last, with much difficulty, he managed to scramble on its back, and even before he was well in the saddle struck it repeatedly and angrily with his stick. The horse resented the blows, started violently, threw up his heels, reared, and Wallcott was unseated, though he slipt off rather than fell.

"I'm not hurt a bit," cried he, trying to get up; but he was a large man, and evidently a good deal shaken; and as the bystanders helped him off the ground, they found he could hardly stand upright: his arm fell powerless, and they carried him towards the house.

"'Tis a stroke," said his wife, placidly, as they brought him in. "They doctors telled him to kip hisself quiet, or he'd be sure to have one afore long, and here ye see 'tis. I've begged him scores and scores o' times not to ride that there horse; and he always said he were only playsome, and that 'tweren't vice."

* "Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

There was scarcely anything to be done for the old man. He continued in the same helpless state, growing more and more violent as he was less able to make himself understood—till at last, as one stroke succeeded another, he sank gradually into a kind of dotage. Dreams of money or its absence—the ruling passion strong in death—hung about him; he was beset with the idea that he was ruined and penniless; and should have to go to the workhouse, and the only way in which he could be kept quiet was to pay so many shillings a week into his own hands, and as long as the feeling of the money remained with him he was more content.

The final steps as to the mortgage had not been taken before old Wallcott was taken ill; but, in spite of this delay, Amyas was preparing as before for the order to move.

“Sure you might just be quiet and see what’ll come of it,” said Job, plaintively, when they received a message through Ned, from Everhard, begging that no changes should be made at present at the Woodhouse. Amyas, however, could not divest himself of the idea that Everhard, when he had the power, might be wanting in the will, and went on trying to make his arrangements. It was a most painful tenure, indeed, to him to be thus hung up between earth and heaven, dependent on the good pleasure of he scarcely knew whom.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SPRINGTIDE.

It was the first real spring day, fresh and bright.

“Lettice, you go and see after Dannel, as sends word he’s sick and can’t come,” said her grandmother, in the afternoon: and the girl set off across the meadows, where everything was beginning to bud as early as was possible in the year; for there had been scarcely any winter, as sometimes happens in that favoured climate.

“Well, Lettie,” said the old “dark” man, recognizing her step as she came into the cottage, “I’m terrible bad, I be, you may depend on’t; my cough he’s a deal worse: there’s summat tarblish wrong a goin’ on in my inside, and if ye don’t tackle he, ’twill be a hard matter for me to climb May-hill. They says, ye know,

‘March will search, April will try,
May ’ll shew if ye live or die.’

Well, I’ve a don my dooty, and I’m ready to goo; and there I shall sit on the right hand o’ God, and o’ my beautiful Saviour, I shall,” said he, with some importance; then coming down rapidly from this seraphic state of mind to more pressing interests: “You tell Madam to send me a sup o’ broth, or summat, I feel so leer” (empty), he went on in his usual peremptory fashion. “There, if I could but twiddle down to the Woodhouse and tumble the butter, ’twould fresh me up a bit, it would!”

“We’re in hopes you’ll git down after a bit now—’tis so fine, too,” said Lettice.

“And how can that be, if I can’t neither eat nor sleep?” said the old man, crossly: “there’s my missis got so stiff that it terrifies her for to make the bed, to shake it and hemp it as I wants it, and they tells me it’s all up wi’ yer uncle, as he can’t by no means stop on at the Woodhouse because of the mortgage, and then where shall I be?—And what’s come o’ that young Wallcott, I’d like to know, as used to be here so much?” he went on presently. “’Tis a greatish while sin’ I heard talk o’ he: he were a nice tidy chap, enow—and he’s tookt hisself off for good and all, they says. That’ll be along o’ Madam Wynyate’s doings, I’m thinking. Well, ye know they young men there’s no dependence on’ em; they comes and they goes when they pleases, and as they pleases; and they won’t ha’ none to gain-say ’um. ’Tis a pity, too, as he’ll never come back no more, for he was a trimming smart young fellow he was,” he ended these consolatory remarks.

It is not pleasant to hear such things concerning the tenderest part of one’s future, even from a person who knows nothing whatever about the matter. Lettice sighed as she came out of the little dark cottage.

There was a “tender grace” about the exquisite evening, like the first opening of a rosebud: the world seemed full of sweet scents and sweet sounds, as if the whole earth was bursting into bloom, as she walked slowly home. Everywhere the flowers were opening, the pale green corn springing, a fringe of fern followed the line of the deep lane, the hedgerows were set with daffodils and primroses; the children all had “posies” of them in their hands: the earth was a perfect garden. There was a fresh springing feeling in the air: the birds twittering, the axes of the woodcutters ringing through the wood, and the laughing of the “yaffingale,” the great red and green woodpecker which glanced across the glades like a tropical bird, in a coat of quite another colouring than the sober browns our birds generally affect in the north; but poor Lettice was too sad at heart to enjoy either the sights or sounds. She sat down at last near the little pool—the scene of her childish misdeeds. The water was clear, the pale blue sky was clear; the trunks of the great oaks on the top of a green mossy bank, overrun with a perfect garden of daffodils, which seemed to be overflowing down its edge to see themselves in the water, were all reflected below. She sat and watched them absently: it had been too lovely to pass by, but she had forgotten at what she was looking, as she rested her head upon her hands. In spite of the size and strength of her belief in Everhard—“which it’s as big and strong as the minster at Mapleford,” said she to herself—she was beginning to find it long, and to sigh for some tidings of him. He had taken Amyas’s prohibition to come near them till all was clear, far too literally for her comfort.

Something stirred, as it seemed to her, in the water below, and she raised her graceful little head to see down into it—when she met Everhard’s eyes looking up at her, as it were, out of the water itself: he

was so continually in her thoughts and so mixed up and connected with everything in her mind, that if he had come up bodily out of the pool itself, she would hardly have been startled or considered it otherwise than quite natural.

"You never heard me, Lettice! what were you thinking about so hard?" said he, smiling, as he sat down beside her, and took her in his arms.

"But are you sure that it's all quite right that you should come?" whispered she, nestling up to him, however; "and that they won't mind it at Mapleford, and that uncle Amyas will be content?"

"You're like a bit of conscience set on end in a little red hood, I do believe," answered he, laughing; "it's very right indeed; how can it be wrong when you and me come together?"

But in spite of this very convincing argument, the uneasy look did not pass out of her anxious face till he had told her all that had happened.

"My mother's been as kind as kind; you must go and see her soon, Lettice; I think that'll thank her best to see your little face. You see it's her money is set upon the Woodhouse after all: so she's a right, if any has, to say yes or no, and she gives it up to us, you and me, that's her rights. (I never saw such a place for wild daffodils as this is.)"

"And you mean we can live here along wi' uncle Amyas, in the dear old place all together all our lives?" replied Lettice, with her eyes sparkling. "And that's the good thing you've been doing of all this weary while? You're a very good man," she added, earnestly.

"And what have you been doing all the time?" said he presently, looking down into her eyes with a smile.

"It's very dreary waiting," answered she, hiding her face on his shoulder. "I don't think you can tell how long the days seem."

"Why can't I tell?" laughed he.

"Because you're a man, you know, and can move about and be angry, and all sorts o' such like things that serves to pass the time."

"What! do ye think that's such a pretty pastime?" answered he.

"Them as tries it seems always to take great delight in it," said she, with a smile and a blush.

Then, after he had proved convincingly to his own and her satisfaction that everything he had ever done had always been the very best possible under the circumstances,—

"Why, that moss is just like green velvet where you're sitting, Lettice, with the winter being so mild. It's a very pleasant place this, to be sure. I don't wonder at folk being sorry to part with it."

"But you mean uncle Amyas to stop, you said? How did he take it when you spoke and told him?" said she, anxiously, beginning to see that all was not quite so simple as she had fancied.

"Well, I suppose he's to stop. Why, he ain't so over and above fond o' me, and so he wasn't that overjoyed, you know, at having to be as it were obligated, anyhow."

“But he'll be fond enow of you, Everhard, come he knows you better,” cried she—the colour rising in her cheeks—in her uncle's defence. “Ye can't think what a man he is! There ain't a mossel not so big as a penny-piece in his heart o' what's low, nor selfish, nor mean; and now oughtn't we to go home and see after him a bit?” said she, as he would have detained her; and they sauntered slowly back together as the shadows fell.

“Sunny, fresh, bright evening, how pleasant the world looks,” said Everhard; “and coming out of the town too. Hark how the lambs are bleating, and see that pair o' cutty wrens beginning a nest. It's quite a shame to go in before sundown.”

But still she drew him gently on, for, in the midst of her own happiness, she began to realize that there might be sore hearts not very far away. Amyas was standing rather moodily in the porch as they came up; but his cloudy brow cleared when he saw the light in Lettice's little face.

“Why, you look as if you'd grow'd a pair o' wings, child, sin' morn'ing.” Then, turning to Everhard, “You'll mind and be good to her all yer days?” he went on somewhat seriously.

“I should like to see the thing that wouldn't be good to Lettie,” replied the young man, with some grandeur, a little annoyed that his virtuous acts were not done greater homage to, and not understanding in the least the bitter pang with which Amyas felt himself now a dependant in the house which had so long been his own.

“Uncle Amyas, he's your nephew too now, you know. You'll care about him, won't you?” whispered Lettice, anxiously, dropping behind, and taking hold of his hand in both hers, as they followed Everhard into the house. “I never can be right down happy in my heart if you're not a little glad about it too,” she went on, stroking the hand she held, and with a whole world of tenderness in her voice and manner.

And with the link between them of that pleading little face, Amyas shook hands, at last, much more cordially with the young man, in a sort of silent welcome, as they entered the old hall together.

“I believe you've strove to do all that was kind by me and mine, Everhard Wallcott; and I thank ye for't, though I haven't many words to give to-day,” he said, at last, with a sort of simple dignity.

“You'll let me stop here to-night, Mrs. Wynyate?” said Everhard, presently, smiling a little, perhaps, too affably for the situation.

“I'm sure I don't know where to put him, Amyas,” muttered his mother, a little too audibly.

Lettice threw herself desperately into the breach. “Granny,” she whispered, drawing the old woman to the stairs, “you'll let me come in to you, or I can go to the garret where uncle had used to sleep, and then there's that room where I bide all ready.”

It was not a promising beginning, and Lettice's heart sank within her, but the evening went off better than could be expected. Amyas made a great struggle to be cheerful; but their chief comfort was Job,—greatly

pleased with himself for his own wisdom and perspicacity, he considered the marriage as mainly his own doing, and admired it accordingly.

“Well, you’re not for letting the grass grow under yer feet,” observed he, rubbing his hands, when he heard Everhard’s plans: “you’ll be beforehand, now, wi’ the cuckoo, ‘what orders his coat at Beaulieu Fair and puts it on at Downton.’ And so you’re to have the wedding in church, is ye? and I’m glad o’ that too, we that pays tithe reg’lar, and Easter dues, and all them things, and don’t get no benefice on ’um like. I always thought we should take ’um out in prayers.”

“I’ve a made up my mind for to go live at the Dairy-house, for all sakes’ sake,” said Mrs. Wynyate next day suddenly. “Now, don’t ye go and say ought agin it, for ’tis much the best every way,” she went on, in answer to Lettice’s rather timid remonstrances. “Ye see, child, things ain’t, nor can’t be, as they used to was. The house is to be Everhard’s, they tells me, and he don’t like ’um done as they ought to; and I ain’t used to new ways, and can’t change, and I shall be best by myself, as ’twere, and you knows it; and ’tis so much nearer the chapel, too. Besides, I don’t think much o’ young men nowadays, to be waited on and looked after like that,” she ended, with some disgust at seeing Lettice getting something hot for supper ready for him. “So we’d best part while we’re friends,” said her inexorable common sense.

A few days after the wedding Everhard came up to Lettice with a packet of papers which his mother had given him.

“Find me a safe place for these. They’re the title-deeds of the Woodhouse,” said he, smiling.

“Don’t you think we ought to give them back to uncle Amyas?” said she, laying her hand on his arm with a hesitating blush and smile. “Don’t they say the money wasn’t near the value; and we might live here for the interest, mightn’t we, Everhard? It would be so nice to give him his own again.”

“A good deal more than his own that would be o’ the place, I fancy. I don’t see that at all,” he answered. “What do you think Lettice says?” and he repeated her words to Amyas, who entered the room at the moment. It must be confessed, to the discredit side of his offer, that he did not believe her uncle would accept it.

Lettice was making her escape, not at all approving of this easy mode of generosity, when Amyas took hold of her hand, and drew her fondly to him, with the tears in his eyes.

“Look, dear child: I was thinking of going away, and leaving ye to yourselves.” She looked horrified. “But Walleott says he don’t know nothing about farming, and that I’d best stop and look after it. I don’t believe I’m fit for much else; but I can do that.” In spite of his modesty, Amyas was of opinion secretly that he was a very good farmer. “After all, it’s no hardship to be beholden to you; and if I could ha’ had my wish, ’twould ha’ been as I should leave the Woodhouse to thee

after I go (which I couldn't). Job and John ain't fit for it, and Ned don't want it; so there 'tis, just all for the best, you see."

They were not at all rich, after all. The old money-lender's gains melted away to very little when the master-hand was gone which knew how to pull the strings necessary to bring in the gold. Amyas and Lettice were exceedingly glad, and Everhard not sorry.

Old Wallcott lived on for many years, and when he and his wife were provided for properly, there was barely enough to enable the others to live in comfort at the Woodhouse.

"And a very good thing too," said old Dannel, who generally enacted the part of chorus in a Greek play, considering it his duty to make the proper moral observations and the right exclamations in the right place for the family, reprobating vice (when it did not succeed), admiring good fortune, and the like. "All them pounds is more nor one mortial man didn't ought to have. I mind what my old woman said that time when that there sovereign were bewitched away from us, and we'd had such a sight o' merries* as never was: 'It's maybe as well,' says she. 'I was afraid o' that word o' David's, "The wicked do flourish." Who knows else how it mightn't ha' been with us in the t'other world?'"

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTERMATH.

It is only in three-volume novels and fairy tales that, when the proper distribution of deaths, marriages, and sugar-plums has taken place, it can be said of the actors that they lived "happy for ever after." It shows, indeed, a curious state of the public mind that all men should agree in stories to consider the starting-point as the goal, and the preparation for life as the only interesting part,—in fact, the life itself. It saves a world of trouble, however, to the narrator; the remainder is far more difficult and complex a subject,—many more keys minors to be harmonized, more involved discords to be resolved. It is the difference between a melody and a symphony.

Lettice was a great deal cleverer than her husband. There was more of her thoughts which he never knew of, feelings which he would never share: a wider, larger nature, which, however, neither circumstances nor cultivation ever made much use of.

Everhard was no hero, and his shallow education had not taught him how little he knew. But his wife never found it out. She went through life worshipping his wonderful powers and great acquirements, which, perhaps, on the whole, was for her happiness. Sometimes a dim doubt came over her, when she differed from him, as to whether his right (which

* Fr, *mérisse*: little black cherries.

was to her right) was so absolutely *the* right; but she put it down as a sort of treason.

They had their ups and downs of joy and grief, they lost their only little girl, and, having several boys, desired ardently what they had not got. In time, however, there came a little Lettice, very like the first to look at, who took possession of Amyas as of her rightful property and estate before she was two years old. She was the joy of his heart, and might be seen trotting after him, at almost all times and seasons, in and out of the house. She was a very much happier little being than her mother had been, tried by no harsh words or actions, above all, troubled by no misgivings, no self-mistrusts or self-torturings; all the difference, in fact, between the last generation and this. There was, perhaps, too, a little less of the shy charm of her mother. The dawn is a very evanescent thing in these times, self-possession and self-consciousness come rather too early, perhaps, in the day.

It was a good many years after their marriage—Lettice considered herself quite a middle-aged woman, and Everhard a "comfortable man,"—when their little girl, having been ill, and not recovering her strength,

"Little Lettie ought to go to the sea," said her mother, anxiously, one day when her child had been some time ailing.

"They say there's quite a place grown up at the Chine," replied Everhard. "You'd better take the child over there for a while. I shan't be sorry to see the old coast again. Uncle Amyas says he never saw such an aftermath as to-year, and that we shall have a fine time with the beasts, and so we can afford it nicely." (The aftermath is the second crop of grass after the hay-harvest is in.)

"And then we shall be sure to hear something of the Edneys," said Lettice to herself.

In the early days of her marriage she had written repeatedly to "Aunt Mary," but Mary was no scribe, and the painful epistles from Jesse, few and far between, told her little but the fact that they were still alive, so that at last the unsatisfactory correspondence had died out of itself. In those days of dear postage and difficult communication far nearer connections were often not heard of during half a lifetime.

As they drove over the once silent heath, where the Pucks used to turn into colts, they came on a row of staring white lodging-houses: a large hotel stood on Jesse's garden, and the little Bethel had been succeeded by an elaborately "high" Church.

As they passed what had once been the "Puckspiece" they saw a great blue placard, intimating that "this commodious and genteel residence, with coach-house and stables," might be hired by any family of distinction desiring that honour.

Lettice felt as if the Pucks were indeed playing tricks with her senses, as, with a puzzled feeling of identity, she helped Everhard to establish themselves in the smallest and quietest lodging they could find.

The next morning Everhard declared, "I'm just going over to Seaford to-day, Lettice, to see Ned and the rest, and the old place. I shall be back by night, and you'll do quite well without me. There's a coach there now."

Lettice took the child down to the shore, where at least the sea and the beach continued unchanged.

There were a number of little people, with spades and smart hats, burrowing in the sand, like the sandhoppers which she remembered of old; with whom, to her astonishment, remembering her own shy days, Lettice the second fraternized without the smallest difficulty.

As they wandered about together she could find no one who had even ever heard of the Edneys. The smart London builders who had made the place seemed to have destroyed even the name of the former owners: they had vanished like the seaweed of last year's tide.

Late in the afternoon, however, as she was straying rather aimlessly up and down, watching Lettie, who, with a wooden spade, was effecting wonders in the fortification line, in company with a fat boy, one of her new allies, an old sailor came up to her.

"I hears you was asking after folk as once lived here long fur time back," he said.

"Yes, six brothers," answered Lettice. "Pilots and fishers they were."

"Well, ye see, one and another come to grief like, and sold their lots o' ground; not for all that, though there's been such sums and sums made since, it isn't they nowise as has got the money. 'Tweren't nothing like; they were none the better of it. And at last Jesse pilot were left all to hisself; and he wouldn't stir, he said, from his father's ground; and so he stopped on till he died."

"And his wife, that they used to call aunt Mary in those old days?" said Lettice, with a sigh.

"She went off to her own friends when she were left to herself, with that there David they'd a brought up."

"And where may that be?"

"Well, I'm sure I can't say rightly," said he, scratching his head. "I have a heerd tell, I know; but where 'tis I can't mind not anyhow."

"And there was one of the brothers much younger than the rest," observed Lettice, hesitatingly.

"Ah! Calch you'll mean. He got into trouble with the Revenue folk, and then he run for it and got aboard a whaler or summat; anyhow, the boat were wrecked and almost every man drowned. They say Jesse never were his man after he heerd on it: there were a blue-jacket aboard one of the ships he were piloting of as telled him, I heerd say. You'll give me summat for to drink yer health, marm?" ended he, as Lettice turned, dazed, away.

She longed to be alone, to get away from the parasols and the smart hats, and the donkeys, and the telescopes with sham sailors at the end of

them. She shrank at last behind a shoulder of sand-cliff, out of sight of every one, with nothing but the sea and the sky and the beach before her, "where the voices of the waves and of the dead were the living things to her." The past had come back to her so vividly that she could see and hear once again all that went on in the old days at the pilot's: Mary's voice seemed sounding in her ears with its affectionate greetings, David's patronizing airs, and the old pilot's serious "discourse;" while her intercourse with poor Caleb, from the day when he carried her across the river to his pleading on the shore, was as present to her as if it had been yesterday.

It was quite evening, and she was still sitting there when the little girl came running up to her.

"Oh, mother, come down to the shore out of this stupid place. I've got such beautiful things! See here's a sea-mouse all over little spikes!" And she opened her small, hot, sandy hand, in which was wriggling some hideous sea-monster. And at the child's voice, the past shrivelled up once more.

"Why, you don't look like the same child," said her mother with a smile, putting the little dishevelled locks to rights; "and here's father coming to meet us. See what a nice colour Lettie's got in her cheeks already," she went on, going towards him.

"There's two Letties have got nice colours in their cheeks, I think," said Everhard, looking at his wife, over whose face the youth of the past seemed to be passing. "'A sea-mouse?' what's that, I wonder, Lettie? Put it in my pocket and we'll look presently, for I'm as hungry as a hawk, and want to get home."

The child danced round them, running in after the ebbing waves, and flying from them, as they came back again, like a little elf, and returning to hang on to his hand;—while the sun set behind them, giving a golden glow to the cliffs and the sea, and throwing their three long shadows on the level wet sands before them.

"See how great and big I am," sang the little girl in a sort of chant, and the traces of the old life seemed to be wiped away for her mother as if they had been a dream.

Tree and Serpent Worship.

WE propose to give a pretty full account of a book of great value and interest, which, from its costliness, and the small number of copies printed, cannot find its way into many hands. The subject is "Tree and Serpent Worship," as illustrated by the sculptures of the Buddhist Topes of Sanchi and Amravati; and its author is Mr. James Fergusson. Specimens of Indian sculpture being required in 1866 for exhibition in Paris, along with Mr. Fergusson's photographs of Indian architecture, a search brought to light the Elliot collection of marbles from the Amravati Tope, in the coach-houses of the India Museum. How they came to be there is for our present purpose immaterial. On the discovery, Mr. Fergusson procured photographs of them and of others in the Mackenzie Collection; and was able, by piecing together the photographs, to effect a restoration of the monument. On this he projected the publication of the photographs: the India Council entered into the project, and granted the necessary funds. A series of drawings and photographs of the Sanchi Tope having, thereafter, come to hand, the Council sanctioned their publication along with the Amravati photographs. The materials for the volume being so far complete, it was thought indispensable to explain how far tree and serpent worship, so abundantly portrayed in the sculptures, had prevailed in other countries besides India, and had underlain and influenced other forms of faith. "I could not but feel that, to have made the text a mere description of the two Topes," says Mr. Fergusson, "and to announce it as such, was simply to seal the book against general readers, and to relegate it to the small and, I fear, diminishing body of enthusiasts who are supposed to delight in the despised local antiquities of India." Hence the elaborate introduction, in which the prevalence of the worship of the serpent and the tree, or of the one or the other, is traced all over the world, and much new and curious light thrown on the history of more than one of the great religions.

The subject is not new, but in Mr. Fergusson's hands it has assumed new aspects. Most readers must have known something, at least, of serpent worship, the history of which, strange as it may seem, has been frequently paraded as a branch of the evidences of Christianity. The sole object of Mr. Bathurst Deane, for instance, in his book on the subject, was to confirm the account given in Genesis of the fall of man. Having, as he conceived, proved serpent worship to be "the only universal idolatry," and to have preceded every form of polytheism, he declares it inexplicable, except by reference to the Serpent of Paradise. The aim of the present work is different from that: it is strictly historical. And

so are its methods. Mr. Fergusson shows no partiality for the serpent of Genesis over the Naga cursed in the Mahābhārata. As this indicates that serpent worship preceded Buddhism in India, so that is a sign, and no more, that it probably preceded Hebraism in Judæa. The advantage in the inquiry of this absence of bias, is immense; and one consequence of it has been a slight contraction of the area of prevalence of the cultus. Another advantage over his predecessors that Mr. Fergusson has had, is the mass of new evidence, direct and indirect, supplied by the sculptures on the Topes, which no other man was so well fitted to interpret. Lastly, no previous writer has brought to bear on the subject such thorough good sense, and familiarity with the methods of exact inquiry, combined with industry and learning. The result is a work, which must form the starting-point for a new series of inquiries into the ancient condition of men.

In his exposition, Mr. Fergusson seems to have lost an advantage by giving first what he calls the fossil examples of serpent worship, instead of the living instances. The reader to whom the subject is new, must frequently miss the full force of some of his tersest remarks on the fossils, simply for want of the knowledge of the living instances which is supplied to him later. Take, for example, the case of Cadmus, in the Greek strata:—"Cadmus fought and killed the dragon that devoured his men, and, sowing its teeth, raised soldiers for his own purposes. In Indian language, he killed the Naga Raja of Thebes, and made Sepoys of his subjects." Nothing could be happier than this; but, to appreciate it, one should know that in India *now* we have numerous tribes of Nagas (or Serpents) on the North-Eastern Frontier, ruled by Naga-Rajahs, whose *teeth* our Government occasionally metamorphose in the way indicated. Then, with the mind full of the fact that the worship is still a living reality, as in Dahomey and in Oceania, and was such, till lately, in America and Cambodia, the significance of the traces that are found—sometimes they are few and faint—of the worship in the remote history of the advancing nations, would be more readily perceived; the revelation they afford of the state of the ancient world would be more full and impressive. This is a question of presentment; and yet not that merely, for the fossil instances are not necessarily *the oldest* in order of time. As Mr. Fergusson shows, there is reason to think that the Africans may be to-day exhibiting rites and beliefs that were in force among them in their present hideousness more than 4,000 years ago. It is right to state, however, that he does not affect to follow, in his exposition, the order of time, either direct or inverse. His arrangement is geographical,—the Western world being taken first, and the Eastern after. We propose to follow this arrangement, and glance rapidly at the results.

In Egypt, both tree and serpent worship prevailed—but as parts only of the general animal and vegetable worship—perhaps with a degree of pre-eminence. "From bulls to beetles, or from crocodiles to cats, all came alike to a people so essentially religious as the Egyptians seem

to have been." It is a step from Egypt to Judæa, where we meet the story of the Fall. "With the knowledge we now possess," says Mr. Fergusson, "it does not seem so difficult to understand what was meant by the curse of the serpent. . . . When the writers of the Pentateuch set themselves to introduce the purer and loftier worship of Elohim, or of Jehovah, it was first necessary to get rid of that earlier form of faith which the primitive inhabitants of the earth had fashioned for themselves." The curse, of course, was not on the serpent, but on the cultus,—which may have been Mesopotamian, rather than Jewish: the fragments of early books and traditions, from which the parts of Genesis referring to this matter are composed, being now generally admitted to belong to Mesopotamia rather than Judæa. There is a good deal to be said, however, beyond this that unquestionably concerns the Jews themselves. Abraham planted "a grove" at Beersheba, "and called there on the name of the Lord;" and the tree under which he entertained the angels at Mamre was worshipped to the time of Constantine.* Then we know that the bush or tree on Horeb was sacred before the Lord appeared in it as a flame; and when he did, Moses' rod was changed into a serpent,—the sacred tree and serpent thus coming into suggestive juxtaposition. Next, there is the brazen serpent in the wilderness, with *healing* powers such as belonged to the serpent in the Greek mythology. It disappears after performing the miraculous cures, to reappear in Hezekiah's time, when we learn that throughout the interval (five centuries) it had been preserved in the Temple, and that "unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it." The worship was then suppressed, along with the worship of the groves. That it had been actual *worship*, appears from the *Wisdom of Solomon*, in which the practice is reprobated: "They worshipped serpents void of reason." It might be more proper to say it was repressed, than suppressed; for it cropped up among the same people again in the Christian sects of Ophites, Nicolaitans, and Gnostics. The Ophites, according to Tertullian, "even preferred the Serpent to Christ." They kept a living serpent in a chest, as, or to represent, the God; and had peculiar views of the Eucharist, and of a "perfect sacrifice," that might not be uninteresting, did space permit us to explain them.

The serpent was honoured, perhaps worshipped, in Tyre from an early period down to the time of Alexander. According to Sir Henry Rawlinson, Hea or Hoa, *the third person* in the Babylonian Trinity, may be considered as the serpent deity. In Assyria the tree in the form of the grove (Asherah), was commonly worshipped. The evidence is overwhelming that the worship both of the tree and serpent prevailed in Greece. To keep clear of the myths, we find that in Epidaurus there was

* It is a question whether the "grove" here referred to was not the *Asherah*. In 1 Kings, xiv. 23, we find that the Jews "built them images and *groves* on every high hill and *under every green tree*." That they *worshipped* these groves is proved by Judges iii. 7.

the temple of Æsculapius, and the grove attached to it, in which serpents were kept and fed down to the time of Pausanias. A huge serpent was kept in the temple of this god in Alexandria; while at Athens was the temple of the serpent god Erceathonios, whose site the Erectheum now occupies. They had the cultus in Rome, but whether it was indigenous may be a question: the annual ceremonies at Lanuvium would indicate that it was indigenous. They also indicate a phallic connection. There was tree worship, but apparently no serpent worship, in Germany; both prevailed in Sarmatia. The Samogitae, the Poles, the peasantry of Esthonia, and, it would appear, the Prussians, had both. Both again occurred in Scandinavia, to which Mr. Fergusson conceives the myth of Wodenism, derived from Buddhism, to have been transferred by a migratory column, from the Caucasus. The Gauls had human sacrifices, "a note," according to our author, of serpent worship, of which beyond this the traces among them are few and evanescent; trees they worshipped as freely as the Germans. Mr. Fergusson carries his scepticism rather far in rejecting altogether the traditions of serpent worship in England. On the evidence of the sculptured stones, he admits the cultus in Scotland, especially on the east coast, where he perceives the last trace of the migration which carried it to Scandinavia.

Passing to Africa we reach what may be called "the hot-bed" of the faith. In Upper Egypt, at Sheikh Haredi, the worship of the serpent was as rife, till very lately, as it had been in ancient Epidaurus. Abyssinia, again, affords one of the numerous instances that history presents of a race of kings tracing up their line to a serpent as progenitor. The faith prevailed there till the fourth century. It is to the west coast of Africa, however, that we must go, to realise in its full hideousness what the religion was. There we can now study it from the life among the Dahomans and Whidans. "Hitherto we have only been gathering together the fossil remains of an extinct religion," says Mr. Fergusson, "whereas in Africa, not only does serpent worship flourish at the present day, but it exists in conjunction with all those peculiarities of which only traces can be found elsewhere. Ancestral worship, accompanied by human sacrifices on the most lavish scale, is the leading characteristic of the Dahoman religion; and with it we have the institution of a female warrior class, which we have hitherto only known through the beautiful Amazonian fictions of the Greeks, or the legends of the Hindoos as to the Stri-rājya, but in Dahomey the institution exists to this day in all its hideous savagery."

"The Trinity" of the Dahomans is identical with that of the Athenians of three thousand years ago—Serpent, Tree, and Ocean; Erceathonios, the Olive of Athene, and Poseidon. Since there is this agreement, and since the Dahomans have been without the wave of progress which carried forward the Greeks and other advancing races, the question arises, Is it possible that the Dahomans represent to us the ancient condition of men? "How far," asks Mr. Fergusson, "are we

to consider this Dahoman worship as a living fragment of the oldest religion of the world, or how far may it have grown up in more modern times? The traditions of the country are, as might be expected, far too vague to be of any avail in such an inquiry, and we are left to draw our conclusion from such information as we can gather elsewhere. We know, from the Egyptian monuments, that neither the physical features nor the social status of the negro have altered in the slightest degree during the last four thousand years. If the type was then fixed which has since remained unaltered, why not his religion also? There seems no *à priori* difficulty. No other people in the whole world seem so unchanged and unchangeable. Movements and mixtures of races have taken place everywhere else. Christianity has swept serpent worship out of what were the limits of the Roman world, and Mahomedanism has done the same over the greater part of Northern Africa. Neither influence has yet penetrated to the Gold Coast; and there, apparently, the negro holds his old faith and his old feelings fast, in spite of the progress of the rest of the world. It may be very horrible, but, so far as we at present know, it is the oldest of human faiths, and is now practised with more completeness at Dahomey than anywhere else, at least at the present day."

The human sacrifices in Dahomey, in which as many as six hundred victims are offered up at one time, are not sacrifices to the serpent god, but a feature of the ancestral worship. It was different in Mexico, where the sacrifices were intended to appease one of the serpent deities, who had attributes of terror never ascribed to the serpent on this side of the Atlantic. In Peru the worship resembled that of the Old World. The principal deity in the Aztec Pantheon was the sun-serpent, whose wife (the female serpent or female sun) brought forth, at one birth, a boy and girl, who became the first parents of mankind. It was "the feathered serpent" who taught the Aztecs, as Cecrops (who was half a serpent) taught the Greeks, religion, laws, and agriculture. It is needless to say the cultus has been traced over the whole continent of America. There is a speculation that the American Indians were preceded in the occupation of the land by a race of serpent worshippers. But they have, or had, the cultus themselves. The first Carib, as we learn from Mr. Brett, was half a serpent—the son of a river god. Being slain and cut to pieces by his mother's brothers, the Warrus, the pieces, when collected under a mass of leaves, grew into a mighty warrior, the progenitor of the Carib nation.

In the Eastern world both tree and serpent worship occur, but modified, as might be expected, by the subtlety and imagination of the Orientals. We met, in the West, either living serpents as, or as representing, the god, or images or symbols of them. We now enter a region where the serpents are strictly divine, with forms and attributes often distinct from those of any earthly reptile; and where, moreover, we meet serpent-men and serpent-women—not mere Naga tribesmen and tribeswomen, but creatures combining human with serpentine characteristics, and of various orders of standing and power. The same prolific fancy

that created the orders of angels, archangels, cherubim, and so forth, filled the Naga Pantheon with creatures of the imagination, in classes and ranks,—with seven-headed, five-headed, and three-headed serpents, and with beings human in form, but having one, two, three, or more serpents growing from their backs or shoulders, and holding guard over their heads. As we contemplate these in the sculptures, it is impossible not to feel that the parasitic snakes merely indicate that their owners are divine, as do the wings of our own angels and cherubs. We meet again in the East, with a doctrine resembling that worked out in the story of Elsie Venner—the serpent nature in the human body capable of being displaced by a proper human nature. Of this an illustration occurs in a Cashmerian legend relating to the family of Sakya-muni himself. An ancestor of his fell in love with a serpent-king's daughter, and married her. She was able permanently to retain her human body, but occasionally a nine-headed snake showed himself springing out of the back of her neck. Her husband struck off the reptile one time when it appeared. She was then affected with blindness; but was cured of that, and remained human ever after. Other legends represent a Naga-rajah as "quitting his tank," becoming converted, and building churches; and a Brahman, for a sin he committed, turned into a Naga, and spending his life for some years thereafter in a lake. Real serpents were worshipped as well in the East as in the West; but in the East it is more clearly apparent there was a completed process of "ophi-morphism." God was made in the serpent's image, and the Olympus filled with attendants suitable for the god.

Zohák, the most important person in Persian history, is the first instance, in Mr. Fergusson's exposition, of a being with serpents growing at his back, one from each shoulder. To appease the reptiles—they fed on human brains—two young men had to be sacrificed each day. The author thinks it more probable that the serpent dynasty reigned in Media than in Persia. Zohák, according to tradition, came from Arabia. His representatives found their way to Cabul. From this we pass to Cashmere, a principal centre, as already indicated, of serpent worship in India. The cultus prevailed there from a very early date. At one time there were no fewer than 700 places in the valley with images of serpents, which the people worshipped. Mr. Fergusson thinks that all the ancient temples of the country were devoted to this worship. The god in Cashmere was "a living god," so no trace is found of him save the tank.

There are numerous Naga tribes on our North-eastern frontier in India; and, according to Colonel Macculloch, the worship of the serpent still subsists in the centre of them, in the royal house of Manipur. Farther east is Cambodia, where congeners (possibly the forefathers) of our Nagas erected a Naga kingdom, and were long powerful. There they built the serpent-temple, photographs of which, as still standing, startled us all a few years since, by bringing to our knowledge that the most magnificent church in the world was built to the worship of a living serpent simultaneously with the cathedrals of York and Amiens. Farther

east still, we find the cultus prevailed in China, to which land the sculptures show the divine serpent with the seven heads had penetrated, giving a hint that both India and China may have derived their systems from a common centre, which Mr. Fergusson is disposed to think was Thibet. We may now, at last, reach India, in which the chief interest of the work naturally centres, disposing of Oceania by remarking that it is familiar that serpent-worship prevails among the Feejees and the savages of Australia, and that traces of it, as a local custom unconnected with Buddhism, are found at two or three points in Java. The Ceylonese were anciently Naga worshippers, who became converts to Buddhism. They also worshipped the tree.

The history of tree and serpent worship in India joins itself to the history of Buddhism. The Topes of Sanchi and Amravati illustrate both. But while they are very interesting as exhibiting the persistence and influence of the primitive worship, we suspect most people will appreciate them chiefly as contributing to the history of Buddhism. It must be remembered that our knowledge of this religion as hitherto derived from Thibet, China, and Ceylon, rests on authorities later than Buddha-Ghosa, (A.D. 410) more than 1000 years subsequent to the death of Buddha, (543 B.C.) and long after the original form of the religion was superseded by a Naga revelation (about the commencement of the Christian era). The *Lalita Vistara*, or, *Life of Buddha*, in its present form, was compiled 1400 years after he died; and the *Edicts of Asoka*, (255 B.C.) inscribed on rocks in various quarters of India, earlier than the Naga revelation by two centuries and a half, are the only writings we have for the interval between Buddha's death and Buddha-Ghosa. We are now in a position, thanks to Mr. Fergusson and his appreciation of the Topes, to study phases of Buddhism at two dates intermediate between the *Edicts of Asoka* and the *Life*. The gateways of the Sanchi Tope belong to the first half of the first century of our era, and therefore lie near, and are subsequent, to the Naga revelation. The sculptures at the Amravati Tope, again, belong to a time 300 years later than those at Sanchi. And the Topes illustrate the faith as at their dates. In the frescoes in the caves of Ajanta, there is a third series of illustrations, 300 years later than the Amravati Tope, and belonging to the time immediately preceding the decline of Buddhism in India.

Let us now see what is the history of Buddhism, as Mr Fergusson, after a study of all the materials, has sketched it. It is his opinion that the Aryans that invaded India were not serpent worshippers, either those of the Solar race who arrived 2300 B.C. or those of the Lunar race who followed them about 1000 years later. He is, farther, of opinion that the Dravidians, who, when the Aryans arrived, were in occupation of the whole southern Peninsula up to the Vindhya mountains, were not serpent worshippers. But, looking to subsequent events, he thinks we must believe that there was then in India a nation, or series of tribes, of serpent worshippers; and accordingly he hypothecates a Naga Turanian race allied to the Thibetans or Burmese in possession of the country north of the

Vindhya up to the Himalayas. With this race he conceives the Aryans to have intermixed till, in the absence of fresh arrivals of their own stock, their blood became impure, and the Veda ceased to be a fitting rule of faith for them. In this state of matters, Sâkya-muni, himself an Aryan of the Solar race, projected Buddhism—a revival of the superstitions of the aboriginal Turanians purified by Aryan morality and intelligence. “His call was responded to in a manner which led to the most important consequences in a religious point of view, not only in India, but to all the Turanian families of mankind.” Ancestral worship was abolished, and the sepulchral tumulus converted into the depository of the relics of saints (Dagoba). Serpent worship was repressed, and tree worship promoted to the first rank. Caste was put aside, and asceticism made the grand path to salvation. The spread of Buddhism, which has made its way more than any other religion by persuasion, was owing at a critical stage to the low caste kings of Magadha—who seem to have been serpent worshippers, pure and simple—making it the State religion.

Buddhism had passed into a new phase by the time of Asoka. It appears in the inscriptions as a system of pure abstract morality, no trace being exhibited of the worship of Buddha himself, or of the tree, or of the serpent. By the commencement of the Christian era it had fallen into a state of decadence, and was represented by no fewer than eighteen different sects. At this time appeared Nagarjuna as the restorer of the faith. The sayings of Sâkya-muni in his lifetime had been recorded by the Nagas, and by them reserved till mankind should be fit to receive them; Nagarjuna had received the documents from the Nagas, and was commissioned to proclaim them. This Oriental “Joe Smith” had great success, and founded the new school of Buddhism known as the Mahâyâna, in opposition to the old school, or Hînayâna, the distinction between the two “being identical in almost every particular with that which exists between Evangelical and Mediæval Christianity.”

“This is another of those curious coincidences,” says Mr. Fergusson, “that exist between Christianity and Buddhism, and there are few so startling. In the first three centuries after the death of its founder Buddhism was a struggling sect, sometimes petted, sometimes persecuted; but in spite of all, we are told in subsequent legends, never spread to any great extent among the people. Three hundred years after Buddha, Asoka did for Buddhism exactly what Constantine did for Christianity. He adopted it, made it the religion of the State, and, with all the zeal of a convert, used every exertion to assist in its propagation. Six hundred years after Buddha, Nâgârjuna and Kanishka did for the Eastern faith what St. Benedict and Gregory the Great did for the Western: they created a Church, with a hierarchy and doctrine. We must go on further still for four centuries more, to Buddhaghosa (A.D. 410) and to Hildebrand, before we find our mediæval churches quite complete, and the priesthood quite segregated from the laity, and the system perfected in all its parts. In the sixteenth century after Christ came the Reformation,

and with it the restoration of Evangelical Christianity. In the sixteenth century after Buddha came a reformation, but it was one of extermination of the faith so far as India was concerned. Sānkara Achārya was the Indian Luther, but his aim was widely different. Whatever may have been the abuses and corruptions that had crept into Buddhism in the eighth and tenth centuries of our era, they were replaced by a faith much less pure, and far fuller of idolatrous absurdities than that which it superseded. What the Western Reformers aimed at was to restore the Christian Hinayāna. In the East this was not thought of; hence the different fate of the two faiths. In Europe Christianity was invigorated by the struggle, in India Buddhism perished altogether."

It would be useless to attempt to indicate with what fulness the Topes are made to tell their stories. The effect of the Naga revelation is barely visible at Sanchi. Buddha does not appear on the sculptures there as an object of worship. The serpent is worshipped but rarely. The dagoba, the tree, the wheel, and other emblems are worshipped. On the whole, this Tope may be taken as illustrating the Hinayāna. At Amravati the new school of the Mahāyāna may be studied. Buddha is an object of worship, but the serpent is his coequal. The dagoba, tree, and wheel are revered, and the sculptures give us almost all the legends of the later books, though in a purer form. Hindoos, Dasyas, and other men, women, and animals—especially monkeys—appear as worshippers of the serpent as of the other gods. The serpents are all divine—five or seven headed, and the representations are numerous of the Naga angelic orders—the female Nagas with one serpent only springing from the back—the male with three. At Amravati tonsured priests appear, and other signs of a clerical order segregated from the laity, and of an established ritual. Sanchi, remarks Mr. Fergusson, is like an illustrated Bible of the Hinayāna, 500 years before the oldest Buddhist book, and Amravati of the Mahāyāna, 300 years after its promulgation.

