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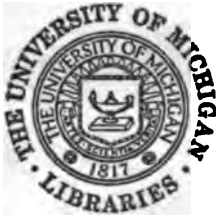
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PHILIP THE SECOND.

FERDINAND THE CATHOLIC had annexed to the Crown the mastership of the military fraternities of the Peninsula; Charles the First of Spain and Fifth of Germany had become the protector of the knights of St. John, to whom he had given over the island of Malta. Philip the Second had inherited, from his father and great-grandfather, all these titles to concentrate within his own hand the direction of those once powerful communities of fighting monks. He was the Catholic king by excellence, and he meant to become everywhere the Catholic king by excellence, in all the senses of the word.

The Inquisition, whose privileges were more extended than ever, was also more under his sway than under that of any of his predecessors. By the building of the Escorial and his intense devotion, of the most monastic type, he had done all in his power to identify with the interests of the monks—the great leading force of the Peninsula—his

crowns, dynasty, policy, ambition and hopes in this world and in the next. Face to face with the inhabitant of the Vatican, the crowned *servus servorum* of the inquisitorial Church of Rome, was to be seen the inmate of the Escorial, the crowned *servus servorum* of the inquisitorial monastic Church of Spain.

As far as we can judge, the son of the Jeronymite monk of Yuste was ready to support the old monastic and military orders of the mediæval Papacy; but the new monastic and military institutions, animated by the same or a similar spirit, were not in favour with him. When the Pope wanted to establish in Spain the military order of St. Lazarus, he objected to it in such terms that His Holiness, after taking into due consideration the strong and aggressive remonstrances of Don Luis de Requesens, the Spanish ambassador at Rome, renounced his idea.

The originators of similar schemes at home were no more successful.

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In 1574 the Inquisition attempted to create, in the provinces of Castile, Leon, Biscay, Navarre, Aragon, Valencia, Catalonia, Asturias and Galicia, a new military order. As the holy militia, called into existence by Loyola to prop and extend the temporal and spiritual authority of the Roman pontiffs, had been put under the special patronage of Jesus, the leading members of the Holy Office considered it most natural to put under the special patronage of the mother of Jesus the holy militia, instituted with the pious idea of securing, extending, and rendering independent of popes and kings, the authority and immunities of the Spanish Inquisition. The new inquisitorial order was to become the militia of the *Holy Mary of the White Sword*. This was the appellation definitively fixed upon.

Old Christian subjects of the Catholic monarchs, who should have proved, after scrupulous information and examination, free from all heretical, Jewish or Mahometan impurity, in flesh and spirit, personally and hereditarily, had the right to enlist in their ranks. The Grand Master of the new inquisitorial order of knighthood was to be the General Inquisitor himself, to whose authority must submit all the members, even in their civil and criminal affairs, independently of all law and royal jurisdiction. Approved by the Holy Office, the rules and regulations had already succeeded in inducing many illustrious families to enrol under the flag of the *Immaculate Mary of the Immaculate Sword*. But they had reckoned without their host. They forgot that they lived under the blessed sway of the Monk-king, the most watchful and alert of all autocrats to oppose any scheme detrimental to the royal supremacy. When Philip the Second became acquainted with

these machinations, thinking that the inquisitorial devotion of his predilect lieges to the Holy Virgin had led them astray, beyond the bounds traced by him and his ancestors to the members of the Holy Tribunal, he ordered to be seized all the papers and communications passed on the subject, and adopted the required measures to silence for ever the authors or originators, writing to all the ecclesiastical and law corporations to remain tranquil and without fear, since on him devolved the duty of preserving and defending against all comers the purity of the faith, in conformity with the functions conferred on him by the Almighty. And thus was crushed in the bud by the iron heel of the monk of the Escorial the brilliant conception of his Inquisitors, destined, perhaps, if realized, to obscure the *hauts faits* of the militia raised and trained by St. Ignatius to mount guard at the doors of the living God of the Vatican.

"This Monarch," says the modern Spanish historian, Don Modesto de Lafuente, "who has left perpetually sculptured and portrayed his austere and devout nature, and his monastic propensities, in the portentous monument of religion and art known as the Escorial; this sovereign for whom the most delightful mansion was the cell of a monk, was opposed to the increase of the regular monastic orders." More than for the creation of new orders, he was zealous for the reduction of them to the old ones, about the reformation of which he was very busy. He used to say, and in this he gave proof of sound common sense, that it was to be feared these sort of institutions, as they were multiplying, would end by becoming more abundant than religious piety. And to the monks of the Peninsula, who attempted or planned against his political au-

thority, he was merciless. Some of them were executed in the public squares of his capital, and according to some historians, 2,000 priests and monks of Portugal perished by his orders.

Many people point to these ideas, openly manifested by Philip the Second, as clashing with his well-known monastic bias. But we think that those persons who express surprise at these apparent contradictions, have not been able well to appreciate the true character and tendencies of the Monk of the Escorial. His devotion like his religion, his patriotism like his monasticism, on the whole in conformity with those of his countrymen, were in many ways peculiar, and were allied to the despotical temper and instincts inherited from his father.

The monasticism he wanted to see implanted and cultivated in his States, was to be in every sense adapted to his autocratic conceptions on the subject. To give free range, in every direction, to the monastic mania of the times, was contrary to all his ideas on temporal and spiritual matters. In every sense Philip was the representative of order on earth. He had this in common with the most celebrated autocrats in modern and ancient time. The convent of the Escorial was the expression of his conceptions and aspirations in monastic matters. According as the other labourers of monasticism, so to speak, attempted to approach this ideal, were they more or less welcome. All the monastic schools which deviated from it, especially those running into new channels, were most particularly distasteful to him. His love of power was one with his love of unity and order. A Monarchy, a Church, and a Monastery were, to all appearances, the supreme ideal of his theocratic aspirations, the holy trinity of his

autocratic dreams. A Church, a Monarchy, and a Monastery, covering the whole planet, inspired and ruled by the presiding genius of the Escorial, that was what he wanted for himself and his descendants.

Moreover it was the policy of Philip, as well as that of his father, to lend a helping hand to those institutions of by-gone ages which, by their traditional spirit, were considered useful to further his plans, while to allow new ones to grow and multiply around them was indirectly to prepare or precipitate their decay.

The Inquisitorial gods had blessed the distribution of extra-European Kingdoms, decreed by Alexander the Sixth in the fulness of his pontifical jurisdiction. The Iberian navigators, explorers, conquerors, and colonists had completed, so to speak, in its chief outlines, the geographical knowledge of the world, rectifying the wrong notions of the great Genoese and Portuguese navigators, who died with the idea that Asia was larger, and the earth smaller, than they really are. The two sister and rival nations bordering the Tagus, advanced constantly in their discoveries, the Portuguese eastwards, the Spaniards westwards, in dutiful compliance with the decision of the Vicar of Christ on earth, until their seamen, sailing in opposite directions from Lisbon and Seville, met in the Moluccas. The most remarkable maritime feat of the 16th century, the first circumnavigation voyage around the globe, was accomplished by an expedition led by Castilian and Lusitanian navigators.

Portugal was the initiator of the colonizing power of Europe in Africa, Asia, and Oceania; Spain in both Americas. The successful talents and career of Vasco de Gama, Cabral, Bartolomé Diaz, the two Almeidas, Albuquerque, Castro, Ortaide, Duarte Pacheco,

Mascarenas, the two Andrades, Ribeyro, Mendez Pinto, and many other discoverers, soldiers and mariners, united to the successful talents and careers of Columbus, Balboa, Pizarro, Cortés Alvarado, Orellana, Grijalva, &c., had been instrumental in putting the most boundless colonial empire under the rule of Philip the Second. The history of the two nations appeared completed, forming a perfect unity or whole. What a prodigious amount of genius, courage, exertion, perseverance, and good-luck was necessary to carry on with such unexpected success the work mapped out for the two rival and energetic nations by the Pope, who traced out through the yet unexplored regions of the globe, the divisionary line from the arctic to the antarctic pole.

Spain and Portugal discovered the New World, found the direct communication by sea between the two great portions of the Old, penetrated into Oceania, and revealed to the inhabitants of the globe all the extent of the planet. In the first half of the 16th century Spain and Portugal had navigated round the Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and had visited New Britain and New Guinea. In a certain sense, in its principal outlines, they may be said to have completed the geographical knowledge of mankind. The discoverers and explorers, by sea and by land, in the last and present centuries, have improved and vulgarized this knowledge in many important details; but they all have moved within the bounds of the seas and continents, mapped out, with more or less precision and accuracy, by Portuguese and Spanish navigators.

Spain and Portugal, more or less jealously and consciously, advanced by different ways to the same final aim. Had it not been for the Infante Don Enrique, the navigator,

the observatory and academy of Sagres, the exploration of the Atlantic, and the sea shore of Africa, and the invention of Martin Behaim, the first expedition of Columbus would never have taken place, and most likely the discovery of America would have been delayed till Alvarez Cabral, in 1500, accidentally reached the coast of Brazil. But for the voyage of Magalhaens, and the brothers Nodales, to the Straits which bear the name of the former, and to *Tierra del Fuego*; but for those of Torres and Quiros to Oceania, the discoveries of the Portuguese in Asia would not have had their fulfilment.

Philip the Second is, in my opinion, the monarch most to be excused for having indulged in day-dreams of universal autocracy. His fleets had humbled the most formidable naval power of the epoch. His armies, reputed invincible, were commanded by the ablest and most experienced generals of the age. In the year 1581, in the 25th year of his reign, and the 54th year of his life, Philip in the fulness of success and ripe manhood extended his undisputed sway over the whole of Old and New Spain, Peru, Brazils, and the island of Elba; perhaps the four most inexhaustible stores of diamonds, iron, silver, gold, and all sort of mineral wealth under the sun. Philip possessed already the most boundless empire in modern and ancient times. There were within its boundaries, ranges of mountains like the Andes, unrivalled for their arch-titanic proportions; streams originated in the snowy summits of the Cordilleras, rolling along larger masses of water than all the other principal rivers on the surface of the globe put together, and the Amazon, the most sea-like of rivers, from its very source to the Atlantic, for a distance of 1000 leagues, pouring every twenty-four hours into the

ocean 13,410 million cubical metres of water, flowed uninterruptedly through the lands of the Monk-king. On its borders, and on those of the other majestic streams of the New World and their affluents, thick forests extended in every direction, inviting their masters to avail themselves of the most valuable woods for all sorts of medicinal, mechanical, ornamental, domestic, and naval purposes.

With such copious resources at his disposal, marshalling all sorts of instruments of power and oppression, temporal as well as spiritual, who on earth should be able to thwart the plans of the mightiest champions of crusading monkhood, flushed with fresh and invigorating triumphs? Monarch, priests, and monks of the stamp, school and country of Alexander Borgia, Cisneros, Loyola, Torquemada, Alba, Cortes, Pizarro, men who, when once decided on the path for good or for evil, followed it through thick and thin, by fair or foul means, not allowing themselves the least inconsistency, the least deviation, until they sat at rest with their work completed. Who should be able to stop short their triumphant career, by sea and land, when Spanish monks, under the lead of the crowned Hannibal of monasticism, marching from victory to victory, across Alps and Andes, across rivers and oceans, cherished the hope of becoming the paramount lords of the creation, the paramount lords of Church and State, from world's end to world's end?

Who should be able to change the upward march of their ever-ascending rising star, closely approaching the highest conceivable zenith of earthly supreme power, when they perceived within sight and easy reach of their newly-built, formidable, citadel-like convents, three, four, five continents, and innumerable islands, to be stormed,

proselytized, plundered, ground to the dust, and finally parcelled out, and parched up, into the appurtenances of monkeries and nunneries, like the fields of La Mancha and the Castilles?

The dark side of this picture, even before the rising stars of William of Orange, the Prince of Bearn, and the Queen of England reached their zenith, is to be found in the deplorable state of the Spanish finances. Dishonesty in his interior and foreign policy was the characteristic feature—it had become, so to speak, the hereditary idiosyncrasy of the worthy successor, pupil, and son of the imperial Jeronymite monk; this characteristic feature became, to a certain point more conspicuous and barefaced, at home and abroad, in his financial contrivances against friends and foes, laymen, priests, prelates and popes.

In spite of the heavy taxes of his Spanish subjects, Charles the Fifth ended his reign, as he had begun it, by demanding extraordinary subsidies. To all the Cortes assembled by him, he constantly complained of his debts and wants, asking for more money. His soldiers, ill-paid, and ill-fed, when they did not support patiently and patriotically their privations, as was the case with the army of Pavia, were obliged to indulge in their marauding propensities, as was the case with the soldiers of Rome and Lombardy, or broke into open mutiny and rebellion, as did the garrisons of Milan and the Goleta.

The state of the Spanish finances was not prosperous when Philip took charge of them, the revenues had been spent, the resources exhausted, and the nation burdened with enormous debts. At the beginning of his reign the national debt was thirty-five millions of ducats; when he died the debt amounted to one hundred millions, leaving mort-

gaged the taxes of some years on behalf of the creditors of the State.

Philip spent largely during his stay in England. From the beginning of his reign he authorized considerable expenses to pay his spies in foreign courts, and to bribe the princes and foremost subjects favourable to his plans. Until 1583, when the King of Sweden was reconverted to the Lutheran faith, he sent him large amounts of money, with the hope of determining that monarch to partition Denmark with him. Enormous sums were sent to France at different periods to assist the party of the League. From 1585 he sent yearly to the Guises a million of crowns.

The consignment for the expenses of the Queen amounted in 1562 to 80,000 ducats; that of the prince had increased from 32,000 to 50,000; and at the same rate that of Don Juan of Austria. All the expenses of the royal house amounted in 1562 to 415,000 ducats, at a time, when the Magistrates of the two Chanceries of the Kingdom had the paltry salary of 400 ducats. The cost of the construction and interior decoration of the Escorial amounted to very near six millions of ducats. And, as Prescott rightly says, it would be a mistake to suppose that, when the building was finished, the labours of Philip were at an end. One might almost say they were but begun. The casket was completed, but the remainder of his days was to be passed in filling it with the rarest and richest gems. Philip omitted nothing which could give a value, real or imaginary, to his museum. He gathered at an immense cost several hundred cases of the bones of saints and martyrs, depositing them in rich silver shrines, of elaborate workmanship. The prices which he paid enabled him to command the services of the most

eminent artists. Many anecdotes are told of his munificence.

Philip began his career of reforming financier, by ordering, in conformity with the wishes expressed by the Council of Finances, a thousand patents of nobility (*hidalguías*) to be sold to persons of all classes, without paying any attention to their birth or families, whatever they might be, offering first for sale 150, at the price of 5,000 ducats each, in order to render the sale easier, safer, and quicker, reserving the others to sell successively, so that a sudden over-stock should not depreciate the value. He ordered the sale of perpetual jurisdictions, by which the Council expected to get a good round sum; the sale of commons belonging to the towns and villages, excepting only the most indispensable for the respective places; the increase of offices of aldermen, jurors, and notaries in the principal localities; the amount which in the two previous years had not been received from the *cuarta de las iglesias*, part of the masses which belong to the parish of which the deceased person was a member; he also gave instructions for compulsory loans from the prelates and individuals, to be paid back by means of annuities, assigned upon the revenues of the Crown, and so compulsory, that speaking of the bishop of Cordova, of whom they demanded 200,000 ducats, the King said, making him understand, that should he attempt to shun or exempt himself from those taxes, rigorous measures should be applied to get them in the best possible manner; to oblige the archbishop of Toledo to deliver the largest sum which he could; from the archbishop of Seville 150,000 ducats; from the priors or presidents of the consulados of Seville and Burgos 70,000; from the archbishop of Saragossa 70,000; to sell the towns of Estepa and

Montemolin to the Counts of Ureña and Puebla—to cancel the alum agreement entered into with the Pope, and to sell to the merchants at the highest prices; to beg of the towns and villages the profits of the censuses during the last ten years; to stop payment to the creditors who should be indemnified by means of new assignations (*consignaciones*) with high interests; to work and improve the mines of Guadalcanal. Already the law had prohibited both laics and clergy, under punishment of death and loss of their property, under punishment of the sequestration of their ecclesiastical and temporal revenues and banishment from the kingdom, from sending of money to Rome, either in coins or schedules, under any pretext whatever.

The king, far from finding fault with these and other taxes, was eager to have them established and gather them without any delay or consideration; advising that those should be obliged to pay larger sums who were not willing to pay them. And among other items which he added to the proposed list of new taxes, one was to take possession of the half of the revenues of the Spanish church, granted to his father, for a certain time, by the Pope Julius the Third to meet the expenses of the war against the German Protestants. The bull of this concession had been afterwards annulled by the Pope; but in a council of divines and canonists assembled by Philip, it was decided that the Pope could not annul the bull after it had been confirmed by the kingdom, and therefore, they declared that the king had the right of receiving the said half of the ecclesiastical property. Philip adhered to their opinion, and acted accordingly.

The greatest severity was employed in the exactions of the loans, and commissioners were despatched

to the provinces to compromise with the landowners, nobles, and prelates. Don Diego de Acebedo, sent in this capacity to Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia, had orders to exact from the Archbishop of Saragossa, not only the 60,000 ducats recommended by the Council of Finances, but 100,000, according to the wishes expressed by His Majesty. And, as he refused to pay more than 20,000 ducats, and the rumour circulated of his intending to send his money to Navarre, order was immediately given to the Duke of Albuquerque to detain the bearer and to lay an embargo on it. All the other persons required to contribute in that extraordinary way to the support of the burdens of the State, excused themselves the best they could, and the largest number only gave the third or fourth part of the sum asked for. The Archbishop of Toledo offered 50,000 ducats for six consecutive years, and moreover the surplusage of the silver and fabrics of the churches, stopping short all the commenced works; this sum was estimated paltry, considering the enormous income of the metropolitan diocese, of which a scrupulous valuation was ordered.

Not only did they resort to the expedient of legitimizing for money the children of the clergy, but granted them at a moderate price patents of nobility. That did not realize the calculated pecuniary result, because they well knew how to obtain by other means, and at less cost, the same favour. "Concerning the legitimations of the children of the clergy," wrote the Princess Gobernadora to her brother the king, "although such legitimation had been proposed and published generally, adding a patent of nobility, whether their fathers were or not noblemen, up to the present, none has bought them; it is believed that there are not many among

them who have the means of buying them, and those who possess them, are not in want of other means and remedies to which they resort; thus, although they have been told they should be able to obtain them at moderate prices, and the chief persons of the locality have been charged with this commission in the villages and towns of the kingdom, to render the transactions easier and more convenient, there is little hope of any profit."

According to Don Luis Cabrera, the faithful chronicler and servant of Philip the Second, and his son Philip the Third, and of all the contemporary writers the one who gives the clearest insight into the life of his countrymen at the time, "In the diocese of Calahorra there were the prodigious number of 18,000 clergymen, for the most part, wanting in respectability of any sort."

There were offered to the mercers and merchants, in payment of what was taken from them, the most enormous interests and annuities at the rate of 20,000 per 1,000; in spite of all those measures and the taxes, with which towns and individuals of all classes were burdened, the results were very far from satisfactory, not covering the expenses incurred.

And the *galeones* arrived, as before, with the gold of the Indies and in considerable quantities. According to the data left by the chief auditor of the Council of the Indies, His Majesty received annually from those colonies more than 1,200,000 ducats.

All the Cortes assembled during the reign of Philip the Second, constantly declared one of the causes of the national impoverishment to be, the accumulation of landed property in the hands of the clergy, and they always advised that an end should be put, or restrictions placed, on the rights of mortmain.

To take possession of the silver and gold which came from the Indies for the merchants and private gentlemen; to sell patents of nobility, jurisdictions, and offices; the *cuartas* of the churches; the commons, and the towns and villages of the Crown; to impose forced loans on prelates, magnates, and landowners, which were collected violently and inconsiderately; to stop payment to the creditors, and even legitimize by money the children of the clergy—these were the first economic depositions or acts proposed by the Council of Finances and approved by the monarch. As every year diminished the national income, at the same time that the expenses of the royal household and the warlike expenditure increased, the council and the king resorted to extraordinary taxes, to the sale of vassals, to the apportionment of Indians, to loans at enormous and ruinous interest. Some sumptuary laws, some provisions restrictive of commerce, some *pragmaticas* concerning dresses, was all that the Council of Finances could hit upon to improve the economic situation, and the *procuradores* or deputies, holding identical ideas on the subject, thought to have done something by passing resolutions which prohibited the *grandees* and nobles from gilding their house furniture, wearing embroidery and braids on their dresses, and putting on their tables more than four dishes and two desserts of fruit.

As, at the same time, the wars and expensive expeditions went on as before, and the eagerness for conquering kingdoms or preserving those which, far from producing anything, were so many drains direct and indirect of Spanish wealth continued, and the gold of America, together with the young agriculturists were sent out of the kingdom to pay and feed the Spanish armies in Flanders, the Low Coun-

tries, France and Italy, and as, on the other side, the administrative dispositions enacted were so nonsensical, every year misery and poverty increased; then it was decided not to recognize the titles and rights of the creditors of the State, to reduce arbitrarily their due interest under pretext of its being ruinous and exorbitant, to reform and modify their titles according to a fixed type of reduction, and to apply retroactive laws to all the agreements entered into 15 years before; a sort of national bankruptcy which frightened and irritated the foreign lenders, and put an end to the financial credit of the Spanish Government.

No wonder that towards the middle of his reign, Philip complained of the disorder in the finances, and was saddened with the idea of the future prepared for him, when at the age of forty-eight, he said, "*que no veia un dia de que podría vivir el otro.*" And to the recommendations of the Cortes of not selling more towns, villages, jurisdictions, patents of nobility, public offices, he answered with his urgent necessities; and when he could not extort any more from the exhausted people, assembled again the clergy and grandees, and demanded, not as a person who asks or solicits a favour, but as a master, forced loans in gold or products; and when all was exhausted, entreated resources in foreign lands at any price and interest.

Uselessly did the Cortes from the beginning loudly object to these sales of towns, commons, and jurisdictions, and to the increase of public offices, which demoralized and pauperized the country at the same time. The Cortes proposed the repression of luxury and the prohibition of exporting the gold and silver, in coin or in bar.

The prohibition of the exports of gold and silver increased the workmen's salaries, and that na-

turally increased the price of the products, which rendered dearer the most indispensable articles. The national opinion pronounced itself against the exports of manufactures, even to the colonies, and the Cortes passed on the subject the most strange resolutions. "We see," said the Cortes of Valladolid in 1548, "that the price of the cloths, silks, cordovans, and other articles of the manufactories of this kingdom, necessary to its inhabitants, is constantly increasing. We also know that the dearness comes from their exports to the Indies. . . .

. . . It is notorious and undeniable that there are to be found in America plenty of wools superior to the wools of Spain; why then do not the Americans manufacture their cloth? Silk is to be found in many provinces of America; why do they not manufacture velvet and satin? Are there not in the New World sufficient hides for their own use or consumption, and even for that of this kingdom? We pray your Majesty to forbid the export of these articles to America."

Restrictions and trammels of all sorts hindered and obstructed the improvement of national and foreign commerce. The high import and export duties on almost all articles, those on sales, purchases, and exchanges in constant increase, those which burdened the merchandizes imported into Castille by sea and by land, known by the name of the *diezmo de mar*, and many other harassing taxes, combined with other causes to extinguish the industries of the country.

Throughout Spain the old feudal prejudice against the mechanical professions was stronger, perhaps, than anywhere else. The natural fondness of the Spaniards for a certain finery and magnificence, and their indisposition to work, impelled them to exert themselves not to

remain in the humble class of artisans, manufacturers, or commoners, and to sacrifice their pecuniary interests to acquire the patent of nobility, the sale of which, with its titles and privileges, was facilitated by the absurd and erroneous system of selling them publicly, which found so much favour with Philip the Second. Also the circumstances and recollections of seeing, and having seen, the professions of artisans, manufacturers, and mercers, principally exercised by Jews, Moors and Arabs, moved the people, who boasted of their old uncontaminated Christianity, to look at them with unmerited contempt, and as disgraceful to them and their families. And then the Holy Tribunal was always inclined to look most suspiciously at all those who, anyhow, brought to their memory the Jews and Mahometans of the pre-inquisitorial era.

The measures against the Moriscos, the wars which they caused and their expatriation from the Andalusian countries, began also to deprive the Exchequer of the taxes paid by those manufacturing, mercantile, and agricultural populations. The want of roads and intercourse paralyzed the interior traffic and commerce, and the depredations of Moors, English, and Dutch, rendered difficult, if not impossible the exterior; while restrictive ordinances and exorbitant taxes and duties, created and encouraged smuggling.

In 1567 the taxes of Castille reached already to double the sum of what they were at the beginning of the reign of Philip, every year diminishing the wealth, and the wealth-producing power of the country. In 1575, the king reduced, by his own authority, to 4½ per cent., the rate of interest of 7½ at which he had contracted many loans after 1560. In 1589, he burdened the most indispensable articles of life for a civilized community

with duties which increased by 1,100,000 ducats yearly, the revenues of the exchequer; the following year he managed to obtain from the Grandees, the gratuitous gift of three and a half millions. Nevertheless, he forced his creditors to a new loan of eight millions, threatening them with a farther reduction. In 1598, the last year of his reign, he called at every door asking for gratuitous gifts.

At Naples the king could increase the taxes *ad libitum*, by his own authority, without any check, so that, little by little, the subjects of his most important Italian kingdom found themselves reduced to the last extremity under burdens, amounting to the quintuple of those paid in former years. There, as in the last period of the Roman Empire, the towns were declared answerable for the collection of taxes, one of which amounting to eight ducats, was claimed from all persons, even the most destitute. Sicily never consented to pay more than 250,000 ducats yearly. The taxes of the Milanese population were successively increased until they reached the sum of 1,200,000 scudi per annum, applied to paying the troops garrisoning the country. The immense resources of Flanders and the Low Countries were absorbed by the expenses incurred in combating the various revolts and insurrections against the government of Madrid. From 1569 to 1572, 25,000,000 were sent from Spain, notwithstanding the forced loan of 2,000,000 extorted by the threats of Alva.

The widely extended dominions inherited from his father, had been marvellously magnified by Philip's captains and diplomatists. With more reason than any other monarch on earth, he could boast of the sun never setting within the borders of his vast empire. And to uphold everywhere the supremacy of the

Church of the monk, in his eyes, synonymous with the supremacy of the Spanish crown, was the aim and end of his policy during the forty-three years of his reign.

It was in 1580 that Spain reached the zenith of her glory. At that moment all had been carefully prepared to take possession of Portugal. Philip's plans were crowned with success, and Spanish sway extended, with the only exception of the Araucanian territory, throughout the whole length and breadth of southern and central American mainland. On the other side of the Pyrenees, the realization of the ambitious designs of his Catholic Majesty seemed to promise equal success. The extinction of the line of Valois opened up cheering prospects to his inordinate love of power. He had put forward his claims as collateral heir to the throne of France, and Catherine of Medicis was there ready to back the pretensions of any enemy to the Bourbon family. The Pope, moreover, had thought proper to make a donation of Ireland to Philip, and the Irish people were better disposed to abide this time by the Pontifical decision, than they had proved to be some centuries before, when another Roman Bishop invested an English Prince with the sovereignty of the western island.

And this was not all. The enterprising Portuguese had already found their way into the most important places of the Asiatic and South-eastern African seaboard. The doors of those eastern islands and continents were of course open to the monarch who ruled supreme at Lisbon, and had thoroughly defeated at Lepanto the most formidable Asiatic warriors. Northern Africa, distant but a few miles from the Spanish shores, could be easily reached, and after the overwhelming catastrophe inflicted on the Turks, it was not a difficult task to

subdue their African dependencies and their natural allies, the neighbouring Mahometan countries—those pestilent hotbeds of Mediterranean pirates. Besides, Spanish or Portuguese seamen had already taken notice of another new continent—*Terra Australis incognita*.

The only war of his long reign which had not originated in the religious intolerance of the king was that of Portugal, and the annexation of that kingdom and its colonies formed the most important acquisitions of Philip. Don Sebastian died in the fields of Alcazarquivir, in 1578. There perished the whole army with the flower of the Portuguese hidalgos, and the kingdom remained comparatively defenceless, without captains and soldiers, and the most illustrious representatives of the old nobility. An inquisitor, archbishop, cardinal, occupied the vacant throne. Notwithstanding his old age, and that according to the canons of his Church he was incapacitated from marrying, he sent to Rome for the dispensation required. The Pope would willingly have granted it in order to thwart the plans of the monk of the Escorial, if his ambassador at the court of Rome had not most cleverly prevented it.

The vast monarchy was composed of empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, earldoms, and lordships, so dissimilar in many respects, that of most of them it may be said that they only had in common the person of the king at the head of their administration. Different by their history, interests, and laws; possessing life and existence of their own; far from constituting a common nationality, they were an aggregate of States bitterly jealous of each other, and inclined to deal in many ways more liberally with the neighbouring countries, than with those in their immediate neighbourhood under the sway of the Spanish

sovereigns. And this applied not only to the foreign dominions of their Catholic Majesties, but also, although in a lesser degree, to their Spanish States, which countries, with the exception of their religious dogma, disagreed in almost every other respect. Castille, Aragon, Navarre, dealt with each other commercially, as if they were ruled by different sovereigns. The Basque provinces, while burdening with onerous duties the merchandises imported or exported to the Castilles, imported and exported duty-free, foreign and national products and manufactures.

A jealous investigator of the customs and morals of the clergy in general, a diligent prier into the conduct and individual qualities of every ecclesiastic, Philip knew the instruction, capacity, and morality of all those able to pretend to prebends and dignities. And for this reason, and by his system of giving precedence in those elections to merit over birth, during his reign very virtuous and learned men obtained mitres and prelacies. With such policy, assisted by his prodigious memory, when persons were proposed for the bishoprics, and other ecclesiastical dignities, he used to object to them, either on the ground of recent slips, with which he was perfectly acquainted, or old frailties of their youth, that all but he had already forgotten. He remembered everything at the moment, and his memory appears more extraordinary if we take into consideration that the clergy were most numerous, and their morals in general not very pure and edifying.

He exercised not only with the clergy this sort of royal inquisitorial policy, he extended it to all classes and offices of the State, and had his spies in his own palace, as well as in foreign courts. This explains, to a certain point, the enormous amount of information Philip ac-

quired, concerning the public and individual intrigues, and ambitions of foreign and national courtiers, favourites, ministers, pretenders, statesmen and diplomatists. This explains, likewise, to a certain point, how so exceedingly cautious a monarch should have written down in his own handwriting, in the minutes and offices to his ministers, views, designs, advices, hints, injunctions, which convey so mean and repulsive an idea of his character, and which at the time, no doubt, he thought would remain for ever unfathomed arcana, but which in aftertimes became known.

The geographical and historic description, together with the statistics of the wealth and population, which he ordered to be made of all the countries of Spain and the Indies, is a good proof of his organizing administrative genius, although nothing of any value was done. The principal responsibility for which rests on his inept and indolent successors, who disregarded his plans or recommendations on the subject. Moved by this same spirit of order and regularity, he ordered to be kept and arranged in the fortress of Simancas, all the old writings which were disseminated throughout different places of Castille, and which became the beginning and *foundation* of those wealthy national archives which are there now preserved, and have been copiously increased since that time. The idea which originated with Cisneros, was accepted and patronized by Charles the Fifth, and realized by his son.

Philip was an indefatigable worker. Were it possible to put together all that he wrote with his own hand in letters, warrants, schedules, instructions, decrees, minutes, remarks, monitions, additions, suppressions, corrections, marginal and interlineal notes, &c. &c., volumes could be filled. The communications of his teachers inform us of his improve-

ments in the study of languages, and the authors of Latin poems used to consult him, and listened with respect to his opinion. He esteemed learned men, and was in correspondence with the lettered men of the time. Of his fondness for books he gave testimony by his commissions to Antonio de Gracian to buy the works of el Abulense (el Tostado), to Arias Montanus for the acquisition of Hebrew MSS. at Rome, and to other learned men; and, above all, by the library which he began to form in the Escorial. According to Prescott, "Philip had given a degree of attention to the study of the fine arts seldom found in persons of his condition. He was a connoisseur in painting, and, above all, in architecture, making a careful study of its principles, and occasionally furnishing designs with his own hand. No prince of his time left behind him so many proofs of his taste and magnificence in building."

His internal policy was admirably adapted to his suspicious, artful, and dissembling nature. Purposely allowing his counsellors a certain freedom to speak out their opinions, in order to know them better; encouraging with calculating affability those who transacted business with him; listening without any sign of displeasure to the remonstrances addressed, with face rarely either cheerful or angry, almost always serene, and never out of temper, as a person who is always on his guard; more courtier-like than his courtiers, as he was more minister-like than his ministers, it was difficult for his counsellors to know with certainty when they had succeeded in acquiring the favour or the disfavour of their king; their sentence of banishment, imprisonment, or death, came suddenly when they were least prepared for it. His system was to foment or maintain alive rivalry among them in order

better to dominate them. Thus did he behave with the Duke of Alva, Cardinals Espinosa and Quiroga, Don Juan de Austria, Ruy Gomez, Marquis de los Velez, and secretaries Santoyo, Vazquez and Perez. Very rarely did he elevate his imagination to the level of his power and the magnitude of his ambition. Very rarely did he display that energetic activity which demands a great conception, and assures success. Many enterprises miscarried through the slowness of the detailed instructions on incidents of little moment. He was as slow in coming to a resolution, as his father was quick to act. In the time required by Philip to answer or consider the advice of his council, Charles the Fifth conquered a kingdom.

Unlike his father, who wanted to be everywhere at the same time, Philip preferred the loss of a kingdom to incurring the trouble of a long voyage.

Charles the Fifth principally esteemed military gentlemen; his son, on the contrary, much indebted as he was to them, never showed the least sympathy towards them. Philip possessed the talent of obscuring, to a certain point, the statesmen whose advice he most frequently followed or consulted: they have remained up to the present comparatively obscure; he knew how to appropriate their opinions, and produce or recommend them as his own conceptions. Perhaps this was the calculated result of the mysterious secrecy with which he surrounded all his affairs. He wanted to become the ubiquitous autocrat of his subjects, making them feel as far as possible, without declaring it verbally, as the French despot of the following century did, that he only was the Government, and all the Government. His policy was to obscure and humble every one around him, standing

up before the world in the more exalted, imposing and unrivalled majesty.

Very seldom do we find in his heart a tender feeling. That gloomy reservedness, that cold indifference, that unalterable serenity of face; without a smile in prosperous times, without anger under misfortune, which neither the spectacle of punishment altered, nor the prayers of the unfortunate moved, nor the moans of the victims changed, revealed a heart inaccessible to human pity and compassion. The secrecy with which he premeditated the general punishment and persecution of a whole country and race; the perseverance with which he prosecuted for years with the most profound dissemblance, and through the most tenebrous means, his schemes of national and personal revenge, and the insensible hardness with which he passed a fatal sentence against a stranger, a confidant, a brother, a son—discovered a soul with which we should not like to see any man endowed. As imperturbably would he listen to the news of the victory of Lepanto, as to the news of the defeat of the "Invincible."

Philip was more inclined to destroy and render useless, slowly, and by degrees, the very things which he feigned to respect, than to level at them violent and decisive blows. During his reign the Cortes met more than twelve times, and, in some of the periods, remained assembled for many years. He began by not complying with some of their petitions, answering others with those ambiguous words, so natural to his character, promising to consider them and decide afterwards what he should think convenient. Successively his concessions decreased. Afterwards the propositions which received from him a favourable answer became very rare. Then he determined to let years

elapse before answering them; and many times the new Cortes met without having received any answer to the recommendation of the former Cortes. After this he adopted the system of fatiguing them by keeping them assembled for long periods, although the members complained of the damage and detriment which that caused. From this he passed on to issue ordinances and laws of his own authority, without taking the advice of the Cortes, even when they were sitting. When he saw that the representatives of the nation begged of him most submissively that, at least, he would have the consideration or courtesy to consult their opinion, he could congratulate himself on having reduced them to a perfect state of harmlessness, impotency, and nullity, without noise or violence, having converted them, so to say, by extenuation, to a sort of caricature of national representatives.

In spite of the exertions of Charles and Philip to corrupt the integrity, purity, and independence of the *procuradores*, they always denounced with courage the extralimitations of the royal authority, and constantly repeated to the king that he was transgressing all laws, when imposing and gathering taxes by his own power, without the assent and authorization of the assembled representatives of the nation. Philip excused himself, arguing the necessity of defending the Catholic faith.

Contemplating the best and surest manner of putting an untimely end to the Aragonese liberties, as unwillingly supported by him as those of Castille, he took advantage of the riots and revolt of the citizens of Saragossa, caused by the well-known process against Antonio Perez. He did not let slip the opportunity, and acting *ab irato* first against the men, and then

against the institutions, he began by sending to the scaffold the *Justicia Mayor* and the leader of the revolted people, and afterwards put an end to the Aragonese fueros. Always hypocritical, the royal army was already entering Saragossa, and yet the king affirmed and asserted that he sent his soldiers there to restore the free enjoyment and working of the fueros. The son terminated at the Cortes of Tarragona what the father began at the Cortes of Coruña. All the information and proceedings against the most respectable of all magistrates, *el Justicia Mayor de Aragon*, were these words, "*Prenderéis á Don Juan de Lanuza, y hareis luego cortar la cabeza.*"—"Take hold of Don Juan de Lanuza, and order his head to be lopped off without delay."

Philip was the first to establish definitively, in a fixed point of the Peninsula, his court and the residence of the Supreme Government, renouncing, so to speak, the wandering life of his ancestors. His resolution met with many disadvantages, and was, no doubt, during his reign and those of his descendants, one of the causes of the wars and insurrections in some of the provinces under his sway on both sides of the Pyrenees. Most likely to the Catalan and Aragonese people, his having rendered an insignificant town of New Castille the capital and official head-quarters of the vast political and administrative machinery, proved as distasteful as it would have been to the Low Countries and the Italian kingdoms.

For this reason they began to watch more jealously what was going on in the councils of the king of Castile, and to examine and protect more carefully, and give more importance than before, to the fueros and special laws which prevailed among them. Up to the

time of the Austrian dynasty those fueros had been instrumental in preserving and extending the liberties of the subject against the encroachments of their own native princes; henceforth they must also secure them against foreign domination, for foreign they reputed, if not exactly the king, at least his royal secretaries and counsellors, and all the Castilian gentlemen in general. Then, not only did all these fueros or privileges begin to be exaggerated in every sense, and ostentatious works were published, the design of which was manifest to the most short-sighted, but no one took the trouble to impugn them in the respective places where they became popular, because the old royalist or loyalist party in those countries dwindled to comparative insignificance with the absence of the monarch. Those, or the descendants of those, who in former centuries had maintained the prerogatives of the crown against the excessive pretensions of nobles and commons, for the most part made common cause with the champions of the old fueros, who were considered by the majority of their countrymen as the defenders of the national independence and traditional customs against the hated preponderance of the Castilian lieges and their king in the local affairs of the commonalty. To put some order and rule into elements so contrary, and make them move regularly, without collisions and hitches of any kind, it was necessary to create a strong and lasting government, which should manage to conciliate, as far as possible, the peculiar organization of every kingdom with the general interests of the monarchy. How to attract to a common centre the principles of life and action, which agitated the Peninsula in opposite directions, was the problem which had occupied the attention of Ferdinand the

Catholic, Cisneros, and Charles the Fifth, before the reign of Philip the Second. All of them acted on the principle that to succeed in their attempts it was indispensable to increase in every direction the royal power, rendering it stronger than it had ever been before in those countries. In this they appear to have been in accordance with the ideas prevailing throughout Europe. All the kings of the time attempted to organize, more or less successfully, the monarchical system according to the same plan. None of them appears to have been over scrupulous about the means employed. By the establishment of the Inquisition, the permanent militia, the almost general creation of *corregidores*, the expulsion of the nobility of the Castilian Cortes, the annexions to the Crown of the grand masterships of the powerful and troublesome military orders of Alcantara, Calatrava, and St. James, and other less noticeable changes, the predecessors of Philip had paved the way to the final realization of his ambitious and despotic schemes. The lawyers, most influential in the council of the Crown since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, favoured also the royal preferences or tendencies in that direction. The study of the Roman law, then very general, their own personal interests or ambitions as a class, and the disturbances and dissensions of the feudal era, then of recent date, induced them to increase the prerogatives of the head of the State.

Convinced of the serious drawbacks of the former regime, and of the necessity for creating another better adapted to the new order of things, the Catholic kings began this work after the union of the crowns of Castile and Aragon. Charles the Fifth and his son completed this organization, giving it

fixity, solidity, and stability. The Councils (*Consejos*) of the different kingdoms established at the court, became the principal wheels of the governmental machinery; they were generally composed of persons well acquainted with the peculiar laws and customs of those kingdoms, either because they were born there, a condition very commonly required, or through having filled there important places. At the head of each Council was the King, in his capacity of ruler of the particular country with the interests of which the Council was charged. The affairs were administered in conformity with the *fueros* of those countries, and the execution of their resolutions devolved on the ordinary functionaries. In the councils of Castile, Aragon, Portugal, Flanders, Italy and the Indies, the affairs were attentively examined, and their resolutions made known to the Sovereign in the form of *consulta* or advice. A large number of Secretaries, among whom was divided the expediting of the affairs, but without any more authority than that which their name indicated, communicated to the prince these *consultas*. Sometimes, nevertheless, the king, assisted by his secretaries, decided what was to be done without the intervention of the Councils, sending his resolutions directly to the viceroys and other highest representatives of the monarch within the different countries under his sway; this happened seldom at the beginning, but it became very common in aftertimes, although it always appears to have been blamed and viewed with displeasure.

The general interests of the monarchy demanded cares common to all the parts which composed it. They originated another sort of Councils very different in their functions and aims. They were not charged with the government of any

particular kingdom, but with the management of any special branch of the administration throughout the monarchy, being to a certain point the reverse side of the others. If the former personified the old peculiar government of each separate kingdom, the latter announced the future general regime of the monarchy; the former struggled to maintain the spirit of locality or provincialism, the latter advanced on every favourable conjuncture the work of national centralization. The new councils were, no doubt, an institution destined to gather life, strength, and importance at the expense of the old ones, being ready to suppress and supplant them at the great epoch of the fusion of all the interests in the interest of the common nationality. To this class belonged the Council of State and those of War, Finance, and others less important. These councils deliberated on the affairs in their respective competence, examining them from the side of the higher interests of the whole monarchy, and easily and gradually encroached on many things which belonged before their creation to the councils of the particular kingdoms. The whole machinery was in need of a common centre, whence it should receive at once movement and regularity. Charles the Fifth and his son supplied with their personal labour the want of this centre, and the position of those monarchs was of the highest from this single circumstance, but also very difficult and laborious. It suited their views of real and ubiquitous autocracy, but not those of their successors, who were satisfied with reigning, allowing their favourites to rule and misrule their vast dominions.

Fond of order and regularity in everything, Philip distributed more conveniently the affairs of the Councils and secretaryships, so that

their expedition should be free from the obstructions and confusion, which had prevailed in no small degree up to his time.

Above all those Councils, and superior in everything but the wisdom of their resolutions, to all of them, was the Supreme Council of the Inquisition, charged with the administration and supervision of the religious interests. A tribunal more political than religious, even in those times, when religious affairs were the most serious and momentous in the national and foreign policy; it constantly served the temporal aspirations of the kings, and became, in their hands, the surest instrument of furthering their ambitious plans. The Inquisition was, indeed, an admirable tool of centralization and power in those times, and possessed a logical completeness, a force and unity of which all contemporary institutions were deprived. Its authority extended throughout Spain; at the head of it was the Supreme Council, which resided at the court, and which directed the subaltern tribunals and inquisitions, disseminated throughout the various kingdoms with general and uniform rules, and above all, perfectly independent of the *fueros* and particular laws of each kingdom. The Judges were appointed by the Kings, without being trammelled in their preferences by any of the restrictions which they found in the appointments of other public functionaries in some of their dominions. In that way it happened that the Inquisition of Saragossa, unlike the other tribunals of Aragon in the most insignificant localities, was under the immediate authority of a superior Council, which sat and deliberated at Madrid, its judges were the only ones within the kingdom who were not Aragonese, or, at least, at the will of the King could be appointed of any other country; their appointment

was the work of the Crown, and against their proceedings, wrapped in secrecy, the rights of asylum and refuge, which the fueros of the country secured in other cases to the natives and inhabitants, were of no avail. Concerning the Inquisition as in everything else, Philip had not created anything, his was not a creative genius; he had simply improved and completed the work of his ancestors, animated by the same spirit and ambition. He had only increased the authority of the Holy Office still more than his predecessors, exalting it more and more above the other tribunals, and extending and magnifying at their expense its jurisdiction and attributes; but the more he enhanced it, the more careful he was of keeping it under his immediate personal control. Nothing really important took place in that institution without the assent of the Sovereign, who in his dealings with the Holy Tribunal usually put aside his most confidential secretaries, almost always answering in his own handwriting the *consultas* of the Supreme Council of the Inquisition.

The kings of Spain soon perceived how great an instrument of influence and authority the Inquisition was. From this consideration they constantly disregarded the most justifiable appeals and remonstrances of their subjects, and they decided to make that powerful and dreaded tribunal still more powerful and dreaded. At Rome, on the contrary, the injured people very often found shelter and protection, in spite of the exertions of their Spanish majesties and their agents in the capital of Roman Catholicism. At the Pontifical court, far from feeling inclined to defend the exaggerations and extreme measures of the Holy Office, it was most distasteful to the Curia to observe the independent spirit in ecclesiastical matters osten-

tatiously displayed, from the very beginning, by Spanish Inquisitors. If the Popes could have behaved with entire liberty in the first years of the institution, when they saw Torquemada and his adepts at work, its existence would have been shortlived. But the kings of Spain, just then more powerful than ever, and of whose friendship and assistance the Roman Pontiffs were much in need, were ready to protect and defend the detested institution against all comers. Their incessant and continued exertions proved most successful, and the Inquisition, every year more and more independent of Rome, was more and more subjected to the power of the Sovereigns, who availed themselves of it most unscrupulously in their politics.

Gloomy and untractable by temper, intolerant by religion, by education, and by nature suspicious, inquisitive, and vindictive, Philip the Second would have become the most accomplished of general inquisitors of the most ferocious and relentless type, had he not been seated on the throne. He could not fail to attract the entire confidence of the Holy Office, and encourage them by new privileges. The inquisitors well knew that he regarded as delightful spectacles, the *autos-da-fé* against the heretics. For that reason, in order to humour him, when he came back to Valladolid, his native town, in 1559, they prepared one against the Lutherans, and solemnized his return with the bonfires, at which the King assisted with great pleasure. It was then that he pronounced those well known words:—"I would, myself, carry wood to burn my own son were he such a wretch as you."

In all the other most memorable festivities of his reign, to celebrate the arrival at the Spanish capital or principal cities of the foreign royal brides, the Inquisitors never neg-

lected the opportunity of giving zest to the public amusements by an *auto-da-fé*. The inquisitorial cruelties and procedure perfectly agreed with Philip's religious ideas, and his dissembling and tenebrous policy. When he was only prince and governor of the kingdom, he had already shown his tendencies in that direction, by restoring to the Holy Office powers, the exercise of which had been suspended by his father; and afterwards, when he became king, he confirmed them by different decrees, and more ostensibly than his predecessors he converted the Inquisition into his right arm in spiritual, secular, and most personal affairs. When by means of the civil law of the kingdom he could not reach his kingly revenge, he resorted to the Inquisition, from the snares and nets of which it was not an easy thing for an accused party to escape. He was pleased with the repetition and increase of the *autos-da-fé* in Toledo, Murcia, Valencia, Saragossa, Seville, and Granada; he saw with pleasure how the Inquisition chained the human thought, how it persecuted men prominent by their science and doctrine, how it prohibited books remarkable for their philosophy and erudition, and how it condemned, and put into prison their authors, on the pretended charge of teaching dangerous opinions.

The Holy Office, always jealous, severe, and suspicious of all the works which, directly or indirectly, dealt with religious subjects, became still more so when the principles of the Reformation began to be propagated throughout Europe, and to struggle with the old creed. The watchfulness of the Inquisitor increased, and, impelled by the desire of putting down Protestantism, and hindering the dissemination of the heretical poison beyond the Pyrenees—not satisfied with the prohibition of the Lutheran books

and writings, nor with the condemnation of those contained in the indices, nor with seizing and anathematizing all the books in which they discovered or suspected any maxim contrary to the Roman Church—under the royal patronage his censures gradually reached all published works, and finally, nothing could be printed without the previous approbation of the Inquisitor.

Nor did they respect even those subjects of their Catholic Majesties, who had the highest reputation for virtue, talent, and holiness, such as the venerable Juan de Avila, the learned Fray Luis Granada, Fray Luis de Leon, Sta. Theresa and St. Juan de la Cruz. Everybody feared, knowing that his works were to be examined by judges so severe and searching. And not only were works dealing with divinity, religion, and morals, subjected to such investigation, but the inquisitorial *supervision* extended to all writings, even to those explaining the agricultural and nautical art, as well as those intended only to amuse their readers. As it is almost impossible, taking into consideration the general affinities and relations of the different branches of human knowledge, not to mention or utter anyhow laws, or facts, premises or conclusions, more or less remotely connected with religious ideas and traditions, authors were constantly in danger of exciting the suspicions, whims, or irascible touchiness in ecclesiastical matters of the crochety or rancorous censor. And that was enough to expose him to become the innocent victim of iniquitous and mysterious proceedings, against which no one around him was daring or strong enough to protest in his favour.

Philip provoked by his measures the rebellion of the Moriscoes, and when he had put down the insurrection, he dealt out the same mea-

sure to guilty and innocent. To establish religious unity in the kingdom of Granada, his only means was to depopulate it, and the best manner of converting a race of doubtful believers into good Christians was to destroy them. Instigated by the Cardinal Espinosa, he issued in 1567 an ordinance commanding them, under the most severe punishment, to renounce their most sacred and ancient customs, and even their language, for which, within the term of three years, they were to substitute the Castilian language. In this determination against the Moriscoes, as in some of the most execrable and senseless resolutions of his reign, he followed the bad example of his predecessors, Ximenez de Cisneros, his father, and his father's grandfather, only Philip, as was usually the case with him, pushed matters a degree further. Even the Duke of Alva himself disapproved of that autocratic excess of his royal master.

He issued from his cell in the Escorial royal ordinances, not only against the insurrectionists, but also against the peaceful inhabitants who had remained loyal and obedient, "that all the inhabitants of the Alcazaba and the Albaicin, from ten to sixty years of age, should be sent violently away out of their houses, and disseminated throughout the interior of the kingdom; their children of minor age to be delivered to Christians to be brought up in the faith. That all the peaceful Moors" (that is to say, all that remained obedient) "should be sent away from the kingdom of Granada and distributed throughout Castile; that all the Moriscoes, without distinction, should be locked up in the churches and then transported by gangs of 1,500, escorted by parties of soldiers to the designated districts."

Those unfortunate people were

assembled like herds of cattle, deprived of their property, torn from their hearths, and they died afterwards in the roads of hunger, fatigue, grief, and ill-treatment. Few decrees were more iniquitous, tyrannical, and cruel.

Although he had not inspired many sympathies, the people of Flanders willingly assisted Philip the Second to terminate the war with France in 1558, voting five millions of florins for that year, and no alarming signs of insurrection were noticed until he created fourteen new bishoprics, renewed the terrible imperial edicts against the heretics, attempted to establish there an Inquisition worse than that of Spain, and to interfere most outrageously with the privileges and freedom of the country. The Spanish troops remained there longer than it had been agreed; too much influence was allowed to Granvelle in the council and government; the King showed himself ready for all sorts of extremities to oblige them to accept and obey, as laws of the State, the decrees of the Tridentine Fathers.

The victor of St. Quentin and Gravelines, the two most signal battles won by Spanish armies during the reign of Philip against the traditional enemies of his ancestors, the Dukes of Burgundy, the Kings of Aragon, and the German Emperors, came to Madrid and obtained a favourable answer of the King; but at the same time that Egmont reached those countries, came orders from his Catholic Majesty to punish the heretics with more severity than before. This treacherous behaviour of the monarch irritated as much as the inquisitorial cruelties; many young noblemen entered into the Pact of Breda, confederating themselves under oath to oppose with arms in their hands the Holy Office and its edicts. Then he condescends to a

general pardon, but protesting secretly before a notary that he did not act or proceed freely and spontaneously. He wrote to his ambassador at Rome, that far from being inclined to realize the promised pardon, he was ready to ruin and destroy those States, and all the others under his rule, and to lose one hundred lives, if he had them, rather than assent to reign over heretics. Had he proposed to himself to irritate the Flemish, as he had done the Moriscoes,† to push them to rebellion and exterminate them afterwards? asks the modern writer of the general history of Spain, Don Modesto Lafuente. The council of divines on the subject assembled by him, declared that, considering the situation of those provinces, he could well, without the least offence to God, allow them freedom of conscience, before originating the evils which a rebellion might bring on the universal Church. And he never went there, although the Princess Regent, the nobles of the land, his counsellors of Spain, the same Cardinal Granvelle, even the Pope, prayed him to go there. To all these requests he objected on the ground of penury, fever, or urgent business. Was it that he made it a case of conscience to exterminate all those who did not profess the Roman religion, and not tolerate any other cult in his States? asks again the modern Spanish historian above named.

He then sends the Duke of Alva to pacify those provinces. Really, Philip could not have found throughout all the length and breadth of his vast domains, a nobleman more favourably circumstanced for the designed task. The most illustrious ducal servant of Emperor, Pope and King, sailed from Cartagena, the twenty-seventh of April, 1567. He landed on the friendly Genoese coast the seventeenth of the next month. There he took the command

of the expeditionary corps, composed of first-rate soldiers, magnificently arrayed in the most gorgeous martial attire of the epoch. Pius the Fifth pointed Geneva to the fanatical warriors of the Spanish monarch. That nest of Calvinism was spared. The orders received by their leader, the congenial tool of Philip, were to the effect of immediately proceeding to the Low Countries, where the old tottering faith was in need of their support.

The Mouravieff of Roman Catholic autocracy reached his destination, the Council of Blood was established at Brussels. Margaret departed from the Low Countries. Wholesale emigration, wholesale confiscation, wholesale hangings and decapitations followed the Regent's departure. The faithful subject after the heart of Philip and Pius the Fifth, was busy at work. The victor of St. Quentin and Gravelines perished on the scaffold. But the most barbarous tortures inflicted on the defenceless victims, had not the power to silence, even when at the stake, the courageous martyrs for freedom of conscience.

Alva imposed on the country the onerous duties of the hundredth, the twentieth, and the tenth on all the sales of movable and immovable property. The exaction of the twentieth and tenth forced the merchants and mechanics to close their shops and workshops. The duke immediately ordered some of them to be hanged at the doors of their shops. But the most barbarous extortions inflicted on the defenceless tax-payers had not the power to replenish the dilapidated royal exchequer. The houses of the Protestant nobles were levelled to the ground, the prisons were filled with victims, no one considered himself safe. "On Ash Wednesday, about 500 have been put into prison. . . . I ordered them all to be executed. . .

. . . After Easter I calculate that more than 800 heads will be lopped off." These are the cheering notes of the Duke to the King!

The tribunal of blood was at work without repose, and still the sanguinary governor was dissatisfied with the slowness of the proceedings, and he was indignant when he thought that no one in those countries became willingly instrumental in such cruelties. All the circumstances which can render an act of ferocious tyranny abominable, all that can excite the interest of a nation on behalf of illustrious victims, was combined in the imprisonment, sentence, and public execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn. And at the same time that the Duke of Alva was sending by hundreds to the scaffold Protestants and Roman Catholics, the patricians and plebeians of the land delivered to his tender mercies, Philip put into prison his own son on suspicion of being in communication with the heretics, took possession of the son of the Prince of Orange, and dictated secretly to the executioner the best manner and way of strangulating the brother of the Count Horn. Philip gave the minutest details of instructions, explaining how to put an end, in the silence of night, to the life of the Baron de Montigny, in order that his death should appear natural.

Fortune smiled on the Duke of Alva from every quarter of the Catholic world during the first years of his vice-royalty. He orders the erection of a brazen statue to himself in the castle of Antwerp. A blessed hat and sword, ornamented with gold and jewels, an honour, up to that epoch conferred only on sovereigns, was sent to him by the Dominican Inquisitor, who sat in the chair of St. Peter, always ready to encourage and reward the Romanizing zeal of the slayers

of heretics by wholesale. It was at the camp of Mons that the news of the massacres of St. Bartholomew reached Alva and his crusaders, who welcomed it with joyous shouting and illuminations. The same effect was produced at Madrid, where, according to the communications sent by the French ambassador, never had Philip in his life shown so much cheerfulness. "*Il se prit à rire, et avecques démonstrations d'un extreme plaisir et contentement il commença à louer Sa Majesté du titre de très-Chrétien.*"

Alva left the theatre of his crusading misdeeds in 1573, boasting of having punished with death by the hand of the executioner, during six years, some 18,000 rebels and heretics. So far so good, thought Philip; 3,000 deaths of rebels and heretics by the hand of the executioner every year gave a high idea of his devotion to the royal and pontifical cause; but in spite of that extenuating circumstance, it could not be denied that Alva's crusade had proved a most signal failure in every respect; it had not pacified the country; it had not thoroughly extirpated heresy; it had not produced any money to the exchequer of the King, which grew every year more burdened with debts. The crowned Jeronymite had been cruelly disappointed in all his policy, financial and monkish. No wonder if the star of his most trusted and exalted Castilian liege began to decline at court.

Everybody at Madrid considered the situation of those countries hopeless; the Emperor Maximilian thought that (1575) the proper moment to offer his mediation, but Philip did not feel disposed to make the least concession concerning freedom of conscience. The following year (1576) the Spanish soldiers, exasperated with the constantly delayed promise of pay, began to plunder the provinces,

those which had remained faithful as well as the others.

Defender of the Catholic unity, and protector of the pontifical authority against the arms and doctrines of the heretics and infidels, Philip had no scruples in taking possession of one half of the incomes of the Church, and he was inexorable with the Popes whenever and wherever they hurt his monarchical susceptibilities. On all these occasions he was always admirably and fearlessly seconded by his ministers, generals, and ambassadors. The Duke of Alva, in a letter which he addressed in 1556 to Paul IV., spoke out freely the ideas of his master and countrymen on the subject. We read among other things in the letter:—" . . . And why do not the answers of your Holiness justify and excuse what has happened? I did not think it necessary to send another reply, the less so after your Holiness had acted in such a way as evidently shows not only that no trust can be put in your words, which is considered infamous in the meanest and lowest of men." As the Popes insisted on the admission into Spain of the bull of the Supper (*cæna Domini*), which their Catholic Majesties always objected to, Philip wrote to the Marquis of Las Navas to make his Holiness understand that the laic prince is not bound to obey the Pope in temporal matters. This bull, first issued by Boniface VIII., or, at least, attributed to him, and in the following generations corrected, augmented, and improved by his successors in the Chair of St. Peter, excommunicated those who appeal from the pontifical decrees to the general council; the princes who are disposed to limit the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, those who violate the immunities of the clergy, those who burden the nations with new taxes, &c. After the exploits above

related of the Monk of the Escorial, concerning his peculiar ways and means of getting the money out of the pockets of his subjects, lay or ecclesiastical, and after his manner of interfering with the jurisdiction, wealth, and immunities of the Church and the prelates, this *Cæna Bulla* had not the least chance of being allowed admission into the domains of his Catholic Majesty.

The inflexibility of the King in not allowing the circulation of the pontifical bulls, in 1566, at Naples, Sicily, and Milan, without the *Regium exequatur*, showed Pius V. that he would never be able to obtain from Philip II. any concession on questions of jurisdiction.

To the reclamations of a Pope who invoked the revocation of a bull, was opposed the opinion of an assembly of Spanish divines and canonists, who thought their Sovereign perfectly authorized to make use of the bull granted by the Pope in former times. According to the official communications sent to Philip by his representatives at the court of Sextus V., his Holiness was a liar, a covetous and revengeful vicar of Christ on earth. The relations of the ambassadors from his Catholic Majesty with the head of the Catholic world, were so far from friendly, that the death of the tiaraed Franciscan inquisitor was imputed to poison, administered by the loyal subjects of the crowned Jeronymite monk of the Escorial. The Spanish representatives addressed the most threatening language to his successor, Clement VIII., to induce him to oppose the conversion of the King of France to the Roman religion.

After all this, we must not be surprised if the Spanish ultramontanes, who, many years ago, used to talk in glowing terms of Philip the Second, the stern and uncompromising defender of the unity of faith in his States, have

changed their mind. In some of the last Cortes, the most prominent of their representatives spoke of him in the most opprobrious terms. An indefatigable promoter of the decisions of the Church against heresy, the new meeting of the Tridentine Council was principally due to him. But when the Pope and his legates attempted to introduce into the resolutions of that assembly a spirit contrary to the plans contemplated by his Spanish Majesty, he objected to it in unmeasured terms; his angry answers, replies, and protests, as well as those of his ambassadors Ayala and Vargas, were not exactly deferential, either to the wishes or persons of the Head of the Church and his Curia; and the Roman Pontiff was finally forced to comply, in all the principal points debated, with the desires of the Monk of the Escorial, and the council was not a new *indiction*, as the Pope wanted it to be, but a mere *continuation*, as the King proposed from the beginning and constantly insisted upon. The *consulta* of the Council of Staté in 1559 ex-

hibits the firmness of the Spaniards of the period. They said to the King, speaking against the evils and misuse of the excessive privileges of the Nuncio, that "the natives of those kingdoms remaining in their sins with void dispensations, in exchange for which they take his money without measure or moderation;" and further on they insist still more forcibly on the same point, "because," they say, "certainly one of the most scandalous things in Christendom is this way of dispensing and expediting by money in ecclesiastical affairs." They did not object to the sending of a Nuncio by the Pope, but in what regards the powers conferred on the Nuncios, they were of opinion "that the said powers ought to be given to prelates born in these kingdoms, and not to foreigners." The Liberal ministers of King Alfonso in the second half of the nineteenth century, could do worse than follow the advice of the counsellors of Philip the Second when dealing with troublesome Legates.

VICTORIANO CARRIAS.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PEEPS AT LIFE," &c.

No. 13.—ST. JANUARIUS.

Of relics and of holy charms, and such celestial treasures,
 The Papal Church has ever had a goodly store to boast,
 To priestly domination, of all soul-enslaving measures,
 The traffic in such trinkets has contributed the most.

The "one original True Cross," as many Christians thought it,
 Was cut, and chipped, and pared away to nothing, one would think ;
 A piece was carried off by every devotee that sought it,
 And yet from primal shape and size it never seemed to shrink.

Just so no monster gender'd in the mighty brain of Dante,
 Had half as many bones and heads as Saints, 'twould seem, possessed ;
 And tho' of their identity the evidence was scanty,
 In wearing such, believers thought themselves supremely blessed.

Yet how could any Saint have had *two* sets of human members ?
 And how could more than *one* True Cross as genuine be shown ?
 Has any single year contained a couple of Decembers ?
 Of *tongues* alone 'tis possible a multitude to own.

Besides, it's hard that Saints deceased, however much respected,
 Are scatter'd in this fashion and not decently entomb'd,
 Tho' calendar'd in memory, they're seldom *re-collected*,
 But to a second martyrdom *posthumously* are doom'd.

Fair Italy in martyrs' blood's particularly wealthy,
 She keeps a bottle full in every monast'ry and church,
 Which melts at prayer until it looks like fluid live and healthy,
 A miracle that well rewards the pious pilgrim's search.

Saints Ursula, Bartholomew, St. Vitus and St. Lawrence,
 St. Eustace, John the Baptist, and some half a hundred more,
 Have left their blood in Naples, Rome, and Sicily, and Florence,
 To liquify when holy men come thither to adore.

But 'mid the sacred relics for their virtues highly rated,
 St. Januarius's blood is famous far and near,
 In May and in September is his *festa* celebrated,
 And once again repeated at the closing of the year.

Sweet Naples! "City of the Waves," as Mrs. Hemans named thee,
 Oh, would I could do justice to thy beauty in my song,
 And prove thee "Queen of Summer Seas," as poets have proclaim'd thee,
 But that would make the present lay inordinately long.

The subject of my melody's exclusively religious,
 I hope my treatment of it will be reverent to match;
 For one who ventures on a theme so sacred and prodigious,
 Should do his very best a strain devotional to catch.

Obliging Muse, come, gift me with an eloquence ecstatic,
 To praise St. Januarius for all that he has done,
 ("Gennaro," his familiar name, sounds rather operatic,
 Suggesting dread "Lucrezia" and her vocalizing son.)

Would'st learn the Saint's biography?—'tis little that is *told* of him,
 He preach'd at Benevento in the later Roman times,
 When Diocletian's persecuting myrmidons got *hold* of him,
 Regarding his religion as the dreadfullest of crimes.

Of all the Christian prelates the position was precarious,
 When purple-mantled Anti-Christ the tyrant sceptre sway'd,
 And thus it came to happen that the bishop Januarius
 To Pagan wrath and cruelty a sacrifice was made.

'Tis said it was Timotheus who, suffering from blindness,
 Was by our Saint restored to sight, yet doom'd him to his fate,
 An instance that, as oft we find, to do a man a kindness,
 Is purchasing, not gratitude, but injury and hate.

The Saint was to the lions cast, to meet the fate of Daniel,
 With two companions, innocent of aught but holy zeal,
 When lo! each great *carnivorus* fawn'd on him like a spaniel,
 And lick'd his feet, declining to begin his horrid meal.

The lookers on attributed this miracle to magic,
 And charged St. J. with sorcery, whose punishment was death,
 Determined that his exit should in any case be tragic,
 By amputation of his head they robb'd him of his breath.

'Tis strange, as I've remark'd before, that martyrs brought to slaughter,
 Whatever other forms of fate they manage to escape,
 Tho' passing safe thro' boiling oil, and flames, and drowning water,
 Expire at once when death assumes decapitation's shape.

Tradition says, a Roman dame, his loss devoutly rueing,
 Sponged up the precious drops of blood, and put them in a phial;
 A bit of straw by chance fell in the bottle, while so doing,
That straw's still there!—a fact enough to silence all denial.

The Saint's remains have often, since the day he went to heaven,
 Been moved from grave to grave until at last they were transferr'd
 To Naples' grand basilica, in fourteen-ninety-seven,
 And there with pomp and circumstance most solemnly interr'd.

The splendid tomb and chapel form a suitable memorial,
 Domenichino, Spagnoletto, were employed to paint
 The scenes that deck the walls, and give a history pictorial
 Of all the deeds and labours of the wonder-working Saint.

It is behind the altar that the relics are deposited,
 And guarded safely with a double-duplicate of keys,
 Till on the days of festival they're carefully unclosestet,
 The pious Neapolitans to edify and please.

The head of "San Gennaro," now as hard and brown as leather,
 Is placed upon the altar, near the sacrificial blood;
 The marvel is that when these holy relics meet together,
 The vital stream will flow anew, tho' dried as thick as mud.

But first the guardians of the shrine, by fervency in praying,
 Must warm their zeal to melting pitch, to gain the needful power,
 But when the blood will liquify exactly, there's no saying,
 It mostly takes ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

A bust of Naples' patron, large, and hollow'd out, and burnished,
 Contains his fossil cranium, as it stands upon the shrine;
 With priestly robes magnificent his shoulders then are furnish'd,
 And when the candles are alight the sight is very fine.

The blood is kept in bottles, one is small and reddish yellow,
 But here and there upon the glass some sanguine specks have dried;
 The other phial's larger and more greyish than its fellow,
 And holds some half a pint or so of martyr'd blood inside.

The blood when first reveal'd to view is very dark and cloggy,
 The case is like a carriage lamp, with hoops of silver barr'd,
 The surface of the glassy sides is so opaque and foggy,
 To see through the deception (if it be one) must be hard.

'Tis sweet to mark the faithful in the grand cathedral gather,
 To help the saints and clergy for their sins to intercede,
 But if the blood's long melting, the officiating father
 Will lift the soft persuasion of the Athanasian creed.

That "fixes it," as Yankees say, as *we* should say, *un-fixes* ;
 The clotted gore is fluidized, and mingles in a stream :
 They lift the Roman candles up—the longest of "long sixes"
 To cast upon the marvel their illuminating gleam.

Then when the process is complete, the keeper or "Thesaurer,"
 Like nursemaid with a baby, hands the precious burden round
 To be caressed and fondly kiss'd by each devout adorer,
 With joyous tears, as one who has a priceless treasure found.

It certainly must be a scene religiously inspiring
 To see the pious multitude with pleasure so elate,
 To hear the organ pealing, and the city guns a-firing,
 (But *that* was discontinued, it appears, in '68).

On special days the relics through the city streets are carried,
 A clerical procession as magnificent and bright
 As Monarch's when he's crown'd, or princely couples' when they're married,
 A "cynosure" all "neigh'bring eyes" to fasten and delight.

When melts the blood a kerchief's waved, and birds are set a-flying,
 The priest upon the altar scatters petals of the rose,
 And thus with praying, playing, paying (very often, crying),
 And marching round, the ceremony draws towards a close.

No doubt 'tis most *imposing*, but suggestive, to my fancy,
 (I hope that such comparison to no one seems a sin)
 Of those ornate, bewildering displays of necromancy,
 By conjurors like Hermann, Frikell, Maskelyne and Lynn.

Oh, for the eye of childish faith, whose seeing is believing !
 That faith which Education's spread is banishing from earth,
 Preventing lord or commoner such miracles receiving
 As did in Jacobitish times the pious Earl of Perth.

The *feſta* when he witness'd it took place in January,
 Mid hundreds of the faithfullest of worshippers he knelt ;
 He saw the liquefaction in the sacred reliquary,
 And doubted not the Hand Divine had caused the blood to melt.

'Twas only after many hours of penitential kneeling
 On cold, hard stones, the devotees beheld, with tears of bliss,
 The blessed saint's death-frozen stream to fluid uncongealing :
 The Scottish lord the bottle hugg'd with oft-repeated kiss.

Ah me! this nineteenth century of scepticism and science,
 More cold and hard than any stones impress'd by pilgrim's knees,
 Has taught that men, by bringing Nature's laws to due appliance,
 Objective miracles like this can imitate with ease.

'Tis hard to have to question such a sacred "Institution,"
 But Truth will stand, however close a scrutiny be made,
 Applying to the mystery a chemical *solution*
 We find there is no need at all for superhuman aid.

Thrice happy he whose calm belief declines the task of struggling
 With pros and cons, objections, doubts, all difficult to meet,
 Suspecting holy ministrants of systematic juggling,
 And joining in a pious fraud the ignorant to cheat!

When once such possibilities have won from us admission,
 We find our doubts increasing while our faith is growing small,
 Until their culmination is the terrible suspicion
 That Januarius's "blood" may not be blood at all.

And after all *cui bono?* asks the soulless and prosaic;
 What benefit's the miracle, supposing it is true?
 Forbear, my gentle reader, whether clerical or laic,
 To judge the creed of others from a narrow-minded view.

It keeps alive the ancient faith which Italy, possessing,
 Is far more favour'd than ourselves, the godless tho' the free,
 A faith that thro' the centuries has ever proved a blessing,
 (If this you doubt, peruse the Papal history and see).

Besides, when dread Vesuvius shows ugly signs of grumbling,
 The citizens implore their saint the peril to avert;
 And then, instead of lava-streams upon their houses tumbling,
 The fierce volcano stills its wrath, nor does the slightest hurt.

For fourteen centuries or more the blood has now existed,
 For nearly half a thousand years its virtues have been proved;
 How many Roman converts in that time it has enlisted!
 How many souls from heresy to orthodoxy moved!

Then hail to Januarius, and may his feast tri-annual
 (Altho' they say it's scarcely so successful as of yore)
 In spite of Garibaldi and Vittorio Emmanuel',
 In fame and might miraculous grow yearly more and more;

Teetotallers alone may well avoid it, since it teaches
 Devotion to the *bottle*, and it wouldn't do a bit
 For apoplectic subjects, for they know that spite of leeches,
 When once the *blood* gets to the *head*, they're sure to have a fit.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 36.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

A MARKED feature of the present time is the importance attached to Science, both as a source of national prosperity and a means of mental cultivation. Together with art it constitutes a distinct Government department. Within the last few years several expeditions for scientific purposes have been undertaken by Government. The annual Parliamentary grant to the Royal Society for special scientific investigation has been increased from £1,000 to £5,000.

The Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 have resolved to devote part of the funds at their disposal to the erection of buildings and the foundation of scholarships for the study of science. A Royal Commission has had the whole subject of scientific education under its consideration. Valuable prizes in the shape of fellowships and exhibitions, are offered at the ancient Universities, and by private munificence, with a view to encourage the cultivation of science, and new colleges and professorships have been created in various parts of the country for the purpose of carrying it on. The course of education at the public schools has been altered so as to include science among its essential parts. Lectures, classes, and examinations have also been instituted for the scientific instruction of the middle and lower classes. In short, it may safely be said, that never before did science enjoy so large a share of general consideration in this country.

Probably no one has contributed more to this important result than Professor Tyndall. In his admirable lectures and writings science is set forth in so clear and attractive a light as to render it highly esteemed by all persons of average intelligence and education. With convincing power he insists, whenever he can get an opportunity, on the value of scientific study as a discipline of the mind, and in his own person affords a most striking confirmation of his statements. Thus both his teaching and example have combined to make science better known and more



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Faithfully Yours
Wm. Spence

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD, LONDON.

highly valued, to awaken a general interest in its researches, and to extend the application of its methods and the cultivation of its spirit.

There is good evidence for assuming that Professor Tyndall may claim kinship with William Tyndall, the well-known martyr, who was burnt to death, in 1536, for his zeal in translating the Bible. Family tradition and documents cited by Mr. Greenfield show that, about two centuries ago, some members of the family, who were engaged in cloth manufacture, crossed over from the vales of Gloucestershire, where a few clothiers' mills may still be seen, to the county of Wexford in Ireland. Particular mention is made of a William Tyndall, who removed thither in the year 1670. Along the eastern coast of Ireland, in Wexford, Waterford, Carlow, and Dublin, are scattered a few descendants of these men, some in easy circumstances and honourable position, others less favoured by fortune.

William Tyndall, the grandfather of Professor Tyndall, possessed a small landed property in Wexford, from which county he removed to Carlow, taking up his abode in the little town—or rather village—of Leighlin Bridge, on the banks of the river Barrow, where he added to his means by acting as agent to William Steuart, Esq., of Steuart's Lodge.

His eldest son was John Tyndall, who married very young and had five children, three of whom died in infancy, the remaining two being Professor Tyndall, and his sister now residing with the widow of Dr. John Tyndall, in Gorey, county Wexford.

William Tyndall's small landed property would have naturally descended to his eldest son, and from him to the Professor. But both William Tyndall and his son John were men of warm temper and unbending will, and a difference of opinion on some point not now known, was so aggravated by these peculiarities of temper and character, that the father on his deathbed revoked his former will, and left the property to two sons of a second marriage.

The Professor's father was still young when the Irish Constabulary force was first established, and as his worldly prospects were anything but bright, he joined it, and was attached to it for several years.

It has been mentioned that he had a quick temper, but it is right to add that this, throughout his life, did not prevent his gaining the respect and confidence of all who were acquainted with him. He was a man of singular ability and rare integrity. An ardent politician, he was an Orangeman, and a member of the Brunswick Club. He had in his possession a fragment of a flag which fluttered at the battle of the Boyne. By unreserved intercourse he inspired his son with the same sentiments as he entertained on political and other subjects. He used often to talk to him about Newton—

“ That sun of Science, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of Nature into day.”

In the last edition of the "Fragments of Science," we find the following reference at p. 555 :—

"Born in Ireland, I, like my predecessors for many generations, was taught to hold my own against the Church of Rome. I had a father whose memory ought to be to me a stay, and an example of unbending rectitude and purity of life. The small stock to which he belonged, were scattered with various fortunes along that Eastern rim of Leinster, from Wexford upwards, to which they crossed from the Bristol Channel. My father was the poorest of them. Socially low, but mentally and morally high and independent, by his own inner energies and affinities he obtained a knowledge of history which would put mine to shame; while the whole of the controversy between Protestantism and Romanism was at his fingers' ends.

"At the present moment the works and characters which occupied him, come as far-off recollections to my mind. Claude and Bossuet, Chillingworth and Nott, Tillotson, Jeremy Taylor, Challoner, and Milner, Pope and McGuire, and others whom I have forgotten, or whom it is needless to name. Still this man, so charged with the ammunition of controversy, was so respected by his Catholic fellow-townsmen, that one and all put up their shutters when he died."

Professor Tyndall is now 56 years of age. He was born Leighlin Bridge, of which only a fragment now remains. His father's chief anxiety was to secure for him the best possible education. Hence he was careful to send him to as good a school as he could command, and he kept him at school till he was nineteen years old. Unfortunately, the best schools open to him were exceedingly defective. The boy, too, in his earlier school days, was far fonder of play than of work, so that he learnt very little. He, however, acquired some physical accomplishments which have since stood him in good stead in his Alpine and other tours. He became a swift runner, a fair boxer, an expert swimmer, an adept at climbing, and successful at hockey.

For his first really scientific knowledge, Professor Tyndall is indebted to Mr. John Conwill, formerly an able teacher in one of the Irish National Schools. With him were studied the rudiments of algebra, the elements of plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, and conic sections. Bishop Elrington's edition of Euclid was Tyndall's first school book on this subject. To this succeeded the treatises of Lardner and Wallace, which were both completely mastered. The first work in arithmetic which was put into his hands, was a treatise by Professor Thomson, the father of the present celebrated Sir William Thomson.

With Mr. Conwill, young Tyndall became an expert at solving problems, the solutions often being worked out upon the snow during the winters of 1837 and 1838, while returning with his teacher from school.

The chief characteristic of his mind in those days, was its power of visualising the relations of space. He could mentally draw the lines necessary for the solution of complex problems in plane geometry, and could reason upon his mental image as if it had been a diagram drawn on paper. This power of mental presentation enabled him when reading solid geometry to dispense with the models required by all the other members of the class. How important a part it has played throughout the whole of Professor Tyndall's career is strikingly obvious to even a cursory reader of his popular lectures, but can be fully understood only by those who are qualified to estimate the value of his various contributions to science.

In April, 1839, Tyndall left school to join a division of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, then under the command of Lieutenant George Wynne (one of the Wynnes of Hazlewood) of the Royal Engineers. General Wynne is now one of Professor Tyndall's oldest and most intimate friends. To this sagacious and high-minded gentleman the subject of our memoir is indebted for many acts of kindness which had a direct bearing on his career. One instance of thoughtful generosity deserves special mention. In 1850, when Tyndall came over from Germany to England, on a temporary visit, his friend, General Wynne, naturally supposing his exchequer was low, offered to place his purse at the disposal of his former assistant. The generous offer, so honourable to both parties, was not accepted, because not needed; but it has left an impression upon the Professor's mind that never has been or can be effaced.

Another instance of this kind connected with a friendship which has probably struck its roots more deeply than any other into Tyndall's life, may be noted here. When a youth of scarcely sixteen, Professor Hirst, the present Director of Studies at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, entered as an articled pupil the office in which Tyndall was then engaged. Separated in age by an interval of nearly ten years, they nevertheless became very intimate, both teacher and pupil finding a common intellectual pasture in the writings of Carlyle. After Tyndall's severance from the railway world, his young friend visited him at Marburg, in 1849. The death of Hirst's nearest relative called him home, at the same time making him the possessor of a small patrimony. This he set his heart on dividing into halves, one of which he pressed on the acceptance of his friend, and he was sorely disappointed to find that friend inflexible in his adherence to his vow of poverty. To some extent, however, the youth had his way; for one morning, while Tyndall was at work in his garret upon the Ketzembach in Marburg, the postman brought him a closely-packed, heavily-sealed roll, which, on being opened, was found to contain coins, swept from every kingdom and principality in Germany, louis d'ors, thalers, gulden, silber-groschen, kreuzer, and pfennige. In this way,

through a German banker, did the young man contrive to throw £20 into his friend's exchequer. Abandoning the profession chosen for him, when his articles were completed, Mr. Hirst accompanied Tyndall on his return to Marburg in 1850. Here Hirst studied for a considerable time, and afterwards completed his mathematical education in Berlin, Paris, and Rome. For thirty years, without a moment's solution of continuity, a friendship deeper than brotherhood has united these two men.

To return to 1839. Tyndall joined the Ordnance Survey in the capacity of draughtsman, and after having acquired considerable proficiency in laying down maps and lines of triangulation to scale, he was permitted to master the details of field-work. This accomplished, he was allowed to take part in the surveying and mapping of a large and intricate town.

His acquaintance with trigonometrical observation began in this way: a dearth of observers occurring when some observations were needed, he offered his services, and after some hesitation on account of his want of experience in such work, was entrusted with a theodolite. Taking the instrument into an open field, he studied its parts, mastered their uses, and made the observations, which, on being compared with the results of the triangulation, previously made on a larger scale, were found to be correct. He also mastered all the details necessary for the calculation of heights and areas, both from the measurements of the field-book and from scale and paper. In short, when he quitted the Survey, in 1843, he was practically acquainted with all its processes.

Nearly five years of Professor Tyndall's life were devoted to work of the character sketched above. In 1844, his prospects in this country being the reverse of brilliant, he resolved to go to America, and a portion of his outfit was actually purchased at the time. The project was opposed by some of his most intimate friends, and the sudden outburst of activity in the construction of railways, together with their remonstrances, detained him in this country.

Removing to Halifax, he lived in the midst of the stormy contests between the West Riding Union and West Riding Junction Railways. The stress at this time upon both brain and muscle was very great. It is, perhaps, worth remarking, that Sir John Hawkshaw, Professor Tyndall's successor in the presidential chair of the British Association, was then engineer-in-chief of the Manchester and Leeds Railway, and as such was considered a kind of potentate by young aspirants in Tyndall's position. In Sir John Hawkshaw's office, at Manchester, a few of the later days of Tyndall's railway labours were spent.

But the fierce energy of the time could not last long. Railway enterprise soon became curtailed in its proportions, and the prospects of young engineers suffered accordingly. Self-improvement was the main object of Tyndall's life, and with a view to this he accepted in 1847 the offer of an appointment as teacher at Queenwood College,

Hampshire, a fine edifice built in a healthy position by the well-known socialist reformer, Robert Owen and his disciples, and called by them Harmony Hall. It was surrounded by large farms, where lessons in the subjects with which Tyndall's labours had rendered him conversant, were given to the more advanced students.

The teacher of chemistry at Queenwood in those days was Dr. Frankland, in whose laboratory Tyndall spent part of his time, relinquishing for this privilege a portion of his salary. Both young men began at length to feel the need of more thorough scientific culture. Tyndall was now in possession of two or three hundred pounds, and having only this to depend upon, he proceeded with Professor Frankland to the university of Marburg, in the province of Hesse-Cassel, Germany. Here in the laboratory of the illustrious Bunsen he pursued his chemical studies, making himself practically acquainted with analytical processes, both qualitative and quantitative.

But Bunsen was much more than a chemist. His knowledge as a physicist was profound, and his celebrated investigations on gas-analysis touch equally the domains of physics and chemistry. For two successive years Tyndall was a regular attendant at his admirable course of chemical lectures. But what most fascinated the student was a course on electro-chemistry, in which the whole subject of Voltaic-electricity was unfolded in the most masterly manner. To no living man is Professor Tyndall so deeply indebted as to his illustrious friend and teacher Bunsen, who generously lavished his time, his space, and his appliances on promoting the interest of his pupil.

In addition to these chemical and physical studies, which most people would think sufficient occupation in themselves, Tyndall worked hard at mathematics during his stay at Marburg, getting up at five o'clock through three long and severe winters. He was fortunate enough to secure for a considerable period private lessons from Professor Stegmann, and worked through analysis, analytical geometry of two and three dimensions, the Differential and Integral Calculus, and partly through the Calculus of Variations.

In physics, which he finally chose as the field of his special studies and original labours, his first teacher was Professor Gerling. But the main influence brought to bear upon him in connection with these studies was his alliance with Dr. Knoblauch, who at that time was called to Marburg as extraordinary Professor of Physics. He brought with him from Berlin a choice private collection of apparatus, with which he illustrated his lectures. Professor Tyndall's researches in radiant heat, though carried out long after his return from Germany, were probably prompted by the experiments of Knoblauch, who had distinguished himself in this field of inquiry before going to Marburg.

Tyndall's first scientific paper was a mathematical essay on screw

surfaces, accepted by the faculty in Marburg as his inaugural dissertation when he took his degree. His first physical paper was a brief one on the phenomena of a water jet, published in the *Philosophical Magazine*.

Faraday's discovery of diamagnetism, and Plücker's researches on the action of magnetism upon crystals, then attracted universal attention. At the suggestion of Professor Knoblauch, Tyndall commenced an exhaustive investigation of this subject, the two friends agreeing to make the inquiry a joint one. The first brief paper on this subject was published in the *Philosophical Magazine* for March, 1850. It was followed by a much more elaborate memoir in July of the same year, showing that Plücker's and Faraday's results were due not to the action of any new "optic-axis force," or "magne-crystallic force," but to striking modifications of the known forces of magnetism and diamagnetism by crystalline structure. Tyndall subsequently conducted in Professor Knoblauch's cabinet a long inquiry into electro-magnetic attractions.

Early in 1851 he went to Berlin, where he made the acquaintance of many illustrious men, including Dove, Riess, the two Roses, Mitscherlich, Poggendorf, Clausius, and Du Bois-Raymond. He also had an interview with Humboldt. But his recollections of Berlin are chiefly connected with the late Professor Magnus. Few have done more than this distinguished man to further the efforts of young original workers in physics and chemistry. Besides the apparatus placed by the Prussian Government under his immediate direction, he was ever ready to devote his private means to the promotion of scientific work. In his laboratory Tyndall pursued his researches in diamagnetism and magne-crystallic action, publishing an account of these labours in the *Philosophical Magazine* for September, 1851.

In that year he returned to England, and resumed for a time his old duties at Queenwood College. Immediately on his return he attended the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, under the presidency of the Astronomer Royal. He travelled to Ipswich in company with Professor Huxley, and then began a friendship which has remained unbroken for more than five-and-twenty years. A curious circumstance in connection with this event is thus mentioned in Tyndall's work, entitled "Faraday as a Discoverer," p. 204 :—

"Then, for the first time, and on my way to the meeting of the British Association, I met a man who has since made his mark upon the intellect of his time; who has long been, and who by the strong law of natural affinity must continue to be, a brother to me. We were both without definite outlook at the time, needing proper work, and only anxious to have it to perform. The chairs of Natural History and of Physics being advertized as vacant in the University of Toronto; we applied for them, he for the one, I for the other: but, possibly guided by a prophetic instinct, the University authorities declined having anything to do with either of us. If I remember rightly, we were equally unlucky elsewhere."

At this Ipswich meeting Professor Tyndall had the privilege of renewing the acquaintance, made a year before, with Professor Faraday, and then, it may be said, began another friendship, which ended only with Faraday's death, in 1867.

Professor Tyndall's connection with the Royal Institution arose out of a visit of Dr. Bence Jones, to Berlin, after Tyndall had left that city. In consequence of what he heard of Tyndall from the scientific men of Berlin, he invited him to give one of the Friday evening lectures at the Institution. The circumstance is thus related in the work from which we have just quoted, p. 126 :—

“ In December, 1851, after I had quitted Germany, Dr. Bence Jones went to the Prussian capital to see the celebrated experiments of Du Bois-Raymond; and influenced, I suppose, by what he heard, he afterwards invited me to give a Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution. I consented, not without fear and trembling, for the Royal Institution was to me a kind of dragon's den, where tact and strength would be necessary to save me from destruction. On February 11th, 1853, the discourse was given, and it ended happily. I allude to these things that I may mention that though my aim and object in that lecture was to subvert the notions both of Faraday and Plücker, and to establish in opposition to their views what I regarded as the truth, it was very far from producing in Faraday either enmity or anger. At the conclusion of the lecture, he quitted his accustomed seat, crossed the theatre to the corner into which I had shrunk, shook me by the hand, and brought me back to the table.”

Immediately afterwards, the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the Institution was offered to him. Proposals from other quarters were made at the same time; but the thought of being near Faraday at once determined Tyndall's choice. He was unanimously elected to the post named above in May, 1853.

At this time one of the principal points of discussion among scientific men was, whether the new force of diamagnetism recently discovered, illustrated, and developed with such extraordinary ardour by Faraday, was a polar force, like that of magnetism, or not. On this question Tyndall had contributed a brief paper to the *Philosophical Magazine* before he quitted Hampshire. In the Royal Institution he now followed up his researches, and the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1855 contain a memoir in which all the phenomena forming the basis of the prevalent notion with regard to magnetic polarity were shown to have each its exact counterpart in the phenomena of diamagnetism. This investigation placed it beyond doubt that, as regards polarity, magnetism and diamagnetism stand exactly on the same footing, the only difference between them being, that the one polarity is an inversion of the other.

The most celebrated supporter of diamagnetic polarity in those days was Professor Weber of Göttingen; while by far its most celebrated

assailant was Faraday himself. Objections, moreover, had been urged by Matteucci, Von Feilitsch and others, on the ground that the experiments had been made with *conductors*, in which induced currents could be formed, and that the attractions and repulsions observed in the case of diamagnetic bodies were probably due to the interaction between these currents and the magnets brought into play. The challenge was given to produce the so-called polar effects of diamagnetism with non-conductors.

This challenge was accepted. With an apparatus devised by W. Weber and constructed by Leyser of Leipsic, the polarity, which had been previously established in the case of bismuth, was extended by Tyndall to slate, marble, calc-spar, sulphur, and other insulating substances, including the selfsame heavy glass with which Faraday had discovered diamagnetism. The polarity of liquids, both magnetic and diamagnetic, was also established in this investigation.

The literature produced by Professor Tyndall in connection with these researches, consists of a series of memoirs published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and since collected in a volume, entitled "Researches on Diamagnetism and Magne-crystalline Action."

In 1856, Professor Tyndall occupied a Friday evening at the Royal Institution with a lecture on the Cleavage of Slate Rocks, following up and developing in the discourse, the observations of Sharpe and Sorby, which connected cleavage with pressure. Professor Huxley, who was present at the lecture, thought that the reasoning which applied to the lamination of slate, might also apply to that of glacier-ice. He and his friend, having already arranged a visit to Switzerland, immediately resolved to associate with this visit an examination of the so-called "ribboned," "veined," or laminated structure of glaciers, which had been brought into special prominence by the researches of Forbes. The present President of the Royal Society, Dr. Hooker, also formed one of the party.

The first clear case in which pressure showed itself as the obvious and undoubted cause of the structure, was observed at the foot of the ice cascade on the Strahl-eck branch of the lower Grindelwald glacier. At the base of the cascade, the surface of the glacier was thrown into violent longitudinal compression, and at right angles to the direction of this pressure, the lamination appeared.

Professor Tyndall pursued this subject in subsequent years. The view had been entertained that the lamination was the mere continuance of the bedding produced upon the heights by successive falls of snow. And though Agassiz had cited an observation of the kind, Professor Tyndall was not satisfied until in 1858, he discovered ice-sections, on which both the bedding and the lamination were plainly exhibited, the one crossing the other at a high angle. A perfect similarity was thus

established between the lamination of glacier-ice and the cleavage of slate rocks.

In 1857, Professor Tyndall, aided by Mr. Hirst, made copious measurements upon the Mer de Glace, and its tributary glaciers. To account for the transformation of snow into ice, and for the apparent viscosity of the glacier, Tyndall invoked the fact of re-gelation discovered by Faraday. The cause of re-gelation has been a topic of discussion in which many able men have taken part.

Thus began Professor Tyndall's yearly visits to the Alps, which have been continued without interruption for one-and-twenty years. Counting his first excursion, in 1849, when he was a student in the University of Marburg, and his difficult winter visit with the view of determining the motion of the Mer de Glace at the close of the inclement December of 1859, Professor Tyndall has made in all three-and-twenty visits to the Swiss peaks and glaciers. His literary productions arising out of these visits are the following:—

Various papers in the *Philosophical Transactions* and elsewhere, including investigations on the physical properties, and molecular structure of lake ice. "Glaciers of the Alps," published in 1860. "Mountain-eeering in 1861." "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," and "Forms of Water," a boy's book about glaciers.

Matter presents itself in three forms, the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous. Mainly by the masterly and original researches of Melloni, in connection with which may be mentioned the refined experiments of Knoblauch, the action of solids and liquids upon radiant heat had been amply and beautifully demonstrated. But no similar action of gaseous matters had ever been established. This incompleteness of the field of research attracted Professor Tyndall's attention; it had indeed constituted a subject of conversation between him and his friends some years before he brought his thoughts definitely to bear upon it.

In the early part of 1859, he devised a differential method of experiment, by which the delicacy and severity of the tests previously applied to gases and vapours were indefinitely augmented. Not only were gases and vapours thus proved competent to act upon radiant heat, but the most astonishing differences in radiative and absorptive power, were proved to exist between them. The difference between mechanical mixtures like air, and chemical combinations like nitrous oxide, in their action upon radiant heat, revealed itself in a very surprising manner.

Professor Tyndall's writings arising out of the researches thus begun, consist of a long series of memoirs contributed to the *Philosophical Transactions*, and the *Philosophical Magazine*. They have since been published in a volume, under the title of "Contributions to Molecular

Physics, in the Domain of Radiant Heat," each memoir being preceded by an analysis of its contents.

The leading idea of the entire line of inquiry is to make radiant heat an explorer of molecular condition. The reciprocity of radiation and absorption, dynamic radiation, combustion and incandescence by perfectly non-luminous rays, the action of a planetary atmosphere in raising the planet's temperature, illustrations of the physical cause of transparency, and opacity, and various other points of interest are discussed in these memoirs.

In 1869, Professor Tyndall, while bathing near the Bel Alp, slipped, fell, and was wounded. Through mismanagement erysipelas set in, and the state of his leg and foot for a time was very grave indeed. After six weeks' confinement in bed, under the care of Dr. Gautier, of Geneva, the wound was healed. The Professor remembers with gratitude the kindness of his Geneva friends at that time, and above all that of Lady Emily Peel, in whose beautiful villa on the banks of Lake Lemman the cure was completed.

Curiously enough, this very year we find Professor Tyndall engaged in researches intimately connected with the treatment of wounds. He had been working previously at the decomposition of gases and vapours by light, and the formation of what he calls "actinic clouds," as visible results of the decomposition. In their incipient and most highly attenuated state, these clouds, no matter what might be the vapour from which they were formed, showed a pure cerulean blue. Such observations, variously modified and repeated, Professor Tyndall connected with the blue of the sky, and he obtained from his artificial sky all the optical phenomena, those of polarization included, which have been observed in the natural firmament.

In these inquiries it was necessary to employ perfectly moteless air, and this necessity directed Professor Tyndall's attention in a special manner to the floating matter of the atmosphere. His inquiries on this subject led him into the heart of the so-called "germ theory" of putrefaction and infection; and he summed up his views on the subject in a discourse, entitled "Dust and Disease," published in the "Proceedings of the Royal Institution for 1870," and also in Part I. of the last edition of the "Fragments of Science."

The views enunciated in this discourse were received with marked disfavour by the medical profession, with the exception of a few eminent men, the feeling being confirmed, and to all appearance justified, by the subsequent researches of Dr. Bastian. Under conditions never before thought of, even by the most strenuous adherents of the doctrine, this active investigator announced the sure and certain occurrence, in his infusions, of spontaneous generation. According to him, moreover, the swarming life of putrefying wounds, and the microscopic life found in the

blood, tissues, and exudation liquids of animals suffering from acute contagious disease, arise spontaneously within the body. Such a doctrine must materially influence the physician's practice, and must have the most serious bearing upon human life.

Unconvinced of its body, Professor Tyndall, in 1875, commenced an exhaustive examination of the whole subject, from a new point of view. The first instalment of his researches has just been published in the *Philosophical Transactions*; the result of which may be summed up in the statement, that so far as research has hitherto penetrated, life was never proved to have been produced independently of antecedent life.

To keep congruous things together, we have coupled Professor Tyndall's inquiries of 1869, with those of 1875 and 1876; but other events and investigations, which came between these two dates, must not be omitted.

In the autumn of 1872, the Professor, in response to invitations frequently repeated, went to the United States, and lectured for four months in the principal Eastern cities of the Union. The interest manifested in his lectures was unprecedented. Illustrated reports of them were issued separately by the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, and more than a quarter million copies of these reports were sold. The proceeds of the lectures, after travelling and hotel expenses, and the wages of assistants had been deducted, amounted to somewhat over 13,000 dollars, which Professor Tyndall, with an unselfish munificence as unprecedented as the interest shown in his lectures, handed over to trustees to be applied to the perpetual education in the universities of Europe, of two young Americans possessing necessary bias and ability to pursue a scientific life. The fund has been so invested, that its present interest is nearly £200 a year, which, at all events in the Universities of Germany, will suffice for the education of two young men.*

During his stay in America, Professor Tyndall visited Niagara, and he afterwards made his observations on the cataract the subject of a Friday evening discourse, which appears in Part I. of the last edition of his "Fragments of Science."

On his return from America, and in his capacity of scientific adviser to the Trinity House, Professor Tyndall undertook the direction of an investigation, inaugurated by the Elder Brethren, into the causes which affect the transmission of sound through the atmosphere. The inquiry had reference to the establishment of a system of fog-signals upon our coasts. A full report of this difficult and laborious investigation has been placed before the House of Commons; while, in a more con-

* A second edition of Prof. Tyndall's American "Lectures on Light," has been published by Messrs. Longman & Co.

densed and organized form, it has been presented to the Royal Society, and published in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Every agent to which influence on sound has been hitherto ascribed—wind, hail, rain, snow, and fog—was in succession submitted to scrutiny. The result, with regard to the four last-mentioned agents, was a complete reversal of the views generally entertained regarding them. It was proved that none of them exercised any sensible effect on the transmission of sound through the air. The observations made at sea were afterwards verified by experiments in the laboratory, where artificial showers of rain and snow, and artificial clouds and fogs, far heavier and denser than any observed in nature, were proved to be sensibly powerless to stop or stifle sound.

In an investigation, already referred to, Professor Tyndall had operated on visible actinic clouds; in the present inquiry the existence of *invisible* acoustic clouds, continually drifting through the atmosphere, and rendering it opaque to sound on days of perfect optical transparency, was established. A complete parallelism was proved to exist between those unseen clouds which intercept and scatter the waves of sound, and the clouds of our atmosphere which intercept and scatter the waves of light.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Professor Tyndall has published, "Heat, a Mode of Motion;" "Sound;" "Lessons in Electricity;" "Notes of a Course of Nine Lectures on Light;" and "Notes of a Course of Seven Lectures on Electrical Phenomena and Theories."

We have thus, as far as our limits allowed, touched upon the various services which Professor Tyndall has rendered to science. Great and admirable as those best qualified for judging know them to be, they become still more worthy of admiration when account is taken of the difficulties with which he has had to contend. It has been mentioned that in early boyhood he did not enjoy the advantages of a good school. It is true this evil was in some degree remedied by his continuance at school till he was nineteen years old; but, on the other hand, he was compelled to devote nearly nine years of the best part of his life to practical work in order to obtain the means necessary for his scientific education. What he has accomplished has been achieved by hard labour, and without external prop or interest of any kind.

It is satisfactory to know that a life of such self-denying devotedness to science for its own sake has not been without its reward. In addition to the pure delight of searching for scientific truth, Professor Tyndall has reaped a rich harvest of the highest honours. Besides being a Fellow of the Royal Society, he is a member of various foreign scientific societies, a D.C.L. of Oxford, an LL.D. of Cambridge and LL.D. of Edinburgh. His works have been translated and edited by the highest scientific authorities in France and Germany, and the unprecedented success of his lectures in America has been noted above. On the

laudari a laudatis principle, he may well be proud of the exalted rank awarded him among the first men of science throughout the world. No one conversant with Continental scientific literature can fail to be struck with the high encomiums lavished upon him by writers who are themselves of the highest standing.

To rare skill in reading the Book of Nature, Professor Tyndall adds a power of expounding its mysteries to the uninitiated—a gift still more rarely combined with profound scientific knowledge. His faculty, so early developed, of bringing before his mind's eye vivid conceptions of things not present to bodily sight, his mathematical training, which gives him a precision of thought denied to his great predecessor, Faraday, and last, not least, his youthful eagerness in the study of English grammar, which, as he said in his address to the students at University College, was to his young mind “a discipline of the highest value, and a source of unflagging delight,” have combined to give his scientific expositions a luminous transparency which brings the most subtle conceptions within the range of popular and youthful comprehension.

Nor are his lectures without literary graces, which render them as attractive as they are instructive. Fully alive to the fact that human nature does not consist in intellect alone, he studies to please as well as inform, and with animated eloquence strives, not without effect, to inspire his hearers and readers with something of that enthusiastic devotion to truth for which he is so pre-eminently remarkable.

As fearless in the assertion of what he believes to be truth as he is eager in its pursuit, Professor Tyndall shrinks not from openly avowing his convictions, however unpopular, supporting them with an argumentative ability for which he is no doubt partly indebted to the controversial habits of thought formed by intercourse with his father, and strengthened by frequent debates, in which, as he tells us, he sometimes took the Protestant side, and at other times, with startling success, the Catholic side.

By his “free handling” of subjects lying in the disputable borderland between science and religion, he has provoked bitter hostilities. Some of the attacks made upon him after his address before the British Association at Belfast were simply ferocious. These he ignored. The nobler and more argumentative assailants, among whom Dr. Martineau deserves special mention, he sought to answer in a firm and dignified manner, in two articles, which have been republished in the last edition of his “Fragments of Science.” But hostility in this world has not been his only need, for few have enjoyed more fully than he has the unswerving friendship of great and good men.

Professor Tyndall was married on the 29th of February last, to Louisa Charlotte, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Claude Hamilton; the ceremony being performed by Dean Stanley, in Henry the Seventh's

Chapel, Westminster Abbey. On the occasion of his marriage, a Silver Salver, together with the sum of three hundred guineas, was presented to their Professor, by Members of the Royal Institution ; it having been decided " that the amount of the contributions should not exceed one guinea each."

IN THE MIDNIGHT.

BY LADY WILDE.

READ me a tale to-night, my Love,
 With thy voice so soft and low,
 For my heart as charmedly waits for the sound,
 As the earth for the falling snow.
 Yet, not from the pages of classic lore
 Of the mighty heroes of old,
 Tho' their deeds of glory were fitly shrined
 In Darius' casket of gold :

Nor of Chiefs and Vikings who drained the mead
 To the gods in their lordly halls;
 Nor of knightly calvacades sweeping by
 A leagured city's walls :
 Nor yet would I aught from the tragic muse
 Of her dark and terrible tale,
 For on every line some passion or crime
 Hath left a serpent trail :

Nor of human sorrow or human love,
 Or the toil of the human brain,
 Such memories fall on the heart like fire
 And I long for the gentle rain.
 But read to me words that will bring me peace,
 And soothe the unquiet breast,
 For my soul like a dove would flee away
 And be for ever at rest.

Some verse from the holy and sacred Book,
 Transcending all human lore,
 That saith unto sin—I condemn thee not,
 Go, sinner, and sin no more !

Yet read to me not from the ancient Law
 Of the curse of Jehovah's ire,
 On the mumuring lip and the hearts that pined
 With a feverish vain desire :

Nor yet of the shuddering, bitter cry
 Borne on the midnight blast,
 When the Angel of Death through Egypt's land
 By the blood-stained lintels passed :
 Nor of Israel's march with the Ark of God,
 Through Arabia's burning land,
 For it mirrors our life—that deadly strife
 With the foe upon either hand.

And take me not up to Sinai's mount
 Where Moses quaked with fear,
 And the bright Shechinah illumed the skies
 From Horeb to Mount Seir.
 For I shrink from the glare of the prophet's eyes,
 Denouncing the wrath divine
 On those who lavished their costliest gifts
 To build up an idol's shrine.

But read me the words of the loved Saint John,
 Evangel of holiest faith,
 That draws the soul to the fount of light
 And the life of the spirit's breath.
 Read me the tale of the Saviour's tears
 By the grave where Lazarus slept,
 For 'tis sweet to a sinner's heart to know
 That the sinless one hath wept.

Read of the Vine whose branches we are,
 Of the Shepherd who guards the fold,
 Of the Jasper stones and the gates of Pearl
 In the heavenly City of gold,
 Where no pain is, neither sorrow nor tears,
 Nor the shadow of human death,
 For the saved shall drink of the River of Life,
 Even as the Spirit saith.

Read, till the holy and blessed words
 Fall on life's fever dream,
 With a holy music tender and sweet
 As the Hebrew's by Babel's stream.
 Read, till the warm tears fall, my Love,
 With thy voice so soft and low,
 And the Saviour's merits will plead above,
 For the Soul that prayeth below.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

BY E. J. CURTIS.

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND "KATHLEEN'S REVENGE."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE quiet autumn of my life has come,
A sober eventide, with yet some gleams
Of mellowed gold, of smiles serenely sweet ;
Some tender memories of days now dead ;
Some tranquil present joys, some future hopes
For here—more for hereafter, and my days
Flow calmly on beneath God's loving eye.

MARGUERITE POWER.

THORNDALE LODGE, generally called The Lodge, situated within walking distance of the pretty old Cathedral town of W——, had been for years in the possession of maiden ladies. I do not mean that maiden ladies had always lived at The Lodge, but they had been the owners thereof, had received rent for it, and had bequeathed it to other lady relatives, who either were "old maids," or who became so in due course; and who continued to let the house and grounds to desirable tenants, and lived themselves elsewhere.

But upon one occasion, some years before this part of my story opens, one of these desirable tenants having departed, The Lodge was not, as usual, advertised "To Let," and rumour said—and oddly enough said truly—that the maiden lady to whom it at present belonged, was about to live in it herself.

The people in W—— who

called upon strangers, and who gave parties, and gossiped about their neighbours, began to wonder what Miss Russel was like, and to hope that she would prove an acquisition. "She can't be *very* young, you know, my dear, when she can live by herself." The owner of Thorndale Lodge had always, I may here remark, been looked upon as a *myth*, a person who had a name, but not a personality.

Miss Russel was not, strictly speaking, young. You, my readers, have met her before, when she was young, and when her home was with her maiden aunt, Miss Heathcote, in C——. To that aunt she owed the possession of Thorndale.

The twenty years which have elapsed since we met her last, have dealt kindly with Miss Russel. She had not grown stouter or slighter. Her hair was rich and abundant, but her complexion was not so clear, or so brilliant as of old. Her dress was always handsome, but dark in colour, and although she had not the scanty pinched appearance which so often stamps the old maid, neither did she attempt the fashionable shapes and trimmings suitable only to youth. In short, she had grown old gracefully. How few women could say so much.

She had such a bright, happy ex-

pression too, that one would instinctively turn to her for sympathy in trouble, and the trust would not be misplaced, for Eleanor Russel was essentially a comforter. She had had no crushing sorrow to bear, yet perhaps if all the secret places of her memory were opened it would be found that her life had not been utterly without trial and disappointment. But she had not only outlived but had overlived all such crosses, and had neither grown morbid nor cynical.

And is not a woman so situated, especially when her means are sufficient to make her quite independent, far happier what may be called "alone in the world," than if she had married, perhaps without much affection for her husband, but only from a weak dread of being called an "old maid." Miss Russel had laid aside the trammels of girlhood. She could do what pleased her unquestioned; she was sufficiently attractive from her charm of manner and her agreeable conversation to be sought out as a companion by men, and she was, fortunately for herself, too old to be accused of "setting her cap" at the best catch among them.

Is not such a life far more enviable for a woman than are the lives of some of those "matrons" whom we see around us in hundreds? Girls who have married for "love" on small means, and whose lives are a daily struggle, and whose affection for their husbands, although it may not fly out of the window according to the old adage, loses all its delicate refinement, its poetry, and romance. It was very nice to be petted, and made much of by Jack, or Tom, or Harry in the courting days, but after the second cradle and the first perambulator have been bought, poor Mrs. J., or T., or H. is too much taken up with that absorbing question,

"What is to be done with the cold mutton?" to have either time or inclination for mooning.

Miss Russel made some kind friends and pleasant acquaintances before she had been very long living at The Lodge. W—— was decidedly a social place. It was a garison as well as a cathedral town, so that the "prunes and prisms" of the clerical set were diluted and counterbalanced by the *verve* and dash of the military set, and as the former was not too proper to allow itself to be acted upon by the latter, the result was upon the whole satisfactory.

W—— was a popular quarter, for everyone called upon the officers, from the bishop down to the lowest of the minor canons; to say nothing of the resident gentry who were rich enough to keep handsome houses in the fashionable part of the old town, and country houses to which they migrated the beginning of June, and left again early in November. And every one entertained; again beginning with the Bishop—he had two pretty daughters, grown up—who gave in winter large dinner parties *à la Russe*, which were rather heavy, and in summer garden parties, which were decidedly light, and which began with croquet, and ended with a "severe tea" and music. The entertainments given by the minor canons were stupid little affairs, at which the people stared at each other, and played bezique.

The resident gentry were the people who really did entertain. In summer they got up pic-nics, and had croquet and archery parties, ending with a dance; and in winter, charades and charming balls, at which the Misses Bishop, and the daughters of The Very Rev. the Dean, and the Precentor's sisters, and the Chancellor's nieces all danced away with the gallant "sons of Mars," just as if they

had not been brought up under the shadow of the cathedral limes.

At all these festivities, lay and clerical, Miss Russel was soon a welcome guest. I have before said that she was not too old to be attractive. Young ladies liked her because she was neither bitter nor ill-natured, and because at her own very pleasant sociable little parties they were quite certain to meet the very person of all others whom they wished to meet. Young men liked her because she was, as they of course expressed it, "such a regular brick!" "always up to a bit of fun, by Jove, and no nonsense about her." She would play for dancing for the whole length of an evening, and there was no one who knew so well how to dress and arrange people for a charade. She could take a hand at whist, too, if one was wanted to make up "a rubber," and if any lady had a grievance, from neuralgia in her eyebrow to a hopeless love affair, Miss Russel was invariably appealed to for sympathy or for cure.

So it is not to be wondered at if she found W—— a very pleasant place; and if her friends now and then complained that she was somewhat reserved about herself, and confessed that she knew far more about themselves individually than they knew of her, no one thought of blaming her; and if one or two of her intimates did once or twice ask how it was that with her many attractions and her independent means, she had never married, she would laughingly reply that perhaps she had not yet met "Mr. Right," and that she did not by any means consider that her sun had set.

It was August, 18—. The summer had been rather a quiet season at W——. The Bishop had been obliged to attend the Session of Parliament, and Mrs. Bishop had taken advantage of the opportunity to have her elder daughters pre-

sented at St. James's, and to get masters for the younger members of the episcopal nursery. The Misses Bishop had had their pretty heads somewhat turned, although they partook of the gaieties of "the season" in a very mild form, as became the daughters of a church dignitary, and they began rather to look down on W—— society, and showed unmistakably that they were inclined to "turn up their noses" at it, in their letters to the young ladies at The Deanery, a proceeding which made the said young ladies very wrathful, and caused their mother, Mrs. Dean, rather inconsequently to exclaim "that she thought Mrs. Bishop had more sense."

Then, by some untoward circumstances, W—— had been left without the head quarters of a regiment during the spring and summer months, and as the band was a decided acquisition, to say nothing of the tameness of the croquet parties in consequence of a "limited liability" in officers, the inhabitants of W—— felt themselves aggrieved, and letters headed "Our unprotected state" appeared in the local papers, and were as absurd as such letters usually are. But Lord Wimburne, of Wimburne Priory, who was a D.L., and nearly related to the Secretary for War, applied to have the evil remedied, and he apparently succeeded, for it was announced that the —th were under orders to proceed to W—— forthwith.

So in due time the —th arrived, and were duly called upon, and their band began to play twice a-week in public, and in London the Ministry ate their whitebait, and the "season" being over, the Bishop, family, and suite returned to The Palace, and the old town felt like itself once more.

Miss Russel was sitting one afternoon in her pretty drawing-

room, reading, when a light step sounded upon the gravel without, and a young girl came in through the open window. She was a pretty bright-looking little creature, dressed in a fresh, crisp white muslin, with a little black silk scarf about her shoulders and a sailor-hat trimmed with blue upon her head. She danced up to Miss Russel's side, and throwing her arms about her neck, she kissed her a dozen times. "You didn't know I had come back," she said, "I knew I should surprise you."

"I thought you were not coming for another week. Ah, Rachel, dear, you should have stayed not a week only, but until Christmas."

"Now, Granny!"—Granny was Rachel Scott's pet name for Miss Russel—"please don't begin to scold me when I'm so happy; and besides, indeed, I have had school enough; all the schools in the world could not make me a bit cleverer! I never could be anything but a dunce, except about music, and that was dreadfully expensive." And Rachel gave a little sigh. "So here I am now, and I can see my darling old Granny every day, and I intend to be very good."

"And very dressy, too, I think," said Miss Russel, smiling, as she touched the girl's blue sash.

Rachel got very red. "Now, Granny, it's only my white dress, and there is no use in sparing it, for indeed I have not nearly done growing yet. You're just like aunt Conway, she began at me the moment I came down, and she said, too, that I must not be going about by myself, especially here"—Rachel's mode of expression was decidedly hazy—"because I had to come by the barrack wall——"

"And your aunt said quite right," interrupted Miss Russel. "You are too young, and too pretty, Rachel, to be seen walking about by yourself."

"But if I can find a way across the fields at the back?"

"If you can you may come that way, but I think the white dresses must be given up, and for everyday wear, dear, don't you think you could get more serviceable gloves?"

Rachel looked admiringly at her pretty little hand which was covered with delicate French grey kid.

"I bate ugly gloves," she said, half pouting.

"Of course you do, dear, and there are times when you ought to wear both your pretty dress and your dainty gloves. Remember, Rachel!"—and Miss Russel put her arm affectionately round the girl's slight figure—"remember that although your aunt is not poor, she is not rich enough to allow you to be very extravagant, and now if you are asked to parties your dress will——"

"And shall I be asked," interrupted Rachel, breathlessly, "to The Palace? and to meet the officers?—oh!"

"You will not be asked anywhere, if you are such a little goose," said Miss Russel, trying hard to look severe. "The officers will not care to look at a little school-girl like you."

"Will they not, indeed!" returned Rachel with a saucy smile, which made her look bewitchingly pretty. "I know one of them already, and he cared to talk to me, and oh, Granny, he is such a darling!"

"Tell me all about him, pet," said Miss Russel, seeing at once the wisdom of encouraging the child's innocent confidence.

Rachel drew a footstool beside her friend's chair, and looking up with her radiant violet eyes sparkling, she began, "Well, Granny, you know I came home yesterday, and of course I had to travel all the way by myself, and I was determined to be very good, and not to speak to any one, and to get into a carriage in

which there were only nice old ladies. Well, I had two with me until we came to the junction, where the train stopped for an hour, and there my two old women went away to some other place. I was very hungry, so I went into the refreshment room, and had a cup of tea, and then I sat there quietly, with my veil down, waiting until the train was ready to start, and oh! it was such fun watching the people. While I was there I heard another train coming in, and presently the refreshment room got very full, and I began to feel just a little wee bit lonely among such a crowd of strangers, when a gentleman came in, and he looked so very nice, and so very different from every one else, that I could not help watching him, Granny. But he didn't see me, I'm quite sure of that. Well, he went over to the table, and got a cup of coffee, and I thought he looked like a nice fellow in a book, so tall, and so well dressed, such nice gloves and white wrists below his coat-sleeves, and his hair, as much as I could see of it, was bright and curly; but I don't think he was exactly handsome, except for his mouth and teeth, and his eyes; but I saw all that afterwards——" Rachel interrupted herself to remark—"So, Granny, he drank his coffee, and I think he must often have been at the station before, for he called the girl behind the counter 'Mary,' as if he knew her, and when he was going to pay he pulled out a great roll of bank-notes, and he took out one, which he gave to the girl, and then he got his change, and went away, and I was just getting up to go too, when I saw the roll of money on the ground, and I ran and picked it up before any one saw it. He thought he had put it into his pocket—such a large roll! I hardly knew what to do. I did not like to give it to a porter to

give him, so I thought I might just as well go and give it to him myself. So when I came out on the platform, I saw him lighting a cigar, and I went up to him and gave him the money. I don't know one bit what I said, but I know I felt getting very red, and I think I must have run away, if he had not looked so kind. He thanked me over and over again, and he spoke to me as if I were quite grown up—so I can't look so very young," concluded Rachel, with a deep sigh of relief.

"And what happened next?" said Miss Russel, although she knew well enough what the sequel was, and read the hope which had prompted Rachel to put on the white dress and the French grey gloves.

"What happened next," continued Rachel, "was that he asked me where I was going, and when I said to W——, he said he was going there too, to join his regiment"—Rachel made this announcement with evident pride—"and that we might as well go together, if I would allow him to have the honour—he said honour, Granny—of taking care of me, as I had taken care of his money; and he said, too, that he would not mind losing money every day, if it always came back to him in the same way, and—What are you going to say?"

"Only that I shall not like your friend, if he pays you absurd compliments."

"Was it absurd?" said Rachel, who had evidently looked upon the pretty speech in quite a different light. "I think he really meant it. And then we got into the same carriage, and he asked me all about W——, and where I lived, and if it was a pleasant place; and I told him all about you, and about the cathedral, and about the parties at the Palace, and it was then I saw

his eyes and his teeth. I never saw such lovely teeth!"

"What a little chatterbox he must have thought you, and he probably will not know you when he sees you again."

"Not know me! Oh, Granny!" cried the girl, to whom the idea of being forgotten by her hero was positive pain. "Why shouldn't he know me?"

"Because, dear, men think they are privileged to talk nonsense to every pretty woman they meet, and as I do not want my little pet to have her head turned, I tell her not to believe all the things they will say to her. This young man appears to have behaved like a gentleman; still you must not show any wish to follow up the acquaintance so strangely begun; do not let him imagine that he can talk to you when and where he likes."

Poor innocent little Rachel! She felt suddenly quenched, and vaguely uneasy that she had done something wrong. She was very young, and very unlearned in the "tricks and the manners" of this wicked world, but she was as free from all the arts of a "missy" school-girl as it was possible for any woman to be. It was the innate love which every girl, whether pretty or ugly, has of "looking her best," which made her put on her fresh crisp muslin that day. Her good-looking and agreeable fellow traveller might be met at some unexpected corner, and she would like to look nice in his eyes. Do we not all know this feeling, think you? Was there never a time when we were guilty of the folly of putting on our best gown and our prettiest ribbon when we thought he would see us? and quite right we were so to adorn ourselves, and be sure that *he* was not less mindful to put on his most becoming "tie" when he knew that he was certain to meet us!

Miss Russel having, doubtless,

the wisdom of experience, and being able to read Rachel's thoughts by its light, hastened to reassure the girl. "Do not look as if I had said something cross, dear," she said, in her most winning voice; "I meant only to give you a little hint. Remember, I have seen more of the world than you have. And now, will you not tell me the name of your hero? I have only heard of him as '*he*' and '*him*.'"

"His name," cried Rachel, visibly brightening, "is Vaughan, and I think his Christian name is Henry, but I am not quite sure. He looks very like a Harry."

"Vaughan!—Henry Vaughan! can it be possible?" Miss Russel spoke aloud, but more to herself than to Rachel. "Yes, he could have a son old enough. How very strange! What am I talking about? I knew a Mr. Vaughan very well long ago, when I was a girl, and it seemed to me that this gentleman whom you met might be his son."

"Oh, I hope he is!" cried Rachel, clapping her hands; "that would be so nice!"

"Well, dear, I do not see what good it would do to any one," replied Miss Russel, with a touch of the brusqueness which had been characteristic of her manner when she was a girl. "And now," looking at her watch, "it is just three o'clock; I want to see your aunt Conway, so I shall escort you home."

"I do not feel smart enough to walk with such a gay little lady as you are," Miss Russel remarked, as she and Rachel came out of the Lodge gate, and turned towards the town.

Miss Russel's pet dog, a fine little skye, accompanied them. He trotted on before, intent upon his own pleasure, and just after he had disappeared round a corner there was heard a bark of defiance, then

a noise of scuffling, and some yelps of pain. Miss Russel and Rachel hurried on, and found two dogs rolling over each other, and a tall young man making fruitless efforts to catch one of the combatants by the tail. It was all over in a minute. The skye retired growling to the side of his mistress. The gentleman was taking off his hat and apologizing, and Miss Russel was conscious only of seeing Rachel blushing furiously, while she stammered out what she intended to be an introduction to Mr. Vaughan.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said; "for the moment I was stupid enough not to know you. Travelling dress and all that makes such a difference; although I ought not to be excused."

His wonderfully eloquent eyes said far more to Rachel, and she held out her little hand—how pleased she was then at having put on her pretty gloves—frankly enough to meet his; but she felt very shy, and again felt very much inclined to run away. She had to perform the introduction to Miss Russel all over again—for of course Mr. Vaughan had not heard one word of it—and then a few words were sufficient to let him know that she had heard of the little adventure which had led to the acquaintance between Rachel and himself, and the young fellow had such a frank winning way with him, that Miss Russel, after five minutes' conversation, felt inclined to echo all Rachel's praises.

And then, having ascertained that Miss Russel lived at that "pretty place" among the trees, and with an openly expressed regret that the pugnacious aspect of the dogs would not allow him to accompany the ladies, he went his way, and they went theirs.

As he walked there was a wall upon his left hand—a rather tum-

ble-down, ivy-covered wall; and as he went along he amused himself—but I do not think he was aware he was amusing himself—by running a slender little stick he carried into every hole between the stones into which it would go; when it presently snapped off short in one of them, he said, very *apropos* of course, "What a pretty shy little thing she is! Miss Russel is the aunt she told me she lived with, I suppose. She doesn't look like a woman who'd bother a fellow, or be in the way. A very nice-looking woman, I think. By Jove I've hit it! I'll call to ask for the dog."

By the above speech it will be seen that Rachel's hero was not half so wise as he thought himself.

Rachel was rather silent during the walk home; and, strange to say, Miss Russel was silent too. But if Rachel did not enter into conversation with her companion, she several times vigorously scolded the skye for being such a bold little dog, and told him that he would positively be killed some day, and that "she didn't pity him!" which was not true, for she would have cried her pretty eyes out, like a little goose as she was.

CHAPTER II.

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident to-morrows.

WORDSWORTH.

MISS RUSSEL was again sitting alone the following afternoon, when Mr. Vaughan was announced. The skye, mindful doubtless of the battle of the day before, and recognizing the master of his foe, barked furiously, but very soon became friendly under the influence of Vaughan's "come old fellow," "poor old fellow." The young man, you see, thought the dog was Miss Scott's, and he hoped that the pretty figure in the white dress would

come in while he was petting her pet.

Miss Russell, whose heart the moment she saw him first, had warmed to one whom she believed to be the son of her old friend, welcomed Vaughan most cordially, and while they talked of the weather, and agreed that the summer had been rather cold, and that the fine autumn would make the winter appear short, she was trying to trace all the points of resemblance between father and son, and he was trying to keep his eyes off the door, as he sat leaning forward in his chair pulling the ears of the slye.

He looked handsome at the moment, although, strictly speaking he was not a very handsome man. He was about five feet eleven in height, with a broad chest, and muscular limbs, but I think it was more the sweetness of his smile, and his thoroughbred and manly air which made people admire him. He was a little bit of a dandy too in his dress, and he wore his fair hair in the style I have heard called "simple division," that is parted straight down the centre of his head, and it was rather given to fall over his low broad forehead. I am not by any means sure that it was the most becoming style of hair dressing he could have adopted, but he liked it, and of course his head was his own to dress as he pleased.

Miss Russel felt, and acknowledged to herself, all the charm of his manner, and she was quite ready to declare her belief that he was a very good young fellow. But she was no more right, than are any of us when we come to such sudden and rash conclusions. Harry Vaughan was not in the least out of the common, although he was the son of Miss Russel's old friend, and although he had bright laughing eyes, and a smile which made him

dangerous to look at. He was very warm-hearted, but somewhat fickle; he would be wild upon one subject to-day, and wild upon a totally different subject to-morrow. He was always falling in, and out of love, and thinking he was broken hearted, but his bitterest enemy—if he had an enemy—could not say that he had ever been guilty of a dishonourable action.

He spent money with a lavish hand, and it was pretty well known in his regiment that he had "bled" his father, as the saying is, rather freely while at Oxford, and that the only books he had cared to study when there, were those which had taught Tommy Moore so much folly!

I am quite sure that even had Miss Russel known everything there was to be known about her new acquaintance, it would not have made the slightest difference in her manner towards him; it was geniality itself, for was he not handsome! and although he said nothing very brilliant, or remarkable, was there not a tone in his voice which reminded her of her dear old friend? In short she liked him, and Harry saw that she did; and the young fellow was pleased in his turn, for you remember he thought she was Rachel's aunt.

"I must ask you," Miss Russel said at last, "if you are a son of Mr. Vaughan, of the Oaks, —shire?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "'The Oaks' is the name of my father's place. Do you know him?"

"I knew him years ago, in C—."

"Oh, then it must have been before he married, for we have lived at 'The Oaks' as long as I can remember."

"And is your father quite well? And your mother?"

A shade passed for a moment over the young man's bright face. "Ah! you did not hear it of course,"

he said. "My poor mother died just this time four years."

"So long ago? I never heard it. I beg your pardon, but somehow it never occurred to me that she could be dead."

"She died at Madeira. She went there to please my father, but she always said there was no hope. He is only just beginning to get over her loss now. I never saw so attached a couple."

"And your sisters, how many have you?"

"Three, two married, and the youngest, Eleanor, my father's favourite, is engaged; but she does not like to leave him I think."

"Have you a sister called Eleanor? It was not your mother's name."

"No, my eldest sister is called Caroline after her mother, but isn't Eleanor a pretty name? I think my father had a favourite sister or cousin called Eleanor. Our Nell was called after some one I know. I have photographs of my father and mother here," he added, unfastening a locket from his guard chain, "if you would care to see them."

"Oh, thank you, I should, very much."

He touched the spring, as he gave her the locket, and she saw her old friend looking just the same as when she had last seen him. The picture of Mrs. Vaughan was beautifully coloured, and Miss Russel saw at once from whom the son had inherited his beautiful mouth and teeth. "I never saw your mother but twice, when you were quite a child. You are like her, but you have a way of saying little things so like your father. Will you tell him, please, that you have met me—I dare say he remembers me—and that I was glad to hear he was well."

And then Harry felt that it was time for him to go, and he was just

taking up his hat, when a figure came bounding through the window, and Rachel Scott, dressed in a print dress, and with her bright hair carelessly arranged, threw herself panting, and breathless upon the ground beside Miss Russel's chair. Her back was towards Vaughan, but he could see plainly enough, a long rent in the cotton gown.

"Oh, Granny!" she cried, "I came through the fields as you told me, and I'm all torn! Look here; won't aunt Conway scold?" She turned to find the damages, and of course found Vaughan instead. Her blush was most becoming, but Harry saw that it was caused by surprise and pleasure at meeting him. There was not a particle of chagrin at being seen by him in a torn cotton gown, and with untidy hair. Indeed she did not appear nearly so shy as she had been the day before.

"I am surprised you know me to-day either," she said, giving him her hand, covered with a gardening glove of rough leather. "Miss Russel told me when I came to see her, now that I have grown up, that I must find a way across the fields, and so I did to-day, and look at my poor dress! and a dog flew at me, and I was frightened. Do, Granny, give me a needle and thread; what will aunt Conway say if I go back to her in this state?"

So she got the needle and thread, and Harry still sat on watching her as she worked. "I find I am all wrong about you two," he said, presently. "I thought you were Miss Russel's niece, Miss Scott, and that you lived here."

"Did you? how funny!" said Rachel. "I wish you were right, for then I need not climb hedges and ditches to get here. But you have not asked me what I came for to-day, Granny. I suppose you have got an invitation to the croquet party at the Palace on Thursday; aunt Conway won't come, and

I want to know if you will take me."

"With pleasure, dear. Indeed I fully expect that I shall have to *chaperon* you everywhere this winter."

"Does the Palace patronize the Barracks?" asked Harry. "I am awfully fond of croquet, and I hear the Misses Bishop—what are their names by the way?—are such nice girls."

"Oh, you are sure to be asked," cried Rachel. "They always have the officers. The Bishop is a very jolly old man—you need not look at me, Granny, he is a jolly old man if he were twenty bishops! There, I have done, thank goodness. And now I must run away, or aunt Conway will be scouring the country for me; she thinks the road much safer than the fields," she added, with a slight glance at Miss Russel.

"I must go, too," said Vaughan, "I have really paid a most unconscionable visit; but I hope Miss Russel, as you are such an old friend of my father's that you will allow me to see you sometimes. By-and-bye I shall ask you to let me try your beautiful piano. I am mad about music."

The cunning fellow remembered having heard Miss Scott say that music was the only accomplishment she cared to learn at school, and he thought it was just possible that she might sometimes practise on her friend's piano.

"I shall be delighted to see you whenever you like to come," returned Miss Russel, warmly; "any evening that you feel an old woman's company—" he smiled when she called herself an old woman, and Rachel said, "nonsense, Grauny!"—"will not bore you, you might come and play for me."

Rachel had a vague idea that she might perhaps in some way take part in these musical evenings, but the croquet party at the Palace was

of first importance in her mind just then, and while Miss Russel and Vaughan were talking, she was hoping that her white muslin would not look as if it had been worn before, and thinking that she must coax her aunt to get her a new hat. Then she said good-bye, and Harry said good-bye, and they went down the avenue together, the latter delighted at his good fortune, and the former secretly hoping that some of her young lady acquaintances would happen to be passing as she came out of the Lodge gates. But there was no one in sight, so she lost her little triumph.

"I am going this way," she said, pointing to a road which led away from the town; "good-bye."

"But I am going this way too," Vaughan replied; "and if you will allow me, I shall take care that you are not frightened by any big dogs, and that you do not tear your dress again. There is nothing I enjoy so much as a real country walk."

Rachel felt sure that she ought to say "No;" but when she argued the point with herself afterwards, she decided that Mr. Vaughan had a perfect right to walk where he pleased. And so he had, I suppose.

"I wish she had stayed at school for another year, and I wish she were not so pretty now that she is at home, or that I could help loving her," said Miss Russel, as she stood watching her two visitors until they were quite out of sight; "and there is no use in warning her that perhaps that young man will only get up a flirtation with her just to amuse himself. It would spoil that pretty childlike manner of hers, which is one of her greatest charms. And supposing the boy were really to fall in love with her? But it would be time enough for him to marry these ten years— Let me think—he is about three or four-and-twenty

now, and I am sure his father would not consider my pretty Rachel a suitable match for him. I hope he will not be silly enough to fall in love with the child, and yet it would be better than an idle flirtation—better for her, at least, poor little thing. He does not look like a man who would trifle with a girl's affections. He must be true with that smile, and those eyes! How strange that I never heard his mother was dead: Poor Henry! how long ago it is since we met."

Yes; it was a very long time; but the firelight of the past burns brightly for some—I suppose weak-minded—people, and Miss Russel had every chink in her memory lighted up by it that afternoon, and I very much doubt whether the young people who had just left her, and whose life we might say was all future, were happier than she whose life we might say was all past.

Miss Russel had spoken truly when she said that Mr. Vaughan, of The Oaks, would not be likely to consider Rachel Scott a suitable match for his only son. She was of an excellent family by her mother's side; but by her father's, a nobody. He was a music-master and a public singer; a man whose talents were not of a very high order, but who was, nevertheless, able to make a fair livelihood by his profession. One of his pupils, when he was quite a young man, was Miss Ada Conway, a pretty silly romantic little thing, who forgot as she listened to the sweet tenor voice of her master, and looked into his soft dreamy blue-grey eyes, that the blood of all the Conways ran in her veins, and that he was only Luigi Scotelli—his real name was Lewis Scott—the music-master.

The result was an elopement—estrangement from her family—a considerable falling off of his aris-

tocratic pupils—struggles to keep up appearances on miserable means, under which the poor fragile, delicately reared wife sank, leaving the heartbroken husband with two little girls. Rachel, the youngest, was taken possession of by her mother's family, or rather by a grim elder sister of her mother's, and poor Scotelli was left to toil on as best he could. After some time things began to look brighter with him, and so the years passed on. Rachel grew up as we have seen her, and her sister grew up too, and took her place among the workers with her father.

Miss Conway brought up her niece to the best of her ability, and sent her to an admirable school; but she would have totally ruined the girl during her holidays by mismanagement, if Miss Russel had not done her best—and her best was a good deal—to counteract the old lady's influence. The result was that Rachel loved her kind friend with all her heart, and gave only respect and obedience to her aunt.

The existence of Rachel's rare musical talent had for a long time been a bone of contention between the aunt and the niece. The girl loved music passionately, and would fain have cultivated her really splendid voice to the utmost. Miss Conway, who considered the gift of song as a disgraceful inheritance from the music-master, only consented at last that her niece should have any instruction in the art she loved so enthusiastically, when Rachel positively refused to open a book unless she was allowed to have lessons in both singing and playing.

So she came home "for good," as it is called, having had the advantage of instruction from the best masters, and even her aunt was obliged to admit, as she listened to Rachel's singing, that she might

have inherited a more despicable gift from poor Scotelli than her glorious and now well trained voice.

"I say, Harry, old fellow! where are your wits wool-gathering to-night? You have twice had the fall of the trick, and trumped my king!"

Vaughan and three of his brother officers were enjoying a "quiet rubber" in Harry's room. They almost always adjourned to his room after "mess," for it was by far the most comfortable in the barracks. Indeed, Harry's epicurean tastes were quite a proverb in the regiment. There were three or four men present besides the whist party, all of them with cigars in their mouths, chatting together in a lazy desultory manner.

"There!" cried Harry, "you needn't grumble; we've won the odd trick, and the third rubber, and I'm tired."

"After your long walk, I suppose," said the first speaker, gathering up the cards and shuffling them with rapid fingers; "how many miles was it across country? Out with it, my boy!"

"Out with what?" said Harry, looking very innocent. "I don't know what you're up to. You're always coming out with some tremendous thing."

"Oh, yes; I've no doubt you'll take the injured innocent dodge! But I saw you—both; and an uncommonly neat pair of ankles she showed at that stile that she made you get over first. But I wouldn't let her wear her hair in a net, if I were you!"

"Why, where the devil were you, man?" cried Harry at last. "It seems to me that a fellow can't go to the length of his nose without being seen."

"Where you would have seen us, if you hadn't been too busy."

"Us—who's us?"

"Me and Chambers," replied the other, not more entirely regardless of grammar than are hundreds of his contemporaries, both in and out of her Majesty's service. "I say, is it a case of 'my pretty girl milking her cow,' or did papa call upon you, like an old trump, as of course, he is? It's just like your confounded luck!"

"Vaughan's always in luck," drawled out a sleepy voice from an arm-chair; "I bet a hundred to one that half the women in W—are over head and ears in love with him before three months. I'm sure I don't know how he does it. It must be his teeth; they're A 1, you know."

"You needn't talk, Franklin," returned Vaughan, laughing; "you know you were obliged to buy a wig before we left Manchester; you had given away all your hair in locks; it's only just beginning to grow."

"Ay! but *you* never joined at Manchester until just the week before we left, so that accounts for my hairless condition. I used to tell the 'darlings' what a destroying angel you were, and only the route had come just as your leave was out, I intended to have some placards posted up, with 'Vaughan is coming!' in large letters, like those conjuring fellows you know!"

"I hope the aborigines of W— know how blest they are in having got the —th to enliven their stuffy old town," said a dark elderly man, who had been one of the whist party. "It seems to me to be a precious slow place. I saw an invitation in the ante-room this afternoon; did any of the assembled multitude read it?"

"Oh, it's for the croquet party at the Palace on Thursday," cried Vaughan; "the Bishop's people, you know. I hear the girls are awfully nice!"

"But the old boy, himself—shan't we have to kiss his toe, or something, when we go in?" asked Franklin. "I vote we ask him to let one of the girls stand proxy. Those are the Palace people who sit in the big pew, with the mitre over it, in the Cathedral. One of the girls is rather a pretty little thing, with light frizzy hair, and a snub nose. I think she's smitten with me; I caught her looking at at me ever so many times last Sunday, instead of saying her prayers."

"If you had been saying yours, you could not have seen her," growled Major Howard, the dark elderly man. "But didn't I hear some one say that Harry had been seen helping a petticoat over a stile? That's sharp practice, considering that he only joined the day before yesterday—would you mind telling us all about it, Vaughan? I'll promise for one not to interfere with your amusement."

"You are very kind," replied Harry, grimly; "but I don't think you'll get the opportunity. I say, who's for pool or billiards? You cleaned me out last night, Franklin, old fellow, and I want my revenge."

So, while Harry, with his coat off, was trying to take "a life off red," Rachel Scott was fast asleep, and probably dreaming of the coming Thursday.

CHAPTER III.

"Touch not the nettle lest it should sting thee."

OLD SONG.

"WHAT a glorious day it is," cried Rachel, as she sprang lightly into Miss Russel's brougham to be driven with her to the Palace. "I was terribly afraid this morning that it was going to be wet."

The girl was looking so bright and pretty, with her hair drawn back over her little ears, and dressed in a moderate *chignon* behind, and

with a snood of blue ribbon tied in a coquettish bow at one side. The white dress had been smoothed out, and looked as crisp as possible, and there was a blue ribbon to match the snood, about her rounded waist, while a broad-leaved Leghorn hat, simply trimmed with black velvet, replaced the fast little "sailor" in which she was wont to appear. Altogether she looked charming, and she felt charming too, which goes a long way in making people *be* what they *seem*.

"Was it not nice of aunt Conway to give me this new hat?" she said. "I really think she is beginning to get fond of me! But I know what it is all about," she added, laughing; "the Bishop's new curate paid us two visits within a week, and I know she thinks he has fallen in love with me!"

"And supposing he has been weak enough to do so," said Miss Russel, with a fond look at the bright happy face beside her, "curates are not generally considered prizes, are they?"

"Oh, but Mr. Ruthven is a prize curate! His father is a great 'swell,' and very rich, they say. Only fancy, aunt Conway has been making me learn Handel, because St. James, as I call him—his name is James—is mad about music. He doesn't look musical; but Mr. Vaughan does. Don't you think *he* has a singing face, Granny?"

"How do you intend to manage between him and the curate?" asked Miss Russel, slyly. "It is a regular case of 'sword and gown.'"

"I know which I like best," laughed Rachel. "But here we are at last, and not the first to arrive either. Oh how nice the girls look! And Nanette has a hat like mine."

There were a great many people scattered over the pretty grounds, which, partly shadowed by the old Cathedral, were attached to the Episcopal Palace, but the croquet

had not, properly speaking, begun. Some of the young ladies and gentlemen were walking about with mallets in their hands, and others stood in groups at the starting sticks, but no one thought of beginning to play, for "the officers" had not yet made their appearance. But the Misses Bishop were beginning to fear that they could not be waited for much longer.

Miss Russel and Rachel made their way to where Mrs. Bishop sat with the Dean's wife beside her. They were not very fond of each other, those two, but somehow they always got together. The Bishop was standing near his wife, evidently talking "shop" to a young man with a high, black waistcoat, and a snowy tie above it.

"St. James," whispered Rachel to her companion as they came up. "He is High Church, you know, and a great pet of the Bishop's."

But the Bishop's pet did not remain talking to the Bishop, when he saw who had stopped at Mrs. Bishop's chair. He came forward at once, shook hands with Rachel, and was introduced to Miss Russel.

Then seeing no good reason why he should not have a pretty girl for his partner at the match of croquet which was at last being formed, he asked Rachel if she would play, and Rachel said "with pleasure," although she wished Vaughan had arrived in time to ask her first.

"He is such a superior young man," said Mrs. Bishop, confidentially, to Mrs. Dean and Miss Russel, when Mr. Ruthven was out of hearing. "The Bishop considers himself *most* fortunate to get him into the diocese. His father is one of the richest commoners in —shire, and his family are charming. We saw a great deal of them in London this season"—her "season" in London was the one great gun in Mrs. Bishop's battery, and she was always firing it off—"and he

went about with us everywhere." She did not add her belief that Mr. Ruthven had been apparently greatly "taken" with her eldest daughter, or her hope that he would begin where he left off, now that they were all settled at W——.

It was not a promising sign, certainly, his having walked away with pretty Rachel Scott; but when Mrs. Bishop remembered the many "quiet evenings" she intended to ask him to spend with "just themselves," she was not uneasy.

Meanwhile, the croquet began in real earnest. Miss Bishop, otherwise Miss Rokeby, and her partner—a very young ensign who had not waited for his brother officers, but had arrived at the Palace punctually at three o'clock, and had expiated his offence by an hour's examination of the photographic albums in the lonely drawing-room—played against the curate and his at one set of hoops. Miss Rokeby felt a little aggrieved at the curate's desertion, especially as she could not help remembering certain little passages of a decidedly tender nature, which had passed between them in London. He really had been very attentive in escorting her to oratorios, and flower shows, so I fear that curates are not more constant than other men. But she was a good-natured girl, and when she too remembered "quiet evenings" with "just ourselves," she cherished no anger against Rachel, who was chatting, and laughing gaily, and forgetting that there was such a man as Vaughan in the world, until looking up suddenly to ask Mr. Ruthven what she should do next, she saw Harry, with three or four of his brother officers, standing at a little distance watching her. She caught his eyes, smiled, and bowed.

"Is that *her*," asked Franklin, when he saw Vaughan take off his hat. "So she's not a rosy-cheeked rustic, but an accredited member of

the ecclesiastical set. I say, Harry, old fellow, I would not let that sky pilot have a walk over if I were you. I think he looks spooney already. By Jove, if I'm ever in Parliament, which is not likely, I'll bring in a bill for the suppression of curates; they marry all the pretty women and they are such awful prigs!"

"He's no prig," replied Harry, and it was very magnanimous of him to say so much in Mr. Ruthven's favour, for he was anything but pleased at the way in which the young clergyman was looking at Rachel just at the moment. "I know him very well, he was at Oxford with me, and he is a capital fellow; I'll go and speak to him. I say, you don't remember me, Ruthven," he added, going up to where the curate and Rachel stood chatting together, their turn being over for the present—"Vaughan, of Magdalen,—many a pleasant day we've had together."

"Ah, Vaughan! to be sure I remember you, I'm very glad to see you, old fellow. What brings you to W——? Oh! you're in the —th, I suppose. And how are your sisters? I remember them all at the Commemoration the year you left. What jolly days we had then! I'm surprised you knew me."

"Oh, I knew you at once, in spite of that *ponderious* beard"—ponderious was a way the—th had invented of pronouncing "ponderous," and they used the coinage upon all occasions without caring whether they were understood or not. "Miss Scott, do you approve of clergymen wearing beards?"

"I never thought much about it," said Rachel. "I believe it's good for the throat, or something, is it not, Mr. Ruthven?"

"Oh, yes, it is a famous thing for our throats," replied Mr. Ruthven—"My turn, did you say, Miss Rokeby? I'm ready," and away he

went to find his ball, and Vaughan, and Rachel, were left together.

"Of course you delight in croquet, Miss Scott? All young ladies do," Harry began. "Indeed, I don't know what you all did before it was invented."

"It's older than I am, so I don't know," answered Rachel, pertly. "Oh, Mr. Ruthven! not there if you please, you'll ruin everything." And she hurried away to prevent the curate from sending a ball in a wrong direction.

Harry felt aggrieved, and walked away to find his hostess, and with her he found Miss Russel, and she introduced him to some pretty girls, and he presently began to enjoy himself accordingly, although that "little Scott girl," as he called Rachel, had thrown him over for the curate.

But the curate was not Harry's only rival that day. When the match of croquet was over, and Rachel was standing discussing the merits of the game with the other players, she was conscious that a pair of dark brown, melancholy eyes were fixed upon her with a glance of evident admiration. The owner of the eyes was a handsome man of about three or four-and-thirty, a really handsome man with the most perfect features that could well be imagined; he had a tall, slight figure, and he was remarkably well dressed, and he had, as Rachel discovered, soon after, a low insinuating voice. Altogether he was a most dangerous creature, far more dangerous, in my opinion, than Harry Vaughan; for instead of Harry's bright frank manner, he had a dreamy and melancholy way of speaking, which immediately gave the impression that there was a hopeless blight of some kind upon him. Of course that manner of his was successful only with women; men saw through it at once, and laughed at it for a clever "dodge," but women

began by pitying him, and ended by—well, they generally ended by falling in love with him, which was to be regretted, for he did not fall in love with them in return.

Besides his many fascinations of person and manner, he had position, and every one knows what a trump card position is. He was the Hon. Reginald Fairfax, eldest son of Lord Wimburne, of Wimburne Priory, near W——, one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the shire. A good catch in every sense of the word, and as such of course, caressed and fêted and made much of; all which attentions, he received in the most condescending manner, just as if he considered them simply his due. And now, having "done" the London season, having flirted openly with "fast" Lady Sarah in the park, and at the Opera, and having gazed with those tender beseeching eyes of his at gentle Lady Lucy across the breadth of a crowded ballroom, until she blushed, and trembled with a vague pleasure, he had come down to rusticate at Wimburne, and not having anything particular to do, he thought a flirtation with pretty innocent little Rachel Scott would be a very charming pastime indeed.

It would have been all very well, if languishing glances and soft words to highborn beauties were the only sins which could be laid to the charge of Mr. Fairfax; but there was another and a heavier one. During his gallop in the ride every morning during the summer, which was just now over, he used to see a pretty little figure hurrying along, always at the same hour, and always in the same direction. The little figure was poorly, but neatly dressed, a governess, evidently, on her way to her daily routine of hard work.

Mr. Fairfax after a while began to watch for her, and he would have given a great deal for an ex-

cuse to speak to her. He more than once thought of pretending to ride over her at a crossing, that he might be obliged to stop, and beg her pardon. But fortune favoured him, as she often does favour such men as he. Just as he was passing her one day—perhaps the admiring gaze which the girl caught from those dark melancholy brown eyes, was too much for her—she let fall a roll of music which she was carrying, and he sprang from his horse and picked it up, literally before she could stoop for it herself. Of course she had to thank him, and for the first time, he got a satisfactory view of the pretty young face, with its full hazel eyes, and its framework of soft brown hair; and, equally of course, he did not remount his "prancing steed"—the Park hack was a "prancing steed" to the foolish girl, whose ideas were all borrowed from third-rate novels—but walked by her side, talking, she thought as the "Giaour," or the "Corsair" would have talked, until they reached a point beyond which, for cogent reasons, he did not choose to go; and then he shook hands, and he held hers in its shabby, but well-fitting glove, while he assured her that his slight service was more than repaid by the pleasure of her acquaintance, and she believed him, and the melancholy brown eyes came between her and the dull routine with her pupils, on that day, and for many a day afterwards.

I am sorry to have to tell it, but it was in the end the saddest version of the old old story. She was not ill-principled, poor girl; she was only very weak, and fairly bewitched by the tempter with the dark brown eyes. It was very pleasant for him to see the soft light coming into her face at his approach, and to watch how, one by one, her doubts and scruples vanished beneath his sophistries, and—well,

at length the ranks of daily governesses were thinned by one, and that one under the name of Mrs. Villiers, took possession of a pretty villa at Richmond.

Mrs. Villiers knew nothing whatever about Reginald, except that he was handsome rich generous, and apparently devoted to her. She believed that Villiers was his name, and she firmly believed him when he swore that he would marry her when he was his own master.

And now you know more about Mr. Fairfax than did any of the Bishop's guests—I mean the lady guests—to whom he, Mr. Fairfax, made himself so agreeable that August afternoon. But Rachel Scott had attracted him, and to Rachel Scott he must be introduced.

But he did not rashly commit himself by asking any one "who that pretty girl was?" He merely sauntered up to the second Miss Rokeby, who was not playing croquet, and asked, "who the young lady was, who seemed bent upon roqueting—didn't they call that knocking of the balls about roqueting?—everybody so unmercifully;" and when he heard the name, Scott, he remembered a fact which would almost give him the claim of old acquaintanceship with the girl whom he admired. Her aunt, Miss Conway, and his mother were very old and intimate friends, and as a child Rachel had often spent a day at Wimburne Priory with his sisters. So by-and-by he went up to her, took off his hat, and claimed acquaintance with her in the most graceful manner, and Rachel, pleased, and flattered at the goodness of his memory, blushed very prettily, and felt quite penitent at the badness of her own, when Mr. Fairfax told her how well he remembered the happy days they had all spent together as children.

Then he must find his mother and

sisters. They had all been abroad for so long, that they were almost strangers in W——, but he hoped they would all be very intimate now. So Lady Wimburne and the girls were found, and the former, a good-natured kind-hearted woman, kissed Rachel at once, and told her that she was charmed to see her, and the girls shook hands with her, and wondered how it was that she was so pretty, and stylish looking when she had always lived in the country.

With great satisfaction to himself Mr. Fairfax would, if possible, have induced Rachel to forego any more croquet that afternoon, and to stroll with him instead, up and down one of the shady walks which abounded in the Palace pleasure grounds, but, Rachel, not caring for a *tête-à-tête* with a man with whom she was not yet quite at her ease, said she was not in the least tired of croquet, and just at the moment Harry Vaughan came up and asked her to play with him. She hesitated, but Fairfax did not. He hated croquet mortally, but he had no idea of seeing the girl whom he had singled out for his own special amusement, carried off by that "tremendous young warrior," as he mentally styled Vaughan, so he said—

"Miss Scott has honoured me by selecting me for her partner," and giving Rachel his arm, he turned to the croquet ground, leaving Harry very well inclined to knock him down.

"Your young Hercules looks injured," Reginald continued, with a scarcely perceptible pressure of the little grey gloved hand upon his arm, "but I think I can endure even his enmity rather than give you up."

"I suppose he did not think you looked like a croquet player," Rachel returned, feeling rather aggrieved on Vaughan's account, but wonderfully flattered upon her own.

"Which ball will you have? I have got white."

"I shall have blue. I like blue in everything," he said, looking into Rachel's violet eyes with a wistful melancholy glance, which made her long to ask him why he looked so sad. And so it went on, and by the time the game was finished, Rachel no longer made any objection to walk up and down one of the shady walks with her partner, and presently they sat down to rest upon one of the rustic seats out of sight of those dreadfully energetic people, as he called the apparently, indefatigable croquet players.

There was always music at the Palace after the "high tea," which followed the croquet on the lawn, so when the party came out of the dining-room, having partaken of the good things provided for them, the Misses Rokeby sat down to the grand piano, and performed an Italian duet. It is very much to be hoped that none of the good churchmen present understood the soft Southern tongue, or they must have been horrified at the strong language that issued from the lips of the fair vocalists; but as Miss Betty Fudge says, "Things do not sound half so naughty in French."

Then Mr. Ruthven sat down, and sang, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and Miss Rokeby as she looked at, and listened to him, again thought of certain passages which had taken place in London, and felt a thrill of pleasure. I hope there is nothing wrong in saying this. Why should not bishops' daughters feel happy, when handsome young men who have spoken soft words to them, sing sweet songs?

Rachel, who was sitting rather away from the group round the piano, listening with intense pleasure to every note, was next called upon, and she obeyed the call at once. The song she chose was Schubert's exquisite "Passing Bell," which she

sang and played as she alone, in that room, could have done. When the first notes of her magnificent voice were heard, every other voice became mute, while many actually held their breath to listen; and when she ceased, and the last chords were dying away, there was still silence for a moment, then rapturous applause.

Poor Rachel was almost overpowered. She had forgotten her audience altogether, and now they were crowding about her, begging for just one more.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, half laughing at their importunity.

"Anything you please," they said.

"Will you sing something to please me?" said a voice she had missed in the general approbation, and Fairfax placed a book upon the desk before her. "I cannot even try to tell you *now* what I think of your song," he whispered, as he fumbled very unnecessarily with the little brass hooks which kept the leaves of the music steady.

The song he had selected was Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," and if Rachel's rich voice and perfect taste had done justice to the difficult German music, her rendering of the simple Irish melody was absolute perfection.

When she rose from the piano, blushing and confused with the praises which were lavished upon her, Fairfax offered her his arm to lead her back to her seat, or to a seat rather, for he took her quite to the other end of the long drawing-room, and then more duets, and more solos followed, and no one, except perhaps Miss Russel, remarked that Fairfax drew a low chair to Rachel's side, and remained talking to her for the rest of the evening.

Yes, and he talked to her as no man had ever talked to her before, and ever and anon the dark melancholy eyes rested upon her face, as though

they were world-weary, and that to look at her was peace. He talked to her of music, and praised her voice and her singing with the most subtle flattery; then he drew her on to speak of herself, and listened with profound attention to her innocent chatter about her school days, and her school friends. Then he spoke of himself, told her of his life—it was a mere fancy sketch, of course,—which he called “vapid and aimless,” and when he had maundered on for a long time, he suddenly pulled up, wondering why he had been tempted to tell to *her* what he had never cared to tell to any one before! It must be because she had been his little child friend long ago, and he hoped she would be his woman friend now. “Would she take pity on him sometimes and ‘charm away the evil spirit’ by singing?” And Rachel allowed him to take her little hand, and pitied him from the bottom of her foolish loving heart, for having an “evil spirit,” and it never occurred to her that the demon might be a myth, nor did she hear Vaughan singing in a sweet well-trained tenor, to his own accompaniment, “When other lips, and other hearts.”