We have now seen how serpent and tree worship entered into Buddhism. Let us see how they affected the other religions of India. Sivaism may have been a *local* superstition for any length of time. It only rose into importance on the decline of Buddhism. It was not, however, according to our author, a growth from the decay of that faith; the reason for this view being that there is no *real* serpent worship in it; which is opinion merely, as serpents play a prominent part in Sivaism and in—a "snaky" connection—the worship of the Lingam. The two main groups of religions into which Buddhism, on its decline in India, bifurcated, were the Vaishnava and the Jaina, in both of which serpent worship is a leading feature. The Naga is always present as an object of worship in the Jaina Temples, and the commonest representation of Vishnu is that in which he appears reposing on the seven-headed snake that spreads its protecting hood over the god. Thus, in the history of religion in India, the groups are deduced as follows:—The main stem is the worship of the Naga. Out of this and Aryan ideas sprung Buddhism; whence,

again, after several revolutions were deduced the Jaina and Vaishnava groups, if not also Sivaism. An instructive history, surely, considered in connection with the influence of the serpent in other quarters of the world.

Our rapid survey of the essay is now complete. One remark we must make is, that the author has completely extruded the "evidences" connecting serpent worship with the worship of the Sun, on the one hand, and of the Phallus on the other. Perhaps he has done wisely, as the evidence of either connection would have led him far afield. That the omission has been purposely made, in an effort to disengage serpent worship proper from other faiths, even from those allied to it, is abundantly manifest. The rule which the preface states Mr. Fergusson laid down for himself, has been at all points observed. "I have tried to write well within what I believe to be my real knowledge. So much, indeed, is this the case, that my impression is that the work is more open to criticism for what it omits, than for what it contains; and I, in consequence, lay myself open to the reproach of seeming ignorant of what, it may be assumed, ought to be known to everyone treating of such a subject. It would have been far easier to write an introduction twice or three times as long, and to have left it to the reader to discriminate between the wheat and the chaff; but I thought it better to put forward only what I could substantiate, and to leave the fuller development of the subject to more competent scholars."

The next matter for remark lies in the following sentence:—"Apparently no Semitic, or no people of Aryan race, ever adopted it (serpent worship) as a form of faith." In Mr. Fergusson's opinion the worship, while "perfectly consistent with the lower intellectual status of the Turanians," is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Bible and Veda, which, in varying degrees of dilution, pervades all Aryan and Semitic religions. The "Turanians," in short, were the only real serpent worshippers.

This is one of the author's "fixed" ideas. His adherence to the tripartite division of the human race into Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian, is absolute, and should be gratifying to the philologists who invented it. Of course, in the present state of ethnology, no one is entitled to complain of this adherence; all the divisions of the race that have been propounded being alike unsatisfactory. And, of course, a philologist is welcome, if he likes, to hold the negroes to be "Turanian." They are a pure race, of a type unchanged since 4,000 years B.C., and are essentially serpent worshippers. But were the Egyptians, who worshipped every sort of animal, in any sense "Turanians?" We have always understood the question respecting them to be, whether they were Semitic, or *sub-Semitic*, Berbers, or Fellahs? or, according to Morton, Pickering, and Gliddon, a race *per se*—Egyptians? Egypt was a land on which many races impinged—which may explain the comprehensiveness of its animal worship; but a "Turanian" *substratum* to the population is an hypothesis.

We have no knowledge of it;—we have no *knowledge* of a Turanian substratum in the Semitic populations of Judæa and Babylonia, or in the Aryan populations of Persia and Media, though in the latter district the presence of Mongols may fairly be surmised. Affinities between the Pelasgi and Celts have often been pointed out; we do not remember meeting the hypothesis that the Pelasgi were “Turanian”—whatever the word as here employed to infer race and physical characters may mean—before. That some Hellenes were not serpent worshippers may be surmised from the myths; but Mr. Fergusson must consider that human sacrifices were common in the Æolid (Hellic) house of Athamas, as well as among the Pelasgi; and that, if the Hellenes came, as Mr. Gladstone supposed they did, from the Persian highlands—the land of bi-snaked Zohák—they may well have brought serpent worship with them. The case of the Hindoos *proves* that Aryans could adopt a faith in which serpent worship was a leading feature, and we cannot see it to be a note of superiority in a race to adopt, rather than invent, such a worship. It is said they only did so on their blood becoming impure. But the intermixture with “Turanians” is an hypothesis, and even the existence of the “Turanian” tribes, with whom they intermixed, is an hypothesis. The migration from the Caucasus, conveying serpent worship along with Buddhism, under the myth of Wodenism, to Scandinavia, is an hypothesis; and the head of the migratory column in Scotland is an hypothesis. It seems to us more hard to believe all these hypotheses to be good, than to believe that Aryan and Semitic races were, at one time, as low in the scale as any “Turanian.” Is it to be held that they are exceptions to the law of development: that there was no time when their “intellectual status” was as low as that of “Turanians?” What shall be said of comparisons that have been made between the civilizations of China and Europe in the Middle Ages, or of the monstrous beliefs that still form features of the faith of the western nations? It is useless appealing to the Veda or Bible—the highest products of the religious life and genius of particular tribes in either division. Whatever may be thought of either of these works, both probably—the Bible certainly—belonged to times subsequent to the culmination of animal worship among the tribes that produced them, and, as we have seen, the Jews, as pure, perhaps, in blood as any people ever was, persisted in serpent worship to the time of Hezekiah. The religious system of the Scandinavians was unbiblical till their conversion to Christianity in the ninth century; and, after the conversion, the Christian Swedes, at least, practised this worship till the sixteenth century. In conclusion, let us take a crucial case as to the assumed Aryan superiority—that of the Germans. “We look in vain through the classical authors for any trace of serpent worship among the Germans,” says Mr. Fergusson; “nor, indeed, ought we to expect to find any among a people so essentially Aryan as they are and always were; while, on the other hand, we have not in Germany, as we find in Greece, any traces of that underlying race of less intellectual Turanians who seem everywhere to have been the serpent worshippers all

the world over." On the same page he says: "If, however, we find no traces of serpent worship among the purely Teutonic races, the evidences of tree worship are numerous and complete." Now throughout the book he calls tree worship the "sister religion" of serpent worship; and he most commonly finds them together—the one, as he conceives, the dominant form of the worship of animal, the other of vegetable life. On his own view can tree worship be counted more respectable or becoming in a pure Aryan than serpent worship? And if we find the one of the sister faiths prevailing among a pure Aryan race, assumed free, and above suspicion, of "Turanian" taint, may we not infer the idea incorrect that the other could not, and never did, prevail among such a race? We confess we prefer on this point, as more in agreement with the facts, the conclusion of M. Boudin: "Le culte du serpent est indépendant de toute influence ethnique." In this respect it resembles the ancient polyandry which was peculiar to no division or race of mankind, but was a phase at one stage of the development of every race. Mr. Fergusson, in the chapter devoted to India, opens his examination of the Mahâbhârata by saying that, among other things, the polyandry of its heroes—the Pandus—"points to the Himmalayas," that is, to their being of "Turanian" race, or to their blood being more or less mixed with "Turanian" blood. But we know, on the authority of Polybius, that the Thibetan form of polyandry prevailed among the (Aryan) Spartans within historic times, and on the authority of Cæsar, that it prevailed in his time in Britain, among the (Aryan) Celts. It has been shown to have prevailed among the Jews and Arabs; in fact there are proofs of it among all races quite as numerous, and often stronger, than those we have here of serpent worship. This might be taken as confirmatory of a universally diffused "Turanian" substratum in human societies, could any one think he lightened the gravamen of either practice by that hypothesis, for the races merely infected with it. But it is hard to see how one can so think, and in the case of polyandry, the idea is excluded, because reasons can be assigned why such a stage should occur in the history of every race advancing from savagery.

To drop an argument in which it has been necessary to employ such a meaningless word as "Turanian" is in the philological scheme, let us cite against Mr. Fergusson a linguistic fact conclusive of the point as regards the Semitic races. "Dans la plupart des langues dites Sémitiques," says M. Lajard,* "le mot qui signifie *la vie*, *hayy* ou *hay*, *haya*, *héyo*, *hayya*, signifie également le serpent." The significance of this fact appears from what is amply shown in Mr. Fergusson's book, viz., that in several of the ancient religious systems, the serpent presides at the creation of the world, and is the god of life and health. Is it possible, in the face of this, to maintain that faith in the serpent had not entered the minds as well as the language of men of Semitic race? We find the word "bull," with a similar double meaning, in the languages of those

* Recherches sur le Culte de Venus, pp. 35, 36.

Indo-Scythic races to whom that animal more particularly symbolized the life-giving and life-sustaining principle.

Was the association of tree worship and serpent worship casual? They are certainly found together in the great majority of cases; but in some the serpent is found without the tree, and in others the tree without the serpent. Where they concur, now the one seems more important, now the other; they are not exactly co-ordinate. While of serpents but a small variety is worshipped, of trees and shrubs there is a much greater variety. The most common tree would seem to be the *Ficus Religiosa*.

We are disposed to think that the evidence indicates human sacrifices to have been connected with ancestral worship, rather than with serpent worship, and that Mr. Fergusson is mistaken in supposing them a note of the latter. On the other hand, the association between ancestral worship and serpent worship *may* have been so perfect at one time as to justify his view. Among the Khonds the Meriah sacrifices were unconnected with either worship. Their object was to appease the earth-goddess, so as to prevent the earth becoming *soft* and unfit for cultivation.

A few remarks on the origin of tree and serpent worship must close this article. As regards the serpent, our author's views, stated briefly, are that he obtained godship owing to his remarkable nature, the ease and grace of his motions, his piercing eye, his ability to go long without food, the process of casting his skin, through which he was fabled to renew his youth, his longevity, and, lastly, his terrible and exceptional power—the poison-fang of the cobra, “the flash-like spring of the boa, the instantaneous embrace, and the crushed-out life, all accomplished faster than the eye can follow.” He remarks, however, that, if the religion originated in fear, it had everywhere become a *religion of love* before it presents itself to our notice. Everywhere, saving in a single instance, the serpent is “the Agathodæmon, the bringer of good health and fortune, the teacher of wisdom and oracle of future events.” Trees he conceives to have been worshipped for their beauty and utility. “With all their poetry, and all their usefulness, we can hardly feel astonished that the primitive races of mankind should have considered trees as the choicest gifts of the gods to men, and should have believed that their spirits still delighted to dwell among their branches, or spoke oracles through the rustling of their leaves.” This would hardly cover the case of the *shrubs* that have been worshipped. An experience of the poisonous properties of some trees and plants might lead to their being feared and worshipped, if fear was the root, just as in the case of the serpent.

While giving this general account, however, Mr. Fergusson is aware that the question of origin connects itself with very grave inquiries concerning the primitive condition of men. Egypt forces on the attention the worship of all sorts of animals; and tree worship, as presented in this book, demonstrates the worship of a considerable variety of trees and shrubs. Was serpent worship but one of many forms of animal worship

that widely prevailed? and can reasons be assigned (or can it be reasonably conjectured) why, on that supposition, it came to have a pre-eminence? We think both questions must be answered in the affirmative, and, as regards the first question, shall explain as briefly as possible why we think so.

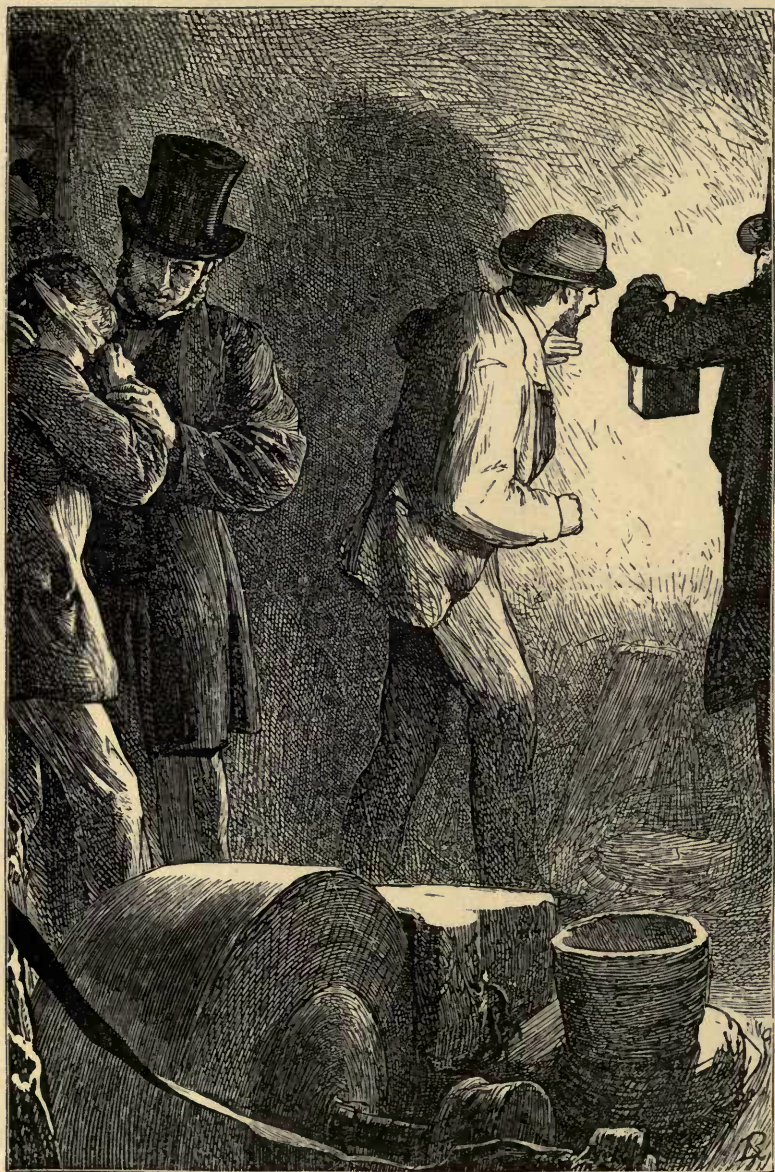
Among existing primitive races, nothing is more common than to find tribes with *totems*—animal or vegetable gods—after which they are named. The following are a very few of the tribes that exist or are known to have existed in the several nations of American Indians—the Wolf, Bear, Snake, Deer, Snipe, Eagle, Hare, Rabbit, Buffalo, Reed-grass, Sand, Water, Rock, and Tobacco-plant. These *totems* occur in Australia and in Central Asia, where most of the Kirghiz tribes trace their origin back to some animal, which they venerate or worship. In one case on our Indian frontier, near the Naga country, the progenitor of a tribe is a rat. Cat tribes, there are reasons to think, are numerous in provinces widely separated. A common name for a pig in the Scotch Highlands is “Sandy Campbell;” and the explanation we have heard given is that the Campbells were once “pigs,” *i.e.*, had the pig or boar for their *totem*. They have the boar’s head for their crest. The subject has never been investigated, and only enough is here produced to furnish a suggestion.

Now have we, or have we not, any signs that the advancing nations came through such a stage as that in which the American-Indians, Australians, and Kirghiz are presented to us? Mr. Fergusson has introduced us to snake (Naga) tribes in India, and, reading the myth of Cadmus in that light of them, has suggested a snake tribe in Thebes. On the same suggestion we have a snake tribe at Colchis. Phorbas attained the supremacy in Rhodes by freeing it of snakes—a suggestion of a Naga tribe in Rhodes. Take now another creature, and a different myth—the ants and Ægina. The ants in the island were miraculously turned into men—the *μύρμηκες* into the myrmidons. Was there an ant tribe in Ægina? * Then what means the boar in the Caledonian hunt? Is it credible that the slaughter of a boar employed the whole chivalry of Greece—an army of warriors, and that the feat should ever after rank among the proudest exploits of the nation? Was there a boar tribe? The oracle enjoined Adrastus to give his daughters in marriage, one to a boar, the other to a lion. This was complied with by their marrying Tydæus and Polynices respectively! Was there a lion as well as a boar tribe? Of the greatness of bulls and horses, we have abundant evidence in the myths, and in the horse names in Homer. But both the bull and the horse were *totems*, *i.e.* animal gods. And there most probably were *tribes* whose special gods they

* We observe that at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society Captain T. G. Montgomerie suggested that an Ant tribe had existed to the north of Cashmere, in explanation of the statement of Herodotus that the gold-fields there were worked by ants. That the advancing nations came through the *totem* stage was first suggested by the present writer in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1866, in a note to two papers on “Kinship in Ancient Greece.”

were, and that would be named after them. At this point we may quote Mr. Fergusson. After showing how important a part the horse plays in the sculptures at Amravati, he says :—"It is not easy to say what we are to understand from the prominence of the horse in such a position as this [the place of honour is given to the worship of it several times at Amravati]. Is it an importation from Scythia brought by emigrants from that country [see the fixed idea] ? Is it the horse of the sun, or of Poseidon ? Is it the Avalokiteśvara of the Thibetan fables ? Some one must answer who is more familiar than I am with Eastern Mythology. At present it will be sufficient to recall to memory how important a part the horse sacrifice plays in the Mahābhārata, and in all the mythic history of India. What is still more curious is, that the worship of the horse still seems to linger in remote parts of India." At another place he inclines to regard the worship of the horse as the counterpart of the worship of the bull Nandi by the Sivites. Lastly (p. 135) he says :—"To treat of the worship of the horse, and the importance of the sacrifices in which he was a principal object, would require an investigation nearly as intricate as that of serpent worship, and almost as large a work to explain its historical and ethnographical peculiarities. Next, after the serpent, the horse was probably the most important object in that old pre-historic animal-worshipping religion which prevailed among the Turanian races of mankind [the fixed idea]. After him came the bull, known in Egypt as Apis, and now in India as Nandi. To complete this work after the tree and serpent, ought to come the horse and the bull." Yes, and say we, numerous other creatures, particularly the cat—not that we are other than properly thankful for what we have received.

We think it is now made probable that the ancient nations came through the *totem* stage we find modern savages in, and apparent that serpent worship was originally but one of many forms that prevailed of animal worship. The next question is, can it be suggested how serpent worship got a pre-eminence ? but that we cannot enter upon here. With an expression of our great admiration of the manner in which Mr. Fergusson has handled the history of Tree and Serpent Worship, we must conclude this notice of his remarkable work.



THE DANGEROUS GRINDSTONE DETECTED.

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1869.

Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER VIII.



GRACE came in that moment, with a superb air. She settled herself on the sofa.

“Now, it is my turn, if you please. Pray, sir, do you think your life will be any safer for your insuring it? Insuring does not mean that you are not to be killed; but that, when you *are*, for your obstinacy, somebody else will get paid some money, to dance with over your grave.”

“I beg your pardon, Grace,” said Mr. Carden, entering, with some printed papers in his hand. “That is not the only use of an insurance. He may want to marry, or to borrow a sum of money to

begin business; and then a policy of insurance, with two or three premiums paid, smooths the difficulty. Everybody should make a will, and everybody should insure his life.”

“Well then, sir, I will do both.”

“Stop!” said Mr. Carden, who could now afford to be candid. “First of all you ought to satisfy yourself of the flourishing condition of the company.” He handed him a prospectus. “This will show you our capital, and our disbursements last year, and the balance of profit declared. And this gives

the balance-sheet of the 'Vulture' and the 'Falcon,' which have assigned their business to us, and are now incorporated in the 'Gosshawk.' "

"Oh, what a voracious bird!" observed Grace. "I hope these other chickabiddies will not prove indigestible. Were they plucked first, Papa? or did the 'Gosshawk' swallow them, feathers and all?"

Little laughed heartily at this pert sally, but Mr. Carden winced under it.

Then Grace saw she was not quite weaponless, and added, "After such a meal as that, Mr. Little, you will go down like a crumb."

"Grace, that is enough," said Mr. Carden, rather severely.

Grace held her tongue directly, and the water came into her eyes. Anything like serious remonstrance was a novelty to her.

When Henry had read the papers, Mr. Carden asked him, rather carelessly, what sum he wished to be insured for.

Now Henry had so little wish about the matter, that he had not given it a thought, and the question took him quite aback. He looked helplessly at Jael. To his surprise, she decided on the sum for him, without a moment's hesitation, and conveyed the figure with that dexterity which the simplest of her sex can command whenever telegraphy is wanted. She did it with two unbroken movements: she put up all the fingers of her right hand to her brow, and that meant five; then she turned her hand rapidly, so as to hide her mouth from the others, who were both on her right hand, and she made the word thousand clear, with her lips and tongue, especially the "th."

But the sum staggered Henry; and made him think he must be misinterpreting her.

He hesitated, to gain time. "Hum!" said he, "the sum?"

Jael repeated her pantomime as before.

Still Henry doubted, and, to feel his way, said, half interrogatively, "Five—thou—sand?"

Jael nodded.

"Five thousand pounds," said Henry, as bold as brass.

"Five thousand pounds!" cried Mr. Carden. "A workman insure his life for five thousand pounds!"

"Well, a man's life is worth five thousand pounds, or it is worth nothing. And, sir, how long do you think I shall be a workman, especially in Hillsborough, where from workman to master is no more than hopping across a gutter?"

Mr. Carden smiled approval. "But five thousand pounds! The annual premium will be considerable. May I ask about how much you make a year?"

"Oh, Papa!"

"Well, sir, Mr. Cheetham pays me 300*l.* a year, at the rate of, and I can make another 100*l.* by carving at odd times. But, if you doubt my ability, let us stay as we are, sir. It was your proposal, not mine, you know."

“Young man,” said Mr. Carden, “never be peppery in business.” He said this so solemnly and paternally, it sounded like the eleventh commandment.

To conclude, it was arranged Henry should take the higher class of insurance, which provided for accidents, voyages, everything, and should be insured for 5,000*l.*, provided the physician appointed by the company should pronounce him free from disease.

Henry then rose, and said, sorrowfully, to Grace, “You will not see me here very often now; and never on Saturday afternoon or Monday morning. I am not going to have some blackguard tracking me, and flinging a can of gunpowder in at your window. When I do come, it will be in the morning, and on a working day; and I shall perhaps go ten miles round to get here. It must be diamond cut diamond, for many a month to come, between the Trades and me.” He uttered these words with manly gravity, as one who did not underrate the peril he was resolved to face; and left them with a respectful bow.

“That’s a rising man,” said Mr. Carden; “and may draw a hundred of his class to the ‘Gosshawk.’ It was a good stroke of business, quite out of the common.”

Grace said not a word, but she shook her head, and looked pained and ill at ease. Jael watched her fixedly.

Henry called at the works that night, and examined the new defences, with Mr. Cheetham. He also bought a powerful magnifying glass; and next morning he came to the factory, examined the cinders, and everything else, with the magnifier, lighted his forge, and resumed his work.

At dinner-time he went out and had his chop, and read the *Liberal*; it contained a letter from Jobson, in reply to the editor.

Jobson deplored the criminal act, admitted that the two Unions had decided no individual could be a forger, a handler, and a cutler; such an example was subversive of all the Unions in the city, based, as they were, on subdivision of crafts. “But,” said Mr. Jobson, “we were dealing with the matter in a spirit quite inconsistent with outrages, and I am so anxious to convince the public of this, that I have asked a very experienced gentleman to examine our minute-books, and report accordingly.”

This letter was supplemented by one from Mr. Grotait, secretary of the Saw-Grinders, which ran thus:—“Messrs Parkin and Jobson have appealed to me to testify to certain facts. I was very reluctant to interfere, for obvious reasons; but was, at last, prevailed on to examine the minute-books of those two Unions, and they certainly do prove that on the very evening before the explosion, those trades had fully discussed Mr. *’s case,” (the real name was put, but altered by the editor,) “and had disposed of it as follows: They agreed, and this is entered accordingly, to offer him his travelling expenses (first class) to London, and one pound per week, from their funds, until such time as he should obtain employment. I will only add, that both these secretaries spoke

kindly to me of Mr. *; and, believing them to be sincere, I ventured to advise them to mark their disapproval of the criminal act, by offering him two pounds per week, instead of one pound; which advice they have accepted very readily."

Henry was utterly confounded by these letters.

Holdfast commented on them thus:—

"Messrs. Jobson and Parkin virtually say that if A, for certain reasons, pushes a man violently out of Hillsborough, and B draws him gently out of Hillsborough for the same reasons, A and B cannot possibly be co-operating. Messrs. Parkin and Jobson had so little confidence in this argument, which is equivalent to saying there is no such thing as cunning in trade, that they employed a third party to advance it with all the weight of his popularity and seeming impartiality. But who is this candid person, that objects to assume the judge, and assumes the judge? He is the treasurer and secretary of an Union, that does not number three hundred persons; yet in that small Union, of which he is dictator, there has been as much rattening, and more shooting, and blowing-up wholesale and retail, with the farcical accompaniment of public repudiation, than in all the other Unions put together. We consider the entrance of this ingenious personage on the scene a bad omen, and shall watch all future proceedings with increased suspicion."

Henry had hardly done reading this, when a man came into the works, and brought him his fifteen pounds back from Mr. Jobson, and a line, offering him his expenses to London, and two pounds per week, from the Edge-Tool Forgers' box, till he should find employment. Henry took his money, and sent back word that the proposal came too late; after the dastardly attempt to assassinate him, he should defy the Unions, until they accepted his terms. Jobson made no reply. And Henry defied the Unions.

The Unions lay still, like some great fish at the bottom of a pool, and gave no sign of life or animosity. This did not lull Henry into a false security. He never relaxed a single precaution. He avoided "Woodbine Villa;" he dodged and doubled like a hare, to hide his own abode. But he forged, handled, and finished, in spite of the Unions.

The men were civil to him in the yard, and he had it all his own way, apparently.

He was examined by a surgeon, and reported healthy. He paid the insurance premium, and obtained the policy. So now he felt secure, under the ægis of the Press, and the wing of the "Gosshawk."

By-and-by, that great fish I have mentioned, gave a turn of its tail, and made his placid waters bubble a little.

A woman came into the yard, with a can of tea for her husband, and a full apron. As she went out, she emptied a set of tools out of her apron on to an old grindstone, and slipped out.

The news of this soon travelled into the office, and both Cheetham and Bayne came out to look at them.

They were a set of carving-tools, well made, and highly polished ; and there was a scrap of paper with this distich :

We are Hillsborough made,
Both haft and blade.

Cheetham examined them, and said, " Well, they are clever fellows. I declare these come very near Little's : call him down, and let us draw him."

Bayne called to Henry, and that brought him down, and several more, who winded something.

" Just look at these," said Cheetham.

Little coloured : he saw the finger of the Unions at once, and bristled all over with caution and hostility.

" I see them, sir. They are very fair specimens of cutlery ; and there are only about twenty tools wanting to make a complete set : but there is one defect in them, as carving-tools."

" What is that ?"

" They are useless. You can't carve wood with them. None but a practical carver can design these tools, and then he must invent and make the steel moulds first. Try and sell them in London or Paris, you'll soon find the difference. Mr. Bayne, I wonder you should call me from my forge to examine 'prentice-work." And, with this, he walked off disdainfully, but not quite easy in his mind, for he had noticed a greedy twinkle in Cheetham's eye.

The next day, all the grinders in Mr. Cheetham's employ, except the scissor-grinders, rose, all of a sudden, like a flock of partridges, and went out into the road.

" What is up now ?" inquired Bayne. The answer was, their secretaries had sent for them.

They buzzed in the road, for a few minutes, and then came back to work.

At night there was a great meeting at the " Cutlers' Arms," kept by Mr. Grotait.

At noon next day, all the grinders aforesaid in Mr. Cheetham's employ, walked into the office, and left, each of them, a signed paper to this effect :—

" This is to give you notice that I will leave your service a week after the date thereof." (Meaning " hereof," I presume.)

Cheetham asked several of them what was up. Some replied, civilly, it was a trade matter. Others suggested Mr. Cheetham knew as much about it as they did.

Not a single hot or uncivil word was spoken on either side. The game had been played too often for that, and with results too various.

One or two even expressed a sort of dogged regret. The grinder, Reynolds, a very honest fellow, admitted, to Mr. Cheetham, that he thought it a sorry trick, for a hundred men to strike against one that had had a squeak for his life. " But no matter what I think, or what I say, I must do what the Union bids me, sir."

"I know that, my poor fellow," said Cheetham. "I quarrel with none of you. I fight you all. The other masters, in this town, are mice, but I'm a man."

This sentiment he repeated very often during the next six days.

The seventh came, and the grinders never entered the works.

Cheetham looked grave. However, he said to Bayne, "Go and find out where they are. Do it cleverly now. Don't be noticed."

Bayne soon ascertained they were all in the neighbouring public-houses.

"I thought so," said Cheetham. "They will come in, before night. They shan't beat me, the vagabonds. I'm a man, I'm not a mouse."

"Orders pouring in, sir," sighed Bayne. "And the grinders are rather behind the others in their work already."

"They must have known that: or why draw out the grinders? How could they know it?"

"Sir," said Bayne, "they say old Smitem is in this one. Wherever he is, the master's business is known, or guessed, heaven knows how; and, if there is a hole in his coat, that hole is hit. Just look at the cleverness of it, sir. Here we are, wrong with the forgers and handlers. Yet they come into the works and take their day's wages. But they draw out the grinders, and mutilate the business. They hurt you as much as if they struck, and lost their wages. But no, they want their wages to help pay the grinders on strike. Your only chance was to discharge every man in the works, the moment the grinders gave notice."

"Why didn't you tell me so, then?"

"Because I'm not old Smitem. He can see a thing beforehand. I can see it afterwards. I'm like the weatherwise man's pupil; as good as my master, give me time. The master could tell you, at sunrise, whether the day would be wet or dry, and the pupil he could tell you, at sunset: and that is just the odds between old Smitem and me."

"Well, if he is old Smitem, I'm old Fightem."

At night, he told Bayne he had private information, that the grinders were grumbling at being made a catspaw of by the forgers and the handlers. "Hold on," said he; "they will break up before morning."

At ten o'clock, next day, he came down to the works, and some peremptory orders had poured in. "They must wait," said he, peevishly.

At twelve, he said, "How queer the place seems, and not a grindstone going. It seems as still as the grave. I'm a man; I'm not a mouse."

Mr. Cheetham repeated this last fact in zoology three times, to leave no doubt of it in his own mind, I suppose.

At one, he said he would shut up the works rather than be a slave.

At 1.15 he blustered.

At 1.20 he gave in: collapsed in a moment, like a punctured bladder. "Bayne," said he, with a groan, "go to Jobson, and ask him to come and talk this foolish business over."

"Excuse me, sir," said Bayne. "Don't be offended; but you are vexed and worried, and whoever the Union sends to you will be as cool as marble. I have just heard it is Redcar carries the conditions."

"What, the foreman of my own forgers! Is he to dictate to me?" cried Cheetham, grinding his teeth with indignation.

"Well, sir, what does it matter?" said Bayne, soothingly. "He is no more than a mouthpiece."

"Go for him," said Cheetham, sullenly.

"But, sir, I can't bear that your own workman should see you so agitated."

"Oh, I shall be all right the moment I see my man before me."

Bayne went off, and soon returned with Redcar. The man had his coat on, but had not removed his leathern apron.

Cheetham received him as the representative of the Unions. "Sit down, Redcar, and let us put an end to this little bother. What do you require?"

"Mr. Little's discharge, sir."

"Are you aware he is with me on a month's notice?"

"They make a point of his leaving the works at once, sir; and I was to beg you to put other hands into his room."

"It is taking a great liberty to propose that."

"Nay. They only want to be satisfied. He has given a vast o' trouble."

"I'll give him a month's warning. If I discharge him on the spot, he can sue me."

"That has been thought on. If he sues you, you can talk to the Unions, and they will act with you. But the grinders are not to come in till Little is out."

"Well, so be it then."

"And his rooms occupied by Union men."

"If I swallow the bolus, I may as well swallow the pills. Anything more?"

"The grinders are not to lose their time; a day and a half."

"What! am I to pay them for not working?"

"Well, sir, if we had come to you, of course the forgers and handlers would have paid the grinders for lost time; but, as you have come to us, you will have to pay them."

Cheetham made a wry face; but acquiesced.

"And then, sir," said Redcar, "there's another little matter. The incidental expenses of the strike."

"I don't know what you mean."

"The expenses incurred by the secretaries, and a little present to another gentleman, who advised us. It comes to thirty pounds altogether."

"What!" cried Cheetham, struggling with his rising choler. "You want me to pay men thirty pounds for organizing a strike, that will cost me

so dear, and rob me of a whole trade that was worth 300*l.* a year? Why not charge me for the gunpowder you blew up Little with, and spoiled my forge? No, Bayne, no; this is too unjust and too tyrannical. Flesh and blood won't bear it. I'll shut up the works, and go back to my grindstone. Better live on bread and water than live a slave."

Redcar took a written paper out of his pocket. "There are the terms written down," said he. "If you sign them, the strike ends; if you don't, it continues—till you do."

Cheetham writhed under the pressure. Orders were pouring in; trade brisk; hands scarce. Each day would add a further loss of many pounds for wages, and doubtless raise fresh exactions. He gulped down something very like a sob, and both his hand and his voice shook with strong passion as he took the pen. "I'll sign it; but if ever my turn comes, I'll remember this against you. This shows what they really are, Bayne. Oh, if ever you workmen get power, GOD HELP THE WORLD!"

These words seemed to come in a great prophetic agony out of a bursting heart.

But the representative of the Unions was neither moved by them nor irritated.

"All right," said he, phlegmatically; "the winner takes his bite; the loser gets his bark: that's reason."

Henry Little was in his handling-room, working away, with a bright perspective before him, when Bayne knocked at the door, and entered with Redcar. Bayne's face wore an expression so piteous, that Henry divined mischief at once.

"Little, my poor fellow, it is all over. We are obliged to part with you."

"Cheetham has thrown me over!"

"What could he do? I am to ask you to vacate these rooms, that we may get our half-day out of the grinders."

Henry turned pale, but there was no help for it.

He got up in a very leisurely way; and, while he was putting on his coat, he told Bayne, doggedly, he should expect his month's salary.

As he was leaving, Redcar spoke to him in rather a sheepish way. "Shake hands, old lad," said he: "thou knows one or t'other must win; and there's not a grain of spite against thee. It's just a trade matter."

Henry stood with his arms akimbo, and looked at Redcar. "I was in hopes," said he, grinding his teeth, "you were going to ask me to take a turn with you in the yard, man to man. But I can't refuse my hand to one of my own sort that asks it. There 'tis. After all, you deserve to win, for you are true to each other; but a master can't be true to a man, nor to anything on earth, but his pocket."

He then strolled out into the yard, with his hands in his pockets, and whistled "The Harmonious Blacksmith," very sick at heart.

CHAPTER IX.

THE strike was over, the grinders poured into the works, and the grindstones revolved. Henry Little leaned against an angle of the building, and listened with aching heart to their remorseless thunder. He stood there disconsolate—the one workman out of work—and sipped the bitter cup, defeat. Then he walked out at the gates, and wandered languidly into the streets. He was miserable, and had nobody to mourn to, for the main cause of his grief lay beneath the surface of this defeat; and how could he reveal it, now, that his ambitious love looked utter madness? Young as he was, he had seen there is no sympathy in the world for any man who loves out of his sphere. Indeed, whatever cures or crushes such a passion, is hailed by the bystanders as a sharp but wholesome medicine.

He sauntered about, and examined all the shops with lack-lustre eye. He looked in at everything, but observed nothing, scarcely saw anything. All his senses were turned inwards. It was such a pitiable and galling result of a gallant fight. Even the insurance office had got the better of him. It had taken one-third of his savings, and the very next day his trade was gone, and his life in no danger. The "Gosshawk" had plucked him, and the trade had tied his hands. Rack his invention how he would, he could see no way of becoming a master in Hillsborough, except by leaving Hillsborough and working hard and long in some other town. He felt in his own heart the love and constancy to do this; but his reason told him such constancy would be wasted; for, while he was working at a distance, the impression, if any, he had made on her would wear away, and some man born with money would step in and carry her gaily off. This thought returned to him again and again, and exasperated him so at last, that he resolved to go to "Woodbine Villa," and tell her his heart before he left the place. Then he should be rejected, no doubt, but perhaps pitied, and not so easily forgotten as if he had melted silently away.

He walked up the hill, first rapidly, then slowly. He called at "Woodbine Villa."

The answer was, "Not at home."

"Everything is against me," said he.

He wandered wearily down again, and just at the entrance of the town he met a gentleman with a lady on each arm, and one of those ladies was Miss Carden. The fortunate cavalier was Mr. Coventry, whom Henry would have seen long before this, but he had been in Paris for the last four months. He had come back fuller than ever of agreeable gossip, and Grace was chatting away to him, and beaming with pleasure, as innocent girls do, when out on a walk with a companion they like. She was so absorbed she did not even see Henry Little. He went off the pavement to make room for their tyrannical crinolines, and passed unnoticed.

He had flushed with joy at first sight of her, but now a deadly quail seized him. The gentleman was handsome and commanding; Miss Carden

seemed very happy, hanging on his arm ; none the less bright and happy that he, her humble worshipper, was downcast and wretched.

It did not positively prove much : yet it indicated how little he must be to her : and somehow it made him realize more clearly the great disadvantage at which he lay, compared with an admirer belonging to her own class. Hitherto his senses had always been against his reason : but now for once they co-operated with his judgment, and made him feel that, were he to toil for years in London, or Birmingham, and amass a fortune, he should only be where that gentleman was already ; and while the workman, far away, was slaving, that gentleman and others would be courting her. She might refuse one or two. But she would not refuse them all.

Then, in his despair, he murmured, "Would to God I had never seen her !"

He made a fierce resolve he would go home, and tell his mother she could pack up.

He quickened his steps, for fear his poor sorrowful heart should falter.

But, when he had settled on this course, lo ! a fountain of universal hatred seemed to bubble in his heart. He burned to inflict some mortal injury upon Jobson, Parkin, Grotait, Cheetham, and all who had taken a part, either active or passive, in goading him to despair. Now Mr. Cheetham's works lay right in his way ; and it struck him he could make Cheetham smart a little. Cheetham's god was money. Cheetham had thrown him over for money. He would go to Cheetham, and drive a dagger into his pocket.

He walked into the office. Mr. Cheetham was not there : but he found Bayne, and Dr. Amboyne.

"Mr. Bayne," said he, abruptly, "I am come for my month's wages."

The tone was so aggressive, Bayne looked alarmed. "Why, Little, poor Mr. Cheetham is gone home with a bad headache, and a sore heart."

"All the better. I don't want to tell him to his face he is a bragging cur ; all I want out of him now is my money : and you can pay me that."

The pacific Bayne cast a piteous glance at Dr. Amboyne. "I have told you the whole business, sir. Oughtn't Mr. Little to wait till to-morrow, and talk it over with Mr. Cheetham ? I'm only a servant : and a man of peace."

"Whether he ought or not, I think I can answer for him that he will."

"I can't, sir," said Henry, sturdily. "I leave the town to-morrow."

"Oh, that alters the case. But must you leave us so soon ?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am very sorry for that. Tell me your reason. I don't ask out of mere curiosity."

Henry replied with less than his usual candour : "Is it not reason

enough for leaving a place, that my life has been attempted in it, and now my livelihood is taken?"

"Those are certainly strong reasons. But, on the other hand, your life is no longer in danger: and your livelihood is not gone; for, to speak plainly, I came over here the moment I heard you were discharged, to ask you if you would enter my service on the same terms as Mr. Cheetham gave you, only guineas instead of pounds."

"What, turn doctor?"

"Oh dear, no: the doctors' union would forbid that. No, Mr. Little, I am going to ask you to pay me a compliment; to try my service blindfold for one week. You can leave it if you don't like it; but give me one week's trial."

"How can I refuse you that?" said Henry, hanging his head. "You have been a good friend to me. But, sir, mark my words, this place will be my destruction. Well, when am I to begin work?"

"To-morrow at ten."

"So be it," said Henry, wearily, then left the works and went home; but, as he went, he said to himself, "It is not my doing." And his double-faced heart glowed and exulted secretly.

He told his mother how the Trades had beaten him, and he was out of work.

Mrs. Little consoled him hypocritically. She was delighted. Then he told her his departure had been delayed by Dr. Amboyne: that made her look a little anxious.

"One question, dear: now the Union has beaten you, they will not be so spiteful, will they?"

"Oh, no. That is all over. The conquerors can afford to be good-natured. Confound them."

"Then that is all I care about. Then do not leave Hillsborough. Why should you? Wait here patiently. You do not know what may turn up."

"What, mother, do *you* want to stay here now?" said Henry, opening his eyes with astonishment.

"Wherever my son is happy and safe from harm, there I wish to stay—of course."

Next morning Henry called on Dr. Amboyne, and found him in his study, teaching what looked a boy of sixteen, but was twenty-two, to read monosyllables. On Little's entrance the pupil retired from his uphill work, and glowered with vacillating eyes. The lad had a fair feminine face, with three ill things in it: a want, a wildness, and a weakness. To be sure Henry saw it at a disadvantage: for vivid intelligence would come now and then across this mild, wild, vacant face, like the breeze that sweeps a farmyard pond.

"Good morning, Little. This is your fellow-workman."

"He does not look up to much," said Henry, with all a workman's bluntness.

“What, you have found him out! Never mind; he can beat the town at one or two things, and it is for these we will use him. Some call him an idiot. The expression is neat and vigorous, but not precise; so I have christened him the Anomaly. Anomaly, this is Mr. Little; go and shake hands with him, and admire him.”

The Anomaly went directly, and gazed into Little's face for some time. He then made his report. “He is beautiful and black.”

“I've seen him blacker. Now leave off admiring him, and look at these pictures while I prose. Two thousand philosophers are writing us dead with ‘Labour and Capital.’ But I vary the bore. ‘Life, Labour, and Capital,’ is my chant: and, whereas Life has hitherto been banished from the discussion, I put Life in its true place, at the head of the trio. (And Life I divide into long Life, and happy Life.) The subject is too vast to be dealt with all at once; but I'll give you a peep of it. The rustic labourer in the South sells his labour for too little money to support life comfortably. That is a foul wrong. The rustic labourer in the North has small wages, compared with a pitman, or a cutler; but he has enough for health, and he lives longer and more happily than either the pitman or the cutler; so that account is square, in my view of things. But now dive into the Hillsborough trades, and you will find this just balance of Life, Labour, and Capital, regarded in some, but defied in others: a forger is paid as much or more than a dry-grinder, though forging is a hard but tolerably healthy trade, and dry-grinding means an early death after fifteen years of disease and misery. The file-cutters are even more killed and less paid. What is to be done, then? Raise the wages of the more homicidal trades! But this could only be done by all the Unions acting in concert. Now the rival philosophers, who direct the Unions, are all against Democritus—that's myself; they set no value on life. And indeed the most intelligent one, Grotait, smiles blandly on Death, and would grind his scythe for him—at the *statement price*—because that scythe thins the labour-market, and so helps keep up prices.”

“Then what can we do? I'm a proof one can't fight the Unions.”

“Do? Why, lay hold of the stick at the other end. Let Pseudo-Philosophy set the means above the end, and fix its shortsighted eyes on Labour and Capital, omitting Life. (What does it profit a file-cutter if he gains his master's whole capital and loses his own life?) But you and I, Mr. Little, are true philosophers, and the work we are about to enter on is—saving cutlers' lives.”

“I'd rather help take them.”

“Of course; and that is why I made the pounds guineas.”

“All right, sir,” said Henry, colouring. “I don't expect to get six guineas a week for whistling my own tune. How are we to do the job?”

“By putting our heads together. You have, on the side of your temple, a protuberance, which I have noticed in the crania of inventors. So I want you to go round the works, and observe for yourself how Life

is thrown gaily away, in a moment, by needless accidents, and painfully gnawed away by steel-dust, stone-grit, sulphuret of lead, &c. ; and then cudgel your brain for remedies."

"Sir," said Henry, "I am afraid I shall not earn my money. My heart is not in the job."

"Revenge is what you would like to be at, not Philanthropy—eh?"

"Ay, Doctor." And his black eye flashed fire.

"Well, well, that is natural. Humour my crotchet just now, and perhaps I may humour yours a month or two hence. I think I could lay my hand on the fellow who blew you up."

"What, sir! Ah! tell me that, and I'll do as much philanthropy as you like—after——"

"After you have punched your fellow-creature's head."

"But it is impossible, sir. How can you know? These acts are kept as secret as the grave."

"And how often has the grave revealed its secrets to observant men? Dr. Donne sauntered about among graves, and saw a sexton turn up a skull. He examined it, found a nail in it, identified the skull, and had the murderess hung. She was safe from the sexton and the rest of the parish, but not from a stray observer. Well, the day you were blown up, I observed something, and arrived at a conclusion, by my art."

"What, physic?"

"Oh dear, no; my other art, my art of arts, that I don't get paid for; the art of putting myself in other people's places. I'll tell you. While you lay on the ground, in Mr. Cheetham's yard, I scanned the workmen's faces. They were full of pity and regret, and were much alike in expression—all but one. That one looked a man awakened from a dream. His face was wild, stupid, confused, astonished. 'Hallo!' said I, 'why are your looks so unlike the looks of your fellows?' Instantly I put myself in his place. I ceased to be the Democritus, or laughing philosopher of Hillsborough, and became a low uneducated brute of a workman. Then I asked this brute, viz. myself, why I was staring and glaring in that way, stupidly astonished, at the injured man? 'Were you concerned in the criminal act, ye blackguard?' said I to myself. The next step was to put myself in the place of the criminal. I did so; and I realized that I, the criminal, had done the act to please the Unions, and expecting the sympathy of all Union workmen to be with me. Also that I, being an ignorant brute, had never pictured to myself what suffering I should inflict. But what was the result? I now saw the sufferer, and did not like my own act; and I found all the sympathy of my fellows went with him, and that I was loathed and execrated, and should be lynched, on the spot were I to own my act. I now whipped back to Dr. Amboyne with the theory thus obtained, and compared it with that face; the two fitted each other, and I saw the criminal before me."

"Good heavens! This is very deep."

"No slop-basin was ever deeper. So leave it for the present, and go

to work. Here are cards admitting you, as my commissioner, to all the principal works. Begin with —— Stop a moment, while I put myself in your place. Let me see, Cheetham's grinders think they have turned me out of Hillsborough. That mortifies a young man of merit like me. Confound 'em! I should like to show them they have not the power to drive me out. Combine how they will, I rise superior. I forge as they could not forge: that was my real crime. Well, I'll be their superior still. I'm their inspector, and their benefactor, at higher wages than they, poor devils, will ever earn at inspecting and benefiting, or anything else.' Ah! your colour rises. I've hit the right nail. Isn't it an excellent and most transmigratory art? Then begin with Cheetham. By-the-by, the Anomaly has spotted a defective grindstone there. Scrutinize all his departments severely; for no man values his people's lives less, than my good friend John Cheetham. Away with you both; and God speed you."

Henry walked down the street with the Anomaly, and tried to gauge his intellects.

"What's your real name, my man?"

"Silly Billy."

"Oh, then I'm afraid you can't do much to help me."

"Oh yes, I can, because——"

"Because what?"

"Because I like you."

"Well, that's lucky, any way."

"Billy can catch trout when nobody else can," said the youngster, turning his eyes proudly up to Henry's.

"Oh, indeed! But you see that is not exactly what the Doctor wants us for."

"Nay; he's wrapped up in trout. If it wasn't for Billy and the trout, he'd die right off."

Henry turned a look of silent pity on the boy, and left him in his pleasing illusion. He wondered that Dr. Amboyne should have tacked this biped on to him.

They entered Cheetham's works, and Henry marched grimly into the office, and showed Mr. Bayne his credentials.

"Why, Little, you had no need of that."

"Oh, it is as well to have no misunderstanding with your employer's masters. I visit these works for my present employer, Dr. Amboyne, with the consent of Mr. Cheetham, here written."

"Very well, sir," said Bayne, obsequiously; "and I respectfully solicit the honour of conducting our esteemed visitor."

A young man's ill humour could not stand against this. "Come along, old fellow," said Henry. "I'm a bear, with a sore heart; but who could be such a brute as quarrel with you? Let us begin with the chaps who drove me out—the grinders. I'm hired to philanthropize 'em —d—n 'em."

They went among the dry-grinders first; and Henry made the following observations. The workmen's hair and clothes were powdered with grit and dust from the grindstones. The very air was impregnated with it, and soon irritated his own lungs perceptibly. Here was early death, by bronchitis and lung diseases, reduced to a certainty. But he also learned from the men that the quantity of metal ground off was prodigious, and entered their bodies they scarce knew how. A razor-grinder showed him his shirt: it was a deep buff-colour. "There, sir," said he, "that was clean on yesterday. All the washerwomen in Hillsboro' can't make a shirt of mine any other colour but that." The effect on life, health, and happiness was visible; a single glance revealed rounded shoulders and narrow chests, caused partly by the grinder's position on his horsing, a position very injurious to the organs of breathing, and partly by the two devil's dusts that filled the air; cadaverous faces, the muscles of which betrayed habitual suffering, coughs short and dry, or with a frothy expectoration peculiar to the trade.

In answer to questions, many complained of a fearful tightness across the chest, of inability to eat or to digest. One said it took him five minutes to get up the factory stairs, and he had to lean against the wall several times.

A razor-grinder of twenty-two, with death in his face, told Henry he had come into that room when he was eleven. "It soon takes hold of boys," said he. "I've got what I shall never get shut on."

Another, who looked ill, but not dying, received Henry's sympathy with a terrible apathy. "I'm twenty-eight," said he; "and a fork-grinder is an old cock at thirty. I must look to drop off my perch in a year or two, like the rest."

Only one, of all these victims, seemed to trouble his head about whether death and disease could be averted. This one complained that some employers provided fans to drive the dust from the grinder, but Cheetham would not go to the expense.

The rest that Henry spoke to accepted their fate doggedly. They were ready to complain, but not to move a finger in self-defence. Their fathers had been ground out young, and why not they?

Indifferent to life, health, and happiness, they could nevertheless be inflamed about sixpence a week. In other words, the money-price of their labour was everything to them, the blood-price nothing.

Henry found this out, and it gave him a glimpse into the mind of Amboyne.

He felt quite confused, and began to waver between hate, contempt, and pity. Was it really these poor doomed wretches who had robbed him of his livelihood? Could men so miscalculate the size of things, as to strike because an inoffensive individual was making complete carving-tools all by himself, and yet not strike, nor even stipulate for fans, to carry disease and death away from their own vitals? Why, it seemed wasting hate, to bestow it on these blind idiots.

He went on to the wet-grinders; and he found their trade much healthier than dry-grinding: yet there were drawbacks. They suffered from the grit whenever a new stone was hung and raced. They were also subject to a canker of the hands, and to colds, coughs, and inflammations, from perspiration checked by cold draughts and drenched floors. These floors were often of mud, and so the wet stagnated and chilled their feet, while their bodies were very hot. Excellent recipe for filling graves.

Here Bayne retired to his books, and Henry proceeded to the saw-grinders, and entered their rooms with no little interest, for they were an envied trade. They had been for many years governed by Grotait, than whom no man in England saw clearer; though such men as Amboyne saw farther. Grotait, by a system of Machiavellian policy, ingeniously devised and carried out, nobly, basely, craftily, forcibly, benevolently, ruthlessly, whichever way best suited the particular occasion, had built a model union; and still, with unremitting zeal and vigilance, contrived to keep numbers down and prices up—which is the great Union problem.

The work was hard, but it was done in a position favourable to the lungs, and the men were healthy brawny fellows; one or two were of remarkable stature.

Up to this moment Silly Billy had fully justified that title. He had stuck to Henry's side like a dog, but with no more interest in the inquiry than a calf. Indeed, his wandering eye and vacant face had indicated that his scanty wits were wool-gathering miles from the place that contained his body.

But, as soon as he entered the saw-grinders' room, his features lighted up, and his eye kindled. He now took up a commanding position in the centre, and appeared to be listening keenly. And he had not listened many seconds before he cried out, "There's the bad music! there! there!" And he pointed to a grindstone that was turning and doing its work exactly like the others. "Oh, the bad music!" cried Billy. "It is out of tune. It says, 'Murder! murder! Out of tune!'"

Henry thought it his duty to inspect the grindstone so vigorously denounced, and, naturally enough, went in front of the grinder. But Billy pulled him violently to the side. "You mustn't stand there," said he. "That is the way they fly when they break, and kill the poor father, and then the mother lets down her hair, and the boy goes crazed."

By this time the men were attracted by the Anomaly's gestures and exclamations, and several left their work, and came round him. "What is amiss, Billy? a flawed stone, eh? which is it?"

"Here! here!" said the boy. "This is the wheel of death. Kill it, break it, smash it, before it kills another father."

Henry spoke to the grinder, and asked him if there was anything amiss with the stone.

The man seemed singularly uneasy at being spoken to: however he made answer sullenly that he had seen better ones, and worse ones, and all.

Henry was, however, aware, that the breaking of a large grindstone, while revolving by steam-power, was a serious, and often a fatal thing; he therefore made a private mark upon the wall opposite the grindstone, and took his excited companion to Bayne. "This poor lad says he has found a defective grindstone. It is impossible for me to test it while it is running. Will you let us into the works when the saw-grinders have left?"

Bayne hem'd and haw'd a little, but consented. He would remain behind half-an-hour to oblige Little.

Henry gave the Anomaly his dinner, and then inspected the file-cutters in two great works. Here he found suicide reduced to a system. Whereof anon.

Returning, to keep his appointment with Bayne, he met a well-dressed man, who stopped Billy, and accosted him kindly.

Henry strolled on.

He heard their voices behind him all the way, and the man stopped at Cheetham's gate, which rather surprised him. "Has Billy told you what we are at?" said he.

"Yes. But the very look of him was enough. I know Billy, and his ways, better than you do."

"Very likely. What, are you coming in with us?"

"If you have no objection."

The door was opened by Bayne in person. He started at sight of the companion his friend had picked up, and asked him, with marked civility, if there was anything amiss. "Not that I know of," was the reply. "I merely thought that my experience might be of some little service to you in an inquiry of this kind."

"Not a doubt of it, sir," said Bayne, and led the way with his lantern, for it was past sunset. On the road, the visitor asked if anybody had marked the accused stone. Henry said he should know it again. "That is right," said the other.

On entering the room, this personage took Billy by the arm, and held him. "Let us have no false alarms," he said, and blindfolded the boy with his handkerchief in a moment.

And now an examination commenced, which the time and the place rendered curious and striking.

It was a long, lofty room; the back part mainly occupied by the drums that were turned by the driving-power. The power was on the floor above, and acted by means of huge bands that came down through holes in the ceiling and turned the drums. From each of these drums came two leather bands, each of which turned a pulley-wheel, and each pulley-wheel a grindstone, to whose axle it was attached; but now the grindstones rested in the troughs, and the great wheel-bands hung limp, and the other bands lay along loose and serpentine. In the dim light of a single lamp, it all looked like a gigantic polypus with its limbs extended lazily, and its fingers holding semicircular claws; for of the grindstones less than half is visible,

Billy was a timid creature, and this blindfolding business rather scared him: he had almost to be dragged within reach of these gaunt antennæ. But each time they got him to touch a grindstone, his body changed its character from shrinking and doubtful, to erect and energetic, and he applied his test. This boy carried with him, night and day, a little wooden hammer, like an auctioneer's, and with this he now tapped each stone several times, searching for the one he had denounced: and, at each experiment, he begged the others to keep away from him and leave him alone with the subject of his experiment; which they did, and held up the lamp and threw the light on him.

Six heavy grindstones he tapped, and approved, three he even praised and called "good music."

"The seventh he struck twice, first gently, then hard, and drew back from it, screaming, "Oh, the bad music! Oh, the wheel of death!" and tried to tear the handkerchief from his eyes.

"Be quiet, Billy," said the visitor, calmly; and, putting his arm round the boy's neck, drew him to his side, and detached the handkerchief, all in a certain paternal way that seemed to betoken a kindly disposition. But, whilst he was doing this, he said to Henry, "Now—you marked a stone in daylight; which was it?"

"No, no, I didn't mark the stone, but I wrote on the wall just opposite. Lend us the light, Bayne. By George, here is my mark right opposite this stone."

"Then Billy's right. Well done, Billy." He put his hand in his pocket and gave him a new shilling. He then inquired of Bayne, with the air of a pupil seeking advice from a master, whether this discovery ought not to be acted upon.

"What would you suggest, sir?" asked Bayne, with equal deference.

"Oh, if I was sure I should not be considered presumptuous in offering my advice, I would say, Turn the stone into the yard, and hang a new one. You have got three excellent ones outside; from Buckhurst quarry, by the look of them."

"It shall be done, sir."

This effective co-operation, on the part of a stranger, was naturally gratifying to Henry, and he said to him: "I should be glad to ask you a question. You seem to know a good deal about this trade——"

A low chuckle burst out of Bayne, but he instantly suppressed it, for fear of giving offence—

"Are serious accidents really common with these grindstones?"

"No, no," said Bayne, "not common. Heaven forbid."

"They are not common—in the newspapers," replied the other. "But," (to Bayne,) "will you permit me to light these two gaslights for a moment?"

"Well, sir, it is contrary to our rules,—but——"

"All the more obliging of you," said the visitor, coolly, and lighted them, with his own match, in a twinkling. He then drew out of his

waistcoat pocket a double eyeglass, gold-mounted, and examining the ceiling with it, soon directed Henry's attention to two deep dents and a brown splash. "Every one of those marks," said he, "is a history, and was written by a flying grindstone. Where you see the dents the stone struck the ceiling;" he added, very gravely, "and, when it came down again, ask yourself, did it *always* fall right? These histories are written only on the ceiling and the walls. The floor could tell its tales too; but a crushed workman is soon swept off it, and the wheels go on again."

"That is too true," said Henry. "And it does a chap's heart good to hear a gentleman like you——"

"I'm not a gentleman. I'm an old Saw."

"Excuse me, sir, you look like a gentleman, and talk like one."

"And I try to conduct myself like one: but I *am* an old Saw."

"What! and carry a gold eyeglass?"

"The Trade gave it me. I'm an old Saw."

"Well then, all the better, for you can tell me, and please do: have you ever actually known fatal accidents from this cause?"

"I have known the light grinders very much shaken by a breaking stone, and away from work a month after it. And, working among saw-grinders, who use heavy stones, and stand over them in working, I've seen—— Billy, go and look at thy shilling, in the yard, and see which is brightest, it or the moon. Is he gone? I've seen three men die within a few yards of me. One, the stone flew in two pieces; a fragment, weighing about four hundredweight I should say, struck him on the breast, and killed him on place; he never spoke. I've forgotten his very name. Another; the stone went clean out of window, but it kicked the grinder backwards among the machinery, and his head was crushed like an eggshell. But the worst of all was poor Billy's father. He had been warned against his stone; but he said he would run it out. Well, his little boy, that is Billy, had just brought him in his tea, and was standing beside him, when the stone went like a pistol-shot, and snapped the horsing chains like thread: a piece struck the wall, and did no harm, only made a hole; but the bigger half went clean up to the ceiling, and then fell plumb down again; the grinder he was knocked stupid like, and had fallen forward on his broken horsing: the grindstone fell right on him, and, ah,—I saw the son covered with the father's blood."

He shuddered visibly, at the recollection. "Ay," said he, "the man a corpse, and the lad an idiot. One faulty stone did that, within four yards of me, in a moment of time."

"Good heavens!"

"I was grinding at the next stone but one. He was taken, and I was left. It might just as well have been the other way. No saw-grinder can make sure, when he gets on his horsing, that he will come off it alive."

The visitor left Henry to think of this while he drew Bayne aside, and spoke on another matter.

Afterwards, all three left the works together; and Henry was so pleased

with his new ally, that he told him, at the gate, he should be glad if he might be allowed to make his acquaintance.

"By all means," said the other. "I am quite at your service. You will find me at the 'Cutlers' Arms.'"

"Who shall I ask for?"

"George Grotait."

"Grotait. The devil!"

"No, no. Not quite so bad as that."

"What," said Henry, roughly, "do you mean to say you are Old Smitem?"

"That is a name *fools* give me."

Henry had no reply ready, and so the sturdy old secretary got the better of him again, and went his way unruffled.

Henry scolded Bayne for not telling him. Bayne excused himself on the ground that he thought everybody knew Grotait. He added, "He knew you, and told me if he could serve you, without being unjust to the Trades, I was to tell him."

Henry replied to this only by a snort of defiance, and bade him good night.

The next day and the next were spent in other works, and then Henry, having no more facts to learn, fell into deep dejection again. He saw he must either cheat Dr. Amboyne, by shamming work, or else must leave Hillsborough.

He had the honesty to go to the Doctor and say that he had mastered the whole matter, and didn't see his way to take any more wages from a friend.

"You mean you have mastered the broad facts."

"I have, sir, and they are beyond belief; especially the file-cutters. They are the most numerous of all the Trades, and die like sheep. If your notion about Life, Labour, and Capital is right, the Trades are upside down; for the deadliest are the worst paid."

"And you are prepared with the remedies?"

"Not I."

"Yet you fancy you are at the end of your work. Why, you are only beginning. Now comes the real brain work; invention. Now are cranio-logy and you upon your trial. But you are quite right about weekly salary. Invention must not be so degraded, but paid by the piece. Life, Labour, and Capital are upside down in this place, are they? Then you shall be the man to set them on their legs."

Henry shook his head. "Never, sir, unless I could give the masters bowels, and the men brains."

"Well, and why not? To invention all things are possible. You carry a note-book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got it in your pocket?"

"No; on my shoulders,"

“Haw! haw! haw! Then write this down in it—‘THERE’S A KEY TO EVERY LOCK.’”

“It’s down, sir.”

“Now you must go out trout-fishing with Billy. He will take you on the hills, where the air is pure, and favourable to invention. You will divert your mind from all external subjects, especially Billy, who is a fool, and his trout-killing inhumane, and I a merciless glutton for eating them; and you will think, and think, and think, and forge the required key to this lock with three wards—Life, Labour, Capital. And, when forged, the Philanthropic Society shall pay you a good price for it. Meantime, don’t dream of leaving Hillsborough, or I shall give you a stirrup-cup that will waft you much farther than London; for it shall be ‘of prussic acid all composed,’ or ‘juice of cursed Hebenon in a phial.’ Come, away with you.”

“Good-by, Doctor. God bless you. You have found ‘the key to my heart’ somehow. I come to you a miserable broken-hearted dog, and you put life and hope into me directly. I declare talking with you it’s like drinking sunshine. I’ll try all I know to please you.”

He went down the street with his old elastic tread, and muttered to himself, “There’s no lock without a key.”

Next day he went out on the hills with Billy, and saw him tickle trout, and catch them under stones, and do many strange things, and all the time he thought of Grace Carden, and bemoaned his sad fate. He could not command his mind, and direct it to philanthropy. His heart would not let him, and his personal wrongs were too recent. After a short struggle, these got so thoroughly the better, that he found himself stealing the Doctor’s words for his own purposes. “No lock without a key.” Then there must be some way of outwitting these cursed Trades, and so making money enough to set up as a master, and then court her, and woo her, and marry her. Heaven seemed to open on him at this prospect, and he fell into a deep reverie. By-and-by, as he pondered, it seemed to him as if the shadow of a coming idea was projected in advance of the idea itself. He knew somehow there was a way to baffle his enemies, and resume his business, and yet he could not see the way; but still he was absolutely conscious it existed.

This conviction took such hold of him, that he became restless, and asked Billy to leave off and come away. The youth consented, and they returned to the town with a basket of trout. Henry sent Billy on to the Doctor with half of them, and took the other half to his friend Bayne.

On what a trifle things turn. Bayne was very much pleased with his little attention, and asked him to take them to his lodging, and beg the landlady to cook them for dinner. “Tell her you dine with me, old fellow.”

“Oh, hang it, I wasn’t fishing for a dinner.”

“As if I didn’t know that. But you must. Then I shall enjoy your company in peace. I shall be there in an hour.”

And so he was : but in that one hour events had occurred that I shall leave Mr. Bayne to relate.

During dinner neither of the friends wasted much time in talk : but, after dinner, Bayne produced a bottle of port, notwithstanding Henry's remonstrances at being treated like a stranger, and it soon became apparent that the host himself was not in the habit of drinking that generous mixture every day. At the second glass he so far forgot himself as to utter the phrase "Eternal friendship," and, soon after, he began to writhe in his chair, and, at last, could no longer refrain himself, but told Henry that Miss Carden had been canvassing customers. She had just sent in six orders for sets of carving-tools, all for friends of her own.

Henry coloured to the temples at this unexpected proof that she loved thought of him too.

"Oh, Bayne," cried the poor young man, almost choking, "I little thought—God bless her!"

"Let us drink her health," said Bayne, excitedly.

"Ah, that I will!" And this was the first glass Henry drank honestly.

"Now, Little, I'm not doing quite right, you know; but I *must* tell you. When we lost you—you know that set of tools the Union dropped in our yard—well, he sent them to London for yours."

"That is just like him," said Henry, bitterly.

"And I'll tell you a good joke; they were in the place when you called, only not unpacked till just before I came away. Returned, sir! with a severe reprimand. 'Wonder you should send us such things as these for carving-tools by Little. If the error is not repaired shall consider ourselves at liberty to communicate direct with that workman.' A regular sugar-plum."

"Oh, thank you, my kind friend, for telling me. The world isn't all bitterness, after all: a poor fellow gets a sweet drop of friendship now and then."

"Yes, and a good drop of port now and then, though I say it that shouldn't. Fill up. Well, my boy, Cheetham is in a fine way. I left him walking about the office like a hyena. So now is your time. You can't fight the Trades; but, if Cheetham will go in with you, and I know he will, for he is sorer than you are, you can trick the Trades yet."

"Ah! tell me how, that is all."

"Oh, I can't tell you exactly. I'll try, though. I say, what a glorious thing the Ruby is: it inspires us, and fires us, etcetera, and gives us ideas beyond our sphere. Did you ever see one of these new portable gears?"

"No; never heard of them."

"No wonder; they are just out. Well, buy one of them—they were invented here—and carry it to some dismal cavern, where the foot of man never treads: make Cheetham grind your blades in another county: and who will ever know? Go to him, and don't say a word, but just ask him

for your month's salary. Then he will open the door of business himself—safe. I'll drink his health. He's not a bad sort, Cheetham: only he'd sell his soul for money. I hate such rubbish. Here's 'Perdition to the lot; and no heel-taps.'"

These words of fire set Henry pondering deeply; and, as he pondered, Bayne stuck to the port, and so effectually, that, at last, after an interval of silence, he came out in a new character. He disturbed his companion's reverie by informing him, in a loud aggressive tone, that it had long been his secret wish to encounter the Hillsborough Trades, in the persons of their secretaries, under the following conditions: a twenty-four feet ring, an experienced referee, and a kingdom looking on. As to the order of the pugilistic events, he was not unreasonably fastidious; must stipulate to begin with old Smitem; but, after that, they might encounter their fate in any order they chose, one down t'other come on. He let him know that this ardent desire for single combats, in an interminable series, arose from their treatment of his friend—"the best friend—the best heart—oh!—the best company—oh! oh!—the best—oh! oh! oh!" Whereupon he wept, the bellicose Bayne. And, after weeping the usual quantity, he twaddled, and, after twaddling, he became as pacific as ever, for he went to sleep in his chair.

And, while he snoozed, the words he had uttered set his friend's brain boiling and bubbling.

When the time came at which Bayne ought to return to the works, Henry called the landlady, and said, "Mr. Bayne is not very well. I am going to make his excuses. I wouldn't disturb him till five, if I was you, and then I'd give him a strong cup of tea."

Henry then went direct to the office, and found Mr. Cheetham there.

"Well?" said Mr. Cheetham, rather surlily.

"I am come to ask for my month, sir."

"So I guessed. Do you really mean to exact that?"

"Why not, sir?"

"Haven't you heard how they ground me down?"

"Yes, sir. But why did you give in? I was true to you, but you failed me. I'd have shut up the works for three months, rather than be made a slave of, and go from my word."

"Ay, ay; that's bachelor's talk. I've got a wife and children; and they make a man a mouse."

"Well, sir, I forgive you: but as to my month's wages—now all I say is—PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE!"

"Well?"

"You are me. You are brought from London, under an agreement, a month's notice on either side. You work, and give satisfaction. You are threatened, but you don't run from your employer. You are blown up, and nearly killed. You lose a fortnight, but you don't charge for it; 'twasn't your employer's fault. You come back to him, and face the music again. You work with the sword hanging over you. But your

employer gives in, and sacks you in a minute. Oughtn't you to have your mouth? Come now, man to man, oughtn't you?"

"I ought, and that's the truth. I didn't look at it that way. I saw my own side. There—no more about it—I'll draw the cheque—with a good heart."

He drew his cheque-book to him, with a face as if vultures were tearing his vitals.

When Henry found him Amboynable, and saw his piteous look, he felt a little softened towards him, and he said, very impressively, "Wait one moment, sir, I've got an idea. I'm not the sort that likes to be beat. Are *you*?" The men looked steadily at each other.

Cheetham lowered his voice: "I've had hell inside me ever since. I thought I was a man, but they made a mouse of me. If you know any way to beat them, I'll go in with you."

"Well, sir, there's a key to every lock."

"That is well said, and I believe it; but one can't always find the key."

"I almost think I have, sir."

"See nobody is listening. Where is Bayne? He is due."

"Oh, he is not very well, sir; and I was to ask you for an hour's absence."

"Let him have the whole afternoon. I'll not have a soul in this but us two. Now come close, and tell me."

They sat opposite each other, and put their heads together over the table, and the following dialogue passed almost in a whisper. To see them, you would have thought they were conspiring against the law, instead of combining to hide a lawful act from the violaters of the law.

"I can forge the blades a dozen miles from Hillsborough."

"Not you; you will be told of. That won't do."

"I shall not be told of; for nobody will know but you. I shall only forge at night; and the building is out of the world, and wedged in, out of sight, between two bleak hills. Sir, it is a deserted church."

"What, forge blades in a church?"

"A deserted church; why not?"

"Little, you are A 1. Go on."

"I can get the blades ground by a friend at Birmingham; and my mother and I can put them together at home. The complete articles will come to you in parcels of a certain coloured paper, invoiced in cipher outside, so that they need not be opened; you can trust the invoice, and despatch them to your London agent."

"All right,"

"The steel you must supply me at the current price, and charge it against me."

"Certainly. But your price per gross? For this work can't be done by time."

"Of course not." And Henry named a price per gross at which

Cheetham lifted up his hands. "Why, you'll take nine pounds a week at that!"

"Ay, and more," said Henry, coolly. "But I sha'n't make it. Why, this scheme entails no end of expenses. A house, and stables with back entrance. A swift horse, to gallop to the forge at sunset, and back by noon. A cart to take the things to the railway and back, and to the parcel delivery for you. And, besides that, I must risk my neck, riding over broken ground at night; and working night and day shortens life. You can't reduce these things to Labour and Capital. It's Life, Labour, and Capital."

"Hallo! There's a new cry. I tell ye what; you know too much for me. You read the *Beehive*. I take you at your price."

Then he had a misgiving. "That old Smitem's as crafty as a fox. If he finds you stay here, with no visible employment, he will soon be down on us."

"Ay; but in the daytime I shall appear as a carver of wood, and also an inspector of factories for Dr. Amboyne. Who will suspect me of a night trade, as well as two day trades?"

Cheetham slapped the table triumphantly; but, recovering his caution, he whispered, "It's planned first-rate."

"And now, sir, there is one difficulty you must help me in, if you please. It is to set up the forge unobserved."

"What, am I to find the forge?"

"There's a question, sir! Of course you are. One of these new portable forges."

Cheetham reflected for some little time. He then said it was a ticklish thing, and he saw but one way. "The forge must come here, after closing hours, and you and I must fetch it away in the dead of night, and take it down to the old church, and set it up."

"Well, but, sir, we shall want assistance."

"Nay, nay. I've got the last suit of moleskin I ever worked in laid away. I'll air 'em, and put 'em on again; and, when I've got 'em on once more, I shall feel a man again. I'll have neither fool nor spy in it; the thing is too serious. I might bring some country fellow, that can't read or write; but no, these portables are small things, and I'm one of the strongest men in Hillsborough. Best keep it to ourselves. When is it to be?"

"Say next Wednesday, two hours after midnight."

"Then that is settled. And now I'll square the old account, as agreed." He drew his cheque-book towards him again.

But Henry stopped him. "Fair play's a jewel," said he, smiling. "The moment you sacked me——"

"Say the Trades, not me."

"Dr. Amboyne hired me, at six guineas a week, to inspect the works. So you owe me nothing; but to be true to me."

This trait, though it was one of simple probity, astonished and

gratified Mr. Cheetham. He looked on the young man with marked respect. "You are hard ; but you are very square. I'll be true as steel to you, and we'll outwit our tyrants together, till I get a chance to put my foot on them. Yes, I'll be open with you ; there are plenty of orders from London and the Continent, and one for six sets from swells in Hillsborough.

"Might I see that order?"

"Why not? There, run your eye over it. I want to go into the packing-room for a minute."

He then tossed Henry the order, as if it was nothing more than an order.

But it was a great deal more than that to Henry. It was Grace Carden's handwriting, the first specimen he had ever seen.

He took the paper in his hand, and a slight perfume came from it that went to his heart. He devoured the delicately formed letters, and they went to his heart too : he thrilled all over. And the words were as like her as the perfume. She gave the order, and the addresses of her friends, with a pretty little attempt at the business-like ; but, this done, she burst out, "and we all entreat you to be good to poor Mr. Little, and protect him against the wicked, cruel, abominable Unions."

These sweet words made his heart beat violently, and brought the tears of tenderness into his eyes. He kissed the words again and again. He put them into his bosom, and took them out again, and gloated over them till they danced before his manly eyes. Then his love took another turn : he started up, and marched and strutted, like a young stag, about the room, with one hand pressing the paper to his bosom. Why had he said Wednesday? It could all have been got ready on Tuesday. No matter, he would make up for that lost day. He was on the road, once more, the road to fortune, and to her.

Cheetham came in, and found him walking excitedly, with the paper in his hand, and of course took the vulgar view of his emotion.

"Ay, lad," said he, "and they are all swells, I promise you. There's Miss Laura Craske. That's the mayor's daughter. Lady Betty Tyrone. She's a visitor. Miss Castleton ! Her father is the county member."

"And who is this Mr. Coventry?" asked Henry.

"Oh, he is a landed gentleman, but spends his tin in Hillsborough ; and you can't blame him. Mr. Coventry? Why, that is Miss Carden's intended."

"Her intended!" gasped Henry.

"I mean her beau. The gentleman she is going to marry, they say."

Henry Little turned cold, and a tremor ran through him ; but he did not speak a word ; and, with Spartan fortitude, suppressed all outward sign of emotion. He laid the paper down patiently, and went slowly away.

Loyal to his friend even in this bitter moment, he called at Bayne's place, and left word with the landlady that Mr. Bayne was not wanted at the works any more that day.

But he could not bear to talk to Bayne about his plans. They had lost their relish. He walked listlessly away, and thought it all over.

For the first time he saw his infatuation clearly. Was ever folly like his? If she had been a girl in humble life, would he not have asked whether she had a sweetheart? Yet he must go and give his heart to a lady without inquiry. There, where wisdom and prudence were most needed, he had speculated like an idiot. He saw it, and said to himself, "I have acted like a boy playing at pitch-farthing, not like a man who knew the value of his heart."

And so he passed a miserable time, bemoaning the treasure that was now quite inaccessible instead of nearly, and the treasure of his own heart he had thrown away.

He awoke with a sense of misery and deep depression, and could not eat; and that was a novelty in his young and healthy life. He drank a cup of tea, however, and then went out, to avoid his mother's tender looks of anxious inquiry. He meant to tell her all one day; but to-day he was not strong enough. He must wait till he was cured; for cured he must be, cured he would be.

He now tried to give his mind to the task Amboyne had set him; but it was too hard: he gave it up, with rage and despair.

Then he made a desperate resolve, which will not surprise those who know the human heart. He would harden himself. He would see more of Miss Carden than ever; only it should be in quite a new light. He would look at her, and keep saying to himself all the time, "You are another man's wife."

With this determination, he called at "Woodbine Villa."

Miss Carden was not at home.

"Are you sure she is not at home?"

"Not at home," replied the man, stiffly.

"But you needn't to keep him at the door," said a mellow female voice.

"No, Miss," said the man, with a sudden change of manner, for he was a desperate and forlorn admirer of the last speaker. "Come in, sir." And he ushered him in to Jael Dence. She was in her bonnet, and just going out. They shook hands, and she told him Miss Carden was out walking.

"Walking with her beau?" said Henry, affecting a jaunty air, but sick within.

"That's more than I can say," replied Jael.

"You know nothing about it, of course," said Henry, roughly.

Jael looked surprised at the uncalled-for tone, and turned a mild glance of inquiry and reproach upon him.

The young man was ashamed of himself, and at that moment, too, he remembered he had already been rather ungrateful to her. So, to make amends, he said, "Didn't I promise to take you to Cairnhope?"

"Ay," said Jael; and she beamed and blushed in a moment.

“ Well, I must go there, Sunday at the latest. So I will come for you, if you like. Will you be ready at ten o’clock ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I’ll bring a gig, and take you like a lady.”

“ Any way you please. I’d as lieve walk as ride.”

“ I prefer riding. Ten o’clock, the day after to-morrow. Good-by.”

And he hurried away, provoked, not pleased, at the manifest pleasure he had given. The woman he loved—inaccessible! The woman he only liked—he could spend the whole day with her. So the reasonable youth was cross with her for that, and for being so pleased, when he was wretched.

That feeling soon wore off, however, and, being a man of business, he wrote a line to Martha Dence, and told her he should visit her on Sunday. He added, with a gleam of good humour, “ and look out, for I shall bring my lass,” intending to give them all an agreeable surprise; for Jael, he knew, was an immense favourite.

Next day he went on the hills with Billy, and, instead of thinking for the benefit of his enemies, as agreed with Amboyne, he set himself to hate everybody, especially Miss Carden’s lover, and the Hillsborough Unions. The grinders and file-cutters might die like sheep. What did he care? As much as they cared for him. Dr. Amboyne was too good for this world, and should keep his money to himself. He (Henry Little) would earn none of it, would take none of it. What invention he had, should all go to outwit the Trades, and turn that old ruffian’s church into his own smithy. This double master-stroke, by which he was to defeat one enemy, and secretly affront another, did make him chuckle once or twice, not with joy, but with bitterness.

He awoke in a similar mood next morning: but there was eight o’clock service near, and the silver-toned bell awakened better thoughts. He dressed hurriedly, and went to church.

He came back sadder, but rather less hot, less bitter; he had his breakfast, improved his toilet, went to the livery-stable, and drove to “ Woodbine Villa.”

Mr. and Miss Carden had just finished breakfast, when he drove up to the door.

“ Who is this ? ” said Mr. Carden.

“ What, have you forgotten Mr. Little ? ”

“ Indeed! Why, how he is dressed. I took him for a gentleman.”

“ You were not very far wrong, Papa. He is a gentleman at heart.”

Jael came in, equipped for the ride. She was neatly dressed, and had a plain shepherd’s-plaid shawl, that suited her noble bust. She looked a picture of health and happiness.

“ If you please, Miss, he is come to take me to Cairnhope.”

“ Oh! it is for that! And I declare you expected him, too.”

“ Yes,” said Jael, and blushed.

“ You never told me,” said Grace, with a slight touch of asperity.

"I didn't feel very sure he would keep his word."

"Then you don't know him as well as I do."

"I haven't the chance. He speaks a deal more to you than he do to me."

"Well, Jael, you needn't snub me, because you are going with Mr. Little."

As a bone, put between two friendly dogs, causes a growl, so when a handsome young man enters on the scene, I have seen young women lose a little of that unmitigated sweetness, which marked them a moment before.

With Grace, however, to snap and to repent generally followed in a breath. "I hope you will have a happy day, dear, as happy as you deserve." She then went to kiss her, but gave her cheek, instead of her lips. "There," said she, in rather a flurried way, "don't keep Mr. Little waiting."

Just as they drove off, Grace came to the window, after a slight irresolution, and kissed her hand to them enchantingly; at which a sudden flood of rapture rushed through Little's heart, and flushed his cheek, and fired his dark eye; Grace caught its flash full in hers, and instinctively retired a step. They were off.

"How bright and happy they look," said she to her father. And no wonder.

She sat down, and, somehow, she felt singularly dull and lonely.

Then she dressed for church, languidly. Then she went to church. By-and-by she came back from church.

Then she sat down, in her bonnet, and felt alone in the world, and sad; and, at last, she found herself quietly crying, as young ladies will sometimes, without any visible cause.

Then she asked herself what on earth she was crying about, and herself told her she was a little hysterical fool, and wanted a good beating.

Then she plucked up spirit, and dried her eyes. Then she took to yawning, and said Sunday was a dull day, and life itself rather a wearisome thing.

Then a servant came to inquire if she was at home.

"What, on Sunday? Of course not. Who is it?"

"Mr. Coventry, Miss."

"I am at home."

Wallenstein and His Times.

PART II.

THE example of Mansfeldt called up a crowd of partisans as reckless as himself, who furnished Maximilian of Bavaria, and his general, Tilly, with ample employment for the next four years. Beaten and dispersed in one quarter, they sprang up just as fiercely in another; transferring the seat of war from province to province, until the whole country between the Baltic and the Rhine was thoroughly weary of the belligerents and their ravages. Partly to put a stop to those ravages, and partly alarmed at the attitude assumed by the Catholic Princes, the Protestants renewed their league in good earnest, and set on foot an army of 60,000 men, under the command of the Danish King, who, as Duke of Holstein, was also a Prince of the Empire. Hitherto, Ferdinand had found sufficient occupation in reorganizing his shattered dominions, and had been compelled, therefore, to leave the direction of the war in the hands of the Bavarian Elector; and now, when he would gladly have taken a leading part therein himself, he neither had, nor was likely to have, the means for many a year to come. Yet it was absolutely necessary to be doing. Things had gone so far that, whether defeated or victorious in the coming struggle, Maximilian threatened to leave Ferdinand little more than the name of Emperor. The matter was discussed over and over by the Aulic Council, but with small effect. As a body, it had no remedy to suggest. Day after day the members met, and shook their heads, with all the gravity of Lord Burleigh. They examined the situation, enumerated the difficulties, vituperated the causes, and wound up by declaring, with disgusting iteration, that "*nothing could be done.*" And nothing would have been done had matters remained depending on the wisdom and energy of the Aulic Council. The Emperor was at his wit's end, and showed it; and then Wallenstein came forward, exactly like the benevolent fairy in the tale, and with an offer that smacked completely of fairyland. It was—an army strong enough to bear down all opposition, and to render the Emperor as great in power as he was in name, *without costing him a single kreutzer*. There was a general shudder at the proposal, for Wallenstein had a dark repute, and his fellow-councillors at once made up their minds that he meant to marshal an army of demons at his back; or, at the very least, to rouse up Barbarossa and his warriors from their magic sleep under the castle of Kiffhausen: and neither of these were over-pleasant devices in themselves. But though Wallenstein reassured his coadjutors on these points, he had no small difficulty in

obtaining their sanction to his plan, and that simply because it was novel ; for many of these gentlemen evidently preferred ruin in the way of routine to a means of salvation that had no precedent to recommend it. Once at liberty to act, the Friedländer did not lose a moment. Out went his recruiting officers in all directions, and so well did they work that he marched from Egra for the North early in autumn, just three months after receiving his commission, at the head of 30,000 men ; and so rapidly did his army accumulate on the route, that it reached the seat of war full 50,000 strong. Wallenstein's directions were to unite and act with Tilly. But once at the head of an army, he soon showed that no will but his own would be admitted there. The forces of the King of Denmark were scattered along the right bank of the Weser, and those of Tilly disposed down the left. East of these, the Protestants of Brandenburg, Saxony, and Pomerania, had mustered their forces. Heedless of imperial injunction, Wallenstein left Tilly far to his left, and marching straight to the Elbe, seized the Bridge of Dessau, and established himself strongly on both sides of the river. This was a piece of admirable strategy. His own communications were safe, he could operate at will on either bank of the Elbe, he had cut the Protestant League in two, and he had placed himself menacingly on the flank of their two principal armies. Nor were these great advantages all that he gained by this able movement. His maxim was, that war must be made to support war, and countries as yet unwasted were thus laid open. The Danish monarch and his generals were soon aware of their peril, and that desperate fellow, Mansfeldt, determined to avert it. Gathering his brigands, 18,000 strong, he flung himself fiercely at Wallenstein's entrenchments. But fourfold numbers were marshalled skilfully within, and, after a desperate struggle, the *condottiere* was hurled back in retreat, leaving 3,000 dead on the spot. But he was not baffled yet. Rallying his cut-throats, and making good his losses—for a leader like him was never in want of recruits—he dashed down Silesia at a headlong pace. Meanwhile, that arch-intriguer, Thurn, had roused up Bethlem Gabor to another rebellion, and, more dangerous still, overspread Austria with a terrible peasant war. The Transylvanian was already in great force before Presburg, and, could Mansfeldt join his camp, Vienna, and with it the empire, would run considerable risk. But the partisan had scarcely developed his plan when Wallenstein was hard upon his track. Nothing but the danger of the capital could have tempted the latter from his vantage-ground ; indeed, he left it with much reluctance. But once in motion, Mansfeldt himself was not more fierce nor decided. That was something like a chase : tigers in front, and tigers in rear. In vain Imperial bands endeavoured to bar the fords and numerous passes, and to hold the strong places ; one after another, wily plan or fierce assault threw them into the hands of Mansfeldt, to fall, a few hours later, and in like manner, into those of Wallenstein. Oppeln, Ratibor, Jägern-dorf, and Troppau, were thus captured and recaptured in quick succession. At last Mansfeldt, after a hundred fights and hairbreadth escapes,

and innumerable deeds of "derring-do," entered the camp of Bethlem Gabor; but, fortunately for the empire, not with his formidable division. That terrible march had destroyed three-fourths of its numbers, and all its confidence. Mansfeldt himself, indeed, would have been a host anywhere; but Mansfeldt was no longer himself. The fatigues of that unparalleled campaign had destroyed his feeble, hunchback body; and a spirit, however indomitable, is useless without a body. He died a few months after in Dalmatia, like the fierce old Jarl Sward, upright, and in his armour. A horde of miserable fugitives was all that entered the camp of Bethlem Gabor. Discouraged by this, the latter broke up, and retreated to his fastnesses; while the peasants, left to themselves, were put down by that thorough soldier, Papenheim, after much desperate and some doubtful fighting. Mansfeldt's threatening march had resulted in the safety of the empire. The home provinces were safer now than ever; Bethlem Gabor was disabled for a time; the great partisan being dead, there was no general left to the Protestants; and, finally, during Wallenstein's "wild chase," Tilly had met and beaten the King of Denmark at Lutter, killing 5,000 of his men, and taking all his baggage.