And then it was time to go away, and Rachel wished, as so many of us have wished before her turn came, that pleasant days would never end, and as Fairfax drove back to Wimburne Priory with his mother and sisters, he smiled to himself over the new conquest he had made.

CHAPTER IV.

“In the court of Cupid fancies are
Just as valid as affidavits,
And the vaguest illusions quite
As much evidence, as testimony
Taken upon oath!”

As a matter of course Rachel was at The Lodge the following afternoon to talk over the croquet party.

Not that she had much to say about her own share in it, except that she had enjoyed it very much! She felt that she could not, even to Miss Russel, tell all that Mr. Fairfax had said to her. “How very nice he was,” she thought, and “how much she liked that gentle kind manner of his! Could he be unhappy about anything? She feared he must be, he looked so sad sometimes. Perhaps he was in love with some one who did not care for him.” But Rachel dismissed that idea at once—surely any one for whom *he* cared, must care for *him*.” Then she began to wonder if Lady Wimburne would call upon her aunt Conway, as she had said she hoped to do very soon.

These thoughts, and many other thoughts of a like nature, passed through Miss Scott’s mind as she sat at the piano idly getting over the forenoon until it was time to go to The Lodge. She was trying some songs which Mr. Fairfax had told her he particularly admired, and hoping that he would hear her sing them some day—he had such good taste in music! How she wished she could hear all those operas he spoke of—*Faust* and *Don Giovanni*; she must get the Jewel Song from *Faust*; he said it would suit her voice admirably.

She was looking prettier than Miss Russel had ever seen her when she came into the drawing-room at The Lodge about three o’clock, and told her dear old Granny that she had come to dine with her. “Aunt Conway said I might come,” she said, “and I hope you are glad to see me, Granny. And, oh! don’t you wish that we were going to another croquet party to-day?”

Miss Russel could not say with truth that she did wish it, but then Mr. Fairfax had not been making himself agreeable to her.

“I was so dreadfully frightened

when they all began to applaud my song," Rachel began, when she had taken off her hat and scarf, and opened her little workbag, "for just at first every one was so silent, I was sure they did not like it."

"And I don't think you heard your friend Mr. Vaughan sing at all," said Miss Russel. "Indeed, I suspect poor Sword and poor Gown were both forgotten."

"Did he sing?" cried Rachel, blushing, as she remembered why it was she had not heard him.

"Yes, and most beautifully. I like his singing better than Mr. Ruthven's. If I could have ventured to disturb your *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fairfax, I might have got you back to the piano. I suppose you found him agreeable."

"Agreeable is no word for what he is," cried Rachel, enthusiastically, "he is charming! There is something about him so—so—oh, so unlike every one."

"And you like that! Well, I prefer Mr. Vaughan, although I have met many men like him. There is something—you will be shocked, Rachel, I know—to my mind sly about Mr. Fairfax. I cannot help thinking when I look at him, that I do not see the real man."

"Real?" echoed Rachel, who had considered the Honourable Reginald candour itself. "Indeed, Granny, you are wrong; he told me a great deal about himself last night."

"To you, did he? And what did he tell you? I suppose you are not bound to secrecy."

"Oh, I don't know; he told me little things," replied Rachel, puzzled, now that the plain question had been put, to remember what Mr. Fairfax had actually told her of himself. "I don't think he is happy," she concluded, falling back into her old idea.

"Oh, ridiculous! What in the world can he have to make him unhappy? He has everything he can

possibly wish for. I'm afraid he is a little bit of a humbug, Rachel, and I repeat, I like Mr. Vaughan far better."

"Talk of an angel!" laughed Rachel, "there is Mr. Vaughan coming up the avenue."

Miss Russel went to the window, and called to him to come across the flower beds. "You have leave to come in this way by the window always, remember," she said, giving him her hand; "and if you do not find me in this room, I am almost certain not to be at home—come in, here is Miss Scott; we have been talking over the croquet party yesterday. I hope you enjoyed your first specimen of our W— festivities."

"Beyond everything! I never spent so jolly a day, and all our fellows were delighted. Such a lot of pretty girls; and the Bishop's awfully good-natured, isn't he? But, Miss Scott, your songs have been haunting me ever since. You won't think I am flattering you, will you? when I tell you that I hav'n't heard such singing I don't know when. By Jove! that Irish melody was enough to make a fool of a fellow."

Vaughan's praise was, like himself, honest and out-spoken. Rachel laughed merrily. "I shall be quite spoiled," she said; "but I am very glad you were pleased."

"You will think I am going to haunt you," Vaughan went on, turning to Miss Russel, "but I had a long letter from my father this morning, with no end of messages to you, and I thought you would like to hear them. There," handing her the letter, "you may read it all for yourself."

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind," she replied, and Vaughan noticed the bright glow of pleasure that passed over her face, as her eyes fell upon the familiar handwriting unseen for years. "You

will see that he begs of you to keep a watch upon his good-for-nothing son, so I must help you to do his bidding by coming here very often," laughed Harry. And then he left Miss Russel to her letter, and turned again to Rachel.

"So you wouldn't play croquet with me yesterday, Miss Scott? But indeed when I heard who your partner was, I felt very small at having asked you. We poor mud-crushers—did you know the infantry were called by that pretty name?—have no chance beside a fellow like Fairfax! What jolly little girls his sisters are. You know them, of course."

Yes, Rachel knew them, had known them since they were all children together. Did Mr. Vaughan know that the eldest Miss Fairfax was going to be married?

"I suppose to that man who was with her," cried Vaughan, "that red-haired fellow with the glass in his eye? He is a swell of some kind no doubt. What on earth can she see to fancy in the creature? But there is no accounting for what you women will do."

"You seem rather aggrieved about it," said Rachel; "but then there is Julia, the second girl, waiting for you. Many people think her prettier than Miss Fairfax."

"I don't, she's too like her brother," said Harry, bluntly; "but I suppose I must not abuse him to you, Miss Scott. I shall have the pleasure of meeting him to-night, he dines with us—Hallo! what's this? I hear wheels."

"It's the Wimburne carriage," said Miss Russel from her seat in the window. "Pray do not go, Mr. Vaughan," for Harry had risen as she spoke. Rachel tried hard to look as if she only expected, or hoped to see, the ladies of the Wimburne family, but although she grew very intent upon the removal of a knot upon her embroidery thread,

she could not keep back the flush that rose to her cheeks, nor the look of expectancy that brightened her eyes as she furtively watched the door. Harry saw both blush and look, and he felt that he actually hated Reginald Fairfax, as he too watched the door.

"Lady Wimburne, and the Misses Fairfax!"—Rustle of matronly silk and girlish muslin, but no manly tread following, to the disappointment of one, and to the joy of another.

There was more affectionate kissing of Rachel. The young ladies were really cordial to her to-day, for Reginald had only arched his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders when they had praised her to him yesterday; so that he was safe, not from flirtation, for "Reginald always flirted," but from falling in love.

They were expecting a houseful of people at the Priory the next week, and the object of Lady Wimburne's visit was to ask Miss Russel to join the party. "And I am on my way to ask your aunt if she will allow us to have the pleasure of your company too, dear," her ladyship added, turning to Rachel.

The girl's heart gave a great bound of delight at the prospect, while in one swift moment she passed her whole wardrobe in review, and remembered that there would be dressing for dinner at the Priory every day. But being a ladylike little person, she did not forget to thank Lady Wimburne very prettily for her kind invitation, and then she turned to attend to the young ladies who were telling her to be sure and bring all her music.

"We hope to see you, and some of your brother officers too, Mr. Vaughan," Lady Wimburne said, in her most gracious manner, to Harry. She had heard about "The Oaks" from somebody, and con-

sidered that although Vaughan was only a subaltern he might safely be admitted to intimacy.

"Oh, thank you, I shall be delighted," said Harry, with a vague feeling of satisfaction, derived from the hope that his presence might be a check—he could not have explained how—upon Mr. Fairfax. And besides, he was not by any means averse to a little flirtation upon his own part with pretty Julia Fairfax. It would not be too much to say that he had very nearly fallen in love with Rachel Scott, but still he could flirt with Julia—wheat and tares can grow in the same field.

The invitations having been all given and accepted, there followed a good deal of pleasant chatter between the three girls and Vaughan, and between Lady Wimburne, and Miss Russel. Her ladyship was one of those good-natured motherly women who talk a great deal of light harmless gossip during the day without knowing it—(as Mons. Jourdain talked prose)—and she was pleased to find her girls not anxious to be off again, as was usual with them during a morning visit. Indeed, had Vaughan not been at the Lodge that afternoon, the Misses Fairfax would have reminded their mother that it was getting late, or have made some other equally trivial excuse for moving. Such little things are only human nature, as everyone knows, and no one would think of blaming a pretty girl for liking to talk to a handsome agreeable young man, instead of to another pretty girl, or to an elderly woman.

But at last they went away, Lady Wimburne promising Rachel to call upon Miss Conway and to arrange with her for the girl's visit to The Priory. Vaughan saw the ladies to their carriage, and smiled upon them with his handsome mouth, and his sparkling eyes, and then he went back to get his letter from Miss

Russel, and to see if Rachel appeared elated at the prospect of going to Wimburne.

Of course she was elated, and why not? What girl of only eighteen, who did not know how far expectations always exceed realities, who thought that clouds were not only lined with silver, but were formed throughout of that precious metal, who never had had a great disappointment to bear, and who imagined that people and things were fully as honest and as perfect as she believed them to be, would not be delighted at the prospect of going to stay in a pleasant house, full of pleasant people—of being prettily dressed, and of being made much of by every one? Yes, and it would be very nice indeed, she thought, to stay in the house with Mr. Fairfax. Rachel had often tried to picture to herself what that sad-eyed hero was like in the bosom of his family, and had failed; but her thoughts went no farther. She never calculated, as ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would have done, upon the chances of "catching" Lord Wimburne's son and heir.

She was talking eagerly to Miss Russel when Vaughan came back, and if that young gentleman had not been too much taken up with admiring her animated face, he would have heard the ominous words, "Grenadine trimmed with blue." "Yes, dear, we must settle all about it in good time," Miss Russel made answer. "Mr. Vaughan, here is your letter, with many thanks. Pray tell your father when you are writing, that I return all his kind messages, and that I too hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting again some day. And now I want to know if you will stay and dine with me to-day? Miss Scott will be the only other guest. I cannot promise you such magnificence as you have at your mess, but——"

"It would give me the greatest pleasure," interrupted Harry, "but it is our guest night, and I could not be absent; however, if I can I'll get away after dinner, and come up to you for a cup of tea, and a song, if Miss Scott will kindly indulge me."

"And remember, you must sing yourself," said Rachel.

"Oh yes, I'll sing if you wish it," he said. And he went away delighted at the prospect of the pleasant evening he had before him.

And accordingly he came, and came very early too, considering that it was "guest night" with the gallant —th, for he was fully half an hour before the ladies at The Lodge expected to see him, and he had not waited to change his mess jacket, and white waist-coat; but then I have no doubt he knew the dress was becoming to him, and was therefore not sorry to have the opportunity of appearing in it. Neither was he sorry, for that evening at least, to escape from the society of his brother officers—from the cutting cynicisms of Major Howard, and from the chaffing banter of Franklin, who found out everything about every one, and who always retailed his information with notes and comments of his own.

Reginald Fairfax was one of the guests, and led by him, the conversation at dessert had been such as to disgust Vaughan, and he was by no means a strait-laced young man.

When he came into the pretty drawing-room at The Lodge, and took in at a glance the atmosphere of refinement and purity that pervaded it, and when he saw Rachel's lovely face, radiant with youth and happiness, his blood boiled at the thought of what wretchedness contact with a man like Fairfax might bring upon her.

The evening was very quiet, but

very pleasant, dangerously so, I fear, for the gallant young soldier. Rachel sang for him, and he sang for Rachel, and they sang duets together, until Miss Russel declared that he had no mercy upon the girl's voice, and shut the piano. And then Harry got a volume of Præd, and read aloud poems grave, and poems gay by turns, and then all too soon came the announcement that a servant had been sent for Miss Scott.

But I think it is almost unnecessary to state, that the domestic was allowed to walk discreetly in the background, while Vaughan escorted the young lady to her home, an arrangement which Miss Russel would have prevented had it been in her power. But I think on the whole that the walk by moonlight gave Rachel more satisfaction than it gave to Vaughan. She enjoyed it merely as a walk by moonlight, a pleasant finish to a pleasant evening. But he would have been more gratified had she been a little less frankly at her ease with him; he knew the "weather signs of love," and he would have been glad to trace even the faintest outline of them in the girl's demeanour towards himself. "Can it be possible," he thought, as he walked back to the barracks after having said good night to Rachel—"can it be possible that that fellow Fairfax has made such good running in one afternoon that I haven't a chance! What a ponderious ass I am after all, to let myself be bowled over by a pair of violet eyes, and a voice—how well it goes with mine too! And her father's a music master in London, Franklin says, and her sister a governess. How the deuce does that fellow find out everything? I never find out anything, and he is nearly always right. Well if he were a sweep, she is a lady every inch, and awfully distractingly pretty! I wonder is this the real

thing this time, Harry, my boy, or only another case of 'mock cupid,' as Franklin calls my love affairs. I shall be a better judge when I go to Wimburne, and see what game that Fairfax fellow is up to. By Jove, if I feel at all pokery towards him, I had better get more leave, and give him a fair field. It wouldn't be right to stand in the way of her being 'My Lady!' Hallo, light in Howard's room. They're playing loo, I suppose, like old boots! I'll go to bed, I couldn't stand that fellow again with his goggle eyes, and his sugary voice."

Of course it was a libel to say that Fairfax had goggle eyes; but then Vaughan was jealous, and therefore prejudiced.

During the week which elapsed between the morning he spent at The Lodge and the day fixed for the assembling of the guests at Wimburne Priory, Vaughan did not see Rachel Scott. He called several times at The Lodge, but always found Miss Russel alone, and it was during one of these visits that he heard from her what rumour, in the person of Captain Franklin, had told him before, namely, that Miss Scott's father really was a music-master, and had for years been known by no other name than that of Scotelli—the poor man had *Italianized* himself to pander to the popular British prejudice that no one but an Italian could teach music.

Miss Russel had a motive in telling the son of her old friend the parentage of the pretty and thoroughly lady-like girl, whom he met in the "best set" in W—, and whom he so evidently admired. But there were some facts connected with the modest household of the Scotellis which Miss Russel did not know. She did not know that Scotelli himself, in addition to his tuition, now sang in the chorus of the Italian Opera, at Covent

Garden, and that his daughter—Rachel's elder, and equally pretty sister—but what she was doing will be told more appropriately in another place.

"She is pretty enough to grace a coronet," was Vaughan's very commonplace remark, when he had heard all Miss Russel had to tell him of the girl, who, from the moment when blushing and frightened at her own boldness she had given him his lost money at the — station, had occupied a prominent place in his thoughts. And then he remembered the Viscount's coronet which might perhaps be waiting her acceptance, and wondered if Fairfax also knew about the musicmaster.

But, if known to him, the fact that Miss Scott's father and sister earned by hard work the bread which they ate, did not seem to affect Mr. Fairfax more than it affected Harry himself, for when the latter entered the drawing-room at Wimburne Priory before dinner, when the week had passed, and all the guest-chambers at the hospitable old mansion were full, the first thing he saw was Fairfax standing beside Rachel's chair. He was even leaning with one hand upon the back of it, as he bent over to whisper to her in that flatteringly confidential manner of his.

How pretty she was looking, dressed in white with blue ribbons, so quiet with all her animation, so thoroughly lady-like, so perfectly at her ease. She did not see Vaughan coming into the room, although she had been looking forward to meeting him with great pleasure, for Fairfax had a way of what I may call absorbing any woman to whom he addressed himself. He claimed the attention of voice ear and eye, and Rachel would not have been what she was, a very pretty, and a very young woman, if she had not been flat-

tered by his attentions, and his undisguised admiration. But she could not tell, that as he talked to her, and gave her the full benefit of long eloquent glances from his languishing eyes—Rachel did not call them “goggle”—he was trying to remember of whom it was that she reminded him so strongly.

“By Jove!” he said, at last, as it flashed across him; but he made the sudden exclamation to himself.

Mr. Fairfax being the eldest son of the house, was, of course, obliged to take a lady of more importance than Miss Scott in to dinner; but he lamented over his hard fate to her in a few telling words, and then saw her conveyed by Major Howard without a pang.

The young lady herself was not so well pleased. In default of Fairfax she would have liked Vaughan, whom she regarded as quite an old friend; but there he was, quite at the far end of the table, chatting very pleasantly with Julia Fairfax, and she felt quite sure that she should never be able to talk to the man with the grizzly moustache, who looked as if he thought her merely a child.

And Major Howard, having the power of reading character with little more than a glance out of those piercing eyes of his, saw at once that Rachel was not satisfied, and he debated with himself, while drinking his soup, whether he could make some slight amend to her by being agreeable. And whether it made up to her or not for her disappointment, he decided that he would be agreeable; or, rather, that he would find out what she was made of. Somewhat to his surprise, for he had a low opinion of the mental endowments of women, and especially of pretty young women, he found that Rachel could say a little more than “yes” and “no,” and she looked so bright, and aughed so merrily at his quaint

and cynical remarks, that he ended by being quite delighted with her.

Later in the evening, when the gentlemen followed the ladies to the drawing-room, he sat at a small table, away from all the rest of the company, apparently engrossed by one of poor Leech’s volumes; but in reality he was watching the little drama being played before him. He made comments to himself somewhat after this fashion:—

“Ha! I knew it. Fairfax is going in for the slaughter of another innocent! What the deuce is Vaughan about, that he does not try what a little pluck would do, if he really is spooney on the girl, as Franklin says he is? She is a nice little thing, an uncommonly nice little creature, and it is a thousand pities to see her philandering with that man, who hasn’t as much heart as a spider, and, of course, she’ll fall desperately in love with him; he’s just the sort of man to go down with women. I don’t know why they like him, but they do. If I were to tell all that I know of that man’s private life out here to this goodly company, I wonder what they would say? Take his part, of course, and just make as much of him as they did before; and there isn’t one of those girls that wouldn’t marry him! They rather like a scamp, I think. Suppose I were to go up and ask him how Mrs. Villiers is? how all the little Villiers are? Poor little girl! If I had met some one like you instead —,” he ground his teeth at that point, and was silent for a moment—“I might not have been the unbelieving dog about women that I am now. How pleased she seems—oh, yes! she is blushing, and looking down. I thought so — no woman under thirty could meet that glance of his unabashed. What is going to happen now? *Grand divertissement*? Vaughan approaches, Fairfax looks aggrieved, Rachel smiles

up at him—come, I like that; the game's not lost yet."

It was as Howard had said. Fairfax and Rachel were sitting decidedly *tête-à-tête*, and Vaughan having grown tired of the Hon. Julia, went to ask Rachel to sing.

"With pleasure," she said, smiling up at him. "But if some one else would sing first. It is really formidable before so many."

"My sisters will, I am sure," said Fairfax, in his languid manner; "do, Vaughan, ask them, like a good fellow; if Miss Scott begins, no one will venture on a note after her. Ah! there is Julia getting up, and you, Vaughan, as in duty bound, must go and turn over the leaves for her; I shall have the honour of taking Miss Scott to the piano, by-and-bye."

Fairfax settled himself back into his chair, and Vaughan felt that he was checkmated. Rachel was really sorry to see how vexed he looked; but she could not call him back to tell him so.

"You are not angry with me, I hope, for taking upon myself to say when you were to sing?" said Fairfax, as the young man turned away. "Of course, I know I cannot expect to prolong this, to me, too pleasant *tête-à-tête* the whole evening, but——"

"I daresay you will be very glad to end it yourself, by-and-bye," interrupted Rachel, in a rather blunt manner. "I do not think that my conversation can really interest you."

"If you were any other girl in the world, I should say you wanted me to compliment you," he returned; "no, I shall not wish to end this, or any other *tête-à-tête* with which Miss Scott may honour me. But I must not be selfish; I cannot hope to keep you always to myself; but you do not know how refreshing it is to me to meet with one so delightfully unspoiled as

you are; you have never lived in that world in which I am obliged to spend so much of my time, so that you can have no idea of the shams which surround me at every step. The first moment I saw you I felt that you were different from every other woman I knew."

Rachel laughed.

"You do not believe me?" he said, reproachfully.

"I was not thinking whether I believe you or not. I was only thinking that it would not require a witch to see the difference between me or any country young lady and one of your fine London belles! The very fashion of our dresses, the make of our boots and gloves——"

"The difference of which I spoke was of far more importance than the make of a dress, or of a boot," interrupted Fairfax, gently. "I did not suspect you of satire, Miss Scott. Did Major Howard give you a lesson during dinner? You seemed to be enjoying yourself very much. I confess, as I escorted that magnificent dowager to whom hard fate assigned me, I thought—I hoped—that you would have considered your fate hard also."

"Why?" asked Rachel, really puzzled. She had no experience whatever in the ambiguous style of love-making into which Fairfax was beginning to steal.

He sighed deeply before he replied, in a voice whose reproachful sadness touched Rachel just as he intended it to do.

"Do not ask me why, Miss Scott, for I cannot tell you—ah! if I could hope that your own heart would ever supply an answer."

Rachel felt her colour rise, and involuntarily she began to play with her watch-chain, that refuge for embarrassment with very young girls.

CHAPTER V.

Women not having it in their power to begin a courtship, some of them frequently lend an ear where their hearts incline not.

—RICHARDSON.

THE following day Rachel was up, and out among the flower-beds, before the Wimburne housemaids had finished their morning duties. Accustomed to early hours in her school-days, she could not stay in her room until the bell rang to assemble the guests. I wonder who among the said guests would believe that she had no object in her early walk, when, before she had been out for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Fairfax strolled across the grass towards her.

But Rachel was truly unconscious of his presence until she heard his step and voice behind her, and then she started, as though she were guilty of some dreadful crime in being out there at all, and her face was one rosy flush, as she held out her hand to him. She was very angry with herself, poor child, for she had a vague idea that somehow this fine gentleman, who held her hand ever so much longer than was necessary, and who lowered his voice to so soft a key when addressing her, would put a false construction upon her blushes and confusion.

But whatever his construction might be, he had tact enough to see that it would not do to go too fast, and perhaps frighten the bird before it was perfectly caught and caged; so instead of beginning where he had left off the evening before, he began to chat to her about the beauty of the morning—"He did so much enjoy a saunter before breakfast; it freshened a fellow up for the whole day." About the beauty of flowers—"His mother was an enthusiastic gardener! her roses had taken ever so many prizes; was the rose Miss

Scott's favourite flower?" About the delights of country life—"He wondered why people were so fond of London." Rachel soon forgot her embarrassment, and talked away merrily enough, but not quite so freely as she would have talked the day before. She was a pleasant spoken little thing, not in the least a clever girl, you understand, but she had a very sweet voice, and what is called a "taking manner," and if she sometimes made a silly remark, or a remark which showed that she was a very tyro in the ways of this wicked world, she was still charming.

If a girl has dark violet eyes, with long lashes, fresh bloom on her rounded cheeks, rosy lips, and above all a pretty figure, all graceful lines and curves, men in general, and especially men like Reginald Fairfax, do not care very much what her mental powers may be. But do not imagine that Rachel Scott was an empty-headed fool; she was no more a fool than the high-bred looking man dressed in grey tweed who strolled beside her was a hero, although she *was* silly enough to think him one.

"I wonder what every one will do to-day," he said at last, as having lounged up and down for half an hour, and having pulled some flowers for Rachel, he began to think that the post-bag had probably arrived, and that his letters and the *Times* were awaiting him inside. "What do you say to a ride, Miss Scott? There are plenty of ladies' horses always available here, and I am sure we can make up a party."

Rachel said a ride would be delightful. They had turned towards the house by this time, and were crossing a closely-shaven piece of turf. "This is for croquet, I suppose," she said, "what a charming ground!"

"Yes, this is for croquet," Fairfax answered, "and I have no doubt

you will find plenty of people to join you in that most delightful of games."

There was a sneer in his voice which Rachel did not like. "I hope so," she replied, with a spice of mischief; "I love croquet."

"And if anything could make me like it, it would be your love for it," Fairfax returned, quickly. "Do not look incredulous," he added, entreatingly, "I have begun to find the world a very bright one—lately. Pray do not darken it again with a frown."

Rachel had not been frowning, as far as she knew, but when Fairfax took that tone she was always silenced. They were now upon the hall-door steps, and raising his hat with an *au revoir*, and an eloquent glance, he left her, and she went to look for Miss Russel.

The guests in a country house rarely do anything in the way of amusing themselves before luncheon. They write letters; they turn over books and newspapers, they try new music; they dawdle in and out through the gardens and pleasure grounds; some of them are never seen until luncheon time. So it was at Wimburne Priory. Fairfax read newspapers and wrote letters persistently after breakfast, and was not tempted to the drawing-room even by the sound of Rachel's lovely voice. She was practising duets with Julia Fairfax, much to Vaughan's satisfaction.

That gallant young officer spent a most delightful forenoon with the two girls at the piano. The charm which Miss Scott's presence had for him was never so strong as when she was singing, and he could have sat for hours looking at and listening to her. His manner to her was very different from that of Fairfax; in this case the shyness and embarrassment were all on the side of the gentleman. In the first

days of their acquaintance he had found plenty to say to her! now he often, especially if they were alone, found himself stammering like a school-boy.

Indeed he could no longer hide the fact that he was, as he expressed it, "hit hard," and if Rachel had been what I have before said she was not, experienced in the ways of the world, she would have read his secret quickly enough. As it was, she thought he was "smitten" with the charms of Julia Fairfax, with whom he was perfectly at his ease, and to whom he whispered pretty little nothings, and otherwise flirted unmistakably. What would Vaughan have said had he known that in the depths of Rachel's heart, unknown even to herself, there was actual jealousy of the fair Julia? She did not think she cared in the very least to whom Harry devoted himself; she was herself apparently engrossed with Julia's brother; indeed she thought far more than was good for her about his looks and words. But it was one of those riddles in the nature feminine, which can never be solved, how side by side with this fancy for Reginald, there could be a far stronger fancy for the handsome frank young soldier.

I have no doubt some people will say that I am writing paradoxes, that I have a girl "in love" with two men at the same time; but I think I have stated only what hundreds of women will acknowledge to be the truth. I believe that a very young girl can be interested, let us call it, in two men at the same time, especially when those men both admire her, and pay her attention; and it would be a very nice question to decide which of the two she will come to care for, as women sometimes care for the man whom they marry. Very little will turn the scale in

favour of one or the other, but let the decision be once made, let the girl really begin to *love* one of her admirers, and she will boldly and strenuously deny—even to herself—that she had even a passing fancy for the other. We all know that women do not tell the whole truth in these matters.

But half an hour before the luncheon bell sounded Vaughan's pleasure was over, for Fairfax sauntered into the drawing-room in the slow indolent manner peculiar to him, a manner which always made Vaughan long to shake him. He went up to the piano, and stood by Rachel's side, looking very handsome, and very *distingué*, but not perhaps so thoroughly manly as Harry.

"Effeminate ass," was that young gentleman's mental comment, "I wish I could see him riding to hounds across a stiff country! I think if I were to put him on 'Sutton' those little hands of his would get enough to do." Sutton was a certain hard-pulling hunter of Vaughan's, and of course those remarks of his owner's, albeit made 'in to himself,' as children say, were very ill-natured, but being prompted by jealousy they must be excused. Fairfax, moreover, was fully competent to ride Sutton, or any other horse in Harry's stable, and he would, besides, have been perfectly well able to hold his own with Vaughan across any country in England.

However, at present, it was more to the purpose that he was apparently about to win a prize which Vaughan was longing for, as men generally do long for what seems hard to obtain.

It was to arrange about the riding party that Fairfax had come in, and in five minutes it was all settled. Vaughan was asked to join. At first he said "No," but then he thought better of it, and

said "Yes," and Julia Fairfax thought he relented because she had allowed herself to look disappointed.

So the young ladies appeared at luncheon in their habits, and when the horses came round afterwards, Vaughan had the immense satisfaction of seeing Rachel swung into her saddle by Fairfax, while he performed the same office for Julia: Miss Fairfax and her *fiancé* made up the party, and led the way, then followed Julia and her cavalier; Miss Scott and Reginald brought up the rear.

Fairfax never chose to go first, he liked to be able to do as he pleased, and it might suit him to walk his horse when others cantered. And it pleased him that afternoon to ride very slowly indeed along the shady roads, and very close to Rachel's bridle rein, and it pleased him to talk to her, not about the weather, not about "Shakspeare and the musical glasses," but about herself and himself, and about love and friendship, and such things. And it pleased him also to say a great many things which no man has a right to say, if he does not follow them up quickly by asking the woman to whom they are said to be his wife.

Rachel herself said but little. Of course the words she heard were pleasant to listen to; but when Fairfax would fain have drawn some answering word, or even look from her, she would not give it; for, in spite of herself, a vague distrust of the man would steal across her. He saw nothing of this distrust; he saw only the beauty of the shy eyes which were so rarely raised to meet his own. He felt that he had silenced, he hoped for ever, the tendency she had at first shown to blunt the power of his significant words by a smart repartee. He knew that he longed, as men such

as he do long, for an excuse to encircle that lithe figure with his arms, and to be allowed to kiss those fresh young lips—a caress stolen unawares would have had no sweetness for him, it should be a free gift.

Poor innocent guileless Rachel! She had no idea how lightly the man whose many fascinations were beginning to exercise their influence over her, held the honour of a woman, nor how low was his estimate of their character.

And how did Vaughan enjoy his ride? Of course it would be all right and proper if I were able to say that he was sour of speech and morose of temper; that he made no effort to be agreeable to his pretty companion, but comported himself altogether like a bear; but I cannot say it and speak the truth. He was not in the least like a bear; he was, on the contrary, like a lamb, if any handsome young man can be said ever to resemble that animal, and Julia had no fault to find with him.

But she was a sharp young woman, and she had had a good deal of experience in the ways of mankind, so she did not think that Vaughan was in love with her; she hoped, however, that he would be so before long. On the whole, I think it may be said that the riding party enjoyed themselves.

When the ladies had been dismounted, and had gone trailing across the hall to change their dresses, Vaughan, standing alone on the terrace, saw Miss Russel sitting reading under a tree which sheltered the croquet ground, and marching over the grass and flower-beds, he went and sat himself down beside her. A very quick friendship had arisen between those two. Vaughan felt that he could talk to Miss Russel as he could have talked to his own mother.

“What is the matter with you?”

she said, as he took off his hat, and pushed back his hair. “I do not think you are looking like yourself to-day. You seem as if you had been up all night. I hope you were not.”

“What should I be up for? I did not even go into the smoking-room with the other fellows. I walked with Howard, on the terrace there, for about half an hour. It is very kind of you to notice how I look,” he added, thanking her with his bright honest eyes.

“Oh, as to my kindness, it is simply nothing. I cannot help seeing that you are out of spirits. I do not want to pry into your confidence, Harry”—she had soon begun the use of his Christian name—“but if you are worried about—about—money—or anything—young men often are, I know—I wish you would let me help you; it would give me real pleasure.”

“Thank you, very very much,” he returned, taking the hand she had laid upon his arm. “I don’t know what I have done to deserve such kindness”—he was his father’s son, that was all—“but indeed I am not worried about money, my father gives me far more than I want, but”—and here he blushed a little, the foolish fellow, and stammered a good deal—“I want to know—I suppose she tells you everything, and if she doesn’t you can make a guess—do you think Rachel—Miss Scott, I mean—cares for Fairfax? I mean, of course, does he care for her? You know what I mean.”

“Before I answer your question I must ask another,” replied Miss Russel—and her tone was not nearly so sympathetic as Vaughan hoped it would have been—“what can it be to you whether Miss Scott cares for Mr. Fairfax, or whether Mr. Fairfax cares for her?”

“What can it be to me?” repeated Vaughan, slowly, and he

drew in a long breath, and set his teeth hard, as though he were trying to bear a spasm of pain—"well, I suppose it ought to be nothing to me, but it is something—it is everything; for *she* is everything in the world to me, and I can't bear to lose her, and now you have it all. I know I am just a thundering idiot for my pains, for she does not care a straw if I were at the bottom of the sea."

All this was said so quietly, and yet so quickly, that Miss Russel had not time to interrupt him. She was scarcely astonished, for she had suspected something of the kind; but she was not prepared for such an outburst, and she did not in the least know what to say to him. She thought of poor Scotelli, the music-master, and of the governess sister, and she felt inclined to think that it would be a very good thing for Vaughan to be disappointed in this matter.

"I hope it is not as bad as that," she said at last, and her reply was, of course, utterly vague and purposeless.

"Do you mean that you hope I am not as bad as I say, or that she does not wish me at the bottom of the sea?" asked Vaughan, with so near approach to his bright smile, that Miss Russel felt quite relieved; she had begun to fear that he was past smiling.

"Oh, I don't know what I am saying," she replied. "I believe I intended to say that you perhaps mistake your own feelings."

"I wish to Heaven I did!" interrupted Harry, vehemently; "but I know better. I have made love to dozens of girls—ay, and thought I was in love with some of them, too—but I never cared for one of them as I care for her. I often think to myself that if old Jacob felt anything like what I feel, he must have thought the seven years he had to serve for his Rachel an

awfully long time in passing, and yet I'd gladly spend three times seven if I could get *my* Rachel at the end of them. Don't laugh at me, please, I can't stand that. I dare say I'm an ass. I know I've seen fifty prettier women—although she's lovely—but I never before saw the woman whom I have wished to call my wife. Why did I let that fellow get before me? But I think I could give her up to him if I were sure he was not making a fool of her just to amuse himself."

"Oh, you don't think that?" cried Miss Russel. "Surely he would not be so base."

"I know nothing about him," said Vaughan. "I never even heard of him until I came to W—; but Major Howard knows him well, and he says—but I couldn't tell you all he told me about him, except that it is no credit to a woman, married or single, to have her name coupled with his."

"I wish I had known all this before," said Miss Russel; "and he seems so quiet and respectful in his manner to women. What do you advise? Shall I speak to Rachel? I know she accepts his attentions in perfect good faith, and I confess I hate to make her suspicious and distrustful; the world will make her both soon enough, God knows!"

"No, do not speak to her; besides the fellow may be serious this time; of course, meeting her as he has met her, he would not dare"—and here the blood rushed into Vaughan's face, and his eyes sparkled angrily—"to—to—oh, here she is, with Miss Fairfax and Franklin; and they have got the mallets and balls, and Fairfax—confound him!—is not with them. Now we'll have a jolly game!" And away went Harry, as blithely as though the moon he was crying for were within his reach.

Miss Russel watched the merry party for awhile before she went in. Vaughan's confidence had greatly disturbed her. What if Fairfax were really all that he had hinted; what if Rachel's peace of mind were to be thus early wrecked? But above all, what was to be done for Harry himself? And as she thought over all these tormenting questions, she said, what hundreds have said before her, and will say again, that it was very provoking that the right people never fell in love with each other, although indeed in her opinion in this instance, there were no right people on either side; for she could not allow herself to hope that her old friend would ever consent to the marriage of his only son with Rachel Scott.

Meanwhile there was nothing for it but to let things take their course.

And events did take their course, as they will do in spite of all our poor efforts to prevent them, and a crisis came much sooner than appeared likely to any of the people most concerned. To any one who has studied life, even in the most cursory manner, it will appear quite natural that a crisis should so come, abruptly and unexpectedly—a crisis which utterly completely and for ever changed the relations then existing between some three or four of Lord Wimburne's guests, and which prevented them from ever again meeting as they had met spoken and thought before they had come together at the Priory.

Have we not all more or less experience in such things, and do we not know what total changes occur suddenly in our thoughts feelings and ways of life? Do we not all know what it is to get up in the morning fully satisfied that the same, it may be humdrum, existence is before us for that day which we have lived through for months

and years?—the same monotonous round of duties, the same, perhaps not very exciting, pleasures, and suddenly all 'is altered, and never never never can we go back to the old life any more. And now, in this quiet English country house, in which the people were all commonplace people enough, "a storm was coming, but the winds were still!"

Several days, nearly a fortnight indeed, passed away in much the same fashion. There was riding and walking, and croquet and Badminton for fine afternoons, and music and billiards for wet ones, and still Fairfax singled out Rachel for the object of his devoted attention, and both Vaughan and Miss Russel believed that the affair would end in a proposal, and Harry was trying very hard to make up his mind to bear his disappointment, and Miss Russel hoped that her pretty favourite was making a wise choice.

From Rachel herself they could learn nothing; even with her kind friend Miss Russel she was silent upon the subject of Mr. Fairfax. The truth was the girl was sorely puzzled. There was no disguising the fact that he was making love to her in the most unmistakable manner; that he was leaving no art untried to win her affection, and that he would have succeeded was also true beyond all question were it not for that undefined distrust of him which she could not conquer.

But still, he never went beyond a certain point. He would tell her that he was miserable away from her; that of all the women he had met she was the only one who had power to do with him—Heaven knows what! He would look into her eyes with long glances of passionate admiration, but he never said, and apparently had no intention of saying, "Rachel, will you be my wife?"

So Rachel's pride began to rouse itself, and every day she came down

with the firm resolve not to allow herself to be taken possession of by Fairfax, and above all not to allow him to speak to her as he was in the habit of speaking. It was very easy to resolve, but very hard to carry out the resolution; one reproachful glance from the soft melancholy eyes, and the words, "Have I offended you?" whispered upon the first opportunity by that sweet low voice, and she was in the toils again.

Of course Fairfax, being a thorough man of the world, saw at once how the poor girl was trying to resist him, but he had not the slightest idea of drawing back. He cared for her after his own selfish heartless fashion; that is, he admired her beauty, and found her very greenness and simplicity attractive to his *blâsé* senses, and he was moreover not a little piqued that she was able to make even so slight a struggle to resist him. Women whom he honoured with his attentions generally fell victims only too soon to his fascinations, and became distressingly fond of him.

He was not by any means sure that Rachel's heart was really touched, and he swore that he would conquer her before he stopped. He suspected that Vaughan was in the way, but still he failed to detect anything but the merest commonplaces of society passing between him and Miss Scott.

And so, as I have said, the days slipped by until a fortnight had passed, at the end of which Miss Russel left. Rachel had been pressed to stay on for some time longer; but Vaughan's visit, with that of his brother officers, was drawing to a close.

Harry had made up his mind to apply for his long leave, and to get away from W—— until Rachel had become Mrs. Fairfax; then perhaps the regiment would have marched to another quarter, and so, among

new scenes and new faces, he would forget what at present seemed unforgettable.

His last evening but one at the Priory came. Indeed, the whole party was to disperse that week; even Rachel had made up her mind to go; and when the ladies had said good-night, the gentlemen, as usual, adjourned to the smoking-room. In that sanctum peculiar to the "lords," the conversation turned, as it very often did turn, upon women. Fairfax's manner of speaking about all women, but especially about those with whom he could boast "success," was to Vaughan most offensive, but it irritated him almost beyond endurance that the man who was doing all in his power to win the heart of the only woman in the world for whom he himself cared, should speak of a girl's love as a thing which could be easily won, and then lightly flung aside. He listened with tingling ears for some mention of Rachel's name; and it came at last in the form of a question from one of Fairfax's "London set," a young Guardsman called Fane.

"I suppose you have not decided what you are going to do with that pretty little Scott girl, have you?" he asked. "She is rather shy I think, isn't she?"

"Is she? I don't see it," and Fairfax laughed a little laugh which said, "I know better."

"Well, I suppose it's all right, but it didn't strike me that she had lost an inch of ground yet. Do you mean matrimony this time?"

"Oh, of course—for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, which means perambulators, and the rest of it—no, thank you; not such a flat. But you seem to think that the little girl has been too many for me, Fane, do you? Come, I'll bet you an even hundred that by this time to-morrow I'll have that little emerald ring she wears, I dare say

you know it, given to me, a free-will offering, and when I show it to you, I'll give my word of honour that the term marriage was never mentioned between us."

"Done," cried Fane; "of course that sort of thing is easy enough in some quarters, but here——"

"Nonsense, they're all the same," interrupted Fairfax with a sneer, and then they passed on, to another subject, or object rather, for the subject was the same.

The whole of this conversation had not reached Vaughan, for it was carried on in a subdued tone, still he heard quite enough to set his blood boiling; but he lay back in an arm-chair puffing his cigar, and apparently absorbed in the pages of a sporting magazine. Once, when Rachel's name was first mentioned, he had looked up, and had caught Major Howard's glance fixed upon him with a peculiar expression. He would have given a great deal to have had the power at that moment to shield the name of the woman he loved from being made the subject of conversation between such men as Fairfax and his friend, but he had no right to interfere; besides, perhaps Fairfax had good grounds to rest upon. Vaughan could not tell to what lengths the flirtation had gone.

"But surely," he thought, as he walked up and down his room that night, cursing his own folly in having allowed himself to love the girl at all, "Surely I might venture to warn her now, as if she were my own sister in the same position. I have the fellow's own words that he has no intention of marrying her, and when she knows *that!* Oh, if I could but have given him the lie to-night! Poor little Rachel! I wonder does she care for him? It will be a terrible thing for her if she does, and she will hate me ever after for exposing him to her. I wish there were no women in the

world, except Miss Russel, and my sisters, to torment a fellow like this."

And then he went to bed and fell asleep at once, and dreamt that he had shot Fairfax in a duel, and that he was trying to bury him under an emerald ring, and that Rachel was dancing the *deux temps* over his grave!

CHAPTER VI.

"My dream is vanished! I have lost the Ideal." *From Hanibal, a drama.*

THERE was a letter by Rachel's plate next morning when she came down to breakfast, the sight of which rather surprised her, for it was addressed in her father's hand. The correspondence between the father and daughter was not kept up very regularly. The music-master had not much time for letter writing, and very little inclination to keep up a constant intercourse with the child of whom he knew but little; so with almost a certain conviction that something was wrong, Rachel opened her letter, and read it through. Two people at the table, Vaughan, and Fairfax, were watching her with interest, for they had both noticed the sudden flush that dyed her face when she read the address.

"Can it be from him?" thought Harry.

"A proposal from Vaughan," thought Fairfax; "by Jove, I didn't bargain for that. I must make my game before she has time to give him an answer. He must have heard us last night, and been driven to desperation! Poor dayvil!" which was the manner Mr. Fairfax chose to pronounce that naughty word!

Rachel did not see the eyes that were fixed upon her from the opposite side of the table. She was fully occupied with the contents of the

letter, which were painful, for her father wrote in miserable spirits. He dwelt vaguely upon some great trial that had come to him, and spoke of his health, which he said was failing, and of his loneliness—though how he could be lonely when he had her sister, Rachel did not know. And he concluded by entreating Rachel if possible to come to him were it only for a few days; was there any hope that Miss Conway would allow her?

The tears came into the girl's eyes, as she echoed the words, and she felt ashamed of herself when she remembered the brightness of her own happy life—especially bright had it been during the past fortnight.

She must go to her father of course, but how? and when? She feared her aunt would never consent. Oh, if Miss Russel were only within reach! Perhaps Lady Wimburne would allow her to ride, or drive into W—; perhaps she ought to go home at once. She was greatly perplexed, poor child, and escaping from the usual practice in the drawing-room after breakfast, she went out, and going through the gardens and pleasure grounds, she made her way to a secluded walk out of sight of the windows.

Neither of the two men who were anxious to meet her alone saw her leave the house; but Fairfax, having ascertained that she was not as usual singing with his sisters, and knowing all her favourite out-of-door haunts, went out to look for her.

Precisely, as though she had told him where to find her, they met. When she saw him coming, Rachel slipped her father's letter, which she had been reading for the twentieth time into her pocket, and tried to hide all traces of the trouble it had caused her.

But her efforts were quite useless. Fairfax saw the tear-dimmed

eyes at once, and she knew that he saw them. "What is the matter with you?" he said, drawing her hand within his arm, and holding it there, a proceeding which Rachel tried in vain to resist. "Young ladies do not generally cry over their letters. Won't you tell me all about it, or shall I guess?"

"It was very foolish of me to cry," Rachel began, convinced that her companion would get his own way, whatever it might be—"but it was so sudden—I never thought—"

"Stay," he interrupted, stopping, and looking down into her sweet troubled face, "I think I know what your letter is about; some unhappy wretch—suppose we call him—well, never mind his name just now—whom you have ensnared, has written to tell you that without you life will be an eternal blank, and you—"

"Oh indeed, you are quite wrong," interrupted Rachel in her turn, "my letter is from my poor father; he is ill and lonely, and he wants me to go to him."

"The Devil," mentally ejaculated Fairfax, "here is an unexpected complication I did not bargain for; the music-master was upon the scene." But his spoken words were very different, and ere long, Rachel had told him all there was to tell, in fact she gave him her father's letter to read, and he went through it as if it were the most interesting document in the world to him.

"And you would not have told me all this voluntarily," he said, reproachfully, as he returned it to her. "Ah, Rachel! I am less to you than I hoped; you longed for advice and sympathy, and yet you did not come to me."

"I had no right to trouble you," she faltered, blushing.

"Trouble me!" he echoed, "I would not have thought of trouble had our positions been reversed—"

had I wanted sympathy, I would immediately have turned to one whom I loved. Rachel, dearest," and releasing her hand, his arm stole round her waist, "tell me, am I indeed nothing to you."

"Let me go," she cried passionately, alarmed at the unlooked for action; "it is not right, I will not listen to you."

But he held her the closer, and tried to look into her averted eyes, while he said, and never had his voice sounded half so reproachful, or half so sweet, "And is this to be the end then? Have you been playing with me all this time, leading me on to love you, as men only love once in a lifetime. But I cannot believe that my little Rachel is not true—look up, dearest, and tell me with those sweet lips that we are all in the world to each other."

The poor girl was trembling with agitation, and she tried to look up, and answer him, but not a word would come. She would have given much to be able to say, and boldly, that they were not all in the world to each other, for at the moment she felt that his reproaches were all too true, and that she did not really love him. But then suppose that she had, by her behaviour allowed him to think she did, what was to be done?

Apparently, however, her silence was as satisfactory to Fairfax as her words could have been, for before she could escape from him, he had bent down, and pressed a long ardent kiss upon her lips. The caress aroused her; she broke from his encircling arms, and stood at a little distance from him, blushing scarlet, and with a gleam of unmistakable anger in her brilliant eyes.

"Forgive me," he said, gently, "I could not help it; if you are ice yourself, have some pity for those who are less fortunate. Besides, have I not said that I love you,

Rachel, and why not?—there, don't frown, I will not transgress again, without leave. And now may I not have some little token by which to remember this happy day, the first of many I hope—will you give me that ring," he pointed to an emerald set in the form of a shamrock, which she always wore, "and take this from me." He drew a little case from his pocket, and took from it a beautiful locket set with diamonds.

"You may have my ring, if you think it worth taking," she replied, after a moment's hesitation, and drawing the trinket from her finger as she spoke—she was quite herself again—"but I cannot take anything in exchange from you until—until"—she stopped and again blushed deeply.

He took the ring, slipped it upon his little finger, and held out his hand. "You are angry with me still, I see," he said, not trying to finish her sentence for her, "but if you knew how I was tempted! Good-bye for the present, we shall meet next with curious eyes upon us, but we shall remember our parting here." He pressed her hand with a long passionate clasp, and was gone in an instant.

"And is that all?" said Rachel to herself as she looked after him.

It was without doubt a strange ending to a love scene, and although the man had said and done enough to warrant any woman in looking upon herself as his future wife, Rachel was by no means satisfied either with herself or with him. She sat down upon the stump of a tree to think over the whole affair, and she thought over it far more coolly than she could have done had she really cared for the man whose kiss was still warm upon her lips.

Why had he not said anything, not even a hint, about the future? That love making was very pleasant—

Rachel felt that it was pleasant, but still, did not all the lovers she had ever heard or read of, always speak of the future which the mutual affection was to bind, and bless?

And then her thoughts went away to that future, for of course, although he had not said one word about it, he meant that they were to be married. Reginald Fairfax's wife! Oh! could it be possible! The Hon. Mrs. Fairfax. Lady Wimburne some day, a long way off. Do not be hard upon her, any of you; she was only eighteen, and the prospect seemed a brilliant one.

But what if she had offended Reginald by her coldness? She had given him her ring it is true, but she had not said one word in reply to his passionate declarations, and she had rejected his first gift. What a fool she had been; had she not, as he had said, given him every encouragement; and if she did not care for him, as much as he evidently cared for her, or as much as she felt she ought to care for the man she married, she had no right to draw back now. It would be all as it should be, now that she was certain of his attachment. Her distrust of him quite vanished now that he had confessed his love for her in plain words, and they would be very happy—and Rachel blushed vividly as she thought of her next meeting with him, and of how she could make amends for her coldness.

She then got up, and went back to the house with a lighter heart than she had left it an hour before. It was true she had not got any advice upon the subject of her father's letter, but somehow she felt happier about him too, and she could hardly blame Fairfax for having been too much taken up with herself, to have any thoughts to bestow upon the woes of the unhappy music-master.

She met Vaughan stalking about by himself among the flower beds, and she said some gay words to him as she went by, a silly little speech, something about the language of flowers, or nonsense of that kind.

Vaughan made a reply that was certainly gruff, if not actually rude, and Rachel walked on with a shrug of her shoulders; he might be sulky with her if he pleased. But indifferent as she appeared, she did not like being answered in that way by him. "I wonder what is the matter," she thought, "can Julia have been teasing him?" And I fear at the moment she did not feel very kindly towards her future sister-in-law!

The matter, however, was simply this. Vaughan and Fairfax had met as the latter was returning from his interview with Rachel, and Harry had seen the emerald ring, and knew that his warning would now come too late; but when he remembered the terms of the bet, he was obliged to confess that Rachel was not all that he believed her to be.

And then, when he saw her coming smiling towards him, and looked at her bright beauty, and heard her gay words, he felt that although his esteem and respect had considerably lessened, his love was stronger than ever.

Rachel did not go to The Lodge that day. She was to leave the Priory the day following, and it would be time enough, she decided, to see Miss Russel then, so she contented herself by writing a long affectionate letter to her father, telling him that, when she went home, she hoped to get leave from her aunt to visit him, but that should she not be able to go, he might rely upon her sympathy and affection.

She was very happy as she wrote her little comforting words, and when as her pen flew rapidly over the paper, she was thinking what

Fairfax would say when next they met, and blushing over the remembrance of his words and actions that morning. The tiny spark of love she cherished for him, and which I am inclined to think existed more in fancy than in reality, had considerably increased in warmth since he had spoken those caressing words. It so happened that she and Fairfax did not meet again during the fore, or afternoon. She heard his friend Fane inquiring anxiously about him, but he had ridden into W—— with Lord Wimburne, to attend some public meeting, and consequently he was not at luncheon, after which, Badminton was played indefatigably for three hours or more.

Vaughan excused himself from joining the game, although Rachel asked him herself, and although Julia Fairfax looked disappointed at his desertion. He had a headache, he said, and would take a gallop to cure himself. So accordingly he did gallop, and found that relief which men always do find in physical exertion.

When women find out that their idols have clay feet—and unfortunately there is very little of the genuine metal in the feet of any of our idols—they either turn “fast,” or “literary,” or “religious,” or “strong-minded,” and “go in” for “social science,” and the “rights of women.” But men “take it out” of themselves in another, and a wilder fashion; gallops across the country, clearing every fence, great and small, which comes before them, is one, and perhaps the least hurtful mode of letting off manly steam! The risk of a broken neck makes the ride all the more agreeable.

Vaughan came back just as the dressing bell was ringing, in a better humour with himself, and with all the world. He was very fond of Rachel, there was no doubt about it. But after all, he supposed he

would get over it in time. He did not feel in the least as if he were going to be a blighted being for the rest of his days, and accordingly, when he began to dress, he was not less careful than usual to have the parting of his hair quite on a line with his nose, than he had been every day during his stay at the Priory. You see, no matter how miserable, and how disappointed we may be, we must dress, and we must eat, and I do not see, although a man may be heart-broken, why he should not be able to appreciate the flavour of *veuve Cliquot* or *paté de foie gras*!

But Rachel, feeling particularly happy, and just sufficiently excited to make the colour deepen most becomingly in her cheeks, took extra pains in the dressing of her hair that day, and put on besides her prettiest gown, and if she was ready to go down stairs twenty minutes earlier than usual, and if she hoped by so doing that she might meet Reginald Fairfax, and have the pleasure of his company alone for even ten minutes before dinner, was she to blame?

But when she came down the drawing room was empty, and there was not the sound of an approaching footstep. She thought first of going to the piano, but she could not bring herself to let *him* know, even by such indirect means, that she was waiting for him, so she took a book instead, and went to sit at one of the open windows, and the full hangings of muslin and silk, completely hid her from the view of any one in the room.

She was listening too intently to pay much attention to her book, and presently she heard a man's step crossing the hall; the door opened, she peeped through the curtains, and saw, not Fairfax, but his friend Fane. She was disappointed of course, and wondered why *he* had come in so early that day, when it was his habit to appear just as the

dinner bell rang. But after all, it had been a chance only, that *tête-à-tête* with her lover, and she determined to stay just quietly where she was, until all the other guests came in, and then she could slip out and join them; so she settled herself to her book, but she had read about a dozen lines only, when another, and a quicker step was heard, and in a moment Fairfax was in the room.

"My dear fellow," he said to Fane, "I was so busy all day long I could not get near you, and when I heard your door shut just now I hurried down — look here," and he held up his finger.

"By Jove! you've got it!"

"Yes, and on my honour the word marriage was never mentioned. I don't think she knew very well what to make of me, and to tell you the truth, I do not very well know what to do next."

"Poor Regy! you're up a tree at last, I suspect," was all the comment vouchsafed by his friend.

"Not a bit of it; I have done the same thing many times before. I've made no promise you see, and she's going away to-morrow or the next day, and I can go abroad, or keep out of the way, and she will marry some rosy cheeked squire about here, or perhaps that young Vaughan; it is a regular case of spoons with him I know,—and I have *Madame's* ring you see, and we shall be the best of friends bye-and-bye—you understand!"

"Oh, perfectly. I say, have you seen —" and they began to talk of something else.

But poor Rachel had heard enough, and more than enough. The winds had been very still, but now the storm had come in real earnest. She did not understand the jest about *Madame's* ring in the least, but she perfectly understood that she had been the dupe of a thoroughly heartless man. And the sharpest

sting of all was the thought that she had allowed him to speak to her as he had spoken that morning, and to kiss her, and call her by caressing names, and her cheeks fairly tingled with shame and wounded pride, and hot tears rushed to her eyes; but then, just at the moment, in came Lady Wimburne and her daughters, followed by the other guests, and she had to nerve herself to meet them, and to talk, and laugh just as usual.

It never occurred to her that perhaps Fairfax or his friend would see her emerging from her retreat; but to say the truth, she did not care in the least whether she was seen by them or not. She certainly had all but fallen in love with that handsome deceiver, upon whose finger her poor little ring was now glittering. But it does not take much to blow out a feeble spark, and the feeling she experienced now was a strange combination of contempt for him, and still greater contempt for her own weakness and folly.

Surely she must have been greatly to blame when he had ventured to go so far; and now he had got her ring, and might show it, and boast of it as he pleased—had he not already done so to Mr. Fane? She had a wild impulse to dash out of her hiding-place, and to demand it from him, there and then, but the utter ridicule of such a proceeding struck her at once, and with a grim little laugh she pushed aside the curtain, and came out into the room.

Fairfax did not see her, but his friend did, and he was at no loss to account for the crimson spot which burned upon her cheeks, nor for the glance of mingled scorn and defiance that shot from her pretty soft eyes upon the unconscious back of Fairfax.

"By Jove! she heard us, and she'll play the deuce with him," said Fane

to himself, and all his sympathies were with Rachel at the moment; she looked so handsome under the influence of this, her first experience of man's truth and honour.

"It's all up with you, old fellow," he continued to whisper to Fairfax, just as dinner was announced. "She was behind the curtain all the time, I saw her coming out." And Fairfax made answer, "The deuce she was;" and then he went in, and ate his dinner, and smiled a little now and then to himself, when he caught sight of Rachel's flashing eyes at the other end of the table.

It was a very trying evening for her, but she showed herself true metal, and behaved gallantly. She appeared to be in brilliant spirits, and she sung better than she had ever sung before, and as to her conversation, it was spirited and *piquante* beyond description; nothing whets a woman's tongue so sharply as outraged pride. Vaughan, who could not help watching her, thought she was intoxicated with the triumph of having Fairfax for her lover; but when he saw the ring upon the finger of the Hon. Reginald, and remembered the bet in the smoking-room, he used hard words to her in his thoughts.

Fairfax, he observed, carefully avoided her during the evening. The truth was, that gentleman did not quite know what his reception might be, and he wanted time to arrange some plan of action; but when the ladies were retiring, Vaughan noticed a little pantomime which greatly astonished him. He saw Fairfax, as usual, standing at the door to say good-night to each fair guest as she went by. Rachel was the last; she took no notice whatever of his outstretched hand, but swept past him with a bow stately enough for an Empress! It was indeed almost ludicrous to see the dignity which the childish little figure had assumed, and as

Fairfax bowed low in return, he felt that she was worth even the sacrifice of his precious liberty to win.

Before she was out of sight he had made up his mind what course to adopt, and as he did not appear in the smoking room, his friend Fane went to look for him, and found him in his private sitting room, a cozy little chamber on the ground floor. He was sitting at a writing table, and a note he had just sealed lay before him, awaiting its address.

"Your last speech and dying confession is it?" asked Fane, perching himself upon the edge of the table, and pointing to the note,—"Where is the pistol? Shall I write the sensation paragraph for the morning papers? By Jove, that little girl's bow was superb! What are you going to do next?"

"Marry her," replied Fairfax, quietly.

"You marry!" returned Fane, quite taken aback; "why you must have gone mad!"

"Never was more sane, or more in earnest in my life. Look here, it must come some day: marriage I mean, and she is about as pretty a wife as I could find, and I haven't behaved well to her, 'pon my soul I haven't; I actually felt ashamed of myself to-night when she passed me with that scornful look. And besides after all, you know, as far as I can see marriage isn't such a clog; a fellow can do pretty much as he likes, married or single, and so long as he doesn't beat his wife, or leave his letters about, it's all right. My father will cut up rough I suppose, and my lady will cry a bucket full, and tell me about all the heiresses I might have had for the asking, but they will come round all right in time. What do you say? You look as sober as a judge."

"I say that you seem to take the lady's consent for granted. Come, you won a hundred from me to-day,

made it double or quits that she refuses you."

"Refuses me! I wish there was such luck in store; although I am serious in my intention, for you don't know half the complications of this affair. Look at that," he opened a drawer, and taking a photograph from it he gave it to Fane, who looked at it attentively for a second or two, then he gave a long whistle, and looked at Fairfax.

"Does she know?" he asked. "Miss Scott, I mean?"

"Not she indeed, she is about as innocent a little person as there is in all England. She showed me a whining letter from her father this morning, and I suspect his grievance is about——" and he touched the photograph—"of course it will be my affair to get *her* safely out of the way before I marry. And now to send this note. Will you ring the bell like a good fellow?"

"Is that the proposal?" Fane asked as he obeyed.

"No, this is merely asking her for an interview to-morrow morning, and begging her not to condemn me unheard. I take it for granted that she was by during our infernal talk before dinner. Happy thought, always look behind the curtains when you talk of women in a drawing-room—Here," as his valet entered, "give this note to one of the maids to take to Miss Scott's room, and bring me an answer."

The man obeyed. "Now then, Fane my boy, wish me every happiness and prosperity. Before we meet at breakfast to-morrow I shall be—Good Heavens! almost married! You'll be best man of course; you won't desert me in that fatal hour?"

"Oh! I shan't desert you," returned Fane, and then the two men lighted cigars, and smoked in silence until the servant came back.

He gave his master a little note, and again retired. Fairfax tore it

open with unaffected eagerness. It was short, and very dignified. "Miss Scott presents her compliments to Mr. Fairfax, and begs that he will return the ring which he took from her this morning. Miss Scott declines to meet Mr. Fairfax in the morning or at any other time."

"There!" cried Fairfax, tossing the note to his companion, "she's on her high horse, and she loses the chance of being 'my lady.'" But although he spoke in his usual bantering style, he both looked, and felt terribly put out.

"By Jove, she's a little brick!" said Fane. "I'm sorry you did not bet, old fellow! You will send her back the ring, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, she shall have it, and you shall be my messenger this time, Fane; but not to-night, for that wouldn't be proper." Perhaps you'll go in and win on your own account now."

"No, thank you," replied Fane quietly; "I am your friend, and that would spoil my chance; but I'll give her the ring with pleasure. I am not to say anything I suppose."

"Nothing, unless you can invent some pretty little fable to put that conversation she overheard out of her head. I think it was deuced shabby of her to listen. Now I'll bolt first thing to-morrow! I could not stand looking small before a woman. There's the ring. How pretty she looked this morning when she gave it to me. Well, it's 'better to have loved and lost,' you know! Are you going? Good night; come and breakfast here to-morrow, I shall start early for town."

CHAPTER VII.

There comes

For ever, something between us and what
We deem our happiness.

ВЪРОМ.

I AM sure I should say now only

what was expected of me, were I to declare that what she had heard from behind the curtain in the Priory drawing-room had changed Rachel Scott from a girl into a woman. We read of these sudden transformations in books, but I think we rarely meet with them in real life. It takes far more than the discovery that a man for whom a girl had only a weak little fancy (the result of flattered vanity, and the pleasure which all women find in a little love making), had been only amusing himself to while away the dulness of a country house, to change a light-hearted child almost, for Rachel was scarcely more, into a saddened and disappointed woman.

When at last the evening was over, and she had shut her door, and found herself alone for the night, she was intensely relieved. She had been longing to escape, that she might think over all that had happened, and decide what plan it would be best to adopt, in order to get back her ring. Should she ask for it herself, or should she write a note, and request that it might be sent to her? But that plan involved some amount of publicity, and was therefore given up at once; or should she leave it with Fairfax, and never speak to him again while she lived?

She felt strongly inclined to adopt this latter course. What matter what people said, when she knew the truth herself. But after all there is not much satisfaction in knowing the truth one's self if one or two people, whose good opinion we value, do not know it also; and, as a matter of course, the only one, except perhaps Miss Russel, whom Rachel longed to enlighten as to what had really taken place between herself and Fairfax was Harry Vaughan.

"I know he thinks I am a silly flirting little thing," she thought, as she at length began to take off

the pretty dress she had put on with such pride a few hours before, "and I cannot bear him to think that; and perhaps he has seen the ring with that dreadful man, and—oh, if I could only get it back, and tell *him* all about it! I wonder is he going to marry Julia. Come in!"—a knock at the door had interrupted her.

A smart housemaid entered with a note.

"Mr. Fairfax's valet gave me this for you, ma'am; and he wants an answer, ma'am, if you please."

With a deep flush, which the maid duly noticed, Rachel took the note, and read:—

"Do not condemn me unheard. I shall wait for you to-morrow before breakfast in the laurel walk.—R. F."

Rachel flung down the paper, as though it would sting her, and turning to the writing-table, she penned the very dignified epistle which has been already quoted. The maid took it and departed, rather disposed to wonder what this exchange of such short missives might portend, and she gave it as her opinion in the servants' hall, that "Miss Scott and Mr. Reginald 'ad 'ad a blow up."

"Wait for me, indeed! He may wait," was Miss Scott's fierce, but not very dignified, comment, as she tore "Mr. Reginald's" note into very small pieces, and flung them disdainfully into the empty grate. "He takes it for granted that I shall go and be made a fool of again, I suppose. No, thank you, Mr. Fairfax, once was quite enough." And Rachel, in her white dressing-gown, and with her long hair streaming over her shoulders, made a low curtsey of ironical respect to an imaginary Mr. Fairfax. "If he does not send back my ring, he hasn't a particle of gentlemanly feeling about him!"

Poor little Rachel! She made a

great fuss over an affair which young ladies who had seen more of the world would have taken very quietly. I wonder would it have altered her decision had she known what Mr. Fairfax's object in asking her to meet him really was? I daresay it would. I am not trying to represent Rachel Scott as an exalted character by any means, and had she met Fairfax as he asked her to do, it is more than probable that he would have persuaded her that two and two do not make four, or that black was white, or taught her in some way to doubt the evidence of her senses, and that she would have forgiven him, trusted him—and married him!

Are not hundreds of girls tempted into loveless marriages every day by the prospect of "a name and of a ring," especially when the name carries with it the prefix of Honourable, and when the ring has probably a diamond guard?

Mr. Fane played his small part in the little comedy to perfection. He joined Lady Wimburne and Miss Scott in a ramble round the gardens after breakfast the following morning. Rachel clung pertinaciously to her hostess, as though she fancied that with the mother there would be protection from the son; but when her ladyship was called away by a gardener to look at some pet plant which was drooping, Fane took the opportunity to give the young lady the ring.

"Mr. Fairfax asked me to give you this, Miss Scott, with his very best wishes." That was all he said, and his tone was quiet and respectful. Miss Scott got very red, and she held the ring as if it were a venomous serpent.

Then, having nothing more to say, Mr. Fane took himself off, and she gave a great sigh of relief. But when the gentleman had gone a little way, he turned to look back at the young lady. I do not know

whether he expected to see her weeping over her recovered trinket, but he did see a curious little pantomime. He saw Rachel flinging something away, in the awkward manner in which women generally do fling sticks or stones—anything in fact, always supposing they are given to such amusements.

"Hallo," he said, "what's she throwing stones at? By Jove, here's a go! It's the ring. What a jolly little brick she is, after all!"

And he was right. It was the ring, which Rachel in her indignation had thrown away. It was very foolish of her; but if people were born old and experienced, how heavily the wisdom of the serpent would outweigh the innocence of the dove.

And so ended the visit to Wimburne Priory, which was to have been so pleasant; and Lady Wimburne, and the "girls" as they kissed Rachel at parting, knew no more than did the girl herself how narrow their escape had been of having her as a daughter-in-law and sister. Fairfax she did not see before she left.

Vaughan and his brother officers returned to W——, apparently very much as they had left it; but Harry again began to think seriously of applying for his "long leave," and in the meantime he took to studying "Bradshaw." But he could not make up his mind whether to go to the English Lakes, and then over the Border for a walking tour in Scotland, or to Ireland to see Killarney and the West coast; or, perhaps, Switzerland and Mont Blanc would be better than either. The project last named was very attractive. Mountain-climbing was dangerous, and if he should fall over a precipice, no one would miss him, or be sorry for him, except his father and his sisters, and Howard, and one or two of the fellows in the —th; and perhaps when Rachel

read about the "melancholy accident" in the *Times*, she would say, "Ah! there is the poor fellow I used to sing duets with killed!" And then, if he should survive to come back to W——, the hunting would be in, and he need not see more of Rachel than he chose.

I think Miss Julia Fairfax was more disappointed than any one when the lights were fled, and the garlands were dead, and when the guests had departed from the Priory. She had found Vaughan's society exceedingly pleasant, and he had bestowed a good deal of it upon her, notwithstanding his state of mind about Rachel, and when he went away at last without having said anything more particular than, "Well, good-bye, Miss Fairfax," she felt that she ought to be very miserable.

So accordingly she had a bad fit of Tennyson, and read, and re-read "Mariana," and "Locksley Hall," and she altered the dressing of her hair, and gave up wearing ear-rings, and began to take solitary walks, and she used to sit at her bedroom window every night gazing at the moon shining upon the croquet-ground until she got sleepy, and began to—yes, unromantic as it sounds—to nod. But after a week there was no moon, and she and her sister got an invitation to stay at a pleasant country house, so she put in her earrings again, and got better rapidly.

Rachel on her return to W—— soon made her appearance at The Lodge, and told Miss Russel all her woes. She did not spare herself, indeed so vehemently did she upbraid her own levity and folly—those were the hard names she used—that Miss Russel, although fully conscious that her pet had been rather foolish, was fain to comfort her by saying that she thought her conduct at the climax had been beyond all praise. "Had you gone to

meet him that morning as he asked you to do," she said, "you would have put yourself in his power completely." Thereby showing that both she and Rachel had in this special matter a much worse opinion of Fairfax than he really deserved.

"But," said Rachel, when the whole affair had been talked over, "there is one thing I want my dearest Granny to do for me. Mr. Vaughan was at the Priory while all *that* was going on, and you and he are great friends, and I want you, please, to tell him just enough about it all to show him that I am not *quite* so foolish as he thinks."

"And were not Major Howard, and Captain Franklin also at the Priory?" replied Miss Russel, trying not to smile. "Am I to tell them too that you are not *quite* so foolish as perhaps they think."

"Now, Granny, dear, you are laughing at me. I do not care what Major Howard, or Captain anybody, except just Mr. Vaughan thinks; nor indeed what he thinks very much either," she added, getting very red at the inference which her words bore; "but you will tell him, will you not?"

And Miss Russel said he should hear it if she found an opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject; "but I do not promise to make an opportunity," she said, "for you do not suppose Mr. Vaughan troubles himself about what you do."

"Perhaps not," poor Rachel answered, with a little sigh, and she thought of Julia Fairfax, and it never occurred to her that Miss Russel had spoken words that she knew were not altogether true. So Rachel went home comforted a little for the time, but the succeeding Sunday afternoon, when, on coming from service at the Cathedral, Vaughan merely took off his hat, and bowed formally, instead of walking home with her, as he had done more than once, she felt that

it would add very much to her happiness if he were to know the truth about her and Fairfax.

And he did know it before very long. About a fortnight later there came a very wet day, and dark down-pour of rain, lasting from morning until night, and Vaughan got a terrible fit of the "blues." He sulked all day long in his own room, and his brother officers, failing to get a civil word from him, left him alone. At length he could stand it no longer, the deserted barrack square, with the monotonous sight of the sentry in his great coat passing up and down at the gate; the distracting sound of the band practising in a large room close to his own, were he felt actually setting him mad; so putting on a cap and a light overcoat, he started for a solitary country walk.

He took the road to Thorndale Lodge, and as he went past the gate he felt strongly tempted to turn in. Perhaps Miss Scott was there spending that day with her friend. Well, did he not want particularly to avoid meeting Miss Scott?—so on he went splashing through the mud, and trying to believe that he was enjoying himself. It was late, and almost quite dark, as he again passed The Lodge on his way home; he was rather wet, excessively muddy, and just as cross as when he went out. He turned his head to look up at the house, and catching sight of what looked like the gleam of a fire shining through the windows of Miss Russel's drawing-room, without pausing to think this time he opened the gate, and in a few minutes more, he was standing beside her at the fire, with his muddy boots and his splashed trousers.

"I know I am not fit to be seen," he said, by way of apology, "but I saw the light of the fire as I went by, and I could not help looking in for a moment."

"I am delighted to see you," she said; "but where have you been this dreadful day?"

"Out for a walk; I got so bored I had to come out. But indeed I ought to apologize for my boots. I am afraid I am too wet and dirty to sit down."

"Leave that for me to think," she replied, pleasantly. "I was getting bored with my own company, so you must stay for a while—there now stretch out your feet, and they will not be long drying, and then you can have yourself brushed if you like."

"Don't you think I had better put off that operation until I get back to the barracks," Harry replied, laughing, and doing as he was bid.

"If you like, but I think you might stay and dine with me—that is if you think that one chicken will be enough for both of us." Miss Russel was one of the few single women who did not dine early.

Harry said he thought one chicken would be quite enough, so it was settled; and then Vaughan felt that he had done well in coming out for that long walk in the rain.

"This is jolly!" he said, as they returned to the warm, and well-lighted drawing-room after dinner, and drew an easy chair each to the fire. "I am so tired of that long stupid dinner we have every day."

"Ah! you only say that to make me feel comfortable about my chicken."

"No, indeed. I never ate a dinner I enjoyed half so much. It's all the men I get tired of. I like to see ladies at the table, and to have them about me in the evening."

"You should marry," she said, and when she saw the shade that crossed Harry's face at her words she wished them unsaid.

"If I could have got *her*," he said, after a pause, in a very low voice; and then after another pause

he added, "Miss Russel, can you tell me if she is going to marry Fairfax?"

The opportunity had come, and Miss Russel kept her word, and in a few minutes Vaughan knew that Rachel Scott was as worthy of his esteem as she had ever been.

"I see it all now," he said, with a radiant face. "I thought she was only coquetting with him when she made him such a stately bow that evening—what a scoundrel the fellow must be. I am glad I never liked him. I shan't ask for my leave now. I had quite made up my mind to apply for it to-morrow. What a confounded muff I have been after all!"

"Will you take my advice?" said Miss Russel, earnestly. "Apply for your leave, and go away, Rachel does not care for you, and ——"

"But she might care," interrupted Vaughan, who had a very good opinion of his powers of fascination at that moment. "You tell me that she never had more than a very slight fancy for Fairfax, which she has quite got over, so I'll do my best; if I fail, I shall not be worse off than I was when I thought she was in love with him."

"But your father!" pleaded Miss Russel, as soon as she could get in a word; "you remember what I told you of Rachel's connections; would he be satisfied with her for a daughter?"

"Perhaps not at first, but when he came to know her he could not help loving her"—men always think that the women whom they find irresistible will prove irresistible to every other man in the world—"I know he is anxious for me to marry, and after all I am not going to marry her father!"

Of course that argument was conclusive, Miss Russel felt that opposition would be useless, and again decided upon allowing matters to take their course.

So Vaughan finally made up his mind not to apply for his leave, and the following Sunday he did not pass Rachel with a bow only, and accordingly she knew at once that Miss Russel had given him the wished for explanation.

But with that tendency which things in this life have to go crooked at the moment we think they are about to go perfectly straight, Vaughan did not seem to gain an inch of ground, just when he thought he had nothing to do but put out his hand and pluck the coveted prize, that is to get Rachel as his wife. Perhaps with the perversity which is woven into the nature feminine, now that Rachel found herself reinstated in the good opinion of the man whose good opinion she valued, she did not care for anything further—perhaps after the little episode in her history already told, she was shy of believing that a man may occasionally mean what he says. But whatever the cause might be, the effect was, that she seemed to think Vaughan's admiration and attentions were bestowed just as those of Fairfax had been, for his own amusement only, and beyond a certain point he could not get.

He met her constantly. He was always making excuses to be with her; but he never could discover, even by the faintest sign, whether she cared more for him than for any other man among her circle of acquaintances. If she kept the after-supper vase for him on Monday night, she kept it for Captain Franklin on Tuesday, and if she wore at the theatricals got up by the gallant —th the camellias which he had got for her all the way from "The Oaks," she would appear with a bouquet presented by a devoted young ensign at the concert given by the Amateur Musical Society of W——.

And so the autumn and the

winter passed, and the fierce March wind was blowing, and the blinding dust was flying, when a rumour went about that the —th would shortly get the route for Ireland, and Vaughan, as regarded Miss Scott, was precisely where he had been the night he dined in his muddy boots at The Lodge. No, he was not quite where he was, he had cared for Rachel then, but he was passionately desperately in love with her now, and if she had wanted to secure his affections beyond the chance of wavering, she could not have done so more effectually than by her apparent indifference. He would have walked miles just for the pleasure of looking at her, and yet he was absolutely afraid to tell her how dear she was to him. What would become of him if she were to tell him that she had not, and never could have any love for him in return! Miss Russel either could not or would not help him in the matter. She was not in Rachel's confidence, she said, but nevertheless I think she knew enough to feel sure that Vaughan need not have been so much afraid of a refusal.

Easter fell early that year. On the afternoon of Easter Sunday there was to be a grand choral service in the Cathedral, and Vaughan, knowing that Miss Scott would be there, and that the pleasure of escorting her home would fall to him, went to hear it. There was a certain stall, commanding a view of the corner in the Chancellor's pew, always occupied by Rachel, which Harry had appropriated to himself, and in it he, as usual, settled himself long before the service began.

The Church was already very full, but *she* had not come in yet, and Vaughan kept his eyes not upon the crimson cushions of the Chancellor's pew, but upon the crimson curtain over the entrance door, that he might catch the first glimpse of

the slight graceful little figure, and the pretty white bonnet under which the sweet face he loved looked so charming.

He was many times disappointed, for so many white bonnets came in that he began to think the ladies of W—— must have entered into a conspiracy to torment him.

First, in came Mrs. Rokeby and her daughters, and both the girls had white bonnets on. Then followed Lady Wimburne, and the Misses Fairfax; Julia looking very pretty in a bewitching white bonnet, and after them, with his eyes melancholy as usual, came the Hon. Reginald. To see him did not improve Vaughan's temper. Then the organ pealed out, and the doors were opened wide, and the choristers came in followed by several clergymen. The procession was closed by the Dean with a red bag on his back, and by the Bishop whose lawn sleeves were very full and clean. But still the corner in the Chancellor's pew was empty, and empty it remained during the entire service.

I fear Harry was sadly inattentive to the prayers, and to the beautiful music, but he would not perhaps have taken Rachel's absence so much to heart had they not talked together several times of this Easter afternoon service, both agreeing that they should not like to miss it. Miss Russel was there, and Vaughan waylaid her coming out, and asked her if she knew where Miss Scott was; but Miss Russel was as much surprised at Rachel's non-appearance as was the young man himself, so he went away to his barracks very much disappointed, and of course thinking that something dreadful had happened to her.

After mess he slipped away, and walked to Miss Conway's to see if the outside of that lady's house could tell him any news, for he knew Rachel's aunt but very

slightly, and consequently he could not call to make inquiries. There was a light in one window upon the ground floor, and all the blinds were down except one, in an upper room, and if Vaughan had not kept his eyes fixed upon the light, no doubt hoping to see Rachel's shadow, he might have noticed a figure which of course he must have recognized even in the dark, sitting in that upper window.

Rachel was in her own room alone, and she saw Vaughan plainly enough; how she knew him as he came along the street, it would be hard to tell. The lamps were lighted certainly, and there was one directly opposite Miss Conway's door. Her heart beat very fast, and the rosy colour flushed into her face when she saw him stop before the house. She knew very well why he had come there, and to see him standing, and possibly shivering in the cold spring evening gave her very great

pleasure, and she sat like a statue watching him, and they ought both to have been very tired, for he never stirred for fully half an hour, the foolish young man! And as she watched, Rachel wished that it would not be wrong and improper for her to go out and speak to him, and tell him of the sore trouble that had kept her from Church that afternoon, and sent her to sit by herself in the dark.

She knew by that wondrous instinct which love alone can give, that Vaughan could give her comfort, and sympathy. What a pity that he could not know all this, how happy it would have made him; but instead of hearing anything half so delicious he was obliged to turn away, and go back to the barracks, thinking very sadly, that all his devotion was of no avail, and wishing that he had taken Miss Russel's advice, and gone away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STUDIES IN SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

No. VII.

ROBERT BURNS.

Critics of all shades agree that the appearance of Burns forms the greatest era in Scottish poetry. In the pastoral poets, Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson, the chief brilliancy lay in points of expression more than wealth of thought; a shrewdness of perception, a knowledge of men more than of women, elegant sentiment, and piquancy of fancy were their characteristics. The manners of society satisfied their muse. True to the tastes of his craft, the barber-poet satisfied the humours of the passing time; the pen in his hand, as his razor, never rose above a safe mediocrity. But what might have incited them to more original and vigorous compositions, their close acquaintance with the spirit of conversation, and the excitement of the learned society in the Scottish capital, had the effect of drawing them closer to their own time, and fitting their muse to slight sketches of common events, which their efforts were unable to raise above the common level. Falconer and Beattie attained success in the classic and historical school. Logan and Bruce with great beauty produced odes and elegies brilliant with tender grace, in which they are unsurpassed. And although they are less appreciated by foreign readers than many subsequent poets, their old manners and their indefinable

charm of expression become more interesting to us. Their exact fixedness of style and the noble serenity of their thoughts afford us a refining influence. And notwithstanding that their poems are seldom read except by the student, we cannot too persistently uphold these firm and excellent poets, whose lyrical genius was among the first to give Scottish literature that stamp of originality which has so long been one of its distinguishing features. It was left to Burns to draw from the spectacle of life, from the exhibition of human whims, vices, and virtues, the most tender and lasting elements of poetry. He gave to the muse the quickening, passionate life of society, from which the muse in the calm solitude of nature, and the easy steadiness of that time, had long been separated. Nearly all, it seems, has been said about this ever remarkable man and poet that can in truth be said; the materials are well nigh exhausted, and in no new light can this wonderful ploughman be presented; but we think that hitherto his works have been considered too much apart from those events of his life which pressed the songs, as a relief, from his very heart. This connection between his life and his songs has been passed over, though why it should have been so by the critics we

are at a loss to understand: of materials we have an ample store, how the startling events crowded round this marvellous son of nature, and how the thoughts of his ever active brain escaped from him in stirring strains of most melodious song. Between these events and the efforts of his muse there is an inseparable connection; and here we confine ourselves to consider the poet's works in connection with their surroundings.

The prevalent idea has been to consider him as a man not only remarkable for the readiness of his muse, but one who could write songs at any moment without the slightest difficulty. The people have for long looked upon him as one who had a mysterious connection with song-land, and the opinion is firmly rooted that he had no more to do to evoke the muse but, as it were, to touch the strings of his harp at any moment. Doubtless an element of truth rests in such a statement, but song writing, like all other gifts, is beyond the understanding of the people. It is oftentimes needless to explain to some heads that song is no more always at one's command than his temper is. Given a tender, loving heart, that can be stirred to enthusiasm and driven to temporary despondency by temporary defeat, this soul a song will lighten in its heavy trials, and in success a song will lift it into an ether of supreme bliss. Thought and culture do not form the essentials of a song writer, but love, in some form or other, either in the dear love of country, or that dearer love still of the human race. Songs no doubt will be, and at the present time are, manufactured to a very great extent, but wherever the feelings of the singer are thus worked upon by a prospect of palpable gain, it is not to be wondered that the lines, because of the absence of all spon-

aneous vigour, should fall lifeless from the reader's memory. No lasting song has yet been written which has not had a real experience in the singer's heart. Wit may be watched for and caught; brilliant sayings may be produced after deliberate study; similes may be sought for with great cunning; but the points, delicacies, and ringing vigour of a love song must come, if at all, without effort, beyond control, naturally. A song must spring naturally from the poet's heart as an exclamation from his lips in a moment of surprise. Practice may smoothe the lines, experience may make the hand more skilful, but an episode which stirs the heart to its very core can alone open the floodgates of eternal song. Outside Scottish songs this is evidenced by the effusions of Beranger in France, and Davis, the national singer of Ireland. "My passions," said Burns, "when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet." And in the very spirit of the enthusiasm of love he wrote regarding the heroines of one of his songs:—"The lightning of her eyes the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon."

No wonder, then, that the actual songs of a man who could write thus in cold prose should have boiled with the heat of irresistible passion. And as the divine muse followed him in all the devious windings of his erratic path, kept close to him in the midst of biting satire, never forsook him in all his earth-stained career, and clung the firmer in the moods of deepest remorse and the gloom of despair, it is no occasion of surprise that their life-long companionship in all his glories and sorrows, should have lifted his soul in many bright hours

far beyond the trammellings of his own weary existence, and carried the hearts of thousands upon thousands of the human race into the perfect Elysium of song, on the exceeding strength and infinite beauty of his own loving raptures.

His genius became what it was through the strong workings of his love. It was not in the widest sense original, it was not so much creative as it was receptive. It fed on his own experiences, and they were of sufficient number to keep him occupied with these thoughts; his own immediate surroundings, which are presented to us in his tell-tale verse, exercised such a living influence upon his genius, that he had no need to travel far for themes for song. Every week reality brought home a fresh inspiration. All the localities he visited bear unmistakable signs of his presence in verses of song, and lines of satire. But creative genius is a term too narrowly used in its ordinary sense. While Burns had not that genius which creates a world from art, the purest fancies of man's own consciousness, he virtually did create from his own exuberance of feeling, all he has sung; he at least re-created (and re-creation of reality is often the highest mark of genius) incidents of his own experience in such glowing realism of song, and with such a poetic recklessness of abandonment, and such a strong glamour of seeming romance, that they stand unequalled by the first creative song writers. No lasting song has yet been written, or probably ever will be, which does not convey an actual experience of the singer's life. Herein lay his unsurpassed strength, and herein also lay his weakness. His eyes had to see before his song was stirred. Into the shadowland of pure imagination, his genius could not enter; but he had a personal power which no imagination could equal.

The histories of his songs form the best exposition of his genius. Reality—which is the ruin of poets all cold, lifeless, prosaic—presented to him, from the earliest days of his gay youth, down through all the chequered panorama of manhood, to his sad closing days, joys and delights in the very midst of humble circumstances, the charms of bliss in incidents of ordinary routine; he drew from the lot of his life all the vivifying influence that surrounded it, and the quick rushing love of his heart of song found idyllic beauty and materials for divine poems, which other mortals can only find in the ethereal dreams of fancy.

Thus, although his genius was primarily not creative, it did form experiences into actual creations. In other minds his experiences would have been lost, in his they live for ever. His ardent and overwhelming passion, with strong creative force, wove such a fancy around the loves of his own heart, that the beloved ones will be encircled with a halo of idyllic beauty, which ever dwelt in his superabundant fancy. Men who are not endowed with his large capacity for seeing the purest poetry in one's own immediate surroundings, have recourse to their imagination to supply this want. Burns, through the medium of his glowing heart obtained ample materials in the faces and hearts of the women and men whom he saw. The study we propose following out is the close personality which his works bear. In doing so, we shall trace the causes and impulse of his works, and shall find that all his original songs had a history, each heroine opening different chambers of his heart, and that the songs were the servants of circumstance.

His tale "Tam o'Shanter," the work of his more mature manhood, presents him in an interesting

position, it being founded on tradition, and his first and last witch story. He wrote a plain version of the story in prose before he contemplated composing a poem. The outlines of both are identical, and the poem combines all the beauties of two ghost stories which he related. He adheres very closely to the traditionary tales, and does not vary any fact, indeed he borrows several of the expressions, and extends in ringing lines some of his prose descriptions. But how far the poetic expressions of the prose version which was his model, are portions of his own fancy, or those of tradition, we have no evidence to show. Manifestly, however, the additions of the poet are the characters Tam and Souter Johnnie, who, it is said, are faithful delineations of two worthies known to the poet. Be the traditionary tale as old as it may, Burns has made it his own; it is inalienably his. It would appear that his attention had never been drawn to the tale for poetic purposes, until Captain Grose desired him to furnish him with a witch story for the work on the Antiquities of Scotland, on which Grose was engaged. And not a little confusing and contradictory information has been reported and believed regarding it. That it was the work of one day can no longer be maintained, for in the poet's letters for three months, he talks of finishing, polishing, correcting and subjecting it to his critical discrimination. Many portions of it, if not the entire first rough draft, might have been written at once with great physical and mental excitement. The terrific fire of inspiration is visible from the opening to the closing lines, all is glowing heat, and the oneness of feeling throughout is that ungovernable access of joy, which rages in the poet's breast but rarely. Close analysis will show that the tale

proper was written first, and that the introduction, as was his habit, was composed afterwards; there is a palpable disjunction of tone, and transition of thought whenever we come to the words—"but to our tale." The poet's own words express the exact position very well, when he wrote that the poem showed "a force of genius, and a finishing polish" which he despaired of excelling.

The ever beautiful and ever expressive introduction, and the ever graphic colours of Bacchanalian rural life in all its seeming simplicity, are the production of one by whom the scenes and pictures he describes, are grasped with close reality; but they attain a higher and more powerful realism when once they have lovingly lodged in the poet's brain. Yet it is no witch story such as Hogg would have written; there is no removedness of the action from the writer, no attempt to make the action cohere with the surroundings; all along it preserves the characteristic features of a "sweaten," drunken dream. The surging Bohemianism is more immediately that of the poet, than the roguish waggery and disorderly rioting of his heroes. From the beginning, and all throughout, the scenery, feelings and actions are more immediately those of Burns, who rattles on with a clinking gallop of Bohemian ecstasy, crushing beneath him all the more glaring deceptions of decayed superstition, and rising victorious with a tale reeking with the fumes of an ale-house. The story sinks far out of mind under the glorification of a strong personality. This first attempt to lose himself in the personality of another creation, only shows that he found the perfection of his own genu and that no reality could exist in his own works, except he was the prime actor and moving spirit. Unintentionally, probably, it is the

most forcible satire upon the fanciful school of poetry, for since then no one with much genius has attempted to rehabilitate the freaks and fancies of bygone traditions in dressing up witch tales, his lesson of direct personal influence having broken down the flimsy, artificial style of verse. "He has not gone back," says Carlyle, "much less carried us back, into that dark, earnest, wondering age, when the tradition was believed, and when it took its rise; he does not attempt, by any new modelling of his supernatural ware, to strike anew that deep mysterious chord of human nature, which once responded to such things; and which lives in us too, and will for ever live, though silent, or vibrating with far other notes, and to far different issues."

When he had reached his twenty-sixth year, and had only made a dozen of songs, he wrote a cantata under the appropriate title of the "Jolly Beggars." Here he has raised the frantic jollity and loose excitement of wandering beggars from the wretched blackguardism and riotous abandonment of actual life into a living portraiture of wild romance. The intense sympathetic glance of the poet's eye on the furious joys of the lower life, has transfixed in glowing colours the very hearts and souls of these strolling tribes. The motley crew, with their "orra duddies," their "auld red rags," and "rusty rapiers," seem to step into the very lines, so graphic and dashing are the poet's few words. The roaring, vigorous music lodges in the broad songs. The description alone of this merry-making in "Poesie Nancy's" is left to the reader's imagination, but even it is described by inference; and the imagined description of every one will agree in the main, without even the assistance of an actual visit to the verit-

able alehouse in the town of Mauchline.

One sees in its joyous songs and hearty lines of waggish fun the genial love of the poet for his more unfortunate fellow-creatures; and one also finds in the recklessness of sentiment and the utter disregard of fine feelings displayed throughout the composition, full evidence of the poet's own rapture for all the varying phases of human life, and all the varying shades in human thought. In the fast pulse-beats of song, the spell-bound enthusiasm, the witchery of movement, and the entrancing light of the night's revelry, we can trace the rich glow of poetic feelings which had begun to reach their acme in his early manhood, at that time at Mossgiel. That it was written as the result of actual observation seems very evident, although we have no evidence to that effect; and the tradition of the town preserves many snatches of incident which can be weaved as the development and history of the cantata. Here again the vast powers of the poet are visible in creating out of such rough material of observation a work which owes all its vitality to the originality of the poet. His genius preserved every feature, not perhaps as they appeared in reality, but as they appeared to his vivid sympathies. He did not so much create as he re-created. While we have no direct reference to this work in his correspondence (and as it was only published after his death, this perhaps is not surprising), we have a year or so before it was first circulated among his friends a few references in one of his letters about the beggar tribe, and the sentences should be read in the light of this work. "I have often observed, in the course of my experience of human life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about him; though very often nothing else

than a happy temperament of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind known by the ordinary phrase of 'blackguards,' sometimes further than was consistent with the safety of my character. Though disgraced by follies, nay, sometimes stained with guilt, I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty." How few poets have ploughed so laboriously for their wealth in the common soil; or rather, to how few poets have incidents trivial, commonplace, appeared so full of poetry as they did to him! As illustrative of his strong capacity for merging himself in the entire feelings of those whom he came in close contact with, take the chorus of the Beggars' bard's second song:—

"A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest!"

The opinions embodied in the last two lines are exceedingly well put from a vagabond's point of view; the most unrestrained feast of unbridled liberty could not possibly reach a more utter disregard for truth. Yet the beautiful manner in which the vagabondish opinions are expressed gives them a poetic relish. The strong imagination of the poet in witnessing such scenes implanted in him, as he said, "an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays."

It is interesting to compare the tone and the leading intention of these two poems with the one on "Death and Dr. Hornbook; a true story," which was written about the same period of, but certainly prior to, the "Jolly Beggars." We find

the satiric vein in its full ripeness, and notably we discern the roaring humour which beflooded every character it called into publicity. His genius was only inspired with two moods, the kindling warmth of sympathy and the passionate fire of love, or the laughing gas of humour or satire; poet-like he was either all love or all gall. But satires more necessarily than love songs must be founded on fact, at least on such data as may seem to a poet to be true. This satire, as also his other bold satires on the abuse of religious observances, were the result not of the ill-humours of the poet, but of actual occurrences, which richly deserved the lashings of the muse, and their after discontinuance showed the appropriateness of the ridicule. Although the poet does not merit all the praise he has received for the broad and graphic figures that move in his lines, because he, no more than a painter who has been born and brought up amidst the every day presence of peaked and jagged mountains or rugged rocks, deserves special praise for introducing such studies upon his canvas; to both painter and poet such sights are the veriest facts; but they claim our admiration when their pens and pencils clothe such objects in the colours of their own personality, and when by their genius they wrap up commonplace in undying robes. It is by the personality of Burns that Dr. Hornbook, Holy Willie, Tam Samson, and such other *outré* beings live in verse as grisly phantoms through the poet's brain. Such acquaintances, with their sharp-cut characteristics, might have mingled long and often with poets less susceptible to the satiric wealth of their humours without being preserved; but his eyes at once caught up their features and conveyed them with genius-like reality to posterity, with greater vividness of

details than could the most un-
tiring industry of a chronicler.

The exceeding tenderness of the poet is abundantly manifested in his poems on several of the brute and inanimate creation. They rise far above the standard of all local and temporary effusions, and many of his well-known expressions and familiar lines were written on such simple occasions. When once everyday rural occurrences are reflected from the glowing retina of the poet's eye, they become indelibly stamped on those of us all. Whatever common objects his muse touches, they are transformed as with a magician's wand into objects of lasting beauty. The first sign of genius is that appreciation which seizes phases of life or thought before unobserved. Burns actually saw what he has described, and actually experienced all the feelings of sympathy and of humour which he expressed. No greater estimate of the strength and beauty of his muse can be formed than by the fact that he has actually written poems which never verge on the ludicrous, but rise into superior excellence, on such unpoetic subjects as a sheep, and a louse, and a mouse. While at his daily work ploughing the sod, the grace of the muse followed him, and two of his most exquisite gems were made immediately on the occurrence of the incidents, when he was holding the plough. This is no fancy picture, though it rivals the charms of old myths. Compare the poem to the Mouse, on turning her up in her nest with the plough, and the poem to the Mountain Daisy on uprooting it with the ploughshare; both comprise the same number of nine verses, both are models of art, and beautiful efforts of genius. A oneness of feeling runs through them both, greatness of sympathy at their destruction, and the fellowship of his own brooding circum-

stances of life with theirs. In such a view the personality of his writings is inexpressibly sweet: how the warm-blooded poet in his softest moods found solace in the occurrences of lowly nature, how his heart went forth in the outswelling fulness of love to the "wee, sleeket, cowrin, tim'rous beastie," and the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower." In their destruction by the plough in the spring and autumn, the poet found fit emblems of his native querulous feelings. The period at which he wrote these poems was an eventful one in his career, and in the closing verses of each we find some heavy clouds of the thunderstorm which hung over him. It is, we think, just to attribute them to the tender melancholy which possessed him in consequence of his connection with the woman who was thereafter his wife; for after their marriage the poet did not return to such subjects with such mournful sympathy. Every poem of his is affected or influenced by his outward circumstances. His lines to a Louse contain humour as broad as Sterne's, but in the last two verses he falls into a moralizing strain, so that from such an uninviting subject he produced a stanza beginning—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,"

which has long passed into proverbial repute. Poesy inspires him on seeing a wounded hare, on scaring water-fowl in a loch; and on a new year's morning he bursts into strains of sympathetic feeling over the associations and usefulness of his old horse. Circumstances the most slender fitted closely into his own heart, daily occurrences were in his warmth of sympathy recorded in verse, which the world has deservedly magnified. Here the poet was true to his own feelings, and his open force of originality in such

a field of poetry most heartily demands our admiration. He imitated no school but his own, and he has no imitators. In the remoteness and quietness of his country life this poet of nature followed the dictates of his own heart, and established a school of natural poetry more lasting than he could have done if he had been a member of a coterie of literary men in a city. And to draw genuine poetry from the personal surroundings of man is not so easy as to merit the pooh-poohings of present day critics. Most probably those poems of a true man to the things which more immediately concerned the ploughman in his actual work, will at sometime be considered more interesting and life-like of the poet when other and more ambitious poems will be passed over.

Those classic poems of the Scottish peasantry, "Hallowe'en," and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," were part of the good writer's work which he accomplished in 1785, and were written with the view to increasing his poems for his projected publication. The first poem bears all the marks of having been written in such a mood; it contains but a faint glimmer of the poet's humour, has none of his vigour; but it is a graphic sketch of bye-gone rural manners on the occasion it describes. In expressive lines and words, here and there we meet his master hand, and at the end of the poem we find that exquisite verse—

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a well it dimpl't;
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night."

Firmer, more eager and sympa-

thetic is the bard in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," his soul enters into the scene, and its vigorous eloquence rushes forth in nearly every verse. His love is kindled, and his poem consequently lives. The one idea which led him to think of such a subject, was the phrase, "Let us worship God," which he thought was peculiarly venerable when used by the sober head of the family in introducing family worship. And his brother Gilbert tells us that it is to this feeling we owe the poem. While that sentiment may have drawn his attention to the subject, it is in execution equalled, if not surpassed in beauty and strength, as there portrayed, by his love for Scotland, the love of his country's patriot, Wallace, and the love of the common people to whom he belonged. His eyes were the first to observe the beauty that rested over the peasant's home on Saturday nights, and no poet hereafter with that poem before him, will make an attempt where Burns has excelled.

It is in his songs, however, that we find actual circumstances melted into thrilling, heart-satisfying lyrics; yet it is inexpressibly sad to reflect that the unfortunate turns of his career are to be attributed to the very same cause which produced his soul charged, moving songs—his too ready impressibility to the winning faces and charming manners of women. In his original love songs we trace the very words, the very growth, the quenchless intensity, and the irrepressible ardour of his love for the softer sex. From the juvenile rill of thoughtful sentiment, we can follow his lot through the outpourings of his inmost heart, the quickening river-like flow of maturer passions, down through its rapids of wild uncontrol, until it reaches the ocean of eternity in grand outbursts of strong love. The songs are ever human

and true, because of the natural and unaffected women whom he met in his "life's sequester'd scene:" this vitality is not owing to the observance of any rules of art, but because he wrote after those models which an ever-loving heart creates for itself. Now that our land is flooded with song, we are too apt to underrate his originality; properly to appreciate it, we require to study the song literature of his time, and that which preceded it, to observe its poverty of thought and weakness of expression; after him, songs obtained a fresh vitality; in his hands actual experiences of life were woven into song. Thus they possess all the beauty of song and the force of hard lined reality. He tells us that on all his early love songs there was inscribed a legend of his heart. A large cluster of women at once rise to our remembrance when we think of these productions. And who can number the loves of his heart? There are those women of his song: Ellison Begbie and Mary Morrison; Chloris and Clarinda; Highland Mary and the lovely Davies; Jessie Lewars and Phillis McMurdo; Maria Riddell, Peggy Chalmers and Peggy Thomson; Tibbie Steen, and his own Jean. The names of these rural women along with his are recorded in the books of fame. And the varying adventures of his heart among these women, are given expression to in the varying tones and feelings of the songs he wrote under their inspiration. That all his original love songs were the result of actual encounters of love with women is very evident, and the poet himself tells us that when engaged in dressing up old songs for the Edinburgh publication, he was in the habit of going into the company of women for the purpose of catching inspiration. But let us look a little more closely at the circumstances of some of these memorable

effusions. His sweetly natural song, "I love my Jean," or better known perhaps by the first line, "Of a' the airts the wind can blow," was written for his wife, "out of compliment," as he phrases it, during his honeymoon, which he spent at Ellisland, while she lived at Moss-giel. This explains many expressions of the song, and gives the passion of the verses additional strength. The fulness and freeness of the feelings, stronger and more exulting than in any other, are to be attributed to the happiness of his marriage at last, and to the fixedness of his married love. He may be more artistic in other songs, but he is nowhere so hearty, so purely lovable, so exultant. The numerous songs in honour of Clarinda, are like glossaries to the excited feelings of the poet in his platonic friendship; we find him relieving himself of his despondency at her absence abroad, by composing the delightful pastoral "My Nannie's awa;" and in the continual recurrence of his thoughts to his absent friend, he throws his feelings, sympathizing with her mission, into the song of "Wandering Willie;" and the tragic tale of love is concentrated with the rapid gush of the poet's own eloquence in his "Ae fond kiss and then we sever." It contains one of the most pathetic and deeply philosophic verses in the whole of song literature, which correctly expresses the position of the singer and the heroine:

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly!
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Notably his songs to Clarinda and Chloris were love messages for their eyes and hearts only. The song, "The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," was composed out of sympathy at the sad fate of a hapless beautiful lady friend. What

an irresistible lover Burns was! He not only captivated women by the glow of his talk and the wealth of his fancy, but when absent from them he paid them compliments by sending them songs composed in their own honour. Such songs of love as no lover since has equalled! See his "Young Peggy," "The Lass of Ballochmyle," "The Banks of the Devon," "Lovely Davies," "Where Braving Angry Winter's Hours," &c., which he sent to the ladies who inspired the songs, and who acted their narratives, as other men now send letters. There is exquisitely tender devotion and purity of love, akin to a religious depth, in "Afton Water," which would appear to have been written as an evening hymn to his "Highland Mary;" the Mary there addressed is evidently the same as she whom he has celebrated in the hallowed, ecstatic strains of "My Mary, dear departed Shade." The most careless reader of his works cannot but have noticed that the bard very frequently refers in poetic raptures to the burns and rivers of his birthplace. Early in his career as a singer he expressed the strength of his love for the "fertile banks of Irvine," the "romantic woodlands and sequestered scenes of Ayr, and the healthy mountainous source and winding sweep of Doon," and he modestly records that it shall be his future endeavour to sing of their pastoral beauties as other poets had formerly sung of other rivers. That he has attained that patriotic object his works bear unmistakable attestation, the river Doon is now classic. All his pastoral songs contain a downright accuracy of description; the minutæ and variety of colours are of such a nature as could only have been achieved by one who actually witnessed all, and more than what he sang. Thus in his "Corn Rigs" we have a most

striking and faithful account of a harvest night, and never since has it been so joyfully described, while the whole influence of the poem rests with the heroine, Annie; the moonlit harvest scenery of that night became indelibly impressed on his memory, as he saw it through the force of his love for her. The arch manners of rural courtship are naively and piquantly illustrated in the song, "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," which was written as a memento of one of his loves whom he said was "a fair dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning." But around "The Gowden Locks of Anna," there is the interest of a too true tragedy, the recklessness of the actual incidents having become joined in the verse. Even listen to what he says of the heroine of "My Handsome Nell," which he wrote when he had not nearly reached his majority:—"I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts and my blood sallies at the remembrance." The depressing events of life, though they cooled his ardour for a time, could never quench the wild enthusiasm of his nature; in song-land he found encouragement and the spirit of cheer, and although but the space of a few days had to elapse before he reached the terminus of this life, we find him in the interim soothing his disquieted feelings in the muse of an old love song. He died leaving a love song unfinished, and his first composition in youth-hood was a love song. But we have overreached our limited space, and we must draw to a close.

Thus we see that Burns was no regular maker of songs, but sung with all the native enthusiasm of his heart his own feelings and experiences in sweet undying

lyrics. We have his own words that he looked upon women as goddesses deserving and commanding the worship of the poet in undying song. What he wrote of "My Nannie, O," that "it was at the time genuine from my own heart," may be written of all his original songs. The closest study of his works brings the clearer to light his surpassing genius; and the thought which strikes us at first, and clings to us with increased strength as we become more intimate with his spirit and his works, is the elevating beauty and lasting power with which he removed everyday life into the ether of the romance of his poetic soul. He is the acknowledged poet-king of the poor. He is the song-guide of all the weary labourers; his music is a shelter to the aching-hearted and downcast, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The power of his name is even greater to-day than it was fifty years ago. The name of Robert Burns is an eternal one. He is a great consoler and inspirer. And as the destiny of his own life was wrought out in the comparative quietness and seclusion of the Lowlands, every event, apparently trivial, conspiring to mould his outward life and inner life with as much force as the more forcible and impressive occurrences of the present day in all its bustle could have effected; so in his works he picked up the shattered fragments of the threads of his experiences and wove them into webs, which possess not only the genuine vigour of reality, but also the beautiful colouring of nature's delicate handiwork. His songs last because they have enduring life within their lines. They alone of Scottish songs fire us with the glowing heat of a poet's direct intercourse; their fervour is as strong as if they were newly coined

to-day; their manners are those of all time, for they are a faithful transcript of actual and natural manners. Their beauty as well as their reality is historic.

His songs had a patriotic gush of love for his dear native land, which has not been equalled in any subsequent writer, poetic or prose. He loved his country, its history, its heroes, with all the ardour of his patriotic heart. Fatherland, through his exceeding affection, became a distinct personality; or, as he speaks of himself in his dedication, "A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service, I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title." And how boldly, yet most truly, does the poet speak of himself in these few vigorous words—"The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophet-bard Elisha did Elijah, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my natal soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired." But he does not appear as a poet in a beggar's shoes, or as he might nobly put it, "that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours: *I was bred to the plough and am independent.*" He sung for his own pleasure, and for the service of his country; and so long as he had the health to follow the plough he led all, high and low, to understand in most plain language, that although he was also a bard, his independence of manhood was not to be tampered with. There is something humorous and satiric in his proclaiming to the noblemen and aristocracy of

the Caledonian Hunt, and through them to the entire race of nobles and titled heads of Scotland, that he is a ploughman, and, therefore, he is not dependent on their patronage. By this masterly stroke he raised himself to their level; by his bold honesty he reversed the position so long established between patrons and dedicator; in this one passage he lifted himself, the living bard, above the platform whereon sat his audience. Bred to the plough and independent! yes, for in that occupation he had wooed sweet poesy, and in following the plough he had caught the natural beauty and vigour of the pastoral muse!

But it is the natural spontaneous lyric song which sprang freely from the poet in the remote seclusion and comparative calm of the last century that affects us most. It is the picture of a true pastoral landscape, with true pastoral figures, with true pastoral hearts, touched

to their very depths with the gush of genuine feelings, that inspires us with strong enthusiasm, mingled with strange wonder, for the reality and unfading power of the poet's songs. A sterling heart moves in them all. None of that sickly sentimentalism of a courtly atmosphere, nor the constraint or cultured phraseology of polite society, are to be found there. All are vigorous with the innate beauty and love of the poet for the rustic maidens and original rural characters of his acquaintance. And the manner in which, with his own strength of love, he has raised his friends and lovers from the lowliness of their low estate into the poetic regions of undying fame, will, for ever excite the admiration and awe of critics and poets. Burns indeed possessed the very heart of a genius which raised the incidents and surroundings of his own experience into the highest ether of everlasting song!

POMPEII.

BY W. KNIGHTON.

THE railway which runs from Naples to Salerno passes close to Pompeii. It is the most usual means of approach to the buried city in these days. Eighteen hundred years ago, in the month of August, the inhabitants were buying and selling, feasting and mourning after their wont. Some fitted out galleys for distant ventures, others brought their wares to the crowded marts, others were eagerly preparing for new shows and gladiatorial fights, long interdicted by an edict of Nero, when sudden destruction came upon them.

The people of Pompeii prided themselves upon the beauty of the scenery surrounding their city, as well as upon their own personal beauty. In Sparta, we know that it was penal to be too fat. The man who sinned in this respect was liable to be publicly whipped until he regained normal and legal proportions. In Egypt, too, corpulency was abhorred. The water of the Nile was supposed to have a fattening effect, and hence the priests would not allow the bull Apis to drink it. A well was specially sunk for him.

Certain it is that the remains of no specially fat people have been found in the ruins of Pompeii. We have no proof that obesity was penal in Pompeii, as in Sparta, but we might reasonably conclude that the very fat would be the least likely to succeed in escaping when the town was destroyed.

Few benefactors of the human race have added more to its sum of intellectual enjoyment, than the Italian peasant who, in 1748, in sinking a well, came accidentally upon a painted chamber of old Pompeii—a chamber containing statues and other remains of antiquity. He was the unconscious means of opening up new and keen sources of pleasure to the archæologist, the historian, the student of life, of customs, and of religion.

Even the very site of Pompeii was unknown until that accidental discovery. It seems surprising that it should have been so—that a great city, once celebrated and populous, should have been lost to the tradition of the neighbourhood, but so it was.

The railway to Salerno skirts the beautiful Bay of Naples, and a succession of lovely views opens up as the traveller is whisked along, too rapidly to enable him to enjoy them as he would wish.

Ischia bounds the view to the north-west and Capri to the south-west, the two island extremities of the Bay, and between the two lies an expanse of deep-blue water and lovely sky, which when seen in the early spring, and at rest, is a vision of beauty never to be forgotten. Vesuvius towers aloft on the left hand, and Portici and Resina, built on the ancient Herculaneum, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell'Annunziata, are all passed in succession. Everywhere there are traces

of volcanic action, the very cliffs that border the sea-shore are composed of lava, sometimes exhibiting a columnar structure. All this district has suffered so frequently and so severely from earthquakes and from eruptions, that an Italian proverb says, "Naples sins and Torre pays for it." Yet the whole coast is alive with humanity—the old man and the old woman, the youth, the girl, the child; and all by thousands! Flour mills and manufactories of macaroni are constantly met with, and there is no mistaking the long lines of the national food hung out like ropes to dry.

A little further on along the coast is Castellamare, a town of 18,000 inhabitants, built on the site of the ancient Stabiae, where the Elder Pliny perished in that eruption which destroyed Pompeii. He was sleeping at the villa of his friend Pomponianus, when his friends woke him, and he found the courtyard, that led to his apartment filled with stones and ashes. A hurried consultation was held as to which was the safest, to trust to the tottering houses, to seek safety in the fields, or to attempt escape by sea. "In this distress," the Younger Pliny proceeds, "they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous, a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle (the Elder Pliny) embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They sallied forth then, having pillows tied with napkins upon their heads. This was their sole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than night could have supplied when most obscure. Torches and other artificial lights tended to dissipate the gloom a little."

They went down further along the shore, to see if they might safely put out to sea. But they found

the waves running high and boisterous. There was no escape that way. "Then my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself upon the ground, upon a cloth spread for him, being weary, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of the flames, dispersed the company, and obliged him to rise again abruptly.

"He raised himself up, being supported by two of his slaves, and immediately fell down dead, suffocated, as I conjecture, by the gross and noxious vapours, for he always had weak lungs, and was subject to a difficulty in breathing.

"As soon as it was light again, which was not until the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the posture in which he had fallen, looking rather like a man asleep than one dead."

This was in the year 79. But Pompeii had been visited by another terrible volcanic calamity in 63, which destroyed many of the houses in the town. Seneca tells us that the eruption of 63 swallowed up 600 sheep, destroyed many places in the vicinity, and drove many people mad with terror. In the course of a few months, however, the inhabitants who had fled began to return to the city, and to repair the damage done, when another earthquake and eruption occurred in 64. And the injury then done had not been completely repaired when, in 79, that eruption occurred which destroyed Pompeii, overwhelming it with showers of pumice stones and ashes, the weight of which broke in most of the roofs, which were composed of wood or tiles. Pliny describes the beginning of the eruption in one of his celebrated letters to Tacitus thus:—"A cloud first arose. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by com-

paring it to a pine tree. The lower part was like the trunk, and at the top it extended in the form of branches. Sometimes this cloud was bright and fiery, sometimes dark and opaque. The shocks of earthquake were so particularly violent that night, that they seemed to threaten everything and everybody with instant destruction. When morning came, after this terrible night, the light was faint and languid. The buildings around us tottered. Though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without danger. We therefore quitted the town. The people followed us in consternation. They pressed in great crowds about us on our way out. Having got to a convenient distance from the city, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motions of the earth. It is certain at least that the shore was considerably enlarged, and that several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with a vapour of flame, in the form of a serpent, darted out long trains of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger."

Pliny goes on to describe how even the island of Capræ and the promontory of Misenum were covered with this great cloud, which seemed to embrace the sea. His mother begged him to leave her, and to save his life by flight. But he took her hand and insisted on escaping with her. The ashes fell upon them as they fled along the high road, a great multitude hurrying along from the city behind

them. They left the high road by his advice, lest she should be crushed to death, and the scene which passed before them was one with few parallels in history.—"Nothing was to be heard but the shrieks and screams of women and children, nothing was to be seen but a blackness terrible and awful. Not a ray of light, except from the burning mountain in fitful gleams. Some of the women and children called aloud for husbands, brothers, fathers, sons—and in reply came the cries of men, one lamenting his own fate, another the destruction of his family, some wishing to die only from the fear of dying. The greater part imagined that the last great eternal night was come, that was to destroy gods and men and the world together. Heavy showers of ashes fell upon us all this time, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been buried in the heap."

When at length the sun appeared, the face of the country was so changed that hardly a landmark could be recognized. This is the description of an eye-witness, and there can be no doubt of its truth. And now, what a contrast, when one reads this description, with all nature at rest—with the earth and sea and sky full of beauty, calm and peaceful! There is, perhaps, no lovelier spot on the earth's surface. Everything around speaks of quiet, calm, peaceful beauty. Doubtless the sea *can* be rough. The air can whistle and howl and roar, as it sweeps like a demon over the bay, lashing the sea to fury, when the smaller waves, the *pecore*, give place to the great *cavalloni*, the white horses, that roll in to the shore, on the billows' breast, irresistibly strong and furious. But it was not so when I went to Pompeii. All nature slumbered. Earth and sea and sky were full of beauty and of peace.

And which one of us, amidst the scene described by the Younger Pliny, might not also have thought that the end of the world was come?—When the earth was reeling to and fro like a drunken man, when the mountain was belching forth flame and ashes—when the sky was black and covered with a great darkness at mid-day, and the sea was tossed about like a plaything by the earth in labour, dashed hither and thither without any regard to its former boundaries!—and when all this was accompanied by the roar of unusual noises, by death and destruction, and havoc raging on all sides! Truly, it must have been an awful scene!

It takes about an hour to get to Pompeii from Naples by rail—an hour full of beauty and interest. The town was built originally on old volcanic rocks, a place of some importance both from its commerce and from its attractions as a watering-place. During the time of the Republic in Rome, both Herculaneum and Pompeii were governed by their own laws, and ranked as *municipia*, by which they gained many privileges. The inhabitants called themselves, not Romans, but Campanians, and were proud of the beauty of their towns, proud of their physical advantages, proud of their privileges, and of the beauty of their women.

They were often disposed to be turbulent, however, and to fight amongst themselves. In the time of Cicero a Roman military colony had been established in the suburbs of Pompeii, in order to keep the peace, a measure to which the Pompeians strenuously objected. Under Nero the town was a Roman colony. Its suburbs were the favourite residence of Cicero, and there he wrote his "Offices," and received as guests Augustus, Balbus, Pansa, and Hirtius.

In the year 59 of our era, a

riot occurred between the citizens of Pompeii and those of the neighbouring town of Nuceria. The latter were defeated. Many were slain. The Nucerians appealed to Rome. Nero gave sentence against Pompeii, ordered Regulus and other ringleaders to be banished, and for ten years interdicted all public spectacles, games, and theatrical amusements.

It was in 63, whilst suffering from this edict, that the city was first severely injured by an earthquake; but it was not till 79, that it was absolutely destroyed, overwhelmed with ashes and showers of pumice-stones, together with rivers of dense black mud from the volcano, which curdled through the streets, insidiously creeping into such recesses as the subtle ashes had failed to penetrate. The inhabitants were engaged in all the bustle of an election for municipal officers at the time. New *ædiles* and *decemviri* were to be chosen. Influential citizens and voters were canvassing for their favourite candidates, and party spirit ran high. The forum, the temples, and the theatres were thronged with an eager multitude.

The great majority of the inhabitants escaped by land or by sea, some fifteen hundred or so perishing out of a population of about twenty thousand, and, when the eruption was at an end, and all was quiet again, many of the miserable inhabitants, who had survived the catastrophe, returned to dig into the ruins, to try and recover their lost property. The larger part of the gold and silver, the richer marbles, the bronzes and the statues, were thus removed.

Marks of these visits have been found in excavating the city in these latter days—holes broken in walls—passages made through the ashes and *scoriæ*, and evidences of digging and partial exploration. Many of the houses were evidently

inhabited again for a time. In 472 however another dreadful eruption of the mountain took place, and the site was finally abandoned.

When the street of Mercury was cleared, in the course of the modern explorations, a political caricature was discovered on the wall of a house, evidently having reference to the quarrel between Nuceria and Pompeii, and the consequences of that quarrel. This caricature had beneath it the inscription—*“Campani, victoria una cum Nucernis, peristis.”* Other inscriptions in chalk upon the walls of the houses, relative to municipal elections and other local matters, are common. So that the town is presented to us now very much as it was when shut up by the eruption, with all the evidences of individual, social and political life in varied forms, at work, just as they were when Nero was ruling in Rome, and Christianity was young.

It was not till 1748 that the town was discovered. In 1755, the amphitheatre was cleared out in the south-eastern corner; and since then the excavations have been proceeded with continuously, sometimes languidly, sometimes with energy. Signor Fiorelli, under whose superintendence the work has latterly been carried on, pressed it forwards with energy and judgment. Ten years ago he thought that, at the rate at which it was then proceeding, the entire town would have been disinterred in twenty years; but this estimate requires modification now. It will probably still take twenty years before the work is complete, at the present rate of progress.

Most of the objects of interest found in the town were removed to the museum in Naples, and may be seen there. Latterly, however, another museum, still on a small scale, has been established in Pom-

peii itself, near the Marine Gate, the usual entrance for visitors, and there may be seen implements of domestic life, curiosities, ornaments, and a few casts of the bodies of those who perished, now turned into stone, just in the attitudes in which they lost their lives. The walls of the city are about two miles in circuit, enclosing about a hundred and sixty acres, an area somewhat similar to that of modern Jerusalem.

A walk through the deserted streets, the ruined houses, the temples, the theatres, the forum, and the barracks, is like a walk amongst the dead. The impression haunts one at every corner that the people have just left, and may return at any moment. Here, in the priests' dining-room in this temple, a priest was found buried alive in the act of dining off a fowl. Generally speaking, the most comfortable room in each of the temples was that in which the priests dined. There, in the prison of the barracks, four of the soldiers were found, evidently under punishment at the time, with their feet fast in the stocks. Think of their agony as the darkness increased, the relentless shower fell faster, and yet more fast—the courtyards and the barracks became gradually deserted, and they were left to die slowly with their feet in the stocks! And there, again, another soldier was found, one on guard, who perished at his post: a noble instance of devotion to duty unto death. The wine-shops and the bakers', the merchants' and the bankers', all remain just as the destroying shower found them and left them. There were the large earthen jars that contained the wine, the mills for grinding the flour, the bread in the oven, and the bankers' strong boxes, with the haberdashers' counters, all ready to carry on the business, if only that destroying shower

would cease! A wonderful scene! Ghosts haunt us at every corner—the ghosts of those who came and went, who bought and sold, and drank and ate, who fooled and were fooled to the top of their bent! Ay! and most melancholy of all, there, too, is the recess behind the altar in the temple, or in the very statue of the god, where the lying priest gave forth responses that were supposed to come from the god himself. And crowds stood below listening to it. Devout women and children, full of faith; the smug citizen doing the genteel and the pious; and the philosopher making believe to believe it all! What a truly melancholy picture!

In the gardens the arrangement of the trees was generally in straight lines. Flowers were cultivated, apparently more on account of their smell than of their beauty of colour. The rose, the violet, the lily and the poppy were the favourites. Statues throwing out water, either from an urn or from the mouth, were in general use. Marble seats were placed in these gardens, and movable beds of flowers on wheels were common. They contained fruit trees, vines, melons, and cucumbers, and were evidently removed from place to place according to the weather, to taste, or to caprice. These were often covered with frames of isinglass.

In the interior of the houses, the *atrium*, usually of an oblong square form, appears to have been the common sitting-room of the family. There the occupations of embroidery, spinning, and weaving had been carried on by the ladies, or by the slaves under the ladies' directions. The luxurious refinements of the Empire, however, had wellnigh banished the more useful employments, and the *atrium*, when Pompeii was overwhelmed, was a reception-room merely, sometimes divided by curtains into various

compartments, and sometimes serving simply as an antechamber to the various reception rooms. The *lares*, or waxen images of the ancestors of the family, were usually kept in the hinder part of the *atrium*, and often too a hearth was there, on which a sort of sacred fire was maintained, ever burning.

The houses were usually built with high sloping roofs of wood or of broad tiles, with an open space in the centre, to admit light to the inner apartments. The walls of the rooms were painted, and decorated with bas-reliefs, whilst the floors were often mosaics. In houses of superior pretensions only, the outer doors were furnished with a bell.

Porters preceded knockers. Sometimes the porter had a fierce chained dog to assist him; but very frequently the dog was only a painted one, or one done in mosaic, as in the Pompeian house of the Crystal Palace—Signor Abbate's restoration—with which we are all familiar. It would appear that, in certain cases, the porter himself was chained, as well as the dog. This may have been, however, when the porter was a slave and in punishment. In one case we find the porter in a green livery, with a cherry-coloured girdle; at least he is so represented. It seems to have been his office to sprinkle and sweep the floors with besoms of twigs, and he had a perforated pot or vase with which to sprinkle the floor, exactly similar to what may be seen in use in hundreds of shops in London at the present day.

Juvenal describes the master of the house, who is expecting a guest of some distinction, as threatening the porter with a stick, and calling to him: "Sweep the pavements, clean the columns, and brush away the cobwebs." Horace mentions the fall of a curtain loaded with dust over the dinner-table, to the great discomfiture and discomfort

of the guests; and Plutarch mentions the fact that if a visitor entered a Roman house, without being expected, he would probably find the family *déshabillé*, foul dishes lying about upon the floor, and everything in disorder.

The bedrooms were small, sometimes vaulted, most frequently without windows, but sometimes with a little window placed near the roof; with alcoves for the bedsteads, tessellated pavements for floors, and paintings on the walls. I think every one would agree nowadays in considering them dark, gloomy, confined, and uncomfortable. The majority of the poorer middle class in London are better lodged in this respect than a wealthy nobleman of the time of Nero in Pompeii. So true is it that what is the luxury of one age, becomes the necessity of another. The beds themselves in these narrow, dark, gloomy, confined, uncomfortable bedrooms were luxurious enough, being of down, and the softer feathers of the pea-fowl, whilst the bed coverings consisted of the skins of goats or sheep, and of woollen blankets. Rich and poor appear alike to have gone to bed naked, just as the inhabitants of Europe generally did, even as late as the seventeenth century.

The rooms generally were without chimneys. Glass was known, but was little and rarely used. The windows were most commonly closed with blinds of linen, plates of horn, or wooden shutters. They evidently paid much more attention to their floors than we ordinarily do nowadays in England. Looking-glasses were not unknown, but mirrors of metal were by far more common. Lamps were of universal use. They were usually of bronze, and sometimes of earthenware. Some of them were in the shape of a small boat or butter-dish. Various animals were repre-

sented upon the bronze lamps by way of ornament, such as bats, mice, and rabbits.

And now of the streets which lay without these houses, what of them? They were narrow, paved with uneven blocks of stone, much indented by the ruts caused by the wheels of carts, and with stepping-stones across them, so that the Pompeians might cross from side to side without dirtying their sandled feet in the mire. There they stand at the present day, long lines of them, silent, deserted, awful! The people have just left them, apparently, with the carts, the small horses, the oxen, the sheep, and the poultry—the usual din and clatter of everyday life. It may all rise ghost-like to surprise us at any moment! We can see that the Forum was being repaved when the destroying shower came down. We can see that here and there the streets were being repaired where the ruts were deepest. All the torrent of human life was sweeping on, and was arrested by a force greater than that of man!

Among the curiosities found was a large earthen vase, with a wire lattice at the top, and small shelves round the sides. This was a cage for fattening dormice for the table. They were esteemed great luxuries. No banquet was complete without them then. But that terrible shower of ashes and pumice-stones put an end to all Pompeian banquets—to their fattened dormice, their luxurious revelries, their oysters from Britain, and their kids carved to the sound of music, their fruits served up in ice in the midst of summer, and their wines of the most delicate vintages from Spain and from Armenia. No longer were the pillars in the peristyle encircled with garlands of flowers; the tables of citron-wood inlaid with arabesque mosaics; the couches of bronze, gilt and jewelled, furnished with

thick cushions and tapestry, and embroidered with marvellous skill; the silver basins for the visitors' hands; the napkins fringed with purple were no longer prepared for the luxurious guests, keen and critical and witty. No longer was the altar of Bacchus decked out for the libation, nor did the cup-bearers bring round the golden cups with delicious wine. No longer did the dancers execute their graceful movements, nor the singers, accompanied by the lyre, warble forth an ode of Anacreon, Sappho, or Horace. All was silent; all mute. The ruthless shower of ashes and scoræ and pumice-stones put an end to all, covering up the very scenes of these revelries for seventeen centuries.

They died, many of them, these *bon-vivants* and their slaves, just as that ruthless shower found them—guests in the banqueting halls, brides in their chambers, soldiers at their posts, prisoners in the dungeons, thieves in the act of thieving, maidens at their mirrors, slaves at the fountains, students at their books, and traders in their shops! In one cellar a man and a dog shut themselves up from the destroying shower. The man hoped, doubtless, that it would be over anon, and he and his dog would sally forth to see clear skies, and the Mediterranean, and Vesuvius, and beautiful nature, as of old. But for him there was no cessation to that shower. He died suffocated in the cellar in which he had hidden himself. He died first. The dog survived him and fed upon his corpse, and then the dog, too, died of hunger, a lingering, hopeless death. The bones of the man were found scattered about in the cellar, where the dog had left them, after gnawing at them; but the bones of the dog were found in a heap in a corner where he had retired to die, when there was nothing left upon the bones that he had gnawed.

A strange lesson truly for us in this nineteenth century is here, when we are all engrossed with thoughts of pleasure, of business, of money-making, and of intriguing, as if there were nothing nobler or better in life than this petty round of daily wiles and cares. There was an earthquake in Vienna the other day. London or Paris might be swallowed up in a day, as half of Lisbon was a century ago, as all Pompeii was eighteen centuries ago. We dig them out, and there they are—the houses standing, the paintings fresh, the skeletons often in the very positions, in the very places, in which death overtook their owners so long before. The marks left by the cups of the revelers still remain upon the counters; the prisoners' bones still wear the felon's chains; the belles their ornaments and their trappings of pride or vanity; the miser died gloating over his treasures, and the priest as he came from lurking in secret recesses in the hollow statue of the god, whence he uttered the lying oracles and deceived the faithful. There are the altars, crusted over with the victims' blood, shed so uselessly; the stables in which the victims themselves were kept; and the hall of mysteries with their symbolical paintings. They are all there—all unearthed after eighteen centuries of burial. And are there no lessons for us, in this year of grace, to be deduced from all this? I think there are—lessons deep and significant, full of instruction, if we only look at them aright, lessons of awful moment too, written in bones, in marble, and in stone.

At the end of each street was usually a fountain, and here, as the citizens sat at eventide, they might survey the Mediterranean beautiful as now, blue and sunny and serene. Crowds would pass and repass, some sauntering up and down in purple dresses, their

gala suits; slaves might be seen bearing on their heads vases of flowers; some, too, of the richer inhabitants, sitting on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, having before them tables laden with wine, with fruits, with flowers.

And what was the usual dress of this motley crowd? The *toga*, a loose flowing robe, which covered the whole body, was originally worn by both sexes, but was in the later days of the Empire reserved for men alone. It was round, and close at the bottom, open at the top to the girdle, and without sleeves, so that the arms might be at liberty. Under the Empire, the women wore a different robe, a *stola*, with a broad border or fringe, reaching to the feet, and, when they went out of doors, a mantle or cloak thrown over it. At first the *stola* was woollen, but silk was introduced from the East, and in the later days of Pompeii silk was not uncommon. Golden tassels and strips of beaten gold, sewn into the borders as ornaments, were the luxuries of the wealthy. Trousers and stockings were equally unknown, but strips of cloth were often worn wrapped round the legs, whilst the shoes and sandals were red, scarlet, purple, or white.

The fashion of doing the hair, lately prevalent amongst the ladies in England, seems to have been copied from the Pompeians—false hair was largely mixed with the natural, and the whole was done up, often into the form of a helmet. Paint and gold powder were freely used to give a lustre to the hair, and to make it bright and yellow. Wigs, too, were not unknown.

The ladies used small tooth-brushes and tooth-picks, some of the latter of silver, some of wood. They seem to have resorted to ingenious devices to increase the lus-

tre of their eyes. Harmless serpents, which they kept playfully in their bosoms, parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs, were amongst their favourite pets.

Their dressing tables were supplied with all sorts of appliances, except the pin. Combs of ivory or bone, curling tongs, jewellery of all kinds, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, finger-rings, all were common, and, besides these, essences, perfumes, washes, and dyes.

People employed in special occupations lived in particular streets, or in particular quarters of the town, as is still common in the bazaars of the East, and was common in our western towns, up to the sixteenth century. One street, for instance, was called the street of dried fruits, from the quantity of raisins, figs, plums, olives, and pickles found there. The signs were various—a marble goat for one who sold milk; a head of Æsculapius for an apothecary's shop; two men carrying an amphora for a wine-shop; and a pig has also been found as a sign for a wine-shop recently—(was the pig sacred to Bacchus?)—scales, moulds of bronze for pastry, sometimes of elegant designs, and money, have also been found. On the counter of an apothecary was a box of pills, together with jars of various descriptions of medicine. Those for whom the pills were prepared probably never felt the want of them. Vessels full of almonds, chestnuts, walnuts, and the fruit of the carob tree have been found in a fruiterer's shop.

Rings for tying up horses may be still seen fastened in the wall at each side of the door of an inn, with checkers also, one of the oldest of signs apparently. The stables for the horses of guests were extensive in one of these inns, with apartments above for the visitors, and large earthen vessels

for wine in the cellars, with fountains for water in the yard.

The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek legends, such as "The Parting of Achilles and Briseis," "Hector and Andromache," "The Seizure of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons." But besides these classical subjects others have been found more recently, representing the chase, hunting, fullers engaged in cleaning clothes, banquets, and other scenes more objectionable. In the case of the fullers, three men and a boy are standing in the tubs, treading upon the clothes. Soap and brushes appear to have been extensively in use.

Parchment, leather, and rolls of papyrus, were used for writing, and reeds for pens. Their ink was made from lamp-black. Their libraries consisted of rows of cupboards or presses, with rolls of parchment or papyrus within. But little has yet been discovered in the way of literature in Pompeii, but who can tell what treasures may not yet be unearthed? What should we not give for a few letters, written by an intelligent Roman officer, in Palestine, for instance, some forty or fifty years before the burial of the city? and who can say that some such may not yet be found?

Among the most recent excavations was that of a banker's house, with a strong box containing a multitude of coins, and statements of accounts of those who had lodged their money with him, some of them charred and undecipherable, others quite legible. A few days before, the loss of those sums would have been regarded as ruin by his clients, and, after the burial of the city, who felt the want of them? probably not one in a hundred.

Near the villa of Cicero, outside the walls to the north-east, stretches a whole line of tombs—those of

Umbricius Scaurus, of Caius Calvenzius Quietus, and of Lucius Libellus, being amongst the most remarkable. In one instance, at least, the family burial-place appears to have been in close proximity to the family villa. The Diomedes were the occupiers of both—the dead Diomedes occupying the tomb and the living Diomedes the villa. In a subterranean passage under this villa, the skeletons of eighteen persons were found huddled together. The galley in which a noble youth was drowned, may be found sculptured in marble, fresh and vivid, on the side of one of these tombs, just as it might be in Brompton or Kensal Green; whilst on another, a baker's sepulchre, the irreverent stone-cutter jestingly inscribes, he baked meats for others when he was alive, and now death makes baked meat of him! A ghastly joke. It was the custom amongst the Romans to bury their dead as near as possible to the great roads. The dead there might not be altogether shut out, they thought, from society and companionship.

A visit to the Museo Borbonico in Naples is necessary after a visit to Pompeii. The chief objects of antiquity that have been turned up in disinterring the buried city are there collected and arranged—statuary, the Dancing Faun, the sleeping Mercury, Laocoon, and others; pictures on panels, encaustic, and frescoes, a parrot in harness, drawing a chariot, driven by a grasshopper, caricatures of emperors and philosophers, mural decorations, and a row of thirteen miniatures, "the Dancing Girls of Pompeii" are well worth inspection; the collection of jewellery and ornaments; of domestic utensils and objects of daily life and daily usefulness; all are interesting, all illustrative of Pompeian life, all full of instruction.

The visitor may search in vain for voluminous documents relative to landed property, mortgages, releases to trustees, transfers of mortgages, assignments of equitable interests, and other such legal light reading of this nineteenth century; but he will find instead a thousand articles full of vital interest, conveying lessons that the wisest of us may take home and ponder over—inkstands with dry ink, purses with coins never more to be used for making purchases, surgical instruments that performed their last operations eighteen centuries ago, colours prepared for pictures never to be painted, corks for bottles that were never blown. And he reads in all these the vanity of human toil, sowing where it is never to reap; the cunning of mankind intent upon a morrow which will never dawn; the value of little things and the worthlessness of great ones. A kind word, in the last days of Pompeii, was worth more than the richest jewellery of the richest belle.

I have said that, in many places, it appears as if the citizens of Pompeii had only temporarily been interrupted in their work, and would probably return after a little to finish it.

M. Simond gives a curious illustration of this fact. "In the Forum, opposite to the Temple of Jupiter, I noticed a new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor. An inclosure was being made round it, the mortar just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out. You could see the long sliding stroke of the trowel about to return, and obliterate its own track. But it never did return. The hand of the workman was suddenly arrested by Vesuvius, and, after a lapse of more than eighteen hundred years, the whole now looks so fresh and new, that you would almost swear the mason had but gone to dinner, and would presently come back to smooth over the unsightly roughness."*

* "Les Ruines de Pompéii," p. 134.

WANDERINGS IN ELYSIUM.

A SUMMER IN CASHMERE.

“ If there be an Elysium on earth
It is this, it is this! ”—*Lalla Rookh.*

ABOUT the middle of April, 1870, I found myself at Lahore, endeavouring to procure some method of conveyance to Goojerat, whence it was my intention to strike the hills at Bhimbur, on my way to the valley of Cashmere. There was some difficulty in getting further than Lahore, owing to the fact that Lord Mayo and Lord Napier of Magdala, with some of their Staff followers, and many army officers proceeding on the hot-weather leave of absence, were travelling north-westward also.

A dawk-gharrie, or carriage, having, however, been secured, I and a friend, starting from the same hotel, took our seats therein at 6 a.m., and reached Goojerat in safety at 7 p.m., a distance of seventy miles. We had stopped a short while for lunch at Wuzeerabad, half-way, and had crossed *en route* the Ravee and Chenab rivers. Getting over the latter was a most tedious operation, as we had to traverse on either bank a weary waste of sand, where plodding bullocks were substituted for the galled jades which had been flogged with difficulty into doing six miles an hour.

The Goojerat dawk-bungalow, or rest-house, is the best of its kind, perhaps, in India, being comfortably furnished and supplied with

books and newspapers; and it then Khansamah, or manager, took some interest in the welfare of his guests. There, at least, one could have some change from the eternal lean chicken, roast or curried, slaughtered, cooked, and eaten within the couple of hours' stay of the traveller at most Indian staging houses. There beef and mutton graced the board, and wines and soda water, &c., were forthcoming at call.

Having hired a dogcart for twenty rupees (£2) to take us on to Bhimbur, we started at 2 a.m., and managed to reach that place, a distance of only thirty miles, at 10 a.m. We could have walked it with greater ease and comfort in less time. The latter half of the road was disgracefully bad; perhaps the fitness of things would have been outraged had a decent road been carried to the confines of Cashmere territory, where there are no roads at all.

At any rate, on this journey we had to do more laborious work than riding, and helped more to pull our conveyance on than would the creature between the shafts, who jibbed and stuck at every rut and patch of sand on the way. It was comforting, therefore, as you may imagine, to get into Bhimbur, and to find there our trusty servants salaaming a welcome, and our tents

pitched, and some skins of water warming in the sunshine for our bath; having indulged in which very necessary luxury we found breakfast ready, and did ample justice to that meal. I should have mentioned that we had sent on our servants with most of our belongings by "bullock train" (the Governmental Pickford) some days before we ourselves left for Lahore.

Strolling about the place after breakfast, I came across a group of sturdy, dirty-looking fellows, who informed me they were Cashmeerees returning to Srinugger from Umritsur, and willing to be engaged as porters for the journey. Thereupon I agreed to hire them for carriage of my goods and chattels, and in the sequel had no reason to congratulate myself on the engagement.

Our bundles were made up and sorted over-night for their respective carriers, and at 4 a.m. of the 19th April we commenced our first walk into the hills.

After five miles of tolerably good ground, and having to ford a stream—at this time narrow and shallow, but when I re-crossed it in September a respectable river—we reached the foot of the Adhee Dhuk, an extremely nasty hill to climb, being very steep and of a most slippery sandstone. Its summit is crowned by a Fuqueer's hut, whose owner may be heard at times praying in a deep monotonous undertone. The descent of the Adhee Dhuk is also very steep and rough, and the traveller has to hop from boulder to boulder for some miles before he reaches the plain about Sydabad. Luckier may he be, I trust, than myself, who went lame on that wretched mountain, having twisted a leg between two of its primæval paving stones. This accident lost me my hitherto companion, who pushed on by double stages—as I, having walked down

my lameness, was able to do some days later.

Left Sydabad next day at 4 a.m., having to climb the Koomaneh Gosh, a stiffish hill. Resting at its summit, in the grey of the morning, I was surprised to find my leg grasped suddenly, and, starting up, discovered the Fuqueer (holymendicant) of the Koomaneh, who had commenced thus abruptly to shampoo me. I was glad to submit to the operation, which was grateful enough, and for which the hermit of the hill was rewarded with a small coin, and after it I resumed my weary walk down another stony hill-side, and was rejoiced to reach Newsheera at last, having done twelve nasty miles on a disabled leg. At Newsheera are two travellers' houses, built in an orchard, with four rooms to each, and each room having its own verandah, a style of domestic architecture prevailing in most of the caravanserais in these hills.

From Newsheera to Chungus, the next stage (about fourteen miles), the road follows the valley of the river Tawi, in which excellent fishing may be had, though the mahseer (hill salmon) are not perhaps so fine as those to be caught at Poonch. The Chungus rest-house is beautifully situated on a high bank above the Tawi, and on my arrival at it I was gratified by a glorious view of the far snowy range of the Himalayas. Adjoining this rest-house are the remains of a grand *serai*, or halting place, of the Mogul emperors. Between Chungus and Rajaori (fifteen miles) at times you wind through green-hedged and sandy lanes, and nearing Rajaori, the Tawi has to be forded. The large stones of this river are the most slippery, and its small ones the sharpest, in the world—*crede experto*—for I foolishly took my boots off in order to cross it, not having

yet arrived at the luxury of grass sandals, whose value I learned to appreciate before long.

The Burraduree, as the staging-house is called, is charmingly situated on the high bank, opposite the quaint old town of Rajaori, whose palaces are rapidly crumbling away; while, between, the Tawi roars and rolls onward to the plains of India. An English traveller fishing the river up from Chungus, brought in a basket of thirty mahseer from eight pounds weight downwards. The mahseer is an excellent fish, and gives capital sport; it sometimes reaches, in good streams, a weight of over forty pounds. A heavy thunderstorm broke over us at night, but next day we pushed on to Thunna Munde, a small village of flat-roofed houses in a sort of bay amongst the hills. The mountain tops close by were covered with snow, the result of the previous night's storm.

My Cashmere coolies came in late, purposely it appeared, in order to be quarrelled with, and then objected to accompany me by the Poonch route, which they knew it had been my intention to take in order to reach the valley. For from Thunna Munde you can proceed by either of two routes; the shorter taking you over the Pir Punjal at a height of 11,400 feet; the other passing through Poonch and over the Haji Pir at an elevation of 8,200 feet. As the late fall of snow promised to render the former route rather distressing, I had decided on the latter, and was enabled through the Thanadar (head man) of the village to procure other porters. This official, with seeming eagerness, requested to be allowed to flog my Cashmerees all round severely for their breach of contract; but I asked him to administer a simple imprisonment of two days instead; this he promised to do, expressing his regret for my

leniency. On inquiry, however, I found that he was in league with these very men, and had engaged them for another traveller than at Thunna Munde, who was willing to attempt the Punjal route. I met this traveller later at Srinugger, and heard from him that he had suffered much hardship in crossing the Punjal pass, where the snow lay heavy and the cold was intense. As it was, by marching double stages on the longer route, I reached the capital a day or two before him.

On the 24th I had a heavy grind up the spur of the Ruttun Pir, and then a steep and stony descent beyond through a pine forest, and then a pleasant walk along the valley of the Soorun river. The next day, starting at 5 a.m., found the path of an easy character as far as Poonch, though some scrambling had to be done along the rocks by the bank of the stream, and a bridge had to be crossed, *à la* Blondin, composed of a large pine stem. Breakfasted at Poonch, a romantic-looking place, with a large castle, the residence of Rajah Motee Singh, and continued my walk to Kahoota, having to ford the Bitarrh river in a spot too deep and rapid for ease of mind in the crossing. Then missed my guide on a hill-side, and at once lost my way, and got imprisoned in some jujube thorn-bushes, from which I only escaped with many wounds to reach my journey's end at 7 p.m., some twenty-six miles. Next morning it rained heavily as I started, the road being mostly in ascent and stony, for Aliabad, where the shelter-house was a mere cattle-shed; during the night a succession of thunderstorms raged with terrific fury. I could hardly sleep for the cold and the loud crashes of thunder echoing through the hills, and the flashes of lightning, almost blinding in their intensity.

During the evening I had been visited by the hermit of the mountain. He was a very feeble old creature, and somewhat drivelling in his talk. I gave him a small gratuity, at which he looked, and said it was not enough. I laughed and gave him more. He informed me that a sahib who passed a few days before had given him two rupees. I said that must have been a burra sahib (a great man), to which he assented: "but I," I pursued, "am a chota sahib (a little man), an inferior character;" and in this he frankly expressed his concurrence also. He told me he had been driven down from the pass by the cold; nevertheless I found him next morning seated outside his hut at the top of the Haji Pir crooning out some prayers. The poor old thing must have risen early, for I started a little after daybreak and pushed up the road at a rattling pace. The ascent of the Haji was not so toilsome as I had expected, but the descent, after the night's snow fall, was slippery and unpleasant. I met some troops of large baboons in the pine forest; the effect of the snow on and about these trees was very beautiful. Crossing a bridged stream, I breakfasted at a solitary and picturesque-looking spot called Hydrabad, and then walked on till, some three miles further, I came upon the most exquisitely charming waterfall I have ever seen.

Out of an opening some 30 feet below the summit of a precipitous hillside, shoots an aerial river, falling full 60 feet into a thickly wooded glen, where it dashes its waters into those of two other mountain torrents, roaring and seething over their rocky meeting-place. The clamour of waters was deafening, and as I paused there long, to enjoy the full grandeur of the scene, I half expected that Uudine herself would start from

the boiling foam and woo me to her embraces in her own romantic dwelling-place! However, I slept at Ooree that night, starting next morning at 6 o'clock for a walk of twenty-six miles, so as to reach the happy valley by evening.

Part of the road, above the Jhelum river, was grand and picturesque, and below, the river rolled along in tumultuous fury. The day had been hot, and reaching the foot of the Baramulla pass, I stopped at a sparkling spring and drank long and lovingly of its grateful water, then struck boldly up to the top of the ridge, and looked my first look upon the Valley of Cashmere!

Towering up into the clear sky were the furthest snowy peaks! Nearer, others, such as Huramok, also covered with snow; then the lower ranges of grey hills and the somewhat uneven surface of the valley itself, with its lakes and its river; and, close by and under me, the town of Baramulla, amid a grove of poplar trees.

Having gratified my sense of the picturesque and beautiful by surveying the glorious expanse of hill and dale, and water, I continued my walk to the town of Baramulla, where I immediately hired a large boat (called in Cashmeeree a doongah) for my servants and luggage, and a sort of canoe (shikarah), by which I might myself all the quicker reach the capital, and shortly started up stream. Lying at full length as evening fell, I looked upwards at the clear heaven and the lofty mountain peaks, and yielded to a delicious languor (somewhat superinduced by the long day's trudge under a broiling sun), which soon became merged in a profound sleep. From this I was awakened by the boatmen, who informed me I had arrived at Sopoor, where is a travellers' rest-house. Into this I

proceeded, and threw myself with a rug and pillow upon the earthen floor; but by no means could I induce the sweet restorer of tired nature to close my eyelids again; for millions of fleas disputed possession of the room with me, and to them I yielded the place after some restless hours, and betook myself again to the boat.

Paddling on, we crossed the Wulloor lake, overgrown in most parts with the lotus and singhara plants (the latter gives a pleasantly edible nut in July and August), and into the river again, landing occasionally to stroll along the towing path; on, by clumps of giant plane trees and groves of lofty poplars, under quaint wooden bridges and past quaint wooden houses, from whose lattices peeped many black eyes to see one of the earliest arrived sahibs of the season; past the maharajah's palace, whose walls and bastions frown over the stream and glare fiercely in the sunlight with their tawdry adornments of yellow and red, on past mosque and minaret, past ghât and garden, till we arrive at a bank lined by a row of tall poplar trees, where are the lath-and-plaster houses, somewhat tumble-down it must be admitted, but yet most generously and hospitably provided by the maharajah for the reception of European visitors, and where we accordingly disembark, to be immediately mobbed by a crowd of boatmen, shikarees, tailors, and touters of all sorts. These houses are intended each for two visitors, having three or four small rooms on both floors, and are at the service of any one arriving. No charge is made for their occupancy, nor is any fee exacted from travelers in Cashmere for the use of any of the rest-houses built, at the maharajah's expense, on the lines of route.

On arrival at Srinugger each

visitor is presented with a nuzzer, or offering, from the maharajah. This generally consists of a sheep or goat (I could not decide which animal mine represented), some sugar, spices, and fruit, and is meant as a token of welcome to his highness's territory.

As my stay at the capital, on this occasion, was to be a very short one, I went next day to make such purchases as I required; travelling from shop to shop by boat, the usual mode of locomotion in this inland Venice; for, besides the river Jhelum, which is the main street, are two canals intersecting the city on either bank, and the city (or Dhull lake), by which one travels to the various points of interest about. I exchanged some of my Indian rupees into Cashmere ones (called chilkie), very unnecessarily, as I soon discovered, for the British Indian rupee is current everywhere in the valley, and the chilkie is slightly depreciated, not always passing at its nominal value of ten annas. The chilkie is merely a hammered lump of silver with a Persian inscription of date, &c., but curious to say with the Roman capitals I. H. S. thrown in, *apropos de rien*, at least I have heard no explanation of this use of them given. I rigged myself out in a shooting suit of the country cloth (puttoo) for ten shillings, very serviceable stuff, got mocassins and sandals, and finally procured a "purwanah" or passport, from the maharajah's agent—one Mohesh Chund, familiarly known as "the baboo!"

On the 2nd May, started in my doongah down stream, again to cross the Wulloor lake. My boat's crew was a peculiar one; consisting of an old man, two old women, one young woman, and three children of from ten to four years old; these, even the youngest, used to take their turn at the towing rope, to

which they were allowed with all gravity to yoke themselves, trudging sturdily and with serious purpose along. At night, while in mid stream, we were overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, and with our feeble and motley equipage had some difficulty in making the bank, where we remained moored till morning. I first remarked on this night what peculiarly sweet voices the Cashmere women have; and often after in the valley I have heard angelic tones issuing from the mouths of demons of ugliness. We reached our port (Bandipore) safely next day, and I pitched my tent under a plane tree near the village. These trees are the finest growths in the valley. The present one I measured roughly, and found it to be, breast high, twenty-four feet in girth. The afternoon was passed in purchasing supplies of rice, &c. &c. Of rice I took five maunds (400 pounds) for the provisioning of my servants and porters. My servants were two in number; a khidmutgar (cook, butler, and general attendant), and a bheestie (water-carrier), who being a religious congener (fellow Mussulman) of the khidmutgar, helped him in his work; there were two shikarees (huntsmen) also, and my coolies (porters) numbered seventeen—five of them being told off to the five maunds of rice.

On the 4th of May we left our encampment at 6 a.m. Had I known how steep a hill I was to find in the Tragbul our walk would have commenced a couple of hours earlier. I reached its foot at 7 a.m. And began the ascent under a hot and blistering sun. Not Falstaff himself ever larded the lean earth so copiously as did I on this wearying day. But Tragbul was reached at last, though my coolies only arrived by dribbles during the evening. I found it to be a mere clearing in the pine

forest of about a hundred yards by fifty, with a pool of half-melted snow-water in its centre. Dinner and cigar finished, I was not long in seeking my camp-bed, as we had a trying walk over the Rajdiangan snow-clad ridge in prospect for the next march, when I was up at 8 a.m., but could only get my people off about four o'clock, so tired were they after the exertions of the previous day. We had a couple of miles of stiff climbing before reaching the top of Rajdiangan, 11,800 feet above the sea level, finding it thickly coated with snow.

Baron Hugel ascended this mountain on the 6th of December, 1835. Let me quote his description of it: "I shall never forget (he writes) the cold I felt at the summit of that mountain. The north wind cut my face as with a knife, and my very bones seemed turned to ice. My thermometer, notwithstanding, was not lower than 31°; all around me was utter desolation, not a living creature, not a tree nor sign of vegetation as far as the eye could reach. Nought else, in fact, but rocks and ice and masses of snowclouds."

We had a walk through this snow-field of about three miles, when descending by a steep frozen and difficult gully, we got into a narrow and snow-blocked valley. The avalanches from the hill sides on either hand, having fallen earlier in the year, had become pressed and hardened, and so formed for miles one of the snow bridges so common in these mountains; for beneath where we walked, and walked in perfect safety, rolled a rapid torrent, one of the tributaries of the river Kishengunga. So journeying, we arrived at Jotkusu, a mere blockhouse for post runners, and perhaps the dreariest spot for man's residence to be anywhere found; after breakfasting there, we pushed on, still over a snow-bridge, about a mile

further, where we encamped in a small clearing in the pine forest. It rained heavily all the evening, and through the night, and continued to pour in the morning when we resumed our travels; the walking was heavy too, owing to the slippery state of the paths. Still through a snow covered valley, girdled by pine forests, we went, till we gained another tumbledown block-house, named, Kunzlewan. The river Kishengunga is here a fine stream, and happened to be bridged—for the bridges over these mountain torrents are swept away every winter, to be built up again every spring. In the wildest part one has to cross on a slack rope, holding on at the widest stretch of one's arms to stay ropes at either side; or otherwise, one gets into a basket suspended by a noose from a rope, and with heart in mouth at every pull, is jerked across the torrent at a fearful height above it. This bridge of Kunzlewan was, however, a work of art in its way, and easily traversed. At about a mile beyond it, we halted at a house called Nyall. After wading through much liquid manure about this homestead, I clambered on to the roof and sat there for some hours in heavy rain, at last I got my small tent up there, and pitched it somehow. I found afterwards in the Punjal hills, that tent-pitching on the roofs of houses is quite in the ordinary rules of Cashmere travelling.

A wretched night it was at Nyall through fleas and moisture. Nor yet had it given over raining on the next day, when we started onwards for Gurais; which was held forth to me by my followers as quite a land of promise; if not flowing with milk and honey, at least where certain comforts were to be had; and where I should meet with an English sahib, one of two already before me on this road. And it cleared up also as we passed on

where the Kishengunga rolled noisily and rapidly along through many bold and striking gorges. On the opposite bank I saw a flock of six or seven ibex, but out of shot: indeed, on various occasions thereafter did my shikaree point out to me on far-off peaks, where I could see them through a field glass, certain flocks of goats, which he assured me were ibex. On these occasions I always received his assertion with such perfect confidence in its truthfulness, that I never sought to pursue the inquiry further. Not, therefore, will I try to detract from the merits of those sportsmen who, more sound in wind, and younger in years than myself, follow this wily climber through his difficult and dangerous fastnesses; for as the danger is, so must be the excitement; and judged by this test, even tiger shooting on foot in the jungle does not require steadier nerve in the hunter, nor can it yield him a keener enjoyment.

About three miles from Gurais I had a lucky escape: for, slipping, I fell on the narrow path above the river, but fortunately recovered my footing by a quick instinct. As I got to my legs again, my shikaree, who had made no attempt to save me, remarked that it was a nasty place to tumble; and looking, I saw how closely I had shaved a precipitous fall of full forty feet into the rocky torrent, above which we were travelling. I was new just then to the grass sandals (called pool) worn mostly in Cashmere, but managed to keep my feet better thereafter. These sandals are made in a few minutes by the shikarees or coolies, and can be worn for two or three days, with an occasional tightening of the bands. When going over very rough ground, however, you may wear out a couple of pairs in a day, and it is always advisable to have a spare set at hand. The country is literally strewed with

cast-off pools, so that a stranger might almost make his way about by following them in any frequented part.