Wallenstein's return northward was a triumphal procession. Swelling as he advanced, his forces rose to 60,000, 70,000, 80,000 men; nor did they pause there. Nothing dared oppose him in the open field, and the few strong places that ventured to hold out were carried by merciless assault. He bore down everything in fact by sheer weight of numbers. He dictated terms to the Elector of Brandenburg. He inundated the Duchy of Mecklenburg, and the Dukes—sovereign princes—were deposed, and himself raised to that eminence in their stead. He advanced to the Baltic, proceeded to take possession of its ports, and meditated crossing to the conquest of Scandinavia. And this, audacious as it was, was the least of his projects, which by this time included the reduction of the numerous petty sovereigns to the rank of subjects, the formation of a German navy, and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. Nor did any of these projects seem extravagant. His forces by 1628 amounted to fully 120,000 men, and they were still increasing; while, in exact proportion as he waxed strong, everybody else grew feeble; neither friend nor enemy could maintain an army in his vicinity; men and leaders deserted alike to join the great Friedländer. And well they might, for no other service since Alexander's ever offered equal advantages. In his army, even more than in that of Napoleon's, promotion went by merit; and provided that they obeyed and fought, his soldiers might do whatever else they pleased.

But let us look into the camp. There we shall find men of all professions and every land—Jews, lawyers, merchants, and scholars, as well as soldiers; everybody, indeed, but clergymen. These last are strictly prohibited: "No parsons" is one of Wallenstein's watchwords. In one corner a professor of the famous Passau art—one who renders men impervious to lead and steel—*gefrorn*, as the soldiers call it—has taken up his abode. And a lucrative craft he follows, for he is always in requi-

sition. The individual to be fortified lays down his ducats, has certain talismanic characters traced over the vital parts of his body, and receives a number of slips of paper, each inscribed with a magic rhyme. These he swallows like a pill at the approach of danger, and the charm is complete; one scroll thus disposed of rendering him invulnerable for six hours, two for twelve, and so on. There are few celebrated soldiers in the army who are not *gefrom*; at least in repute, the Generalissimo himself being conspicuous among them. Nor is this a mere vulgar superstition. The very first article of the military code of Gustavus Adolphus forbids the practice under the severest penalties. Close by an astrologer of fame has established himself, and carries on as profitable a trade. Hour after hour he sits, answering queries on every possible subject—promotion, duels, gaming, mistresses; the event of an expedition, &c. &c. Not far off, but incomparably humbler in all respects, burrows a scholar, who ekes out a living by exercising his pen in the service of illiterate warriors; occasionally increasing his gains by supplying a motto for a new pair of colours, when a successful enterprise has enabled a regiment of his acquaintance to indulge in that luxury. Here a body of soldiers are disposing of their booty; chaffering with keen-looking Jews over armour, clothing, household goods, all sorts of odds and ends indeed—many of them carrying stains terribly significant of the means by which they were acquired. Close by are a number of cavaliers, busily arranging ransom with their captives. Nor are the latter all warriors. A large proportion are civilians of both sexes and all ages. There is not much haggling about the terms. Half-an-hour before a group, who could not, or would not, pay the sum demanded, was driven away, with nose and ears mutilated. A scene still stranger may be witnessed a few yards further on. A troop of marauders has just arrived, each man leading at least one female, attached by a rope to his saddle-bow. A crowd gathers round, and the slave-markets of the East are more than realized. Down in the hollow there two or three groups are engaged in mortal duel. Round the next corner we shall encounter the provost-marshal, leading half-a-dozen deserters, a couple of spies, and three or four other offenders, to their death under the nearest tree. At another turn we shall come upon a set of fellows engaged in torturing prisoners suspected of having concealed treasures. Round the head of one a cord is twined so tightly that his eyes appear starting from their sockets; and another is stretched upon the ground, while a soldier is coolly filling him with water by means of a horn fastened in his mouth. The wretch is frightfully swollen; but the torture will go on until he yields up his treasure, if he has any, or dies. And this is what was afterwards known as the “Swedish Draught.” Yonder a regiment, two or three thousand strong, is drawn up in two long lines. Each man wields his sword-belt, doubled up; and a couple of culprits, stripped to the waist, are preparing to run the gauntlet down the lines and up again. Woe to them if they happen to be unpopular. We turn up one of the avenues of tents that lead towards the centre of the camp. There are soldiers carousing,

rioting, and scouring their appointments on all sides, amid crowds of degraded women and a very Babel of noises. At once the tumult subsides to the merest hum, and every eye is averted. The General—that tall figure with the crimson mantle and long red plume—is coming; and he detests equally a noise and a searching eye. No one seems to notice him, except a reckless corporal, who pushes forward a horn half filled with brandy, and with tipsy familiarity invites the General to drink. “Hang the brute,” grunts Wallenstein, and the rascal is instantly seized. But thoroughly sober now, he breaks loose, draws his sword, and rushes at the General, fully resolved to cut him down. A dozen weapons interpose, and after a severe struggle the corporal is disarmed and again a prisoner; while an adroit hand has even already knotted a scarf round his neck and thrown the end of it over the pole of a waggon that stands tipped handily on end. A dozen arms are prepared to pull, awaiting only the General’s signal. The latter searches the offender with a look of contempt. “Now let him go,” he grumbles, when he considers that the corporal has tasted sufficiently of the bitterness of death; and the fellow makes a rapid exit. The others disperse without a word, except the man of the scarf, a square-built fellow, with a curiously notched countenance. “You led the assault at So-and-so?” The man bows. “Give him a hundred dollars,” commands Wallenstein, and passes on; but the command is scrupulously obeyed. And thus he traverses the camp, administering punishment and reward as he goes; sentencing one to be hanged, another to run the gauntlet, a third to ride the wooden horse, with a couple of muskets at each foot, and distributing dollars and promotion just as liberally.

Let us follow him to his tent. His great standard is planted before it—the goddess Fortune emblazoned in gold on a green field. Mark the sentries: they pace up and down like spectres. Neither clanging swords nor jingling spurs are permitted here: the one is wrapped in the soldier’s scarf, the other twined round with cord. An officer approaches, and, with the usual averted eye, makes his report: such a fort has been captured by the enemy. “Sir,” replies the General, “the Supreme Being could not take that fort.” And a subsequent despatch justifies the confidence thus singularly expressed. Business despatched, Wallenstein enters an inner tent. There sits a man with a fame as wide and lasting as his own. It is Kepler, the General’s mathematician (courtly slang for astrologer), with all the paraphernalia of his art about him. The next hour is given to the stars. But though Wallenstein be a dupe, he is not a very tractable one. Every calculation of the astrologer is checked by one of his own, and the slightest discrepancy leads to a controversy, which ends as such things always end when the parties are a dependant and an obstinate master. Kepler’s position is not a very easy one. But he has a fine establishment and a large salary; and, better still, the latter is paid to the day,—a thing that does not always happen at court, as Kepler himself experienced when he served an emperor.

A messenger arrives from court: it is his friend Questenberg. They

are mutually serviceable to one another. There is important public business to be discussed. But their private affairs obtain the *pas*. Court intrigues, friends and enemies, those who have been bribed and those who must be bribed, are considered, and their line of action reviewed and modified as circumstances suggest. Then the public matters are noticed, principally complaints. "The princes complain you treat friend and foe alike; your armies are excessive, your exactions ruinous." "The princes wear long mantles; I have clipped them a little, and mean to clip them more: Germany needs no Spanish grandees—one Emperor is *and shall be enough*." "The Jesuits complain you employ Protestants largely, reward them, promote them." "Victory and death are of no religion." "The Pope, too, complains." "Hum—it's a hundred years since Rome was sacked, and it must be richer now than ever." "His Majesty of Sweden meditates making war in Germany." "Let him come. I will whip him home with a birch-rod like a school-boy." Then comes the old grievance and the old remedy—the Emperor wants money: and Wallenstein makes another of these advances, that amount in the aggregate to 3,000,000 of florins.

And so Wallenstein and his army went on, carrying all before them indeed, but levying contributions to the amount of 5,000,000*l.* a year, and booty beyond calculation; and ruining province after province; that one being esteemed fortunate wherein the population had fallen only one half. In some districts not a human habitation, not a living thing was left. In one large one just three women remained after Wallenstein's army had marched through; and in several the peasants were driven in their extremity to that hideous resource—cannibalism. But what cared Wallenstein? The more the country suffered, the more his army multiplied, for the camp was the refuge of the ruined. And with his army grew his fortunes. He was the lord of provinces rather than estates,—he was baron, count, duke, prince; and finally, in 1628, "General of the Baltic and Oceanic Seas." And his repute extended still further: invincible, invulnerable, the master of fortune, the ally of the powers of darkness; the man who read the future like a book. Warriors rejoiced in such a chief, while all good Catholics shuddered and crossed themselves when this human phenomenon swept by. But neither Catholic nor Protestant could stand this much longer. Beyond the camp every one was his enemy; and the multitude waited only an opportunity to assail him. That was supplied by his failure before Stralsund, and the Diet assembled at Ratisbon in 1630, amid the universal shout—"Down with Wallenstein!"

Thither trooped the princes, making a miserable show in comparison with former days; thither came the Imperial Court, more powerful than for many a year; and thither, with 600 gentlemen splendidly appointed in his train, a king among kings, rode "that insupportable dictator and oppressor of princes"—Wallenstein. Thither, too, came the various ambassadors of Europe; and most conspicuous of all, though wrapped in his humble capuchin, that subtle friar, who was described as having "no

soul, but only pools and shoals, on which every one must strand who entered into negotiations with him,"—"Richelieu's right arm,"—Father Joseph. For the great Cardinal, having just subdued the Huguenots, was now prepared to extend the same good measure to the House of Habsburg; and, as the first serious step in that direction, he was determined to ruin "the upstart." This was a point on which nearly everybody was agreed, German and foreigner, Protestant and Catholic. But it was easier said than done. For Wallenstein had his spies everywhere, and the court willing, was fully prepared to counterwork his foes at home and abroad, in his own bold and sweeping style. One hundred thousand men were disposed along the French frontier, and everything arranged for a march on Paris. Nor was there anything in France capable of resisting such a host,—veterans every one,—and under the best leaders of the day. As for the princes, his plan was short and simple, but promised to be very effective. Thirty thousand men were arranged to act in flying columns—seizing the minor capitals and quelling all opposition, while 20,000 more, under the Friedländer himself, should beset the Diet, and *slay the princes to the last man*. Great as was the crime, Ferdinand hesitated. And well he might, for the temptation was all but irresistible—nothing less than universal empire. Such a stroke would place Germany unreservedly in his hand; and what might not be achieved by the might of Germany concentrated under such a chief as Wallenstein? Ferdinand wavered. As for the Tempter, the word "crime" had long been expunged from his vocabulary. He could see nothing but the splendid future,—his master a despot, himself mayor of the palace; his Germany—for he was a patriot in his way—such a power as it ought to be: the slices of Fatherland filched by the lurking, meddling Gaul, during centuries of internal dissension, wrenched back by one bold effort: a German fleet on every ocean; a German colony in each new land; German arms restoring the cross to the shores of the Mediterranean; and German supremacy acknowledged everywhere. His army was devoted to him: there was absolutely nothing to withhold its resistless rush. Let but the Emperor give the signal and the thing was done. But the signal never came. Ferdinand was not the man to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," on such a scale. And, besides, everybody was urging him in the opposite direction—his family, his confessor, the princes, the ambassadors, the very Pope himself. Just at the crisis, when the struggle in the Imperial mind raged highest, Wallenstein withdrew to his head-quarters at Meiningen, and then Ferdinand gave way, slowly and reluctantly indeed, but decisively. On the 4th of July, 1630, he signed the warrant of dismissal. But who was to communicate it to the dreaded soldier? and, above all, who was to enforce it, if, as was only too probable, he refused to obey? Until these things were settled, the situation of the Diet, the anxiety of its members, and the tension of popular expectation, may be imagined but not described.

But Wallenstein did not intend to resist—why, no one can presume to

guess. Astrology swayed him indeed ; but it was only when circumstances refused to speak for themselves. And, besides, it was his interest in those superstitious times to attribute the results of keen calculation and iron will as much as possible to the influence of the stars, to teach men to regard and therefore revere and dread him as the man of Destiny. He used the science to deceive his contemporaries rather than himself. And, master of the situation as he now was, Wallenstein was not exactly the man to falter in his course out of deference to the planets. His friends, Werdenberg and Questenberg, were the only men who dared approach him with the momentous document : for they had not merely withstood the princes, but, as Wallenstein well knew, advocated his great plans by every argument in their power. And as trusty friends he received them. But they had no need to utter a single word. Scarcely were they seated, when he took some papers from the table. "These sheets," said he, "contain the nativities of the Emperor and of the Elector of Bavaria. The stars declare that the demon of the Elector predominates for the present, *and I obey the stars.*" He retired to his Duchy of Friedland. Mecklenburg was restored to its rightful owners. But he lost nothing except the dignity. The Emperor, who seems to have been really grateful to his magnificent servant, more than made up any loss of revenue by further grants. As to the army, it had reason to regret the loss of its leader. Half was turned over to Tilly, and the other half disbanded. But such a life as they led in the camp of Wallenstein had unfitted them for peaceful avocation, and before the year was out, nearly every man of them had joined Gustavus Adolphus. And thus the Diet of Ratisbon provided that formidable captain with those trained and seasoned warriors who marched in two campaigns from the Baltic to the Rhine ; marking every halt-place by the way with a startling victory.

Wallenstein retired to his estates, and, if appearances were to be trusted, not a moment too soon. His appetite was disordered ; he could not sleep, and his steps needed a staff. A cardinal in such a plight would have been the favourite candidate for the next pontifical vacancy. But never did the most vigorous prime put forth such astonishing energy as this debilitated man. He grasped at once the whole management of his enormous property ; redistributed his investments, built new towns, and colonized waste lands. He employed an army of workmen on a dozen palaces at once, and revolutionized his already splendid establishment in still more splendid style. And besides, his political agents were hurrying in all directions to carry out a hundred schemes : to court, where, under cover of seeking to have his duchies erected into sovereignties, he intrigued with the Ministers ; to the neighbouring princes, with whom he treated on equal terms and with many views ; to the Danish King, with whom he negotiated in the Emperor's name ; and, finally, Count Thurn went to and fro, in many disguises and through a hundred perils, between this singular invalid and Gustavus Adolphus !

We have often thought that the old Greek myth—Prometheus bound

to his rock—was intended for a Wallenstein in retirement. He could lay down his command, but not his master passions. And these, ambition, and, of late, revenge, were absolutely devouring him. In spite of the hundred occupations into which he plunged with such startling energy, they found ample time to assail and involve him in a world of intrigue. And now, in conjunction with his one strange superstition, they had impelled him to this last worst step. Once more he had betaken himself, and with more than youthful fervour, to the phantasms of astrology. Yet not unnaturally. Anxiety to read the future is the weakness of ardent temperaments, the failing of those who greatly dare. Not much, indeed, in prosperity; then they seldom believe in more than energy and intellect. But before success, and after—in the intensity of early aspiration, and still more in the passionate longing for the Resurgam—a Lenormand or a Seni may sway these far-reaching spirits like so many school-girls. Two coincidences, striking enough to those given to note such things, had drawn Wallenstein's attention to Gustavus Adolphus. On the 4th of July, 1630, that monarch first set foot in Germany, and on the 2nd of October he laid siege to Rostock, the principal town of Wallenstein's lost sovereignty, Mecklenburg: the first being the very day on which the dismissal of the Friedländer had been signed, and the second that on which he had laid down his command. This was quite enough to originate the notion that his fate was bound up with that of the Swedish King; and of course he soon found ample confirmation for it among the stars.

“Give me fifteen thousand men,” said he to Gustavus, by the mouth of Thurn; “I will raise as many more at my own expense; and with this force I engage to wrest Bohemia and Moravia from the Emperor—nay, more, to drive him out of Germany. In recompence I merely ask the restoration of my duchy and the sovereignty of such lands as I may conquer.” But Gustavus was not the man to countenance a Wallenstein. The former was too ambitious and far-reaching himself to tolerate a coadjutor of similar disposition; and, though he took good care not to irritate the Friedländer by a harsh reply, he was equally careful that nothing should come of the proposal. But there were other means of gaining an army open to Wallenstein; and, now that the first plunge had been made into treason, he found little difficulty in taking a full bath. To work, then, he went with the Protestant princes and the Court of France, holding out to the former the prospect of a German party independent of Emperor and Swede, and equally formidable to both; and to the latter the humiliation of the House of Habsburg—possibly the partition of its possessions, but certainly the establishment of a permanent check on its pretensions by his own coronation as King of Bohemia. Negotiations like these could not be matured in a day. Meanwhile events were progressing with lightning-like speed to place him—without an effort of his own, indeed, in spite of himself—in a prouder position than that he had resigned.

Wallenstein had left the Emperor, with 200,000 men in arms, supreme

from the Alps to the Baltic. In twelve short months that great force had been hurled back over one great river after another, its numbers dwindling at every stride by battle, pestilence, and desertion, until not a third of it now remained, cowering timidly behind the Danube, its last line of defence. The "Ice-King's" forces had accumulated the while like a rolling snow-ball. From 14,000 men they had swollen to ten times that number. Stretching from Poland to France, one wing swept the Palatinate and the other Silesia, while the Saxon contingent was preparing to carry the war into Bohemia; and nothing could stand before them. The new military system introduced by the Swedish King had proved an immense success. The old-fashioned clumsy battalions, with their complicated manœuvres and cumbrous arms, gave way everywhere before the handy brigades, simple movements, and improved weapons of Gustavus. Even Tilly himself—over-matched, out-generalled, and beaten in one fierce fight—confessed plainly that he knew not what to do against them. So far as he and his army were concerned, a great catastrophe was evidently impending. And all this Wallenstein beheld with grim satisfaction; but his friends at court failed not to improve the crisis to his advantage and their own. Nor were their voices unsupported. Public opinion, or what was then and there so esteemed,—the opinion of the ruling caste,—had veered round with events. And now—the sovereign princes aside—the universal cry was "Wallenstein."

The Saxons entered Bohemia towards the end of October, and advanced on Prague. Maradas, the governor, lost his head. He consulted Wallenstein. "Sir," said the latter, with cool indifference, "I hold no command here, and cannot presume to direct you." At the same time, foreseeing the event, he despatched his Duchess and his valuables to Vienna, in charge of his cousin, and retired himself to his castle of Gitschin. Prague fell, without resistance, on the 6th of November, and with it the greater portion of the country. This decided the court. There was no choice now between absolute ruin and the recall of the Friedländer. The Bavarian and Spanish factions detested him; and, more than either, the Jesuits. They knew the ambition of the man, his limitless daring, his relentless nature, and were not without some inkling of his mighty projects; but they knew also that none but he could aid them. So they made up their minds to submit for the present, comforting themselves with the reflection that they could still command the same excellent means of restraining a dangerous spirit which had served them, and others similarly situated, so well heretofore in the cases of Martinuzzi, the Guises, William of Orange, and Henri Quatre.

Scarcely had Maximilian Wallenstein reached Vienna when he was hurried back to Gitschin with an autograph letter from the Emperor to his mighty kinsman. "Do not go out of the way of my distress," supplicated this epistle. "Do not abandon me in my great need." But the reply of Wallenstein was as cold and indifferent as if he felt not the slightest interest in the matter. Hard upon the heels of the first

messenger came Questenberg and Werdenberg. The Friedländer received them even more coldly than the Imperial letter. He expatiated on the sweets of retirement ; he expressed himself *deeply* grateful to those excellent people who had been the means of introducing him to these blessings. Glory was a phantom, popularity evanescent, royal favour precarious. He, at least, had done with these things for ever. Next came the Prime Minister Eggenberg ; and then—after days of intercession and argument, grovelling and promising—the court could obtain no more than this :—Wallenstein would consent to serve the Emperor for three months. But not a moment longer. He would raise an army once more. That effected, who would might command it. Assuredly he would not.

On the 22nd of January, 1632, out came Wallenstein's proclamation, addressed to all good Germans in the first place ; to all true soldiers in the second ; and, in the third, "to all deserters and dissatisfied commanders." The summons was as characteristic as one of Napoleon's, and even more effective. Znaym was designated as the rendezvous, and thither came the daring and ambitious of every creed and clime : Lutherans, Calvinists and Catholics, Walloons, Croats, Cossacks, Italians and Britons—for Wallenstein made no distinction between nationalities and sects ; and with him every man was sure of his desert. Gallas, Altringer, and Piccolomini—all his choicest captains—abandoned Tilly ; half the Saxon army deserted within three weeks ; and these good soldiers who had abandoned the camp on Wallenstein's retirement, along with a host of fresh and gallant spirits, hastened to invest their all in horses, arms, and followers, for they knew right well that under such a chief the return would be a hundredfold. It was a common thing for captains, when beating up for recruits, to enter the cottage of a likely man, and, placing a purse and a halter on the table, give him his choice.

Other efforts were necessary to supplement those of Wallenstein and his admirers, and these were not wanting. The Jesuits raised five regiments. Spain and Italy supplied ducats. The wealthy churchmen and the great nobles gave magnificently : Cardinal Dietrichstein put down 20,000*l.* and Prince Eggenberg 50,000*l.* Heavy imposts, too, were laid on—the very maid-servants having to pay a poll-tax of fifteen kreutzers. And, finally, the Pope added the colophon, in the shape of an unlimited contribution of prayers and processions.

So successful were these measures that in six weeks 20,000 men were assembled round the Friedländer's standard—the golden Fortune on the emerald field ; and by the 1st of April the number had swollen to 50,000. Then Wallenstein laid down his command, and the court was about to indulge in much rejoicing. But, to its dismay, it soon found that Wallenstein was as indispensable to keep the army together as he had been to raise it. Neither soldier nor officer would follow any other, and the whole host was on the point of breaking up in a temper that boded no good to the empire. Of course there was another bitter negotiation and more grovelling before the court. The great chief insisted on

unexampled terms. But the battle of the Lech was fought and lost, and Tilly mortally wounded, on the 5th of April; and the moment the news was confirmed everything was yielded,—the command “in absolutissima forma:” “I would not serve as lieutenant under the Supreme Being Himself,” said Wallenstein—power also to deal with rebels as he pleased; the guarantee of investiture with one of the hereditary provinces; and the lordship of all the lands he might conquer. And then the march began as the camp-song put it:—

The torch all aflame and the lance in its rest,
Where duty and booty impel us we speed;
To the North—to the South—to the East—to the West—
As the Devil may drive, or the Friedländer lead.

In two months more Bohemia was reconquered. The Bavarian Elector joined Wallenstein, with the remnant of his army, at Egra, on the 26th of June. Historians give a singular picture of the meeting. There was, of course, a ceremonious reconciliation between them in the presence of both armies; but every man there knew right well that, so far as the Elector was concerned, humiliation, and not reconciliation, was the word. The rivals embraced, and exchanged expressions of amity and esteem. His insolent demeanour then, and his boasts immediately afterwards, exposed the vulgar relish with which the Friedländer enjoyed his triumph. As for Maximilian, he maintained the same unruffled courtly ease as if he moved in the centre of a festival—not once, even in private, naming the Friedländer except with the respect due to his rank and ability. Never did the high-bred gentleman contrast more advantageously with the upstart.

Maximilian would fain have persuaded his coadjutor to march against Gustavus, who was carrying all before him in Bavaria; but Wallenstein, who searched the situation with a truer eye for war, saw his advantage otherwise. His rear was secure, his army was now effective, and the Swedes were dispersed from one extremity of Germany to the other. So, dashing out from Egra towards Nuremberg, he interposed a wall of iron between the scattered detachments of the foe. Gustavus took the alarm at once. And well he might—for a hundred disasters impended in that move—divisions cut off, supplies intercepted, and allies wrenched away among them. Gathering in hot haste the corps under his own immediate command, some 18,000 strong, he hurried at racing speed towards the threatened city. Everything depended on who should reach it first; but 18,000 men are moved more readily than 60,000; and, besides, the Imperialists were never capable of these impetuous marches. Gustavus, too, was a thorough Norseman, who rushed to battle over torrent and mountain just as his ancestors used to sweep across “the path of swans.” And when Wallenstein came up, on the 30th of June, with his mighty host, and still mightier following—including not less than 20,000 women—he found his antagonist strongly entrenched before Nuremberg. The Friedländer did not attack. His was the last army of the empire, and he was well aware of the tactical superiority of the Swedes, and especially of their

spirit and the spirit of their King. He could not even risk a repulse. So he kept his post steadily while corps after corps, relaxing their grip of the conquered lands, marched into the leaguered camp, until at length the Swedes mustered more, by 10,000 men, than he did himself. Thus, without striking a single stroke, by sheer dint of superior strategy, Wallenstein had cleared Bavaria, and several other provinces, more effectually than he could have done by three campaigns of successful fighting. Nor did he now withdraw. Seizing a position in the neighbourhood, he fortified it strongly, and held it patiently, until the country round was ruined. Pestilence and famine began to devastate the camps, and the men died by hundreds a day. Wallenstein was inflexible. They might "rot," he declared, to the last man, provided he retained his advantage. But the Swede was of another temper; and though he could hurl his warriors to die by tens of thousands on a stricken field, he could not bear to see them waste away like this. So, mustering all that remained, he made a desperate assault on the Friedländer's position. Attack followed attack for eight long hours without the smallest advantage. At last, as fell the night, he drew back with heavy loss; and, finding it impossible to subsist longer in the neighbourhood, he garrisoned the city, and marched westward on the 8th of September with greatly diminished ranks. This was the first serious check that Gustavus ever experienced.

Wallenstein had suffered at least as severely—losing nearly half his force, and, on the 12th September, he too broke up. But not to follow the Swedes. The Bavarian Elector stormed, supplicated, threatened, and finally detached himself with his troops; but Wallenstein kept unmoved to Saxony. Flying columns under Papenheim, Gallas, Holk, and Merode, preceded the march, and penetrated up to the gates of Dresden, perpetrating unheard-of atrocities, and reducing the beautiful country to a desert. Meanwhile Gustavus was back in Bavaria, preparing to carry the war into Austria itself, where the peasants were once again in fierce revolt. But news soon reached him of Wallenstein's doings, and compelled him to abandon his projects; for to linger would have been to lose the Saxons, and no advantage gained in Austria could counterbalance that. On the 7th of October he marched from Bavaria. On the 15th he was back again at Nuremberg, and, on the 28th, he reviewed his troops at Erfurt, in the heart of Saxony. Wallenstein heard of his approach as he lay at Leipzie, and instantly despatched Papenheim and his dragoons to seize the important post of Naumburg. But so rapidly did the Swedes come on, that they reached it first.

The situation was now a critical one for both parties. The Imperialists lay in and around Leipzie, right between Gustavus at Naumburg, twenty-five miles to the south-west; the Elector of Saxony and his army at Torgau, the same distance to the north-east; and the Duke of Luenburg, who, on his way to reinforce the Swedes with his division, had reached Wittenberg, forty miles to the north. Wallenstein was just in the position that Napoleon would have loved. Three quick and heavy strokes was all

that was needed on his part to close the war. But, admirable strategist as he was, rapid to seize the decisive points of a campaign, and tenacious to hold them, the traditions and usages of the school in which he had been trained hung heavily about him. The German winter, too, had already set in, and so, forgetting that times and seasons were alike to his antagonist, he determined to go into quarters. With this view he detached Papenheim and his division to make their way into Westphalia, and prepared to settle down himself where he was with some 12,000 or 14,000 men.

Papenheim set out on the 4th of November (O. S.), and Gustavus heard of it directly. The latter was then manœuvring to the south of Leipzig with a view to his junction with the Duke of Luenburg, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Grimma; but this purpose he abandoned at once. He knew Wallenstein's strength to a man, and he himself had 20,000 excellent soldiers well in hand,—a superiority of not less than 7,000 men. Every hour, indeed, would increase his advantage—widening the distance between Papenheim and his chief on the one side, and bringing up his own reinforcements on the other. But every hour, too, would enable Wallenstein to seize and strengthen one of those formidable positions which he knew so well how to choose. And this great consideration, in conjunction with the Norseman's thirst for battle, decided Gustavus to fight at once.

It is not now our intention to go into the deeply interesting details of that fearful day. Not that we are satisfied with them as they are told; but the renown, and therefore the story, belongs to another. Still it was a noble thing to maintain such a field doubtful to the last, with 12,000 men against full 20,000. And though Wallenstein made no great figure in the action, he merits no little praise for choosing such valiant captains and infusing such stubborn spirit into his columns.

Lutzen was lost. But lost as it was, that battle saved the empire, and from Wallenstein no less than from Gustavus. Now that the terrible Swede was dead, the equally terrible Friedländer ceased to be indispensable, and he knew it. From that hour forth began a struggle for life and death between the warrior and the court—each plotting to destroy as the only means of escaping destruction. But at the outset Wallenstein had the advantage. He was too strong in the devotion of his army to be openly assailed. Scanning the political expanse with a glance as sure as that which he brought to bear on the operations of war, he counselled the Emperor to magnanimity; but nobody at Vienna was prepared to be magnanimous. The court was not ready to redeem its pledges to the General; the courtiers were not ready to give up their share of the confiscation; and the bigots were not ready to abandon their intolerance. And so the war went on.

Baffled in this effort to harmonize his own interests with those of the empire, Wallenstein resumed the plottings of his retirement; but he was no longer so impenetrable as of old. True, he never committed himself in writing, and employed only the trustiest agents—men devoted heart and soul to his interests, because these were altogether their own. But

in anticipation of the conflict, the court this time had taken care to surround him with men devoted to itself—skilful warriors, able negotiators, utterly devoid of conscience—men who bowed and flattered and truckled to the haughty Friedländer, until he trusted them like brothers. Gallas, Altringer, and Piccolomini, all these generals who had joined him from the eminently loyal and Catholic army of Tilly, were the agents of the court, and under their supervision a profound system of espionage was organized and maintained around the General. The very confessional was brought into requisition, and more than one unscrupulous monk gained a mitre by betraying its secrets. Wallenstein's movements were watched by a hundred eyes, and his agents were dogged step by step to the various courts and back again. These men were beyond the reach of bribery indeed, and they never carried despatches. But the fact of treasonable negotiations was clearly established, and that was much; and foreign potentates, being less skilful than Wallenstein in selecting their ministers, and incomparably less successful in securing their fidelity, something of the drift of these negotiations was soon elicited. Ferdinand charged his General with these treaties. "Yes," said Wallenstein, unblushingly, "I treat, but it is wholly in your interest." And revealing as much of the matter as suited him for the time, he continued the game.

But if he negotiated, it was always sword in hand. A few months had made good the losses of Lutzen. His army, through the whole of 1633, continued the most numerous and the best appointed in the field. He kept it comparatively idle, indeed, while the other belligerents wore themselves out in the strife. But now and then he made a dashing march, and dealt a heavy blow with all his ancient skill and vigour. In this way he confounded his enemies at court, kept his battalions from rusting, and showed unmistakably to all whom it might concern that he was still the same terrible Wallenstein as ever. Three armies entered Silesia together. Wallenstein marched thither and barred their path. He negotiated with the leaders, and through them with their principals. But finding the negotiations hang fire, he let his columns loose; separated and deceived his several foes by strategy so refined as barely to escape the imputation of treachery; captured a whole division of Swedes; and then sweeping forward in one of his old torrent-like rushes, he thrust one division far into Brandenburg, and led another himself across Saxony, seizing and garrisoning the strongholds in his path. Thus time went on. The end of 1633 approached, and with it the consummation of all his plottings. France had long been gained, Saxon and Prussian would follow the lead of Oxenstiern, and the last heavy strokes—showing clearly what Wallenstein could accomplish for the Emperor, did it please him to put on the lion—had bent the cautious Swede at last to his proposals. Keeping a stern hold of the places he had won, the Friedländer gathered the army back into Bohemia towards the end of November, and dispersed it in quarters until the opening spring should rouse it to the campaign that was to ruin the House of Habsburg and place a crown upon his head.

But the court had not been idle. Every man in his ranks, from the general to the merest sentinel, had been profoundly studied, and thousands had been corrupted: the honest and honourable, by playing upon their patriotism, their loyalty, and their religious feelings; the vain-glorious, by titles and promotion; and the sordid, by the splendid prizes which the approaching ruin would afford. Nor was Wallenstein, on his side, chary of gift and promise. Always open-handed, he was now more liberal than ever; and his promises were as limitless as his expectations. These things had served him to a marvel on former occasions, and he had not the smallest fear that they would fail him now. The hour of action was about to strike. All was ready without, nothing remained but to test the fidelity of his officers. To this end the Generals were assembled at Pilsen, his head-quarters, on the 12th of January, 1634. That evening, Illo, one of Wallenstein's three confidants, gave a banquet, and every man was there. When the guests were warm with wine, the announcement so powerful two years before was repeated. Wallenstein, declared Illo, had determined to resign. The Italians and Spaniards who crowded the court had driven him to take this step. No native German could serve his country under such men. For his own part, the speaker avowed himself not merely indignant, but furious—as he ought to be—at these foreign factions: furious for the sake of his country, thus again exposed to ruin; for the sake of their benefactor, thus repayed for his great sacrifices and unparalleled services; and, finally, for the loss of those great sums which he, Illo, like so many others, had invested, or, as it appeared, thrown way in these wars. Terski, and one or two others, emulated Illo's eloquence; and the traitors, of whom many were present, were compelled to chime in. A deputation was instantly chosen and despatched to entreat the great chief not to abandon his children; and the great chief reluctantly consented to remain at the head of his happy family. Then followed the signing of that document which pledged them to serve Wallenstein to the last gasp, and to pursue his enemies to the death. There was a hitch or two, indeed, in connection with this affair; but these were slurred over sufficiently to satisfy the party chiefly concerned. Then and there Wallenstein issued his final orders for the concentration of the army at Prague by the 24th of February, and dismissed the Generals to their several commands.

Piccolomini's messenger sped to court with the tidings of these proceedings, and the moment he arrived the Council assembled. But not to deliberate on the crisis or contrive the measures to meet it. All this had been provided for long before. The principal business on this occasion seems to have been to settle the doom of the culprit, and several valuable hours were wasted in discussing it. At last the Spanish Ambassador cut short the unprofitable talk. "Why all this bother," said he, "about a trifle, that a stab or a shot will so easily settle at any moment." The decrees and orders so long prepared were then issued to those entrusted with their execution, Gallas and Piccolomini—Altringer being then on his way to Vienna; and the Council adjourned. These decrees, dated

January 24th, removed Wallenstein from his command, placed himself and his confidants beyond the pale of the law, and entrusted the direction of the army to Gallas. But for full three weeks longer Ferdinand continued to write to Wallenstein in the usual strain, addressing him as "Illustrious," "Dear," "Uncle" and "Friend," "Prince," and so forth.

And Piccolomini admirably seconded the Emperor in blinding the doomed chief. A liking, originated by some casual coincidences as to birth, &c., had been deepened by the more than Italian duplicity of the object, until, towards the close of his career, the Friedländer had come to regard Piccolomini as a sort of second self. He trusted him implicitly, and kept him always about him. And the Italian made use of his position to withhold every messenger and despatch likely to alarm him from the General's notice. It was a dangerous game, and required courage and dexterity and watchfulness not less consummate than treachery itself; for the slightest bungling or relaxation must have resulted in discovery and a terrible death. Such a part, so well played, in a worthy cause, would have won the man an heroic reputation. Meanwhile his confederates were busy seducing the army, and by the 13th of February they found themselves strong enough to seize Budweis, Tabor, and Prague in the Emperor's name. The news of this released Piccolomini from his perilous duty, and his flight roused Wallenstein at last. But, utterly unaware of the events of the last three weeks, the General was not less confident than wrathful. He resented the Italian's treachery; deeply resented it; but he did not dread it. He was ready to strike. This event, far from deranging his plans, merely precipitated them by a few hours; and his march would follow too close on the disclosure for the court to profit much—at least so he thought. Terski was directed to start at once and secure Prague; and similar measures were taken with respect to the other fortresses. Messengers also were sped off, some to hasten up the Swedes, and others to remove the troops that barred the passes in their way, or to apprise distant and trusty friends that rebellion had begun. But in a few short hours Terski and others were back again at Pilsen with terrible intelligence. The fortresses were already secured for the Emperor. Gallas had interposed with a strong force between Pilsen and Duke Bernard of Saxo-Weimar at Ratisbon; Piccolomini was speeding up from Linz with a brigade to seize the persons of the traitors—for as such an Imperial proclamation had by this time denounced the Friedländer and his confidants; and, last and worst intelligence of all, the troops at hand were deserting by wholesale! Any moment might bring the Italian, and the vengeance that he marched with, upon them. So there was no resource but flight.

They fled, and fast. Mustering a few regiments, they took the route to Egra—the only one now open—despatching courier after courier, thirteen in all, as they hurried along, to apprise Duke Bernard of their situation, and entreat assistance. Their escort consisted of 200 foot and ten troops of dragoons; but five of the latter deserted as they issued from

the town. Close to their first stage, Mies, a town that belonged to Illo, they met Colonel Walter Butler and his regiment of dragoons, on the march from Kladrup to Pilsen, in accordance with the orders of Wallenstein, who meant thus to clear the way before the Swedes on all sides. Butler and his squadrons were pressed into the service of the fugitive chief. Lest the men should desert, they were compelled to march in front; whilst Wallenstein endeavoured to gain their chief by unwonted attentions and golden promises. But Butler was deep in the secrets of the court, and on reaching Plan—the second stage of that strange journey—he managed to despatch Father Taafe, his chaplain, with a letter to Gallas or Piccolomini, whichever he happened to meet first, signifying that the writer was compelled to accompany Wallenstein against his will; but adding the significant postscript, that perhaps Providence thus intended to give him an opportunity to do a deed that should “gild his humble name.” At Plan they met Major Leslie, who had been sent to meet them by Colonel Gordon, the commandant of Egra. This last town they reached on the afternoon of Friday, the 24th of February. That night, Gordon, Leslie, and Butler met secretly in the citadel, arranged their plans, and swore *on a sword-blade* to remove Wallenstein. The next day, at noon, Terski gave an entertainment, and Gordon returned it by another at night, in the citadel. Thither came Leslie, Butler, and Gordon, on the one side, and Illo, Kinski, Terski, and a certain Captain Neuman, on the other. They were very merry, and four of them very rebellious; Neuman especially boasting that he would soon wash his hands in Habsburg blood. Nine o'clock struck, and at the stroke a messenger entered with a despatch, pretended to have been intercepted. It seemed to bear the signature of the Elector of Saxony, and discussed, with small favour, Wallenstein's projects. Gordon read it, and handed it to his companions. When all had perused it, they proceeded to discuss it. To do this with the greater freedom, Gordon stood up, and ordered the servants to leave the room. He had scarcely spoken when a door opened on each side of the hall, and in poured two armed bands. “Prosperity to the House of Austria,” exclaimed Captain Geraldine, the leader of one party. “Who is for the Emperor? who is for the Emperor?” shouted Captains Macdonald and Devereux, at the head of the other. “Long live Ferdinand!” exclaimed Butler, Gordon, and Leslie, drawing their swords; and, snatching each a candle from the table, they ranged themselves by the wall, to light the murderers to their work. The latter—some forty strong—rushed upon their victims, overturning the table as they came on. Kinski died in an instant; and Illo, hampered by the table, made but a faint resistance. But Terski, a renowned swordsman, offered a desperate defence. Setting his back against the wall, the assailants, one after another, fell before his thrusts, while his good buff coat turned every one of theirs aside. “He is *gefrorn!*” exclaimed the assassins, drawing back at length; and, as they did so, some one among them flung a heavy candlestick at his head, and brought him to the floor,

where he was despatched by a dagger-thrust through the eye. Neuman, slightly wounded at the commencement of the affray, attempted to escape by a desperate leap through a window, but was intercepted in the courtyard, and killed there. The dragoons stripped the bodies, which were then locked up in the bloody hall, until the work was completed. Nor was there any delay over that. Gordon remained to guard the citadel, Leslie went to the principal alarm-post, and Butler, accompanied by Devereux and his trusty band, betook himself to Wallenstein's quarters—the Burgomaster's house, which still remains at the east end of the market-place. It was a dark, dismal, rainy night, and the distant shrieks of Kinski's and Terski's widows, just then apprised of their husbands' death, came by fits and starts upon the blast, causing more than one of Butler's men to shudder as they were posted about the house. Devereux, who was to strike the stroke, took twelve dragoons and stole round to the back-door. This he forced with a dexterity which spoke well for his acquaintance with the burglar's craft. Leaving six of his men at the door, and accompanied by the other six, he crept quietly up the stairs, and along the corridor, to Wallenstein's chamber, over the front entrance. There he met the valet, who had just taken the Duke his usual sleeping-draught, a tankard of beer. "Hush!" said the valet, placing his finger on his lip, and pointing to the door. "The key, the key!" growled Devereux, with an oath; and, as the key was not instantly forthcoming, he drove his sword through the servant, who fell with the weapon in his body. Snatching a partisan from one of his followers, Devereux put his shoulder to the door, and burst it open. There, right before him, stood Wallenstein, in his shirt, leaning against a table. "Die, rogue—die!" yelled the Irishman, lowering his weapon. No word escaped the Friedländer, no shiver shook him, nor did he draw back an inch. Looking the murderer straight in the face, he opened wide his arms to the thrust, and fell without a groan.

Scores upon scores of his confederates met a similar fate. Piccolomini hanged twenty-four of his colonels at once at Pilsen; and thus the conspiracy was crushed out. Wallenstein's immense estates enriched his destroyers. Each of the Generals received a large share, Piccolomini the largest, though for a while he was much blamed at court for plundering Wallenstein's treasury at Pilsen very much like a brigand. The actual butchers were liberally rewarded—Butler and Leslie in particular being enriched and ennobled.

I d o l a t r y .

IN reading the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, I have always turned with particular pleasure to the passage which describes how, on approaching the Muscovite dominions during his great overland journey from China, he had the curiosity at one village to go and see the native way of living, "which is most brutish and insufferable." These degraded beings worshipped an idol of wood, with ears like goats'-horns, eyes as big as a crown-piece, a nose like a crooked ram's-horn, and a mouth like that of a lion, with horrible teeth, hooked like a parrot's under-bill. This monster was "dressed in the filthiest manner you can suppose," and excited in the worthy captain's breast that intense disgust which we generally feel for other people's objects of worship. Whereupon, having spoken to his friends, and provided aqua-vitæ, gunpowder, and "a good quantity of tar in a little pot," Mr. Crusoe and his party surprised the priests by night, gagged and bound them, and then, having plastered over the idol with combustibles, set fire to him, and reduced him to a mere "block or log of wood." For this insult to the great Chim-Chi-Thaungu—so the "monstrous creature" was called,—Crusoe and his friends were as nearly as possible massacred, and, indeed, escaped only by an ingenious stratagem. Whether a new Chim-Chi-Thaungu was rigged up after the same filthy manner, and what was the effect upon the brutish and insufferable way of living of the people, is left to our imagination.

I imagine that in these comparatively tolerant times, Crusoe's action would be considered as decidedly wrong; but I confess that whenever I see a Chim-Chi-Thaungu in these islands,—and there are a good many of them in different places,—I feel a strong propensity to go and do likewise. Iconoclasm is, indeed, a dangerous profession, and it may be urged that little good comes of it, unless it is accompanied by a more radical cure of the tendencies by which idolatry is produced. Yet one would fain hope that the example is not quite lost, and that by the occasional defacement of Chim-Chi his prestige will be seriously diminished. Bold men have gone up and bearded some of the more imposing idols of our day, in spite of very horrible teeth and claws. I will not speak of such powerful beings as the almighty dollar of America, or of the great god Respectability, worshipped by the snobs of these islands; they have been smitten by stronger arms, and seem to thrive tolerably well under the infliction. Nor, for that matter, do I wish to insult certain more hideous idols, whose deformity is palpable to every one. It does not take much cultivation to perceive that an idol with eyes like a crown-piece, and teeth like the under-bill of a parrot, is a degrading object of worship. We are sufficiently

civilized to have substituted genuine works of art for the old stocks and stones; and the fault is not that we value them, but that we pay them so slavish a service. The idols of which I would speak are such as I should be perfectly prepared to admire in any proper place; only I don't think that they quite deserve to have a temple erected over them, to be mentioned only in tones of the profoundest reverence, and to have all rash critics offered up at their shrines as sacrilegious criminals.

Thus, for example, though it wants some courage to speak it, I have suffered a good deal from the worshippers of our national idol, Shakspeare. There was once a picture in *Punch* of a preposterous youth, who declared that, in his opinion, Shakspeare was a much over-rated man. Now, if we could retire into the privacy of our own studies, and speak our minds quietly without having the fear of critics before our eyes, I fancy that a good many of us would confess to a secret sympathy with that adventurous person. M. Louis Blanc, who, as a Frenchman, should be free from the national bondage, complains gently of some of the sufferings he has undergone on this topic. Once, he says, he ventured to suggest to a party of Englishmen, that it was not perfectly consistent in Hamlet to speak of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," just after he had had a long conversation with his father's ghost. M. Louis Blanc was instantly suppressed; the British lion was aroused within his hearers; and he was made to feel that he had committed the same sort of error as a curate who should have defended Bishop Colenso to an orthodox rector. Now, I will admit, for the sake of argument, that M. Louis Blanc, as a Frenchman attacking our great English champion, was beyond the pale of toleration; I will confess that, in the case supposed, I should have been as ready to defend Shakspeare right or wrong as any priest of Chim-Chi to flay Robinson Crusoe; we are not to accept unpleasant truths from a foreigner; but, I would ask why, when we are strictly amongst ourselves, it should be considered flat blasphemy as ever was committed to suggest that there are some weak points about Shakspeare? If, for example, a man admits that Shakspeare was one of the two or three greatest poets of all time, that at his best moments he showed certain powers which have never been equalled, why should it be held utterly abominable to add that the construction of some of his plots is not absolutely perfect, and that he might have dispensed with a murder or two without serious injury to his pieces? Even if a man were bold enough to declare that Shakspeare not unfrequently wrote infamously ill, is that a sufficient reason for his summary execution? The fact is, that Shakspeare is not only a national idol, but, unluckily, he is one whom we have some trouble in monopolizing sufficiently. Ever since German critics have been raising a cloud (a remarkably opaque cloud) of incense in his honour we have been afraid, as it were, of having our best card trumped. They sometimes erroneously claim to have been the first discoverers, and to be now the best appreciators, of Shakspeare; and by way of answering this last assertion at least, we try to outdo their boldest efforts by piling up masses of

unqualified panegyric, which are enough to destroy all faith in human criticism. Nothing, it is said, is so absurd as not to have been maintained by some philosopher; and nothing written by Shakspeare is so bad (and some things, I will venture to say, are very bad indeed) as not to have been defended by some of his admirers. There is always some relief in turning to the commentators of the last century, who are reviled for their utter insensibility, but who had plain common sense, and ventured to judge as well as to fall on their knees in humble adoration. They sometimes tried to measure the infinite with a two-foot rule; but, at least, they had a measure, and did not fear to report the results of their examination. Milton is not so sacred an idol as Shakspeare, and we may, without danger, ridicule his angels firing cannon, and the palace which the fiends built so carelessly that they were obliged to reduce themselves to the size of mites to enter the door. Yet poor Dr. Johnson has been terribly mauled by posterity for some of his rash criticisms. When he says of Lycidas, "Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another god what has become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell,"—modern critics, for the most part, can only raise their eyes and hands and shriek in holy horror. I confess that I rather enjoy the worthy Doctor's slashing style of criticism, and even think there is something in it. Possibly his remarks are narrow and grovelling; but, at least, they have these merits:—First, that they are intelligible; and, secondly, that to answer them satisfactorily, we have to go seriously into the philosophy of the question. They can't be answered by mere shrieking and gesticulation; but are as tangible as pounds, shillings, and pence. So far, they are better than the prevalent form of criticism, which is a competition to see who can sing the loudest hymns, and use the most high-flown language. There is, however, one comfort about Milton and Shakspeare. They are dead. They can't be spoilt by their modern admirers. Shakspeare thought, it may be, too little of his work; but, at least, he didn't sit down of malice prepense to say, "I will write something which shall make the *Times* or the *Telegraph* declare that I am the leading poet of the age." He had some chance of being simple and spontaneous. Nor was he in the serious temptation of knowing that whatever nonsense he wrote would be accepted by a circle of worshippers as though it were as infallible as holy writ. It is the modern things and poems which we place in our most sacred shrines which produce the more crying evils. The sects who pay them reverence are scattered through all classes of men, and all schools of thought. We have political, and social, and philosophical, and artistic idols,—idols of the cave and the market-place, and the theatre, though differing in nature from those of Bacon's imagination,—and still more difficult to classify. The manufacturers of Birmingham are accused of exporting some to barbarous countries; but they might, one would say, find a sufficient market at home. Indeed, I have been

credibly informed that certain idolatrous rites have been performed with remarkable success in a temple not quite so distant from that town as the wilds of Timbuctoo. The image set up on these occasions was the well-known, and highly ideal, representation of the working-man. He is, of course, portraited with a gigantic cerebral development, and with his foot placed triumphantly on the twin-serpents, Superstition and Slavery. The high priests, who affect to do him honour, appear to be of opinion that he enjoys what Mr. Browning calls

Good, thick, sweet, stupefying incense-smoke—

the thicker and sweeter and stronger the better, and, we may fear, a little stupefying also. They, moreover, delight to burn in effigy before him certain wretched dummies, decked with lawn-sleeves, and coronets and stars and garters of a tawdry kind, and with that imbecile expression of countenance which we may remark in the great malefactor of the 5th of November. The weakest point about these ceremonies is that the worshippers are seldom regaled with any refreshments stronger than tea and eloquence—a fault from which the hostile sect are singularly free. That magnificent object of worship, the British Constitution, with its marvellous checks and balances, its judicious mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, and the other wonderful properties which make it, as we know, the pride and envy of the world, has the disadvantage which attaches to the personification of a rather vague abstraction; but the balance of enthusiasm is fully made up by the appliances of its devotees;—the rich streams of turtle soup and venison and the mighty libations of generous wine raise their zeal to the highest pitch. When in those great national festivities, which exercise so elevating an influence upon the morals of the British public, the two idols are carried in solemn processions through our streets and exposed to public veneration on the hustings, it would puzzle a philosopher to say which sect shouts the loudest, or talks the most magnificent nonsense. Perhaps the sacred hymns which take the form of Buncombe, and the sermons for which a stump is taken as the pulpit, are not always of the most creditable kind; and calmer people may fear that in the shock of opposing zealots the realities are a little apt to be forgotten in favour of the conventional types; and, which is the greatest evil, that the abuse lavished upon the outward symbol tends to lower our respect for the genuine merits of the thing represented.

The worshippers of the working-man, for example, have been rather startled by certain consequences drawn from their principles by the more ignorant class of zealots. Before they knew it, they found themselves half committed to approving of human sacrifices. They expressed a most righteous abhorrence of the custom prevalent in some parts of these islands, where backsliders from the faith have been robbed, or blinded, or actually put to death by explosions of gunpowder. No shadow of blame could attach to the rational high priests of the sect, except, indeed, this, that

their exaggerated eulogies led to an unfair reaction upon the discovery of these practices; the enemy was only too glad of a chance of saying, Behold the god whom you invite us to revere: has he not a tinge, or rather more than a tinge, of the diabolic nature in his composition? Does not the real nature of your worship come out amongst these unsophisticated zealots? The principles you avow look infinitely respectable in broad daylight amongst the upper classes; but down in the dens and secret places where they are carried out with no fear of such responsibility, they sink into something not much better than fetish worship and cannibalism. From such retorts—whatever may be their value—the intelligent leaders would have been quite free if they had abstained from idolatry and spoken the uncoloured truth. If, instead of holding up the working-man as a model of all perfection, they had described him as he is—an excellent being with many rough and sturdy virtues, but unfortunately fond of drink and incapable of prudence—every one would have been ready to take an impartial view of exceptional crimes; and, moreover, they would have had a strong argument from which they have cut themselves off. If the working-man is an angel without wings, our existing social arrangements must be tolerably good; if, with many good qualities, he comes very short of thorough civilization, then some social reforms are urgently needed. Idolatry, in such cases, produces a counter-superstition, and makes the prejudices of the unbelievers as unfair and vehement as those of the thoroughgoing zealots. For my own part, however, I must confess that, purely as a matter of individual taste, I prefer this form of superstition to its rival. It may be said that to flatter a crowd is as bad as to flatter a court, and that a demagogue is as contemptible an animal as a flunkey. I have no desire to compare the two evils accurately, and to portion out the shares of contempt which we are bound to bestow upon each. I would not, in Dr. Johnson's rough language, settle the point of precedence between a flea and another more unmentionable insect. But, on purely æsthetic grounds, as a matter of personal taste, I prefer the hymns sung to the working-man to those which are sounded in honour of the British Constitution. Whether rightly or wrongly, a gentleman who gets up and praises a class to which he does not belong may be, and frequently is, obeying a generous impulse; perhaps he is even pushing generosity to an extreme, and that is an action which it is possible to do gracefully. But when his adversary arises to express an excessive admiration for the arrangements to which his own good fortune is owing, I think he has a rather awkward appearance. "Behold me," he says in effect; "I have eaten a good dinner and have an excellent coat on my back; I am thoroughly comfortable, well off, and prosperous; what a never-sufficiently-to-be-admired state of affairs it is which gives me all these good things! What a fool any one must be who ventures to complain! He ought to be proud that I, and such as me, condescend to govern him; to give thanks daily that he does not presume, like the foolish democrats of other nations, to consider that his own interests should be preferred to mine, and that he should even have a

voice in determining the mode of preferring them. Consider it as a beneficent arrangement of Providence that I am to be rich and respected, and influential, and you to be my most obedient humble servants, and to retire, if you haven't my luck, to live in the workhouse, or on my charity." So far from saying that this doctrine is erroneous, I believe it to be in many respects perfectly sound; and am as little favourable to ultra-democrats as to those who believe with Mr. Weller's young nobleman, when he got a pension because his mother's uncle's grandfather had once lighted the King's pipe, that whatever is is right. I only say that the sentiment is more difficult to express gracefully. I do not speak for a moment of the rational admirers of our Constitution, but of those idolators who hold it to be perfectly immaculate and incapable of improvement; and I venture to say that their nonsense (for it is surely safe to say that there is a good deal of nonsense on all sides of every question) is, on the whole, more repulsive to my tastes than that of the opposite description. If it was still flourishing, we should still be hanging pickpockets, governed by rotten boroughs, and indulging in some old-fashioned forms of worship to the aforesaid idol, which the increasing common sense of the age has fortunately managed to render obsolete.

There is another variety of superstition which, to my mind, is equally annoying, though it bears with it a certain aspect of generosity and public recognition of merit which must be admitted to have its charm. Some great writer—a philosopher, it may be, or a novelist, or a poet—works his way upwards in the world. He delivers such a message as comes within his capacity, is abused and denounced, and misrepresented, and ultimately succeeds in founding a school. We begin by telling a man of any originality that he is a humbug; then that he is opposed to all orthodox opinions; and finally declare that he is infallible. We convert him into a pope, whose lightest word is to be received with the respect due to a revelation. When a newspaper has occasion to quote his authority, it calls him not plain Mr. Smith, but John Percy Smith (the addition of a man's Christian names being equivalent to giving him the title of Right Honourable in public esteem), and refers with humble accents to his European reputation. We cannot touch upon poetry, or political economy, or whatever his particular walk may be, without having his name cast at every step in our teeth. He is the standard by whom all past and present merit is measured—the Colossus under whose huge legs we petty men peep about to find ourselves dishonourable graves. The most ferocious critic becomes tame when he is mentioned, and criticizes every work which he condescends to publish in the spirit of a modern artist before an undoubted Raffaele. We deal with him something as a certain young Spaniard, commemorated in Mr. Borrow's *Bible in Spain*; treated Bentham. The "grand Baintham," he said, was not merely a Solon and a Plato, but a Lope de Vega; and he repudiated with indignation Mr. Borrow's hint that, so far as regarded poetry, Mr. Bentham could scarcely be reckoned amongst the leading names of the world. I almost believe that there are

some persons whose qualifications in that direction are scarcely superior to Bentham's, who might be certain of universal applause on their first plunge into metre. At any rate, I am quite sure that if half of what is said at public dinners, with the tacit understanding that it is to be returned in kind, were even approximately true, the world would be in possession of more Solons and Platos and Lope de Vegas than have ever flourished simultaneously at any known epoch: yet it would be rather difficult to make out in cold blood a long list of contemporaries who are already secure of immortality. The disposition to this particular branch of idolatry is, I presume, the practical application of the doctrines of hero-worship; though I fancy that the man of genius to whom the popularity of that name is due, would repudiate most of the images set up for our reverence. The hero-worshippers, whether their idols be of timber or of gold, are inclined to arrogate a certain moral superiority to the outside world. We, they say in effect, recognize merit generously and freely; you carp and sneer from a mean jealousy. We love to do honour to a great man while he is yet amongst us; you keep your incense till he is dead and buried. We hold that the world is made better by mighty teachers of thought and action, whose shoe-latches it is an honour to unloose; and nothing is a clearer proof of a cold heart and narrow spirit than an unwillingness to hail the advent of the coming reformer and regenerator of mankind. You would have criticized the warts on Cromwell's nose and the specks of blood on his collar, and have found out, only when it was too late, that a man with a wart on his nose may lead a good charge of cavalry on due occasion. To this it might, of course, be replied that nothing is more antagonistic to the true faith than the prevalence of the sham article. If you fire off all your rockets to announce the mayor of Little Pedlington, what are you to do when a true king of men makes his appearance? A habit of gushing on all occasions deprives genuine emotion of all its charms. It is not the worship of heroes, I might say, that is objectionable; but the Egyptian practice of worshipping tame cats under the singular delusion that they are roaring lions. But I will venture to go a step further: I will confess that, personally, I entertain a rooted aversion to hero-worship, and have no extravagant love for heroes; that I don't find that there are many giants in the world, and that those who actually exist are only some twenty-four inches taller than their neighbours, and frequently owe their apparent height to mounting their neighbours' shoulders. Is this view of the world less accurate or less generous than that which divides all mankind into heaven-sent heroes on one side and mere helpless dummies on the other? which assumes that half-a-dozen men can see and everybody else is stone-blind, or good enough at best to follow their leaders by some vague canine instinct? The question as to the accuracy of the theory is not to be solved in a couple of paragraphs; without some caution I might find myself launched on a boundless sea of philosophical inquiry. Yet there is one simple consideration that may be noticed in passing. Every

historian inevitably wishes to concentrate the light on his principal figures ; his work will gain in literary effect, even if it loses in truth, by declaring that the fly on the wheel is really the impelling power. If Canute had happened to give his orders just as the tide was turning, all his courtiers would have sworn, and all historians would have echoed the assertion, that his command had worked a miracle. The men who had the good fortune to be at the top of the tree in the critical periods of the world's growth have had all the credit of determining its line of development. It would have been a brave subordinate who had avowed that he had suggested a plan of campaign to the first Napoleon ; he would have been pooh-poohed by a more formidable person than a critic. A minister, indeed, may, with some fairness, claim the credit of all his subordinates' work ; for he would equally suffer the penalty in case of a failure. But it is not quite so plain that the great lights in literature or science have so good a claim to quench the lights of their inferiors ; that, because Newton was a marvellous mathematician, we are to forget all the reasoners who had prepared the problem for him, and even guessed vaguely at its solution ; or that Shakspeare's glory is to efface that of all the minor dramatists who are put in gilded liveries to repose unmoved upon the shelves of every gentleman's library. Right or wrong, however, it is the way of the world ; and that being so, I cannot doubt that the great men, whatever their true merit, have, on the whole, got more than their fair share of glory, and touched up their own reputation with that of all the humble subordinates who helped them. To him that hath shall be given : the best way to make money is to be rich ; and nothing succeeds like success. These are simple facts, and it would be useless to repine at a distribution of praise which certainly makes history more picturesque ; and, after all, matters little to those who have done their work well without a selfish wish for glory. A man, I imagine, may be perfectly satisfied if he has added a few solid bricks to a useless edifice, though all the honour is bestowed upon the lucky fellow who happened to add the crowning pinnacle. But that the tone of mind which encourages this process should be recommended on the score of generosity does, I own, surprise me. Is it generous to say that Wellington won the battle of Waterloo, and to forget the rank and file who had something to do with the result ; to say nothing of leaving out Blucher and the Prussians ? There is much practical convenience in having a crowd of insignificant drudges to do the dirty work, and an ornamental fellow or two at their head to take all the glory, or, it may be, all the blame ; to serve as a concrete symbol of all the complicated forces which are acting in obscurity to help in the general result : but that it is a plan to be recommended on the score of justice and good feeling is by no means a self-evident proposition. We often hear the demand for equality condemned in a similar spirit, because it shows, we are told, a mean jealousy of all eminence ; and no one would deny that such jealousy exists, and, so far as it influences the result, is mean and contemptible enough. Yet there is

also another side to the argument. If we feel for the humble as well as the exalted, we may find some fault with arrangements which put the mass of quiet people in the shadow, in order that one may enjoy the full sunshine. It is well to admire heroes, Cromwells or Shakspeares or Fredericks; but the truest, and, to my thinking, the most generous view is that which declines to recognize them as solitary luminaries, and recognizes the plain fact that great men are only the brightest stars in a brilliant constellation. They are due not to a sudden unconnected outbreak of energy, but to an impulse which throws out many minor clusters and only culminates in them. Nature does not put Mount Blanc in the midst of the central plain of Europe, but amidst the lesser summits of the long chain of the Alps.

The doctrine that all heroes are not quite so indispensable as their worshippers maintain, and as they sometimes fancy themselves, is comforting for another reason. It is a blessing to hold that when a great man falls, the chances are that we have within this realm five hundred good as he. There is a favourite field of speculation for certain writers to ask what would have happened, if something had happened which didn't happen. If Robespierre's stockings, said one profound reasoner, had or had not been splashed on a certain occasion (I forget which), the French Revolution would not have happened. If Cæsar's boat had gone down with all his fortunes, there would have been no Roman empire. If William the Conqueror had met with bad weather, we Englishmen should have still been nothing better than beer-swilling Saxons. All these, or some of these facts may be true; and it is pleasant to some minds to repeat the old adage about great events and trifling causes, and to reckon up the wonderfully small events which, if they had happened otherwise, would have changed the whole history of the world. I will not say that it is not so; but I think it gives us a better ground for faith in the future, if we persuade ourselves that the world's progress does not depend on the turn of a die or the flight of a bullet; and that somehow or other we shall scramble on in a similar path, though it may be we shall have to make a few détours, and lose some valuable time; even if our favourite idols were all converted into firewood and we had to swear by the great John Brown instead of the mighty Thomas-Smith. Heroes are excellent things in their way; but, to my mind, the more strings we have to our bow the more secure we shall feel; and I hold that there is generally a fish or two in the sea, besides the big ones that happen to have come to the surface.

All this verges on the speculative; but I will hazard one more remark. Honour our great men by all means; put them in shrines and burn any quantity of incense before them; but there is a fact about them which is worth remembering. We never really get the full value out of a man till we have to some extent taken his measure, and know what part of our idol is made of true metal and what part of clay. The wisest and the best of men have only seen part of the truth; and require to be corrected and supplemented before their teaching can be heartily accepted. So long as

we are in the fervid stage of idolatry, and fancy that we have the key which unlocks all riddles, we are under a delusion, and we have not really derived the greatest possible profit from our teacher. It is not till we can place ourselves outside his work, compare it with that of other men, and see where it falls short as well as where it is satisfactory, that we really know what it is worth. It seems presumptuous in the pigmy to criticize the giant; but the best thing that the giant can do is to put the pigmy in a position to judge of his merits. Nobody living—it is most probable—is equal to Shakspeare as a poet or to Newton as a mathematician; but our knowledge and taste have so far profited by their labour that we can speak with confidence as to the measure of their merits. We do not presume, in doing so, to set ourselves up as their equals or as worthy to be mentioned in the same year with them; but we are doing them the highest honour in proving that we have learnt to criticize instead of worshipping.

Therefore I hold that the prevailing idolatry of certain great names is, in truth, a very bad homage to their merits. I protest against the indignant orthodoxy with which certain sects rage against all heretics, and shriek in holy horror at any suggestion that some logician may have made a blunder, or taken a partial view, or that some poet may have sinned against good taste and common sense. If—begging pardon for so wild an hypothesis—the present writer were a great, and at the same time a magnanimous man, he would think it the best proof of his success that he had raised up disciples capable of standing on their own legs and mixing admiration with fair criticism: always, of course, assuming that he was not, as is much more probable, completely spoilt by excessive adulation. For the worst evil of idolatry of this kind is, that it injures the object of our reverence as much as the devotees; and that it frequently happens that the idol turns out to be rotten just as we hope that he is ripe.

A CYNIC.

Maisons de Santé.

I HAD often, whilst walking through the smaller streets of Paris, and more especially through those nearest to the *barrières* or circuit walls of the city, had my attention arrested by a class of houses as yet nondescript, and of an altogether peculiar appearance.

One of these, larger than most others of the sort, had for that reason, perhaps, more thoroughly attracted my notice. It was situated close to the Bois de Vincennes, in the Rue A——: a narrow, decrepit street, some half-a-mile long, dull as the catacombs, and every bit as dirty; full of houses running to seed, and of shops in the last stage of consumption, and paved, as though for the sins of its inhabitants, with those small, knobby, gritty stones that enhance the comfort of walking in the same measure as a pair of boots lined with parched peas. The house to which I have alluded stood at one of the extremities of this dismal thoroughfare. It was large, strongly built, and of four storeys high. Painted from roof to floor in glaring white, its aspect was clean, as compared to the dwellings which neighboured it; but—and this it was that first fixed my attention—the forty and odd windows that looked from it to the street were all hermetically closed with wooden shutters, protected in some cases by thick perpendicular bars of iron.

There was something chill and gloomy in this arrangement, which shut out all the rays of the sun, and veiled from the passer-by every trace of the life which one felt must exist behind the cold face of this habitation. If I may say so, the house seemed blind.

It had two doors: the one, small, was apparently a private entrance; the other, large, and surmounted by a formidable row of iron spikes, seemed destined to admit carriages. Above it one could read the words, *Maison de Santé*.

I had often heard, during my stay in France, of the *maisons de santé*. They had been mentioned to me as private mad-houses; but the enormous number of them I had seen in Paris had led me to fancy, or at least to hope, that this definition might be incorrect. Accordingly, after my first sight of the establishment I have just described, I renewed my inquiries, but this time more seriously and more minutely.

A *maison de santé*, I was then told, is an asylum for people of any condition, but principally for the rich, who, from bodily or mental infirmities, or from certain other causes, are deemed by society, or by the rulers thereof, better under lock and key than at large.

If a man of fortune or position go mad or become epileptic, and his family be unwilling to confine him at Charenton, or Bicêtre, it sends him

to a maison de santé ; if a man be old, invalid, or paralytic, and require more care than his relations are able or disposed to give him, they will send him there too ; if a young spendthrift run heavily into debt, his friends, to cure him of his extravagance, will often confine him for a year or two in one of these houses ; and if a young lady draw down upon herself, by some misadventure, too marked an amount of public attention, it is generally under the roof of a maison de santé that her parents will eclipse her.

Again, if a debtor of some means be sent to Clichy, and find his captivity unpleasant, he will often ask, on the ground of ill-health, to be removed to a retreat of this kind ; prisoners in a good social position, and under confinement for misdemeanors, such as breaches of the peace, duelling, or transgression of the press laws, will often do the same thing, and on the certificate of two doctors (providing also that they have some little interest without to second their demand at the Ministry of the Interior), their request will usually be granted.

“From these petitions to be admitted to them,” added the person I was interrogating, “you may conclude that maisons de santé are rather agreeable places, and indeed some of them are ; for although there are certainly a good many which are no better than private mad-houses, yet there are others—and to these it is that resort the genteel defaulters, duellists, and others I have named—which are, in point of fact, neither more nor less than boarding-houses, and very sumptuous ones too. The apartments in them are handsome, the gardens extensive and well kept, the living excellent, and the charges necessarily high, varying usually from 400 francs to 600 francs (16*l.* to 24*l.*) a month. The only privation of which the inmates can ever complain is that of liberty, and of this even they are seldom wholly deprived, for the directors of the maisons de santé, whose interest it naturally is to keep on good terms with their boarders, not unfrequently allow the latter to go and walk about the town as they please, always, however, exacting from them the pledge of their word of honour to return ; for it must be borne in mind that the director, being responsible to justice for all the prisoners who are allowed to undergo in his house the term of their captivity, would, in the event of the escape of one of them, not only forfeit his licence, but also subject himself to a heavy fine and possibly to a few months’ imprisonment. Moreover, beside the chances—very slight, in truth—of a breach of parole on the part of one of his inmates, the doctor of a maison de santé has to run the risk, if his boarder be a debtor, of the latter being perceived in the streets by the creditors who have incarcerated him ; in which case, if it can be proved that the pretended patient has been allowed more latitude than is consistent with the state of health in which he is supposed to be by the certificate that procured his translation from prison, his creditor may not only cause him to be at once returned to jail, but may also, if he please, prosecute the too-indulgent owner of the boarding-house before the tribunal of correctional police.”

A somewhat comic instance of this occurred a few years ago in the

case of an Englishman, Lord B—— C——, who, being head over ears in debt, was arrested at the suit of some Parisians and sent to Clichy. Finding the sojourn within the walls of a whitewashed cell a matter of some discomfort, his lordship, who was of an imaginative turn of mind, feigned sickness, and got a couple of obliging doctors to affirm that he would be running the gravest dangers in remaining an hour longer in prison. On the strength of this grievous certificate the Minister of the Interior allowed the noble lord to be removed to a maison de santé near the Champs Elysées; and here the leech's craft wrought such wonders with him, that a week or two later a certain tradesman, in whose books he occupied a pre-eminently conspicuous position, was not a little surprised at seeing the easy-minded nobleman, whom he imagined to be groaning behind the bars of a prison, quietly enjoying himself in a box at the opera.

“Ah, ah!” said he, with a chuckle, “I may now presume one of two things: either my lord has paid my bill into court and been consequently let free, or he has found means to slip his cables and escape; in which case the governor of Clichy, as responsible for his person, will have to satisfy my claims. Hurrah! In either event I am safe for my money.” And the exuberant shopkeeper started off, as fast as a cab could carry him, to the debtor's jail.

“Lord B—— C——?” he asked, rushing headlong into the porter's lodge. “Is he here?”

“Dangerously ill,” was the reply. “Gone mad, I believe, under the rigours of his confinement, and removed, a few days ago, to a lunatic asylum under a medical certificate.”

“Dangerously ill! Mad!” roared the indignant tradesman. “Why, I have just seen him clapping his hands at the theatre!”

“Ah! tant mieux,” answered the official; “but then what was the good of coming to ask me if he were here?” and he banged the gate.

Foaming with rage at feeling himself fooled, the baffled creditor ran off to take counsel with the score of other purveyors of Lord B—— C—— in the same predicament as himself.

“We must take things coolly,” said one; “for if we go and complain on the spot, the doctor with whom Milord is staying will not fail to say that his patient's spirits were so low that he had prescribed a little amusement as positively necessary to cheer him; if, however, we set a watch upon the Maison D——, and acquire the certain proof that our debtor's illness is a sham, and that he is allowed to run wild as he pleases, we can then come down upon him with every chance of success. Patience!”

This golden advice was followed. Turn by turn and day after day each of the creditors posted himself in the neighbourhood of the maison de santé; and a fortnight later, the unsuspecting nobleman, who daily and nightly went to races, dinners, balls and theatres, as though he had never owed a sixpence in his life, was unpleasantly shocked at finding himself hurried back to the Rue Clichy, whilst the doctor who had kept him was

none the less so at being condemned to a fine of a thousand francs as a lesson how to modify his prescriptions better.

This example, to which one may find many similar, will serve to give you an idea of what some maisons de santé are; "but," continued my friend, "ainsi que fagot et fagot, il y a maison et maison;" and besides those houses which are mere asylums, and those which are comfortable hotels, there is another class of house, bearing the same generic name, but in which, along with idiots and lunatics, are often confined for weeks, months, years sometimes, men who are neither mad nor culprits, but whose misfortune it has been to quarrel with influential friends, or to bring themselves by a too candid expression of political feeling under the notice of the prefect of police.

In order to understand this, you must form to yourself an exact idea of the way in which we are ruled in France. Since 1852 personal security as well as public liberty has ceased to exist. Living in constant fear of riots and revolutions, the Government rules by means of a rod of iron. The maintenance of order, or rather of terror, is its guiding principle; and to keep the people in a state of wholesome discipline, every means, without exception, are made use of by the authorities, who all, from the Emperor down to the puniest village mayor, exercise a despotism against which it is impossible to kick or even to protest without danger.

You cannot here enounce an opinion as you would in England, independently, carelessly, freely. If discontented with or wronged by some one in power, you must be exceedingly cautious in expressing your dissatisfaction, or, to be more prudent, you had better not express it at all: for unless you be a Berryer, a Thiers, a Jules Favre, or some one whose high social position, fame, or connections will guarantee him against being molested, you can never be sure but that some night you may be driven off to the "Préfecture de Police," and thence consigned, under a certificate of two Government doctors, to a maison de santé. Instances of this revolting kind have occurred often, and will occur often again so long as France is not gifted with free institutions: for

A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Once shut up by order of the police, heaven help you! for your chances of regaining your liberty are small indeed. There is no free press to take up your case, and stir up public indignation in your behalf. Were even your plight known to the best-disposed of newspaper editors, he could never risk a fine and the interdiction of his paper in taking up the cudgels for you. Your only chances of getting loose would therefore lie in an escape, or in the private intervention of some respectable friend nearly or distantly connected with the authorities, and who would consent to hold himself responsible for your future quiet behaviour, or promise that you should immediately quit the country.

One finds in history that it was in the time of Napoleon I. that maisons de santé first played an important part in the government as private State prisons. They replaced the Bastille and the "*lettres de cachet*," so much in honour in the last century, and were made by Fouché to serve the ends of more than one political villany. In 1802, the Prince de Polignac, afterwards so famous as Prime Minister of Charles X., was condemned for conspiracy to two years' imprisonment; but at the end of that time, instead of regaining his liberty, he was removed with his brother to a maison de santé, where they both remained incarcerated ten years, their captivity only ending, in fact, with the reign of the Emperor. Mdle. de Narbonne Fritslar, too, the lovely Duchess of Chevreuse, some time maid of honour to the Empress Josephine, was, in 1808, cloistered in a maison de santé, on account of the political aversion she had evinced for Bonaparte; and, again, it was from a private lunatic asylum, in which he had been many years arbitrarily confined, that General Mallet escaped on the night of October 23, 1812, whilst the Grand Army was in Russia, and attempted that *coup d'état* which, ill-organized as it was, very nearly succeeded in overthrowing the Government. Under the Bourbons, up to 1830, it was the turn of the Bonapartists to fill the maisons de santé; under Louis Philippe the Republicans and the Legitimists were more or less shut up in them; and since the establishment of the Second Empire, it has been towards the persecution of political writers in country newspapers, or of too free-thinking students, that maisons de santé have been directed.

"Are there any means of visiting these houses?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer; "but it is generally difficult. Those who have friends under confinement are seldom allowed to see them except in a special parlour; and to go over the establishment, it mostly requires to be either a friend of the director or a Government inspector."

"But to me, then, as a foreigner, there are no ways open?"

"If you like, we can do this," proposed my French acquaintance: "we can go to a maison de santé, under the pretext of wishing to board a friend there; and then, although I would not vouch for it, the owner will possibly, out of politeness, allow us a glimpse of his premises."

This advice seemed feasible to me, and half-an-hour afterwards we were rolling along the Rue A—— in a fly, that deposited us at the door of the maison de santé which had especially aroused my attention. Our ring was answered by a sharp-looking servant in a blue apron, and we found ourselves in a bright, stone-paved entrance-hall, giving view on to a garden, the very reverse, I must say, of anything I should have expected from the outward look of the house. A balmy scent of roses stole refreshingly towards us; a few spruce flower-beds, decked with smart geraniums, and bordered by alleys of clean yellow sand, greeted our eyes; and a couple of happy, chattering parrots, who were strutting about unfettered and free, gave to the place an air of cheerfulness and comfort. We handed our cards to the servant, and a few minutes after were shown into the director's study.

Dr. E—— was a man of middle height, well built, and naturally

powerful; but a sallow face, a circle of black round each of his eyes, and a somewhat ungainly stoop, gave him an air of premature debility. He seemed about fifty, and there was in his manners and in his tone all the unctuous politeness of a man who has seen a great deal of life and of good society. He seldom spoke without smiling, and he smiled so pleasantly that, had it not been for an awkward trick he had of keeping his eyes on the ground, he would have enlisted one's confidence at once. In his person he was scrupulously neat; his dress was quiet and in good taste; and from his button-hole peeped the inevitable ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

He threw a rapid but shrewd glance at us as we entered, and courteously motioned to us to be seated.

I forget the precise terms of the story we forged to excuse our visit; but I think we supposed the existence of a mutual friend suddenly attacked with insanity, and for whom we wished to find a quiet retreat other than a mere lunatic asylum. We terminated our fable by a polite request to be allowed to judge for ourselves whether the establishment could offer those comforts of which we were in search.

"Have you a certificate to prove the insanity of the person whom you wish to seclude?" asked the director.

"Yes," said my friend, coolly.

"And signed by two French doctors?"

"Yes, by two French doctors."

"I shall have great pleasure then in showing you over my house," said Dr. E——, rising; and after taking a large key from the top of his desk, added, hurriedly, "This, gentlemen, is not, as you know, a common mad-house; it is a house of convalescence and of retreat. I have several boarders who have come here to seek a little repose after nervous excitement or after too hard brain-work, and who will leave me as soon as they have sufficiently rested. I must beg you, therefore, not to be astonished if you see in the gardens men who have neither the air nor the gait of lunatics. There are others," continued the doctor, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a pitying smile,— "There are others who may seem to you at first sight to be of sound mind, and who may even tell you that they are confined here unjustly and from infamous motives; but I need not tell you that such labour under a most deplorable hallucination, as it is quite impossible to detain here against his will any man who is not notoriously insane."

We both bowed, and, after this little preface, the doctor led the way down the staircase through the sunny garden we had admired, and stopped on the left before a small door shaded with ivy.

"My establishment," he explained, "is divided into four divisions: that into which we are about to enter is the *second*, reserved for those who are nearly cured, or for those who are sufficiently harmless in their madness to need no restraint." And so saying he threw open the door, taking care, however, to relock it well after him.

Scarcely had we entered the garden of this second section, when three

inmates, who were walking side by side and smoking, stopped short and bluntly accosted the director.

“When are you going to let me out?” cried the first.

“You promised me my release a fortnight ago!” exclaimed the second.

“Have you sent off my last letter?” asked the third.

At the first moment, and judging them more from the abruptness of their tone and the exceeding shabbiness of their clothes than from their faces, I set down these men for maniacs; but a second look showed me that I was mistaken. If mad, they were, for the time at least, in perfect possession of their senses. The sight of Dr. E—— seemed to have excited them, but there was no insanity in the irritation that gleamed in their features. They remained perfectly quiet, and the director treated them with greater respect than he would have shown to common lunatics.

“You will excuse me, gentlemen,” said he, uncovering himself before them, and speaking with the most insinuating politeness—“You will excuse me if I be unable to converse with you at this moment, for, as you see, I have visitors, but by-and-by ——”

A contemptuous laugh cut him short. “Oh, yes, the old story!” cried one. “You say ‘by-and-by,’ and then you never come near us once in a month.” The doctor hurried on, colouring, and we followed.

A tall man with a handsome, thoughtful face, raised his hat as we passed, but without pausing in his walk.

“Is that person mad?” I inquired of the director, who had answered the bow with a friendly wave of the hand.

“Yes,” replied he, nodding; “but he has lucid intervals.”

The man had seemed to me as intelligent as any one at large; but we were going too fast for me to examine him very closely, and my reflections on him were suddenly interrupted by the pell-mell arrival of three or four idiots—genuine ones this time—who surrounded us with demonstrations of the most exuberant delight, and insisted upon shaking hands with us. All asked to be let loose immediately; and it was only under the implicit promise that they should regain their liberty that very afternoon, that they suffered us to proceed.

“How long have you been here?” said I to one with white hair and a jovial face.

“Thirty-seven years,” he answered quickly. “I came here in 1829, but my brother is coming to fetch me to-morrow, and then I shall cross the sea in a boat of my own invention, a beauty, with blue sides and a wheel in the middle.” And the merry old idiot ran off laughing and rubbing his hands.

“His brother has been dead and buried these fifteen years,” whispered the doctor.

The garden in which we were was about fifty yards long by thirty. There were no flowers in it, but a profusion of lilac-trees and a few acacias threw a pleasing shade over the gravel paths. An abrupt turn

in one of these brought us in sight of a group of five or six patients playing at cards on a stone form. A man with a blue apron and a key in his belt sat by them reading the paper and smoking a clay pipe. This, I found, was the guardian of the division. He had nearly twenty patients under his surveyance; but it struck me that the supervision he exercised over them was none of the most watchful. Perhaps it was he knew with whom he had to deal; but certainly, had a lunatic been so minded, he would have had abundant time to slay another without the keeper interfering with him.

The players stood up, and the servant hid his pipe and his paper at our approach.

"Is any one in the drawing-room?" asked the doctor, throwing a vexed look at the servant, who was apparently breaking a regulation in smoking.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "two gentlemen are playing at draughts there."

The apartment gratified with the euphemious name of drawing-room, looked in all points like a third-class waiting-room at a country railway-station in France. A large round table occupied its centre, and was surrounded by a score of old-fashioned chairs, covered with faded worn-out velvet. The walls were whitewashed, and in a corner stood a large iron stove, protected by a formidable grating of wire-work, destined no doubt to keep the lunatics from playing with the fire. The two patients, who were playing at draughts, seemed quiet and inoffensive: had I met them elsewhere than in a maison de santé, I should never have suspected them of unsoundness of mind; and, as it was, I have nothing but the assurance of the director to guarantee me that they were indeed what they were supposed to be. I could not but remark that it was perhaps hard to subject to so complete a privation of liberty men whose insanity the doctor himself avowed to be only intermittent.

"Do you never allow your patients to go out?" I asked.

The director shook his head.

"Not even for a country walk, attended by a servant?" I inquired again. "You are so near the Bois de Vincennes that there could surely be no danger for the convalescent or for the lucid to take this little recreation. I should have thought, on the contrary, that it would accelerate their cure."

"External walks are not a part of my treatment," repeated the doctor with dry politeness.

"And thus," exclaimed my friend, "that old man who came here in 1829 has been cooped up thirty-seven years within the limits of this tiny garden!"

The director threw a searching look at us. The sympathy we were displaying for his patients seemed to him no doubt misplaced.

"Do you wish the friend whom you desire to place in my hands to take walks out of doors?" he inquired.