Not far from Gurais, the path follows the interstices of the rocks on the steep banks of the stream, and one has to pick his way carefully from one foothold to another.

Gurais is a collection of four or five villages, in a small valley, surrounded by lofty hills on all sides, save where the river finds its way through; it was here bridged in two places, and I had the pleasure of seeing the tent of the "sahib," of whom I had heard on the road. He was at breakfast, and invited me to join him. There was ibex steak I recollect, which tasted well to me, somewhat like beef, though it is not thought wholesome by the Cashmere people, who also deprecate the flesh of the musk deer, calling both "Gurm," in English, "hot," but meaning difficult of digestion. There is a mud fort at Gurais near the upper bridge, and near it my tent was pitched, and as the sun shone out brightly, my modest kit was soon laid out for an airing. Thereafter all, save two, of my coolies, were dismissed to their homes; these two being retained to act mostly as Post runners between my camp and Srinugger, to fetch letters and newspapers, and loaves of bread, and such things as the capital could supply for our wants. The loaves of bread used to arrive somewhat stale—but then we took out a little of the crumb, and poured into the cavity a small quantity of fresh milk, stopped the orifice, and set it for a short time to bake in the oven, and the loaf came out fresh and sweet as at first.

On the 8th the sun shone out gloriously above the conical hill to eastward of Gurais valley, said to be full of ibex, but only climbable by them, and our party started on-

wards. There was some difficulty about coolies, in lieu of two having to put up with a lame pony. About a mile further the river was bridged again, this bridge leading to the Tilail valley, a good sporting ground, and about a mile further on, we came to another bridge, which according to my shikaree led nowhere. This I thought curious: the fact being that we should have crossed this latter bridge to the left bank of the stream, which we would have been able to recross by a bridge higher up. My guide, philosopher and friend—my shikaree—in whom I was obliged to place all my confidence, chose on this occasion, to make me travel by a road, which even the Cashmeerees had deserted for two years as unsafe to pass over, whilst there was a fairly good path on the opposite bank. My first reason for supposing something to be wrong, was that we arrived, with some trouble, where the road ceased altogether, having dropped in a landslip into the river at a not very recent date. However, there was the rock, almost perpendicular, with a few jagged projections here and there, but slimy from a mossy overgrowth; beyond—five or six yards only—was the path again full in sight.

Shikaree turns to me and says, "the road is not good here." I agree with him, and venture to say he has made a mistake—he takes an oath he knows the country as well as his father's house—and thinks we had better try to get across this small gap. "Will you follow me, sahib, if I precede you?" It was evident to me he did not wish to go, perhaps on my account, for these men can hold on like flies to places quite impossible to Europeans or plainsmen. I answered, "No," with emphasis,—“I would rather take the hill,”—this we did, and after some severe walking, found

ourselves once more on the path above the stream: there is another difficulty—the road appears again to have subsided into the river—“Oh, no,” he cries, “it is quite easy,” I have only to follow him; and he gives me no time for reflection, but pushes on, clambering to the rock, and below is a fall of at least 30 feet to the river. “There is no place to put my foot,” I cry, with one leg dangling over the precipice, and holding on with both hands, and the toes of my other foot. Shikaree sees my distress, and inserts his alpenstock into a crevice—if I hesitate I am lost—I trust my thirteen stone upon it, and get a foothold beyond. I then find myself on a path six inches wide, all that is left of the ancient causeway, which looks, and is, slippery from water filtering through the hill-side; there are only a few paces to take, but they seem never ending; and at last I am leaning against a rock, which is between me and the river, with secure foothold behind—and there below me is the bridge, over which I see my coolies passing safely with their burdens. “They have made another road since I was here last,” says the shikaree, “And not before it was wanted,” say I, and so ends that incident. We were now close to Doodgay, a thriving village of two huts and a curious watermill, the latter for the benefit of all travellers, many of whom carry their food in the grain, and who by a simple arrangement of a small trap-door, can apply or divert the water power. My tent came up rather late, the lame pony having been exchanged at a farm-house for a livelier one, who had immediately cast his load and bolted. Our camp was pitched on the shoulder of a hill above the stream, and I remained some days shooting about the cross valley there. On the 13th we moved on eight miles, encamping

on a small Murg or down named Pooshwarie, which was under cultivation, and on the 14th shifted further to another down of larger dimensions, but uninhabited, called Minnie Murg; on this walk we had to cross some steep slopes of snow, where we were obliged to trust a good deal to our alpenstocks. At Minnie Murg, I encamped on a small patch where the snow had melted, and close to the junction of a narrow but very noisy streamlet with the Kishengunga. On the 15th went out early, and coming up with a fine she-bear, shot her through the breast, when she went rolling down the hill-side into a snow drift far below. Again, in the afternoon, I wounded a large he-bear, breaking one of his fore legs, when he took to the level ground near the river, where I followed him, giving him another shot, whereon he charged, but was turned by another shot, he then made for the river and plunged in. On reaching the bank, I saw him holding on by one fore foot to the rocks on the other side; and waited till he had clambered up, as had I dropped him into the roaring torrent we could not have recovered him, when I finished him with a bullet in his skull. How to get his skin was now a question?

Some hundred yards below where he lay were the remains of a snow bridge; but this, while piled up towards either shore, had given altogether in the centre, leaving a chasm over the stream of some nine feet, and one or two fissures in the snow buttresses showed that the rest of this winter structure would soon follow. My second shikaree and a coolie, who appeared from the camp close by, collected a few small fir trees, and placed three of them across the broken arch; then one pressed against them while the other, holding on by one of these sticks on either side, walked across on

the third. I was not near enough to prevent this most risky adventure, or I should not have allowed them to trust to so frail a mode of passage. However, the first having crossed, helped the other over to him in a similar manner.

They did not take long to deprive Bruin of his coat, and then returned to their bridge. I had many misgivings; but yet the first crossed safely, and then the second; but at the very moment that the latter reached us, both buttresses of snow gave, and were carried away in the rushing river. Had these men gone in with the snow, it was out of our power to have saved them; for, besides that perhaps no swimmer could have stemmed such a torrent (and these fellows, I found on inquiry, could *not* swim), they were so encumbered with their thick clothing they could not have even made an effort at recovering the bank. See how curious a virtue is courage! or how much a matter of custom! According to our notions, the Cashmeerees are pusillanimous in the extreme, and yet they will face positions of peril without hesitation, from which the boldest European would recoil.

I remained at Minnie Murg till the 19th, shooting a few more bears—the largest I got measured seven and a half feet from scut to snout; these were the snow or red bears; if you get the wind of them they are easily stalked and secured. Four marches further on is Skardo; but the route further was said in Montgomerie's map to be only practicable from 15th July to 15th September; where we were encamped was about 11,000 feet above sea level; but the Boorji Pass, three marches further, is at an altitude of 15,700 feet. All things considered, as I was by no means exploring, or seeking to trespass on Mr. Hayward's ground, I thought it best to retrace my steps to the

valley. Mr. Hayward, some months afterwards so treacherously derided at Gilghit, was well known by the natives along the route had traversed. Minnie Murg is as well deserving of mention as many murgs so honoured.

one of the largest downs among these mountains, and shows signs of having been cultivated. I visited it the bears had its grounds of wild rhubarb to themselves. At its eastern extremity two streams join into the Kigunga, one from the north other from the north-east; at its western end is a narrow valley, where the sun's rays find much difficulty in penetrating even towards the end of the stream flowing in it was bridged with hardened snow throughout. One day wandering along it I saw upon two three-year-old bears play in a snowdrift; now and then they would knock each other in the snow, and paw and shoulders in sport or dalliance again roll some yards down together in embrace, or slide into a sitting posture; at times actually looked as if laughing and snorted joyously. After waiting them for some time I fired a close to them, when they got more astonished than alarmed and moved slowly away, turning to look at me occasionally, in evident surprise.

On the 20th I reached Nilliki and surely no such small spot ever blessed with so long a day. It was a mere clearing on the bank of the river of some thirty square. From our camp we saw a few bears on the opposite hill and towards evening a flock of ten or twelve fine ibex. The valley here was narrow, between lofty precipitous mountains, and after darkness had fallen on the halting-place, the heights above

peaks beyond were lit by the lingering sun.

On the next day we made Gurais (twenty miles), passing our former encampment of Doodgay, near which I shot a fine musk-deer, whose head and pod my shikaree preserved for me. I took care to avoid the break-neck path by which that gentleman had led me on my journey up, and crossing the bridges, found an easy road on the other bank. Since we had passed, however, the bridge leading to the Tilail had been washed away, and on reaching Gurais we found that, from the rapid melting of the snow, the waters had spread themselves over that valley. There was some difficulty in finding a dry spot for the tents. Here I had the pleasure of meeting my original travelling companion, who had been shooting, with some success, but under great difficulties, in the Punjal mountain range. Amongst those hills, if one may believe the shikarees, dwells an aged markhor, with horns quite seventy inches long, whom sportsmen, on the faith of the shikarees, have been pursuing for many years. European eye hath not yet beheld him, but nevertheless his existence is not the less credited from season to season. My friend was not more fortunate than others in regard to him, and so thought it well to change his hunting ground to the Tilail in search of ibex instead.

A few days later, on my road to Kunzlewan, I had a long and tiresome stalk after a herd of barasing (antlered deer), wanting one for the pot, but failed to get within shot of them. Along the valley where I had journeyed up on a snow-bridge, all sign of winter had melted away, and we trod luxuriously on a thick growth of clover. We met this day some hundreds or so of the Maharajah's sepoy's escorting treasure to Gilghit. They did not

seem to like their occupation, as service on that frontier is not much affected by them; but wherever they go they live at free quarters on their countrymen, who fly at their approach with a terror and rapidity which, could they inspire their enemies with the like, would make them easy conquerors everywhere.

Heavy thunderstorms joined their wild uproar to the clangour of the torrent all night above and below me, as I lay half frozen and all damp in the miserable blockhouse of Jotkusu. We were only able to start at noon next day—not along the gorge by which we had travelled up; for that was unsafe from the rush of waters—but up a steep and slippery hill by which, after much severe walking, we gained the Rajdiangan ridge, where the snow still lay thick, having, indeed, received a fresh coating during the night. Here we passed a dead pony, and, on the snow about where it lay, were visible the paw marks of a large leopard. It rained and snowed upon us part of the way, but we reached Tragbul easily in the afternoon. And next day found us comfortably encamped in the grateful shade of the glorious chenar (plane) tree of Bandipore.

On the 27th we started in a large boat for Srinugger, mooring for the night at Shadipore (the city of marriage), so called from the Scinde river at that spot being wedded to (flowing into) the Jhelum; and considered so sacred a place that there, in presence of a large concourse of people, "the faithful dewan of the great king Lalitáditya" drowned himself one fine day, long ago. This interesting circumstance is mentioned in Doctor Ince's "Guide to Kashmir," and the doctor also remarks that close by stands a solitary chenar tree which, tradition says, never grows, and which he, with an evident belief in the said

tradition, carefully measured "on the 15th of August, 1865, when it was about 11 feet in circumference." And here let me add, that travellers in Cashmere are much beholden to Dr. Ince for his very useful little book, with which all intending visitors to Elysium should be provided. Night had fallen by the time we pulled up at Shadipore, but I can well recollect the calm pleasure I experienced on approaching it, as I lay reclined in the prow of the boat, while darkness dropped upon the valley, and I watched the black trees reflected blackly in the stream, and only heard the light ripple of the water as we moved along.

Passing through Srinugger next day, we saw the still smoking ruins of one of the bridges which here span the Jhelum. Were endurance alone a test of high art, these bridges might vie with better known structures of the kind, although they are, in truth, the most rickety looking in existence. The piers are merely rough stacks of timber, across which again are placed transverse beams of pine to form a foot-way; but this pine is the deodar, which nothing but fire seems able to destroy. These bridges are said to be 600 years old. The one burnt in 1870 had a double row of shops running along either side, like old London Bridge.

On arrival at the European quarter we found all the bungalows full, and the encamping grounds white with the tents of visitors. Having left my camp standing at Bandipore with the intention of returning there shortly, I lived on in my boat, which was comfortable enough.

On the 5th of June we were again in camp at Erin, some three miles from Bandipore, amid a grove of mulberry trees, with fruit already ripening upon them. Here we remained a week, when we moved off ~~at~~ Bandipore to Alsoo, en route to the beautiful Lolab valley. Some

Bombay jugglers—two rather pretty girls amongst them—enlivened our camp in the evening with their performances. On the 11th, after a stiffish climb, we were gratified at the top of the Alsoo pass with a fine view of the park-like scenery of the valley of Lolab; could see its pretty and scattered hamlets nestling under groves of stately chenar and walnut trees—the distant river winding through its further extremity—and on either side the lofty hills clothed with pine forests, forming a deep umbrageous setting for this perfect picture of quiet beauty.

By a very steep path we descended to a village, and encamped under some splendid walnut trees; and, in three other easy marches we reached Kufwarah, where the valley narrows, but beyond which it opens out into two other offsets of the main valley. We remained at Kufwarah about a fortnight, shooting, and eating cherries, which were fine and plentiful, when crossing a range of hills we found ourselves at Boomhai, in the Cashmere valley.

By this time the mulberries had ripened, and this fruit is eagerly devoured by all animals about. I have been amused to see cows, horses, dogs and sheep, all eating away in the same grove, perhaps under the same tree, into which motley assemblage an old hen would come clucking with her chickens for their feed. And as for the "humans," they take their allowance also. I have watched an old lady followed by half a dozen children proceed to a mulberry tree, give the branches a good shaking, and then walk off to her work in the fields, leaving her progeny to grub up and fill themselves with the fallen fruit.

From Boomhai we marched to Sopoer. We found the bungalow there fully occupied. One of its occupants, an officer of a native

cavalry regiment, having a pack of hounds with him, brought to the valley, not with the intention of hunting them, but to give them the benefit of a cool climate, during a season that would have killed them off like flies in the Punjab. This is the great expense attending the ownership of hounds in India. Like delicate ladies there, they require a six months' residence in the hills. It was a never ending delight to the inhabitants of Sopoor to see these hounds fed. The population of the town assembled a full hour before feeding time opposite the kennels, and waited about, sitting, smoking, and talking, till the dogs were let forth to their food; then came a hush, and then the rapid guzzling and crunching followed, and then the crowd broke up, to reassemble for the same sight next day.

At Sopoor I dismissed my shikarees. These men are no doubt necessary companions for sportsmen, but, as a rule, they know little of their trade. They are keen sighted to a marvellous degree, and have a certain sort of independent frankness of manner, not without its charm to one sick of the fawning servility of the natives of the plains. Their conversation is not varied; generally dwelling on the sahibs whom they have served in previous years, whom, according to your good or ill-nature, they discuss as excellent or doubtful characters for sport or generosity.

But the native whom on these wanderings I came to appreciate best was my khidmutgar or butler. This fellow, anything but a strong looking man, and not very young, after his walk over these cruel paths, sometimes of near on thirty miles, in a climate rigorous for him, would settle down in perfect good humour to his work, having first helped to pitch my tent and his own, and unpacked and laid out

what things I required, and in a short time turn me out a savoury dinner in many a dreary solitude.

Pleasant it was to sniff up first the sweet scent of the pine logs as their misty vapour curled languidly away; and, secondly, pervading and finally dominating the other, the still sweeter odour of the culinary compound destined for my consumption. To the which full justice having been done, then and only then did this hard-working one proceed to his solitary enjoyment of the day—the cooking and eating of his own frugal meal. Next morning he was hard at work again, foremost in the striking of tents and packing; and so ever from day to day—not once had I to check him or find fault with him during this vagabond existence.

Not bad in his way—but still far inferior as a servant—was the bheestie or water-carrier. Strong as most of his class are—willing enough, too, as they are generally also—his power of enduring fatigue was not so great as that of the other, and more than once he broke down on a day's journey. This fellow was an enormous eater; and whether it was that he habitually eat too much (and I believe he did), or that he eat too fast, his powers of digestion were quite unequal to his capacity for swallowing, and our camp was often made hideous by his nightmare howlings; from which he could only be induced to desist by severe and immediate pommellings administered by all within striking distance of him. Yet he was not without a certain humour of a practical turn, as this anecdote may show. In camp some time afterwards a neighbour of mine wanting a bath told him, through a servant, to fetch water. This he refused to do, and the gentleman having complained to me, I, misunderstanding the affair, so far as

to suppose he had refused the sahib personally his request, desired the gentleman to punish him how he pleased. Thereupon the bheestie rushed away in high dudgeon, but relieved his feelings by a furious assault on one of the servants of the said sahib, who thus acted most unwillingly vicariously for his master—indeed this latter unfortunate servant had suffered previously in a quite surprising and ludicrous manner. His master having called loudly and repeatedly for him from his tent and getting no reply, came forth to look for him, and to his astonishment saw him close by, and paying no attention to the summons; nay, more, just as the sahib appeared the man threw himself into what seemed to be a somewhat insulting attitude, bowing his head in quite another direction, and so elevating another part towards his master, who laid his stick smartly across it. On explanation being made, it appeared that the man was praying in the direction of Mecca, like a good Mahommedan, and was so rapt in devotion as to be unable to pay attention to outward sounds or movements. The other Mahommedans about the place roared with laughter over the business, and it was a standing joke with them long after, whenever the man was not forthcoming at call, that he was at his prayers—“*Numaz purta*” was always uttered with a broad grin.

On our way back to Srinugger, by boat, we visited the famous lake of Manusbul. You enter it by a narrow canal a short way below the village of Sumbul, where the Jhelum is bridged, and after a few hundred yards of tracking reach the lake, silent and solitary amid the lofty hills. A terrible gloom seemed brooding upon it, only my skiff stirred its waters, and, I believe, the only then inhabitant of its

shores, was a quaint anchorit employs his leisure time, of he has much to spare, in digging his own grave. Later in the Manusbul is a favourite resort of the Europeans, who go to enjoy delicious peaches which grow and which are supposed to be the property of the grave-digging mit. At the time of our journey the lake was much overgrown with large-leaved lotus plants. It is to be very deep in parts, and well believed in by the agra with which the hills rise about

At Srinugger I found myself invited, with the other visitors to dinner at the palace. We were to follow our own devices in matter of costume, and to set knives and forks and other teras.

Accordingly, embarking with my faithful butler, I soon reached the palace stairs, and ascending through files of Sepoys and attendants, arrived at a balcony overlooking the river, where I was introduced to the Maharajah received by him with a handshake. I then withdrew to a chair looked about. The guests, of all peans all, were ranged along the sides of the terrace, to the right and left of the Maharajah, on chairs up some in knickerbockers, some in undress uniform, white or blue, a few in correct evening attire, some in such incorrect costume that no Sartor Resartus could describe.

In front of us, on carpets, twenty paces from the Maharajah danced and screamed with their harsh voices (made harsher perhaps by their well-known addiction to brandy) some of the best of the dancing Nachnees (dancing girls) of the city.

Gaudily and gorgeously dressed, vibrating to a voluble measure and tingling with their ringing (when their song ceased) like the sound from

mese Pagoda top when its bells are gently stirred by the night-wind, they cast their half-sleepy glances amongst their friends and admirers; whilst the zittara and the drum behind them threw an occasional dash of savagery into the show. Ever and anon as one couple of dancers retired, another came into their places, carrying on the "Nâch" with its running accompaniment of song until dinner was announced and the Maharajah rose, and his guests rose with him. His Highness bows them to their feeding place, but does not accompany them to table, which though loaded with good and expensive things enough to make a capital banquet, yet from want of management, is more like a rude and boisterous pic-nic than a feast worthy of the hospitable amphitryon and the hall in which it is given. For the room is elaborately ornamented with papier maché work of most cunning device, brilliant with gold and all bright colours, and of noble proportions.

After dinner we adjourned to the terrace, where was more "natching." Contrary to all Indian customs, however, there was no after-dinner smoking, for our host is a Sikh. The only dissipations in which the followers of Gooroo Govind will not allow themselves to indulge are beef and tobacco. The slaughter of kine is not even permitted in the Maharajah's territory, so that the wandering Briton who finds excellent herds of cattle in the valley, may not indulge in his favourite viand. I have even heard our countrymen complain, like Alexander Selkirk, that the tameness of the beasts was shocking to them! Doubtless they know they are safe from the butcher. About ten o'clock our party broke up.

On the 5th of July I attended the funeral of an English officer who died on that day at Srinugger. A large concourse of natives assem-

bled and behaved very reverently during the service, which was read by a clergyman; and then a small party of Cashmere Sepoys brought their flints three times down, with as many clicks, to represent volleys fired over the grave. And so—far from home and friends—one more tenant was added to that quiet spot where the long avenue of poplars starting from the "Throne of Solyman" closes in upon the river near to the first bridge above the city.

On the 13th, Sir Henry Durand, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, arrived on a friendly visit to the Maharajah.

Rungbeer Singh, whilst, like all Eastern Princes and gentlemen, lavish of hospitality, is less than others of them addicted to show. Occasionally, he held a review of troops, at which, owing to the awkwardness of men, or commanders, sad accidents would happen; but he seemed more to enjoy an evening row in his pinnace on the beautiful Jhelum. His pinnace was a long, narrow boat, worked by a dozen or more men on each side, armed with short heart-shaped paddles; a few horse and foot soldiers kept pace with its progress on either bank. On these occasions he was generally accompanied by two of his younger sons, who occupied the raised dais beside him, and were as full of play as young kittens.

Above I mentioned that accidents occurred at the reviews sometimes; one of a curiously horrible kind took place during my stay. A tumbrel on the right of the line of Sepoys by some mischance exploded, whilst the men with open pouches were getting out cartridges for their own use; the fire communicated with these, and ran along the line like a *feu de joie*, killing some and injuring many others.

Getting tired of the capital, I chartered a doongah again, and placing my effects on board, started it up the

river, walking along the bank to my first halting-place. On the second day we passed Pampoor, a large town, where the river is bridged, and encamped for the night close under a kureywah.

These kureywahs are amongst the most curious features of the valley. It appears that the Valley of Cashmere a long time ago—very many of Uncle Toby's "hundreds of years since"—was one large lake, and that the waters ever getting higher, were forced to find themselves an exit, which they found at Baramoolla, whence the Jhelum escapes onwards to the plains; and that as this rocky exit got worn deeper and deeper, so the waters of the lake subsided lower and lower, till above them appeared islands with flat surfaces, for these had been the bed of the lake, and as the waters sunk still lower, came to view the larger surface, the present valley, and the Jhelum became, what it now is, a winding and abounding river—except where it loses its existence for awhile as if to remind it of its birth in the Wulloor lake; but these islands left by the earlier subsidence of the waters are the *kureywahs*. Their sides in some places are steep as artificial walls, and their plateaux mostly uncultivated, owing to the difficulty of irrigating them.

On the 16th, we reached Awuntipore, where are the ruins of a couple of temples outside the town; only the gateways show their former outline, hardly one stone has been left upon another where the sanctuaries once stood. One of the sites is surrounded by a curious galleried terrace, somewhat below the present ground surface. This town is said to have been the capital of Cashmere in remote times when the valley was thickly peopled—it is now a wretched village of about a hundred inhabitants. Further, at Bijbehara, the river is again bridged,

and there a brand new temple pleasantly situated in a well worn bend of the river. I reached the village called *Kumbul*, at 8 and pitched my tent on the bank after much severe fighting with Pariah dogs. The river is navigable above this, consequently leaving the boat, we walked to Islamabad, about a mile further, and encamped behind the Maharajah's palace there, and close to a couple of tanks full of sacred fish. These tanks are fed by fountains issuing from the hill-side. The devotee of the spot, performing his devotions to the sacred stone which there are two in the tanks, whilst my tent was pitched. This holy man had taken a vow of perpetual silence. He was, I believe, a pilgrim from Calcutta, where he had formerly held some employment in a government office, so that he is able to write answers to inquiries in English, speak them, as I said, but must not. The temple at which he worships is supposed to have been built about the commencement of our own era, and was called "Sahasra-Lingam," or "thousand emblems," there having been many representations of the deity.

I was still more edified by the religious observances of an elderly Mahomedan, who advanced to me, and made his salaam as a sign of offering, then sprinkled both stones with the tank water, which, proceeding to some distance, he spread his carpet with regard to the Kiblah, and then commenced his devotions to the unseen god. Of a verity, though here at last is religious liberalism.

At this time, pilgrims were collecting here with the intent of proceeding to the cave of Unnath; the journey to which is attended with much difficult danger. The object of worst report is the cave of a more conical black

ice, formed by the freezing of the droppings from the roof. I did not care to join the devotees to this shrine, and indeed I am thankful to have been born under influences that need no such display of religious enthusiasm as must be indulged in by these worshippers. I take the liberty of borrowing from Doctor Ince his description of the pilgrimage.

"Arrived at Panjturni, the cave is on the other side of the mountain, about two or three miles distant, and the road to it is steep and rocky; the pilgrims, male and female, strip and bathe in the Panjturni streams (these are freshly distilled from a glacier), and then either entirely naked, or provided only with a small apron of birch bark, gathered on the way, they rush frantically up the hill, yelling and shouting as if they were possessed by demons, and in this frenzied state they reach the mouth of the sacred cavern."

On their way back, they are likely to be buried by the avalanches. Amongst these pilgrims, I met and conversed with a havildar (serjeant) of one of our own Ghoorka regiments, who, with his wife, was journeying to Ummernath. They were middle-aged people, and all my inquiries could get no sufficient answer as to the ends sought for by them in so trying an enterprise. I found, however, that the havildar intended to "boil his peas" to the extent of not bathing in the glacier streams. That ablution, he said, was optional with the pilgrims.

An English friend of mine, shooting ibex up the Liddur valley, told me he had entered the cave, and penetrated it to the sanctuary. He saw the conical ice block, and a small stone, carved roughly in the shape of a cow, which he took up, with a Briton's desire of carrying away a visible memento of his visit; but which he dropped again on second

thoughts of the awful sanctity of the spot, and the possible discontent and perhaps revenge of his Hindoo followers. Just as well! It was a badly executed effigy of a cow to him, and nothing more; but to them it typified some of the most sacred of their beliefs.

I left Islamsbad on the 18th, for a village called Choorut twelve miles distant, having to walk most of the way knee deep through rice fields and water-courses. The trees about were weighed down with ripe plums, apricots and walnuts, and I went out in the afternoon through some thick jungle, having heard that two bears had been seen by a villager fighting over the newly slain carcase of a bullock, killed by a leopard. We found the bullock pretty well picked by the bears, which, however had retired for slumber after their gorge. Whilst resting in the jungle, I heard a deep purring, almost in my ears; at the same time, one of my men presented a curious spectacle of terror. He was in the habit of applying Collyrium to his eyelids, and this adornment coupled with his fright at seeing a large leopard so close, for he saw the beast, though owing to an intervening bush, I did not, made his eyeballs appear to have started clean out of their sockets. With rifle ready I paused, hoping for a shot; but the leopard stole away, without giving me a chance.

Here we were at the extreme eastern end of the valley, and within a couple of easy marches of the Bunihall pass, 9,200 feet above sea level, one of the entrances to Elysium for outer worldlings; and here I remained a few days mooning about and seeing something of village life.

In India one hears much of the oppressive rule of the Maharajah, and of the misery of the people of Cashmere. As to the former, I believe it is not a very kind and

considerate one, but of the latter I can fairly say that all through Cashmere I saw a people more contented, more comfortably housed, better clothed, and evidently better fed than those of our provinces in India. Never in Cashmere did I see such miserable objects as are the Indian field hands, creatures lean, naked, and appallingly abject, and, from appearance, without joy in this life, or hope in a future.

Talking once to a Cashmeeree about taxes, he illustrated the Pundit mode of collection thus: taking a stick, he broke it into three pieces of equal length, then putting two on one side he said *they* were the Maharajah's share of all produce. "Well," I said, "if you get the third to yourselves you are better off than the people in Hindoostan." "Wait," said he, and breaking pieces off *his* third he continued, "that goes to the Thanadr, that to the Lumbadar, that to the Kotwal, and so on," till holding up a very small fragment, he wound up with a laugh, "*that* is my share!" But when taxes are paid in kind no doubt there are methods of evading full payment. The people of the Valley are almost entirely Mahommedans; the tax gatherers are Hindoos, and the Royal family are Sikhs!

The Cashmeerees are a cheerful people, full of song and gossip. The women, especially, the Hindoo women of the Pundit class, are good-looking, though not remarkably so, whilst they are generally abominably dirty. The ladies whom travellers see most of are Mahommedans of the city, and not as handsome as women of the same class in the Punjab, or throughout India; they are much fairer-complexioned however. They are almost weighed down under an accumulation of jewellery, consisting of earrings, noserings, bangles, and other such ornaments. These

ladies have to pay a heavy tax to the Government.

I next proceeded to Atchibul, encamping in the gardens surrounding the springs. There was a large and pleasant party of travellers encamped under the fine trees. The springs of Atchibul are famous—they start from the hillside with a force and volume only to be realized by sight; a few yards below their birthplace the accumulated waters form a wide, deep and rapid stream. Looking at them, one can well fancy how the waters leaped to light when the Hebrew Prophet struck the rock in Horeb! The natives assert that these springs are only a continuation of a river lost in a limestone formation, some miles distant; and as good sized trout come out from the recesses of the mountain, for we used to catch them in the very springs, there can be little doubt that the belief is a correct one. The garden about is now much dismantled, but it contains two large tanks with many artificial fountains; these are seldom set at play, the water being usually turned off for purposes of irrigation.

One day, here, we organized a drive through the jungle; collecting many men, we sent them in line into the bush on the hills above, taking post ourselves where we might make fire with effect, but only started a large sounder of pig; some of these we wounded, but did not secure. These we might have eaten; but our Mahommedans would not have touched. The Sikhs, however, are partial to the flesh of the wild boar.

Martund, a ruined temple of large proportions, is situated on the kureywah, a few miles from Atchibul. It is also called Kora Pandun, and claims an almost fabulous antiquity. The blocks of stones used in its erection are of enormous size, and there is much that is peculiarly striking and awe-inspiring in the

massive structure in its dreary and desolate solitude.

Other spots of interest neighbour on Atchibul—Bawun with its splendid spring. The caves of Boomjoo, &c.

At the end of the month I returned to Srinugger, and encamped under some fine trees in the Chenar Bagh, on the bank of a canal leading to the Dhul or city lake. The city now felt hot, and owing to the number of people, who, with their followers, had been encamped about, the European quarter was somewhat unpleasant. No sanitary measures were taken for the cleanliness of this part; but surely the English Resident might be allowed to levy a slight tax on all comers for the purpose of carrying out such. These were always ready to subscribe liberally, when called on, for boat races and other absurdities, and would, no doubt, have willingly contributed towards so necessary an improvement.

On August 1, we left Srinugger *en route* to Sonamurg, a plateau high amongst the mountains. Our boat dropped down stream to Shadipore, and then turned up the Scinde river, which flows out of the Anchar lake a short way above that town. Crossing this lake towards evening we were nearly devoured by mosquitoes. Disembarked next morning at Ganderbul, and marched along the Scinde valley to a village where we had to lay in supplies for our residence at Sonamurg; these were only obtained with difficulty. On the 14th we moved on to Gond, a strikingly picturesque village, built on a high bluff above the river, where the valley narrows to little more than the width of the stream; and on the 5th continued to Gangangair. The Scinde valley which is in steady ascent the whole way from Ganderbul almost closes at Gangangair with a high and precipitous

hill, round whose base the river winds swiftly. At all these halting grounds fleas were very bothersome. On the 6th our path lay part of the way by the riverside, amongst and over enormous boulders, the stream close by foaming along almost white in colour, a perfect cataract.

Sonamurg trends from NE. to SW., and derives its name, some say, from its yellow flowers, "Golden Down," others assert from gold having been found there. I found none, I know, and have found but little of that charming metal, I grieve to say, in my wanderings anywhere. The murg is pleasantly varied with steep grassy knolls, with here and there clumps of deodar and birch trees. The higher hills about, to North and East, still bore on them much snow. It is at an elevation of about 10,000 feet above sea level, and is close to the Zojilâ, pass by which runs the road to Leh, fourteen stages further. On the murg we bought excellent sheep for three chilkies each (3s. 9d. English money), but we were quite dependent for other supplies on the valley below. Our nights here were delightfully cool, but the days too hot for much exertion.

After a week's halt we struck our camp in order to visit Gulmurg, the fashionable resort of visitors during the heat of July and August and lying quite on the other side of Cashmere valley.

On the morning of the 15th of August I found myself again embarked and crossing the Wulloo lake amidst clouds of mosquitoes, who forced their intimacy upon me, notwithstanding all my efforts to avoid them. This time I was glad to find the Sopoer bungalow empty and to get a couple of days' rest in a house of some sort. Marched on the 17th to Burra Koontra (thirteen miles), and on the 18th to Gulmurg, passing through Babamirishi, the shrine of a Mahomedan

saint. The ascent from the latter place to the murg is exceedingly steep.

We pitched our camp in one of the well-wooded spurs overlooking the murg, building us besides an arbour out of pine trees, wherein to dine and at times enjoy the grateful weed. One of our party who had been seriously ill in the valley, rapidly recovered health and strength here at this elevation of 8,000 feet.

Gulmurg, the "Down of Roses," is a long open plain (it is about three miles in length and half a mile in width) surrounded by pine clad heights, with a sluggish stream running through it. The visitors, of whom there must have been about a hundred, were encamped amongst the pines on the ridges about, which received temporary names from their owners, or outlook, or other peculiarity. A race meeting was actually organized here, which passed off famously; and then there were picnics and excursions for the killing of time. But the *dolce far niente* was quite enough for one: to sit without emotion, hope, or aim, and smoke your cigar, for you knew you were sitting there in cloth clothing in the month of July or August; nay, that you required towards evening the pleasant glow of a fire of pine logs, and you thought how would it be now with you at, say Mooltan or Lahore? Ah! you must be an old Indian to appreciate the enjoyment derivable from such a question put to yourself at an altitude of 8,000 feet above the sea.

The grapes and peaches were ripe when I got back to Srinugger at the end of August, and delicious they were. The vines grow up the tallest poplar trees about the encamping grounds, and show their tempting clusters of fruit from high above you. An attempt was made some years ago to turn their juices

into wine; but it failed. Nevertheless, Cashmere is intended by nature to be a wine-producing country, and posterity will smack its lips yet, no doubt, over the vintage of Shalimar or a bouquet of Noor Mahal.

And these names, so redolent of Lalla Rookh, remind me that I have not yet made the round of the famous lake; for it was only in the last week of my stay that I did visit it.

The lake sung by Thomas Moore, is the Dhul, or city lake, and is beyond question the most beautiful, and from associations, historical and poetical, the most interesting of all the Cashmere lakes.

Sending my boat on to the Drogjun, or sluice-gate, whence the lake waters are drained off by the Sunti-kul canal into the Jhelum, I walked along the magnificent avenue of poplars, leading from the upper city bridge to the mountain height called "Solyman's Throne." I had already scaled this rough and tiresome hill, on whose highest summit stands a temple of great antiquity, dating, indeed, some hundreds of years anterior to the Christian era. From "Solyman's Throne" a fine view is to be had of the Valley, with the tortuous Jhelum winding through it, the Punjal range of mountains and the far snow-clad pinnacles of Thibet. On the other side, below, lies the lake with its island of Chenars and Nishat Bagh and Shalimar Gardens and floating islets.

Embarking at the sluice-gate, we sped across the lake, passing the Nusseeb Bagh and its stately grove of plane trees, the Golden island, the Char Chenar island, &c., till we reached the canal leading up to the Shalimar. The mosquitoes on the water were most troublesome, and somewhat marred the pleasure derivable from a con-

templation of one of the loveliest of earthly panoramas. Not desiring a renewal of their attentions, I sent my boat back, intending to walk round the lake, visiting the various objects of interest on its shore.

A long double quay leads by the canal to the terraces, where are placed the pavilion and gardens known as the Shalimar. A succession of basins with artificial fountains continue the line of the canal, but were dry, and here and there in a ruinous state. The water can, however, be laid on from a stream rising in the hills behind. On the upper terrace of the garden is built the beautiful marble pavilion, described already by so many visitors to the Valley. The roof of this pavilion is supported by twelve massive columns of black marble, and in the angles are chambers with partitions of white marble lattice work from which the fountains and cascades can be seen.

Continuing my walk, I reached shortly the Nishat Bagh. This is a large, but badly kept, garden, in which are some magnificent trees and another large pavilion.

Further on is the Chushma Shahi (royal fountain), where is also a pavilion in the midst of a pretty garden. All these places are thrown open to travellers, who can use them for pic-nics or residence; but it is a sad pity that the Maharajah should be so careless (ignorant he cannot be) of the great value attached to them by cultivated minds throughout the world.

It is ever so in the East. The mightiest monuments, raised to perpetuate the memory of their builders, are allowed to make the endeavour without effort on the part of succeeding generations to participate in it; and even such buildings as the Taj and Akbar's Tomb

would have been allowed to fall into decay and ruin, had the Mussulman continued lord paramount at Agra. A rich man will build a Mosque, or Temple, or Tank with its ghâts and terraces; his son and his grandson will raise similar buildings close by, but will not condescend to repair the damages done by time to the work, however magnificent it may be, of their ancestor.

The hills surrounding the City lake are steep, lofty, and of gloomy aspect; circling their base, I reached the pass between the Pandoo Chuk and "Throne of Solyman."

"The mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime from that valley of bliss, to
the world!"

The god of day had sunk behind the mountains, and already unfurled his banner of radiance over other scenes of our beautiful globe, but on none more beautiful than that about me.

All the halt and blind beggars of Srinugger used to assemble about my camp on Sundays noisily demanding alms, and persistently waiting for their distribution. One terrible woman with a child—she was neither lame nor blind though—would whine out for an hour at a time, "Sahib, I am hungry:" (*Bhooka hyn*), with a fearful nasal delivery of the N, whilst she was the picture of well-fed dirt and indolence. It was always pleasanter to give away a fist full of coppers, and so get rid of these pests, than work oneself into a fever of bad language for the same purpose—I have tried both courses.

About this time capital snipe and partridge (*chikor*) shooting was to be had, for the latter using beaters along the hill sides. A question arises: if some attempt at preservation is not made,

how long will shooting be worth the following in Cashmere? — I do not speak now of small game. But to the reckless slaughter of bears, ibex, and barasing, some stoppage should be put by the Maharajah. Many a sportsman (?) will shoot his ten or twenty bears, with whose skins he is sorely troubled thereafter, and pot female ibex and barasing without compunction; a heavy bag being considered by some desirable, encouraged thereto by the shikarees whose credit is involved in a large slaughter, no matter how carried out. All restriction on the number of yearly visitors to the Valley has been withdrawn, the Indian Government having discontinued the system of passes heretofore prevailing; and now in the old shooting grounds one runs as great a chance of being shot as of shooting.

A party looking for bears in the Lolab Valley, in 1870, were only saved from sudden death at the hands of a Briton by one of them striking a light for his pipe. They had seen what appeared to be a native (an Englishman in a turban) stealing round them, as if watching their movements from curiosity, when one luckily struck a match, and the stalker came forward, letting his hammers down to half-cock, to explain to them that, being short-sighted, he had fancied them a group of bears under a mulberry-tree, and was about to fire at them when he saw their match alight! These gentlemen left the neighbourhood next morning in sole possession of their short-sighted acquaintance.

Leaving Srinugger on my return to the plains, our first march was to Ramoo (18 miles), where we put up in a baradurree, situated in a small garden. Our second (another 18 miles) to Hirpore, was a most unpleasant one, performed under a

blazing sun. I should have remarked before this, perhaps, that all my wanderings about the Valley and its adjoining hills were done on foot. On this day I lay down several times under the bushes skirting the road, which here was devoid of trees, to cool my head, which I thought at times would have performed the Yankee ceremony of "bursting up." Arrived at Hirpore, which was in steady ascent from Ramoo, the change of temperature was remarkable. It became so cold at night that we required a fire in camp. On our next march we lost sight of the beautiful Valley: part of it lay along the rocky bed of the Rembiara river; and then came a stiff climb to Aliabad Serai. The road over the Punjal pass, though not difficult to a fair pedestrian, is however, not of a very easy kind. It must be sadly deteriorated from the Imperial Causeway, over which the Mogul emperors passed with their elephants and followers on their progresses to the South. Bernier, indeed, relates that some elephants here lost their footing and fell with some ladies of the Zenana down the precipice. It must have required much coaxing and punishment to induce those sagacious beasts to venture their ponderous forms along these mountain sides.

Aliabad Serai was, even now, at the end of September, bitterly cold. Its elevation is 10,350 feet. From the end of November the guard of Sepoys left here freeze in solitude till the spring, well advanced, melts the snows, which have accumulated above and around them. Our next march was over the pass. It was rather steep for a mile or two; then came a long murg to traverse, frozen here and there, to a few huts at the summit, one belonging to the Fuqueer of the locality; then followed a break-neck descent, over

boulders, of a couple of miles, when we opened out a pretty waterfall close to the Chutterpani river, after which we had another trying ascent of half a mile, and then an average path to Pooshiana, eleven miles altogether.

At Pooshiana, all the available ground being built upon, travellers pitch their tents on the flat roofs of the village houses. Here our native servants found a small bazaar, where they bargained and gossiped to their heart's content.

Next day to Burrumgoola (10 miles), principally along the Chutterpani, whose stony bed

has to be crossed and re-crossed about a dozen times. The scenery along its banks is wild and grand, varied with many beautiful waterfalls, one named the Nooree Chum, the finest of these, is often missed by the traveller, owing to its being almost concealed in a narrow ravine. It is close to Burrumgoola, at which place there is a small serai built of mud, but clean and comfortable.

The next march took us across the Rultun Pir and into Thunna Mundi, where I found myself again on the road by which I had travelled upwards to Cashmere.

G. S.

SERVIA, AND THE SLAVS.

PART IV.

To an Englishman, the most interesting aspect of the Slavonic question is the relation which subsists between Russia, the great Slavonic power of the north, and the kindred races inhabiting the Balkhan peninsula. Either Russia has an ambition to annex these races to her own empire, or she has not. The Czar has recently declared that she has no such ambition. Are we to believe him?

The answer to this question is not to be found in his casual utterances to diplomatists or soldiers. These are the mere current coin of diplomacy, and they are generally as meaningless as they are valueless. The policy of Russia in the direction of the Mediterranean and the East can only be known by an examination of her history since the days of Peter the Great.

Perhaps no man knew Russian intrigue more thoroughly than Lord Palmerston. His diary contains the following entry, dated Frankfort, 21st August, 1844: "Dined in the evening at Anselm Rothschild's . . . Fiquelmont was there. I complimented him on the great moral support Austria had given us in regard to the Treaty of July, 1840. He was aware that such support helped us, not only abroad but at home. He argued, *erroneously, I think*, that Russia cannot really desire to extend herself to

the south, because her real strength, military and commercial, lies to the north. The bulk of her nobles are in the north, and the distance from Petersburg to New York is not much greater than from Odessa to Gibraltar, and there her commerce is only half way to its market; besides which the expense of transport in Southern Russia is so great that to carry grain more than 250 versts costs the whole value of the grain. All this is specious, but utterly fallacious. All Governments, and especially arbitrary ones, covet extension of territory for political more than economical considerations, and to say that Russia does not covet extension to the south is to deny the records of history."*

The Emperor of All the Russias was at considerable pains some weeks ago to explain to Lord Augustus Loftus that all that had been said or written about a will of Peter the Great and the aim of Catherine II., were illusions and phantoms; that they never existed in reality, and he considered that the acquisition of Constantinople would be a misfortune for Russia. Prince Gortschakoff emphatically corroborated the statement of his Imperial master.

We are not much inclined to discuss the question of the genuineness of Peter's testament. A man's

* Lord Dalling's "Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. iii. pp. 153, 154.

estate may be a valuable enough legacy; but his advice, especially when it is a mere recommendation to fight, is a small boon to his successors. Yet it is worth while to note that whether the document which passes under the name of Peter's will is genuine or forged, it has certainly been in existence for much more than a century, and during the whole of that century Russia has pursued exactly the policy laid down in it. We quote sections 8 to 12 from the will. No explanation, whether by emperor or statesman, can lead us to doubt that Russian ambition is in the direction suggested by the writer of it, whoever he may have been.

"8. We must keep steadily extending our frontiers - northward along the Baltic, and southward along the shores of the Black Sea.

"9. We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of these places is the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels, at one time with Turkey and at another with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf; if possible re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant through Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which are the storehouses of the world. Once there, we can dispense with English gold.

"10. Moreover, we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing her schemes for future aggrandizement in Germany, and all the while secretly rousing the jealousy of the minor states against her. In this way we must bring it to pass that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia; and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country,

which will pave the way for future supremacy.

"11. We must make the House of Austria interested in the *expulsion of the Turks from Europe*, and we must neutralize its jealousy at the capture of Constantinople, either by pre-occupying it with a war with the old European States, or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterwards resume at our leisure.

"12. We must collect round our House, as round a centre, all the detached sections of *Greeks*, which are scattered abroad in Hungary, Turkey, and South Poland. *We must make them look to us for support*, and then, by *establishing beforehand a sort of ecclesiastical supremacy*, we shall pave the way for universal supremacy."

Will any unprejudiced reader say that Russia has not systematically and assiduously pursued this policy for a century, or that she is not actively pursuing it at the present moment?

Take her extension of territory towards India. Passing over the earlier history of her eastern conquests, let us for brevity's sake mention only the events which have occurred during the reign of the present Emperor, whom his admirers describe as the most peaceable of monarchs, and the most liberal of despots. But let him be judged by his deeds, not by his words.

Much has recently been added to our information regarding the history of Russian conquest in Central Asia. But we have not forgotten the history of her intrigues in Afghanistan under previous Emperors. Now that Russia is step by step, and contrary to her pledged word, working her way towards the Afghan frontier, are we to be blinded by assurances that no designs are entertained at St. Petersburg of extending the empire eastwards?

Captain Burnaby, one of the most recent visitors to Turkestan,

informs us that he met in Tashkend a merchant of Khiva, who informed him that the whole Russian population of the country looked on a war with England as inevitable, and that India was regarded as a mine of wealth from which they would soon be able to replenish their empty purses. "How will they march to India?" I inquired. "There are high mountains that block the way, and besides, if they were to come, how do you know that we should let them get back again?" "There are many roads," he answered. "Merchants go from Bokhara to Cabul in sixteen days in the summer months; then there is the road through Merve and Herat, which was stopped by the Turkomans, but which the Russians are now going to open, and at the same time to build a fort at Merve. You have fine soldiers in India, but we are told the natives do not like you, and will look on the Russians as deliverers." "How do you like the Russians?" I inquired. "Pretty well; they buy my goods when I am at Tashkend, and leave alone small people like myself. If I were rich it would be another matter, but then I could bribe. Money will go a long way with the colonels, and even the generals do not always keep their palms shut." "Were you in Khiva when the country was taken?" I asked. "No, I was then at Tashkend, and we thought that the Russians never would get there. It was fearful," he added; "so much bloodshed, so many friends killed, women and children too; such cruelties. War is a dreadful thing."*

Perhaps Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who, as American Consul-General at Constantinople, had peculiar privileges of access to information

granted him during his travels in Turkistan by Russian officials, is the very best authority on the Russian advance towards India. Much of his interesting work indeed is, in fact, based on Russian official documents; while his knowledge of the Russian language enabled him to gather from personal intercourse with people of all classes, most important testimony in favour of the views of Russian policy which we have expressed. Captain Burnaby, in defiance of the Russian order by which Englishmen are prohibited from entering the conquered districts, made a hurried "Ride to Khiva," which was suddenly terminated by a telegraphic despatch from the English Commander-in-Chief, sent no doubt on the application of the Russian ambassador. This of itself is suspicious. Mr. Schuyler, on the contrary, being the consul of an allied Power, was permitted to travel and investigate in Turkistan for eight months, and assisted in his investigations.

Our limited space does not permit us to give more than the veriest outline of Mr. Schuyler's opinions. Let it not be forgotten that they are those of a man *inclined* in favour of Russia and against England; though one who, on the whole, endeavours to write impartially.

First—Last for extension of territory, carried out to annexation of the Khanates, by creating intrigues and dissensions among the frontier tribes, and thereafter reducing them to subjection, has been Russia's Eastern policy.

Secondly—Her extended territory has been obtained at great pecuniary loss, and will not for many years to come, if ever, be anything other than a "drain on the Imperial exchequer."

* "A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia," by Fred. Burnaby, p. 241.

On this second point, Mr. Schuyler naïvely remarks that had Russia known fifteen years ago as much about the poverty of the countries of central Asia, there can hardly be a doubt that there would have been no movement in that direction. Others—Mr. Gladstone, for example, in his article on Russian policy in Turkistan (*Contemporary Review* for November, p. 881)—think “that Providence has committed in that country a civilizing mission to her (Russia’s) care.” Mr. Bright thinks that “there is not an intelligent man in Russia or Europe, who does not know that accessions of territory to the Russian empire during the last fifty years have greatly weakened that Empire.” (*Speech at Birmingham, December 4th, 1876.*) Does it not occur to these gentlemen, that a country which spends half a century in deliberate self-impoverishment, must be doing so for some undisclosed aim in the future? Reading the prospects of the future by the history of the past, is the probability not that Russia is incurring a present loss of money and blood for a future political gain?

Thirdly—With regard to the civilizing mission of Russian arms, we beg to inquire whether civilization is spread by means like the following?—

In the contest with the Yomud Turkomans, General Kauffman, the Russian commander, issued an order in these terms: “If your excellency sees that the Yomuds are not occupying themselves with getting together money,* but are assembling together for the purpose of opposing our troops, or perhaps even for leaving the country, I order you immediately to move on the settlements of the Yomuds, and to give over the settlements of the Yomuds, and their families,

to complete destruction, and their herds and property to confiscation.”

An eye-witness describes in graphic terms the result. “We burned,” he says, “as we had done before, grain, houses, and everthing which we met; and the cavalry, which was in advance, cut down every person—man, woman or child. Many of the men had gone, although a few of them got up and fired at us. They were generally women and children whom we met. I saw much cruelty. The infantry came at a run behind, running fully eighteen miles, and continued the work of murder.”

So much for the policy of Russia against England, on the side of India. Is it not exactly in pursuance of this repudiated will of Peter’s?

But extension of frontier towards Constantinople is another aim prescribed in this remarkable document; and it is to be effected by provoking constant quarrels *inter alia* with Turkey.

Here again recent history amply proves the persistency with which Russia has carried out the policy laid down for her guidance. But it is a history fresh in the minds of our readers, and therefore it is not needful to recount it. We shall rather advert to one or two of the less known facts regarding the diplomacy of Russia of late years.

It is considerably less than half a century since the Peace of Adrianople was signed, by which Russia detached Serbia from Ottoman rule. In the course of the diplomatic intrigues which preceded the signature of the treaty there were negotiations between Russia and France, Metternich had proposed a partition in which France was to have no share or equivalent.

“Thereupon,” says Baron Stockmar, than whom no man of his

* A war indemnity to the amount of £41,000 had been demanded from the Yomuds.

day was better informed of the diplomatic secrets of the time, "Russia addressed herself to France, and asked for her opinion. 'I do not wish the fall of Turkey,' said the Emperor Nicholas, 'but it is not to be averted; if France and Russia were to come to an understanding, they would be masters of the situation.'"

"Prince Polignac advised that the Russian proposition should be entertained. His leading ideas were the following: In every combination connected with the fall of the Ottoman Empire, the one object that must be kept in view is the breaking up of England's dominion over the sea."

France was to obtain Belgium in the proposed arrangement, "which would strengthen her maritime power, which the continent could well afford to see strengthened, since France would place herself at the head of an alliance for the freedom of the sea."

"Russia, according to Polignac's great memoir, was to be driven in the direction of Asia. He handed over to her Moldavia and Wallachia, Armenia, and as much of Anatolia as she wished to take. She was to cut a passage for herself to India, and take up a maritime position in the Mediterranean against England."

"Austria should receive Bosnia and Serbia in order to strengthen her maritime position."

"The rest of European Turkey was to constitute a Christian kingdom under the King of the Netherlands, by means of which an important maritime power would be created to counterbalance that of England."

"The North of Europe was likewise to be reorganized for the

purpose of increasing its maritime strength." †

The peace between Russia and Turkey had been signed before this proposal could be laid before the Emperor Nicholas. It may be said that Russia is not responsible for the ambitious designs of France. But it must not be forgotten that the proposal was drawn up in reply to Russia's offer of an alliance to France; and that it most distinctly indicates the French estimate of the designs of Nicholas, otherwise it would never have been made.

The renewed attack of Russia on Turkey which led to the Crimean war, we need not describe. It was merely a further attempt on the part of Russia to carry out its ambition for extension to the south.

Nearly twenty years after, in 1871, having somewhat recovered her shattered strength, Russia is found taking advantage of the earliest opportunity of repudiating the treaty imposed on her as the result of that war.

And now her intrigues on her southern frontier, and her open show of sympathy with, and contributions of aid in men, material, and money to the Slavs on her borders, have succeeded in raising civil war in the Turkish empire. Yet, forsooth, *she* must intervene to bring about peace, and that by a military occupation of the very provinces she is known to covet! If such a thing is permitted by Europe it will be most strange! More than most strange if it is submitted to by England!

We could easily add much to this description of Russian policy towards the Servians and the Slavs of the south. In the congress of European Powers which is assembled at Constantinople

* The same arguments were employed in our days by the same Emperor, in his celebrated interview with Sir Hamilton Seymour, only in another direction.

† "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar," vol. i., pp. 136, *et seq.*

the complaints of the rayahs of Turkey proper must form the main point of discussion, and we believe Europe is fully alive to the necessity of ameliorating their condition. In our opinion these rayahs are deserving of every sympathy, and we think the Turks will make every concession in their favour that England may demand; nay, more, that any guarantees not wholly destructive of Osmanli rule, and not humiliating to the Porte, will ultimately be given. But the Slavs seek no more than that their wrongs shall be effectually remedied. The Slavs in Turkey proper, at all events, seek no more. For Servia and Montenegro we have no compassion; and we hope that the penalty of their unprovoked intrigues and aggressions on Turkey will be meted out to them either by the Congress or by the sword.

England should remember that the war has not been a war of religion; and if it were, no right of intervention would lie with Russia. No attempt to claim a religious or national protectorate over the Slavs of Turkey should be permitted to Russia. Her religion, as exemplified by her practice of its principles, is no less bloody and brutal than Islam.

When we hear people arguing day by day that Mahommedanism is the religion of the sword, and should be suppressed or driven out of Europe because of this bloody tenet, we are apt to forget that many centuries have not elapsed since Christianity ceased to be a religion imposed by the sword in even our own enlightened land; and that such things as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew still stain its annals. The progress of enlightened thought alone has brought about a happy change. May it not possibly in course of time effect the same change for Islam? God

forbid that we should have any more Holy Wars on either part.

The proposal to establish autonomous provinces in Bosnia and Bulgaria appears to us to be unworkable. The Porte's own proposal to adopt a general system of reform extending over the whole empire is infinitely superior. The former would be a step towards disintegrating the empire—the latter towards consolidating it. Turkey has availed itself of English assistance on many matters of internal administration. Would she not appoint an English commissioner to superintend the administration of justice and the collection of taxes in each province? Such an arrangement would probably be regarded by even Russia as a sufficient guarantee against further oppression of the rayahs, and it would secure the integrity of Ottoman territory.

The main grievances under which the Turkish rayah suffers are the extortion of the Government and the tithe-farmers, the continuance of an antiquated system of paying land-rent and other feudal services in kind; liability to forced labour, and maladministration of justice. He has to submit to other social disabilities; but were the above radical defects of Turkish rule remedied, differences of caste would soon disappear.

We do not hesitate to affirm that the Porte would benefit more than the rayahs by a measure converting all payments in kind into a money payment, fixing the value of land by a valuation roll, and abolishing the farming of tithes. The taxes are heavy, and considering the enormous debt of Turkey, they must remain heavy for many years. But it is not the payment of taxes of which the rayah complains, it is the mode in which they are levied, which subjects him to every species of rapacity and oppression.

The tithe, for example, is farmed to the highest bidder. Being collected in kind, it varies every year. The tithe-farmer, having made his contract with the Government, proceeds to the lands to assess the amount to be paid by an inspection of the crop, and the poor rayah is bound to maintain him and his attendants during his pleasure. In this way he lives at ease a goodly portion of the year. He fixes the tithe very much at his pleasure—generally at whatever sum he thinks he can extort. There is a law against such procedure; but the rayah finds it inoperative in his favour, though it is always available against him.

And he pays his rent under conditions very similar. In Bosnia, according to Mr. MacColl, the usual terms are these: A fourth part of the various produce obtained from the ground; one animal yearly, as well as a certain quantity of butter and cheese; to carry a certain number of loads of wood, and materials for any house which the landlord may chance to be building; to work for the landlord gratuitously whenever he may require it; to make a plantation of tobacco, and cultivate it until it is lodged in the master's house; to plough and sow so many acres of land, and look after the crop till it

is safely lodged in the landlord's barn, and all this gratuitously. Such an arrangement opens the door to every oppression.

There are many more taxes levied from the rayah, all of them under arrangements through which he is incessantly plundered. In fact, almost everything he has or does has a tax imposed on it.

The simple expedient of assessing these taxes on an ascertained valuation roll, and of fixing the rayah's rent in an open market at a certain sum of money, would remedy most of the evils of his position. It would do more: it would go a great way to secure for him that justice which he cannot obtain in the law courts. While the complicated system of assessing taxes remains there is no difficulty in obstructing the course of justice to the rayah; but if he were called upon to pay a fixed sum in money yearly, to produce the money would answer all demands.

Yet we think that justice will not be administered in Turkey till an independent European element is introduced either into the courts, or to superintend the judicial system generally. Equity is unknown in Turkey, even between Mussulman and Mussulman. It is unheard of between Turk and Christian.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Goethe, Ausgewählte Prosa. Edited, with notes, by J. M. Hart. London: Sampson Low & Co.—Mr. Forster, in his recent inaugural address as Lord Rector at Aberdeen, laid great stress on the importance of a knowledge of French and German. As an introduction to the language and literature of Germany, this volume of selections from Goethe's prose writings may be found of much service. It is one of a series of German classics edited with great care and ability. The pieces are well chosen, and accompanied by notes containing biographical, historical, and other information, with occasional explanation of words and phrases. It is to the illustration of the subject-matter, rather than the interpretation of the language, that the editor confines himself, recounting the circumstances under which the works were written that are the sources of the extracts selected, describing their general character, and explaining all the allusions. He also briefly indicates the nature of the omitted portions of the original works which come between the selected pieces, and thus renders them better understood.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any other German writer so well deserving of study as Goethe, one of the chief creators of modern German literature, and allowed on all hands to be its greatest ornament. There are few writers in any literature to compare with him for originality and depth

of thought, fertility and variety of production, creative power of imagination, keenness of intellect, and profound knowledge of human nature. In all the high qualities of genius he takes no mean rank among such writers as Homer and Sophocles, Dante, Shakspeare, and Spenser. Mr. Carlyle thus describes him:—

“As a writer, his resources have been accumulated from nearly all the provinces of human intellect and activity; and he has trained himself to use these complicated instruments with a light expertness which we might have admired in the professor of a solitary department. Freedom and grace, and smiling earnestness, are the characteristics of his works; the matter of them flows along in chaste abundance, in the softest combination; and their style is referred to by native critics as the highest specimen of the German tongue.”

Mr. Hart has shown discretion and good taste in the selection of extracts which are at once models of style, and highly characteristic of the writer, who may be considered the best representative of modern German literature. He is quite right in pointing out the deficiency of suitable specimens of German prose in ordinary reading books, which give undue prominence to poetry and the drama, leaving the student unprepared for the language of philosophy, criticism, and everyday life. He is also perfectly just in his condemnation of extracts

too short to contain more than a small fragment of a subject, and so unconnected as neither to interest nor instruct the reader. The pieces he has chosen are all of considerable length, and complete in themselves, well adapted—especially with the aid of the editor's annotations—to serve as specimens both of the works from which they are taken, and the general literary characteristics of the author, with whom every student of German ought to be intimately acquainted.

The first extract is from the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, giving an account of Goethe's first session at Leipsic, which, though written forty years afterwards, is remarkable for the vivid freshness of its colouring, as well as the soundness of its views on education. The other extract from the same autobiographical work, is the charming idyl of *Sesenheim*, resembling in its characters Goldsmith's immortal Vicar of Wakefield, to which it is no unworthy pendant. Twenty pages are devoted to a portion of the *Sorrows of Werther*. While sufficiently representing the general character of that work, which produced so great and wide-spread a sensation, it contains little of an objectionable tendency, though its tone cannot be considered healthy. It is followed by a letter from Switzerland, written during his journey there in the autumn of 1779, and full of graphic description. Then comes a long extract from the *Italianische Reise*, containing a delightful account of what Goethe saw and did in Rome, Naples, and Sicily—his eager longing to go there, his ecstasy on arriving, his enthusiastic ardour in going to see and hear everything of interest, his careful exactness in observing, his just reflections, his literary studies, and his artistic pursuits. The last selections, occupying forty pages, are from

Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, and give the gist of the celebrated criticism on *Hamlet*, which is considered the gem of that remarkable work.

Thus the reader has an opportunity of studying Goethe's successive phases of thought and expression at the leading epochs in his literary career, while at the same time acquiring a familiarity with the best German prose. If the other volumes of Mr. Hart's series are at all equal to this in value of material and excellence of editorship, it ought to meet with general acceptance.

The Poetical Works of Ebenezer Elliott. Edited by his son, Edwin Elliott. A new and revised edition. 2 vols. London: H. S. King & Co.—It is now upwards of forty years since the first collected edition of Ebenezer Elliott's poems appeared, and met with favourable notice. That was a time of great political excitement. The Roman Catholic Emancipation Act and the first Reform Bill had just passed, after a season of violent agitation, which was accompanied by incendiary riots, and even threatened the stability of the constitution. Great discontent still prevailed among the working classes, with whom Elliott deeply sympathized, having sprung from their ranks, and been prevented by the necessities of a numerous family from rising much above them. The chief grievance of which he had to complain—though by no means the only one—was the existence of the Corn Laws, and it was his telling verses in opposition to these laws that gained him some celebrity as the "Corn-Law Rhymers."

There can be little doubt that the vehemence with which he denounced

the bread tax, and attacked those who upheld it, and the vivid force with which he depicted its pernicious influence on the condition of the poorer classes, contributed in some degree to its subsequent abolition, and so far did good. As little can it be doubted that the good was not without evil effect. His fierce and indiscriminate invectives against the upper classes generally, could not but tend to set class against class, and mislead the more numerous class to ascribe to their superiors all the disadvantages under which they laboured, some being really the result of cir-

cumstances beyond control, and others attributable to themselves and capable of amendment if they chose.

Scarcely less pernicious was the influence of this continued warfare upon himself. It warped his intellect, and soured his temper, made him one-sided in his views, narrow in his sympathies, moody in his disposition, and unjust in judgment, if not malignant in heart. He seems to have been himself in some degree aware of this, if we may judge from the following lines:—

“O that my poesy were like the child
That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
With prattle sweeter than the blooming wild!
It then might teach poor Wisdom to be gay
As flowers, and birds, and rivers, all at play,
And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn
Harmonious. But distemper'd, if not mad,
I feed on Nature's bane, and mess with scorn,
I would not, could not if I would, be glad,
But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.
My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is gnarl'd
With gloating on the ills I cannot cure.”

The bitterness of his partisanship reaches a pitch of absurdity in his description of a snake:—

“Colour'd like the stone,
With cruel and atrocious Tory eye.”

Scarcely less absurd, and equally ill-natured, is his remark in a note on the polyanthus, of which he says;—“It is the Jacobin of the vegetable kingdom; and when it is transplanted into the garden of the great, it loses *all* its worth.” These chance ebullitions of petty spite, contemptible enough in themselves, show that Elliott would have suited Dr. Johnson, so far as being a good hater is concerned.

We are inclined to think the “Corn-Law Rhymes” and other political poems, might well have been omitted in the present edition. Like election squibs, they are essentially of a fugitive character, the offspring of a temporary

state of things, and relating to persons now no more. Hence the interest with which they were read at the time can never be revived. They answered every purpose they were intended to serve, nor is it easy to see what advantage can be gained by reproducing them. The Corn Laws have been extinct for a generation, and are now forgotten. Why should not the strife connected with them be also forgotten? The rich cannot now be charged with indifference to the welfare of the poor. Who will be made better or happier by reading these furious tirades and vengeful imprecations, which are now altogether out of date, and out of place here? They must either do harm, or produce no effect at all. If Elliott's fame rests upon no better foundation than these writings, its prospects are far from encouraging. It

would have a better chance of permanence had the editor subjected his father's works to excision as well as revision. A single volume would have contained all that was worth preserving.

That Elliott was a genuine poet, and not a mere rhymers, is undeniable. He had keen susceptibility, intense feeling, vivid imagination, great power of expression, and remarkable facility of versification. He was an ardent lover of nature, and a close observer of mankind, resembling, though not equalling, Wordsworth and Crabbe in his descriptions of scenery and character. Traces of other modern poets are discernible in his verse. He himself acknowledges having, in

"Self-taught and ill, my notes uncouth I try,
And chant my rugged English ruggedly,
To gloomy themes."

There is great truth in this description. In his boyhood he had little opportunity and less inclination for learning anything beyond the merest rudiments of knowledge. It is pretty evident from the beneficial effect of modern poetry on his mind, that he would have derived still greater advantage from a classical training, which would have enabled him to go to the fountain-head of inspiration, and done something towards smoothing down the ruggedness both of his verse and his nature, without any sacrifice of native

one poem, imitated Scott and Tennyson, adding, with charming frankness, "I have done so because I could not help it." But he is far from being a mere slavish copyist or retailer of conventionalities. His poetry is the genuine utterance of his own nature, the truthful expression of his own feelings and conceptions in his own language. He shows originality and power both in his ideas and his mode of expressing them, sometimes carrying his power of forming compound words too far. With a full consciousness of his poetic faculty, he is also alive to his deficiencies, and acknowledges the superiority of others without grudging or insincerity. He says of himself:—

energy. It would be well if the harsh sternness and gloom were relieved by more delicacy and refinement, more sweetness and playfulness. Elliott is too fond of dealing in horrors and miseries, which he renders still more repulsive by violent exaggeration. He also makes frequent use of the machinery of dreams, which he describes with a vivid distinctness, reminding one of Dante, as some of his character-painting does of Hogarth. The following sketch of a Sunday scene in a village may be taken as a specimen:—

"The bell strikes twelve. The ancient house of prayer
Pours forth its congregated youth and age;
The rich, the poor, the gay, the sad, are there;
And some go thence, who, in their hearts presage
That one week more will end their pilgrimage.
First, in all haste, comes busy Bolus, croose
As bantam cock, and neat as horse fresh poll'd.
Then boys, all glad, as bottled wasps let loose,
Clapping their hands because their toes are cold.
Then the new Squire (more dreaded than the old)
Raised from the milk-cart by his uncle's will—
A Norfolk farmer he, who loved his joke,

At tax-worn tradesmen aim'd, with practis'd skill ;
 For, scorning trade, he thro'ed, while traders broke,
 And did not care a straw for Mister Coke.
 Next, lo ! the monarch of the village school,
 Slow Jedediah comes, not yet the last.
 Well can he bear the blame for stubborn fool ;
 Meekly he bows to yeomen, stumping past,
 While Bolus, yet in sight, seems travelling fast.
 Thou, Jedediah, learned wight, know'st well
 Why rush the younglings from the porch with glee.
 Dear to thy heart is Nature's breezy fell ;
 Deeply the captives' woes are felt by thee,
 For thou art Nature's, Freedom's devotee !
 Witness the moss that winter's rage defies,
 Cull'd yesterday, beside the lizard's home ;
 Witness thou lichen of the precipice,
 Beautiful neighbour of the torrent's foam,
 Pluck'd, where the desert often sees him roam !—
 Next comes the train who better days have known,
 Condemn'd the taunts of paupers born to brook,
 With prostrate hearts, that mourn their hopes o'erthrown,
 And downcast eyes, that shun th' upbraiding look.
 Then comes his worship ; then his worship's cook ;
 And then, erect as truth, comes Enoch Wray,
 Bareheaded still, his cheek still wet with tears,
 Pondering the solemn text, as best he may.
 Lo, close behind, the curate meek appears !
 Kindly he greets the man of five-score years,
 The blind, the poor ! while purse-pride turns away,
 And whispering asks, half-wishful, half-afraid,
 If Enoch has applied for parish pay ? ”

This comes from “The Village Patriarch,” the longest and most successful poem in the whole collection, the hero of which is Enoch Wray, an aged blind stone-mason, referred to at the close of the quotation.

In his company the author imagines himself on an eminence, to which is attached a legend ; thus narrated with powerful effect :—

“ Far to the left where streams disparted flow,
 Rude as his home of granite, dark and cold,
 In ancient days, beneath the mountain's brow,
 Dwelt, with his son, a widower poor and old.
 Two steeds he had, whose manes and forelocks bold
 Comb ne'er had touch'd ; and daily to the town
 They dragg'd the rock, from moorland quarries torn.
 Years roll'd away. The son, to manhood grown,
 Married his equal ; and a boy was born,
 Dear to the grandsire's heart. But pride, and scorn,
 And avarice, fang'd the mother's small grey eyes,
 That dully shone, like studs of tarnish'd lead.
 She poison'd soon her husband's mind with lies ;
 Soon nought remain'd to cheer the old man's shed,
 Save the sweet boy, that nightly shared his bed.
 And worse days were at hand. The son defied
 The father—seized his goods, his steeds, his cart :
 The old man saw, and, unresisting, sigh'd :
 But when the child, unwilling to depart,

Clung to his knees, then spoke the old man's heart
 In gushing tears. 'The floor,' he said, 'is dry :
 Let the poor boy sleep with me this one night.'
 'Nay,' said the mother ; and she twitch'd awry
 Her rabid lip ; and dreadful was the sight,
 When the dwarf'd vixen dash'd, with fiendish spite,
 Her tiny fist into the old man's face ;
 While he, soft hearted giant, sobb'd and wept.
 But the child triumph'd ! Rooted to the place,
 Clasp'g the aged knees, his hold he kept,
 And once more in his grandsire's bosom slept.
 And nightly still, and every night the boy
 Slept with his grandsire, on the rush-strewn floor,
 Till the old man forgot his wrongs, and joy
 Revisited the cottage of the moor.
 But a sad night was darkening round his door :
 The snow had melted silently away,
 And, at the gloaming, ceased the all-day rain ;
 But the child came not. Wherefore did he stay ?
 The old man rose, nor long look'd forth in vain ;
 The stream was bellowing from the hills amain,
 And screams were mingled with its sullen roar :
 'The boy is in the burn,' said he, dismay'd,
 And rush'd forth, wild with anguish. From the shore
 He plunged ; then, staggering, with both hands display'd,
 Caught, screaming, at the boy, who shriek'd for aid,
 And sank and raised his hands, and rose, and scream'd !
 He leap'd ; he struck o'er eddying foam ; he cast
 His wilder'd glance o'er waves that yelp'd and gleam'd ;
 And wrestled with the stream, that grasp'd him fast,
 Like a bird struggling with a serpent vast.
 Still, as he miss'd his aim, more faintly tried
 The boy to scream : still down the torrent went
 The lessening cries ; and soon, far off, they di'd ;
 While o'er the waves, that still their boom forth sent,
 Descended, coffin-black, the firmament.
 Morn came : the boy return'd not : noon was nigh ;
 And then the mother sought the hut in haste.
 There sat the wretched man, with glaring eye ;
 And in his arms the lifeless child, embraced,
 Lay like a darkening snow-wreath on the waste.
 'God curse thee, dog ! what hast thou done ?' she cried,
 And fiercely on his horrid eye-balls gazed :
 Nor hand, nor voice, nor dreadful eyes replied ;
 Still on the corpse he stared with head unraised ;
 But in his fix'd eyes light unnatural blazed,
 For *Mind* had left them, to return no more.
 Man of the wither'd heart-strings ! is it well ?
 Long in the grave hath slept the maniac hoar ;
 But of the 'lost lad' still the mountains tell,
 When shriek the spirits of the hooded fell,
 And, many-voiced, comes down the foaming snow."

Elliott did not excel in dramatic history. His dramatic poem, "Bothwell," is a mere series of wild rhapsodical speeches in overstrained bombastic language, with little coherency and nothing drama-

tic about them. The shorter miscellaneous poems are of varied merit, but many of them could have been well spared. Of an epic poem, entitled "Spirits and Men," Elliott himself says he dedicates

it to Montgomery, as an evidence of his "presumption and despair." The editor does not benefit his father's reputation by republishing all his youthful and imperfect attempts. Even his best works are more powerful than pleasing, more ambitious in aim than perfect in execution.

A Visit to German Schools. Notes of a professional tour, with discussions of the general principles and practice of Kindergarten and other schemes of Elementary Education. By Joseph Payne. London: Henry S. King and Co.—There are not many people so well versed or so deeply interested in education as the late Mr. Payne was. It was at once the business and the delight of his life. For many years he laboured as a faithful, able, and successful teacher. His whole heart and soul were in his work, which so completely absorbed all his attention that he cared little for what was not in some way connected with it. While actively engaged in the practice of teaching, he was continually studying the theory, and endeavouring, with the help of experience and observation, to ascertain the proper subjects and right methods of education. He was strongly of opinion that the art of teaching is imperfectly understood for want of special study and training. To supply this deficiency he was appointed Professor of Education by the College of Preceptors, and delivered lectures on the subject with illustrations. In the autumn of 1874 he made a personal inspection of the chief Kindergarten and other elementary schools in Germany, and took notes, which are here published, with various remarks on the general subject of elementary education. Those who are interested in this subject, and desirous of becoming

acquainted with the actual working of the Kindergarten system, may find the present volume no bad substitute for a personal visit of their own.

Mr. Payne went with a practical eye and ear, and a mind well skilled in all the essentials of teaching and school management. He knew exactly what to look for, and how to observe. His simple, straightforward accounts of what he saw and heard are all that could be desired, as far as they go. It must be borne in mind, however, that he does not profess to furnish a complete report of any establishment, much less of German elementary education in general. He simply gives a transcript of the impression produced on his mind by a single unexpected visit to some of the principal schools. Had he gone at a different time, he might have witnessed different proceedings, and received a different impression. He is careful to mention that deficiencies which he occasionally noticed may be supplied in other parts of the educational course. No one could have taken more pains to get at the truth, or shown more impartiality and care in stating it.

We do not set so high a value upon the critical discussions scattered here and there throughout the volume. Mr. Payne takes superfluous trouble to insist with repeated urgency on general principles which are admitted and practised by every good teacher. It was surely not necessary for him to tell us that "whatever may be the matter in hand, whatever the method employed, the interest of the children in it is the essential condition of success. This interest fixes and concentrates their attention, calls out their active powers, and ensures their co-operation with the work of the teacher, and therefore educates them."

No one, again, will dispute that the teacher should avoid telling a child what he can find out for himself, but rather endeavour to call his faculties into active exercise. The practice of "telling," which Mr. Payne so justly condemns, is owing not to ignorance of the true principles of education so much as to mere laziness. It is easier at the moment, though not, perhaps, in the long run, for the teacher to do the pupil's work for him than put him in the way of doing it for himself. Hence, the majority of teachers adopt this course, regardless of the injury they do the pupil. The art of teaching is no recondite mystery which requires elaborate lectures and long training. The one great essential is self-denying, patient fidelity, which shirks no amount of trouble in the performance of duty. This, combined with adequate knowledge and average intelligence, will ensure good teaching, while the best system of training will be of no avail without these requisites. Mr. Payne himself notices the different degrees of success attained by different teachers trained on the same system. The result must in every case depend far more upon the personal qualifications of the teacher than the system upon which he has been trained.

The sum and substance of Mr. Payne's educational creed may be found in this passage:—

"Singing is an important feature of Fröbel's system, and I do not think it is executed nearly as well as it might be by the little birds of the Kindergartens. Here, as is so generally the case in education, it is the teacher who is at fault; the materials are all there, but the teacher fails to make the best use of them. The germs of art, however feeble, are in the native constitution of every little child, and though not always able to struggle of themselves into the light, they can be nursed and developed into power—

that is, some measure of power—by the teacher on the outside, if he is himself an artist in education. But all teachers are not artists in education; and this, again, not because they are naturally incapable, but because they are not naturally 'informed' and inspired with the pregnant conception that the teacher's function is generative and even creative, and they therefore believe themselves incapable without actually being so. They are unconscious of the powers they really possess, and they are unconscious of their own powers because they do not appreciate those of the children they teach; and lastly, they do not appreciate the children's powers, because they do not study carefully the nature of children. They should go to Fröbel, and learn from him what children are, and what they can do when artistically handled. It is a very important consideration that the product of education, after all, depends mainly on the teacher. The number of stupid children is really very small, but the number of children who are left stupid—that is, of those whose powers are undeveloped—is very great; and this number is mainly dependent on the teacher, with whom it rests very much to decide whether these powers shall be ignored, developed, or stifled. The bad teacher is a *menticide*, who deserves punishment quite as much as the unskilful medical practitioner who is called into court to answer for his delinquencies. Hence it happens that young minds that might have been quickened into life, remain dead, buried, and forgotten."

It is rather surprising that one who professes to have a delicate ear for music should apparently imply that every child may be taught to sing in tune. It is still more astonishing for so practised a teacher to say, "The number of stupid children is really very small," and attribute the existence of stupidity among children simply to the want of good teaching. Surely, as in the case of the teacher, so in that of the pupil, natural endowment is far more influential than artificial training. It

is to that rather than to education—valuable as it is—that all the achievements of literature, philosophy, science, and art are attributable.

Mr. Payne is very severe on the revised code, which he describes as pursuing “its disastrous course, ignoring or repudiating every principle of true education.” He also strongly condemns the pupil-teacher system, which is not allowed in Germany, and it is certainly open to objection.

Roman Catholicism, Old and New, from the standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine. By J. Schulte, D.D., Ph.D. Belford Bros.; Toronto; Trübner and Co.—In these days, when Romanism seems to be gaining ground among us, and boasts that its converts are not the ignorant and thoughtless, but persons of rank, education, and intelligence, it is desirable that its principles should be carefully examined and rightly estimated. Those who wish to study the arguments for and against them will do well to consult Dr. Schulte's pages. Having been till fifteen years ago a Roman Catholic, and for thirteen years a clergyman of the Church of England, he has a special claim to be heard with attention. Brought up in the Romish faith, trained in the Propaganda College at Rome, and in constant intercourse with Roman Catholics, he cannot but be correctly informed as to their views, and familiar with the arguments by which they are accustomed to support them. He says—no doubt truly enough—that Protestants are often betrayed into error with regard to the Church of Rome through imperfect knowledge of its principles. From this danger he is exempt, which gives him an advantage

over other Protestant controversialists.

He is also well informed as to the other side of the question. It was not without careful study and protracted thought, “which lasted for some years,” that he was induced to abandon the faith of his childhood, which had been the guide and stay of his life, and with it the friends to whom he was strongly attached, and for whom he still feels a grateful regard.

The fairness with which he conducts the argument is no less conspicuous than his knowledge. He does not suppress or misrepresent the views of his opponents, but gives full force to their objections and replies. His own views are set forth clearly and advocated forcibly, but without disingenuous sophistry. Nothing can be better than the tone and temper in which he writes. There is not a trace of bitterness or violence throughout the volume. Dr. Schulte uses no harsh words, indulges in no fierce invectives, pronounces no intolerant judgments. If his reasoning is not always conclusive, and some of his assertions are without needful proof, his charity never fails. Such moderation and liberality as he displays are exceptional in controversy of any sort, and especially in religious controversy, which is usually anything but religious in spirit. Yet they cannot be ascribed to any want of zeal for truth on his part. He is thoroughly in earnest, firmly persuaded that Romanism is a pernicious error, and very anxious to impress this conviction on the minds of others.

In his opinion, “the very foundations of social and religious order are at stake,” and this is the reason why he has felt compelled to write his present work. It was expected at the time of his secession from the Church of Rome,

that he would at once publish his reasons for the important step he had taken ; but well knowing the intemperate zeal into which new converts are apt to be betrayed, still suffering from the painful crisis through which he had passed, and having not yet got beyond the negative conclusion that Romanism is erroneous, he very wisely abstained from rushing into print. He has since had ample time to mature his convictions and recover from his wounded feelings, and now discusses the subject calmly, with all the additional authority of thirteen years' active experience as a Protestant clergyman.

Dr. Schulte's work is in the shape of lectures, forming three divisions, entitled "The Theory of Infallibility in regard to the Church of Christ," "The Practical Working of the Infallibility Doctrine in the Church of Rome," and "The Papacy and Infallibility." He is perfectly right in regarding the doctrine of infallibility, whether of Pope, councils, bishops, or Church, as the point on which everything else turns, and which consequently deserves chief consideration. There is force, if not novelty, in his demonstration that this doctrine, with all its apparent certainty as a ground of belief, is after all built on the insecure foundation of fallible private judgment:

"At the very outset of our discussion we ask our Roman Catholic brethren whether the doctrine of Church-infallibility meets the object for which they so ardently contend, namely, the attainment of an infallible faith based altogether on divine authority. Surely, they will agree with us that it is not self-evident; they will certainly not pretend that the mark of infallibility is so clearly stamped on the episcopate as to elicit at once the faith of man, however ready he may be to grasp at any evidence that promises to lead him to the attainment of truth. This doctrine, then, requires to be demonstrated by such proofs and

arguments as will convince the mind beyond the possibility of doubt. But these arguments are only the work of the human mind, which is liable to error and mistake, and, whilst they may convince some, will be rejected by others. Roman Catholics profess to believe in the revealed truths of God, on the infallible authority of the Church; and they believe in the latter because they are convinced of it by the arguments of fallible human reason. Who does not see that such a method of procedure cannot imbue the mind with infallible divine faith? Whilst they profess a belief in the infallible Church, they really believe in the correctness of the arguments by which they establish that infallibility, and nothing more.

"It appears to me that the rule of faith should suppose nothing prior on which it depends for its certainty; and if that something prior is human reason, what else can I call it but rationalism? And however strongly Roman Catholics may repudiate this imputation, however vehemently they may clamour that their Church is the bulwark of faith against rationalism; still if we consider the basis of their rule of faith and the vast amount of philosophy that enters into the defence of their distinctive dogmas, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that the whole Roman system is tainted with rationalism."

Both Romanist and Protestant exercise their own fallible judgment in matters of faith and duty. The only difference between them is, that the former does it once for all, and binds himself never to do it again; while the latter repeats the act all through life, whenever any religious doctrine is presented to him. Of course the Romanist saves himself much trouble and anxiety by having only one decision to make instead of many, and derives much comfort from the idea that he has an infallible guide, never troubling himself to think how he became possessed of this idea, or on what grounds the all-important assump-

tion depends. Dr. Schulte's work may be of great service to all, whether Romanists or Protestants, who wish to investigate this matter, and if it fails to produce firm conviction, it will certainly give no offence.

Boudoir Ballads. By J. Ashby-Sterry. Chatto and Windus.— Though the present volume is better fitted for a lady's boudoir than a gentleman's library, its contents cannot be properly called ballads. They are rather *vers de société* on young ladies, their whims and their ways, their charms and their dress. The writer, who is quite a lady's man, lightly touches on these topics in a tone of playful banter, which may win a gentle smile from the feminine fashionables of youthful years. Full-grown men, and women who are no longer young, will hardly be able to enter into the rather mild jokes with the same zest. To them these "ballads" will seem, if not "silly nothings,"—to use the writer's phrase—at best but dainty trifles, and perhaps that is all the author would pretend them to be. As such, they are not without merit. If not remarkable for brilliancy of wit, or raciness of humour, they are amusing in their way, and free from gross faults. There are not wanting happy bits here and there, with occasional touches of tender emotion and serious thought. As a favourable specimen of the work, we may quote the following sprightly sketch—

"IN A BALCONY AT BARNES.

I.

"No prudish professors from Girton,
Although they're a couple of
'blues,'

Who know more of rowing 'tis
certain

Than strong-minded Beckerite
'views.'

Such beauties seem made to be
petted—

So smiling, bewitching, and bright,

So daintily gloved and rosetted,
Such Queens of the Dark and the
Light!

II.

"They prattle of 'smartness of feather,'
And talk about 'winning the toss;'
They chatter of 'keeping together,'
Of errors in 'steering across.'
Each feels that her own crew
winning,
And speaks of a 'glorious spurt;'
They know that to 'catch the begin-
ning'
Is good for a rower—or flirt!

III.

"When blue blades flash past on the
river,
Then anxious are blue-bedight
girls:
In bosoms forget-me-nots shiver,
And violets nestle in curls!
They breathlessly wait for the crisis—
As boats hurry fast to the mark—
Will Cam throw a pallor on Isis?
Or tears turn light ribbons to dark?

IV.

"Then pull for the pride of the river—
For tiny cerulean glove,
For droplets of turquoise that quiver
In ears of the girl whom you love;
For the *lazuli* bracelet that presses
The wrist of your own little pet,
For glory of azure-twined tresses—
Pull hard for the blonde and
brunette!

V.

"When oarsmen have ceased their
appliance,
When finished the muscular fight,
Will pluck and Oxonian science
Be conquered by 'sweetness and
light?'
Though Fortune you fancy capricious,
'Twill scarcely be cause for sur-
prise.
If violet's perfume delicious
Be vanquished by bright watchet
eyes!"

Mr. Ashby-Sterry's versification is varied, free, and polished. He calls himself "Laureate of Frills," and says he raves about a damsel's dress. He not only talks with all the confident ease of an expert about such

commonplace things as "petticoats in tucks," "sheeny skirts," and "diaphanous dresses," but ventures to touch upon the hidden mysteries of "pantalettes," "trouserettes," and "stripen hose." In his Dedication he hints a suspicion that perhaps the fair reader may go to sleep before reaching the end of the book. We confess to having felt tired of so much simpering and prattling. One gets cloyed with sweets after a time. *Toujours perdrix* is neither palatable nor wholesome food. If Mr. Ashby-Sterry does not change the theme, he will be in danger of getting lackadasical.

The Midland Railway: its Rise and Progress. A Narrative of Modern Enterprise. By F. S. Williams. London: Strahan & Co.—It is not unnatural to suppose that the directors, shareholders, and others connected with the Midland Railway may be glad to have a permanent record of the origin, conflicts, and victorious advance of that important undertaking. The general public, however, cannot reasonably be expected to feel the same interest in Mr. Williams's narrative. Of this the author himself seems fully aware, as appears from the fact of his devoting half his volume, not to the railway, but the towns and country through which it passes. Why he should have pitched upon this particular railway as an instance of modern enterprise, it is not very easy to see. His whimsical explanation is, that he and the railway were born at about the same time and place. We almost wonder he did not add the further remarkable coincidence that the present secretary's name is Williams. However, he has produced a large and handsome volume, with an abundance of illustrations which are well executed, with one or two exceptions, particu-

larly the miserable representation in the Appendix of the Midland Hotel at St. Pancras.

The whole thing is too much of a book-making affair, and partakes more of commerce than literature, to which it scarcely belongs. Mr. Williams imitates Mr. James, the novelist, and makes use of the newspaper special reporter's artifices to heighten the effect, but does not display the characteristics of a masterly historian. His materials are neither well selected nor sufficiently worked up to produce an unbroken homogeneous narrative. He loses himself in petty details which have little or no connection with the proper subject of his book, quotes speeches not worth preserving, and repeats so-called humorous sallies which may have been amusing at the time and place at which they were uttered, but to a reader unacquainted with the persons and circumstances concerned, appear anything but racy. Had the writer not aspired to produce so large a work, he might have been more successful.

The part of the volume of most interest for general readers is the description of the places traversed by the line, the materials for which are gathered from well-known sources, and may be found in ordinary guide-books. In fact, Mr. Williams's work may be not inaptly described as a special correspondent's article on a large scale, followed by a guide-book, the whole being accompanied by numerous illustrations.

The Vatican and St. James's; or, England independent of Rome. A Letter addressed to Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P. By James Lord. *A Ramble with the Cardinal; or, Flowers of History from Wendover. Remarks on an article by Cardinal Manning in the Contemporary Re-*

view, December, 1875, entitled *The Pope and Magna Charta*. By James Lord. *The Roman Pontiffs, Popes, or Bishops of Rome, and their times. With Notice of contemporary events connected with English History*. By James Lord. De Vitis, or Historic Review office. London: 32, Charing Cross.—If Mr. Lord's publications are to be of any service in exposing and refuting Romish error, they must at least be read, which is not likely to come to pass, unless they are written in a very different manner from these. He forgets that life is short, and it is not every one who is blest with such a superabundance of spare time as seems to hang so heavily on his hands. It is sometimes found useful in the House of Commons, and at the bar, to speak against time—and no doubt Mr. Lord would excel in this accomplishment—but such an artifice can hardly answer in print. The reader's patience must soon be exhausted, and his wearisome task come to an end.

We cannot imagine it possible for any one to plod his weary way through the "*grandis et ver basae epistola*," which stands first among the above works; and even supposing he could perform this Herculean task, we defy him to give any distinct and coherent account of what he has read, for the simple reason that there is no such thing as coherence or unity about it, any more than in a dictionary or a directory. It is impossible to see what the author's aim is, unless it be to kill time, or attract attention to himself by dint of incessant loquacity. First we have an "Introductory Memorandum," beginning with a long dedication of a volume "published at the time of the Papal aggression [1852]"—of course he means 1850—followed by a page of his reasons for thus inscribing it "to the British Nation," and winding up with a

quotation from Count de Jarnac's speech at the Mansion House, a reference to the celebrated New Year's Day speech of the late Emperor of the French to the Austrian ambassador in 1859, and another to Lord Beaconsfield's inaugural address at Glasgow. What all this means, or what connection it has to the letter to which it is prefixed, we cannot see—still less can we pretend to enter upon any discussion of that chaotic production, in which the writer proses on with endless prolixity, countless digressions, and a boundless cloud of excessive wordiness. We will simply illustrate its general character by quoting a single sentence from the specimen number of the author's projected work on the Roman Pontiffs.

"Erroneous impressions, resulting from alleged or imaginary facts, are oftentimes better removed by producing real facts—contrary thereto—than by any elaborate process of mere argument alone—facts which of necessity disprove them or tend to do so—facts which remove the causes leading to such wrong ideas or impressions—show them to be inconsistent with reality and truth—prove the inferences attempted to be deduced from them, and the arguments based on them, to be unsound, and the sources of them unavailable."

This reads more like a clause in an Act of Parliament or other legal document, or the freak of a caricaturist, than a sentence from a work intended for plain folks who have any serious occupation. Fancy a whole volume made up of such sentences. What an amount of pluck must one have to think of wading through it from beginning to end, and what superhuman power of endurance really to accomplish the feat. But supposing this done, it is only the beginning of evils, for there are to be ten or twelve of these unreadable volumes.

The "Ramble with the Cardinal" is correctly described by its author as "of so fragmentary, discursive, or rambling a character as scarcely to be worth—in the estimation of some at least—the pen and ink." It was certainly not worth printing or publishing. People are much to be pitied who cannot find something better to do than reading it. We have here only a part of it, and that is more than enough!

The Home at Bethany: its Joys, its Sorrows, and its Divine Guest. By James Culross, A.M., D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.—Works devoted entirely to practical religion do not often come under our critical pen; but when one like this comes in our way, we are not slow to give it the meed of praise which is due to it.

It is "beautiful exceedingly." Rich old Saxon English is written with rare tenderness and grace. Almost every page has some *curiosa felicitas*. The book is one to be read and read again. Rarely, indeed, do we meet with the wide learning which Dr. Culross combines with exquisite feeling, and the utmost chastity of taste.

A single quotation will justify our verdict. We regret that we have no room for more. Dr. Culross is speaking of Mary, the sister of Lazarus:—

"She never thought of fame; she had sounded no trumpet; she had simply expressed the love and worship of her heart toward Him who was about to be crowned with thorns and crucified; her deed (as a true golden deed) shall be held in everlasting remem-

brance. Thus speaks the King of the Ages, the Ruler of History, with a majesty whose very simpleness is sublime: 'Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.' They are the words of Him who, 'being the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, lifted with his pierced hand empires off their hinges, and the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages.' And he has fulfilled his promise, and given to this woman a renown which kings and heroes would have done anything to secure. The scoffs of unbelief, 'from Julian to Voltaire,' die away into silence and are forgotten, together with the laughter which they provoked. Many a splendid deed, that the world praised and pronounced immortal, and graved on monumental brass, has passed into oblivion. Names that were famous a generation ago are strange in our ears to-day; but this deed of a loving soul, like the widow's gift of two mites, from a heart so rich and a hand so poor, has received a fame coextensive with the world and time. The record of the deed is her memorial. It is not merely found in the New Testament, but is associated with the story of the last sufferings of Jesus, sharing the same everlasting fragrance; and wherever the gospel is preached, 'this that she hath done' is told along with it. And not in vain. Being told, it gives birth to deeds like itself in other lives, and under other conditions—as a tree whose seed is in itself, yielding fruit after its kind."

Dr. Culross's book has the merit of being entirely void of cant. Yet it firmly and most persuasively advocates all the noble lessons that are taught in the history of the household at Bethany. It is a real gem of religious literature.

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SIR THOMAS WYATT, THE ELDER.

THE Sir Thomas Wyatt of whom we write is commonly known as "Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Elder," to distinguish him from a son who inherited his name, and perished on the scaffold in 1554, in consequence of the part he took in promoting the claim of Lady Jane Grey to the crown of England. He is described by Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, as a "dangerous commotioner."

The elder Wyatt, the subject of our sketch, was the son and heir of Sir Henry Wyatt, a favourite courtier both of the Seventh and the Eighth Henries. The family was of Yorkshire origin, and Sir Thomas could trace his descent through six generations to the Wyatts of South-ange in that county. In a letter written to his son, then fifteen years old, he speaks of his father, Sir Henry, as a pattern for imitation:—

"Consider well your good grandfather, what things there were in him,

and his end. And they that knew him noted him thus. First, and chiefly, to have a great reverence for God, and good opinion of godly things. Next that there was no man more pitiful; no man faster to his friend; no man diligenter nor more circumspect, which thing both the kings his masters noted in him greatly. And if these things, and especially the Grace of God that the fear of God always kept with him, had not been, the chances of this troublesome world that he was in had long ago overwhelmed him. This preserved him in prison from the hands of the tyrant* that could find in his heart to see him racked; from two years or more imprisonment in Scotland in irons and stocks; from the danger of sudden changes and commotions divers—till that, well-beloved of many, hated of none, in his fair age, and reputation, godly and christianly he went to Him that loved him, for that he always had Him in reverence."

Everything we can learn of Sir Henry Wyatt consists with this character of him, written by his

* Richard the Third.

son, and written, be it remembered, not for publication, but merely for the purpose of inducing Wyatt "the younger" to follow in the footsteps of his honourable old grandfather. Sir Henry was one of the Council which administered the affairs of the Government during the minority of Henry the Eighth. He was made a Knight of the Bath on the occasion of Henry's coronation, and he held many lucrative offices under "bluff King Hal." At the Battle of the Spurs he commanded a troop on the right wing of the Royal Army, and was created a Knight-banneret on the spot in reward of his valour. He afterwards sat as a judge both in Chancery and in the Star Chamber. He acted as Knight Marshal at the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and in the later years of his life was the King's "Ewerer," then an office of no small dignity and importance. In 1493 he purchased Allington, a property near Maidstone, in Kent, and he ever afterwards made Allington Castle his chief residence. In 1527 he entertained King Henry the Eighth there.

At Allington, in 1503, his son Thomas was born. In the previous year Sir Henry had married Anne, daughter of John Skinner, Esq., of Reigate, Surrey. There were three children of the marriage, Thomas, Henry, and Margaret.

The boyhood of Thomas Wyatt was uneventful; or, at all events, nothing is recorded of it. The same may be said of his college life, for we know little more of it than that he graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1520. Before the close of that year he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Broke, Lord Cobham.

It is not known whether Wyatt entered upon the life of a courtier immediately after his marriage. Some of his biographers state that he resumed his studies at the Uni-

versity, and Anthony à Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, claims him as an Oxonian, on the ground that he spent the early years of his married life as an Oxford student. But Anthony was notoriously unscrupulous in claiming for his own University the honour of training men of letters, and he furnishes no satisfactory evidence that Wyatt ever resided at Oxford. Others say that Wyatt travelled for several years on the Continent before joining the Court, and there is much probability that he did travel to some extent. It was then, as it is now, the custom of men of family and position to make the grand tour on the completion of their University education. Wood mentions this tour of Wyatt's, and his statement has been frequently repeated without contradiction.

One thing is certain. At the time when Anne Boleyn was maid of honour to Catherine of Arragon, and when Henry was smitten with her beauty, Wyatt was not only a constant attendant at Court, but a prime favourite with the King. That he used the influence he then possessed with unselfishness is testified by his whole career, for with the exception of the knighthood which was conferred upon him on Easter day, 18th March, 1536, and some gifts of lands of no great value, which were the rewards of important diplomatic services, he seems to have received neither dignity nor emolument, such as was then within the easy reach of royal favourites.

At this period of his life Wyatt was universally acknowledged to be the handsomest man of the time. Fortunately the genius of Holbein has preserved his features to us in a painting which is justly reckoned to be one of the masterpieces of that great painter. The portrait is the property of Lord Folkestone, and may be seen at Longford Castle. It

is of life size, and represents Wyatt and another gentleman unknown. The picture fully justifies Surrey's description of Wyatt's form as one in which "force and beauty met." Those who have not an opportunity of seeing the original, will find an admirable engraving of the head and shoulders of Wyatt prefixed to the second volume of Dr. Nott's edition of the Poems of Surrey and Wyatt. The features are aquiline; so decidedly as to give the brow almost a retreating appearance, which is made still more noticeable by the long flowing beard, which maintains the line downwards. But the head is really massive, the face is finely chiselled, the eye is full, and instinct with intelligence and force. Leland has described Wyatt's face in these lines:—

"Addidit huic faciem qua non formosior ulla,
Læta serenatæ subfixit lumina fronti,
Lumina fulgentes radiis imitantia stellas."

and an engraving of Wyatt's head from Holbein is prefixed to his *Nenia*.

Handsome as an Apollo, more brilliantly accomplished than any of his compeers, the leading lyric poet of his time, a skilful musician, master of the chief European languages (Camden calls him "*splendide doctus*"), frank, generous, noble, unsuspecting, profuse of his wealth, the daily intimate of King Henry, he could scarcely escape being involved in the gallantries of a court like that of England in the first half of the sixteenth century. But his gallantries never degenerated into the unbridled licentiousness which disgraced his royal master and too many more men of the period.

A great deal has been written about his relations with Anne Boleyn; and it appears to be cer-

tain that he was much attached to her before she was unfortunate enough to attract the fatal admiration of Henry. It has been asserted that the intimacy between him and Anne was criminal, but the authority on which the statement is made is utterly insufficient. In the first place, Anne was a near relative of Wyatt's bosom friend, the Earl of Surrey, and all that we know of Wyatt's character forbids us to suppose that he would fail to respect the friendship he had for his brother poet. Again, it is well known that Anne had plighted her troth to Lord Percy, eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, and that their marriage was only prevented by the intervention of the King through Wolsey. Cavendish gives a circumstantial account of the interview between the great Cardinal and Lord Percy, and tells how Percy, after resisting as long as he dared, burst into tears, and promised obedience to Wolsey's demand that his connection with her should cease. Further, there cannot be a doubt that Henry had no suspicion of any intrigue between Wyatt and Anne, for when she went over to France, in 1532, after having been created Countess of Pembroke, our poet was apparently sent in her train, a thing which could not have happened if the King had suspected any familiar intimacy between them.

Yet it seems certain that Wyatt entertained towards Anne Boleyn one of those Platonic affections which were characteristic of the time, and which not unfrequently ended in profligacy when the parties to them were cast in a less honourable mould than he was. Probably enough they had met in France when Anne was attached to the Court, either of the Queen or of her sister the Duchess d'Alençon, and this acquaintance ripened in England. Several verses of Wyatt's can scarcely bear any other inter-

pretation than this. To begin with, the following lines to "Anne," may or may not, have been addressed to Anne Boleyn, but when they are read in connection with our subsequent quotations the probability is that they were so addressed:—

"What word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turn'd and made in twain?
It is mine Anna, God is wot.
The only causer of my pain;
My love that meedeth with disdain.
Yet is it loved, what will you more?
It is my salve, and eke my sore."

The last of these lines is a riddle, which any one who cares may exercise his ingenuity in reading in its bearing upon the connection between Wyatt and Anne Boleyn.

One of the most curious and not the least beautiful of Wyatt's sonnets bears on the same subject, or seems to bear upon it. It is supposed to have been addressed to Anne immediately before her marriage with Henry was arranged, and therefore about the year 1532. The last two lines can bear no other interpretation than that Anne is the lady to whom the sonnet was addressed. What lady else was Cæsar's? It is entitled:

"*The Lover, despairing to attain unto his Lady's grace, relinquisheth the pursuit.*

"Whoso list to hunt? I know where is a hind!
But as for me, alas! I may no more,
The vain travail had wearied me so sore;
I am of them that furthest come behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind,
Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow: I leave off therefore
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.

Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt
As well as I, may spend his time in vain!
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
There is written her fair neck round about—
NOLI ME TANGERE; for Cæsar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."

We shall quote another of Wyatt's sonnets which has been often founded on as proof of his attachment to Anne Boleyn. It is entitled, "The Lover unhappy, biddeh happy lovers rejoice in May, while he wailleth that month to him most unlucky."

"Ye that in love find luck and sweet abundance,
And live in lust and joyful jollity.
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardly:
Arise I say, do May some observance,
Let me in bed lie dreaming in mischance;
Let me remember my mishaps unhappy.
That me betide in May most commonly;
As one whom love list little to advance.
Stephan said true, that my nativity
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.
He guessed (I prove) of that the verity.
In May my wealth, and eke my wits, I say,
Have stoud so oft in such perplexity:
Joy, let me dream of your felicity."

When it is remembered that Queen Anne Boleyn was arrested on the 1st, tried on the 12th, and executed on the 19th of May, this sonnet assumes a meaning which no other known event of Wyatt's life can give it. To us, however, the language appears too vague to be the basis of any historical inference.

Wyatt continued to be a favourite at Court. In 1536 Henry bestowed upon him a signal mark of his confidence by appointing him ambassador to the Court of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By this time Thomas Cromwell had succeeded to the power of his late master, Wolsey, and was pursuing a policy which led to ceaseless intrigues with France and the Empire. No more important post was at his disposal than that of Ambassador to Spain. The diplomacy of Pole had to be baffled; and both the Emperor and the Pope had to be conciliated. Wyatt's mission was successful. Pole was defeated, and was even dismissed from the Imperial Court with disgrace. After two years spent in Spain, Wyatt returned to England, and once more took up his abode at Allington. Of courtly life he was sick. In fact, he never cared for a diplomatic career, and he had reluctantly accepted the Spanish ambassadorship as a duty to his king and his country. The grateful retirement of Allington had long been dearer to him than the polluted atmosphere of Henry's Court. Many of his dearest friends had already perished on the block or on the gibbet, and Cromwell, his patron and protector, was tottering to his fall. Perhaps the following lines may be attributed to this period of his life. At whatever time and in whatever circumstances the poem was written, it is a noble one, and reads with a melodious grace that was rare indeed in the first half of the sixteenth century.

"On the Mean and Sure Estate.

"Stand, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel
Of high estate; and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each dele,
Unknown in Court that hath the wanton toys :

In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be passed withouten noise
Let me die old after the common trace;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,
That knownen is to all, but to himself, alas,
He dieth unknown, dasèd with dreadful face."

Wyatt was not allowed much repose, for before the year 1539 closed, he was called upon to undertake an embassy to France, to defeat a scheme which the Emperor and the French king were supposed to be promoting for an alliance against England. Bonner, bishop of London, and Dr. Haynes, the king's chaplain, were conjoined with him in the embassy, probably as much to act as spies on his actions as for any assistance they could give him. Both Henry and Cromwell had by this time become suspicious of everybody.

The dreaded alliance never came off, and Wyatt after much entreaty, obtained his recall and resumed his residence in England. He had deserved well of his country, having been one of the ablest and shrewdest diplomatists of his day. But his very success excited jealousy of him. Cromwell, his patron, had fallen; and Bonner took every opportunity to poison the king's mind against his quondam associate. At length Wyatt was committed to the Tower, on a charge of holding treasonable correspondence with the king's enemies, especially with Cardinal Pole, and of having slandered and vilified his royal master during his ambassadorship in Spain.

He was detained for some time before any proceedings were taken against him; but at length the Privy Council required him to give an account of his conduct as

Ambassador to the Emperor, and he did so in a letter which has been preserved, and in which he fully vindicates himself from all the charges made against him.

Thereafter he was brought to trial, and fortunately we have a record of the speech he made in self-defence. In those days persons charged with treason were not allowed the assistance of counsel in defending themselves. Wyatt, however, lost nothing by this barbarous rule. His "defence" is little known, but it is a masterpiece of logical eloquence; and we shall give a somewhat full analysis of it as a rare specimen of the oratory of the time. Only in the formal parts of it is it in the least degree prolix; and it must be remembered that prolixity was characteristic of pleadings in the days of Wyatt. Yet even in these parts, the charge of prolixity can hardly be substantiated against it.

"My lords," he begins, "if it were here the law, as hath been in some Commonwealths, that in all accusations the defendant should have double the time to say and defend that the accusers have in making their accusations; and that the defendant might detain unto him counsel, as in France, or where the civil law is used; then might I well spare some of my leisure to move your lordships' hearts to be favourable unto me; then might I by counsel help my truth, which by mine own wit I am not able against such a prepared thing. But, inasmuch as that time that your lordships will favourably give me without interruption, I must spend to instruct without help of counsel their consciences that must pronounce upon me: I beseech you only (at the reverence of God, whose place in judgment you occupy under the King's majesty, and whom you ought to have, where you are, before your eyes), that you be not both my judges and my accusers,

that is, that you aggravate not my cause unto the quest, but that alone unto their requests or unto mine, which I suppose to be both ignorant of the law, ye interpret law sincerely. For I know right well what a small word may, of any of your mouths that sit in your place, to these men that seeketh light at your hands. This done, with your lordships' leaves, I shall convert my tale unto those men.

* * * *

"Of the points that I am accused of, to my perceiving these be the two marks whereunto mine accusers direct all their shot of eloquence—A *deed* and a *saying*.

"After this sort in effect is the *deed* alleged with so long words: 'Wyatt, in so great trust with the King's Majesty, that he made him his ambassador, and for whom his majesty hath done so much, being ambassador, hath had intelligence with the King's rebel and traitor, Pole.'

"Touching the *saying*, amounteth to this much: That same Wyatt, being also ambassador, maliciously, falsely, and traitorously said, that he feared that the King should be cast out of a cart's tail; and that by God's blood, if he were so, he were well served; and he would he were so."

Wyatt then proceeds to deal with the first charge made against him, and shows triumphantly that the only communication he ever had with Cardinal Pole was through one Mason, who was sent to Pole with the concurrence of both Bonner and Haynes to open up communication with him for the purpose of "undermining him, to see if he could suck out anything of him, that were worth the king's knowledge."

"Doth Mason here accuse me," Wyatt asks, "or confesseth that I sent him on a message? What word gave I unto thee, Mason? What message? I defy all familiarity and friendship

betwixt us,—say thy worst. My accusers themselves are accused in this tale as well as I, if this be treason. Yea, and more: for, whereas I confess frankly, knowing both my conscience and the thing clear of treason; they belike mistrusting themselves, deny this. What mean they by denying of this: Minister interrogatories. Let them have such thirty-eight as were ministered unto me; and their familiar friends examined in hold, and appear as well as I, and let us see what milk these men would yield. Why not? They are accused as well as I. Shall they be privileged, because they, by subtle craft, complained first? where I, knowing no hurt in the thing, did not complain likewise. But they are two. We are also two. As in spiritual courts men are wont to purge their fames, let us try our fames for our honesties, and we will give them odds. And if the thing be earnestly marked, theirs is negative, ours is affirmative. Our oaths ought to be received: theirs, in this point, cannot.

“But if that suspect should have been well and lawfully grounded before it had come as far as accusation, it should have been proved between Pole and me kin, acquaintance, familiarity, or else accord of opinions, where-by it might appear that my consent to Mason’s going to him should be for a naughty purpose; or else there should have been brought forth some success since, some letters, if none of mine, at the least of some others, some confession of some of his adherents that have been examined or suffered.

“But what? There is none. Why so? *Thou shalt as soon find out oil out of a flint-stone, as find any such thing in me.* What I meant by it is declared unto you. It was little for my avail: it was to undermine him; it was to be a spy over him; it was to learn an enemy’s counsel. If it might have been, had it been out of purpose trow

you? I answer now, as though it had been done on mine own head without the counsel of two of the King’s Counsellors, and myself also the third; there is also mine authority. I have received oft thanks from the King’s Majesty, and his Councils, for things that I have gotten by such practices; as I have in twenty letters, ‘use now all your policy, use now all your friends, use now all your dexterity, to come to knowledge and intelligence.’ This and such like was my policy. . . To set spies over traitors, it is, I think, no new practice with ambassadors.”

Wyatt meets the other part of the accusation with no less ability and directness. “Touching my *saying*,” he says, “For the love of our Lord, weigh it substantially; and yet withal, remember the naughty handling of my accusers in the other point; and in this you shall see no less maliciousness, and a great deal more falsehood. . . . Let this saying be interpreted in the highest kind of naughtiness and maliciousness. . . . This is (which God forbid should be thought of any man), that by throwing out of a cart’s tail I should mean that vile death that is ordained for wretched thieves. Besides this; put that I were the naughtiest rank traitor that ever the ground bore; doth any man think that I were so foolish, so void of wit that I would have told Bonner and Haynes, which had already lowered at my fashions, that I would so shameful a thing to the King’s Highness? Though I were, I say, so naughty a knave, and not all of the wisest, yet am not I so very a fool, though I thought so abominably, to make them privy of it, with whom I had no great acquaintance, and much less trust. . . .

“But ye know, masters, it is a common proverb, ‘I am left out of the cart’s tail,’ and it is taken upo_n

packing gear together for carriage, that it is evil taken heed to, or negligently slips out of the cart and is lost. So upon this blessed peace, that was handled, as partly is touched before, where seemed to be union of most part of Christendom, I saw that we hung yet in suspense between the two Princes that were at war, and that neither of them would conclude with us directly against the Bishop of Rome, and that we also would not conclude else with none of them; whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb, whereby I doubted they might conclude among themselves and leave us out. And in communicating with some, peradventure, forecasting these perils, I might say 'I fear, for all these men's fair promises, the king shall be left out of the cart's tail;' and lament that many good occasions had been let slip of concluding with one of those Princes, and I think that I have used the same proverb with some in talking. But that I used it with Bonner or Haynes I never remember; and if I ever did, I am sure never as they couch the tale."

Thus, and by other arguments which we forbear to quote, Wyatt disposes of the charge made against him of slandering the king. He does not make any apology for his conduct. He maintains fearlessly that he did what was right—he appeals to his judges directly on the question whether he did so or not; and he calls upon them to judge his conduct by its practical results, which he shows were for his country's benefit. His simple, terse old English is worthy of all admiration, his consciousness of innocence is inwoven with almost every phrase; and his manly self-reliance appears in every turn of the argument.

Unfortunately for poor Bonner he had thought fit to add to the

charges of treason against Wyatt several personal charges of another sort. After disposing of the case of treason, Wyatt concludes his defence by a short reply to these charges.

The first charge was that he had not treated his colleagues with the distinction due to ambassadors associated with him. His reply is—"I report me to my servants, whereof some of them are gentlemen, right honest men; to their own servants; yea, and let them answer themselves. Did ye not always sit at the supper end of the table? Went ye abroad at any time together, but that either the one or the other was on my right hand? Came any man to visit me whom I made not do ye reverence, and visit ye too? Had ye not in the galley the most and best commodious places? Had any man a worse than I? Where ye were charged with a groat, was not I charged with five? Was not I for all this first in the commission? Was not I ambassador resident? A better man than either of ye both should have gone without that honour that I did you, if he had looked for it. *I know no man that did you dishonour, but your own unmannerly behaviour, that made ye a laughing stock to all men that came in your company, and me sometimes to sweat for shame to see ye.*"

Another charge made against Wyatt was that he had said that Bonner and Haynes were "more meet to be parish priests than ambassadors." He retorts, "By my troth, I never liked them indeed for ambassadors; and no more did the most part of them that saw them, and namely, them that had to do with them. But that did I not talk, on my faith, with no stranger. But if I said they were meet to be parish priests, on my faith I never remember it; and it is not like I should say so; for as far as I could see, neither of them

both had greatly any fancy to mass, and that, ye know, were requisite for a parish priest; for this can all that were there report, that not one of them all while they were there, said mass, or offered to hear mass, as though it was but a superstition."

The parting hit administered by Wyatt to Bonner is as fine a piece of sarcastic oratory as we know. Bonner had accused him of "living viciously among the nuns of Barcelona." Wyatt admits his acquaintance with the nuns; states that it was an innocent and customary pastime to frequent the nunnery; and declares that he "used not the pastime in company of ruffians" but with the nobility of Spain, and with the ambassadors of Ferrara, Mantua, and Venice. Then he turns upon poor Bonner, the instigator of the charge of vicious living made against him, and addresses him thus:—

"Come on now, my Lord of London, what is my abominable and vicious living? Do ye know it, or have ye heard of it? I grant I do not profess chastity, but yet I use not abomination. If ye know it, tell it here, with whom, and when? If ye heard it, who is your author? Have you seen me have any harlot in my house whilst ye were in my company? Did you ever see woman so much as dine, or sup at my table? None, but for your pleasure, the woman that was in the galley; which I assure you may be well seen; for, before you came, neither she nor any other came above the mast. But because the gentlemen took pleasure to see you entertain her, therefore they made her dine and sup with you; and they liked well your looks, your carving to Madonna, your drinking to her, and your playing under the table. Ask Mason, ask Blage (Bowes is dead), ask Wolf, that was my steward; they can tell how the gentlemen marked it, and talked of it. It was a play to them, the keeping of your bottles that no man might drink of but yourself; and 'That the little fat priest were a jolly morsel for the signora.' This was their

talk; it is not my devise; ask other whether I do lie."

As a matter of course, Sir Thomas Wyatt was acquitted of the crimes laid to his charge. To be hated and accused by Bonner could only add lustre to his fame. Many men of doubtful repute have occupied seats in the English Church, but few of them have been so notoriously infamous as Edmund Bonner. His sanguinary persecution of the Protestants under Queen Mary will ever be a dark page in England's history; and Englishmen will not soon forget his long imprisonment, and his burial at midnight to avoid the hoots of an angry populace.

In 1542 an ambassador from the Emperor was sent to England to conclude a treaty between Charles V. and Henry VIII. for mutual action against France. At Henry's request Wyatt journeyed to Falmouth, to meet the embassy and conduct it to London. On his way he was seized with a fever, which terminated his life in October, 1542. He died at the early age of thirty-nine years.

In the speech from which we have quoted so largely, Wyatt refers to his opinions on religious topics, and he appears to have been fully sensible of the errors and defects of Romanism in his day. Defending himself against the charge of complicity with Cardinal Pole, he says, "Ye bring in now, that I should have this intelligence with Pole because of our opinions, that are like, and that I am papish. I think I should have more ado with a great sort in England, to purge myself of suspect of a Lutheran than of a Papist."

Two anecdotes are told of him which illustrate his Protestantism; we might quote more. One day the King was conversing with him on the suppression of monasteries. Henry doubted much whether the

country would submit to a confiscation of the monastic revenues in favour of the Crown. He explained his difficulty to Wyatt, who replied,—"Yes, Sire; but what if the rook's nest were buttered?" The King was not slow to see the application of the proverb, and the favour of the nobility was secured by sharing with them the Church revenues, which fell by confiscation to the Crown.

The other anecdote is connected with Henry's divorce of Catherine of Arragon. The King was bent upon obtaining the divorce. The Pope was unwilling to grant it; and Henry was superstitious enough to hesitate about carrying it through without papal authority. Wyatt knew the King's perplexity, and he is said to have exclaimed aloud in Henry's hearing:—"Heavens! that a man cannot repent him of his sins without the Pope's leave!" The speech sank deep into Henry's mind, and probably enough laid the foundation of what is now called the English Reformation.*

Lloyd gives us a glimpse of Sir Thomas Wyatt's character which we cannot omit:—

"We are told," he says, "that there were four things for which men went to dine with Sir Thomas Wyatt. 1st, his generous entertainment; 2nd, his free and knowing discourse of Spain and Germany, an insight into whose interests was his masterpiece, they having been studied by him for his own satisfaction as well as for the exigency of the times; 3rd, his quickness in observing, his civility in entertaining, his dexterity in employing, and his readiness in encouraging every man's parts and inclinations; and, lastly, the favour

and notice with which he was honoured by the King."†

Wyatt's death was commemorated in many epitaphs, written by the chief men of letters of the time. Lord Surrey's verses are too well known to need quotation here. There are elegies by Leland, Sir John Mason, Sir Anthony St. Leger, Sir Thomas Chaloner, Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, and others. Leland's deserves to be reproduced for its elegance:—

"Urna tenet cineres ter magni parva
Viati,
Fama per immensas sed volat alta
plagas."

Parkhurst's is somewhat defiled with the conceits of the time, but we give it for what it is worth;—

"Musarum venerandus ille Mystes
Hoc sub marmore conditur Viatus:
Flert castæ Veneres, Amor pudicus;
Flert Pitho, Charites, Novem Sorores
Et tu fletu Viator, hunc Viatum.
Joannes Parkhurst,
Mœrens."

We have traced Wyatt's career as a diplomatist from the cradle to the grave; but his fame really rests on his poetry, and we shall conclude our account of him with a very brief notice of his poetical works. To him, and to Lord Surrey, who was his junior by several years, we are indebted for the introduction into England of the lyric grace of Italian poetry. "In the latter end of the same King's (Henry VIII.) reign," says an old writer, "sprong up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two *cheftaines*, who having tra-

* See "Miscellaneous Antiquities," No. II. p. 16, &c. Printed at Strawberry Hill, 1772. 4to.

† Lloyd's "Worthies," II. 87.

vailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie, from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meeter and stile."*

There are many traces of the influence of Petrarch in Wyatt's verses. Many of his phrases are direct translations from the famous sonnets of the Italian lyrist; and Wyatt's *Songs and Sonnets*, as well as his *Odes*, and the great majority of his other poems are, like Petrarch's verses, descriptions of the varying moods of the lover. We make bold to confess that we find it difficult to maintain any deep interest in the famous Laura. Petrarch's letters are of far more interest than his sonnets; and Wyatt's speech in his own defence ranks higher in our estimation than his verses, considered as mere poetry.

But Wyatt must be credited with the merit of having been the first to introduce into English literature the *nuances de langage* which Surrey imitated, and which reappear at intervals in the writings of our great poets. He is often a little hard. He had not the supreme gift of genius—the *ars celare artem*. Art appears prominently in every line of his poetry, and no one who examines with care the manuscript copy of his poems will fail to see that he did not grudge the *labor limæ*. The task he set before him was not an easy one. He had to tune the rough letters of England to a music and a melody which were foreign to the genius of the English language as it was spoken in his time; and if he did not

entirely succeed in his efforts, he at least made a noble attempt to succeed, and he laid the foundation on which subsequent poets have built a lofty superstructure. He adopts for his verse more varied and rythmical measures than any poet of his time.

Warton quotes, and we shall follow his example, the following ode as a specimen of Wyatt's poetry. There is an instinctive grace in it which shines out above all the little blemishes of expression.

"*The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of his Love.*

"My Lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste!
And end that I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute! be still, for I have done.

"As to be heard where ear is none;
As lead to grave in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

"The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection,
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

"Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won:
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

"Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
Thou makest but game on earnest pain;
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain;
Although my lute and I have done.

"May chance thee lie withered and old,
In winter nights, that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list, for I have done.

* "Arte of English Poesie," Lib. i., c. 31, p. 48, ed. 1589.

“ And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent
And wish and want as I have done.

“ Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun:
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.”

It would not be difficult to trace much of this ode to Horace; but it is not the less interesting on that account. English lyric poetry could not have been modelled on anything better than the old classics and their Italian imitators.

In one respect Wyatt's poetry is worthy of all admiration. The love of which he sings is the pure, chivalric sentiment, untainted by any trace of earthly sensuousness. If you contrast him with the fleshliness of men like Swinburne, you at once see in him a nobler form of thought, a mind in which the passions are subdued by the intellect. This *rondel* runs with wonderful smoothness:—

“ *The Lover sendeth Sighs to move his Suit.*

“ Go, burning sighs! unto the frozen heart,
To break the ice, which pity's painful dart
Might never pierce: and if that mortal prayer
In heaven be heard, at least yet I desire
That death, or mercy, end my woful smart.
Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
And leave me then in rest, I you require.
Go, burning sighs! fulfil that I desire,
I must go work. I see, by craft and art,

For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas, I cannot therefore now assail her,
With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,
That from my breast deceivably doth start,
Go, burning sighs!”

One more specimen of Wyatt's odes and we have done with them. The versification is not so polished as we would wish; but the sentiment is full of nobility. The verses are entitled:—

“ *He Ruleth not, though he Reign over Realms, that is subject to his own Lusts.*

“ If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage,
For though thine empire stretch to Indian Sea
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulé,
If 'thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governor.

“ If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns and her eclipsing.
Alike hath made thee noble in his working;
So that wretched no way may thou be
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.

“ All* were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;

* All—although.

And though with Indian stones, a
 thousand-fold
 More precious than can thyself
 devise,
 Y-charged were thy back: thy
 covetise,
 And busy biting yet should never
 let
 Thy wretched life, ne do thy death
 profet."

It is in his satires that Wyatt's talent shines with the brightest lustre. Warton is not far wrong in describing him as "the first polished English Satirist." The stamp of truth and honour is on every line of his "Satires." In one of them, "written to John Poins," he says—

"My Poins, I cannot frame my tongue
 to feign,
 To cloak the truth, for praise without
 desert

Of them that list all vice for to re-
 tain.
 I cannot honour them that set their
 part
 With Venus and Bacchus all their
 life long;
 Nor hold my peace of them although
 I smart.
 I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a
 wrong;
 To worship them like God on earth
 alone.
 That are as wolves these sely lambs
 among."

Wyatt's poems will undoubtedly repay the studious reader for his trouble in acquainting himself with them. He was one of the moulders of our magnificent English language. It is a matter of regret that he is now so little read.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 37.

THE VERY REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., LL.D.,
F.R.S., &c., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,

Corresponding Member of the Institut de France.

THE Dean of Westminster enjoys a reputation second to that of no churchman of his time for the genial courtesy of his character, the cultured liberality of his spirit, and the graphic power of his pen. On questions of Church polity he has encountered many and determined opponents, for he is unflinching in controversy wherever the great broad principles of religious liberty are at stake. Ritualists dislike the breadth of his views; the Evangelical party dislikes his tolerance; and Dissenters dislike his loyalty to the State Church; but all parties are ready to bear witness that he is a chivalrous champion of his cause, and that no personal animosities stain the fervour with which he maintains his principles.

The Dean was born in 1815, and is a son of the late Dr. Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich. He was educated at Rugby, under the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, of whom he was a favourite pupil, and whose biographer he afterwards became. From Rugby school he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, where he held a scholarship. His connection with the University of Oxford was long and honourably distinguished. He received the Newdegate prize for English poetry, and in 1837 gained the Ireland scholarship and took a first class in classics. The Latin Essay prize was awarded to him in 1839, and in the following year the prizes for the English and Theological Essays. In the latter year he was elected a fellow of University College, of which he was tutor for twelve years.

In 1844 he made his first venture in the world of letters by the publication of his "Life of Dr. Arnold," a work which at once took rank in the very highest class of English biographies, and which may now fairly be regarded as a British classic. No doubt the liberal spirit of the great school-



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Arthur P. Stanley

PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. A. WALKER, LONDON.

master contributed much to implant in his pupil those wide and charitable habits of thought for which the Dean of Westminster is distinguished. To have been the pupil of Thomas Arnold is a proud memory.

In 1846 the "Life of Dr. Arnold" was followed by a volume from Dean Stanley's pen entitled "Stories and Essays on the Apostolic Age," and in 1850 he published his "Memoirs of Bishop Stanley."

In 1854, in conjunction with Professor Jowett, Dean Stanley published an edition and translation of the Pauline Epistles, with extensive critical notes and dissertations, a model of historical exegesis, and of honest unprejudiced endeavour to expound the apostle apart from considerations of creed or sect. "By one capital merit," says Dr. James Martineau, "the work renders a most important service to the progress of a just theology. It shows conclusively what the apostle did *not* mean: that the dogmatic statements drawn from his language overstrain his purpose—defining more than he intended to define, universalizing what he left in the particular, pronouncing on theses which were not present to his thought. The reader is so put into possession of the historical and personal situation of St. Paul, as to be recalled from the abstractions of modern metaphysical divinity to the concrete scenery, the local life, the party controversies of the apostolic age. He is familiarized with the idea of a gradual change and expansion of the apostle's own theology, and of some illusory conceptions blended with it throughout. And he is led to contemplate the 'Man of Tarsus' in relation to analogous spiritual experiences in other ages of awakened faith."*

Dean Stanley was Select Preacher to the University in 1845-46; Secretary to the Oxford University Commission in 1850-52; and was appointed Canon of Canterbury in 1851. In 1854 he published his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," a volume of much interest and of which several editions were rapidly sold.

Early in 1856 he gave to the world his book on Sinai and Palestine; † of which twenty editions have been sold. In the winter of 1852 and the spring of 1853 he had visited the scenes of sacred history in Egypt, Arabia and Syria; and this volume on Sinai and Palestine was the first-fruit of the journey. Its object is to illustrate the relation in which the history and the geography of the Jews stand to each other. It was originally undertaken, the author tells us in the preface to his subsequent volumes on the Jewish Church, with the express purpose of a preparation for that great work. One is struck in every chapter with the indefatigable zeal of the traveller, with his unsparing trouble in investigating and

* Introduction to Taylor's "Retrospect of the Religious Life of England," 2nd edition. London, 1876, p. 11.

† "Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History."

describing the localities through which he passes, and with the largeness of the historical and geographical knowledge which he has at command for illustrative purposes. His pictures are vivid in the extreme. Landscape after landscape, city after city, are graphically described, sometimes in the glory, sometimes in the gloom of Eastern colouring, always with a wealth of literary and historical illustration that charms as well as instructs. We extract from a letter written on the spot, and quoted in the introduction to the work, two brief but most graphic descriptions of Nile scenery. The first is entitled "The Nile in the Delta."

"The Eastern sky was red with the early dawn: we were on the broad waters of the Nile—or rather its Rosetta branch. The first thing which struck me was its size. Greater than the Rhine, Rhone, or Danube, one perceives what a sea-like stream it must have appeared to Greeks and Italians, who had seen nothing larger than the narrow and precarious torrents of their own mountains and valleys. As the light broke, its colour gradually revealed itself,—brown like the Tiber, only of a darker, richer hue—no strong current, only a slow, vast volume of water, mild and beneficent as his statue in the Vatican, steadily flowing on between its two almost uniform banks, which rise above it much like the banks of a canal, though in some places with terraces or strips of earth, marking the successive stages of the flood.

"These banks form the horizon on either side, and therefore you can have no notion of the country beyond; but they are varied by a succession of eastern scenes. Villages of mud rise like ant-hills, with human beings creeping about like ants, except in numbers and activity. Mostly they are distinguished by the minaret of a well-built mosque, or the white oven-like dome of a Sheykh's tomb; mostly, also, screened by a grove of palms, sometimes intermixed with feathery tamarisks, and the thick foliage of the carob-tree or the sycamore. Verdure, where it is visible, is light green, but the face of the bank is usually brown. Along the top of the banks move, like scenes in a magic lantern, and as if cut out against the sky, groups of Arabs, with their two or three asses, a camel, or a buffalo."

A little farther up the river the Nile valley commences, and our next quotation describes it.

"Two limestone rauges press it (the river) at unequal intervals, sometimes leaving a space of a few miles, sometimes of a few yards, sometimes even of a large plain. They are truly parts of a table-mountain. Hardly ever is their horizontal line varied; the only change in them is their nearer or less approach to the stream. . . . Immediately above the brown or blue waters of the broad, calm, lake-like river, rises a thick black bank of clod or mud, mostly in terraces. Green—unutterably green—mostly at the top of these banks, though sometimes creeping down to the water's edge, lies the land of Egypt. Green—unbroken,

save by the mud villages which here and there lie in the midst of the verdure, like the marks of a soiled foot on a rich carpet; or by the dykes and channels which convey the life-giving waters through the thirsty land. This is the land of Egypt, and this is the memorial of the yearly flood. Up to those black terraces, over the green fields, the water rises and descends—

‘*Et viridem Ægyptum nigrâ fecundat arenâ.*’

And not only when the flood is actually there, but throughout the whole year, is water continually ascending through innumerable fields worked by naked figures, as the Israelites of old ‘in the service of the field,’ and then flowing on in gentle rills through the various allotments. To the seeds of these green fields, to the fishes of the wide river, is attached another natural phenomenon, which I never saw equalled; the numbers numberless of all manner of birds—vultures, and cormorants, and geese, flying like constellations through the blue heavens; pelicans standing in long array on the water side; hoopoes and ziczaes, and the (so-called) white ibis, the gentle symbol of the God Osiris in his robes of white; ‘*ἔν ποσὶν ἰλιμίμοι*—walking under one’s very feet.”

These descriptions are like cameos. We regret that our limited space prohibits us from “setting” many more of them in our pages.

From 1858 to 1863 Dr. Stanley was Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Canon of Christ Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

His Lectures on Ecclesiastical History form the basis of his well-known “History of the Jewish Church,” of which the first edition appeared in 1862, the second in 1865, and a third this year. It was the purpose of Dean Stanley, in composing this work, “so to delineate the outward events of Sacred History as that they should come home with new power to those who by familiarity have almost ceased to regard them as historical truths at all: so to bring out their inward spirit, that the more complete realization of their outward form should not degrade but exalt the Faith of which they are the vehicle.”

It is not too much to say of this History that from first to last the narrative never flags, while ever and anon it bursts forth into passages of real eloquence. The majestic figures of the Patriarchs, Judges, and Prophets of Israel are clothed by Dean Stanley with a new glory; yet it is a glory which is not new—only the light of ages long past has been made again to shine upon them. The laborious research, the careful study of natural scenery, the far-reaching literary attainments of the Dean are beyond all praise; his appreciation of the various epochs of Jewish history, and of its development from Abraham’s days to the rise of Christianity is indicative of deep historical insight; and his intense

sympathy with the heroes of whom he writes enables him to realize and explain their characters, their deeds, and their writings with surpassing interest. The reader never for a moment feels that he has been carried back to investigate histories thousands of years old: rather that men and scenes thousands of years old are being brought into his very presence.

All through the work Dean Stanley's tolerant spirit emphatically asserts itself. He quotes, early in the first volume, an "ancient Jewish or Persian apologue, of doubtful origin, but of most instructive wisdom, of almost Scriptural simplicity," the spirit of which he seems to have largely imbibed and consistently acted upon. It is as follows:—

"When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down, but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked where the stranger was; he replied: 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee.' God answered, '*I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?*' Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the GOD OF ABRAHAM.*"

Every attempt on the part of humanity to realize its relation to the One great Creator and Father of All, the Dean of Westminster sees to be a step in the right direction. He traces the struggles by which the Jewish mind attained to the idea of the One God. To Abraham he ascribes the grand generalization by which, for the first time in authentic history, Eastern polytheism was superseded by a rational monotheism; or rather, the many aspects of God which had been previously personified as separate Deities were recognized as merely various manifestations of the One. But the same struggles carried on in other nations, and under other conditions, meet with close sympathy from the Dean, not with the reasonless condemnation which is so freely bestowed upon them by the bigot and the creed-monger. All such streams of thought tend equally towards the first grand principle of all religion, the knowledge of *JEHOVAH*—the *I AM*—whom Moses revealed as the unseen and self-existent God.

The Prophets are the true national heroes of the Jews. Kings and

conquerors fade into obscurity before their fame. How many of us have been taught to regard them as mere foretellers of future events, rather than in their true character of searchers after God and expounders of His discovered will to the people? There are signs of the times which have enabled wise men in all ages to predict the future. The Jewish prophets possessed that wisdom in a high degree, but it was no specialty of their office to draw away the veil which hangs between man and the days to come. Yet, as Dean Stanley says with truth, "the Prophets of the Old Dispensation did in a marked and especial manner look forward to the future. It was this which gave to the whole Jewish nation an upward, forward, progressive character, such as no Asiatic, no ancient, I may almost say, no other nation has ever had in the same degree. Representing as they did the whole people, they shared and they personified the general spirit of tenacious trust and hope that distinguishes the people itself. Their warnings, their consolations, their precepts, when relating to the past and the present, are clothed in imagery drawn from the future. The very form of the Hebrew verb, in which one tense is used both for the past and the future, lends itself to this mode of speech. They were conceived as shepherds seated on the head of one of the hills of Judæa, seeing far over the heads of their flocks, and guiding them accordingly; or as watchmen standing on some lofty tower, with a wider horizon within their view than that of ordinary men."

The prophets sought and obtained that communion with God which he never withholds from those who earnestly and reverently seek it. They were, according to the Dean, the preachers of the Unity and Spirituality of God, of the supremacy of moral above ceremonial duties; they were leaders not alone of individuals but of the nation; they lived independently, "elevated above the passions, and prejudices, and distractions of common life." And when they spoke of the future they gave "signal proof that the Bible is really the guiding book of the World's history, in its anticipations, predictions, insight into the wants of men, far beyond the age in which it was written."

It will be seen that Dean Stanley's view of the functions of the prophets attaches a human interest to their history which drops out of existence when they are regarded as the mere inspired mouth-pieces of a God mechanically revealing himself in their utterances; and that the annals of the Jewish Church, and of the Jewish nation, which was co-extensive with the Church, live a new life in his thoughtful and richly varied story. We are glad to observe that he allows us to hope for yet another volume, although the task he originally set himself is concluded in the recently issued Vol. III, from which, as an admirable specimen of rhetoric art, brilliant without being overstrained, we make the following extract, descriptive of the fall of Babylon:—

"In that same night was Belshazzar the King slain"—so briefly and

terribly is the narrative cut short in the Book of Daniel. But from the contemporary authorities, or those of the next century, we are able to fill up some of the details as they were anticipated or seen at the time. It may be that, as according to Berosus, the end was not without a struggle, and that one or other of the kings who ruled over Babylon was killed in a hard-won fight without the walls. But the larger part of the accounts are steady to the suddenness and completeness of the shock, and all combine in assigning an important part to the great river, which, as it had been the pride of Babylon, now proved its destruction. The stratagems by which the water was diverted, first in the Gyndes and then in the Euphrates, are given partly by Herodotus and partly by Xenophon. It is their effect alone which need here be described. 'A way was made in the sea'—that sea-like lake—'and a path in the mighty waters.' 'Chariot and horse, army and power' are, as in the battle of the Milvian bridge, lost in the dark stream to rise up no more, extinguished like a torch plunged in the waters. The hundred gates, all of bronze, along the vast circuit of the walls, the folding-doors, the two-leaved gates which so carefully guarded the approaches of the Euphrates, opened as by magic for the conqueror; 'her waves roared like great waters, the thunder of their voice was uttered.' The inhabitants were caught in the midst of their orgies. The Hebrew seer trembled as he saw the revellers unconscious of their impending doom, like the Persian seer for his own countrymen before the battle of Platæa, ἐχθίστην δόρυ. But it was too late. 'Her princes, and her wise men, and her captains, and her rulers and her mighty men were cast into a perpetual sleep,' from which they never woke. They succumbed without a struggle, they forbore to fight. They remained in the fastnesses of their towering houses; their might failed; they became as women, they were hewn down like the flocks of lambs, of sheep, of goats, in the shambles or at the altar. To and fro, in the panic of that night, the messengers encountered each other with the news that the city was taken at one end, before the other end knew. The bars were broken, the passages were stopped, the tall houses were in flames, the fountains were dried up by the heat of the conflagration. The conquerors, chiefly the fiercer mountaineers from the Median mountains, dashed through the terrified city like wild beasts. They seemed to scent out blood for its own sake; they cared not for the splendid metals that lay in the Babylonian treasure-houses; they hunted down the fugitives as if they were chasing deer or catching runaway sheep. With their huge bows they cut in pieces the young men whom they encountered; they literally fulfilled the savage wish of the Israelite captives, by seizing the infant children and hurling them against the ground, till they were torn limb from limb in the terrible havoc. A celestial sword flashes a first, a second, a third, a fourth, and yet again a fifth time, at each successive blow sweeping away the Chiefs of the State, the idle boasters, the

chariots, the treasures, the waters. The Hammer of the Nations struck again and again and again, as on the resounding anvil—and with repeated blows beat down the shepherd as he drove his flock through the wide pasture of the cultivated spaces, the husbandman as he tilled the rich fields within the walls with his yoke of oxen—no less than the lordly prince or chief. The houses were shattered; the walls with their broad walks on their tops, the gateways mounting up like towers, were in flames.”

Not less interesting, nor less graphic, are many other pictures contained in this history. The story of Abraham, for example; of Elijah on Carmel competing with the priests of Baal; of the death of Elijah; of Balaam and Balak; of Jonah. We cannot condense them in quotation without destroying their effect, and we therefore refrain from quoting farther.

In 1862 Dr. Stanley made a second visit to the Holy Land as one of the suite of the Prince of Wales, and was fortunate enough to be one of the party who, through the Prince's influence, were admitted to inspect the Mosque of Hebron, a favour which had not been accorded to any European since the Mussulman occupation in A.D. 1187. A most interesting description of the interior of the Mosque and of the tombs of Abraham, and Sarah, and the patriarchs, and others who rest in the cave of Macphelah, is appended to his “Sermons preached in the East before the Prince of Wales.” In 1863 he was appointed Dean of Westminster.

We have already referred to the tolerant spirit of Dean Stanley. In justice both to the Dean and to those who differ from him we shall have to speak more fully on the subject. In the Church of England there are at present three parties: the High Church party; the Low Church party; and the Broad Church party. Of the Broad Church party the Dean of Westminster is the acknowledged leader.

What is Dean Stanley's Broad Churchism? This, so far as we understand him, and neither more nor less than this: the “Church” is the nation looked at in its religious aspect: the services of the Church ought in every pulpit of the land, and at every altar in the land, to express the common religious feeling of the people. In this way every citizen ought to join in the national religious services; and it is scandalous and schismatic to formulate these national services so as to exclude any member of the community seeking after the truth from participating in them.

There may be grounds on which this principle can be found fault with: but we are not ashamed to confess that we do not perceive them. We know that the Dean of Westminster has had a hard battle to fight in defence of his view. We know also that he will gain the victory, or die in harness. Whether it will be in his day or not, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*

The truth is that petty subdivisions are subversive of all real religion, and productive only of theological controversy, from which no man can reap real profit. Why should mountains be made of molehills? Is a man to be severed as regards religion from perhaps his dearest friend because, forsooth, they differ about the *Filioque* clause of the Nicene creed? Or is a man to be deemed a heretic because he will not consent that every one who differs from a given set of theological principles shall annually be consigned to eternal damnation "upon these Feasts, the Epiphany, St. Matthias, Easter-day, Ascension Day, Whitsunday, St. John Baptist, St. James, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthew, St. Simon and Jude, St. Andrew, and upon Trinity Sunday!"*

Poor St. Athanasius! Few men have suffered more persecution than he suffered. Half his life was spent in exile. When a price was set upon his head he fled for protection to the hermits who dwelt in the deserts of Egypt. Even there his enemies pursued him, and lest his presence should bring danger on his protectors he betook himself with one faithful servant to the untrodden wastes of Libya. His mild treatment of his enemies, when fortune restored him to his Bishopric, has been proverbial in the Church for a millenium: yet the crass ignorance of Ecclesiastics has attached his name to the most damnatory of all the creeds! And men are condemned from year to year to eternal torments in terms of the forged creed which passes under his name on the festivals above enumerated.

Of recent years a movement arose in the Church of England for a cessation of dispensing this wholesale everlasting damnation. The Dean of Westminster was one of those who conceived that the Church might continue its existence without damage to its usefulness even though it refrained from these periodical curses. He supported, both in convocation and in public, the proposal to abolish the use of the Athanasian creed.

It was a question on which he spoke out, and his expressed views on it are highly illustrative of his character. In the Lower House of Convocation in April, 1872, he maintained that the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian creed "belong to that wretched system which regarded heresy as a crime which the Church and the State and all the powers of earth were bound to extirpate. I hold," he said, "that this opinion which is thus incorporated in the damnatory clauses is absolutely false, and I will venture to say, not only is it absolutely false, but it is believed by every single member of this House to be absolutely false." And continued the Dean, "When the Primates of the Church, in the Upper House of Convocation declared, without any single bishop answering them, that there was not one bishop of the chamber who received these clauses in their plain

* Athanasian Creed.

literal sense, the Primate was only saying that which plain Christian duty and justice called upon him to say."

This same effort to release a man from the necessity of condemning his neighbour's opinion, while he retains his own opinion and his right to express it in any and all circumstances in which he may be placed—this effort should surely succeed. Does religion consist solely in scholastic dogmas? Is every one to be consigned to eternal perdition who does not look through the antiquated spectacles of the Fathers, the early reformers, or the Puritans? Surely not.

As another illustration of the liberal spirit of the Dean, we may record that the pulpit of Westminster Abbey has under his *régime* been opened to Dr. Colenso, to Dr. Moffat, and to Professor Max Müller. The usual criticism followed: the Dean was blamed for laxity; but reasonable men look with unmeasured delight on the opening of the Westminster lectern to the intellect of the day.

Dean Stanley is a professed Erastian. We have heard the word used, especially in Scotland, as a term of obloquy—used however by men who took a very narrow view of the principles professed by Erastus. Erastianism is only objectionable when a narrow creed is established and imposed on the community. Widen your creed sufficiently, provide religious instruction through a National Church which shall as far as is practicable reflect all shades of national opinion, but which shall not give its *imprimatur* to Calvinism or Arminianism or any *ism*. Who is injured thereby? On the other hand, who is not benefited?

The system of Erastus is, he says, "a system in the judgment of many far more beneficial than mere Episcopacy, and far less liable to superstitious abuse—the system which is called 'Erastianism, in its sources, its tendencies, and its historical development'—that is to say, the system advocated by all our Protestant Reformers, by the most liberal Churchmen, and by the most philosophic statesmen of the last two centuries—the system of giving the nation a share in the government of the Church and subjecting the fancies of the clergy to the control of the most intelligent portion of the laity—the system of securing to at least one institution in the country a liberty 'which admits of almost every school of theology within its pale,' and which encourages as much intercourse with Nonconformists as the nation represented in Parliament desires. To insist on destroying this system, merely because it happens not to commend itself to the consciences of those who are perfectly free not to avail themselves of it, and who in fact indignantly refuse to accept of it for themselves, would be quite as injurious to those who are conscientiously attached to such a system, and quite as inconsistent with liberal principles, as was the attempt of the Church of 1662 to suppress Presbyterianism or Congregationalism, or of the Presbyterians or Congregationalists of 1649 to destroy Episcopacy."

Imposing no theological fetters on others, Dean Stanley claims the right for himself, which he freely accords to his neighbours, of forming his own opinions and preaching them. He speaks no damnation to those who hold dogmatic views differing from his own. We quote a few lines thoroughly indicative of his spirit. "I entirely repudiate," he says, speaking of the *Filioque* clause, "the idea that these great fathers and patriarchs of the Eastern Church are everlastingly lost on that account. Whether they were right or wrong in their view of the Double Procession, it is not for me to say; but what I do maintain is, that whether they were right or wrong makes not the slightest difference to their salvation. Justin Martyr, Gregory of Nyssa, Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Basil—not one of these, I will venture to say, has been everlastingly lost because they denied one of the most essential formularies contained in St. Athanasius's Creed."

The following little picture of the Dean is from an able pen:*

"The Latitudinarians of the seventeenth century found a centre of union in Lord Falkland's house. If we looked for a corresponding rallying point where we might expect to meet the modern successors of Hales and Chillingworth, we should perhaps fix our eye upon the Deanery of Westminster: only that here the High Church Archdeacon, the Low Church Curate, the Presbyterian Moderator, the Independent Minister, are likely also to be found. Falkland gathered together a private club, to *talk* of latitude; the Dean of Westminster lays himself out with resolute consistency to *practise* it; not hesitating to let his venerable abbey hear the voice, now of an Oxford Layman, now of a Glasgow Professor, and now of a Nonconformist Missionary; or himself to occupy the pulpit in parishes beyond the Tweed. This courageous openness, in preaching, in writing, in the Convocation debates, and in social action, contrasts strongly with the reserve of the old Latitudinarians, and has greatly strengthened the liberal wing of the Church of England. Complaint indeed is sometimes heard that its leading preachers do not define their precise theological position; while unshrinkingly rejecting popular errors, they are too reticent as to the form of faith which they preserve. The complaint proceeds from the lingering dogmatic conception of Christian Union, against which it is their purpose to protest. They insist that religious worship and fellowship might be much more comprehensive than it is, and that the obtrusion of dogmatic superfluities is a schismatic act, hurtful to piety and charity, and disguising the true spiritual affinities of men. Their own minds have passed into a region above the hindrances to sympathy; and though they may carry definition to the last degree of refinement in the study, they would surrender themselves to common trusts and affections in the Church. The possibility

* That of Dr. Martineau.

of this is precisely what it is their mission to show; and to demand from them, in its discharge, they shall tell you just where they agree and cease to agree with others, is to ask them to recant and renounce their work."

Dean Stanley is Rector of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, and is a Doctor of Laws in that University, an honour conferred upon him in 1871. In 1872 he was a second time elected Select Preacher to the University of Oxford, in the face of a violent opposition, joined in by both Ritualists and Low Churchmen, the vote in Convocation by which his appointment was confirmed being 349 against 287. We quote the figures to show that the Liberal party in the Church of England is on the increase.

The Dean is author of many works which we have not been able to notice in detail, all of them characterized by the same eloquent advocacy of religious freedom. Among others we may refer to his "Lectures on the Eastern Church," his edition of "Bishop Stanley's Addresses and Charges," his volume on the Church of Scotland, "Scripture Portraits," and various volumes of Sermons. Since he became Dean of Westminster he has also written "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey." It is well known that he has been a large contributor to the *Reviews* and other periodicals.

Any sketch of Dean Stanley would be incomplete if it did not make some reference to his late wife. Lady Augusta Stanley, a daughter of Lord Elgin's, was loved as widely as she was known. She was formerly a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Kent. Afterwards she was appointed an *extra* bedchamber-woman to the Queen. None of those who saw her remains committed to the dust on the 9th of March, 1876, will ever forget the solemn ceremony, dignified by the presence of royalty. But there are hearts in the poorest districts of London which have been solaced in their poverty and infirmity by Lady Augusta Stanley, and these hearts are her living monument. The *Times* said well in describing her, that she was the "kindly lady whose name is graven on the hearts of rich and poor."

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

BY E. J. CURTIS.

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND "KATHLEEN'S REVENGE."

PART II.—*concluded.*

CHAPTER VIII.

. . . . Yet, if hours
By inward change be counted
Years have gone by and life completely
changed. W. STORY.

POOR Rachel's trouble was indeed a very sad one, sadder than she had ever imagined any trouble could be to her, for it was caused by the ruin and disgrace of one who was near and dear to her. Since the time she had heard from her father at the Priory, letters had come from him still more desponding and miserable, but he never explained what caused his grief. At last, however, the tale was told, and it came upon poor Rachel like a thunderclap; but Miss Conway indignantly declared she had suspected it all along.

Since early in the preceding year, the music-master wrote, he had been quite alone. His daughter, his darling, his beautiful Ada, had left him suddenly, and without even writing to say why she had gone, whither, or with whom. He had searched for her everywhere, he had advertised in the *Times*, and had been answered with the words "Well, and happy," but still she never wrote to him, never sent, never came. But a few months

ago she had returned to him voluntarily, a ruined disgraced, and, he feared, a dying woman. She had trusted, and had been betrayed, and when she had appealed to her lover to fulfil his pledge, and make her a wife before she became a mother, he had told her plainly enough, that what she was, she must remain—his mistress.

The shock was too much for her. She had sinned terribly, but she was terribly punished. Her baby was born only to die, and as soon as she was able to move she returned to her father, told him her disgraceful story—was pitied and forgiven.

"She is dying she says," Scotelli wrote to his other daughter, "and she longs to see you, Rachel, once more before she goes. She thinks if you had been living with us, that she never would have been tempted to leave her home. Will you come to us? It will comfort me to have you near me."

These few lines I have quoted from the unhappy music-master's letter, occasioned a serious misunderstanding, not to say an open rupture between Miss Conway and her niece. Rachel declared that she would go to her father. Miss Conway declared that she should not. "What!" she cried, "would

you put yourself voluntarily in contact with a woman like your sister? you must be mad, child! What would the world say to me for allowing you to go, and to you for going?"

"I do not care for the world," Rachel had replied hotly; "my father wants me, and I must go."

"Choose then between him and me," was Miss Conway's parting speech, as she went out to church.—The letters had come on Easter Sunday morning—and Rachel did choose, and had any one who knew her been abroad the following morning, they might have seen Miss Scott alone at the Railway station. Her face was very pale, for she had not slept during the night. But although she knew that she was perhaps putting a barrier which never could be removed between herself and a possible, and very happy future, she did not hesitate. The vision of her unhappy sister, crushed with shame and misery, and of her father broken in health and spirit, and longing for her, was too much for her, and she decided that her duty was to go to him, let the consequences be what they might.

Of course Vaughan paid Miss Russel an absurdly early visit on Easter Monday morning. He walked in unannounced, and hearing voices in the drawing-room he hoped he was going to find Rachel; but when he went in he found instead, Miss Conway. She, poor woman had evidently been weeping copiously, and Harry immediately came to the conclusion that Rachel must be very ill, dying in fact!

"What has happened?" he said, without pausing to think whether or not his question was intrusive.

Miss Russel made him a warning sign, but Miss Conway saw it, and at once addressed him. She knew him but slightly, as I have before said, still, as he appeared to be

on such friendly terms at The Lodge, he might hear her grievance.

"I came to speak to Miss Russel about my niece, Mr. Vaughan," she said, and her voice was very cold, and hard, Harry thought; "she has thought fit to leave my protection, and I can never see, or speak to her again."

Miss Russel saw the expression which came over Vaughan's face at the words "my protection," and she hastened to explain. "Miss Scott has gone to her father, to London; he is ill, and she thought she ought to be with him. Her aunt refused to let her go, but she went notwithstanding, by the early train this morning."

"Went alone?" cried Vaughan.

"Yes, alone, and with a very small bag too," replied poor Miss Conway, as though the small amount of luggage her niece had carried was an additional grievance. "But I mean to send all her things after her, the ungrateful girl. I have done with her; she will end like her sister I suppose——"

"Oh, pray hush!" cried Miss Russel, "you should not say such things; you would not say them if you were not angry. Shall I go to London myself and see Rachel? and if I can persuade her to come back with me, you will not refuse to receive her? I know you will not."

And then Miss Conway burst out crying again, and having tied on a very thick veil to hide her flushed and tearful face she went away.

"Now tell me all about this mystery," exclaimed Vaughan, whose impatience had been kept under only by a violent effort.

And Miss Russel told him, not even keeping back the part that Rachel's sister had returned to her home a degraded woman.

"And *she* is in the same house with Rachel now," he said, with vehement emphasis on the pronoun.

"Yes," replied Miss Russel, watching the young man's face intently. "Oh, Harry," she added, laying her hand appealingly upon his arm, "would it not have been better for you to have taken my advice?"

"No," he returned, emphatically, "it would not have been better. It would make no difference in my love for Rachel had she fifty disgraced sisters, instead of only one, and I honour her more than I can say for having gone to her father in his trouble as she has done; it shows how nobly unselfish she is. You are going to London, are you not?" the impetuous young man continued. "I shall ask for a few days' leave, and go with you, I cannot endure this suspense any longer. I have no reason to believe that she cares for me, but I mean to ask her to be my wife, and if she consents, let me see who will dare to say a disparaging word of her!" He strode up and down the room furiously while he was speaking, as if the people who might venture to say a disparaging word of his idol were at hand to be fallen upon.

"And if she does not care for you?" Miss Russel ventured to remark.

Vaughan halted suddenly, and a sad troubled expression came into his bright blue eyes. "If she doesn't," he said, "I shall sell out, and go off to Australia. I told you months ago, Miss Russel, that Rachel was dearer to me than anything in the world, but I did not know then what my power of loving was. I tell you now that her refusal to be my wife would cause such utter blank misery to me, that I do not like to think of my future without her. I dare say you think I am an awful fool," he added with a weak attempt to smile, "and I suppose I am, but I can't help it. If you had ever known what it——"

"I do not think you are a fool,"

she interrupted, before he could finish, "and I hope you will succeed, and be happy, both of you, as I wish you to be. And now tell me your plans. I shall go to town this afternoon. I suppose you could not be ready to come with me."

"Hardly; there is my leave you see; but I'll follow you as soon as I can get away—by the night mail perhaps. Let me have your address, please."