"No-o," I stammered, growing red, and not knowing very well how to answer.

My French friend, in order to extricate us from the strait into which our imprudence had placed us, turned the subject, and asked the doctor what were the regulations of his establishment.

"In this division," he replied, "the boarders rise at six in summer, and at seven in winter; at nine they take coffee, at twelve breakfast, and at five dinner. At eight in all seasons they go to bed, each in a room of his own."

"And during the daytime may they sit in their rooms to read or write?"

"No," answered the director; "we do not allow privacy in this division. In the first ward the boarders may go in and out of their apartments as they please; but here they must do what reading or writing they have in this drawing-room."

I have already described this piteous room, of which every corner bore trace of age and wear; and I tried to picture to myself what must be the sufferings of those who were convalescent, or only partially insane, at being obliged to pass their summer days and their winter evenings in this dreary, uncomfortable place, in the company of a boorish, ruffianly keeper, and of idiots who chuckled and jabbered around. How read? how write? how think under such conditions? For a man who came to seek rest after nervous irritation, must not such a life be torture? and, besides, was it not calculated to push a man who was not yet mad, to become so from sheer weariness and worry? I glanced at the two men who had stopped their game of draughts, and, certes, their looks most painfully corroborated my reflections.

"Are you content here?" I whispered to one. He threw a deep glance at me, and then let his eyes glide furtively, but meaningly, towards the director. This was all his answer.

I felt inexpressibly saddened. "Poor fellow!" I murmured to myself. "How unravel the secret which is wrapped up in that glance? How read in the lines of that griefful face the sad tale of which each wrinkle is a page? Those eyes, now dim with tears, must once have gleamed as brightly as mine; that heart, so dull and drooping, must once have had its hopes, its dreams, and its ambition! That hand has not always been enfevered; that brow has not always been contracted, as in pain; and that voice, so faint and tired, has not always borne, as now, such a heavy burden of mystery! Poor fellow! how guess at the misfortunes, at the long series of sorrows, perhaps, that have hurried him here? . . . Ah, doctor!" I exclaimed, giving vent to my gloomy thoughts, "you must have in your mind a host of very harrowing secrets!"

The director accepted this remark as a compliment to his experience. "Yes, alas!" said he. "You have heard the proverb, 'Truth is stranger than fiction;' but it is only those who have seen much of lunatic asylums that can understand its full significance. The most heartrending of novels are not to be found at the booksellers'," he added, with a half sigh.

“They are here”—and he pointed to the garden where his patients were walking; “each of those men is a volume!”

“Bound in very poor cloth,” observed a maniac, who had overheard the last words, and who displayed a coat that resembled a piece of patch-work quilting.

We all laughed, and the doctor led us towards the *first division*, which was separated from the second by a large gate painted green.

“This is for the first-class patients,” he explained.

“For those who are well, or nearly so?” we asked.

He coloured a little. “Those who are in the *first division* pay from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred francs a month,” he replied: those in the *second* pay but two hundred and fifty.”

“Ah! even in a mad-house, then, money has its castes!” I sighed.

At this moment, and just as we were about to pass through the gate, a small man, with a pale face and a bushy red beard, rushed up to us, gesticulating. At the first words he uttered, as much as by his unmistakably British countenance, I recognized him for a countryman of mine.

“Docteur! docteur!” cried he in broken French, and striving to make himself understood in an incomprehensible mixture of English and other languages—“Docteur! let me out—you promised—you—you——”

“Let me be your interpreter,” I said, remarking that the doctor seemed to make no meaning out of what he said.

“Oh!” exclaimed he, whilst his face became scarlet with pleasure, “are you an Englishman?” and he seized me eagerly by the hand. The director beckoned to me to come along, but my curiosity was excited, and I took no heed.

“Listen!” cried the patient. “This is my case. You can, perhaps, be of use to me. For heaven’s sake, therefore, and out of Christian charity, do not forget what I tell you. My name is Frederick G——. I am a Scotchman and live near Glasgow. Last January I left England to take a few days’ pleasure-trip to Paris. Having scarcely ever travelled before, the fatigues of the journey from Scotland, together with my imprudence in plunging at once into sight-seeing without taking any rest, combined to make me ill. I was seized with a brain-fever, and the proprietors of the Hôtel de H——, where I was staying, instead of sending for a doctor and tending me as they ought to have done, fetched the police; who, on the certificate of two Government physicians, shut me up here as a madman. During ten days I was kept in the *fourth division* of this house—that of the dangerous lunatics, confined by day in a strait-waistcoat and tied by night on to a hard iron bed, in a stone cell, without a fire. How it was that I did not lose my senses altogether under such treatment I am sure I do not know. But, happily and providentially, I was cured. At the end of a fortnight I shook off my fever and was then transferred to this *second ward*, where, notwithstanding that since February I have been perfectly fit to be released, I have been detained unjustly for nine months. I have no means of corresponding with my family, for the

director suppresses all my letters; and my mother and my sister (the only relations I have), judging from my silence and from Dr. E——'s reports, think, no doubt, that I am really mad. To make matters worse, neither the doctor nor his assistant nor the keepers understand a word of English; and I am therefore totally unable to prove to them my soundness of mind——” The unhappy man paused and seemed ready to cry.

“But,” said I, astonished and shocked, “is there no inspection exercised by Government over these houses? Do you never receive the visit of a magistrate, or of a judicial officer?”

“Yes,” answered the Scotchman; “but the inspection is a mere formality. Once every six months a *procureur impérial* goes the round of the four divisions, but it is quite useless to make any complaints to him: for accustomed as he is to hear the same petitions from every lunatic he addresses, he pays no attention to them, and sets down one's prayers for symptoms of insanity. Besides,” added the poor fellow, in a low voice, “the director makes the *procureur* believe exactly what he pleases; and if the latter observe, by chance, that such and such a patient looks perfectly well, the doctor can always reply that the man is merely in a lucid interval, and that in a few days he will have a relapse. The magistrate has other things to do besides finding out whether such statements be true or not. He goes away satisfied, and no more is seen of him for half a year.

“This gentleman appears to me of perfectly sound mind, Dr. E——,” I exclaimed.

“Yes,” answered the director, speaking with evident vexation; “but he has been very ill, and has only lately recovered. He will be released in a few days.”

I translated this assurance to my fellow-countryman, and, at the same time, mentioned to him my address, promising that if he had not called upon me in a fortnight, I should conclude that he were still under confinement, and make his case known at the British Embassy.

I am happy to add that within a week of our visit the ill-fated Scotchman was liberated, and left France with the well-settled and prudent determination never to set foot in it again.

The *first division* differed essentially from the *second* in that, although the garden was a great deal larger, there were much fewer people in it. One or two patients only were walking about: quiet gentlemanlike men they were, who seemed rather to shun us, for they retreated to their rooms as soon as we appeared, and did not show themselves again. One old man alone, wrapped up in a long blue cloak, and with a deplorably red nose, apostrophized the doctor, and told him that he was a scoundrel. But the director laughed so good-naturedly that I saw that, with regard to this inmate at least, his conscience was perfectly at rest.

After going the round of the garden, we entered a smart one-storeyed pavilion, and examined the two rooms which it contained. One of these was disposable, and its price, board and private attendant included, was, the director told us, 500 francs a month—that is, 240*l.* a year—a monstrous

sum for an apartment furnished with the most rigid simplicity, and for an ordinary which, judging from the dinner I saw carried to one of the patients, was very far from sumptuous. A half-pint bowl of broth, a small slice of boiled beef upon one plate, a similar slice of roast veal upon another, a few beans, and a solitary apple of the quality worth threepence the dozen—such was the dinner of Dr. E ——'s first-class boarders on the day we visited his establishment.

There remained yet two divisions to see, the third and the fourth; and the yells and shouts I heard proceeding from the latter made me anxious to obtain a glimpse of it. But the doctor, who probably thought that we had seen enough, respectfully excused himself from showing us any more. The *third division*, he urged, was reserved entirely for aged, invalid, and epileptic patients—the sight of it could only cause us pain. As for the *fourth*, it was peopled by raving maniacs, to whom it might be dangerous to expose oneself. There was no insisting, but I ventured hesitatingly to inquire what were the means of restraint employed in case of unruliness or mischievousness. The answer was not very straightforward, but I could gather from it that the inmates were never subjected to blows, and that in the event of insubordination they were put into strait-waistcoats, and fastened on to arm-chairs of a peculiar contrivance. If these methods failed, they were occasionally placed in a cold bath for six or eight hours, or made to undergo a series of *douches*, that is, shower-baths of uncommon violence. The doctor added, that he seldom made any systematic attempt to cure his patients. He thought that the best thing to do was to leave them to themselves, on the principle that madness is a disease of which it is usually impossible to discover the organic cause, and which it is hence useless to combat methodically. “If a man,” said he, “do not regain his senses by himself, he will never do so with the help of anyone else.”

As it was impossible for me to judge of the effects of these theories upon a mere passing sight, I am unable to form a thoroughly impartial opinion as to the system pursued with regard to lunatics in French private asylums; but, judging from what I heard told me, after his release, by Mr. Frederick G——, to whom I have above alluded, I cannot but repeat that I consider the existence of maisons de santé, as now regulated, to be open to many and most lamentable abuses. The supervision exercised over them by Government is altogether insufficient; many men are retained in them a most unwarrantable time after their recovery, and it is much to be feared that many, confined in them unjustly, are unable to bear the depressing melancholy life to which they are forced, and positively go mad.

The French are very proud of their great revolution of 1789, which overthrew so many blameable institutions of the past. Who knows but that it may not need the results of a new '89 to work a solid and salutary reform in the organization of maisons de santé, and to limit private mad-houses to their true and exclusive destination: that of retreats for those who are really and unquestionably insane?

A Birthday.

—◆—
 “Eheu fugaces!”
 —◆—

O soul of mine, wrapped up in clay,
 How shall I greet thee on this day,
 When first began thy earthly memory?
 So brief, and yet so long appears
 Thy little course of tangled years,—
 I know not whether smiles or tears
 For thee, alas, should have the victory.

In middle age how many a one
 We may recount, beloved and gone
 Thither, whence souls can have no second birth!
 The sacred source from which I came
 To me is but a cherished name;
 Yet I believe her love the same
 As when with us she lingered here on earth.

So for a little further space
 We miss each unforgotten face.
 About our festal table few are found
 Who knew us in that earlier day
 When sunlight makes a longer stay;
 Ere deepening night and shadows gray
 Mix with the cares that blacken slowly round.

O vanity of vanities!
 What profits it that all the lies
 Of this world,—smile and flatter as it will,—
 Should now so nakedly be seen?
 We know them well; and yet, I ween,
 At forty-five, as at fifteen,
 A thousand times deceived, we trust them still.

So not in vain the net is spread ;
 Nor till the silly birds are fled
 To countries that we know not, shall they rest
 Safe from the fowler's false decoys ;
 The shining glass, the empty joys,
 The paltry cages, and the toys
 Winning away the souls that should be blest.

My birthday ! Still at forty-five,
 As at the first, we toil and strive,
 Building up petty schemes from day to day.
 It is a piteous history
 Of time misused, and hopes that flee,
 And blessed opportunity
 In mercy sent, for ever cast away.

It is enough ; imaginings
 Like these are fruitless ; and the wings
 Of our weak souls are palsied as we gaze
 So near upon the myriad eyes
 Of all these threatening mysteries.
 Thrice happy they whose strength relies
 On His strong hand in whom are all our ways.

H. C. C.

The Alchemists.

“The upright art of Alchymie liketh me well.”—LUTHER.

THE odd, lingering, half-alive vitality of old superstitions was curiously instanced some seventy years ago, when an advertisement appeared in the German *Reichsanzeiger*, purporting to be issued by the “Hermetic Society,” and calling for communications from the votaries of alchemy scattered among the public. This was in 1796, the period when the Directory governed in France, and General Buonaparte was conquering North Italy; a time when old beliefs on many important subjects had recently met with sufficiently rough handling.

Answers to the advertisement came in from all quarters. Persons in every grade of professional and commercial life, tailors and shoemakers, physicians, privy councillors, schoolmasters, watchmakers, apothecaries, organists, professed themselves practical students of the occult science, and desirous of further enlightenment in their as yet unsuccessful quest after the great elixir. The idea that an influential “Hermetic Society” was in existence, infused new hope into these isolated searchers. But on how baseless a fabric their hope was built eventually appeared, when the archives of the society were submitted to inspection, and it was found to have consisted of two members only, two Westphalian doctors of obscure fame. On the letters they had received in consequence of their advertisement, were found endorsed the words “answered evasively.”

These facts are told us in a lecture recently delivered at Leipsic by Professor Erdmann, and published in the *Gartenlaube*. From his statements, and from other sources, we propose to put together a few notes relative to the exploded science—the eccentric torchbearer to chemical discovery—whose annals contribute such notable pages to the moral romance of the Middle Ages.

We do not profess to give its history in formal sequence. We do not discuss the traditions of its origin among the sages of Egypt, nor ponder over the ambiguous inscription on the Emerald Table of Hermes Trismegistus—the *Apocalypse of Alchemy* as Dr. Erdmann calls it. That Moses was giving proof of his skill as an “adept” when he dissolved the golden calf and made the rebellious Israelites imbibe it in a liquid state, that the long-lived antediluvian patriarchs had in fact got hold of the *Elixir Vitæ*, that Noah was commanded to hang up the true and genuine philosopher’s stone in the Ark, to give light to all living creatures therein, are opinions we will merely glance at, as some of the most ambitious among the many fictions by which alchemy sought to ennoble its pedigree, when, from an obscure and ill-accredited pursuit, it had come to be admitted into

the front ranks of notoriety, to be professed by sages of eminence and patronized by powerful monarchs. It was in the thirteenth century that it stepped into this position, brought to it mainly through the intercourse of the Arabs with Europe. The heyday of its dignity may be said to have continued from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. After the Revival of Learning it declined in estimation; but it still maintained a very considerable sway over those portions of society where mental activity had not been impelled into the new channels. Of its prevalence in Germany, especially during the seventeenth century, Professor Erdmann relates many curious instances. To these we shall presently recur. The absolute death of Alchemy, or the "Spagiric Art," as it used sometimes to be called, cannot be assigned to an earlier date than the publication of Lavoisier's *Modern System of Chemistry*, eighty years ago. And here again, when we speak of its "absolute death," it must be observed that even in our own times, chemists of first-rate rank have accorded a certain degree of recognition to its fundamental hypothesis. Sir Humphry Davy is not alone in avowing his opinion that the transmutations of metals need not be considered an impossibility. Metals, it is argued, are composite bodies, brought into their actual condition by the hidden operations of Nature. Why may not man, who has wrested so many secrets from her already, find out this art of metal-making also, and by some imitative process form similar combinations under the same relative conditions? But to what purpose? If the art resulted in a monopoly by some dexterous patentee, gold-making would before long come to be made penal: if every one might without hindrance carry his own California in his own crucible, gold would soon cease to be the standard of value.

But *has* the transmutation ever been effected? Here the testimony of enlightened modern inquiry is emphatically No, in spite of the half affirmations we meet with here and there: as, for instance, in a *History of Alchymy* alluded to by Professor Erdmann, published as late as 1832, wherein the author expresses his belief that at least five "Adepts" or masters of the art of transmutation have, in the course of ages, made good their claims to the title.

Before we proceed further, let us note what were the definite objects which the alchemists proposed to themselves in their researches, and which these adepts professed to have accomplished. The doctrines on which their science rested were three:—

1. That gold could be produced from metals which themselves contained no gold, by the application to them of an artificial preparation. This preparation went by the names of the Philosopher's Stone, the Great Elixir, the Great Magisterium, and the Red Tincture. It was applied to metals when they had been fused into a liquid state; and the act of application was called Projection.

2. That silver could be similarly produced out of metals containing no silver, by the application of another preparation called the Stone of the Second Order, the Little Elixir, the Little Magisterium, and the White

Tincture. This, naturally, was in much less request than the other, and is much less talked about in the records of Alchemy.

3. The same preparation which thus ennobles metals and produces gold is, at the same time, when in a potable state, or even in some forms as a solid, a medicine possessing marvellous qualities for preserving life and renewing youthful vigour. How far the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life were considered identical is, however, left in some doubt by the ambiguity of Spagiric writers. By some the latter has been described as having the properties of sea-water; by others as an invigorating paste; by others as liquid gold; by others, Raymond Lulli, for instance, as something very like honest port and sherry. This elixir of life was sought by the earlier alchemists much more eagerly than was the stone in its transmuting properties, but it faded into discredit sooner: the avarice of mankind proved stronger than their love of existence; or perhaps we should say, the great disprover death was more convincing in his arguments than the obstinacy of metallic ores. Gold might be "exhibited" by astute contrivances where honest means of fabricating it had failed; no deceit could "exhibit" life in the individual whose hour of fate had really come.

To hit upon the right composition of the greater magisterium, whether as a medicine or a transmuter of metals, was, then, the primary aim and end of alchemy throughout. To decompose all metals into their primitive constituents, so as to ascertain the relative value of each, and to learn how to recombine them in certain specific proportions, was a necessary part of the process, and hence resulted the inestimable service rendered by alchemy to true science,—the establishment of the principles of chemical analysis. As to the nature and properties of the wonder-working stone, nothing can be more vague, contradictory, and hyperbolic than the reports of professed adepts on the subject. Either they sought to disguise their conscious ignorance by allegorical language, or they pretended to make a mystery of some simple and inefficacious process; or thinking they really had, or were in the way of gaining, the secret, they tried to mystify those who might perchance have followed up their indications too cleverly. This allegorical jargon may be instanced by a quotation from the verses dedicatory of George Ripley, Canon of Bridlington, the English alchemist, addressed to King Edward IV. He sums up his lore as follows:—

This natural process, by help of craft then consummate,
 Dissolveth the *Elixir* in its unctuous humiditie,
 Then in *balneo* of *Mary* together let them circulate,
 Like new honey or oil, till they perfectly thickéd be:
 Then will that medicine heal all manner infirmity,
 And turn all metals to *Sonne* and *Moone* most perfectly;
 Then shall ye have both great *Elixir* and *aurum potabile*,
 By the grace and will of God, to whom be laud eternally.

Mark the pious sentiment with which Ripley concludes. It is a notable circumstance that from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century the pursuit of alchemy was closely connected with the religious sentiment, or, at all events,

professed such connection. Its prominent advocates then, and, indeed, to a later date, were wont to speak of themselves as devout investigators of the truths of God discoverable in the marvels of Nature—discoverable only by the pure and patient. They claimed for their pursuit the same religious dignity which Christians of the “broad” school in modern theology are bold to claim for scientific study, on the ground that the God of Revelation is also the God of Nature, and speaks to man by the one mode as well as by the other. Their expressions are often noble and elevated. Hear Johannes Strangunere, in his dying injunctions to his son, in 1492: “Upon the salvation of thy soul do not forget the poor; and in any case look well to thyself, that thou do not disclose the secrets of this science to any covetous worldly man.” In Faber’s *Propugnaculum Alchymie*, published in 1644, we have the religious theory of the science thus stated: “The stone of the philosophers is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. . . . As therefore it is so great and mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing in order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom which is bestowed by God on very few.” And Michael Sandivogius, a Polish adept early in the seventeenth century, reputed author of *A New Light of Alchymie, taken out of the Fountain of Nature and Manual Experience*, as the English translation has it, writes thus: “Thou, therefore, that desirest to attain to this art, in the first place put thy whole trust in God thy creator, and urge Him by thy prayers, and assuredly believe that he will not forsake thee; for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in Him, He will, by one means or another, show thee a way and assist thee in it, that thou shalt obtain thy desire.” There is piety, too, in the reason given by this same Sandivogius why the adepts, who have learnt how to circumvent death, chose not to perpetuate their existence on earth: “Now I do not wonder,” he says, when describing the glorious effects of the elixir, “as before I did, why philosophers, when they have attained to this medicine, have not cared to have their days prolonged, because every philosopher hath the life to come so clearly before his eyes as thy face is seen in a glass.” Ben Jonson’s impostor acted the character well:—

He, honest wretch,
A notable superstitious good soul,
Has worn his knees bare and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it. . . . Here he comes—
Not a profane word afore him—’tis poison!

In the early Middle Ages it is notorious that not only many good and pious men, but many of the highest intellects, pursued the delusive science, and had the popular repute of being “Spagirie sages,” or adepts in its mysteries. Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, are the heroes of many fantastic legends. And, indeed, for a long period it was chiefly by clerics, and by monkish clerics, that it was cultivated. In the dreamy solitudes of the cloister, where man’s restless imagination so

often revenged itself for the restrictions laid on active life, many a tonsured inmate bent over crucible and bellows, "nursing his eternal hope,"* and praying devoutly for illumination from on high. But enthusiasm and imposture are ever close at hand; and what is more strange, the borderland between them is perilously ill defined. A liar has been known to lie himself into belief of his own inventions: a fanatic, in his overweening desire for the realization of his dreams, will wilfully forget that evidence needs fact for its basis. The wild stories that spring up like a tangle of weeds round the fame of every alchemical philosopher of the Middle Ages leave one in amaze both at the credulity and the untruthfulness of our far-off ancestors; and yet might not a glance nearer home suffice to humble those who have lived in the days of table-rapping and spiritualistic séances? The biographies of the earlier alchemists have been largely recorded by the French writers, Naudé and Lenglet du Fresnoy. We will mention a few of them, but our chief business is with later and less hackneyed instances. Among the most famous were Artephius, of the twelfth century, who wrote a treatise on the preservation of life, on the credit of his own experience, being professedly, at the time of writing, in the thousand-and-twenty-fifth year of his age; and who used quietly to settle every disputed question of ancient history by the irrefragable plea of personal testimony. Arnold de Villeneuve, in the thirteenth century, commonly called Villanovanus, was the reputed author of a recipe for the prolongation of life some hundred years or so, by means of carefully prepared plasters and nostrums. Pietro d'Apone, his contemporary, worked unheard-of wonders with his seven familiar spirits, and used to conjure gold back into his Fortunatus's wallet the moment he had made a disbursement. Greater than any of these was Raymond Lulli, of Majorca, the "enlightened doctor," and author of the philosophical *Ars Lulli*, who set up a laboratory at Westminster and filled the coffers of one of our Edwards to the tune of six millions of rose nobles; though indeed some rationalising authorities ventured to say it was by inducing the King to lay a tax upon wool, and not by transmuting metals, that he worked *that* miracle. Nicholas Flamel, a poor Parisian scribe, extracted the secret from a mysterious MS. after twenty years of painful study. Were not the fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches that he built, restored, or endowed, indisputable evidence of the validity of his claims to the possession of the gold-making stone? What if the incredulous, even in his own time, whispered that he was a miser and a usurer, that he extorted his pelf from Spanish Jews, and was a general money-lender to the dissipated youth of Paris? Avaunt, such ignoble calumnies!

If the hermetic science bore on the whole a "holy and harmless" character among the inquiring intellects of the thirteenth century, already, in the fourteenth, the quest after the secret of inexhaustible riches had induced a spirit of rivalry and deception which caused serious incon-

* BACON (of Verulam): "The alchemist nurses an eternal hope."

veniences to society. It is to be remarked that the early alchemists invariably went by the name of "philosophers;" the term "gold-makers" was applied in later times and in a derogatory sense. Many Popes and other potentates sought to make the practice of "multiplication," as it was sometimes termed, penal. But in vain: "multipliers" multiplied. Coins and medals were minted from what at all events passed for fabricated gold, to the great detriment of commercial interests. Henry IV. of England issued a stringent prohibition of the practice. The God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraged it, repealing his grandfather's statute, and exhorting all classes of his subjects to search for the secret in the spirit of loyalty, for the replenishment of his coffers; his characteristic piety coming out in the special charge to the clergy, as being undoubtedly possessed of the power of transmuting substances in one way, and therefore more likely perhaps to succeed in the other. Edward IV. patronized the art. So did poor Charles VI. of France, in his flighty, impulsive way. One of the occupants of the Holy See had the credit of being an alchemist, Pope John XXII., whose bulls issued against the pretenders to the art were perhaps intended to warn off rivals. The eighteen millions of treasure which he was said to have left behind him was the current argument adduced to prove him an adept; the evidence of the fact perhaps as little trustworthy as the inference.

Weird fancies have always found a congenial atmosphere within the breast of the Teuton; and it was most conspicuously by German emperors and princes that the Spagiric art—so called in fact from a Teutonic word, *spähen*, to search—was cultivated or patronized. During the fifteenth century it came to be professed by a number of adventurers, "wandering alchemists" as they were styled, who strolled from court to court, sometimes gaining great political influence over their patrons, as, for instance, Hans von Dörnberg did over the Landgrave of Hesse; sometimes experiencing the tragic fate of those who sink from great men's favour by a too daring swimming on bladders. The first personage of pre-eminent degree who kept a regular "court alchemist" was Barbara, wife of the Emperor Sigismond. She had been instructed, so the story goes, by a wandering sage how to make silver out of copper and arsenic, and to increase the substance of gold by the addition of copper and silver. This metal, on which, at all events, imperial power could pass the *fiat* of currency, she benevolently sold to the poor as genuine metal. The Margrave John of Brandenburg was so great a proficient in the labours of the crucible, that he was surnamed "the Alchemist," and his residence at the Plassenburg, near Culmbach, was a head-quarter of the profession. His fame, however, was outdone in the following century by that of the Emperor Rudolph II., whose sobriquets were "the Prince of Alchemy" and "the German Hermes Trismegistus." His superstitious dreams, which cost the empire dear at a time when intellect and energy were required to steer her through her troubles, gave an impetus to "gold-cookery" throughout his dominions such as it never received before or after. Adepts fought out their envious

rivalries at his court. His poet laureate sung of the alchemical processes as of the conflict of allegorical powers in an heroic strife. Here Dee and Kelly, the English mountebanks, dropped down for a while on their erratic course. Here Van Helmont was eagerly invited. Here Sandivogius was treated sumptuously, and honoured with the title of Councillor of State. Equally zealous with Rudolph, as a student of the art and patron of its professors, was Augustus, Elector of Saxony, who had a laboratory at Dresden, popularly called the Gold House; while his wife, the Electress Anna, practised at Annaburg, and his son and successor, Christian, grew up under their eyes a sharer in the family taste. It was this Christian to whose reign belongs the story of Setonius Scotus (Seaton the Scot), *alias* the "Cosmopolite," which affords a striking illustration of the precarious conditions of an alchemist's life and fortunes in those days. Setonius professed to have mastered the mystery of gold-making; and the proof he gave of his art, in the presence of the Elector Christian, on one occasion, so greatly impressed that prince's mind, that he caused the luckless adept to be forthwith carried off and imprisoned in a high tower at Dresden, where no one else could get at him to learn his secret, and where a fair field might be left for the Elector's own efforts. He visited his prisoner himself and tried persuasion. Setonius was dumb. Then he employed torture. The poor "Cosmopolite" was racked till within an ace of death. Still no confession: and as it would not do to kill the goose with the golden eggs outright, Seaton was left to linger in the tower, alternately soothed and tormented. One day, by special favour, a Polish visitor was allowed to have access to him. This was Michael Sandivogius, to whom more than once we have already made allusion: he was then a student only, not an adept, in alchemy; he listened eagerly to Seaton's promises of golden reward should he help him to effect his escape. A plan was laid, and successfully executed: the fugitives reached Cracow, but there the strength of Seaton, harassed by long torture and privation, broke down. The cathedral church of Cracow received his remains in 1604.

The experience of poor Alexander Seaton was that of many others of his class. The conduct of princes towards the alchemists was, in fact, much like the old fable of the sun and wind. It was a question whether fair means or foul means, favours or tortures, would be most likely to wring the secret out of a man who boasted of carrying it in his breast. More was demanded of the luckless "multipliers" than they were able to perform. "Fill my coffers," was the cry of some needy duke or landgrave; "give me money to pay my troops, to feast my retainers." Well was it if he did not let his fancy launch forth into the gorgeous visions of Sir Epicure Mammon,—

My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies:
 Boiled in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl,
 Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy;
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle,

The adventurer, if he had any credit to trade upon, might say, "Give me time to mature my experiments—a little more, and the secret is won." He might thus linger on, well tended and trusted for a while; or should his credit fail, he might be dismissed in disgrace, to go to another petty court, and get "boarded and lodged" for another term of promise and imposture. On the other hand, if desperately pressed, and confident in his own ingenuity, he might proceed to experiment. Then, if he broke down, he might perchance be hung as an impostor,—hung in a tinsel-spangled garment, beneath a mocking superscription, like that placed over an unhappy victim at Culmbach, who had boasted of having acquired the much-coveted subsidiary art of fixing quicksilver:—

I deemed of fixing mercury I had acquired the knack :
But things have gone by contraries, and I am fixed, alack ! *

The curious tale of Böttger, or Bötticher, the originator of the Dresden porcelain manufacture, belongs to a comparatively late period in the annals of alchemy. It is worth relating as one of the remarkable instances where the search after the philosopher's stone led by side-doors to real and valuable discoveries. Bötticher was an apothecary's apprentice at Berlin, in the time of Frederick I. King of Prussia (1701-1713). He boasted of having received a bit of the genuine stone from a Greek named Lascaris, and of having done marvellous things with it in the way of transmutation. The King expressed his desire to judge personally of his pretensions.—Bötticher was by no means inclined to stand the trial, and crossed the borders to Wittenberg. His sovereign lord demanded his extradition by the Saxon Government. It was refused: and the garrison of Wittenberg was strengthened for fear of a surprise; while, for greater security, the valuable emigrant was transferred to Dresden. Here he somehow satisfied the Prince von Fürstenberg, who was governing in the Saxon King's absence, that he really could make gold. The King, Augustus II., wrote to him in the most deferential terms, made him a nobleman, and, with all marks of respect, stowed him away in his strong tower of Königstein, where he was assiduously watched, in the hope of winning his secret from him in some unguarded moment. However, not to anger him, and thus defeat the royal hopes, he was allowed to return to Dresden, in a sort of honourable captivity, while freedom and additional rewards were promised him should he give up the required recipe. He actually signed a contract to that effect, and was accordingly guarded, if possible, more carefully, and treated more sumptuously, than ever. He was looked upon as a precious jewel of the crown; and when a hostile invasion soon threatened, he was transferred, with the other treasures of royalty, once more to the Königstein. Meanwhile, three years passed, and his contract was not fulfilled. The King waxed impatient. Bötticher had gone on experimenting, in the desperate hope of being able to make

* "Ich war, zwar wie Mercur wird fix gemacht, bedacht :
Doch hat sich's umgekehrt, und ich bin fix gemacht !"

good his pretensions, but gold would not come at his bidding. He might, perchance, have been hung with ignominy, like so many of his predecessors; but, luckily for him, a really important discovery had emerged out of some of his manipulations. He now ventured to confess to the King that he never *had* made gold, nor knew how to do so, but offered his Majesty the results of his porcelain invention instead. Augustus swallowed his mortification, and forgave him, placing him at the head of the Dresden porcelain-works, so famous in after years; but to the day of his death, which occurred in 1719, the recalcitrant alchemist was carefully watched, lest perchance some more valuable secret might escape him. The casual discoveries made by alchemists would fill many volumes of science and industrial history. Thus Roger Bacon stumbled by a chance on the composition of gunpowder; Geber, on the properties of acids; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas, "geist," or "spirit," so named by him; and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century, eliminated in this haphazard way the uses of the "salts" which bear his name.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont are the greatest names connected with alchemy in the sixteenth century. The pompous charlatanism of Paracelsus gave impulse to its subsequent development under the forms of Rosicrucianism, whose secret societies and freemasonry occupied the fancy of mankind so much in the seventeenth century. In Germany, the natural tendency of men to mysticism was greatly assisted by the barbarizing effects of the Thirty Years' War. As in literature, so in science: culture was absolutely repressed, and made retrograde by the singular desolations of the gloomy period from 1618 to 1648. This was conspicuously shown in the department of jurisprudence. Dr. Erdmann has collected some curious cases of law decisions resting on the theories of alchemy as evidence. It seems not to have been till late in the seventeenth century, however, that an Austrian jurist, Von Rain, went so far as to assert that disbelief in the existence of the stone actually brought a man within the penalties of *lèse-majesté*, on the ground that so many emperors had undoubtedly performed transmutations by its agency.

As early as 1580 the Leipsic tribunals pronounced judgment against an unhappy wretch called Beuther, body-chemist of that Augustus, Elector of Saxony, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Beuther was reputed to possess certain valuable MSS. treating of "special transmutations," *i.e.* the transmutation of some one particular metal, which, having promised on oath to impart to certain other persons, he had afterwards declined to give up; besides having been culpably negligent in his official capacity. He was adjudged to be undoubtedly in possession of THE SECRET, and sentenced accordingly to be tortured for its extraction; then, for his official negligence, to be scourged with rods; for his perjury to his comrades, to lose three of his fingers; finally, for the good of the land, to be shut up securely in prison, lest he might be tempted to tell his secret to foreign potentates.

As late as the year 1725 there was a curious case of litigation before

the same court at Leipsic. A certain Countess von Erbach had given shelter in her castle to a reputed robber, who was flying from justice. This robber turned out to be an adept in alchemy, and a robber only out of, as it would seem, most superfluous amateurship. In the excess of his gratitude to his benefactress, he turned all her silver plate into gold. But here the Countess's husband stepped in, and claimed half of the treasure, on the plea that the increase of value had been effected on his territory, and under the matrimonial conditions as to property. The Leipsic lawyers decided against him, saying that, as the plate had been recognized as belonging solely to the Countess prior to the transmutation, so it must be her exclusive property afterwards, under whatever changes it might have passed.

It was a not uncommon point of law whether alchemical gold, which was not capable of being distinguished from original gold, was to be held of equivalent value or not; the doubt being, in the true mystic phraseology, whether it could possess the same hidden or innate powers. Special treatises were written on the subject of the coins supposed to have been struck from alchemical metal. As late as 1797, a large medal was shown at Vienna, purporting to be minted from the gold made out of quicksilver by the Emperor Ferdinand III., through virtue of a grain of red powder given him by one Richthausen, at Prague. Nothing is more characteristic of the strange history of this science than the important part played in it by "Unknowns"—weird, mysterious visitors, who are stated to have appeared here and there as unexpectedly as Maturin's incomparable bogie, "Melmoth the Wanderer," and to have vanished as unaccountably—men who, if the theory of the science were true, might have wielded more than the power of the united Rothschild family, and emulated the splendours of Monte Cristo, yet who came and went poor and haggard, and left no trace behind. Such was the "Unknown" who appeared to the philosophic Dr. Helvetius, body-physician to a Prince of Orange, in the seventeenth century, and converted him from incredulity to the most enthusiastic belief. This Unknown came into the Doctor's study one day, in the shape of a respectable burgher of North Holland, and drew from his pocket a small ivory box, containing three heavy pieces of metal, brimstone-coloured and brittle, from which Helvetius scraped a small portion with his thumb-nail. The stranger declined performing any feat of transmutation himself, saying he was "not allowed" to do so. Helvetius experimented in vain with the parings he had scraped off; but on a second visit the mysterious burgher proved more compliant, and, after helping Helvetius to a successful operation, he left him in possession of certain directions by means of which he contrived to change six ounces of lead into very pure gold when alone. The Hague rang with the fame of his exploit; and the operation was successfully repeated in presence of the Prince of Orange. Moreover, the gold was examined by the authorities of the Mint, and pronounced genuine. At last the magic powder was exhausted, and, as the

Unknown never visited him again, Dr. Helvetius was compelled to bring his experiments to an end. But he published in 1667 a learned work, called the *Golden Calf*, maintaining the truth of the doctrines he had once derided; and the sceptical philosopher Spinoza averred, after strict inquiry into the truth of the events narrated, that the evidence of that case of transmutation was sufficient to make a convert of himself.

Another picturesque tale current among the records of Continental alchemy is that of Professor Martini of Helmstadt, who died in 1621, and was a supercilious foe of the art in the early part of his career, strenuously contesting in his lectures the arguments adduced in its behalf. The "Unknown" in this case was a foreign nobleman, who had just arrived at Helmstadt, and took his place one day in the lecture-hall. After listening for awhile to Martini's self-satisfied expositions, he courteously interrupted the lecturer, offering to refute his opinions experimentally. A pan of coals, a crucible, and some lead, were brought in at his desire. A short manipulation ensued; and lo! the lead had acquired the form and substance of fine gold, which the nobleman handed over to the astounded professor with the modest words, "Solve mihi hunc syllogismum!"

Dr. Erdmann cites Van Helmont's testimony to the existence of the philosopher's stone as one of the most difficult to treat with contempt, on account of the unquestionable integrity and scientific sagacity of the inquirer. Van Helmont loved truth with sincere devotion. A Brabant nobleman by birth, he renounced his rank and possessions to turn physician, to study nature, and do good works. His discoveries in medicine are of lasting value. He never professed to give alchemy more than a second place in his interest; yet he avers that in 1618 he himself changed eight ounces of quicksilver into pure gold by means of a substance given him from time to time by an unknown visitor. He never learnt the secret of making the stone himself, but he describes it as a heavy powder of the colour of saffron, glittering like rather coarse-grained glass.

In the seventeenth century the fantastic doctrines of Paracelsus fertilized in men's minds to all sorts of extravagant outgrowths. The English quacks, Fludd, Dee, and Kelly, the German mystic Jacob Böhme, were noted Rosicrucians of that period. Men now took to binding themselves into societies for the prosecution of their occult researches, instead of, as heretofore, brooding over them in solitary devotion. The "Alchemical Society" of Nuremberg was extant in 1700, and one of its members, and its secretary for a time, was Leibnitz!

Leibnitz and Spinoza! strange names to bring into connection with this science of the superstitious. Yet Bacon of Verulam did not disbelieve in alchemy, though to him we are first indebted for the excellent application of the old fable of the dying man's will and the field to be dug over in search of the treasure which never existed save in the fertilizing process of culture. Robert Boyle is also cited as having faith

in its pretensions. The last professed adept in England was one James Price, who, in 1782, announced himself the possessor of a tincture which could change from thirty to sixty times its weight into gold.

Semler, the well-known theological professor at Halle in the last century, was a votary of alchemy. The story of his performances before the incredulous chemist, Klaproth, may be given as illustrative of the trickery of which experimenters were oftentimes the dupes, and by means of which at least as often—though not in this case—they established their pretensions. In the year 1786 Dr. Semler and one Baron von Hirschen occupied themselves with preparing a Universal Medicine, called by them “Luft Salz,” atmospheric salts. Three treatises on “Hermetic Medicine” were composed in relation to it by Semler, and he went beyond the original pretensions of the medicine, asserting that gold could be made by means of it in well-warmed glasses, without the intervention of crucible or coals. He got into a lively discussion with the leading chemists of the day, and at last submitted to Klaproth, for his own use, a mass of metal which he said contained the *seeds* of gold. To Klaproth’s ill-success in making these “seeds” germinate, Semler could only reply that *he* found a residuum of gold in his glasses every five or six days. On close examination it was discovered that a trick had been played upon him. Some subordinates to whom he had entrusted the task of warming his glasses had contrived to insert a small quantity of gold leaf. It was worth their while, as the sanguine philosopher kept them well fed and lodged. At last, however, they tried the substitution of baser material, pinchbeck, and this led to their detection.

Father Kircher openly challenged the belief in alchemy in his *Subterranean World*, published about 1670. He did not scruple to call the alchemists knaves and impostors, and their science a delusion. Great was the storm he drew down upon himself thereby. Dr. Glauber of the “salts” was one of his antagonists. A still more elaborate refutation was that made by M. Geoffroy before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in 1722, wherein he was at the pains to show the various modes of trickery by which alchemical pretensions were sustained: false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands filled with gold, perforated lead, soldered nails, &c. By degrees the credit of the science hopelessly declined, although daring impostors shot like meteors ever and anon athwart the sober pathway of modern life. Thus Louis XIII. of France made a Franciscan monk named Châtaigne his grand almoner because he had held before him the prospect of a hundred years’ reign by means of the grand elixir. Thus Jean de Lisle expiated by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade the Ministers of Louis XIV. that he possessed the gold-making stone; and thus the adventures of the Count de St. Germain, and of Cagliostro, rested mainly on their claims to the possession of the talisman either of long life or of unbounded wealth.

As we said at the outset of our article, the publication of Lavoisier’s system was the real death-blow to the study of alchemy, by pointing out

the veritable objects and achievements of chemical induction, and the road by which further progress was to be accomplished.

The hopeless gyrations of the baffled science, ever circling back to its first beginning, and making no advance in its gains and experiences, did, at last, after many busy ages, cease to attract intelligent minds. While we review its promises and its destinies, how profound a human pathos seems to attach to those stately words of Paracelsus, which, doubtless, comforted the heart of many a patient plodder over air-drawn inferences: "Refuse not the waters of Shiloah because they go softly: for they that wade in deep waters cannot go fast."

Isaac Disraeli, in more than one of his delightful miscellanies, quotes the prophecy of Dr. Girtanner of Leipsic, not far from our own times, who presaged that in the course of the nineteenth century the mystery of gold-making would surely be discovered, and the commonest utensils of cookery would come to be made of the precious metal, whereby all evils of metal-poisoning through the use of corroded vessels would be averted. The nineteenth century is far advanced on its downward slope, and it cannot be said that as yet any symptoms appear of the realization of such visions. The Stone is still to seek; if it be worth the seeking; the alkahest, the universal dissolver, remains a myth; the crucible yields no treasure; but in one way the "eternal hope" has had an answer: for, within the last thirty years, the shining prize has learnt to yield itself up at man's call, with a fulness far surpassing the harvests of Spagiric fable, when sought by spade and mattock in its native ores.

The Courtyard of the Ours d'Or.

PART I.



IN a hot August morning, in a quaint old Flemish city, the sun shone brightly into the courtyard of the Ours d'Or.

Earlier in the morning the sun had vainly tried to creep in through the low-browed arch that gave entrance to the Inn from the little Place outside; but it could not succeed in reaching farther than midway up the broad vaulted passage, which had Clémence's parlour and her father's counting-house on the left, and the kitchen on the right. The sunshine, however, had no mind to be baffled by the whim of the old grey stones, soon climbed

high enough to peep over the quaint roofs of the rambling building, and poured thence an intense glow of golden warmth into the courtyard at the end of the passage.

The plash-plash of a little fountain tinkled merrily in the sudden brilliance, gold-fish darted to the surface of the water to warm themselves, and the leaves of the tree-fuchsias round and about showed prism-dyed through the sparkling water-drops.

It was only a small square court, planted like a garden, and overlooked on three sides by the inn-windows. It was bordered by rustic arbours, with vines clambering over them: in these of afternoons pipes were smoked, and beer and coffee drunk by round-faced Belgians. Just now all was as fresh and well ordered as if no one but the gardener had access there.

Canaries hung in these arbours. They sang out loudly as the sunshine gilded their cages.

But for the noisy birds and a few peacock butterflies darting their glowing colours in and out among the tall fuchsias, the courtyard basked in the sunshine in its own still fashion. The small round paving-stones grew hotter and hotter till the spray of the fountain dried as it reached them.

It seemed a scene waiting for an actor to move across it.



"I AM THINKING OF LEAVING YOU TO-DAY, MADAME."

There was a glass door between the two arbours that faced the arched passage ; it opened, and old Madame de Vos came forward into the courtyard.

"Tiens, tiens ! it is a heat to stifle." The old woman waddled across to the shade of the passage as fast as she could, pulling the large hood of her straightly falling black cloak over her primly quilled cap, till she left visible only the snowy muslin strings.

"Elodie, Elodie ! where, then, is Mademoiselle ?"

No answer coming, Madame advanced to the kitchen-door. It stood open, and through it glowed a dull red heat, worse than the blaze of the courtyard, for this heat reflected itself again with interest from the brass pans and pots and kettles glittering in every corner.

Inside this kitchen all things shone hotly except Elodie's face : a pale thin countenance on a small erect body. She wore just the same sort of snowy cap that Madame de Vos did, tied under her peaked chin ; but here all likeness ended. The bulky dame who filled up the doorway would have made four of the slight active cuisinière of the Ours d'Or.

"Pouf ! was there ever such a heat ?" Flat-faced, pink Madame de Vos turned up her blue eyes as if they too suffered.

"Madame has no need to come into it," Elodie spoke gravely over one shoulder, and went on trussing her fowls.

"Where is Mamselle Clémence ? I want her."

"Here I am, bonne maman ! What wilt thou ?"

Opposite the kitchen were three entrances to the house : the largest, that in the centre, opened into the inn itself : on each side of it were Monsieur's counting-house and Mademoiselle's parlour. Clémence's voice came from this last doorway.

"Come to me, child ; and then Elodie can hear the news at the same time. Ah, ma foi ! that all the affairs of the family should be thrust on my shoulders !"

At the word "news," Elodie turned round sharply. Her sunken grey eyes were full of eager interest, and as Clémence crossed over a soft flush had risen on her cheek, and a glad dancing light sparkled in the large thoughtful eyes.

A minute ago you would scarcely have called Clémence pretty : she was too pale, and her grey eyes had wanted colour till the blush on her cheek made them glow.

"The Sœur Marie, thy aunt at Bruges, is ill, and the Superior asks that one of her people should go to the Hospice with speed. It would kill me, as thou knowest, Clémence, to travel with such a heat ; besides, how could I quit the Ours d'Or when thy father is not there ? It is thou, Clémence, who must obey this summons."

The liquid eyes drooped, the soft colour faded : for a moment the girl stood silent, her lips parted, her hands clasped together.

"Well ?" This came very impatiently from Madame.

"Bonne maman !"—the warm blood came rushing into Clémence's face,

and the words were spoken quickly—"I cannot go; thou knowest why I wish to stay at home. Louis said to-day or to-morrow he may arrive at any moment, and I—I have not seen him for so long. Why cannot Rosalie go to Bruges?"

"Rosalie! Rosalie is a child; of what use to send her?"

"But we are not sent for to be useful," Clémence pleaded, her tender wistful eyes fixed on her grandmother's stolid face. "The good sœurs love the aunt too well to yield any care of her to a stranger; it is only that she may see one of her own people again. Bonne maman, I have not seen la tante Marie for so—so long, she will not recognize me. Rosalie has not left her these five years,—she loves Rosalie,—send her, bonne maman; how could I be absent when Louis arrives?"

The sweet imploring voice might have touched Madame de Vos's heart through all the pink fat which enveloped it but that she hated contradiction; and also for the reason that Clémence had looked while she spoke more than ever like her dead mother. There was the same slender bending figure, the same transparent skin and dark hair, and above all, that same strange earnestness in the eyes, and resolute fervent spirit which had in days gone by so bewildered Madame when she looked at her son's wife. For Madame de Vos came of a pure Flemish stock—physique and morale were alike solid and stolid. In her family no one had ever been slender, or poor, or dark haired; and she had felt herself aggrieved when Auguste de Vos, her eldest son—the landlord of the flourishing Ours d'Or—had married Clémence de Trudin, the orphan daughter of a poor French gentleman.

What could he expect of such a transparent unusual-looking creature but that which had come to pass? For only a year ago the younger Madame de Vos had died of decline: a disease mainly caused, so said her mother-in-law, by a dislike of eating and drinking and a love of books. She died, and left her sorrowing, idolizing husband with four children.

Clémence was twenty-two, and it seemed to Auguste de Vos that she could take her mother's place in the management of her two little brothers; but before he could rouse himself to settle anything he got an imperative summons to visit his mother at Louvain.

"Of what canst thou be thinking then, Auguste?" she had asked. "Is not Clémence fiancée to the Lieutenant Louis Scherer? and who shall say how soon he may purchase his discharge, and come home and marry her? and then, ma foi, what will happen? and the child Rosalie so beautiful and but sixteen years old? Will it be convenable, I ask thee, my son, to bring up such a child in the Ours d'Or with no better mentor than Elodie? Bah—that is what it is to be a man!"

When a man has loved his wife dearly—so dearly that life and everything belonging to it have lost all interest or flavour without her—he is easily managed; and Auguste de Vos, after a few more maternal harangues, began to see that it might be well for his girls that their grandmother should come to the Ours d'Or. Naturally he did not call to

mind his mother's faults ; they had met seldom since his marriage ; and his wife had rarely grieved him by repeating the petty unkindnesses she had endured during the old lady's visits. For Madame de Vos had never forgiven the dark-eyed gentle wife her want of fortune ; and now, as she looked at Clémence, the old dislike grew strong,—a dislike which had been intensified by her son's blind devotion to his wife.

“ Just like her mother ! ” and then aloud and severely, “ Clémence, you speak follies ; you are the eldest, and you must go.”

“ And why does any one go ? ” said Elodie, standing erect, with her hands behind her. “ The patron will be home to-night ; he will go in the morning to Bruges, and he will take Mamselle Rosalie, and she can stay with the Sœur Marie ; there, it is settled.”

“ But no ; thou art not a mother, Elodie ; thou canst not comprehend the feelings of a mother. My daughter, my Marie, must not be kept waiting for the selfishness of a love-sick girl. *Fi donc*, Clémence, when I was young, my lovers came after me ; they waited my pleasure, I did not wait for them. I am ashamed of thee.”

Clémence kept back a hasty answer, but her eyes flashed.

The old lady walked away to the parlour.

“ It is too unjust, too hard ; if my father were but at home ! ”

The words were said to herself, but Elodie read them in her face. She put her lean brown hand tenderly on the young girl's shoulder.

“ Go, my child, it is better ; the *bonne maman* could go herself as to that ; we can do without her ; but if the Sœur Marie should be worse, thou wouldst then sorrow at not having obeyed the summons. Go at once ; who knows but that thou mayest come back this evening.”

But the savour of the various stew-pans on the charcoal stoves within warned Elodie that she must return to her duties ; and besides, in her heart the *cuisinière* thought her young mistress's anxiety excessive.

“ Allons,” she said cheerfully ; “ Monsieur Louis will not arrive to-day, I am sure of it ; the sooner thou art gone, my child, the sooner home.” And she went back to the stew-pans.

Plash—plash, went the jewelled drops of the fountain, the canaries sang loudly, the gold-fish seemed to be listening, for they came to the top of the water and opened their wide mouths as if to say “ Bravo ! ”

The glass door opened again, but this time it was not Madame de Vos who came out into the sunshine. It was a fair, rounded, well-grown maiden, with golden hair wreathed in abundant plaits. A very sweet and blooming creature—the bloom and sweetness of seventeen, that indescribable charm of youth which fades so quickly ; which a few hours of sunshine withers out of spring flowers. The tender soft blue eyes, the delicate peach-tinted cheeks, the smooth fine texture of the white throat, the firm rosy lips, all told of youth in its first freshness, and in Rosalie de Vos, of youth conscious of its own beauty and eager to try its power.

“ It is nice to be at home for good,” she said, and she sat herself down in

one of the arbours. "Why, I was only twelve when I went to Bruges; home is not so dull as our convent, but oh! it might be much better than it is. Why should our rooms be shut off from the rest of the house, and why does Clémence say I may never come out here after one o'clock? it is triste to be so near life and fresh faces, and for ever to be shut up with *bonne maman* and Clémence."

She yawned. It was too hot to stir out of the *arbour*, or she would have crossed over to the passage so as to look out into the *Place*.

"*Ma foi*, it is triste; at the convent I had my tasks, and they filled up time: it is all very well for Clémence, she who has a lover, and she is twenty-three! I wonder what kind of a lover he is to marry so old a fiancée? he must be ugly or stupid."

The *salle-à-manger* lay beyond the kitchen detached from the rest of the house, and could only be entered through the courtyard.

The clock struck one, and a sound of voices came up the arched passage.

"What does it matter," thought Rosalie; "Clémence is away, and my father too. I will amuse myself to-day; grandmamma never scolds *me*; the trellis screens me, I can see and I am not seen."

The dinner-bell pealed loudly, and in trooped guests with hungry faces, some from the inn, others from the town, for the *table-d'hôte* of the Ours d'Or had a reputation.

Alphonse, the stout head-waiter, asked the oldest of the guests to preside in the absence of his master, and then proceeded to compound the *salad-dressing* with calm solemnity.

The windows of the *salle* looked into the court and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finishing stroke, the vinegar, he started so suddenly that an extra spoonful, at least, flowed into the thick yellow cream of which he was so proud.

No wonder Alphonse started. With such a dinner on table as no other inn in the town could boast, an individual, a *militaire* too by his walk, instead of coming into the *salle* as fast as possible—for one course at least was served—was deliberately crossing the courtyard towards one of the arbours.

It was incredible; but in the meantime the *salad* was ruined.

Rosalie saw the stranger too, and she blushed. It was pleasant to feel that she was more attractive than the savoury fumes issuing from the open French windows of the *salle*. But when the visitor came up to her he bowed and begged pardon.

"I could not distinguish through the leaves, *Mademoiselle*. I mistook you for *Mademoiselle de Vos*."

He bowed, begged pardon over again, and retreated.

Rosalie was vexed.

"How comes he to know Clémence, I wonder? How handsome he is. He has come to see our father on business, and Elodie has referred him to Clémence; and yet"—she knitted her pretty eyebrows—

"Elodie knows that my sister has gone to Bruges. I must go and tell grandmamma."

She was not daring enough to cross the courtyard in full view of the *salle*, so she passed in through the glass doors, up a back staircase leading to the family sleeping-rooms, and then down another which led her to the parlour.

"Bonne maman—" here Rosalie stopped; the handsome stranger sat talking to her grandmother.

"Aha, Monsieur Louis! this is our Rosalie, the flower of our house. Rosalie, my well-beloved, this is Monsieur Scherer."

And the old lady looked from the handsome soldier to the blushing maiden. "Ma foi, what a fine couple they would make," said she to herself.

Louis Scherer thought his future sister-in-law very pretty indeed, and his looks said so. The old lady smiled approvingly, and patted Rosalie's soft pink hand as the girl stood beside her, blushing with surprise and confusion.

"You are thinking, Monsieur, that she does not resemble Clémence, and you are right. Clémence is a De Trudin, but this is a De Vos pur sang, or I might rather say a Van Rooms; she takes after my family absolutely—we have always been fair and blue-eyed. Ah, but it is sad when a race degenerates!"

But Monsieur Louis Scherer kept on looking at Rosalie as if he could never tire of her face.

"Bonne maman," said the girl softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clémence is?"

"Yes, yes, my angel, I have told all to Monsieur. Thy father will arrange all when he returns; and now we will eat if dinner is served."

At dinner-time Monsieur Louis began to talk to Rosalie.

"And why did I not see you before?" he asked.

"I was at the convent, and when the holidays came your regiment went away. Were you here long?" She looked up at him, but his admiring gaze made her blush again.

"Three months or so." He spoke carelessly; he had forgotten all about that far-off time since he had seen Rosalie.

"Do you write to Clémence very often?" There was a saucy tone in her voice. "Clémence will be home to-morrow," she thought, "and then he will have no time to speak to me. I shall make hay while I can."

"Often? Oh, yes, I think so," but he spoke in an indifferent manner, and pulled his fair moustache while he looked at Rosalie.

The young girl glanced at her grandmother. The heat and the dinner together had been overpowering. Madame nodded in her chair. Rosalie looked frankly up into Louis' eyes and laughed.

"Why does Mademoiselle laugh?" He drew his chair closer to hers.

"You make me laugh; I cannot help it."

He was ruffled; he asked his question again more earnestly.

"Will not Mademoiselle tell me why?"

Rosalie blushed till Scherer thought he had never seen any one so distractingly lovely.

"You will think me silly, Monsieur," she said, "but there was an old *sœur* at Bruges—la *Sœur Marthe*—and she used to talk to us about men: she said they were ogres, and she said we must beware of them, and—and——"

"And you think I am an ogre. I thank you, Mademoiselle."

"No, no, no. I did not say that." She pouted up her pretty lips coaxingly—she was afraid she had angered him, and she wanted him to stop and talk to her. "I only wondered," she went on archly, "whether all the men in the world look at people as hard as you looked at me just now. I thought it was perhaps for that reason la *Sœur Marthe* said they were ogres." She laughed out so merrily that he could not feel affronted.

"Mille pardons!" Then he bent over her and whispered, "It is your fault if I looked too much."

The glance, or the tone that went with it, flushed Rosalie's cheeks more deeply than ever; her eyes drooped, and for a minute her sauciness deserted her. It soon came back.

"But you must not call me Mademoiselle," she said; "it is ridiculous when we are to be brother and sister."

Louis Scherer rose up abruptly and looked out of window into the courtyard.

"Come," he said, "we will go and sit in the arbour."

"I cannot go," pouted Rosalie. "I may only sit there in the morning."

"Every morning?"

"Yes, every morning."

"I wish it were morning, then. You would laugh at me if I told you what you seemed to me sitting there just now."

"Just now; and I never guessed who you were; *ma foi!* I had imagined Clémence's fiancé to be a so—so different person."

"What kind of man did you imagine him?"

"And that is just what I shall not tell you, Monsieur"—she shook her pretty head saucily—"for you would then find out what I think of you now."

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft round arms on the cushioned ledge, and Scherer bending over her till his face nearly touched hers.

"Hein!" said a sharp voice, and they both started apart.

Elodie turned from them to sleepy Madame de Vos, who yawned and sat stiffly upright.

"I have brought these cakes," the old woman spoke gruffly. "I gave them to Alphonse, and the imbecile has forgotten them. They are the cakes Mamselle Clémence chooses for her *jour de fête*. So I have made them to-day for Monsieur Louis."

"Yes, yes, Elodie; thou art thoughtful. You remember Elodie, Monsieur Louis?"

The young soldier nodded at her, but the cuisinière went back to her kitchen muttering. Something had put Elodie out of temper.

Monsieur de Vos came home in the evening; he was delighted to see Clémence's lover.

When Rosalie and her grandmother went to bed, the two men sat and smoked in silence.

At last De Vos rose.

"We are both tired to-night, mon ami; we will talk business to-morrow. In your letter to me you proposed that the marriage should take place a fortnight after your return. Well, you and Clémence must fix the day between you, and leave the rest to me. I will fetch her home to-morrow."

He paused for an answer, but Louis stood silent: seemingly he was very busy putting his pipe into its case.

"Good night, Louis!" said de Vos. "I am giving you the best thing I have to give; if I had known two years ago all that was going to happen, perhaps you would not have got my consent so easily."

The tremor in the full strong voice moved the young soldier.

"I will try to deserve her," he said, holding out his hand. "Good night!"

But at breakfast-time the honest manly face of Monsieur de Vos looked clouded, and as soon as Louis Scherer made his appearance he went up to him.

"Ma foi, mon garçon! I have bad news for you. I have a letter from Clémence; she asks to stay till the end of the week with her aunt. It is possible that my sister may recover, and the presence of my good child comforts her. Still"—he smiled as he spoke—"I do not say what may happen when Clémence hears that you are really at the Ours d'Or."

"Bah! Bah!" Madame's dull round eyes opened to let her superior wisdom out. "Why need she hear it? Clémence must not be disturbed. She has promised, and she would not retract. Why then should she be disturbed? If she learns that Monsieur Louis is here she will weary to return home."

De Vos looked at Scherer. To his surprise the young soldier made no answer. In came Rosalie, fresh and blooming, full of pretty excuses for being late, as she bent down to be kissed by her grandmother.

"Paresseuse!" said the old woman fondly. "Allons, thou and I must amuse Monsieur Louis till Clémence comes home."

De Vos got up from table, and nodded smilingly to the three.

"Arrange it as you will. I must go to work; and leave you idle ones to your play. Au revoir."

Scherer looked after him with an irresolute face. Just then Elodie came to clear away breakfast, and Madame de Vos settled herself in her armchair and began on her everlasting tricot.

The young man cleared his throat nervously, and Madame de Vos looked up at him. He must speak now, but his words came hesitatingly:—

“I am thinking of leaving you to-day, Madame; Clémence is away, and I am not wanted here. I go to Alost to see my father and my mother.”

Then came a little pause, while his three listeners digested his words after their own fashion.

Elodie nodded her head approvingly. She said to herself, “Good youth; he finds no pleasure in the house now that Clémence is not in it.” And she smiled as she carried away the coffee-pot and the table-cloth.

Rosalie’s firm full lips pouted redder than ever. “He shall not go,” she thought. “I have been counting on these four days, and I will not lose the chance of amusing myself.”

The grandmother’s eyes grew large and round, as the wolf’s did once on a time to Red Riding Hood. “Leave us because Clémence is away? The foolish youth does not know of what he speaks. My Rosalie must open his eyes.” Then she said to Louis, “Go away, do you say? But that would be too unreasonable, my dear Louis.” She laid her fat hand on his coat-sleeve,—“You must not go away; my son will think that you are offended, and, *ma foi!* what do I know? it is possible that Clémence may return sooner, and then how can I explain your going away? Aha! tell me that a little!”

This fair-faced happy-looking young soldier was troubled; and trouble was a new and uncomfortable sensation. Till now he had managed to get through life without it. He had got into debt, but then his father had arranged that for him. He had always had friends in plenty among his comrades, and women had always smiled on him.

Till he saw Clémence de Vos he had sunned himself, like a butterfly, in these smiles, caring nothing for the weight that might be attached to the flattering words he gave so readily in exchange. But there was something more than a mere pretty face in the innkeeper’s daughter. It may have been that the secret of her power lay in her carelessness of the flattery he had always found so successful. His captain was a distant relative of the innkeeper’s wife, and took the youth with him to the Ours d’Or; and very soon after the arrival of his company in the quaint old Flemish town, Louis Scherer had asked Madame de Vos to induce her husband to consent to his betrothal to Clémence. The young soldier had a pleasant frank way with women that won through all reserve and prejudice; Auguste de Vos thought Scherer too young and frivolous a husband for his favourite child, but he could not withstand her mother’s pleading, and he consented reluctantly to the long engagement.

So far Scherer’s faith had stood the test. The two years were over, and he had come to claim his bride; but he was sorely troubled.

Rosalie’s face had haunted him all night, and when she came down to breakfast she was still lovelier than he had pictured her—as fresh as a

morning sunbeam. He grew more and more disturbed, and when Madame de Vos called on Rosalie to help in amusing him, it seemed to him that the only refuge from so exquisitely dangerous a trial to his constancy lay in flight. He should be all right again when Clémence came back; Clémence always made him feel calm and peaceful. He looked up: Rosalie's fair head was still bent over some flowers she had been examining; it seemed to him suddenly that he was no longer troubled, and that he might just as well await Clémence's return at the Ours d'Or.

"Alphonse! Elodie!" cried Madame, "the goat! the thief! ah!" and she bustled out of the parlour into the courtyard, and charged a goat—that was diligently nibbling the vine-leaves—with the ball of worsted on the end of her knitting-pins.!

PART II.

Four days passed away. On the evening of the fifth day Clémence stood once more under the grey archway of the Ours d'Or. There was on her earnest face a chastened look. In the quiet room at Bruges she had seen so much of the real beauty of life—patience, sweetness, self-denying endurance, and, above all, so cheerful and loving a conformity to ills and trials, that she asked herself now, as she stood ready to enter once more into the distractions of the outer world, which was true happiness: enjoyment to the full of the good things of this life, or the ineffable peace and joy that shone out of the pale eyes of the suffering Sœur Marie?

The sunlight had faded, but its heat lingered yet. All was still within the archway; Elodie was not in the kitchen; on the other side the parlour-door stood open; there was no one within. Clémence breathed a sigh of relief; she might muse a few moments longer, and she went on into the courtyard. There was light there still, but the birds had left off singing, the little fountain plashed quietly into the stone basin, and the gnats hummed everywhere: there was a feeling of luxury in the repose of the place.

All at once the hush was broken. A low murmuring of voices came from the arbour at the farthest end of the courtyard. Clémence looked round; the clustering vine-leaves hid the faces of the speakers, but she saw Rosalie's blue gown.

Clémence guessed that her father was the other tenant of the arbour; a childish thought came into her head.

"I will surprise them," she said. She crept noiselessly to the arbour and peered through the vine-leaves. Rosalie's head was turned away, hidden on her companion's shoulder, but his face met Clémence's gaze—it was not her father, it was Louis Scherer.

A little cry from Clémence, then a start and some confusion: it

seemed but a second, and then Louis was beside her, holding her to his heart and kissing her tenderly.

When Auguste de Vos came in to supper Rosalie was missing.

"The poor child has a migraine," said the grandmother; "she has gone to bed. Clémence has come home."

The good father passed on into the courtyard to call in the lovers. The moon had silvered the fountain, but it was dry and silent now.

Monsieur de Vos held his daughter in a long fond embrace. He knew that in the future he could not be to her that which he had lately been, and the remembrance of her earnest watchful tenderness since his deep sorrow had come upon him thrilled in his voice and manner to-night, though he tried to speak gaily.

"Well, young folks, is the day fixed?"

Clémence linked her arm through her father's.

"We have not yet spoken of it," said Louis.

"There is no hurry, mon garçon, so far as I am concerned. You need not think we want to lose our Clémence."

He squeezed her hand fondly in his arm.

"But if Clémence will consent"—Louis spoke very fast; he seemed to be driving his words out against their will—"it will be better to keep to the old arrangement, and let our marriage be on this day fortnight."

"That is right, my lad, quite right! First pledges should never be broken; it is weak and frivolous to alter."

The brave, kind father had striven to put willingness into his voice; but the little hand lying close against his heart felt it heave, as if a strong, suppressed sob was kept in prison and wanted to get out. . . .

Rosalie came down to breakfast pale and heavy-eyed.

"You go out in the sun too much," said her father, and then he went back to his beloved newspaper. Elodie had come into the room, and there was a strange and angry significance in the glance she bestowed on Madame de Vos.

The fulness of her joy made Clémence selfish. She had no thought of any one but Louis, and she followed him out into the courtyard without even looking at Rosalie.

One comprehends that "the first-fruits" was a most precious offering. What second joy can equal the first?—the first view of mountain scenery—of the sea—the yearly joy of the first day of Spring—or the most intense of all, the first day of reunion after separation,—all these have ecstasy in them as fleeting as breath on a mirror—as the glory of the rainbow.

Clémence seemed to walk on air. As she stepped out into the flood of sunshine the birds were singing one against another, every sparklet of the fountain seemed to bid her welcome.

"Shall we go towards the old abbey?" said Louis.

She nodded, and ran away upstairs. She had hardly patience to put

on her hat and cloak; in her joy and excitement every moment robbed from the delight of his presence trebled in length.

She was hastening downstairs again when the door of her grandmother's room opened.

"Come here, Clémence; I have wool only for to-day. Thou must get me more; thou wilt pass Schmelger's magasin, in the *Marché aux Grains*; thou must not forget this. And stay, I will seek all the patterns; I must get my bags. *Tiens! tiens!* Where are they?"

Clémence answered eagerly, "Louis is waiting, *bonne maman*, and if you have enough for to-day I will manage to get you some for to-morrow, this evening. Good-by, now!" and she ran away.

An unpleasant smile came into Madame's face—

"Louis is waiting! *Ma foi!* the poor boy would be content to wait all day if he had Rosalie to talk to. How can this end? I must see how far things have gone with my sweet angel, and then I must make these foolish children happy in the way I consider best suited to them. Yes, I am the most fitting judge." And she went on rapidly with her knitting.

A cloud had come over the sunshine of Clémence's happiness when she came in from her walk, and yet she could not tell whence it came.

She stood in her little room taking off her hat. "Am I exacting," she asked herself; "do I expect too much joy from mere human life? What does this troubled longing mean?" Then a pause, while thought searched deeper; then, with a little sigh, "Have I exaggerated? in these long months of absence have I dreamed over his words and his looks till I have made them out to be more tender, more—I cannot even say what I want in them. I don't know what I miss, only something is gone." She buried her face between her small hands. "It is so ungrateful to murmur; he is very kind and thoughtful for me. Oh, what is this that has come over me—am I growing wicked?" A look of terror was in the pure earnest eyes as she suddenly raised her head and pushed her hair from her forehead. "Just now it seemed to me that he made my fatigue a pretext, and was glad to shorten our walk, because he was tired of me—or is it this,"—a calmer look came into the lovely troubled face,—"*is it that all earthly joy is unsatisfactory, and this feeling is sent me thus early to wean me from desiring it?*" Again she mused: "No; even *la Sœur Marie* said I ought to think much of Louis and his love, and I must. It seems to me that he is my all—the very sun of my life; and what have I been doing—blaming him for want of love? for I suppose that is really what I mean."

She went downstairs; her troubles seemed increased rather than soothed by self-communing.

Except Rosalie every one looked grave and preoccupied—she had recovered her spirits and kept up an incessant flow of talk.

Clémence tried to be at ease, but her lover's downcast face checked her; a sort of embarrassment came when she spoke to him.

"It is fancy," she thought. "Why, my father is silent also—they are

both engaged in planning our future life. How grateful I ought to be to have a place in the thoughts of two such men. I must conquer this disquiet, or Louis will perceive it."

That night both the sisters' pillows were wet with tears.

Tears with the young Rosalie of wild grief at the injustice which was breaking her heart, and at the perfidy which could love her best and yet persist in wedding her sister. On that evening when Clémence had surprised them in the arbour—although Scherer had not actually professed to love Rosalie, he had yet drawn the ardent, indiscreet girl to a sudden half-confession of her passion for him—a passion which the poor, vehement child told herself, in the midst of her humiliation, that he had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women would never have arrived at this knowledge; but Rosalie's over-mastering vanity saved her from the self-reproach of having sought Louis.

"I shall die of sorrow," she said, as she lay sobbing in the moonlight; "and then, perhaps, both he and Clémence will be sorry, and will come and cry over my grave."

And Clémence lay awake, too, alone in her room, with widely opened eyes, trying to regain her lost peace. What was this that had come to her? The character of all others that she had held in aversion was that of a jealous, untrusting woman. And what was she now?

And yet Clémence was not jealous. She never dreamed that her lover's faith had gone astray to another; she only felt her love was not returned, she longed for something that she missed.

Through the long night she tried to school herself with severe reproaches.

"It is not his fault," she said. "He has not changed; it is I, who love him too much. He has been going about in the world, meeting continually with fresh distractions to his thoughts; while I have stayed here brooding over the one idea till I have made an idol of it."

Tears gave no relief to the craving, restless torture. "I cannot help it," she said. "I must love as I love him now for ever." But morning brought hope with it. "It may be the very strength of his love that has changed him so. Ah! when we are married these fits of moody silence will disappear, and his frank warm nature will assert itself again. I will not think any more," she said.

She found Louis alone in her little parlour. His greeting was warmer than it had been since his first arrival.

"I am going to Alost, my Clémence, but I shall return soon, and bring my father and my mother with me."

It was hard to think of parting, but it was a relief. This little separation might help them both, and yet tears came into her eyes as she looked at her lover.

"Only for a few days," he said, but he did not smile; he looked towards the doorway, from her.

A sudden impulse mastered Clémence.

“Louis”—she clasped her hands tightly together—“do not be angry with me; it is only love that makes me speak. Are you sure you wish to be my husband?”

He stood looking at her, then a faint flush rose in his cheek.

“You are joking.” He tried to laugh. “I should not have returned to claim you, Clémence, if I had not wished this.”

In came Madame de Vos with Rosalie, and Clémence did not get another moment with her lover.

And when he had started for Alost, it seemed to her that she had awakened from a painful dream. How full of morbid fancies she had been. If Madame de Vos had not come in when she did, she might have worried Louis with a confession of all her doubts and misgivings. And with the relief from doubt her usual energy returned. All the important articles of her trousseau had long been ready; but there were some trifles which required her attention, and in the selection of these she wanted Rosalie's help and taste.

She went into the old lady's room to look for her sister.

“Where is Rosalie?”

“Rosalie must not be disturbed,” said Madame. There was sadness in her voice, and there was anger too, but Clémence did not notice it.

“Bonne maman, I must have her to go with me to Madame Grégoire's. She has to choose her own dress, you know, and she can decide for me. No one has such a charming taste as Rosalie.”

“She shall not go, I tell you.” There was a tempest of passion in the grandmother's broken voice. “Clémence,” she went on, “thou art a monster of selfishness. What, then, I ask thee, is it not enough that the happiness of these two hearts is for ever sacrificed to thine, but thou wouldst employ, for thy vanity, the time the poor innocent gives to her tears.”

Clémence felt sick and trembling—her grandmother's indignation brought a conviction of guilt to her timid heart; and yet she did not know her crime. The haunting shadow of these last days had come near her, and was each instant taking a more real shape; but she could not move or speak. She could only look with the earnest imploring glance which had so much power to irritate Madame de Vos.

“But, Clémence,—it is all very fine to look at me in that innocent way. Bah! thou hast been blind if thou hast not seen it.”

“Blind!”—the voice was faint, and full of fear.

“Bah—bah—bah!” The old woman lashed herself into fresh anger, so as to steel her heart against the entrance that plaintive word had nearly found. “Clémence, if thou art not blind, thou art, indeed, selfish. How, then, should it happen otherwise? These two are made one for the other. Rosalie's gown for thy wedding with Louis! Her shroud more likely; for the sweet child will die of her despair.”

Clémence started. She went up to her grandmother, and took a firm hold of her arm.

“Speak more plainly,” she said, in a hard, strained voice, that

startled Madame. "Do you mean to tell me that Rosalie loves Louis?" An angry flush rose on her cheeks.

"Not more than he loves her. And why should I not mean to tell thee? It is the kindest and the best office I can do thee, Clémence." Her voice was less angry, and she laid her hand on the young girl's clasping fingers. "I warn thee in time not to force thyself on an unwilling husband."

For a moment Clémence stood crimsoned, almost suffocated with a horrible fear. Had Louis never loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had come. Once more she felt free to speak.

"How do you know this?" She spoke with authority, and Madame was cowed.

"I know it from the child herself. Besides, was it not enough to see the change that came over Louis at thy return?"

"Ah!" burst from the pale lips; but there was no answer; and the grandmother's voice was not so firm when she next spoke.

"He has not been like the same creature, that poor youth. It is not surely possible that thou hast thought him happy? But, Clémence, I ask thee to convince thyself. Ask Elodie, ask any one of the household. They must tell thee how happy he was with Rosalie. He could not bear to lose sight of her a moment."

Madame paused for an answer; but Clémence only raised her head defiantly, as if to repel sympathy. Then she went away.

In that quaint old Flemish city, in one of the side-chapels of a small church, is a beautiful picture of the Crucifixion. At midday a woman came into the little chapel and knelt before its altar. At three o'clock she was there, still kneeling.

The sacristan had observed the woman as he walked up and down the aisle. At first she knelt rigid, immovable as one of the statues around her, her face hidden by the falling black hood. As he passed again the head was bowed low over the clasped hands, and the whole body shaken with a tempest of sorrow. The sacristan was tender-hearted, and he moved to the other end of the church to get out of sight and hearing. Now, at three o'clock, he passed again by the Chapel of the Crucifixion. The woman knelt there still, but her grief was hushed. Her hands were clasped, but her head was thrown back, and the sacristan saw a young face, tear-stained, but no longer sad, the dark eyes fixed in loving contemplation on the picture above her.

When he passed again the chapel was empty.

Long ago instinct had told Clémence that she had a high proud spirit; under the loving rule of her father and her mother this had rarely been aroused. Her grandmother's words this morning raised a storm of passionate indignation that mastered sorrow.

When she left Madame de Vos she hurried to her own room and locked the door.

“It is a conspiracy, a plot, made by *bonne maman* herself to rob me of Louis.” She flung herself on her knees beside her bed, and hid her face while the storm of passionate anger swept over her. Not for long. Like a cold hand laid on her heart came the remembrance of Rosalie’s loveliness and her own inferiority.

Jealousy was not long added to her suffering—there must be hope to feed that pain; something in her own heart told Clémence after awhile that hope for her was over.

But the vehement anger returned. Her own passion terrified her; she could find no power to strive against it, and almost mechanically she hurried to St. Michel’s.

She had been taken there as a child to see the famous picture of the Crucifixion, and an instinct, perhaps the consciousness that she would not be known or recognized in the far-off quiet little church, had taken her there to-day.

And Clémence stayed there till the evil spirit within her was laid; till a holy and calm light shone into her troubled heart; till she repented her anger, and resolved to give up self entirely, let the pain be what it might.

As she left the church, something seemed to whisper her not to put delay between her purpose and its execution. She turned in the direction of the railway station.

It was a great relief to find that a train was about to start for Alost; she drew her hood closely over her head and entered one of the carriages.

So long as the train moved on she never flinched from her purpose; but here is Alost, and she must take her way alone into the strange town. There came to Clémence a feeling of unreality in that which she was about to do, and her purpose faltered.

“Have I not been hasty and romantic?” she thought. “What if the whole story should be untrue? Oh, what will Louis think of me for following him to his own home?” But the sure conviction came back.

And then if she were not to find him, how could she announce herself to his father and mother as the girl to whom their son had been betrothed, but whom he no longer loved? She stopped and looked wistfully back towards the station. Just then the chimes of Alost began to play; the sound cheered her. She turned into a little shop with sponges roped like onions on each side of the door.

“Can you tell me where Monsieur Scherer lives?” she asked.
“Monsieur Scherer?” An apple-cheeked old man in a blouse pushed before his stolid-looking son,—“Dame! there are many Scherers in the town of Alost; is it then the Scherer whose son the *militaire* returned this morning? Tiens! there he is, *mademoiselle*,—there is Monsieur Scherer, fils, opposite.”

Yes, there on the opposite side of the way was Louis. Clémence’s heart seemed in her throat; for a moment she could not move, and then she came out of the little shop, and Louis saw her. He was by her side in an instant.

“Clémence, what is it? what has happened?”

Her courage was going fast; face to face again with him her words would not come.

“Louis,” she said at last, but without looking at him, “I want to speak to you, but not in your own home.”

He looked at her wonderingly; it seemed to him that she had lost her senses, but still her calmly spoken words compelled him to obey her. He led the way like a man in a dream into a small deserted street, and then a thought occurred to him.

“We have a fruit-garden hereabouts,” he said, “and I have the key; I was going there for my mother.”

A little way on, and they came to a high wall. Louis Scherer opened a small door in it, and Clémence found herself in a walled garden, shaded by pear-trees. Their entrance startled a troop of brilliant butterflies from the scarlet-runner vines. The two stood facing one another just within the gate.

“Louis”—she spoke simply and quietly—“why did you not answer me truly this morning? Why did you not say, ‘I love Rosalie?’”

His eyes fell, and her heart sank with them. Till then, Clémence had not known that hope yet lingered.

“What cause have I given you for jealousy?” he said, sullenly; and then, “You are making us both unhappy, Clémence.”

She laid her hand gently on his arm. “Do not be angry with me. You will not when you have listened. I was agitated, I met you so suddenly, and I began wrongly. I have not come here to anger you, my Louis—it is the last time I call you so. I came only to set you free. I want you to be happy. No, do not stop me. No one shall ever blame you. I shall tell my father that I have broken with you—that—that—I do not wish to be your wife.”

“And do you not wish it, Clémence?”

A great struggle was going on in the young soldier’s heart; his recollection was coming back. He held both her hands while he waited for her answer. A deep blush spread over her face, and her eyes drooped. It was so hard to speak.

“No, I do not wish it,” she said at last, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. “You do not love me as I must be loved. You thought you loved me two years ago.” His eager denial *would* be heard. Clémence smiled sadly. “Well, then, you did love me; but now you have found one better suited to you, and your love has changed. I do not blame you—only—if you had told me at once—at first,”—she stopped; she had resolved not to reproach him.

She had borne up bravely; but now the break in her voice conquered Louis.

He fell on his knees beside her, still holding both the little hands; he covered them with kisses.

“Clémence”—his voice was hoarse and choked—“I was blind—mad—wicked. I yielded to the fancy of a moment—it is not more. Pardon

me—oh, pardon me, and give me back your love!" And as he spoke the words he believed in them.

She drew her hands away. She had not counted on this trial. It was the sharpest agony of all; and yet he must never know it. She would not fail now.

"Louis"—her voice shook, but she tried to steady it—"it is only your kind heart that speaks now. Listen. Rosalie loves you; and you must marry her. In a few days you will have learned that you love her; that it is not in your power to make me happy. I should be wretched with a husband who could not love me with all his heart; and then, what would life be to you or me? Now let me go."

It seemed as if a mighty change had passed over these lovers. This loving, submissive Clémence was all at once a being to be revered as well as loved. Louis felt so infinitely abased before her—it seemed wonderful that he could have dared just now to kiss her hands. If she would but listen to him! his weak heart still whispered; but that was not possible. She only answered,—“No Louis—let me go.”

Slowly and with bent head he opened the gate for her.

“When will you return to the Ours d'Or?” said Clémence.

“I do not intend to return there.”

She gave him a look, half sad, half smiling, a look that often came back to him in the future; then she drew her hood closely over her face and hastened back to the station.

It is evening again in the courtyard of the Ours d'Or; the little fountain's splash is almost plaintive in the stillness: stillness now, but not so long ago stern and angry words had been spoken in the vine-shaded arbour: only Clémence's tears had power to subdue her father's indignation.

There had been a long pause, and now Auguste de Vos spoke again:—

“But for thee, my darling, the false-hearted fellow should never have darkened the old archway again, for I can see exactly what has come to pass, and how it all happened, spite of thy tender artifice. Elodie hasn't been silent since thy departure; she was not blind, as I was. If it must be, let him take Rosalie at once, and then thou shalt come back from Bruges, my Clémence, and thou shalt be thy father's comfort and blessing. . . .”

And Clémence still keeps house for her father at the Ours d'Or, for the ‘bonne maman’ went back to Louvain on Rosalie's wedding-day.

Military Signalling and Telegraphy.

WHEN we speak of an army as a military body we use an expression which suggests several useful analogies. Among these the power which the head or directing intelligence of a sound, well-constituted body has of readily communicating with each member, and the reciprocal power which the members possess of flashing back the minutest sensations and giving warning of the least approach of danger, or pleasure, or pain, furnish a perfectly just illustration of the nature of the intercommunication which should exist throughout the parts of a body military engaged in common or parallel operations. If between the different members of that body, or between the body and its head, the current of communication and intelligence be not complete and satisfactory, something very closely resembling paralysis will be the result; or if motion there be, that motion will as often as not be conflicting and disastrous. It is a first necessity of warlike operations—a necessity of very existence of the body military—that the right hand should know what the left hand doeth, and that all the members should be under the immediate directing control of, and in close communication with, the presiding head. The three main points in a complete and satisfactory system of military, as of other communications, are Certainty, Accuracy and Rapidity. We must be able to ensure at all times an unbroken flow of communication; the communications must be capable of being conveyed with perfect accuracy and intelligibility; and it is generally necessary, it is always desirable, that they should be rapidly conveyed. The more nearly these three primary conditions are satisfied, the better will an army and its general be served. Until within the past few years the system of military communication has been defective at each of these points. Generals have had, for the most part, to depend upon the delivery by mounted officers or orderlies of verbal, or, it might be, hastily written messages. Thus, at the outset, certainty of the delivery of the message could not always be secured. The messenger might be slain, or captured, or he might lose his way, or the communication might be absolutely closed. In the case of a besieged army endeavouring to communicate with a relieving force, the last fatal condition has generally been established. Not to go too far back, or to ransack military history for remote instances, the case of the Lucknow garrison furnishes a good example of the uncertainty of the old system. It was only by the devotion of Mr. Kavanagh, and by the exercise of a gallantry which well earned the Victoria Cross, that the defenders of the Residency were able to communicate at all with Havelock's relieving force; and instances will readily occur to every student of military

history of failures in the delivery of messages which have been fruitful of disastrous consequences. The accuracy of transmission is no less important than the certainty of delivery; and the mention of the Balaclava charge, to which the mistaken order of Lord Raglan to Lord Lucan, and the absence of any possibility of obtaining at the moment an explanation, gave rise, is perhaps the best modern instance of a failure under this head. Then, obviously, the conveyance of a message by means of a mounted soldier must frequently fall short of the urgent requirements of the occasion, even supposing the mission to be accomplished safely and accurately. Had Napoleon been able to communicate more rapidly with d'Erlon's corps on the day of Ligny, or with Grouchy on the day preceding Waterloo, this celebrated campaign might have borne a different complexion. Indeed, probably every general of experience has had to lament, at some time or other, the inefficiency of his means of communication; and to this cause many generals would not hesitate to ascribe their defeats. Therefore, the establishment of a more complete system of military intercommunication is a matter of no small importance. And now-a-days, when the whole of the operations of war are conducted more rapidly, as well as upon a larger scale,—when battle-fields are ten miles wide, instead of two, and when the troops reach them by rail instead of on foot, and have to ward off blows which, once delivered, would be absolutely crushing and decisive,—the importance of this subject and the necessity for its development become more than ever marked. Indeed, it ranks not far short, if at all, of the rifled gun and the breech-loading musket in its probable influence upon the fortunes of armies. Happily, there have been men here, as elsewhere, who have appreciated the gravity of the question, and who have been unceasing in their efforts to apply to military operations means of communication already, to a great extent, in vogue for civil purposes. Signals and telegraphs have thus taken the place of mounted messengers, and every well-regulated army would now possess corps of men trained in the art of thus rapidly and accurately transmitting messages from one part of a force to the other.