He was quite calm then, and no one would have imagined, who had seen him walking back to the barracks, that he had been conducting himself in a very wild and irrational manner not half an hour before. But how few of us carry our hearts upon our sleeves. And how can we tell in what antics any of the sober commonplace-looking people whom we pass during our walks abroad, may have been indulging in the bosom of their families?

That young lady who is "smiling in scorn," or "smiling in jest," as we tell her what a very lovely day it is, may be mourning in secret over the desertion of a fickle lover, and that young man who passes us blythly whistling "Slap Bang" or "John Brown" may have a forged cheque in his pocketbook, the discovery of which will bring him to ruin, and the grey hairs of his father with sorrow to the grave. I do not believe that a secret remorse is always dogging the footsteps of sin, and making life a burden. It is only your chicken-hearted sinners who have any conscience to trouble them. In nine cases out of ten, people who have committed great crimes never realize to themselves the enormity of their guilt.

Luigi Scotelli, professor of music, had a small house out Brompton way, in a retired street, not far from the site of the International Exhibition of 1862. He

was able from that quarter to reach his daily work per omnibus or underground. It was a small house, and the furniture in it was old and shabby. But before the unhappy girl who had been its mistress had left it for the shelter of a more splendid, if less honest, home, it had been her pride to keep it as fresh and bright as possible. When she went away there was no one to open a window, or draw down a blind, no one to arrange the shabby furniture to the best advantage in the little drawing-room where Scotelli attended to the few pupils who came to him for their lessons. No one to see that the mean little parlour, with the worn haircloth sofa, and the equally worn haircloth chairs, in which Scotelli lived, and smoked his everlasting pipe, and drank his weak beer, was swept or dusted from week's end to week's end.

In the drawing-room aforesaid, upon the day following her arrival from W—, Rachel was sitting quite alone. She had been with her sister, who was far too weak and ill to leave her room; but the unhappy girl, soothed by the unwonted presence and kind care of a tender woman, had fallen asleep, and Rachel had come downstairs to try and give the room in which she would now have to spend so much of her time, some appearance of home.

But it was very hard, the maid had lighted a fire which had burned furiously, and had made the small chamber feel exactly like an oven, but the hearth was unswept, and the glaring March sun was streaming through the front window in which the stained yellow linen blind had been drawn up crookedly to the very top. Rachel, who was, like the majority of women, fond of subdued light, threw up the sash, and pulled down the blind, but a strong east wind, which is the invariable

companion of glaring sun in March, rushed in and blew the ashes and the blacks all about, so that window had to be shut, and the opposite window opened, and then Rachel with her handkerchief dusted the piano, and the round table, upon which there was a photographic album, a monthly part of "The London Journal" long out of date, a copy of "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy," a Church Service in shabby velvet binding, and an opera glass. Then she straightened the chimney ornaments, which were a clock, under a glass shade, with the hands stationary at a quarter to one—they had been so for months—and a pair of Bohemian glass candlesticks with dusty artificial holly leaves and berries around the sockets, and with crystal pendants which clanged and jangled as if angry at being touched.

When she had done all she could, she wished for some flowers, and as they, like many other things, would not come for wishing, she sat down to rest, and to think. It was not easy to her to do either, for her thoughts were in a whirl. She had scarcely yet begun to realize her position; to feel how completely and suddenly her life had changed; although little more than twenty-four hours had passed since she left W— she felt as if it were months since she had been there. Her remembrance even of the people whom she knew best grew horribly vague and indistinct, and a sick longing came suddenly over her to know what they were all doing at that moment. I wonder if she had been asked to individualize, what she would have said?

But she did not regret having come to that dreary, stuffy little house; the joy of her poor father's face when he saw her, had been very pleasant to her after her lonely journey, and the comfort her sister derived from her presence was un-

mistakable. It had not by any means come home to Rachel properly, or with any force, that the poor girl whose greeting to her had been a deep blush, and a violent burst of weeping, had been guilty of that special sin which, as society is at present constituted, at once and for ever cuts off a woman from the virtuous of her sex, and she actually found herself looking, as it were, for some brand which would henceforth point out the erring girl as an outcast.

Of course she could see no such brand, and she felt nothing whatever of that inward repulsion when in her sister's company, which we are told we ought to feel when we come into close contact with sin and shame. I think the Puritan inhabitants of that New England town about whom Hawthorn writes in that strangest and quaintest of his strange quaint tales, were right to mark their fallen sister with a scarlet letter upon her breast—there was in Hester Prynne herself nothing to call forth the righteous scorn of her townspeople.

Rachel could not bring herself to believe that the pale creature who looked so pretty and so fragile, and who was so silent, and apparently so resigned, could be as she had called herself in her first passionate outburst of shame and grief, unfit to receive her sister's pure embrace.

They had felt much more at ease with each other that second morning. Poor Ada could not speak of herself to Rachel. She alluded vaguely to the past year of her life, as a year to be atoned for if she lived, but one which never could be wiped out or forgotten; but she could not tell the tale of her temptation, and her fall, and her discovery that the man who had vowed such vows, and whom she had loved with all her heart, and had trusted as woman alone can trust, was worthless, to that fair young sister, as she could have told it to an utter stranger.

She could not explain to that inexperienced girl, that although all trust in her betrayer had vanished, love for him was strong as ever; she could not confess the wild mad longing she had sometimes to see him just once more, nor could she explain the dull blank feeling of despair that crept over her when she thought of the honest, respectable, loveless life she had now before her.

So, while thoughts that her tongue could not venture to utter were whirling through her brain, she talked to Rachel about her father, about little petty household matters, and questioned her about W—— and was apparently pleased to hear all that her sister could, or rather all that she chose to tell, of her life in the old Cathedral town, and then, tired by the unusual exertion, Ada fell asleep, and Rachel, as I have already described, went downstairs to try and make the drawing-room look like home.

But when she at length sat down very tired, and yet anxious to think over, and to realize her position, she was clearly conscious only of a strong desire to wash her hands; but still the effort to go upstairs again was too much, so she sat on; and presently she fell into a state which was half sleep, half reverie, and her thoughts wandered away drearily to W——, and the prominent figure in them was a tall young man with fair curly hair and blue eyes, eyes that had often told her a sweet tale to which she would not allow herself to listen. Ah! should she ever have the chance of listening to it again? Never—never—never! Some distant street cry seemed to say the word, and just then the door opened, and the next moment she was crying, partly with pleasure, and partly with excitement and surprise, in Miss Russel's arms.

But I do not know, after the first few seconds were over, why she should have turned an eager look towards the door, as if expecting to see some other person enter! But no one appeared, so she led Miss Russel to the sofa, and sat down very close beside her, and held her hand tightly. "It was so kind of you to come," she said, "so very kind, and so like you; but somehow I was so surprised when I saw you. Tell me, was Aunt Conway very angry?"

She asked the question lightly; but she turned a shade paler when she heard that her aunt would not receive her again, if she did not at once go back. "She is quite serious in the resolve," Miss Russel explained, "so I thought it better to come and tell you myself. You must decide at once, and pray, my dear child, consider well what you are about to do. I would not for the world urge you to do what you feel to be wrong, but the question is, ought you to sacrifice yourself?"

"You know I had no intention of staying here always when I left W——," Rachel began; "my father wished to see me, and it was only kind to come to him for a while."

"But the while must be for ever if you do not come back with me." And then, seeing that the girl shook her head, she added, "Again I must ask you to think of the sacrifice, Rachel. I do not wish to pain you, dear, but when your sister's story comes to be known, as you may be sure it will before long, think how it may affect you to be with her, sharing her home—seen with her—and——"

"Even so," interrupted Rachel in a very low, steady voice, "but I cannot go; it would be selfish and cruel of me to leave papa and poor Ada now. I suppose she has been very wicked, but I do not feel that to be with her can really do

me any harm, and if you do not throw me off, dear Granuy, I do not care much who does."

Miss Russel stooped down and tenderly kissed the girl's quivering lips.

"There are other reasons why I could not go back, perhaps ever again, even if Aunt Conway would allow me," Rachel continued after a pause. "Ada is at present very weak, but she says she thinks she is getting better, and that when she is quite well and strong again, she must try and earn her living as she used to do before she went away, and I fancy she means to leave London, and then, you know, poor papa would be quite alone, so that I must stay with him."

"He was alone before, dear, you forget."

"Yes, but I did not know it, and he says he was so miserable; and then, too, I could help him."

"Help him, Rachel?"

"Yes, you know I can sing better than Ada, and I am sure I could teach; at least, I might begin with pupils for papa."

"My dear child," cried Miss Russel, and she thought of Vaughan, "this is perfect madness! do you know you might lose some—some very happy prospect in life by cutting yourself off in this way from your old friends and companions?"

"I suppose so," replied Rachel, with a little sigh, as she, too, remembered Vaughan; "but I cannot help it. Aunt Conway has been very, very kind to me, and I shall never forget her; but after all my father is nearer to me, and he is not so strong as he used to be, and he works harder than is good for him——" her voice began to fail, a vision of what might be had stolen up before her unawares; an alluring vision of a bright, happy life, spent with one who had, she knew now, become dangerously dear, seemed to pass

before her like a swift panorama, and she covered her face as though to shut it out.

"I wish you would not talk to me about it any more," she said, as soon as she could command her voice, and the effort she made to appear indifferent gave a pettishness to her tones very foreign to them. "I am sure I am doing right, and I could not expect to live happily at W——, dressed out in white muslin all my life. I was very busy dusting and arranging this room just before you came in," she continued, resolving to change the subject, and not knowing very well what other to begin, "and how I longed for some flowers! Everything has such a bare look. Even some of the Lent roses at the dear old Lodge would be a treat now."

"I wish I had thought of bringing you up a bunch," replied Miss Russel, "but I came away in a great hurry. Is there any garden here?"

"Here!" and Rachel's shoulders went up in unmistakable disgust. "Don't speak to me of the look-out from the back windows! I wonder how people can live in such a place." She forgot that she had just resolved to live in such a place herself.

Then Miss Russel asked about her father; if he was out much; if he had many pupils at his own house, and so on; but, as if by tacit consent, all mention of W—— and of its inhabitants was avoided, although Rachel was fairly longing to ask if Vaughan knew of her departure, and what he had said.

But at last she was alone again, and there had not been even incidental mention of the man whose bright face, and genial pleasant manner were so constantly before her. Miss Russel had not been very long gone, when Ada woke in an excited and feverish state,

and poor Rachel had to wait until her father came home, tired and hungry, to know what was to be done, and the doctor was sent for, and prescribed quiet and a sleeping draught, and then she and her father sat down to a rather meagre and ill-dressed dinner, which the music-master ate hungrily and in silence, and which Rachel could not eat at all. Then he got his pipe and his mug of beer, and a penny paper of eight pages, and Rachel went up to her sister's room, and sat in the window with her hands clasped before her, looking out, but not seeing anything. Her thoughts were far away in the old cathedral town she had left so lately, and she was thinking that on that particular evening there was a dinner at the palace, to which some of the officers of the garrison were always invited, and she wondered who Vaughan would take in to dinner, or whether he would be one of the evening guests, as she herself would have been, if only—but what was the use of saying, if only? she would probably never put on a pretty dress, or go out to a party again; and then Ada began to moan, and mutter broken words in her restless sleep, and the spring twilight faded rapidly, and darkness came on, and the stars began to twinkle brightly in the clear blue sky, and poor lonely little Rachel shuddered and shivered, half with cold, and half with fright, at the strangeness and stillness around her, a stillness broken only by the incoherent murmurs of the unhappy woman who lay unconscious upon her bed.

CHAPTER IX.

And what am I to you? A steady hand
To hold, a steadfast heart to trust withal,
Merely a man that loves you, and will stand
By you, whate'er befall.

JEAN INGELOW.

"PLEASE, Miss, a gentleman. It's

flowers from somewhere, I think, miss."

The speaker was the maid of all work in the humble household of the Scotelli's. "Miss," was of course Rachel, who was sitting by her sister's bedside, listless and weary, after a sleepless night.

"Oh! from Miss Russel, I suppose," she said, and expecting to find that the "gentleman" was that lady's respectable man-servant, she ran quickly downstairs, her friend's thoughtful kindness having brought a bright glow of pleasure to her cheeks.

"In the parlour, please, Miss," was the maid's comment, as she disappeared down the kitchen stairs, and to the parlour Rachel went, and there, awaiting her with an eager, anxious expression upon his face, was Harry Vaughan! He held an immense bunch of exquisite hot-house flowers; there were waxy camellias peeping from among their dark, glossy green leaves, and starry cinerareas, with delicate ferns for foliage! Rachel took in their brightness and beauty at a glance, and felt, although she was not conscious of feeling the contrast they presented to the mean-looking little room, with its shabby carpet, the table, with its faded and beer-stained crimson cloth, and the thin and dust-laden curtains in the window.

She stood holding the door-handle, making no attempt to come into the room, and looking from Vaughan to the flowers in genuine astonishment. "I did not know who was here," she stammered. "O what lovely flowers!" Then she came in and shut the door.

"Miss Russel told me you were wishing for some," he said, giving them into her outstretched hand. It never seemed to occur to her to shake hands with her unexpected visitor.

"Oh, how kind of you! they are beautiful, I never saw such colours."

Then becoming suddenly aware that Vaughan was not in W—, but standing before her in her father's shabby little parlour, she added, "I did not know you were in town, when did you come?—will you not sit down?"

"I came up yesterday," he returned, not heeding her invitation, "and I have not very long to stay. I came up to see you. Oh, Rachel," and in spite of the flowers, he got hold of one of her hands—"dear, dearest Rachel, don't you know what I have come for, and will you not say that you are glad to see me?"

She looked up at him, startled by the fervour of his voice, but the fervour of his glance was more startling still. He did not wait for an answer, but went on rapidly, "Had you stayed in W—, Rachel, I might have gone on for a while without telling you what I have come to tell you to-day. But I must speak now. Rachel, I love you very dearly, far more dearly than I could ever tell you, and I want you to be my wife."

The sweet, earnest voice, speaking those honest words, thrilled to her very heart, but still she looked down and was silent.

"I have no reason to think that you care for me, dear," he continued, after waiting in vain for a response, "but still you have always been kind, and perhaps, if you only like me a little now, you might come to love me by-and-by. I would do anything in the world to win your love. Oh, Rachel, do not refuse me. I will make you so happy, my darling love."

He held out his arms as though he would have taken her to his heart, but she shrank back, murmuring in a scarcely audible voice, "I cannot—I cannot; why did you come—it was easier before."

"What was easier? You are hiding something, Rachel; you have

some reason for refusing me, if indeed you do refuse me. Perhaps you think because I am not clever at telling you all I feel for you, that I do not love you enough. Be my wife, Rachel, darling, and you shall see what love is. I could never tell you what you are to me."

"I do not doubt your love," she said, more steadily, "and I thank you for it with all my heart—but I cannot be your wife."

"Oh Rachel! you do not really mean it!" he said, with such anguish in his voice, that she longed to throw her arms around his neck, and tell him that if she was dear to him, he was doubly dear to her. "You are trying me; you cannot mean to send me away without some hope. Listen," he continued, with a rapid change of tone, "I shall stay here in this spot, until you consent, unless you tell me plainly that you do not love me; but you will not tell me that, will you, darling?" he added, caressingly. "You do like me a little; look up and tell me that you have given me just one little corner of your heart, and I shall be satisfied for the present." He stopped, watching her troubled face, with an eager questioning gaze.

It was a sore temptation to the poor girl. On the one side was her idea of duty to her father, and a sincere belief, that as the sister of a dishonoured woman, she was shut out for ever from the world in which she had lived. On the other was her deep, true love for the man who was standing before her, pleading his own love, and asking her to be his wife. Yes, the temptation was terribly strong, but she would not yield. She believed that Vaughan was ignorant of Ada's story, and would it not, she thought, be dishonourable of her to accept him without telling him the truth. And then, supposing that his affection was at the first strong enough to set that barrier aside, might he not

by-and-bye, when the first ardour of his love was over, regret his choice, remembering what his wife's sister was?

It was but the work of a moment for these thoughts to flash through her mind, and then her decision was taken. She must send him away, though her own heart broke in the effort. He would forget her presently (she could never forget him), and be happy with some one else—Julia Fairfax perhaps—even in the midst of her struggle, a vision of Harry's flirtation with the fair Julia rose jealously before her. So with a great gulp to subdue the emotion which she feared would master her if she were not very quick, she said, and her voice was so unnaturally hard, and cold, she scarcely knew it herself—"I can never forget the honour you have done me, Mr. Vaughan, but I do not—"

Rachel did not get time to have the sin of a downright falsehood upon her conscience. Harry interrupted her before she could finish her sentence, and the alteration in his voice was again so marked, that tears of real pain sprang into Rachel's eyes, and her resolution almost failed her. "Stop," he exclaimed, "that will do, I am quite satisfied; you do not care for me, or you could not speak of the honour I have done you in that cool, measured way. Honour be—I beg your pardon—I do not know what I am saying I believe. I must not blame *you*, I suppose, because I have been awakened from a happy dream. Good-bye, Miss Scott, I have taken up your time in a most unconscionable manner." He took his hat from the table, opened the parlour door, opened the hall door, and was gone before she had time to notice that he did not even take her hand in farewell.

Then she flung the beautiful flowers, which she had held all through

the interview, to the ground, and sprang to the window to get a last look at him, but he had been too quick, and she was not blessed even by the sight of his vanishing coat-tails.

"Gone," was all she said, but the expression on her face was blank and mournful, and sitting down upon the ground, just where she was, she leaned her arms upon the seat of the chair, which always stood in the window, and wished she could fall asleep then and there, and forget for ever the scene that had just ended.

But she was painfully, thoroughly awake, and Vaughan's words, "Don't you know what I have come for; will you not say that you are glad to see me?" were ringing in her ears—they had set themselves to a kind of chant, and she heard them repeated over and over again in that sweet thrilling voice. And then his other words! He had called her his "darling," and his "dear, dearest Rachel!" Once before these same endearments had been used to her with her name, and she had not liked them; but when spoken by Vaughan, she had thought no music could have been sweeter.

And it was all over now; she could never, never hear him speak such words again. He would go back to W—— and marry Julia Fairfax, and she must live on in that dingy house. Oh, how she hated it at that moment, especially how she hated a round splash of grease upon the carpet which she had noticed for the first time close to her feet while Harry was speaking, and which she should never be able to look at now, without thinking of him, that is if there were ever a moment in her life when she was not thinking of him. Yes, she must live on there with her father, and poor Ada, and perhaps she might see him sometimes in the Park, or in the street, with his wife of course, and he would never know who was

watching him, and——. Oh, dear, how that sun did glare in on her, and how dreary, and dusty everything looked.

She then got up from the hard floor, and picked up her beautiful flowers, and I fear she was guilty of the insane folly of kissing them, and her first thought was to take them to her own room, and not to let any one see them but herself; but the next moment she was calling herself a selfish little wretch, and away she ran upstairs to her sister, going very fast indeed, as though she were afraid of being tempted to selfishness again.

"Look Ada, dear," she said in a cheery voice as she opened the door, "look what a lovely bouquet I have brought you." And Ada stretched out her hands and took the flowers, and smelt them, and fondled them, and poor Rachel had to stand by, and see her do it.

She was a brave little thing that girl of nineteen, who had been more or less petted and made much of during her short life, for she seemed to have resolutely turned her back upon all that had made life pleasant, and to have suddenly laid aside all her little girlish follies and vanities, and to live wholly for others. But for all her bravery she had a sore heart throughout that long weary day, long, because Vaughan had been an early visitor.

No one suspected, however, with what a crushed spirit she went about her self-imposed tasks. Her father came home about one o'clock with a bad headache, and he had first to be attended to. Then poor Ada was constantly relapsing into the low feverish state which was so trying, and Rachel ran about, up and downstairs, and made warm drinks, and cold drinks, and apologized to pupils who came for their lessons, and she wrote notes to other pupils, and at length when she sat down to rest a little,

a railway van drove up with all her luggage from W——, which Miss Conway had sternly, and unrelentingly packed up and sent after her, and Rachel hated herself for feeling glad when she opened a box, and took out a fresh cool print dress to replace the black silk in which she had travelled, and which had got crumpled, and dusty, and felt hot.

She thought it was so heartless of her to care about seeing all her dresses, and her little ornaments, and her pretty writing-case, a gift from Miss Russel, and her work-box again. But the pleasure did not last long. On opening the work-box, an engagement card which she had had at a little dancing party in W—— fell out, and on taking it up she found Vaughan's name scribbled upon it half a dozen times in Vaughan's own writing, and she remembered several little things which had happened on that particularly happy evening, and several little words that had been whispered in the pauses of the dance. It was too much—the contrast between *then* and *now*—a sudden sense of desolation and wretchedness came over her, and she kissed the card, as she had kissed the flowers, and shed the first tears she had shed that day.

It was very foolish of course, to weep over a piece of ornamental cardboard, but she was very young, and very fond of the man whose name was scribbled thereon.

When she had at last seen her sister settled for the night, and had laid down herself upon a little bed in the same room, to be ready for a call, she determined to indulge herself as much as she pleased by thinking over what had happened that morning, but she was very tired, both in mind and body, so she fell asleep almost immediately, and dreamed—oh such delicious dreams, from which her waking

came all too soon. The following day she had another early visitor. Miss Russel, who was about to return to W—— in the afternoon, came to say good-bye. She had not seen nor heard from Vaughan since he had left her to go to Rachel the day before, and she suspected that the young man's wooing had not prospered. The first glance at Rachel's face confirmed her in this belief. But she was not left long in suspense, for the girl told her in a few words what had passed; at least she gave Miss Russel to understand that Vaughan had proposed to her, and that she had refused him. But she did not, we may be sure repeat the words he had spoken.

"And may I ask," said Miss Russel, almost severely, "why you refused him? Surely it was not from coquetry, for I think you are incapable of trifling with a man's feelings in that way, and I am sure you care for him."

"He thinks I do not," returned Rachel, with an averted face. "Oh, granny! I let him think so. How could I marry him? Remember poor Ada. Think of——"

"I think you have behaved very badly," interrupted Miss Russel, with an amount of asperity in her voice and manner which Rachel had never heard before; but her sympathies were all with the rejected lover at the moment; then, seeing the tears in Rachel's beautiful eyes, she relented a little, and added, "There, don't cry, dear; I believe I spoke crossly, and I am sure you did what you thought right, but I should have been so pleased to see him happy; he is a noble young fellow."

"Ah!" said Rachel, "if you knew how noble! and he thinks I am a block of marble, I know he does."

"He probably thinks you are in love with that Mr. Fairfax," replied Miss Russel, with a slight return

to severity, "and if he does, it cannot be helped. I cannot make the slightest move in the matter. Indeed I do not see how I could. Young ladies do not generally let men know that they are sorry for having said 'No'—perhaps you are not sorry? However, you have made your choice, and you must abide by it."

"I know it, I am ready to do so," answered poor Rachel, sorrowfully; for now that Miss Russel had so sternly declared her intention of not interfering, she knew she had been looking forward to her mediation to undo that which she was ready to affirm she was not sorry for having done. "I know it," she repeated; "if you had said you were going to speak to Mr. Vaughan I must have asked you not to do so—but won't you—" and she took Miss Russel's hand imploringly—"won't you sometimes tell me how he is?"

"Oh, yes, I shall tell you all I hear about him with pleasure; but you do not expect to hear, I suppose, that he is pining away on your account?"—I think Rachel did expect to hear news of that nature concerning him—"because I am sure he will have the good sense to forget all about you as soon as possible. I dare say we shall hear of his marriage to some one before six months." Miss Russel had not much faith evidently in the constancy of man—"Miss Fairfax, perhaps—she will not refuse him."

"Oh, I hope he will not marry her," cried Rachel, almost spitefully. She could not have given any good reason for not wishing Miss Fairfax to become Mrs. Henry Vaughan, but then Harry had flirted before her face with Julia, so that a marriage with her was a possibility, while all other "somebodies" were vague unrealities. We are always more jealous of the rivals whom we have seen,

than of the rivals we have only heard of.

"I think she would make a charming wife for him," replied Miss Russel, taking up her muff, "very suitable in every way, and now I must go."

They kissed one another, but it was a cold embrace, and poor Rachel felt that all the joys of her life were going out very quickly, one after another. But before Miss Russel had reached the hall her heart smote her, and she felt that she had been unkind to her favourite, so running back to the little drawing-room, she had Rachel in her arms before that young lady had time to dry the tears which were falling very fast, in spite of heroic efforts to keep them back.

"God bless you, my brave child," were the comforting words Miss Russel said; "you have acted nobly, and unselfishly, and you must not mind my crossness; good-bye, and write to me very often."

And so they parted again, and Rachel felt that the world was not quite so dark as it had seemed when her kind old friend's frown had been added to her other woes; and although she knew that Miss Russel would not mediate between Vaughan and herself, still the prospect of that marriage between him and Miss Fairfax did not seem quite so certain as it had done five minutes before.

CHAPTER X.

And there follows a mist and a blinding rain,
And life is never the same again.

G. McDONALD.

FROM that day the change in Rachel's life was complete. She knew that nothing could now happen to make it different to what it was, and it seemed to her one great blank. She did not

allow herself to look back, the future she shrank from, and the present was made up of little things, never-ending irksome little duties which appeared to crowd upon her more and more every day, and to be thrown upon her as a matter of course, and from which no one appeared to derive any benefit.

She went through these duties with a dead, dull apathy for which she absolutely hated herself; but it was astonishing how soon she began to run in a steady settled groove, out of which any change was harder to bear than even the miserable routine. Fortunately for herself, however, she had not to bear that great aggravation of all household ills, the pressing need of money. Within a few days of Miss Russel's return to W—— Rachel received a formal looking document containing, with an explanatory letter from Miss Conway's lawyer, a cheque for twenty-five pounds, and a similar sum would, she was informed, be forwarded to her every three months, by her aunt's command.

Miss Conway was, in her own way, very fond of Rachel, and upon learning the girl's determination not to abandon her father, she decided upon giving her a hundred a year. Her niece's education, dress, amusements, &c. &c., the old lady calculated had always cost about that sum yearly, and therefore she should have it still.

Rachel was truly grateful for the gift. It enabled her to get many little luxuries for her father and sister, which they, especially the latter, needed, and she wrote to thank her aunt most gratefully. But the old lady, although she cried over the letter, did not answer it. The first and second instalments of her allowance had come most opportunely, for Ada's feverish attacks changed to a regular low fever, which kept her prostrate for

a long time, and which made her so weak, that but for care and nourishment she must have died.

Rachel was a kind and attentive nurse. She hardly ever left her sister's bedside, except when necessity obliged her to go out to make purchases for the house. Upon these expeditions she was at first accompanied by her father, but when she began to know her way, and the shops, he would make excuses for leaving her, and she soon grew accustomed, although she never liked, to go about by herself.

How often as she set out with her bag, and her latch-key, dressed in a quiet black silk, black mantle, and unfashionable little bonnet, under which her sweet face looked so pretty—perhaps a little graver, and more care-worn than it had been a few months before, but still exquisitely lovely, so modest looking, gentle and refined—how often, I say, did she think of the day she had arrived at The Lodge, dressed in her white muslin, and had been re-proved by Miss Russel for walking about by herself.

But although on the whole tolerably contented with her lot, and resigned to her fate, there were days when an evil spirit almost as dark as that which David's skilful fingers charmed away from king Saul, troubled her sorely, and gave to her dark eyes an expression not quite pleasant to see, and a sharpness to her sweet voice not quite pleasant to hear. She would speak crossly to the willing and hard-worked servant, who would do almost anything for "Miss Rachel"—she would be impatient with her father, feeling tempted to fling his pipes into the fireplace, and to overturn his mug of beer. She hated the sound of the pupils taking their lessons in the drawing-room, and would spitefully hope that they might get well scolded. She would listen in grim silence to

her sister's often expressed wants, and attend to them with badly suppressed impatience, and then perhaps she would catch a glimpse of her own face in the glass, flushed, and rather sour-looking, and, horrified at the sight, she would rush away to her own little room to cry bitter tears of repentance, even while she still longed passionately for her old life again.

Poor Rachel! Harry Vaughan thought she was perfection, and she was just as far from it as are the majority of women. She was very young, and life had been very bright and pleasant to her, and now she was smarting under a sore disappointment, so we must not be too hard upon her, if her temper some times failed.

Very many letters passed between her and Miss Russel at that time, and the days on which those cheerful epistles, full of small details about the old place, arrived were always red-letter days to Rachel. They did not after the first, however, contain any news of Vaughan. His regiment was under orders for Ireland, to be quartered in Dublin, but he had volunteered to go to Hythe, for musketry instruction, and Miss Russel had only seen him for a few minutes before he started, to say good-bye. I think this information, coupled with the fact that Miss Russel thought him looking thin, gave Rachel an amount of satisfaction, not to be accounted for, except by Rochefoucauld's cynical maxim, that "the misfortunes of our best friends give us pleasure."

And so weeks went on into months. May was past, June was nearly over, and Ada Scotelli was at last pronounced convalescent. When she began to mend, she gained strength rapidly, and her soft, but somewhat insipid beauty returned in all its former freshness.

One lovely afternoon Rachel hired

an open carriage, and took her for a drive in the Park. Ada had longed intensely for the treat, and with the genuine unselfishness of her nature Rachel determined to gratify her. Ada lay back in the little phaeton, wrapped in a warm shawl, too languid to speak much, but drinking in with pleasure the genial breeze which fanned a faint colour into her pale cheeks. Rachel, too, felt invigorated; it was so very long since she had seen anything approaching to brightness or gaiety, that she thoroughly enjoyed the sight of the gay dresses, and the groups of graceful women, who with their cavaliers were cantering up and down the ride.

Of course she thought how enjoyable a gallop there would be with *him* by her side, and equally of course she decided that among the many gentlemen within her view, there was not one to be compared to *him*. They had got their carriage drawn up as close as possible to the rails at Hyde Park corner, and there they sat watching the ever-changing groups, and listening to the sounds of merry voices, and laughter. Suddenly Rachel, who was absorbed in her own thoughts, felt her hand grasped tightly, and heard her sister say in a hurried whisper, "Rachel! Rachel, take me away. He is here, look, close to us. I see him."

"Whom do you mean, dear? Don't be frightened," and Rachel held the fluttering little hand—"tell me who it is?"

"Oh, don't you know?" there was a ring of acute mental agony in Ada's voice which attracted the attention of a gentleman, one of a group of three, who were standing talking together at the rails close by. He turned, and Rachel recognized Fairfax. But his eyes went at once from her to her companion and he started forward with a deep flush upon his face, and even as his hand was upon the door of the

carriage, Rachel had given the order to drive on in a clear ringing voice, and Fairfax again caught her glance for a moment as she did so. There was a world of indignation, scorn, and loathing in it, beneath which he actually cowered for an instant, but the next he had fallen back into his place, and had quietly resumed his interrupted conversation. It was a matter of but slight importance to him now that Rachel Scott at last knew him for the betrayer of her sister.

Ada's eyes were closed, and Rachel feared that she had fainted, but after a while, when they were driving rapidly through the streets towards home, she sat up and said, "Oh, Rachel! did he see me?"

"Yes," replied Rachel, quietly. "Tell me, Ada," she added after a pause, "by what name did you know that man? You remember I never heard any name mentioned."

"Villiers," answered Ada, "Reginald Villiers—why do you ask?"

"His real name is Reginald Fairfax," replied Rachel; "he is Lord Wimburne's eldest son."

"You know him then?"

"I have that honour! I met him last year at his father's place at W——."

"Oh! Rachel, how bitterly you speak."

And that was all that passed. The sisters never again alluded to that chance meeting in the Park; but that either of them could ever forget it was wholly impossible, and yet Rachel could hardly allow herself to think of Fairfax. She had disliked and despised him thoroughly since the affair of the ring, but the conviction of which she could not divest herself, that he had made love to her, knowing that her sister was living with him under the name of Mrs. Villiers, caused her to look

upon him with a feeling of downright abhorrence. That any man could be so wicked, so utterly without principle, passed her comprehension. What then would her sentiments have been regarding him, had she known that he had actually determined to make her his wife, while Ada was still living under his protection at Richmond? It was one of those cases in which ignorance is bliss indeed.

From that memorable afternoon the position of the sisters towards each other underwent a complete change. I have before explained the difficulty Rachel found in realizing the disgrace which attached to Ada, but from the moment she discovered that Fairfax was the man who had wrought that disgrace, it came home to her in all its power. She could not look at Ada without thinking of the man who had doubtless used all the fascinations of which he was so subtle a master to lure her to her ruin. She seemed to see so plainly the weak points in Ada's character, upon which he had worked. She thought of his triumph when he had succeeded, and she found it very hard not to allow any tinge of dislike to mingle with the pity she felt for the unhappy girl, who had so loved and trusted, and been so cruelly betrayed. She tried to make excuses for her, by remembering how she had herself been deceived by him, but it would not do, the real tangible fact of Ada's shameful connection with the man who had so nearly won her own heart, remained ever present, and she hated herself for shrinking from the kiss which poor Ada so often bestowed upon her in thanks for some slight service.

And then, too, there was a marked alteration in Ada herself. That passing glimpse of Fairfax, handsome and captivating as he had ever been, shivered at a stroke the work of the past months, and

changed wild self-upbraidings into vain regrets, and she felt that although she had voluntarily given up her lover when he had refused to make her his wife—although she hated him for his deception, and for the taunting words with which he had thrown her position in her teeth, that she still loved him for himself, and that life without him was a very barren and worthless thing.

And so the weeks passed on, and Vaughan sat upon his heel on the rough shingle at Hythe, and learned many things about a rifle which he had never learned before, and tried very hard to forget a fair face, lighted with brilliant violet eyes; and Rachel lived on, enduring the heat of London as best she could, and tried very hard to forget a bright honest face, with eloquent laughing eyes; and Ada lived on beside her, yet far apart in thoughts, and words, and works. She was in perfect health now, and very unlike the shy, gentle girl, for whom Fairfax had watched and waited in the Park two years before. The sentiments she had learned from him, the books he had given her to read, were bearing fruit now, and she daily became more and more hard, cynical, and unwomanly. She and Rachel had nothing in common, and it was a positive relief to the latter when, at the end of the summer vacation, Ada announced that she had applied for, and got, the situation of English governess in a school in Paris.

And thither she departed in excellent spirits (she was so glad to escape from the hum-drum, dull life she led at her father's), and with her wardrobe replenished out of Rachel's purse, for the girl had given her every pretty and useful thing she could afford, to atone to herself for the secret pleasure she felt at her departure.

Ada never returned to England, and she is at present mistress of

the school which she entered as an English teacher. She has grown very large and very handsome, and more than one—more than a dozen rich and well-to-do Frenchmen would be but too happy if Mademoiselle Scotelli would consent to become Madame de —; but Mademoiselle Scotelli dismisses them all, and they never guess that she had conjugated the verb *Aimer* in all its moods and tenses, before she had crossed the Straits of Dover.

And then began for Rachel and her father a new phase of existence, and a phase which the former endeavoured to believe was all she could desire; but in vain. It seemed as the days slipped by in never-varying monotony, that she was slipping with them farther and farther from the old friends and associations. Her life at dear old W—— was now almost like a dream, there were times when she could with difficulty believe that she had ever lived in the old cathedral city with congenial friends and companions around her.

She began to read a great deal; to read for her improvement as well as for her pleasure, and it was wonderful how her intellect expanded, and how the friendly pages of some pleasant volume beguiled hours, which would otherwise have been long and dreary. She honestly tried not to see anything in her home but what was pleasant. She tried not to mind when little things which she looked upon simply as necessary elegancies and requirements, and not mere affectations of fine ladyism, were voted irksome and utterly disregarded. She fought nobly and successfully against the dark spirit, which would, as I have said, have swept her father's unsightly pipes into the fire, and overturned his mug of beer. She tried not to be disgusted at the smell of tobacco upon her dress, nor to show her

strong distaste to the companions with whom she was obliged sometimes to associate.

She tried to forget that if her sister whom she had been so glad to see depart had remained, she might have made an effort to leave London, and to return to her old home; but above all she tried not to see that the sacrifice she had made, and was still making, for her father was unappreciated, and that there was another whose more obtrusive style of attention was fast putting her own into the shade. This other was the mistress, or "Directress" as she chose to be called, of a young ladies' academy at Islington, where Scotelli attended as music-master. Perhaps the woman really cared for the rather sad and silent widower; perhaps she only wanted to have a resident music-master, but most certainly she made undoubted love to him, and Rachel felt quite sure would end by marrying him triumphantly.

And in the event of this alliance taking place, what was to become of her? There was a ludicrous aspect in that view of the affair would sometimes make her laugh, almost in spite of herself, but even as she laughed, her thoughts would go back to the home she might have had, to the love which had been offered, and rejected.

In her letters to Miss Russel, Rachel dwelt almost wholly upon the "objective" side of her life. She wrote about the books she read, about the few places to which she went, and the still fewer objects of interest which surrounded her; but upon the subject of her many disappointments, and her grave fears as to what her future might have in store, she was silent, and so the months went by until the summer time which brought her twenty-first birthday.

CHAPTER XI.

Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy—they heed not our expectancy,
But round some corner in the streets of
life,
They on a sudden meet, and clasp us with
a smile!

GERALD MASSEY.

It was July—real summer weather; cloudless skies, intense heat, and flowers, and brightness, and beauty everywhere. Miss Russel dressed in a cool flowing dress of some thin, black material, sat at her solitary breakfast table, awaiting the one small excitement of her quiet day—the arrival of the post bag.

The windows of her pretty room were open, and through them came the perfume of innumerable roses, pinks, sweet pea and mignonette. There was a vase filled with roses upon the breakfast table, and one large bloom of deep velvety crimson was in the bosom of Miss Russel's dress.

Solitary people contract unsocial habits. Miss Russel had a book beside her, and she read as she ate. For a woman of past forty, she looked remarkably young. People said it was because her hair was so handsome, and so abundant, but I think it was simply because she was the style of woman who looks twenty at sixteen, and twenty still at thirty, and because she led a peaceful and contented life, free from any tormenting little worries, or anxious cares, a life, which if it had no deep-engrossing joys, had also been singularly exempt from many searing sorrows.

The letters at last! They were late. The postman had not been able to walk fast that scorching morning. But he brought her a goodly budget to make up for his delay. There were several letters from lady friends, a longer epistle than was usual from Rachel, one or two invitations to croquet parties,

and a rather thick letter in a large envelope, with an embossed crest upon the seal, which Miss Russel at once recognized as that of the Vaughans.

"From Harry at last," she said. "I thought he had quite forgotten me." She opened the letter eagerly, but when her eye fell upon the address, The Oaks, —shire, and when she saw that the handwriting was not Harry's, but still familiar, she laid it down quickly, and a sudden rush of colour came over her face, betraying how greatly she was surprised. But it was over in a second, and she took up the sheet to read what her old friend, Harry's father, had to say to her.

"My dear Eleanor," the letter began — Mr. Vaughan had never called her by her name before, but somehow it seemed quite right that he should so address her now.

"It seems the most natural thing in the world for me to turn to you for counsel in any matter of perplexity, such as that at present troubling me." Miss Russel smiled a little as she wondered to whom he had turned for counsel in all his matters of perplexity since she and he had been mutual friends in G—— six-and-twenty years before. "You perhaps do not remember, but I cannot forget our long friendship, and I have been beyond measure pleased to find that you have extended your kindness to my boy. It is on his account, but not with his knowledge, that I now write to you. I am greatly distressed about him, and, indeed, at times seriously uneasy, when I remember the insidious disease which deprived me of his dear mother just seven years ago. Harry is at home at present, on 'sick leave,' and I greatly fear that it will be months before he can rejoin his regiment, if, indeed, he does not become a confirmed invalid. He came home in the spring completely laid up with a long-

neglected cold, and he was for some weeks in great danger. Thank Heaven *that* has all past now, but still he does not gain either strength or spirits. You know how full of life and energy he has always been, and the doctors tell me that they fear there is something on his mind. He speaks so constantly, and with such warm regard of you, my dear Eleanor, that it has occurred to me that perhaps you are in his confidence, and that you might be able to tell me what course to adopt. He declares that he has no debts, no entanglements such as young men sometimes get into.

"And now for the real, and I fear selfish, object of my letter. Will you come and pay us a visit here? Knowing you so well as I do, I have no scruple in asking you to stay for a while with a quiet steady, elderly man, and an invalid young one for your sole companions. You know, perhaps, that my youngest daughter was married a year ago. Independent of the service which I am sure you can render me, it will give me real pleasure to receive the oldest and kindest friend I have under my own roof.

"Ever, my dear Eleanor,

"Yours with sincere regard,

"HENRY VAUGHAN."

You might perhaps come to some very erroneous conclusion respecting Miss Russel were I to tell you how many times she read and re-read Mr. Vaughan's letter, to the utter neglect of her other correspondents, even of Rachel, from whom she had not heard for some time. But I think it was very excusable for her to be taken up by the unexpected pleasure of getting such a kind missive from a friend who had always been very dear to her, and whom she had not seen for years. It pleased her too, to think that she could be of service to him in the matter respect-

ing which he had written. She fancied she had the clue to Harry's lowness of spirits, and quick as lightning all that might result from her visit, flashed across her—dear little Rachel and *his* son would perhaps be made happy through her means; and what pleasure to her could be greater? She was enchanted at the prospect of playing fairy godmother to her two young favourites, and hastily finishing her breakfast, which had grown quite cold, she gathered up her letters, and went to her writing-table to answer Vaughan's letter by the early post.

But it was not so easy a matter to address him as she fancied it would have been. Indeed she was almost ashamed of the difficulty she found in writing just some cordial words of thanks for his kindness in thinking she could help him, and then a hearty acceptance of his invitation. But she accomplished a suitable reply at last, and concluded by saying that if agreeable to her host she would leave *W*— for the Oaks on the following Friday, three days from that time. Then having despatched a special messenger to the post, she had leisure to read Rachel's news. Her letter was not very long, and it was written, Miss Russel thought, in wretched spirits. The girl complained a good deal of the intense heat, which she said made her feel languid, and good for nothing, but she said not one word of the long evenings she spent alone, while her father was at the Islington Academy, or of her longing for a breath of fresh country air, and the society of a congenial friend. Once or twice before, when she had mentioned her loneliness, and her weariness of London sights and sounds, Miss Russel had responded by a warm invitation to The Lodge, which Rachel had felt it more prudent to decline.

"Poor child!" said Miss Russel, as she finished, "what a life she leads, and how uncomplaining she is. Well if, as I suspect, Master Harry's illness is caused by this, as he thinks, unrequited attachment of his, perhaps I may be able to bring about a happy ending."

There must have been to Miss Russel something very pleasant in the prospect of giving pleasure to others, for during the next few days her face wore such a beaming, happy smile, and her step was so light, that she seemed to have returned to the days of her youth.

Friday came, still unclouded sunshine and oppressive heat; but Miss Russel so timed her journey, that when the train by which she travelled reached the — station, where the carriage from The Oaks was to meet her, it was evening, and the sun was low in the west. It was rather a bustling little station, that of —, so when the train stopped, and Miss Russel got out upon the platform, it was some time before she could detect any one who might be waiting for her.

But presently, and quite close to her, she saw the person whom she expected to see—a tall man, and a man, one might say, especially at the first glance, in the prime of life; for his figure, having lost very little of the slightness and quickness of youth, was deceptive. His face, too, being almost whiskerless, looked young enough for forty, and his easy, almost jaunty carriage, the youthful way he had of dressing, especially of dressing his neck, round which there was a small soft scarf, loosely knotted under a low standing collar, combined with a bright, animated, and constantly varying expression, which redeemed an otherwise plain face, made him appear many years younger than he really was.

Miss Russel, not having been

seen by him, had leisure to note how time had dealt with her old friend, and she was positively startled to see what little alteration the years that had passed had made. He seemed absolutely unchanged from what he had been in the dear long past days, when he had practised archery with her, or sat under the shady tree in her aunt's pleasure ground, arguing in that dictatorial manner of his, which she remembered so well.

"How altered I must be," was her involuntary thought, as she saw Mr. Vaughan's eyes rest upon her for a moment without recognition. Then she went forward, and held out her hand. "You do not know me," was all she said.

"Is this you, Eleanor?" he exclaimed, seizing both her hands, and shaking them warmly, and he never was so near kissing a woman, without actually kissing her, before! "I did not know you at first. I hope you are not angry? Give me that cloak, and the bag; now your arm, and we'll get the luggage. I expected to see you in a hat—my girls always arrive in hats, and somehow I never thought of watching a bonnet. Were you roasted in the train? Only fancy, it was a hundred and ten degrees in the shade to-day!"

If she had not recognized her old friend at the first glance, she could not have failed to recognize him at once in the energetic, voluble manner—so especially voluble on trifling topics, such as the weather, or the wearing of a hat or a bonnet. It was all very strange; the same, yet not the same, and inexpressibly strange to hear him talking of "my girls!"

"How is Harry?" she asked, when the luggage had been found, and delivered over to the care of a boy with a donkey-cart, and she was seated in the pony-carriage, which Vaughan himself drove.

"Just the same. This hot weather knocks him up; but I am sure he'll get better now that you have come. It is really so kind of you, Eleanor. I shall never forget it to you. But you always were the most unselfish mortal in the world."

"I do not think I have shown much unselfishness in this instance," she replied, smiling. "Do you think it gives me no pleasure to see my old friends?"

"Ah, yes; but to come all this way, and to leave your own little box! Harry tells me that The Lodge is perfection. He is never tired of talking about it. I feel quite jealous lest you should despise 'The Oaks.'"

Miss Russel laughed, knowing well enough what had endeared *her* home to the young soldier.

"If those woods I see yonder belong to 'The Oaks,'" she returned, "you cannot have much to dread from my scorn. How lovely they are! There is no tree like the oak; I always say so."

"I love my oaks," exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, delighted. "I must take you through the woods; there are some beautiful ferns, too—you're fond of ferns, are you not? We must have a long chat over the dear old times. Oh, Eleanor, do you remember those days? Do you know I have the old yew bow I used to shoot with, still?"

"I have mine too. I was looking at it yesterday."

"Have you? What a long time those days seem away now. When I look at my grandchildren—I have six grandchildren, Eleanor—I think that I must have been asleep for an age, like that old Rip Van Winkle of Irving's! But it is not fair to be talking of the flight of the enemy to you, you are looking so well, although I did not know you. How do you contrive to keep so young?"

"I was going to ask you the same question."

"Oh yes! you are trying to put grandpapa on good terms with himself. Perhaps you remember, however, that you and he are contemporaries—Is that it, Mistress Eleanor? But I am afraid you will have the pull of me when you see me with my hat off. I never had much hair to boast of, you know that; but now I shall soon have a gleaming skull! Only I am afraid the girls would laugh at me, I'd get a wig. You always had stunning hair, Eleanor. I remember a pretty way you had of wearing it, with two long curls at the side, just over the ear. I made my Eleanor dress her hair that way for a while; but she could not do it like you. I wonder who lives in my poor mother's house at C—now, and at 'The Laurels'? How well I remember the long straight road between the two places! Many a hundred times I have walked it in all weathers, day and night. I could find my way along it blindfolded; and the old tree upon your aunt's lawn, with the seat under it. Do you remember it, Eleanor?"

Is there anything, I wonder, in the meeting between long-parted friends so trying as that oft-recurring question, "Do you remember?" It touches, perchance, so many chords we would fain keep silent for ever. It wakes so many memories we thought we had "prisoned down with a roof of stone." It brings back many a scene—many a long past pleasure, and many a sleeping pain, which will haunt us for days, if, indeed, we ever succeed in escaping from them again.

But if Eleanor Russel felt any pain at the recollections thus aroused, she made no sign, and Vaughan rattled on just as he used to do in the years gone by.

Presently they came to the shade

of the oak woods, and to the high, grey, ivy-covered wall which bounded the demesne.

"I am not taking you the prettiest way," Vaughan said. "This is the road to the back lodge; but it is nearer to the house than the front, and Harry said he would come down to the gate to meet us. I wonder if you will think him looking ill. By the way, I never told you that we have not waited dinner for you. I remember you used to like a tea dinner after a journey in summer, and we have splendid fruit. Was I right?"

"Quite right, thank you. How kind of you to remember my tastes," she said, more touched than she cared to show. "Stay, is that Harry?"

She had caught sight of a figure sitting on the bank by the road side opposite to the demesne wall.

"Yes, there he is; the grass can't be damp, I suppose, this roasting weather. I am so afraid of his getting another attack upon his chest. Well, here she is, you see!" Vaughan called out, as they reached the place where the young man sat.

Harry rose eagerly, and came to the carriage. He was looking thin, and his eyes had lost a great deal of their bright merry light. "I am so delighted to see you!" he said, squeezing Miss Russel's hand like a vice. "I have been envying my father for having had you to himself all the way from the station; but never mind, I can make up for it to-morrow."

"You have done him good already," Vaughan whispered, as Harry got into the back seat of the phaeton. "I have not seen him look so well for months." And then they drove on, all three talking together.

Miss Russel, during the few days which elapsed between Vaughan's invitation and her departure from

W—, had often tried to picture to herself what her old friend's home would be like. Harry's vague description that it was "a jolly old place," and that his father made "no end of a fuss" about its being "kept like a baby-house," had conveyed very little impression to her mind. She found the house outside a low red brick building, covering a large extent of ground, and with peaks and gables, chimneys and windows in all manner of unexpected places. Inside she found spacious suites of rooms, all furnished with the most perfect taste, and with every appliance to ensure comfort which money could procure. She found an establishment of well-trained and competent servants, with a sufficient number in each department to ensure that the allotted work of each would be properly done. She found method, and, if possible, too much order and regularity in the management of the household; and, noticing that, she remembered what a favourite hobby this clockwork system had been with Vaughan long before he had had a house of his own, and how his mother's carelessness in that respect used to chafe his temper.

She did not know how his strictness chafed the domestics now under his control, nor how often a servant who did not yield unquestioning obedience would be sent away, to be replaced by another, and another, until the right man or the right woman was in the right place. She did not know how those old servants, such as the butler and the housekeeper, who had been at "The Oaks" in Mrs. Vaughan's lifetime, and while the young ladies were unmarried, often mourned in the servants' hall over what they

called "master's pernickety ways," and wished that Miss Eleanor had not gone away, or that her father would marry again.

Miss Russel, being a guest, of course saw or heard nothing of these domestic grievances; but she noticed before she had been an hour in the house that Harry's expression, "No end of a fuss," very inadequately described the endless weeding, raking, and pruning which must go on outside, and the equally endless sweeping, dusting, and polishing that must take place inside, to keep the garden and pleasure-grounds, rooms and passages in order as perfect as that in which she saw them. Neither would Miss Russel, although she was an evidently favoured guest, have ventured to move the position of a chair in the drawing-room, or have volunteered to make tea for the gentlemen unless specially invited to do so. Once she ventured to ask Harry if his father had taken so much trouble upon himself during his wife's lifetime, or when he had his daughters to manage for him.

"Not at all," the young man had replied. "Once let him see a lady permanently established in the house, and he will never interfere; but even when my sisters come here now they are treated as guests."

Perhaps I have gone too minutely into these apparently trivial details; but I have done so to illustrate the character of Mr. Vaughan. Clever, fascinating, and attractive as he was always acknowledged to be, it might be said of him, as was said of Horace Walpole by Macauley, "Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business."

CHAPTER XII.

It is a deep mystery the way the heart of a man turns to one woman out of all the rest he has seen in the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven years for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have any other woman for the asking.—ADAM BEDD.

"I AM going to leave you two to entertain each other until dinner time," Mr. Vaughan said at breakfast, the morning after Miss Russel's arrival. "I had hoped, Eleanor, to have been the first to show you some of the beauties of this old place myself, but I am obliged to ride into — on business. What would you like to do? Will you drive somewhere, you and Harry? It is too hot to attempt walking until evening. Shall I order the phaeton before I go out, or perhaps, the waggonette—"

"For Heaven's sake," interrupted Harry with all the petulance of a petted invalid, "do not make it necessary for us to go out to drive by ordering anything. If we wish to go, we can surely ring a bell. I know how it will be if you say a word—round the phaeton, or waggonette, or whatever it is will come to the moment, and then out we must go."

"Very well, my dear boy, do exactly as you please," replied Vaughan, who had allowed himself to be bullied by that only son of his, from the time, as a child, Harry had learned the art. "Only I beg that you will not tire yourself. Eleanor, I depend on you to take care of him. Can I do anything for either of you in the town? I suppose not, ladies despise country shops. Well, good-bye. I have some letters to write before I start."

Away he went, but he presently put in his head again to say, laughing, "It is like old times to see a lady at the breakfast table," and at the simple remark, Eleanor blushed

like a girl, and blushed still more when she caught Harry's eyes fixed upon her.

"Shall we drive, or shall we potter about, in and out all day?" he asked, as they went into the drawing-room together, soon after Mr. Vaughan had left them. It was deliciously cool there, for the windows were all open, and the light was subdued. "It is awfully hot for driving isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is very hot, unless you could find a shady road through the woods. I should like a drive I confess."

"Then we'll go. I like people to say at once what they wish to do, and I know a delicious road. I think we had better start at once, and be back to luncheon, or shall we take something to eat with us? I have a jolly little pic-nic basket, that will be the very thing."

Harry rang the bell, and ordered the basket to be given to the house-keeper to be filled, and sent another order to the stables for a carriage in half an hour.

"My father would never have allowed us to get this affair," he said, as he handed Miss Russel into a low Croydon phaeton drawn by a stout little pony. "Eleanor, my sister, used to drive about in it to visit her poor people, and it's the jolliest little thing, just for one or two; but my father hates it, and always wonders what I do with my long legs in it."

"I was wondering too, where you stow them."

"Oh, they are all right, but I must take care of the basket. Would it tire you very much to hold up this umbrella until we get into the wood? It's very large but not very heavy. There, that is famous, now we're off; this pony is a regular little brick! we call him Scuttle. What will my father say? Do you know I'm glad he had to go to — to day, I want to have a great talk."

"You are so like your father!" Miss Russel remarked, laughing; "you say things so like him, I mean."

"Do I? I could not be like a better — fellow I was going to say; there really is no one like him, only he does worry one sometimes with his bothery little ways. I cannot be particular to a moment about things, and all that, and he is just like a clock. But indeed nothing could exceed his kindness to me while I was ill; no woman could have been more thoughtful. I shall never forget it, and I think too, he would do anything I asked him."

"He says you do not ask him to do enough."

"Does he? Dear old dad. Ah! I do not want for anything *he* could give me," and Harry struck poor Scuttle rather a smart blow, which said plainly as words, that he wanted something which his father could not give him. Then, after a long pause he added—"Miss Russel, how is she? When did you see her?"

"Not since the day after you saw her; a long time, is it not?"

"I should say it was, rather," put in Harry by way of parenthesis.

"But I hear from her sometimes, and she says she is quite well."

"And still living in that charming house at Brompton?" Harry's tone was very scornful, and again poor Scuttle felt the whip—"still sacrificing herself to her father, and sister, or perhaps she is married to some one."

"She is not married," replied Miss Russel, not a little amused at the young man's vehemence, "at least her last letter to me was signed Rachel Scott."

"But perhaps she is going to be married; she's engaged to some fellow I'll bet a guinea, some fiddler with long hair, or a young doctor—I'm sure he's a doctor, a brute who

drops his h's and smells of castor oil—"

"I think you might give Miss Scott credit for better taste," interrupted Miss Russel, vexed at his tone—"But," she added, feeling at once that it was useless to be angry with him—"would you not be glad to hear that she was going to be well married?"

"No, certainly not," he retorted, almost savagely; "I am a regular dog in the manger. I cannot get her myself, but neither can I bear to think of her as another man's wife. You may laugh at me if you like, but since the day she refused me, I have been miserable! I don't care for my profession. I don't care for anything, and I wish I could go to the d—I like other men, and forget her, but I can't."

"I wonder is any girl in the world worthy of such devotion," said Miss Russel, quietly, "for I am strongly inclined to doubt it."

"That is always the way with you women," he answered, "you always make little of one another. I think Miss Scott is worth more love than I could ever give her, and I earnestly hope, if she does marry, that her husband—confound him—will value her as he ought. I wish I knew why she could not care for me," he concluded with a sigh.

Miss Russel, considering that the time for approaching that part of the subject had not yet come, remarked, "you do not know I suppose that her sister has gone to France?"

"No, I did not. I should say that was rather a good move for every one," replied Harry vaguely, and not caring in the least where Rachel's sister went, and instantly returning to the former subject, "You cannot tell me, I suppose, why Miss Scott refused me? I sometimes think that perhaps after all she was in love with Fairfax."

"She was not in love with him,"

replied Miss Russel, decidedly. "I thought I explained all that fully to you before—you men are so suspicious." And then she was going to tell him of the unfortunate connexion which had existed between Fairfax and the Scotelli family, but on second thoughts she decided that it was better not.

"Then I cannot understand it," he rejoined, "and I must not talk about it any more. I can surely find a more agreeable topic of conversation for you than a string of selfish lamentations. Are not these old woods lovely? Don't you love oaks? I do not think there is any tree to be compared to an oak. Ah! what happy days I have spent here, and what bushels of acorns the girls and I have picked up, and what fun we used to have when I came home for my holidays from Harrow. I wonder shall I ever be so happy again! I sometimes think that, only for my father, I should like to have died when I was so ill last spring." And having uttered this exceedingly foolish, not to say wicked, speech, Harry had to submit to a good scolding from his companion, for Miss Russel was really angry with him for being so hopeless, and so miserable.

When she had done he thanked her quite humbly, and said he was sure he had made a "horrible fool" of himself, and that he was very sorry for it, and that his father was right, there was no one in the world like Miss Russel, she need not say "nonsense." His father had said it.

So from that point the day went smoothly, and the little *tte-à-tte* picnic was most successful, and Harry declared that he felt more like himself than he had done for weeks, and he laughed and chatted merrily during the drive home, and his father, who was standing in the porch waiting for them, was quite struck by the altered expression of his face. Perhaps Miss Russel had

contrived to mingle a ray of hope with her lecture.

They dined late that day, and after dinner Harry, feeling tired after his unusual exercise, stretched himself upon a sofa, and fell asleep, and Mr. Vaughan had chairs brought out for himself and his guest on the verandah outside the drawing-room windows, and their dessert and coffee were served to them there, and while he smoked a cigar he heard from Eleanor the story of his son's love affair.

"So," he said, when she had finished, "the poor boy is hopelessly in love, and the fair lady is obdurate. I am surprised to hear that, if, as you say, she cares for no one else, for Harry might be any woman's fancy. Well, what is to be done next? All this happened two years ago, you tell me, and he is mad about her still, so it is useless to tell him to forget her I suppose. What do you advise, Eleanor?"

"I advise him to try again."

"And risk a second refusal? No, thank you, the Vaughans never ask twice."

"Well, this special Vaughan must ask twice," replied Miss Russel smiling, as she thought how such a speech would have surprised her if spoken by Vaughan when she had first known him, "or else he must go on crying for the moon all his life. Suppose I tell you that the girl did care for him, and that she refused him because she felt it to be her duty to do so."

"If a woman cares for a man she has no right to make him miserable for duty."

"I knew you would say that, it is so exactly one of your speeches, and a very dangerous doctrine it is too. But suppose I tell you that there was more than duty in her refusal, that there was the fear that the father of the man she

loved would object to her on account of circumstances connected with her family—I have already told you of her father and sister—as a wife for his only son, and that she thought it was far wiser and kinder to let Harry believe that she did not care for him, rather than, perhaps, be the cause of a breach between you and him.”

“Might she not have trusted to my wish to see my son happy? might she not have been sure of my approval when I saw how his heart was set upon the marriage?”

“Oh! you think now that your consent was a matter of course, because you have seen the effect of dis-appointment upon Harry; but suppose that your consent had been asked when he was strong and well, as he was two years ago, what would have been the result?”

“Well I dare say you’re right, Eleanor, and the music-master and that woman, the sister, are a stumbling-block even still. But you say that *she* has gone to France, and let us hope in France she will remain, and for the old father, he will not interfere, I dare say.”

“Then if Harry can succeed, you will consent?” cried Eleanor, her eyes beaming.

“Yes, willingly. I think that a woman who could act as Miss Scott has acted, rather than get her lover into trouble, must be worth something, although, at the same time, I think that such self-sacrifice rarely pays in this matter-of-fact age. You know her well, do you not? I am inclined to take your opinion of her before Harry’s; of course she is an angel in his eyes.”

So Miss Russel, taking the hint, gladly repeated all the praises she had already bestowed upon Rachel, and Mr. Vaughan listened with his eyes closed—an old trick of his.

“I fancy we may look upon the

affair as almost settled,” he said presently. “I wonder if Harry will leave the army. I hope not, he has money his grandfather, Mr. Forbes, left him, so he could keep his wife better than many soldiers can; besides, there is my allowance. But have you thought of a plan for bringing these despairing lovers together? Can I do anything? Shall we send Harry off to London by express train, taking a little note from me telling her that she may say ‘yes’?—There, I am only joking! How well I know that frown you give when you do not approve. Will you then take the matter into your own kind and skilful hands?”

“With pleasure, and my plan is to get Harry to come back with me to The Lodge for a little change, and to ask Rachel to come there too. Then I think they will manage the rest themselves.”

“A very nice arrangement for every one—except me. Am I to come to The Lodge too? I want to make my future daughter-in-law’s acquaintance.”

“You must come to the wedding of course, and you can if you like—”

“Who is talking of weddings?” said Harry, appearing at the window behind them, and looking flushed, and tumbled after his sleep, “Is any one going to be married?”

“Miss Russel was speaking of a wedding which is to take place very soon, and at which she hopes to see both you and me, Harry, and you will have to make a speech she says.”

“It will have to come off very soon then, or it will not be honoured with my presence,” returned Harry, rather ungraciously. “I shall join my regiment, I hope, in another month, my leave will be out then, and I cannot ask for a further extension.”

"And in the meantime," said Vaughan, smiling, "here comes Jenkins with tea."

"Well, Eleanor, you and Harry have had a long talk," said Vaughan, the following day, when Miss Russel came out and joined him on the terrace upon which the drawing-room windows opened. "I hope you have not settled to run away with him from The Oaks yet. I really cannot let you go so soon."

"Thank you; I have not said anything to Harry as yet about coming to The Lodge, but I have dropped a delicate little hint that there might be other reasons for Rachel's rejection of him than want of affection. I wish you had seen his face—poor fellow!"

"Why, Eleanor you are a wonderful creature! My good angel must have inspired me to write to you. But do you know what astonishes me more than I can tell you, and what I have wondered at for ages?"

"No, what is it?"

"I want to know how it is that you have never married, Eleanor? I do not think you were the kind of girl every man would have fallen in love with, you know—"

"Am I to take that as a compliment?"

"I mean it as a compliment, I do indeed. You were too cold—"

"I know exactly what you mean," interrupted Eleanor. "You mean that I was unlovable."

"Indeed I do not," he replied earnestly, "very far from it—you unlovable! But you never seemed as if you wanted love from others; do you not understand? I know what I mean, but I cannot express it properly. Still I am sure you might have been married. There was that artist, Danvers, as good a fellow as ever lived, and as clever, and as sensible, was he not? I am sure he was in love with you, and I

have a shrewd suspicion that he proposed to you, why didn't you marry him?"

"I do not think you have any right to ask me such a question."

"Do you not? I think you might tell me about it now." Then, after a pause he went on again, more seriously, and with some hesitation. "There is one other question I must ask—would you have—Well, my good man, what do you want?"

A labourer, with an unmistakably Irish face, had come round a corner suddenly, and stood before them, touching his hat.

"I was lookin' for yer honour," he said.

"Well, my honour is here. I beg your pardon, Eleanor, just wait for me for a moment, will you?" He walked apart with the man, who had some grievance to relate, and Miss Russel stood watching them. She suspected what that interrupted question was going to be; but she knew Vaughan so well, that she felt sure when he joined her again he would be full of some other subject, and in that way she might escape being called upon for a reply.

And she was right. When Paddy touched his hat and went away, Vaughan returned to her, saying, "I wish I could manage to please every one; but I have been trying it for years, and I have not succeeded yet. There is that fellow"—and then he went off into a long explanation, which led to other explanations, and before he had finished the luncheon bell rang, and they went in.

"I never saw any one so unchanged," said Miss Russel to herself, as she went to her room to take off her bonnet; "his peculiarities have only strengthened with time." And she was fully conscious that had any one except her old friend gone on prosing to her about his farm labourers, and

about what his steward wanted to have done, and what he chose to have done, that she would have been intensely bored.

At luncheon Harry mentioned having seen some young lady of the neighbourhood on horseback for the first time the day before.

"I should think a cow would look quite as well," was the elder Vaughan's uncomplimentary remark. "Eleanor, do you ever ride now? You had a good seat, and a light hand, I remember. Poor dear old 'Pacha,' how well he used to carry you."

Miss Russel had become accustomed to reminiscences by that time; at first they had been rather trying. "I never ride now," she answered. "I am too old."

"Old! Do you hear her, Harry? Why, sitting there"—"Yes, with my back to the light," put in Eleanor—"you do not look five-and-twenty—well, thirty, then. I think it is very unkind of you to take every opportunity as you do of reminding me of my age. I want to forget that I am a grandfather; but indeed I cannot forget it when I look back to the old days at C——, before you were thought of, sir"—turning to Harry. "Eleanor, do you remember the discussions, we used to have, and how you used to argue your point?"

"And how you used to argue yours."

"Used I? I thought I always gave up. I know we rarely agreed upon abstract subjects. I wonder what has become of the Crinvads, and that pretty little cousin of theirs who went to India? I suppose she is the size of a house by this time. She was just the style of woman to grow stout and lazy in India. By the way, I met Danvers in London the last time I was up—we were speaking of him just now, Eleanor, and I forgot to tell you. He has turned out such a 'swell.' He married the only

daughter of some rich Manchester cotton-spinner, who used to buy up his pictures at the Academy. She had a pot of money, of course, and they have a house in Hyde Park Gardens. She is not a bad kind of woman, and dresses like a plate in a fashion book; but somehow I fancy poor old Danvers would have been happier had he married less for money and more for love."

Vaughan looked at Miss Russel as he said the last words, with so much of the old boyish expression of mischief in his eyes, that she could almost fancy she was again sitting with him under the shady tree in her aunt's lawn.

A fortnight passed quietly away in this genial and kindly intercourse, and Mr. Vaughan never seemed weary of walking, talking, and driving with his guest. He took her to see all the "show" places in the neighbourhood. He made her visit with him all his farms, and a whole village of model cottages, which he was building for his tenants and labourers; he took her to inspect a school, which he had established upon a principle of his own; then, at his request, she examined the children, and when she gave her opinion, which was at variance with his respecting some of the rules and regulations he had made, he argued the point with all his old pertinacity; but finally, and much to her surprise, he adopted her suggestions.

And then, during their long *tête-à-tête* walks he told her about his daughters, and their marriages, and how he liked his sons-in-law, and he spoke of his wife's illness, and death, and of his long, lonely journey back from Madeira, and declared that only now had The Oaks begun to seem like home to him again, and a hundred times he went back to their old life at C——, and proved how excellent was his memory by recurring to

little things of no importance which had happened there. Harry used sometimes to declare laughingly, that he was quite jealous of his father's monopoly of Miss Russel. But upon the whole he was very well contented with all the world just then, for Eleanor had confided to him what she knew to be the real cause of Rachel's rejection of him, and she had urged him—but he was very willing to be urged—to try his fate once more, and he had wanted to rush off to London at once to be made happy; but he had yielded, after some pressing, to Miss Russel's wish that he should wait for a few days, and then return with her to The Lodge, whither Rachel should be invited, without knowing, however, who was to be there before her.

Although the elder Vaughan begged very hard for "a few days more," Miss Russel was firm in her resolve to leave at the end of a fortnight, and accordingly she and Harry departed together, the latter in such brilliant spirits, and in such wonderfully improved health, that it was no wonder his father should whisper to Miss Russel, as he held her hand at parting, "I wish I could thank you, Eleanor, for what you have done for my boy. I know now what a weight there was on my mind about him. My best, and truest of friends, good-bye."

He was in one of his absent fits as he drove back alone to The Oaks, so absent, that he actually passed one or two of his most intimate friends upon the road without seeing them. Then, as he turned in at the Lodge gate, he roused himself, and the words in his mind, as he tightened the reins, and touched the ponies with the whip to make them gallop up the drive, were, "I do not in the least see why I shouldn't."

"Papa," said Rachel, a few days later, "my friend Miss Russel has asked me to go and stay with her for a short time at W—; you have no objection, I hope?" She did not say, "You will miss me," for she was but too painfully conscious of what little account her society really was to him.

Scotelli had no objection! In fact, he was delighted beyond measure that his daughter should go away at that particular time, for the mistress of the academy before mentioned, Miss Montresor, had tightened her toils upon him most effectually, and he was pledged to marry her before the summer vacation ended. Could he have broken the news of her approaching stepmother to Rachel without being obliged to witness the shock which it would give her he would have been perfectly happy, for the influence of the future Madame Scotelli was very potent just then.

She had decided what Rachel's future was to be at once. The house at Brompton was to be given up, and Miss Scott was to take up her abode at the academy, paying to the head of that establishment fifty pounds a year out of the hundred she received from Miss Conway, and in the event of her aunt's allowance ceasing, she was to teach singing to beginners in that accomplishment. But when Scotelli heard of his daughter's invitation to W—, he decided that he could tell her of his marriage by letter when the ceremony was over, and then she could come back to her new home when her visit to Miss Russel had ended.

CHAPTER XIII.

God had brought the tardy blessing
Round her at the last.

WILLIAM G. WILLS.

AND now I am quite aware that to all intents and purposes my simple

story is finished, and that you all know what is to come as well as I do myself. But just as in a play, when the last act is drawing to a close, all the actors group themselves to make their last speeches, and the heroine sinks into her lover's arms, and the once stony-hearted father blesses the happy pair, and the villain of the piece glowers upon the blissful scene; after which all the company take hands, and go gracefully backwards, bowing as the curtain falls. So my hero and heroine must embrace; my father must bless, and my villain—but I have no villain, properly speaking—before I can venture to dismiss my audience, and lay down my pen.

With a light heart, Rachel found herself in the train, speeding from London to W—. How she had been pining, she alone knew, for fresh country air, and for flowers, and for green grass, instead of dusty, noisy streets; and above all, how she had been longing for the sight of her friend's kind face.

"At last!" she said, as the journey over, she was fondly embraced by Miss Russel upon the platform at W—. "Oh, you do not know how I have longed to see you again!"

"Something told me that you would not refuse me this time," replied Eleanor; "but how pale you look, dear. Has it been very hot in town?"

"It has been stifling! I could neither eat nor sleep. Do you know, the night before your letter came, I had made up my mind to write to know if you would have me, even for a week? Was it not strange? But how well you are looking, dear Granny! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing particular; nursing an invalid friend, whom I have with me at The Lodge at present; so you

will not have me all to yourself, Rachel."

"Oh, is she going to stay long? I hope she is not a bad invalid. I want to have you all to myself; but never mind, I shall see you every day, if there were fifty invalids. How exactly the same the old town looks. There is the old gingerbread woman sitting in the very same spot under the barrack wall, and I shouldn't wonder if she had the same cakes in her basket. You have got a Highland regiment now, I see."

"Yes, the 9—th, and the young ladies have all gone Tartan mad. I saw four bonnets in church last Sunday, trimmed with the Gordon plaid. I suppose you mean to astonish us country folk with some pretty London fashions. By the way, Julia Fairfax is going to be married to a German baron or count, or Serene Highness, whom she met last winter in Rome."

"And I read Miss Rokeby's marriage to Mr. Ruthven in the *Times*, about a month ago," said Rachel, "so that two of the W—belles are disposed of. But here we are at the dear old Lodge, and it looks as pretty as ever. Oh, what flowers! It is so long since I have seen a real country flower."

"Now, dear," said Miss Russel, as they came in, "your room is the one next to mine. You know it; go and take off your hat, and then we can have some luncheon. You are not to see my invalid, however, just yet, so do not be frightened."

Miss Russel had been struck by the marked change and improvement in Rachel's appearance when they had met at the station; but when she came down without her hat and mantle, she was positively startled. Could that tall, graceful girl with the perfectly moulded figure, whose every movement was dignity and grace, be the same pretty, engaging, but unformed little creature who had captivated

Harry Vaughan with her sweet childish beauty two years before?

She had been fascinating then in her innocent simplicity. She was doubly fascinating now, for the books she had studied during her quiet lonely life had added to her many attractions the attraction of a cultivated mind. Clever, or strong-minded she would never be, but she knew enough to make her conversation often brilliant, and always interesting, and agreeable. But the years which had passed had done more than heighten and develop her womanly charms and cultivate her intellect; they had moulded her character, and without having deprived her altogether of that simple, confiding trust in human nature, that belief in honour, faithfulness and truth which keeps a woman's heart young, they had given her a glimpse of the failures which may attend the fairest hopes, and of the deceptions which may dispel the brightest illusions. She had learned too, but not perhaps in its severest form, a lesson against which the human heart hotly rebels, the lesson which Goethe has grandly called the doctrine of "Renunciation."

She had learned that "to suffer and be strong" did not mean, as some people interpret the saying, being strong in nothing except making moan over what might have been, and what was, but meant in the fullest and truest sense, doing her duty where God had placed her, not "walking upon the shadows of hills across a level thrown, and panting like a climber," but taking her life as it came, the rough and the smooth together. That she was not always able to repress her inclination to rebel and to murmur, I have before explained, but upon the whole she had behaved very well, and now she was going to have her reward.

"Rachel dear, you have eaten positively nothing," said Miss

Russel to her young guest that same day at dinner. "I have been watching you, and all my little delicacies appear quite thrown away. It is fortunate for my cook that I have an invalid in the house to appreciate her dainties—are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you, but I feel a little tired sometimes, as if I should like a long rest. I am sure the change will soon make me quite like myself again. I often feel so at home, feel tired I mean"—she had grown to regard the dingy little house at Brompton as "home"—"to tell you the truth I have not enough to do, not enough of stirring work. I read sometimes all day long, until my head begins to buzz like that poor Mrs. Wragg's in 'No Name'!"

"And what do you call stirring work?"

"Giving lessons would be stirring enough for me; you need not shake your head at me, Granny, I am thinking seriously of having pupils next winter."

"I do not think you will have anything of the kind," replied Miss Russel, in her decided way; "you are not fit for such drudgery as teaching, dear;" she added, looking admiringly at the beautiful girl before her, "and now I must leave you for a while. I have my invalid to look after, and you may lie down and rest, or read, or sing—I had the piano tuned for you yesterday; or do anything you like."

"Who is this abominable invalid of yours?" cried Rachel, "who upon earth is she, and why has she come here just now, to take up my Granny's time?"

"Your Granny is very fond of her poor invalid," replied Miss Russel, laying her hand affectionately upon Rachel's shoulder, "and so will you too, when you come to know each other by-and-by."

"Never: I have begun ——"

“With a little aversion; very well, we shall see. I shall expect to hear one of your sweet songs presently, and my invalid will——”

“I will not listen,” cried Rachel, playfully stopping her ears. Miss Russel laughed and vanished.

Rachel went into the drawing-room alone, and wandered about looking at favourite books, and pictures, and noting what changes had been made in the pretty room since she had seen it last.

It was full of associations for her. There was the carved ebony paperknife with which Harry used to play while he read aloud for her and Miss Russel—all the most beautiful passages in Byron and Tennyson were connected in her mind with that little toy! There was the album in which he had sketched the caricatures which had amused them so much. She opened the book, and went over the drawings, one by one. Beside it there was a photographic album, in which she knew she should find a likeness of the artist, and unable to resist the temptation she opened it, and presently came upon Harry leaning upon a broken column, and frowning savagely. “I wonder Granny keeps such a thing in her album,” was the young lady’s indignant comment as she clasped the book again.

The next thing she came upon was a little ornamental egg-shaped shell, mounted in ormolu, opening with a spring, and holding tiny perfume bottles; of this Harry had always expressed a great horror, and Miss Russel used to declare he was always trying to break it. And there was the little French clock upon the chimney piece, the face of which he used to cover at night, that Miss Russel might not notice how late it was growing, and turn him out. There was not a book, or an ornament in the room, which had not some con-

nection, intimate, or remote with Vaughan, and poor Rachel began to fear that she had scarcely done wisely to put herself in the way of being reminded of him daily and hourly, as she must be at The Lodge.

At length she lay down upon a sofa by one of the open windows, and looking out on the pretty garden, she inhaled with pleasure the perfume of the flowers, and sighed a deep sigh of contentment. It was so delicious to be away from dusty, stifling London! The house was very quiet, and she presently fell fast asleep, and when she awoke she was surprised to find that the sun had some time set, and that the room was in semi-darkness.

She got up and went to the piano. It was the hour she best loved music, although its influence was scarcely so soothing as it might have been in broad daylight. She played some chords, and ran her fingers dreamily over the keys, as if undecided what to sing, then abruptly she began that touching ballad of Miss Edwards, “Many a time and oft,” which Madame Dolby’s singing has made so justly popular.

As she began the second verse she heard the door behind her, which led into the hall, open and close, but she went on singing; she was even conscious that a step came softly up the room, and when her voice had died away, after singing, with a pathos that was more than touching, the last words of the refrain, “Oh many a time! many a time and oft!” she turned, expecting to see Miss Russel, but instead, she saw a figure which was only too familiar, and too dear—in the dim light she caught the beseeching, adoring glance of two honest blue eyes, she heard the sweet, well-remembered voice whisper the one word “Rachel!”

She never knew how it all came

about, but it seemed as if no questions were asked or answered before she found herself clasped in Harry's strong arms while he murmured, "at last you have come to me, my own darling, my wife!"

There was no more singing after that, and the long twilight, which in July takes the place of darkness, had set in before those two happy creatures remembered that there was any one in the world except themselves.

"And how could you say that you did not love me that day?" Harry had asked, reproachfully; "don't you know, darling that it is not right to tell stories?"

"I did not say it," she had retorted triumphantly; "you did not give me time, you interrupted me before I could finish my sentence, and then you went off like a flash of lightning; the clap you gave the hall-door shook the whole street, I think, and it was very rude of you to interrupt me, sir," she added, looking up at him with her beautiful eyes radiant with a happy light; "besides, how could you tell what I was going to say? perhaps I wasn't going to say No, after all."

And then oaths and expletives—*i.e.*, endearments and caresses—from Harry, and so on *Da capo*, *ad infinitum* until the door—the lovers had forgotten the existence of doors—opened, and Miss Russel came in, carrying a lamp.

"Where are you, Rachel? Oh, what do I see? Miss Scott in the embrace of a stalwart soldier!" as the girl rose, blushing and laughing.

"Now, child, who was right? Did I not tell you that you would be very fond of my invalid? Not that there is much of the sick list about you now, Harry."

"Was it really Harry? You said 'she.'"

"You said 'she.' I took great

care to be strictly impersonal in my pronouns. But now, if you have said enough to one another for the present, we will have some tea. I know Harry ate no dinner; he was far too much excited to think about such a commonplace thing as dinner. I wish you had seen me trying to keep him quiet, Rachel, until you began to sing; and yet, until you began, he would not go near you. I suppose he thought he had a better chance of a favourable reply when you were under the influence of your own sweet voice. But do come away; I must write a letter for the post to-night, and it is getting very late."

The letter Miss Russel wrote that night bore the address, "Henry Vaughan, Esq., The Oaks,—shire." The reply came to it by return, in the shape of Vaughan himself.

"You did not ask me, I know, Eleanor," he said; "but I could not help coming to make the acquaintance of *our* Rachel, and she quite comes up to all I could wish my son's wife to be," was his verdict in discussing the bride-elect with Eleanor. "The golden thread of refinement of mind runs through every word and action. She is worthy of the Vaughans."

So they were all wonderfully happy; the young people especially had no crumples in their rose-leaves—indeed, they were already ridiculously happy. Harry was never contented except by Rachel's side; but then, as she was in that position as often as it was possible for her to be, he was, as a matter of course, almost always contented. And how radiantly lovely she looked, glowing in the sunshine of her happy love! Now that Harry was actually her very own, she was not afraid to let him see how entirely she had given him her heart. And was he not worthy of it in her eyes? Others might think him only an agreeable, and rather a good-looking

young man; but to her he was a hero—her “man of men!” absolute and undoubted perfection.

The marriage was arranged to take place immediately. Harry, in spite of his former declarations on the subject, applied for an additional month's leave, and he affirmed that if he were not married before it expired, it might be years before the ceremony could take place. Of course that was not the truth; but he said it, notwithstanding.

Rachel demurred a little on account of her father, she said, which was plainly absurd of her to do, for two reasons—firstly, because Harry was scarcely more anxious to be her husband than she was to be his wife; and, secondly, because her father was of no importance in the matter whatever. Her marriage was more likely to be a relief to him than otherwise.

But all her scruples were set at rest by the arrival of a letter from the music master, announcing his own blissful union with Miss Montresor. The letter was written from Paris, whither the “happy pair” had gone to spend the honeymoon, and it was the most doleful epistle which had ever, I suppose, been penned by a happy bridegroom. It ended by hoping that his dear child would forgive him for having kept the change in his life a secret, and that she would by-and-by find a happy home with him and her new mamma at Islington.

So a reply was at once despatched, announcing that Rachel would never find a home with him again, and the day for her marriage was fixed, and every one was satisfied. Miss Conway was reconciled to her niece, gave her a handsome *trousseau*, and insisted that the wedding should take place from her house. Rachel would much have preferred being married from The Lodge, but she could not say no to her aunt, and

after all it did not much signify. Miss Russel was rather pleased with the arrangement than otherwise, for she was to receive the whole Vaughan family as her guests for the occasion—the bridegroom, his father, his three married sisters and their husbands.

These latter all came the day before the wedding, and the three ladies were charmed with their new sister, and with their hostess, of whom they declared they had often heard “Papa and Harry” speak. They were handsome, stylish-looking women. Eleanor, Mrs. Fortescue, was the least handsome of the three; she had her father's plain features, and his varied expression; in manner, too, she was like him, and somehow Miss Russel “got on,” as the saying is, best with her. The eldest daughter, Caroline—Mrs. Clifton—was very like her mother; even Eleanor could detect the likeness, although she had never seen Mrs. Vaughan but twice. It was very pleasing both to Harry and to Miss Russel to see how well Rachel made her way amongst them, with her quiet, thorough-bred manner and admirable tact.

The wedding-day was all that a wedding-day should be, warm and bright. But there is no more to be told about it than about any other wedding that has ever taken place. The party made quite a pretty picture in the dim old Cathedral; but the effect of the scene was quite lost upon the actors therein. Major Howard came over from Ireland to be Harry's best man, and his speech at the breakfast, returning thanks for the bridesmaids, was the best speech of the day, for Harry literally did not know what he was doing, and talked great nonsense; and Mr. Vaughan, his father, broke down utterly, in trying to propose the health of the mistress of The Lodge.

Then the good-byes were said, and the last of the many kisses exchanged during that ceremony, were those bestowed by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vaughan upon the "best"—kiss; "kindest"—kiss; and "dearest"—kiss—kiss—kiss—"of friends"—Miss Russel, of course!

The day succeeding the marriage Mr. Vaughan's elder daughters and their husbands went away, leaving Mrs. Fortescue, with her father and Mr. Fortescue still at The Lodge. They were to return to The Oaks in a day or two, to receive the bride and bridegroom, who were to pay a short visit to Harry's home before they started for Ireland.

It was evening. The small party at The Lodge had dined pleasantly together. Mr. Fortescue was a most agreeable and well-read man, and he and Mr. Vaughan had kept up an animated conversation, which prevented Miss Russel's unusual silence from being noticed. Mrs. Fortescue was by nature rather silent and reserved.

She and her hostess were sitting together in the drawing-room after dinner, waiting for the gentlemen to join them, when Mrs. Fortescue mentioned having seen some book through the glass doors of the book-case in the library, which she had been wishing to look over, and Miss Russel left the room to get it for her.

She was standing on the library steps, searching for the volume, when she heard the dining-room door open and close, and the voices of the gentlemen as they crossed the hall. She thought that both of them had passed on by the open door of the library, but she was mistaken; on turning to come down the steps, she was surprised to see Vaughan standing watching her.

"How did you know I was here?" she asked.

"I did not know *you* were here," he replied; "but, as I passed the

door, I thought some giantess had taken possession of your library, when I saw the shadow. Look there!"

The room was lighted by two small moderator lamps, placed upon the chimney-piece, and thus a distorted shadow of Miss Russel standing on the step-ladder was thrown upon the opposite wall. She did not say anything, but came down quickly, and stood by the empty fireplace with the book in her hand.

Vaughan came over and stood beside her. They were both silent, and the stillness of the room became almost oppressive. After a while it was broken by Vaughan: "These last few weeks have been very happy weeks to me," he said, "and I am sure they have been so to you too, Eleanor, for you always found pleasure in making others happy."

"Yes," she answered, "if Rachel and Harry were my own children, I could not love them more."

Silence again for a time; again broken by Vaughan. "Eleanor," he said, "since we have met we have often talked of the dear old days we used to spend together; but never have I been so forcibly reminded of them as to-night, when I saw your shadow on the wall, just now."

She evidently knew what was coming, for she turned deadly pale, and shivered almost audibly. "Do you remember the evening?" he went on.

"Oh, do not—pray do not!" she interrupted imploringly, covering her face. "I cannot bear it."

He very gently, almost tenderly, took both her hands into his own, and held them, while he continued: "I am not going to say anything to pain you, dear Eleanor. Can you not trust me?"

She drew a deep sigh, by way of answer, and he continued: "I am

sure you never knew, never even suspected, what brought me to your aunt's house that evening of which it grieves you to speak. I went, Eleanor, to ask you to be my wife. You know what I saw, and the mistake into which it led me—a mistake which changed both our lives; that is, if you would have given me, what you refused to others—your love."

"And you cared for me, then?" she said, slowly, as though that fact obliterated all others at the moment.

"Yes, I cared for you—not, perhaps, with the same strong, overwhelming passion I soon felt for Caroline Forbes, but with a love strong enough to have made me happy to call you mine—a love founded upon thorough knowledge of your character. And now, Eleanor, having made my confession, tell me in your turn, was your feeling for me then more than friendship?"

"As you remember so much of the past, Henry," she replied, using his Christian name for the first time, "perhaps you remember some of our many discussions upon love and friendship? You used to think that I did not make enough of difference between them. Now is your question answered?"

"Not quite," he replied, smilingly; "I must ask it in another form—would you have married me, Eleanor?"

"Yes," she answered frankly, "why should I hesitate to let you know it now? I never liked anyone, I never could have liked anyone so much as I liked you—but do not mistake me. I was truly, and sincerely glad when I saw you happy with another."

"I believe it," he returned earnestly, "that was precisely the fault in your character, you are not exacting for yourself; personal appropriation of the object of your

love never entered your head. Eleanor!" and his tone suddenly changed to one of deep feeling, and his clasp tightened upon her hands. "You said a little while ago to my daughter that you thought my home was perfect. It has one want, and my life has one void which you alone can fill; you confess that you cared for me in the old days, we are both alone in the world now; why should we not spend the rest of our lives together?"

He felt a tremor run through the hands he held, and he saw the warm blood flush brightly into her face, softening the lines that time had made. She was no longer young, but those words spoken so earnestly, and with such undoubted sincerity by her old friend, stirred her heart with emotions which she thought were dead for ever. She had lived, and she could live without the excitement of passion, but the one love of which she was capable, an abiding, unselfish, faithful affection had been given to Vaughan long years before, and so much as even a passing fancy she had never felt for another.

So now, although the freshness, and the beauty of her youth were gone; although she knew him as perhaps she never could have known him when the illusions of youth were blinding her, she felt that to be something near and dear to him, to know that she had the power to fill the blanks left in his life, and in his home, by the inevitable changes which time brings round, made her happier than she had ever been.

Meanwhile he was waiting for her answer as impatiently as a young lover might have done. "Eleanor," he exclaimed at last, "why do you not speak to me? Are you fancying what the world will say of sober middle age breaking out into romance? Let it

laugh if it will. Ah! if you knew how I miss you, and how I long for you at home; if you knew how unhappy it makes me to be alone!"

"And if you knew how happy it makes me to be with you," she interrupted freeing her hands from

his, but only to clasp them lovingly round his arm.

Then he stooped, and their lips for the first time in a lover's kiss.

And as in her youth her happiness had been marred, so now in middle life it was made, by a Shadow on the Wall.

THE END.

THE IRISH STAR CHAMBER.

ENGLISH lawyers living at the accession of James the First may well be excused for setting a high value on the power of the Crown. They had seen private war abolished, and the nobles reduced to their right position, trade developed, Spain humbled, Scotland rendered harmless, the supremacy of the State over the Church surely established, and England made glorious by sea and land. And it was the royal power in the vigorous hands of the Tudors that had done most of this. Authority had indeed been often abused; but peace and order had at any rate been maintained, and the mass of the people were satisfied. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, the increase of monopolies had become a grievous burden, but the great Queen had yielded, timely and gracefully, as she knew so well how to do, and with that honest regard for her people's welfare which goes far to cover her many faults. It is well that there was not a succession of sovereigns at once so

fond of power, so able, and so discreet, or our fathers might have been content to abide by the flesh-pots and to lose their liberties almost without knowing it.

The king's council, disguised under the name of the Star Chamber, had been one of the strongest weapons in the hands of the Tudor sovereigns. The union of the executive and judicial authority in the same body was extremely dangerous, yet at first it was very useful in repressing the insolence of those powerful subjects with which the ordinary tribunals had shown themselves too weak to deal. Prerogative, with its searching interrogatories and summary process, went straight to the point, while law and its twelve honest men sometimes lagged falteringly behind. The usurpation was for a time acquiesced in. But even under Elizabeth the jurisdiction had been much abused; and the evil part which it played after Bacon had prostituted his immeasurable powers to build up the

imbecile tyranny of the Stuarts, has made the name of Star Chamber infamous. It was found impossible to revive it at the Restoration.

Statesmen, having deliberately undertaken to make Ireland as exact a copy of England as possible, were not likely to neglect so useful an instrument, and accordingly we find both Queen Elizabeth and the Lord Lieutenant, Sussex, recommending the establishment of such a court as early as 1569, and it was in actual operation five years later. It continued to sit for the purpose for which it was originally instituted, the punishment of "riots and perjuries," sometimes no doubt acting arbitrarily enough. Jurors, for instance, were fined, imprisoned and pilloried for giving verdicts contrary to the evidence. This continued to be the established practice, and Strafford made it the means of enormous extortion. In the last years of the Queen, one Sedgrave, a baron of the Exchequer, was brought before the Castle Chamber, and deprived of his office, with fine and imprisonment, for corrupt conduct on the trial of a cause affecting the title to the manor of Dunshaughlin, which he hoped to get possession of himself. Immediately after the accession of James, the Court was turned to a new use. Messrs. Russell and Prendergast's Calendar of State Papers relating to this reign enable us, with some help from other sources, to gain a clear view of this curious episode, in which the Irish Star Chamber went beyond its great original.

The only means of enforcing religious uniformity at this time available in Ireland was the Act 2 Eliz. Officials indeed could be bound to take the oath, acknowledging the Royal supremacy, but for recusants in general the only punishment was a fine of one shilling for each Sunday that they absented themselves from Church. Small as

the sum was, the cost of recovering it was considerable, and Sir John Davys was of opinion that the poor country would be unable to bear the burden if it were generally imposed. Yet even making allowance for costs, and also for the change in the value of money, such a punishment could hardly weigh very heavily on the upper classes. Under the Queen there had been scarcely any attempt to interfere with the private exercise of the Roman religion in Ireland, and when the new reign began, the people professed to believe that they would enjoy a fuller toleration. In all the southern towns, Jesuits and priests abounded, and at their instigation a vigorous and general attempt was made to set up the Mass publicly. This was put down by Mountjoy with the strength of his hand rather than of his arguments, for he tried both, and the Protestant character of the new dynasty was thus established. It remained to be seen whether the conscience of private persons would be further interfered with. The matter was not long left in doubt. Sir Henry Brouncker, an arbitrary and bigoted and apparently not very honest man, succeeded the wise and politic Carew in the government of Munster. He lost no time in showing his zeal, and as early as Aug. 14, 1604, issued a proclamation commanding all priests to leave the province before the last day of September, and not to re-enter it for seven years. Any person harbouring them after the appointed date, was to forfeit £10 for each offence, half to the Crown and half to the informer. Any person who brought the *body* of one to the Lord President was to be rewarded. By the wording of this document, it would seem that a man might murder a priest, and then claim the reward, but even Brouncker can hardly have intended this; £40 was the price of a Jesuit; £6 8s. 4d.

of a seminary, and £5 of an ordinary mass priest. This proclamation was undoubtedly illegal, for the English statute, 27. Eliz., had never been adopted by an Irish parliament. Some servile lawyers suggested that Poyning's Act could be so construed as to make laws subsequently passed in England, binding on Ireland but this position could not be seriously maintained.

The Lord President continued to govern Munster in this fashion for nearly three years, when the English Council were obliged to tell him that he was acting imprudently and without warrant of law, and to bid him stay his hand. Even while writing this, my lords were careful to guard against the supposition that they were favourable to toleration, and to point out that expediency was their sole guide in the matter. The effect of Brouncker's vigour, which was little abated by these rebukes, created a great many sham proselytes who bowed themselves for a while in the house of Rimmon. Poor Sir Richard Moryson, who administered the province after Brouncker's death, complained bitterly that these pliant subjects had reverted to the old ways.

On the 4th of July, 1605, a black day in the Irish calendar, King James put forth his famous proclamation against liberty of conscience. All priests of papal ordination were ordered to leave the kingdom by the 10th of December, and not to return. After that date all officials were to arrest them and their harbourers. There was no means of escape left but by conforming and going to church. The proclamation was not allowed to remain a dead letter, and legal ingenuity devised a novel means of giving it due effect. Sir John Davys was now the junior law-officer in Ireland. Once he had opposed Monopolies from his seat in Parliament, but—

"As bees on flowers alighting cease
their hum

"So Whigs in office suddenly grow
dumb;"

and there was a great gulf fixed between plain Mr. Davys, the popular M.P., and Sir John Davys his majesty's Solicitor-General. Arbitrary power generally finds a converted opponent the most efficient of instruments. A form of mandate under the Privy Seal was drawn up and put to various recusants, in which the king is made to charge his subjects "on the faith and allegiance by which you are bound to us, and by authority of our prerogative royal (all excuses and delays set apart) upon the next Sunday, after sight hereof, &c.," and on all other Sundays and holidays to attend the parish church and remain during the whole service. The alternative was to attend the mayor to the cathedral, and to stay through the service in sight of the Lord Deputy and Council. The recipients of these mandates are finally exhorted to obey them "upon pain of our high displeasure and indignation, and of such further punishments as are to be inflicted upon contemners of our laws, statutes, proclamations, and royal prerogative."

Among the citizens of Dublin who received this royal gift were five aldermen, two merchants, and a gentleman named Bassett. The provincial presidents were ordered to proceed in the same manner, and Brouncker made free use of the power in Munster. One of the Dublin aldermen, by a singular coincidence, bore the name of John Elliott, another was John Skelton, or Shelton, who had been mayor, and had been superseded for refusing the oath *ex-officio*. All declined to obey, alleging that they had been brought up in the Romish religion and that it was against their

conscience to go to church, or to hear service and sermons. The aldermen were fined £100 each, and the merchants £50, half to the use of the Protestant church and half to the king, and were imprisoned during pleasure. Mr. Philip Bassett, "being English and a principal persuader of others to recusancy," was fined £50, and ordered besides "within thirty days to withdraw himself or be sent into England, to be governed under the laws under which he was born, and never to return again into this kingdom." Sir Charles Calthorpe, the Attorney-General, was satisfied with what had been done, or perhaps he did not really like the business. There is no more lamentable sight than a weak attorney-general, coupled with a strong solicitor, and the difference was very apparent on this occasion. Calthorpe contented himself with a perfunctory discharge of his duties, but Sir John Davys was so much in love with the proclamation and mandates that he made a long speech, attempting to justify what had been done by an array of precedents which were nothing to the purpose, though they served to display his learning. Neither Sir John nor any one else could show that the kings of England, though they might resist papal encroachments, had ever been grand inquisitors.

While presiding in the Star Chamber on this occasion, Sir Arthur Chichester received a letter from Salisbury announcing the discovery of the Gunpowder plot. The incident was most opportune, and the Lord Deputy immediately ordered the news to be published in every direction. This conspiracy was very unfortunate for the Irish Roman Catholics, and in some degree palliates the severity of the Government. It is indeed tolerably certain that no Irishman was concerned; but Garnet, the provincial of the English

Jesuits, was implicated, and Ireland was full of members of that order. It was perhaps suspiciously remembered that there had been a stir among the priests in Connaught just before St. Bartholomew, and that the massacre had found many sympathisers there. There was, therefore, good cause for suspicion. The proclamation had, however, been issued, and the mandates promulgated before the detection of Catesby and his associates. Within a week five more recusants were fined and imprisoned in the same way.

Meanwhile the gentry of the Pale, the old English, who, in the darkest days of Scotch invasions and Irish encroachments, had remained faithful to the Crown, had taken fright at the attack on their religion. They had borne great and unequal taxation to support a Government, which could plunder but could not protect them. They had known the horrors of unpaid troops at free quarters, whose services by no means made up for their extortions. But this new oppression was more than they could bear, and they resolved to petition the Lord Deputy for some relief. A paper was accordingly drawn up by Richard Netterville, with the advice and help of Lords Gormanston and Louth, of an old lawyer named Burnell, and above all of Sir Patrick Barnewell. When the petition had received the last corrections the signatures of five peers and two hundred and six gentlemen were appended, and it was presented to Chichester, not by its principal contrivers, but by four of the subscribers, a Dillon, a Sarsfield, a Finglas, and a Nugent. The document, having been drafted some time before, contained no allusion to the Gunpowder plot, but disclaimed the notion that the priests had attempted to tamper with the petitioners' civil allegiance.

or that the latter would have listened to such insinuations. In respectful language the King was asked to make further inquiry before interfering with the private conscience of faithful subjects, and this prayer was followed by an earnest and solemn declaration of unswerving loyalty.

To our ideas nothing seems more proper than such a petition, but this was not the opinion of Chichester and Davys. Those who presented the paper were sharply reproved, and were then dismissed until the ringleaders should have been examined; some of them were afterwards imprisoned. Lord Gormanston and Sir P. Barnewell, with Netterville, Burnell, and Flatsbury, came before the Council and defended themselves boldly. They were then committed to prison until the next meeting of the Star Chamber. Lords Gormanston and Trimleston who signed the petition, and Lords Killeen and Louth who appear not to have done so, in the meantime wrote a joint letter to Salisbury desiring his interference. They declared their loyalty, protested against a conscientious refusal to go to church being treated as an outrageous contempt or heinous riot, complained bitterly of domiciliary visits most harshly conducted, and of an innovation in the practice of the Star Chamber, which had never before been used as a spiritual consistory. Lord Gormanston, who was young and of high courage, pressed the Irish Government for an answer to the petition; but this was held a further contempt. Sir Patrick Barnewell, who from henceforth took the lead, wrote to Salisbury from his prison in the Castle, protesting against the new-fangled practices of the Star Chamber, prophesying most truly that they would lead to a rebellion at some distant date. He ascribed the mischief

largely to the machinations of Sir James Ley, the Chief Justice, "a man generally behated," who had denied copies of their indictments to accused persons. Chichester and his advisers of course held their *ægis* over the Lord Chief Justice, whom they found useful, but I do not find that they clear him of this serious charge. There is an affidavit couched in very solemn language from nine citizens of Dublin, who declare that they had themselves been refused copies of their indictments by Ley, and expressing some apprehension lest "terror and fear of the threats and rigour used at these times" should prevent those present from corroborating their testimony. Two of these witnesses did, nevertheless, sign the affidavit.

The English Council on learning these events advised Chichester to proceed with more moderation. To grant any toleration would indeed be most offensive, dangerous, and repugnant to good conscience. But considering how deeply rooted Romanist superstitions were in Ireland it would be wise to temporise. Priests and friars were to be got rid of if possible, but the search for them was not to be too curious. An example might be made now and then, but argument was on the whole preferable to brute force. The lords and gentlemen in prison might be released, but Sir P. Barnewell was to be sent to London. This important paper is signed by no less than seventeen Privy Counsellors, including Ellesmere, Salisbury, and Popham. It was not the first nor last time that the larger wisdom of imperial statesmen has modified the action of an Irish Government. But these grandees, who sat at home at ease, were but lookers on; they might see more of the game, but had not to bear the burden and heat of it. The Irish Star Chamber went on fining and imprisoning recusants, aldermen of

Dublin being the chief victims. But these attentions were not confined to office holders. Any man in a good social position was in danger, the object being to strike down the tall poppies. It was thought that if the leaders of the people could be brought low, the fine of a shilling a Sunday might be sufficient argument for the rank and file. But new difficulties arose daily. It was found that those who incurred the frown of power very generally made conveyance of their goods to children, servants, or friends, not reserving even their clothes and antedating the deeds so as to give them an appearance of authenticity. There were thus no goods upon which the sheriff could make his levies in satisfaction of the Star Chamber decrees. The jury empanelled to value property for the purpose of these decrees found that the deeds were good. Whereupon the Star Chamber took another bold step, and of its own authority declared the conveyances void against the king. Sir John Davys considered this "the best precedent and example that had been made in that kingdom for many years."

These assignments of property *in fraudem domini regis* were not the only devices of the persecuted recusants. Richard Netterville, who, on account of his age, had been confined in his own house, had mass said there by a priest hidden behind a curtain, so that he might be able to swear he had not seen the proscribed cleric. Netterville was then sent to the Castle, and Thomas Luttrell, of Luttrellstown, a name of sinister note in the later history of Ireland, was also committed. Chichester admits that after all his trouble he had not driven one priest out of the country; it was in vain to search, "every town, hamlet, and house, being to them a sanctuary."

Sir Patrick Barnewell meanwhile declined to make any submission. Being brought before the Council, Chichester told him there was good reason to suspect that some men in Ireland were privy to the Gunpowder plot, and that the great course of recusant gentlemen to Dublin was caused by a scheme to seize the Government in case the plot succeeded. The fact is, as we know from Davys, that people were at this time beginning to resort to Dublin for social purposes, to talk and to hear the news; a change caused by the peaceful state of the country. Barnewell answered that the "Deputy's speech was wire-drawing and without probability or likelihood."

Archbishop Jones, now Lord Chancellor, next took him in hand, pressing him as to his theological opinions, and incautiously calling Anglicanism "the king's religion."

"That," said Sir Patrick, "is a profane speech," and it must be owned that he hit the Archbishop hard.

Chief Justice Ley then attacked him with threats of the king's displeasure. Barnewell hated Ley, and promptly told him to "leave his carping," bringing down his hand emphatically at the same time on the cushion which lay before the Lord Deputy. He was too much for them all, and though Sir John Davys was of opinion that his imagination was a little crazed either out of malice or out of an immoderate estimate of himself, there was certainly nothing crazy in his manner of conducting the business in hand.

Chichester and his council were not sorry to send Barnewell over to London, where his expenses were paid by the country. £1,200 was said to be the sum required—a very large one in those days. While Salisbury was making up his mind how to deal with this formidable

recusant Sir John Davys went circuit in Munster, where he was associated in the commission with Chief Justice Walsh. The only part of his very interesting account of this journey, which now concerns us, is that at Limerick a jury were bound to appear before the Star Chamber for failing to agree in an important case. Many hundreds were fined under 2 Eliz. for not going to church in all parts of the South, and at Limerick the money thus raised went to repair the cathedral—the convicts had to build the walls of their own prison.

Not long after Barnewell's arrival in London, he was committed to the Tower. His more crafty sympathisers gave out that he was under no restraint, but staying voluntarily in the capital for the furtherance of Catholic interests. The priests collected money for him all over the country—a foretaste of the "rent"—and the Irish Government urged the Council to severe measures. The advice was not taken. Some of the English judges—those probably who were certain to say what would please the Court—were consulted and gave an opinion favourable to the legality of the mandates. But the prudent Cecil knew better, though he covered his retreat thus. Sir Patrick was released from the Tower, and after being kept for a time at large in London, and suffering a short detention in the Fleet, was allowed to return to Ireland, after giving his bond to appear before the Lord Deputy within four days of his landing.

There seems to be some doubt whether he was really employed as an agent by the Irish Roman Catholics. The English Council thought not, or he would hardly have been so anxious to get home. £32 had been collected for him in Waterford alone, and Sir R. Moryson

was of opinion that if other places contributed at the same rate, Barnewell would probably not care much how long the negotiations lasted. Both views may have been right; Sir Patrick's friends in Ireland may have been anxious to make use of his agency, while he himself did not wish to stay in London to the neglect of his own affairs. There was a discrepancy between his own account of what had taken place, and that given by the Lords of the Council. They said he had made his submission; he said he had made, and would make none, though he appeared before the Lord Deputy according to agreement. Chichester could make nothing of him, and had to confine himself to vague accusations of popularity-hunting and of attracting attention by an unusual train of attendants. Sir Patrick retorted that he had but his usual half-dozen servants, and that the fact of such a trifle being brought up against him showed a disposition to prejudice his case. Chichester at last seems to have determined to let him alone, the mandates were quietly dropped, and Barnewell was molested no further.

Four years later, in 1611, he was engaged in the settlement of the county of Longford, and seems to have been on pretty good terms with the authorities. A paper in Sir George Carew's handwriting, giving an account of the meeting of the Irish Parliament in 1613, mentions him as taking a forward part against the packing of the House of Commons by a wholesale creation of new boroughs, as formerly against the mandates; and that he had written letters declaring that the new modelled legislature would reduce Ireland to perpetual thralldom. In the same paper it is noted that Sir Patrick was the first man of fortune in Ireland who had sent his sons to be educated abroad. The

dragon's teeth for the harvest of 1641 were already sown.

Little can be said for the legality of the Star Chamber mandates, the opinions of judges and law officers notwithstanding. An elaborate defence of these proceedings was drawn up in Dublin and transmitted to the English Council. It does not appear who is responsible for this paper; but it is exactly in Sir John Davys' manner, and he was at hand, so it is reasonable to suppose that no favourable precedent was overlooked. This piece of special pleading begins by considering the nature of the mandates themselves, and finds it to be three-fold.

First—the magistrates and other principal citizens were to attend the mayor to church; this is said to be their ordinary duty, and no doubt when there was no difference of religion it might very well be so.

Secondly—it was the duty of such persons to appear before the Lord Deputy in the church; this is called a civil and not a spiritual duty, and it is suggested that at all events they might have gone to the church door. The writer probably called to mind a speech made by Robert Earl of Essex, at Waterford, where the mayor, having accompanied the Lord Lieutenant to the church door, excused himself from entering on conscientious grounds. "It is not my business to meddle with any man's conscience," answered the magnificent earl, in nearly the same words as were afterwards used by Oliver Cromwell. But the precedent, such as it was, did not much help the case for the Crown.

Thirdly—the magistrates and others were to abide in church during service. This is not a very logical division, for going to the church door and staying out the service are very different things. Indeed the argument reminds one of an old bar story which recounts

how in an action of trover for a kettle the defendant put in three pleas, that he had never had the utensil in his possession, that he had given it back, and that it was his own. The ground upon which the requisition to sit through the service is defended is too rich to be omitted.

"The third part is merely a civil duty, and not a spiritual, for it behoveth in proving an action to be spiritual, that it be proved that the nature of the action is spiritual; for the church being the place, the hour of saying divine service being the time, are but circumstances, and no part of the nature of the action. But the very action itself is the abiding in church during divine service, which containeth no spiritual action therein, *for he is not commanded to hear or give attention, to pray or yield adoration*; only he is commanded to behave himself soberly and modestly, which he ought to do at all times, and in all places."

A clever man must indeed be hard pressed before he could write such nonsense as this. Protestants rightly condemn Jesuitical casuistry as dangerous to moral rectitude, but surely no disciple of Escobar or Suarez ever twisted poor words to worse purpose.

Again, Chichester's advisers say:—"If a Romist in religion do profess his own religion and protest against that of the State, yet hears their sermons and sees their service *per viam obedientiæ*, and not *per viam comprobationis*, until he obtain better satisfaction, he cannot justly be called a hypocrite." Would Jeremy Taylor have been able to swallow this? The whole of this argument may be disposed of by the fact that Barnewell and his friends denied the legality of the mandates, quite apart from the lawfulness of their contents. Davys tries to meet this by quoting pre-

cedents, showing how the prerogative had been often stretched in early times. But even supposing that any number of precedents could make such laws, these do not really touch the private rights of conscience. That which is most to the point is one of Edward the First, where the Cistercian abbots were forbidden to visit their chief house in Burgundy, as their rule commanded; and obviously this has no bearing on cases where there is an actual difference of religion between king and people. Besides there is a great difference between the negative and the positive; Edward led the horse to the water, James tried to make him drink. The whole of this long document is, however, well worth reading, as an early specimen of the sort of reasoning which culminated in Noy's argument in the case of ship-money. If the practice of kings were to be the measure of legality, Acts of Parliament, and indeed Parliaments themselves, would be mere surplusage. *Stat pro ratione voluntas*. But it was felt that the mandates could not be maintained, and Chichester and Davys only

made a noise to hide their discomfiture. The Irish Star Chamber continued to be arbitrary enough, but its action in this direction was stopped.

The Church of Rome in power has not been remarkable for her longsuffering towards dissentients; but circumstances have obliged her, when in a minority, to demand the toleration which she is so slow to grant. Protestant Churches have also been oppressive and oppressed in turn, thus all have been sometimes obliged to use the language of moderation, and each revolution of the wheel has advanced the good cause. The battle is now well nigh won, its results are at all events no longer doubtful, but we must not forget those who in darker days fought and often fell in the van. The name of Sir Patrick Barnewell deserves a line in the golden book which records those of More and Fisher, of Coligny and Sidney, and William the Silent, and of all that chosen band who in many lands and many ages have faced the frown of power in the holy names of freedom and law.

R. BAGWELL.

THE SPORTSMAN IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ITALY.

BY W. KNIGHTON.

We seem nowadays to be merely reproducing the speculations of the earliest dawn of philosophy in Greece, as Professor Tyndall has shown us at some length. Were not the atoms of Democritus the first explanation of Dalton's Atomic Theory? Did not Lucretius assert the existence of latent heat? And what are all the splendid speculations of Oken and Geoffroy, Goethe and Lamarck, Darwin and Wallace, but repetitions of Plato's theory of original forms? Doubtless there has been a very considerable advance in the collection and comparison of facts, but whoever studies the Natural History of the Greeks must be struck also with the truth, that the ultimate questions which presented themselves to the ancients, present themselves also to us, and that we do not appear to be much nearer a satisfactory solution now, than they were then.

The modern doctrine of development teaches us that we are only fishes in a higher stage. Plutarch tells a story which illustrates that. Anaximander, he says, taught that mankind were originally born of fishes, and that when they had been nourished sufficiently, and had become able to take care of themselves, or, in modern language, when they had reached a proper stage of development, they were then cast forth and took to the

land—hence the philosopher taught that fishes were the parents of mankind, and forbade his disciples to eat them.

Aristotle, too, in his treatise on the Soul (lib. 2, ch. 4), suggests the idea of spontaneous generation, but seems to have confined it to the lower and rudimentary orders of animals. As Professor Thompson showed us a few years ago, however, we only require to obtain the simplest and most rudimentary of animal forms, in order to lead us, in necessary progressions, to the higher, to all the varied forms of animal life that people the globe.

Doubtless our method of regarding things differs *in toto* from that of our predecessors. Longer space, longer time, slower movement, finer gradation, than were formerly dreamt of, have everywhere to be admitted. Among objects, nothing isolated—in events, nothing sudden—a web of infinitely extended relations, in which *this* is part of the same mesh with *that*, a history of infinitely divisible changes in which to-day is born of yesterday, and the shifting shadows glide and never leap—these are some of the new aspects under which modern knowledge presents the system of the world. But the great fundamental questions remain the same. The mighty Stagyrite grappled with those questions, as did Lucretius. But the

questions remain unanswered still, notwithstanding the light thrown upon them by Cuvier and by Lyall, by Kant, Hegel, and Darwin.

These considerations present themselves with extraordinary force, when one examines the life of Greece and Rome, as developed in their cities. Doubtless we have steam now, and the electric telegraph, and sanitary committees, and a host of modern inventions unknown to Athens or to Rome. But who that has stood on Mount Palatine, or on the Acropolis, can doubt that even the recurring problems of social life are 'pretty much the same now as they were then? And if this reflection holds true of the city life, how much more of the life of the fields and woods?

We skirt the Bay of Naples as we go down to Pompeii. We see Ischia and Capri in the distance—the same sea, the same sky that Cicero and Horace saw, when they made the same journey. We may travel faster, if we go by railway to Salerno, but the same scenes are reproduced, the sea and sky to the right, Vesuvius to the left, and beauty everywhere.

Seneca and Phædrus both lived in Pompeii. As we walk along the streets and meditate over the Forum, as they did, treading the same stones, we naturally call to mind what Seneca said, "*movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur adsunt vestigia.*"

But still there is a sense in which our city-life much differs now from the city-life of eighteen hundred years ago. Navigation, the inter-communication of countries, the facility of travelling introduced by the railroads, all have combined to make the life of London and Paris different in many essential particulars from that of ancient Athens and of Rome.

There is much less of this feeling when we turn to nature and to the country. Those who have travelled in the vast forests of India, over the deserts of Africa, or through the great plains of Northern Italy, or of the Danube, see nature now pretty much as it was seen by the students of nature, who lived in the time of Pericles, of Cicero, or of Belisarius.

The chase of wild animals, the mimic warfare of the forest and of the plain, has always been popular with civilized man. It is noble when it seeks to remove beasts dangerous to man, or injurious to his welfare. It is noble too when it is undertaken to supply food to tribes who have no other means of sustenance. It degenerates into cruelty and wantonness, when it slaughters, without danger to the slaughterer, hundreds of harmless and inoffensive victims. The civilization of Greece and Rome, as well as the civilization of modern Europe and England, has led to the same abuses in this latter respect.

Lions, leopards and bears were hunted by the ancient Greeks and Romans, just as they are hunted by us. Allowing for the disparity of weapons available then, we may say that the chase in those ancient times was far more dangerous than it is now. Lions have long since disappeared from Europe, and we have no historical evidence to show that they were ever common in Greece. There can be no doubt however that they were found in Thrace, within the district lying between the rivers Nestus and Achelous, a fact confirmed by the testimony of Herodotus and of other ancient writers.

In Asia Minor they were more common, as the frequent allusions in Homer abundantly prove.

If any one will take the trouble to examine the accounts given of these animals by Xenophon, Aristotle, Arrian and Oppian, he

will see how little our knowledge of them has been increased since then. We have to ask ourselves now the same questions, to struggle with the same doubts, to guess at the solution of the same problems, as perplexed the naturalists of old.

It is a common practice in India at the present day for the village braves to turn out at night, headed by the chowkedar, or watchman, to await and attack some tiger or hysena that has been specially destructive to their crops, their children, or their fellow-citizens. The same practice exactly, prevailed in ancient Greece and Asia Minor. During the night the beasts forsake their lairs in the forests, to come to some pool or river, in order to assuage their thirst. The tracks made by them and their ancestors are usually well worn, and the natives know well the times at which they may be expected.

Pitfalls in ancient times, as at present, were often made for their capture. A large round and deep hole was dug in the earth, having a little mound in the middle below, on which a goat was tied as a bait. The whole was usually surrounded by a hedge to prevent the animals seeing their danger, and to add to their desire by the interposition of a little difficulty. For in this respect lions, tigers, leopards and bears are like men. The wild beast, hearing the bleating of the goat, is attracted to the spot. He goes round the hedge and smells the bait. He leaps and falls into the pit, from which he cannot escape.

I was travelling through the jungles on the north-eastern frontier of Oudh in India, not far from the confines of Nepal. I was on an elephant, for there was no road, nothing but primeval forest all around. About the middle of the day we were drawing near a village that subsisted on the miserable

commerce carried on surreptitiously between Oudh and Nepal, for the Nepal authorities are very jealous, and do their utmost to discourage trading between the Anglo-Indian possessions and their own territories. The elephant on which I was riding became restive, and showed signs of fear. He wanted to swerve from our course, and groaned as he was struck to keep him in it—struck by an iron spike hammered into his head. "There is some wild beast about, Saheb," said the mahout or native driver. "He must keep straight on," said I, looking after my firearms, without which I never travelled in the jungle.

We soon came upon the cause of the elephant's terror. A female leopard and two cubs were in a pit, evidently dug by the villagers, and it was right in our path. The two little ones must have clung to their mother, as she made the fatal leap. The leopard had evidently been nearly famished, she was gaunt and bony, and had nearly devoured a kid left in the pit as a decoy. The young ones were gay and frolicsome. I shot the mother, and took home the cubs with me to my tent, where I carefully brought them up by hand. I tried to get a bitch I then had with pups, to suckle them, but she disliked them from the first, and violently objected, especially when they opened out their incipient claws, and playfully dug them into her.

Lions, leopards and bears in the olden time, were also hunted by men on horseback armed with spears, and they were sometimes taken in strong nets. Illustrations of this method of hunting may be seen in Montfaucon's "Antiquities." In one of the plates of that work a lion may be seen, represented as standing with his fore-feet upon a large circular shield, beneath which crouches a fallen hunter, exactly as a bear has been seen trying to get

at a tortoise. Several men with spears, and shields as tall as themselves, stand in a row close together, each with his head overtopping the shield, watching the adversary. Another hunter is kneeling guarded by his shield, expecting the lion to attack him next, whilst another runs rapidly away with his shield on his back. The lion is evidently disappointed and annoyed that he cannot get at the prostrate hunter, who is completely hidden by his huge shield, which he has contrived to throw over him as he fell.

Xenophon says, that leopards, lynxes, and panthers were caught in the mountains of Pangæus and Cittus beyond Macedonia, on Mount Pindus, and in the neighbourhood of Olympus in Mysia. The tiger was not known to the Greeks before the expedition of Alexander. The Roman Emperor Claudius exhibited four tigers at one time on the stage of the amphitheatre, but as beasts of the chase neither Greek nor Roman hunters had any acquaintance with these animals, though they were aware of the methods used by the hunters of India to entrap and to slay them. The *venatio cum speculo* must have been a peculiarly dangerous pastime, when pursued for the destruction or capture of the leopard. It is represented by Montfaucon, and alluded to by Claudian. A mirror was held up to the enraged animal by the hunter, when they came to close quarters, and the image of itself presented by the mirror, arrested the attention of the leopard—

Jam jamque haustura profundo
Ore virum, vitreae tardatur imagine
formæ

The Chinese are said to practise this strange method of hunting still.

The chase of the wild boar was perhaps the most popular with the

hunters of Greece and Rome. The danger accompanying his capture enhanced the pleasure of the chase, so that all the earnest pleadings of the goddess of Love could not turn away Adonis from the pursuit. Large and strong dogs were used for this purpose. Xenophon particularly recommends Indian, Locrian, Cretan, and Spartan breeds—the two former were celebrated for their courage and strength, and the latter for their keen sense of smell. Very strong nets were necessary, besides javelins and spears, furnished with guards where the iron and wood met, in order to prevent the stricken boar from pushing along the handle till he reached the hunter. Foot-traps were also used.

The hunters were to go in company. "In the first place," says Xenophon, "when the hunters have come to the place where they suppose the boar to be, they must bring up the dogs quietly, letting one of the Spartan dogs loose, and keeping the others tied, and then let them go round about the place with another loose dog. When the dog has found traces of the boar they must continue their course along the track, which is to guide the whole train. There will be many indications of the boar to guide the huntsmen—marks of his footsteps on soft ground, pieces of the shrubs broken off in the woody parts, and, where there are large trees, marks of his tusks upon them. The dog, pursuing his track, will generally come to some woody spot, for the animal usually lies in such places, as they are warm in winter and cool in summer. When the dog comes to the lair, he will begin to bark, but the boar seldom rises on that account." The nets were then to be spread around, and the ropes of the nets to be tied to strong trees. The open places near the nets were to be carefully stopped up.

All these preparations being completed, the dogs were to be let loose, and the men to advance cautiously with their spears in their hands. The huntsman was to lead the way, cheering the dogs on, and the rest of the party were to follow, with some intervals of space between them.

When the dogs came near the boar, they would start forward and drive him out of his lair, the infuriated beast sometimes killing one or more of the dogs in his rage. The excitement of the sport then began. The hunters threw their javelins, and the dogs made a simultaneous attack. If the boar pressed forward into the net, so as to strain the ropes to their utmost tension, the most expert hunter must advance, spear in hand, and pierce the boar in the neck or in the shoulder. If, instead of straining against the net, he turned to face his pursuers, one of the party was to advance to meet him with left foot and left hand in advance, watching every movement of the animal's head, and looking fixedly into his eyes, whilst he endeavoured to thrust his spear "into his throat, or just above the shoulder blade." This was a most hazardous matter. A strong and sudden movement of the boar's head might turn the hunter's spear aside, and prevent its dealing an effectual thrust, or the spear might be wrested from the huntsman's hands. In either case he was recommended to throw himself flat upon the ground, covering himself with his shield, for, "if the boar fall upon him in this position, he will be unable to seize his body, his tusks being curved upwards, but if the man is attacked standing upright, he must necessarily be severely wounded." Xenophon adds, that the boar will try to raise the man up, and, if he cannot do this, will trample upon him with his feet. The man being on the ground thus,

one of his companions must come to his assistance, endeavouring to draw off the boar's attention. When this object has been attained, the prostrate hunter is to jump up, spear in hand, rush to the attack again, and thus help his brother sportsman.

In his celebrated description of the Calydonian hunt, Ovid gives us a vivid picture of the wild boar and the chase. The forest is first described. Its trees growing for ages rise from the ground as nature placed them, untouched by man. The great boar has his lair amongst these trees and their tangled brushwood. Meleager and his companions tracked the boar to this retreat—a den surrounded by willows, sedges, rushes and tall reeds. As in Xenophon's description, the placing of the nets, the unleashing of the dogs, the search for foot-tracks, the zeal of the hunters, and the sudden rush of the boar from the marshy places of the pool, the crashing and breaking of the trees and branches by the animal's headlong rush, the shout of the party, the casting of the javelins, the dispersion of the dogs, are all described with graphic force and vigour. The boar, after killing Anceus, one of the party, is transfixed by the spear of Meleager, the huntsman, who also buries another boar-spear deep in his shoulder, and thus the scourge of the fields of Calydon is brought low. Shouts of triumph rend the air, hearty congratulations greet the successful hunter, whilst the carcase of the huge beast lies extended on the ground. Even yet he is scarcely considered safe, and each man buries his own spear deep in the yet warm body of the mighty boar, before the party, the *lecta manus juvenum*, feel perfect security.

Xenophon tells us that the young fawns should be hunted in the spring, for it is in that season that

they are born. The huntsman should first go into the grassy glades, where the deer are most numerous, and survey the ground. He should come to the spot where the deer are seen, before daybreak, and he should be accompanied by his dogs and spears. The dogs should be tied to trees some distance off, so that they may not frighten the deer by their barking. He and others, at appointed stations, should then watch, and at dawn he will probably see the deer bringing each her little one to its usual resting place. Having lain down, and given their little ones suck, they will go off severally to parts opposite their young, still keeping watch over them. Then must the huntsman let loose his dogs, and, taking his spears in his hand, advance rapidly towards the most exposed of the fawns. The net-keeper will accompany the hunter, and, the fawn being caught, he will throw his net round it. The little one cries out bitterly, and the hind, regardless of danger, will come forward and resolutely attack the net-keeper, both with horns and hoofs. At this juncture, the huntsman will cheer on his dogs, and use his spears until he has captured or killed the mother also.

One naturally pities the poor deer under such circumstances, exposed to all the anxiety of doubt and danger, her love for her little one, and her fear for her own safety, contending for mastery.

Another method of taking deer, much used by the ancient sportsmen, was to set traps of a peculiar construction on the hills, meadows, woods, and about the streams frequented by the deer. These traps Xenophon calls *κωδοστράβαι*. They caught the feet of the incautious wanderers, and held them prisoners. The following morning the hunter sallied forth, with his dogs and spears. Sometimes the

deer would break away with the foot trap, but although not retained a prisoner, would be unable to shake off the trap, and of course would not be able to flee, when pursued, with anything like her ordinary speed. The dogs would then be unslipped upon the scent, the hunter followed up, until the poor deer was brought to the earth by the combined attack of the trap, the dogs, and the hunters' spears.

For the hunting of the hare, Xenophon's directions are minute and particular. He recommends a plain light dress, with sleeves of a similar description, a stout staff being held in the hand. The man who holds the nets accompanies the hunter. They should proceed to the hunting ground in silence, lest the hare, if she should happen to be near, should run off alarmed. The nets being tied to the trees, the net-keeper continues on the watch, whilst the hunter takes the dogs with the intention of driving the game towards the nets. Vowing a share of the booty to Apollo, and to Diana, he lets loose one of the dogs skilful in tracking. In winter this should be done at sunrise, in summer before daybreak. When the dog has found the track, another should be let loose, and so on, one by one, at intervals, following them up and calling out their names, but not urging them too much, lest they should be excited beyond measure before the time. The dogs will then hurry on discovering several tracks, all is joy, and high spirits, and excitement, the animals passing by each other, waving their tails on high, hanging down their ears, and casting bright glances from their eyes.

When they have got near the hare, they will make it known to the huntsman, by shaking, not their tails only, but their whole bodies, advancing with hostile ardour, emulous of each other, running in

concert, separating and advancing together, till at last they find the hare's lair, and rush towards her. She, starting up suddenly, and fleeing, causes loud barking and much clamour amongst the dogs. The men then call to them, "Forward, dogs, forward—right—well done," and such like. The huntsman then, wrapping his cloak round his hand, with his staff in it, runs along the track of the dogs towards the hare, taking care not to impede them. The hare thus pursued will perhaps, at first, get out of sight, but will soon come round again to the place whence she started.

"At him, boys, at him; now, boys, now," are the inspiriting cries with which the huntsman will urge on the dogs again, and, if the hare is caught in the first run, another will be sought for.

If however, the dogs and the chase should break altogether away from him, the hunter may as he goes on, call out, asking any one he meets—"have you seen my dogs anywhere?" When he has discovered them, he goes up quickly, calling the dogs by name, urging them on, and varying the tones of his voice, making it sharp or grave, gentle or strong. If the pursuit is on a hill-side, he calls out frequently, "well done, dogs, well done;" or if they have got beyond the track, "hark back, dogs, hark back." They, as soon as the track is clear, will throw themselves forward, leaping from side to side, seeming to have a common feeling, making signs to each other. They find the track again, and then the dogs, "whisking about their tails, and running against, and frequently leaping over each other, yelping and tossing their heads, and looking towards the huntsman, will plainly intimate that they have found the hare. If she runs into the nets, she is caught there, and another must be sought. ἴπισθι, ἴπιθι, ἰω κύρις, σαφῶς κύρις,

σαφῶς γι ὃ κύρις, καλῶς γι ὃ κύρις are amongst the cries by which the dogs will be cheered forward in their search.

This may be tame work, compared with a day's sport after a good pack of harriers, but Xenophon's descriptions exhibit the true spirit of a lover of the chase notwithstanding.

On the question of scent Xenophon says, that spring and autumn are the best seasons for finding it—in summer the heat renders it uncertain, and in winter, when there is hoar frost, there is no scent. Much dew, he also says, dulls the scent by keeping it down, and southerly winds make it faint. The full moon too, interferes with hare-hunting, for the hares, pleased with the light, jump about as they sport the one with the other, and place their steps at long intervals.

During the winter time, he advises the hunter to dispense with dogs, as the snow parched their noses, and the scent was bad. The hunter was to go out to the hills, taking his nets with him, and to search for marks of the hare's feet in the snow. When the track is found, the hunter follows it usually to a shady spot. He must not approach too near, lest the hare should start, but is to make a circuit round the spot. He is next to surround the place with nets, and to arouse the hare. At length the hare would be caught, either by means of the nets, or in consequence of the weight of snow adhering to her legs and feet.

Oppian recommends snow-tracking in winter, which, he says, is not attended with much difficulty, because the track is readily recognized, and the soiled footprints remain distinct for a long time. Oppian wrote two hexameter poems still extant, one on hunting, his *Cynegagica*, and one on fishing, his *Haliutica*. Some modern critics maintain that these two poems were

by two different authors of the same name. The works are referred to the latter part of the second century of our era.

Hares and cranes were sometimes caught by the *laqueus*, a sort of lasso, similar to that used for catching horses in America. Grattius speaks of them as running nooses; and there is no doubt that larger game, such as deer, were sometimes caught by them. Oppian also speaks of a three pronged fork for killing hares, but it is not clear what was the exact form of this weapon.

"There is as much difference," says Arrian in his Treatise on Coursing, "between a fair trial of speed in a good run, and ensnaring a poor animal without effort, as between a secret piratical assault, such as robbers make at sea, and the victorious naval engagements of the Athenians at Salamis, at Psyttalia, and at Cyprus." Herein we have the spirit of the true hunter, and he further defends Xenophon, by saying that although he made use of nets and dogs, yet he did not use snares, except when on the ground himself, and that he by no means left them there to entrap the poor animals, like skulking robbers lying in wait for their prey in secret.

Ælian has written a graphic, and on the whole a truthful, description of the hare's manœuvres to escape the dogs—of the many doubles she has recourse to when pressed, and of her attempts to gain rocky or woody places, where the dogs or huntsmen cannot follow or find. He describes her having outstripped her pursuers, as betaking herself to a slight eminence, where, squatted on her hind legs, as a watch tower, she inspects the field, notes particularly the vain chase, and ridicules her adversaries!

Arrian, the younger Xenophon as he has been sometimes called, is the first to give a systematic ac-

count of coursing greyhounds in pursuit of hares. He speaks particularly of the qualities of the dogs, their rearing, training, and general management, and all with evident knowledge and relish. Like Xenophon, he says, he was a sportsman, a general, and a philosopher, "writing under the same feeling that actuated him when he wrote to amend the imperfections of Simon's work on horsemanship, not only out of rivalry, but from a conviction that his labours would be useful to mankind."

Spring and summer he pronounces to be the best seasons for coursing, the heat of summer being too oppressive for the dogs, for greyhounds, he says, are impatient of heat, and have often been suffocated by it, when rapidly pursuing the hare. Nor would he have the sportsman to follow the chase at all when the ground was frozen hard, because the dogs bruised themselves in a frost, losing their nails, lacerating the soles of their feet, and sometimes even breaking the bones of their toes, when over eager in the chase. The hare on the other hand, having soft and woolly feet, trips along in the frost without injury.

In Italy and Gaul coursing was carried on in ancient times, pretty much as it is at present in England. Hare-finders went out early in the morning, to discover the hares on their forms, bringing back word how many they had seen, and where. The sportsman then started for the field, hunted up the hare, let slip the dogs, and followed on horseback. Others, Arrian says, send out no hare-finders, but sally forth on horseback, accompanied by a party of their friends, and on coming to a likely ground, when the hare is started, they let slip the dogs. Others again go forth on foot, and if any accompany them on horseback, they must follow the dogs, but those who thus trust to their

own feet are the truer sportsmen. The beating was not unlike that pursued now. The ground, says Arrian, is beaten by an extended front, in regular array, proceeding in a straight line to the completion of a certain extent of country, and then wheeling about in a body, they return in the same way, by the side of their former track, omitting none of the likely places. To prevent confusion, the strictest order was to be enforced in all this. A judge too was to be appointed to order the coupling of the dogs, and all other matters of importance appertaining to the chase; otherwise, so eager would every sportsman be to see his own dog run, that several would be slipped together, and the poor hare would be caught in disorder and confusion, without a race, the sport being thus completely spoiled. The object was to allow the hare to creep away from her form, as if unperceived, so that gradually recovering her presence of mind, she would be able to show good sport. "Often when following a course on horseback," says Arrian, "I have come up to the hare as soon as caught, and have myself saved her alive, and then having taken her away from the dog, I have tied up the dog, and allowed the hare to escape in safety. If I have arrived too late to save her, after a good run, I have struck my head in sorrow, that the dogs had killed so excellent an antagonist." Herein we have the true spirit of the sportsman.

Arrian thus describes his favourite greyhound, *Horme*, or Impetuosity, by name: "Her eyes are the greyest of the grey, a swift, hard-working, courageous, sound-footed dog, and when in her prime, a match any time for any four hares. She is, moreover, for whilst I write she is still alive, most gentle and kindly affectioned. Never had any dog such a regard for me and for

my friend and fellow sportsman Megillus. She is never far away from one of us. When at home she remains by my side, accompanies me in going abroad, follows me to the gymnasium, sits down there quietly whilst I am exercising myself, and on my return runs off before me, often looking back to see that I am coming. If I am obliged to go out on Government business, she remains with my friend, and does exactly the same with him. When she has lost sight of either of us for a time, she jumps up delightedly on our return, and barks forth a joyous salutation. She has many tones in her voice—I never knew a dog with so many—each particular tone pointing out a particular want or feeling. I am not ashamed to write even the name of this my dog, that it may be known to posterity—*Horme* (Impetuosity)—a dog altogether supremely excellent."

The fish-hooks disinterred at Pompeii are a sufficient proof that the gentle craft was not neglected by the Romans. They vary much in size, form, and mode of adjustment, and are made of steel or bronze. Oppian, too, mentions in his poem on this subject—his *Haliutica*—that steel or bronze was the ordinary material of the hooks. Those found at Pompeii may be seen in the museum at Naples, some of them were two-barbed, bearing considerable resemblance to those of modern manufacture. Some of the larger hooks were leaded, the leads being often shaped like dolphins, and were named Delphini, from their resemblance to that fish.

That fishing, as an art and an amusement, was popular amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans is proved by the number of works on the subject mentioned by Athenæus, as that of Cæcilius of Argos, of Numenius of Heraclea, of Panc-

rates the Arcadian, of Posidonius the Corinthian, and of Oppian the Cilician. Of these works none remain except the last. Seleucus of Tarsus, Leonidas of Byzantium, and Agathocles of Atracia, are mentioned by others as having written prose essays on fishing.

Ælian gives the following account of the fly-fishing of his day (Nat. Animal, xv. i.) "There is a river called Astræus, which flows midway between Berea and Thessalonica, in which are produced certain spotted fish, whose food consists of insects which fly about the river. These insects are not like those found anywhere else. They are as impudent as flies, as large as the blue-bottle, of the same colour as wasps, and they buzz like bees. The natives call them *hippuri*. Now as they skim over the water, they attract the notice of the fish, who swim quietly along beneath the surface, taking care not to ruffle the surface, lest the fly should be frightened away. Suddenly the fish, seizing its opportunity, darts upon the fly, and carries it off in its mouth, just as a wolf darts upon a sheep unexpectedly, or an eagle upon a goose. The fishermen are aware of this, but they do not use these flies for bait, because handling would destroy their natural colour,

injure their wings, and spoil them as a lure. Instead of the real fly, however, they make use of a substitute. They cover the hook with a piece of purple wool, and upon this they fasten two feathers from underneath a cock's wattles. This bait they drop into the water, and the fish, attracted by the brilliant colour, becomes violently excited, and, anticipating a delicious repast from the beautiful appearance of the bait, seizes the prey, is held firmly by the hook, and meets with but sorry entertainment from his captors."

Netting, and meaner devices for the capture of fish, were, of course, commonly practised, but angling with line and hook, trolling, and the simple kind of fly-fishing described above, were evidently not uncommon. Thus Homer says:—

As, on a rock, that overhangs the
main,
An angler, studious of the line and
cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the
shore.

And Martial, in one of his epigrams, alludes to the art thus:—

All treacherous gifts and bribes I hate,
For gifts, like hooks, oft hold a bait.
Who has not seen the salmon rise,
Decoy'd and caught by fraudful flies?

FOLK LORE OF THE COUNTY DONEGAL.

FAIRY TALES.

THERE was not a more honest or respectable person in the whole parish of Lifford than Flo' Kelly; but she had one fault—she was incautious and too outspoken.

“Rough an' ready,” as her neighbours called her, she was fond of saying that she feared neither man nor devil. “nor, indeed, the gentry either,” she add-d on one occasion when the conversation turned upon the doings of her invisible elfin neighbours, the “wee folk,” or “gentry,” more generally believed in the year 1828 than they are at the present day.

“Whisht, whisht, for ony sake!” cried old Matt Craig, who was lighting his pipe at her fire when she made the above remark, “whisht, woman, dear; an' if you name them at all, name them respectful. They dinna like to be spoken about too much. Sure it's no lie I'm telling, Mrs. McGran?” and he turned to a woman who had entered in time to catch Flo's rash speech.

“Troth, no!” replied Mrs. McGran. “It's best to be respectful an' friendly wi' them, if you wish to lead a quiet life, an' you sae convenient to thon ould Fort, Flo' Kelly! It wasna far frae the Fort that wee Cassie Mackay was lost, when I was a growing cutty, the height o' Matt's stick.”

“How was that, Mrs. McGran, dear?”

“Weel, weans,” began Mrs.

McGran, pleased to have a tale to tell, “Cassie lived a wee piece up the river, an' her father bid her go to Lifford one evening for an ounce o' tobacco to him, but she cried, an said she was feared to go her lone. Wi' that the father got angry, an' pushed her out at the door, bidding the gentry catch her; an' she went awa' crying, but she never came back.

“They searched an' searched, but no more was ever heard o' Cassie. I mind it as weel as if it was yesterday; an' how my mother had to send me the same road for the doctor, but as sick as she was she wouldna' let me go till I got company past the Fort, for fear I'd be lost too.”

Matt had listened gravely, nodding his head from time to time. He took the pipe from between his lips, preparatory to lifting up his parable.

“Ay, it's a bad thing to displeasure the gentry, sure enough. They can be unfriendly if they're angered, an' they can be the very best o' gude neighbours if they're treated kindly.

“My mother's sister was her lone in the house one day, wi' a big pot o' water boiling on the fire, an' ane o' the wee folk fell down the chimney, and slipped wi' his leg in the hot water.

“He let a terrible squeal out o' him, an' in a minute the house was

full o' wee crathurs pulling him out o' the pot, an' carrying him across the floor.

"' Did she scald you?' my aunt heard them sayin' to him.

"' Na, na, it was mysel' scalded my ainsel,' quoth the wee fellow.

"' Aweel, aweel,' says they, 'if it was your ainsel' scalded yoursel', we'll say nothing, but if she had scalded you, we'd ha' made her pay!'

"' I give you my word my aunt was all through other wi' the fright; an' I heard my mother sayin' she kept her bed for a week after it."

It was Mrs. McGran's turn to speak. "My uncle Peter," she began, "lived overbye there near the Fort, an' the wee folk would ha' come into the house to him, an' played about the floor. He was a shoemaker, an' ane o' them chanced to let his wee red cap fall by mistake among the tools. The wee man couldna' get lifting it because it was touching iron; so my uncle stuck it on a pole, an' set it outside the window when he was going to bed that night, an' it was awa' in the morning.

"' Ever after that he found half-pence on the stane under the haw-bush in his garden, that kept him in tobacco as long as he lived."

"' Weel, weel, bad or good, I'm no' a hair feared for them," repeated Flo' Kelly, impatiently.

"' You shouldna' say the like o' that. You shouldna' say the like o' that," cried her neighbours in concert.

"' You know Chumpun's a king, or leastways, a great man among the fairies, an' it's allowed he lives at the Chumpun rock by the side of the road as you go to Glen Swilly. Weel, when Mr. Hastings, the magistrate, was driving on his jaunting car past Carrick-a-Chumpun wi' a whean g ntleman going shooting, he took his gun and fired at the

rock, an' says he, 'Will that bring you out, Chumpun?'

"' He was driving home in the evening, when the horse shies passing Carrick-a-Chumpun, an' he was thrown off the car and got his leg broken."

"' What do I care? I'm no a hair feared," said Flo' Kelly again.

Soon after this conversation Flo' went out to drive home her two cows, who sometimes wandered into her neighbour's stubble fields, now that autumn was advanced, and the fences broken down, where the harvest had been carried in.

One of the cows was found a few fields away from home; but where was the other?

Flo' searched anxiously, yet saw no trace of her, and thought it best to drive the one cow home, and tie her up in the byre, before extending her search.

On and on she went till the daylight was almost gone, and she found she had lost her way. Of course she could not see anything distinctly, but what she half saw was quite strange to her. Fences, trees, walls, and fields seemed to have taken new shapes. She certainly had not wandered far from Lifford, yet she might have been in an unknown country.

In her perplexity she was glad to perceive a bright light shining in a cottage window, and giving up hopes of finding her cow, she made her way towards it.

"' Come in," called a voice, in answer to her knock. The kitchen into which she walked was most comfortable. The dresser was well filled: flitches of bacon hung from the beam above the fire-place; salt herrings in bunches were grouped about the wide chimney. All betokened a well-to-do farm kitchen, and the venerable white bearded man seated in the ingle nook, who had called "come in," might have been the farmer.

Flo' looked curiously at him as the dancing flames lit up his face, and saw that he was a total stranger to her.

She soon began to wonder that no one else appeared, for she heard whispering as of many voices in the next room, the door of which stood slightly ajar.

Her host was very taciturn, for after asking her to be seated, he preserved silence, an unusual thing in so hospitable a parish as Lifford.

She felt bewildered and startled when after a long silence, the old man bent towards her and whispered, "Dinna tak' bite nor sup in this house, if you value the life that's in your body. There's them that 'ill try to mak' you eat and drink, but mind my words an' do my bidding."

Enforcing his advice with a couple of nods, he gazed into the fire as before.

Time passed, and the mysterious whispering still went on.

"We canna let the poor woman be at the loss of her cow," she heard some one say, and felt sure that she had fallen into the hands of robbers, who had stolen her cow, and would perhaps murder herself.

"We canna let the poor woman be at the loss o' her cow," was repeated by a second voice, and the whispering continued, but listen as intently as she might, she made out no other words.

At length the door opened, and a woman came into the kitchen, with a tray covered with such delicacies as Flo' had never dreamed of, and entreated her to eat.

"Thank you kindly, good woman," said she, trembling in every limb, "but I got my supper before I came out, an' I couldna tak' one bite."

The same thing was repeated when she reappeared with whisky—"lashin's and lashin's o't," as Flo' afterwards expressed it. The night

wore on somehow, though to Flo it seemed like twenty nights; and the dawn at last came in at the window.

"Dinna go till I gie you a present wi' you," said the person who had offered food and drink, coming once more into the kitchen. "Here it is," handing her something rolled up in a white towel. "but dinna' you tak' the cloth off it, or go to look at it till you get home."

The silent old man conducted her to the next field, and then left her, and it was not long before she reached her own door.

Full of curiosity she unpinned the towel, and discovered a pair of bagpipes, which began to play reels and jigs most beautifully.

As long as she kept them uncovered, they continued to play; but when rolled up, and laid in the cupboard, they ceased immediately.

The fame of the bagpipes spread far and wide, and every body in the parish of Lifford came to hear them play. Colonel C——, Flo's landlord, was about to give a large party.

"We'll have a dance, and Flo' Kelly shall bring her bagpipes, and play for us," said he.

The landlord's summons was like a royal mandate to Flo', so she put on her Sunday attire, and hastened to the great house. After dinner, the hall was cleared for dancing, while the bagpipes on their proud mistress's knee, played tunes that might have made even a cripple dance.

That night's festivity was Flo's favourite topic of conversation, as long as she lived.

"His honour come up to me wi' the grand quality," she used to say, an' says he, "we're in under a compliment to Flo' Kelly for the loan o' her bagpipes," an' wi' that, ane o' the quality says, "Col. C——," says he, "we maun mak' a collection for Flo' Kelly," an' the hat went

round, an' fifteen pound was lifted for me among the grand quality."

As Flo' walked home with the money, it occurred to her that here was the exact price of her lost cow.

She laid the fairy bagpipes as usual in her cupboard, but when she next looked for them they were gone.

Then Mrs. McGran and Matt Craig spoke out. "Them we will na name took your cow for certain, maybe because you were ay tempting them, an' talking sae foolitch; but if they did they let you off wi' the fright, for they gave you the price o' her, when they gave you the bagpipes."

Flo' made little reply, but it was observed by her neighbours that from that day forth she seldom mentioned the fairies, and if obliged to do so, spoke of them with the utmost deference, and in whispers.

Pat Diver, the tinker, was a man well accustomed to a wandering life, and to strange shelters: he had shared the beggar's blanket in smoky cabins; he had crouched beside the Still, in many a nook and corner, where poteen was made on the wild Innishowen mountains; he had even slept upon the bare heather, or in the ditch, with no roof over him but the vault of heaven; yet were all his nights of adventure tame and commonplace, when compared with one especial night.

During the day preceding that night, he had mended all the kettles and saucepans in Moville and Greencastle, and was on his way to Culdaff when night overtook him on a lonely mountain road.

He knocked at one door after another, asking for a night's lodging, while he jingled the halfpence in his waistcoat pocket, but was everywhere refused.

Where was the boasted hospitality of Innishowen, which he had never before known to fail? It was of no use to be able to pay, when people seemed so churlish. Thus thinking he made his way towards a light a little further on, and knocked at another cabin door.

An old man and woman were seated one at each side of the fire.

"Will you be pleased to gie me a night's lodging, sir?" asked Pat, respectfully.

"Can you tell a story?" returned the old man.

"No, then, sir, I canna say I'm good at story telling," replied the puzzled tinker.

"Then you maun just gang further, for none but them that can tell a story will get in here."

This reply was made in so decided a tone, that Pat did not attempt to repeat his appeal, but turned away reluctantly to resume his weary journey.

"A story, indeed!" muttered he. "Auld wives' fables to please the weans!"

As he took up his bundle of tinkering implements, he observed a barn standing rather behind the dwelling house, and aided by the rising moon, he made his way towards it.

It was a clean, roomy barn, with a piled-up heap of straw in one corner. Here was a shelter not to be despised, so Pat crept under the straw and soon fell asleep.

He could not have slept very long when he was awakened by the tramp of feet, and peeping cautiously through a crevice in his straw covering, he saw four immensely tall men enter the barn, dragging a body, which they threw roughly upon the floor.

They next lighted a fire in the middle of the barn, and fastened the corpse by the feet with a great rope, to a beam in the roof. One of them then began to turn it

slowly before the fire. "Come on," said he, addressing a gigantic fellow, the tallest of the four, "I'm tired; you be to tak' your turn."

"Faix an' troth, I'll no turn him," replied the big man. "There's Pat Diver in under the straw; why wouldn't he tak' his turn?"

With hideous clamour the four men called the wretched Pat, who, seeing there was no escape, thought it was his wisest plan to come forth as he was bidden.

"Now, Pat," said they, "you'll turn the corpse, but if you let him burn, you'll be tied up there, an' roasted in his place."

Pat's hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration poured from his forehead, but there was nothing for it but to perform his dreadful task.

Seeing him fairly embarked in it, the tall men went away.

Soon, however, the flame rose so high as to singe the rope, and the corpse fell with a great thud upon the fire, scattering the ashes and embers, and extracting a howl of anguish from the miserable cook, who rushed to the door, and ran for his life.

He ran on until he was ready to drop with fatigue, when seeing a drain overgrown with tall, rank grass, he thought he would creep in there, and lie hidden till morning.

But he had not been many minutes in the drain before he heard the heavy trampling again, and the four men came up with their burden, which they laid down on the edge of the drain.

"I'm tired," said one, to the giant, "its your turn to carry him a piece now."

"Faix an' troth I'll no carry him," replied he, "but there's Pat Diver in the drain; why wouldn't he come out an' tak' his turn?"

"Come out, Pat! come out!" roared all the men, and Pat, almost dead with fright, crept out.

He staggered on under the weight

of the corpse until he reached Kiltown Abbey, a ruin festooned with ivy, where the brown owl hooted all night long, and the forgotten dead slept around the walls, under dense, matted tangles of brambles and benweed.

No one ever buried there now, but Pat's tall companions turned into the wild graveyard, and began to dig a grave.

Pat seeing them thus engaged, thought he might once more try to escape, and climbed up into a hawthorn tree in the fence, hoping to be hidden by the boughs.

"I'm tired," said the man who was digging the grave, "here, tak' the spade," addressing the big man, "it's your turn."

"Faix an' troth, it's no my turn," replied he, as before. "There's Pat Diver in the tree: why wouldn't he come down an' tak' his turn?"

Pat came down to take the spade, but just then the cocks in the little farmyards and cabins round the Abbey began to crow, and the men looked at one another.

"We must go," said they, "an' well it is for you, Pat Diver, that the cocks crowed, for if they had not, you'd just ha' been bundled into thon grave wi' the corpse."

Two months passed, and Pat had wandered far and wide over the county Donegal, when he chanced to arrive at Raphoe during a fair.

Among the crowd that filled the Diamond he came suddenly upon the big man.

"How are you, Pat Diver?" said he, bending down to look in the tinker's face.

"You've the advantage of me, sir, for I havena' the pleasure of knowing you," faltered Pat.

"Do you not know me, Pat? Whisper—when you go back to Innishowen, you'll have a story to tell!"

The history of Jamie F'reel and

the young lady, is prettier and less weird than the above tale.

Down in Fannet in times gone by lived Jamie Freel and his mother. Jamie was the widow's sole support: his strong arm worked for her untiringly, and as each Saturday night came round, he poured his wages into her lap, thanking her dutifully for the halfpence which she returned to him for tobacco.

He was extolled by his neighbours as the best son ever known or heard of. But he had neighbours of whose opinions he was ignorant — neighbours who lived pretty close to him, whom he had never seen, who are indeed, rarely seen by mortals except on Mayeves and Halloweens.

An old ruined castle about a quarter of a mile from his cabin, was said to be the abode of the "wee folk;" every Halloween were the ancient windows lighted up, and passers by saw little figures flitting to and fro inside the building, while they heard the music of pipes and flutes.

It was well known that fairy revels took place there, but nobody ever had the courage to intrude upon them.

Jamie had often watched the little figures from a distance, and listened to the charming music, wondering what the inside of the castle was like; but one Halloween he got up and took his cap, saying to his mother, "I'm awa to the castle to seek my fortune."

"What," cried she, "would you venture there? You that's the poor widow's one son! Dinna be sae venturesome an' foolitch, Jamie! They'll kill you, an' then what 'ill come o' me?"

"Never fear, mother. Nae harm 'ill happen me, but I maun gae."

He set out, and as he crossed the potato field, came in sight of the castle, whose windows were ablaze with light, that seemed to turn the

russet leaves still clinging to the crabtree branches, into gold.

Halting in the grove at one side of the ruin, he listened to the elfin revelry; and the laughter and singing made him all the more determined to proceed.

Numbers of little people, the largest about the size of a child of five years old, were dancing to the music of flutes and fiddles, while others drank and feasted.

"Welcome, Jamie Freel! Welcome, welcome, Jamie!" cried the company, perceiving their visitor. The word "welcome" was caught up and repeated by every voice in the castle.

Time flew, and Jamie was enjoying himself very much, when his hosts said, "We're going to ride to Dublin to-night, to steal a young lady. Will you come too, Jamie Freel?"

"Ay, that will I!" cried the rash youth, thirsting for adventure.

A troop of horses stood at the door. Jamie mounted, and his steed rose with him into the air. He was presently flying over his mother's cottage, surrounded by the elfin troop, and on and on they went over bold mountains, over little lakes, over the deep Lough Swilly, over towns and villages, where people were burning nuts, and eating apples, and keeping merry Hallowe'en. It seemed to Jamie that they flew "all round Ireland," before they got to Dublin.

"This is Derry," said the fairies, flying over the Cathedral spire; and what was said by one voice was repeated by all the rest, till fifty little voices were crying out "Derry! Derry! Derry!"

In like manner was Jamie informed as they passed each town on the route, and at length he heard the silvery voices cry, "Dublin! Dublin!"

It was no mean dwelling that was to be honoured by the fairy

visit, but one of the finest houses in Stephen's Green.

The troop dismounted near a window, and Jamie saw a beautiful sleeping face on a pillow, in a splendid bed. He saw the young lady lifted, asleep as she was, and carried away, while the stick which was dropped in her place upon the bed, took her exact form.

The lady was placed before one rider, and carried a short way, then given to another, and the names of the towns were cried out as before.

They were approaching home. Jamie heard "Rathmullan," "Milford," "Tamney," and then he knew they were near his own house.

"You've all had your turn at carrying the young lady," said he, "why wouldn't I get her for a wee piece?"

"Ay, Jamie," replied they, pleasantly, "you may take your turn at carrying her to be sure."

Holding his prize very tightly, he dropped down near his mother's door.

"Jamie Freel, Jamie Freel! is that the way you treat us?" cried they, and they too dropped down near the door.

Jamie held fast, though he knew not what he was holding, for the little folk turned the lady into all manner of strange shapes. At one moment she was a black dog, barking and trying to bite—at another a glowing bar of iron, which yet had no heat—then again a sack of wool.

But still Jamie held her, and the baffled elves were turning away, when a tiny woman, the smallest of the party, exclaimed, "Jamie Freel has her awa' frae us, but he sall hae nae gude o' her, for I'll mak' her deaf and dumb," and she threw some- over the young girl.

While they rode off disappointed, Jamie lifted the latch, and went in.