The first designed application of military telegraphic communication to the use of an English army in the field was in 1854, when an equipment was sent to the Crimea to accompany the army in its field movements. The equipment was, however, not applied to this purpose, for the simple reason that there were no field movements worthy of the name; but it was employed for the establishment of a permanent communication between the British head-quarters and our base of operations. Signals, if we are not mistaken, were employed on the occasion of the landing in the Crimea, and between the troops and the ships during the few days' march which led up to the battle of the Alma. Certainly, also, the famous "Telegraph Tower" of the Russians, with its semaphore arms, existed to some useful purpose. But neither the telegraphic nor signal apparatus of the allies was brought into operation during the flank march, and their places were filled in the old fashion by mounted messengers—the most distinguished

of whom, Lieutenant Maxse, by his daring night ride worthily attracted at the time much public attention. In the same year the Austrians organized a military electric telegraph equipment. In 1857-8 the British Commander-in-Chief in India was kept by means of the wires in communication with the Governor-General. This was probably the first occasion on which telegraphy was employed on any large and useful scale with an army in movement. In the Italian war of 1859 telegraphs were again used between the line of operations and the base. It seems, however, to have been reserved for the Americans to develop, under the pressure of their desperate struggle, a complete telegraphic communication. Then, also, for the first time, if we are not mistaken, a recognized system of signals was extensively employed in the field; although it is fair to notice that the system had been already designed in England, and brought under the notice of our Government (in 1861) by Major Bolton, late of the 12th Regiment, to whose persistent exertions, in conjunction with Captain Colomb, R.N., we are mainly indebted for the present official recognition of the importance of the subject, and its reduction to an established system. To recount the occasions on which telegraphs and signals were used during the American war, would occupy more space than it is desirable we should bestow upon the mere history of the subject. It will be sufficient to state that the records of that great struggle are starred with instances of the successful use of these means of communication. Among other curious applications of the system, reference should be made to the employment by the Americans of balloons, as stations of observation. From these balloons the aeronauts made signals, by flags or otherwise, and communicated to their generals the results of their observations. In some instances, the balloon carried up with it a telegraph wire, along which communication was kept up with the friendly forces beneath. It is said that the first message ever telegraphed from a balloon was sent experimentally to Washington in June, 1860. During the battle of Harper's Ferry, in 1862, a balloon ascended from the Northern lines, and is stated to have been serviceable in telegraphing the movements of the enemy during the action, and finally announcing their retreat. An interesting account of these balloon-telegraph operations is given in the *Rebellion Record*,* which, if it could be entirely depended upon, would establish the value of balloons for military purposes. The credit of managing most of the ascents is due to Professor Lowe. The balloon, it should be noted, was always attached by a cord to the earth; and it certainly seems reasonable to believe that, regarded merely in the light of a station of observation, at an improvised altitude, a balloon would have some substantial uses. In addition to the balloon telegraphs, there were the permanent telegraphs, which followed the march of the armies and kept open communications between the head-quarters and the base. These telegraphs were disposed on regular posts by corps of men specially trained to the work. For

* See *Rebellion Record*, vol. v. p. 535.

communicating between head-quarters and the advanced posts or the detached limbs of the army, field telegraphs were used, in which the wire was laid from moving carriages, either on the ground or upon such trees, &c. as might be available. The American soldiers, however, found the telegraph wires too useful as tobacco-stoppers to be able always to resist the temptation of cutting out small pieces here and there, to the no small disadvantage of the telegraph; and it was not possible invariably to guard against injury of this sort, or such as resulted from purely accidental causes.

The telegraphists' exertions were supplemented by the use of flag-signals, by means of which communications were established in places where the telegraph had failed or could not be applied; and several instances are upon record of the successful use of signals during the war. On so large a scale was the telegraph used by the Americans, that, as early as June, 1862, we find "the army telegraph consisted of over 1,000 miles of wire stretched through the different camps."*

During the expedition to Abyssinia, the signal and telegraph corps, under the late Lieutenant Morgan, R.E., rendered good service, which was acknowledged by Lord Napier in his despatches in the following terms: "The signallers made themselves useful to the army the whole way from Senafé to Magdala, and their services were more especially valuable whilst the army crossed the ravines of the Takasse, the Jiddah, and the Bashilo, and on the advance to Magdala in communicating with distant points relative to placing the guns in position." In laying the Atlantic cable in 1866, all the ships were furnished with flashing signals; and the whole of the difficult and intricate operations of picking up the cable of 1865 were carried out by means of these signals, while the news which travelled to the fleet by cable from England was transmitted by flashing signals to the ships in company. One of the most interesting of the many experiments which have been made with flashing signals was carried out in 1864, between St. Catherine's Down, Isle of Wight, and the ship *Pigmy*, twenty-four miles out at sea—the results of which were accepted as conclusive that it is possible to transmit a message of twenty words from a look-out ship half-way across the Channel to the nearest English headland, in fifteen minutes.

Early in the present year, the pressure of these accumulated instances of the practical military value of telegraphs and signals induced the authorities to recognize the art of conveying messages by these means as one in which the army should be fully instructed. A circular was issued formally recognizing telegraphy as a branch of military science, and committing the task of instructing the troops in it to the Royal Engineers. All Engineer officers and a proportion of officers and men from each regiment are by this circular required to undergo a course of practical instruction (under Captain Stotherd, R.E.) at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham; and rules were laid down for the establishment of

* *Rebellion Record*, vol. iv. p. 64.

military telegraph and signal stations, and the complete organization of the system; with details as to the returns, forms, and books to be used, the duties of the superintending officers, &c. The system thus established has now, therefore, assumed a definite form and coherence, and already one or two classes have passed through the Chatham School. The signalling course lasts four weeks; the telegraphic course, which includes also some other matters connected with the military applications of electricity, as the firing of torpedoes, lasts seven weeks. Gradually the information thus imparted to individuals will permeate the masses of the army, and make itself felt throughout our military system.

Although the connection between signalling and telegraphy is very close and intimate,—so close indeed that signalling may be regarded as a branch or adjunct of telegraphy,—it is necessary for the purpose of description to deal with the two separately. Signalling is merely telegraphy without the electricity. It is, in fact, visual telegraphy; and is applicable under many circumstances in which the electric telegraph cannot be employed. Thus, wherever the two parties desiring to communicate are separated from each other, by the presence of an enemy or unfriendly population, by an intervening space of land or water, across which the telegraph wires cannot be readily or safely laid, the visual telegraph would be brought into play. At the late Dover Review, for example, it would have been manifestly impossible to communicate with the fleet except by means of visual signals; and the same may be said of all combined land and sea operations, or of the operations of ships in company. In the case already referred to of a besieged army desiring to communicate through the enemy with a relieving force, the electric telegraph would also be generally inapplicable. It is true that as the electric telegraph annihilates space, it may be practicable, in some instances, to communicate between points immediately separated through a distant third station. Thus, in the Bohemian campaign each of the two Prussian armies, during its advance, was kept perfectly informed by means of the telegraph through Berlin of the whereabouts and successes of the other. But this example, while exemplifying the value of the telegraph, proves nothing as against the supplementary value of visual signals when the telegraph is, as it often must be, inapplicable; nor does it detract from that advantage of the signal system which consists in the fact that the line of communication once established cannot be severed—except by a fog. To the examples which we have already adduced under this head may be added the application of signals at the late Dover Review to bridge over a breach in the telegraph wire which had been effected by some unfriendly knife; while for manœuvring purposes, to which the visual signal apparatus is readily applicable, the telegraph is, generally speaking, useless. The basis of the signal system which Major Bolton and Captain Colomb have established for military and naval use in this country, is an arrangement of long and short flashes—created either by the appearances or the movements of a single object for a greater or less length of time. Thus, in the case of a lamp, the length

of time for which the light is visible, in the case of a flag the length of the wave or movement, determines the long or short flash; and by means of the infinite permutations and combinations of these long and short flashes, certain symbolic results are produced, which mean numerals or letters, words, and ultimately sentences. The long flash is about a second and a half in duration; the short flash is about half a second; and it is a fixed rule that every signal shall be repeated, at the rate of about one recurrence in every twenty or thirty seconds, until it is acknowledged by the whole of the stations addressed. Under ordinary circumstances, and where the corresponding parties are provided each with a code-book, the signals are made by numerals. Thus, the following flashes correspond to their respective numerals:—

1	-	6	---
2	--	7	----
3	---	8	-----
4	----	9	-----
5	-----	0	-----

Each word is represented by a particular combination of numerals expressed as above; and the translation of the signs into words, and *vice versa*, is effected by means of a general code, which has been drawn up and is provided for the purpose. Such sentences as are likely to be frequently required, as "Sound the alarm," "Breach impracticable," "Who is the commanding officer?" "Move to right," or "left," &c., are represented by definite arrangements of numerals to save time. There is also a code of army and navy evolutionary signals, in which the words of command of the drill-books are tersely represented by short combinations; there is also a horary code, a geographical code, and several auxiliary signs. In some instances it is possible that one party would not possess a code-book. In such cases recourse would be had to the alphabetical code, the words being spelt out letter by letter, each letter being represented by a particular numeral produced by the ordinary numeral code of flashes; or the Morse alphabet may be used. On the other hand, the code-book or key to the signals may have fallen into possession of the enemy; and to meet such cases, a simple arrangement permits of the message being rendered in cipher, and made, therefore, absolutely unintelligible to every one except those who possess the key to the cipher. As a general rule, however, the messages would be transmitted in the manner first described, and to those not in possession of the code-book they would, of course, be as unintelligible as if passed in cipher.

The arrangement of the general code is sufficiently ingenious to merit a word of remark. It is disposed alphabetically, and the signs are distributed upon the pages in four columns containing twenty-five groups each, or one hundred per page. The advantage of this arrangement to the corresponding parties is obvious. Thus, the party transmitting the message has merely to consult its code-book like a dictionary, and to

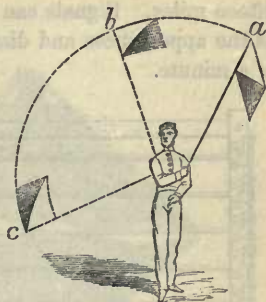
read off, for example,—Can you (1389), obtain (5960), any (0488), information (4552), of the (5993), enemy (2945). Translated into signals this message would read and be transmitted as follows: —, — —, — — —, — — — —: — — — —, — — — —, — — — —, — — — —: — — — —, — — — —, — — — —, — — — —: — — — —, — — — —, — — — —, — — — —: — — — —, — — — —, — — — —, — — — —. Or, supposing we

occupy the position of the party to which the message is being signalled, we read at once — (1), which directs us to the group of pages, the initial numeral of which begins with a 1, viz. from 10 to 19, — — — (3), which takes us to page 13; — — (8), which takes us to the fourth column or group of 25, of the 13th page; — — — (9), which fixes the word as that which occurs on the 89th line of the page, where we read “Can you.” And so on for the rest of the message.

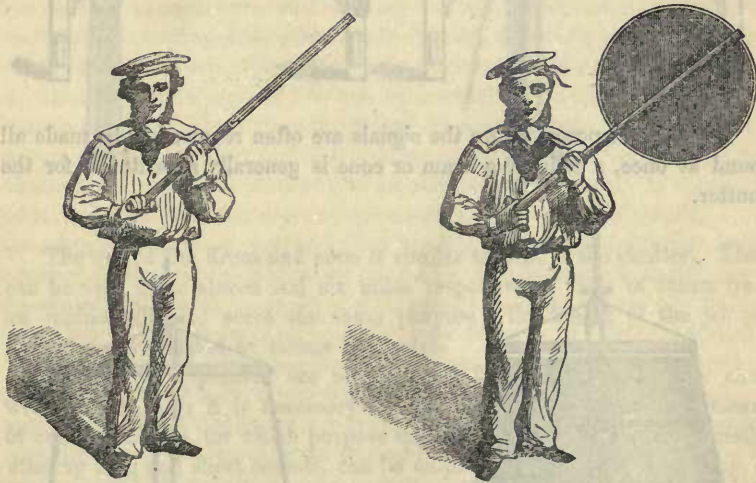
The great advantage resulting from this arrangement of the code-book is that, before the last numeral of the word is flashed out, we have the page and column in which that numeral will occur open before us, and directly the last numeral appears, we can fix upon the word. The reading of the messages is thus immensely facilitated and accelerated. With a little instruction a signalman can read the messages almost as fast as they are flashed; and as rapidity in the conveyance and reading of messages is of great importance, the success of the system depends in a great measure upon this ingenious arrangement of the signal-book. When the messages are transmitted alphabetically, the process of transmission is slower, as common writing is slower than shorthand. In this case each letter of the words “can you” would have to be spelt out, giving six groups of numerals instead of four. But as, in this instance, the code-book need not be used to translate the symbols, the ultimate loss of time is less than might be supposed. To attract the attention of distant signal-stations, the “preparative sign,” a continued succession of short flashes, is made; and to this the whole of the stations make the “general answer,” which is a succession of long and short flashes alternately; the “pendant sign,” with the distinguishing numeral of the station, is made when it is desired to communicate with any particular station; or, if more than one is addressed, the numerals of several stations are signalled, to which again the answer is rendered by each station as before.

With this general account of the system, we may proceed to a description of the apparatus by which the flashes, with their combinations of long and short symbols, are produced. What most strikes one about the apparatus is its exceeding simplicity. It is so simple that one cannot help wondering why nobody ever thought of it and the system before. Indeed, for short distances in the day-time all apparatus is dispensed with. The long and short motions may then be produced by the simple waving of the arm, a hat, handkerchief, &c. For more distant messages flags are used: either, if the distance be not long, small hand-flags, or for greater

distances, flags fitted on to light poles. The flags are made wholly white, wholly black, and half black and white, for use according to the prevailing tone of the background. The long and short flashes are represented by moving the flags a greater or less arc of a circle, as in the annexed cut, where *a b* represents a short, and *a c* a long flash. Flag-signals are visible in clear weather about four miles.



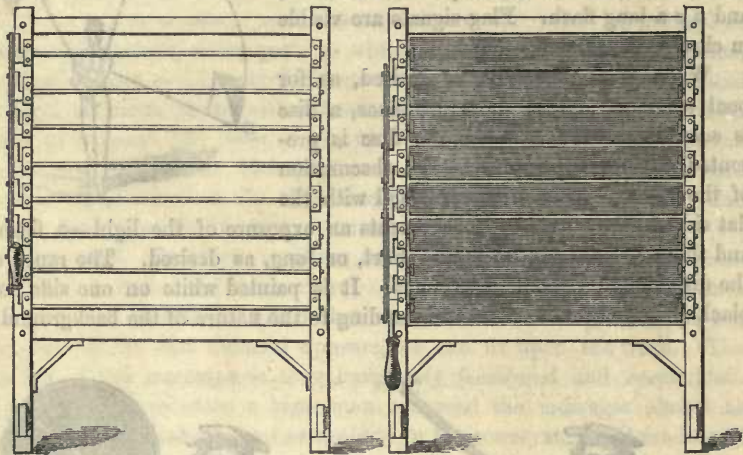
When great portability is desired, as for boat services, and at short distances, a disc is sometimes used. When the disc is presented edgewise it represents an obscuration of the light. When it is presented with the flat side to the observer it represents an exposure of the light—a flash; and this exposure can be made short, or long, as desired. The range of the disc signal is about three miles. It is painted white on one side and black on the other, to be used according to the nature of the background.



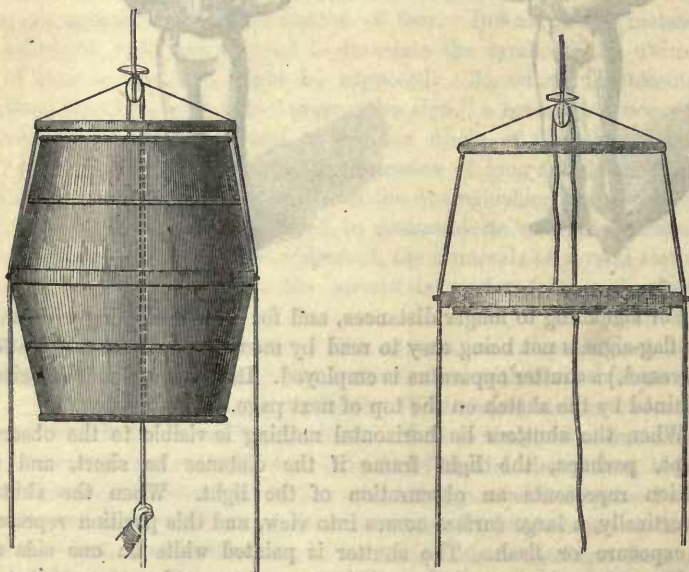
For signalling to longer distances, and for communicating with ships, (the flag-signals not being easy to read by men on the unsteady platform of a vessel,) a shutter apparatus is employed. Its construction is sufficiently explained by the sketch on the top of next page.

When the shutters lie horizontal nothing is visible to the observer, except, perhaps, the light frame if the distance be short, and this position represents an obscuration of the light. When the shutters lie vertically, a large surface comes into view, and this position represents an exposure or flash. The shutter is painted white on one side and black on the other; and the whole apparatus revolves on a pivot, to

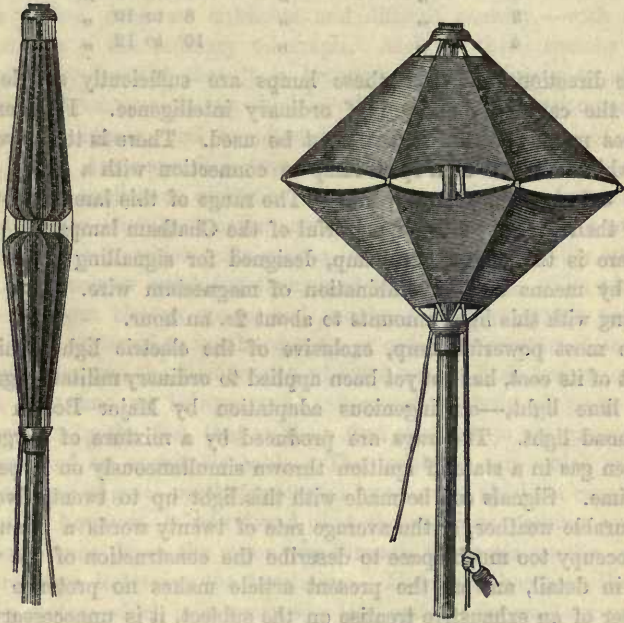
permit of either side being presented in any direction. The shutter is employed on permanent stations, and is effective in clear weather up to fifteen miles. Signals can be conveyed by this means with great rapidity, as the appearances and disappearances may be produced easily 100 times in a minute.



For ship purposes, where the signals are often required to be made all round at once, a collapsing drum or cone is generally substituted for the shutter.



For boat service, collapsing cones on the principle of an umbrella are employed.



The use of the drum and cone is similar to that of the shutter. They can be used up to eleven and six miles respectively. Jets of steam from an engine will also serve the same purpose; the length of the jet (or flash) being regulated by means of a valve.

The above apparatus are all intended for use in moderately clear weather. In fogs it is necessary to have recourse to sound as a means of communication, for which purpose either a fog-horn or a steam-whistle, uttering long and short sounds, can be employed—the code remaining, of course, the same.

At night, lamps of various descriptions are used to express the flashes. For moderate distances hand oil-lamps are employed, and the appearance and duration of the flash are regulated either by bellows, which flash up jets of magnesium powder through the flame, or by means of shades, which permit of the exposure of the light for a greater or less time. Upon the duration of the appearances depends the length of the flash, and upon the combination of long and short flashes the meaning of the message.

There are several varieties of these lamps, to be used according to circumstances. For greater distances, lamps designed to burn what is known as the "Chatham powder" are used. This powder is composed

of magnesium, resin, and lycopodium, in different proportions, according to the power of light required. Thus:—

No. 1	Chatham powder has a range of	4	to	6	miles.
2	"	"	"	6	to 8 "
3	"	"	"	8	to 10 "
4	"	"	"	10	to 12 "

The directions for using these lamps are sufficiently simple to be within the capability of men of ordinary intelligence. For very long distances more powerful lamps must be used. There is the oxycalcium light, which consists of a spirit-lamp in connection with a jet of oxygen thrown on a pencil of quick-lime. The range of this lamp is not much greater than that of the more powerful of the Chatham lamps.

There is the magnesium lamp, designed for signalling up to fifteen miles, by means of the combination of magnesium wire. The cost of signalling with this light amounts to about 2s. an hour.

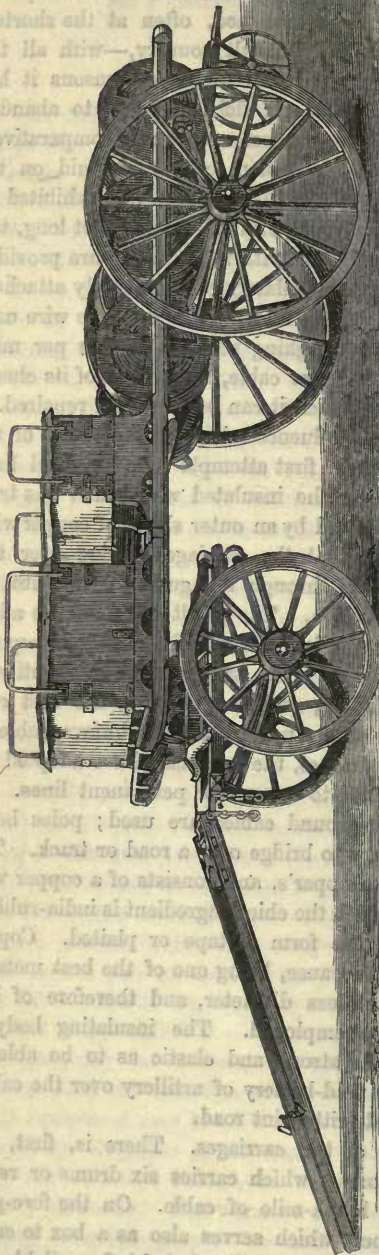
The most powerful lamp, exclusive of the electric light, which, on account of its cost, has not yet been applied to ordinary military signalling is the lime light,—an ingenious adaptation by Major Bolton of the Drummond light. The rays are produced by a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas in a state of ignition thrown simultaneously on a pencil of quick-lime. Signals can be made with this light up to twenty-five miles in favourable weather, at the average rate of twenty words a minute. It would occupy too much space to describe the construction of the various lamps in detail, and as the present article makes no pretence to the character of an exhaustive treatise on the subject, it is unnecessary to do so. Those who desire fuller information can hardly do better than refer to a report by Captain Stotherd, R.E., on the telegraphic appliances exhibited at Paris in 1867, which is published in the current volume (xvii.) of the *Professional Papers of the Corps of Royal Engineers*—to which work, and to a small pamphlet on military signalling by Major Bolton and Captain Colomb, we desire to express our acknowledgments.

In determining a system of electric telegraphy suitable for military use, many points which do not affect telegraphy in its ordinary application have to be taken into consideration. The two may be said to meet almost on common ground in the permanent and reserve lines of telegraph which would form a part of most military electric telegraph systems. In such lines the conditions are very much the same as on ordinary lines. The question of portability is no very urgent one. The choice of instruments may generally be determined by the same considerations as have recommended the selection of particular batteries for civil use, and the whole equipment may be of a fairly substantial and permanent character. Of military telegraphs of this class it is unnecessary to say anything here. They are scarcely, indeed, to be regarded as possessing any special military character. But when we come to deal with field telegraphs—the military telegraph proper—we find ourselves face to face with a totally new set of conditions, which require to be rigorously satisfied. Of these

the most prominent are portability and rapidity of construction. It is evidently impracticable to hamper a telegraph corps which is to accompany an army on its march,—which may have to be laid to-day and removed to-morrow, which has to be established, often at the shortest possible notice, over an unknown and difficult country,—with all the paraphernalia of the ordinary telegraph. And for these reasons it has been generally decided that it is better for field purposes to abandon aerial lines of communications which require poles and other comparatively cumbersome appliances, and to adopt the system of a cable laid on the ground. The Austrians, it is true, employ aerial lines, and exhibited all the necessary appliances at Paris. Their poles are sixteen feet long, two inches diameter, slightly tapering and shod with iron. They are provided with iron spikes, to which gutta-percha insulators can be readily attached. A pole and insulator weigh together about fifteen pounds. The wire used is copper, about sixteen gauge, and weighing seventy pounds per mile. Plain wire is preferred to insulated wire, or cable, on account of its cheapness, lightness, and the facility with which it can be fixed and repaired.

The Austrians, we believe, were influenced in their adoption of the aerial system by the fact, that in their first attempts to use ground lines they employed an unsuitable cable. The insulated wire which was tried had a covering of gutta-percha, protected by an outer shield of copper wire. In practice, however, it was found that the carriage passing over this cable sometimes drove the outer wire through the gutta-percha into the wire core, thus destroying the insulation. The result has been the adoption of a system which is in every way less suitable for military purposes than that employed by our engineers. The transport of a quantity of poles is a matter of no small difficulty, and is opposed to the first condition of portability; the erection of the poles is equally unfavourable to the second condition of rapidity. In fact, the Austrians have adopted for field use an equipment better suited to reserve or permanent lines. In this country, as we have indicated, ground cables are used; poles being employed only where it is necessary to bridge over a road or track. The cable employed is that known as Hooper's, and consists of a copper wire insulated in a patent coating, of which the chief ingredient is india-rubber, and covered with hemp, either in the form of tape or plaited. Copper wire is used in preference to iron, because, being one of the best metallic conductors of electricity, a wire of less diameter, and therefore of less weight than one of iron, can be employed. The insulating body is exceedingly soft and pliable, and so strong and elastic as to be able to resist uninjured the passage of a field-battery of artillery over the cable, when laid on a hard and somewhat gritty flint road.

The field equipment consists of two carriages. There is, first, the "wire-waggon," drawn by four horses, which carries six drums or reels, each reel having wound upon it half-a-mile of cable. On the fore-part of the waggon is a seat for the men, which serves also as a box to carry implements; and there is a second box immediately behind available for



the same purpose. Between the rows of drums are the poles which are used for bridging the cable over roads. The poles are of tubular iron, and of a two-jointed telescopic construction, pulling out to a total length of about 18 feet, and giving, when fixed, a clear headway of about 14 feet. The parts of the poles fit together by means of a bayonet-joint. It is in contemplation to carry the poles and appliances for fixing them on a separate waggon, in order to save time in laying the wire, a result which seems to have been established by a recent experiment, when the wire-waggon travelled along, paying out its cable, leaving at each space to be bridged over enough slack to complete the bridge. The pole-waggon travelling behind picked up the slack, fixed its poles (by means of fine wire guys and iron pickets), and completed the bridge. By this arrangement all loss of time due to fixing the poles is avoided. The wire-waggon also carries a small ladder, for fixing the wire on trees, &c., when desired, or

to ordinary telegraph posts, or over the wires of a fixed aerial line, where they happen to be available; and beneath the waggon is a small handbarrow, on which the drums can be placed and wheeled by hand over ground which the waggon could not traverse, and which is fitted with handles for carrying the reels over ploughed fields or very broken ground.

In laying the wire along an ordinary road, the waggon travels forward at a rate of three, four, or even occasionally five miles an hour. One man seated by the hinder reel regulates its rate of delivery; another man, walking or running behind the waggon, pays out the wire; others following, distribute it conveniently along the side of the road, or throw it over or on to the hedge out of harm's way. These men are provided with sticks having a pronged end, for the purpose of placing the wire over the hedges, and with thick leathern gloves to enable them to handle it as it is paid out. The rate of laying varies according to the nature of the road and to the number of stoppages. By adopting the plan of carrying the poles separately, it is probable that an average rate on level roads of at least three miles an hour may be attained. When the poles are carried on the wire-waggon the average is nearer two miles an hour. At the completion of each reel, the communication with head-quarters is tested by means of a small and highly sensitive sounding instrument. For this purpose a continuous current is kept up from the head-quarter station, and wherever it is necessary to test, all that is required is to "make earth," by means of a copper earth-plate, and to apply the sounder. If the connection is satisfactory, the wire is connected with the next reel, by means of an ingenious and highly effective joint designed by Sergeant Matheson, R.E., to whose successful and intelligent exertions in the cause of army telegraphy great credit is due. The construction of this joint, which provides a perfect insulation, and is strong, simple, and very quick in application, can hardly be described without detailed drawings. It may here be mentioned that a battery designed by Sergeant Matheson, of an inexpensive and good portable construction, is generally employed for field purposes.

The operation of sounding, making, and closing a joint, occupies only about two or three minutes. The operation of fixing the poles occupies an average of about four minutes. The cable can be taken up at about the same rate as it is laid down. The revolution of the reel is in this case effected by means of a driving band attached to the wheel of the waggon. When the wire is being paid out, the revolution of the reel is effected by the pull of the wire.

The other carriage which accompanies the field-telegraph equipment is the "office-waggon,"—a covered waggon, conveniently fitted up for the reception of the batteries, two telegraph instruments, a desk, and all the necessary tools and appliances. To these are added the flags and lamps for visual signalling; and, as the office may be occasionally isolated, a few cooking-utensils.

When the office has been established, the wires are connected with

the instruments, the earth circuit is made good, and communications are opened. The conversation can either be carried on by the Bolton code, or by the Morse alphabet, of which the code is an adaptation. The Morse alphabet consists, like the Bolton code, of two elements,—the long and short dash. But, while in the Bolton code these, as has been explained, are combined to represent numerals, and ultimately words, the combinations in the Morse alphabet represent letters. The distinguishing feature between the two systems is, that the Morse system being based on spelling, all necessity for a code, and therefore for a code-book, is dispensed with.

Some explanation may perhaps be needed as to why the Morse alphabetical system is not used for visual signalling. It may appear to be recommended by the facts, that the signal parties could thus dispense with a book; that the operation of looking out the code numbers, and translating them into words, is got rid of; that it is, therefore, probably quicker in the end; that the chance of error is less, as a single misplaced letter is easily detected, while the alteration of a numeral may point to a totally different group of words, and, therefore, to a totally different sense from that intended; that it is undesirable, looking to the close connection between the visual and electric systems, to adopt for them two different languages; finally, that the Morse language is well known to all telegraphists. These arguments are indeed sufficiently weighty to appear to some to recommend the universal adoption of the Morse alphabet. But, on the other hand, it is urged and admitted that the Bolton system is very much more easily committed to memory, as a man has only to carry in his head the ten numerals and a few auxiliary signs; that once acquired, but little practice is needed to keep it up, whereas the Morse alphabet must be often practised, even by those who have learned it thoroughly; that men are very liable to mistakes in reading proper names by the Morse alphabet; and that the code insures absolute secrecy, unless the enemy becomes possessed of the code-book. In reply, it is urged that by retaining corps of thoroughly trained signallers in frequent practice, the principal objections to the Morse system are overcome; and that, as for secrecy, it is quite possible to render a Morse message in cipher by the assistance of the cryptograph, or otherwise. The point is one which, of course, admits of argument; but a review of all the considerations appears to justify the decision which has been come to, to use the Bolton code generally for visual, and the Morse generally for electric communication. And by adopting the Bolton code, as well as the Morse alphabet, the signallers have their choice—which may often be usefully exercised—of two systems. Moreover, for communication with the navy, or when it is necessary to address more than one point by signals at the same time, the Morse system is inapplicable; whereas the code and the established naval system being both expressed by numbers, the use of the code enables signals to be exchanged between the shore and ships afloat for combined operations, as well as to effect a simultaneous communication between a central

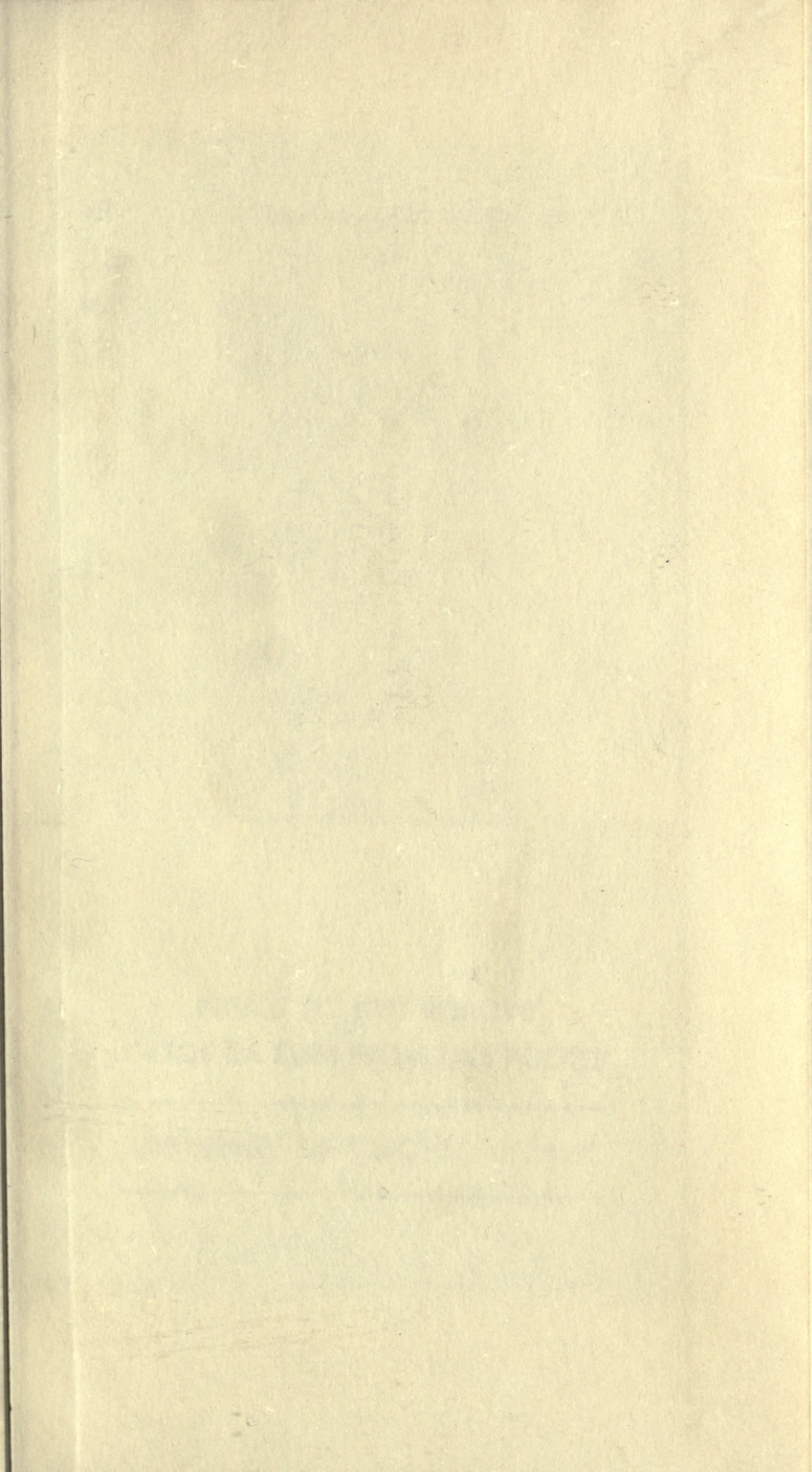
position and numerous surrounding outposts, and it also enables passing vessels to communicate with the shore. These conditions could not be fulfilled with the Morse system.

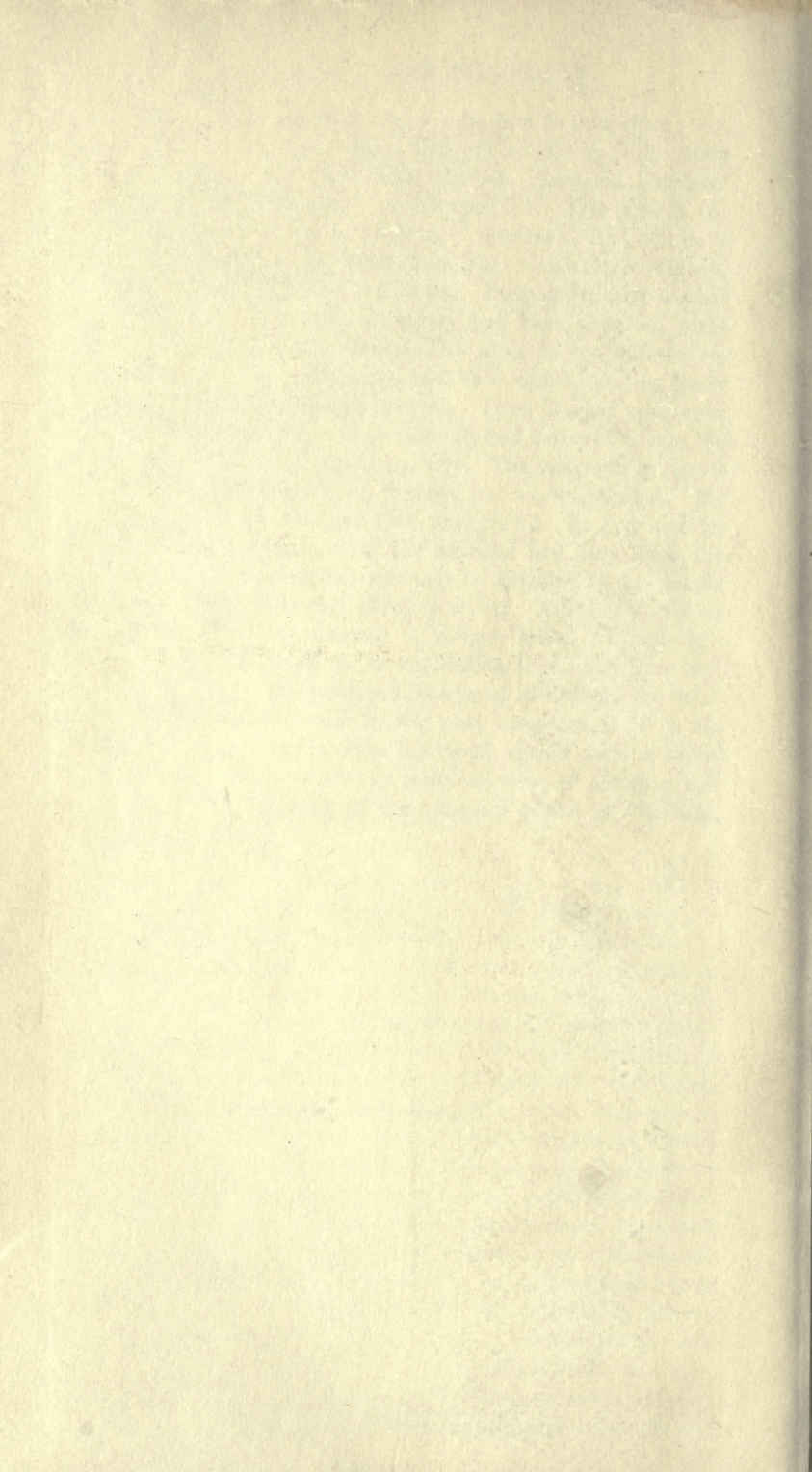
The message as received by telegraph, whether in alphabetical or code symbols, is recorded in the office by means of a Morse ink-recorder,—an ingenious, but sufficiently well-known arrangement, by which the dots and dashes, as received, are automatically recorded in ink upon a long, narrow strip of paper, which can be read off by a competent telegraphist as easily as one would read a book.

Such is the system of field telegraphy adopted in our services. We have dealt with the cases in which visual signals would be used in preference to the telegraph wire; there are other cases in which the wire would be preferred to the visual system. For example, over long distances, or where the nature of the country forbade the use of visual signals. But, in truth, the use of the two is made most apparent when they are employed in conjunction. Thus, in the case of an army awaiting an enemy's attack, a telegraphic communication would be established between the advanced posts and head-quarters, while reconnoitring parties would be thrown out, with signalmen in various directions. The observations of these parties would be immediately communicated by flag or lamp signals to the telegraph office, and thence flashed back to head-quarters; and communications would thus be established between the base of operations and the most distant pickets, placed in positions not easily accessible to the telegraph; or when the telegraph wire had succumbed to the enemy's knife, visual signals would be resorted to, to bridge over the interruptions, as was actually done at the Dover Review, and often in America.

This liability of the telegraph to be disabled is one of the difficulties to be contended with. It is not always possible to guard efficiently long lines of wire; and they are sometimes exposed to the attacks of such bold raiders as Morgan, Stuart, and others, both Federal and Confederate, who made their way to the rear of the advanced telegraph posts and interrupted the communication. A favourite plan of the raiders was to "tap" the wire and extract from it all the information with which it was charged. This is easily done when temporary possession is obtained of one point on the line, by the application of a small pocket instrument. An amusing incident of this description is related as having occurred during Morgan's raid into Kentucky, in the summer of 1863. The wire was tapped between Nashville and Louisville, and the impromptu telegraphist received various messages from the Federal officers in command of those posts. Morgan, personating the Federal officers, ordered and counter-ordered the various detachments as it suited his purpose. "He received," says Colonel Fletcher, to whom we are indebted for this anecdote, "many warnings of his own presence in the country, and messages not always complimentary relative to himself; whilst he was often obliged to have recourse to stratagems to discover some clue, his ignorance of which would have betrayed the trick. Thus, wishing to ascertain the station from which a particular message had been

despatched, without exciting suspicion, he telegraphed to this effect: 'A gentleman in the office bets me two cigars that you cannot spell the name of your station correctly.' Answer: 'Take the bet. Lebanon Junction. Is this not right? How did he think I would spell it?' 'He gives it up. He thought you would put two b's in Lebanon.' Answer: 'Ha! ha! he is a green one.' And then followed inquiries respecting a train full of soldiers, which had already fallen into Morgan's clutches. Frequently, after serious work, and after all the information necessary had been acquired, some irritating message would be sent through the wires to the unfortunate officer, who, the victim of the stratagem, had been communicating freely the secrets of the army to the enemy's general. Thus, Morgan telegraphs his farewell to a Federal general, who unwittingly had betrayed to him the disposition of his forces: 'Good morning, Jerry. The telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend has all the despatches since the 12th July on file; do you wish for copies?' And then, probably, when the mischief had been done, the wire was cut. However, tapping the wire may be defeated by the simple counter-stratagem of invariably telegraphing in cipher. And in any case the verdict will probably be that pronounced by Morgan above, although in a different sense, that the telegraph, in its application to military purposes, although not yet, perhaps, fully developed, is a great institution, the value of which will probably be recognized in the next campaign, if it is not already perceived. And to this system the visual signals form a useful and necessary adjunct. We trust that no mistaken views of economy will be allowed to cripple the efficiency of the practical school at Chatham, where these things are taught.





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