"Jamie, man!" cried his mother, "you've been awa' all

nicht; what have they done on you?"

"Naething bad, mother, I ha' had the very best of gude luck. Here's a beautiful young lady I ha' brought you for company."

"Bless us an' save us!" exclaimed the mother, and for some minutes she was so astonished that she could not think of anything else to say.

Jamie told the story of the night's adventure, ending by saying, "Surely you wouldna have allowed me to let her gang with them to be lost for ever?"

"But a lady, Jamie! How can a lady eat we'er poor diet, an' live in we'er poor way? I ax you that, you foolitch fellow?"

"Weel, Mother, sure it's better for her to be here, nor over yonder?" and he pointed in the direction of the castle.

Meanwhile, the deaf and dumb girl shivered in her light clothing, stepping close to the humble turf fire.

"Poor crathur, she's quare and handsome! Nae wonder they set their hearts on her!" said the old woman, gazing at her guest with pity and admiration. "We maun dress her first, but what in the name o' fortune, hae I fit for the likes o' her to wear?"

She went to her press in "the room," and took out her Sunday gown of brown drugget, she then opened a drawer, and drew forth a pair of white stockings, a long snowy garment of fine linen, and a cap, her "dead dress," as she called it.

These articles of attire had long been ready for a certain triste ceremony, in which she would some day fill the chief part, and only saw the light occasionally, when they were hung out to air; but she was willing to give even these to the fair, trembling visitor, who was turning in dumb sorrow and wonder

from her to Jamie, and from Jamie back to her.

The poor girl suffered herself to be dressed, and then sat down on a "creepie" in the chimney corner, and buried her face in her hands.

"What'll we do to keep up a lady like thon?" cried the old woman.

"I'll work for you both, mother," replied the son.

"An' how could a lady live on we'er poor diet?" she repeated.

"I'll work for her," was all Jamie's answer.

He kept his word. The young lady was very sad for a long time, and tears stole down her cheeks many an evening while the old woman spun by the fire, and Jamie made salmon nets, an accomplishment lately acquired by him, in hopes of adding to the comfort of his guest.

But she was always gentle, and tried to smile when she perceived them looking at her; and by degrees she adapted herself to their ways and mode of life. It was not very long before she began to feed the pig, mash potatoes and meal for the fowls, and knit blue worsted socks.

So a year passed, and Hallowe'en came round again. "Mother," said Jamie, taking down his cap, 'I'm off to the ould castle to seek my fortune.'

"Are you mad, Jamie?" cried his mother, in terror. "Sure they'll kill you this time for what you done on them last year!"

Jamie made light of her fears, and went his way.

As he reached the Crab - tree Grove, he saw bright lights in the Castle windows as before, and heard loud talking. Creeping under the window, he heard the wee folk say: "That was a poor trick Jamie Freel played us this night last year, when he stole the nice young lady from us."

"Ay," said the tiny woman, "an' I punished him for it, for there she

sits a dumb image by his hearth; but he does na know that three drops out o' this glass I hold in my hand, wad gie her her hearing an' her speeches back again."

Jamie's heart beat fast as he entered the hall. Again he was greeted by a chorus of welcomes from the company. "Here comes Jamie Freel! Welcome, welcome, Jamie!"

As soon as the tumult subsided, the little woman said, "You be to drink we'er health, Jamie, out o' this glass in my hand."

Jamie snatched the glass from her, and darted to the door. He never knew how he reached his cabin, but he arrived there breathless, and sank on a stool by the fire.

"You're kilt surely this time, my poor boy," said his mother.

"No, indeed, better luck than ever this time!" and he gave the lady three drops of the liquid that still remained in the bottom of the glass, notwithstanding his mad race over the potato-field.

The lady began to speak, and her first words were words of thanks to Jamie.

The three inmates of the cabin had so much to say to one another, that long after cock-crow, when the fairy music had quite ceased, they were talking round the fire.

"Jamie," said the lady, "be pleased to get me paper and pen and ink, that I may write to my father, and tell him what has become of me."

She wrote, but weeks passed, and she received no answer. Again and again she wrote, and still no answer.

At length she said, "You must come with me to Dublin, Jamie, to find my father."

"I ha' no money to hire a car for you," he replied, "an' how can you travel to Dublin on your foot?"

But she implored him so much that he consented to set out with

her, and walk all the way from Fannet to Dublin. It was not as easy as the Fairy journey!—but at last they rang the bell at the door of the house in Stephen's Green.

"Tell my father that his daughter is here," said she to the servant who opened the door.

"The gentleman that lives here has no daughter, my girl. He had one, but she died better nor a year ago."

"Do you not know me, Sullivan?"

"No, poor girl, I do not."

"Let me see the gentleman. I only ask to see him."

"Well, that's not much to ask—we'll see what can be done!"

In a few moments the lady's father came to the door.

"Dear father," said she, "don't you know me?"

"How dare you call me your father?" cried the old gentleman angrily. "You are an impostor. I have no daughter."

"Look in my face, father, and surely you'll remember me!"

"My daughter is dead and buried. She died a long, long time ago." The old man's voice changed from anger to sorrow. "You can go," he concluded.

"Stop, dear father, till you look at this ring on my finger. Look at your name and mine engraved on it."

"It certainly is my daughter's ring; but I do not know how you came by it. I fear in no honest way."

"Call my mother, *she* will be sure to know me," said the poor girl, who was by this time crying bitterly.

"My poor wife is beginning to forget her sorrow. She seldom speaks of her daughter now. Why should I renew her grief by reminding her of her loss?"

But the young lady persevered till at last the mother was sent for.

"Mother," she began, when the old lady came to the door, "don't you know your daughter?"

"I have no daughter; my daugh-

ter died and was buried a long, long time ago."

"Only look in my face and surely you'll know me!"

The old lady shook her head.

"You have all forgotten me, but look at this mole on my neck. Surely, mother, you know me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the mother, "my Gracie had a mole on her neck like that; but then I saw her in her coffin, and saw the lid shut down upon her."

It became Jamie's turn to speak, and he gave the history of the fairy journey, of the theft of the young lady, of the figure he had seen laid in her place, of her life with his mother in Fannet, of last Halloween, and of the three drops that had released her from her enchantment.

She took up the story when he paused, and told how kind the mother and son had been to her.

The parents could not make enough of Jamie; they treated him with every distinction, and when he expressed his wish to return to Fannet, said they did not know what to do to show their gratitude.

But an awkward complication arose. The daughter would not let him go without her. "If Jamie goes, I'll go too," she said. "He saved me from the fairies, and has worked for me ever since. If it had not been for him, dear father and mother, you would never have seen me again. If he goes, I'll go too."

This being her resolution, the old gentleman said that Jamie should become his son-in-law. The mother was brought from Fannet in a coach and four, and there was a splendid wedding.

They all lived together in the grand Dublin house, and Jamie was heir to untold wealth at his father-in-law's death.

LETITIA McCLINTOCK.

MONSIEUR JOUBERT'S THOUGHTS.

THOUGHTS, MAXIMS, AND ESSAYS.

PRELIMINARY TITLE.

THE AUTHOR PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

I HAVE given my flowers and my fruit, and am now but a sonorous trunk : but whosoever sits beneath my shade and hears me, becomes wiser.

In many things I am like a butterfly ; like it, I love light ; like it, my life is burned by it ; like it, to spread my wings I must feel it is fair weather in the society around me, must feel my mind encompassed, and as it were penetrated, by the mild temperature, that of indulgence ; my mind and character are sensitive to cold.

I require that loving eyes should shine upon me. Of me it is true to say, " He is king who pleases, he who pleases no longer is nothing." I go where I am wished for, at least as willingly as where I feel happy.

I am sorry to quit Paris because I must separate from my friends ; and I am sorry to quit the country, because I must separate from myself.

My head is loving and my heart headstrong. All I admire is dear to me, and all that is dear cannot become indifferent to me.

Philanthropy and repentance is my device.

I care little for prudence if it is not moral. I have a bad opinion of the lion since I have learned that his step is oblique.

When my friend is one-eyed, I look only at his profile.

I would not have a mind without light, nor a mind without a bandage. We must know how bravely to blind ourselves for the happiness of life.

Instead of complaining that the rose has thorns, I rejoice that the thorn is crowned by a rose, and that the bush bears flowers.

There is no *bon ton* without a grain of contempt for others. Now I find it impossible to despise a stranger.

The language of confidence is familiar to me, but not the language of familiarity.

I never learnt to speak coarsely, to insult, or curse.

I follow the example of the dove, and often throw a blade of grass to the drowning ant.

When I gather shells and find pearls in them, I pick out the pearls and throw away the shells.

If I had to choose, I should prefer indolence that allows men time to become better, to security that makes them worse, and precipitation that waits not for repentance.

I like those better who make vice attractive than those who make virtue repulsive.

When I break people's windows

I wish them to be tempted to pay me for them.

The trouble of dispute exceeds by much the utility. Controversy makes the mind deaf, and when others are deaf I am silent.

I call not reason that brutal reason which crushes with its weight what is holy and sacred; that magnificent reason that rejoices in errors when it has found them out; that unfeeling scornful reason that insults credulity.

Others' goodness makes me as happy as my own.

My discoveries—and every man has his own—have brought me back to prejudices.

My soul dwells in a place through which all the passions have passed: I have known them all.

I have passed a river of oblivion.

The path of truth! My way to it has been circuitous; hence the tracts you are straying in are well known to me.

The revolution drove my mind away from the real world, by making it too horrible to me.

But, in fine, what is my art? By what name is it to be distinguished from others? What object does it propose to itself? What does it give birth and existence to? What is my aim and purpose in the exercise of it? Is it merely to write and secure myself being read—the sole ambition of many? Is this all I aim at? Am I nothing but a polymathiste, or have I a class of ideas easily assigned, whose nature, character, merit and utility can be determined? This is what I must examine attentively, deliberately till I have solved it.

My dream should have been of the beautiful, as happiness is the dream of others. But mine is a better dream, for death itself and its aspect, far from troubling its continuity, opens to it ampler spaces. This dream that mingles with all my vigils, in all my sober

hours, that is strengthened by reflection, no absence, no loss can cause its irreparable interruption.

I can sow, but not build or found.

Heaven has put only rays of light into my intelligence, and for eloquence allows me but beautiful words. I have just force sufficient to elevate myself, and my virtue is merely a certain incorruptibility.

Like Montaigne I am not made for sustained discourse.

With the tip of my lips, I have often touched the cup that contained abundance, but it is a water that has always fled from me.

I am like an Æolian harp that gives forth sweet sounds, but executes no air. No constant wind has blown upon me.

I pass my life hunting butterflies, holding as good those ideas that are conformed to the common, and the others only as my own.

Like Dædalus I fabricate wings for myself, forming them little by little, each day attaching a feather.

My mind loves to travel in open spaces, to play with the waves of light, discerning nothing, but steeped in joy and clearness. And what am I, but an atom in a beam of light?

My effluences are the dreams of a shadow.

I resemble the poplar, the tree that always looks young, even when it is old.

I thank heaven for having made my mind a light thing, able to mount on high.

Madame Victorine H. Châtenay said of me that I looked like a soul that had by chance met a body, and was making the best of it. I cannot deny the fulness of the expression.

Like the lark, I love to wander far, and above my nest.

In my habitation I would have a great deal of heaven and very little earth mixed. My nest must be a bird's, for my thoughts and words have wings.

How difficult it is to be at the same time ingenious and sensible! For a long time I could not find the ideas that suit my mind, or the language that suited those ideas. Long I had to support the torments of a fertility that could find no outlet.

My mind requires fetters like the feet of Leger in the fairy tale, when he wished to arrive.

I would have philosophy, and especially metaphysics, to be neither quadruped nor biped. I would have it winged and singing.

You go to truth through poetry. I reach poetry through truth.

We may have tact early, and taste late: this is my case.

I like few pictures, few operas, few statues, few poems, and yet I love the arts.

Oh! if I could express myself through music, through dancing, through painting, as I express myself through words. How many ideas I should have which I have not, how many feelings which must be for ever unknown to me.

All that appears false to me has no existence for me. It is to my mind a void that allows no grasp. Hence, I am unable to combat or refute it, except by assimilating it to something existing and by reasoning by analogy.

Ordinary clearness is not sufficient for me, when the sense of words is not as clear as their sound, that is to say, when they do not present to my thoughts, objects as transparent in themselves as the terms that denominate them.

That part of my head destined to receive things that are not clear is extremely narrow.

Why am I so fatigued by talking? It is that when I speak, one portion of my fibres is exerted, while the rest continue depressed; that which acts supports alone the fatigue of action, by which it is soon overcome. There is at once

an unequal distribution of the forces, and an unequal distribution of activity. Hence total fatigue, when that which was strong is worn out, for then weakness is everywhere.

When I shine, I consume myself.

What I do well is done slowly and with extreme fatigue. There is strength beneath my weakness: weakness is the instrument: beneath the strength of many people there is weakness. It is in the heart, the reason, in the too little genuine will.

I have too much brain for my head; it can't move freely in its case.

I have many forms of ideas, but too few forms of phrases.

In all things it seems to me that the intermediary ideas are wanting in me, or that they are a trouble to me.

I wished to do without words, and scorned them: words revenge themselves by difficulty.

If there is a man tormented by the cursed ambition to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and this phrase into a word, it is I.

Certain parts spring up in me naturally, too finished to allow me to dispense with equal finish in all that is to accompany them. I know too well what I am going to say before I write.

In verses, the attention is sustained by the ear being amused. Prose has not this aid; could it have it? I try, but I think not.

I wish to derive all my effects from the sense of words, as you do from their sound, from their choice, as you from their multitude, from their isolation itself, as you from their harmony, nevertheless desiring that there be harmony between them, but a harmony due to nature and fitness, not to industry, purely woven and sequent.

Ignorant ones who know only your harpsichords or your organs, to whom applause is necessary as an accompaniment, without which your chords would be incomplete, I cannot imitate ye. I play the antique lyre, not that of Timotheus but the three or five-stringed lyre, the lyre of Orpheus, the lyre that gives pleasure to him who holds it as to those who look at him, for he is contained in his air, he is forced to listen to himself, he hears himself, judges himself, charms himself.

It will be said I speak subtly. It is sometimes the only means of penetration which the mind has in its power, either from the nature of the truth it strives to attain, or from the nature of the opinions and ignorance, through which it has to open painfully an issue for itself.

I like to see two truths at once. Every good comparison gives the mind this advantage.

I have always an image to draw an image and a thought, two things for one, and double labour for me.

It is not my phrase I polish, but my idea. I pause till the drop of light I want is formed and falls from my pen.

I should like to coin wisdom, that is to say to coin it into maxims, proverbs, sentences easily carried about and transmitted. That I could cry down and banish from the language of men, as degraded coin, the words that they misuse and which deceive them.

I should like to infuse the exquisite sense into the common sense, or to render common the exquisite.

I required age to learn what I wanted to know, and I should require youth to tell rightly what I know. Heaven gave force to my mind but for a period, and this period is past.

Men are accountable for their actions, but I shall have to render an account of my thoughts, they

serve as foundation, not only of my work, but of my life.

My ideas! It is the house to lodge them in that costs me something to build.

The silkworm spins its cocoon, and I spin mine, but it won't be wound off. As God wills.

OF GOD. CREATION. ETERNITY.
PIETY. RELIGION. THE SCRIPTURES. PRIESTS.

So great and vast is God, that in order to understand Him we are obliged to divide Him.

In this operation of imagining God, the first means is the human form, light is the last term, and in light, its splendour. I know not if imagination can go farther, but the mind carries on the process. When imagination stops, space presents itself to it, omnipotence, the infinite. A glorious circle to describe and ever beginning. We quit it. We resume it. We plunge into it. We come from it. What matters it that every one completes it? Our duty, our happiness, depends on our holding to it, not on our tracing it.

We know God through piety, the sole mortification of the soul that brings Him within our reach, and shows him to us.

We always believe that God is like ourselves; the indulgent proclaim Him indulgent, the malevolent as terrible.

All that is spiritual, and in which the soul has really a part, leads to God, to piety. The soul cannot move, wake up, open its eyes without feeling God. We feel God with the soul, as we feel the air with the body.

Dare I say it? We may know God easily, provided we don't strain after definitions of Him.

We can comprehend earth only after we have learned to know heaven; without the world of religion

the visible world would be a hopeless enigma.

Whatever presents to man a spectacle of which he can neither determine the cause nor the limits, leads him to the idea of God, that is to say of Him who is infinite.

The God of metaphysics is but an idea, but the God of religion, the Creator of heaven and earth, the Sovereign Judge of actions and thoughts, is a force.

The universe obeys God in the same way that the body obeys the soul that fills it.

The world was made as the spider's web is made; God drew it from his bosom, his will wove it, spread it out and hung it in space. What we call the void is His invisible plenitude; His power is a ball, but a substantial ball, round which is an inexhaustible whole, for ever winding off, while for ever remaining entire. To create the world, a grain of matter sufficed, for all we see, this mass that confounds us, is but a grain created and set in motion by the Eternal. By its ductility, by the cavities it encloses and the workman's art, it presents in the decorations evolved from it a kind of immensity. All things appear full to us, all are empty—rather they are hollow. The elements themselves are empty, God only is full. But this grain of matter, where was it? It was in the bosom of God, where it now is.

"Nothing is made out of nothing," they say, but the sovereign power of God is not nothing; it is the source of matter as well as of spirit.

The world is a world by virtue of form—its base is but an atom. By withdrawing his breath from it, the Creator might cause the whole volume to collapse, and destroy it easily. By this hypothesis, the universe would leave neither wreck nor ruins, but become what it was before time, a grain of flattened

metal, an atom in the void, less, a nothing.

By having matter constantly placed before our eyes, we are prevented seeing it. In vain the workman is extolled by laying before us the marvels of his work. The mass confines us, the object distracts us, and the end constantly indicated, is constantly impossible to see.

God multiplies intelligence, which, like fire is communicated *ad infinitum*: kindle a thousand torches at one torch, its flame remains for ever the same.

Could God have made human life merely to contemplate the course of it, to watch its falls, its plays, its varieties, or to give himself the spectacle of hands ever in motion, transmitting the torch one to the other? No, God only makes for eternity.

Our immortality is awarded to us by an innate revelation, infused into our minds. God himself in creating them, laid the word, engraved the truth, and the sound, and the lines last them for ever indestructible. But in life God whispers us and illumines us in secret. To hear him there must be inner silence, to perceive his light we must close our senses and look within.

Our souls are always fully living, in sickness, fainting, dying, and still more so after death.

It is not allowable to speak to men of destruction except to make them think of duration, or of death except to make them think of life; for death pursues life, and destruction hastens after duration.

Our flesh is but our pulp, our bones, membranes, nerves are but the framework of the shell in which we are shut up as in a case. It is by exfoliations that the corporal envelope is disposed, but the kernel it contains, the invisible being it encloses, remains indestructible. The grave swallows, but does not

absorb us, we are consumed, but not destroyed.

God's anger is but for a moment, his divine compassion is eternal.

The fear of God is as necessary to hold us steadfast to right, as the fear of death is to hold us to life.

God loves each man as much as he does the whole human race. Weight and number are nothing in his eyes. Eternal, Infinite, he knows only immense love.

Heaven owes us only what it gives us, and often gives us what it does not owe us.

Nothing is lost in the moral world as nothing is annihilated in the material. All our thoughts and feelings here below are but the beginning of thoughts and feelings that will be finished elsewhere.

Where do our ideas go? Into the memory of God.

God, when creating them speaks to souls and to nature, and gives them instructions, the sense of which they forget, but the impression of which endures. Of this word and ray of light there survive amid the darkest obscurity of the soul and the greatest inattention of the mind a kind of murmur, and twilight that never ceases, and that soon or late distant us in our outward dissipations.

Will God rank on a par beautiful thoughts and beautiful actions? Those who have sought them, delighted in them, loved them, will they be recompensed? Will the philosopher and politician be paid for their plans as the good man will be paid for his good acts? And useful labours, have they in God's eyes a merit like good morals? Perhaps so, but the first prize is not so sure as the second, and will not be the same. God has not put into our soul the hope and certainty of it, other motives determine us. And yet I can fancy Bossuet, Fénelon, Plato carrying their works

before God, even Pascal and La Bruyère, even Vauvenargues and La Fontaine, for their works paint their souls and may be counted in heaven. But it seems to me that J. J. Rousseau and Montesquieu dare not present theirs, for they put into them only their intelligence, their temper, and their efforts. As to Voltaire, his paint him also, and they will be counted to him, I think, but to his cost.

God takes account of the centuries. He pardons the grossnesses of the one, and the refinements of the other. Ill-known by the one, misconceived by the other, he sets down in his just balance, as extenuating circumstances, the superstitions and the incredulity of the time in which we live. We live in a sick age, he sees it. Our intelligence is hurt, he will pardon this, if we give him the whole of what is left healthy.

We must go heaven, there are the types of all things, of all truth, all pleasure, of which here below we have but the shadow. Such is the supreme beauty of this world that to name adequately what is there found, or even to indicate with exactitude, would suffice to form a fine style and to make a fine book.

Beyond the world and life there is no more groping. There is but inspection, and all looked at is truth.

It seems to me in the distant future of another life, those will be happiest who have not had here one single moment they can recall with pleasure. Above there, as here below, memory will form an important part of our joy and grief. Heaven is for those who think of it.

Piety is a sublime wisdom, surpassing all other forms of wisdom, a kind of genius that gives wings to the mind. None is wise that is not pious.

Piety is a kind of modesty that

makes us turn away our thoughts as we turn away our eyes from what is forbidden.

Piety is to the heart what poetry is to the imagination, what a noble system of metaphysics is to the mind, it exercises the full range of our sensibility, it is a feeling from which the soul receives such a modification that through it it becomes full or orb'd, and attains all the perfection of which it is susceptible.

Piety is the sole means of escaping the dryness which the labour of reflection inevitably brings into the sources of our sensibility.

A piety more tender than reasoned out suits women, while for men a piety grave rather than tender is becoming.

Piety binds us to what is most powerful, to God, and to what is feeblest, to children, to the aged, the infirm, the poor, the unhappy, the afflicted. Without piety old age shocks the eye, infirmities are repugnant, imbecility disgusts. With piety we see in old age the fulness of years, in infirmities but suffering, in imbecility misfortune, and we only feel respect, compassion, and a desire to relieve.

Charity is a kind of piety. Disgust is so completely silenced where charity is, that it may be said that all forms of affliction have an attraction for the pious.

Religion makes it a duty even for the poor to be liberal, noble, generous, magnificent from charity.

God has planted in man not only love of self, but love of his fellow-man as well. The Why of the most part of our qualities is that man is man, that he is good, that he is the work of God.

To love God and be loved by him, to love our fellow men and be loved by them, this is morality and religion, in both love is all, the beginning, middle, and end.

It is God's will that we love even his enemies.

We must make man insatiable for God; it is a hunger which will unfortunately be often enough interrupted by his passions and occupations.

To think of God is an action.

We must love what God gives and withholds, love what he wills and wills not.

God loves the soul, and since there is an attraction that draws the soul to God, there is one, if I may dare use the expression, that draws God to the soul. His delight is in the soul of man.

We are enlightened because God shines upon us, we are upright because he touches us, God as light enlightens us, as a rule he keeps us erect. This rule undiscerned but felt, serves as criterion in our judgments of things to be estimated by other means than that of the senses.

God! and thence all virtues, all duties. If there be one in which the idea of God has no part, there is in it invariably some defect, or some excess; number, weight or measure is lacking—things in which there is divine exactitude.

It is only in God we can see clearly our duties. This is the only background upon which they are always legible to the mind.

None is happy but the good, the wise, the holy, but the holy more than the others, so completely is human nature made for holiness.

The just, the beautiful, the good, the wise, is what is conformable to God's ideas of the just, the beautiful, the good, the wise. Take God away from high philosophy, and there is an end of clearness; he is the light and sun of it, it is he that illumines all. *In lumine tuo vidimus lumen.*

Let us render ourselves acceptable to God: we can do so in all times, places, or states of decline. The friendship of God, if it may be so expressed, is easier to gain than the

friendship of men, for God takes account of our efforts.

We must yield to heaven, and resist men.

We judge ourselves according to the judgment of men, instead of judging ourselves according to the judgment of heaven. God is the only mirror in which man can know himself, in all others he can only see himself.

When God withdraws from the world, the wise man withdraws into God.

Those only watch, O my God, who think of Thee, and love Thee. All others sleep, they dream and follow phantoms. Thou only art reality. Nothing is right but to occupy heart and mind with Thee, to do all things for Thee, to be moved only by Thee. But is man made to enjoy here below such a felicity? If he were capable of it, he would have attained his perfection.

The forgetfulness of things of earth, the will fixed on things in heaven, the exemption from all ardour, from all care, from all trouble and effort; the plenitude of life without agitation, the joy of feeling without the labour of thought, the raptures of ecstasy without the preparation of meditation, in a word, pure spirituality in the midst of the world, amid the tumult of the senses—this is the happiness but of a minute, of an instant, but this instant's piety sheds a suavity over our months and years.

Religion is the poetry of our hearts, it has enchantments that are useful to our morals, it gives both happiness and virtue.

Piety is not a religion, although it is the soul of all religions, a man has not a religion when he has only pious intentions, just as he has not a country when he has only philanthropy. We have a country, and are citizens of a country only when we decide on observing and de-

fending certain laws, obeying certain magistrates, and adopting certain modes of being and action.

Religion is neither a theology, nor a theosophy; it is more, it is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement.

Without the dogma, morality is but maxims and sentences; with the dogma, it becomes precept, obligation, necessity.

Can we not say that since the coming of Christ, God has infused into nature more light and grace? It seems, indeed, since that time there has been in the world a more general knowledge of all the duties, a more common and diffused facility to practise the true virtues and all the great virtues.

We ought to love religion as a kind of country and nurse. It is it that nurtures our virtues, shows us heaven, teaches us to walk in the paths of duty.

Religion is the literature and science of one; the joy and duty of another.

O Religion! thou givest a light to ignorance, a virtue to weakness, an aptitude to the foolish, a talent even to incapacity.

No doctrine was ever so adjusted as the Christian doctrine to all the natural wants of the human heart and mind. The pomp and show with which the Church is reproached were the effect, and are the proof of its incomparable excellence. Whence, in effect have proceeded this power and these riches, carried to excess, if not from the enchantment it cast over the whole world? Enraptured by its beauty, millions of men from age to age loaded it with gifts, legacies, cessions. It had the gift of making itself loved, and that of making men happy. This it was that wrought the prodigy. This it was that built up its power.

Men can't speak against Christi-

anity without anger, nor speak of it without love.

In Christianity, above all in Catholicism, the mysteries are purely speculative truths, whence spring, by the union of one mystery with another, truths eminently practical.

Religion forbids to believe beyond what it teaches.

When men cannot believe there has been a revelation, they believe nothing fixedly, firmly, invariably.

The opinion men have of things divine is not the same in all times nor in all places, but necessarily in all times and places there was one defined, fixed, sacred, and inviolable.

All strong religions are furious till they reign. Old religions, like old wine, warm the heart but do not heat the brain.

Austere sects are at first the most revered, but moderate sects have ever been the most lasting.

Identity of belief unites men more than identity of knowledge, it is, doubtless, because belief comes from the heart.

It is allowed to lament, but it is never allowed to laugh at the religion of others.

We should attack superstition by religion, not by physics; this is a ground on which it is not. If you lead it thither by changing its nature, you make it at the same time lose all idea of heaven, and instead of correcting it, you risk rendering it worse.

Superstition is the only religion of which low souls are capable.

All those who are devoid of religion are deprived of one virtue, and did they possess all the others they could not be perfect.

Which is the more incongruous, a religion without virtue, or virtues without religion?

Incredulity is only a mode of being of the intellect, but impiety is a real vice of the heart. There enter

into this sentiment horror for what is divine, scorn for men, and contempt for simplicity.

There are two species of atheism, one tending to dispense with the idea of God, the other to dispense with His intervention in human affairs.

Irreligion through ignorance is a condition of inward hardness and barbarism. The mind that no belief, no faith, has softened or tempered remains in a state of wildness, incapable of receiving a certain culture, a certain seed-sowing. But dogmatic incredulity is a condition of irritability and excitement. It brings us into a state of perpetual warfare with ourselves, our education, our habits, our early opinions. With others, our fathers, brothers, friends, neighbours, our former masters, with public order, which we consider disorder, with the present time which we think less enlightened than it ought to be; with the past whose ignorance and simplicity we feel contempt for. The future, and mankind in its future eternity, are the two idols, the sole idols of systematic incredulity.

The difference is great between accepting Mahomet or Luther as idols, and cringing at the feet of Rousseau and Voltaire. In following Mahomet, men at least believed they were obeying God, in listening to Luther they believed they were obeying the Bible. And perhaps we ought not to cry down the disposition men have of abandoning to those whom they believe to be the friends of God the care of regulating their conscience and forming their minds. Considered merely with reference to present social utility, this disposition is useful and conformable to order. It is subjection to irreligious minds that is fatal and essentially depraving.

If science and instruction gain nothing by faith, universal morality gains immensely by it, in maintain-

ing inferior minds in sentiments of docility and subordination, which for them are a virtue, a duty, a means to ensure a tranquil life, an indispensable condition of their happiness, and of the kind of merit which can do them honour.

Virtue is not an easy thing, why should religion be so?

There is a vast difference between credulity and faith; one is a natural defect of the mind, the other a virtue; the first arises from extreme feebleness, the principle of the second is a gentle laudable docility, quite compatible with force and even most favourable to it.

Shut your eyes and you will see.

To reach the regions of light we must pass through clouds. Some stop at the clouds, others are able to get beyond them.

We must suspect we ourselves are mistaken about poetry, when we don't think as poets do, and in religion when we don't think as holy men do.

Let us be men with man, and always children before God, for we are in truth but children in His eyes. Even old age in the presence of eternity is but the first instant of the morning.

With God we must be neither men of science nor philosophers, but children, slaves, learners and at utmost poets.

We must be religious with simplicity, self-abandonment, guilelessness, and not with dignity, *bon ton*, gravity or mathematicalness.

Devotion embellishes the soul, more especially the soul of youth.

The undevout lack tenderness of soul.

When humility is not the companion of devotion, the latter inevitably becomes pride.

Humility becomes man in the presence of God, as modesty becomes a child in the presence of man.

Could there be something above

and beyond faith—a sight, a vision, I know not what ray could give more light to certain men than to certain others; and during the day of life, would God manifest Himself out of the cloud to some. But even could it be, who dare flatter himself that to him it was given.

God illumines those whose thoughts and eyes are towards him.

The idea of God is a light, a light that guides and gladdens, prayer is its aliment.

The best prayers are those in which there is nothing distinct, and which accordingly participate of simple adoration. God hears only thoughts and feelings. Inward words are all He hears.

The *prie-Dieu* is an article of furniture indispensable to good order. Where it is not, there are no penates, no respect.

Pray this prayer to God: "Being without end and without beginning, Thou art what man conceives as best. As a ray of light is contained in all that shines, a ray of Thy goodness is reflected in all virtue. All that we can love, all that is lovable, shows a portion of Thy essence, an appearance of Thyself. All the beauties of earth are but shadows projected from those in heaven. Make us like Thee, so far as our gross nature will permit this resemblance, in order that we may participate in Thy happiness so far as this life permits it.

To speak to God of our wishes and our affairs, is this permitted? We may say that those who from respect abstain from doing so, and those who do so in full trust and simplicity, do well.

We must ask for virtue at all cost, and with fervour, for prosperity timidly and with resignation. To ask is to receive, when we ask real blessings.

What renders worship useful is its publicity, its external manifestation, its noise, pomp, animation and

observance, universally and visibly insinuated into all the details of public and private life. It is this alone that constitutes festivals, seasons, and the real varieties of the year. Hence, we may particularly say that singing, that bells, incense, fasting, abstinence, &c., were profoundly wise institutions, things useful, important, necessary, indispensable.

There are no real festivals except religious festivals. The poor man by resting on those holy days offers to God the sacrifice of his wages.

Religious evolutions, such as processions, genuflexions, bowing of the body and head, and stations are neither ineffectual nor unimportant. They bend the heart to piety and bow the mind to faith.

Religion is a fire that example keeps alive, and which dies out if not communicated.

In order to be pious we must become little. The attitudes which, by making us bend our limbs, lessen their size or bow down their height, are favourable to piety. Also, it is said piety leads us to annihilate ourselves before God.

The ceremonies of Catholicism school to politeness.

God is spirit and truth. He sees all, knows all, contains all things in Himself. God is justice: He punishes all faults. God is goodness: He pardons the penitent. God is compassion: He pities our sufferings. We should daily pray to Him, fix our thoughts upon this light that purifies, upon this fire that consumes our corruptions, upon this model that regulates us, upon this peace that calms our agitation, upon this principle of all-being that renews our virtue. We should offer Him a daily sacrifice: sacrifice of our bodies by bearing pain with patience, as one of His commandments; by pleasure, in abstaining from it. Sacrifice of our hearts, by loving Him above all

things, giving all things for Him; by subordinating to His love our tenderest attachments; sacrifice of our minds by repressing all curiosity that removes us from Him, by renouncing, for Him, a portion of our reason, by believing, out of love for Him, what he would have us believe; sacrifice of our fortunes, by bearing patiently bad fortune, and for His sake giving up a portion of the good.

We must decorate for the eyes of men the victims that offer themselves to God.

Great saints may be great sinners, because they are men, that is to say, because they are free. Liberty explains all faults, all crimes, all misfortunes; but it also constitutes all merit.

Holy men of intellect appear to me superior to philosophers. They live more happy, more useful, more exemplary lives.

Priests are the true philosophers, though they reject the name; the true friends of wisdom, of public and private order.

Good priests are the best friends men can have, and the best guides they can have to conduct them in the ways of virtue, and in the paths of perfection. They alone know, at least they alone prescribe, them. Generally their affections are conformable with their doctrines, and in their doctrines is a wisdom superior to them and to us.

Why is even a bad preacher listened to with pleasure by the pious? Because he speaks to them of what they love. But you, who expound religion to the men of this age, and speak to them of what perhaps they have loved or desire to love, bear in mind that they do not yet love it, and in order to make them love it be careful to speak with power.

You may do what you will, men only believe God, and he alone can persuade them who believes God

has spoken to him. None can impart faith if he has it not. The persuaded persuade just as the indulgent disarm.

As it often happens that the doctor makes his healing draught by his own temperament, and the moralist his morality by his character, the theologian often preaches theology by his temper.

It is their self-confidence, and their private faith in their own personal infallibility that displeases in certain theologians. It might be said to them: Never doubt your doctrine, but sometimes you may doubt your own demonstrations. Modesty becomes dignity, it becomes even majesty. We should carry our distrust of self even into the exposition of the most sacred and indubitable truths.

It was the priesthood, that is to say a state in which there was much meditation and leisure, which gave Hebrew literature its existence and perfection.

Without the allusions to the Bible in the good books written in our language, there would be nothing in them familiar, simple, or popular.

The holy scriptures are easy to translate into any language, because to do so it needs only common, popular, necessary words, which are to be found everywhere.

To translate the Bible we should choose words that have space in them; forms of construction in which nothing is too strictly joined, nor over-polished, words and phrases that have a sound of antiquity in them.

The Bible is to religion what the *Iliad* is to poetry.

It requires the amplest leisure, time on hand, and study to relish the beauties of Homer, and to comprehend them we have to dream over them. It takes but a moment, I don't say of attention but of listening, to comprehend and receive

into ourselves the beauties of the Bible, beauties which expand or condense according to the various dispositions and various capacities of minds, so that they enter into the smallest and fill entirely the greatest, and the intelligence of the man, according as it is more or less well disposed, receives in plenitude from it as soon as it opens an access to them.

The Bible teaches good and evil; the Gospel, on the contrary, seems written for the elect; it is the book of innocence. The first was made for earth, the other seems made for heaven. According as one or other of these books is most circulated in a nation, different religious tempers are nourished.

There are in the Scriptures many things which, without being perfectly clear, are, nevertheless, true. It was necessary to keep us, by obscurity, in fear and in the merit of faith. We should dwell on what is clear, and touch lightly on what is obscure, throw light on what is uncertain by what is manifest, on what is clouded by what is serene, on what is nebulous by what is lucid, on what embarrasses and baffles reason by what satisfies it. The Jansenists did just the reverse. They laid stress on what is obscure, uncertain, and painful, and pass slightly over the rest; they eclipse the luminous, consoling truths by interposing the opaque and terrible truths. Application: *multi vocati*, this is a clear truth; *pauci electi*, this is an obscure one. "We are children of wrath;" this is a sombre, clouded, terrible truth. "We are all children of God, He came to save sinners, not the righteous; He loves all men, and desires the salvation of all." Here are truths in which are clearness, sweetness, serenity, light. Let us repeat and confirm the rule; 1st. There are many oppositions, even apparent contradictions in the

Scriptures, and in the doctrines of the Church, not one of which, nevertheless is false. 2nd. God placed them there, or permitted them, in order to keep us, by perplexity and uncertainty, in fear and in the merit of faith. We should temper what scares reason by what tranquilizes it, what is austere by what is consolatory. The Jansenists disturb the serenity, and don't illumine the obscure. We should not, however, condemn them for what they say, since it is true, but for what they do not say, for it is true also, and even more true, that is to say, a truth more easily grasped, more complete in its circle and in its points. Theology, when they expose it, has but half its disc, and their morality looks at God with only one eye.

The Jansenists carry into religion a greater spirit of reflection, greater depth than the Jesuits: they bind themselves more with its sacred bonds. In their thoughts there is an austerity constantly circumscribing their will in duty; their understanding, in short, has more Christian habits. But they seem to love God without love, solely from reason, duty, justice. The Jesuits on the contrary, seem to love him from pure inclination, admiration, gratitude, tenderness; in short, because it is a delight to do so. In their books of piety there is joy for the reason that in them nature and religion are in harmony. In those of the Jansenists there is sadness and an ever watchful restraint, for the reason that in them nature is kept perpetually in fetters by religion.

The Jansenists tell us to love God, the Jesuits make us love Him. The doctrine of the latter is filled with inaccuracies, perhaps with errors; but, strange to say, and incontestably, they are better directors of souls.

The Jansenists hold to the rule more than to goodness, the Jesuits love goodness more than the rule. The first are more essentially scholars, the second more essentially pious. Attain goodness by all paths seems the device of the one. Observe the rule at all cost was the device of the other. The first of these maxims it is right to tell all men, it can lead none astray; the second we ought sometimes practice but never counsel. Good men, thoroughly tried, alone are capable of not abusing it.

The Jansenist waits for the grace of God, in the same way that the quietist waits for his presence. The first waits with fear, the second with langour; the one submits, the other resigns himself very unequally passive, but equally fatalist.

The Jansenists make *grace* a kind of fourth person of the Holy Trinity; they are, without knowing it or wishing it, *quaternitaux*. St. Paul or St. Augustin, too much or too exclusively studied, endanger all, if I may so say. In place of *grace* say assistance, help, Divine influence, a heavenly deed; then we understand. This word is like a talisman whose charm or sorcery is broken by being translated; the danger vanishes under analysis. Personifying words is a fatal evil in theology.

The Jansenists had too great a horror of nature, which, nevertheless, is the work of God. God put more incorruptibility into it than they think, so that the absolute infection of the whole mass was impossible. They take from the blessing of creation to give to the blessing of redemption; they take from the Father to give to the Son.

Philosophers excuse Jansenism, because Jansenism is a species of philosophy.

GOD IS GOD; THE WORLD IS A PLACE; MATTER AN APPEARANCE. THE BODY IS THE MOULD OF THE SOUL; LIFE IS A BEGINNING.

All things spring from a little, from almost nothing at all. An oak is born from an acorn, as man from a drop of water. And in this acorn and drop of water, how much that is superfluous! A germ is but a point. The too much contains the enough; it is the necessary place and indispensable aliment of it, at least in the beginning. None should suffer it in himself; but he must take it in the world, for there would be nowhere enough of anything, if there were not always a little too much of each thing somewhere.

Truth consists in conceiving or imagining things as God sees them; virtue in gaining goodness, and goodness, if it is perfect, in having only such sentiments we believe an angel might have, if becoming what we are, while remaining all he himself is, he were put in our place and could see what we see.

Wisdom is repose in light; but it is the light itself which by the light it sheds, and the charms it works, in colouring abstractions like delicate clouds, and lending evidence the splendour of serenity, that excites wisdom often to sport in its rays.

There is nothing beautiful but God; and after God it is the soul that is most beautiful: and after the soul, thought; and after thought, the word. Therefore the more like God a soul is, the more like a soul a thought is, and the more like a thought a word is, the more beautiful it all is.

Here are graver thoughts: I shall speak more gravely. The will of God depends on his wisdom, goodness, justice, which alone limit

his power. All that is bad shall be punished—all that is good shall be counted, and nothing shall be required but what was possible.

The love of the body separates from God, for God has no love for the body. The horror of evil unites to God, for God abhors evil. But he loves all souls, even those who love evil, if they retain some love for him, and some horror of themselves in the midst of their aberrations. What we love in spite of ourselves, by force of matter, we must not love from choice with our consent, for this would be loving it to excess, and there lies the evil.

To establish the kingdom of God, or the existence of all good, is the law of policy or of the government of peoples and of economy, or of the government of the house, and that of morality, or of the government of self-law, is what is obligatory, from which nothing can release us, not even the goodness of God.

I resume my joy and wings and fly to other lights. An object, whatever it may be, is more or less agreeable to us, according as it corresponds, more or less, in all points with its type or model which is in the ideas of God. Our qualities are more or less praiseworthy, even more or less real, more or less eminent, more or less worthy of their name, according as they are, more or less, in their action and essence conformable to their rule, the idea of which is in God.

Truly we do see all things in God, and see nothing except in Him, at least in metaphysics. Without his idea and his ideas, we could perceive nothing, distinguish nothing, explain nothing, above all, estimate nothing according to its intrinsic rate, this secret and sacred rate which, placed in the heart and centre of each thing, alone marks exactly when we read it by this

light, its precise degree of merit, its real weight and just value.

Nothing pleases us in matter but that which is almost spiritual in it, its emanations, as it were; but that which almost touches the soul, as perfumes and sounds do; but that which is like an impression left on it by some intelligence as the festoons and designs that mark it; but that which creates an illusion as forms and colours do; in short but that in it which seems to have been the product of thought or to have been disposed for some purpose, indicating will. Thus we can only love in the solidities of the world, those which have variation; and in that which is subtle in it, we owe our most exquisite pleasure to that which hardly has an existence in those almost transcendent exhalations, those invisible undulations which, while penetrating, elevate us above and beyond our senses. Pressed and jostled by bodies, we are really touched by the spirit only of things, so much are we ourselves spirit.

I said truly: matter is an appearance; all is little, and nothing is much; for what is the whole world? I have thought over this, I believe it, I almost see it, and I shall boldly say it. The whole world is merely a little condensed ether, ether but a little space, and space but a point, endowed with the susceptibility of spreading out into a small space, when developed, but which had almost none when it emanated from the bosom of God. Newton himself said, "When God wished to create the world, he ordered a portion of space to become and to remain impenetrable." With its gravitations, its attractions, its momentum, and all its blind forces, that scientific men make such noise about, with its enormous masses that confound our senses, all matter is but a particle of metal, but a hollow grain of glass, a soap bubble

played on by the chiaroscure, a shadow, where nothing weighs but on itself, is impenetrable but to itself, attracts or holds but itself, seems strong or great but to extreme smallness, to the infinite littleness of the particles of this whole, which is well nigh nothing. When weighed in the hand of God what does this world weigh? When seen by the eye of God what is its extent? When he sees it, what does it seem to him? When he penetrates it, what does he find in it? This is the question. The most terrible of imaginable catastrophes, the conflagration of the world, what else could it be but the crackling, the flash, the vapour of a grain of powder in a candle? O truth! it is only souls and God which offer grandeur and solidity to thought, once it enters into itself, after having gone through all things, sounded all things, tested all things in its crucible, purified all things by its light and the light of heaven, gone into the deep of things, known all things.

OF MAN. OF THE ORGANS. OF THE SOUL AND INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

There are two existences, which man shut up in himself may know: his own and God's; I am, therefore God is—but bodies he can know through sensation only.

We see all things through ourselves. We are a medium constantly interposed between objects and ourselves.

Man, properly speaking, inhabits only his head and heart. All places not there, may in vain be before his eyes, at his side, or under his feet, he is not there.

The body is the tent in which our existence is encamped.

It is the face almost alone that denotes the individual. The body marks the sex rather than the in-

dividual, the species more than the individual.

Below the head, shoulders, and breast, begins the animal or that part of the body which the soul ought not to delight in.

There is on the face something luminous which we find in no other part of the body.

The smile dwells upon the lips, but laughter has its seat and beauty upon the teeth.

In the eyes there is mind, soul, and body.

To the head alone belongs reflection, but the whole body has memory. The feet of a dancer, the fingers of a clever musician, have in a high degree the faculty of remembering.

The voice is a human sound that nothing inanimate can exactly counterfeit. It has an authority, a property of insinuation that is so.

MENTAL SCIENCE AS A BRANCH OF LIBERAL CULTURE.

BY THE REV. JOHN MACMAHON, LL.D

MENTAL science, owing probably to misconceptions prevalent respecting its impractical nature, seems in the present day scarcely to hold its legitimate position as a branch of liberal cultivation. This is a prejudice which ought to vanish before superior knowledge, being built on grave error, both as regards the objects of mental science, as well as the effects of a study of it. The objects are not mere airy abstractions, but in a manner quite as real as those of other sciences, while the effects of a study of it transcend, as a general rule, those of speculative pursuits. Psychology, when properly taught, tends to exercise a well-defined influence over our active powers, for what is the spring of action in human agents but the mind itself, whether we call it Intellect, Emotion, or Will? Inasmuch, then, as mental

science seeks to lay bare the mechanism of the motive power in men—its wheels and pullies—and to explain, by showing how it works, what the mind is equal to, and what it is not, such knowledge ought to prevent waste of energy upon useless labour.

Some persons level a shaft against the study of the human intellect, on the ground of its being so exclusively occupied with theory, a word much disliked by unscientific minds. These, however, should reflect whether it is possible, in the nature of things, or if possible, desirable—to isolate practice from theory. Many admittedly cherish contempt for theory, and yet always act—unconsciously of course—from the impulse of a theory of some description or other, frequently one of rude or improvised construction. But if we allow, for

argument's sake, that a man could engage in any practical matter without some theory, some idea of what he was attempting—would not such entirely aimless conduct be to strike at random and in the dark? The truth is, theory, when correctly devised and understood, constitutes well-directed action, because it embodies principles arrived at by careful generalization from experience. There need, then, be no irreconcilable divorce between what is theoretical and practical, inasmuch as a source of mediation between the two is discoverable in due measurement of the intellectual faculties, and in keeping them as Locke says, within the tether of the understanding. Intellect is the instrument by which man works on everything, theoretical or otherwise, and probably one of the highest functions of genius is fulfilled when correct theorizing is made by a master mind to issue in improved practice.

But probably, of the numerous practical benefits of a study of mental phenomena one of the most valuable, and lying at the very root of education, is the discipline of attention. At the threshold of the gorgeous Temple of Knowledge sits Attention as the noble faculty by which we acquire the power of continuous thought. It is thus that men are apparently so diverse in their intellectual powers, when really it arises from some having acquired, and others not, the habit of attention. All alike seem capable of understanding the cogency of a single inference, detached from a long train of reasoning. All, however, are not equally endowed with the ability of connecting together conclusion after conclusion, no matter how protracted the series. Attention bestows this prerogative on those who do not shrink from the arduousness of uninterrupted thought. In fact genius and attention seem akin to each other,

one without the other seldom succeeds. Sir Isaac Newton being once complimented on his genius, replied that, whatever discoveries he had achieved were owing rather to patient attention than to any other talent. Malebranche beautifully says, "the discoveries of truth can only be made by the labour of attention. The attention of the intellect is a natural prayer by which we obtain the enlightenment of the reason. Without the labour of attention we shall never comprehend the grandeur of religion, the sanctity of morals, the bitterness of all that is not God, and the absurdity of the passions."

But in spite of this, it is most difficult in our ultra-utilitarian age to vindicate the claims of mental science as a plastic element in our fashionable curriculum of culture. Many ask, more especially those absorbed in the physical investigation of Nature, what has psychological science ever achieved for mankind?—what definite practical results are traceable to, for instance, the Greek philosophers and the scholastics, or to Hume, Locke, Berkeley, and Kant? But such a question is put first in seeming forgetfulness of the literary life and labours of psychologists of all times, and of the simultaneous progress of metaphysics with civilization.

Thus, take Aristotle, that prince of thinkers of all time, who laid the foundations of mental science, and in doing so showed himself a thorough proficient in the experimental method of modern research. He tells us that the analysis by which he arrived at the laws of thought was the golden gate through which he passed on into a mastery of nature. This with him was to tread a vast illimitable plain, where, by a powerful aptitude for observation, he elaborated all the finer principles of man's

inner constitution, and classed them as moral, logical, and political, while at the same time displaying a comprehensive grasp over Natural Philosophy. There had, as the great man himself remarks in his *Metaphysics*, been prior to his day, very searching and diversified, but withal gross and one-sided investigations and hypotheses of Nature, with no other advance than a creed of rigid materialism. Aristotle, however, as a psychologist, kindled a torch which illuminated the Temple of creation, and in doing so gave an impulse to physical discovery. It is the glory of this sovereign brain to have shown, by a well reasoned out psychology, that no fruitful method of investigating Nature—in fact, no true theory of physical science—is attainable on the supposition of excluding mental agency from material phenomena. This pregnant axiom, or rather generalization from an enlarged induction, at once completed what hitherto was deficient in current methods of scientific investigation, and paved the way for the brilliant exploits of modern discovery.

At a more recent period, Lord Bacon's reformation of science, or, as he calls it, the Advancement of Learning, was dependent upon the fact that, like Aristotle, he asserted that no examination, or to use the Baconian phrase, interrogation of Nature, could lead to any fruitful consequences, which is conducted according to guess-work or by giving actuality to mere notions. Lord Bacon's advice, as Aristotle's before him, was that philosophers should have recourse to Nature herself and extract from her phenomena, by observation and experiment, such information as could be legitimately arrived at from a previous knowledge of the native faculties of the understanding. Till the exact origin of the mind, or in other

words, the temper and strength of the instrument of observation, was known, it was visionary to hope for genuine science anywhere.

But an illustrious thinker can now be mentioned whose sense of the proper dignity and use of mental science cannot be questioned—Des Cartes. This subtlest of philosophers applied rare analytical genius to the human mind, and side by side with his psychology, sprang up as its result a truly splendid edifice of science pure and applied. It is acknowledged on all hands, that Des Cartes, though at the same time a mathematician of unusual calibre and originality, assigned mental science the post of honour. In thus recording his verdict on the paramount claims of logic and psychology as well as their plastic power over even the natural sciences, we must not forget that with Des Cartes' mathematical labours are indissolubly associated a development of knowledge of the highest significance and value.

There had been previously to Des Cartes an application of analysis—arrived at by algebra—to geometry; but he expunged those material relations which had mixed themselves up with algebra and rendered its notation both rude and cumbersome. For these he substituted a notation—peculiarly available for purposes of calculation—clear, general, and, like every efflux of genius, simple. To this profound thinker belongs therefore the glory of having elevated algebra to its rightful position as a science, the especial object of which is to express only the abstract relations of quantity. But even still more valuable was Des Cartes' discovery, by algebraic equations, of the properties of curves. This he further utilized, inasmuch as by an inverse process he struck out a commendous method—the wonder of his contemporaries and the admiration of mathematicians ever since

—by which he directly solved geometrical problems that had baffled antiquity and puzzled the learned world down to his own day.

Few greater services were ever bestowed on the development of natural science than the abbreviation of thought in mathematical *formulæ* by the employment of arbitrary signs. The analysis of functions, perfected by Des Cartes' extension of algebra to curves, has been the forerunner to some of the most sublime discoveries of modern science. And it is most relevant to the present discussion to state that the metaphysical bent of Des Cartes' mind—and it is well understood that he placed metaphysics above mathematics—formed a valuable auxiliary to him in liberating algebra from its alliance with material conceptions, and thus reducing it to a purely abstract science. But throughout the entire of his intellectual career he contended for a relation subsisting between mental and experimental science, and indeed presented in his own case a combination—quite unique—of metaphysical with mathematical capacity. The late lamented Professor George Boole, of Queen's College, Cork, a man of striking scientific ability, was strongly impressed, as is shown in his work "Discussions on the Laws of Thought," with the possibility of giving mathematics and metaphysics some common standpoint. His labours, assisted by those of M. Comte, Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, Professor de Morgan, and others, have probably laid the foundation for a future co-relation of these two great branches of abstract inquiry.

With Des Cartes' discoveries before us we need not therefore attempt to stigmatize mental philosophy as barren of material results, or as unconnected with the success of the experimental sciences. His

literary labours certainly falsify the position of those who do not recognize in ordinary phenomena, any mutual operation between our cognitive faculties and matter, whether that of our corporeal frames or of the visible things without us. Philosophy may be dwarfed by a one-sided view; for instance, that of M. Comte, who regards everything beyond the margin of phenomena as to us essentially non-existent—a position which merges all existence into phenomena. But rightly to understand the relations subsisting, as the basis of all science, and indeed ordinary experience, between the human understanding and the fabric of creation; the true cosmogony and metaphysics will fall under Berkely's formulary, the reverse of Comte's—namely, that all phenomena merge into existence.

There are other reasons for making a knowledge of the human mind a branch of liberal culture—the dignity of the mind itself and its share in the development of civilization. In looking over the pages of history one finds the intellect, that is the essential forms of thought, impressed upon human progress, as evidently as the conceptions of beauty, shape, and manliness upon a great sculptor's statue. Whatever may be the department, it is the same, whether investigation is concerned with phenomena of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. The mind of man in its laws gives the framework to the sciences, and directs the path of the inquirer. Whatever investigation is not conducted according to the essential forms of thought is mere guess-work, if even it is so much, and deserves only the scorn of the philosopher. It is the same with the fine arts, where the constitution and laws of the human understanding exert similar sway, as may be proved by contrasting different

epochs and schools of painting, architecture, and music. For example, in placing Mozart and Beethoven side by side, it will be observed that these two eminent composers represent severally in their works the struggle for mastery which is being perpetually maintained between the two leading tendencies of the intellect, namely, sensationalism and idealism.

Liberal culture, therefore, cannot but do a man real service when it affords him an inkling into the constitution of the human mind, its faculties and laws, because he thereby learns the gauge of his work in every department where thought and its attendant action can be brought into requisition. When called upon to form his opinions, the scholar thus finds himself equipped with armour which affords some security against unreason. A thorough knowledge of mind recoils from any violation of the laws of assent as determinable by the essential forms of thought. Here we have a most valuable touchstone—thanks to the splendid analytical genius of Kant—which might often be appealed to with advantage in those bitter controversies which in all ages divide the schools.

All have heard of that salutary rule on which the great moralists of the old world justly laid so much stress—*nosce teipsum*. So far as self-knowledge comes from a true psychology, so far it unveils the splendour of what is man's real crown of glory:—

“ On earth there's nothing great but man ;
In man there's nothing great but mind.”

Intrinsically it is hard to realize the native majesty of the human mind, and yet we have practical evidence of it in the natural sciences, the fine arts, and even the compara-

tively prosaic departments of politics and government. A single exercise, however, of what mental science teaches—namely, introspection—reveals everything. Psychology is thus the golden key which unlocks for man the treasures of his rational being; but to sound the depths of his own intellectual nature is half-way towards a comprehensive knowledge of what is without. The ancients understood this when they tell us that *macrocosm* was implied in the *microcosm*, though unfortunately, by allowing too much prominence to the latter, they perverted science, and made it a system, for example, of astrology and alchemy, instead of astronomy and chemistry. The human mind thus may be compared to the kaleidoscope, where all the diversified forms and colours are produced by the orderly position of two polished surfaces, notwithstanding that the fragments of glass, irregular in shape, are thrown at random into the tube.

Is it, therefore, too much to affirm, is it a phantasy to believe, that a penetrating glance in on the mind, its exquisite nervous and sensuous appendages, its marvellous faculties, its towering speculations, as well as the subtle abstract truths which the intellect evolves out of its own laws, will enable man to break his shell, emerge out of the dark cave of his dulled powers, and after mastering nature, to soar upwards into that flashing sphere where human reason is dilated, and finds full scope for its godlike contemplation? Here are no imperfect systems, no dogmatism, no scepticism, no mental isolation shading into despair, no anomalies in the moral order of things—in fact, all barriers to pure knowledge are simply swept away.

Then the great mind of man is brought face to face with the primal fountain of existence, and blends

with higher forms of thought and life than, as yet, it has been brought in contact with. Doubts and struggles and errors about truth fade away like stars before the dazzle of the sun. Then man begins to sight the summit of being, and to grasp the substance instead of the shadow of things, thus realizing the mind's drift and scope. Thus the dark veil is uplifted, and underneath the fringe escapes the gorgeous spectacle of untold splendours. A long and endless vista of glory is expanded before the in-

telleet, where faltering scepticism disappears in certitude, and the agony of apprehended annihilation in the fruition of interminable existence. The mind of man thus contains within itself the germs of that deathless joy which accompanies the exercise of perfect intuition in a higher state. The human intellect thus displays the lineaments of that vast architectonic mind into which, as a fathomless and illimitable ocean, is ultimately emptied every rivulet of life, and power, and thought.

HOLLY AND IVY.

THERE is a tree, and I love it well,
It is green as green can be;
The emerald pride of the rural dell,
'Tis the festive Holly Tree!

There is a plant, whose tendrils cling
Round the ancient castled tower;
It climbs the walls like an animate thing,
And spans the desolate bower.

The Celts of old the Holly-branch bore
In their mystical sacred rites,
And the Druid placed it above his door
To pacify woodland sprites.

Some say the Ivy is dark and cold,
That its touch has a deadly chill;
But it formed a crown for a god of old,
And it circles the wine-cup still.

There's a blossom that opens mid wreaths of snow,
There's a berry grows ripe in the shade;
There are hearts whose loves more warmly glow
In the winter grief hath made!

The Summer flowers their scents may fling,
And their transient hues display;
Far better the leaves of an endless Spring,
The colour that won't decay.

Oh! may our friendship thus be found
Ever green as the Holly Tree;
May mine, like the Ivy, clasp thee round,
And thine cling as close to me!

WILLIAM DIGBY SEYMOUR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Memories of his Life. Edited by his Wife. London: Henry S. King and Co.—There are few whose life and letters so well deserve permanent publication as Charles Kingsley's. Not that there was anything romantic in his career. It was uneventful and commonplace enough in itself, but as the outcome of a noble and lovely nature, it is well worthy of admiring contemplation. So true a hero of the highest type, combining such manly courage with such womanly tenderness, is not to be met with every day, and ought not to pass unnoticed into oblivion. There is no lack of men superior to him in creative power of intellect, in greatness of achievement, in loftiness of position and extent of influence; but few equal him in self-sacrificing devotedness to the good of others, in intensity of family affections, in high-minded love of truth, in warmth and sincerity of friendship, in kindly liberality and chivalrous courtesy to all. It is right that all, both now and hereafter, should have an opportunity of studying so fine and rare a character, whose very failings lean to virtue's side, and were by none so sincerely regretted as by himself. It is well that the possibility of combining freedom of thought and love of science with sacred reverence for religion should be clearly seen by living example. Such a life as Kingsley's is one of the best evidences of Christianity, more convincing than the ablest

treatise, more effective than the most eloquent sermon. There has been a good deal of ill-natured sneering at his so-called "muscular Christianity."

Call his Christianity by what name you will, it would be well for the world if we had a little more of it. It is at any rate far preferable to mawkish pietism, wild fanaticism, and sanctimonious pharisaism.

It appears to us that Mrs. Kingsley has adopted the wisest and best method of making known to the world what manner of man her husband was. She has very properly abstained from any attempt at an elaborate biography carefully constructed with a view to artistic effect. Such an effort, if ever so successful, would have been more creditable to her head than her heart. Genuine and deep feeling does not express itself in that way. She has chosen a much better course in confining herself to a simple loving narrative, which includes the main incidents of his life, and forms a "feeble thread"—as she modestly terms it—to connect the letters, which constitute the main feature of the work. Kingsley's letters are full of interest, both as compositions and as indications of character. They are very varied in subject-matter and style, reflecting vividly the varying moods of the versatile writer. Many of them were written in answer to perfect strangers, who were powerfully impressed by the unconventional earnestness of his works, and

encouraged by the genial liberality of their tone to ask for his guidance and aid in solving their difficulties. To such applications he never turned a deaf ear, or gave a grudging reply, though he had little time to spare. He thought nothing of trouble so long as he could be of service.

Kingsley's letters are not unlike Dr. Arnold's in some respects, but their general effect on the mind of the reader is more pleasing. The almost puritanical seriousness and schoolmaster's strictness, for which Arnold's are remarkable, is unrelieved by the playful humour and natural ease which give such a charm to Kingsley's. Judging from Kingsley's letters, we should be inclined to think him, if not so great a man as Arnold, quite as good, and far more agreeable. This is amply borne out by the testimony of those who had the best means of knowing. As a single illustration we may quote from the letter of Mr. John Martineau, his pupil—

"I cannot give any description of his daily life, his parish work, which will not sound commonplace. There were the mornings chiefly spent in reading and writing, the afternoons in going from cottage to cottage, the long evenings in writing. It sounds monotonous enough. But there never was a man with whom life was less monotonous, with whom it was more full of overflowing of variety and freshness. Nothing could be so exquisitely delightful as a walk with him about his parish. Earth, air, and water, as well as farmhouse and cottage, seemed full of his familiar friends. By day and by night, in fair weather and in storm, grateful for heat and cold, rain and sunshine, light and soothing darkness, he drank in nature. It seemed as if no bird, or beast, or insect, or scarcely a drifting cloud in the sky, passed by him unnoticed, unwelcomed. He caught and noted every breath, every sound, every sign. With every person he met he instinctively struck some point of contact, found something to appreciate—often, it might be, some information to

ask for—which left the other cheered, self-respecting, raised for the moment above himself; and whatever the passing word might be, it was given to high or low, gentle or simple, with an appropriateness, a force, and a genial courtesy—in the case of all women, a *deferential* courtesy—which threw its spell over all alike, a spell which few could resist.

"So many-sided was he that he seemed to unite in himself more types and varieties of mind and character, types differing as widely as the poet from the man of science, or the mystic from the soldier; to be filled with more thoughts, hopes, fears, interests, aspirations, temptations than could co-exist in any one man, all subdued or clenched into union and harmony by the force of one iron will, which had learnt to rule after many a fierce and bitter struggle.

"His senses were acute to an almost painful degree. The sight of suffering, the foul scent of a sick room—well used as he was to both—would haunt him for hours. For with all his man's strength there was a deep vein of *woman* in him, a nervous sensitiveness, an intensity of sympathy, which made him suffer when others suffered, a tender, delicate, soothing touch, which gave him power to understand and reach the heart; to call out, sometimes almost at first sight (what he of all men least sought), the inmost confidences of men and women alike in all classes of life. And he had sympathy with all moods from the deepest grief to lightest humour—for no man had a keener, quicker perception of the humorous side of everything—a love and ready word of praise for whatever was good or beautiful, from the greatest to the least, from the heroism of the martyr to the shape of a good horse, or the folds of a graceful dress. And this wide-reaching hearty appreciation made a word of praise from him sweeter, to those who knew him well, than volumes of commendation from all the world besides.

"His every thought and word was penetrated with the belief, the full assurance, that the world—the world of the soldier or the sportsman, as well as the world of the student or the theologian—was God's world, and that everything which He had made was good.

'*Humani nihil a me alienum puto*,' he said, taught by his wide human sympathies, and encouraged by his faith in the Incarnation. And so he rejected, as Pharisaic and unchristian, most of what is generally implied in the use of such words as 'carnal,' 'unconverted,' 'worldly,' and thereby embraced in his sympathy, and won to faith and hope, many a struggling soul, many a bruised reed, whom the narrow and exclusive ignorance of schools and religionists had rejected.

"No human being but was sure of a patient, interested hearer in him. I have seen him seat himself, hatless, beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say, searching him as they sate, in his keen kindly way with question and look." With as great a horror of pauperism and almsgiving as any professed political economist, it was in practice very hard to him to refuse anyone. The sight of unmistakable misery, however caused, covered, to him, the multitude of sins. I recollect his passing backwards and forwards again and again—the strong impulsive will for once irresolute—between the breakfast room and a miserable crying woman outside, and I cannot forget, though twenty-five years have passed since, the unutterable look of pain and disgust with which, when he had decided to refuse the request, he said, 'Look there!' as he pointed to his own well-furnished table.

"Nothing aroused him to anger so much as cant. Once a scoundrel, on being refused, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on the door-step, turned up the whites of his eyes and began the disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by collar and wrist, and being swiftly thrust towards the gate, with a firm grip and a shake that deprived him of all inclination to resist, or, till he found himself safe outside it, even to remonstrate.

Both Sir Charles Bunbury and Mr. C. Kegan Paul speak in enthusiastic terms of his charming conversation and pleasing manners.

Kingsley appears to have derived from his father's side, his fondness for sport which clung to him all through life, his military spirit, and his aptitude for art, which was a prominent and useful characteristic. From his mother's side he inherited the romantic and poetic part of his nature, his delight in natural scenery, his keen interest in science and literature, and the general force and originality for which he was remarkable. He was born in 1820, and such was his precocity from his earliest childhood, that he composed sermons and poems, some of which are here quoted, when only four years old—a striking illustration of Wordsworth's oft-quoted line, "The child is father of the man." At school he is represented by the head master as having been: "Truly a remarkable boy, original to the verge of originality, and yet a thorough boy, fond of sport, and up to any enterprise—a genuine out-of-doors English boy." A former schoolfellow says, however, he "was not popular as a school-boy. He knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours."

On his father's removal to Chelsea, he attended lectures at King's College, and afterwards went to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship at the close of his first year. He was not, however, a reading man in the sense of steadily-plodding on in the prescribed cause of study. He spent much of his time in boating, fishing, hunting, driving, and boxing, as well as social intercourse with his compeers. Yet he was occasionally seized with fits of study, during which he worked with great intensity, and with such success that at last he achieved the honourable distinction of a first-class man in classics, and senior optime in mathematics.

It is scarcely possible for so ac-

tive and inquiring a mind to escape doubts and difficulties. Hence we are not surprised to learn that Kingsley was for some time in a state of darkness and perplexity when at Cambridge. But before the close of his career there his views became clear and decided enough for him to take orders, which he did with a very solemn sense of the responsibility he was incurring, and an earnest desire to discharge his duty faithfully. Not that even then or ever afterwards his mind was perfectly settled, except as to a few general principles. In one letter he says, men have made the Bible, "mean anything and nothing with their commenting and squabbling, and doctrine picking, till one asks with Pilate 'what is truth?'" In another, still later, we find this remark:—"As for speculations as to what man's soul or unseen element is, and what happens to it when he dies, theories of Elysium and Tartarus, and of the future of this planet and its inhabitants, I leave them to those who see no miracles in every blade of grass, no unfathomable mysteries in every animalcule, and to whom scripture is an easy book, of which they have mastered every word, by the convenient process of ignoring three-fourths of it."

Kingsley's first curacy was at Eversley, of which he soon became rector for the rest of his life. He found the parish in a very neglected condition, and at once threw himself heart and soul into the work of improvement, with the happiest results. Before long his restless impetuosity led him to seek a wider field for his philanthropic exertions. Sympathising deeply with the sufferings of the working class, he sought in conjunction with a few kindred spirits, to better their condition, and as the most effectual means of doing this, to improve their habits and character. To win their confidence

he professed himself a chartist, though by nature far more inclined to aristocracy than to democracy, and even favoured socialism, qualified, however, with the epithet *Christian*. Though his writings and other labours in this line were not crowned with immediate success, there can be no doubt they were the germs from which have sprung a rich harvest of permanent good. Nothing can be more ungenerous than the reproaches cast upon him for having afterwards altered his opinions in altered circumstances. If in the enthusiasm and inexperience of youth he was betrayed into the advocacy of views which increased knowledge of human life showed him to be unsound, and into the use of language, which mature reflection led him to regret, no one can or ever did pretend to deny that from first to last he was actuated by the highest and best motives, a consideration which ought for ever to silence all censure for a change which after all was not really so great as it seemed through misunderstanding. No sooner did the Bishop of London see the sermon which created so great an excitement, and led him to prohibit Kingsley from preaching in London, than he withdrew his inhibition, and gave Kingsley a most cordial reception.

In the midst of all his parish labours, which were enough in themselves to constitute a busy life, and his extensive correspondence, Kingsley found time for hard study and constant literary work. A chronological list is given of no less than thirty-five works published by him, in addition to articles on politics for the *People*, and the *Christian Socialist*, and occasional reviews, and mention is made in the letters of others that were not completed or issued. As the natural result of such excessive activity and intense thought his

health repeatedly broke down, his constitution was undermined, and his life shortened.

Of his writings generally, it may be said that they show more versatility and intensity than originality of thought. For his leading ideas he is indebted to others. It is impossible to read his "Yeast" without being struck with the extent of his obligation to Carlyle, and he himself repeatedly acknowledges that he is merely an expositor of Maurice's ideas. But he expounded them with a clearness and force, which their originator could not command, and with a manly geniality of sentiment, a transparent sincerity, and genuine earnestness of tone, which told irresistibly on many eager minds not to be reached by conventional modes of representing religious and moral truth.

Mr. Carlyle's criticism on Kingsley's "Alton Locke" is at once characteristic and just. "Apart from your treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let us not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like and to be grateful for in the book; abundance, nay exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional outbursts of noble thought; everywhere a certain intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell; these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment. At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude*; by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow: so says the proverb, and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one!"

So many of Kingsley's writings

were of an occasional character, being intended to suit a temporary state of things, that it is doubtful whether they will live long. He himself doubted whether anything but his poetry, with perhaps his "Hypatia," would escape oblivion. His ballads—especially "The Three Fishers," and "The Lay of the Last Buccaneer," will long be had in remembrance, nor will his "Saint's Tragedy," his first published work soon perish. No doubt Mr. Martineau is correct in describing his genius as essentially and pre-eminently poetic. This is apparent in his mode of treating whatever subject he took in hand, as also in his habits of study. He was completely the creature of impulse, passion and imagination. Hence it is not surprising that the Professorship of History at Cambridge, though gratifying as an honourable position, proved ultimately unsuitable for him. To fulfil the duties satisfactorily, required more time, steady application, and patient consideration than he could give. He would spare no pains in studying a particular period, so as to produce an accurate and picturesque representation of it; but he had neither the power nor the inclination to enter into the philosophy of history, tracing the connection of events with each other, and pointing out the general principles to be deduced from them. At the same time his lectures are allowed on all hands to have been highly interesting and useful.

On resigning his Professorship he was made Canon of Chester, where he won all hearts, and awakened quite an enthusiasm for natural science by his lectures and classes, besides attracting many to the cathedral by his eloquent and impressive sermons. His short tenure of the Canonry of Westminster, which followed that of Chester after four years, was equally re-

markable for the success of his pulpit ministrations. Ere two years had passed they were brought to an untimely end by his death, which excited general regret from the throne to the cottage.

Mrs. Kingsley has executed her task with admirable taste and feeling. Not a word can be found in these two volumes to give pain to any one, nothing unsuitable for the public eye, even if, as some may think, portions of sermons and addresses, together with some of the letters, might as well have been omitted. If this be the case—as to which there will be two opinions—it is surely a very pardonable fault. Every one must sympathise with Mrs. Kingsley's touching and beautiful words at the close:—

“Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest, loveliest passages in his private letters, a veil must be thrown; but it will not be lifting it too far to say, that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships, a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate for six-and-thirty-years—a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a most true and perfect knight, to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity.”

There are just one or two remarks we feel constrained to make before concluding. We cannot refrain from expressing our surprise and regret that no mention is made in these volumes of Kingsley's brother Henry, who gained some distinction as a novelist. We find letters from Kingsley to his father and mother. Why not any to his brother? He must surely have written some worthy to be com-

bined with these published memorials of him. The Greek and Latin quotations require correction here and there, as also one or two proper names. In several instances the numbers of the pages referred to in the index are incorrect, which causes inconvenience.

Current Coin. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. H. S. King & Co.—Mr. Haweis's “Thoughts for the Times” having gone through eleven editions, and his “Speech in Season” through five, he is naturally encouraged to issue a third volume, the object of which he states to be “to explain to the many what is known to the few.” We were a little startled to be told soon after this ambitious announcement that the book “in fact consists of pulpit discourses and platform speeches delivered in the course of the last year or two,” and still more surprised to find two-thirds of the volume occupied with sermons on crime, pauperism, and drunkenness, and two speeches on recreation and emotion, delivered at South Place Institute, Finsbury.

We cannot compliment Mr. Haweis on the aptness of his title, still less of the coins of Tiberius, Constantine, and others on the cover, with the allegorical little sermon, or “parable,” upon them containing, among other things, the sage observation, that it is possible some of the grains in the coin shown to Jesus Christ may have entered into the composition of one stamped with the head of Victoria; followed by the far-fetched moral, that so, while religious truth remains the same in all ages, it “has to be re-stated and re-stamped, and changed over and over again in outward form as the ages roll on.” This, then, is what Mr. Haweis here proposes to do in a book not

more than one-third of which has any connection with religion. Even supposing all his statements to be truths, the greater proportion of them cannot with propriety be called religious truths, and the "parable" is consequently not appropriate, however ingenious it may seem.

Mr. Haweis with great frankness disclaims all pretension to originality, and mentions the sources from which his materials are derived. He is an expounder, not an originator. As such he is certainly successful. He has a very clear and forcible way of putting things, which renders it impossible not to understand them. His style is also lively and engaging, pointed and effective. The only question is, whether in his laudable anxiety to rivet the attention and influence the minds of his hearers, he does not sometimes overshoot the mark, like Mr. Spurgeon, whom he commends. It appears to us that his tone is not always so reverent as might be expected from a reverend gentleman. The contrast between his "free handling" of sacred beliefs and that of the *Essays and Reviews*, shows the change—progress some would call it—which has been made in these matters during the last fifteen years.

The first discourse on materialism opens with almost a playful description of the various religious controversies between Protestantism and Romanism, Church and Dissent, Evangelicalism and Rationalism, while the very foundations of all religion are in great danger. The question to be decided is not now, he says, whether the Romish or Protestant Church is the true one, but whether there is any Church at all; not whether the Trinitarian or the Unitarian belief is correct, but whether there is a personal Deity, and whether man has a soul which will live after the death

of the body. These are the vital questions which he charges others with overlooking, and which he undertakes to discuss. He does not show a very just apprehension of their magnitude and depth in pretending to settle them in a single popular discourse; nor does he treat them with the solemnity they are calculated to inspire in every thoughtful mind. Professor Tyn-dall's mode of touching upon these high themes is far more serious and suitable.

Mr. Haweis gives a striking, not to say startling, description of the present state of religious belief, or rather unbelief. He represents the young as "growing up without a religion, because they do not believe in the religious opinions of the old," and the old as not believing in their own religious opinions, but being "afraid to say so, because they have nothing definite to put in their place." He, on the contrary, thinks this the very time to speak out.

His notion is, like that of the Bishop of Exeter—that the mere utterance of doubt tends to dissipate doubt, and re-establish faith. How this can be, is not very easy to understand. If doubts are resolved, and difficulties removed, the advantage of open discussion is obvious enough; but supposing it leads simply to the exposure of weak points, and ineffectual attempts to answer objections, it is far more likely to aggravate than dissipate doubt.

Mr. Haweis must be a sanguine man if he supposes he has completely and for ever exorcised the spirit of unbelief by his *réchauffé* of Dr. Martineau's address at Manchester New College, and articles in the *Contemporary Review*. It requires more power and deeper thought than he shows to accomplish that feat. He is certainly happy, though scarcely serious

enough, in his treatment of the various hypotheses of materialist philosophers. It is when he comes to state his own views that he becomes less satisfactory, dealing too often in unsupported assertion, or contenting himself with a mere possible conjecture. Thus he says:—"Mind really underlies even those phenomena of the universe which at first seem most mechanical." Not to insist upon the circumstance, that he has nowhere explained precisely what he means by mind, it is sufficient to observe, that what he here asserts, is the very point in dispute, which he must not expect his adversary to admit without some sort of proof. As he himself elsewhere says, simply to state is not to explain, but to dogmatize. Equally inconclusive is the following argument:—"Admitted that mind in the universe is homogeneous, of the same kind is mind in the man, and what hinders the establishment of affectional relations between the Divine and the human, between God and man? His act towards me is not merely negative, because I can feel Him, and He can feel me.

"He seeks in me the reflection of Himself. He loves in me the evolution of the perfect out of the imperfect. He pours out upon me (now but a rudiment of what I may become) the life that is in Himself, that I may rise into higher life, and win freer relations through my successive stages of heavenly trial and discipline."

This is all well enough in a sermon addressed to a popular audience already persuaded of the truth of the conclusion at which the preacher is aiming. But is it likely to satisfy those eager, unsettled minds that worship the new lights in philosophy, mentioned by Mr. Haweis? Would it bear to be taken to pieces—we do not say by so consummate a logician as Dr. Newman—but by

any one conversant with the first principles of logical method? Would it survive even such sharp treatment as Mr. Haweis himself applies to materialistic theories? The fact is, preaching is one thing, proving another; and in attempting to demonstrate by argument the existence and attributes of God, Mr. Haweis has undertaken a task which Kant and thoughtful men in general who have considered the subject, pronounce to be impossible. Elsewhere he takes the safer ground, that "religion and the perception of spiritual things is not a matter for the head, but for the inmost heart." This principle is intelligible; if it be frankly adopted and consistently maintained as the foundation on which to build religious truth, no objection can be made, except that, fully carried out, it leads to mere mysticism. But to depend professedly on reason, and really fall back in every emergency on spiritual perception, is not consistent or satisfactory, nor can we think it likely "to dissipate doubt itself, and re-establish faith in religion."

Mr. Haweis talks about "the slowness and timidity of religious teachers" in not discussing these burning questions before popular hearers and readers, and he hastens to supply their lack of useful service in defence of religion with more boldness than discretion, more promising pretension than successful performance, more confidence in himself than he is likely to inspire in others. It must amuse some to learn from him that science and philosophy have failed, and must now make way for "one mightier than they—theology."

Mr. Haweis chuckles over the prevalent "profound distrust of the current theologian," apparently unconscious that many will feel equal distrust of his "Current Coin."

This remark applies with special

force to his second sermon on the Devil, which is neither very clear in its statements, nor well-established in its conclusions. Mr Haweis seems anxious to disprove the existence of an arch-fiend, while he maintains that there is no reason for disbelieving that people now living may, after their death, "find border-land conditions," through which they may exert an evil influence over those whom they have left behind, thus becoming, in fact, devils. It is hard to see the advantage of speculating in this way as to what may be, or of Mr. Haweis's profound observation, that if the pretensions of spiritists "to produce intelligence of some kind, acting upon matter, and yet unconnected with a brain and a nervous system, could be proved, the materialist argument would at once fall." Truisms of this kind, which seem inseparable from sermons, are found in other parts of the book. Thus we are gravely told, "All perceived error should be avoided, and the best expression of Christ's religion upheld."

The so-called *Obiter Dicta* at the end of the volume, which are described by the author as "germs of thought, capable of future expansion," are bits and scraps of sermons on various religious topics, requiring much more extensive treatment. They are, in fact, the small change in Mr. Haweis's "Current Coin."

As to the remaining chapters, which form the greater part of the book, we have only to observe that, beyond the statistical information which the author has taken the pains to collect from trustworthy sources, they contain nothing which is known only to the few, and he is quite right in not wishing to claim any credit for the original matter in them, which though no doubt acceptable enough to hear,

was scarcely worth publishing as a recoinage of religious truth.

We cannot conclude without calling attention to one or two errors. "Cornucopœa" is probably a printer's blunder; so is perhaps the spelling of Mr. G. H. Lewes's name as "Lewis," repeatedly in the body of the work, though it is correctly spelt in the preface. But we fear that the author is answerable for the following fault: "Even to state the difficulties that we may not be able to answer often relieves the overburdened mind, and helps us to see more clear." A more serious practical inconvenience is the incorrect paging of the index.

The Huguenots, their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By S. Smiles. London: John Murray.—The purport of this work is not exactly such as its title indicates. Mr. Smiles states its object to be, "to give an account of the causes which led to the great migrations of Flemish and French Protestants from Flanders and France into England, and to describe their effects upon English industry as well as English history." The title is of a more limited character. It gives no hint as to any discussion of the causes which led to the migrations, and leads one to expect an account, not of the Flemish, but the French Protestants, who were driven to this country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Whatever may be the derivation of the word Huguenots—which is a matter of uncertainty—it is unquestionably a French word, and applied to French Protestants. We are not aware of any authority for using it to designate Protestants of Flanders, or any other country than France.

Taking Mr. Smiles's book as an

account of both the Flemish Protestant migration, at the close of the sixteenth century, and the French one, a century later, it must be considered rather, as he says, "a contribution to the study of the subject," than an exhaustive work. A full and masterly handling of such a topic requires deeper research and a more philosophical turn of mind than Mr. Smiles has shown. His forte is biography. It was his "Life of George Stephenson" that first made him known as a writer; and all his subsequent works—including "Self Help," his greatest success—are chiefly composed of biographical anecdotes. But the subject he has here taken in hand belongs to history rather than to biography, and history is something more than a collection of biographies.

Mr. Smiles is more successful in dealing with individuals than classes. His account of the Huguenots as a body is meagre and insufficient. The first chapter, on the "Rise of the Huguenots," contains only a single short paragraph about them, and that merely informs us that the origin of the name is uncertain. All the rest of the chapter is taken up with sketchy accounts of the invention of printing, Luther's first sight of a printed bible, the persecution of printers, the sale of indulgences, and other matters not very closely connected with the subject in hand. Mr. Smiles's fondness for biographical detail often leads him too far away. It is hard to see the relevancy of many of the topics on which he dilates, as *e.g.*, the Spanish Armada, the death of Mary Queen of Scots, the settlements of the Huguenots in Brandenburg, Holland, Switzerland, the Cape of Good Hope, and the United States, and the whole of the last chapter on the French Revolution. Even supposing Mr. Smiles correct in regarding this great event

as caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the consequent flight of Protestants from France—which is more than most people will be disposed to grant—we cannot see what it has to do with the Huguenots in England and Ireland.

Mr. Smiles furnishes valuable information with regard to the Protestant migration from Flanders, the towns and districts in England, Scotland, and Ireland, where the emigrants settled, the branches of industry they introduced, and the beneficial influence they exerted wherever they went. He also gives interesting particulars with regard to the persecution of the Huguenots under Louis XIV., and their narrow escapes. Among these we may instance the account of the adventures of Dumont de Bostaquet, a Protestant gentleman, possessed of large landed property in Normandy, who with great difficulty and through many dangers escaped, severely wounded, to Holland. The story, which is derived from his own statement, has all the thrilling interest of a novel. The escape of Jacques Pinctou, pastor of a Protestant village near Avignon, and his wife, who fled in a different direction, is also romantic. Equally, if not more, worthy of attention, is the account of James Fontaine, who belonged to the noble family of De la Fontaine. On hearing of the Edict of Revocation, he determined to effect his escape from France, with three ladies:—

At Mareennes, the captain of an English ship was found, willing to give the party a passage to England. It was at first intended that they should rendezvous on the sands near Tremblade, and then proceed privily on shipboard. But the coast was strictly guarded, especially between Royan and La Rochelle, where the Protestants of the interior were constantly seeking outlets for escape; and this part of the plan was given up. The search of vessels leaving the ports had become so

strict, that the English captain feared that even if Fontaine and his ladies succeeded in getting on board, it would not be possible for him to conceal them, or prevent their falling into the hands of the King's detectives. He therefore proposed that his ship should set sail, and that the fugitives should put out to sea and wait for him, when he would take them on board. It proved fortunate that this plan was adopted; for, scarcely had the English merchantman left Tremblade, than she was boarded and searched by a French frigate on the look-out for fugitive Protestants. No prisoners were found; and the captain of the merchantman was ordered to proceed at once to his destination.

"Meanwhile, the boat containing the fugitives having put out to sea, as arranged, lay-to, waiting the approach of the English vessel. That they might not be descried from the frigate, which was close at hand, the boatmen made them lie down in the bottom of the boat, covering them with an old sail. They all knew the penalties to which they were liable if detected in the attempt to escape—Fontaine, the boatman, and his son, to condemnation to the galleys for life; and the three ladies to imprisonment for life. The frigate bore down upon the boat and hailed the boatman, who feigned drunkenness so well that he completely deceived the captain, who, seeing nothing but the old sail in the bottom of the boat, ordered the frigate's head to be put about, when it sailed away in the direction of Rochefort. Shortly after, while she was still in sight, though distant, the agreed signal was given by the boat to the merchantman (that of dropping the sail three times in the apparent attempt to hoist it), on which the English vessel lay to, and took the exiles on board. After a voyage of eleven days, they reached the welcome asylum of England, and Fontaine and the party landed at Barnstaple, North Devon,—his sole property consisting of twenty pistoles and six silver spoons, which had belonged to his father, and bore upon them his infantine initials, J. D. L. F.—Jacques de la Fontaine.

"Fontaine and the three ladies were hospitably received by Mr. Donne of Barnstaple, with whom they lived until

a home could be provided for their reception. One of the first things which occupied Fontaine's attention was, how to earn a living for their support. A cabin-biscuit, which he bought for a halfpenny, gave him his first hint. The biscuit would have cost twopence in France; and it at once occurred to him that, such being the case, grain might be shipped from England to France at a profit. Mr. Donne agreed to advance the money requisite for the purpose, taking half the profits. The first cargo of corn exported proved very profitable; but Fontaine's partner afterwards insisting on changing the consignee, who proved dishonest, the speculation eventually proved unsuccessful.

"Fontaine had by this time married the Huguenot lady to whom he was betrothed, and who had accompanied him in his flight to England. After the failure of the corn speculation, he removed to Taunton in Somerset, where he made a shift to live. He took pupils, dealt in provisions, sold brandy, groceries, stockings, leather, tin and copper wares, and carried on wool-combing, dyeing, and the making of calimancoes. In short, he was a 'jack-of-all-trades.' He followed so many callings, and occasioned so much jealousy in the place, that he was cited before the mayor and aldermen as an interloper, and required to give an account of himself. This and other circumstances determined him to give up business in Taunton—not, however, before he had contrived to save about £1,000 by his industry—and to enter upon the life of a pastor. He had already been admitted to holy orders by the French Protestant synod at Taunton, and in 1694 he left that town for Ireland in search of a congregation."

He settled at Cork, where he was appointed pastor, and as the congregation were too poor to pay him, he started a woollen-cloth manufactory, which furnished employment for the people. Dissension having arisen amongst his flock, he resigned his pastorate; and, to occupy his spare time, took a farm at Beerhaven, at the entrance of Bantry Bay, for the purpose of establishing a fishery,

in which he did not succeed. For the sake of security, he turned his residence into a sod fort. In June, 1704, it was stormed by a French privateer, but was defended with such courage and ability by him and his wife, with the assistance of another French and a Scotchman, that, after an engagement from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon, the assailants fled with the loss of three killed and seven wounded. Two years afterwards, a more successful attack was made during his temporary absence; and though he arrived and entered his abode before it was captured, he was at length compelled to surrender, on condition of being allowed to depart with his two sons and their followers. No sooner was the surrender completed, than they were made prisoners, but they were shortly afterwards liberated. His residence having been completely destroyed, he removed to Dublin, where he spent the rest of his life as a successful teacher of languages, mathematics, and fortification.

The chapter on the Descendants of the Refugees, and the Biographical Dictionary of them at the end of the book, will naturally have special interest for those connected with them.

Laurella and other Poems. By John Todhunter. London: Henry S. King and Co.—The poems in this volume—most of which, we are told, were written long ago, and several have appeared in magazines—are arranged in five classes, under the headings: Tales, Miscellaneous Pieces, The Mystic, Sonnets, and Primitiæ. From this it will be evident that there is no lack of variety in the collection. Mr. Todhunter has essayed many themes and forms of poetry. Sometimes

he is grave and thoughtful, at others light and playful, now descriptive, and then imaginative, often mystical and vague, appearing to sing, as he says:—

“Of dreams beyond his cunning to express.”

It is only doing him justice to say, that in these varied moods and the different metres he has tried, he affords evidence of undeniable power and bold freedom of touch. His freedom too often degenerates into lawlessness, rendering his verse rugged and unmusical. He is apt to thrust an extra syllable into a foot, to change the metre irregularly, and to misplace the accents on syllables. A few lines taken at random will illustrate our meaning.—

“O bitter doom! O trance of pain!
My gentle love, wandering in vain.
Forsaken by the Mere of Dreams,
Through the land of woods and streams,
Seeks me with solitary feet.”

It requires some management to read all these lines in the same measure as the first.

Mr. Todhunter is most successful in his tales. *Laurella*, the longest poem in the book, is a rendering of Heyse's powerful prose tale, *La Rabbiatea*. Mr. Todhunter relates the story in vigorous verse, which captivates the attention and stirs the heart with deep emotion. The hero of the tale is Antonio, shortened to Tonio, a boatman, who plies for hire between Sorrento and Capri. He is thus described:—

“This Tonio (he's our hero) was a youth,
A smart young fellow of the fisher kind;
To climb, row, swim, or sail a boat,
in sooth,
In all the coast his peer 'twere hard to find;
His clear brown face, too, wore a look of truth
Rare in those parts; his limbs were well designed,

At least for Nature's handiwork ; for
surely
She often moulds our human clay,
but poorly."

These last two lines are, to say the least, in bad taste. Some may think them almost profane, as well as wanting in good sense.

Laurella, the heroine, is a high-spirited eccentric girl, whose stern rejection of all love advances has gained her the nickname of *La Rabbia*, or the Fury. Tonio, who has long cherished a secret affection for her, urges his suit with importunity as they are together alone in his boat ; but, instead of yielding, she stings him with biting reproaches. Then follows this exciting scene—

xxxvi.

" He leaped upon his feet and stamped
with rage,
Making her heart bound like a
startled deer.
' Here you shall do my bidding, I'll
engage ;
You're in my power, Miss—I'm
your master here.'
Laurella felt like one coop'd in the
cage
Of some wild beast, and the cold
touch of fear
Crept o'er her cheek ; yet with un-
daunted air
She faced him : ' You may kill me if
you dare.'

xxxvii.

" ' Your blood be on your head,' he
groaned ; ' the sea
Will hold us both ! None ever so
loved bride ;
But now— ! O God, you have willed
it—it must be !
To-night we shall be lying side by
side,
Cold, but *together*. You have mad-
dened me,
And now, Christ pardon us !'
Then at a stride
He came, as Death might—with pale,
piteous face,
To clasp some loved one in his chill
embrace.

xxxviii.

" He bent to seize her, but with startled
cry
Drew back. Without a word she
had let him come ;
But the roused tigress does not tamely
die—
She had made her sharp white
teeth meet in the thumb
That grasped her ; then flung off her
enemy,
Scared by her fierce rebellion, deep
though dumb.
' Now am I in your power,' she cried,
' or free ?'
And, laughing wildly, leaped into the
sea.

xxxix.

" She sank, but rose again, and boldly
spread
Her arms upon the water — her
long hair
Loosed in the plunge, afloat behind
her head,
The wavelets rippling round her
bosom fair.
Sobered by shock, yet palsied half
with dread,
With neck outcraned, Tonio could
only stare,
As though God's blessed bread for
sinners broken,
Between his lips, against his sins, had
spoken.

xl.

" Then, slapping his dank brow, he
seized his oars,
And in her wake rowed swiftly ;
though the blood
From his torn thumb came ' rushing
out of doors,
To be resolved if ' gentle creature
could
Inflict such wounds as that. The
chase of course,
Though a stern one, was not long
—flesh against wood
Had not a chance. He soon was at
her side—
' For God's sake come aboard
again !' he cried.

xli.

" ' Laurella, hear me ! you may trust
me now—
Come in, come in, for our dear
Lady's sake—

I am mad no more, by all the saints
 I vow!
 O if you come to harm my heart
 will break!
 Hate me, but trust me. Come, and
 I'll allow
 You tie my wrists and ankles till
 they ache,
 Then fling me in the sea. I will not
 live
 To vex you—do not ask you to for-
 give.'

XLII.

She deigned no notice of this fond
 appeal,
 But for the distant shore swam
 bravely on,
 Going along easily as a little seal,
 Her bare feet through the water
 glancing wan.
 'Think of your mother—think what
 she will feel
 If you should sink,' he said, 'and,
 ere you have gone
 A third the distance home, you must
 go down—
 Yon land's two miles off yet—why
 will you drown?'

XLIII.

'This was bare truth, she knew. She
 eyed the land
 Wistfully once; then, with a swell-
 ing throat,
 Swam up without a word. He stretched
 his hand
 To draw her in, but, clutching at
 the boat,
 She clambered o'er the gunwale, with
 a grand
 Last pride of independence. Tonio's
 coat
 Slipped, as his craft lurched with
 Laurella's weight,
 O'er board, and went unrescued to its
 fate."

Before the day is out she goes to his cottage with herbs to heal his wound, and ends by rushing to his arms and confessing her love, against which she had long striven through fear of such ill-usage as she had seen her mother undergo from her father. The next tale, "The Daughter of Hippocrates," founded on a legend, is also told with powerful effect.

The "Miscellaneous Poems" and others composed entirely of the writer's own materials, do not reach the same standard of excellence. "The Mystic" is a collection of dreamy obscure pieces, preceded by a preface, which is itself worth reading, for the account it gives of the singular character to whom the authorship is ascribed. The five lines quoted above are from a poem in this collection, called "A Song of Secrets," in which the secrets are so well kept, that we have failed to discover them. Not only are we unable to see through many of Mr. Todhunter's clouds, but we cannot even tell whither they are drifting. Among the "Primitiæ" he has what he fantastically calls "A Moonlight Sonata," with its "Adagio" movement followed in due course, by the "Allegretto," "Minore," "Scherzo," "Andante Tranquillo," "Andante con moto," and "Adagio Misterioso." Mysterious indeed is, not only this movement, but the whole composition, which is a series of visionary fancies in irregular metre, having little connection together and no obvious drift. Mr. Todhunter seems to be a musician as well a poet, if we may judge from the number of his poems relating to music and musicians. He has a good sonnet on Beethoven among others.

We are surprised that, with the knowledge he shows of classical literature, he should write "*Aphrodeite*" and "*thyrses*." His violent separation of words closely connected is a grave fault. As a glaring instance we may quote:—

"Back on the wings of Time, to lands
 far distant, and saw the
 Tents of a wandering race, the tents
 of our Aryan fathers."

עֶבֶר יְהוָה. *The Servant of
 Jehovah. A Commentary, Gram-
 matical and Critical, upon Isaiah*

lii. 13—liii. 12. With dissertations upon the authorship of Isaiah xl.—lxvi., and upon the signification of the עֶבֶר יְהוָה. Also a note upon the distinction between Sin and Trespass Offerings. By W. Urwick, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. —The late Dr. Urwick was for many years known and honoured in Dublin, and his son, the author of the work before us, has proved himself worthy of the name he bears, having already published several works of merit, and now occupying the honourable post of Tutor in Hebrew at New College, London. It is very evident from his present work that in Hebrew scholarship, and biblical interpretation, he is well able to hold his own among the most eminent critics and commentators, whether German or English. He is familiar with all the latest results of the so-called higher criticism, which he discusses with great ability and admirable temper. Clear and decided in his own views, which he states and defends without reserve or compromise, he shows every willingness to give those of others a full and fair consideration.

It is beyond our province to attempt any elaborate analysis of a production involving abstruse points of scholarship and theology. We can only furnish a general description of its contents. Its purport cannot be explained better than in the author's own words—

“Confronting the traditional and unsophisticated belief of Christendom down to the present century, we have now-a-days the assertions confidently made by scholars, Jewish and Christian, not a few, that the prophecy so called of Isaiah xl.-lxvi. was not written till more than a century after the great Isaiah was dead; that it is not a prophecy, but a picture by a contemporary of the sorrows and hopes of the exile; that the Servant of Jehovah in chapter liii. does not mean the Messiah at all; and, in a word, that the Old Testament knows nothing of a suffering

Messiah. These views, indeed, are by some persons regarded as matters of fact that have passed out of the region of controversy, and that are to be taken for granted as true; and they look upon it as a sign of sheer ignorance to hold any other.”

“Candidly and thoroughly to examine the grounds of this new orthodoxy in one department of it, is the object of the present work. The first Dissertation concerns the authorship of Isaiah xl.-lxvi.—a question which is distinct from that which follows; for, of course, it is possible to hold the Exile authorship, and, nevertheless, to embrace the Messianic interpretation. The second Dissertation is upon the meaning and reference of the expression *Servant of Jehovah* in the prophecy. Hereupon follows a grammatical and exegetical commentary upon the central prophecy, lii. 13—liii. 12, where the Levitical ritual and the sacrifice on Calvary meet, and which is supplemented by a *Note* upon the sin and trespass offerings of the Jewish law.”

In the first dissertation Mr. Urwick maintains that the latter, as well as the first thirty-nine chapters of Isaiah are the work of that prophet, and he brings a powerful array of argument in support of his position. Those who assign the latter chapters of the book to a later period, make much of certain differences of language which they perceive between these and the earlier chapters. Mr. Urwick examines these alleged differences one by one, and finds that out of twenty-eight words and expressions stated to be found only in the later chapters, all but two are in the earlier ones also, though not in the same form or conjugation, and the so-called peculiarities of meaning are simply new interpretations invented by those who argue for the later authorship. He maintains that the twenty-two alleged chaldeisms are not undeniably chalde forms, and points out striking and undesigned coincidences of language and circumstances between the two portions,

which strongly favour their common origin.

In the second dissertation the author contends that the passage Isaiah lii. 13—liii. 12, relates to the Messiah, as the Jews themselves originally interpreted it, and nearly all Christendom till the beginning of this century. On this passage he bursts forth into a strain of powerful eloquence. "Its words and phrases have been incorporated into the common prayers and loftiest songs of every section of the Christian Church, and have inspired the genius of the most gifted musical composers, giving sacredness and sublimity to their compositions, which in turn have helped to display now the moving pathos, and anon the majestic glory of the words. . . . This witness of Christendom, the witness of a thousand penitents in every age, of 'ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands,' whose names echo in long and ceaseless sound like the waves and ripples of the sea as they break upon the shore, testifying that herein they have found the sure basis, and the full expression of their common faith and hope—is in itself a sort of evidence and argument for the Messianic interpretation."

In the commentary on this celebrated passage the author gives each verse in Hebrew, the Greek Septuagint, and the Latin Vulgate, followed by a grammatical analysis and interpretation of each word, with discussion of the various interpretations of other commentators, including the most distinguished of every school and shade of belief. Hebrew students may derive valuable assistance from this part of the work, which may be consulted with interest and advantage by theological scholars generally.

& Co.—Though Mr. Inchbold has not, we believe, previously published any volume of poetry, this is not his first appearance in print as a poet. Three of the sonnets here collected were inserted in the *Graphic*, and one in the *Portfolio*. He must have long cultivated poetry as an accessory to the sister art of painting, in which he has obtained such well-known excellence.

Every painter ought to be something of a poet, and in fact must be, if he is to produce any picture of real value. Both painter and poet live in an ideal world, peopled with objects purer, brighter, and lovelier than any to be found in the sphere of reality. What Shakspeare says of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and his imagination bodying forth "the forms of things unknown," is equally true of the painter. The only difference between the two is that the one uses the pen and the other the brush to give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Each is a disciple of art; and, to adopt the phraseology of Mr. Inchbold's sonnet on Art, weaves "fair forms that cannot die;" or, as Shelley puts it, "Forms more real than living man, nurselings of immortality!"

Mr. Inchbold's poetry, like his painting, shows purity of taste and carefulness of execution. He has chosen for the vehicle of his thoughts and emotions the sonnet, which with its stringent laws and high requirements calls for the greatest effort and the utmost elaboration. Like Petrarch, he confines himself to one main theme, the several aspects of which supply him with the material for his separate sonnets. Petrarch's had the advantage of being a living embodied reality, an object of passion as well as thought, though his sonnets indicate more studied artifice than genuine feeling. The Italian language, too, lends itself more readily to the exigencies of

Annus Amoris. By J. W. Inchbold. London: Henry S. King

the metre than English. Mr. Inchbold makes abstract love the subject of his song, but is obliged every now and then to introduce an imaginary Laura as the object of his affection. Considering the difficulties of the task he imposed upon himself, his success is greater than might have been expected. If the beauties of his work are neither very striking nor thickly strewn, the blemishes are neither glaring nor numerous. It is not to be expected that his sonnets should have the exquisite grace of Petrarch's, the passion of Shakespeare's, or the depth of Wordsworth's; but they are elaborate productions, in which sound thought and right feeling intermingle with picturesque description and pleasing fancy. It is only natural that Mr. Inchbold should excel in describing the aspects of nature. Of this the following sonnet may be taken as an example:—

“ PASSING BRIGHTNESS.

“ The sun's full orb dipped in the quiet sea
 With tints more deeply dyed than loom of Tyre,
 Arrayed in clouds of glory gorgeously,
 And ere he sank I felt his ray of fire,
 Wherewith illumined seemed life's cloudy ways;
 But looking east and north and south
 I saw
 The clouds were touched by those same fiery rays
 Which soon became cold-grey and pale, and raw,
 When all illusions vanished from my way;
 I knew ten years had passed since first we met,
 Perhaps another ten ere meet we may,
 Ten years of this world's littleness and fret,
 But sweetened with the faith thou know'st so well,
 Which passes not, be sure, with passing bell.”

In his sonnet on Art, to which

we have already referred, and which we will now quote, Mr. Inchbold ventures upon a higher strain of thought, and acquits himself well:—

“ ART.

“ Mysterious force, as beautiful as strange,
 And pure with beauty and with mystery,
 Queen of the world in wide extent of range,
 Through every motion of the sky and sea,
 And the sweet mother of all joy, our Earth
 Whether in moment of her snowy rest,
 Or autumn eve, or summer noon, or birth
 Of spring time o'er an Alpine mountain's crest,
 To touch thy robe is life, but to receive
 Thy touch of fiery lip, then pierce with eye
 Made clear and strong, and afterwards to weave
 With all our heart, fair forms that cannot die:—
 This bliss supreme being ours, thine own free gift,
 Makes life one joy, and dull time keen and swift.”

The last line but one suffers from making the word “*being*” a monosyllable, and the last line strikes us as rather a lame and impotent conclusion.

Forty Years Since; or, Italy and Rome: A Sketch. By Lord Waveney, F.R.S. London: Ridgway.
 —It is not so much the state of Italy and Rome forty years ago that Lord Waveney discusses in, what he not inaptly calls, his “pamphlet,” as the present state of things in the civil government, the church, and the army. Having visited Rome after an absence of forty years for the purpose of observing the working of the new order of

things, he was so struck with the contrast—greater than he anticipated—between the stagnant decay of the past and the healthy progress of the present, that he determined to communicate to the public the results of his observation, for the satisfaction of those who take an interest in the prosperity of regenerated Italy, and constitutional freedom everywhere.

It is to be regretted that neither is the work well planned, nor are the materials sufficiently digested. The noble author himself confesses that it "has grown beyond the original design," and yet it is incomplete, the important department of the navy being omitted. There is a great disproportion between the component parts. Forty pages, about one-fourth of the volume, are taken up with translated extracts from an Essay by Dr. Pantaleoni, a former colleague of Cavour, on the position of the Church with relation to the State in Italy. On the other hand, the three extensive subjects, "agriculture, commerce, trade," are all despatched in five sentences occupying less than half a page. This is surely a defect in construction, which more mature consideration would have obviated.

It is a pity, too, that Lord Waveney did not work up the substance of the extracts from Dr. Pantaleoni's Essay into a shape adapted for English readers, in-

stead of simply translating them. In their present form they are by no means readable, or always easy for English people to understand, who do not happen to be familiar with the ecclesiastical institutions and recent history of Italy. Lord Waveney speaks of "the philosophical and exhaustive spirit in which this analysis, historical and psychological, has been *enelaborated*," but we confess that, judging from the portions of it here translated, it appears to us wanting in definiteness of aim and consecutive clearness of thought. We are inclined to think part of the obscurity which here hangs over it, arises from the translation, which is not always so distinct or accurate in expression as could be wished—a remark also applicable to the rest of the work.

Lord Waveney, being a military man, has naturally bestowed most attention upon the army of Italy, which occupies about half the work, and is decidedly the better half. His lordship furnishes a variety of statistical and other information with regard to the constitution of the army in its several branches, and the permanent means of defence on the coast, in the islands, and along the Alpine frontier. He proposes to do for the navy at some future time what he has here done for the army, provided he meets with sufficient encouragement.

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FRENCH POLITICAL JOURNALISM.

HISTORIANS of the French Press invariably give to political journalism a starting point in the earlier half of the seventeenth century. It may seem presumptuous to question the accuracy of a date thus unanimously and authoritatively accepted; but no evidence adduced to support the assumption of so remote an origin appears adequately consistent. On the contrary, all the most pertinent facts which can be gathered to elucidate the question tend to strengthen the persuasion that it was during the excitement and licence which attended the death-throes of the old French Monarchy that the periodical political press of France entered upon a really conscious and active existence. This discrepancy is no doubt mainly referrible to a difference of weight or value given to the expression "political journal."

If the privilege conceded to a very limited number of periodicals to publish certain officially communicated political news, and certain

officially inspired political comments, suffices to raise such vehicles of official revelations to the dignified rank of political journals, then the earlier date is consistently accurate. But if freedom of choice and utterance—more or less permissively expansive—is to be regarded as the chief life-giving element in the political journal, it would baffle the most ingeniously directed scrutiny to discover under the old *régime* any journal, presuming to affect political airs, in which there can be detected even the shadow of such freedom. If it be admitted, however, that in the periodical press of France, before the overthrow of the Monarchy, a political element existed at all, that element was assuredly nothing more than the political journal in its embryonic state. During that quiescent condition it was surrounded by deleterious moral influences which imparted to it an indelible stain; whilst, under a "Royalty tempered by pamphlets, and a liberty tempered

by *lettres de cachet*," the vast scope and power of its inherent capabilities could only be guessed at from an occasional timorously hazarded revelation.

Born on the eve of the Revolution, the political journal sprang suddenly into precocious maturity. Utterly lacking the strengthening influences derived from the varied exercise incident to progressive growth, it was impetuously urged to assume the infinitely intricate and onerous task of directing the French people towards the desired goal of political and social regeneration.

Before entering upon a brief description of the course and character of the French political journal, a retrospective glance at the barely perceptible indications which led up to that palpably striking course, and to that equally definite character, is needed, not only as strictly due prefatory knowledge, but as an act of justice.

It was in the year 1631 that the earliest so-called exponent of French political journalism began its career. From its birth, onwards to the era of the Revolution, the *Gazette*, which appeared weekly, was the only journal recognised as the official organ of the Government, and the sole journal privileged to publish, under the immediate supervision of the constituted authorities, news or speculations of a political nature. It may be admitted that at distant intervals two other journals essayed some timid attempts to dispute its shadowy political supremacy, the *Mercure*, which belongs to a late period of the seventeenth century, and the *Journal de Paris*—the first French daily paper—which was not born until 1777; but as such claims to consideration are utterly insignificant, these political rivals to the *Gazette* may be dismissed without further notice. High class polemics, in-

deed, whatever might be their direction, were regarded with suspicion and rarely tolerated. "A man born Christian and Frenchman," says La Bruyère, "is very much embarrassed to know what to write about, seeing that the treatment of most great subjects is interdicted." The enterprising founder of the *Gazette*—a physician, named Renaudot—expressly, nay, emphatically confesses the political impotence of his journal. "Is it for me," he exclaims, "to examine the acts of the Government? My pen is but the tracer of prescribed thoughts." No greater political significance, therefore, can be adjudged to the *Gazette* than to the *acta diurna*—scraps of news which were permitted to circulate in Imperial Rome; or to the *Foglietti* (small news sheets), which were occasionally issued by the despotic rulers of Republican Venice. In the history of journalism, these *Foglietti* have thrust themselves into a position to which they are by no means entitled. They were merely notes of certain public events, selected and dictated by the Government, and were rarely permitted to circulate beyond a restricted official circle, and a select number of the aristocracy. The *Conservateur* of the Library of Saint-Mark, M. Valentinelli, to whom, through M. Hatin, the indefatigable historian of the French press, we are indebted for our information, declares that the *Foglietti* were issued in a manuscript form, and to that form they were restricted even to the fall of the Republic. They have, most unauthentically, but most persistently, served as materials for the construction of a Venetian newspaper called the *Gazetta*, a paper which is pointed to as the source of modern journalism—as the first representative of the Fourth Estate. If, moreover, remoteness of origin

could influence our respect for the Fourth Estate, it is gratifying to learn that the *Gazetta* began its course in or about the year 1536. M. Valentinelli, however, exposes the fallacy of this extravagant supposition, and conclusively proves that no Venetian *Gazetta* existed until the year 1760. The discovery of the truth re-establishes consistency; for it was surely a striking anomaly that a despotic state could legitimately claim priority in political journalism. That priority is naturally and consistently found where political liberty had first discovered a permanent resting-place. The *Weekly Newes*, which appeared in 1622, presents an incontestable claim to rank as the earliest successful attempt to establish a political periodical newspaper. To all appearance its importance was far inferior to that enjoyed by the *Gazette*; it had no official patronage, no eminent position, no European circulation, nor was it equal to the French journal in the variety and quality of its matter; but it possessed that which counterbalanced all such superiorities—the widest scope wherein to select its materials, and a freedom of political utterance, which, though little more than a feeble whisper, gave distinct promise of growing into influential and powerful tones.

Struggling against a host of enemies, the *Gazette* secured a footing in existence, and was nursed into stability and importance, through the powerful aid, and the eager patronage, of Richelieu. That far-sighted statesman detected at once the numberless advantages which such an instrument of publicity might be made to subserve. In 1662, probably at the suggestion of Colbert, the *Gazette* was enlarged, and became a bi-weekly publication. Under the immediate personal despotism of Louis XIV.,

the barely discernible reflected political light which had hitherto shone upon it suffered an entire eclipse. It was an epoch, indeed, of profound political darkness. Not until after the middle of the eighteenth century did politics—surreptitiously, and in the guise of a very primitive philanthropy—again become instinct with a little life. The political journal, however, formed no element in this timid and fitful revival. It was under the more adventurous, but less directly hazardous form of pamphlets that the war against despotism was resumed. True, the *Gazette*—which in 1762 assumed the title of *Gazette de France*—was there with its budget of communicated political news; but such news was always meagre, often distorted, and not unfrequently altogether divested of truth. So it passed on its insubstantial political path into the Revolution, and in 1792 became a daily paper. With a few words touching its succeeding history, we shall take leave of the only paper which presents any colourable pretext for the assumption that political journalism had a pre-revolutionary origin. The *Gazette de France* staggered through the Revolution and the Empire, repeatedly changing both its name and its political aspect. At the Restoration it resumed its old position and title, and had the honour of being regarded with especial favour by Louis XVIII. Many were the light, gossiping anecdotes, many the extraordinary facts, which the King—who prided himself upon possessing considerable literary ability—contributed to its columns. There is, indeed, little improbability in the rumour that to Louis XVIII. is due the honour of having been the great inventor of the *canard*. Be this as it may, the *Gazette de France*, which from its birth had been—to use the expres-

sion of Renaudot—"the Journal of Kings," when it was shorn of its exclusive privileges, very consistently subsided into a dignified, if somewhat dull, organ of the Legitimist party.

Suddenly called upon to take the van in the all-absorbing political controversies which ushered in the Revolution; roused from a passive state, barely distinguishable from absolute unconsciousness,—from a lethargy passed in a corruptive and debilitating atmosphere,—into the most bracing and spirit-stirring regions of responsibility, there to have the reins of unlimited political initiation and disquisition thrust into its hands, to "ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm;" the political journal entered upon a course which justly claims to be regarded with a wide charity, and with no stinted measure of forbearance. The first distinctly independent step in political journalism was made by Brissot. In attempting to establish a paper called the *Patriote Français*, the great Girondist over-estimated the influence of moderate counsels at a time, and in a political crisis, presenting little else than extreme tendencies. His brief initial step was immediately followed by a crowd of journals hardly less ephemeral, and mostly advocating an equally temperate and an equally impracticable policy. Such conciliatory attempts, however, were precipitately forced to retreat before the onrush of irreconcilable passions irritated at every aspect of moderation. On the one hand, there hurried to the front crowds of foul-mouthed and bloodthirsty papers, such as *L'Ami du Roi*, and the *Actes des Apôtres*, representing the most active partisans of the Monarchy and the Aristocracy; whilst, on the other hand, rushing with yet greater clamour, there appeared yet greater crowds of foul-

mouthed and blood-thirsty papers, such as *L'Ami du Peuple*, edited by Marat and the *Père Duchesne*, edited by Hébert, advocating the rule of a populace brutalized by long neglect and cynical injustice.

From May 1789 to May 1793,— "from the dawn of Liberty to the night of the Terror,"—there appeared no less than a thousand journals, political or other, mostly dwarfs as well in merit as in size. A transition so sudden and so extreme—a leap from that pale political shadow, the *Gazette de France*, to that glaringly political firebrand *L'Ami du Roi*, or *L'Ami du Peuple*—was sorely calculated to overstrain and derange a mental organization possessing far firmer fibre than that of which the French could boast. Nor, in estimating the character of the Revolutionary publications, should the unrestrained immorality permitted to the Press under the old régime be lost sight of. It should be noted, moreover, that the representative journals just mentioned closely approximate in the degree, if not in the quality, of their unbridled scurrility of language, and of their vociferous urgings to the shedding of blood. Marat and Hébert were no doubt demons of a very dark dye; but there were many individuals among the most active section of the ultra-Royalists presenting a devilish aspect no less atrociously black. The latter have escaped the merited execration of the world, mainly because they failed to pluck from political contention the power to give practical effect to their diabolical instigations. The Royalist journals were comparatively few, and their circulation very limited; but they were notoriously the first to sully the infancy of French political journalism by gross impurity, violence, and outrageous invective. Their superiority in literary ability serves but to heighten

such culpability. It was chiefly by ridicule and sarcasm that the writers in these papers sought to silence their redoubtable adversaries. The *Actes des Apôtres*—a title which was meant to imply the acts of the apostles (leaders) of the Revolution—stands foremost in this phase of French journalism, and may fairly be regarded as the prototype of modern political comic papers, such as the *Corsaire*, *Figaro*, *Charivari*, and, through them, of *Punch* and his numerous progeny. The following verse from a poem upon the guillotine may serve to exemplify its unrepensible aspect:—

" Guillotin,
Médecin,
Politique,
Imagine un beau matin
Que pendre est inhumain
Et peu patriotique.
Aussitôt
Il lui faut
Un supplice
Qui sans corde ni poteau
Supprime de bourreau
L'office."

Coarseness of language, wielded by those possessing little education and less literary taste, very logically sought the alliance of physical force, in order to contend successfully against similar grossness backed by intellectual ability. The advocates of Royalty were not answered, they were silenced. No doubt an equality of political ignorance pervaded both parties; but then it must be admitted that the bad political arguments urged in *L'Ami du Roi* were based upon a real though rotten foundation, and to that extent superior to similar argumentation based upon plausible abstractions, frothily yet savagely set forth in *L'Ami du Peuple*. Probably no journal was ever more obviously identified with its editor than *L'Ami du Peuple*. Marat, as he stood vociferating political or social blas-

phemy before an appreciative audience was rarely, we conjecture, absent from the imagination of his readers:—

". . . Cet œil farouche,
Ces muscles en convulsion,
Les efforts que fait cette bouche,
Hurlant l'assassinat et la destruction."

But the palm of popularity among this class of papers must be awarded to the *Père Duchesne*, of which a million copies were sold in a few months. Marat was little more than sanguinary: Hébert was sanguinary and very foul: popular applause, therefore, or rather that applause plus the money of the populace, favoured the latter.

The journalism of the Revolution was not only politically inferior to that of any subsequent period,—a very excusable inferiority,—but the absence of any high class literary ability was hardly less conspicuous. As if, however, to redeem from unqualified reprehension and contempt this early stage of the political journal, there flashed among the vast seething mass of mediocrity one bright exception. The *Vieux Cordelier* far overtopped its thousand compeers. Its literary superiority is incontestable: its political merit would be considered respectable even at the present time. The moderate tone which it assumed, though far less pronounced than that which had characterized journalism in the early days of the Revolution, proved that, in presence of a tyranny too gross and sanguinary to recognise shades of opinion, or degrees of punishment, the courage of its editor, Camille Desmoulins, was exceptionally meritorious; and if, instead of appearing in 1793, the *Vieux Cordelier* had been published only a few months earlier, it might have averted from the Republic the doom towards which it was then hurrying. But moderation was a sin of the

deepest dye; and before the *Vieux Cordelier* had reached its tenth number, its fearless editor expiated his conspicuously criminal exhortations to political temperance by being sent to the guillotine. At that time, indeed, the journalist was beset on all sides by the most dangerous pitfalls. "The first number of his paper might raise him to the dignity of a great citizen, the second degrade him to the level of the suspected, and the third prove him to be a traitor." Liberty, whether applied to the political press or to political action of any kind whatever, was worse than a delusion and a snare, it was the greatest of the few distinctly recognised crimes. Under the old Monarchy, the principal laws relating to the Press were instituted in 1723, when D'Aguesseau was Chancellor, and may be represented by three words—privilege, censorship, authorisation. The Republican government eagerly endowed the Press with liberty, which for a short time meant gross and impartially shared licence. To this perfect toleration of unlimited invective, there speedily followed licence in one direction only, deviations from which, though often imperceptible to the unspectacled judgment, infallibly led, with prompt directness, to the guillotine. The massacre of upwards of 800 journalists in the years 1793 and 1794 sufficiently attests the marvellous vigilance, and the sensitively delicate critical faculty, by which the purity of the governmental political faith was maintained. It is but fair, however, to note that the Commune during its usurpation of power restrained in some measure this wholesale slaughter of journalists by decreeing that "the presses, types, &c., belonging to the poisoners of public opinion should be distributed among the patriotic printers."

The Directory was not less jealous of journalistic independence than had been the Republic, and was more systematically hostile to freedom of discussion. By the *coup d'état* which it effected in 1797 (18 *fructidor*), it proscribed the proprietors and editors of thirty-five journals, and crushed within a narrow compass the existing precarious liberty of the Press. The First Consul, more intensely antagonistic than either the Republic or the Directory to liberty of political thought, and more unscrupulously and cynically tyrannical, extinguished what little freedom yet appertained to the Press. In the year 1800, out of eighty-six journals published in Paris, seventy-three were suppressed. Among the survivors there were but four so-called political journals,—the *Moniteur*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Gazette de France*,—and these were subjected to the rigid censorship of the sword. In no Department of France, except that of the Seine, was there permitted to exist more than one journal, and that was placed wholly at the mercy of the Préfet. Against the arbitrary action of Bonaparte in this respect, as against his tyranny generally, there was raised but a feeble and half-hearted protest. During the preceding ten years, Liberty, in all her chief aspects, had been abused, and especially had she been subjected to intemperate violence in the expression of political opinion. Reaction was therefore by no means surprising; but surely it was unwarrantable that this bewildered and unhealthy retrogressive feeling should have been carried almost to the verge of thought-suicide. Except during the Hundred Days of its death agony,—when the despicable tyrant of France, grovelling in duplicity, betrayed his naturally craven spirit,—the Empire maintained and intensified this base gagging of the

Press; not satisfied with arresting political expression, but inhibiting any manifestation of life throughout all the higher realms of speculative thought. In one of his early essays, the late M. de Rémusat relates that on a certain occasion during the imperial *régime* some one accosted M. Sièyes with the question—"What are you thinking about?" "I do not think," replied the old metaphysician, disgusted and intimidated. "The same answer," adds M. de Rémusat, "would probably have been given by all the world. The human spirit has rarely been less proud of itself than during the Empire: a time when it was necessary to be either a soldier or a geometrician." Upon this gross prohibition of visible intellectual action, this attempt of intoxicated tyranny to interdict even the mute exercise of thought, Lamartine speaks yet more forcibly: "Napoleon imposed silence on the Tribune, the censorship on the Press, and terror or adulation on writers; by him thought was regarded as a supreme evil; he cursed it either written or spoken as a revolt of reason against fact." The despot himself, with far more emphasis, confirms this damnatory evidence of his rabid hatred of mental freedom in any form. The venom of his nature being excited by some incident which occurred in 1813, a time when the shadow of deserved destruction had begun to fall upon the Empire, he is reported to have given utterance to the following outburst of contemptible autocratic insolence. ". . . The band of idiots who sigh from the depths of the soul for the liberty of the Press, for the liberty of the Tribune, and who believe in the omnipotence of public opinion—well, then, listen to my absolute determination: As long as this sword hangs to my side, you shall have none of the liberties for which you sigh."

To this dark night of journalism, this mental paralysis, succeeded a bright dawn infusing wisely tempered activity into all the varied life of thought. So long had the French mind been locked in silence that in the wake of its regained liberty there followed all the charms of novelty. Speculations in philosophy and politics were new-found pleasures, and were eagerly demanded. It was a conjuncture, indeed, highly propitious for the manifestation and development of high-class intelligences. Multitudinous have been the laws affecting the French Press; a plentiful crop might be gathered under every *régime*; but it must be confessed that the most equitable and the most liberal were those promulgated during the Restoration. The Constitutional Charter solemnly affirmed the liberty of the press: "The French have the right to publish their opinions, subject to the laws repressing the abuse of that liberty." True, the censorship was fitfully imposed during the Restoration; but, upon the whole, the comparatively conspicuous liberality of the laws relating to the Press—notably those passed in 1819—is unquestionable. The political journals at once assumed a most significant influence; becoming at times, indeed, so inflated with their suddenly acquired importance as to affect a power co-ordinate with that of the State. A notable exemplification of this occurred on the fall of the Villèle ministry, a fall attributable in no small degree to the hostility of a certain portion of the press. Intimidated by the high-handed action of a power so difficult to curb, the chief of the succeeding cabinet, M. de Martignac, and even the King himself, perceived the importance of securing the assistance of the *Journal des Débats*, so powerful a friend and so dangerous an enemy. Charles X.

had an interview with the editor, M. Bertin, and requested him to give his support to the new Ministry. "That Ministry," replied M. Bertin, with an audacity highly offensive to the king, "that Ministry; it is I who have made it: let it treat me fairly, otherwise I may overthrow it, even as I overthrew its predecessor."

The *Journal des Débats*, which, from the close of the last century to the present time, has maintained a supremacy, more or less distinguished, among French political journals, first saw the light, amidst a crowd of infant political sheets, in the year 1789. Ten years later it came into the possession of the brothers François and Louis Bertin, who, endowed with unparalleled talents for political journalism, placed it on an eminence where it has weathered almost unscathed the storms of many political revolutions. Once only, during the unmitigated tyranny of the Empire, was it rudely shaken. Although confining itself principally to literary and theatrical subjects,—Geoffroy, the inventor of the *feuilleton*, and the most distinguished journalistic writer of the time, being its chief contributor,—it was not considered sufficiently subservient to the gross impulses of arbitrary will, and in 1811 Napoleon, with a dishonesty which did no discredit to his tyranny, forcibly dispossessed the brothers Bertin of their journal; and, appropriating a third of it to himself, distributed the remainder among those writers who had given satisfactory proofs of their unbounded obsequiousness to his interests. At the Restoration, the *Journal des Débats* became the leading political paper, and the chief organ of a party eschewing, on the one hand, the extreme Royalists, and, on the other, the Republicans and Imperialists. With rare and short

intermissions, it was a warm adherent of the Government, until criminal reaction began to show itself under the Polignac ministry: then, indeed, lamenting the perilous position of the "unhappy king," and of "unhappy France," it passed for a brief season into the ranks of the Opposition. But it was under the July monarchy that the *Journal des Débats*, not only by its position as a semi-official organ, but by its enterprise and intrinsic merits, obtained the greatest and broadest amount of influence. It was also much indebted for the high consideration which it enjoyed to the celebrity of its official writers, from M. de Fontanes to M. Villemain. Through the Revolution of 1848, through the Second Empire, onwards to the present time, it has maintained a character for political moderation and consistency unexampled in French journalism. It has invariably preferred facts to theories, political tangibilities to rigidly logical political aspirations; but it has ever been deficient in the higher emotions of generosity, and has rarely been known to emit a spark of enthusiasm: nevertheless, — we quote M. de Lamartine,—“it may boast a lot vouchsafed to few journals: it has maintained itself for more than sixty years, and has become, as it were, a part of the history of France.”

Throughout its very checkered career, the political journal can point to no more brilliant period than that which is measured by the July Monarchy. At the inauguration of the reign of Louis-Philippe it attained the culminating point of its direct political power. For a few weeks, indeed, the *Constitutionnel*, which had been born with the Restoration, and had enjoyed a larger circulation, if not greater importance, than any other, journal, was the veritable ruler of France.

From that time the influence of the Press, though upon the whole it has increased and become widely diffused, has never again, through any individual journal, determined so directly the action of the Government. Political controversies degenerated into acrimonious disputes, and into more or less direct appeals to violence; until, in 1835, the criminal attempt of Fieschi caused the enactment of certain restrictions upon the action of the Press—the laws of September, as they are called—proposed by Thiers and Guizot, and combated by Royer-Collard and Lamartine. Incredible was the outcry raised against those laws; and yet they really contain nothing which can justly be said to militate against fair and healthy discussion: they left the liberty of the Press virtually intact. It must be admitted, however, that the Government of Louis Philippe was cursed with a morbid jealousy of the Press. The *National*, for instance, caused it perennial annoyance and anxiety; and yet that paper—the first number of which had appeared in the last year of the Restoration—was founded by Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel, men who cannot be said to have entertained very extreme opinions. It is true that at the Revolution Thiers and Mignet abandoned journalism, true that Carrel was more advanced in his political views than his late coadjutors, and that he was succeeded by Armand Marrast, a yet more decided radical; but in spite of this tendency towards Republicanism, the conclusion seems inevitable, that the pertinacious hostility of the Government towards the *National*, though not, perhaps, altogether without plausible excuse, was unjust and impolitic. Often indeed, the Monarchy of the Barricades assumed conservative airs strikingly inconsistent with its origin. It chafed against any ex-

pression of divergent political opinions more pronounced than those which appeared in the *Journal des Débats* and the *Presse*,—papers which represented the conservative views of M. Guizot,—and those in the *Constitutionnel* and *Siècle*, the chief organs of the dynastic opposition, and mainly inspired by M. Thiers. The *Réforme* and the *Démocratie Pacifique*, two papers which appeared towards the close of the period under consideration, the former representing the extreme radicalism of Ledru Rollin, and the latter having Victor Considérant for its chief editor, urgent as they were for what they regarded as reforms, were seldom culpably aggressive, yet were they clothed by the Government with unwarrantable terrors, and treated with preposterous irascibility.

The amazing increase in the circulation of political papers sensibly contributed to foster a dread of journalism on the part of the Government. In 1836, cheap political news was suddenly scattered profusely over France. The paper which inaugurated this era of political publicity was the *Presse*, created by M. Emile de Girardin,—the most enterprising and conspicuous of French journalists,—and issued at a price exactly half that which customarily prevailed—forty francs a year instead of eighty. In a few months its circulation increased from ten thousand to double that number. The innovation was ineffectually resisted; but it was the means of dragging the political journal within the scope of great and manifold deteriorating influences. For instance, the *feuilleton*, which occupied most of the non-political part of the journal, had hitherto been mainly devoted to literature and philosophy; to speculations such as those of Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Lamennais;—it was now, in great part, to be

transformed into the *roman-feuilleton*, and occupied by the enervating and demoralizing effusions of a crowd of novelists. Invited by M. de Girardin and M. Véron to accept sixty-four thousand francs a year for his services, M. Dumas became the leader in this "romantic" invasion of the political journal. No writer could present better qualifications for consummating such a change: for whatever may be the amount of authority due to the following anecdote, there can be no doubt as to its verisimilitude:—

"Are you aware, my dear Dumas," inquired a friend of the great novelist, "what Lamartine says of you?"

"No, indeed! What can he have to say of me, *ce bon* Lamartine?"

"That you are the King of Blague."

"Ah! truly! Well, then, tell him that if I am the King of Blague, he is its angel."

Dumas also engaged to furnish the *Siècle* with one hundred thousand lines a year, at the rate of a franc and a half a line: thus was the political journal degraded and popularized.

The Revolution of 1848, imitating its great predecessor of '89, emancipated the Press from all restraint. Strikingly analogous were the consequences: the licence and violence of discussion, whether printed or oral, which had spread their malign influence over the whole course of the first Republic, were repeated and caricatured during the political changes which immediately succeeded the disastrous collapse of the July Monarchy, and were overtaken by similar but more rapid repression. The *Père Duchesne*, *L'Ami du Peuple*, and many other journalistic offspring of the elder Revolution were resuscitated. From one printing establishment alone

there issued three hundred newspapers, the political portion of which derived its inspiration chiefly from men cursed with political opinions more or less distempered. Too violent to last, the delirium was fortunately allayed at the end of a few months by the timely sword of Cavaignac. Well would it have been for the French Press, and perhaps for France herself, if the wholesomely repressive rule of the high-minded General had been wisely seconded and confirmed. But in France political extremes are seldom far asunder. The

severely varied political experience of half a century had brought no accession of political wisdom. Not that the national character is, to any destructive extent, averse to moderation; but that the national leaders have almost invariably been selfish, unprincipled, and, as a natural consequence, unpatriotic.

Again France and her delinquent Press passed under the yoke of a Bonaparte. For a moment, indeed, the retreating shadow of the Republic stayed the hand of tyranny: but the stealthy President, whilst revolving in his shallow, though infinitely wily, mind dark schemes of selfishness,—schemes which had no chance of fulfilment save through the agency of foul dishonour and treachery,—perceived the advantage of gradually subjecting the Press to State control. A law promulgated in 1850 permitted no article, whether on politics, or any other high-class subject, to appear in any publication unless signed by the writer. This enactment was a master-stroke of political cunning on the part of the President of the Republic; for assuredly no sinister wound was ever inflicted upon the Press which tended more effectually to cripple its independence and importance. In the same year the stamp duty was re-imposed; and in February, 1852, a decree was issued

which completely paralyzed all freedom of action in the Press, and effectually placed every journal in the crafty keeping of the nascent Empire. In spite of frequent formal—really Jesuitical and cynical—assurances on the part of the Government that the discussion of political and other high-class questions was, within *certain limits*, freely permitted, the Press suffered far more deplorable injury during the Second Empire than during the First. Under the latter, when not peremptorily silenced by the irresistible action of brute force, it was either openly compelled to speak in a prescribed tone, or unequivocally tampered with—evils overwhelming, no doubt, but temporary: under the former, it was systematically enfeebled, demoralized and emasculated—evils stealthily effecting a permanent lodgement in the very heart and soul of the Press. The system of *avertissements*, invented by Persigny,—a faithful and sagacious tool of the late Emperor,—was, under able manipulation, exquisitely adapted either to twist journals into a groove more or less favourable to the Government, or significantly to insinuate the propriety of at least tacit acquiescence in any course or measure suggested by imperial wisdom. *Préfets*, when condemning political criticism too shadowy for precise definition, usually fell back on the stereotyped formula that such criticism tended “to weaken the principle of authority.” A “principle of authority” starting at mere shadows must surely have been morbidly conscious of its instability. In spite, however, of this not very equivocal soothing gagging system, the Government almost invariably accompanied an *avertissement* by profuse professions of anxiety for the liberty of the Press—a liberty which could only be interpreted thus:—

“ Parlez ; mais observez d'être de notre avis.”

The history of the political journal, under such high and powerful hypocritical patronage, was too constrainedly uniform in its mild insignificance to present any noticeable aspect; but among the non-political journals there were a few which possessed considerable merit and popularity; and, though diverging from the strict course prescribed by our subject, we are tempted to take a passing notice of the most prominent of these publications—the *Figaro*. Founded in 1826, under no very brilliant auspices, the *Figaro* fluctuated through various weak stages until, in 1854, under the editorship of M. de Villemessant, it became conspicuously successful. The chief causes which contribute to sustain its popularity are probably—in the estimation of its editor, certainly—the independence of its criticism and the liberal remuneration which it affords to its contributors: to which may be added its well-spiced and not overscrupulous gossip. “Nothing,” says M. de Villemessant, “is dearer than a bad article”—a truth which the editorial mind finds very hard to digest. The liberality of *Figaro* was nevertheless constrainedly contagious; and French journalists owe M. de Villemessant a deep debt of gratitude. Discreetly citing a somewhat ancient example, the editor of *Figaro* assures us that, in the early years of the reign of Louis-Philippe, M. Guinot, a leading contributor to the *Siècle*, which occupied a foremost place among journals, was paid three hundred francs a month, a sum which such a man, in such a position, would now regard with contempt. M. de Villemessant discovered that this parsimonious practice was based upon very erroneous notions of economy, and, with no unseemly vanity, he might

say, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" As a proof, though certainly not an average one, he could point to the fact that Rochefort, who was on the staff of *Figaro*, from which he drew eighteen thousand francs a year, was seduced to desert his post by an offer from the *Soleil* of twenty-four thousand francs a year. It should be observed—not as excusing, but as somewhat palliating, this semi-legitimate seduction on the part of the *Soleil*—that the editor of *Figaro* had formerly induced Rochefort, by the attraction of a brilliant promise, to secede from the *Charivari*, which had been doling out to him the very meagre stipend of one hundred and fifty francs a month. The future notorious editor of the *Lanterne* was, no doubt, a writer for whom the editors of certain light publications would very naturally contend. His facility of composition was remarkable, and no less remarkable was the imperturbability which he displayed when writing. "I saw him one day," says M. de Villemeessant, "at the Café de l'Ambigu, where he occasionally prepared his contributions for the *Figaro*, writing an article at the corner of the billiard table. Players came and desired him to move—'One line,' replied Rochefort, 'and I shall have finished!'"

The collapse of the Second Empire restored freedom to the Press. This emancipation—naturally involved in the attempt to found a Republic—was not followed by the exaggeration of political action, or the extravagancies of journalistic discussion, which had precipitated the destruction of similar efforts in the past. At the general election which ushered in the late Assembly, the chief, if not the

sole, thought in the mind of every elector was directed to the furtherance of an equitable peace between France and Germany: home politics were in abeyance. The deputies elected under such an all-absorbing influence—an influence entirely dissociated from party politics—proved more monarchical than the nation had either anticipated or desired. This reactionary character of the Assembly allayed the dangerous ardour of the press, and unwittingly served the Republic: it checked disastrous violence of discussion between warring journals, and rendered possible the advent of political moderation.

Though the present Press Laws* afford less well-defined and well-balanced liberty than those which existed under the Restoration and the July Monarchy, it may be fairly asserted—in spite of frequent affirmations to the contrary—that they hamper but little the action of prudent and decorous discussion. That they may, indeed, be made to bear a very liberal interpretation, a glance at the spirit of current French journalism will afford ample evidence. What journalistic political writing, for instance, can excel in wit and epigram, in effective response, if not in effective argument, that in the *Dix-neuvième Siècle?* M. Edmond About, the present editor of that paper, certainly takes full advantage of the restricted liberty vouchsafed to the Press. Strange, that the eminently successful author of works such as "*Le Roi des Montagnes*," and "*Le Nez d'un Notaire*," should incontinently seat himself in an editorial chair! The successful act shows how incomparably versatile must be that intellect which can acquit it-

* These laws were hastily passed when the late Assembly was on the verge of dissolution, and will no doubt be speedily repealed. We trust that their successors may be permitted to enjoy a prospect of longevity, by having the huge liberty they will probably confer strictly warned not to diverge into the paths of licence.

self with scarcely less lustre in the rugged and dangerous arena of political controversy than in the flowery paths of romance! The Republicanism of the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* presents the lively ardour and spirit of its editor; yet it shows a laudable absence of violent language, and, what is more remarkable, trenches but rarely upon the impracticable. The *Temps*, which dates from the closing years of the Restoration, follows with firmer, if not with such attractive, footsteps a political course parallel with that marked out by the *Dix-neuvième Siècle*. More decidedly, though less brilliantly, republican than the paper edited by M. About, the *République Française* holds also a conspicuous place in current French journalism. Its editor, M. Challemel-Lacour, participates in the political principles and aspirations of M. Gambetta. The *Rappel* displays yet stronger tendencies to radical Republicanism, and, through M. Auguste Vacquerie, and its other editors, maintains with consistent clamour the stirring title it has assumed.

Casting a glance in a less perturbed and less rigidly determinate direction, there appear the *Moniteur Universel*, which possesses importance as a semi-official journal, as a representative of the moderate Republicans, and as holding a high position among the best informed papers; the *Bien Public*, devoted to the policy of M. Thiers; and—reappearing here for a moment amidst the ranks of moderation—the *Journal des Débats* is as conspicuous as heretofore for its ability; its most widely known contributor, M. John Lemoinne, an exceptionally dispassionate, unprejudiced, and judicious journalist, admirably representing the distinctive spirit by which it is usually pervaded. Disregarding—partly from want of space, and partly because little pro-

fitable—other Republican journals, we may note, before passing onwards, a recent convert to Republicanism, the *Presse*, which is affirmed to be the organ of the President of the Republic, and therefore a mere republican shadow, so mildly imbued, indeed, with its new political faith that we are brought without effort to the confines of Monarchism.

The chief of the Bonapartist journals, the *Pays*, is less distinguished for literary ability than for energy and bold assertiveness of character. It was formerly edited by M. Granier de Cassagnac, an ultra-Imperialist, who favoured with fierce frankness every movement which tended to tighten the reins of the late Imperial despotism. His son, M. Paul de Cassagnac, succeeded to the editorship of the *Pays*, and, in the vigour of his Imperialism, in the broad phraseology of his invective, worthily emulates his father. With the exception of the *Ordre*, edited by M. Dugué de la Fauconnerie, there appears, amidst the Bonapartist section of the Parisian Press, no other journal of sufficient notoriety to claim mention.

Though somewhat exaggerated and fanatical in its political and clerical views, the *Monde* may be regarded as the most authoritative representative of the Legitimist party. Then come the *Français*, which is inspired by the Duc de Broglie; the *Union*, which, like the *Monde*, though to a greater extent, is a Clerical as well as a Legitimist organ; and—passing by other journals of less note than those we have mentioned—the *Univers*, founded in 1833. This paper, though it can hardly be considered as a perfectly accurate political reflection of the old monarchical faction, is indisputably, not only the chief clerical authority in France, but is pre-eminently the most accredited

Ultramontane journal on the Continent. Its editor, M. Louis Veillot, possesses a spirit armed with indomitable energy; he is distinguished for an elastic combativeness so rapid and decided that, in the pleasurable excitement generated by unceasing conflict with the numerous redoubtable enemies of absolutism, both lay and clerical, he becomes altogether insusceptible to the delicate monitions of Christian charity, or to the mild protests of political moderation. He will listen to no compromise; and fear has no place in his mental constitution. His controversial ability is of the highest order: he is a journalistic gladiator whom few writers are either competent, or possess sufficient courage, to encounter: in fine, the retreating, yet ever-aggressive, spirit of Reaction, in all its mental and governmental modes, can boast of no more formidable and faithful champion.

The French political press, in its broad general characteristics, presents a remarkable uniformity of aspect throughout its whole career. It has never been the representative of the nation, but unceasingly the mouthpiece of parties. For this deficiency of comprehensive patriotism, this diversity of political views, the numerous colossal changes to which, in less than a century, the Government of France has been subjected, are very largely responsible. Men are not separated in politics by surmountable difficulties, but by impassable chasms. The most striking results of this division and petty concentration are to dwarf and lower the Press; to restrict within a narrow sphere the scope of its arguments, to disfigure it with all the distortions which accompany the language of irreconcilable party warfare, and to weaken its legitimate share of importance and power in the conduct of public affairs. In home politics, the

Press is divided into groups, more or less numerous composed, each advocating a special form of government. These groups are themselves sub-divided into hostile parts; thus weakening collective action, and imparting a confused aspect of antagonism to the entire political world. This hostile feeling, at least among the more well-defined groups, may be likened in intensity of bitterness to the theological rancour between different sects of religionists, or even to that between rival shades of the same sect. In foreign affairs there exist no such palpable divergences: preferences are not only far less contracted, far less distinctly defined, but, for the most part, seem to merge into a species of pale cosmopolitanism. In the one case, there result passionate incompatibilities, and, in the other, vague outlines rarely capable of arousing more than a languid interest. These peculiarities tend to restrict the circulation of political journals: for no journal can hope to obtain a large circulation which is chained to narrow sympathies, and lacks the excitement of early and well-authenticated news. The circulation of the most popular French political journals is very considerably below that of even the high-priced London daily papers. This inferiority is, indeed, so striking as to leave the French journal no fair scope to compete either in size or appearance with its English contemporaries. It also compels recourse to parsimonious, and therefore tardy, means of obtaining reports of current events. A Parisian news agency furnishes, in great part, all that kind of intelligence which is usually supplied to London journals through the costly medium of resident correspondents scattered over the world, and through the yet more costly channel of special correspondents. There are other causes which contribute to

this superiority in the circulation of English papers, one of the most important being the influence and power resulting from the impersonality, and therefore the more distinct individuality, of English journals. By adhering to the practice of anonymity, the English paper concentrates upon itself every opinion, whether favourable or unfavourable, which its contents may elicit. In France, on the contrary, it is the writer and not the journal that holds the first place in the reader's estimation.

Then, again, English papers freely record, and are often the means of redressing, individual grievances: French journals, though they may fairly be credited with displaying literary talents of a higher order, and with being less mercenary in their aims, than their English competitors, have far less care for individual grievances than for abstract speculations: — in a word, the English journals are eminently practical, the French as eminently theoretical.

C. J. WALLIS.

THE MAIDEN'S GRIEF.

AFTER SCHILLER.

"THE oak wood rustles,
The white clouds glide,
The maiden's seat
Is the bank's green side.
The fountain splashes with might, with might,
And she sighs alone in the darkening night
The eyes with tear drops glistening.

"My heart, it is broken!
The world is poor.
Desire has place
On earth no more.
Thou, Holy One, call thy child home to live
I have tasted all joys that earth can give.
I have lived, and I also have loved!

"The bitter tears run
In their useless flow.
The dead's quiet slumbers
Are not waked so!
Yet what comforts and cleanses the sorrowing breast,
And after Love's vanished sweetness gives rest,
I, the heavenly one, will not deny thee."

"Let the tears run
In their useless flow!
The dead's placid slumbers
Are not waked so!
But the comfort most sweet to the sorrowing breast,
After Love's vanished pleasures to lull back to rest,
Is Love's bitter smarting and sorrow."

J. C.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 38.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., F.R.S.,
LL.D., M.P., &c., &c., &c.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR is one of our most distinguished chemists, and he is not less distinguished as a constant and earnest advocate of social and educational reform. He was born in Bengal in May, 1819, his father being Mr. George Playfair, Chief Inspector-General of Hospitals in Bengal. His mother was Jessie, daughter of the late Mr. George Ross.

The Playfair family numbers among its ancestors, many men of eminence, whose fame reaches far beyond the limits of their own country. Dr. James Playfair, a native of the parish of Bendochy in Forfarshire, was born in December, 1738, was educated for the Church at the University of St. Andrews, and was successively Minister of the parishes of Newtyle and Meikle. In 1799, he was appointed Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, at St. Andrews, and Minister of St. Leonard's Church in that city. He published 'Systems of Chronology and Geography,' and other historical works, and was Historiographer to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He died in 1819, leaving by his wife, Margaret Lyon, who belonged to the family of the Earls of Strathmore, a large family of sons and daughters. The eldest son was the father of Dr. Lyon Playfair.

Dr. Playfair's uncle, Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, was long in the Indian army, and was known to be one of the best officers in the service. Latterly he resided in St. Andrews, and the vigour with which, as Provost of the ancient city, he carried out the improvements which have made it what it is, will not soon be forgotten by the inhabitants. The celebrated Mathematician, Professor John Playfair of Edinburgh, belonged to the same family.

Lyon Playfair received his University education at the ancient College



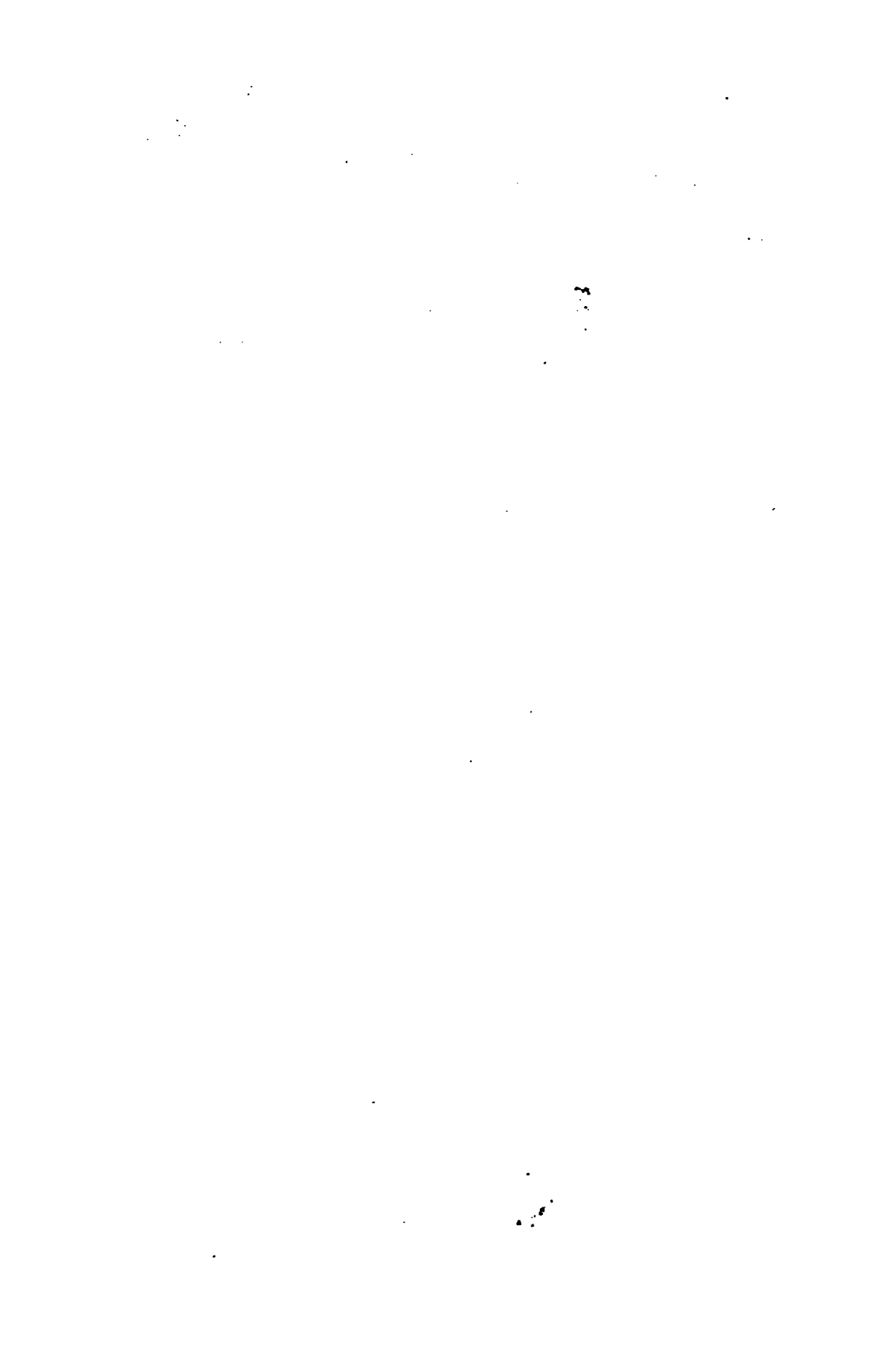
DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS



John Gray
Leon Plunfins

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD, LONDON.



of St. Andrews, the first seat of learning established in Scotland. Not satisfied with the ordinary curriculum of study, he afterwards spent some time at the University of Edinburgh. His taste for chemical studies developed itself in his early youth, and he prosecuted his inquiries in this branch of science with unwearied ardour. In 1834, he became a pupil of Thomas Graham, then Professor of Chemistry at the Andersonian Institution, Glasgow, but his health gave way, and in 1836, he found it necessary to return to India for a time. He did not remain long in that country, for in 1837, we find him again with Professor Graham, who had by this time been removed from the Andersonian Institution to the University of London. Next year he went to the University of Giessen, and studied organic chemistry under the celebrated Liebig. While there, he devoted much attention, among other subjects, to the investigation of the chemistry of fatty bodies. He also translated into English and edited several of Liebig's works. Of these we may mention "Organic Chemistry in its applications to Agriculture and Physiology," edited from the manuscript of the author, 1840, &c.

Before leaving Giessen, Mr. Playfair received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University there.

Returning to England in 1841, Dr. Playfair was occupied for two years in the management of the chemical department of the extensive calico-printing works of the Messrs. Thomson, at Clitheroe. In 1843, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution at Manchester, a position more suited to his professional tastes, but he had only held the chair for a short time, when, through the intervention of his friend Faraday, the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of Toronto was offered to him. Fortunately for England, Dr. Playfair's services were at this juncture secured for his own country. In 1844, he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Examination of the Sanitary condition of large towns and populous districts. His comprehensive and valuable reports on this subject, gave a strong impulse to the movement for sanitary reform, and up to the present day he has been a prominent and powerful supporter, both in the House of Commons and out of it, of all measures calculated to improve the public health. Much has been accomplished in this direction since 1844, and Dr. Playfair and others can look back with pride on the result of their labours; but no one knows better than he does that much remains to be done, and done in the face of great popular apathy, the consequence of wide-spread ignorance of the merest elements of *hygiène*.

Dr. Playfair was next appointed Chemist to the Museum of Practical Geology and Lecturer in the Government School of Mines, and was thus brought into close connection with the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom then in progress. In his introductory lecture to the School of Mines in 1851, we find him stating with great force the plea

for the better endowment of science in our Universities, which he has unceasingly urged upon the Government and the country for the last thirty years.

"Almost all the staple manufactures of this country," he says, "are founded on chemical principles, a knowledge of which is absolutely indispensable for their economical application. In a few of our educational establishments, and in some of our Universities, the alphabet of chemical science is taught, but it requires an Institution such as this, devoted to a special object, to teach how to use that alphabet in reading manufactures. The extension of scientific and technical education is a want of the age. The old, and yet widely existing scholastic system of education, introduced by the revival of learning in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is ill adapted to the necessities of the time. Erasmus would not now aid Cambridge in advancing the progress of England, nor would Vitelli make Oxford useful to the mass of its population. It would be of little use to the lagging progress of Italy even if Chrysoloras were again to teach Greek in its Universities. Euripides and Thucydides cannot make power-looms, and spinning-jennies; for these Watts and Arkwrights are required. A Poggio may discover copies of Lucretius and Quintilian without thereby producing a result equal to that of the smallest invention of a Stephenson or a Wheatstone. When will our schools learn that dead literature cannot be the parent of living science, or of active industry?"

"Do not suppose that in arguing against the limitation of education to ancient literature in our classical schools, I either undervalue classics as a means of education, or depreciate the wisdom derivable from the study of the authors of antiquity. Human nature and human passions are the same now as they were in the days of Rome and of Greece, and the study of their glorious literature may be made of the highest educational value. It is because I desire to retain these in our system of education, that I protest against its exclusiveness, as being unsuited to the wants of the age. It is because in this country of production I cannot understand why our sons of industry, destined to reap its harvests, should be placed in its fields of corn having only been taught how to cull the poppies which adorn them. 'The great *desideratum* of the present age,' says Liebig, 'is practically manifested in the establishment of schools in which the natural sciences occupy the most prominent place in the course of instruction. From these schools a more vigorous generation will come forth qualified to appreciate and to accomplish all that is truly great, and to bring forth fruits of universal usefulness. Through them the resources, the wealth, and the strength of empires will be incalculably increased.'

"Institutions such as this are not substitutes for, but supplements to, the Universities. It is the industrial training which we profess, and everything else is made subsidiary to that object. Not that we do, or should, forget abstract science as such, because the discoveries in abstract laws

are of more real benefit to industry than their immediate applications. The technical man is perhaps of more use to himself and to his time and generation, than he who discovers the abstract law supplied by the former to the purposes of industry; but it is the abstract philosopher who benefits all time, and confers universal and eternal benefit on society.

"If I have convinced you that it is of infinite importance to a nation not only to study science as constituting the foundation on which industry rests, but to promote the advancement of abstract science, the soul and life of industry, you will readily understand the importance of institutions, the object of which is to infuse this life into special departments of technology. England has too long rested on the position which it has acquired as a manufacturing nation. This position was gained when local advantages gave an impulse to our practical national mind. But now that the progress of human events has converted *the competition of industry into a competition of intellect*, it will no longer do to plume ourselves on the power of mere practical adaptation. It is miserable to see our industrial population glorying in their ignorance of the principles on which their manufactures depend, and vaunting their empiricism, or as they term it, their 'practice.' Let us waken from this delusion unless we prefer to—

"Sit like spent and patient fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal,
Held on by hope till the last spark is out."

"If England keep up with other countries as a manufacturing nation, it must be by her sons of industry becoming humble disciples of science. At present her reliance on the 'practical' or 'common' sense of her population is the sunken rock directly in the course both of her agriculture and manufactures."*

In 1845, Joseph Hume wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty a very important letter, calling their Lordships' attention to the desirableness of ascertaining by scientific tests what class of coal is most suitable for use in the Navy. It will suggest itself to every reader that a combination of qualities is required in coal used for such a purpose—two of the most important being a maximum of steam-producing power, and a mineralogical formation such as occupies a minimum of space. Other qualities are requisite, but we need not state them in detail. A certain Mr. Grant had patented a kind of fuel adapted for naval purposes, and Parliament had purchased the patent. The following is an extract from Mr. Hume's letter:—

"When a reward was voted to Mr. Grant for his patent rights to an

* "The Study of Abstract Science essential to the Progress of Industry," being the Introductory Lecture to the Government School of Mines in 1851. Printed in "British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century," 2nd series, 1855.

artificial fuel, I had a strong desire to oppose the vote, as I was then anxious that the Admiralty should have ordered an inquiry into the several kinds of fuel that might be used for steam-engines, with the view of ascertaining what coals have the greatest evaporating power in the smallest space and weight.

"I am informed that no inquiry of that kind has been instituted by any Department of the Government, and, therefore, beg to recommend the subject as one deserving the immediate and serious attention of your Lordships.

"The efficiency of the steamers must depend on the quality of the coals and fuel used for the Naval Service, and without an accurate knowledge of the power of coals to be used, the country may be paying the highest price for an inferior article, and, depending on the power of the fuel, the public service may suffer disappointment at a moment when the greatest interests of the country may be at stake."

Hume's letter led to the investigation he desired, and in due time Dr. Lyon Playfair and Sir Henry de la Beche were appointed to report on the question raised. After a careful series of experiments in which a large variety of coal-seams were tested, a set of reports was handed in to the Government, and the Navy has been ever since supplied with fuel in accordance with the recommendations they contained.* Dr. Playfair at the same time published a valuable paper "On the Gases evolved during the Formation of Coal."†

Dr. Playfair's services were fully appreciated by the Government, and he was much employed in making scientific inquiries for the use of various departments. When the Great Exhibition of 1851 was resolved on, his acquaintance with the industries of the country pointed him out as pre-eminently fitted to aid in realizing the gigantic scheme. With this view he visited the chief manufacturing districts of the country, stimulating the producing classes to vie with one another in that temple of peace; and we believe that much of the elaborate and exhaustive classification of the industrial products sent for exhibition is due to him. He was named Special Commissioner in Charge of the Juries, and at the close of the Exhibition his eminently useful and successful services were rewarded by his being appointed a Companion of the Bath in England and an Officer of the French Legion of Honour. He also received the appointment of Gentleman Usher to the late Prince Consort.

In 1853, the Department of Science and Art was established in connection with the Board of Trade, and Dr. Playfair was appointed joint Secretary to the Department, having for his colleague Mr. Henry Cole.

* These Reports will be found in "Memoirs of the Geological Survey," vol. II., and in "Three Reports on Steam Coals." 1858. 8vo.

† "Memoirs of the Geological Survey," vol. I. p. 46.

He held this office till 1856, in which year he was made Inspector-General of Government Museums and Schools of Science. In 1858 he was elected Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. In the same year he was President of the Chemical Society of London. Among those who attended his chemical lectures in Edinburgh he had the honour to number H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. Prince Alfred, now Duke of Edinburgh.

A Royal Commission, of which Dr. Playfair was Chairman, was appointed in 1862, to inquire into the condition of the Herring Fisheries of the United Kingdom. Professor Huxley was one of the members of it. The report of this Commission disclosed a lamentable specimen of the effects of legislating in the dark. Previous to the inquiry conducted by Dr. Playfair, statute after statute had been passed fixing a "close time" in the herring fisheries with the view of increasing the stock of fish. This close time for herring, necessitated a close time for cod and ling, for the herring is the only bait by which these fish can be caught. Thus the old statutes preserved not the herring alone, but also their most deadly enemies, whose depredations were probably a thousand times greater than those of the fishermen, who were deprived by the laws fixing a close time of their means of livelihood for a good part of every year. The result of the Commission was the total repeal of the acts which imposed restrictions on the herring fisheries, to the great advantage of a large and industrious class of men and women all around our coasts.

While Dr. Playfair was travelling on the Continent in 1865, another Royal Commission was appointed, to devise measures for treatment of the cattle plague, which made its appearance in that year. He at once returned home at the request of the Government to act on the Commission. Dr. Playfair advocated an immediate attempt to stamp out the disease by slaughtering all infected animals, suspending public markets, and prohibiting the transit of cattle from one place to another. Much opposition was made in the press, and on the platform, to the adoption of measures so strong; but they were ultimately recommended by a majority of the Commissioners, and they resulted in the complete extirpation of the disease.

In a work* published in 1865, Dr. Playfair elaborately discussed the food question, especially in its bearings on the Army and Navy. By induction from a wide range of facts and statistics, supported often by the results of experiments made on their own persons by scientific investigators, he has endeavoured to determine the amount of food, and the kind of food, necessary to support the animal frame under the various

* "On the Food of Man in relation to his Useful Work." Lecture delivered at the Royal Society, Edinburgh, 3rd April, 1865, and Royal Institution, London, 28th April, 1865. Edin. : Edinonston and Douglas, 1865.

conditions in which it is placed, and having regard to the varied amount of work which it has to perform. The volume will amply repay a careful perusal to those who are interested in such inquiries, and we understand that it has been of great value to the Government in fixing the standard dietaries of the Army and Navy in peace and in war.

Still more recently, in 1874, Dr. Lyon Playfair was President of the Civil Service Inquiry Commission, and after careful inquiry a report was framed under his direction, suggesting many improvements on the mode of making appointments to the Service.

Such is a brief outline of Dr. Playfair's scientific career. Perhaps if we were to seek to express in a single phrase the main characteristic of it, we should say that it has in an eminent degree been practically useful. His great attainments in science have not been allowed to rust like the sword that never leaves its scabbard. They are invariably directed to the attainment of some practical end. He stands midway between the scientific thinker and the practical workman, with a knowledge of science that makes him the equal of our best theorists, and a knowledge of practical industry better, because it is less empirical, than that of our best artisans. It has been his life-long aim to put an end to the unnatural divorce which has so long existed between thinker and craftsman, by diffusing among the industrial classes a competent knowledge of the technicalities of their various occupations.

For some years past, technical education has been receiving more attention than before from the Government and from the public. In 1868, Dr. Playfair was elected Member of Parliament for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and he has used his increased influence and ampler opportunities to promote the cause of education, redoubling his energy both in the House and with the Press.

In describing Dr. Playfair's views on this subject, we shall for the most part allow him to speak for himself. The question presents itself in two aspects; first, the relation of the Universities to the higher branches of scientific inquiry; and secondly, the relation of the schools to the technical education of the industrial classes. There is, or rather there ought to be, a graduated series of institutions, imparting progressive knowledge in industrial art to all who desire to obtain it. The workman should have within his reach the means of understanding the *rationale* of his craft; and as far as possible, the State should charge itself with the duty of seeing that he does understand it. There are, of course, certain limits to the interference of the State in such matters, but with these we shall not trouble ourselves at present.

First, then, let us hear Dr. Playfair on the condition of the Universities as seminaries of science. We shall quote from his speech on the second reading of the Cambridge University Bill, on 6th July 1876. It may be remarked, that by previous understanding the Oxford Bill was to be

comprehended in the discussion. The objects of the Bill were chiefly to divert a certain portion of the College funds for the purpose of increasing the Professorate in the University, and for the endowment of research; and to make provision as to eligibility for the tenure of Fellowships. Dr. Playfair said—

“These Bills reach farther than Oxford and Cambridge, for they involve very wide interests in their bearing on national education, and on the advancement of science and learning. With revenues amounting to about £750,000, Oxford and Cambridge have serious responsibilities to the nation. If hitherto their benefits have been enjoyed more by the rich than by the poor, that is a misfortune due rather to their system of education than to their intentions, for they have sought by their Scholarships and Fellowships to bring their advantages within reach of both classes. Have they succeeded in this laudable desire? Allow me to give the answer to this question by the only quotation which I propose to make. It is from a work by a high Oxford authority, the Rev. Mark Pattinson, Rector of Lincoln College, who says—

“‘Class education would seem to me to be as rooted an idea in the English mind as denominational religion. But if the Universities are only schools for the wealthy classes, why should they enjoy a large national endowment? Why should the nation, out of its national endowment fund, provide gratuitous education for the sons of precisely that class which is best able to pay for whatever education it may think proper to have?’

“These questions lie at the root of the whole matter. Either these Bills are good because they complete the national character of our Universities, or they are bad because they continue to limit their advantages to a class of wealthy men, and to the poor who win scholarships. . . .

“In Germany, in France, in Ireland, and in Scotland, students go to the Universities without being paid. They go to acquire knowledge, which ought to be a commodity beyond all price. The reason is that in these Universities the preliminary culture is made to bear on the after occupation of the students, while in Oxford and Cambridge it has no such bearing. It is quite true that the education given in our English Universities is excellent in itself; but as it has no immediate bearing on the exigencies of professional life, the middle class have to be tempted by strewing with gold the pathway which connects the school with the University. And this is only the beginning of the bounty system for study. In advance, these paid scholars see some twenty annual Fellowships offered for competition to those who spend three years and a half in study at their Colleges. Out of two hundred Fellowships given in the last twenty years, only twelve were for Science, so that still the great preponderance of prize money is given for Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, and the general result is this, that Oxford and Cambridge give an annual

endowment of £70,000 to lads for prospective Scholarships in these subjects, and £200,000 to graduates for their retrospective Scholarships.

"The latter are what the Marquess of Salisbury styles 'idle Fellowship.' Can they be made more nationally productive than they are at present? The Chancellor for Oxford University and the Member for Cambridge University obviously think they can, or they would not have introduced their Bills. They look upon the Fellowship fund as one that can be drawn upon to strengthen the University without weakening the Colleges. Are they right or wrong?

"Now nothing is more certain in the experience of the Academic world, than that parents will send their children to Universities without money bribes, *if they can there acquire the learning suitable to their wants in life.* . . . Why then should it be necessary to offer £270,000 a year to entice young men to be educated, when all other Universities are overflowing without money inducements, except of a very meagre kind? . . . Any system of education is wrong when it results in making parents and their children look at Universities as places to gain money, and not simply as places for acquiring knowledge. None of us wants to see Oxford and Cambridge converted into mere technical schools for professions. But we do desire to see them brought into harmony with the exigencies of professional life, so that the middle classes may again flock to them as they once did, to receive that liberal culture which ought to be the basis of all the occupations of life."

With regard to the distribution of Fellowships, Dr. Playfair continues, "If the Commissioners would revert to the original Statutes of the Founders, and connect the Fellowships with separate faculties of Arts, Theology, Law, Medicine, and Science, much would be done to bring back the middle classes to the Universities. Of all the professional faculties one only now has a sensible proportion of Fellowships. The faculty of Theology has certainly the lion's share. In both Universities the other professional faculties have now about a dozen Fellowships, while Oxford alone has more than a hundred clerical Fellowships. I do not wish to see these entirely swept away, as some of my friends propose on this side of the House, though I should like to see them reduced to some seemly proportion. It is obviously important that the ministers, I will not say of the Church of England alone, but of all Churches, should be induced to study at our great English Universities. It is better for them and for us that they should be brought up at a common University with laymen, than that they should be gathered apart in a mere technical school of priestcraft. Germany found the evil of this, and has been forced to compel her clergy to take a common University training before they learn the mere technics of their profession. Our Universities have saved us from this evil, at least as far as our National Church is con-

cerned, and have first educated our clergy as citizens before they have become contracted into priests. I would urge my hon. friends on this side to pause before they sweep away all clerical Fellowships. The Universities have already driven away nearly all the other professions from their walls. We may make a further mistake if we drive out the clerical profession also, and divorce priestcraft from citizenship."

It will be seen from the above extract that Dr. Playfair's idea of University Reform is a liberal and comprehensive one. He would bring the Universities back to their old relation to the learned professions, employ their vast endowments as aids to those students who cultivate knowledge with the view of making a practical use of it in these professions, and redistribute the Fellowships on equitable principles, so that each profession might have its fair share. Can anybody doubt that the results of such a reform would be of incalculable benefit to the country? We cannot doubt it. We believe that with Universities remodelled on Dr. Playfair's principle, even the present generation would live to see higher culture, nobler aims, and wider and more scholarly habits of thought infused into all the professions, and diffusing itself through the influence of professional men in every corner of the land. Is such a result to be sacrificed for the sake of maintaining at the public expense a class of pampered *dilettanti*, most of them already rich, who live lives of seclusion, beneficial neither to themselves nor to the world?

Equally impregnable is Dr. Playfair's position on the questions of primary and technical education in the schools. His views are thus summed up by himself:—

1. The limitation of the Revised Code to the three Rs vulgarizes education, and renders it comparatively useless for the purposes of the working classes.

2. The common sense as well as the experience of other nations indicates that an elementary knowledge of the principles of science and art involved in the occupations of the people should be introduced at primary schools, in order to make them a fitting preparation for secondary schools.

3. Indirect compulsory education of a primary character should be secured by making it a condition for the employment of the poor, just as higher education is required for entrance into the occupations and professions of the rich.

4. Improved administration would largely increase teaching power, and while producing economies in time and money, would give a higher educational outcome from the schools.

5. When elementary education is made the only key for entering workshops and factories, the schools attached to them may be rendered secondary and applicable to the employments of the people.

6. The higher education in relation to the industries of the country is

an essential condition for the continued prosperity of the people; for intelligence and skill, as factors in productive industry, are constantly becoming of greater value than the possession of native raw material or local advantages.

We cannot better illustrate these propositions than by laying before our readers a description of the Swiss system of technical education from Dr. Playfair's pen. We recently had occasion to quote a short paragraph from one of Mr. W. E. Baxter's books, containing a glowing account of the comfortable homes of the Swiss peasantry.* Dr. Playfair thus speaks of the Swiss manufacturing industries:—

"Switzerland," he says, "is a country far removed from the ocean and girt by mountains, many of which are covered with eternal snow. Her land is poor in the raw material of industries. Even in such a staple as iron, she can only produce two-fifths of her consumption; for fuel she has only wood, and must import coal from the mines of France, Belgium and Germany. Until 1864, the surrounding countries drew a cordon round her by hostile tariffs, so that this small nation presented the strange spectacle of seeking an outlet for her manufactures in the most distant markets of the world.

"To show you how little the raw material of manufacture compares in value with the skill and intellect applied to its production, I may mention that Switzerland imports cotton from America, and sends it back again across the ocean in a manufactured state, so as to undersell the products of the American mills. In like manner she imports tobacco from Havannah, and, making it into cigars, undersells the indigenous country in the South American markets.

"Now the question before us is, what has enabled this little nation so remote from the pathways of commerce, and so poor in the mineral resources of industry, to carry on manufacturing production by the aid of a prosperous and contented people, while England, washed by the ocean, and abounding in mineral wealth, is burdened with an ever-increasing proportion of the unproductive poor? There is only one answer—that Switzerland has a highly educated people. Education in that Republic where liberty has long asserted her independence, is compulsory from five to sixteen years of age. In one or two of the cantons this is not the case, but even in these, from force of surrounding examples, there is no need of compulsion.

"The compulsion is both direct and indirect—that is, it extends not only to the parent, but also to the employer of labour. From six years of age to twelve or thirteen the children must attend primary schools, which, as the age advances, become practical in the character of instruction;

* *Dublin University Magazine*, for December, 1876, pp. 658—9.

for instead of being confined to the miserable three R standards, they include geometry, natural history, geography and history, drawing, singing, and calisthenics, all of which are rendered compulsory.

“After this elementary course of six years, follow three years of what are termed “Improvement schools,” in which every effort is made to apply to practical purposes what has been learned in the primary school. These improvement schools must be attended, or proof must be given to the State that the scholar is receiving equally good instruction elsewhere.

“Then come the Cantonal Schools of a high class like our High School and Academy, but divided into two quite distinct divisions—the classical and the trade schools. Any of us who have visited them can testify that as classical schools they leave nothing to be desired when compared with our own standards, while we have no analogue at all to the trade schools, in spite of our wealthy endowments managed by merchant and trading companies.

“The little Canton of Zurich, with a population midway between that of Edinburgh and Glasgow, has sixty-seven of the various secondary schools to which I have alluded. Above them all are two Universities. The University of Zurich belongs wholly to the Canton, and is supported by it. The professors are forty-two in number, and have twenty-nine assistants. They are men of eminence, and do their work well; but the demand for this University is not nearly so great as for the Technical Institute, to which I am about to allude. This great institution is supported by the Federal Government. The Canton supplies the buildings which are larger than those of Buckingham Palace, and in addition subscribes a large annual sum to its aid. In it there are forty professors and twenty assistant professors, who have seven hundred students in attendance. In our own University [Edinburgh] we rather boast at having twenty or thirty students of engineering. At the institution in Zurich, there are a hundred and fifty for civil engineering, and a hundred and sixty-nine for mechanical engineering. Of the six hundred matriculated students, there are two hundred and sixteen from Germany, but only nine from England. I wish every citizen of Edinburgh could inspect this noble institution, with its two sets of splendidly equipped laboratories, its excellent apparatus, and its educational museums. I am sure that then the pride, as well as the interest of the Scottish metropolis, would not let our University be so poorly provided with educational appliances as it is at the present time.

“Recollect that I am speaking of a small State, republican in government, and inhabited by a thrifty and prudent people. Is it not significant that they find it for their interest to spend nearly one third of the local taxation of the industrial Canton, in the lower and higher education of their youth? This frugal people do so, because they find that such expenditure is productive of the best economies. The Coventry ribbon

trade, which has deserted England, has settled itself in the Valleys of Switzerland. The Polytechnic Institution has aided in this result, because it turns out seventy-two persons annually, trained in the science and art requisite to conduct such a manufacture successfully. In this single branch of the ribbon trade there are already 30,000 weavers, besides the collateral workers, such as dyers and superintendents. The ribbon trade of Switzerland is prosperous and increasing, having an annual value of £1,600,000, most of which is exported, while the Macclesfield and Coventry trade, languishing and pining, has her exports represented by £61,000. And so our Coventry weavers shout for protection for native industry, or in other words, for native ignorance.

“The difference between the Swiss trade and the Coventry trade is very simple; it is involved in the answer given by Opie, the painter, to a youth who asked him how he mixed his colours—‘I mix them with my brains, sir!’ In the one, high science and art superintend every branch of the industry, and a trained intelligence sits at the loom. In the other, the first is represented by a practical empiricism, the latter by ignorance. As long as this is the case, no reciprocal treaties which man can devise will raise an industry declining from natural causes. Laws of nature are inexorable, and never vary like human laws. Our operatives may find restored prosperity by putting themselves submissively into harmony with them, but never by seeking refuge in the worn-out economical policy of a past age.”*

Dr. Playfair cites the case of other countries, to show how far behind England is in respect of technical education. We have made some little progress since his words were written, but we have to take many a stride before we shall have educational facilities to be compared with those of the little Canton of Zurich.

We have said enough to enable our readers to form an idea of the main principles which Dr. Playfair advocates regarding the all-important subject of education. That they have the merit of being intensely practical will not be denied. That they differ *toto celo* from the inherited traditions of English University life, is equally undeniable. They are certainly in advance of the age, so far as primary and technical education is concerned.

We need not add that Dr. Playfair is a Liberal in politics. In 1873-4 he was Postmaster-General under Mr. Gladstone's Government, and was appointed a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. He is one of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Board of Manufactures, and an Honorary Member of the Scotch Fishery Board. He is also one of the Royal

* “On Primary and Technical Education.” Two Lectures delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1870, p. 39, &c.

Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, and, in addition to the honours we have already mentioned, he is a Commander of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph, a Knight of the Portuguese Order of the Conception, a Knight of the Swedish Order of the Northern Star, and a Knight of Wurtembergh. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, LL.D. of St. Andrews and Edinburgh Universities, and a member of many of the learned Societies; and he is the author of numerous contributions to science which are to be found scattered through the scientific journals of his time.

A MARTYR TO MATRIMONY.

(FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.)

VALENTINE lived in the city of Rome,
 Ne'er took a bath, used a razor or comb—
 His hair was long, and his eyes were brown,
 He in general wore a sort of a gown
 Tied in at the waist with a hempen rope;
 He was so devout, that even the Pope
 'Twas whispered, was jealous of Valentine,
 The light in whose eye was quite divine.

I have said that Valentine's eyes were brown,
 They were always cast up, and never cast down,
 And as here and there he walked through the town,
 The women, as you may suppose, were insulted,
 Of due admiration thus to be mulcted.
 They went to confession—down came his cowl,
 And whether a smile, or whether a scowl
 Illumined his features
 Not one of the creatures
 E'er knew, so that one after one declared
 That she felt her health was becoming impaired
 Through sheer curiosity, then uprose
 A strong-minded woman! Ah, me! Her nose!
 'Twas Roman! Ay, roamin'—I can't say where;
 A silver skewer she wore through her hair:
 "My friends, come to tea this evening at eight,
 No men—so don't dress—and *please* don't be late

They were there to the minute—strange to say!—
 Discussed the teacakes—the shrimps and Tokay.
 And here's what the hostess had got to say—

“ My dearest friends
 To make amends
 For the absence of beaux,
 I'll now disclose

My views on the subject of Valentine.”
 They cried in a chorus—“ That man divine ! ”
 “ Hush ! ” said the hostess—“ now to our muttons—
 Speak low ! recollect that ubiquitous Buttons ! ”

Ubiquitous Buttons being out of the way,
 The hostess continued to say her say :
 “ I always uphold the rights of my sex,
 And as we're agreed, it's enough to vex
 The meekest of mortals, to find that he
 The charms of a woman can't or *won't* see.
 I call it an insult ! And now—I think
 As this Valentine is considered the pink
 Of prayers and propriety,

What notoriety

Would be that of the woman who could make him wed ! ”
 A maiden with soft, blue eyes, rose and said,—
 “ Cordelia, my dear ! let the task be mine
 To marry, and humble, this Valentine ! ”

* * * * *

'Tis the Pope who speaks thus to Valentine,
 “ Ah ! a martyr's crown will indeed be thine !
 Go ! marry that maiden !—take her to wife,
 I know she'll worry you out of your life,
 With the strife, which shall rule and which obey !
 But remember that in a year and a day

I must, without doubt,
 Know what you're about,

That is, if you live through the trying time ! ”
 (Valentine's resignation was quite sublime !)

* * * * *

A year and a day !
 Have passed away

Since the day when the Martyr Valentine
 Offered himself at St. Hyman's shrine,
 And some monks had gone the night before
 To see how their friend his martyrdom bore.
 Ah me ! 'Twas a pitiful sight to see
 That quondam monk with the babe on his knee !
 His wife sat opposite mending his hose,
 (He wore *such* holes in the heels and the toes !)

These monks looked at him with wondering awe!
A gleam of content on his face they saw!
 And they softly said:—"Dearest Valentine!
 What penance and prayer indeed are thine,
 So sweetly and meekly to wear the crown
 Of thy martyrdom for thine eyes so brown!"

Then Valentine looked at his better half,
 And he gave—I fear me—a cheery laugh,
 "My dear old boys
 Just taste the joys
 Of home and happiness—each take a wife,
 Don't be afraid of conjugal strife.
 And now—my boys—the refectory fare,
 As *I* recollect it—is somewhat spare—
 So you're just in luck—for there is in the house
 Delicious cold duck, cold ham, and some grouse;
 Over from London I've just got a cask
 Of Burton, and also of whisky a flask!"

* * * * *

These monks (they've no morning headache I hope)
 Are kneeling before the chair of the Pope,
 And the piouslest monk of all is saying,
 "Your Holiness!—by penance and praying
 Valentine has come to that state of mind,
 That a holier man you could nowhere find!
 His countenance beams with supreme content,
 May we hope that your Holiness, after Lent,
 Will let us each follow his good example,
 For marriage, he says, is penance ample;
 My words are unable his woes to paint!"
 "Then" cried the Pope "we must dub him a saint,
 And saints are so plentiful—now-o'-days—
 I can't listen to you—so go your ways."

* * * * *

These monks sat by the refectory fire,
 Each countenance looked as in sorrow dire,
 Sorrow for what not clearly defined—
 If of the body, or yet of the mind—
 If caused by the liquor they had imbibed,
 Or if for a martyr's crown they sighed—
 Nobody knew
 But they looked askew,
 And their risibles broke from their restraint
 On the day Valentine was dubbed a saint!

E. OWENS BLACKBURN.

THE ORDER OF JESUS.

BY "PRESTRE JOHN."

OUR subject takes us back to the most remarkable period in the history of the Christian Church. The minds of men were being gradually but surely emancipated from the tyranny of Rome. The profligacy of men like Alexander VI. had brought the Papacy into contempt; the scandals of the Church cried aloud for reformation; the rapacity and dissoluteness of the clergy were notorious; the introduction of printing awoke a spirit of inquiry among all classes of the people. Reformers were everywhere starting up, anxious to free their fellows from the yoke of Church authority, which under the Roman Pontiffs had degenerated into priestcraft and despotism.

Foremost amongst those who impressed on his own and all succeeding generations the stamp of an original mind, stands Martin Luther—a man of iron will, passionate temperament, and active versatile genius.

In 1517 Luther declared war against Rome, and in 1520 he consummated the breach by publicly burning the Bull of Excommunication launched against him by Leo X.

Fifty years after Luther renounced the Communion of the Church of Rome, Protestantism reached its highest summit. The cause of the Reformers was triumphant in England, Scotland, Livonia, Sweden, Prussia, Saxony, the Pala-

tinat and the Netherlands. Southern Europe remained the stronghold of Rome. Central Europe—France, Belgium, Hungary, Poland, and Austria—was the battle-field where the great contest was fought out.

At first the Reformers seemed likely to succeed. Two generations later, Rome was dominant in France, Belgium, Bohemia, Hungary, and Austria.

This was due to many causes.

The Church of Rome had at last roused herself from her apathy, and now, ruled by energetic and able Pontiffs, was no longer an enemy to be despised; while the Reformers, instead of uniting and making head against the common foe, were engaged in perpetual disputes with one another. The Council of Trent had, for the time being, stifled all disputes between Romanists on questions of doctrine.

But the most deadly blow to the success of the Reformers was given by the counter-reformation set on foot, and carried out by the indefatigable efforts of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola.

Among the illustrious names of the sixteenth century two are pre-eminent—Martin Luther and Ignatius Loyola.

Ignatius was a Spaniard by birth—a man of great abilities, inflexible will, enthusiastic disposition, and restless energy. Ardent, visionary, and romantic, he was

fitted by nature to influence and guide others. No obstacle daunted him; no difficulty deterred him; no danger subdued him. In youth he had lived in a gay dream of glory, won in knightly enterprise. Fame and glory and power formed the magic spells which enslaved the imagination of the young aspirant to warlike renown. But a wound received while defending Pampe-luna against the French put an end to his visions of martial glory. He arose from a bed of sickness a cripple for life, his constitution shattered, his health broken. Then the mind of the young soldier took another turn. With the same fiery ardour, he turned to religion for consolation. He resolved to become the warrior of the Church, and to devote his energies to the cause of religion. "The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises was no longer for him. He could no longer hope to strike down gigantic soldans, or to find favour in the sight of beautiful women. A new vision then arose in his mind, and mingled itself with his old delusions, in a manner which to most Englishmen must seem singular, but which those who know how close was the union between religion and chivalry in Spain, will be at no loss to understand. He would still be a soldier; he would still be a knight-errant; but the soldier and knight-errant of the Spouse of Christ. He would smite the Great Red Dragon. He would be the champion of the Woman clothed with the Sun.

"He would break the charm under which false prophets held the souls of men in bondage. His restless spirit led him to the Syrian deserts and to the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the farthest west, and

astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France, by his penances and his vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles, and the charms of unreal queens, now peopled his solitude with saints and angels. The Holy Virgin descended to commune with him. He saw the Saviour face to face, with the eye of flesh. Even those mysteries of religion which are the hardest trial of faith were in his case palpable to sight. It is difficult to relate without a pitying smile that in the sacrifice of the Mass he saw transubstantiation take place; and that as he stood praying on the steps of the Church of St. Dominic, he saw the Trinity and Unity, and wept aloud with joy and wonder. Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who in the great Catholic reaction bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement."*

Loyola, though visionary, was not deficient in sound practical common sense, and he resolved to secure for himself and his order what he considered to be the great cause of the success of the Reformers—learning. The strict military obedience and the total self-abnegation imposed by the rules of the Society recommended it to the favourable notice of the Roman Pontiff, and in 1540 Paul III. sanctioned by a Bull the Order of Jesus—"A sword whose hilt is at Rome, and whose point is everywhere."

Loyola was never a profound theologian, but he fully understood the advantages of discipline. He was thoroughly competent to guide and control every variety of religious feeling; he was a skilful physician of souls, and a prudent director of conscience. But while

* Macaulay.

there can be no doubt that Loyola stamped in an eminent degree the impress of his own subtle and profound genius on the order which he founded, still it was not by him, but by Laynez and Aquaviva—men of still greater ability and wisdom—that the crafty and far-reaching policy of the Society was elaborated.

In 1541 Loyola became the first general of the order. The number of members was at first confined to sixty; but this limitation was soon withdrawn. When Loyola died, in 1556, the Society had colleges in France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Poland, the Low Countries; and the missions of the Jesuits spread rapidly from Europe through China, India, Japan, and South America.

With such care were the members chosen, that some were rejected whose only fault was a hasty temper. To go anywhere, to do all things, to endure sickness, suffering, danger, imprisonment, exile, persecution, torture, death, at the command of a superior, and for the benefit of the Church: such was the rule of the Jesuit. Unquestioning obedience was the law of the Order, and the Jesuit *obeyed*, when *obedience* meant *death*.

The life of the sovereign; the liberties of the people; man's honour; woman's chastity; the dearest private interest; the closest domestic tie; personal feeling and personal ambition; the welfare of hearth, and home, and country; the laws of man and the law of God—all these were as nothing in the eyes of the Jesuit, compared with the advancement of his Order.

Such was the Society founded by Ignatius Loyola, by whose influence the great Catholic reaction began, and whose labours stemmed the tide of the Protestant Reformation.

The disciples of Loyola at once

possessed themselves of all the strongholds which influence the public mind. Three establishments were formed, at Vienna, Cologne, and Ingoldstadt, and soon the new teachers were to be found everywhere. Everywhere, too, they acted with consummate prudence, untiring zeal, and profound craft. They embodied the peculiar intellect of their founder; they united self-abnegation with the most anxious zeal for the promotion of each other; they combined enthusiasm and worldly wisdom; they were visionary, and at the same time practical; they were eloquent, learned, and accomplished; they were agreeable, well-bred, and witty; they possessed in an eminent degree the secret of becoming "all things to all men." They were zealous supporters of monarchy in one country; in another they were furious republicans. The Jesuit preacher commanded overflowing audiences; the Jesuit confessor was admitted into the private chambers of princes. The Jesuit teacher conveyed knowledge as no other teacher did. The same man passed from the chamber of the sovereign to the hut of the peasant. When Laynez and Salmeron were sent to the Council of Trent, they lived in the hospital, swept the rooms, tended the sick, and asked alms for a living.

The labours of the Society were carried on secretly, silently, unobtrusively, but rapidly. In one district of Germany fourteen cities and market-towns, upwards of two hundred villages, containing 60,000 souls, were in one year (1586) brought back to the Church of Rome. They added fraud to craft; they gained a footing in Bohemia, by giving out that they were come to teach science gratis. In the reign of John, King of Sweden, two Jesuits from Louvain gave themselves out as Evangelical

preachers. They disputed before the clergy and people, quoting the Reformers as their own, and the adversary of the Pope was always (and sometimes ignominiously) worsted. As early as 1568 they began to infest the Church of England in the guise of Puritanical preachers, their object being to divide and weaken.

They spread over Europe, from Sweden to Italy, from Vienna to Connaught. "They were to be found in the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave-caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter; and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word."

They joined the Babington plot, which had for its object the assassination of Elizabeth, and were concerned in the still more nefarious conspiracy known as the Gunpowder Plot. They were accomplices in the guilt; if not indeed sole promoters of the design, when more than one crowned head among the sovereigns of Europe fell by the dagger of the assassin.

The Jesuit view of the Church is, that it is "a great, all-embracing empire—an absolute monarchy, ruled with irresponsible and plenary power by one man—the Pope. To him all alike, layman and cleric, king and beggar, are equally and absolutely subject. No one has any rights before him, and all authority in the Church is an emanation from his—a mere deputed power, that may at any moment be recalled."*

There cannot be a doubt that much of the success which attended the Jesuits may be traced to the strictness of their system.

"The law makers of the Society have framed a set of ordinances and of privileges with skill that is perfectly marvellous. On the one hand they supply every conceivable guarantee for crushing out any germ of independent impulse that could by possibility allow momentary play in an individual member to some movement of dissent, however suppressed and strictly mental, from any order emanating from his superior. On the other hand, they are studiously adapted to instil into those entrusted with the supreme direction of the Society a sense of discretion so vast, so ample, and so completely freed from all ordinary limitations, that they may become absolutely imbued with the consciousness of duty being wholly centred in the keen observance of whatever at any particular moment might recommend itself as specially expedient for making particular minds acquiesce more readily in their ascendancy."†

Faculties of the very widest range are lodged with the General, making him almost independent of the Pope himself. Yet there are also provisions for securing the faithfulness of the General, should he at any time betray an intention of failing in his duty.

No one can become a Novice under fourteen years of age; and, as a Probationer, he has to pass through years of training and discipline before he is admitted to the second rank—the Fathers who have taken three vows. No one can enter the third class—the Fathers who have taken four vows—before he is forty-five years of age, and few attain the rank.

Before entering on the *religious life*, there is for those who enter the Order of Jesus a noviciate of two years. During this noviciate,

* Dollinger.

† *Quarterly Review*, 1874, vol. 137, p. 286.

the candidate is not allowed to study. Meditation, self-denial, mortification, deliberation, severe and frequent trials, fill up the time. The noviciate is the forge in which the iron is softened, in order to fit it for a new and strange purpose. At the end of two years, the hour for study comes. Then two years are given to rhetoric and literature; three years to philosophy and the physical and mathematical sciences, sometimes even more. Then comes what is called the Regence, or the teaching of the classes in a college. Five or six years are passed in the Regence; while the young Professor goes up step by step.

At the age of twenty-eight or thirty the candidate is sent to theology. This study, with history, languages, and Canon law occupies four, often six, years. Then the candidate enters the Priesthood, rarely before the age of thirty-two or thirty-three. At the end of each year of this long course there is a severe examination. At the close of the period there is a general examination, and the candidate must gain three favourable votes out of four at this final examination, or after all he cannot be admitted to the *profession*. What wonder such a system produced men like Suarez and Vasquez, Bellarmin and De Lugo, Bourdaloue, Sirmond, and Grimaldi.

But the course is not even yet finished: two years' noviciate, nine years of study, five or six years of teaching; these are followed now by one year's probation, devoted to meditation. Then one is admitted to pronounce the vows of "Spiritual Coadjutor," or "Professed." Such is the training for the Order of Jesus.

This Society is governed by a General appointed for life. All other Superiors are appointed but for three years.

Obedience, *perinde ac cadaver* is the rule of the Jesuit.

It cannot be wondered that such men were zealous. There never has been, since Apostolic days, such success as that which attended the Order of Jesus. But if they were zealous, they were also unscrupulous. "The end justifies the means," was their maxim, and if they lengthened the creed, they shortened the decalogue. They were tempted too often to serve God with the help of the Devil. They introduced casuistry and mental reservation.

The celebrated Cajetan, among the cases where he admits mental reservation to be allowable, lays down the following: "It is quite allowable for a man to swear that he had no accomplices in committing a crime, although in point of fact he had, provided that at the time of swearing he *means* that he had none in *other crimes*. Or that a man committed for murder may swear that he did not commit the murder, provided he *means* while he was in prison."

According to this theory, everything was lawful which served the Church, advanced the Order, or even concealed scandal. A man could only sin in so far as he had the deliberate intention of sinning.

"I think it probable," says a casuist, "that the cloak I wear is mine; it is more probable it is yours. I am not bound to balance the probabilities, and may keep the cloak."

An amusing story is told of the craft and wisdom of the Jesuits: "A Spanish king was about to wage war against the King of France, and sent for contributions to all the religious orders. The Jesuits at once declared that they would give as much as all the other religious houses together. A great spirit of emulation was thus excited, and a very large sum of

money was contributed. When, however, the collectors came to the Jesuits, they pleaded poverty, and the Superior offered to the King three advices, by which he would be certain to gain twelve millions sterling. Olivarez, you may be sure, was all attention.

"1 'You are paying,' said the artful Jesuit, 'eight millions for educational purposes in the kingdom. Now, if you give us all the chairs of your universities, we will teach for nothing, and you save eight millions sterling.'

"2 'Let the king publish a short form of the Breviary—say one-third its present size. This will sell for ten ducats, and every priest in the kingdom will buy one out of gratitude to the king for shortening his daily offices.'

"3 'An immense sum is acquired by other religious communities for saying masses, while the Jesuits can take none. Let the king seize all the money gained by religious orders in this way, and we will say all the masses for nothing.'

We need hardly say that the Jesuits did not escape without mulcture. Paschal says, "I shall not only prove that your writings are full of scandal, but I shall go farther. It is possible to say a thing that is false, believing it to be true; but the real liar is he that lies with an intention to lie. Now I shall make it appear that you, Fathers, lie with that intention, and that you load your enemies, knowingly and designedly, with crimes of which you positively know that they are innocent."

He further charges them with maintaining, both in their writings and disputations, that "It is but a venial sin to ruin the credit of a false accuser by charging him with false crimes."

After such testimony from a Romanist, we need say nothing about the *SECRETA MONITA*.*

Lessius holds that "if one may kill for fear of losing his money, he may, also, for fear of taking an affront."

Another casuist teaches that a monk may lawfully kill a woman who has it in her power to defame him or his order.

This, however, is the Society which has modestly arrogated to itself the name of "*THE ORDER OF JESUS*."

There is no crime, however atrocious, which, according to the peculiar doctrines of Jesuitism, may not be justified by Probabilism, or Mental Reservation, or Justification of Means by Ends. To advance the "glory of God," a man may murder, steal, commit perjury, or lie. Thus it is laid down by one casuist that an oath is not binding when taken with the intention, indeed, of swearing, but where there is not an intention of binding or being bound. In such a case "perjury" is defined as being merely "the telling a lie, and taking God's name in vain."

What wonder that when Riem-bauer, a Bavarian parish priest, in 1808 murdered his mistress with barbarous cruelty, lest his connection with her should cause scandal, he justified his conduct on the grounds of the teaching he received at his seminary. Thus, too, a man might fight a duel, if he did so not to inflict punishment on his enemy, or for revenge, which would be sinful; but to defend his own honour, which would be laudable. A man might pray for his father's death, provided he bore no ill-will to his parent, but wished to enjoy his goods.

The vulgar notion that Jesuitism owed its success to this laxity of

* It is but fair to state that Jesuits deny the genuineness of the *Secreta Monita*.

principle on the part of some of its members is unfounded. Such a course could only tend in the long run to injure the Society, and as a matter of fact, the Order of Jesus never fully recovered the exposure by Paschal in his "Provincial Letters" of this system of casuistry and deception.

The Society owed its success in the first instance to the zeal and fanaticism and ability of such men as Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier. It owed its success to the care with which its members were chosen, to the strict discipline to which they were subjected, to the long and severe course of training through which they were compelled to pass, to the self-forgetfulness, heroism, and devotion of the members of the institution.

The Church of Rome lost millions in Europe by the Reformation. The Jesuits went forth, and gained for her millions upon millions in other quarters of the globe. "They entered Canada, and preached along the waters of the great St. Lawrence, planting their churches as they proceeded among the Indian tribes. They passed down the valley of that great father of rivers, the Mississippi, and there too they preached their doctrines and gathered their proselytes, and thence spread themselves over the wide savannahs of Louisiana; there, again, teaching and preaching, and settling their churches among the simple and wandering Indians, and there these churches even yet remain. They entered Central America, and there they preached to the teeming populations of that land, proselytizing them by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and establishing amidst the rich and luxuriant valleys of Mexico the foundations of that church which

still to this day remains the richest in the world. They passed through the heart of South America, and there they collected Indian tribes and Indian nations; there they modified their civil institutions, and there they preached their doctrines with such marvellous success that they regained to Rome more proselytes in that populous and mighty Continent than all she had lost by the Reformation in Europe. They passed on to the East, and there, as well as in the West, they raised the banner of the Cross, and their conversions in India are narrated as so numerous as almost to exceed belief. The churches they then founded are still in existence

"They visited Japan, and in that strange and singular island they preached to its immense population with such zeal and success, that from the monarch upon his throne to the Indian in his hut, they had all well-nigh embraced the profession of Christianity, when a storm of persecution dashed, as in a moment, all their cherished hopes to the dust. They entered China, and in that empire, deemed inaccessible to all others, they proselytized with such a strange success, both in the court and in the camp, both in the royal palace and in the peasant's cottage, that they counted their proselytes by hundreds of thousands, and collected their congregations, and erected their churches without number."*

Never since Apostolic times did missionaries succeed like the Jesuits. Surely there was some cause for this. They were, it is true, learned, clever, crafty, devoted, courageous, but there was something more than this—they were utterly unscrupulous. The end sanctified the means. To gain proselytes, to

* Rev. M. Hobart Seymour.

advance the cause of the Order, to glorify the Church, they hesitated not to adopt any means, however questionable. Thus, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits, who founded the Madura Mission in India, found that the claims of the Brahmins to superior caste presented an insuperable barrier to their success. They at once claimed to belong to a still higher caste of Brahmins from the West, and a deed was actually forged, purporting to prove that the Brahmins of Rome—the Jesuits—were descended in direct line from Brahma. One falsehood generally leads to another, and so it was then found necessary to imitate the sacred books of the Brahmins, and thus a fifth “Veda” was forged, to match the four preserved by the Brahmins. This act of duplicity may be taken as a fair specimen of the craft they employed everywhere they went.

But there was something more than craft employed. They admitted persons to baptism on a simple profession of belief without strict examination. This involved important results. The Jesuits by this means acquired control over the rising generation. The parents were professing Christians—they were baptized—leave them to the mercy of God—take care of the young. Thus they acted, and the children were moulded to their purpose, and everywhere as the old generation died out, another arose full of zeal, carefully trained, well disciplined. But here, too, arose a frightful evil. From the engrafting of the gospel on heathen systems of error; from the acceptance of ignorant heathens into the privileges of Christians, arose a mongrel creed—a half-caste religion, half Christian, half Pagan, the soul of heathenism inhabiting the body of Christianity; the

skeleton of Paganism tricked out in the trappings of the Gospel!

Just as in the early days of Christianity, the engrafting of the gospel on Heathen Mythology and Oriental Philosophy produced the germs of Roman Catholicism itself, so in the Jesuit Missions the Romanism established was a mixture of truth and falsehood, all the more pernicious because underlying the errors there was a substratum of truth.

Take the Mission in China as an illustration of what is here stated.

When the Jesuits entered China they announced themselves as teachers of mathematics, music, and drawing, from Europe. They were well received, and with patient assiduity they commenced the task of proselytizing the most exclusive and the strangest people in the world. They became great favourites at Court; they introduced useful arts and manufactures; they made watches, organs, and even firearms and gunpowder. They gained the favour of the throne; they proselytized the heir to the crown; they gained over the generals of the army. They converted the Mandarins, and soon churches sprang up everywhere, and Romanism was established in the Celestial Empire. Thus far their conduct was marked by consummate tact. But they went farther than this. The Chinese worshipped “the host of heaven,” and the Jesuits actually joined in the worship, on the grounds that they worshipped not the sun, moon, and stars, but God, who made them. The Chinese worshipped their own forefathers; the Jesuits joined the adoration, on the grounds that they did not *worship* or *adore* them, but paid them *civil veneration*. To such an extent was this scandalous profanation of religion carried, that at last the matter became a public scandal,

and was complained of at Rome. The Jesuits were formally censured in the Bulls of the Pope, and their practices forbidden.

In dealing with converts in China, the Jesuits brought into practice their doctrine of mental reservation. They allowed professed converts to worship idols, provided they carried under their clothes the crucifix, and when they bowed down to their idol worshipped the crucifix by mental reservation. When De Tournon, the legate was sent to inquire into these practices, they effectually prevented him from making an unfavourable report. When an attempt which had been made to carry him off by poison failed, he was arrested at Macao, and cast into prison, where he perished miserably.

An account of the Missions of the Jesuits would be incomplete without some notice of Francis Xavier, "the Apostle of the Indies." Xavier was born of an illustrious family in 1506. Ardent and susceptible and joyous, it seemed unlikely that he should fall under the spell of Loyola; yet never did enchanter bind his victim with more potent spells than those which Ignatius Loyola wound round Francis Xavier. Xavier was the most sincere, the most devoted member of the Order of Jesus. Trace his career from the day when he passed the home which held the mother and sister he loved so well, and turned not aside to see them ere he departed on the mission from which he returned no more; follow him through the toils and dangers and sufferings of that mission, until it ended when he reached the shores of China but to die, and you see in Francis Xavier a character sublime in its self-denial, heroic in self-devotion. Xavier's faults were the faults not of the *man* but of the system to which he

belonged. He believed that in order to convert a heathen nothing was required but to baptize him.

Thus a Jesuit writer says: "He converted fifty-two kingdoms; hoisted the standard of the Cross over an extent of three thousand leagues; he baptized with his own hand almost a million of Mahometans or idolators; and all this in ten years." The amount of instruction given before baptism could not have occupied much time.

While many of the narratives respecting Francis Xavier are either entirely fabulous or grievously distorted, yet making due allowance for exaggeration and myths, his career remains among the most wonderful in the whole history of Christian Missions. His sufferings and labours, his rare patience and gentleness, his restless energy and persistent endurance, his earnestness and zeal, his undaunted heroism and indomitable courage earned for him the name of "the Apostle of the Indies."

Among the Paravars of Southern India, he subsisted on water and rice, like the meanest native, while he laboured incessantly for the instruction and conversion of the people. In the islands of Del Moro and at Java his life was in great danger; but Xavier despised all perils, and it is said that on one occasion he landed on a coast where the dead bodies of some Portuguese recently murdered lay weltering in blood, and continued for three months teaching and labouring in the island.

The great object of his ambition was to preach the gospel in China, but this might not be; he fell a victim to malignant fever, at the early age of forty-six, and died within sight of China, December 2, 1552.

Space would not permit us to dwell upon the extensive Missions

of the Jesuits in Syria, Malacca, Tartary, and Japan; in Abyssinia, Congo, and Mozambique; in Brazil, Mexico, and Paraguay. In the last-named country they founded a formidable military organization, under Jesuit control, and that, too, with the most profound secrecy.

"The experience of three centuries," says Dr. Dollinger, "shows that the Jesuits have no lucky hand. No blessing ever rests on their undertakings. They build with unwearied assiduity, but a storm comes and shatters the building, or a flood breaks in and washes it away, or the worm-eaten edifice falls to pieces in their hands. The Oriental proverb about the Turks may be applied to them, 'Where the Turk sets his foot, grass never grows.' Their Missions in Paraguay, Japan, and among the wild North American tribes have long since gone to ruin. In Abyssinia they had once (in 1625) almost attained dominion, but soon afterwards (in 1634) the whole concern collapsed, and they never ventured to return there. What is left to-day of their laborious Missions in the Levant, the Greek islands, Persia, the Crimea, and Egypt? Scarcely a reminiscence of their former presence there is to be found on the spot."*

The history of Jesuitism in Europe is a gloomy picture. They devoted all their energies to Spain, the cradle of the Order, and they have made it what it is—a ruined and degraded nation. They brought on Germany the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. They almost annihilated the aristocracy of Bohemia, and destroyed its constitution. They exercised for a time in Poland almost absolute power, and Poland is destroyed. Ruin followed in their footsteps every-

where, and at one time or another they have been expelled from every country in which they were permitted to reside. Yet, despite all opposition, the Order lives on, powerful as of old, vigorous as in the days of its early existence.

In 1773 Clement XIV. suppressed the Order of Jesus by the Bull "Dominus ac Redemptor." He survived the issue of the Bull about a year, and died in great agony—some said of poison, more probably of remorse; for whatever the faults of the Jesuits may have been, none can deny that they were ever the zealous champions of the Roman Pontiff.

In 1767 Charles III. sent out despatches from Madrid to the governors of Spanish colonies throughout Asia, Africa, and America, to be opened on the evening of April 2nd, and not before, under pain of death. Those sealed despatches contained instructions to the magistrates to enter all the establishments of the Jesuits, and seize their papers, which they were to seal up and retain, and within twenty-four hours transport the Fathers with a purse, a breviary, and apparel to certain appointed places. A few hours after the despatches were opened, six thousand Jesuits were floating away from the coasts of Spain. At the same time they were expelled from France, Naples, and Parma. More than seventy times have the Jesuits been banished from the different states of Europe—Roman Catholic as well as Protestant—and always because they conspired against the liberties of the people. A century ago the King of Prussia gave them an asylum in Prussia, when they were suppressed by the Bull of an Infallible Pontiff, and in our days they have been driven from the

* Dollinger's "Reunion of the Churches."

country which then received them with open arms.

In 1814 Pius VII. restored the Order, and in 1820 the Fathers were expelled from Russia. The dogma of Infallibility is the necessary consequence of the system of Jesuitism. That dogma is the chief corner-stone in the edifice of despotic power, which the Jesuits have spent three centuries in erecting. Always the most deadly enemies that mental and moral liberty have ever known, they have consummated a career of arrogance and duplicity by an open attack on the liberties of mankind.

Loyola's "elementary idea" was "an absolute domination over the spirits of men. . . . a centralization of all powers on earth in the bosom of one master of souls;" and his followers have worked out that "idea," until at the present hour it is realized in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Pope is now the puppet of the Order, and Jesuitism seeks to rule the world. In the nineteenth century England has received them to her arms, as Prussia did in days gone by. Let her beware that they do not reward her with a harvest of contention and bloodshed.

Jesuitism is politically incompatible with the security of any civil government, whether autocratic or democratic; from the very first the members of the Society took part in every intrigue and revolution. "They have published such tenets concerning the duty of opposing princes who were enemies of the Catholic Faith, as countenanced the most atrocious crimes and tended to dissolve all the ties which connect subjects with their rulers."*

The same writer accuses them

of propagating "a system of relaxed and pliant morality which accommodates itself to the passions of men, which justifies their vices, which tolerates their imperfections, and authorizes almost every action that the most audacious or crafty politician would wish to perpetrate."†

John Chastel, a pupil of the Order, attempted to assassinate Henry IV. of France; and another member, Father Guiscard, was convicted of writing a book in favour of regicide. The Order was driven out of Portugal in 1759, upon the charge of having instigated the assassination of King Joseph I. They were expelled from England for conspiring to assassinate Elizabeth.

The case of Thomas Heth, a Jesuit, tried in 1568 and pilloried for assuming the disguise of a Protestant preacher, in order the more effectually to sow dissension in England, is noteworthy as illustrating the unscrupulous manner in which the Jesuits employed any means likely to promote the success of the Order.

This subject is all-important for this reason, that Jesuitism never changes. Such as the Society was in the beginning, such it is to-day. The Jesuits are working silently, secretly, unscrupulously at the present day to overthrow Protestantism in great Britain. Other orders are antiquated; the Order of Jesus suits to a nicety the requirements of the age. The vast numbers of Protestants who in recent years have gone over to Rome from the Church of England would alone be sufficient to prove that the Order of Jesus has not lost its vitality.

In Ireland, since the Disestablishment, Jesuits have penetrated in

* Robertson's "Charles V.," book vi.

† *Ibid.*

the guise of Protestant Evangelists into remote rural parishes, and have done incalculable mischief by sowing dissension and suspicion between minister and people.

There never was a grosser imposition than the arrogance of the Society which dared to bestow on a confraternity foremost in opposition to the truth and perfectly shameless in the maintenance of corruption, idolatry, ignorance and crime, the name of the pure and holy Jesus of Nazareth.

Speaking of the working of Jesuitism in England during recent years, the author of "The Modern Avernus" says: "It is not long since a gentleman of fortune established a provincial journal for the sole purpose of conserving our national Protestantism. It was subsequently discovered that the man who had had sufficient address to secure the appointment of editor was a Jesuit. Jesuits are on the staff of almost every newspaper in London. They have been found wearing the footman's livery in the mansions of Belgravia. They have been accosted (and recognized) under the garb of the bricklayer's hodman in Oxford Street; they have borrowed the guise of the Protestant Scripture Reader and City Missionary, and engaged in the com-

bats of a mock controversy at the corners of the streets in order to secure the confusion of the (supposed) Protestant champion. They have held (and not for nothing) important curacies under rich 'Evangelical' rectors in influential spheres."*

When you consider that the Jesuits are as numerous, as powerful, as unscrupulous as ever; when you take into account their peculiar belief that every crime, however atrocious, may be committed at the command of the Superior, provided the Order gains by its commission; when you review the history of Jesuitism, black with intrigue, treason, perfidy and crime; when you compare the fervour, zeal, and perseverance of the Fathers with the divisions of Protestants and the apathy of Protestant statesmen, then you cannot fail to see that Jesuitism is at the present day an enemy not to be despised—an enemy formidable, relentless, and unscrupulous; an enemy to the civil as well as to the religious liberties of mankind; an enemy which must, by the mere working out of its own fundamental principles, destroy all law and order in the State, or be destroyed itself in the deadly struggle.

* "The Modern Avernus," by Junius, Junior, p. 230.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

THERE is no place where men do congregate in which he who chooses to keep his eyes and ears open may not pick up something fitted, if not to instruct, at least to amuse. It was our good or bad luck to be born in a secluded and obscure part of God's creation, on which, so far as we know, no great man had ever set foot since Edward III. of England paid it an unwelcome visit, on one of those expeditions in which he sought to place "puir auld Scotland" under his heel, till the days when Victoria the Good, with her suite, began to make a yearly or half-yearly run through it, on her way to her northern home. The parish, though finely situated—being bounded on three sides by a noble river, whose banks at every other turn are richly wooded, and commanding a magnificent view of the Grampian range—contained in our early days a population of not more than a thousand; and a rather primitive race they were. Tall chimneys, "belching outrageous smoke," they had happily none, and even in agriculture they were very deficient. Their tailors, instead of cutting their cloth "on mathematical principles," like their scientific brethren nowadays, cut it on no principle at all, but after one uniform fashion, to which they clung religiously through life, and small blame to them; for amongst their customers it was no uncommon thing to encounter a patriarch who, for the remainder of his life, whether longer or shorter, went *to kirk and market* in the same

coat in which he had entered into the holy bonds of matrimony.

With pure air, pure water, provisions something of the coarsest, but sufficient for all the purposes of health; labour not excessive, but well suited to develop and brace the muscular system; and away from many temptations which beset those who live in places more in the world's eye, the people grew up much as Nature intended, and in their physical conformation presented many favourable specimens of sturdy humanity. When at a penny wedding or other "spree," the young men had wet their lips in a glass or two of the pure mountain dew, they would slap the lasses on the shoulder with a heartiness, and gaze into their sweet faces with a blitheness edifying to behold. The next instant they would be capering at "the Heeland Fling," on the greensward till, with the "thuds" of their heavy brogues, "the vera moudieworts were stunned." The young ladies—pshaw! there were no ladies there, of the kind whose business in creation is

"On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease and stupified with spleen."

The rustic belles of the, so to speak, self-contained locality in which our lot in youth was cast, were in form and lineament what daily labour and exposure to all sorts of weather made them; for they, equally with the other sex, were placed under the very reasonable rule, that "if

any man would not work, neither should he eat." It would have tested the powers of a "curious and romantic eye" to find in any one of them the finely-arched brow, the silken eyelashes, the beautifully chiselled chin, the swanlike neck, the slim waist, and all the other items, which, according to novelists, are indispensable elements in the true ideal of feminine proportion and beauty. But generally, at least, they had the pleasing appearance that good health, with the cheerfulness which naturally accompanies it, and every limb of the body fairly developed by habits of activity, seldom fails to impart. When on great occasions they turned out in full dress — their temples adorned with ribands of various hue, and disposed in a mode which they certainly had not borrowed from their "natural enemies — the French," and their bodies clad in robes of muslin, white as the new driven snow — he would have needed not a little courage who should have ventured to deny in their hearing that they looked very smart: only when they were unexpectedly overtaken by a heavy shower, the virgin vestments suffered a rather ungainly as well as an uncomfortable collapse, and the fair wearers, obliged to forego admiration for the time, were, like bedraggled poultry on a wet day, glad to run to the first shelter they could find. Their manners, too, accorded with the native cast of their dress. They spoke their minds with a "guileless simplicity" and freedom which would have called forth the eloquent reprobation of the old-maidenish lecturer on the Proprieties in any boarding establishment; yet not one of them was without a blissful consciousness that they were as fit, and had as good a claim, to be "woo'd an' married an' a'" as any "high-born ladye." When a "blate" or fini-

cal youth, in his mode of walking into their affections, came short of their ideal of what was due to them in the conduct of these grave and difficult affairs, they would drop a hint by which he must have been very obtuse, indeed, who failed to profit. As an instance, "My boy Tammie," on a certain occasion, after much self-communing, plucked up courage to ask the girl of his heart to take a stroll with him, on a summer evening, through the wood, in the direction of the old ivy-clad castle. Once out of the house, however, Tammie's spirit forsook him, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Every nook and corner of his brain he rummaged for something to say; but the power of speech was gone, and every moment "expressive silence" was becoming more and more painful to him. To his infinite relief a sudden weird hooting broke upon his ear, when, in an accent touching and sweet as the notes "of flutes and soft recorders," he whispered—"Div ye hear the howlet, Jeannie?" "Hear the howlet?" was the reply, "ay, I hear twa o' them."

Rather ungracious in the circumstances perhaps, but it was "weel meant, weel meant," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have said. If youths, when they go a-wooing, will not speak out and to the point, and give emphasis to their soft speeches by free and easy action, it is not amongst the class to which our Old Acquaintances belonged, that their conduct will ever receive other than a very modified approval. For a series of years Jamie Nicol, a douce lad, had laid siege to the affections of Nansie Dawson, and carried on operations with becoming formality and coyness, which would have won the approval of the authors of either the First or Second Book of Discipline. When at last she consented to be his, he said,

"Weel now, Nansie, we maun seal the bargain wi' a kiss. We've been courtin' this gey while as ye ken, an' I never sought one afore; ye maun alloo, I've been unco' ceevil." "In troth," responded Nansie, "an' ye hae been senselessly ceevil!"

Our high regard for all who square their conduct by the formularies of the Kirk, inclines us to think that, in Nansie's response there was something of snappishness—an obtrusive assertion of "women's rights"—which did not bode well for the future. With pleasure, therefore, we come to speak of a maiden meek and modest, who "never told her love" or breathed her aspirations unless in a way so roundabout, and showing a limitation or confusion of thought so odd, as with the hypercritical would have exposed her to the charge of incapacity to distinguish between things that differ. She was servant to a farmer, who had "a clever sturdy fallow" of a ploughman—Jock M'Lellan—that seemed to her the very man she would like for a husband. All her quiet artifices to work herself into his regard were tried in vain. Like the rooks, he choose to forage at some distance from home, and scampered off evening by evening to pay his addresses now to one, then to another, as the whim of the moment determined. This his silent admirer saw with heartfelt pain; but instead of giving vent to an ebullition of spite or passion as many would have done, she contented herself with breathing out her soul in the very natural reflection. "I wonner what pleasure Jock can hae in fleein' o'er a' the face o' the earth every nicht after the lasses; I wadna gie ae gude lad for a' the lasses in the countra side."

These are "just a snatch" of the frank and simple style of the lasses among whom our lot was cast in

days when we went gipsying. Turning to the lords of creation, who at the same era walked in glory by their side, of these in the mass the short and simple annals might be summed up by saying that, after a life of labour, they went to the dead; yet a character occasionally turned up amongst them, whose wit or stupidity furnished amusement to those who were not finical about the quality. Nay, some of them had the presumption to aspire to be philosophers, and had perhaps as good a claim to be enrolled in the list of that honoured brotherhood as a few we could name, who have been at more pains to let the world know what they thought, and especially what they thought of themselves. Of our Old Acquaintances who made loud professions of wisdom, we have in our eye one who, all his life, was extremely poor, and therefore in circumstances very favourable for testing the practical value of his philosophy. His system had the merit of being brief, easily understood, and, viewed from a certain standpoint, undoubtedly true—which is more than can be said of some systems that the reader wots 'of. Its aim was to secure tranquillity of mind, which it urged on the simple but comprehensive principle, that "it's needless for fowk to vex themsel's about twa things i' the world—the thing that wull mend, an' the thing that wunna." We regret to have to add, that the enunciator of a principle so important, and, in a sense, so true, like the sage in "Rasselas," whined and whimpered under the ills of life with as little restraint as any of his neighbours who had never made acquaintance with "divine philosophy."

Another of our old friends, whose memory we fondly cherish, was of a different stamp. He made no pretensions to philosophy. No one would have wronged him much by

saying that he wanted a groat in the shilling, though he himself was in the habit of boasting that, "haud frae the twa ministers, there wasna anither man i' the parish to match him for soond jeedgment,"—so kindly had indulgent Nature compensated his weakness by giving him a high conceit of himself. It need scarcely be added, that he was neither "witty in himself, nor the cause of wit in other men." But through sheer incapacity of taking into account what was due to time, place, and circumstances he often said and did very odd things. He rented a small pendicle on the banks of the river already alluded to, which enabled him to keep a cow. In a hovel built on his patch of ground, and which consisted of a *but* and a *ben*, such as they were, he and his mother long dwelt. When the poor woman was *in articulo mortis*, he was engaged with his dinner in the *but* end. A kind neighbour then in attendance on her, intimated to him from the other apartment, that if he wished to see once more his mother in life he must instantly come *ben*. "Od, Janet woman," was Johnnie's reply, "I hae jist twa bites, or sae, o' a herrin' here, an' I wad vera fain hae't dune. Is she past yet?" And so, repeating the question when the state of his jaws would allow, he kept on incorporating "the twa bites or sae" till his mother was no longer of the earth.

Yet Johnnie, after all, was not void of affection, though he allowed very small matters to interfere with and modify its working. In his correspondence with the fair sex it may be doubted whether—

"His, were the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly,"

but certain it is he so "dearly loved

the lasses" that he got thrice married. One of his notable peculiarities in speech was that, when he wished to give particular emphasis to a sentence, it was uniformly introduced with "Saul faigs,"—a happy abbreviation of his for "By my soul and faith." It was customary in his day, on the occasion of a funeral, to invite to it all the "wives" in the neighbourhood, who during the time that the male friends of the deceased were away performing the last solemn duties, were entertained at the house from which the corpse had been removed, in a style suited to the circumstances of the parties concerned. In the case of the poor the entertainment was humble enough—bread and cheese, and whisky or toddy *ad libitum*, but in the hour or two devoted to it, some of the matrons managed at times to get "fou." When Johnnie returned from the interment of his first wife, he immediately set about taking stock; and his investigation of the inroad which, in his absence, had been made upon his larder, issued in the exclamation of astonishment—"Saul faigs, lasses, but ye hae been busy sin' I gaed awa!" In course of time his second spouse died; when taking with him a very young lad who lived beside him, to sooth his sorrow by the way, he went to a town at some distance to procure provisions for the funeral. Grief is dry, and on their homeward journey the two stopped at the "half-way house" to get a dram. Then and there it was that poor Johnnie's bereavement, in all its sad issues, rose up for a moment before his mind's eye; and he piteously appealed to his youthful friend—"Oh, man, whaur do ye think I suld set on for anither wife? for ye ken as weel as me that I canna wait ane lang." Misfortunes never come single. While he had been engaged in the duty of

consigning the remains of his wife to the grave, his byre fell. It was a humble structure, whose walls—consisting of alternate layers of rough stones and turf—his own hands had reared in a very brief space, and whose roof he had “theekit o’er wi’ rashes.” When on his return, attended by a few neighbours, the grievous catastrophe met his eye, he gave vent to his perplexity and sorrow in the touching outburst of feeling—“Saul faigs, lads, the warst has come hin’ most!” Yet, Johnnie was not void of affection.

Next in our list of worthies comes “Jock Thuds.” His real name is of no consequence; by the nickname here given he was commonly known, and it had its rise in the vast physical power which a glance at his outward appearance showed there was in him. In strength, compactness, and activity of frame, he was the very ideal of bull-dog humanity, and the character of his mind accorded well with his body. It would be going beyond our jurisdiction to say that he feared not God, but certain it is he regarded not man. The idea of Mine he quite comprehended; but breadth of view he had not, and the cognate idea of Thine he never perfectly grasped. To give him his due, however, it was in dealing with what he no doubt looked upon as “unconsidered trifles” that this slight defect in his mental constitution appeared. The traveller with a well-lined purse, who should have met him in a solitary place, would probably not have been agreeably taken with his exterior; and, as probably, Jock, had the whim struck him, would have been at some pains to increase rather than allay his suspicions. But an incessant twitching of the under lip, and a roguish twinkle of the eye, would have told a physiognomist, that he had nothing to fear from “Thuds” as

a robber, whatever annoyance he might cause by his irrepressible disposition to trick and merriment. He was a carter, and in the way of his calling had often to go to places at a very considerable distance from his home, and accessible only by “roads before they were made.” As a preparation for these journeys, he formed a number of balls of oatmeal leaven, which he stowed away in the crown of his hat, and which served him for food till his return. For his horse he never lacked provender, so long as a field of grass or a rick of corn or hay could be got at. One trait in his character went far to cover a multitude of sins, and contrasted favourably with the conduct of many who follow his trade: he never beat or ill-treated his horse. When it stuck in a rut, he moved ahead, showing one of the oatmeal balls so grateful to equine nostrils. The lure generally sufficed to call forth the necessary effort, and with Jock it was a point of honour not to withhold from his “poor earthborn companion” the reward of its exertion. Towards his human compeers he did not always behave so amiably. One day a footsore pedestrian came up with him on the road, and requested a “ride,” which was at once granted. Jock had with him a small earthen pot, in which was a quantity of tar. The stranger was no sooner mounted than he began an interminable prosy story of a lawsuit in which he had been involved. To every turn of the narrative which seemed to him specially important, he drew attention by saying, “Now mark me here,”—a call to which Jock, in a quiet way responded by dipping the end of his whip shaft into the tar, and applying it, unobserved, to some part of his new made friend’s attire. The call was so often repeated and obeyed, that Jock’s patience was at last exhausted, or possibly he began

to think he had carried the joke far enough; so he brought the story of the lawsuit to an abrupt close by exclaiming,—“The deevil’s i’ the man! will naething please ye? I’ve markit ye till I’ve toomed the pig” (emptied the pot). On another occasion he was travelling with his horse and cart along a road which from time immemorial had been public, but for the closing of which the farmer through whose land it ran had obtained the sanction of the Road Trustees in the district. The fact was duly announced on a board set up on a pole at each end of the way. With Jock, however, use and wont was everything, and on the first opportunity he took the short cut to which he had been accustomed. The farmer, who happened to be near the spot, ran towards him, threatening him with all the pains and penalties of trespass if he did not instantly turn back. “I’ve gaed this gate for fourty year,” said Thuds, “and was never challenged afore; I didna ken it was stoppit.” “Not know it was stopt?” exclaimed the enraged agriculturist; “do you not see the board—No road this way?” “Qu ay, I see the byurd weel enough; but am no gauu up that wye!” Jock was a person one could not help liking, notwithstanding his rough and ready mode of providing “entertainment for man and beast.” As one well said of him, “he was a great rascal, but a fine chiel for a’ that.”

From lay friends, however, who perhaps smacked rather too much of the *profanum vulgus*, we turn to one or two of the clerical. First we would notice the Rev. Alexander Ball, who for more than sixty years was minister of a Dissenting congregation. His flock were few in number, and stinted proportionately in financial resources. He was *not* “passing rich on forty pounds a year;” but that was literally the

amount of stipend he received for probably the fourth part of the period mentioned, and it never at any time exceeded seventy pounds. Like poor clergymen generally, he was blessed with a numerous family, whom, by some method apparently known only to that class, he contrived to bring up and educate respectably. He had, however, about a dozen acres of a glebe, the soil of which was naturally wretched enough; but by skilful culture he ultimately brought it to be of very considerable benefit to him. Even with that vantage, to help his prayers for daily bread he was obliged to do a little at times in the “coupin” line, became acquainted with all the tricks of the trade, and a very superior judge of live stock. That, of course, is enough to damn him in the reckoning of those of “the unco’ guid,” whose livings are squared by hundreds or thousands a year; but “if honest worth in heaven rise,” some of them may have to “mend or they get near him.” He was an able preacher, a faithful and kind pastor, and one of the most amusing companions we have ever met with. By great powers of mimicry and a felicitous use of the vernacular, he could give a very ludicrous turn to a story commonplace enough in itself; and when occasion required, could deal out a sarcasm with the imperturbable gravity of a judge. At the time of his ordination to his charge there was in its neighbourhood an Episcopalian chapel, which was attended chiefly by the lingering remnants of the families of a few of the local gentry, who had cast in their lot with the ill-fated Stuarts, and did not, of course, improve their fortunes by their chivalrous devotion to an expiring dynasty. The adherents of Episcopacy gradually dwindled away, till at last a lady was left alone in her glory to represent the cause. She

never formally connected herself with Mr. Ball's congregation, but she went to his church, and therefore received from him the same attention as if she had been a member of his flock. She was taken with a serious illness, during which he frequently visited her, and did what he could to sustain her mind under her protracted suffering. One Sunday morning, as we have heard him tell, he put the last penny in his possession into "the plate" for receiving the offerings at the church door. In the evening a message was brought to him that the lady was dying and wished much to see him. At their parting she expressed warm gratitude for his kindness, and her hope that they would meet in a better world. To give the sequel in his own words:—"In shaking hands she put something into mine, which I found to be a guinea. I said to her that it was against my principles either to give or to take money on the Lord's day, except for sacred purposes; but I thankfully pocketed the insult for all that,"—a venial transgression, in one who had a large family and had parted with his last penny, with which the Recording Angel would no doubt deal very gently.

Mr. Ball had a son-in-law, a brewer and innkeeper, an honest kindly fellow, who, however, had the failing too often found in those of his calling. One afternoon, on which his father-in-law happened to pay him a visit, he was labouring under the effects of his indulgence. "I'm very sorry to see you in that state, John," said the minister. "What state, sir?" "Why, you're drunk." "Oh, Mr. Ball, it's a strange thing if am fou once in three months, ye're sure to be here that day if ye shouldna be for three month agen." "But why should you be fou once in three months, John?" Under the questioning

the brewer's temper was gradually giving way. "Mr. Ball," he burst out in drunken indignation, "do ye mean to say that I am a deevil?" "No, no, John; you'll never have the dignity of a devil about you; but you're a beast!"

Another son-in-law, having occasion to visit a town at some distance on business, took Mr. Ball along with him in a gig, which was hired from a hotel-keeper. On their homeward journey the horse, in passing over a newly macadamized part of the road, came down, when one of the shafts of the gig was broken, and the minister, then advanced in years and rather corpulent, was pitched amongst the mud on the wayside. Bedabbed with "glaur," he displayed an alacrity in rising somewhat like that of Falstaff in sinking, but passed off the mishap with the cool remark, "William, you were very near causing a vacancy in the church just now." Having got the shaft spliced, they managed to reach their destination, when Mr Ball betook himself to a quiet corner to examine the state of his garb, which had not been improved by the mud bath. The son-in-law, meantime, had been telling Boniface of the accident, and proposed paying the damage. "Never mind," said the good-natured host, "the damage is nothing; but come awa in, and we'll hae some fun wi' the minister about it." When the two had been introduced into his *sanctum*, and were partaking of his hospitality, putting on a grave face, he said, "This is a serious affair, Mr. Ball, we micht without muckle o' a skrimmage come to an understandin' about the gig shaft; but it's no that mony months sin' I paid £60 for the horse, every brown bawbee o't. And, now that ye've letten him come down and cut his knees, I wadna get the half o' my ain siller for him, if I took him to

the market the morn. He never was on his knees afore, sin' he's been in my aught" (possession). "Ye needna think to come owre me with that sort of jockeyship," replied Mr. Ball; "that horse is oftener on his knees than ye are on yours!"

Once, in a market to which he had gone to buy or sell a horse, he fell in with a dealer whose physiognomy seemed to him to betray so much of the jockey as to excite suspicion and put him on his guard. However, after chaffering awhile, they by mutual consent went to an inn adjoining, to clinch the bargain over a dram. While thus engaged Mr. Ball asked the name of his new acquaintance. "Ou, sir, my name is Dodd." "Dodd? I've heard of a Church of England clergyman of that name." "Ou ay, sir; but he was hanged." "Well, well, there's no saying what any of us may come to yet."

Mr. Ball lived to extreme old age. His growing infirmities obliged him for a time to keep his bed to a later hour in the morning than had been his wont, of which his ploughman took advantage to carry off to a town in the vicinity, various kinds of farm produce, which he sold for his own behoof. The roguery was discovered, but Mr. Ball, averse to a criminal prosecution, contented himself with telling the thief that he would not re-engage him at the term which was then approaching. Shortly after, a neighbouring clergyman called at the manse, when the following colloquy took place:—

"Mr. Ball, I hear you are parting with Peter, and as I need a ploughman, I have come to you to inquire of you as to his character. Is he a good workman?"

"Yes, he has a pair of excellent hands,—when he likes to use them."

"Is he given to swearing?"

"He doesna swear in my pre-

sence; but if the horse were thrawn' wi' him when I'm no beside him, I wadna say but he micht gie a bit o' an oath."

"Is he truthful?"

"Well, I don't think he would tell a lie, if it werena to serve some purpose of his own."

"Is he honest?"

"Oh! you're trying' me wi' the Larger Catechism now; I'll not answer that question."

Whether Peter profited by that ambiguous character may be doubted; but it was as good as he deserved. Some years after he fell into the hands of the authorities for using undue freedom with the property of another employer, and did not escape so easily. As an instance of fighting shy—of compromise between the natural promptings of forbearance, on the one hand, and of resentment on the other, seeming to say something favourable while yet saying nothing, or only what was condemnatory—Mr. Ball's answers to the queries addressed to him were as dexterous as they were amusing. Their underlying causticity, however, was matched or exceeded in a testimonial given to one of his compeers by a peasant, who also formed one of our Old Acquaintances. He was a Jack-of-all-Trades, and, unlike the generality of that class, was in many things a clever, handy workman. He was engaged in thatching the outhouses of a farmstead, when, purely for the purpose of teasing him, the farmer said to him, "Do you know, Isaac, Willie Gow the wright says that work of yours looks as if the swine had been running their noses through it, the straw is put on so loose and unevenly?" "Well," replied Isaac, who was a reader, and spoke English much better than most of his class, "it's very ill on Willie Gow's part to say anything of the sort, for not many

evenings since I defended his character. A person in a company in which I was declared that Willie Gow was the worst wright in Scotland, England, or Ireland. I said I was not altogether sure of that: I had no doubt he was the worst in Scotland or England, but I thought it possible one as bad might be found in Ireland."

Yet one more page would we devote to another Old Acquaintance of the cloth. To our credit be it told, we have ever been fond of the society of the clergy, when we found them to our liking, which was not always the case. To get into our good graces it was indispensable that in their seasons of mental deshabille or of relaxation they should use the vernacular, for this reason, that "sage experience" had satisfied us that all such as cannot or will not on occasion "speak in the tongue wherein they were born," will most surely prove men of starch and buckram. The friend, of whom some reminiscences follow, was certainly not the less an eloquent preacher that he delighted in his mother tongue, and employed it often with great effect in enlivening conversation. He was also sore given to unsparing and reckless sarcasm, of which it might be very truly said, in the words of Moore, describing Lesbia's "wit refined"—

"When its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?"

Whatever the design of our friend, Mr. Craik (so we may name him), he made himself enemies by his free application of the actual cattery. On one occasion he and a brother clergyman, with whom he had but a very limited acquaintance at the time, engaged to assist each other in dispensing the *Communion* in their respective churches.

The brother was a man of very considerable literary acquirements, but vain and pedantic. To him first it fell to fulfil his part of the engagement, when he heard Mr. Craik preach "the action sermon," as in those days the address delivered immediately before the celebration of the sacrament was styled. In carrying out the agreement, Mr. Craik, in turn, heard his friend give the corresponding address. When the public services of the day were ended, the two, in the peaceful retirement of the manse, were doing their best to cultivate a spirit of brotherly kindness by free and amicable conversation. "Mr. Craik," said his friend, paving the way for the return of a compliment to himself, "you seem to differ from me in your notion of an action sermon. Your object, I think, is to crowd into it as much thought as possible. Now, my idea is that at such a time the people should be left very much to their own meditations, and, therefore, in my action sermons I always strive to have as little thought as possible." "Allow me to congratulate you, sir," was the reply, "you have been marvellously successful to-day."

Mr. Craik, on a Saturday, when he happened to be disengaged in his own charge, paid a visit to a cousin, who was the minister of a flourishing congregation connected with a different denomination from that to which he himself belonged. In the course of conversation the cousin brought a sweeping charge of narrowness and bigotry against his friend's co-religionists. "That's no true, Willie," was the response. "Ay, it is true—so true that you wouldn't be allowed to preach in my pulpit." "That's no true either, Willie." "Will you take my place to-morrow then?" "Yes, Willie, wi' pleasure; my commission is to preach the gospel to

sinners, an' I kenna whaur I'm mair likely to fa' in wi' them than in your congregation."

Mr. Craik, in his boyhood, attended with his father the ministry of a doctor of divinity, a man of some note in his day, but "plump as stalled theology," sore afflicted with laziness, and very unequal in his style of preaching. When the boy was merging into manhood he attached himself to another congregation, and by-and-by became a licentiate of his church. One day his quondam minister, meeting him accidentally, said with his usual patronizing and pompous air, "Mr. Craik, you must preach for me to-morrow." "I won't, sir." "Oh, but you must; I've been so engaged all the week, I could find no time for preparation, and I have a claim on you for a sermon." "What claim have you, sir?" "You know you sat in my church." "Never, sir, since I came to the years of discretion."

Being in Glasgow, he one afternoon called at the warehouse of an old crony of his, a manufacturer named William Cunningham. In those days teetotalism had not been heard of; and in regard to drinking, as well as eating, "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." In his delight at seeing his friend, Cunningham proposed treating him to a bottle of wine, and one or two of their mutual acquaintances were called in to share it. By playing fast and loose with all the religious denominations of any note in Scotland, Cunningham had rendered himself the butt of his companions. He had belonged to the Congregationalists, to the United Secession of those days, to the Kirk, and, lastly to the Episcopalians, under a gentleman vulgarly known as "Satan Montgomery," from his having published a poem of which the Deceiver of the nations is the

subject, as every reader of Lord Macaulay's critical essays is aware of. Cunningham had so often bided the pelting of the pitiless storm of ridicule on account of his frequent shiftings in his religion, that he felt himself driven to change his tactics, and in season and out of season obtruded upon all and sundry a prosy defence of his vacillation and inconstancy. Accordingly, the little party referred to had scarcely began to sip their wine when he set about showing them that he had not jumped from creed to creed with the levity and inconsiderateness with which many charged him, concluding his apology by saying, "It will never be asked of me in the day of judgment whether I belonged to the Independents, to the Secession, to the Church of Scotland, or to the Episcopalians." "No," said Craik, "you're richt there, Willie; ye'll be cuis'n [cast, rejected] long afore they get the length of that question wi' you."

One more anecdote, in which Craik appears on the defensive. At the time when it had become known amongst all his friends that he and his lady love had agreed to cast in their lot together for better for worse, Craik went to a meeting of the Presbytery. There were no railways then; members who were at a considerable distance from the place where the court assembled travelled to it on horseback, and those whose line of road was so far ome, were in the habit of putting up their ponies at the same inn. The wisdom of our forefathers had not then discovered that teetotalism was entitled to rank amongst the leading virtues, and even reverend gentlemen, before ordering out their horses, thought drinking a stirrup-cup together, "for the good of the house," neither sin nor shame. While Craik and a co-presbyter were engaged in that

benevolent employment, the latter, addressing him, said:—

"It astonishes me, Johnnie, the mair I think on't, that ever your intended should hae ta'en 't intil her head to cast an ee upon you!"

"To cast an ee upon me—what do you mean?"

"I just mean this, that in every respect she is greatly your superior."

"That I deny."

"She is much better looking than you."

"Well, that, perhaps, may be admitted; it's, after all, a matter o' opinion."

"And then in every faculty of mind she is vastly above you."

"I'll stake a bottle of wine on't, that she is not, and leave it with yourself to decide."

"Done."

"Then you'll admit that I have the better of her *in taste*."

"Johnnie, you've done me!"

Alas, alas! All these, who once formed part and parcel of our Old Acquaintances, whom we have often seen "full of lusty life," eagerly bent on their little whims and pro-

jects, as their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows impelled them, have long since been joined to "the congregation of the dead"—"not a stone at their heads, not a bone in their graves;" their love, and their hatred, and their envy are perished, and their memory all but forgotten:—

"Out upon time! who for ever will leave

But enough of the past for the future
to grieve

O'er that which hath been, and o'er
that which must be."

Yet what is to be gained by scolding and quarrelling with time over "that which must be," and which he, therefore, cannot help if he would, it is not so easy to see. It is wiser, we think, to accept calmly the inevitable, and, ere our friends have sunk into total oblivion, to cull from records of them not yet "razed from the written tablets of the brain" such scraps as may haply serve to amuse us while on our way to join them.

STRATHMORE.

ON CONCEIT.

WHENEVER we consider the wide and varied use of the word *conceit*, we are irresistibly impelled to suspect that some confusion of ideas or terms is involved in its application. Recalling the number of our friends and acquaintances whom we ourselves at various times and under varying circumstances have stigmatized as conceited, the number of those whom we have heard called conceited by others, the reputation for conceit that most of us at different stages in our lives have acquired, and the indignation with which we have repudiated, or the complacency with which we have accepted, the imputation, we cannot doubt that some ambiguity exists somewhere, to which must be attributed this complexity of meanings. A confusion of ideas arises when we misapprehend the true relation of cause and effect. When meeting with a certain result we ascribe it to an erroneous origin. A confusion of terms is caused by the imperfect means of expression that a language affords, compelling us to say something that we do not really mean. In the latter case the same word means different things to different people. Endless differences arise on totally false issues. Were each able to express his peculiar shade of meaning in a common and comprehensible phraseology, the result would be a perfect unanimity. But in the former case the confusion is not so easily explicable. To trace the growth of mental error, and to analyze the processes of individual thought, is always difficult,

and frequently hopeless. The following remarks are more conclusive as to the existence of some confusion, than as to the cause of error.

And first, let us enumerate two or three reasons why we should expect *à priori* that some ambiguity might arise in the case of the word *conceit*. (1.) In proportion to the area of a word's use are the chances of error in its application increased. That error propagates error is nowhere more apparent than in the progressive departures of innumerable trite words from their original significations. What Mr. Darwin (*Origin of Species*, ch. 4, p. 106) concludes to be the case in the organic world, viz., that the course of modification will generally have been more rapid on large areas, and the new forms produced on large areas will give rise to most new varieties, is equally true of their signification in the domain of words. Granting then that the term *conceit* has a large area of application, some ambiguity is likely to arise; granting ever so slight an ambiguity, this would become parent to a fruitful progeny, and would gradually be magnified as well as multiplied by transmission.

(2.) The term *conceit* belongs to a class of words peculiarly likely to give rise to individual differences of conception and application. All words that denote an attribute, an appellation, a qualification, belong to the vocabulary of criticism. Now, criticism, which we may define as the expression of individual opinion, if not instinctive in human

nature, is, at least, one of its earliest acquisitions. You may find it latent in the wondering eyes of the babe, and blatant in its earliest babble. We cannot conceive of a sentient, rational being without an opinion, and believe criticism to be coeval with the creation of man. If Adam kept his opinion to himself, we are sure that Eve would not. This dynamic function of criticism, this active force of outspoken opinion, being, necessarily, a unitarian, idiosyncratic, personal attribute, a characteristic, is clearly susceptible of as many varieties as there are individuals. It bears, therefore, a direct proportion to the largeness and populousness of the area over which it works. This, as we have before shown, is a very extensive one. Moreover, the passive object on which it acts, viz., conceit, is likewise a strictly unitarian, idiosyncratic, personal attribute, likewise a characteristic varying from like causes and to like extent, and thus the opportunities for differences of opinion equal the whole number of permutations and combinations possible by the action of any one individualism on any other individualism.

(3.) The term *conceited* belongs to that rare and, therefore, valuable class of epithets with which one may damn one's best friend. It will "hint a fault and hesitate dislike." "He is a very good fellow, but rather conceited," is a common phrase, ambiguously eulogistic. There is a moderation, a palliation, about the term, which is at the same time not incompatible with the highest moral standard in the critic. It animadverts with "a monstrous little voice" on faults which might be characterized, like Charles Lamb's chimney-sweepers, as "poor blots," "innocent blacknesses." If there is not the faint praise about it that cuts so cruelly in such epithets as "good-natured,"

"aimable," "elegant" (in literary criticism), at least there is a "civil leer" which neutralizes half of its invidiousness. It is not inconsistent with those high qualities which of course we require in our friends, when, like Bottom, it will "roar you as gently as any sucking dove;" yet write it in gall of your enemy, and Sterne's recording angel might stereotype it in Heaven's chancery without any fear of its being blotted out by angels of mercy. *Vain, proud, affected*, have too decided a tone; *conceited* is neutral-tinted. They cross the Rubicon with the flag of defiance: it temporizes with the white flag of parley. Its bounds being divided by such thin partitions, the end of a virtue and the beginning of a vice, is it wonderful that this parti-coloured, reversible word, prolific of paradoxes and anomalies, should prepare us for some confusion of ideas to affect its application?

Conceit, in its ordinary sense, signifies excessive self-esteem, an extravagant conception of some personal attribute, and he is *conceited* whose behaviour betrays this. Both in its abstract and in its evil signification this usage is modern. From *conceptum*, something conceived in the mind, *conceit*, objectively used, meant an image; subjectively, meant apprehension, or the power of conceiving. Then the idea of something fantastic and odd came to be associated with the conception, and the word *conceit* was applied objectively to anything that was out of the common, peculiar, pedantic. The euphuisms of the sixteenth century, e.g., those of Sir Piercie Shafton in the *Monastery*, and of Don Adriano de Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost*, were conceits. As peculiarity early displays itself in dress, conceits were frequently used for objects of personal adornment, the paraphernalia of foppery. Who

used conceits, whether in words or things, was conceited. Autolycus, when he turned ballad-monger and pedlar, was "an admirable conceited fellow." Celia (in *Middlemarch*) had she lived three centuries earlier would have called Dorothea's peculiarities "conceits," instead of "fads." Dorothea would have been conceited in the old sense. Now, as being peculiar means being conspicuous, *conceited* came to imply the behaviour of one who made himself conspicuous by some peculiarity, and as such conduct implies an offensive self-assertion, and an audacious self-esteem, *conceited* was applied to one who acts as if he thought himself out of the common. *Conceit*, or *self-conceit*, thus became a general abstract term for an extravagant opinion of self, and *conceited* an epithet of him who holds such an opinion.

This brief history of the word is pregnant with suggestion on the present question. Whenever people notice in a man's behaviour, or appearance, anything peculiar, anything that does not precisely tally with their own special notion of the fitness of things, they forthwith stigmatize him as conceited. What we wish to point out is that that peculiarity being a result, a product, may (and often does) arise from other causes than an excessive self-esteem. When it does so, we will call it pseudo-conceit. Let us distinguish between pseudo-conceit and conceit proper.

A college friend of the writer used always to attribute to shyness that peculiarity of manner in their common acquaintances, which less observant contemporaries attributed to conceit. This view, though often upheld in too large a spirit of charity, had, we are now convinced, much of truth in it.

Shyness, whether arising from constitutional timidity, or certain

accidental circumstances, often produces just that peculiar manner in company, or with strangers, that is also the index of self-conceit. With constitutional timidity is correlated great nervous susceptibility, which realizes with painful force its owner's deficiencies. The greater the common sense of the timid individual, the greater his effort to overcome what he feels to be absurd. This effort results in one of two ways: in attempting to be self-possessed he becomes reserved and strained, or, by affecting an ease he does not feel he thrusts himself too forward. Both of these results might arise from an extravagant self-esteem, and the censorious world attributes them thereto. The insular pride with which the English, as a nation, are credited, is often merely a development of what Marlow (in "The Rivals") calls "The Englishman's Malady." In the presence of women it is peculiarly rampant among those whose life has been one of seclusion from the sex.

The fact, so often asserted, that shy men get the best wives, is a high compliment to the delicate perception of women, that discovers the true cause of the peculiarity. We do not forget the ladies' reason for the popularity of men who think little of themselves, that "they are able to think more of us." However true this may be, we are convinced that shyness is an undoubted case of pseudo-conceit.

Imperfect sympathies often give rise to pseudo-conceit. Surely, to a third and impartial observer, it is no detraction from a person's amiability, or humility, that he fails to sympathize with his company. The power of assimilating oneself to utterly divergent characters, of being all things to all men, cohering like one of Lucretius's volant atoms, with other equally erratic atoms, is a rare attribute. It is intuitive with a few, with still fewer ac-

quired, and then with a difference. Mr. Gladstone's remark that an orator pours back upon his audience in a flood what he receives from them in a vapour, would apply to these universal sympathizers. They take colour from their surroundings. Introduce a civilian at a mess dinner, a layman among a party of clerics, a stranger at a college wine, and, unless the foreign body have this rare power of assimilation, the reserve, or effort, that arises from his want of sympathy, will be put down to conceit. We have seen innumerable instances of this being done, and have often felt the injustice of it. Who that having "come in of an evening" within an hour of the time of invitation, has been introduced among the favoured few still lingering over their after-dinner wine, can be ignorant of what we are commenting on. The difference between the atmosphere without and within, between the feeble flicker of the street lamps and the blaze of sconce and chandelier, between the shivering shrinking outcast at the area railings and the well-fed warmth of mine host and his guests, the pre-occupation of those who have been drawing to each other for the previous two hours, the half-told, and therefore to you, pointless tale, the triviality of their laxity and licence to the cooler, calmer, more critical condition of an earlier diner—all combine to stiffen the manner of the intruder into a very good imitation of conceit. The same phenomenon, only in a modified form, is apparent whenever a man is ill-suited to his company. It is in bridging over this unavoidable gulf that the commonplaces, and empty chatter sanctioned in society, are to be tolerated. What should we in town do without the season jargon? What our friends in the *country* without the weather?

The verbiage of society is like the Latin—the learned language of scholars. In its default, imperfect sympathy, if not actually increased, would be infinitely more felt, and thus proportionately more provocative of pseudo-conceit.

In close connection with imperfect sympathies comes difference in physical temperament. Take the case of a languid vitality among the ruddy-robust, or a highly-wrought nervous temperament, surrounded by rough, sensual, animal organizations. The difference goes further than that of imperfect sympathies, for those it is possible to overcome by mutual concession, whereas here, there is a positive physical incompatibility, as prohibitive of union as in the case of oil and water. On the one side, Cassius, "that spare Cassius," with "lean and hungry look," men whom we associate with weak digestions, and, possibly, cotton-wool in their ears; unable to laugh, but only to "sniff and titter and suigger from the throat outwards; or at best produce some whiffing, husky, cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool," men delicately-fastidious, nervously-susceptible; on the other side, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "a great eater of beef," that "does harm to his wit," a Falstaff, "mountain of mummy," men of exuberant vitality, throwing off much animal heat, who wot not of nerves either in themselves or others, men with the voice and laugh of the late Walter Savage Landor. Both types serve, as Richter said of the conventional giant and dwarf at a fair, for reciprocal exaggerations of opposite magnitudes. Of course the weaker goes to the wall, draws in his horns, and is set down as conceited, or too good for his company. A not-uncommon type of Englishman in Ireland surrounded by a company of strictly typical Irish hosts, will

serve for an example of what we are referring to.

Abstraction, or a pre-occupied manner, often provokes the imputation of conceit. This state of mind differs from that caused by imperfect sympathies. It does not mean that a man cannot, under any circumstances, sympathize, but that he does not through other matters occupying his attention. Many are those who, engrossed during the day by professional or business cares, come to the evening's sociability unable to divest themselves of their burdens; yet any such inattention is frequently inscribed on the roll of conceit. Sir Philip Sidney, in one of his sonnets, speaks to the same purpose from the lover's point of view:—

“Because I oft in dark abstracted
guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words or answers
quite awry,
To them that would make speech of
speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the
rumour flies,
That poison soul of bubbling Pride
doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do
despise. . . .”

Pride, in the sense in which Sidney uses it, means self-conceit. According to our contention, his abstraction results in pseudo-conceit.

Trivial though it may seem, we have known instances of an erect mien, a dignified carriage, a tall and stately figure, though co-existing with the most complete modesty, give rise to pseudo-conceit. It seems hard that a man may not make the most of a well-developed person, or a woman “to her full height her stately stature draw,” without laying themselves open to such an imputation. Of course we should most naturally look for the critics at the extreme opposite pole:

among men, those shuffling, back-boneless individuals, once happily described by a friend of the writer as “sure to be going round a corner” whenever he chanced to see them: among women, the class who “put on their gowns,” and decline for obvious reasons to expose themselves at croquet. Were not this school of critics important as constituting a distinct variety, we should not deem them worthy of a reference; but our very point is, that it is among those who, from some moral, mental, physical infirmity and obliquity of vision, are incapable of seeing what strikes them as peculiar, in its true light, that the error is propagated and persisted in.

Lastly, there is that proper estimation of one's own self, and belief in one's own powers, that holding itself aloof from all external influences, by its very isolation and independence becomes a pseudo-conceit. The true character of this type is rarely acknowledged by contemporaries, for it is difficult, until it has been stamped with the seal of success, to distinguish such a lofty, from an excessive self-estimate. It is not until the fine issues have come that the spirits are really finely touched. Such a consciousness of potential greatness may be read of in many heroic lives; when those who at school or college have railed at the indomitable self-will that brooked no opposition, asking advice from none, conciliating none, as arrogant and self-opinionated, have at last been forced to appraise the tyrant at his own price. But these are rare cases.

These are some of the causes, the result of which is falsely called conceit. Because the effect is identical with that of an extravagant self-estimate, the cause must be that, forsooth, and no other. Let us now consider some instances of true conceit. We shall see that

the true result of conceit is as often misapprehended as results are falsely attributed to it. So numerous are its various moods and phases, that we should not expect to have the consequences of other qualities fathered upon it. "Our vanities," says George Eliot, "differ as our noses do; all conceit is not the same conceit, but varies in correspondence with the minutæ of mental make in which one of us differs from another."*

Egoism, or the impertinent obtrusion of self, is the most obvious result of conceit; the supposition that *I* will always be acceptable to others; yet how universal this *I-ing* is; how largely autobiography predominates in our speech. Goethe's remark that "Man is properly the *only* object that interests man," is improved by the egoist into "A man's self is properly the *only* object that interests a fellow-man." Mr. Hume, having defined the true end of political economy as the greatest good to the greatest number, in answer to the question as to what *was* the greatest number, replied "Number One." This would clearly be the true end of every economy with the class we are speaking of. That very vain man Edward Gibbon, in one of the most conceited and most interesting autobiographical fragments that are known, twice checks himself from referring to his health and his means on the score of ill-breeding. No type of egoism is more common or more offensive than to make misplaced confidences as to one's peptic or dyspeptic symptoms, one's night's rest, one's dreams, &c.; or the practice of constantly referring to one's rent-roll, or pleading one's poverty in general company. Men

who have known better days are ever bringing in their past opulence and their present shifts. They lose no opportunity of mentioning how they travel third class, and by night (this to show that they are proud as well as poor); how they live in the lodge or one wing of the family hall; how one trusty retainer still remains with them in their fallen fortunes. They thus heighten their past grandeur by the present contrast. This is but a negative form of display; what in law-pleading is called a negative pregnant. Others will appropriate every topic of conversation to themselves. "That happened the year I was at so-and-so." "Just such a place as my father rented in —shire;" thus identifying every occurrence with a private calendar of their own. Mothers are peculiarly aggravating in respect of dating events from the birth, weaning, teething, breeching, and so on, of their successive offspring. It is not unnatural to use such a *memoria technica* for themselves, the conceit lies in ever displaying the mechanism to others. They should remember that "Nakedness is uncomely as well in mind as in body;" or, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu with characteristic freedom paraphrased it, "fig-leaves are as necessary for our minds as our bodies, and 'tis as indecent to show all we think as all we have." "It addeth," continues my Lord Bacon, "no small reverence to men's manners and actions if they be not altogether open." It is this "openness," this display of oneself on all possible occasions that constitutes the conceit of egoism.

Another mood of egoism, in a slightly expanded form, is that

* Sam Weller expresses the same sentiment when he replies to Mr. Stiggins' remark that "all taps is vanities." "Vell," said Sam, "I dessay they may be, sir; but vich is your partickler vanity. Vich vanity do you like the flavour on best, sir?"

which makes a man intrude his calling or profession into his mien or conversation. A clergyman who is never out of his pulpit, a barrister who is always forensic, a statesman who formulates everyday facts as if he had been studying minutes of evidence from a blue-book, a stockbroker who savoureth ever of the "house," obtrude their identity upon the company in a truly conceited manner. The mien of a true gentleman takes but little colour from his occupation. Sir Walter Scott, with his marvellous power of perception, when he introduces Hector McIntyre (in the "Artiquary") as "bearing in his looks and manner a good deal of the martial profession," adds, "nay, perhaps a little more than is quite consistent with the ease of a man of perfect good-breeding, in whom no professional habit ought to predominate." We should be sorry, however, to stamp as no true gentlemen many who are never off parade.

Forwardness, or a love of attracting attention, is a variety of egoism, and one of the commonest forms of conceit. That in such a disposition lie the germs of the noblest ambition and the most successful achievements is undoubted, but that would only show the narrow line that divides a proper appreciation and appraisal of self from an excessive one. A certain confidence in one's own judgment, and belief in one's own powers, must lead to a degree of self-assertion, which often trenches on the arrogance of excessive self-esteem. But there is nothing inherent in this disposition that is incompatible with a proper humility. The arrogance of self-esteem arises from a too partial view of one's relations with the outside world: a complete survey would disclose deficiency in one direction as against pre-eminence in another,

and thus preserve the just balance. This accounts for the conceit of small circles, of sects, of clever women. As Sydney Smith said of the last-named, by diffusing knowledge among them you lessen the conceit that knowledge occasions while it is so rare. The saying that no man was ever doing a great thing that was conscious of it, goes too exclusively on the moral sense of the word "great." A man should be self-sufficing, but not self-sufficient. *Cum umbrâ nihil, sine umbrâ nihil.* Shade makes and mars, we read on an old sun-dial at Castasegna in the Val Bregaglia. So, "self makes and mars." Nothing great can be achieved without a strong personality, but it must not be an exclusive or an arrogant one.

Under this head of love of display we may class that conceit which shows itself in personal adornment and affectation. Foppishness, the love of tricking out one's person fantastically, is, of course, an obvious phase of conceit. As a rule, it is a mark of empty-headedness, and degrades, in Carlyle's phraseology, "the dandiacal body" into a "clothes-horse."

"Pars minima est ipsa puella sui"

is a trenchant epigram of Ovid's on a girl who is well-padded with bombazine and finery. It is also a mark of low-breeding. Juvenal brings it in as a trait of his *nouveaux riches*, Crispinus, that—

*"Tyrrias humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus
aurum,
Nec suffe've queat majoris pondera
geminae;"*

with which we may parallel Tennyson's—

*"Barbarous opulence jewel-thick,
Sunned itself on his breast and his
hands."*

But, with regard to the question of dress some curious anomalies arise: Any dress that attracts attention savours of love of display, and of conceit; to under-dress, therefore, as well as to over-dress—the sin of omission as well as of commission. Thus, when certain well-known aristocrats make themselves conspicuous by wearing shabby hats, amorphous coats, and dubious linen, they are no less conceited than the over-dressed macaroni of the park and the parade. Carelessness in dress is equally in fault with a too great care; for if it does not share in the same love of notoriety, it implies the consciousness of a reserve of reputation to draw on, which can afford to be shabby. If a woman comes out in a sack when all the world is be-fringed and be-flounced, she makes herself equally conspicuous with one who exaggerates every detail into a positive deformity. Many affect a carelessness, study a neglect in attire, which is a most aggravating type of conceit.

“Careless and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem
neglected,
Artless she is with artful care,
Affecting to be unaffected.”

Thus, to be out-of-fashion is conceited; but if a woman religiously follow the fashion, what then? She wears something because it has been thought becoming to some leader of fashion. Now clearly she would not do this for the sole purpose of heightening another's charms, or to lessen another's singularity. She must act thus from

one of two reasons, either in the belief that she possesses that peculiar grace which is increased by the prevailing fashion, or, acquiescing in its unbecomingness, she assumes the possession of some quality that can afford to disfigure itself. As all fashions cannot become all types, the latter alternative must sometimes be accepted, and that is surely a sign of conceit.* We see no way out of it. Although women spend so much more time, money, and care on personal adornment than men, their solicitude as to their appearance is far less significant of conceit, for it is more general. It is a prerogative of their sex, an essence of their being, to look charming, and to use all possible “adulteries of art” to attract the opposite sex, and excite the envy of their own. With men such conduct would only be a perverted and despicable ambition. A fop, whether Brummell, or his “fat friend” himself, is but a poor creature at the best. As Portia says of her French suitor, “God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.”

Under this head, too, comes affectation; that conceit which affects to be what it is not. “If you are not what you seem to be, seem to be what you are not” is the motto of this type. He who, dressed in a little brief authority, apes much dignity, and mightily condescends, is a variety of this *genus*. Another is—

“A sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing
pond,

* Possible one of the hitherto-omitted entries in the edition of “Pepys' Diary,” which has just been published, may help us. “Dec. 3rd, 1661.—At noon thence to the Wardrobe, where my Lady Wright was at dinner, and all our talk about the great happiness that my Lady Wright says there is in being in the fashion and in variety of fashions, in scorn of others that are not so, as citizens' wives and country gentlewomen, which though it did displease me enough, yet I said nothing to it.”

And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an
 opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips let no dog
bark."

Maria (in "Twelfth Night") gives us another in Malvolio as "a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed as he thinks with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him." Affectation of a manner that is not natural to the occasion is generally found wanting in the sequel, for nothing is so unequal, so *impar sibi*, as an affected manner. Who does not remember Jerry Melford's humorous account of the dinner party in "Humphrey Clinker," and the "odidities originally produced by affectation and confirmed by habit" that he found there?

There is a conceit that shows itself in vindicating the independence of its judgment to so great a degree that it is never satisfied unless differing from the common opinion. The *nil admirari* set belong to this class. This conceit always selects for admiration what the world does not admire, and ignores what the world does admire. At every Royal Academy Exhibition it finds out some small, skyed, or out-of-the-way picture, which it brings in on every possible occasion, and lauds as superb. It wonders at the general public that follow each other like sheep in matters of taste, and, because the hanging committee have put a certain painting prominently before them, agree to extol it as a masterpiece. If it condescends to look at such a picture, it mightily approves of some minor detail, and ignores, if it does not actually pooh pooh, the obvious beauties about which the town is talking.

To this class belong more lovers of the out-of-date and antique, who despise the very best that is passing under their eyes. Such was the American lady in Rome who declined to have her child painted except by one of the Old Masters. In music this type affects the strictly classical, and listens with a half-contemptuous, half-bored, expression to the lovely airs and ballads that the unsophisticated ear delighteth in. It approves only of the—

"Wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The melting voice through mazes
 running,
 Untwisting all the charms that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;"

and talks of "good music" in such a way that one feels positively wicked for having constantly enjoyed strains less "faultily faultless." This affected purity always reminds us of the uncompromising chastity of that saintly husband, Edward the Confessor. This is the type too that will never perform when pressed, and never cease performing when unasked—

"*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus,
 inter amicos,
 Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare
 rogati,
 Injursi nunquam desistant.*

A similar class in literature prefer Persius to Juvenal, Catullus to Horace, and, generally, anything fragmentary and less well-known to what is unambiguously entire and universally familiar.

There is another class, and that by no means a small one, that implies more conceit by its silence, and sometimes by its affected humility, than others by their more palpable self-assertion and arrogance. This allows you to talk on uninterruptedly as if profiting by your information, and then drops

casually a sentence or two that crushes you with its superior knowledge of the subject. Sometimes, after listening patiently, it quietly resumes what it was saying before you commenced, without deigning to notice the interlude. At other times, it affects to depreciate what itself has succeeded in; if a Porson prize-man, abuses verse composition: if a high wrangler, complains of the exclusiveness of the mathematical tripos: if a representative athlete, depreciates cricket and rowing. A modification of this is "the monstrous pride that apes humility," when experience affects the tyro, or success talks of itself as a failure. We cannot help calling to mind Mr. Pecksniff and Uriah Heep when we meet with this preposterous humility. "The devil can cite scripture for his purpose." It requires some little attention to discern a conceit of this kind. On the whole we prefer those whose faults lie more on the surface, of whom as soon as you know them, you know the worst. "I have laid it down as a rule," writes Charles Dickens in his correspondence, "in my judgment of men, to observe narrowly whether some (of whom one is disposed to think badly) don't carry all their faults upon the surface, and others (of whom one is disposed to think well) don't carry many more beneath it. I have long ago made sure that one friend is in the first class, and when I know all the foibles a man has, with little trouble in the discovery, I begin to think him worth liking."

We have adverted to constitutional timidity as a pseudo-conceit, but there is a bashfulness which is, in truth, the direct result of conceit. The apprehension of being observed, when it does not belong to the physical temperament, is really an outcome of vanity, that form of conceit that cannot lose

self-consciousness, but is ever involved in self-contemplation, in posing for effect, and in dreading comparisons. "The desire to be the object of public attention," writes Sara Coleridge to a correspondent, "is weak, but the excessive dread of it is but a form of vanity and over-self contemplativeness. The trouble we take in trying not to *seem* would be better spent in trying not to *be* what we would rather not appear to be." This conceit early discovers its victims by what Bacon calls, the "tracts of their countenances." As the clever Autocrat of the Breakfast Table puts it, "they no sooner come within sight of you than they begin to smile with an uncertain movement of the mouth, which conveys the idea that they are thinking of themselves, and thinking too that you are thinking they are thinking about themselves; and so look at you with a wretched mixture of self-consciousness, awkwardness, and attempts to carry off both; which are betrayed by the cowardly behaviour of the eye, and the tell-tale weakness of the lips, that characterize these unfortunate beings."

About clerical or sectarian conceit, we wish to say very little, though we could say a great deal. So many very worthy and really sincere men think that all who are not of their precise way of thinking on religious matters must inevitably be damned, that one is loth to point out to them the unmitigated conceit of such an opinion. Surely the discoveries of science and of critical research, the teaching of history, both religious and lay, the undoubtedly heroic lives of men of different views, should teach moderation. They are slaves of tradition, and narrow mindedness is ever akin to conceit. Those who in Brookfield's eloquent language "would divorce the Church and the

world, who would make of the clergy a professional caste, and who, in a spirit of selfish asceticism, love to depict the world of the living as an insignificant appendage to the greater world of the dead," are the high-priests of that vanity and conceited exclusiveness against which they never cease fulminating from the pulpit and the reading-desk.

While on this subject we wish to ask one question, strictly pertinent to our disquisition on conceit, of those who make use of occasional prayers, and notably the prayer for rain. How can those who believe in the Almighty as the prime mover of every petty detail in the vastly complex and correlated system of the universe, reconcile it with a true humility to ask Him to vary His co-ordinated and systematic ruling in order to satisfy what such a fraction of creation deems suitable for its infinitely petty local wants? If, holding such an opinion about the Almighty, they think they know better than He does what will best satisfy the general wants of the world, is not this conceit of the grossest kind? If, sacrificing the general good to their own particular and parochial wants, they pray for rain, is not this the most unmitigated and reprehensible selfishness?

The effects of conceit are generally so tedious, that we are apt to forget that it is not wholly vicious. The conceited are rarely morose for they are too self-satisfied, rarely spiteful, for they care too little about others to take the trouble to injure them; rarely pessimists, for a state of things in which they exist must have a large leaven of good in it. Conceit in small matters, though it cannot make small matters great, brings small matters to perfection. Without some conceit numberless petty talents, which in the aggregate are very valuable acquisitions, would find no place at

all. Without the conceit felt in some small proficiency we should always be becoming disgusted with our slow progress, always be looking ahead despondingly instead of behind triumphantly, and lose much that makes life very tolerable. "The great secret of education," says Adam Smith, "is to direct vanity to proper objects." The measure of conceit is the difference between your own estimate of yourself and the world's. This difference may, often does, arise from an illusion, which would be dispelled by a less partial and less prejudiced view. Yet if we all took to comparing every attribute and every possession with those of our neighbours, we should be less well satisfied—less self-satisfied perhaps—but less happy. How happy too the old age of men whose life has, in their own estimation, been as well ordered as it was possible to be under the circumstances. Two recent autobiographies are marked instances of this, those, namely, of Sir Henry Holland and of Dr. Grandville. Both lived to a goodly age, both lived busy lives, bringing them into contact and comparison with many more gifted and more wealthy than themselves, yet both at the close of life could look back with the most perfect satisfaction on all that they had done and suffered. What a contrast this to Carlyle's description of those who in youth had mistaken their capabilities, who live "in ever-new expectation, ever-new disappointment, shift from enterprise to enterprise, and from side to side, till at length, as exasperated striplings of three-score and ten, they shift into their last enterprise, that of getting buried." Could we imagine a conceited man promulgating that sad epigram of Disraeli's, "youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret?"

To conceit, too, we believe that a

large number of marriages are to be credited. Conscious, or unconscious, flattery is the strongest bond of attraction and union between the sexes. A young man or woman is misunderstood or undervalued in the domestic circle: at last one of the opposite sex is found whose felt or feigned interest flatters the dissatisfied vanity, and (for a time at any rate) justice is done to the wounded self-conceit. Another has been found to accept a man's offer at his own valuation; the young lady in whose discretion it has once been to render a man happy or miserable for life is to be

snubbed no longer. So each finds that the other is his or her complement, and the matter is settled. Fortunately the conceited individual does not generally become more conceited after marriage. The hero and heroine are reciprocally provided with a constant presence in which they are unheroic, and though they cease not to air their conceits out of doors it is not in that unmitigated form that never knows a check. No, the world could not dispense with all conceit, but it should get a better idea of what is, and what is not conceit.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PREPS AT LIFE," &c.

No. 14.—ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA.

"What does it all mean, Poet?"

* * * *

 "Nor ever was, except i' the brains of men,
 More noise by word of mouth, than you hear now."

* * * *

 "Yonder's a fire; into it goes my book,
 As who shall say me nay? and what the loss?"—BROWNING.

LEND me thy lyre, *O Robert toi que j'aime*,
 Just for a little while, and, public, you
 "Bid me discourse, I will *distract* thine ear"
 With discords deep and grating to the teeth
 As tearing linen, or slate-pencil's scrape,
 Or the harsh shriek of screech-owl on gnarled oak;
 Sounds jangled, tangled, like the knotted chords
 Of Wagner's music-puzzlements; vouchsafe,
 O, Muse, awhile, to aid me to pour forth
 Rhymes raggéd, jaggéd as the rasping rush
 Of rough Macadam emptied from a cart,
 Or roaring cataract o'er rugged rock;
 Lines like an iron tonic to the mind
 Too smoothed by modern, milky, silky verse.
 Make me abhor lucidity, and hide
 My thoughts within a pyramid of words,
 A verbal dust-heap, fleck'd with rags and bones,
 Though priceless gems and gold will lurk beneath;
 So let my patient vot'ries grope and pore,
 Read me ten times, and more, until at last
 They think—poor fools!—they've found my meaning out.

I.

Where did I read St. Catherine's history?
 At book-stall in the street of Holy-Well?
 In dusty, fusty, musty bookworms' haunt?
 In Record Office business-like and grim?—
 Not so, 'twas in a sea-ward cosy nook,
 I' the vast library of the second floor
 Of Count Montinfluenza's palace damp
 At Venice, city of a hundred isles,
 And twice a hundred kinds of colds and coughs,
 Affections bronchial, and ague-fits:
 For there is "water, water everywhere,"
 Rising at a terrific (water-)rate:
 That's where I found the book, all typograph'd
 In middle-age Italian; I read and read
 Until my heart, blood, body, brain and soul
 Were full o' the subject, I must write or burst.
 I chose to write, and this is the result.

II.

Hast ever seen Sienna? No?—
 Then take a bard's advice, and go
 When next at Italy you peep
 Thro' Cook's Excursions (always cheap),
 To see Art's treasures, heap on heap.
 The City stands upon a jagged,
 Scragged, up-dragged, ragged, cragged
 Cluster of rocks, where, long ago,
 A fierce volcano boiled below;
 Each now and then it mumbled, grumbled,
 Rumbled, blew up, and houses tumbled,
 Men stumbled, or in darkness fumbled,
 Piazzas, streets, to fragments crumbled,
 And in a vast *débris* lay jumbled;
 Thus standing on a former crater,
 No streets could ever be unstraighter
 Than those; they are mere stairway cuttings
 I' the steep rocks, whose massive juttings,
 And vast lapidical abuttings,
 Are dented with these trenchant guttings.

III.

On the tip-top o' the rocky perch
 Stands Sienna's Cathedral Church,
 Italo-Gothic, marble, marbled, painted,
 Adorn'd with frescoes richly teinted,

Carving, mosaic, and inlaid work
 (Most beautiful and highly-paid work),
 Walls, floor, and roof, in every part,
 Are smother'd with results of art,
 Tho' eye may see, and soul imbibe them,
 Ruskin alone could well describe them,
 Forget not too, in that *Cathedral*
 Some half-a-dozen of the *bead-roll*
 Of Popish pontiffs, buried lying,
 'Neath Sculptures vast and edifying.

IV.

But Catherine?—well, we'll come to *her*.
 Up on the other peak or spur
 O' the mountain, bleak, and bare, and dreary,
 Rises St. Dominick's monastery,
 A plain brick building, heavy, ugly,
 'Twixt the two points the city snugly
 Lies in the gap; i' the midst doth *stand* a
 Far-famous fountain—Fontebranda,
 By Dante raised to Fame's high pinnacle.
 A man of tastes and senses finical,
 Would hold his nose in going down
 The street most noted in the town,
 Full of the homes of dyers, skimmers,
 Folks of small wealth and scanty dinners,
 Such poverty-polluted sinners
 As one may see in Seven Dials,
 Or in the daily Bow-street trials.
 The tourist shuns each *offal* sight
 That wounds his feelings, left and right,
 Yet, as the butterfly from worm,
 In foulness glory finds its germ,
 And 'twas from such a wretched place,
 That blessed Catherine rose to grace,
 There is her house still shown, or rather
 Old Benincasa's house (her father).
 But we'll not linger there, her life
 We have to trace; the pruning-knife
 I'll try to wield for once, though never
 In using it have I been clever;
 I leave to critics' great audacity
 The task of stemming my loquacity.

V.

Well, but her life? when born? how nursed?—
 Her starting was the very worst

For one who saintship sought of Heaven
 (Birth-year, one-three-and-forty-seven).
 The youngest she of twenty-five
 Children who did in course arrive
 To Lapa her mamma (her sire
 By occupation was a dyer),
 And Catherine's kin were common folk
 Held in this low world's grosser yoke.
 Of course they fail'd to comprehend her,
 And, tho' they thought their treatment tender,
 To their own wishes tried to bend her,
 And out of wits did almost send her,
 Because they held conviction steady,
 That she was out of them already.
 For when they saw her take to fasting,
 Weep, pray, and watch, for everlasting,
 Indulging, too, in private flogging,
 And every poor monk's footsteps dogging;
 Mark'd her grow thinner than a hurdle,
 And knew she wore an iron girdle,
 And shirt of horsehair—her relations
 With such proceedings had no patience,
 They called it "fudge!" and made her drudge,
 On errands trudge, thro' mud and sludge,
 And yet, I judge, they owed no grudge
 To her, who lamblike bore it all
 Supported by her sacred "call."

VI.

For "call'd" she was, indeed; at five
 Years old, her faith was so alive
 She, when she went upstairs, kept stopping,
 And on her knees most humbly dropping,
 Because she plainly saw upon a
 Step just above, the blest Madonna,
 Then, how she worshipp'd every friar
 And priest, from novice up to prior,
 In Dominick's monastery yonder!
 Ev'n *presence* "made her heart grow fonder."
 Why, she would watch, with gaze devout,
 Monks o' the abbey gate walk out;
 Then, when they'd pass, with sandal *shod*, on
 She'd kiss the very stones they'd *trod* on!

VII.

Visions and ecstacies, you may be certain,
 Catherine had from her earliest youth,

Glimpses behind the mysterious curtain
 That shuts from our sight the pure essence of Truth;
 Heaven its glories unveil'd for her benefit,
 As for Ezekiel and John the Divine,
 Ne'er a "trance medium," ghost-seeing, in *any* fit
 Bask'd in such splendours as she, I opine!
 Saint and apostle would cluster and jostle
 Into her dreams, a celestial crowd;
 Each little cherub sang blythe as a throstle,
 Sweet hymns as he sat on his favourite cloud;
 As she gazed, all amazed,
 While the spacious heavens blazed,
 Head upraised, lips that praised,
 Senses raptured, chain'd, and dazed,
 Still she gazed, gazed, gazed,
 Till people very naturally thought she must be crazed.

VIII.

'Twas in her sixth year, when one day returning,
 Her heart still fill'd with the holiest yearning,
 Our little saintess beheld a sight
 Of ecstasy extra-heavenly bright.
 She looked at the convent,—ah! how she did love it!
 But more at the skies that extended above it,
 For there a light shone, the brightest e'er known,
 I' the midst o' which was a golden throne,
 And on it sat His form divine,
 The Sacred Second of the Trine,
 The robes of Popedom He had on,
 Round him sat Peter, Paul, and John.

IX.

Each year her penances grew harder,
 And more restricted was her larder,
 At seven years old she would hardly eat,
 Gave most of her food to the cats in the street,
 Or else to her brother by way of a treat.
 At thirteen years old she left off meat,
 On getting to twenty, she gave up bread,
 And ate raw vegetables instead.

And as for her food, good lack! 'twas scantier still than her fare,
 For fifteen minutes a day was all that fell to her share,
 Thrice i' the day she flogg'd herself till blood ran down like rain,
 And round her body, both day and night, she wore an iron chain.
 And what, in one of her sex, is stranger still, she held
 Her tongue for three whole years, by will alone compell'd,
 Practice makes perfect in fasting, as in all else, it appears;
 And Catherine learnt at last to go without food for years!

X.

The maidens of Italy marry
 (Unless their plans miscarry),
 From twelve years old to twenty,
 When lovers, however plenty,
 By ones and by driblets *drop* off,
 For Southern charms soon *pop* off,
 And Time sends each amorous *fop* off.
 But Catherine of Sienna
 Hated like salts and senna
 All thoughts of men and marriage,
 And beauty did much disparage,
 For sure, 'tis a snare to marry,
 (Besides, *she* hadn't any),
 Or rather inclined to spoil it
 Than heighten it by the toilet;
 She look'd upon girlish vanity,
 As damning and deadly profanity.

Her married sister tried to make her,
 Pay some regard to her appearance,
 Thus did the Saint awhile forsake her
 Strait path of heavenward perseverance,
 But scarce did such a change begin
 When Catherine saw it was dreadful sin.
 A Saint look smart! to steal the heart
 Of Man in Matrimony's mart!
 The bare thought pierced her like a dart;
 Even the priest would scarce persuade her,
 To see that her sin was not so baleful;
 She, doubting if Heaven itself could aid her,
 Wept tears of penitence by the pailful.
 The sister through whom our Saint thus swerved,
 Died early—a fate of course deserved.

XI.

Besides, wasn't Catherine married already?—you start,
 But more you will start anon, when fully the truth I impart.
 You know at the least, that a nun who the darker veil hath taken,
 Is call'd 'bride of Heaven'—a tie that never can be off-shaken,
 And Catherine's soul, from a babe, on the cloister's life was centred,
 It never could rest till those gates as a novice she had entered,
 Tho' lying ill at the time, she pray'd them to accord her
 The bliss of being a nun of Dominick's holy order.
 Her mother and friends combined to carry her heart's petition,
 And the convent sent a commission to test her for admission;
 'Twas one of the rules o' the order, at least in Sienna's city,
 To shut the doors on candidates who happen'd to be pretty.

And illness now upon Catherine had deeply left its traces,
 (It doesn't improve—not much—the finest and fairest faces,)
 All doubts were set at rest and distrustful feelings *mollified*,
 For they own'd that in *that* respect, at least, she was duly *qualified* ;
 And so, to her joy, the girl became a Dominican sister,
 No doubt, despite her odd ways at home, her parents miss'd her ;
 But family ties are as flax with children of Mother *Church*, friends ;
 They must leave their earthly mothers completely in the *lurch*, friends ;
 And strong i' the faith of her own free will, our Saint didn't falter,
 But sternly sever'd for ever all worldly bonds at the altar.
 Fain would I dwell on her whole career, how, heavenward still aspiring,
 Her fame and glory increased, but the reader might find it tiring,
 It's lucky for him; perchance, I'm bound to a few brief pages,
 Or I might run her history on in volumes, for ages and ages ;
 But all I have time to do is to touch upon points of prominence,
 And show such facts as mark her religious and other predominance.

XII.

Miracles many our Saint achieved,
 Stranger than all the Saints before her,
 Ailments she cured, and pains relieved,
 Making her patients quite adore her ;
 She seemed possessed of a strange facility,
 In deeds of extra impossibility ;
 Once she was giving some wine to the poor,
 Out of a barrel with scarcely a *drain* in it,
 And using her might as a miracle-doer
 She caused it a barrel-full still to contain in it.
 You've heard of those bottles which wizards are *skill'd* with,
 Of seemingly magic, exhaustless interior ?
 So Catherine's cask, and the wine it seem'd *fill'd* with,
 To that first put in it was vastly superior ;
 For she was in charity greatly abounding,
 And even would give what to others belonged,
 Her justification upon the plea grounding
 That charity's right, whosoever is wronged.
 She once gave a beggar a part of her raiment,
 He proved to be Heaven's great King in disguise,
 And gave back the robe, which by way of repayment
 Was cover'd with gems of vast splendour and size.

XIII.

When Catherine's mother was stretch'd on the *bed* of death,
 In mind and in body distracted and sore,
 The Saint interceded, and Lapa, *instead* of death,
 Survived for about half a century more.

Once Catherine at the Sacrament,
 Rose in a visionary trance,
 Her arms stretch'd out to full extent,
 (This is a fact, and no romance)
 Forming beyond all contradiction,
 The figure of the Crucifixion.
 Forth from each hand and foot there came
 A strange and dazzling ray of flame,
 And from her sacred heart the same ;
 A celestial illumination,
 Amounting to Transfiguration.

XIV.

It grieves me, reader orthodox,
 To give your reverent feelings shocks,
 But saints of old could hob and nob,
 Familiar quite with heaven's denizens,
 As with the meaner mundane mob ;
 Not only could they gain the benisons
 Of seraph powers, and have each boon
 Fulfilled both perfectly and soon.
 To Catherine, renown allows
 'Mid all the sainted femininity,
 The name and glory of the spouse
 Of the loved Son of the Divinity !
 I know that I am on a theme
 Which, in some eyes, profane must seem,
 But *I* am not the culprit, *for* it is,
 So written in the best *authorities*.

He wedded her with a ring of gold
 (Invisible to all but her),
 And every time—so we are told—
 She sought her cell—so they aver—
 There did appear, distinct and *nigh* a
 Celestial form—the blest Messiah ;
 And sometimes by his side another
 Form—that of “ his most glorious Mother.”
 He and His spiritual bride
 Oft walked or glided side by side,
 Pacing the lowly cell, by Him
 Made glorious, erst so dim and grim,
 Chanting the while some psalm or hymn
 With chorus of the Cherubim.

XV.

You're right, intelligent peruser,
 'To say such statements *sound* profane,

Doubting them, still you can't refuse her
 The credit of an active brain,
 Which peopled vacancy with glories,
 And caused the most astounding stories.
 Either 'twas thus, or else, indeed,
 Such holy beings *did* accost her
 To serve each heaven-aspiring need,
 Or else—she was a mere impostor.
 Which was it? Let us try the question.
 You won't?—you think your mind's digestion
 Must fain be tax'd beyond its powers,
 Should I keep on for hours and hours
 With psycho-theologic verse,
 Such as my mind loves to immerse
 Itself in—diving out of sight:
 You don't "feel like it?"—p'r'aps you're right.

XVI.

Sackcloth and ashes, cowl and cope,
 Catherine went to fetch the Pope;
 The faithful upon that mission sent her,
 To bid his holiness Rome re-enter;
 The city, for lack of absent Gregory,
 Was in a state of spiritual beggary.
 Luggage of ladies, when they're travelling,
 Causes their cavaliers much cavilling.
 Our Saint's effects were heavy and numb'rous,
 And 'midst her *impedimenta* cumbrous
 A portable altar she used to carry;
 Monk, priest, confessor, and secretary
 Were in her train; she'd a special "bull"
 To give sinners absolution full.
 The Pontiff, deaf on all other occasions,
 Quickly gave in to the Saint's persuasions;
 He left Avignon and went to *Rome* again
Hola! What pleasure to him safe *home* again!

XVIII.

One day in a riot at Florence her piet-
 -y made the insurgents subside and be quiet;
 And did to its duty and reason the *city* call;
 Each rioter straightway slunk back thro' the gateway,
 Which shows the extent of her powers political.

Of Catherine's *works* some are left, but 'twere *irksome*
 To give you long "quotes;" each biographer *shirks* 'em,

Some twenty-six prayers, and of letters four hundred,
 Are there, and their style is a thing to be wonder'd
 At, when we reflect that in reading and writing
 She never took lessons, much more in inditing.
 But heaven vouchsafed her direct inspiration,
 Which surely's the grandest of all education.
 If more you would learn of her story, go to a
 Book written by "Raymond the Blest," of Capua,
 A pious and diligent hagiographer,
 Confessor to Catherine, and her biographer!
 Or if to her shrine you proceed on her visit
 Bow down to each relic, and rev'rently quiz it—
 That scarcely is asking too much of you, is it?

XVIII.

In thirteen-hundred-and-eighty,
 The saint we may nickname "Katey,"
 Expired in Sanctity's odour,
 And, whether by path, or broad road, or
 By-way, or high door, or low door,
 Any door, some door, or no door,
 That Heav'n she enter'd, to sit there
 By virtue so perfectly *fit*, there
 Can be not a spark of dubiety
 To you, who have read of her piety.

Reader, farewell; if you have found, or find
 A difficulty in getting out the pearls
 From these, my rugged oyster-shells of rhyme,
 Lament or curse your own stupidity,
 Or want o' soul, or slavish bowing-down
 To the old laws of prosody and sense
 Bards *once* obey'd; dear Robert, thanks on thanks,
 If I have hardly used thy muse aright,
 If in recondite hintings I have fail'd,
 Fall'n short in crabbed verbal cragginess,
 In ponderous elephantine march of phrase,
 And paradoxical verbosity,—
 If I have been too lucid—too inclined
 To show, not hide, my thoughts—if I have miss'd
 That sweet entanglement, delicious haze,
 And fascinating fogginess, which lends
 Thy works such charm, forgive me, I have *tried*,
 Who does his best, great bard, can do no more.

OVER A GLASS OF GROG.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDRE HERZON.

WE are surrounded in the world by people who are but shadows to us, vague *silhouettes* appearing in our lives for a little, and then vanishing. Their very faces, even their brilliant qualities, are soon forgotten in the changing scene in which we move: for the world is ever changing, though it is always progressing, and like eternity, has no known limit to its progress.

Yet these shadowy forms which cross our path are there in virtue of certain laws. We cannot define these laws, because we never get more than mere glimpses of those with whom we come thus casually into contact. They never assume a definite shape. Memory loses its hold of them as life runs on.

Yet if one sets himself to watch some little incident, to examine one grain of dust out of the whirlwind of life, one drop from the bucket ere it disappears, the same laws and the same forces will be detected in operation as those which produce revolutions of nature in the physical world, and catastrophes in the history of humanity. . . . A tempest in a teacup, which is a phrase often laughed at, resembles more than might be expected a tempest in the ocean.

I.

Last summer I was looking for a country house to rent. Tired with

putting the same eternal questions and getting the same eternal answers, I stepped into a tavern, in front of which there was a pillar, surmounted by a portrait of George IV., wearing a mantle much similar to that which decorates the figure of the King of Clubs, his hair daintily brushed and powdered, and his cheeks of crimson hue. George IV., raised on high like a street lamp, and painted on a large iron plate, announced to passers-by the vicinity of the tavern, not only by his striking portrait, which caught the eye, but also by an intolerable grinding of the hinges on which he hung, which caught the ear.

You could see through the garden gate a little green plot where they were playing at skittles. I went in. Everything was in the usual order—I mean the order usual in such tavern-gardens in the neighbourhood of London—tables and benches covered with trellis work—shells arranged so as to look like old ruins—flowers planted so as to form letters or figures. The tables were full of shop-keepers solemnly occupied in drinking beer in company with their wives (or the wives of other people); and clerks and workmen with pipes in their mouths which they never thought of removing, were hurling about balls as large as cannon-balls in the alley.

I asked for a "grog," and sat down on a bench under the trellis.

A fat waiter, in a black coat much too tight for him, and very far gone with decay, wearing also a pair of black trousers with a greasy gloss on them, turned round suddenly as if he had just burned his fingers, and called to a boy opposite. "John, whisky cold for No. 8." An awkward potboy, horribly defaced with smallpox, brought me my "grog."

Notwithstanding the rapid movements of the fat waiter, I thought I recognized him. I watched him for a little. He was leaning against one of the trees, carefully keeping his back towards me. I began to feel sure I had seen him before, but for the life of me I could not remember where. At length I determined to satisfy my curiosity and taking advantage of a moment when "John" had gone for a pot of beer, I called the waiter.

"Yes, sir!" he replied, from behind the tree, which kept him out of my sight, in the tone used by a man who has to do something disagreeable, but which is inevitable. With the attitude of a general about to deliver up a fortress, he approached me—boldly and majestically—brandishing a dirty napkin to keep himself in countenance. His assumed dignity confirmed me in my opinion, that I was not wrong in thinking he was an old acquaintance.

II.

Three years previously I had been staying for a few days in one of the most aristocratic hotels in the Isle of Wight. Hotels in England are not particularly distinguished either for good wine or for *recherché* cookery. Their chief attraction is their magnificent outside appearance, and the excellent attendance one gets. The servants perform their duties there with all the gravity of councillors of State

of the olden time, or Dutch chamberlains.

The chief waiter in the Royal Hotel was scarcely approachable; supercilious to passing guests, and by no means accommodating to those who came for only a few days, he never condescended to be civil to any but those who were *habitués* of the hotel. No one could accuse him of spoiling by obsequiousness those inexperienced travellers who chose to inquire how it happened that a cutlet and potatoes, followed by a morsel of cheese and a lettuce, should cost five shillings.

When such questions were asked he put on an air of supreme contempt. His every act and word was studied. Every gesture was elaborated. From the depth of his bow, from the expression of his face, from the way in which he said, "Yes, sir," in reply to your call, any stranger in the room might have guessed without difficulty the estimation in which he held you. He had an instinctive art of finding out all about you. One or two glances told him your probable age, your position in society, and enabled him to form a very shrewd estimate of what your hotel bill would amount to.

One day I was sitting in a room in the hotel of which the window was open. I asked if I might smoke in the room. He drew himself up. His hand was on the door. Fixing his eyes on the ceiling, he replied in a voice full of ill-suppressed indignation—"I do not understand what you want, sir!"

"Can I smoke in this room?" I repeated, in a higher tone of voice—the kind of tone that succeeds in England with their "excellencies" who wait at hotel tables, and in Russia with their "excellencies" who wait at the tables of the bureaux of State. But this waiter was not an ordinary

"excellency." He drew himself up without losing countenance, and replied, with all the dignity of a Kariatyguine* playing Coriolanus: "I am unable to say, sir—the question has not arisen during my engagement here. No traveller ever before asked me the question. I shall inform the 'governor,' and bring you his reply."

Of course it is needless to say that the "governor" sent me, in punishment of my insolence, to a *Smoking Room*, the atmosphere of which was too suffocating for me to enter.

With all his hauteur, and in spite of his consciousness of his own dignity, and of the dignity of the Royal Hotel—things which he never forgot for a moment—the waiter at last became exceedingly friendly to me. It is only right to say that this was not due to any merit of mine, but to the fact that he had discovered that I was a Russian. I wonder whether he had any statistical information about the Russian exports of hemp, or tallow, or wheat, or wood from the Crown lands? I can't guess. But he certainly did know that Russia exports to foreign countries an enormous quantity of Princes and Counts, and that all of them have plenty of money. (He knew nothing about the emancipation of the serfs.)

An aristocrat at heart, both by his imagined social position and by instinct, he had learned with pleasure that I was a Russian. To raise himself in my estimation, and make himself agreeable to me, he one day entered into the following conversation with me, playing gracefully all the time with a branch of the ivy that overhung the garden gate.

"Only five days ago, sir, I had

the honour to wait on your Grand Duke, when he came to Osborne with her Majesty the Queen."

"Ah!" said I.

"His Highness took lunch—the Archduke is a very nice young gentleman," added the waiter, closing his eyes with an approving air. So saying he lifted the silver cover from a dish of cauliflower.

* * * *

When I left the hotel, he pointed out my portmanteau to the hall porter with his little finger, and as a parting mark of regard for me, he actually with his own hands lifted my common-place book from the table and handed it to me in the carriage. In taking leave of him I gave him 'half-a-crown in addition to what I had already paid for attendance; but he took no notice whatever of the gift, though it disappeared as if by magic into the pocket of his white waistcoat, which was starched with a perfection that no gentleman's laundress can ever equal.

* * * *

"Surely we are old acquaintances," said I to the waiter, as I sat down on a bench, in the suburbs of London, while he handed me a light.

It was the same man.

"I am here now," said the waiter, who was now very far from resembling either Kariatyguine or Coriolanus.

He had evidently been crushed to the very ground with sorrow. His whole demeanour, his very features, were expressive of suffering. The man had been half killed by misfortune. It pained [me to see him. His coarse red face, which reminded you of a Ukraine watermelon, hung in flabby wrinkles, each of which looked like a separate muscle. His black whiskers, shaved up to the middle of his

* A Russian tragic actor.

cheeks, and dexterously sloped off towards the corners of his lips, were the only monument of the past that remained intact.

He did not, at first, respond to my claim of acquaintanceship.

"I could hardly have believed," I said, as awkwardly as possible.

He looked towards me as a culprit does when taken in the act. Then he looked all round the garden—at the shrubs, at the beer, at the skittle-alley—at the shop-boys and workmen who were playing. No doubt there arose then in his mind's eye the vision of a table gorgeously appointed, at which sat a Grand Duke and a Queen, behind whose chairs he was respectfully bowing; yet before his bodily eyes there was nothing but a garden arranged with all the rigid regularity of a cheap pictorial keepsake, and as trim as a lady's boudoir. His mental vision recalled a *salle à manger* filled with vases and all sorts of splendid ornaments, and hung with rich heavy silk hangings. No doubt he thought of the irreproachable black coat of the olden time, and the white gloves with which he used to hold out the silver salver for payment of the bill—a trying sight for the inexperienced traveller.

But the *reality* present to his sight—how different it was! Noisy brawling players at skittles; a green strewn with the remains of dirty old tobacco-pipes; vulgar gin and water, and beer, and the eternal draught *pale ale*!

"They were other times with me then," he said, at last, "not like the present."

"Waiter!" shouted a half-drunk shop-boy, rattling on the bench with a pewter pot, "a pint of half-and-half. Look sharp!"

My old acquaintance looked piteously at me, and went to fetch the

beer—he looked so humiliated, so ashamed of himself and of his position, and he showed such symptoms of that melancholy which ends in suicide, that my very blood ran cold. The customer paid him in coppers, and I turned away to avoid seeing my friend receiving the customary penny "*pourboir*."

The ice was broken, and he seemed anxious to tell me of the misfortunes which had driven him from the "Royal Hotel" into the "George IV. Tavern." He came back to me of his own accord and said, "I am happy to see you again. I hope you are quite well, sir."

"Quite well, thank you. I am never ill."

"How did you think, sir, of coming to an out-of-the-way place like this?"

"I am looking for a house to live in."

"There are plenty to let hereabouts; there is one a few yards to the right, and another just beyond. I have been very unfortunate. I have lost every farthing that I had gained from my youth upwards. You have heard, no doubt, of the failure at Tipperary. I have lost everything through it. When I read the news of it in the papers, I would not believe it at first. Afterwards I rushed off to a solicitor.

"You need not put yourself to any trouble," he said; "you cannot save anything; you will lose your all; in the meantime hand me six and eightpence for this consultation."

"I walked out into the street. I walked all day, trying to make up my mind what to do. I thought of throwing myself from a cliff into the sea and of drowning my children with me, but when I looked at them I shrank from it. I had not the heart to kill them. I fell

ill—the greatest misfortune that can befall a waiter in a hotel.

“At the end of a week I was able to resume my work. It does not need to be said that my spirits were gone; my misfortunes filled my mind.

“The landlord told me twice that I must look more cheerful—that the gentlemen who came to the house were not all returning from a funeral, and that travellers did not like to be waited on by melancholy-looking attendants like me.

“One day, soon afterwards, I dropped a plate at dinner. I had never done such a thing in my life before. The people laughed. That same night the landlord told me to look out for another situation, as he could not put up with such conduct.

“‘The reason is that I have been ill, sir,’ I replied. ‘I have been——’

“‘Get better then,’ was the reply. ‘We don’t want unwell people here.’

“One remark led to another, and the discussion ended in quarrel. To revenge himself for some things I said, the landlord maligned me in all the other hotels—calling me a drunkard and charging me with insolence. I found it useless to apply for employment. Nobody would have me. At last, changing my name—like a thief—I determined to seek any sort of situation for a time, but the result was the same. I could find none—none—none!

“During this time everything I had, even my wife’s earrings and her brooch, jewels given her by a duchess—whose upper lady’s-maid she had been for four years—everything had to go for it. I had even to pawn my clothes, and you know that clothes are articles of the first necessity for a waiter, for without good clothes he cannot be admitted into any respectable establishment. I have often served in temporary

bars, and I have managed to exist in that wandering sort of life.

“I don’t know how this tavern-keeper consented to take me in (in saying this he looked down at his faded old black suit of clothes), but I am glad to be able to earn a little bread for my children; as for my wife——”

He was silent for a moment. Then resuming, he said—“My wife has now to wash linen *for others*—if you require a laundress, sir, this is her address—she can wash very well—yet in former times—she never had to—but what is the good of thinking of old times?—beggars have no power to choose their work—only it is very hard—for a lady!”

I saw a tear tremble and glisten in his eye. It fell on his bosom, now no longer covered with a waistcoat of clear starched *piqué*.

“Waiter,” shouted a voice in the distance.

“Yes, sir.”

He left, and I did the same.

III.

It was long since I had seen such a case of real affliction. The man was evidently bent down under a weight of misfortune which had broken his life. He did not certainly feel his position any less keenly than any of those decayed nobles who, shipwrecked in this country or in that, take refuge within the shores of England.

Any less keenly?—No, that is not the word for it. He suffered ten times more—nay a hundred times more—than Louis-Philippe, for example, who lived not far from the “George IV. Tavern,” at Claremont.

The great examples of misfortune—those which arrest the attention of the world—are nearly all to be found in the history of extraordinary men. These men have

grander natures than those of common humanity, and they have generally more means of relief from misfortune at their command. The strokes of the axe plied against the stem of an old oak resound through all the forest; but they scarcely stir the top of the giant tree; yet the grass falls to the ground noiselessly under the scythe, and we tread it under foot as we heedlessly pass over it.

I have witnessed so much misery that I have had a sad experience to look back upon. I have seen many of the miserable great, but I felt my heart melt at the sight of this waiter of the "Royal Hotel" fallen into such wretchedness.

Do you know what the word "*beggar*" means in England? It means this—excommunication, such as it was in the middle ages—civil death; contempt from the mob; forced humility; want of legal rights; want of justice; want of protection; deprivation of every right, except that of imploring assistance from your neighbour.

When this man, crushed with shame and fatigue, leaves the "George IV. Tavern" for his lodging, carrying with him the memories of the past and his inward sorrows, what repose will there be for him? His wife will be waiting for him—she who had once been the upper lady's-maid of a duchess, she who was by his conduct reduced to the condition of a washerwoman! How often, too weakened with misery to withstand it, has he sought some comfort for his ills in gin, that only consoler of the poor and the suffer-

ing, the fatal reliever of so many over-burdened minds, of so much sorrow, of so many lives which without it would have been one long immitigable agony, but a process of grief and sorrow buried in the blackness of darkness.

* * * * *

This is all very well, you will say; but why does not the man learn to think less of his worldly position? What real difference is there between the condition of a double or triple-chinned waiter, pampered in a "Royal Hotel," and that of a poor potboy in the "George IV. Tavern"?

To a philosopher the difference may not be very great; but this man was a hotel servant, and philosophers are rare in that class of society. I have tried to remember some of them, but I can only think of two—Æsop and Jean Jacques Rousseau; and Rousseau abandoned this line of life in early youth.

To conclude—Is there any use arguing in that way? Certainly the man would have done better by far if he had shown himself superior to his misfortunes; but what if he could not?

Why could he not? Ask Macaulay, and Lingard, and the other historians. For my own part, rather than answer the question, I should like better to tell you the tale of other sufferers and other beggars.

Ah, yes! I have known miserable sufferers among the great; *and it is just because I have known them, that I reserve my sympathies for the waiter of the "George IV. Tavern."*

BRINDISI TO CAIRO.

BY W. KNIGHTON.

STEAM and its application to travelling have made the world much smaller for us. We can get from country to country with so much ease in these latter days, and with such rapidity, that it is as if the earth were diminished in size, or humanity proportionately increased. What was the journey of months in olden times is now the journey of a week, and in a day we can travel comfortably over distances which our forefathers accomplished in weeks with mighty labour and fatigue.

In a tour of six months' duration, I made a study of Rome, of Jerusalem, and of Athens, and, with the exception of the travelling in the Holy Land and Syria, without much fatigue.

Having become sufficiently acquainted with the monuments and ruins of the Eternal City—having studied, to some extent, its churches and its palaces, its ancient remains and its modern characteristics, its catacombs and its cardinals, its river, its aqueducts, and its streets; having driven through the Campagna, and wandered amongst the streets of Pompeii and of Naples, inspecting the museums, studying the eccentricities of the dead and of the living of Southern Italy, admiring the beauty of nature, and pitying the superstition and squalor of the poor—having sufficiently *done*, in fact, all that had been mapped out for our tour, as regarded Southern Italy—we set our faces towards Egypt.

Large mail steamers ply between Brindisi and Alexandria, and it was by one of these we travelled. I knew well, from former experience, that in Alexandria and Cairo we should still have the civilization of the West around us. Magazines and reviews, newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, can be found in the great cities of Egypt. But when you set your face towards Jerusalem and the Jordan, you are leaving civilization behind you. No more railways, no more reading-rooms. Newspapers become scarce and rare. Magazines, reviews, and new books are few and far between.

It was no new experience to most of us, to find ourselves on board a large mail steamer. The passengers were, therefore, for the most part, curiously unexcited. Sentiment, be it ever so overflowing, cannot be conveniently exchanged in words, for the noise of the escaping steam would drown the efforts of the loudest voice. We are all about to be lodged for some days in a vast floating hotel, shut up with strangers whom we have never seen before, and whom we shall probably never see again. We take it all philosophically. As long as the sea is smooth, the sky blue, and the temperature delightful, as is often the case in the Levant, all is pleasant enough. No one can be miserable under such circumstances. Still there are partings inseparable from this beginning of the voyage, intended to be pathetic.

but too often comic, even in Brindisi. One knows not whether to laugh or cry. Here is a lady in floods of tears, parting with female relatives, who have come all the way to Brindisi to see her embark with her husband for India. She has a red nose and redder eyes, and her husband stands by, not knowing what to say or what to do. She frantically embraces and weeps over her departing relatives, and he, doubtful whether to be pleased or angry, glad or sorry, stands by helpless.

There we see a man, all alone, coming on board in a state of semi-intoxication, not sufficiently drunk to be happy, but struggling under the weight of a ponderous port-manteau, which he will not yield to any one. Porters, stewards, and friendly fellow-passengers in vain endeavour to assist him. He will have no assistance, and evidently looks with suspicion upon every hand that is laid upon that box.

A great rush of steam, a groan and a fizz combined, and we are off—off to cleave the waters of the Levant, the classic sea of Greece and Italy, the mysterious waves that bore the ships that came from Troy, as well as the vessels that contained St. Paul and the Crusaders in times gone by. None can regard such a sea with indifference—none that know anything of history.

The very evening of our departure from Brindisi was rough and stormy. Next to being ill yourself, it is sad to witness the sickness of others, and, if you have any sympathy with unhappy humanity, you cannot fail to feel for those who hurry from the dining-table, bury themselves and their sufferings in their cabins, and there resign themselves to sea-sickness and misery. There is something exceedingly undignified in being rudely rolled about against your *will*, *shaken ignominiously* from

your seat, made to dive here and to plunge there, and to stagger everywhere.

But in the Levant rough weather does not usually last long. In the morning all was quiet again. With the calm sea and the blue sky passengers reappear. They begin to become acquainted with each other. Some pace the deck in the first instance in solitary meditation. Some seat themselves in a retired corner apart, and calmly observe the actions of others. The ladies lean back in the easy chairs on deck, and make remarks upon the sea and the sky, varying the monotony of this exercise with occasional dips into a book, or attempts at some species of laborious idleness ycleped "work." The gentlemen assemble in a little knot to smoke, and then you will hear the universal traveller holding forth to admiration. He has been everywhere, seen everything, and has come, alas! to the conclusion that there is nothing in anything. To him indifferent whether weal or woe. He is equally at home, he assures you, in New Zealand and Naples, in Corfu and in California. To him storms are trifles, and shipwrecks a pleasant variety. He knows the particular venom of each particular breed of mosquitoes, from Norway to Ceylon. He is well up in the details of the latest revolutions in South America, and has a strong impression that all Portuguese are rascals, because a Portuguese half-caste in Calcutta once tried to cheat him in selling a horse. To him travelling is not a means, but an end. He lives to travel, and he travels that he may live. Death were preferable to cessation of locomotion. He abhors rest, and loathes the monotony of domestic life at home. His chief complaint is that the world is growing so small that everything can be *done now-a-days so easily* that the

merit of *doing* it is gradually becoming almost infinitesimal.

But whilst our travelled friend discourses of all nations from China to Peru, a Babel of tongues may be heard from the deck and fore-castle. There are German and Italian sailors as well as English and French. There are pilgrims going to Jerusalem from Central Europe, speaking Polish, Slavonic, and Russian. There are Moslems from Albania and Bosnia going on the pilgrimage to Mecca. They have all come down the Adriatic from Venice and Trieste, from Spalatro and Ragusa, intent on visiting holy places, and on acquiring the merit to be derived from praying there. There is about an equal amount of intelligence in those going to Mecca from Bosnia and Albania, and in those going to Jerusalem from Italy, Germany, Poland, and Slavonia.

There are young men, too, going out to India, to Australia, to China and New Zealand, full of high hopes and great expectations— young men from England, Ireland, and Scotland—too many of them never to return. Our Indian Empire demands its victims in the young life of England, full of ardour, hope, energy, enthusiasm, and enlightenment. Never did any service get so well-educated a band of men to recruit its ranks annually as the Indian Civil Service, and never, perhaps, was there a nobler field for ability and intelligence than in that service.

The ladies on board are a peculiar study. There is a mixture of many nations; and cigarettes, made by dainty fingers, and puffed by female lips, are not uncommon. There is the strong-minded young lady from Manchester, who hardly knows why she is travelling, or whither she is going. She begins "Eöthen" every morning, and never gets beyond the tenth page. When you have

conversed for some time with her, she admits you into the secret that she travels because she was tired of stopping at home. She is not quite sure yet whether she will go up the Nile, or to Mount Sinai, or to Damascus and Palmyra. She is anxious to know whether we shall see Malta, how far it is to Gibraltar, whether the Turks are likely to blockade Alexandria soon, or the Egyptians to attack Jerusalem. She does not much mind for her part. She looks upon all the accidents of life, she assures you, with an eye calm and philosophical.

The children on board are a never-ending source of pleasure and amusement. They lisp in all languages, and are equally engaging in every one. They will romp with you till you are weary, lying in ambush about the companion-ladder to catch you, and giving you a pain in your back by making you carry them about, morning, noon, and night.

There are studies of costume on board, as well as of character. There is the turbaned Turk, with flowing robes, and the stoker, black as coal, with no robes at all and never a cap. There are the stolid, dark-bearded Russian, and the sprightly Tyrolese. All are worthy of study, and, to the eye of the philosopher, the simplest details of life, the tear dropped over a photograph, or the loving care of a poor mother for her child, will afford ample room for reverie, ample foundation for speculation and reflection. As we draw near Alexandria we all become kinder to each other. We know that many of our fellow-passengers we shall never see again. Amid the ever-changing phantasm dreams of life, we know that we shall be sundered far and wide. A few days will scatter us broadcast over the countries in Asia and Africa—some remaining in Egypt, some going up the Nile, some away to Calcutta

and the far East, some to Jaffa and Jerusalem, some to Mount Sinai and the desert, some to Mecca and Medina; and this reflection makes us sad, as all good-byes do that are likely to foreshadow long separations.

We had had only one night of rough weather, the first after we left Brindisi. All the rest of the voyage had been calm sea, blue sky, and an agreeable temperature. It was a pleasure trip of five days.

Arrived in Alexandria, we had to dive into the custom-house, and to experience the tortures of the middle passage from the port to the city. "Give me a rupee, and not have your boxes opened," said an official to me, in Egyptian-English, as I struggled along heavily laden. It was my fourth journey through Egypt, and I knew it was politic to give that rupee. Neither Alexandria nor Cairo was new to me. I acted as guide to our little party—a pleasant occupation when there are docile intelligence and warm appreciation in those thus guided. We saw the lions of Alexandria of course, but I have no intention of inflicting any description of them on my readers now—Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, the Pharos and the new lighthouse, the Cemeteries, the Cape of Figs, the Obelisk, the palace and the park, we saw them all, and then hurried off to Shepherds' Hotel, Cairo. But a few words about the Turks in Egypt before we get there. As elsewhere, so here, Turkish rule has abounded in atrocities, not less terrible, not less cruel, than those recently inflicted on the Christians in Bulgaria.

Sultan Selim I. made himself supreme ruler in Constantinople in 1512, by murdering his father, Bajazet, and his elder brother, Achmet. In 1517, Selim made his appearance in Egypt, defeated the Mamelouks, took Cairo, and gave it up to pillage and slaughter.

The former sovereign, Tuman Bey, made one last effort to regain his power. A great battle was fought, Tuman Bey was defeated, and Selim took 30,000 prisoners. By the conqueror's orders a great theatre, with a magnificent throne in it, was prepared on the banks of the Nile. Selim seated himself upon the throne in royal apparel. All that Turkish magnificence could contrive was exhibited to render the ceremony grand and imposing. A proclamation of Selim, as Sultan of Egypt, was made, and then the 30,000 prisoners were led forth by the Turkish soldiers and slaughtered, one by one, in cold blood, in the sight of the monarch, their dead bodies being thrown into the Nile. More than 60,000 prisoners, chiefly women and children, were sold into slavery at the same time, or distributed as slaves amongst the Turkish soldiers! It was by such acts as these that the Turkish empire was consolidated. Two hundred years afterwards, Mohammed Bey, a successful Turkish general, having put down insurrection in Egypt, marched into Syria, and besieged Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. The insurgent garrison offered to submit if their lives were spared. A negotiation was concluded on this basis, and Mohammed Bey, having got possession of the town, put all his prisoners to death, made a pyramid of heads on the sea-shore, and gave up the town to plunder and rapine.

Turkish history abounds in similar atrocities. No people have ever shown less regard for human life. None have inflicted greater cruelties upon their vanquished enemies; and what Selim and Mohammed Bey did in times past, the Turkish rulers of to-day would do if they were not afraid of Europe.

Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present ruling family in Egypt, was born in 1768 at Cavala, a small

town in Roumelia. He was poor and an orphan, and, having made his way to Constantinople, became a boatman there. An Armenian banker lent him some money, with which he returned to Cavala, and set up in business as a tobacconist. He soon mixed himself up in the political quarrels of the village, befriended the ruling pasha by art and chicanery, and got his daughter in marriage. When the Porte sent some troops to Egypt, Mehemet Ali went with them as lieutenant, and there he rose, step by step, until he became the ruler of the country, which he never left. At forty-five years of age he learned to read from a slave in his own harem. He was a man of singular ability; he introduced roads, schools, and manufactures into Egypt. He massacred the Mamelouks, who had been the cause of so many revolutions, and he set his master, the Sultan, at defiance. His son, Ibrahim, was sent with an army into Syria, which he conquered, and, had he not been stopped by England, would probably have made his way to Constantinople. Mehemet Ali's was a wonderful career. He was fond of comparing himself with Napoleon. He was emulous of French military glory and French prowess, and his slaughter of between fifteen and twenty thousand Mamelouks was but an interlude in a career generally beneficent and almost uniformly successful.

Achmet Bey was sent into Egypt by the Sultan, as *defterdar*, or superintendent. Mehemet Ali gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him one of his own dependents. The nature of the Turk, pure and simple, was seen in Achmet Bey. His manners were agreeable in society, but his eyes were cruel. "He had," says Madame Olympe Audouard, in her "*Mystères de l'Égypte*"—"he had the blood of the tiger or of the

panther in his veins. He had a peculiar pleasure in the sight of blood. His soldiers trembled before him, for he had the power of life and death over them, and this power he used mercilessly." One day he was walking in Cairo, not far from the spot where Shepheard's Hotel now stands, and he saw a poor woman disputing with one of his soldiers. "What is it?" he asked. "That man," said she, "bought from me five piastres' worth of milk, and he will not pay me." "It is false," said the soldier; "I bought no milk from her." "Liar!" she retorted, "you have drunk a large draught of it within the last ten minutes." Achmet Bey asked the soldier again if it was true, and the soldier denied it. "We will see," said Achmet, and thereupon he gave orders to his attendants to throw down the soldier and to open his stomach. The order was obeyed. The milk was apparent. Achmet Bey took out his purse and paid the poor woman, saying to her, "You were right." He then walked off, with his attendants, leaving the miserable wretch of a soldier writhing on the ground in the agonies of death.

When in Upper Egypt, it was a common pastime of Achmet Bey to attach the poor fellahs (the cultivators of the soil) to the mouths of his cannon, for the smallest offences, and to see them himself blown to pieces. When he wanted ink, in travelling through the desert, he had a man's head cut off, his brains removed from the skull, and his blood poured into it, which he used as ink. "I have these details," says Madame Audouard, "from a French officer who accompanied the *defterdar* to Sennaar." And again, in another place, she says (page 111), "I guarantee the authenticity of these facts; they are well known in Egypt, and I have them from men who were with the *defterdar*."

Madame Audouard was resident for many years in Egypt, her husband having been one of the chief engineers who aided M. de Lesseps in the construction of the Suez Canal.

It was in the Palace of the Esbekyah, not far from Shepheard's Hotel, that Achmet Bey lived when in Cairo, and it was there that he was finally poisoned by his wife, the daughter of Mehemet Ali.

Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali, lived only sixty-five days after his father. It was unfortunate for Egypt that he did not reign longer. He was brave and energetic, and he would probably have carried out the improvements of his father had he lived.

He succeeded in 1849 by his nephew, Abbas Pasha, a cruel man and a coward; a man sunk in vice, fierce and arrogant, who inflicted barbarous humiliation upon all the nobility of Egypt who came into contact with him. Many Europeans resident in Cairo remember him well, and you may hear much of him in Shepheard's Hotel, when men are smoking their cigars after dinner on the platform in front of the hall-door, facing the street.

Abbas Pasha was one day in the garden of one of his palaces, on the banks of the Nile. A new rifle was brought to him from Paris. It was a breech-loader and strongly recommended. "Load it with ball," said the Pasha, and, taking it up, he looked round for something to fire at. A poor woman was on the opposite side of the Nile. She had just filled her water-pot, and balancing it on her head, after the manner of her country, she was walking up the bank, when Abbas Pasha took aim at her and fired. The ball penetrated the spine between the shoulder blades, and she fell writhing in a death-agony to the ground. "Yes," said the Pasha, returning the rifle to his attendant, "I like

it well—it carries admirably. I will buy it," and so saying he walked up to the palace, without a thought bestowed upon the poor woman. Such is despotism! Yet this man had been Governor of Cairo, and *kayah* or minister of justice!

Knowing how he was hated, and inspired by constant dread of assassination, Abbas ordered that all officers who came to see him should leave their weapons in the ante-chamber; nay, further, strangers were searched before being admitted to an audience, to see that they had no arms concealed about their persons! All that Mehemet Ali had done to introduce civilization into Egypt was suspended, or undone, by Abbas Pasha. Schools were closed, manufactures, that did not yield an immediate profit, were suspended, and all the funds devoted to public works were diverted into his private exchequer. He was naturally cruel, and it is said that he sat close by, watching the punishment, whilst five hundred lashes of the *courbache*, a terrible kind of whip made of rhinoceros hide, were inflicted upon a poor dancing girl named Soffia, who had offended him. She died that night.

A French officer was dining with Abbas on one occasion, in a kiosk on the banks of the Nile. During the dinner a horrible sound came from the apartment below. "What," exclaimed the French officer, in horror, "are they strangling some one there?" "Certainly not, in such a place and at such a time," said Abbas; "taste this champagne, I do not think you have drunk better in France." Again the same horrible sound was heard, and yet again, whilst the revel proceeded as if nothing unusual had happened. Three women had been strangled in the room below during that dinner, and when an officer of the household came to tell the Pasha

that his orders had been obeyed, and that all was over, his reply was simply, "It is well." He saw no incongruity himself in the time or place for the execution, for he had himself given the order!

He was strangled at last by two attendants, bribed thereto by his aunt, the widow of Achmet Bey—the same woman who had poisoned her husband, and who had opposed Abbas Pasha's elevation to the throne. After a life of crime and debauchery, she too died in Cairo, in the odour of Moslem sanctity. The two attendants who murdered Abbas were subsequently seized and executed, under the reign of his brother Said Pasha, who succeeded him in 1854—the widow having betrayed them.

It was under Said Pasha that the Suez Canal was commenced. He endeavoured to carry out the reforms of Mehemet Ali and to undo the evil that had been done by his predecessor. The people of Egypt loved Said because he was good to them. He lightened the taxes as much as possible. He was generous and amiable—although not without those vices peculiar to Oriental luxury, which were common to all these princes. Said Pasha was not murdered. He died peaceably, of fever, after a long illness, in 1863, and was succeeded by his nephew, the present Viceroy, Ismail Pasha. When his courtiers saw that there was no hope of recovery, they forsook Said Pasha in a mass, and went off to pay their respects to the rising sun, his nephew, and when Said was dead, his corpse was interred, without splendour, without ostentation, without expense. The finances of Egypt, many thought, were about to be placed upon a proper footing. This economy in the burial of the defunct Viceroy proved it. Ismail Pasha was evidently a man determined to put

down unnecessary expenses. And now Ismail Pasha has thirty palaces in Lower Egypt alone, three hundred wives, and four hundred and fifty concubines!

Such are the tales, connected with modern Egyptian history, which the traveller may hear in Shephard's Hotel from the European residents in Cairo and Alexandria. In Shephard's Hotel, Englishmen especially congregate. There you may see the Anglo-Indian, yellow and debilitated, fresh from Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, looking as if he had lived upon curries and mangoes all his life; and there too you may see the young man fresh from England, going out to try his fortune in the far East, to find, alas! that the pagoda tree has long ceased to blossom, and that rupees are a delusion and a snare. There, too, you may see passengers from Australia, China, and the Straits Settlements, pressing on to England after years of exile, and others, generally younger men, hurrying off to the same distant regions, full of ambitious hopes and ardent fancies.

Shephard's Hotel consists of a series of long ranges of rooms, with galleries, into which the rooms open, attended each by a native servant, always ready when called—Hassan, or Abdoollah, or Ala Deen, as the case may be, names with which the Arabian Nights have made us all familiar, although the last of them has been transformed into Aladdin. There is a dining-room in Shephard's Hotel, capable of accommodating a hundred and fifty guests, and the provisions supplied are of the best. In the garden adjoining, there is a small menagerie of rare animals, amongst which two pelicans stalk proudly about, as if convinced that the whole establishment was provided for their entertainment. In the early morning these pelicans utter the most dis-

cordant sounds, a cry something between a railway whistle and the sharpening of a saw. A gentleman and his wife lately occupied one of the chambers opening upon the garden. It was very early in the morning. The gentleman, after the manner of Anglo-Indians, was indulging in a cigar and a cup of coffee. There were two beds in this room, and his wife was slumbering in the bed furthest from the garden. As he sat near the open window one of the pelicans uttered its unearthly cry. The wife, roused from her slumber turned round, and asked "What did you say?" and not getting a reply, went off to sleep again. Once more the pelican without lifted up his voice more vigorously than ever. "Eh, what did you say, my dear?" asked the wife again, starting up from her slumber.

There is a good tale told in Cairo, relative to the accession of the present Viceroy and the death of the late Said Pasha, which is, I believe, quite true. He who first announces the death of the former ruler, and the accession of the new one is promoted immediately. If a simple effendi—a plain Mr.—he is made a bey; if a bey, he is made a pasha. Said Pasha was lying very ill of fever in his palace near Alexandria. Ismail Pasha, his nephew and successor, was in Cairo, and was naturally anxious to hear the first news of Said's death, so he ordered Bessi Bey, the head of the telegraph department, to remain at his post (when the news came that Said's illness was sure to be fatal, and that the doctors held out no hopes of his recovery), in order that immediate information might be given to him of his uncle's decease. For eight-and-forty hours Bessi Bey sat in the telegraph office, awaiting the anticipated dispatch, and yet it came not. At length, worn out with fatigue, he called a

subordinate, Dahadeen, a simple effendi, and told him to watch the wires, whilst he, Bessi Bey, went to the Oriental Hotel close by, to get some sleep. Bessi Bey wanted to be made a pasha, and to get into the favour of the new Viceroy. Dahadeen promised compliance. The moment the news came of the death of Said Pasha he was to hasten with it to the Oriental Hotel. A conveyance was left ready for him, and "I will give you five hundred francs," said Bessi Bey, "if you perform this service for me faithfully." With Oriental servility Dahadeen promised compliance.

Bessi Bey went off thereupon to sleep at the Oriental Hotel, and Dahadeen took his post in the telegraph office. And whilst Bessi Bey slept the news came. Said Pasha was dead; Ismail was ruler of the land of Egypt. Now Dahadeen wanted to become a bey, so he took the despatch, which simply announced the death, and drove off at once to Ismail with it. He threw himself at the feet of the new Viceroy, and presented to him the telegraphic message. Ismail was much moved. His hopes were crowned at last. "Rise," said he, letting the paper fall from his hands, "you are a bey, Dahadeen."

Dahadeen took up the paper as he rose from the ground, and, with many salaams, retired from the presence. He then began to think of the five hundred francs. So he folded up the message again, replaced it in the envelope, and drove off to the Oriental Hotel. He wakened Bessi Bey, and gave him the message. Bessi Bey was delighted. He saw himself a pasha, and so he hastened to prepare for the interview with the new Viceroy, who he knew was anxiously awaiting the news.

"But the five hundred francs, bey," suggested Dahadeen.

"They are here ready for you," said Bessi Bey, giving him the amount in gold: and so, full of hope, the bey drove off, with the telegraphic message in his hand, to Ismail Pasha.

He was soon admitted to the presence. The new Viceroy thought the bey had something of importance to communicate to him. But when he saw the message, he said with anger, "What is this? Have I not seen this already? Art thou not a fool, Bessi Bey, to disturb me thus with this twice-told tale? Begone!"

Bessi Bey, crestfallen, drove off in search of Dahadeen, and reproached him bitterly for his dishonesty.

"Speak with some respect, bey, for your order," said Dahadeen, "for I too am a bey."

Bessi Bey changed his tone at once, and he had reason, for Dahadeen Bey was, in a few days, governor of a province, whilst Bessi Bey was still but the head of the telegraph office in Cairo.

The European merchants from Alexandria are often to be met with at Shepheard's Hotel, and they have much to tell of the viceroys and their palace there—many of the secrets of the latter not being fit for the ears or eyes of the readers of the *Dublin University Magazine*. It is not uncommon to meet at the *table d'hôte* dilettanti travellers, who are critically studying Egypt; men who go about note-book in hand, jotting down all about the mummies and the Nile, the museum at Boulak, and the pyramids, and the Moslem habits and customs. Many of these latter travellers are Americans. The Viceroy has many Americans in his service, particularly in his army; and, amid the numerous improvements that are being carried out in the country, and the rapid advancement unquestionably in progress, a good deal is to be attri-

buted to the influence of the Americans in the Viceroy's service.

In Shepheard's Hotel, too, you may meet sportsmen from England and the United States, bent on an expedition to Abyssinia or Soudan, others going up the Nile to enjoy the winter climate of Upper Egypt, busy in engaging boats and equipping them for the voyage. Very miscellaneous is the collection of guests one meets at the dinner-table, and very miscellaneous the customs and habits of those guests. The utmost refinement of aristocratic life in France and England, side by side with the vulgarity of the uneducated shopkeeper, who has amassed a fortune in trade, honest or dishonest, from London, from Paris, from New York, from San Francisco, or from Melbourne. In short, in Shepheard's Hotel we have a European house, with the American hotel system in full swing; a European house, with African jugglers performing at the door; a European house, with pelicans screaming in the garden; a European house, with Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, Americans, and Levanters, all living amicably together in it, meeting every evening to feed together—a menagerie of peaceful inhabitants that show their teeth only to the food. Lazy servants, in Oriental costume, who attend the bedrooms, sweep past the trim German or French waiter in unexceptionable black. Mosquitoes and fleas abound. The bricklayers on the roofs opposite are in blue and white nightgowns as they build, and everything is as unlike the ordinary routine of Paris or London as possible, whilst the great aim of the rulers of the house is to make everything as like as possible to the routine in the great European capitals.

Not far from Shepheard's Hotel is the Esbekyah, the Kensington Gardens or Phoenix Park of Cairo.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson calls it the Uzbekeüh, the correct rendering of the Arabic name, but an appellation under which it would hardly be recognized by the Frank population of Cairo. The Esbekyah is a place of gardens and fountains, of walks and shrubberies, of pools of water, of artificial hills and rocks and cascades, with more than one *restaurant* after the French fashion, within its boundaries. All those in the broad walk outside the gardens, bounded by acacias and sycamores, and in the adjacent palace, and in fact the whole neighbourhood, are in a state of marvellous excitement when the Festival of the Prophet takes place, an annual festival highly esteemed by the orthodox. The sacred carpet has been sent to Mecca to be laid on the tomb of the prophet. The procession has returned and has to be welcomed, and all Cairo turns out to see it. It is April. An hour after sunset we are walking between two rows of tents, all pouring out light from the interior. It is like a great Oriental fair. Four tall masts, with an abundance of rigging, and adorned with numerous lamps, the gifts of the faithful, are in the centre. This is called the Kayim. The light from these lamps is poured down, in a bright stream, upon turbans and tarbooshes, upon hats and wide-awakes, and diminutive nightcaps, and bare heads—a moving mass. In the tents are dervishes, supposed to be holy, performing the most extraordinary of devotions. Here we see two or three of them, bounding frantically up and down like india-rubber balls. In another tent greasy dervishes of blameless sanctity are pouring out their souls in perspiration under piles of cloaks and blankets. And this, too, is a form of their devotion. In a large tent, brilliantly lit up with a wooden chandelier, sit thirty of these monks in a circle, chat-

tering incessantly, whilst a white-bearded dervish of peculiar Moslem holiness is silently getting up the steam of his devotion. He begins at length a measured chant, the chattering ceases, and the thirty heads, all keeping time, turn slowly to the left, and look over the thirty shoulders. "Al," is shouted over the left shoulder, and then the thirty heads turn as on a pivot to the right shoulder and complete the word—"lah." "Al"—again to the left, and "lah" to the right, and so on, ever getting faster and faster, as the white beard in the centre becomes more demonstrative. Faster to the left, faster to the right, "Al"—"lah." "Al"—"lah," ever faster and faster, as if the thirty dervishes were trying to shake off their thirty heads, until it becomes a mere grunt, a howl, an unintelligible babble. The excitement becomes more intense. The thirty dervishes can no longer remain seated on the ground. They rise, still wagging their heads incessantly, while their eyes roll, and their beards wag, and the wild grunt, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" goes on with undistinguishable rapidity. The turbans fall off, and the tongues loll out, and the faces are hideous, and all are steaming with perspiration—he in the middle most of all. At length one falls and is dragged out with scant ceremony by two of the others. Then begins a ducking of the head forward and downwards, as the mouth shouts still, "Allah! Allah!" It looks as if they were trying to hit their knees with their heads. And another and another falls, and is dragged out, until one is too disgusted to look on further and walks off. These are the howling dervishes. The dancing dervishes spin round and round until they fall in hideous exhaustion, bathed in perspiration, an unpleasant sight.

Every year, as I have said, a

caravan leaves Cairo for Mecca and Medina. This pilgrimage every devout Mussulman ought to perform himself, at least once in his life, and, having performed it, every devout Mussulman lets it be known to all the world in his dress, in the decoration, of his house, in his air, manner, and bearing, and in the title of *Hadji* which he thenceforth assumes. Thousands set out on this pilgrimage from Morocco and Fez in the far west, from Singapore and Calcutta in the far east, and of these thousands, many are lost by cholera, the plague, fever, want, exposure, the sun by day, and the dew and moon by night. The equanimity with which Arabs, Turks, Moors, Egyptians, Affghans, Patans, and Moslem Malays can see their compatriots dying around them is truly wonderful. But then pilgrims on such a journey are supposed, when they die, to go direct to heaven.

It is in November that the Egyptian pilgrim caravan starts from "The Lake of the Pilgrims," about eleven miles north of Cairo. There is a grand procession through the streets of Cairo previously, in which the covering of embroidered brocade intended for the Kaaba at Mecca, is displayed. This procession is something like an Egyptian Lord Mayor's Show. It is a combination of military music, displays of horses and camels, fine dresses, banners, and religious emblems, all incongruously mixed up together. The banners are those of the dervish guilds—a most important portion of Cairo society, and the most fanatical. The mixture of religious emblems and devices with so incongruous a display drew forth a protest from a devout Wahali, Saoud the holy, who thus wrote to Selim Sultan—"I desire that in ensuing years you will give orders to the Pashas of Sham (Damascus) and Masr (Egypt) not to come,

being accompanied in the Mahmal procession with trumpets, drums and banners, into Mecca and Medina. For why? Religion is not profited by these things. Peace be between us, and may the blessing of God be upon you. Dated on the 10th day of Mohurram." (May 3rd, 1803).

Once the Mahmal procession was conveyed by rail to Suez, and by steamer to Jeddah, the port of Mecca on the Red Sea. This was in the reign, and by the orders, of the eccentric Said Pasha. Well might the Egyptians believe, as many of them did, that nothing less than the end of the world could follow so portentous an innovation!

When the procession has reached Abassiah, the military station in the northern outskirts of Cairo, it usually remains there for three days. Here are pitched for some time, on the edge of the desert, the tents of the Bashi-Bazouks, who form annually the guard of the caravan. There are in Egypt about four hundred of these irregular troops, permanently settled. They are chiefly Asiatics now, but in the time of Mehemet Ali, they were principally Albanians. They were then much more numerous.

These Bashi-Bazouks are usually scattered about in the provinces, but, as the time for the pilgrimage draws near, they promptly obey the summons to assemble at Cairo, in order that a sufficient force may be ready for the protection of the Mahmal, the pilgrims, and their moving treasury. In picturesqueness of costume, which they particularly affect, these troops are to be distinguished from all other arms of the service in Egypt. They have been lately engaged in the Khedive's expedition into Darfour, where their appearance, dash and merciless character, strike terror into their enemies. They are said

besides to bear changes of climate better than the native Egyptians.

When the whole company, guards, dervishes, pilgrims, and animals accompanying them, have been mustered at the Lake of the Pilgrims, the caravan starts, about the middle of November. The Lake of the Pilgrims is a lake but in name. Its waters have long since been dried up. It is the point where the valley, clothed with palm and Indian corn, joins the arid, sterile, sandy desert. The scene at the encampment is full of interest during the hours that precede the start, and the departure is far more impressive a scene than the pageant on the return of the caravan that parades through the streets of the city.

Khaliphs and sultans, in bygone days, have led forth similar caravans glittering with barbaric pomp and gold, from this very spot. In the eighth century the equipage of one of the sultans of Egypt consisted of five hundred camels for the transport of sweetmeats and confectionery alone, we are told; two hundred and eighty for pomegranates, almonds, and other fruits; whilst the travelling larder was supplied by three thousand fowls and a thousand geese. The wardrobe of Suliman the Magnificent alone is said to have laden nine hundred camels, and Haroun al Raschid, who performed the pilgrimage nine times, completed the journey from Mecca to Bagdad on foot, his wife accompanying him, and fine carpets being daily spread along the desert for them to walk upon.

About noon the gun is fired which gives the signal for departure. Then ensues a busy scene of leave-taking and mounting. In another hour the pilgrim train is slowly moving forwards towards the range of the Mokuttam hills, bidding farewell

for many a day to the fleshpots of Egypt.

And now for the order of march. First the Delil, or chief guide of the pilgrims, then a body of irregular soldiers, then the camels bearing the sacred gifts, all richly caparisoned, then the religious officers and dervishes, and lastly the miscellaneous body of the pilgrims. An officer called the Father of Sweets brings up the rear, bearing a rod of office which is often used upon sleepy pilgrims. He is a man of eloquence and of popularity, whose religious utterances have gained for him this post. Many fitters for females may be seen amongst the body of the pilgrims, and camels, horses, donkeys and mules are all usually to be seen in great numbers, either carrying supplies or bearing the pilgrims. It is said that the mother of the Khedive has formed the resolution to accomplish the Hadj, or pilgrimage, next year.

Amongst the pilgrims this winter was one of the Bashi-Bazouks from Turkey, lately arrived from the scenes of bloodshed and pillage. He has been, all the way from Bulgaria to Cairo, a chief authority in the khans and caravan serais upon the Eastern question. Wounded in three places, but not severely, he quitted the scene of unholy brigandage with the sum of two hundred pounds, his share of the plunder. Leaving half of this sum with his family in Asia Minor, he crossed to Egypt with the remainder, to join the motley band of Moslems from all parts who visit Egypt to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca. This religious duty fulfilled, his intention is said to be to return to the scene of war, with all the added sanctity of a Hadji. Thus it is that the concourse is swollen by devotees from various climes, all urged on by the spirit of religious fanaticism

to visit the sacred cities. But many cannot go in person to Mecca and Medina. They send presents there instead, and these presents are intended to enrich and ornament the tomb of the Prophet, or to assist in its preservation and maintenance. In Cairo, a sacred carpet is annually dedicated to the reception of these presents, and this carpet is supposed to be endowed with peculiar sanctity.

The fête day of the Prophet in Egypt is the first day of the Arab month *Rahi-el-Vouel*, and the feast itself is called the feast of *Moulllet-el-Nebi*. The sacred carpet is brought back in time for this feast. When the chief of the Moslem faith in Cairo rides out to Bassaout to meet the returning pilgrimage and the sacred carpet, great is the excitement all round the Esbekyah, and every one is on the alert in Shepheard's Hotel. The donkey-boys are unusually active. The carpet is brought in great state, with warlike procession, bands, religious enthusiasm, and popular commotion, to the citadel, in the first place. There, at the door of the magnificent mosque built by Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy receives it, bowing again and again as the holy carpet is brought forward. The head Imaun sweeps off his horse with a grand air, prayers are said, and the holy carpet is again conducted to the citadel. Thence it is conveyed in great state to the mosque of Kaloum, in old Cairo, an ancient and venerable pile.

Thousands are assembled along the route. Some are on the top of an old wall, some on trees, some on house-tops, some in carriages. Oranges, sherbet, and sweetmeats are sold in the crowd, and as the flags are seen coming from the direction of the Iron Gate, and as the military music is heard, great is the excitement, wonderful the enthusiasm. The flags are chiefly

green, inscribed in gold with verses from the Koran. The bands of music are from all arms of the service, and, strangely commingled with them, are dervishes of all shades of sanctity—greasy-looking fellows, many of them half-clothed, wild with excitement and religious enthusiasm.

And now takes place a curious scene—a curious and a barbaric. Two and two, in a long line, the near hands of each pair clasped together, and the other hands resting on the shoulders of those in front, down there comes from the citadel, rushing through the lane of human beings, a torrent of some hundreds of young dervishes. As they roll along, they sway with an uniform automatic movement, from side to side, gasping out, "Allah! Allah!" They are pale, with wild, excited eyes, and they are bathed in perspiration. They appear to be drunk with fanaticism—some, perhaps, with some more material drug—helping them to go through their pious and perilous enterprise.

Suddenly the band of young dervishes, men apparently from eighteen to thirty years of age, is arrested in its headlong career, and in its monotonous swinging. They now occupy the road from Esbekyah to the old Mosque of Kaloum. They stop and prostrate themselves upon the ground, lying flat on their faces, side by side, as close together as possible—a living pavement, a sort of human corduroy road. Busy officials run to and fro to fit this living pavement neatly together, here adjusting a leg and there an arm. Yet the prostrate forms are not motionless; a quivering is perceptible in the legs—a quivering that runs up through the bodies, the result of fanaticism and excitement, perhaps also of fear. The faces are moved from side to side, the noses rubbing in the dust, whilst the name of Allah is grunted

out, in sing-song fashion, monotonously. Some of the bystanders are gradually infected with the same spirit of swinish fanaticism, and go down amongst the dervishes, wedging themselves in.

And now there is a murmur, a shout, and silence again, whilst the eager crowd of spectators strains forward. A stout man, on a powerful white horse, surrounded by about a dozen attendants on foot, passes over the prostrate forms at a quick walk. It is the Chief Imaun, on his white charger, bearing the sacred carpet. The dervishes beneath receive the horse's hoofs upon their backs, and as the crushing weight comes down upon them, you see the heads and feet often thrown up, the miserable men writhing like worms. The holy man with his holy carpet rides on, and the friends of the miserable dervishes rush forward to raise them and to inspire them with fresh enthusiasm, and to tend their wounds, if there are any. "Declare the Unity of God," they whisper in their ears, as they raise the dervishes. Some have swooned, some groan aloud, from the mouths and lips of some the blood is gushing. "Declare the Unity of God!" is still urged upon them, until some pious ejacu-

lation bursts forth. Those who are wounded are supposed to have thereby attained peculiar sanctity. It is a horrible spectacle, and it is sad and humiliating to think that religion can descend to such barbarities. Fanaticism, faith, enthusiasm are all strong in the majority of these miserable dervishes. They would give their lives for their faith. What can man do more? As to those who die, in consequence of the injuries they receive in this ceremony, they go straight to Paradise. The others, too, who are wounded less severely, will go to Paradise in good time. Are we not all in the hands of fate? Such is the Moslem creed.

It seems strange that the present Viceroy, Ismail Pasha, a man of enlightenment and of education, should not abolish this horrible custom. He was educated in Paris, and has proved himself an able ruler and a zealous reformer of abuses, albeit somewhat extravagant in his reforms. Now this ceremony is peculiar to Egypt. It does not obtain elsewhere. It is not commanded in the Koran. Why not abolish it, then? Religious fanaticism, I fear, is too strong even for the Khedive.

AUNT PATTY'S PATTENS.

THEY hang rusting on the wall, like the Pilgrim's staff, and the Knight's good sword, and many another symbol of heroisms that have had their day, done their work, and passed for ever into the limbo of forgotten things. They, too, recall homely virtues gone out of fashion with this mad whirling world, as much as the piety of the palmer, and the valour of the paladin: industry, frugality, sobriety of adornment, reticence of speech. Last extant exemplar of notable women was she whose neat ancles they bore so many years, with unspecked hose through the miry ways of life, on errands of duty, and errands of charity; to church and market and friendly tea-drinking. Notable for this, perhaps most of all—the contrast in manners, habits and aims, with those of the epicene creature hovering between petticoats and pantalettes, it is given to this generation to see mincing along on military heels in aimless idleness, as though life had no duties, and time was not a trust to be accounted for.

How many years—but no: far from me be it to rudely tear the veil from a secret she contrived to keep from the final confidant of mortals—the sexton; laughing in the face, as it were, of that old grubber and unearther of dates, in a dateless tombstone. “Martha Brown, *vixit et obiit.*” (lived and died)—was her curt record on mortality's marble register. A more ruthless hand than mine must it be that would brush the bloom of hypothetical

youth from the venerated relics that rest beneath.

Less from the malice of fortune than her own indomitable love of independence did my Aunt Patty bear her maiden name with her to the tomb. She was eminently personable, and far from wanting in charms yet more alluring to prudent youth. Indeed, such a loadstone did the fertile acres she inherited jointly with an only brother prove, that it is related, Miss Martha had on several occasions to use more than gentle means to repel the suitors they attracted. Notably one was spoken of, who, presuming on the advantage given him by a chance encounter in a muddy lane—which prevented the lady's taking to her heels, as under similar circumstances she was wont to do—urged his suit with such ardour that, milder arguments failing, she flung one patten at his head, and hopped indignantly home on the other.

But it is time to relate how my Aunt Patty's Pattens became one of the heirlooms of the family of Brown.

My father was the most diffident of men; a quality his descendant has inherited, as the discerning reader must have already discovered. Early in life he came into possession (jointly with his sister, as before stated) of Dale Farm, whose whereabouts it is needless to indicate with more precision. The pair, little more than boy and girl, started in life abundantly blessed with the spirits and hopes of youth

and health, and none could then have anticipated that middle age would steal upon them and find both unchanged in condition. Yet so it was. The score or so of years flew by unruffled, save by the small cares which are inseparable from rural occupations. Now and then the pip got amongst Martha's poultry, or the rust into her brother's wheat; but the revolution of the seasons invariably righted matters, and a satisfactory balance-sheet wound up the year.

Yet—what bed of roses but has its crumpled leaf?—there was one theme both brooded over constantly in secret, but seldom indeed approached even in speech. What was to become of the cherished homestead when they were gone?—That strangers should turn the furrow which had been turned by more generations of Farmer Browns than they could reckon up, and come to sit on the familiar hearth and call it *theirs*, was a mote in the sunshine, a skeleton at the feast, a spectre that would not be laid, but intruded more frequently as the years rolled on. It visited both; but Martha it principally troubled. Woman-like, her associations with their household gods were more intimate than her brother's, and she was proportionately troubled over their prospective desecration.

The brother and sister lived in great harmony, notwithstanding the angularities that grow upon spinsterhood and bachelorhood. In truth, their association from childhood had been so close, and so little disturbed from without, that they might have been deemed a couple of old maids, or a pair of old bachelors, as occasion or circumstances evoked the idiosyncrasy of either sex. If Jonathan could not brook being kept waiting for dinner, Martha was equally impatient of unpunctuality, so that *there* was really no difference of

opinion to quarrel about. If the sister was chary of the advances of the one sex, the brother was equally shy of the other.

Yet out of this agreement arose the only difference between them. Martha was secretly desirous of seeing the yoke she evaded herself, fitted to Jonathan's shoulders. Possibly it was as much to secure a tenure *in perpetuum* for her cherished lares and penates, as for her brother's happiness—who knows? human motives are so mixed—that often by covert hints and cunning devices, of which the least practised of the sex are so fertile, she threw the suggestion in his way.

It occurred to Miss Patty to find the long winter evenings lonely, as she sat at her sewing on one side of the fireplace, and Jonathan smoked his pipe, and conned the *County Chronicle* in silence on the other. So she took to inviting a young neighbour to bear her company in a cup of tea and sociable chat. Had his sister adopted a wild cat for a pet, and introduced the creature without warning to a corner of the hearthrug, Jonathan could not have been more scared, the first time he came in from his rounds on the farm, and found Nancy Green, seated at the tea-table. But there wasn't a hair of the wild cat in Nancy's coat, who was almost as much in awe of "Mr. Jonathan" as the latter was of every mortal thing in petticoats, except his sister. She sat and purred as demurely as the tamest of household pets, never venturing on a word—scarcely a glance—to the middle-aged man, whose face, like a big, bashful schoolboy's, hid itself away behind his broadsheet.

This aspect of things was not promising; but Nancy, seeing the ogre didn't eat her up at once, in time began to lose her dread of him, and to prattle away as freely as if "Mr. Jonathan" were out of ear-

shot. Patty, with the discretion of her sex—how discreet they can be on occasion!—forbore any active attempts to draw the bashful man into the trap, but contented herself with setting the spring. Little fruit, however, appeared to result from this politic conduct, till one evening, when Nancy had been prattling uninterruptedly for a couple of hours, a gleam of satisfaction lighted in Patty's eyes to observe that while Jonathan never once emerged from behind his paper, he had been all that time holding it *upside down!* The relevancy of Patty's satisfaction with such a stupid blunder is too recondite for any but feminine logic to trace. The representative of the Browns gives it up.

But from that night forth the shadow seemed to lighten that overhung Miss Martha's household deities. Further into the indefinite future the cataclysm that should mark their dispersion appeared to recede in her apprehension; though from anything in Jonathan's demeanour, it had surely been hard to deduce such a conclusion; for he went on studying the markets night after night—topsy-turvy or otherwise, as it happened—while Patty knitted and Nancy chatted, showing no more interest in their occupations than the kitchen clock, which went on minding its own business whether their tongues ran on or whether they ceased.

Such was the posture of affairs at Dale Farm, when there fell one of those nights in which the elements seem to take advantage of the darkness to break suddenly loose, and riot as they never do by day. As the trio by the fireside listened to the howling wind and beating rain, apprehension and dismay were fast rising in the breast of one of them—but it was not Nancy Green's.

Yet that young lady had repeat-

edly given utterance to her fears that they were getting anxious about her at home, and at last declared she really must go, and she didn't mind the weather a bit, and so forth.

"Jonathan will go with you, dear," said Patty, innocently, "to carry the umbrella; and you shall have my pattens."

Inscrutable are the ways of Fate! We nowhere read in classic story of the Destinies walking abroad in such gear; yet who shall doubt that if it had fallen to Hesiod or Homer to sing the epopee of Aunt Patty's Pattens, but that one of those weird dames would have been seen buckling them on Miss Nancy's shapely insteps? It was the umbrella that had loomed so alarmingly on Jonathan's prophetic soul; and lo! the warp and woof of his destiny was being woven in the unsuspected pattens!

To the dreaded umbrella our reluctant squire of dames cunningly bethought himself of adding a lanthorn, by way of antidote. The nice conduct of two such implements in a high wind, he argued, was occupation enough for one pair of hands, as every one would admit who had tried; and as Jonathan was not abnormally gifted with a third, Miss Nancy, who was a reasonable enough sort of person—for a woman, that is—would not look for any more active assistance than was implied in their respectful management.

The comfortable sense of security induced by this reflection was abruptly dispelled about midway on their journey by a shriek from the lady—the pattens had stuck fast in a quagmire!

I have my father's authority for saying, that he felt a cold sweat break out all over him, as he realized the full extent of the dilemma.

"Jump, Miss Nancy—jump!"

cried he, encouragingly, from the edge of the slough.

And to do Nancy justice, she did jump—that is, she bobbed up and down with a Jack-in-the-box motion, held fast by the heels in the same spot, however springy in the joints.

Seeing the desperateness of the case, Jonathan at length plucked up courage to hold out one hand; which the damsel clutched with the tenacity of a drowning person. Jonathan tugged and Nancy strained, but their united efforts served only to embed those treacherous pattens deeper in the mire. It soon became apparent to the former, that there was now nothing for it, but either to lift her out bodily, or leave her sticking there.

To any other man than my father, the alternative had probably occurred at an earlier stage of the difficulty, for Nancy, 'tis said, had a very shapely waist, around which a masculine arm might mould itself with much ease. But had it been the neck of Hydra, it could scarcely have had more terrors for my father. Still, it must be done; for how should he answer for it to Patty if he left her friend sticking in the mud?

He broached the subject with much circumspection, to avoid shocking the young lady; a precaution quite needless, for Nancy no sooner caught his drift, than she cut him short by saying—"She didn't mind in the least."

"Turn your head away, then, Miss Nancy, and I'll do it," cried the hero; and shutting his eyes, like one who takes "a header," he made a lunge in the dark with one arm.

How it came about, my father never could clearly explain, even to himself, but the next instant he found he had got *both* arms round her, and was bearing her off, struggling and giggling, and never

released her till he set her down, high and dry on Farmer Green's doorsill.

If ever mortal man actually experienced the perplexing doubt of not knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, it occurred to my father on his way back to Dale Farm that night. Whether he plodded through the mud as he had gone, or found a cleaner cut through cloudland, he never rightly knew. The first thing that reminded him of being still on the earth, was his sister's inquiry—"What had he done with her pattens?"

"Pattens?—oh, he set 'em down safe at Farmer Green's door, and left Nancy——"

"Left Nancy? Wasn't she in 'em?"

"No,—yes, that is, he rather thought it was Nancy he put down at her father's door; and in that case it would be the pattens that were left sticking in Mud Bottom. But they were all right. He'd send in the morning, and have Nancy dug out, and hung up to dry—at least, he meant——"

My aunt, as I have hinted, had a quiet way of leaving events to develop themselves. She consequently made no remark on her brother's confusion of ideas, nor pushed her inquiries any further. The shrewd spinster saw clearly enough what it was all going to end in.

The event justified her anticipations. When Nancy came the following evening, her tongue had lost its wonted glibness; and she sat silent and blushing over her work, as though she had taken a mortal aversion to Jonathan. But she raised no objection when that formidable individual intimated his intention of seeing her home, though it neither rained nor blew. Indeed, from that time forward, Jonathan always insisted on seeing Nancy Green home, till Nancy

needed seeing home no longer, for the Dale Farm had become her home, with the full approbation and satisfaction of her friend Martha. Nor did Jonathan any longer need the *County Chronicle* to screen his bashfulness; but chirruped and joked, and eyed that young woman with the most open and shameless admiration.

My father, some twelve months later, when proudly presenting me to the assembled neighbours on my christening, avowed his belief, that but for his sister Patty's pattens, there would never have been an heir to the House of Brown!

Well, then, may the writer cherish those homely articles as a precious heirloom—well may he bless that beneficent institution of Nature—the maiden aunt! Guardian angel of childhood! whose arms are an ever open refuge from distress; whose tongue is the unfeeling advocate for the condonation of all offences; whose purse is a bank which honours every call. What a patient butt was she to the insolent good spirits of tunics and knickerbockers. Alas! those same unruly spirits have this many a day been compressed, crumpled and crushed out of all resiliency under a dispensation of patent leathers, swallow-tails, and the virile chimney pot:—become, in their turn, the butts of another generation, starting up to be the Nemesis of the one passed away!

Is it some avenging echo of past mockeries, faintly reverberating through memory's chambers, which oftentimes plays my fancy strange tricks when the wind is rumbling in the chimney at night, and the

storm is lashing the pane? Through all the uproar of the elements, I seem to hear the familiar patter-patter along the garden path. Nearer and more distinct the sounds grow, till at the very doorsill they seem to pause. Then, in the awful hush of expectancy that ensues, conscience arraigns me of a thousand wanton tricks I played the good soul in her days of the flesh; of grimaces made behind her back; plausible fibs told to her face; small coins she was wheedled out of on false pretences. For which, or how many of these may the injured spirit have come to demand a reckoning? Nothing the lighter is their burden for the profound conviction that the kindly soul herself would fain wipe out the record. I seem to see the ghosts of tears shimmering through the rims of ghostly spectacles, as the insubstantial essence regards with ineffectual longing the portal it may enter nevermore. I ask myself, is this *all* a fancy? or is there in it a dark foreshadowing of a futile longing to do, or undo, something left undone, or done, in life, which may be a part of the appointed purgation the disembodied spirit undergoes?

Hist! as if in answer to that thought rises a faint sigh—or was it but the wind at the keyhole? Patter-patter patter again, like a faint undertone to the elemental strife, I hear the sound; but receding now, ever fainter and more distant, as though my piteous visitor were going forth once more, homeless and companionless, into the wild and trackless night. Adieu, poor ghost!

TERRORISM IN IRELAND.

BY "PRESTER JOHN."

RECENT legislation on the land question has not done much to abate the nuisance of threatening letters in the south of Ireland. Every now and then disclosures are made which startle people almost out of their senses. At one time a landlord is threatened or fired at; then an attack is made on some obnoxious agent, perhaps in the open day; at another time a tenant is cautioned not to purchase a farm on peril of his life; and not unfrequently when a man is found bold enough to act independently, in defiance of this system of terrorism, his life has paid the penalty.

Within the past twenty years, murders have been committed in the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, and even in the very city of Dublin, equalling in reckless contempt of the law and in savage atrocity the most barbarous outrages committed during the years that Ireland was scourged with famine and disturbed by political agitation. The hand of the assassin has not spared helpless women, and in one case the husband was foully murdered in the very presence of his wife.

If the nuisance were at all abating, it would be the less matter, but every year adds some fresh tragedy to swell the list of cold-blooded murders committed by the finest peasantry in the world. The Irish are, without doubt, kind

hearted, affectionate people, and this makes it the more strange that such a state of affairs should be found existing in Ireland. A man who has shed blood, will find in the south of Ireland people to conceal him, to assist him in evading the grasp of the law, and he will meet very few who will inform on him, unless they are in danger of being implicated themselves.

An agrarian outrage is looked upon, not as a violation of the law, but as a kind of rough-and-ready justice. This feeling has no doubt been fomented by secret societies, and still more by the fact that the Irish of the South regard the law of the land as an *alien* authority, and the badge of an *alien* rule. Until a very few years back Ireland was treated as a conquered land, not as a province of the British Empire. The people were treated as aliens, and they cannot forget in a moment the feuds, the severities, and the misgovernment of centuries. The consequence is that they have a decided aversion to the law of the land and a kind of lurking sympathy with the men who violate it.

Some years ago there lived in a country district of the south of Ireland a notorious offender. He had been concerned in several murders, and had been maintained on one occasion at the public expense for some fourteen years.

A well-known magistrate in the

county was one day superintending a gang of workmen in one of his fields when he saw a man crossing a fence into the field right in the face of a notice forbidding any one to make short-cuts through the land.

He shouted to the man to come back. The ex-convict came back, touched his hat, and calmly asked what he wanted him for.

"My good fellow," asked the magistrate, "did you see a notice forbidding trespass, as you came in over that fence?"

"Certainly, sir," was the answer, "I have the use of my eyes, and can read as well as another."

"Then, my good man," said the landlord, "I will certainly summon you for trespass. What is your name?"

"Right well you know it," said the outlaw; "an'troth, if you don't you will some day."

"Then you refuse to give your name?"

"Oh, no; but sure any of the boys can tell it to you. If you don't know it yerself ax Tom Brien the bailiff there, he'll tell you."

"That will do, sir," said the magistrate; "I'll find it out and take it down."

"Do so, an' bedad I'll take down yours, too."

So saying, he walked off.

"Och, yer honour," exclaimed the bailiff, in an agony of terror, "for God's sake call him back: that's Tom —, the most terrible fellow in the county. 'Twas him shot the dhrover long ago, in through the window, an' he saying his prayers. He'd shoot you for a glass of whisky."

"My good man," shouted the magistrate, "come here for a moment."

The "most terrible fellow in the county" returned.

"My man gives a good account of you," said the justice, "and for

this time I'll take your name out of my book."

"Thank yer honour," was the calm reply; "I'll take your name out of my book this time, too." And away he marched.

This outlaw was hanged for murder a few years afterwards.

Sometimes in Ireland a land feud is handed down from father to son. We have known cases in which a feud has arisen about taking a farm or land which has gone on for years, growing more deadly every year, until at last it ended in bloodshed. The one life thus taken sometimes leads to the loss of several lives.

The circumstances connected with the murder of John Feehan are still fresh in the public mind. Immediately after the murder eleven persons were arrested; since then six magisterial inquiries have been held, and at each investigation one or more prisoners were discharged until the last man was set free. On Wednesday, the 20th of December, four men armed with heavy whips or sticks, loaded with lead, stopped the mail-car between Tullamore and Moate—beat the driver—made him solemnly promise to drive the car no more on that road—then calmly demanded his tobacco and walked off. The *Daily Express*, a journal not much given to sensationalism, repeats in its issue of December 1, no fewer than three agrarian outrages.

A short time ago we paid a visit to the south of Ireland. We drove through a village which we remembered to have visited some fifteen years ago; there was a marvellous change in its appearance; neat clean streets, well-flagged, shops crowded; no mud hovels, but where they stood rows of cottages, roofed with tiles or slates; all was due to an improving agent: yet, we knew the man, and we knew well too how for months and years the loaded

pistols were taken at night from his breast coat-pocket and laid on his dressing-table, to be taken up and examined the first thing in the morning and returned to the breast coat-pocket. We need only allude to such atrocities as the murder committed years ago by Hayes, the assassination at Kilmallock of Mr. Fitzgerald, by Beckam and Walsh, for which crime three men suffered upon the scaffold; the murder committed last year at Mitchelstown, and the assassination of Thomas Cahill in the King's county.

Some of those murders have been mildly termed "shooting cases," but for cold-blooded atrocity some of them have rarely been equalled in Ireland; the tenant that succeeded Cahill has been warned like his predecessor, to quit the mill. At first he received a letter warning him to give up the tenancy; this he disregarded, and the second warning has been given. A party of men came to his house, fired three volleys in the air, and then went away. Of course if the man is daring enough to hold possession of the place, an attempt will next be made to assassinate him.

Such is the condition of Ireland in spite of Mr. Gladstone's policy of pacification. There can be no doubt that this state of affairs is largely owing to the fact that Ireland's grievances have always been redressed, not because it was just and right that they should be redressed, but as a sop to stifle incipient rebellion, or to keep political agitators in good humour. We are far from exonerating the landlords from all blame in this matter.

The power of the Irish landlord is very great, and too often this power has been vilely abused: too often the tenant who improved his land has found that his improvements were the excuse for raised rents: too often the tenant who has dared to think for himself and

oppose the wishes of his landlord has been treated with brutal severity; too often Irish landlords, and the agents of absentee owners of property, have treated free-born peasants as if they were serfs or helots. True this does not justify murder: it does not justify the cowardly assassination of other peasants who are induced to occupy farms from which former tenants have been evicted, but it is evident that matters are fast coming to that stage in Ireland, when landlords must pay respect to the feelings and interests of those who occupy farms on their property. The landlord must learn that his interests are one with those of his tenant, and that the one cannot suffer without entailing serious injury on the other. At the same time no amount of landlord tyranny can justify murder. If the landlord is a brute, that is no reason why the peasant should take the execution of the law into his own hands. In the gloomy days which preceded the rebellion of '98, obnoxious individuals were branded for slaughter by an infamous Press: We quote an extract from the *Union Star*:—

"As the *Union Star* is an official paper, the managers promise the public that no characters shall be hazarded, but such as are denounced by authority as being the partners and creatures of Pitt and his sanguinary journeyman Luttrell (Lord Carhampton). The *Star* offers to public justice the following detestable traitors as spies and perjured informers. Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest may reach his heart and free the world from bondage."

Such prints as the *Union Star*, the *Press*, and others of the same stamp, led the Irish peasantry in days gone by, to believe that landlords, in many instances, had no claim to the properties they held. Those lands had been wrung by the

Saxon from the Irish, and to dispossess the owner was justice, though the peasant had recourse to the knife.

Fortunately we live in times when the Irish press inculcates a better system of morality. But the feeling gendered by such writing continues at the present time to actuate the Irish peasants, and we remember when Fenianism was rampant in Munster, how well the servants and the working men of the country could tell to what Irish families the various estates throughout Tipperary, Cork, and Limerick originally belonged.

The *Irish World*, a New York journal largely circulated in Ireland, contains in its issue of December 23rd, 1876, a letter dated from London, and signed "Transatlantic." We give an extract: "One very great mistake our suffering countrymen make in dealing with the petty tyrants of Ireland, is that of sending 'threatening letters' to the heartless fiends. Stop that practice, friends! When a little petty tyrant plays fantastic pranks upon a peaceful tenant, instead of alarming the tyrant by sending a threatening letter through the mail, it should be wrapped around a bullet—and aim low."

This logic is strongly recommended in two distinct articles in the editorial portion of the paper. We refrain from commenting on such writing. We are glad for the honour of Erin that it does not meet us in the columns of our national Press.

Some sixty years ago Whiteboyism was a formidable power in the south of Ireland. Armed men, with blackened faces, visited obnoxious persons, set fire to barns and hay-ricks, and searched farm-houses for firearms.

Those men executed a kind of rough justice. We heard of an instance near Limerick many years

ago, in which a refractory husband was brought to his senses by a nocturnal visit from "Rory of the Hills."

He was, it would seem, dissatisfied with the fortune he received, and treated his wife very cruelly. One night some half-dozen men called on him and requested the pleasure of his company for half-an-hour in his own barn. A rope was thrown over a beam, a noose put round his neck, and, despite groans, and threats, and entreaties, he was swung off a barrel. When he had felt some of the inconveniences of strangulation he was cut down and politely informed that if "Rory" called on him again, he would swing until he was dead. The cure was somewhat rough, but we are positive it had a soothing effect upon his temper.

Not unfrequently the Whiteboys showed that they could appreciate pluck.

A gentleman in the county Cork became at one time very unpopular, and it was determined to give him his *quietus*.

One Sunday, while the servants were at divine service, a party of men with blackened faces marched up the avenue and got into the house. There was no one at home but Mr. — and his wife. The lady saw them coming, and persuaded her husband to conceal himself in one of the bedrooms. She went to the library, procured a huge brass blunderbuss loaded with slugs, and calmly took up her position upon the stairs. The men stood in the hall below, and the leader asked if the "master" was in the house?

"Yes," was the answer, "he is in the house."

"Then tell him he's wanted."

"No, I'll tell him nothing about it," answered Mrs. —. "He's upstairs now, and if you want him come up and look for him, but the

first man that sets his foot on the stairs I'll blow you all into eternity."

One of the fellows cocked his gun, but the leader laid his hand on it, saying, with an oath, that she was "good blood," and that he'd brain any man who touched a hair of her head. The party marched off without doing any further injury.

The disputes arising about land have been at all times fruitful sources of crime and bloodshed in Ireland. In the days of "White-boy" terrorism, "Rory" settled such disputes with a high hand.

About twelve miles from Limerick lived a very respectable family named S—. At one time a farm in the neighbourhood fell vacant, and Mr. S— applied to the landlord for it. He became the tenant, and was forthwith warned by "Rory" to have nothing to do with the land. He declined to be influenced in the matter by that ubiquitous gentleman. He took possession of the land, and the farm cost him his life. One evening, soon after he settled in the place, he went out to see whether his cattle had been sufficiently foddered. On his return from the cow-house he was waylaid in his own yard by several men. Fortunately he brought away from the byre a stable fork, and, setting his back to a wall, he defended himself desperately. None of his family heard his cries for assistance.

His assailants had no firearms, or the struggle would have soon been over. At last a bull-dog, chained in the yard, broke his chain and rushed to the rescue. The party then took to their heels. As they left the yard one of them turned round and threw a stone with his full force in the direction of the spot where S— stood. The random shot took effect; the stone struck him on the side of the

head, and he fell senseless to the ground, and lay there until he was found, half-an-hour later, by some of the family. Had the attacking party known that he had fallen, they would probably have returned and made sure of their work. As it was, the man escaped with his life on that occasion.

Some time after this occurrence the house was attacked at night by three men. It so happened that no one was in the house at the time but Miss S— and a servant maid. The doors were strong, and the windows well secured with iron, and the two girls refused to admit the party. There were several guns on the premises, and Miss S— took up her position at the kitchen window, with a loaded musket in her hand, while the servant held the second gun in readiness. Wherever a man appeared a charge of slugs was sent rattling about his ears, and one of the party, who exposed himself rashly in an attempt to get on the roof in order to descend through the chimney, was almost riddled by the daring girl. She had the satisfaction of seeing the fellows make off in the latter end, carrying one of their number between them. The man died soon afterwards. One would almost think this should have ended the feud: it only made matters worse. Mr. S— now seldom went from home, and never without firearms. One day he went into Limerick, and as the lock of one of his pistols had got out of order, he left them both with a gunsmith to be repaired. He was attacked on his way home, and his brains were literally beat out on the road by a party of inhuman savages. All this occurred within one hundred yards of an inhabited house, at eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Of course there was great excitement, and some arrests were made. One man was tried for his

life, and by some means or another escaped with penal servitude for seven years.

The fact is that in the south of Ireland men will not convict a man of murder if they can by any possibility avoid it. We have actually heard an old man, who was present many years ago at a faction fight in which a man lost his life, and who was examined as a witness in connection with the murder, thanking God most piously because he had been able to give his evidence in such a way that nobody was convicted.

The people hate an informer of any kind, with an intense and deadly hatred. To have had an informer in the family is in Ireland

a slur upon a home which will cling to it for seven generations. There can be no doubt that much of the sympathy felt in Munster with the agrarian criminal arises from the fact that many of the agrarian outrages perpetrated during the past twenty years may be traced to secret societies. The old "White-boy" spirit exists to-day to some extent in many districts of the South, and the sympathy felt by the Irish peasant with the disaffected Whiteboy in days gone by is now transferred to the greater criminal, the assassin who vindicates his rights from behind a hedge, or pays a ruffian to shoot the man who stands in his way.

AUGUST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HE only who from May to August years
 To fly the sight of bricks, the shriek of train,
 Who by a year's fair labours thinks he earns
 A brief repose for heart and hand and brain,
 Feels the full sense of perfect rest that fills
 The spirit mid these grand old woods and hills.

A humble place our farm-house lodge, whose roof
 Just lets you stand erect, whose narrow doer
 Bonnets the unwary head; but snug and proof
 'Gainst wind and weather; what can heart want more?
 If you can fancy that, in moderate measure,
 A touch of roughing gives a zest to pleasure.

Beneath us in the valley lies the village,
 Bathed in the golden light of eventide;
 Green strath, trim hay fields, breadths of smiling tillage,
 Girt by the darkling pine woods waving wide;
 And though the landscape, like a silver thread,
 The blue Dee winding o'er its pebbly bed.

Fresh are the winds we breathe, healthy and sweet
 With mingled scents; for honey-fragrant heather,
 That stretches miles, knee-deep, about our feet,
 In billowy waves of purple, blent together
 With resinous odours of the pine and fir,
 Spice morning, noon, and eve the caller air.

Unbroken in the hushed repose that broods
 At early morn, or in the warm noon-day,
 O'er these still woods, and tranquil solitudes;
 The outer world from memory fades away;
 The river winding up the strath you think
 'Twixt it and you the one remaining link.

R. RICHARDSON, B.A.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of the Struggle for Parliamentary Government in England. 2 vols. By A. Bisset. London: Henry S. King & Co.—The struggle of which Mr. Bisset treats is that between Charles I. and the Parliament, and it might have been as well to state this in the title, to prevent misconception. Mr. Bisset himself speaks of another struggle between the barons under Simon de Montfort and Henry III., which led to the establishment of parliamentary government, and between these two there were others at various periods. A complete history of the struggle from first to last would include all these. But Mr. Bisset confines himself to the final one, for which there are more abundant materials. He admits that the period has been so thoroughly worked, that new facts are not to be expected. But he contends that there is room for novelty in the interpretation of the facts, and his object is to propose a new one, which he thus explains:—

“What is, as far as I know, a new view of English history presented in the following pages is the conclusion legitimately drawn from the proceedings of the last Plantagenets, at least of Edward IV., and of the Tudors and the Stuarts, that their deliberate purpose being to destroy utterly the English Constitution as it had existed from the establishment of the House of Commons by Simon de Montfort, and such purpose having become an overt act by the habitual use of torture and the abolition of the ancient rule of evidence, that the accuser and accused

should be brought face to face, it was the right and the duty of any resolute body of Englishmen, as soon as they had the power, to make an example of the first of those tyrants, whether bearing the name of Plantagenet, Tudor, or Stuart, who should fall into their hands—such example being the only way of saving from destruction the system of representation, without which both reason and experience have proved that good government is impossible. The conclusion is inevitable, that the execution of Charles I. was a political necessity.”

We confess to some misgiving as to the probability of a new view of well known facts being the true one. It is hard to believe that all students of this period, except Mr. Bisset, have failed to look at the facts in the right light. Had he discovered any fresh facts of importance, there would be no difficulty in supposing he had obtained a more correct idea of the actual state of affairs at the time. But why are we to assume that, with the same data before him as others, he alone has come to the right conclusion? From “the uniform practice of torture by royal warrant,” for two centuries, from Edward IV. to Charles I., Mr. Jardine, who has investigated the matter thoroughly, infers that, “though *not* lawful either by the common law, or by Magna Charta, or any other statute, it *was* lawful as an act of prerogative.” Why is this inference not to be accepted? Because, says Mr. Bisset, it “appears to me strangely illogical,” and the

same argument would prove the lawfulness of ship money, benevolences, and other acknowledged abuses. No one in these days would think of saying a word in defence of the practice of torture. The simple question is, whether Mr. Jardine's or Mr. Bisset's view is the correct one. The latter is thus stated:—"The logical inference appears rather, that the English kings and queens who had acted thus in torturing the people of England, had forfeited their title by a breach of the laws of England, and had furnished most cogent arguments to the first body of Englishmen who should be placed in the position occupied by the victors of Marston Moor and Naseby for taking ample securities against the renewal of the torturing process by their native oppressors, whether called kings, queens, or protectors."

Without pretending to determine which of these two views ought to be adopted, supposing there were no alternative, we will simply observe that we cannot see the necessity of two large volumes to decide the point in dispute; and, in fact, a very small proportion of them is devoted to Mr. Bisset's new views. The great bulk of the work is simply a record of old facts, a history of the time of Charles I. introductory to the "History of the Commonwealth of England," by the same author. But it is not a general history of the period, being confined to the great struggle which forms its most prominent feature.

Those who wish to study this special subject more fully than is possible in ordinary histories, may find requisite help in these pages. Mr. Bisset has for many years devoted his attention to historical investigation, and is familiar with the original authorities for this

period. In making use of any document he is careful to ascertain its true nature, and in quoting a statement, he takes due account of the time, circumstances, and character of the person who makes it. When there is a conflict of evidence, he sums up in such a way as to enable the reader to judge for himself. He has taken great pains to ascertain, as nearly as possible, what was said and done during the sittings of parliament. He is also scrupulously careful in his accounts of battles, usually describing the scenes of them from personal observation. And it may be said, generally, that no effort has been spared to secure accuracy as to matters of fact.

There is, however, one serious drawback, which necessarily weakens the reader's confidence. The work has too much the appearance of having been written for the purpose of upholding a preconceived view. Mr. Bisset holds that "the execution of Charles I. was a political necessity," and he intends these two volumes to serve as a demonstration of this thesis. He holds a brief against Charles, and of course makes the most he can of the evidence against him. Every one knows how different an aspect the facts of a case are made to wear in the hands of opposing counsel, and how dangerous it is to rely implicitly on an *ex parte* statement. A novel with a purpose is always condemned. A history written for a special purpose is equally, if not more, objectionable. The duty of the historian is simply to relate facts for the information of the reader. If he aims at any other object than the communication of knowledge, it will be impossible for him to give a perfectly truthful account. Even if every fact he mentions is correctly stated, the general impression conveyed by the whole will be incorrect, through the

omission of other material facts and qualifying circumstances.

Mr. Bisset writes too much in the spirit of a partisan. He is not merely hostile to Charles, but to his predecessors—in fact he is a foe to all kings, and to kingly government; nor does he take any pains to conceal, or moderate, his hostility. This necessarily detracts from the weight of his authority, and reduces his work to the level of a political pamphlet—able, indeed, and containing much valuable information, but one-sided, and therefore requiring to be read with cautious reserve.

The whole of the first chapter is an attack upon the Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart sovereigns, who are charged with having made “systematic attempts to reduce the English people to slavery.” But as if this were not enough, Mr. Bisset seizes or creates every possible opportunity of depreciating and vilifying them. Thus he goes out of his way to rake up their private as well as public crimes, and with questionable taste speaks of “Henry and Charles, the sons, at least the heirs, of these two men, John and James.” He also institutes a needless comparison of the achievements in war of the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Plantagenets, with those of Fairfax, Cromwell, and Blake, of course giving his preference to the latter. As if Charles I. had not faults enough of his own, he is blamed for the cruelties perpetrated by Montrose at Aberdeen, for being “the representative of the line of princes who had introduced torture into England,” and this question is put—“will any man say there was no good done by making such a man, though wearing a crown and called a king, know that he had a joint in his neck?” We cannot help asking whether this is precisely the style in which sober history should be

written. Mr. Bisset insists much on the advantage of a legal education as a qualification for writing history; but we fail to detect here the calmness, fairness, and dignity by which judicial decisions are, or ought to be, marked. If Charles must be condemned to death, let it at least be done with some little regard for justice and decorum.

Moreover, Mr. Bisset hardly fulfils what he led us to expect at the outset. He there speaks of the inevitable conclusion that Charles's death was a political necessity. Here he contents himself with asking whether any one will say it did no good, which is a very different thing. It would be hard to prove that no good resulted from the cruelest and most unjust death.

Mr. Bisset, while approving of Charles's execution, objects to the judicial procedure at his trial, as unwarranted by law, and says he ought to have been treated as a prisoner of war. “The Independents had defeated the king and his adherents in many decisive battles. They were, therefore, an independent state set up by the God of battles; and they should have tried King Charles as a prisoner of war, who had carried on war in a manner that worked a forfeiture of his life; besides being the representative and imitator of a line of tyrants who having oppressed the people of England by cruel trials and tortures which were against the law of England, was fit to be made a public example and warning to all such tyrants in time to come.” We give this last sentence exactly as it stands, without pretending to make out its construction. We will content ourselves with observing, that this unblushing naked assertion of club law is scarcely what might be expected as the result of legal training. It is neither lawyer-like nor in good taste to talk about “an

independent state set up by the God of battles," and elsewhere to speak of Charles as "designed by Providence to serve as a warning example." This sort of language better befits the pulpit than the pages of history.

Mr. Bisset's portrait of Cromwell at the commencement of the Long Parliament is as follows:—

"He was a man about the middle height—about two inches under six feet—of a person strong and well-knit, but, though not awkward like a timid, ill-made man, neither graceful nor courtly, rather abrupt and clownish in his movements. His features were strongly marked, and his face was rough and reddish, like that of a man who passed much of his time in the open air and took much violent exercise. Though his forehead was well arched and massive, and his head large and well shaped, and his mouth told quite a history in its singular power of expression, indicating at once deep thought and indomitable resolution, combined with enthusiasm, with pity, with melancholy, these things are apt to escape the casual observer; and the general expression of his strong features, roughened and reddened by wind and sun, might have seemed to men accustomed to live in courts and cities that of simplicity of character and ignorance of the world. In a word, the whole impression conveyed by the countenance, joined to an ungainly address and harsh voice, might be to a stranger, at least one who was a courtier, that the man was a farmer or small squire, who by some accident, had emerged out of his own element and found his way into Parliament. The consequence was that a stranger, if a cunning man, who might have occasion to talk with him on business of importance, might be apt to leave him with the impression, if not with the firm conviction, that he had outwitted him. But the cunning man of the world might soon find that he had been somewhat premature in his conclusion, and that he had been thoroughly check-mated by the rough-looking, rough-spoken rustic, and into the air 'hoist with his own petard.' For this man

who looked such a mere clown was not only daring as Cæsar, but crafty as Sulla, and inscrutable as the grave. And though the courtiers and fine gentlemen of the House, who prided themselves on their fine clothes and fine manners, might think but lightly of him then, before many years had passed their contempt was to change into a very different feeling. For that clown was the man who was to lead the charge at Naseby, and at Marston Moor bring up the cuirassiers who were to scatter Rupert's chivalry to the winds. The name of this member was Oliver Cromwell—a man by birth a gentleman, who had followed not very successfully the business of farming his own land, but who was destined to attain a much greater measure of success in the occupations of his after-life, those of a soldier and a statesman."

Mr. Bisset is fond of historical parallels. Some that he institutes are apt enough, and not without instruction. But we think it is rather straining a point to refer to Laomedon's refusal to pay Poseidon and Apollo their stipulated wages, as an historical event. In other cases the resemblance pointed out is not very striking, or worth so much space as Mr. Bisset devotes to it. He deals too largely in long digressions and abrupt transitions. He appears to be a great admirer of Lord Macaulay. It would be well if he had, not merely adopted his opinions, but acquired something of his consecutive flow of narrative, and his pictorial effectiveness of description.

Fridthjof's Saga: a Norse Romance. By E. Tegnér, Bishop of Wexjö. Translated from the Swedish by Thomas A.E. Holcomb and Martha A. Lyon Holcomb. London: Trübner and Co.—The attention of English readers has been lately often directed to Norse literature. Various translations

and imitations of Norse productions have appeared both in this country and America. Considering the affinity of those nations and languages with our own, their literature, which is one of the most ancient in Europe since the classical, well deserves our notice.

The work before us possesses the recommendation of having passed through twenty editions in Sweden, and nearly as many in Norway, a circumstance which speaks strongly in favour of its accordance with the national taste and character. Mr. Longfellow the poet, describes it as "the noblest poetic contribution which Sweden has yet made to the literary history of the world:" and Mr. Bayard Taylor says, "no poetical work of modern times stands forth so prominently and peculiarly a representative of the literature of a race and language."

The present translation which is the nineteenth in English, reproduces the metres of the original, which are varied and remarkable for the frequency of double rhymes, these occurring in fifteen out of the twenty-four cantos composing the poem. In one canto alliteration is combined with double rhymes, and the translators profess to have accomplished what others have shrunk from attempting, by preserving both features. The alliteration they certainly have reproduced, but we can discern no rhymes of any kind. However faithful their version may be, it is not remarkable for melodious smoothness, or poetic beauty. The verse is irregular and unpolished, the phraseology prosaic and bald. The rhymes are often very imperfect. Thus *buried* is made to rhyme with *carried*, another with *together*, which is elsewhere coupled with *wither*.

The poem commences with the following description of the hero and heroine.

"In Hilding's garden, green and fair,
Protected by his fostering care,
Two rare and stately plants were
growing,

Unequaled grace and beauty showing
The one a sturdy oak tree grew,
With lance-like stem so straight and
true,

Its crown in northern tempests shaking
Like helmet plume in battle quaking.

The other like a rose sprang forth
When tardy winter leaves the north,
And spring, which in the buds lies
dreaming,

Still waits with gems to set them
gleaming.

Around the earth the storm-king raves,
The wrestling oak its anger braves;
The sun dissolves frost's mantle hoary,
The buds reveal their hidden glory.

So they grew up in joy and glee,
And Fridthjof was the young oak
tree;

Unfolding in the vale serenely,
The rose was Ingeborg the queenly.

Saw you those two by light of day
You seem in Freyja's house to stay,
Where bride-pairs, golden-haired,
were swinging,

Their way on rosy pinions winging.

But seeing them by moonlight pale
Round dancing in the leafy vale,
You'd think: The elf-king now ad-
vances,

And leads his queen in fairy dances."

Ingeborg is the daughter of King Bele, and Fridthjof the son of Thorstein, a peasant, admitted to his friendship for brave deeds in war. Conscious of his approaching end, Bele summons his two sons, Helge and Halfdan, together with Fridthjof, and gives strict injunctions that he and Thorstein should be buried close to each other, and that the sons should live together in the same harmony as their fathers have. After the death of Bele and Thorstein they are buried according to the directions, and Fridthjof retires to his inheritance at Framness, where he has extensive lands, a spacious hall, and valuable jewels, the trophies of conquest by his

ancestors. Among other heirlooms, there are three of special value.

The first is a wondrous sword :

“ Called *Angervadil*, or grief-wader,
sometimes, too, brother of light-
ning,

Far, far away in the East it was forged
—so at least says the story—

Tempered in fire by the dwarfs, Bjorn
Bluetooth the first one who bore
it.”

The next is :

“ A ponderous *arm-ring*, widely no-
torious,

Forged by the Vulcan of northern
tradition, the halting smith Vo-
lund.”

It is of pure gold, adorned with engravings and rubies. The last of these precious heir-looms is *Ellide*, a ship surpassing the eagle in swiftness, sent by some invisible agency to Thorstein, as a reward for saving a ship-wrecked sailor. Rich in these possessions, Fridthjof entertains in his hall, Helge and Halfdan with their sister Ingeborg, and, having obtained her consent, makes to them shortly afterwards, proposals of marriage. Helge not only scornfully rejects them, but as a punishment for having profaned Balder's temple by a nightly interview there with Ingeborg, orders him to go on a dangerous expedition. Before leaving, he urges Ingeborg to flee with him, but she refuses.

During his absence, King Ring, now advanced in years, sends to Helge, an ambassador to ask his sister in marriage, and, having received an insulting refusal, makes war upon him with such success that he carries her off as his queen.

Fridthjof having been informed of this on his return, goes to the temple of Balder, where Helge is sacrificing, and by attempting to pull off the arm-ring which had been placed by Helge on the image,

he causes a conflagration which destroys the temple, in consequence of which he is obliged to go into exile. His farewell song may be quoted as a favourable specimen of the work.

“ The sun climbs up
The mountain slope,
The winds, advancing
From land, to dancing
In morning's light
The waves invite.
Where foam-crest swimmeth
Ellide skimmeth
On joyous wings ;
But Fridthjof sings :

‘ Thou front of creation,
Exalted North !

I have no station
On thy green earth.

Thy lineage sharing
My pride doth swell,
Thou home of daring
Farewell, farewell !

Farewell thou royal
Valhalla-throne !

Thou night's-eye loyal,
Midsummer sun !

Thou sky unclouded
As hero's soul !

Thou vault star-crowded !
Farewell, farewell !

Ye mountain ranges
Where honour dwells,
Creation changes

Your rune-face tells.
Ye lakes and highlands
I knew so well,

Ye rocks and islands,
Farewell, farewell !

Farewell ye grave-mounds

Where the linden showers
Near azure wave-bounds
The dust of flowers !

But time revealeth
And judgeth well
What earth concealeth ;
Farewell, farewell !

Farewell ye bowers,
Beneath whose shade

So many hours
By brooks I've played ;

Ye friends of childhood,
Ye meant me well,

I love your wildwood ;
Farewell, farewell !

My love is cheated,
 My home is burned,
 My shame completed,
 I'm exiled, spurned.
 From land appealing
 To ocean's swell,
 Life's joyous feeling,
 Farewell, farewell!"

Fridthjof afterwards goes in disguise to the court of King Ring, on whose death, he proclaims his little boy king. He is ultimately reconciled to Halfdan, whose brother Helge has been killed by the fall of a temple which he was impious enough to attack, and from him he receives Ingeborg as his wife.

We have failed to discover the great merit either in the substance of the story or the translation, which others ascribe to them. The cantos, of varied length and metre, are not well connected together, and there is often great obscurity for want of necessary explanation, as to who is speaking, and under what circumstances. Out of such romantic materials, a more effective work might have been anticipated.

Outlines of an Industrial Science.
 By D. Syme. London: H. S. King and Co.—The circumstances under which Mr. Syme's work was composed were anything but propitious. In his preface he says,—

"The following pages were written in hours snatched from a laborious profession, often at wide intervals apart, and generally after a long and exhausting day's work. They were afterwards put together, and partly re-written, on shipboard, on my way here from the antipodes." Mr. Syme showed more confidence in his own powers than just appreciation of the nature of his subject, or consideration for his readers, in venturing upon such a task in the face of such difficulties. After having carefully

read what he has written and re-written when weary with work, we are at a loss to understand why he should have taken so much trouble. We look in vain for anything new, or any clear or systematic statement of what is well known. At the outset he leads us to expect he is going to introduce us to an altogether new science. "We have a science of mental action, a science of moral action, and a science of social action; why should there not also be a science of industrial action?" But, to our disappointment, we soon find the only thing new in Mr. Syme's science is its name, which he thinks preferable to Political Economy. Some of his objections to this latter title are not altogether groundless; but after having been in use for many years, and clearly understood by all parties, it may well be allowed to continue. The practical inconvenience of change would far outweigh the advantages of theoretical accuracy.

Mr. Syme defines his industrial science as "the science which investigates the laws which regulate human industry. Thus understood, industrial science is entitled to take its place among the mental sciences—a position to which political economy has hitherto been unable to lay any just claim." A science which undertakes to investigate and explain all the laws that regulate human industry cannot at any rate be charged with want of comprehensiveness. To expound the principles of such a science with any approach to completeness would require much more time than a few stray hours stolen from the scanty leisure of a laborious profession, and a much more extensive work than Mr. Syme has produced. He may know what he means by his definition, but his readers will find it no easy matter to get any precise idea of his meaning from so wide

and vague a description. The advantage he claims for his science of being "entitled to take its place among the mental sciences" seems too shadowy to repay the toil he has imposed on himself, nor is it at all clear how it is obtained, except by his simple assertion. If he chooses to call it a mental science he has full liberty to do so. He must not, however, be surprised if other people require something more than his definition and *ipse dixit* to induce them to follow his example.

After all, it is a matter of comparatively little importance what name Mr. Syme chooses to give to his science, and whether it is reckoned among the mental sciences or not. The chief point for consideration is, whether it is a correct and complete statement of facts and principles. This it certainly is not, nor could it well be, considering the circumstances attending its construction. We can find very little science of any kind in the book, which consists mainly of comments on the statements of other writers, absurd blunders, and trite remarks of a sermonic, rather than a scientific character. Many of his objections to the views of others are frivolous or beside the mark, being founded on misconception or misrepresentation. Thus, because Mill says political economy does not treat of the whole of man's nature, but simply takes account of his desire of wealth, and aversion to labour, and considers how he would act, supposing he were influenced by no other motive; Mr. Syme represents him as assuming, "first, that 'the main and acknowledged end' is the desire of wealth; secondly, that the main and acknowledged end is 'the sole end;'" which is a gross perversion of Mill's view. He recognizes, as fully as Mr. Syme, the existence of other moving principles in human nature,

but simply says political economy leaves them out of account for the sake of simplicity, just as geometry treats of the length of lines without taking account of their breadth, and the science of mechanics treats of the action of forces on a lever without taking account of its weight or the resistance offered by friction. Mr. Syme actually takes the trouble to show by argument, that men do not invariably and exclusively seek for a maximum of wealth with a minimum of labour, and draws a frightful picture of what would be the state of society if they did.

Again, because Adam Smith says, "The effort of every man to better his condition is so powerful a principle that it alone, and without any assistance, is capable of carrying society to wealth and prosperity," Mr. Syme makes the would-be crushing remark, that "if self-interest be so omnipotent, and, withal, so beneficent a principle, it must obviously have been a mistake to endow mankind with other dispositions that might interfere with it. The sentiments of justice, courage, fortitude, benevolence, and such like, which we affect to value so much, would, in such a case, not only be unnecessary, but, so far as they interfere with the beneficent operation of self-interest, positively pernicious." If Mr. Syme had but allowed himself time for consideration, he might surely, however wearied with his day's work, have avoided such absurd misrepresentation and irrelevant objections as these. Here, and often elsewhere, he wastes his strength and the reader's patience in fighting with the unsubstantial figments of his own confused brain.

Mr. Syme takes credit to himself for conciseness of expression.

"There is not," he says, "a paragraph, sentence, or word, not absolutely necessary to explain my

meaning that I have retained; so that if I do not succeed in convincing my readers, I shall, at all events have the satisfaction of knowing that I have not wearied their patience." We are sorry to deprive him of this satisfaction, so far as we are concerned. He has sorely tried our patience, not so much by the way in which he expresses his meaning, as by the triviality and and irrelevancy of his meaning. He wearies us with his truisms and useless platitudes. Thus we are gravely told that co-operation "may be better than competition, when the latter is carried to excess;" that "the fact that sellers are ready to take less for their goods than they demand proves that they asked too much in the first instance;" and that, "if adequate motives are presented, the law will be successful in its operation; if inadequate, it will fail." Remarks of this sort continually occur throughout the book.

By dint of hard study "in hours snatched from a laborious profession," Mr. Syme has actually discovered the profound secret, that there are tricks in all trades, and that "everything we buy is different from what it is represented to be, and everything we eat, drink, or wear is adulterated more or less, so that we seem actually to be living in an atmosphere of fraud." Startled at this discovery, he asks with girlish innocence, "Why should not industry be conducted on the principles of justice, instead of, as at present, by brute force and cunning?"

His explanation of the prevalence of fraud is a curiosity. "If sellers never demanded more than a fair profit on their goods, they would have fewer competitors to contend with, there would be less dishonest rivalry, and the public would be better served. There can be little doubt that the enormous profits

often demanded *provokes* excessive competition, and excessive competition leads to the dishonest practices which disgrace modern commerce." Both the grammar and the philosophy of this dictum are remarkable in a work professing to introduce a new science to the world. What is the use of talking about "a fair profit"? Who is to decide what is a fair profit? Of course every seller maintains that he only asks a fair profit.

Then, again, it is a curious idea, that excessive competition arises from the enormous profits demanded. Surely the mere demanding of such profits could not have this effect. They must not only be demanded but received. It is easy to understand that, if the profits realized in any particular branch of industry are higher than those obtained from others, there will be increased competition in it till the profits are reduced to the general level; but that competition in all kinds of business depends upon the average amount of profit obtained from them is certainly a doctrine new to political economy. Whether profits rule high or low, the keenness of competition must depend upon the number of persons engaged in business, compared with the amount of business to be done.

But supposing Mr. Syme's new notion to be also true, of what avail is it, unless Government is to take in hand the regulation of business profits, determine what per-centage each branch of trade shall make, and effectually enforce its determination? Mr. Syme evidently does not shrink from Government interference. "Is it good," he says, "for the whole community that the population should be fully employed and adequately remunerated? Then it may be necessary for the State to promote, by such means as it has

in its power, the growth of manufacture." It would seem from this, that Mr. Syme considers Government bound, in addition to its other duties, to furnish the people with full employment and pay, by protecting and artificially fostering manufactures. It was not worth while for Mr. Syme to deprive himself of rest after his daily work, in order to preach so pernicious a heresy as this. It is a gross misuse of language to dignify such mischievous raving with the name of science. Mr. Syme renders it still more mischievous by most unwarrantably claiming Mill's sanction for it, whose words in other cases also he wrests to support his wild vagaries. He objects to the ordinary definition of value, which he defines to be simply desirableness, and, instead of the phrase "supply and demand," he proposes correlative demand. We must not omit his only true solution of the wages difficulty, which is, that master and man should each consider "what would be fair and equitable to both the one and the other." What can be simpler and better than this? So grand and beneficial a discovery is sufficient in itself to confer immortality on this new Industrial Science and its author.

The Kingdom of the Heavens.
By F. J. B. Hooper, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.—This is a book for clerical and theological students rather than general readers. Its object is to show that the frequently recurring phrase rendered in the authorized version of the New Testament by "the kingdom of heaven," and here by "the kingdom of the heavens," does not mean, as is generally supposed, the Church of Christ—*whether visible or invisible*—nor

the Christian religion or gospel dispensation, but "the millennial Messianic reign on earth of Christ and confessors after his second advent." To establish this position, the author examines, in chronological order, not merely all the passages in the New Testament which contain the phrase, or others of similar purport, but a vast number of others which have a very slender connection with it, discussing the interpretation put upon them by other expositors, and stating and defending his own. So that the work is, in fact, simply a commentary on a series of selected passages of Scripture, supposed to have a bearing upon the phrase which forms its title.

The author thinks that by adopting this form of procedure, he avoids the bias arising from "having always in view to make out a case," and professes "to treat each passage independently, not as a proof in an argument, but with a view simply to elicit its true meaning, without regard to any ulterior bearing that that meaning may have." Giving him full credit for the sincerity of his desire to avoid bias, we cannot but think he is under a delusion if he supposes he has done so simply by the particular form of discussion he has chosen. He commences his preface with the avowal that the chief object of the work is to establish the proposition we have quoted above, and of course that has been present to his mind from first to last. He may flatter himself that he has considered each passage independently, with a simple desire to ascertain its true meaning; but he will find it hard to persuade others that his views as to the right interpretation are altogether unaffected by the fixed idea ever uppermost in his mind. Whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, he surely has always had in view the establishment of a theory, though he has

chosen an indirect method of accomplishing his object, and it is useless for him to affect an impartiality which is impossible under such circumstances.

But if the abandonment of the form of a commentary is no guarantee of impartiality, it has the advantage of leading to a thorough discussion of the scriptural evidence bearing on the subject. We must do Mr. Hooper the justice to say he has not passed over any passage, however strongly it may appear to militate against his views. He has searched the New Testament from beginning to end with such sedulous attention, that not a single scrap of evidence having the slightest bearing on the point he is endeavouring to establish has escaped his observation. He has erred rather on the side of excess than deficiency. Students who wish to investigate the matter thoroughly may think this a good fault. If the author considers it of importance that his views should be generally adopted, he will do well to put them into some concise and compact form for the convenience of popular readers.

Viewed as a commentary, the work cannot rank high. The latest and best authorities are completely ignored, while far too much attention is given to commentators long out of date and never worth any consideration. The author's interpretations are often very far-fetched, rather forced upon him by the necessity of proving his point than naturally suggested by the text. He affects a literal exactness of rendering, which fails to convey a clear notion of the true meaning to an English reader. He is right enough in considering what sense would be attached to the words by those who heard them, but he should also consider modern readers so far as to conform to the usages of their language. Because the

Jews believed in the existence of seven heavens, that is no reason why we should speak of the kingdom of the heavens. The ancient Romans used the plural *literæ* for a single written communication, which we express by the word letter. It would be absurd affectation of literal precision to translate by the plural in English, because the plural is used in Latin.

According to Mr. Hooper, the kingdom of the heavens, composed of glorified saints, was proclaimed as about to descend from heaven to earth before A.D. 70. Such was "*conditionally* the will of God." "In order, however, to the carrying out of this will, it was necessary that the will of man should concur. And this was found wanting. Men did not in sufficient numbers believe the gospel. And hence the advent did not take place." When it will take place, he does not presume to determine. He enters into an elaborate exposition of the Book of Revelation, and gives a chronological table of the events to which he supposes it refers. But he makes a confession which rather shakes one's confidence in the soundness of his expositions: "Before quitting the author's time present to advert to his future, and especially to the Millennium, it will be proper to notice that I have discarded *in toto* the interpretation I gave of the latter in the 'Revelation Expounded.'" Who is to know whether he may not in some future publication as emphatically repudiate the doctrine he has here so strenuously laboured to establish? It is to be hoped the "errors" he has written this bulky book to confute are not of a deadly character, because, as he admits, they are generally entertained by Christians. They do not appear to an ordinary observer to involve the highest interests of religion or morality.

Mr. Hooper will, probably, allow that it is quite possible for one to hold them, and yet be a good citizen and a true Christian.

The Large and Small Game of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces of India.—By Captain J. H. Baldwin, F.Z.S. London: Henry S. King and Co.—Field sports in India, besides furnishing healthful and delightful occupation for our countrymen in the army and the civil service, fostering among them a spirit of daring adventure, and affording opportunities for the exercise of activity, presence of mind, readiness of resource, and promptitude of decision in unexpected emergencies, have the further recommendation of being practically useful in destroying noxious animals that prey upon human beings and cattle. It may be true enough that the number of persons killed by tigers is, as Captain Baldwin thinks, far less than is generally supposed, and only one-tenth of the number killed by cobra snakes. Still, it is large enough to warrant, as he says, a larger reward from Government for their extermination.

Captain Baldwin, during the seventeen years that he has been in the service, has enjoyed many favourable opportunities, which he has eagerly seized, of indulging in sports of all kinds. He has made it his constant practice to take notes of each day's adventures at the close of the day, before the impressions on his mind had time to fade. The value of his observations is evident from the fact that, with his own gun and rifle he has procured specimens of nearly every description of large and small game in Bengal and the North-Western Provinces of India. Having been obliged to return home on account of his health, he has transcribed,

condensed, and arranged the contents of his note-books, which he here presents to the public in a handsome volume, enriched with numerous illustrations. He does not profess to be a scientific naturalist, but claims—and not without good reason—the credit of being an extensive and careful observer of animal life. The statements he makes are for the most part founded on what he has himself seen and heard, and are worthy of the attention of all who are interested in sports and natural history. Those who are fond of adventure may here find materials to their taste, not perhaps so exciting as Mr. Gordon Cumming's wondrous tales, and others, but bearing the unmistakable stamp of genuine, unexaggerated truth. Nothing can be better than the quiet, unpretending way in which the author tells his stories. His simple object is to interest and inform his readers, not to make any parade of his own achievements or attract attention to himself.

Out of consideration for general readers, Captain Baldwin has devoted more space to tigers and tiger-hunting than other subjects. He gives a full account of these animals, their haunts and their habits, the various modes of hunting them, with directions and cautions suggested by his own experience, and illustrated by incidents which he or his friends have witnessed. He supplies a striking illustration of the prodigious strength of the tiger.

“Natives of India invariably drive their cattle home about sunset: in some villages in Bundelkund I have seen the cattle coming home of their own accord as it becomes dusk; instinct tells them of the danger of being abroad after sundown. The animals are then generally shut up in large pens, or sheds, or driven into some

open spot in the centre of the village, and tethered to pegs or small posts driven into the ground.

"Even then they are not always safe. I remember in Assam, a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high into an enclosure such as I have described, seizing one of the largest oxen therein, and again leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields, and over two hedges, a distance of over two hundred yards, till he reached some grass jungle, where he partly devoured his prey. In company with a brother officer, I sat up over that bullock for several hours, but no tiger came, so home we went. Our disgust was great to hear next morning, that when we were under our blankets, he had come later and made a hearty meal off the remainder of the carcase, for only the head and hide remained. As I have said, this was a large, full-grown ox, and if I had not seen the spot with my own eyes, and carefully examined the pen in which the cattle had been shut, and from which this beast had been so easily extracted; and if I had not heard the account from the people of the village, how they had been awakened by the noise of the marauder and his struggling victim, and seen the traces across the fields made by the tiger dragging the carcase, I could hardly have believed it possible that the brute was possessed of such prodigious strength."

Considering that the average length of the tiger is only from nine feet to nine and a half, this is a wonderful feat of muscular power. Captain Baldwin says it is a moot point whether the tiger or the lion is the stronger. He mentions a case in which a tiger in a menagerie burst through the partition of his den into a lion's, and in a few minutes killed him. But this was an unequal combat, the tiger being a male in full vigour, while the lion was old, so that his teeth were not in fighting condition. Captain Baldwin also mentions having once found a tiger and a wild boar lying dead not far from each other, in such a condition as

to justify the inference that the two had killed each other in fight.

Captain Baldwin has had one or two narrow escapes. On one occasion, as he was returning with his servant after a good day's sport, he was surprised to see a tigress and her cubs cross a glade about forty or fifty yards off. As soon as she saw them, she sank down into the grass, leaving nothing but her head and glaring eyes visible. She soon afterwards rapidly disappeared, but before she had quite got out of sight, he fired at her, on which she growled but did not turn round upon them, as might have been expected. He had a much more perilous adventure with a wild buffalo, which he thus relates:—

"We advanced cautiously a few paces, till we reached the spot where the deer had been standing a few moments previously. I was just pointing out to my companion the water yet trickling into the slots made by its feet, when something moved in the grass close to us. I turned round sharply, but all was again silent. There was a tunnel under the reeds and jungle, up which the deer we were following had gone. I made sure that what we had heard in the grass was the sound of this deer retreating, little thinking that a treacherous monster in the shape of an old bull buffalo was ready waiting for me: so stooping, I followed the tracks. It was a reckless thing to do in such a spot. We were up to our ankles in mud, and the overhanging reeds, nearly meeting overhead, made it very dark. I had only taken four or five paces, and was in a cramped position, listening as I took each step, and straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of the deer's hide, when there was a crash in the jungle close to me, and before I could turn round to my right and bring the muzzle of my rifle to bear, in a second of time, I was hurled to the ground with astonishing quickness by a tremendous butt on the right shoulder, followed up by a pair of huge knees on my chest crushing me down. My rifle had been sent flying out of my hand at the first shock, but had I re-

tained possession of it, it could not have assisted me in the least. My companion was close behind me at the time, and I called out twice to him in Hindustani to fire, but he rendered me no assistance in the hour of need. The buffalo commenced butting me with his huge head; I was covered with foam from his vile mouth. Most luckily the ground was very soft, or I must have been killed. I had fallen on my back, but managed by clutching the root of a small tree to draw myself from under him, but as I did so and turned over, he struck me a terrible blow on the back with his foot, breaking two ribs, and then I was powerless, and imagined all hope of escape to be over.

"He gave me a bad wound on the left arm, another dangerous one under the armpit, a third on the hip, all with his horns, and then I found myself lifted off the ground and thrown a tremendous somersault in the air. I must here mention that on this disastrous day I happened to be wearing a pair of strong English cord pantaloons, in which the animal when thrusting at me had caught the tip of one of his horns, and in trying to get clear, or in attempting some other vicious manoeuvre, during which he succeeded in giving me another terrible gash, as I have already said, sent me flying. I believe I descended on my head, but still having a portion of my senses about me, I remained perfectly still where I had fallen. Most luckily I was half hidden by a low thorn bush, and was almost on the edge of the lake again. About four yards off, from under the bush, I could see the head and shoulders of the enemy, and, as may be supposed, I watched him with anxiety. He was snuffing the ground where he had been pounding me. He seemed to listen for a few moments, and then to my inexpressible relief went to look for me in exactly an opposite direction, and presently entirely disappeared. Now or never was the time to escape. I managed to struggle to my feet, the trees and grass seemed to be whirling round me, I took twenty or thirty hurried, tottering paces along the edge of the lake, and then, bleeding fearfully, fell over insensible. The next thing I remember, on coming to my senses, was my wretched companion

kneeling by my side crying, and attempting to stop the bleeding of my arm. In a moment I remembered all that had happened, and whispered him to be silent and support me to my feet, which he did."

So serious were the injuries he received, that it was many weeks before he could move hand or foot, and for a month after being able to move about, he was obliged to hobble with a stick.

Captain Baldwin denies that Indian or Norwegian bears hug their victims and squeeze them to death, though American bears may, for what he knows. Their mode of attack is to strike with their fore paws. He tells an amusing anecdote of a pet bear kept by a regiment at a Bengal station:—

"A gallant European regiment, with rather a peppery colonel was formed up one morning in readiness for the usual drill. Just as the commandant galloped up at one end of the parade ground, the pet bear of the regiment came shuffling across from the opposite direction. The colonel's horse took fright at the brute, and in a loud voice the rider called out to the sergeant-major to drive the animal away; but the bear was full of play, bounded about through the ranks, first here, then there, till the men were in fits of laughter, and their commander in a towering passion; at last four buglers had to assist the sergeant-major to capture the animal, and lead him back to the barracks."

We trust we have made it clear that Captain Baldwin's volume abounds in pleasant reading and useful information, particularly for sportsmen and naturalists. The illustrations add much to the value of the work. Those representing heads of animals are remarkable for accuracy and boldness of drawing, and distinctness of engraving.

Outlines of Lectures on the History of Philosophy. By J. J. Elmendorf, S.T.D. Sampson Low and Co.—It is hardly necessary to say this book is not suited for general readers. It has been prepared for the use of lecturers and students. The author has furnished them with outlines of lectures, “first, to save the delay caused by much writing in the lecture-room; secondly, to aid a free use by lecturer and scholar of original sources; and thirdly, to provide help in review and recitation.” As to the first of these objects, we very much question whether the saving of time and labour in the lecture-room at all compensates for the loss of advantage incurred. The student who attends lectures or reads works on the history of philosophy, should take notes for himself, not use those of others, which, though perhaps in some respects better than his own, cannot be of so much service to him. To save him the trouble of deciding what points require to be noted, and what is the best way of noting them, is to rob him of nearly all the advantage of the study.

Then, again, these outlines presuppose a particular course of lectures; but, as Dr. Elmendorf observes, no two lecturers seize upon the same salient points in systems of philosophy, and, consequently, no two are likely to deliver similar lectures. Hence these outlines can be suited only for those who happen to attend the author's course founded upon them.

With regard to original authorities, lecturers who are properly qualified will not require Dr. Elmendorf's assistance, and students will find it often of little value, because, though he gives the volume and pages referred to, he omits to mention the edition used. The natural result will be, that they will, after a few fruitless attempts

to find the passages indicated, abandon all further search into the sources of information, and thus lose the chief benefit of the study. If they are to gain really useful knowledge of the various systems of philosophy that have prevailed, they must study the original authors for themselves, not depend upon any second-hand report of them. To accomplish this, it will be necessary for them to confine their attention to a much smaller number of authorities than are included in these outlines, some of them being, not merely works of comparatively insignificant writers, but articles of slender merit that have appeared anonymously in quarterly reviews. It would be absurd for them to waste their time in reading such fugitive compositions as these, when it is more than they can do to study any considerable proportion of all the standard works.

Dr. Elmendorf's book would have been more useful if it had been confined to the leading philosophers of each country and period. He has crammed far too much into a small space. The matter is so highly condensed as to be unfit for digestion, and, in fact, scarcely readable. The outlines are too bare and broken to give a distinct idea of the various philosophers and their systems. They are like shorthand writers' notes, intelligible only to the writer, mere hasty hints which no one else can understand, and which are rendered all the more mysterious by abbreviations and parentheses. To make the confusion worse confounded, Dr. Elmendorf has arranged his materials in a most puzzling way, sometimes putting the same thing under several heads. Thus, in the Introduction, ethics is first placed under psychology, it is next made a division co-ordinate with psychology, and then we are told it may be referred to metaphysics or

theology. It is not to be denied that, in spite of these imperfections, Dr. Elmendorf's work may be of service to students who have the skill and patience necessary to turn it to account. All we say is, that it is not a book which he who runs may read to advantage.

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Rays from the Southern Cross. By Georgiana Peacocke. With Illustrations by the Rev. Philip Walsh. London: H. S. King & Co.—It is pleasant to see that our fellow subjects in the colonies are not satisfied to be only receivers of literature from the mother country, but sometimes supply us with their own productions. The volume before us is the work of a lady in New Zealand, and contains poems originally written simply for amusement, without any idea of publication. The true poet does but, as the linnæus, sing because he must. His best efforts are no taskwork set him by another, nor undertaken with any sordid aim. These compositions are not inaptly described by the authoress as "lights and shadows that have flitted through my brain at different times." Many of them, called forth by particular circumstances, are addressed to persons or descriptive of scenes possessing special interest for colonial readers, and they are now published chiefly for the perusal of friends and the New Zealand public. But the majority are on topics that concern all, and deserve a wider circulation. The writer does not claim for them any peculiar excellence. She modestly says: "The verses are very simple and perfectly unpretending, boasting of no brilliant similes or classical allusions." This is true enough, but ought not to render the volume less welcome. Unpretending simplicity is itself a great charm, not to be found in every book of verse. If there is nothing *in these pages to strike and dazzle,*

there is nothing to offend the most fastidious taste—no trace of affectation or insincerity. On the other hand, there is much to please, to soothe, and to cheer. Delicacy and tenderness are naturally more conspicuous than power and grandeur. A tone of pensive seriousness prevails throughout, but it never degenerates to morbid melancholy. The sentiment is everywhere healthy and amiable. Surveying nature with observant eye and ear, the writer—

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the
running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every-
thing."

As an example we may quote:—

"THE FOREST STREAMLET.

- "Ripple, ripple, little streamlet,
Ever onward on thy way;
Ripple, ripple, little streamlet,
While I listen to thy lay.
- "Singing, singing, little streamlet,
To the flowerets by thy side,
To the gentle, loving blossoms,
Bending o'er thy glancing tide.
- "Ever murmuring, little streamlet,
To the stately forest trees,
As they bow their heads to listen,
In the gentle evening breeze.
- "And what say'st thou, little streamlet,
Murmuring ever, soft and low?
Sigh'st thou for the sunny meadows,
Where thy streams were wont to
flow?
- "Or dost ask, thou little streamlet,
Of the distant ocean wide,
Where, ere long, thy sunny wavelets
Must be mingled with the tide?
- "No, oh no, content I wander,
Ever joyous, on my way,
Seeking not to know the future,
Happy in the present day;—
- "Singing through the deep dark forest,
With the songsters of the grove;
Singing through the sunny meadows
To the flowerets that I love;—
- "Joying in the summer sunshine;
Joying in the forest shade;
Joying in all bright things round me,
Whereso'er my course is laid.

- " And the children play beside me,
For they love to hear me sing ;
Hark ! I hear their merry voices
Through the forest arches ring.
- " Ever thus, through light or shadow,
Sing I still my joyous lay,
And all Nature bids me welcome,
As I ripple on my way."

Without pretending that there is anything great or profound in these lines, we think all will allow that they are pleasing, and have a healthy tendency. In a poem called "The Storm," the writer strikes a higher key, and produces more powerful tones. A still greater effort is the longest poem in the volume, entitled "Three Scenes in the Life of Cola di Rienzi," chiefly consisting of a versified reproduction of three scenes in Lord Lytton's novel, "Rienzi," which produced so powerful an effect on the authoress's mind, that she wrote these verses after a single perusal, without further reference to it. She is to be congratulated on having rendered the incidents with telling effect.

Part of the volume is occupied with verse translations from German, French, and even Latin. We noticed that in one case the authoress makes the mistake of using the Latin word *manes* as a monosyllable. The illustrations, nearly all of which are descriptive of New Zealand scenes, are creditable amateur efforts, but defective in the figure drawing.

Octavius Brooks Frothingham and the New Faith. By E. C. Stedman. London: Sampson Low and Co.—It appears that Mr. Frothingham is considered by some a sort of successor to Theodore Parker, whose life he has written, and whose doctrines, with some modifications, he preaches at New York. An article by Mr. Stedman describing the man, his principles, and his preaching,

having appeared in an American periodical, has been thought worthy of preservation, and has consequently been published as a separate work, which will naturally be more highly valued in America than in this country, but will be read with interest by all who attentively study the various developments of free religious thought.

Besides giving an outline sketch of Mr. Frothingham's public performances and private character, Mr. Stedman illustrates his description by occasional quotations from his discourses. Judging from these, and what Mr. Stedman says, we are forced to the conclusion that Frothingham follows Theodore Parker at a great distance behind, both in freshness of thought and power of utterance. It is only within the past year or two, since his lectures have been delivered in a larger and better hall, that he has attracted many hearers. There is certainly nothing very striking either in the matter or the style of the passages here quoted, and, according to Mr. Stedman, the effect of Frothingham's compositions is rather impaired than otherwise by his mode of delivery. His elocution is so imperfect, that the closing word of a sentence is sometimes inaudible. He shuns all oratorical artifice, and appeals to the understanding rather than the feelings. Yet he is said to be heard with attention, and to exercise a powerful influence over the thoughtful and inquiring—in fact, he is looked up to as a leader and representative of free thought, an apostle of "the new faith," as it is here termed.

Some idea of the peculiarities of this "new faith" may be gathered from Mr. Stedman's work, to which we refer those who wish for information on the subject. We will confine ourselves to a sentence or two from a description by Mr.

Frothingham himself. "The new faith takes the old faiths by one hand and the modern faiths by the other, embraces all earnest people, and cordially says, Let us be friends; we are all working together, thinking, hoping, feeling our way into the realms of truth, conspiring to further the welfare of mankind. The new faith, thus taking every thought at its best, not at its worst, can do justice even to abhorrent opinions." From this it appears that "the new faith" is rather a matter of feeling and purpose than thought or belief. And a very charming spirit it professes to breathe, an advance even upon Christian charity, which, we are told, "at its best, is exceedingly imperfect." The only drawback about it is, that it "does not yet manifest itself as it should do" among its professors. We fear it will be more than Mr. Frothingham can do to mend this little rift in the lute; at the same time, we heartily wish him success.

An Alphabet in Finance. A Simple Statement of Permanent Principles and their Application to Questions of the Day. B. C. McAdam. With Introduction by R. R. Bowker. London: Sampson Low and Co.—Probably few readers of Lord Dufferin's highly amusing after-dinner speech at Toronto, in which with genuine Irish humour he described the Americans as looking with a longing eye across the border at the form of government established in the Dominion of Canada, regarded it as anything more than a good bit of fun. But, according to a remark in Mr. Bowker's Introduction to the American work before us, it would seem to be not altogether without some foundation of fact. "It is true," he plaintively observes, "that the number, especially of educated men, who unwillingly

harbour growing doubts of democracy, is sadly on the increase among us." It was Mr. McAdam's strong persuasion of the prevalence of pernicious errors in America with regard to the currency, that induced him to contribute a series of elementary articles on the subject to a newspaper of which he was editor. Having been since revised and extended, they are here re-issued in a separate volume.

Though written originally for American readers, and treating in a great measure of matters pertaining exclusively to America, they contain some things that are worthy of general attention. The writer frankly says he does not pretend to have made any new discovery, established any new principle, or contributed any important information. The only originality to which he lays claim, is in his mode of stating recognized principles. He has a remarkably clear and forcible way of explaining matters which are often misunderstood through losing sight of fundamental indisputable truths. Seizing upon the essentials of a question, he clears away all complication and obscurity, and puts the true state of the case so plainly before the reader as to prevent the possibility of misconception. His explanation of the nature and uses of money, foreign exchange, the balance of trade, banking currency, &c., is admirably lucid and thoroughly sound. No one, however unacquainted with such subjects, can fail to understand them aright, after having read what is here stated.

It should be understood that the work is only an exposition of first principles. For a complete account of these matters the reader is referred to the best authorities.

God's Chosen Festival (A Christmas Song), and other Poems.—By

G. N. Plunkett. Dublin: J. Mul-lany.—Mr. Plunkett has hardly been well advised in publishing this little book. It is only by a stretch of courtesy that its contents can be called poetry, or even passable verse. All the ideas of any value in "God's Chosen Festival" are borrowed from Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." It is needless to add, that they are not by any means improved. Many of the other pieces have a religious turn, and several will be more acceptable to Roman Catholic than to Protestant readers. Mr. Plunkett is an ardent lover of his native land, as appears from what follows:—

"ERINN.

- "Fair is God's world!
I have wandered it thro':
Fancy 's unfurled
Its best scenes to my view;
Which seems the fairest,
Of all the bright earth—
The dearest, the rarest?
The land of my birth!
- "Golden expanse
Poetized by the Rhine,
Gay land of France,
Ripe of wit and of wine,
But *one* can claim—
Though it hath not the smile
Of Italia—the name
Of the "Emerald Isle!"
- "Oft have I mused
In the South's golden shrine,
Where art is infused
With a spirit divine;
Yet trefoil or flower
Wafts memory home
From the Church and the Tower—
The glories of Rome!
- "Never my heart
Can be changed with the scene—
Still, still thou art
In my soul evergreen:
And gladly I'd go
To the Eden above,
But that parting were woe
From the land of my love!"

It is not often that one meets with so strong an expression of attachment to fatherland as the

concluding lines. Probably Mr. Plunkett himself hardly appreciated the full force of the language he has used. In any case, no fault is to be found with the sentiment he intended to express.

Towards the close of "God's Chosen Festival" there are these two lines addressed to the Saviour:—

"Then hear her pray'rs from whom
you sprung,
Upon whose breast Thou'st fondly
hugg."

Without saying a word as to the doctrine here implied, we would simply call Mr. Plunkett's attention to the objectionable transition from "you" in the first line to "Thou" in the second, and the awkward abbreviation "Thou'st."

Certainties of Christianity. Four Lectures. By J. H. Wheatley, Ph.D. Dublin: Hodges, Foster and Figgis.—The four lectures composing this pamphlet were written for the Sligo Young Men's Christian Association; but circumstances, we are told, prevented their delivery. They treat of Christianity and Science, Historical Proof of Christianity, Miracles, and the Application of Christianity to Human Needs. The second strikes us as decidedly the best. The writer has there a definite object in view, which he endeavours to accomplish in a sober, straightforward way. His arguments, if not unanswerably conclusive—as is scarcely to be expected on such a subject—must be allowed by all to possess considerable weight. They are also clearly and forcibly stated.

The other three lectures are well meant, and might perhaps suit an audience of young people, but do not appear to advantage in print. They are too colloquial, too rambling and unconnected, too jerky

and abrupt, short phrases of a word or two being made to do duty for complete sentences. There are not wanting just observations here and there, but they do not tend to any clearly defined result. A still worse fault is their light flippant tone, not at all in harmony with the seriousness of the subject. It is neither good taste nor good sense to say of Hume the philosopher, "That man ought to have been made to stand on his own head, which might just have brought his intelligence to its natural level; heels up, heads down. He might have been a rinker." The writer's remark on Mr. Darwin is a gross misrepresentation:—"With him, miracle is impossible, Christianity a juggle, and the soul a madman's raving." Sweeping assertions of this sort should not be made without careful examination; and it is difficult to imagine how any one, with the least pretension to science or even common sense, could, after examining Mr. Darwin's works, consider this to be a correct description of his teaching. Careless and incorrect statements are especially to be deprecated in connection with a subject of this nature.

The Vendetta, and other Poems.—By T. B. Peacock, Topeka, U.S.—According to Mr. Peacock's preface and the critical notices at the end of this volume, his poems have been so favourably received in America, that he has been induced to combine them with many others into a larger collection. We have failed to discover anything in them to warrant the hope of a similar reception in this country. Mr.

Peacock has a great deal to learn before he can meet the requirements of English readers with any pretensions to education. He must at least be able to write prose correctly, which is at present more than he can manage, if we may judge from his brief preface. He must also be able to produce something very different from the sort of half-and-half compound of prose and poetry, neither one thing nor the other, which forms the staple of this volume. He must give us much better lines than this:—

"Th' hot tear shed, and heave th' suppressless sigh."

But it is in vain for him to think of ever being a poet, or even a respectable versifier. He has neither the mind nor the ear, even if he had the requisite education. His ideas are as poor as his verse is lame. A short specimen will suffice to show this:—

"LOVE.

"There's love that's like the meteor—
Endearing while it lasts.—
That flashes—burns—forevermore
Dies—darkness it o'ercasts.
Yet, like th' sweet, fix'd star of night,
A love far, far more dear, there
be—
Grand, pure, beautiful and bright!
Glowing ever—eternally!"

We have closely followed the author's punctuation, that the full effect of his dashes and notes of interjection may be retained. In one sense this is certainly dashing verse. When we add that it is rather above than below the average contents of the volume, our readers may judge how far what we have said is well-founded.

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JOAN OF ARC.

It is as impossible for Englishmen to attempt to defend Shakspeare's description of this heroic character as it is for Frenchmen to find in Voltaire's "Pucelle d'Orleans" any trace of the same personage as drawn so beautifully by Schiller, with all the poetic imagery of a master-mind, in his "Jungfrau von Orleans." But though a defence of the English poet is not possible, a short retrospective summary of the events which led to many battles, glorious to both the arms of France and England, may serve in some measure to palliate the offence, more especially when we remember the change of events which, having occurred in this country, brought the great Tudor family to the throne.

At the death of Charles IV. of France, in 1328, Edward III. of England laid claim to the throne of France, by right of his mother, Isabella, daughter of Philip IV.; a claim which was rejected at once by the States-General, who based their refusal on the Salic law,

which declared that no woman could succeed to the throne in her own right. For the same cause, and on the same grounds, Jane, daughter of Louis X., married to Philip d'Evreux, was also excluded, as was the infant daughter of Charles IV., born two months after his death. Philip VI., known as De Valois, who had been elected regent, was then declared king, and thus the Capetian dynasty, which had lasted over three centuries, ceased to reign over France.

The pages of the histories of both countries are adorned with many names glorious to both. Cressy and Poitiers, fought by the Black Prince; Agincourt, by Henry V., who still persisted in the claim, had subjugated a great part of France to England, Lower Normandy having become an English possession. Splendid as were these achievements, intestine rebellion may be looked upon as the principal cause which led to a final adjustment of the quarrel.

The feuds of the Burgundians and Armagnacs were rife. Isabella of Bavaria, the licentious wife of Charles VI., exiled to Tours by order of her son, at the instigation of the Count d'Armagnac, Constable of France, hastened to join the Burgundian duke, Jean sans Peur, and to concert together with him plans of revenge. On the night of the 12th of June, 1418, taking advantage of a revolt in Paris, the Burgundians rushed into the city, massacring the Armagnacs, totally unprepared for this sudden attack. Fierce hatred was now engendered, bitter were the struggles, the private revenges; but nevertheless, France felt that *l'union fait la force*, and that to oppose the advance of the victorious Henry V. of England, united action was necessary. But this union of the opposing parties was rendered impossible by a treacherous action on the part of one of the Armagnac leaders. The Dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy having met at Melun, a second meeting was arranged to take place at the Bridge of Montereau, where an enclosure permitting each prince to enter with but few followers was erected. The Duke of Burgundy advanced and bent his knee before the young Dauphin, never, however to rise again. His bitter foe, Tanneguy du Chatel, struck him down with his battle-axe, the Dauphin's suite burying their swords in his body as he fell. The Burgundians were made prisoners, the Armagnacs exulting over the treacherous murder of Jean sans Peur.

The immediate effect of this murder was advantageous to England, Charles VI. signing a document in which the claims of Henry V. were recognized as valid. His marriage with the Princess Catherine was celebrated at Troyes in 1420. France and England were

declared to be one realm, united together in the person of one king, and that king to be at the death of Charles VI., Henry of England.

It is well known that the rapidly-succeeding deaths of these two monarchs, and the succession by the infant Henry VI. to the throne of England, caused once more the whole question to be brought forward, and once more "fair France" was the scene of many a blood-thirsty combat. The "Dauphin de Vienne," as Charles VII. was then called, although a man of no mental energy, was induced by partizans, and the evident hatred of his countrymen to the foreign yoke, to assert his claim, and oppose the pretensions of John of Bedford. At first he was unsuccessful, his troops were routed, and many important towns were added to those occupied by the English; but this could not last long. Orleans, besieged and almost entirely reduced, rather than submit to England, despatched messengers to the Duke of Burgundy, offering to surrender the town to him, as cousin of the Duke of Orleans. Philip of Burgundy, overjoyed at such an offer, hastened with the envoys to Paris, to lay the conditions before the Regent Bedford, who, however, refused to listen to any such terms, vowing that Orleans should surrender to him alone, and pay the expenses of the siege; adding that he was not such a fool as to beat the bushes for others to capture the birds (*qu'il seroit bien marry d'avoir battu les buissons, et que d'autres eussent les oisillons*). Enraged at such an answer, the Duke retired from the struggle, leaving Orleans to its fate, and it is at this period that Joan of Arc appears on the scene, surrounded with the mystery and superstitions which have been encouraged by the Roman Catholic Church, ever anxious to nurture the feeling

of credulity among its adherents. Though some questions have been raised as to the orthography of the name Darc or d'Arc, the latter form is generally accepted as correct. Heraldry points out that the mark or seal of the family was "*un arc bandé de trois flèches.*" Mr. Carlyle, in his life of Schiller, speaks of "her small native dale of Arc," which, however, can in no way be accepted as the derivation of the name, the symbols of heraldry having an importance at that time, which, owing both to the many heraldic quacks, and ludicrous charges displayed, is no longer to be met with.

Jeanne d'Arc was born January 6th, 1412, at Domrémy, a small village situated in the valley of the Meuse, on the confines of Champagne and Lorraine, being remarkable from her earliest youth for that rhapsodical piety which, fostered to too great a degree, produces an ecstatic condition as deceptive as it is improbable. Her life as shepherdess caused her often to be alone, tending her flocks and wandering from hill to hill, though allured by an irresistible feeling towards a spot shaded by what was known as "*l'arbre des dames,*" a tree which took its name from the spirits which were supposed occasionally to inhabit its branches. From official accounts we know that she was a tall, powerful girl, bronzed by the hot sun, and capable of doing a good day's work at the plough if necessary. We do not here intend to do more than sketch an outline of her many adventures, only remarking that at that time a prophecy was generally quoted, "*qu'une femme perdrat la France, et qu'une jeune fille la sauverait.*" Jeanne d'Arc, filled with patriotic love for king and country, determined that she would become the chosen agent.

We may now leave the realities

of history and proceed at once to notice the three poets who found in this personage a fitting subject for their pens. Of Shakespeare no Englishman can speak but with reverence and love; the blots which occasionally appear we must all feel inclined to pass over unnoticed as flaws in some precious diamond of unequalled beauty and lustre. Our great poet may be considered the first author who reproduced upon the stage the heroine of the Anglo-French wars, though it must be evident to all that the prejudices of the day yet rankled in his mind, and that his view of the character cannot be accepted in any way, or looked upon as a faithful representation. When brought before the Dauphin she relates that the spirits have spoken to her urging her to attempt the freedom of France, adducing as a proof the beauty with which "*God's Mother*" blessed her when appearing to her. She also challenges and defeats the Dauphin in single combat, using the sword—

"Decked with five fleur-de-luces on
each side,
The which at Touraine in St. Katharine's
Churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I
chose forth."

And though she refuses to listen to his suit:—

"I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from
above,"

she nevertheless hints that she will accept a recompense later. Of her courage no proof is given to us; her duel with Talbot is left undecided; Rouen she enters through stratagem; when taken at Angiers she relieves her mind by cursing "*like a very drab,*" denying her father even at the moment preceding her condemnation. Such a charac-

ter is unworthy of the pen of Shakspeare, but other causes had in a certain degree tended to prejudice his mind against an enemy hated by all Englishmen as the cause of their defeat, and the subduer of many provinces which had formed part of England's dominions. The period at which Shakspeare wrote, a period renowned for many acts of valour performed in all parts of the then known world, must be taken into consideration, as well as the hatred which was then springing up against all things which were in any way connected with the Church of Rome. The strong Protestant feeling which, whenever prominent, as in the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell, made England powerful, scoffed at the idea of the virgin warrior being inspired by the Mother of God.

It is a curious fact that the French believe that the Virgin-Mother is ready to appear in a most mysterious manner to illiterate people in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Imbued in a certain measure with the credulities of the age, and with the strong belief prevalent both in France and in England as to the witchcraft of Jeanne d'Arc, Shakspeare would very naturally look with a feeling almost amounting to horror on one whom he believed to be about the least fitting instrument likely to be chosen as an instrument of Heaven. But the English poet felt supported in his views by the conduct of the French people, who had unhesitatingly delivered her up as a witch, knowing the terrible punishment likely to befall any one accused of this misdemeanour.

The moment that Jeanne d'Arc was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, the University of Paris and the Head of the Inquisition loudly called for her immediate trial on the charges of heresy, blasphemy, and witchcraft. A Frenchman,

Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, was appointed president of the court of inquiry; another bishop, himself present at the coronation at Rheims, excusing the apathy shown by the French king on the grounds that Jeanne d'Arc would not follow any advice given to her—"Comme elle ne vouloit croire conseil, ains faisoit tout à son plaisir," a rather clear evidence that the belief in her spiritual guidance was not fully participated in by the learned bishop. The judges were all Frenchmen, the accusations brought against her being of the most disgusting kind, sufficient in themselves to exonerate Shakspeare from the charge of malicious invention.

Her trial commenced on the 21st of February, 1431, sentence being pronounced against her on the 18th of April. To make her degradation more complete, the body of Churchmen and others "learned in the law," managed by trickery to obtain from her, as the price of her life, an acknowledgment of guilt, signed by herself. In this instrument she declared herself to be an impostor and an agent of the infernal powers. Having her thus within their power, morally as well as physically, thirsting for her blood, means were easily found by her enemies, and this poor uneducated girl declared once again that the voices had spoken to her. An uproar was immediately made, she was handed over to the executioner, tied to the stake, burnt as a heretic and witch, her ashes scattered to the four winds, her exultant enemies, dignitaries of the Church which has since canonized her, crowding round to see her dying agonies.

We agree with all French historians in admitting that the conduct of the Duke of Bedford and of the Cardinal of Winchester was brutal and revengeful; but we must consider that this was sur-

passed by the mean and contemptible spirit exhibited by her own countrymen. It may be here mentioned, that after the coronation of Charles VII., the family d'Arc was ennobled and ordered to carry the following charge: On a field azure, two fleurs-de-lys or, and a sword argent, hilted or, the point upwards and surmounted by a crown or; the name of the family being changed into Du Lys or Du Lis.

The reasons which induced Voltaire to take up the same character, to make it the heroine of a specially composed poem, were totally different. About the middle of the seventeenth century, Jean Chapelain, a learned academician, entered the lists as her defender and historian, publishing a work in which she was held up as a messenger from Heaven, full of innocence, pity, and resignation in moments of trouble. Though this poem contained much fine academic writing, many appeals to the patriotism and vanity of the French, it nevertheless fell flat, producing an effect very contrary to that hoped for by the author, as it called forth all the satirical venom of the bitterest pen, undipped in gall, which ever any nation produced. François Marie Arouet de Voltaire seized this subject and poem as a pretence for stabbing at a Church and a religion which he hated with all the fervent hatred of a thoroughly prejudiced mind.

“Vieux Chapelain, pour l'honneur de ton art,

Tu voudrais bien me prêter ton génie ;

Je n'en veux point.”

“Je n'en veux point” might almost be considered to be Voltaire's motto through life, and the feeling which imbued his whole mind. The eighteenth century was undoubtedly a turning point in

French history, and the poem “La Pucelle d'Orleans” was one of the most terrible weapons ever turned against Christian belief. Not only do we find the dogmas and legends of the Church attacked, but also the whole system of the religion is introduced and turned to ridicule in such a manner as to excite wonderment at the clever devilry of the mind which directed such a cutting pen. That the Church under Louis XIV. was a mere tool in the hands of an unprincipled monarch, and that many of the clergy could be ranked as “abbés galants” none can dispute; but that such a cause should have led a sharp thinker like Voltaire to deny the religion on account of the flagrant setting aside of its first principles, is a matter of astonishment. The writers and thinkers of the day devoted their energies, their minds, and works, to the encouragement of the revolutionary feeling deeply rooted at that time in the hearts of a population oppressed by king, nobles, and Church. To destroy the latter power was their aim, as its destruction would inevitably lead to the overthrow of the former. The unalienable rights of man, and his personal freedom were depicted as crushed and kept down by a sensuous priesthood, which devoted its energies to the encouragement of the vices of the court—a priesthood which supported the rich man against the poor. It was therefore necessary to uproot that “scandalous superstition of credulous centuries” which appeared at the best only useful to retain the masses within due bounds, and thus it was that the poem “La Pucelle d'Orleans” was hailed with delight by the new school of philosophy. According to Voltaire, Jeanne is but a common waiting-maid at a small inn at Vaucouleurs, dirty and vulgar, the associate of

mendicant friars and muleteers; her personal appearance being thus described :—

“ Son air est fier, assuré, mais honnête,
 Ses grands yeux noirs brillent à
 fleurs-de-tête,
 Trente-deux dents d'une égale blan-
 cheur,
 Sont l'ornement de sa bouche ver-
 meille,
 Qui semble aller de l'une à l'autre
 oreille,
 Mais bien bordée, et vive en sa cou-
 leur,
 Appétissante et fraîche par mer-
 veille.”

St. Denys, a rather amusing saint, the celebrated patron of France, is commissioned to inform her that she has been the instrument chosen to deliver her country from the oppression of the English, and appeals to her in the following loud sounding words :—

“ Le Dieu des rois par tes mains
 innocentes,
 Veut des Français venger l'oppres-
 sion,
 Et renvoyer dans les champs
 d'Albion,
 Des fiers Anglais les cohortes
 sanglantes.”

The weapons which are given to her include all those which are known to have become famous in Biblical history, the steed being a winged ass, the appropriate *monture* of all witches, and the whole sounds like a Homeric paraphrase :—

“ Un beau harnois tout frais venu du
 ciel,
 Des arsenaux du terrible empyrée,
 En cet instant par l'archange Michel,
 La noble armure avait été tirée.
 On y voyait l'armet de Deborah,
 Le clou pointu funeste à Siséra,
 Le caillou rond dont un berger
 fidèle,
 De Goliath entama la cervelle;
 Cette mâchoire avec quoi combattit
 Le fier Samson, quises cordes rom-
 pit
 Lorsqu'il se vit vendu par sa don-
 zelle;

Le coutelet de la belle Judith,
 Cette beauté si galamment perfide,
 Qui, pour le ciel saintement homi-
 cide,

Son cher ami massacra dans son lit.
 Toute heroïne a besoin d'un coursier,
 Jeanne en demande au triste mule-
 tier,

Mais aussitôt un âne se présente,
 Au beau poil gris, à la voix éclatante,
 Bien étrillé, sellé, bridé, ferré.
 Portant arçons avec chanfrin doré,
 Caracolant, du pied frappant la terre
 Comme un coursier de Thrace ou
 d'Angleterre.”

Another extract, in which we find the names of Milton and Homer, will show the sneering spirit which prevails through the poem, accompanied, however, by a small feeling of shame. The two patron saints, St. George of England and St. Denys of France, meet in personal combat, a combat described with much mock Homeric flourish. St. George has his nose cut off, though he manages to chop off the ear of St. Denys; the combat is, however, stopped by the intervention of the Archangel Gabriel.

“ Que dans vos cœurs la charité
 s'éveille—
 George insolent, ramassez cette
 oreille,
 Ramassez dis-je, et vous, Monsieur
 Denis,
 Prenez ce nez avec vos doigts
 bénis,
 Que chaque chose en son lieu soit
 remis.”

This miracle accordingly takes place, they shake hands, and scale the skies together, where at once nectar is brought out.

“ Le bel archange, après cet embras-
 sade,
 Prend mes deux saints, et d'un air
 gracieux,
 A ses côtés les fait voguer aux
 cieux,
 Où de nectar on leur verse rasade.”

Peu de lecteurs croiront ce grand combat;
 Mais sous les murs qu'arrosait le Scamandre
 N'a-t-on pas vu jadis avec éclat,
 Les dieux armés de l'Olympe descendre?
 N'a-t-on pas vu chez cet Anglais Milton,
 D'anges ailés toute une légion,
 Rougir de sang les celestes campagnes,
 Jeter au nez quatre ou cinq cents montagnes,
 Et qui est pis, d'avoir du gros canon!"

The whole poem is thus constructed with the avowed intention of holding up to ridicule all that is good and noble. The better sentiments are represented as the effects of meanness of character, selfishness and sensuality being rendered the prominent characteristics of man. Though the French applauded and laughed over the pungent Attic salt, yet it must be testified that this poem never met with a heart-felt approbation; rather was it looked upon as the degradation of a great mind, which had given itself up to scoff at the noblest heroic deeds, to hold up to scorn the better feelings of religious veneration for holy matters.

Yet another poet remains to be mentioned, a poet of another nation, filled with other thoughts and feelings, but one who has, perhaps, best comprehended the idea of the heroine imbued with her divine mission, though unable by herself to overcome the natural feelings of woman. Both Shakspeare and Schiller make Joan acknowledge that the element of her success depends upon her obedience to the vow forced upon her, never to give way to an earthly passion:—

"I must not yield to any rites of love,
 For my profession's sacred from above"—

which in its turn is thus rendered by Schiller:—

"Nicht Männerliebe darf dein Herz
 berühren,
 Mit sünd'gen Flammen eitler Erden
 lust."

On this sentiment the German poet bases his poetic thoughts, calling forth all our sympathies—more, however, for the woman than the heroine. Were we to criticize closely we might, perhaps, consider that in many parts this play is not maintained throughout with equal power, but taken as a whole it contains bits which would in themselves rank Schiller among the foremost poets of any age or country. The love of Agnes Sorel for the king is represented as being of the most unselfish description, she urging him to undertake the defence of Orleans in person, rather than to be forsaken by Dunois, who, enraged at the king's utter want of character and patriotism, threatens to quit his camp. Another point made by Schiller is in the first interview between Charles and Joanna, when the latter relates to the king the substance of a prayer offered up in the stillness of a quiet night unseen by any; this takes the place of the combat with which Shakspeare evidently intended to delight his romantic audiences. Her struggles against the power of love, and her firm belief that she is a chosen instrument sent to free France from an enemy, form the principal arguments of the play, as may be seen in her answer to Dunois, who offers her his hand and heart:—

"Berufen bin ich zu ganz ander
 Werk,
 Die reine Jungfrau nur kann es
 vollenden;
 Ich bin die Kriegerin des höchsten
 Gottes,
 Und keinem Manne kann ich Gattin
 sein."

From the same cause she refuses to spare the life of the young Welsh knight, Montgomery, who prays for quarter, offering her a ransom, and at last begging for mercy in the name of his young bride impatiently awaiting his return to his native land. But his prayers are vain; she knows not yet what is love, passion is to her a strange god, and he must die.

“Du rufest lauter irdisch fremde
Götter an,
Die mir nicht heilig noch verehrlich
sind. Ich weiss
Nichts von der Liebe Bündniss, das
du mir beschwörst,
Und nimmer kennen werd' ich ihren
eitler Dienst.”

Joanna, however, succumbs finally to the influence of an earthly passion, and the scene between Lionel, the young leader of the English army, and herself is, perhaps, the weakest part of the whole drama. A point is here made without sufficient preparation. The audience is utterly unprepared for this sudden transformation, and love at first sight is not usually engendered after a vigorous struggle, in which the male opponent is decidedly worsted, his features being only disclosed after that his helmet has been rudely knocked off. The idea that Joanna should fall in love with the leader of the hosts opposed to her, the enemy oppressing her beloved country, is exceedingly dramatical, but the leading up to it is inferior. She looks at his face, wrings her hands, entreats him to save himself, suffering him to bear away the sacred sword, all in the space of one short scene. Lionel has not previously been exhibited in any heroic light, or as a character likely to excite admiration; his personal valour being called forth in no manner, the reader cannot find the cause for the sudden change which thus induces Joanna to break

through her vows and entail on herself the misery described afterwards with the poetic detail for which Schiller is justly celebrated. In the first scene of the fourth act, immediately following, this sentiment is described in a touching monologue, in which she mourns the love that now fills her breast. She feels she is no longer a fitting agent. Alas! that she might have been left to tend her flocks; or that one pure in heart, immortal, one who could neither have felt nor wept, had been chosen in her place. But it is all in vain, and she is called upon to take her part in the procession now accompanying the king to the Cathedral of Rheims, where the coronation is about to take place; her sacred banner, on which is depicted the Holy Mother holding in her lap the child, is handed to her, and though in her agony of mind she shrinks back when looking at that blessed image,—

“Sie ist's. Sie selbst! Ganz so
erschien sie mir,
Seht, wie sie herblickt und die Stirne
faltet,
Zornglühend aus den finstern Wim-
pern schaut!”

she at last seizes it, and, trembling, heads the march. Among the many spectators we find her sisters, to whom she rushes out after the ceremony is over; longing for their sympathy, thirsting for their love, she owns her pride, entreats them to take her back with them to her distant home, to her flocks, her solitude, and early happiness. But a moment terrible for her is in course of preparation. She is denounced before her king, lovers, fellow-soldiers, family, by one who considers her in the light of a blasphemer, hypocrite, and witch; by one who ought himself to have been the first to save her, to protect her. Her own father steps forward

to accuse and renounce her. He calls on her in the name of the Trinity to tell whether she may be numbered among the pure and holy; but an unaccountable horror has come over her. She remains speechless, motionless; her friends, her king, press round entreating an answer, but in vain. Dunois, who loves her, remains faithful to her, and hurls his gauntlet down as challenge to any who disbelieve in her innocence, a challenge which is accepted by no mortal man, but which calls forth a loud peal of thunder from heaven. She cannot even grasp the sacred cross which the archbishop moves towards her; and then all fly. She is condemned by her king to leave the city; none will molest, but she must now quit; though one remains faithful to her, Raimond, who loved her when she as "lowly shepherdess tended her flocks beneath the sacred tree," and is now her only companion in her sudden disgrace and flight.

The poem now declares to us that the French are easily routed by the English, who have learnt that the "witch" has been banished from the camp. But as such a poetic life needed a poetic death, we find that Schiller, setting aside all historical records and facts, refuses to suffer his heroine to die on the stake. Joanna is taken prisoner by her mortal enemy, Isabella of Bavaria, loaded with chains, and after an interview with Lionel, left in the guard of the queen, as an immediate attack on the French camp demands the presence of the young commander of the English forces. The battle takes place, Dunois is severely wounded, the king is on the point of being made a prisoner—this being related to Isabella by the officer on watch in the town surveying the field of battle. Another miracle must take place before Joanna dies. She prays that the God who suffered Samson, when

blind, to tear down the pillars which supported the building in which were seated his scoffing foes, would hear her in her hour of need and rend her chains asunder. The prayer is heard, the chains fall, she rushes out, and sword in hand, flies to the rescue of her king, but meets her death. In the last scene she is brought in severely wounded, supported in the arms of the king; slowly opening her eyes, she sees around her the loved faces of many looking on her with sorrowing pity. She feels that now she is no longer condemned or despised; her sacred banner is handed to her, she holds it aloft, and once again the Queen of Heaven, surrounded by an angelic host, looks upon her with gracious pity; light clouds bear her upwards, earth lies at her feet, her last words are of joy and peace, and she dies covered by the banners of those who now acknowledge her innocence and martyrdom:—

" Leichte Wolken heben mich
Die schwere Panzer wird zum Flügel-
kleide,
Hinauf — hinauf — Die Erde flieht
zurück,
Kurz ist der Schmerz und ewig ist die
Freude."

To all interested in this drama we would recommend the perusal of Mr. Carlyle's life of Schiller, to which we refer all interested in judicious discriminations and dealings in subtle psychological niceties; a book which may be pointed to as the standard English criticism on Schiller and his works. No student of German literature can aspire to the title who has not studied with the help of Mr. Carlyle Schiller and his works; and who, having thus studied, fails to recognize the accuracy and philosophy of a mind trained by years of close study in the anatomy of judicious criticism. We find a

comparison made between two of the poets to whom we have here alluded. Schiller's genius is of a kind much narrower than Shakspeare's: but in his own peculiar province, the exciting of lofty, earnest, strong emotion, he admits of no superior. And, again, we read in allusion to the "Jungfrau von Orleans," "It is not in parts, but as a whole, that the delineation moves us; by light and manifold touches it works upon our hearts, till they melt before it into that mild rapture free alike from the violence and the impurities of nature, which it is the highest triumph of the artist to communicate."

Of the three pictures thus laid before us by three artists of almost equal fame and talent, we can unhesitatingly affirm, that for beauty

of thought and expression, the German author has far surpassed his rivals. Grand as Shakspeare must ever be considered, his mind never conceived such a character as that of the "Jungfrau;" rather did he delight in the terrible horrors of a Lady Macbeth, the vivacity of a Portia, or the rather tame loves of a Desdemona or Ophelia. In none of his plays do we find a female character equal for beauty to that portrayed by Schiller, whose tender loving mind would have turned aside with dread from the horrible scenes which our national poet described with such force and energy. Of "La Pucelle d'Orleans" we have said enough to prove to what an extent of degradation the human mind is capable when a jealous hand guides a bitter pen.

FASHION IN FICTION.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

THERE is not anything in this world half so capricious, and, during its short reign, so dictatorial as fashion. It has been said by some one that the world is governed by love and hunger, but we think fashion has also a seat in the cabinet. Fashion mocks at all trammels, and runs its short race defiantly; it encourages this week the same project or achievement which last week it frowned down into utter obscurity, and not the shrewdest prophet can tell what strange combination will be the next object of worship. Some years ago what would have been thought of ladies who skated in public upon sham ice? now the amusement has become completely naturalized amongst us, and the "Rink" is almost as well established in public favour as the "Row" is in the London season.

As with amusements so with literature. Some centuries ago the question was seriously argued by the learned men in France whether women should be taught the alphabet; but while the prosy old *savans* debated and disputed the point, the ladies — not for the first or last time—took the law into their own hands, and acquired not the alphabet only, but became learned and pedantic enough to excite the ridicule of Molière; they looked into political questions; they tried to solve ethical problems; so troublesome, in fact, did they become, that when Napoleon was goaded into

asking Madame de Staël, "Why will you women meddle in politics?" she answered for herself and the women of the first Empire in these words: "Sire, if you will hang us we must ask the reason."

Politics are not now fashionable enough to make women meddling in that department. It is true that a strong appeal is made at intervals for woman's suffrage, but it has never become a fashionable war cry. It is fashionable, however for women to write; so universal, indeed, has the occupation become that the women who do not write are rather the exception than the rule. The ladies have almost completely routed the lords of the creation from the domain of light literature, and we think that in many instances they can fairly compete with men in the production not only of readable novels, but of novels that will live. Of course, we do not allude now to the "tag-rag-and-bobtail" of lady novelists, inexperienced girls, many of them, who do not know anything of life except what they have learned from novels immature and mawkish as those which they have themselves been idiotic enough to write and publish, probably at their own expense, but to writers such as George Eliot, the late Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and some half-dozen others whom we could name.

We think it would be an excellent

plan for our best male and female writers to combine in the production of novels. Very few men can properly delineate the character of women; no man, except Shakespeare, has ever had an intuitive insight into the complexities of the feminine nature; and yet, if the women of to-day were to act always according to the dictates of that nature which he has so faithfully portrayed, we fear Mrs. Grundy would have some very severe things to say about them.

But if men fail in the delineation of women, do not women very often give us women in men's clothes for men? And would it not be an experiment worth trying to have a novel written conjointly by one of either sex. Of course, all our authors are not equally unsuccessful in their portrayal of women; many of them have given us real flesh and blood—not mere lay figures. Thackeray and Dickens have often been upheld as clever delineators of female character, but the women of the former are not lovable, and we prefer the Gamps and Prigs of Dickens to his young ladies, who are not by any means thoroughbred. Bulwer-Lytton's heroines are all stagey; those of Charles Reade lack refinement, but still we infinitely prefer them to the types depicted in Wilkie Collins' later novels. In the somewhat wild, often fanciful, but always clever and well-written fictions of the late Mortimer Collins we have the best modern imitation—shall we call it?—of the Shakespearean woman, but, such is the fashion of the day, she is by no means as popular as her more namby-pamby sisters.

Black and Hardy can also describe women with praiseworthy fidelity, but while the heroines of Black's novels are charming in every sense of that comprehensive word, Hardy allows us to see too

plainly that he has not an exalted opinion of the fair sex, and his bias naturally appears in his works. His women have always great beauty but very little softness, and a great want of common sense and stability, especially in the conduct of their love affairs. A more unlovable creature than "Ethelberta," in Mr. Hardy's last novel, we have rarely met with, and yet the attributes which we are accustomed to associate with unlovable women are not specially conspicuous in her character; she is simply a beautiful passionless creature, who can sit down to determine her course of action as regards the acceptance or rejection of an old *roué*, from whom she has had a proposal of marriage, by the perusal of a chapter in a volume of ethics and casuistry. She keeps her three lovers well in hand, and a fourth, for whom she has the faintest possible shadow of affection, she dismisses without a pang, and even plots to marry him to a sister of her own, who is as ready to fall in love idiotically as "Ethelberta" is to steer clear of such a common-place weakness. The men in the "Hand of Ethelberta" are mere puppets with whom the clever heroine plays fast and loose at will, and we can hardly blame her in the end for bestowing her much sought-for hand upon the least silly of the four—the old Lord Mountclere.

The lamentable failure of women to depict in fiction men, as we have known them in real life, cannot be denied, but thanks to the intuitive insight into the feelings that sway humanity, male and female, possessed more or less by all women capable of thought at all—and surely *writers* ought to be *thinkers*—the mistakes made by our lady novelists in the delineation of their heroes are not so frequent and so absurd as those made

by men with regard to their heroines.

Mrs. Oliphant is one of our most successful delineators of men—but she is at her best when she selects a certain type to represent a class—and Miss Mulock is one of our worst. It is scarcely too much to say that in not one of the many fictions written by the latter have we ever been fortunate enough to meet a man! We do not even except that popular favourite, "John Halifax." Miss Yonge describes boys and young men admirably, and George Eliot gives us real flesh and blood, but she very often gives us also the impression that she has as poor an ideal in her own mind of the male sex as Mr. Hardy has of the female; she sometimes writes about men as if she had a thorough contempt for them, and we can never forgive the marriage of the heroine of "Middlemarch" to the cousin of her learned and exceedingly disagreeable first husband; a youth of whom the wife of the rector so well said that he reminded her of "an Italian with white-mice."

We have not had a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Walter Scott amongst our lady writers; no woman has as yet proved herself capable of giving us the long and brilliant historical pageants of the Wizard of the North. She might be able to vie with him in anachronisms, but the power and the literary skill would be wanting to make her inaccuracies appear to us what history *ought* to have been. It may seem a "bull" for us to say that the nearest approach to Thackeray is to be found in a writer who preceded him, and to whom he may perhaps owe somewhat, we mean Jane Austin; and yet there are many people who cannot see the cynical humour that runs through her books, just as it does in those of the author of "Vanity Fair."

It is a curious fact that women, however witty we may find them in conversation and in correspondence, are not humorous in their novels. Mrs. Oliphant has a strong sense of humour, and she can paint the small foibles of human nature with a delicate and truthful hand, and Miss Thackeray has a fair share of her father's quaint half-pathetic, half-sorrowful satire. We do not dislike it, for it reminds us of the kindhearted author of "The Cane-bottomed Chair;" but as a rule women do not know how to be funny.

How is it that at the present day we have no female writers for the stage, and that we have never had an author amongst women capable of giving us a rival to the *Rivals*, the *School for Scandal*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*? But then it must be remembered how few women there are who can write dramatically (even if they had the opportunities that come so easily to men of studying stage effect), how little power they seem to have of concentrating all their force upon three or four telling situations. This rare and admirable faculty is, however, to be found in the works of two of our modern lady writers, with one of whom more especially the worshipful company of critics find excessive fault. We allude to Rhoda Broughton and Mrs. Edwards, the author of "Archie Lovell" and "Ought we to Visit Her?" The sense of humour possessed by the former is very keen, but it is not yet sufficiently toned down; it is too broad, and the colours are splashed on without any care for harmony, light or shade; but her pathetic scenes are by far her strongest, and in them she displays considerable dramatic power. As an instance we may mention the meeting between Paul and Lenore Herrick in the *Engadine*.

Since the above remarks were written "Joan" has come out, and it is a matter of real regret to the admirers of Miss Broughton that she continues to deface her novels with coarse and flippant sentiments and speeches, and to parade her real or assumed contempt for religion. These blemishes are more than usually apparent in "Joan," and we think her publishers would do well, both for their own reputation, and also for that of the young writer herself, to exercise a rigid censorship upon her MSS. before they go to the printer. Surely Miss Broughton must feel ashamed when she reads *in print* the following sentence in "Joan":—"I never see a fat woman without wondering how she looks in her bath?" Such extreme coarseness and vulgarity needs no comment from us; we need but say that such obstinate outrages upon good taste cannot fail to undermine the popularity of a writer even so undeniably clever as Miss Broughton.

We never send to the library for a novel by a new writer without a premonitory symptom of the disappointment which almost always attends upon perusal, especially if the book has been much praised by the Press. We have learned by experience to distrust those laudatory notices which are so freely quoted in the advertisements.

"Jenny of the Prince's" is the first published work of a Miss Buxton. We have been told that she has changed the spelling of her name, and that she is nearly related to Buckstone the actor, but we suspect that the fact of her novel being a theatrical one may have given rise to the rumour. "Jenny of the Prince's" was, the author tells us in her preface, written with the view of showing that a young girl may go on the stage and yet preserve her purity and good name intact. Not many

will, we suppose, be found to deny this assertion, but if the author of "Jenny" is under the impression that she has proved her case in her novel, the sooner she recovers from her delusion the better.

It is far from our wish to discourage a new writer, but a work with so few claims to literary merit as "Jenny of the Prince's" would not be entitled to any special notice amongst recent novels were it not for its avowed intention to be a novel with a purpose. If it was a dangerous experiment for a young and pretty woman to go on the stage—and everyone will admit that in nine cases out of ten the danger is real, not imaginary—surely it is a great mistake for the author of "Jenny" so to fence in her heroine with safeguards on every side that she is never once subjected to anything more disagreeable than the nickname of the "Little Lady;" and as to temptation, as we understand the term, it never once assails her in any form whatsoever. From the moment of her flight from her uncle's house in Liverpool to her marriage with Mr. Frank Kelly, she is hedged round by admiring friends. She has not a prolonged and painful struggle with adverse fortune, a position which would have been in every way calculated to enhance the peril of the temptations to which she ought to have been exposed, and she is never in want of money.

Surely we have a right to protest against such a false picture of life as the above, and if any pretty clever and enthusiastic young girl is tempted to go upon the stage by the perusal of Jenny's mythical trials during her short career at "Prince's," the author will be to blame for having written three volumes to prove that a woman can withstand dangers which undoubtedly exist, but under the influence of which she is never drawn.

Any notice, however slight, of the novels of the past year, would be incomplete without some mention of "Daniel Deronda." The announcement of a new novel by the author of "Adam Bede" always creates an immense amount of interest in the literary world, not so much amongst the confirmed novel readers—the large majority who read for amusement—but amongst those who consider that it is an opportunity lost of adding to the cultivation of their intellects if they failed to read, and read carefully too, every line penned by one who has so often charmed the world of letters.

It seems hard, as we have each year so few really good novels, that when our best writer brings out a new work it should be comparatively a failure; we say comparatively, for "Daniel Deronda," although a disappointment from the pen of George Eliot, would be a grand achievement for any other writer. Of George Eliot's "later manner" so much has been said already by abler pens than ours, that it would be waste of time to enter upon a full discussion of it here. Let it suffice to say that, in spite of the gravity of the story, if "Daniel Deronda" had been written with the exquisite charm of style with which up to the present time we have always been able to associate the name of George Eliot, it would have been as popular as any of her works; but when we take up a novel in which we find a heroine such as Gwendolene, and a hero such as Deronda, we are sufficiently repelled without being vexed and bewildered by the hard metallic glitter of the writer's new style. As well might we accept the artificial moonlight upon the stage for the soft radiance of the real planet in the heavens! In "Daniel Deronda" the author strains our patience and the English language

to the utmost, and we trust that the vehement and universal protest which has been entered by the press against the introduction of scientific jargon into a work of fiction, will induce the gifted author to let us have once more some of the magic we love so well. As to Deronda himself, his insufferable priggishness and conceit made us rejoice when he at last made up his great mind to become a Jew. We can now, with a fine assumption of Christian charity, avenge ourselves for the boredom we suffered at his hands by praying for him with the infidels and heretics whom we too often meet with in modern fiction!

We have had three very clever novels from Mr. Thomas Hardy, and when we read "Far from the Madding Crowd," we began to think that a writer who could run a fair race with George Eliot upon her own ground had come amongst us; but in his latest production, "The Hand of Ethelberta," he has wofully disappointed us. The book is very clever, but Mr. Hardy cannot have been serious in giving it to the public as a work of literary art. It is full of quaint conceits and comic situations; in fact, the author, in choosing for the book its second title—viz, a "Comedy in Chapters"—shows that he is quite aware of the character of his work. But we have already discussed "The Hand of Ethelberta" at sufficient length for our purpose.

"A New Godiva," by Stanley Hope, is a very pretty book, thoroughly readable throughout, and it has besides the merit of being original. All true women will sympathize with the self-sacrifice of Kate, the heroine, while men will inevitably echo the declaration of Sir Arthur, the hero, that he would rather have died of starvation than have been saved as his devoted wife saved him.

One of the most fascinating, if

not one of the best, novels published in 1876 is "Madcap Violet," by William Black, a reprint from *Macmillan's Magazine*. To say that the book is charming is unnecessary, for Black's novels are always charming; his descriptions of scenery are inimitable, but descriptions alone will not make a readable fiction. It is far better to have a novel altogether bald and bare than to have page after page devoted to mechanical descriptions of landscapes, dragged in for the sake of padding, or to exhibit the author's skill in word-painting. But Black's descriptions seem to us always part of the story he is telling; his men and women without their surroundings, or rather, their background of exquisite scenery, would be out of harmony with each other, and with the world they live in. We can actually smell the sea when Black "personally conducts" us, willing tourists as we are, to the Highlands, that wild region which he loves with all his heart; the mountain mists curl round our heads, and we feel all the enchantment of that wondrous solitude he paints so well.

Very rarely has there been anything in fiction more beautiful than those chapters in "Madcap Violet" which describe the yachting excursion made by Mr. Drummond, his sister, niece, and Violet North. A whole life's history is lived through in those sunny days, and the foundation laid of as woful a tragedy as was ever acted upon any stage. We cannot commend Violet's duplicity in hiding herself away from all her friends. It was consistent with her wilful nature to conceive and carry out so wild a project, but inconsistent with her love of truth to persist in the deception. Still we must admit that had she been true to herself we could not have had the exquisitely beautiful, but intensely pathetic, closing scene of

the novel, and yet, as we shut the book, we cannot make up our minds whether the author ought not at once to be indicted for more than one murder, but James Drummond and Dove Anerley—see "In Silk Attire," by Black—have met, let us hope, in the Elysian Fields!

In "Phœbe Junior" and the "Curate in Charge," we have Mrs. Oliphant at her very best, and her best is very good indeed. The former is the last of the clever series of novels, called "The Chronicles of Carlingford," and it is full of the quaint humour that so delighted us in "Salem Chapel" and "The Perpetual Curate." The incidents upon which the story turns are slight, but not insignificant, and inexperienced authors would do well to learn the wide difference that exists between incidents which are not of the murderous and sensational order, and yet not insignificant. The way in which Mrs. Oliphant brings the leading Dissenters and the Church people of Carlingford together in "Phœbe Junior," the link being Phœbe herself, is masterly, and the interest excited by their intercourse never flags. Clarence Copperhead, the big over-dressed selfish and thick-headed young man, who, in spite of his mental obtuseness, is perfectly well aware what an admirable wife the daughter of the Dissenting minister will make him, is a capital specimen of the gilded youth of the upper middle class. We can see him as he walks down the quiet street of Carlingford with a huge Ulster upon him down to his feet; and we feel, without being told, that he is quite ready to patronize every one whom he honours with his notice; but still he is too honestly in love with handsome, outspoken, sensible Phœbe—who is, we are told, "proud of her lout"—to feel

aggrieved by the attentions of the butterman, Tozer, the grandfather of his lady love. Surely we owe Middlewick, the ex butterman of *Our Boys*, to his great forerunner, Tozer, of "Salem Chapel."

In the "Curate in Charge," Mrs. Oliphant strikes a deeper chord; the book is throughout like a strain of sweet music set in a pathetic minor key. No words of ours can do justice to this most touching and beautiful story, and never has Mrs. Oliphant been more successful in contrasting scenes and characters than in those chapters in the "Curate in Charge," in which she brings the young Oxford Don, Mildmay, into contact with the broken-down Mr. St. John and his high-spirited daughter, Cicely.

Again, we would recommend young authors to study with attention the novels of Mrs. Oliphant; they will be of far greater service to the inexperienced writer than the works of Thackeray and George Eliot, to whom partiality has assigned the office of teachers.

Mrs. Oliphant's books are a lasting rebuke to those who believe and assert that a novel to be interesting must be sensational; she contrives to make her books interesting out of material that in less skilful hands would be utterly commonplace. This peculiarity of hers is the more remarkable as she is by no means a woman of genius; she has ability and perseverance—two admirable qualities for a writer

to possess—and a fair amount of insight into character, but she has not done any literary work which a moderately clever woman, who has gone through the world with her eyes open, could not accomplish.

We have not space to mention in detail several other novels which ought to claim more than a passing notice. We shall just allude to two, namely, "The Atonement of Leam Dundas" and "Her Dearest Foe." To those who like a novel without a trace of softness even in the pathetic scenes, and who enjoy a harrowing tale of unconscious sin, as we may call it, on the part of a young girl who was little better than an untamed savage, we recommend "Leam Dundas;" it is very clever, but it is not pleasant reading. To those who like a bright chatty pleasant story, in which there is a slight flavour of Bohemianism, but no straining after effect, no strong situations, and in which the love affairs end happily, we recommend "Her Dearest Foe."

In the statistics of literature of 1876 we find that upwards of 400 novels, original works, not reprints, were published during the past year. We might put down the number of those written, but, happily, not published, at double that figure! Surely if King Solomon were alive now he might, without the slightest fear of contradiction, repeat his assertion that "of making of books there is no end."

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THE city of Nantes is famous in ecclesiastical history for two edicts which receive their name from it. One, made by Henry IV. in 1598, gave liberty of worship to the Protestant party; the other, revoking its predecessor, deprived the party of that liberty. The latter was made by Louis XIV. in the year 1683.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many Huguenot families into exile. Many of them sought refuge and freedom of worship in England; and their descendants frequently attained positions of honour and influence. England owes much to the Huguenot immigrants.

Among the French families who escaped to this country in those days was that of David Martineau. In the garb of a peasant, and accompanied by his wife in similar disguise, he succeeded in making his way through the Catholic soldiery. Their only son was concealed in a pannier of fruit borne on the back of a mule which they drove. It is said that one of a band of Catholic troopers whom they encountered on their way to the coast passed his sword through the pannier to see that nobody was concealed in it. Fortunately the child was unharmed.

This David Martineau is the earliest ancestor of the Martineau family of whom any notice has been preserved. His wife was of French extraction, and was also a Protestant. They settled in Norwich, where Martineau pursued his profession as a surgeon, and was succeeded by various descendants who adopted the medical calling. The last and most eminent of these was Dr. Philip M. Martineau, the uncle of Principal Martineau, who died in 1828, and who was accounted the most eminent provincial surgeon of his day. Principal Martineau's eldest brother, a young surgeon of great promise, died in early manhood.

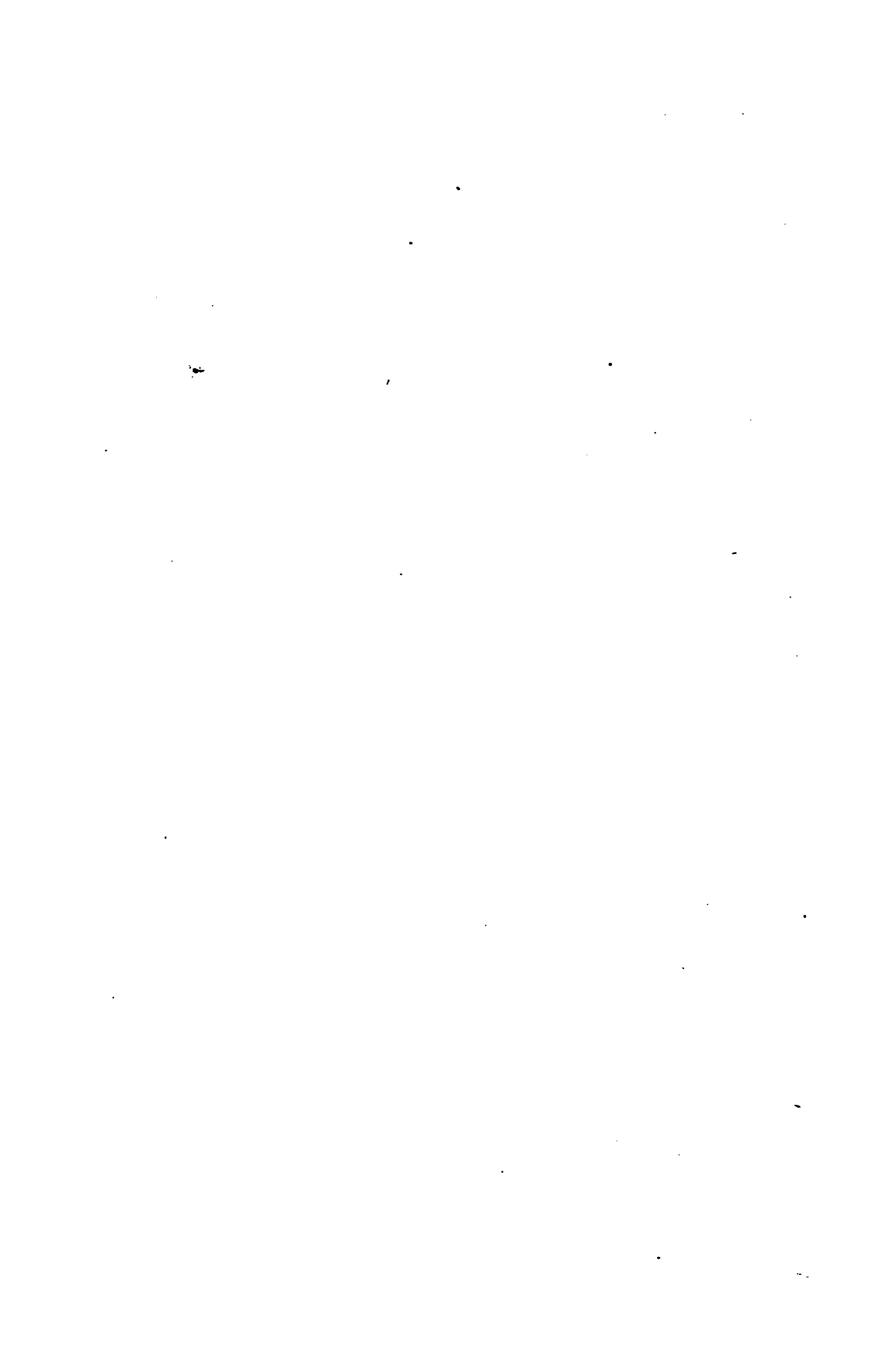


DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

*Yours faithfully,
James Martineau*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD, LONDON



Their father, the father also of Harriet Martineau, whose name needs no eulogium from us, was Mr. Thomas Martineau, a camlet manufacturer in Norwich. In a brief autobiographical memoir from Miss Martineau's pen, which appeared in the *Daily News* immediately after her death in June last, and to which we are indebted for most of this account of the family history, she makes special reference to her father's life-long acquaintance with the famous Dr. Parr—an acquaintance, she says, "kept up and signalized by the gift of a black camlet study-gown every year or so, a piece of the right length being woven expressly for the doctor and dyed with due care."

The remarkable feature of the family story in the time of Harriet Martineau's youth, she adds, was "the studied self-denial and clear inflexible purpose with which the parents gave their children the best education which they could, by all honourable means, command. In those times of war and middle-class adversity the parents understood their position, and took care that their children should understand it, telling them that there was no chance of wealth for them, and but an equal probability of a competence or of poverty; and that they must, therefore, regard their education as their only secure portion. . . . Thus the whole family, trained by parental example, were steady and conscientious workers."*

The ties which bound Miss Martineau to her younger brother, the subject of this memoir, were more than usually close. "One of her best preparations as a writer," says the *Daily News*, "lay in a training far more thorough and exact than was usual in days when the higher education of women was unheard of, and Girton College and similar institutions would have been scouted as fit only for Laputa. This advantage was, we believe, in great part due to her association of herself, as far as was possible by correspondence and by personal intercourse in vacation time, with the college studies of her younger brother, the Rev. James Martineau, the eminent theologian and philosopher, whose influence as a brilliant and original writer, though of slower growth and more limited range, has perhaps been deeper than her own. The companionship of affection and intellectual pursuit probably did something to direct Miss Martineau's early attention to those questions of theology, philosophy, and political economy which engaged her brother." Miss Martineau's long and intimate connection with the *Daily News* gives additional value to such a statement in its leading columns.

James Martineau was born at Norwich on April 21, 1805. He was educated at Norwich Grammar School, and afterwards under Dr. Lant Carpenter and Charles Wellbeloved, to whose early training he owed

* *Daily News*, June 29, 1876.

much of his future success. He was at first intended for the profession of a civil engineer, and actually spent a year in Derby studying that branch of science; but he afterwards determined to devote himself to theology, and spent the next four years of his life at Manchester New College preparing for the ministry. After concluding his course of theological study he was for a time employed in teaching.

In 1828 he was appointed second minister of Eustace-street Presbyterian Meeting House, Dublin, and we have before us a "Discourse on the Duties of Christians in an Age of Controversy," preached by him in 1830 before the Synod of Munster, or Southern Presbyterian Association of Ireland. The Discourse is eloquent, as is everything that proceeds from Dr. Martineau's pen; but perhaps its most interesting feature is the indication which it gives of the progress that the writer had made towards liberal religious views. He maintains with great force the "moral innocence of mental error;" and the paramount duty of Christians, especially of the clergy, to face the difficulties of controversy, and to "make an open and undisguised statement of their opinions and of the evidence which satisfies them that these opinions are true."

After a ministry of three or four years in Eustace-street, Dr. Martineau resigned his charge on the ground that he could not accept the *Regium Donum*, or State subsidy, offered to the Irish Presbyterian Churches. His friends were anxious that he should remain and become the founder of an unsubsidized congregation in Dublin; but he did not see his way to this, and in 1832 he became minister of Paradise Chapel, Liverpool, where he remained for a quarter of a century. He had by this time adopted Unitarian views, and he devoted himself with all his indomitable energy and ability to defend and propagate them. His success was acknowledged. He was one of the three Liverpool divines who came forward as champions of Unitarian doctrines in reply to the well-known series of lectures against them published in 1839 by thirteen clergymen of the Church of England.*

An interesting description of Dr. Martineau during his Liverpool ministry is given by an American lady who visited him in the course of a European tour she made in 1853. Speaking of Liverpool, she says:—

"Many of the churches here are elegant and imposing structures, but none more tasteful, quaintly and quietly beautiful, than the Hope-street

* "Unitarianism Defended: a Series of Lectures by Three Protestant Ministers of Liverpool: in Reply to a Course of Lectures entitled Unitarianism Confuted by Thirteen Clergymen of the Church of England." Liverpool, 1839. The subjects treated were:— "The Bible, What it is, and What it is not. The Proposition 'that Christ is God' proved to be false. The Scheme of Vicarious Redemption inconsistent with itself and with the Christian Idea of Salvation. The Christian View of Moral Evil. Christianity without Priest and without Ritual," &c.

Unitarian Chapel, where Mr. Martineau preaches. I brought letters to this gentleman, and on Saturday was at his house. I found him, in personal appearance, all I looked for. The pure, fervid, poetic spirit, and the earnest eloquence which adapt his discourses alike to the religious wants, the devotional sense, the imagination and the taste of his readers, all live in his look and speak in his familiar tones. He is somewhat slender in person, with a head not large but compact and perfectly balanced. His perceptive organs are remarkably large, his brow is low and purely Greek, and his eyes are of a deep, changeful blue. There is much quietude in his face—native, rather than acquired, I should say—the repose of unconscious, rather than of conscious power. About his head altogether there is a classical chiselled look—the hair grows in a way to enchant an artist, and every feature of his face is finely and clearly cut. But the glow of the soul is all over.

“On Sunday morning I enjoyed a pleasure long hoped for and never to be forgotten, in hearing him preach one of those wonderful discourses in which his free but reverent spirit seems to sound the profoundest depths of the human soul, to unveil the most solemn mysteries of being, and to reach those divine heights to which few have attained since Paul and John were caught up and rapt away from the earth, in holy visions and heavenly trances.”*

In 1841 Dr. Martineau was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Manchester New College, and in 1857, when that institution was transferred to the metropolis, he took up his residence in London, occupying the same chair as before. This arrangement was not made without much opposition by the less liberal class of Unitarians; but it is pleasant to record that the protest against his appointment was dismissed by the overwhelming majority of one hundred and seventeen to thirteen votes in the governing body.

From 1859 to 1861 Dr. Martineau was the colleague of Mr. J. J. Tayler in the pastorate of the well-known Unitarian Chapel in Little Portland-street; and from 1861 to 1870 he was sole minister of that chapel. Those only who have experienced the intellectual and spiritual treat which week by week he provided in his sermons, for, perhaps, the most cultured audience in London, can fully appreciate the great qualities of the gifted preacher. Vigorous thought, philosophic culture, and rare spiritual earnestness and insight marked every sentence of Dr. Martineau's polished discourses. We shall afterwards make some quotations from those of them which have been published. Perhaps they lose less from being read instead of listened to, than most sermons do, for the condensed thought, as well as its beautiful literary setting, benefit by

* “*Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe.*” By Grace Greenwood [Miss S. J. Clarke, afterwards Mrs. Lippincot]. Ed. Lond., 1854, p. v.

careful and studious perusal and re-perusal. We call to mind as we write more than one library where they occupy the fireside corner, ever within reach of the owner's hand, and ever reverted to with increased admiration and love.

In 1868 Dr. Martineau was appointed Principal of Manchester New College, and he continues to hold that office. Perhaps we shall best describe the aim of his teaching, and of the college of which he is the head, by making the following extract from an address delivered by him on the opening of session, 1856-57:—

“The single end for which this institution exists, and by reference to which all its methods and spirit must be judged, is the training of a body of men devoted to the advancement of the Christian life. If the Christian life were not our divine and authoritative ideal, by which we are bound to try all human things, or if its nature did not allow the service of any class of special labourers, or if its standard of perfection were simply something given and stationary, to be held stiffly aloft, without any provision for movement with the moving host of men, there would be no ground on which to rest the claims of this College. It springs from those who believe in a ‘Kingdom of Heaven’ as the secret life and final issue of human probation—who look upon the Church of Christ as its incipient embodiment and perpetual symbol—who find in that Church functions of teaching and guidance which should be committed only to qualified and disciplined minds—and who so trust the expansiveness of God’s spirit within this sacred institute that they will not bind themselves to any of its customary forms of dogma or of usage, but hold themselves not less free towards the types of the future than reverential towards those of the past. This last feature it is—of an open theology—by which we are here distinguished from other Christian schools—a feature to which we shall ever remain faithful—without which we should represent a very limited history, instead of a very vast hope—which far from presenting a merely negative principle, is an expression of positive faith and confiding piety above the range of party and the atmosphere of doubt—and which assuredly does but preserve the prospective altitude of mind induced by divine revelation, all the more thankful for the ‘elder prophets,’ that they set us looking for ever fresh ‘consolations to Israel.’ In parting from the world, Christ ‘had yet many things to say’ to his disciples, but ‘they could not bear them then.’ Some of them, no doubt, have found their utterance in the ages that have since elapsed; but if the ‘Comforter’ that tells them to the heart ‘abides with us for ever,’ who shall forbid our prayer for deeper insight, or reproach us with scepticism in the present because our eye is yet open towards the future? When the founders of our institutions refuse to involve them in the contingencies of doctrinal definition, it is from no want of clear and fervent faith for their own life; it is because, in their view, God has more light than

is needed for guiding them, and the Church of Christ is no completed thing, but a perpetual protest against evil never vanquished, and a pressure towards a Kingdom of Heaven never reached."

The "conflict between Science and Religion" is a phrase we are continually meeting with in these days, and there is an irreconcilable conflict between the ascertained science of modern times and the antiquated creeds and formularies which profess to be the exclusive exponents of what religion is. In no direction has Dr. Martineau done better service than in his many publications bearing on the relation between true science and real religion. Few men are fitted to deal with such a topic; for he who essays it must be equipped with a thorough knowledge both of mental and material science—a rare attainment in days which are heirs to so many ages, and in which so much activity prevails in the highest regions of scientific inquiry; and he must also possess a mind so well-balanced, and free from predisposing tendencies as to see all sides of the question at issue with no partiality for one more than another. That these qualifications are possessed in a pre-eminent degree by Dr. Martineau, is apparent to every reader of his philosophical treatises. He is a mental philosopher who stands high in the very first rank of modern thinkers. His knowledge of physical science is extensive and minutely accurate. He has no prejudice against the inquiries of modern investigators in either department. His logical grasp is firm—indeed it would be difficult to name a living author who goes so directly to the point of a controversy, and so completely disembarasses his argument of everything that does not directly bear on that point. In this respect he reminds us of the late Sir William Hamilton. Both treat a subject in the same comprehensive and exhaustive manner, though Martineau avoids Sir William's formalism. There is, however, one marked difference between the two: Hamilton's pages read like a page of Euclid—Martineau's are bright with the light of poetic fancy. Even when they deal with the most abstract problems, they teem with apt illustrations, graceful allusions, and brilliant phraseology.

"It is vain," he says, speaking of the relation between Science and Religion—"it is vain for the secular and the spiritual powers of the world to negotiate a division of territory by which each shall bar out the other; no treaty, no award, can trace a boundary-line, any more than a mountain chain or trending coast can keep out the Almighty maker of them both. The Kingdom of Heaven is in its very essence a universal theocracy; and God existing, nothing is at heart the same as if He existed not. It is a fatal thing to let any province of life constitute itself outside of the religious realm, and, under plea of being no insurgent land, excuse itself from consecration. So long as the national ideas were as simple and limited as those of the Hebrew race in the first century, so long the gospel needed more the intensity of God's spirit than its breadth; its possessor had an answer for every question, and neither slurred nor

scorned any genuine want. But no sooner did it find itself in the midst of an Hellenic and a Roman civilization, than it had to deal with new problems, and penetrate to other seats of thought and consciousness in the human soul; and it expanded to the full capacity of those fresh demands, and obtained representatives who could use up the truth of Plato, and put a living fire into the ethics of Cicero. Well would it have been if no meaner interests had ever checked this adaptive genius in our religion and made it seem unequal to the exigencies of advancing time. But there are two ways of seeking harmony between its spirit and the general course of the human mind, and preventing either overlapping the province of the other; by taking all new knowledge in, or by shutting all new knowledge out, by keeping open the capacity, of faith, or keeping closed the limits of discovery. And for ages past the ancient Church of Christendom having unhappily consecrated its cast-iron measure of doctrine, will not allow the universe to be bigger than that can reach: and hence, religion having become fixed, advancing culture becomes 'profane,' and proceeds without a blessing, rather than not proceed at all. One after another, sciences have emerged and constituted themselves, tastes and habits have acquired social power, for which the Church called universal, has no greeting or recognition,—which its philosophy pronounces to be no science, and its casuistry condemns as godless. In the vain attempt to maintain against enlargement the narrow frontier of an earlier time, the empire of the human mind is gone; and the Church, false to the eternal essence which it held, drops behind and becomes historical. Nor has Protestantism hitherto been much wiser; it has let the problem slip in another way. The old Christianity grasps at universality by holding its ancient confines, and resolutely denying that what lies beyond is really in the universe at all. The reformed Christianity surrenders the pretension to universality, releases the revolted provinces of knowledge from their allegiance, and proclaims them free; hoping by this prudent concession to retain the parent land unaffected by the giant growths it has disengaged. In virtue of this treaty of peace intellectual research in every direction asserts its right to be purely secular, and to proceed as if it stood in no relation at all to faith; it studiously weeds out of its language and modes of thought every vestige of a religious idea, and assumes that reason might live upon the very same terms in a divine or an atheistic universe. Ingenuity is exhausted to invent for every truth neutral and abstract expressions which may serve equally in either way; and a sublime affectation of indifference becomes part of the established etiquette of scientific diplomacy. The understanding seems to be, 'If you will not meddle with our geology (for instance) we will behave politely to your divinity.' And yet the radical insincerity of this mutual neutrality is evident through so thin a veil. It is not true that the two lines of thought are separately pursued; on the contrary the

traveller on each feels an intense interest—be it of sympathy or antipathy—in the procedure on the other; and often derives his chief impulse from the secret bearing of his doctrine on beliefs to which he never refers. Bold and logical minds are thus frequently brought into conscious self-variance, having their esoteric and their exoteric professions. Less complete and compact thinkers often remain at the stage of unconscious self-variance, and honestly but uneasily believe each doctrine in turn; with Lyell to-day, with Moses to-morrow; Positivist at the Royal Society, and Christian at Westminster Abbey. Such persons have a kind of double consciousness, and pass through two unreconciled lives: their scientific thought proceeds upon one path, their religious conceptions move or stay upon another: they are alternately here and there; but can give no account of the intervening space between their knowledge and their faith, and can rise to no higher point from which both are seen together. Having at different periods passed through different and quite independent developments, they end with two creeds, two orders of taste and affection; and whenever the time comes for border questions to arise, they cross helplessly to and fro, with the feeble intercession of good will, but without the common language and intelligence of effective mediation. All this want of inner harmony between faith and knowledge, be it confessed or unconfessed, is the natural result of falsely dividing off the secular and the spiritual, as if they were different things, instead of different thoughts about the same thing; and so permitting each method to run off indefinitely upon its own abstractions, till neither can find its way back, or look any whole living reality in the face. If Christian theology cannot prevent these evils, still more if it favours and promotes them, it abdicates its intellectual function of universal supervision and reconciliation of human pursuits, and descends to poor antagonisms on the very scene that should be tranquil under its survey. Indifference and neglect towards new forms of thought and fields of research will bring a most certain retribution, fostering the growth of wild pretensions and ‘Arab’ sciences, that follow their own rule, and remain outlaws and strangers to the realm of reverential reason. No legitimate direction of human activity, speculative or social, ought to be foreign to the sympathy of the Christian divine; and sympathy requires knowledge and insight. His own particular stock of truths may be a very simple series; but the range of their application, and the need of their modifying presence are nothing less than universal; so that he of all men wants the largest and most generous training, and scarcely completes his qualifications till he is furnished with a key to every compartment of human life and thought.

“What, indeed, is true theology? It is the knowledge of God. By its very definition, therefore, it must be co-extensive with the field of His manifestations, and have something to learn and report wherever His trace has been left. What more need be said to show its encyclopædic

character? For there is no region where he does not make His sign. He is agent and disposer in outward nature; He communes with the inmost individual soul; He is the providence of collective humanity, and unfolds His thought in the process of history—both the general history of the race, and the special history of the times and people to whom and through whom he has made Himself supernaturally known. And whoever is at a loss where and how to recognize him in these several fields, is, just so far as his perplexity goes, no theologian.”*

Dr. Martineau is, in the strictest sense of the term, an idealist. He is deeply imbued with the Platonic spirit. In his sight the intuitions of the soul are ascertained facts, just as much as the facts of science. They are more; for they are facts of all time. He believes in a personal revelation, and a direct knowledge of things spiritual. Nowhere has he vindicated this belief more conclusively—indeed we know not where it has ever been more conclusively vindicated, than in that noble essay on science, nescience, and faith, in which he passes under review the theories of Comte, Mill, Spencer, Mansel, and Bain.

Dr. Martineau's contributions to the periodicals of his time have been almost numberless. Some are historical papers, others deal with mental and moral subjects, and a third class, which is perhaps higher in aim and nobler in execution than either of the two first-mentioned, treats of the solemn questions of religion. Many of these have been republished in a collected form both here and in America, where Dr. Martineau is not only widely-known, but perhaps better appreciated among ordinary readers than even in England.

Of his other works we may mention “The Rationale of Religious Inquiry: or, the Question stated of Reason, the Bible, and the Church,” published in 1836; “Endeavours after the Christian Life,” of which the first series appeared in 1843, and the second in 1847; and a volume of sermons, published last year, entitled “Hours of Thought on Sacred Things.” We shall not attempt to give a critical analysis of these works. They may all be described as eloquent sermon-essays, inculcating the broad principles of rational religion. A few extracts from them, and from other sermons published by Dr. Martineau, will show their character better than any words of ours. Their subtle power, their lofty beauty, their restrained pathos, cease to affect the inner spirit when they are dissected and judged by the cold rules of artistic criticism. Let us not be misunderstood when we write thus. We are far from meaning that the theological critic, or the literary connoisseur, could find in Dr. Martineau's writings, any foundation for adverse criticism; anything but earnest thought, wealth of imagination, purity of spirit, and exquisite

* “The Christian Student.” An address delivered at the opening of Manchester New College, 1856, pp. 9-11.

taste in expression. All these qualities Dr. Martineau's works exhibit in rare perfection. But they have a power and beauty higher than these. He raises you, as you read, on his own strong pinions. You feel yourself borne aloft into a serener air; yet you feel all the time, that he well knows whitherward he is soaring, and that under his guidance you are safe. No criticism can explain this God-given power. No language can adequately express it. To use words otherwise applied by Dr. Martineau, it is "like a spirit hiding in enshadowed forests: call it into the staring light, it is exhaled and seen no more; or as the whispering of God among the trees; peer about behind the leaves, and it is not there."

We have already referred to Dr. Martineau's ministry in Liverpool. The sermon which he preached at the close of his pastorate there has been published; and the following extract from it is interesting as his own record of a phase in his life as a thinker, as well as weighty with eloquent meaning:—

"The one deep faith which has determined my whole word and work among you, is in *the living union of God with our humanity*. Long did this faith pine obscurely within me, ere it could find its way to any clear joy. It was not enough for me that God should—as they say—'exist'; it was needful to have assurance that He lives. It was a poor thought that He was the beginning of all, if He stood aloof from it in its constancy. It withered the inmost heart to believe that He dwelt and never stirred in the universal space, and delegated all to inexorable 'Laws'; laws that could never hear the most piercing shriek, and looked with stony eyes on the upturned face of agony. It seemed to stain the very heaven, to charge Him with the origin of human guilt, and represent Him as first moulding men into sin, and then punishing them out of it. A mere constructing and legislating God, satisfied to adjust 'co-existencies,' and establish 'successions'; who filled the cold sky, and brooded over the waste sea, and watched upon the mountain-head, and embraced the waxing and waning moon, and suffered the tide of history to sweep through Him without heeding its most passionate and surging waves; a God who wrung from us a thousand sighs that never touched Him, who broke us in remorse for ills that are not ours, who drew to Him, day and night without ceasing, moans of prayer He never answered; such a One it was a vain attempt really to trust and love. At times the faith in Him appeared but to turn the darkness of atheism into flame; and, in its light, the face of this blessed life and universe lost its fostering look, and seemed to be twisted into an almighty sarcasm. Nor could I ever feel that the permanent stillness and personal inaccessibility of God, was at all compensated by exceptional miracle. An occasional 'message' rather serves to render more sensible and undeniable the usual absence and lence; nor can the 'sender' well say to his servant, 'You go there,' without implying, 'I stay here.' Merely to fling into the Deist's 'God of Nature'

an historical fragment of miracle, does little to meet the exigences of human piety. It is not 'once upon a time,' it is not 'now and then'—nor is it on the theatre of another's life to the exclusion of our own—that we sigh to escape from the bound movements of nature into the free heart of God. We pine as prisoners, till we burst into the air of that supernatural life which he lives eternally: we are parched with a holy thirst till we find contact with the running waters of his quick affection. Him immediately; Him in person; Him in whispers of the day, and eye to eye by night; Him for a close refuge in temptation, not as a large thought of ours, but as an almightiness in Himself; Him, ready with his moistening dews for the dry heart, and His breathings of hope for the sorrowing; Him always and everywhere, living for our holy trust, do we absolutely seek for our repose, and wildly wander till we find." *

Of God's revelation of himself in Nature Dr. Martineau is a constant student and an eloquent expositor. It would be difficult to quote from ancient or modern literature a passage more pregnant with meaning, more indicative of habitual communion with Nature and with Nature's God, more wealthy in thought, or more exquisitely sympathetic in expression, than the following:—

"We are always in the presence of God, and there would seem to be when He forgets that we are by; and his own nature confesses itself through all the loneliness of space, and we may apprehend its essence rather than its act. To do this, we have but to look on creation as a picture, instead of examining it as a machine. It must fix our eye as a work of beauty, not as a structure of ingenuity. The simplest impressions from nature are the deepest and most devout, and to get back to these, after spoiling the vision with the artificial glasses of science, is the difficult wisdom of the pure heart. The modest flower, nestling in the meadow grass; the happy tree, as it laughs and riots in the wind; the moody cloud, knitting its brow in solemn thought; the river that has been flowing all night along; the sound of the thirsty earth, as it drinks and relishes the rain;—these things are as a full hymn, when they flow from the melody of nature, but an empty rhythm when scanned by the finger of art. The soul as it sings cannot both worship and beat time. The rainbow, interpreted by the prism, is not more sacred than when it was taken for the memorandum of God's promissory mercy painting the access and recess of his thought. The holy night, that shows us how much more the sunshine hides than it reveals, and warns us that the more clearly we see what is beneath our feet, the more astonishing is our blindness to what is above our heads, is less divine when

* "Parting Words," 1857.

watched from the observatory of science than when gazed at from the oratory of secret prayer. To the one it is the ancient architecture, to the other the instant meditation of the Most High. And so it is with all the common features of our world. The daily light, fresh as a young child every morning, and dignified as the mellowness of age at even; the yearly changes, less fair and dear to our infancy than to our maturity; the weariness of nature as she drops her leaves; the glee with which she hangs them out again; the silver mists of autumn; the slanting rains of spring; the sweeping lines of drifted snow—all are as the natural language of God, the twins of his Almighty thought, to the spirit that lies open to their wonder; to others they are but a spinning of the earth, an evaporation of the waters, an equilibrium in the winds."

Another fine paragraph treats of the constant supremacy of God which underlies all operations of the Laws of Nature, and brings out with great force the fact that the existence of such Laws does not preclude but rather establishes on the firmest basis the idea of the existence of a Deity. What Science calls the uniformity of Nature, Faith calls the fidelity of God. They are but the settled ways of his sole causation, the programme of his everlasting work, the dial plate which the index of human expectation is to traverse age by age. When we speak of their unerring regularity, we do but attest his truth, which keeps the time-piece steady for us, and warns us how the shadows lie. He that framed these rules might have made others in their stead, and at any moment change them by a thought. But once he has announced them, an eternal word has gone forth, and shall not be made void. It is a promise made alike to just and unjust, and must be punctually kept with both. Without a reliable universe and a trustworthy God, no moral character could grow. A fickle world admits only of a lawless race: no obedience could be required from those who are planted among shifting conditions, to whom foresight is denied, and whose wisdom is as likely to go astray as their folly. As well might you attempt to build upon the restless sea, or to steer by shooting stars, or keep time by the leaves dancing in the wind, as shape a mind or train a character amid a scene whose courses were unsteady and where action was a lottery. All human habits are formed by a mutual understanding between man and nature. Who could be temperate, if the food that simply nourishes to-day were to intoxicate to-morrow? Who would put away sloth to be in his fields betimes, but in faith that the sun would not forget to rise? Who build his observatory, were not the heavens still the same that Kepler and Galileo scanned? Thus the constancy of creation is the direct expression of the good faith of God; of his regard not only for our security, but for the culture of our reason and the insight of our conscience. He disciplines us thus to his own love of beauty and order. His eternal patience takes away our excuses of surprise, and rebukes our

pleas of disobedience. The wild sophistry of temptation is put to shame by the serene light of his natural countenance, and the steady swing of the pendulum that counts his ways. He secures us against all passionate sway: no impulse rushes into space with irruption of blessing or of curse: no devilish element bursts the bars of his prohibition, and maddens us by dashing with discords the music of the spheres. He keeps the everlasting watch himself and, if there be chaos anywhere, takes care it shall not be here. That he may be true to us, he foregoes a portion of his infinite freedom, and binds himself to methods whose cycle we can measure and whose exactitude we may trust. The natural Universe is God's eternal act of self-restraint: and if he is willing to descend into finite system and trace the fields of his presence with the orbits of accurate custom, is it too much for us to answer him with a life of faithful regulation; to mark the flow of time with intersections of punctual duty; and so pursue our way that neither the just nor the unjust may be able to distrust us? 'To enter spontaneously into the bonds of inflexible veracity is the first element in that perfection which brings us into the similitude of God.'*

In the more practical forms of pulpit ministration, Dr. Martineau can be no less brilliant. The sarcasm of the following lines on "gaining an independence" is withering, and no one who reads them will say that their truth does not add to the stinging rebuke they contain.

"By the meekest ministrations did the Lord acquire his blessed away. How different is the method usually resorted to in order to obtain the services of others. Instead of thinking, speaking, acting freely, and in the divine spirit of duty, and leaving it to God to append what influence and authority he may see fit, men begin by coveting the services of others, and resolving to have them: and, being sure that they can at least be purchased by money, they make haste to get rich; often hurrying over every species of mean compliance for this purpose, in the wretched hope of earning their enfranchisement in the end. This process of making their moral liberty contingent upon the purse, is characteristically termed 'gaining an independence.' This very phrase is a satire upon the morals of the class that invented it, and the nation that adopts it. We then are a people, who express by the same word, the freedom of the mind, the high rule of conscience and conviction, and a thing of gold, that can be kept at a bank, or invested in the funds. With us, broad acres must go before bold deeds: one must possess an estate before he can be a man. And so, to 'win an independence,' many an aspirant becomes a sycophant: to 'win an independence,' he licks the feet of every disgrace that can add a shilling to his fortune: 'to win an independence,' he

* "Hours of Thought," p. 76.

courts the men whom he despises, and stoops to the pretences that he hates: 'to win an independence,' he solemnly professes that which he secretly derides; and grows glib in uttering falsehoods that should scald his lips. Truly this modern idol is a god, who compels his votaries to crawl up the steps of his throne. And when the homage has been paid, and the prize is gained, how noble a creature must the worshipper issue forth, who, by such discipline, has achieved his 'independence' at last!

"This miserable heathenism is simply reversed in the Christian method and estimate of liberty. The road to genuine spiritual freedom, taking, it may seem, a strange direction, lies through what the older moralists term 'Self-annihilation.' Renounce we our wishes, and the oppositions that bear against us inevitably vanish. As force is made evident only by resistance, necessity is perceptible only by the pressure it offers to our claims and desires. He who resists not at all feels no hostile power; is chafed by no irritation; mortified by no disappointment. He bends to the storm as it sweeps by, and lifts a head serene when it is gone. Nor is his liberty merely negative: self-will is displaced only to make way for God's will: and weakness is surrendered that almightiness may be enthroned. The positive empire of the right takes the place of a feeble and contested sway. The efficacy of the change is sure to be seen in achievement, no less than in endurance. Over him that shall undergo it, the world and men lose all their deterring power. Do what they may with their instruments of persecution and derision, none of these things move him. They cannot sting him into scorn. His ends lie far beyond their reach. Who can hinder him from following that which he reveres; from embracing in his love the world that crushes him: and remaining true to the God that tries him as by fire? It is the Son that has made him free, and he is free indeed."*

Our quotations have already extended so far that we have only room for a few more of the scattered gems, with which Dr. Martineau's writings abound; and we shall insert them without note or comment. Their singular felicity of thought and beauty of expression will be apparent to every reader.

"Those simple faiths that come, we know not whence; those dim suspicions of conscience, that creep upon us with authoritative awe; that mysterious sense of an overarching infinitude, pierced with bursts of light when the clouds of our lower mind clear off; nay, the common promptings of disinterested love, the call to self-sacrifice, the reverence for nobleness and beauty,—what are they but the awakening touch of God; the movement of His Spirit among the trembling strings?"

* "Endeavours after the Christian Life," No. xxxii. "The Freeman of Christ," 1 Corinthians vii. 22.

“ We are not all alike, and God does not exist for any miserable egotist alone. We are all, indeed, set in one infinite sphere of universal reason and conscience, but scattered over it to follow separate circles, and attain every variety of altitude in faith. Like stars upon the same meridian, whose culminating points cannot be alike, we touch our supreme height at different elevations, and the measure which is far down on the course of one mind, may be the acme of religion in another.”

“ The dry glare of noon-day knowledge hurts the eye, by plying it for use and denying it beauty ; and we long to be screened behind a cloud or two of moisture and of mystery, that shall mellow the glory and cool the air. The world can never be less to us than when we make it all in all.”

“ When speech is given to a soul holy and true, time, and its dome of ages, becomes as a mighty whispering-gallery, round which the imprisoned utterance runs, and reverberates for ever.”

“ To the open mind fresh gleanings euter to the last ; strange stirrings of diviner sympathies ; waves of thin transparent light flitting through the spaces of the aged mind, like the aurora of the north across the wintry sky.”

“ However constant the visitations of sickness and bereavement, the fall of the year is most thickly strewn with the fall of human life. Everywhere the spirit of some sad power seems to direct the time : it hides from us the blue heavens ; it makes the green wave turbid ; it walks through the fields, and lays the damp, ungathered harvest low ; it cries out in the night wind and the shrill hail ; it steals the summer bloom from the infant cheek ; it makes old age shiver to the heart ; it goes to the churchyard and chooses many a grave ; it flies to the bell, and enjoins it when to toll. It is God that goes his yearly round ; that gathers up the appointed lives ; and even where the hour is not yet come, engraves by pain and poverty many a sharp and solemn lesson on the heart.”

“ Of nothing may we be more sure than of this ; that if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other.”

“ God only lends us the objects of our affection : the affection itself he gives us in perpetuity.”

“ Beneath the dome of this universe, which is all centre and no circumference, we cannot stand where the musings of the eternal mind do not murmur around us, and the visions of his lonely loving thought appear.”

“ Conceptions born in the quiet heights of contemplation will precipitate themselves on the busy multitudes below : this principle interprets history and presages futurity.”

We could add many similar “ sentences ” from Dr. Martineau’s writings, but we must bring our sketch to a close ; and we do so with a consciousness that we have not been able to do such justice to him as we could

have wished. His works are voluminous but somewhat desultory, and it is difficult within our limited space to treat them in detail. We have seized upon what we regard as the leading features of his religious philosophy, and drawn our illustrations of them as far as possible from his own pen. Those who would know more of him will find his works a rich mine of far-reaching thought, clothed in the winged words of a dignified eloquence, adorned with the graces of a ripe and liberal scholarship, and illuminated with the light of a rare poetic fancy.

TENDEBATQUE MANUS RIPÆ ULTERIORIS
AMORE.

METHOUEHT my love stood on the further brink
 Of a deep, yawning chasm—so ghastly deep,
 That looking down, I felt as they who sink
 For ever downward in a troubled sleep ;
 And whirl'd my brain to mark how far below,
 A river sluggish as the Styx of song
 With mud and slime, past dreary shores and low,
 Where no shrub grew, its current crawl'd along.
 Far, far across that chasm I saw her stand,
 And call'd, till wearied out, her much lov'd name ;
 But day departed from the dismal land,
 And 'cross the horrid gulf no answer came ;—
 I only saw how wildly rag'd the storm,
 And toss'd her hair, and lash'd her fragile form.

H. D. MURPHY, B.A.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WITCH-THORN."

CHAPTER I.

THE PEASANT'S WARNING.

"CAN you tell me who lives in that old house yonder, or if it is occupied at all?"

The speaker was a young man, tall, and broadly built, with a thick brown beard, and eyes which, now at least, had rather a dreamy expression. He had been standing motionless for some minutes opposite an old-fashioned iron gate, half open, which led up a somewhat neglected looking avenue to a white house partially covered with creeping vines, and but dimly discernible through the thick foliage of surrounding trees.

"They're new people, plase your honour, that's in it," replied the peasant addressed. "An elderly lady, Mrs. Stevens is her name, and her niece, Miss M'Carthy. That's the whole family, barrin' a foreign woman, a sort of a sarvant, that they brought wid them. They only came a few months ago, myself doesn't rightly know whether they're at home now or not. They might ha' gone an' left for good an' all, an' ne'er a sowl 'ud be the wiser. Nobody hereabouts knows much o' them or their doin's for a family. The people do be talkin', but I keep never mindin', for, maybe, afther all, there's no thruth in it."

"No thruth in what?" asked the young man.

"I donna, sir, that's jist it. They do be sayin' more than their prayers,

people do, sometimes, sir." As he spoke, he moved away. "But don't be goin' up to the house, sir, if you can help it, it's betther not," he called back, and the other observed that as he spoke he made the sign of the cross upon his breast and forehead.

Captain Bowring had come to visit his old home in the south of Ireland. Though parents and kindred had long been dead, and no friend remained in that part of the country to welcome him, yet an intense longing to look on the place once again had possessed him, and he had taken advantage of a leave of absence from his regiment to do so.

"As the gate lies open there can be no harm in entering," he murmured. "The family are doubtless away, or the place would not look so deserted. I will go as far as the spot where the copperbeech used to stand, and see if it is still there."

In order to do this, he had to pass opposite the house. He observed that near to it were some flower-beds which showed signs of care. The window blinds were closely drawn down, and there seemed no sign of occupation. As he gazed at the familiar window, however, he thought that he saw a hand draw aside one of the blinds, but it vanished instantly.

The tree he sought was in flourishing condition. He was about to pluck a few leaves from it as a memento of his visit, and then turn away, when he heard a rough voice shouting to him. Looking up he

perceived a man running at full speed towards him, gesticulating angrily as he ran. Captain Bowring calmly awaited his approach.

"What're you doin' here?" cried the man, as he came panting up. "D'ye think this is a place for strangers to walk into when they please. By gor, it's mortal angry the misthress 'd be wid me if she knew. Pullin' the trees to pieces, an' tearin' up all afore you! Whew! It's a Turk or a Garman ye must be, I'm thinkin', to be afther behavin' in sich a way."

Not waiting to defend himself from the charge of "tearing up all before him," Captain Bowring, with more of hauteur in his tone than he would have adopted had he met with a gentler address, explained that, finding the gate open, and supposing the family to be absent, he had entered to take a nearer view of the house which had once been his home, and gather a few leaves from a tree endeared by old recollections. The man's manner softened.

"Well, in coorse yer welcome to the leaves," he said. "Take more, if you like, but do it quickly, an' go in the name o' God, or — but it's too late; here's the misthress herself, an' I suppose I'll lose my place, for it was my fault leavin' the gate open."

Captain Bowring turned round, expecting to see a very formidable personage; instead of which he beheld a pale, mild-looking elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, whose countenance wore a fretted and anxious, but pleasing, expression. He removed his hat, and bowed, tendering the same explanation that he had given the servant, and adding many apologies for his intrusion.

The lady received his excuses graciously, with a manner as gentle as her appearance, and volunteered several kind, commonplace little remarks about early associations.

Captain Bowring thought, notwithstanding the seclusion she had given such strict orders to preserve, that the sight of a strange face was not, after all, so distasteful to her. She seemed to him just the person fitted to move in a quiet circle of friends, and who would enjoy above all things a little gentle gossip over her tea. In a few minutes he found himself conversing on the best of terms with her, and soon she invited him, in a half cordial, half hesitating manner, to enter the house, and renew his acquaintance with its interior. He accepted the invitation, and she led the way in.

How strange, yet how familiar, the rooms looked to him! As he stood in the large old parlour, its dull and faded aspect contrasted mournfully with the picture in his mind of its former brightness. It seemed to him that the sun used always to shine into it. With delicate tact Mrs. Stevens had left him alone. He leaned on the broad mantelpiece, and became lost in reverie. A sense of almost intolerable sadness possessed him, sadness which seemed prophetic, for it covered with its sombre hue the future as well as the past. He peopled the room with its former occupants. The echoes of the mirth and laughter with which it had once rung seemed yet to resound from its corners; but not merrily, sadly, as ghostly laughter does, with a deeper pathos in its merriment than any sobs or tears.

A strange feeling came over him that, though his home had passed to strangers, yet his fate was inextricably linked with it, and something which should shake him to the very soul was at hand. He was not one usually to give way to fanciful ideas and feelings. Though somewhat thoughtful, the turn of his mind was more practical than sentimental. But now he actually debated with himself whether he

should not instantly—before Mrs. Stevens returned—fly from the place, and quit its vicinity for ever. Yet a dreamy spell seemed to hold him. At one time afterwards he said bitterly to himself, that it would have been well had he done so.

Suddenly a strain of music, wildly sweet and mournful, swelled through the room. It accorded so well with his mood that it might have been its actual expression, and at first he did not rouse himself to discover whence it proceeded. But at length he observed a door connected with the room. It had not been there in his recollection, but there had been alterations made in the house. Without much thought he approached it, and opened it gently. A female figure sat at a harmonium. He could not see the face, for she did not look round, but, unconscious of any presence, went on playing her mournful music. He was about to withdraw, but at that moment Mrs. Stevens appeared, and, seeing him on the threshold, invited him to come in.

The figure at the harmonium rose, a slender graceful girl, in a simple, clinging robe of black, with dark hair, very plainly twined round a small classical head. The elder lady introduced her as her niece, Miss Caroline M'Carty, and Captain Bowring received a cold little bow.

Mrs. Stevens, who, since a stranger *was* actually beneath her roof, seemed determined to act the hospitable hostess, had been followed into the room by a servant with luncheon. But Captain Bowring, not feeling inclined to have his present mood disturbed, was now anxious to depart, and was about to politely decline the lady's hospitality, when it happened that, as his eyes wandered round, they chanced to encounter those of the

young lady, and, somehow, without waiting to analyze what influenced him, he found to his surprise that the words he actually did utter were quite the reverse of what he had intended. Seldom had Captain Bowring seen a lovelier countenance, never before, one that affected him so strangely. It was a small oval face, very youthful looking; pale, with a saddened expression; the forehead broad and calm, and from beneath long, black silky lashes a pair of the deep blue-grey eyes of her native land looked forth. They were not bright, but soft and tender. "Sweetest eyes were ever seen," the young man thought as he gazed at them.

Not much passed at the interview. Mrs. Stevens had most of the conversation to herself, and she knew how to sustain it, in an easy continuous flow. Evidently she was well pleased with her listener, and more in her element, poor lady, than, from whatever cause, she had been for some time. Her niece was very silent. Her manner was too quiet and subdued for her years; but the tinge of melancholy in Captain Bowring's own nature answering to that in hers, made her pensiveness rather attractive than otherwise to him.

As he walked towards his inn, he found himself wondering many times whether he should ever see those sweet blue-grey eyes again.

When he entered the outer room of the "Shamrock," which, poor as it was, held the place of the best inn in the little village, he found it fuller than usual, and, notwithstanding the abstraction of his mood, he could not but observe that every one present stared at him curiously, and then turned to whisper among themselves. He caught some of their words.

"Mortial pale-looking, ain't he, jist; but sure, it's no wondher, captain as he is."

He was about to pass upstairs, when the landlord came over to him, and said in a tone of apparent concern,—

"Maybe you'd be aafter likin' somethin' hot, sir? If you would, I'll get it ready for you in no time."

"Why so? I do not want anything at present."

"Do now, sir; 'deed ye ought to have somethin'. It'll do you all the good in the world. Won't ye now, sir?"

His tone was so coaxing, as if he were speaking to a sick or frightened child, that Captain Bowring could not forbear laughing.

"You're not so bad, then, aafter all, sir."

"Bad! Why should I be bad at all?"

"And so you war up at the White House, sir?" said the landlord, rather irrelevantly as it seemed. "Rody here says a boy tould him he seen you go in. Come here, Rody."

The person addressed as Rody, a ragged and rather wild-looking fellow, approached.

"And so a boy told you he saw me go into the White House," said Captain Bowring, half amused, half annoyed, yet urged by a feeling of some curiosity to continue the subject. "And what then, my friend? Is it so strange and terrible a thing for any one to enter that house?"

"Gor, I donna, sir," folding his arms, and looking as stolid as if he were being examined by a magistrate.

"Come, now, speak out. Have you anything to say?"

"Gor, an' maybe, sir."

"Then say it. But I see you won't. You and the rest of the people here are prejudiced against this family, inoffensive as they evidently are, just because they haven't lived always on the spot. That's

your reason, or rather want of reason, isn't it?"

"Gor, I donna, sir."

"You are suspicious of them, and make a mystery because they choose to live in seclusion."

"Gor, an' maybe, sir."

"Oh, can't you find some other form of words to answer me with?" cried the young man, losing all patience. "I believe that if I went on and asked you a hundred questions, you'd make one or other of these two phrases do for reply to each. I might as well talk to a parrot, or better, unless its education was very scanty. Can you really speak no other words, man?"

"Gor, I donna, sir."

Captain Bowring turned and went upstairs, while Rody, grinning, joined the circle of his friends.

The young man threw himself on the ricketty sofa in his room, and for some minutes reflected on the strange manner of the people respecting the tenants of the White House. By-and-by he fell into a light sleep, and dreamed of the sweet blue-grey eyes, then awoke to wish that he might gaze into their fathomless depths again, were it only once more.

CHAPTER II.

A PRESENTMENT.

THE second day following Captain Bowring's visit to the White House was Sunday, and he attended service at the little ivy-covered church. Not, however, led altogether by pious motives; partly from a desire to look on the spot where, as a child, he had sat, and fidgeted, and in more advanced youth, had thought over many a project while the drowsy voice of the clergyman hummed in his ears, conveying no more meaning to his mind than the buzzing of the humble bee without, which it so wonderfully resembled. Another,

and, perhaps, less praiseworthy motive had influenced him, for he thought it possible that Mrs. Stevens and her niece might be present.

He was not mistaken. Just as the service was commencing they entered, and took their places in a pew nearly opposite to that which he occupied. He saw that the elder lady quickly perceived him, but the younger, who kept her veil down for some time, appeared altogether unconscious of his presence. When, at length, she raised it, and her eyes met his, they very quickly and quietly returned to her book, from which they did not wander, except when, during the sermon, they were lifted to the preacher's face. Captain Bowring felt quite jealous of the worthy man, who was not the same he remembered, but younger, and livelier in manner.

In the singing he heard the sweet mournful voice that had accompanied the harmonium at the White House. It wailed through the church, and, low though it was, it drowned to his ears every other voice, and wrapped him in the same kind of trance that had come over him that day.

At the church door, coming out, he met the two ladies. Miss M'Carty was about to pass on with her distant little bow, but Mrs. Stevens stopped, holding out her hand in a friendly manner. As their way was the same, they walked on together, the elder lady chatting volubly, the young lady as silent and reserved as on the former occasion. Captain Bowring did his best to entertain the aunt, for was not the niece listening, and might be lured to join in the conversation?

"How pleasant it is to meet with some one who has been mingling in life," said Mrs. Stevens. "I sometimes almost forget that there is any world beyond these

dreadful mountains. I know you see beauty in them, my dear," turning to her niece, "but give me a bright, well-cultivated country."

"Do you not make your life here more lonely than need be?" Captain Bowring ventured to inquire. "There are some families not so far distant, whose acquaintance you could make if you chose."

"We have no wish to do so," said the young lady, in a mild but decided tone. "My aunt and I desire seclusion at present. We want no visitors."

"Yes, indeed, that is just it. We desire seclusion," repeated the elder lady, sighing gently as she spoke; "but still——"

"Look, aunt, is not that a picturesque old ruin?" interrupted the young lady. "I should like to see it nearer."

"Yes, dear, but it is a good way off. You could not go alone, and you know how nervous I am about venturing far in this lonely place. We hardly ever go much beyond the grounds, Captain Bowring."

"It is not so far; I could show you a short cut through the fields. I know that old ruin well. Would you like to go now?" to Miss M'Carty.

"No, thank you." The tone was cool enough, but the eyes met his, and he felt rewarded.

"To-morrow," said Mrs. Stevens, "I am sure it would be very pleasant."

Her niece turned her eyes upon her with a grave, questioning look, but the other avoided them. Evidently she did not wish to be disappointed of the little variety that offered itself to her. "It will be good for you, Caroline," she said.

And so, without a word more from the young lady, it was arranged that Captain Bowring should be their escort next day to the old castle.

At the house they parted. He

watched her slender figure go up the path, and saw her address some words to her aunt, in what seemed a very earnest manner. The face of the other, as she turned partially round, wore a deprecating expression, and then the girl smiled, and fondly ki-ssed her cheek.

"It is a curious old place, certainly," said Mrs. Stevens, as, next day, they stood amidst the ivy-covered, moss-grown remains of the ancient castle.

"I should like to sketch it," said Miss M'Carty, looking round with what was evidently a true artist's eye. "This would be the best point." She moved a few steps, and, seating herself in a fantastically wreathed niche where a window had once been, took out her drawing materials.

"Dear aunt, you can wander about with Captain Bowring while I pursue my favourite occupation."

It might be that Captain Bowring's countenance was too expressive during this speech, and Mrs. Stevens may have thought that the proposal of wandering away with an elderly lady, while a young and lovely one remained behind, could not be very enticing to the young man; at all events, she replied,—

"No, my dear, we will sit by you and talk while you go on with your sketch. I like this spot as well as any other."

And she did talk, while Captain Bowring watched the skilful fingers as they rapidly sketched the outline of the quaint old ruin and its surroundings.

"What do you think of it, aunt, do I get on?" said the young lady, at last, as she showed her sketch.

"Very well indeed; but what are you doing that there seems to be such a gloomy air about it? I hardly know how to express it, but you seem to have added something not in the scene before us, or taken

away something, I don't know which. It looks strange and eerie."

"What I have represented is in the scene before us, although you may not perceive it now. I am taking it by night, with a struggling, watery moon peeping through a rift of black clouds, revealing the place only in dim, shadowy outline, but gleaming on that high tower, which, even now, in the sunlight, seems to me to have such a solemn and ominous air, as if it knew something. And so it does, doesn't it, aunt?" she added, a sudden half-playfulness mingling with the sadness of her tone. "Many a strange, weird old story—and perhaps it is a prophet, too."

"I don't know, love; but pray do put some human figures into the scene to make it look a little more life-like—ourselves, for instance."

"I shall not spoil my picture for you, aunt. Only one solitary figure."

As she spoke she began to sketch the outline of a form. It was that of a tall man, standing in the midst of the ruin, the head bowed upon the breast as if he were sunk in meditation. Suddenly she erased it, saying,—

"No, I can do that better at home to-morrow," and she turned to another portion of the sketch.

After a few minutes more she threw down her pencil, and, gathering the materials together, came and placed herself at her aunt's feet. Silence came over them. Mrs. Stevens, rendered sleepy by sitting so long in the soft summer atmosphere, had closed her eyes, and so there was no one to keep the conversation going. Miss M'Carty's head was turned away, but Captain Bowring could see the graceful outline of her oval cheek and chin.

She seemed to forget that she was not alone with her aunt, and soon, in a soft undertone, as if to

herself, she began to sing. It was a pensive Irish air, one of those so expressive of the deep melancholy inherent in the Irish nature, despite the sparkle of mirth that may play on the surface, but never goes deeper in the true Celtic character. She had ceased some minutes when Captain Bowring said,—

"I see that you are very deeply imbued with the spirit of the Celtic music, Miss M'Carty, or you could not have sung that air as you have done."

She started a little, and replied without turning round,—

"Yes, I like these airs. They are sad, but they suit me. They harmonize with my mood, and they don't make me sadder, as my aunt fancies they do."

"I believe you are right. When one is sad the sympathy afforded by other sad things is as soothing as the contrast that mirth offers is painful and depressing."

"You have known sorrow, have you not?" As she spoke the blue-grey eyes were turned upon him with a look of interest, he thought.

"I was one of a numerous family, and now I am alone in the world," he answered.

"That is very sad; but you have friends?"

"Acquaintances, at all events. Friendship is a thing very difficult to win. We may flatter ourselves that we are sincerely liked, and have the sympathy of those with whom we mingle, and exchange friendly greetings. But do they really care for us at all? What sacrifice would they make for us? The liking they have for us, if it exists at all, is a weak, watery thing, scarcely worth having: and so I do not value very highly what people call friendship. A thorough friend, if that could only be found!"

"You may be right. I hardly know."

"You will never know."

"Why so?" she asked, looking full at him.

He made no reply. He felt that he could not pay her any distinct compliment.

"My aunt has fallen asleep, I believe," said the young lady, after a pause.

"Asleep!" cried Mrs. Stevens, starting up. "How can you say so, Caroline? I was not asleep. I heard every word you were saying. You were talking about—about—Well, I don't quite remember."

They rose, and walked on to investigate the place further. Passing through an arched aperture, they found themselves on a narrow winding kind of staircase which ascended to the summit of the castle. Owing to the steps being partially broken away, and only a rude projection in the wall at one side to hold by, the ascent was not easy.

On the first landing-place they reached, Mrs. Stevens paused, and, seating herself on a little ledge, declared her intention of going no further. Her niece, however, proceeded, and Captain Bowring, of course, followed her. In silence they climbed up the tortuous, corkscrew stairs that stretched up and up, like stairs in a troubled dream, when one seems irresistibly compelled to toil on, and there appears no end.

On finding himself alone for the first time with Miss M'Carthy, a thrill passed through Captain Bowring's frame. Alone for the *first* time, and this was only the third occasion that he had seen her. But he felt as if all his previous life till the moment that he beheld her had been only a long wait; and he had never loved any other woman, that the strength and devotion of his whole being might be gathered up to be offered in their first passionate entirety to her. It seemed strange to him that she should be so indifferent, that her eyes should meet

his so calmly, and no flush tinge the pallor of her cheek.

At length a second narrow landing was reached. They were now on a level with the roof of the castle. But the tower rose beside, and the stairs still winding up, they went on till they came out on a small, frail kind of platform. The summit was now gained. The view of the country round was remarkable in the extreme. The depth below was fearful, and the nervous might well recoil in sickening fear.

The tower was built on the verge of a frightful precipice, and the little platform where they stood hung right over the abyss, which went sheer down in an almost perpendicular line, leaving hardly room for the few dwarf oaks that grew on the ledge, and the fantastic wreathings of wild herb and shrub that hung over it. At the bottom a deep tarn lay, into which a cascade formed from the waters of a rivulet, that crept by the castle walls, were precipitated over a bulwark of rock some thirty feet in height. The angry roar of the waters rose up from amid the mystery of the black rugged rocks, compelling the eyes, by a weird fascination, to gaze down—down—into the shuddering depth beneath.

At length Captain Bowring spoke—

“Have you any faith in presentiments, Miss M’Carty?” he asked. “I never had, but somehow, standing here, a singular feeling, subtle yet strong, pervades my whole being, that on this spot some dreadful danger will yet threaten myself or some one very dear to me.”

As he raised his eyes, and turned towards his companion, he thought that she looked paler than her wont, and her voice was low and shaken as she replied—

“It is strange. I, too, have at this moment the same feeling that you describe. I do believe in pre-

sentiments, I cannot but do so, for they have never misled me, and an impression, deadly and certain, creeps over my mind, that here some person dearer to me than my own life ——” She paused, growing white to the very lips, and trembling from head to foot as if about to sink down.

Impulsively Captain Bowring sprang forward, and, throwing his arm round her, lifted her back from the chasm. For a moment her head lay on his breast; her soft hair swept his cheek; he felt her heart beat in unison with his own. The next instant she withdrew herself from his clasp, and casting on him a cold, offended glance, turned, and began to descend the stairs.

“Forgive me,” he faltered, scarcely able to speak with the agitation that still overmastered him. “I thought you were about to faint.”

She made no reply, and as they had ascended in silence so they went down.

As they joined Mrs. Stevens below, and, leaving the ruined place behind them, the three walked on, it seemed like a dream to Captain Bowring that for a moment his arm had actually encircled the form of that cold, proud girl, and that for a brief period their spirits had been knit together in such perfect accord, that the same thought, the same mysterious apprehension had passed from one mind to the other before ever a word was spoken. She might be cold and distant, choose to be offended even, but the strange bond of sympathy established between them on that fearful spot could never be quite annihilated.

CHAPTER III.

A TRANSFORMATION.

FOR some days after the visit to the old castle Captain Bowring saw nothing of Mrs. Stevens or her

niece. This, however, was by no means his fault, for not a day passed that he might not have been seen, at least twice or thrice, in the vicinity of the White House.

And after a time his perseverance was rewarded. One morning he suddenly came upon Miss M'Carty, alone, engaged with her sketching in a wild little hazel glen near the house. He discovered that this was her favourite spot, and from that time it became his favourite also.

Sometimes he found her alone, but more often, her aunt was with her. On two or three occasions the latter invited him into the house to pass an hour or so of the evening with them.

With more than the longing with which the sick man watches for the dawn of day, he watched for the first faint dawn of love to rise in those calm proud eyes; till, at last, he thought a new light began to glimmer in them at his coming, and a slight glow to tinge her pale cheek, kindling her features into more perfect and exquisite beauty.

Then he spoke. She listened in silence, but when, in answer to his repeated entreaty that she would speak, her glance met his, it was full of impassioned tenderness, mingled, however, with a vague kind of uncertainty, as it seemed. But he saw only the love, and when they parted, he had won from her the promise that she would be his wife.

It was evening, and as Bowring came out from the little glen where this had taken place, and went on alone, the sun was setting. Half its disc was visible above the hill that he was ascending, and its beams lighted up the landscape with a dim and sombre splendour. Bowring's heart had been beating high, but, gradually, his pulses sank, and a sense of depression

and indefinite fear crept over him. It was the third time that he had felt thus—in the White House, when left alone that first day—on the summit of the ruined castle—and now again. But he pushed it aside, attaching no importance to it; as such dim instincts are apt to be treated, till the time comes when we are forced to acknowledge that the voice deep in our souls was a prophet-voice, and spoke truly.

Mrs. Stevens received the news of her niece's engagement with pleasure, and all went well. The house, though still sealed to all others, was now open to Captain Bowring, to go in and out as he pleased.

One day he entered, finding the house-door open. There was no one in the usual sitting-room, and when, on going upstairs to the drawing-room, he found it untenanted also, he concluded that the ladies must be out.

With this conviction, he was about to go away, when a slight rustling sound in the adjoining room caught his attention. Thinking it was probably a servant, and wishing to leave a message, he entered, and to his surprise—for of late she had always been fleet to welcome him, and had learned to know his step—he saw Miss M'Carty herself.

Her back was to him, and she was bending over a table, apparently greatly absorbed in the examination of something. He approached a few steps nearer, still without her hearing him. He perceived now that what she gazed on so intently was a picture, the portrait, he could perceive, of a young man in military dress. Suddenly she raised it, and, with a gesture of the wildest, most passionate emotion, pressed it to her lips, and covered it with kisses.

Bowring stood transfixed with amazement. In the moment that

she raised the picture, he had recognized it as the likeness of a young officer, who had once been an intimate friend of his own, but of whom lately he had heard nothing.

"Caroline!" he exclaimed.

She started up, and, clutching the picture in her hands, gazed at him steadily, with a look that seemed half fearful, half defiant. As he advanced towards her, she retreated, and waved him back, without speaking. Her face was very pale, but her eyes were singularly bright, and as he continued to gaze at her, a mischievous smile began to glimmer in them, and to curl her lip, as if with irrepressible mirth.

Undoubtedly she was playing some sportive prank upon him. She had heard his approach, and, for a freak, had resolved to try and rouse his jealousy. It showed him a side of her character, of which, till this moment, he had not had the slightest conception; and it did not particularly please him. This spritish-looking being, with the mocking, half-malicious smile dancing in her eyes, gave him such a different impression from the quiet and pensive girl he had known and loved. Even the style of her dress had undergone an alteration that consisted with her changed mood. A scarf of quite brilliant colour was twisted fantastically about her shoulders; she wore a flower in her hair, and some glittering, almost gaudy ornaments, decorated her person.

"Come, dearest," he said, with a slight impatience in his tone; "it is time to end this. It is a very good jest, but you have tried me long enough, and should confess it now."

While he spoke, he again approached her, and again she flitted backwards, eyeing him with a wild, bright look, which, despite its

mirth, had something so peculiar in it, or that seemed to him so peculiar, that he felt singularly affected, and an involuntary shiver passed through his frame.

She had retreated to the mantel-piece, and, taking from off it a beautifully-cut glass goblet, she poised it in her hands, still with the same strange, mischievous smile gleaming in the blue-grey eyes, which he had never before seen but calm and serious. Was she about to throw it at him? He had only time to step aside, when the goblet came flying across the room, and fell on the very place he had filled a moment since. The crash was followed by a peal of low laughter, and turning, with a mocking gesture, she waved a farewell to him, and vanished through a door that communicated with another part of the house.

The young man stood still, the echoes of that subdued laughter sounding in his ears, with a cadence strangely wild and unmirthful. He felt utterly mystified, and a weird-like sense stole over him. The sudden and complete transformation in Caroline had dazed and bewildered him. Was he dreaming? he asked himself. Did some spell hold him? and had he only fancied what had passed?

It was some minutes before he collected himself sufficiently to follow her. He was determined that she should give him an explanation of her singular conduct, and account for the extraordinary act with which she had terminated the scene. There was no sign of her. He called her name, but without receiving any reply. After a few minutes, however, a servant-maid appeared, and of her he inquired where Miss M'Carty was.

"Why, sir," answered she, "sure they're out—Mrs. Stevens and Miss M'Carty. They went out dhrivin' this mornin', and the mis-

thress said they wouldn't be home till late, an' I was to tell you so, if you called, sir."

"But I have just seen Miss M'Carty. She left me only a few moments ago. Either she didn't accompany Mrs. Stevens, or has since returned unknown to you."

"No, sir," said the girl, positively. "They didn't come in, either on them, that I'm sartin sure of; an' Miss M'Carty went out in the carriage this mornin'. I seen her wid my two eyes."

"If you had twenty eyes to see her with, it makes no difference. I tell you that I have seen and spoken to Miss M'Carty; and she is in the house now, unless she left it within the last few minutes."

The girl made no reply, but she was silent, evidently only because she did not like to contradict again. Suddenly, however, her face changed from its expression of stolid unbelief, as though some thought had struck her. Her eyes grew round as if with terror, her rosy cheeks paled. She looked a picture of mortal affright.

"The Lord be betune us an' harm," she muttered. "It's true, then. Oh, blessed Vargin, save us! Avock, avock! but it's awful to think on, so it is."

She dropped on her knees, and, pulling out her rosary, began with trembling fingers to tell her beads.

"What ails you, girl?" cried a sharp, impatient voice, and the Swiss woman who had accompanied Mrs. Stevens and her niece from abroad appeared. "Get up; what are you about?"

As the girl did not stir, but continued to mutter her *Ave Marias*, as if for the bare life, Bowring explained that he wished to find Miss M'Carty, but had been assured that she was out, although he knew to the contrary. He had not the

least idea what had caused the girl's alarm.

"Nor does she know herself, perhaps, any better," said the woman. "But you heard rightly—Mrs. Stevens and Miss M'Carty are both out."

Bowring repeated that he had but just seen the young lady.

"You saw her, and she was speaking to you, was she, sir?"

"Yes—no—not exactly. She was with me, and I was speaking to her."

The woman was silent.

"Well, sir," she said at last, "of course, since that is the case, she has returned, though we didn't know it. I'll go and find her, and tell her that you wish to see her."

"Tell her I desire it most particularly, if only for a few moments."

She went away. Bowring awaited her return impatiently. In a short time she came, alone.

"Miss M'Carty is in her room, sir," she said, "and wishes me to say that she cannot see you at present."

"Nothing more?"

"No, sir."

The young man turned away, and, leaving the house, walked slowly down the avenue, his thoughts in a state of utter confusion. He resolved to go to the house next evening, according to his usual habit, and then he would demand an explanation from Caroline. But, in the meantime, anxious and uneasy as he was, he could not prevent his mind from endeavouring to supply that explanation. Did she, indeed, love the man whose picture he had seen her kiss so wildly? And was her singular conduct adopted to drive him to cancel an engagement that she now found herself disinclined to fulfil?

CHAPTER IV.

THE PARTING.

FULL of conjectures as to how Caroline would meet him, or if she would meet him at all, Captain Bowring went next evening to the White House. At the door Caroline met him, Caroline in the character in which he had learned to love her, he quickly saw. She welcomed him with her sweet, pensive smile, that had nothing in it of the wild brightness of yesterday. He responded coldly, bending on her a sternly questioning gaze. She took no notice, however, but led him into the room where Mrs. Stevens was.

He could not introduce the subject uppermost in his mind until they were alone, and with provoking persistence, Mrs. Stevens remained rooted to the spot. He avoided, as much as possible, addressing Caroline directly. Once or twice he saw her cast a quick, somewhat surprised glance at him. He began to fear no opportunity would offer for his purpose, so determined to make one, and when, as dusk gathered, Mrs. Stevens rose to light the lamp, he requested Caroline to come into the garden for a stroll. She assented readily, and they went out.

A dim summer moon was slowly rising; the atmosphere was soft and hazy—filled with the scent of flowers. Caroline plucked a rose, and gave it to him. Was it as a peace-offering? He took it silently, thinking how different she had looked yesterday when—whether in thoughtless play or sudden anger he could not decide—she had flung the goblet at him.

He felt embarrassed how to speak, how to accuse *her* of falsehood and caprice, while he gazed into those earnest eyes, and her hand rested fondly on his arm. He could not bring himself directly to do so. It seemed like profanation

to utter the words to her—disloyalty on his part to think the thoughts that were in his mind. Yet, incomprehensible as her conduct had been, there was no denying the fact of it.

He began to speak, and by recurring to some incidents in his past life, contrived to mention the name of his former friend, the young officer whose portrait he had seen her kiss with such passionate emotion. The instant he uttered the name, he felt Caroline's hand tremble as it lay on his arm, but she did not speak, and he continued:—

"We were very close friends once, myself and Weldon. I think something like real friendship existed on both sides; yet it has had no continuance. It is a long time since I either saw or heard anything of him."

His companion sighed gently. The sound roused Bowring's anger and jealousy. His feelings gave him courage to speak more plainly.

"But I need not talk to you of Lieutenant Weldon," he said. "You know him well. He is a very dear friend of yours, is he not. Has been, or is, something more than a friend?"

Till he finished speaking, he had not noticed that she had left his side, and now stood before him, with that mocking, half playful, half malign smile gleaming in her eyes. He was about to start forward and seize her hand, while he demanded speech from her, when there she was beside him again, her eyes bent on the ground in serious thought, no vestige of a smile on her face, her hand resting on his arm as if it had never been withdrawn. Surely he must have been misled by fancy, or some effect of the shadowy moonbeams. It was some minutes before he spoke again.

"Caroline," he said, speaking

with an effort, "I perceive now that what I feared is true. You do not love me, you never can have done so, and your engagement to me—why you entered on it, God knows—has become burdensome to you. But I should have preferred that you had said so plainly, instead of acting in the strange and enigmatical manner that you have done. Then, at least, I could have retained my respect. Oh, Caroline!" He stopped, and bowed his head on his breast, covering his face with his hands, then continued, brokenly, "But now, the Caroline I loved is gone—gone. She seems to have no existence anywhere. You are only her mocking image, changing momentarily, as if to tantalize me, and yet, this instant, so like that I could almost believe myself mad sooner than—. Is it possible that you have really no explanation to offer?—that you are utterly fickle and false?" He turned his clouded eyes towards her, his features quivering with emotion. She met his glance haughtily.

"I do not understand your ravings," she said, indignation—whether real or pretended he could not decide—in her tone. "I don't admit that there has been anything in my conduct towards you that requires explanation. You must be one of those persons who make themselves and others miserable by ill-founded jealousy. Yet no, I think I begin to comprehend it now. You do not wish for any connection with a member of so ill-starred a family as mine. I might well retort in your own words: you do not love me, and the engagement has become irksome to you; yet I should have been glad if you had said so openly, instead of seeking to throw the blame of cancelling it on me. Then my respect for you might have continued."

"And you can speak thus to me?" he cried, turning round on her,

his lately dimmed eyes flashing indignantly. "I did not expect *this*, when you know what I saw, what proof I have of your falsehood."

"I do not understand you."

"You are determined not to do so. It is your best course, perhaps, though it lowers you still further in my estimation; but you don't care for that."

"It is time to part," she said, coldly. "I did not seek your attentions, and I am punished now for ever having allowed them. We do not love each other, and we both wish the engagement sundered, that is enough; now all is over between us, go."

"Yes, heartless and capricious coquette, all is indeed over," he answered. "I have served your turn, and beguiled your solitude during the absence of another. But of what value is such love as yours to any man? Were I he, I would scorn it, spurn it from me."

"Go," she repeated, her head erect, her face showing white and set in the moonlight, as she waved him away, with an action like that of yesterday, when thus she had forbade his nearer approach; but there was no smile on her countenance now.

"Farewell, then," he said; "may God forgive your cold-hearted caprice. I cannot yet."

He turned quickly away. His cheek was yet flushed with anger, and his heart beating loudly; but as he neared the gate his pace grew slower. When he reached it, he paused and looked round, with a half idea that he might see her standing there yet, and she might make some sign to him to return; but she was not visible. His love had been a dream, and now it was past. For a moment he turned to other ideas, as if to see how they would appear to him now; but what had formerly interested him had no longer any interest. Every-

thing looked cold and bare in prospect. With a groan he cast himself down on the ground. A great wave of blackness seemed to sweep over his soul. The shadow of a change, such as sometimes transforms man's whole nature, overhung him that night.

CHAPTER V.

A REVELATION.

ALTHOUGH the vicinity of the White House no longer awakened any pleasurable feelings in Bowring's mind, he yet lingered on the spot. Notwithstanding that every scene mournfully recalled dead joys and hopes—not merely now those of early years, but the recent more passionate happiness he had known—he could not bring himself to go back to the world yet, he felt so out of harmony with its interests and cares. The wild hills, the heathery wastes over which the moor-hen only hovered; the silent, shaded valleys, built in with rugged walls of rock, the crumbling ruins of the land—all accorded with the gloom of his own mind, and seemed fitter surroundings for him than any other.

His steps frequently turned in the direction of the little hazel glen in which he had so often sat or walked with Caroline; where he had first spoken to her his love, and she had listened. Through this glen he could reach the old castle, which he had also visited in her company, and on whose summit the first link of a strange sympathy between them had been formed.

Many a time he strayed on till he stood amidst its decaying arches, while night gathered dimly round, and a few faint moonbeams glimmered through the lonely place. Pacing among the tangled underwood, whose roots twisted round his feet as he walked, or standing still, his head sunk on his

breast in meditation, he might have represented that solitary figure, which, in her fanciful drawing of the place, Caroline had begun to sketch, and then capriciously obliterated. Had some dim foreshadowing of what had come now influenced her that day?

There was no one to breathe a kindly word of sympathy in his ear. His humble friends among the peasantry, who remembered him a boy among them, only lifted up their eyes in pious thanksgiving that he went no more to the White House, nor walked any longer by the side of Caroline M'Carty. And still their prejudice was a mystery to him.

From the time of his unhappy parting with her, he had never seen either Miss M'Carty or her aunt, as if they persistently kept to the house to avoid him. It happened, however, that one evening as he was wandering in the glen, he caught a glimpse of a figure which he recognized as Caroline's. She was standing motionless in a little open glade in the centre of the valley, her arms clasped above her head, her attitude indicating deep distress.

With no definite purpose in his mind—for he could scarcely have thought of speaking to her after what had passed—Bowring hastened forward; but on reaching the spot, which, for a few moments, had been concealed from his view, she was no longer there, and he caught sight of her bright-coloured scarf moving among the trees farther on. Increasing his pace, he followed. That moment, however, he lost view of her behind a rock that jutted across the path. He ran on, and turning the corner sharply, came violently against something, which he at first thought was a frightened animal rushing by. To break the collision, he caught hold of the object, which struggled desperately to free itself, and butted

madly with its head. In a moment, however, a voice which, though certainly very much resembling a bellow, was yet decidedly human, broke forth.

"Tunther-an-ouns!" it roared; "let me go, let me go, I say, if it's a Christian sowl ye are at all. *She's* out, an' this is no place to be stoppin'. Didn't she pass right across the path afore me, from round the rock there? Och, it's the unloocky mortal I am this night to be afther seein' sich a sighth! Arrah, let me get off quick;" making another violent effort to free himself.

But Bowring was the stronger of the two, and held him tight. He now knew the man. It was the peasant whom the landlord of the village inn had called Rody, and whose undeviating formula to all his questions about the family at the White House had been so irritating.

"You shall not stir," he said, "till you tell me the cause of your fright and hurry. Who is out? What do you mean?"

"Oh! it's Captain Bowring, is it?" looking up at last. "I was afeared you war somethin' not human."

"And I thought that you were something not human. In fact, I took you for a bull, my friend. But come, let me hear the reason of your alarm."

"Yes, Captain, agra; but jist take your houlth off me, an' let us git away from this spot, at all events. Maybe *she's* somewheres about still, an' might start up any minit, an' do for us both."

"You shall not stir. Now what is it that you mean? Miss M'Carty passed that rock just now, but I suppose you are scarcely afraid of her."

"I wouldn't if 'twas her own self, the flesh an' blood wan, I mane, an' not the other, that's made of nobody knows what; she that wears

the scarf, an' that can glide through walls an' rocks, as I seen her now, an' appear an' disappear in a jiffey. Whinver she's out, some mischief's sure to follow. Wasn't the common set all on fire last night, an' Dermid Maguire seen her jist afore—she's that mischievous an' tricky. Gor! it's awful confusin' never to be sure which it is. There's wan standin' afore you, an' you think it's the right wan, whin it turns out to be the other all the time. Only for the scarf, an' the smile an' glidin' walk, there's no differ. It's the happy riddance you had Captain, aroon. Sure, wouldn't it be better to marry the ugliest woman that ever was made, nor wan wid sich a curse upon her; an' I'd say the same if she was twenty times beautifuller than she is, an' had the wealth o' the three kingdoms for her fortin. Och, it's well you warn't married afore you found it out, for they say you seen the—the other wan. Oh, murder, if you went to kiss her in mistake, wouldn't it be awful! But, masha, come on quick, in God's name."

"You do not move a step till you speak out openly. What is it that you and the rest believe about Miss M'Carty? Answer me, or midnight shall find you still standing here." He shook his captive violently.

"Then if ye must hear it, ye must. Sure, she has a Double, an' it was the Double ye seen this night, an' I don't know how often besides, an' that I seen. There, it's out now."

Releasing himself from Bowring's somewhat slackened grasp, he darted off at breakneck speed, as if an army of unholy sprites were at his heels. Under other circumstances, Bowring could have laughed to watch his headlong flight.

Brought up in a land, the very headquarters of all weird, romantic, and fantastic superstitions, Captain

Bowring could not be uninfluenced by what he had heard. From his boyhood, the idea of the Double had always struck him as one of the darkest and most mysterious of superstitions; that an ordinary individual, leading a daylight existence like those around, should have a mysterious counterpart, that committed actions of which the real person was altogether unconscious, and that were totally contrary to the nature of that person. Of course, whatever his early faith had been, it had long ago been scornfully rejected by his reason, though its influence, doubtless, yet tinged his imagination.

The explanation, however, that now for the first time entered his mind, was scarcely less terrible, that Caroline was subject to fits of insanity. He debated with himself whether he should once more visit the White House, and seek an interview with Mrs. Stevens. Did Caroline know of the belief respecting her, he wondered. If not, better that she should never learn it; for if she should put any faith in it, what might not be the consequences?

That same evening Mrs. Stevens and Miss M'Carty were sitting together in the twilight drawing-room. The elder lady, leaning back in her chair, the fancy work on which she had been engaged, dropt upon her knee, was indulging in a doze. The younger was at the harmonium, which she had opened at her aunt's request, for, of her own accord she rarely of late touched the instrument, even to awaken sad symphonies. When Mrs. Stevens slept, she ceased, and now, with her head bent on her hand, seemed lost in reverie. The faint, wan moonlight streaming through the unclosed window, rested on her forehead, and showed how much her features had lost of round-

ness, and how deepened was the sadness of her expression.

Suddenly a faint, cool air seemed to sweep through the room; Mrs. Stevens awoke, and sat upright, trembling from head to foot, and gazing towards the door, with a look of the utmost alarm. On the threshold a figure stood—Caroline, one would have said, only that there at the other end of the room Caroline sat, her head still bent upon her hand, sunk in reflection. Yet Caroline's self it seemed, though so shadowy, so airy and unsubstantial, that it might have been her image formed by glamour out of the moonbeams that shone through the room.

With a gliding motion the shape moved forward, till it stood in the centre of the apartment, Mrs. Stevens watching its motions with silent fear and alarm, but its eyes were fixed on its human counterpart. For a few moments it stood thus, then, flitting backwards, passed with the same stealthy motion from the room, and might have been seen gliding swiftly up the stairs, treading in the moonbeams, as silent as they.

Suddenly a loud scream resounded through the house, and the servant maid, Honor Kelly, dashed along the hall; tearing open the house-door, she rushed down the avenue, uttering inarticulate shrieks, and broken sentences in English and Irish, confusedly intermixed. The Double had passed her close by on the stairs, and wasn't she "the unloocky crature?" and wasn't this "the onloocky night?"

Her shrieks and exclamations did not cease till she had left the grounds behind her, and sank down at the door of the nearest cabin. Then she managed to compose herself sufficiently to pour her tale into the sympathizing ears that were eager to hear it.

When Body arrived with his account, the consternation increased, and all who had expressed any doubt before, became firm believers in the Double. Honor declared that she would not return to the White House for any consideration; no, not if she had to beg her bread all her days; not if she was to get her "apron full of goold;" not if she was to be "dragged by wild horses." So she remained in the cabin where she had taken refuge, adding each day some fresh horror to her tale, as the neighbours flocked in. The Double had looked at her steadily with an awful expression, and she knew it was a sign that she hadn't long to live—sobbing—and Body—who was her sweetheart—might look out for another colleen, unless it might be that he, too, was doomed, and this thought appeared to afford her some comfort.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOUBLE.

WHAT Bowring had heard increased tenfold the sense of unreality and mystery which seemed to envelop Caroline, and to shroud his own life at this time. Sleeping or waking, her shadowy image was ever before him, regarding him from dim recesses, or some remote vista, with her strange, mischievous smile.

He did not immediately put into practice his idea of seeking an interview with Mrs. Stevens. He felt reluctant to enter the White House, for had not Caroline, with a calmness that did not consist with alienated reason, told him to go, that she loved him no longer, and their engagement was at an end?

Two or three evenings after that last described, he was again wandering in the hazel glen, thinking, as usual, of Caroline, and the dark superstition respecting her, which consisted so singularly with the peculiar feeling he had experienced

on each occasion when she had appeared before him in her changed aspect, almost as if he were in the presence of a creature of another nature, between whom and himself an unsympathetic and impassable barrier existed.

The same half-clouded moon shone this night, as on that when he had last seen Caroline. Its rays dimly illumined the little solitude, and the valley was so overcharged with watery vapour that it scarcely seemed like solid ground. He had come in view of the open space where he had seen her standing in the moonlight; and there! was it possible? in the centre of the glade, sitting on the whitened trunk of an old tree, was Caroline! But was it herself, or, as—like the peasantry—he involuntarily phrased it to himself, the other, the Double?

He had paused for a moment to assure himself that he saw aright, so thin and transparent was the form that it might have been the moonbeams glinting on the old trunk, or the silvery mist which filled the glen, that seemed to have taken a human shape. Now, once for all, he determined to fathom the mystery, and ascertain of what substance was the being that he beheld.

As he approached he saw the coloured scarf. Save for it, she was all in white, with white flowers twined in her hair, as if decked out for some festive occasion. He was within a few yards of her, in another minute he would have reached her side, when she rose up, and, lifting her hand, beckoned to him, with her peculiar mysterious, and half malicious smile; then glided swiftly onwards. He followed. Every moment he thought he should reach her, but still she receded before him, smiling and beckoning him on.

At last, on a little eminence, she hovered for an instant, and beckoned

to him again, smiling that mysterious and meaning smile, which seemed to say, "The place is not yet reached, come and see." Where was she leading him? He felt like one in a nightmare dream. A horror unutterable was upon him, which every argument of his reason was powerless to dispel. It was as if what he had felt on previous occasions, had reached its climax now, and the moment for some frightful consummation was come.

Still on and on she flitted, through the silvery mist sleeping in the valley, which made it appear like a river, over which she skimmed, light and unsubstantial as it. She was near the old castle now, and soon her form vanished among its ruined columns and arches. He arrived in time to see her flit up the spiral staircase, turning again, as if to see was he yet following, and beckoning still, as if she would lead him out of the world.

He sprang up the stairs. In an instant he would be beside her on the frail little platform overhanging the abyss, where there was space but for two, and then she could no longer flit before him. His heart beat yet quicker as the moment arrived. He gained the top, and saw her standing on the verge of the precipice. And once more her eyes met his, with that peculiar mirthful expression still on her face, as if some jest, some fantastic freak worthy of a witness were about to be played by her. Then she flitted forwards, forwards into the empty air, and sank from view, swallowed up in the frightful abyss!

The next instant beheld Bowring hanging over the brink of the chasm. For the moment he was mad, and with a wild determination to perish with her, to die before he should have time to think of what had happened, he was about to fling himself downwards. The roar

of the cataract rose up, and a sound like a dying groan. Other sounds, too, were in the air, voices that seemed crying aloud. He did not hear them, only that faint moan, mingling with the dashing of the waters, sounded in his ears. But had he heard, it would have seemed but natural that the whole universe should be in commotion, and that shrieks should echo around.

"Caroline," he cried, and opened his arms, as if to clasp her when he fell. Some force held him back. A strength almost superhuman was exerted to drag him back from the edge of the precipice. He struggled desperately to free himself from the grasp that was about him. He turned, Caroline's face met his, Caroline's arm encircled him. Dizzy and bewildered he tottered back, and fell, half swooning, against the rock.

Bowring afterwards learned the following circumstances.

Colonel M'Carty — Caroline's father, who was a retired officer, had set out on a travelling tour, accompanied by his two daughters, and, previous to going to Italy, took up their abode for a time in one of the Swiss valleys. Before setting out, Colonel M'Carty's daughter Isabel, had made the acquaintance of a young officer, between whom and herself a strong attachment was formed. The Colonel, however, vehemently opposed any engagement between his daughter and Lieutenant Weldon, who was somewhat inferior in point of family, and fortuneless. He wished to see Isabel united to a gentleman named Tyrrel, who to further the plan, had accompanied them abroad. He was not aware that in the vicinity of the very spot where he had fixed his abode, Weldon had also arrived. Yet so it was and soon communication was resumed between him and

Isabel, and stolen meetings were arranged.

Caroline was the only one who was aware of these interviews, but Isabel did not confide to her all her secrets. She knew that her sister warmly sympathized with her devotion to the man who had won her affections, but Caroline's counsel was, that the pair, continuing true to each other, should yet remain apart, and, in time, Colonel M'Carty, seeing his daughter persistent in her refusal to become the wife of any one else, would give his consent to her union with Weldon. Such a course, however, by no means commended itself to the headstrong and wayward Isabel, who, though the facsimile of her sister in appearance—they being twins—was totally unlike her in temperament.

At length, unknown to Caroline, an elopement was arranged between Isabel and Weldon. On the day settled for it, Isabel M'Carty set out and proceeded to a shepherd's cabin high up among the mountains. Here, in the evening, her lover was to meet her, and they were to fly together. As the approach to the cabin was dangerous and intricate, along rugged paths by fearful precipices, Isabel placed a light in the window to guide Weldon's steps. So she had been in the habit of doing, for this was their usual rendezvous. The shepherd's son was stationed outside, to give warning in case of any surprise, if her absence were discovered sooner than she calculated upon.

Suddenly the boy entered, and, to Isabel's consternation, made the announcement that two persons were coming. One, he knew, and it was her father; the other, he had not seen distinctly, but thought to be a stranger. Isabel at once flew to the conclusion that it must be Tyrrel, her avowed suitor,

who, having ascertained her place of concealment, had come with Colonel M'Carty to force her back. "The light, the light," she cried, beside herself with hurry and agitation, and, flying to the window, she removed it, with the idea that thus her father and Tyrrel might miss their way in the darkness, and pass the cabin.

A few minutes after a frightful cry was heard, followed by the noise of crackling twigs, and the downfall of an avalanche of stones into some tremendous depth. Isabel and the other occupants of the cabin rushed out, bearing lights. Colonel M'Carty and his companion should now have been close by the cabin, but neither of them was visible. No doubt was possible of the fate they had met. On the edge of a near precipice the stones were loosened and the earth torn up. There were marks of footprints, and, farther on, lay a hat, which Isabel recognized as her father's.

Transfixed with horror she stood, feeling that by her ill-considered act of removing the light she had been the cause of her father's death. But how was her horror and remorse increased when a pocket-book was picked up, which at a glance, she knew to be the property of her lover, thus making it apparent—however it had happened—that Weldon, and not Tyrrel, had been her father's companion! She uttered a piercing shriek, made a rush forward to fling herself down the precipice, but was held back. For a few moments shriek followed shriek, but when peals of wild laughter resounded, and the mountains answered, as if every rock and crag shook with mocking and irrepressible mirth, the effect was more horrible. From that hour Isabel was a maniac.

It was perhaps well that Isabel's reason had fled before circumstances were ascertained, which, by

contrasting her present misery with the full and unexpected happiness that might have been here, would have added another sting to her anguish. Through the testimony of a person who had been on the spot, and heard something of what passed, it was learned that as Weldon was on his way to keep his appointment with Isabel, he had encountered Colonel M'Carty. Isabel's flight was then discovered, and the Colonel accused Weldon of taking her away. Warm words ensued; but in the midst of them a circumstance was revealed that totally altered Colonel M'Carty's feelings. Years before, Colonel M'Carty, lying wounded, and believed to be dead, had owed his life to an officer, who, at much risk to himself, bore him to a place of safety. He never learned the name of the officer, though he had always been most anxious to do so. Now, first, through an allusion to his father, casually introduced by Weldon, certain questions were asked, and it became apparent to Weldon that it was Colonel M'Carty whose life his father had saved, and to Colonel M'Carty that Weldon was the son of that officer whose name he had long wished to know. The Colonel, seizing his companion's hand, shook it heartily, declaring that to no other would he so soon give his daughter as to Weldon. Thus reconciled, they proceeded together to inform Isabel of the happy agreement that had been come to, and to bring her back, that her marriage might take place with all due formality and suitable rejoicings.

Isabel's madness being pronounced hopeless, her aunt and sister quitted Switzerland with her, and returning to Ireland, chose their abode in one of its remotest parts. Caroline devoted herself with untiring zeal to her sister. But, as Isabel's moods were some-

times violent, other attendance was required, and a woman who had been in their service in Switzerland undertook the charge. No one but themselves and this woman knew of Isabel's presence in the house. Caroline intended to inform Captain Bowring of all, before their marriage; she had delayed doing so through her dislike, which was almost morbid, to drag forward the painful history. But on the very evening of her parting with Bowring she had resolved that the next day he should know it.

It was necessary to keep the strictest guard over Isabel, for she was constantly trying to escape, and get to some precipice or height to throw herself down. Mrs. Stevens and Caroline believed the attendant to be most careful; but Isabel was skilful and indefatigable in forming plans for getting out. Thus, during their absence, when Bowring saw her in the drawing-room kissing the picture of her dead lover, and again in the garden, when she passed before him and Caroline, unseen by the latter.

From the evening of her appearance before Mrs. Stevens, when she returned from the glen where Bowring had again seen her, and the sight of her had thrown the peasant into such a fright, a stricter guard still was kept upon her. She contrived, however, to elude it, and by a skilful manœuvre managed once more to leave the house. An instinct seemed to guide her in the direction of the castle overhanging the abyss, which on other occasions it was supposed she had made attempts to reach, but had been hindered from proceeding so far.

When her absence was discovered, Caroline, accompanied by the Swiss woman and the gardener, who then was taken into their confidence, set out in great alarm to search for her. Their apprehensions led them in the right direction. But they ar-

rived at the castle only in time to behold Isabel fling herself from its summit into the chasm below, and to see Bowering rush to the verge to follow her example. They called aloud to him, but Caroline, pausing not one instant, without one exclamation or cry of horror, sprang up the steep steps, in a moment was at the top, and had saved her lover's life.

When a sufficient time had elapsed to have softened in some measure the shock of her sister's melancholy fate, Caroline became the wife of Captain Bowering. The scene of such painful events was no place to linger in or visit again. Besides, despite the explanation of

all that had appeared so mysterious, the substance of which quickly spread around, some among the peasantry still continued to regard Caroline with eyes of suspicion, and, shaking their heads, persisted in maintaining that the figure which flitted over the abyss was no mortal shape, but the Double, which, its power ended, had thus disappeared.

In the course of time Caroline had again a Double. But the sight of it as it flitted about their home awoke no horror, for it was their daughter, who grew so like what her mother had formerly been that the picture of the one, taken before her marriage, was also an exact likeness of the other.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PEEPS AT LIFE," &c.

No. 15.—THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRANDON.

THE land of Saints hath Erin been
 From earliest early time,
 Already Patrick's life you've seen
 By me distill'd to rhyme :

And now I sing St. Brandon's fame,
 And soon you must concur
 His travels make Munchausen tame,
 And shame old Gulliver.

Till he was old he did not roam,
 However much inclined,
 Unless, while bodily at home,
 He wander'd in his mind.

No paternoster-grinding friar,
 Cell-prison'd all his days,
 But Paradise, his chief desire,
 He reach'd by other ways.

From good Barintus he had heard
 Of blessed isles afar,
 Tho' modern maps say not a word
 Of where or which they are.

The glories of that southern sphere
 So charm'd the good St. B.,
 No more he'd stop at home to hear,
 He'd rather go to see.

To sea he went, tho' whence, or what
 The tonnage of his bark,
 His history explaineth not,
 But leaves us in the dark.

The Saint and twelve bold sailor-monks
 In *serge*—good wear for tars—
 Exchanged their cells for fo'c's'le bunks,
 Their beads for ropes and spars.

But first they made a fast, no less
 Than forty days in length,
 (The strangest way, I must confess,
 Of getting up their strength).

Yet fully was the vessel stored
 With food, and eke with drink ;
 How long they'd have to live on board,
 Not one could even think.

'Twas thirteen hundred years ago,
 The Compass was unknown,
 To compass such a voyage, so
 Its boldness all must own.

Now, eastward ho ! their white sails fill,
 The breeze is fresh and fair,
 And tho' " All's well," yet some are ill
 Awhile with *mal-de-mer*.

For forty days they sail'd, till land
 Arose from out the main,
 They thought it very lovely, and
 They saw it very plain.

But tho' they tack'd, and turn'd, and back'd,
 And cruised this isle about,
 No creek, or bay, or other way
 Therein could they make out.

A harbour at last ! to shore they pass'd,
 When down to the beach there came,
 A dog of a breed I can't indeed
 Quite specify by name.

He fawn'd at the feet of the good St. B.,
 And bow'd and wow-wow'd with joy,
 As much as to say, " I must let you see
 How welcome you are, old boy ! "

To a hall well spread with drinks and meats,
That canine led the way,
And beds were there with heavenly sheets,
And never a groat to pay.

And on the morrow, some shade of sorrow
They felt that place to leave,
While the "jolly dog" refused all prog,
To whine, and to moan, and grieve.

They sail'd and sail'd for a long long time,
All over the golden ocean,
But where they were, in what lines or clime,
They hadn't the slightest notion.

At last they came to a bright green isle
All dotted with snow-white fleece,
The "Island of Sheep,"—they stay'd awhile
In pastoral bliss and peace.

Each sheep was large as a full grown ox!
"To you it must be clear,"
Said the hoary swain, who fed those flocks,
"We've some fine *wether* here!"

Ah me! in these days of dear dear meat,
And frequent want and dearth,
When flesh to some is the rarest treat,
What wouldn't that isle be worth?

"Oh, life is bliss in a place like this!"
Cried Brandon, "but tho' so nice,
We're off this week, for we have to seek
The island of Paradise.

"'Tis there, and not on this Isle of Sheep
(Whatever our predilection)
Our Easter we'll pass, and so we'll keep
In an *easterly* direction."

Anon our monks beheld an isle, that look'd
Flat, dark, and barren as a reedy brake,
The brethren landed, and their dinner cook'd,
When lo! the ground beneath them 'gan to quake.
Frighten'd they fled: "You've made a grand mistake,"
Exclaim'd our saint, "from hence in haste we'll sail,
This is a *fish* that for an isle you take,
That ever seeks in vain to put his tail
Into his monstrous mouth—'tis very like a whale."

Three days they sail'd again and found no land,
 Their hearts sank down in heavy doleful dumps,
 The anger of the waves they had to stand,
 The rough rude ocean gave them bumps and thumps.
 And shipping seas compell'd them work the pumps;
 At last they spied an island sweet and fair,
 Where trees with spreading branches grew in clumps,
 Therefrom the notes of birdies fill'd the air—
 So thick they swarm'd, the leaves were hidden where they were.

As on his knees St. Brandon weeping dropp'd,
 The leading songster from his perch down hopp'd,
 His pinions whistling "like a mery fyddle,"
 And thus explain'd what must have seem'd a riddle—
 "These birds were angels once, but Satan fell,
 Dragging his seraph subjects down pell-mell,
 To lowest depths, but some, whose guilt was less,
 Stopped here halfway, to live in peacefulness,
 Turn'd into birds, yet sing like angels still."
 Having explain'd, back hopp'd the bird to trill,
 And with his mates the air with music fill;
 Singing as if it were "no song, no supper,"
 And thus they warbled, in the style of Tupper,
 Whose ode to our Princess is thought a fine
 Sample of metre *Alexandra-ine*—
 A poet arithmetical in fame,
 Who "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

THE JOY BIRDS' ODE.

I.

100,000 welcomes ! *
 100,000 welcomes !!
 And 100,000 more !!!
 Oh ! happy birds of Eden,
 Sing like the Star of Sweden,
 Yea, yea, like Nilsson sing, birds,
 And make the island ring, birds,
 As no land rang before ;
 And let the welkin roar,
 To welkin him to shore ;
 Let miles of echo shout it,
 And sparkling fountains spout it,
 Let leagues of lightning flash it,
 And tons of thunder crash it ;

* To enable the reader to realize more vividly the impressive solemnity of this ode, the number of welcomes has been put in Arabic numerals.

Let pouring rainfalls hail his name,
 And fiery earthquakes sound his fame,
 Till sky, and sea, and shore
 Join in a vast *encore*,
 100,000 welcomes,
 And 100,000 more !

II.

Oh ! happy, happy day !
 Cheap, chip ! hip-hip—hooray !
 Oh ! highly-favour'd land, on
 Whose shore has come St. Brandon,
 He comes, the saint of Erin,
 A pearl !—Oh, yes !—of price,
 With twelve good monks of Erin,
 To be as blissful *herin*
 As birds of Paradise.
 He comes, the old and saintly man,
 To do us all the good he can ;
 Let crickets chirp his praises,
 And fireflies dance like blazes,
 Let leaves in gladness flutter,
 And winds his virtues mutter,
 Let Will-o'-the-Wisp his goodness lisp,
 And frogs glad croakings utter ;
 Let sunbeams laugh and billows roar,
 And roll in gladness o'er and o'er,
 Oh, let us all be *glad*, birds,
 And pipe away like *mad* birds,
 His saintship to adore ;
 And still this song outpour—
 100,000,000 welcomes !
 And 1,000,000,000 more !

St. B. and monks to bed retired,
 A night-long sleep to take,
 The matin-song the sweet birds choir'd
 At morning bade them wake.

For—pious dickies !—every time
 Of prayer right well they knew,
 At complins, vespers, matins, prime,
 They sang the service through !

When Trinity's great feast was past
 Again the ship must ride
 The billows of the ocean vast,
 Right on to Christmas-tide.

With tempests foul the wand'ers fought,
 And often pump'd and baled,
 Until the land they long had sought,
 Those holy brothers hail'd.

"The Isle of Monks, oh! blessed spot!"
 St. Brandon cried, delighted,
 "They'll welcome us, although we've not
 Been previously invited."

An old, old man (a monk of course),
 Them to the abbey guided,
 Whose brethren muster'd strong in force,
 And seem'd full well provided.

It surely was a wond'rous thing—
 A thing I can't explain—
 What business those monks could bring,
 Out on that Southern main.

But so it was;—"We all have come
 From Ireland," quoth the prior,
 "And on this isle we've found the sum
 Of all we could desire.

"For eighty years, this Christmas-tide,
 In gladness here we've dwelt,
 And strange to say not one has died,
 Nor any illness felt!

"We sow no corn, we feed no droves,
 'Tis heaven provides our store,
 Sending each day a dozen loaves,
 On Sundays, twenty-four.

"And, since to guests it is not *meet*
 To give an empty plate,
 On this occasion, for a treat,
 The loaves are forty-eight.

"So Brother Brandon, sit you down,
 No Christian can refuse
 Bread made in heaven—both white and brown
 Is there for you to choose."

Once Brandon there, as he knelt at prayer
 Beheld a form divine,
 The angel who came—with a hand of flame,
 To light the chapel shrine.

Twelve days, then off again, and thus
 From isle to isle our party
 Sped on through perils numerous,
 And welcomes ever hearty.

Half the adventures that they met
 Were far too long to tell,
 But some few specimens may yet
 Be pick'd from what befel.

With reefing, and steering, and praying,
 With tacking, mass-chanting, belaying,
 Their time was most gaily expended;
 Till a monster of aspect unpleasing,
 'Gan follow them, snorting and wheezing,
 And clearly some mischief intended.

You've heard about sharks in the tropics,
 And pork-baited hooks,—for such topics,
 See Marryatt, Cringle, and others,—
 Well, this, a still uglier "critter,"
 Took aim at the vessel and hit her,
 In a way that astonish'd the brothers.

For into the hatches he spouted
 Such torrents, the poor fellows doubted
 They'd five minutes longer to float;
 The vessel was rapidly sinking,
 And small were their chances, I'm thinking,
 With never a life-buoy or boat.

These creatures (their structures a puzzle,
 Have a blow-hole a-top of their muzzle
 (The *savans* have termed it a "spiracle");
 With this they their victims can worry,
 But Saints can't be kill'd in a hurry,
 There's always the chance of a miracle.

And so it turn'd out in the sequel,
 The help to the need was quite equal,
 This monster, so bent upon slaughter,
 Was quickly "chaw'd" up by a bigger,
 Of far more leviathan figure,
 Who follow'd him under the water;

A peril now came, even harder,
 Our monks look'd dismay'd at their larder.

There scarce was sufficient to dine ;
 They gave the poor steward a wiggling.
 When sudden they saw on the rigging,
 A bird with a branch of the vine.

Crowding sail on the ship, they soon brought her
 To an island that made their mouths water ;
 For grapes grew as thick as wild berries ;
 And there in safe harbour they glided,
 For clearly the place was provided
 With natural ports—perhaps *sherries*.

The future our monks better heeding,
 They victuall'd for forty days' feeding ;
 Once more a new isle was in sight,
 But it's folk made such gestures uncivil,
 St. Brandon exclaim'd " Och ! the devil !"
 And found with dismay he was right.

Eftsoons a fearsome sight was seen,
 That smote their hearts with fear,
 A sight that would have scared, I ween,
 The " Ancient Marinere."

A place, the name whereof I'll make
 To " ears polite " no mention,
 Our doughty saint (he well might quake)
 Had reach'd without intention.

There grisly fiends, that gnash'd and hiss'd,
 And roaring sought the shore,
 Hurl'd stones and darts, their aims were miss'd,
 Or, sooth ! not saint nor crew, I wist
 Had ever departed more.

With yell and screech, each from the beach
 The holy men assail'd,
 And nigh the ugsome Prince of Ill
 Had good St. Brandon " nail'd,"
 But the heaven-sent breeze blew north'ard still
 And still the vessel sail'd.

Escaped from these, they straight hald mass,
 The monks their chorals hymning,
 When shoals of herring, whiting, bass,
 Around the ship came swimming.

When mass was done, the pious fish
 'Gan peacefully disperse.
 Anon there blew a breeze that grew
 Each moment worse and worse ;

St. Brandon steer'd, his men, afear'd,
 Could nought but sink on knees ;
 Some storm-fiend seem'd to haunt their ship,
 And laugh as he held her in his grip—
 “ I'll do as I jolly please ! ”

Still on and on, anon, anon,
 Till the tossing bark grew stiller,
 The tempest sank—with many a thank
 St. Brandon left the tiller.

And o'er the main, now smooth again,
 The goodly vessel fleeted,
 And came to a rock, whereon, in pain,
 A wretched wight was seated.

'Twas Judas of Iscariot,
 Sent up from the Blazing Pit,
 And bound by a doom, in the storm and gloom,
 For days on the rock to sit.

His clothes were torn, and the waves had worn
 Off his “ adipose deposit ; ”
 His ribs were bare as the fleshless sides
 Of the grisly skeleton that hides
 (See proverb) in every closet.

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone ! ”
 Yet scarcely alone was he,
 For a million, million fiends came there,
 And they wouldn't let him be.

Good-sooth ! it was a gruesome sight
 To see 'em work him woe ;
 Our saint compell'd with his holy might
 The demon crowd to go ;
 But they came again, in the Saint's despite,
 And dragg'd their prey below.

St. Brandon turn'd with teary e'e,
 And left that place forlorn,
 A sadder and a wiser saint
 He sail'd away that morn.

For seven long years St. Brandon roved,
 Ere he and his crew came home,
 In Erin he lived, admired, beloved,
 The rest of his days, till at ninety-four
 He died, but he'll live on evermore
 In the saintly roll of Rome.

And this is the tale of St. Brandon,
 It's truth I don't venture to *stand* on
 And boldly defy contradiction;
 But if, upon trying, you find you
 Can't swallow it, let me remind you
 That Truth may be stranger than Fiction.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

"St. Catherine of Sienna,"—page 359, line 37, for "food" read "aleep"; page 360,
 line 12, for "marry" read "many"; page 364, line 39, for "lends" read "lend."

HISTORY OF THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF IRELAND.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER I.

"And the Lord raised up Judges to deliver the children of Israel from the hands of those that oppressed them."—JUDGES ii. 16.

FROM our pen there appeared in former numbers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE—first, the "History of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland," and, in later numbers, the "History of the Connaught Circuit." In writing those histories, we brought out from the shadows and mists of the past the spirits of "the mighty men of old, men of renown," men who left in life their footprints on the sands of time. In endeavouring to find and follow the achievements of those great lawyers, we have not unfrequently crossed the paths of the Chief Justices, many of whom were in their day the pride of the Bar, and the ornament of the Bench; but the names of many of them are forgotten now, their misfortunes and their glories alike have perished. To tell who those men were—to tell their public, and perhaps their private lives, their political leanings, and their judgments; to tell how the greater number amongst them kept the purity of the ermine undefiled; and how, for doing so, some were hunted like wild birds on the mountains; to tell how other judges "feared not God nor re-

garded man"—these things it shall be our endeavour now to do.

Let us, however, first remind our readers of the origin of the Court of Queen's Bench, and of the office of the Lord Chief Justice, in this country. Whilst the office of Chancellor was created A.D. 1186, fourteen years after the Anglo-Normans first set foot on the Irish shores, that of Chief Justice of Ireland had no existence for 128 years—that is, until the year 1300; and during those 128 years, though martial law prevailed, yet there was nevertheless the Justiciary, who was also the Viceroy and First Magistrate of the State, and on whom depended all the civil affairs of the kingdom.

The other officers of the Crown, the constable, marshal, seneschal, treasurer, and chancellor, were members of his Court, together with such feudal lords as thought proper to attend, and with the Barons of the Exchequer, who at first had been feudal barons appointed by the King. This Court, which was sometimes called the *Aula Regia*, the King's Court, and sometimes the Court of Exchequer,* judged in all causes, civil and criminal, and comprehended the whole business which is now shared out amongst the King's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer.

The feudal barons, who were

* Maddox "Hist. of the Exchequer." *Dial. de sac.* p. 30.

military men, soon found themselves unfit to penetrate into the obscurities of the law, and though they, as *lay-lords*, were entitled to a seat in the Supreme Judicature, yet the business of the Court was wholly managed by the Chief Justiciary and the law-lords or barons. Towards the close of the reign of the English Justinian, as Edward I. has not inaptly been called, that prince abolished, both in England and in Ireland, the office of Justiciary, which he thought was possessed of too much power, and was dangerous to the Crown; he completed the division of the Court of Exchequer into four distinct courts, which managed each its several branches without dependence on any one magistrate, and as the lawyers afterwards invented a method, by means of their fictions of carrying business from one court to another, so the several courts became rivals and checks to each other, a circumstance which tended much to improve the practice of the law. The three Courts of common law, the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, having thus acquired co-ordinate jurisdictions, the Crown turned its attention to the appointment of the three chiefs, and in the infancy of the system, what name could be more suggestive than that borne by the first Chief Justice of Ireland—Walter L'Enfant? It will be borne, we trust, in mind by our readers, that these papers are conversant with the Chief Justices of Ireland only, as the Chief Justices of the Court of King's Bench are called, and not with the Chief Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.

1. A.D. 1300. — WALTER L'ENFANT, who was appointed in this year, must have been at the time of his appointment to this office, which he afterwards uninterruptedly held for forty-two years, a very young

man. His Court, as well as the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer, were held at the Inns of Court, which had been established about this time by Edward I., called Collett's Inns, and lay outside the walls of the City, where Exchequer Street now stands. An arrangement of legal officers was here regularly kept up, and a few barristers were employed, who expected, after a practice more laborious than lucrative, to attain judicial situations. From this motive, such inhabitants as resolved to prepare by legal skill for professional eminence, resorted to the Inns of Court in London, where English law was cultivated to the highest perfection. Whether L'Enfant ever attained to any eminence at the bar it is impossible now to state; that he held some judicial office in this country previous to his appointment to the King's Bench in 1300 is certain, as his name is to be found on the roll of parliament held at Dublin in 1299 "before Richard de Burgho, Earl of Ulster; Thomas Cantock, Lord Chancellor; Walter L'Enfant, Justice," and others. By that parliament several important ordinances were made, one for the regulation of the currency, another for the regulation of servants' wages, a third against depasturing pigs on the Curragh of Kildare, and a fourth granting to the Prior of the Monastery of All Hallows (now Trinity College), four large oaks of the King's forest of Glencree "to repair the prior's mill and bridge at Steyne (Donnybrook).

The English dominion in Ireland for several centuries extended over inconsiderable portions of the island. The Pale, as it was called, sometimes augmented in size and sometimes diminished, and with those fluctuations augmented or diminished of course the area of the jurisdiction of the Court of King's

Bench. Where that jurisdiction prevailed, the conquering race lorded it over the conquered. This was exemplified in a case tried before L'Enfant and the justice itinerant at Drogheda, in 1301, and which was as follows:—

The King v. John Lawrence.—John Lawrence was indicted for the murder of Guilfred Dowdal. The Crown proved that the murder was committed at the time and place mentioned in the indictment. Counsel for the prisoner admitted the killing, but denied that he was bound to answer in law, inasmuch as the murdered man was a mere Irishman, and not of free blood. The only question that the Chief Justice left to the jury was, whether that plea was true in substance and fact. The jury replied that the deceased was an Englishman, whereupon a verdict of guilty was entered, and the prisoner was hanged, we may presume, on the spot, for the custom was at once to call in the priest, the judge's chaplain, administer the last sacraments to the man about to die, and hang him, if not from the roof tree, as close to the place where the conviction was had as conveniently could be. This was not the only case in the books where the murderer sought to justify the murder by setting up the plea that the murdered man was an Irishman.

The case of the *King v. Robert Wayley*, tried at Waterford in 1311, is a further illustration of the relative position in those barbarous times of the English and Irish races. John Wayley was indicted "for that he did kill and murder one John, the son of Ivor MacGilmory. The defendant comes and admits that he did kill and murder the said John, but he says that by slaying him he did not, nor could, commit a felony, because, he says, he was a mere Irishman and not of

free blood, and further, that he is ready when the lord and master of the said John (whose Irish servant-man the said John was) shall desire compensation for the death of the said John, he, the said Robert Wayley, will be willing to settle for such compensation as may be just. And upon this comes John De La Poer, the King's Attorney-General, on the part of our Lord the King, and says that the said John, the son of Ivor MacGilmory, and his ancestors of his own name from the time Henry II. was in Ireland, was an Ostman (a Dane), and ought to be judged by the English law." And he then sets out a charter granting to the Ostmen, or Danes, the privilege of the English law. The jury found that the murdered man was not an Ostman, but was a mere Irishman, and the prisoner was accordingly acquitted.

Whilst the criminal law of this land weighed with an intolerable weight on the Irish people, who might be murdered by the English settlers with impunity, it does not appear that that law was in a satisfactory state, or received as such by those settlers themselves. Chief Justice L'Enfant, seeing perhaps the glaring injustice done by English miscreants, who could imbue their hands in their brother's blood, made several decisions which were startling to those who had looked upon it as their privilege to murder whomsoever of the Irish race that they willed. Several Irishmen were tried before the Chief Justice, and found guilty of murdering men of English blood, and he decided that it was discretionary with the judge to permit the prisoners, inasmuch as they were of Irish descent, after they had been condemned to death, to be ransomed for a sum of money.

This state of the law was bitterly complained of by the English resi-

dents in Ireland, who, in the year 1316, presented a petition to the King and Council in England, complaining, "that when an Englishman was convicted of the murder of an Englishman he has to suffer death; but when an Irishman was convicted of the murder of an Englishman it was left to the discretion of the judge either to permit him to be ransomed for a sum of money, or to condemn him to execution. That the Justices assume to themselves the power and authority to permit those condemned to be ransomed for a trifle, or *aliquando pro nihilo*, sometimes for nothing, viz., taking for the death of an Englishman feloniously slain £100." The King (Edward II.) thereupon issued a writ to the Chief Governor of Ireland directing a parliament to be held once in each year, and that if a pardon be sought from the Chief Governor it shall not be granted except with the leave of the faithful lieges in Parliament, and that then at least £100 should be paid to the King's use, for the slaughter of an Englishman, and that the felon should remain in jail until the money was paid into the Exchequer.* From this the King's answer we must infer that increase of revenue, rather than a love of justice swayed the Royal mind. Englishmen continued, as in times past to murder the native Irish, and murder them with impunity. The Irish people then appealed to the King, but their appeal was unanswered. Having failed to obtain redress in this quarter, Donald O'Neil, who claimed to be King of Ulster, in his celebrated letter to Pope John XXII., complains that "there was no redress in the English

courts for Irishmen, either to maintain their rights or punish their wrongs."†

CHAPTER II.

"And Saul said to his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a divining spirit, and I will go to her and inquire by her. And his servants said to him: There is a woman that hath a divining spirit in the village of Endor."—1 SAM. xxviii. 7.

THE criminal law, of which we have given some specimens in the last chapter, was administered by the Chief Justice, who as yet, was unassisted by any other judge. There was, however, a class of cases "against God and religion," in which this court and the ecclesiastical courts had concurrent jurisdiction. The imaginary crime of witchcraft was of this class—now in the year 1324 informations were sworn before Chief Justice L'Enfant, against divers persons accused of this offence, and were by him remitted to the Bishop of Ossory. The case, perhaps, would be more fittingly mentioned in the lives of the Bishops of Ossory, but as several applications were made to the Chief Justice in the course of the proceedings, we do not hesitate to give this strange trial in this place. The unfrequency of such trials deepened the interest in this one, and few reported cases ever caused so much excitement in English as well as in Irish society, as did the prosecution of the Dame Alice Kettler, "This bizness about the witches, troubled all the estate of Irelande, the more so as the accused were connected, the more or less with the qualitie."‡

* "Betham's Dignities," p. 283.

† Theiner's "Collection of Papal Letters and Bulls in relation to Ireland."

‡ Vide "Trial of the Dame Alice Kettler," published by the Camden Society, in the Latin language.

Belief in witchcraft was then, and even to a comparatively recent date, universal. "To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft," writes Sir William Blackstone, "is to contradict the revealed word of God: and the laws of England both before and since the Conquest have been equally penal, ranking this crime in the same class as heresy, and condemning both to the flames;" * and so late as a century after the Reformation, an incredible number of witches were brought "to justice," especially in Scotland.†

The belief in witches, soothsayers, sorcerers, mediums, slate writers, spirit rappers, *et hoc genus omne*, is now abandoned to the most ignorant of the vulgar. They pretend that they "can call the spirits from the vasty deep." "But will they come?" We apprehend not. Far, however, be it from us to deny the existence of the Witch of Endor, or of her that is spoken of in the 16th chap. of the Acts of the Apostles, or of the authoress of the Sybilline books, whose acrostic on Christ occupies so large a part in the works of that great Father of the Christian Church, Eusebius, and whose prophecy of the breaking up of the world is sung in the mournful dirge of the Roman Church—the *Dies ira, dies illa—Teste David cum Sybilla*. Witchcraft is still punishable by law, and the commissions of all the justices of the peace commission them to search for and punish all those who shall be guilty "of treasons, murders, manslaughter burnings, unlawful assemblies, felonies, robberies, witchcrafts, sorceries, and magic arts."‡

Now there was a woman who, in 1324, lived in the town of Kilkenny;

her name had been, before her first marriage, Alice Kettler, and she was four times married: first to a banker, whose name was Outlawe, a cousin of Roger Outlawe, Prior of Kilmainham, and, in 1324, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. The banker, Outlawe, had made enormous sums of money at a time that the principles of banking were to others unknown, and after his death his widow and son continued the business, raking, as it was sworn, the money of the whole diocese into their coffers. This lady, finding herself in early life a widow, married a Monsieur Le Blunt, and he dying in the same year, she married one Richard De Valle, and he dying after a few years, she married one Sir John De la Poer, and this last, together with all her children, except the defendant, William Outlawe, were the prosecutors in this matter. Affidavits were made before the Chief Justice L'Enfant, the crime having been one indictable at common law; but the Chief Justice being of opinion that the indictment was not confined to witchcraft, but involved accusations for heresy, remitted, by the advice of the Lord Chancellor, the case to the Bishop of Ossory, there to be tried by the Ecclesiastical Court.§

Richard L'Edred (who had been a Franciscan Friar in Westminster) was at the time Bishop of that diocese. He was of Norman extraction, and bitterly opposed to heresy and to witchcraft, and woe to him who was accused in his consistorial court of those "soul-destroying sins." The Lord Chancellor, feeling, perhaps, for the unhappy position in which his relatives were placed, despatched two

* "Blackstone's Commentaries," Bk. iv. chap. iv. div. vi.

† Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland."

‡ "Nunn and Walsh," vol. I. p. 11.

§ "Hist. of the Priors of Kilmainham," p. 42.

lawyers to defend them;* the fees of each being three shillings and eightpence a day, and fourpence for his dinner. On their arrival in the Cathedral town, the learned counsel, who had ridden hard from Dublin, proceeded through the main street to the Chapter House.*

As they reached the door and made their way through the multitude who thronged the street, they found the avenues guarded by a select party of armed burghers, and about fifty spears, and a considerable body of horse. The chapter room of Kilkenny presented a singular spectacle. In a gloomy apartment of great size, and pannelled with darkly coloured oak, ill and inconveniently lighted by windows of different form, were assembled a swaying multitude, closely packed, all shuddering with unspeakable horror, as each of the indictments was read by the Reverend the clerk of the court; and the deep sepulchral voice with which each was read betrayed the horrors of the reader—horrors which may be described with more force in a more forcible language than the English, “*Arrectæ que horrore comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.*”

Around the great door of the chapter room were clustered armed men, and in front of the building, though within the cathedral grounds, was erected a holy water stoup, circled with verses from the Scriptures, and reminding the many that were gathered there upon that day, of the great efficacy of holy water† in diabolical trials like these: “And Moses wrote (‘and never hath arisen in Israel a prophet like unto Moses’) that the priest shall take holy water in an earthen vessel and shall cast a little of the earth of the pavement of the taber-

nacle into it.” In the centre of this hall was a great and heavy oaken table, around which were seated Churchmen—arrayed in dresses becoming their order. The lower seats were occupied by the learned counsel for the prosecution and for the prisoners. At the end of the table, surrounded as it was by this varied assembly, sat a priest in a canonical dress, and having his pen and ink before him. He was the Clerk of the Court, and, like all the priests of the period, received the honourable title of *Dominus*, contracted into *Don*, and translated into *Sir*.

On an elevated seat at the head of the chapter room, and in full canonicals, sat the Bishop’s Chancellor, who was the judge about to try those cases. Beside him stood a monk, carrying a lofty silver crucifix, upon which the witnesses were to be sworn, by holding up their hands to the holy relics; and, strange to say, the custom of holding up the hand still remains amongst those who have long since condemned the graven image on the cross. Deeply recessed at the end of the room were the prisoners, who were conducted to their seats by the guards appointed for that duty. The officer of the court then read these several counts—puerile and childish—of the indictment, charging the Dame Alice Kettler with witchcraft.

The first count was that she was, together with William Outlawe, Dyonisia Petroneuil, Florentia Basil, and others, guilty of sorcery, witchcraft, and heresy. That she and the said others absented themselves from the services of the Church, and received not communion nor took holy water.

Second count: That the accused

* Notes to Trial in Camden Society’s Report, and *vide* Harleian MSS., no. 641, fol. 187.
† *Deut.* xxxiv. 10; Numbers v. 7.

sacrificed living animals to devils at the cross roads.

Third: That by means of their horrible incantations, they obtained a knowledge of what was coming to pass in after times, and in all those acts they acted under the advice of the devil out of hell.

Fourth: That the accused met on a wild morass, and during the darkness of the night cursaed many of the faithful, holding in their hands lighted candles, which they extinguished, and crying out all together, and in one hideous discord, Fi—Fi—Fi—Amen.

Fifth: That the aforesaid accused were wont, as of their custom, to meet in the darkness of the night on a wild common, and there enkindled a fire of green oaken billets, upon which they placed the dried skull of a robber who had been hanged; that into this skull they threw a portion of the poisoned entrails of a cock who had been sacrificed to the devil, together with toads and black vermin, and nails cut from corpses digged in the dark from their graves; that they also threw in portions of the brain and hair of unbaptized children; and that they then emptied the contents of said skull, which they pounded in a mortar, into a cauldron filled with water, which they had drawn from a graveyard; and then they seethed all together until they reduced it to the consistency of a gruel, and from this vile hell-broth they extracted powders, ointments, and phylters, whereby they excited amongst the faithful unlawful loves, hatred and revenge; and that they afflicted God's people with divers sore disorders.

Sixth: That many of the sons and daughters of the aforesaid Alice by her former husbands demanded vengeance upon her and her co-conspirators; that she so bewitched her aforesaid three husbands, and so deprived them of

reason, that they bequeathed to her and to her son William Outlawe all their worldly wealth; that her present husband, John De la Poer, by means of her enchantments, was reduced to such a state of emaciation, that his nails had fallen off; that in proof of the aforesaid statement the aforesaid John De la Poer, by means of keys, which he obtained from a female servant, opened an oaken chest, and found the blessed host with the Devil's name instead of that of Christ written upon it; that the said John De la Poer then took from out of the said chest those horrible charms, and committed them to the care of two reverend priests, who took them to the most Reverend Father in God, Richard, Lord Bishop of Ossory.

Seventh: That the aforesaid Dame Alice was wont to, and in the constant habit of, sleeping in one and the same bed with a certain devil, whose name was Roland Fitz-Artis, who might sometimes be seen in the shape of a black cat, and at other times in that of a mangy dog, accompanied by two black slaves.

The trial went on, and the above facts, which were sworn to by the witnesses for the prosecutors, were denied *in omnibus* by the wretched defendants. The unbounded wealth, too, of which the Dame Alice and her son were possessed was given in evidence against her, and it was proved beyond all contradiction that the sum of £3,000 was dug up from under the hearth in the kitchen; that all this wealth must have come into their coffers by the aid of the demon; that she used to go out on the first appearance of the new moon and sweep the filth of the streets to the house of her son, muttering all the time—

“ To the house of William my sonne,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny
towne.”

And further, that the said consecrated host with the Devil's name imprinted was found in her closet; that they had found a pipe of ointment wherewith she greased a broomstick, upon which she ambled and galloped through the foggy air in whatsoever manner she liked.

The counsel for the prisoner denounced the accusations as groundless, and contended that the Dame Alice and her son were industrious and clever people, who put together vast riches without a charge of dishonesty having been ever made against them. As for witchcraft and sorcery, it was a charge made by those who endeavoured to work their ruin and possess themselves of their wealth. When all the pleadings, proofs, and addresses of counsel had closed, the matter was referred to the consideration, not of a jury, but to that of a single judge, and he thereupon framed his interlocutory sentence, which was afterwards referred to the Bishop, and by him made definitive.

On the appointed day the prisoners were brought up to hear their doom, and the judge having dwelt on the enormity of the crime they were charged with, felt no doubt on his mind that the Dame Alice, Basil, and Petroneuil were guilty. The doomster was then called on to read the sentence, which he gabbled over after the clerk, condemning them to the flames. Petroneuil was burnt at the Cross of Kilkenny on that night, but whether the Dame Alice suffered at the stake it is impossible now to state. Friar Clynn, a native of Kilkenny, who died in 1348,* and whose annals were written at

the time of the trial, expressly states that she was burnt, whilst in the Harleian Manuscripts it is affirmed that she and Basil escaped, and were never more heard of. William Outlawe was acquitted, but was nevertheless kept in prison for nine weeks, until the Chief Justice caused him to be discharged on the application of Arundel Le Poer, the Seneschal of Kilkenny.

Foiled in his attempt to crush the thrifty and unfortunate William Outlawe, the Bishop turned to wreak his vengeance on the Seneschal, and he accordingly applied to the Lord Chancellor for a writ to arrest him on the serious charge of heresy. The Chancellor, knowing the temper of the Bishop, retired to his convent at Kilmainham, and then having taken counsel with the Chief Justice, refused the application, on the very technical ground, it is true, that the accused was not excommunicated; and if he had been excommunicated, the writ sought for should be *excommunicato capiendo*, for capturing an excommunicated person, which could not be granted until forty days after the sentence of excommunication. Forthwith Le Poer was excommunicated, and one would have expected that a man of worldly wisdom should have fled to another country; however, there he remained, and appeared Sunday after Sunday in the Galilee of the Cathedral.† The forty days went over, and Le Poer was arrested, and confined in gaol, where he died of the hardships he endured.

The conduct of the Bishop of Ossory became now intolerable, and his sanity was doubted, especially

* Clynn's "Annals for 1348."

† The Galilee of a Catholic Cathedral in the middle ages, was a small side chapel, to which excommunicated persons had access, though they must not enter the body of the church. Criminals claiming sanctuary were accustomed to place themselves in this part of the edifice.

when the questions of heresy or sorcery were raised. The Lord Chancellor, though Prior of Kilmainham, was his inferior in the Church, and the odium—perhaps the peril—of crossing the Bishop's path devolved on the Chief Justice; and in this opposition he had the entire concurrence of Alexander de Bicknor, Archbishop of Dublin, who was resolved to check the mad career of his brother of Ossory. An opportunity soon presented itself, and it happened in this wise. Several persons were accused before L'Edred of sorcery and heresy; they were excommunicated, and a writ was granted by the Lord Chancellor to capture the excommunicated parties, who, however, had meanwhile taken shelter in the archdiocese of Dublin; while the writ, by some accident, was not large enough to capture them in any other diocese than that of Ossory. The Archbishop not only refused to back the warrant, but took the accused under his protection. L'Edred appealed to Rome, and the appeal appears to have been unsuccessful; for nine years he was prevented from returning to his diocese, and the profits and jurisdiction of his see were seized by the Archbishop. Returning at length in his maturer years, L'Edred ought to have resolved to spend the rest of his life in peace. Some business brought him before the Chief Justice, where he had the temerity to give loose rein to his tongue. From what cause we know not, but it is certain that he denounced L'Enfant in open court, calling him a false traitor, and saying that he had given false counsel to the Lord Deputy, knowing at the time the same to be false. This was so grave a charge to make before a multitude, that the slander could be treated only as a *scandalum magnatum*, which, being interpreted, means a slander of those that aro

in high places. The punishment was imprisonment; but here a conflict would most assuredly arise between the civil and the ecclesiastical courts, and so the Chief Justice, with much wisdom, let the matter drop.

Walter L'Enfant left at his death a son, Sir Walter, who, in the 50th year of Edward III. (A.D. 1377), was summoned to a Parliament held in Dublin, as a tenant by barony, and not having attended, was heavily fined. He pleaded that he was not a tenant by barony, and that, therefore, he ought not to have been fined for non-attendance, which plea having been inquired into and allowed, he was declared free of the penalty.

CHAPTER III.

“Of the judges learned in the language of the Mishna, blessed be his name who made choice of them, Rabbi Meyer said; they who are engaged in the study of the law have put the world under an obligation to them, and their names should not be forgotten.”—THE TEPHILLOTH, ch. vi.

2. A.D. 1342.—ELIAS D. ASHBURNHAM. Of this Chief Justice nothing is known but his name, which we give, so that it may not be forgotten.

3. A.D. 1346.—JOHN LE HUNT. He was a native of Normandy, and was thoroughly conversant with the Civil law, as administered in the courts at Rouen. His name is frequently to be met with in the year books, and we may well presume that his words were words of wisdom; but to that wisdom the native Irish people were uninclined to hearken, as appears by their conduct on an occasion when the Chief Justice was engaged in administering the law in his court at Collett's Inn, which we have already stated was outside the city walls. Now it so happened that the Lord De-

puty, with the greater part of the garrison, was absent from the city on the day that this case, which involved so much learning, was at hearing. The Court of Common Pleas, too, was sitting, and so was the Exchequer, and it was the money chests of this last-mentioned court that tempted the Byrnes to make a swoop from their rocky homes in the Wicklow mountains on the judges and the lawyers, all of whom, it is painful to relate, ran away; and yet we take comfort in this high probability, that they lived to fight, and did fight, and fought well, on another day.

The dissolution of Collett's Inn having been effected, *vi et armis*, in this warlike way, the legal profession sought refuge within the walls of the city, in the Castle, where the courts were thenceforward principally held, though sometimes at Carlow, on the southern frontier of the English Pale, a place then considered an impregnable fortress. Shortly before the looting of Collett's Inn, almost all the records of the kingdom were lost, by a conflagration of another kind, as appears by the following memorandum from the Patent Rolls:—

“Be it remembered that all the rolls of the Court of Chancery in Ireland were, in the time of Master Thomas Cantock, Chancellor of Ireland, in the 28th year of King Edward, son to King Henry III., destroyed by an accidental fire in St. Mary's Abbey, near Dublin, at the time when the Abbey was burnt down, except two rolls of the same year, which were delivered to Master Walter Thornbury, by the King's writ.”

Both those records are still extant, and it may be here mentioned

that no effectual measure seems to have been taken for their security against malicious or accidental loss until the time of Henry VIII. Whatever privileges the Irish legal practitioners possessed as a corporate body were amplified and confirmed by Edward III., but they were subject to the visitatorial authority of the judges at Westminster. The lawyers were, now that Collett's Inn was no more, left without a shelter. Sir Robert Preston, then Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, assigned to them, in a very liberal spirit, as a site for their Inn, his residence within the walls, which occupied a space of ground close to the Church of Notre Dame, where the City Hall now stands.*

From Sir Robert it took the name of Preston's Inn, and here the legal profession remained for two hundred years, modifying the edifice to suit their requirements, at their own expense.

Unfortunately Sir Robert died without issue, leaving by will a certain portion of his residence to his brother, and proceedings for its recovery occupied for many years the time of the Court of Common Pleas.

In this position judges and barristers were lodgers until 1542, when State policy rendered it inconvenient to hold the Courts of Justice within the Castle, as that building was thenceforward required for military purposes. The cases tried before Chief Justice Le Hunt were remarkable, demonstrating as they do the state of society in the middle of the fourteenth century. The difficulty of obtaining lawyers to fill the Irish Bench at the time was so great, that few could be persuaded to accept so honourable and dangerous an exile, except on

* Dame Street was then a path leading from the Monastery of All Hallows, now Trinity College, across a morass to the gate, near the Church of Notre Dame, and hence is derived “Dame Street.” Preston's Inn was where the modern Parliament Street stands, as far as the *Liffey*.

the understanding that promotion on the English Bench would follow. Before the year 1361 there was but one permanent judge in the Court of King's Bench; the increase of business then rendered it necessary to appoint a second, to whom was allotted the annual fee of forty pounds, with liberty to practise as a lawyer.

Great commotion was caused in this country in 1367, owing to a prosecution of several Bishops in the Court of King's Bench. It appears that the Parliament of Kilkenny voted a tax of two shillings on every caracute of land (those not holding half a caracute were exempted), and on personal property, the owner of an annual income of sixty shillings was taxed at one shilling each. Ralph Kelly (Archbishop of Cashel) condemning those imposts, and accompanied by the suffragan Bishops of Limerick, Emly, and Lismore, all dressed in their pontifical robes, appeared in the streets of Clonmel, and solemnly excommunicated the King's Commissioner of Revenue, and all persons concerned in advising, contributing, or levying the tax; and they further declared that any priest who should pay the subsidy should be suspended, and any layman daring to pay it should be excommunicated. Richard L'Edred (Bishop of Ossory),³ acted in a similar manner at the Cross of Kilkenny. The Crown, however, was resolved to carry matters with a high hand, and the Bishop was indicted for excommunicating the King's officers who collected the subsidy granted by the Parliament. His case was tried in his absence before the Chief Justice, for L'Edred, perhaps, refused to appear in a temporal court: he was found guilty, and a certificate of the finding having been sent into the Ex-

chequer, a writ was issued for the sequestration of the temporalities of his see; but it does not appear that the Crown further acted in the matter, for in the similar cases of Ralph (Archbishop of Cashel), and his suffragans, they, when indicted, appeared by their counsel in the King's Bench, and pleaded the Magna Charta, which decreed exemption of Church property from taxes; and the plea must have been held to be a good one, for "no judgment was ever executed on any of the *postea*."

4. *Circiter* A.D. 1358. — SIR JAMES DE PICKERING. Neither the patent appointing this Chief Justice, nor his name, are to be found on the Rolls. That he filled the office is, however, certain, and that he was open to and did receive bribes on a grand scale, appears from the finding of the jury, who were summoned on an inquisition, to inquire into several matters connected with the administration of justice in Ireland at that time. "They found that he took a bribe of 500 marks (£196) from George Teeling, a priest, whom he should have sent to gaol, and he also took a bribe of ten marks from John Drake, of Trim, to excuse him from being made a knight against his will; and he also took a bribe from John Justice, to prevent him from being hanged; and he took other divers bribes for lesser sums of money;" and yet the services of this Chief Justice, in his capacity of Privy Councillor, were acknowledged by the Parliament assembled at Baldoyle, who voted him forty shillings in acknowledgment of his great services.*

5. A.D. 1374. — WILLIAM DE SKIPWITH.† He was an eminent lawyer, and in extensive practice in Westminster Hall, as would appear from the frequent mention of his name

* "Betham's Dignities," 306-10.

† Fosse's "Judges of England."

in the Year Books. In 1357 he was created King's Sergeant and Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in the following year Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in England. Grave charges of plunder and peculation having been afloat against the officers of the Exchequer in both countries, in England as well as Ireland, the Crown resolved "to make salutary examples of the officers of these Courts, bee they guilty or bee they innocent." And accordingly, in 1364, writes Sir William Betham, the Chief Baron and all the other officers of the Irish Court of Exchequer were removed, and in the next year (29th October, 1365), Skipwith was arrested and sent to prison, charged with "defrauding the revenue of divers great sums of money," all of which, for the purpose of regaining his liberty, he paid under protest, "declaring, and with much gesticulation, his great innocence of the matters accused during all the tyme." The King, after this irreparable wrong had been done, commenced to reflect, when it was too late, on the probability of the charge being false. A Commission was issued, and Skipwith proved his entire innocence of the crime imputed to him! But what adequate compensation could His Majesty have made to his much-wronged and faithful servant? None, that we can see. The first vacancy, however, that occurred was the Chief Justiceship of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, and to this post Skipwith was appointed, at a salary of £40 a-year (about £800 of our money); while, further to compensate him in a small way, "the King gave him the round sum of £23 13s. 4d. for his travelling expenses and outfitte." Under other circumstances, the Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer

in England would have declined the Chief Justiceship of Ireland, but now the appointment helped to wipe the stain away. His exile in Ireland was of short duration; in 1375 the King offered him a puisne judgeship in the King's Bench in England, and on the very day on which he took his seat in that court, the case of the Bishop of St. David's *v.* Witton, was called on for hearing. That case, after five hundred years, is looked back to by lawyers as a leading case, and "the judgment of Master Skipwith is said to contain as much high learning on the law of Quo Warranto as any case that ever was heard of." [The Year Books 50th Edward III.]

6. A.D. 1373.—JOHN DE KEPPOCK was an English lawyer, whose practice, if we estimate it by the absence of his name from the Year Book Reports, must have been limited indeed. His first promotion was in 1371, to a second judgeship in the King's Bench in Ireland, at a salary of three shillings and fourpence a day. On the 22nd of April, 1373, he was made Chief Justice, and was summoned as a Privy Councillor to the Parliament that in 1378 passed an Act which imposed a tax on landed proprietors in Ireland, who "should be guilty of absenteeism, said tax to be two-thirds of their revenues." This Act is not amongst the printed statutes of Ireland (for what cause it is impossible to state), though it is frequently referred to in subsequent records and in the Books.*

Having presided as Chief Justice for nine years, he accompanied Roger, Earl of March, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on an expedition to Cork, where that nobleman died in 1382. Keppock was then induced to retire to a puisne judge-

* "Coke's 4th Institutes," chap. lxxvi. p. 376. "Betham's Dignities," p. 325.

ship in the court over which he had so long presided, "to make way for the promotion of Thomas de Mortimer, five-a-kin cousin of King Richard II." [Patent Rolls.]

7. A.D. 1382. SIR THOMAS DE MORTIMER.—The Mortimers, Earls of March, were an old and princely family, and of great power in the Marches, or border lands of Wales. For 150 years their history is interwoven with that of England. They had accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, and had fought under the banner of the cross near the shores of the Dead Sea, whence their names, *De Mortuo Mare*. From generation to generation they were distinguished, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, and to the unlawful love of Roger de Mortimer for Isabella, Queen of Edward II., are due many of the misfortunes, together with the agonizing death, of that unhappy prince. But punishment, though slow, was sure; in one hour his power was shattered, and on the 29th of March, 1330, he fell on the scaffold, the object of universal detestation. He left at his death two sons, Edmund, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Thomas. Edmund married Philippa, only child of Lionel, Duke of Clarence,* "by his wife Elizabeth Burke, heiress of the Burkes, Earls of Ulster and Lords of Connaught. Edmund had a son, Roger, who in right of his mother became Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught," and he, in 1382, was constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland when he was only eleven years old. This appointment appears to have been made mainly to gratify the colonists with the presence of the head of the great house of March. It was then arranged that Roger's uncle, Sir Thomas, appointed at the same time

Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, should act as his deputy in conducting wars and other affairs, and should proceed in his stead and name in all Parliaments, councils, or treaties, to be held with the English or Irish; "and further, to the Chief Justice, Thomas de Mortuo Mare, was allocated a sum of 200 marks per annum beyond his own charges, and those of his men and horses, as well within the Lord Lieutenant's house as when he should happen to be employed elsewhere in the King's service in Ireland." †

Immediately on his appointment, in 1382, a Parliament was summoned to meet at the Castle of Dublin, and the writ recites that Edmund de Mortuo Mare, Earl of March, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was dead, and that the King, being anxious to provide for the safety of the kingdom, had, by letters patent, appointed Roger, Earl of March, Lord Lieutenant, and desired him with all alacrity to hold a great Parliament of the prelates, magnates, chiefs, and commons of the land. The first writ is to Robert de Wickford, Archbishop of Dublin. Similar writs were issued to Owen Gregory, Archbishop of Tuam, to the Archbishops of Armagh and Cashel, and to their suffragans. Of this Parliament we have been unable to find any account on the records, but a document in Norman French, enrolled on the plea roll of 5th Richard II., shows the accuracy as to form and precedent which marked its proceedings. It appears that the Parliament, which took offence at the absence of the (infant) Lord Lieutenant from the opening of the session, was dissatisfied that the Chief Justice should have presumed to have appeared in the House without the heir to the throne. On the second day of the

* Died 1367.

† "Patent Rolls, 5 Rich. II."

session they drew up an address, which remarkable document is in the following terms :—

"The prelates, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, being summoned by writ to be at a Parliament at Dublin in fifteen days of Trinity, in the fifth year of the reign of King Richard II., at which place were assembled the prelates, Lords, and Commons aforesaid, and were informed that Roger de Mortimer, Earl of March, the Lieutenant of our Lord the King, was so much indisposed that he could not in his own person be present to hold the Parliament, upon which the assembly declared that that meeting could not be properly considered a Parliament. That at all times within the memory of man, from the conquest of the said land, there had been seen no Parliament which had not been held in the presence of the chief governor for the time being." They then agree to accept "on this occasion" as legal the informality, "but under protest," and conclude by ordering "that this their protest be enrolled in the rolls of the High Court of Chancery in Ireland, and further to be sealed with the great seal." The Chief Justice felt this rebuke bitterly, and immediately resigned the offices he had not yet held for three months. The young Earl of March was recalled, and he and his uncle took their departure for England. Philip de Courtnay succeeded to the viceroyalty, and held it for 13 years.

In 1395 Roger, Earl of March, then in his twenty-fourth year, was reappointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Heir to the throne of England, and possessed of enormous wealth, he held a princely court at the Castle of Dublin. He had then been lately married and had one son, the idol of his parents; but that son had not completed his seventh year when his father was called away upon

military duty. The Irish chieftains were growing more and more impatient of the presence of the Anglo-Norman race on the Irish soil. Battles followed battles with varying successes. If the English arms prevailed over the Irish in Wicklow, the Irish arms prevailed over the English at the battle of Kenlis, in the county of Carlow, where in 1398 the young Earl was slain and a great number of the English cut to pieces. And now there stood but one between the ex-Chief Justice and the throne, in the event of Richard II. ceasing to reign, and that one was the child of whom we have just spoken. Reports were not idle—*Fama, malum quo non aliud velocior ullum*—and it was said that Sir Thomas de Mortimer meant to overthrow the government of Richard II. He was impeached accordingly by the Earl of Rutland in the English House of Lords, and proclamation was made throughout England for his arrest, but he had escaped to Ireland, whither Edward Doe, the King's Sergeant, was despatched to apprehend him, whilst it was notified that unless he surrendered before a certain day, he should be declared a traitor, and his castles and estates be confiscated. The officials of the English colony were commanded to aid in arresting him, but he had found refuge beyond the limits of their jurisdiction. He fled into the territories of the Irish enemies, "where no sergeant could deliver his writs, and where none of the royal service would be found to risk their lives in venturing." Of the further career of this unfortunate Chief Justice we are ignorant. His hopes, if he lived a short time, were blasted, for the Mortimer succession was set aside by the Duke of Lancaster, whose family sat on the throne for sixty-one years.

(To be continued.)

STUDIES IN SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

No. VIII.

JOHN GALT.

THROWING our eye over the roll of novelists that preceded the conclusion of the reign of George III., we find that Scotland, like Ireland, had only given birth to two of any consequence. In Laurence Sterne and Oliver Goldsmith Ireland found fit representatives for its wild humour and heart-thrilling sentiment; Scotland in Tobias Smollett and Henry Mackenzie, could have got no better early writers to depict her characteristics and delineate her manners. Other novelists were fast beginning to appear, and others afterwards, though at a considerable interval, did appear to outshine with their brilliancy the lights of the earlier stars.

But the art of the novelist was a new acquirement, and in its newness all essayists were comparatively free and unencumbered with many precedents. In the new settlement one could choose for himself, effect a clearing in the dense forest wherever he pleased, plan his ground and construct his dwelling according to his own rules or fancy, so far as his own genius would permit.

Two English novelists, Richardson and Fielding, had for some considerable time held full sway with their characteristic sketches and descriptions of the manners and society of English life. There at all events reality held undoubted

rule. These writers had materials enough in the contemporaneous life and history which amused the one and pressed hard on the other. In North Britain the novelists were of a different caste. In the coldness and bleakness and barrenness of the country the novelists there could either not find in their surroundings matter for novelistic purposes, or else, which is probably the correct view, they themselves did not possess the keenness of scrutiny, the vivid sympathies, or that great knowledge of the times in which they were immediately placed, necessary for the composition of a novel of manners and life.

Smollett, early in his career, left his native country, and it was only when he came to London and was influenced by the English masters that he entered the arena. Henry Mackenzie was still a faithful follower of the old school of essayists, and into his attempts at novel-writing he always dragged the foot-rule style of the precise essayists. Travels abroad and home gave much variety and vigour to the novels of manners and observations of Dr. John Moore. In the pages of the "*Cottagers of Glenburnie*," by Mrs. Hamilton, a native of Belfast, we find a successful endeavour towards simplicity of treatment and faithful portraiture of every-

day rural life. But in one and all we trace the marks and reflections of the time upon the mind of the novelist as correctly as if we had the parish minister's reports before us. In their letter-writing, gossiping style, we find an exact imitation of that period; the conventional plot, with little or no mystery, or no counterplotting, or no manufactured villains or needlessly protracted love stories, are all appropriate to those times when burghs were far apart at a few miles distance, when new books were rarer far than the rare sight of a strange face, when people were drawn more closely together and lived more for each other's interests than now. Life was slow withal, and the stories then do not satisfy the sensational craving of the present day novel devourer. Novel writing had hardly become a profession, and the bracing air of healthy criticism had not been long felt. Books being then a luxury to the few, popularity, with all its benefits to authors and publishers, was then unknown. The novelist's art and office were only beginning to appear, and the good plants of metaphysics and uncompromising theology drew all the vigour from the young sapling of the novel. Stronger than than now was observable the deficiency in the Scottish clime to rear and grow to maturity in its own land, the novelist in all his dramatic force and strength. He had to be transplanted like Smollett to the soil of England, if he wished to attain that breadth and ripeness of success. Scott is a glaring and only exception, his own inherent greatness stood him in good stead; no other Scotchman ever reached the height, or ever will reach the height, of success that he did, and all the time reside in his native land. Galt wrote his Flemish-like tales when once he had come under

the mellowing influence of the richer English school.

Were one disposed to inquire minutely into the reason of this it would, we think, be found to arise among other causes from the national dislike and non-appreciation of the drama and its literature which then prevailed. From the exceedingly close resemblance which a novel bears to an acted drama, it is apparent that the writer of the novel, who has not closely studied dramatic representations on the stage, must at least suffer under the difficulty of not seeing the close working-out, and close fitting-in, of characters, and the relationship of incidents to the development of the story and the characters. On the stage the audience have the story presented to them in as many acts as there are volumes, all working to reach the author's conception. Shakspeare has, no doubt, written for the world, but he toiled for his native land first. Scotland has got no Shakspeare, and her literature has suffered accordingly. His mighty influence is strongly felt in the English novelists we have mentioned, his bright genius and dramatic grandeur run through all the heroes and heroines of Fielding and Richardson. And although his wealth and warmth enriched and heated the brains of all Scotch writers with those of other nations, the characteristics of that nation, the hereditary repugnance of the race to the stage and stage effect, their difference of mental temperament, and stiffness of adaptability, all tended to counteract or nullify his influence in their works of fiction. Their weakness lay not in their inability of conception of what should be, but in their weakness of execution in this department of literature.

Another striking characteristic feature in their national literature

at the latter part of the eighteenth century is, that while their genius had a very great aptitude for poetry, either in the form of ballads, songs, poems of descriptive analysis or events, it never then took kindly to the department of prose fiction either in the shape of novels or of romance. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the intellectual bias of the national temperament in that period of growing national intelligence. The time had been when it delighted in the acted satirical dramatic poems of Sir David Lyndsay, in the gloomy sardonic imagination and laughing comedy of the fictions of the older bard, William Dunbar. But of prose fiction it had little or none to speak of, it could not be produced in that country then. The intellectual bent of the country then, and to a slight extent yet, drew a broad line between poetic and prose romance; it fostered the one, while it looked upon the other as little short of deliberate narration of falsehoods.

This utter dearth of prose fiction at that period in Scotland is deserving of some study. It was peculiar to Scotland. Both England and Ireland had some splendid writers in that department. But Scottish authors were not to be tempted out of their own fields of thought, and they held on at their own works in their own methods. Nor is this to be accounted for on the ground of any supposed difference of thought, because very distinctly is the spirit of the age seen in the works of the foremost men of three countries, all tending strongly to grasp contemporary life and thought. Although Swift in Ireland with trenchant satire and hearty wit; Pope in England with moral precepts bristling through lines of barbed cynicism; and David Hume and Adam Smith in Scotland with penetrating philosophy and hard inquiring metaphysics, all

took their own different routes, yet they reached pretty nearly the same destination, and brought home with them very much the same conclusions. It is in their methods of working that we trace the various national characteristics. For while there had been the Arthurian romance in prose, the Utopian, the Arcadian, the Pastoral, together with the religious romance of Bunyan, and the foreign novels of France and Italy, which influenced the English and Irish writers, yet they had no effect on the Scotch. There the people wrote in strong earnestness. Even their poets, except Burns, continued in the calm serenity of their own steady plainness; Blair, Beattie, and Home seldom rose above what we would now call the didactic prose essay style. Scotch prose writers confined themselves to the construction of histories, as Hume and Robertson, and the building of systematic thought, as Adam Smith and Hugh Blair. Are these not prose writers we have every reason to be proud of? Their prose will outlast the verse of the period. But although their prose is versatile, varied, and even rich, and they show at that time that prose was more congenial, in which they could more happily work, we are thrown back to our original starting-point that the intellect of Scotland at that period, and for sometime subsequent, was positively divorced from prose romance of any kind.

The issue of the long series of the Waverley novels soon brought her fiction abreast of that of England. In these novels we find again the type of the Scottish intellect, differing from the British, but resembling the German. Scott's historical novels and romances could not have been written in any other country, or probably at any other time; the affectionate and wistful looking back into the past among

the Edinburgh authors at that period influenced the tenor of his thoughts. In his pages we find the historic spirit breathing with life; animated, acting through the wefts of romance. The fancy of the poet and novelist has thrown much variety of colour and side lights on bygone reality; his prose romances are veritable histories, and the creatures of his fancy bid fair to live as long as the actual characters of history. Real persons in his handling got a new and very long lease of life. The languor of the beginning of the nineteenth century was cast off by the rugged borderers in their hearty raids, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, with their oddities of dress and speech. Chivalry romances and novels of seething history, set in all the quaint humours and striking costumes and romantic posings and exciting situations, which the glowing pen of the author of *Waverley* delineated with great variations, cast at once the thoughts of writers towards prose fiction which had been so long neglected.

It will be well to pause here and point out the relationship of Scott's novels to those of Galt's. For some time it was the habit to look upon Galt as an imitator of Scott, but it has long been shown that his first Scotch novel "*Annals of the Parish*," was written twelve years before it was published, and accordingly anterior to the appearance of "*Waverley*" and "*Guy Mannering*," which had long been said to be its models. Very strangely, it was offered at the time it was written to the publishers of the novels, but was declined with the remark that a work of fiction entirely Scotch would not meet with success! He was encouraged to continue his studies of Scottish life and character by his own Edinburgh publishers. The only point of resemblance

between him and Scott is that they were contemporaries. Their method of treatment, their style, their tone are different; in no one point do their novels agree, except that they were Scotch novels. Scott's novels could only be written by a man of his period, they were studies of bye-gone life and old historic events; Galt's are as fresh to-day as they were fifty years ago, they are pictures of the manners of his own time. The one lived in the imagined past, the other lived in the immediate surroundings of the present. The one followed the historic school, the other followed his Ayrshire brother, Burns, in delineating the scenes of his Western home and Western life. If he resembled any Scotchman in his style of treatment it was Burns, they were like each other in the warmth of love and delineation of the scenes and characters in which they lived. Galt was a prose Burns. Their naturalness and vitality will preserve them for long. It is in truth a gross injustice to Galt to class him as a follower, far less an imitator, of Scott's school. An imitator is a copyist in all the essentials, but he from the very opening sentences had models of his own casting, and on the path he travelled there were not visible any of the footmarks of Scott.

The manners and style of his chief novels are rather after those of Goldsmith's "*Vicar of Wakefield*," and Richardson's novels, if after any. The genial style of the kind *Oliver* has evidently been one of his models, although his tenderness and exquisite humour are beyond the power of the Scot. From Richardson he obtained more lessons in the art. His story of the "*Ayrshire Legatees*," is told by letters like "*Pamela*." The circumstances and incidents of their novels are not merely pieces of patchwork, thrown together

with some arrangement, with a hero and heroine to keep the facts in motion. They both fastened their attention on certain movements of human nature, selected one or two strong characteristic points of the heart of man, put them into life, and then wrought towards an end in the clash and clang of supposed occurrences, and opposing forces. Both drew from the life of their own times. Both depended for all their interest on the workings and impressions of the human heart as produced by gradual minute occurrences, time and position, and not on external surprises and sensational incidents. The canvas is not wide, but the subjects are very minutely sketched. They did not aim after variety but completeness, their characters are few, and all move together, unlike some of our present novelists, who fill their pages with so many figures, that ere the stage can be cleared one must be poisoned, another run over and killed, and as many more blown up by a boiler bursting. While Richardson excelled in minute descriptions of the female heart as affected by every-day occurrences, Galt excelled in portraying the gradual development of the man as influenced by the events of the parish, the gradual success in professional life, and as influencing those whom he was closely related to.

A true son of his native land, he had all the natural impetuosity, power of hard work, and resoluteness of a Scot. His energetic career overtaxed the robust frame which Nature had endowed him with, and he returned to his fatherland shattered and shaken, to pass the winter of his days in its sweet solace. Like all true artists he wrought most truly for all the success he earned, but many men

with far less hard work obtained a greater share of the world's goods. He did not advance a foot in his career but what was strenuously fought for. His brain was as fruitful of creations in the novel, the drama, the poem, in the composition of the history and essay, biography and criticism, and in the seclusion of the study, as it was in the business details of merchandize at home, or the arduous duties of a Commissioner abroad. The multitude of his resources was, as his biographer said, the great drawback to his prosperity; and it is very sad to think that the wealth of gifts should have played so fickle with one whose face was so genial, his lips so expressive, his features so clearly defined with the stamp of intellect, and eyes so full of sympathy! His life, like the lives of other literary men, was not remarkable for worldly success.

All his Scotch novels were the work of his mature years. They are the condensations of his close observations of character; are firmly knit together, and of substantial workmanship. But they are not merely records of experience and of observation, nor the collection and grouping of details and actual incidents, though they in many points possess the value of historic truth, for the playfulness and humour of his imagination infused the beauty of romantic reality into his novels, and melted all into a beautiful coherency. They possess the intrinsic value of truthfulness, with the poetic beauties of pastoral tales.

Galt takes a decidedly high place as a chronicler of the rural Scottish life and manners in the West of Scotland some sixty years ago. He was by no means what is now called a pastoral novelist, for of those loving touches and descriptions of rural love-scenes and love-making, which are now nearly in-

separably associated with the pastoral novel, he has very few. Of such scenes he gives us a stray glimpse here and there, but it is evident that he attaches slight importance to them, and presents them more as a study of character than because of his appreciation for such incidents. His sketches of localities are all exact, they are strikingly described, and cleave to our memory. They are unique of their kind, and display a Flemish minuteness and quaintness which are refreshing. The descriptions are not only accurate as records, but over them the novelist has pondered evidently lovingly, so that even the harshness and stiffness of reality are toned down. And they are well proportioned, the knowledge of the life and manners of other countries has lent him a discerning eye for all those peculiarities of his native land, so that his pages are not overloaded with useless sketches. Perhaps his hand was too sparing of details. Two at least of his books, the "Annals of the Parish," and "The Provost," make us better acquainted with the Scottish life and manners of the bygone generations than any other two works ever published. They are store-houses of information to the historical student, and are the labours of one whose mind was packed with the pithy sayings of the Scottish peasantry. Both the humour and pathos of the books are pastoral. In the first, the parish priest becomes melancholy, and takes to writing a book, but with great regard for truthfulness and a mellow sense of the humorous, he records all the slight details of the parish history, such as the arrival of the first dancing master, newspaper, and Punch and Judy; the establishment of the bookseller's shop, and a distillery; the visits of strolling players, and a recruiting party of soldiers, interspersed with pas-

toral ideas of the breaking out of the American war and French revolution; expressions of his judgment of his first, second, and third wives, and the increase of his stipend. All is told in an unforced, easy strain; to him in his retirement small things were very important, even the obtaining a new bell for the Kirk.

The worship of heroes is not to be found in Galt's novels. His method strictly excluded the centralization of interest on the description and actions of lovers. Of modern heroes and heroines we have not the slightest resemblance in the whole of his stories, except it may be "The Entail," where the chief actors change in every volume, and where the interest centres outside of the lovers. Sentiment, of all kinds and degrees, is kept out of his pages, and should it creep in, either in the delineation of a character or as an incident in the development of a story, we at once observe an apology on the novelist's pen for such an unguarded slip. Lovers may be useful to novelists, but Galt calmly ignores them, and evidently looked upon them as hindrances to his art. At all events, none of that imaginary romance and the light fancy which play around the career of two young lovers, are to be found in his pages. His men and women are truthful men and women, surrounded in all their natural life-like manners and actions, with simple incidents. But they never rise from the stern ground of reality; none of them possess the attributes of a hero or a heroine; their lives are all rounded and centred in their own selves. They cannot be judged by our present standard of novels, which require a plot or a love story. It is clear that he had no idea in his Scotch novels of occupying his time with the frolics and love-makings of the young; his inten-

tion was abundantly clear; besides painting the condition of the parishes and towns of the West of Scotland in his own youth, his purpose was to delineate the workings, successes, and failures of the mature man. They are essentially the works of a mature intellect, of one who has deeply studied the selfishness of the heart of man. Between his stories and those works of a brother Scot on such subjects as thrift, character, and self-help, there is a close affinity. His novels are perhaps fitly described as character sketches without the softness of repose, or the refining shades of fancy. They abound with humour and flashes of wit, but the humour does not spring naturally; it is packed into one scene and patched into one chapter, which evidently shows that it has been gathered from observation, slightly touched up and copied in wholesale. Like the Scottish artist, Raeburn, of the same period, his *forte* lay in painting portraits.

All his leading characters are of one family type, and possess the moving impulse to get on, to make money, honestly if possible, but certainly to make money. They are children of those wonderful parents, better known in the works of autobiography or biography as poor but honest, virtuous but respectable. Of strong character, great power of self-denial, pertinacity of purpose, and a good practical knowledge of arithmetic, their success is sure. Galt betook himself to set off the success of such characters with their corresponding humours, which he has accomplished generally in a decidedly healthy manner. That it was with a great appreciation and sense of the ludicrous in human nature rushing on towards wealth as the great *panacea* for human ills, we cannot for a moment doubt. He does not glorify success, although he works with characters who strive

after and attain it; but he finds, as all students of human nature will find, mirth and humour in their anxious race after wealth. In his pages, as in life, there is as much fun in observing the cautious movements and earnest appearance of man after riches, as there is in following the thievish propensities and absurd tricks of the clown and pantaloon in the pantomime for the cloak of a nurserymaid. And only in this view is "Sir Andrew Wylie" interesting. He is probably the greatest sycophant of fiction. His humours and oddities are his only redeeming points, and even though they were at first natural, they were cultivated to excess when once they were found to make his way in the world. "The Provost" is disgustingly selfish. "Lawrie Todd" carries with him to the Backwoods all the self-help propensities of his country. But Galt in these excellent portraits has in the manner in which he draws the characters through life up to the pinnacle of success, shown that riches may be too dearly purchased, that while they may be gained, things more dear and valuable may be lost, and that that life, in place of opening the heart, but fills the purse and curdles the milk of human kindness. A more miserable specimen of such a species is hardly anywhere to be had than in Claud Walkinshaw of Kittlestonheugh, whom he characteristically called Grippy.

The novel of "The Entail" is constructed on this ideal character of worldly success. Grippy's youth is spent in a cold calculating atmosphere, and ere he has reached manhood his heart has become bankrupt of love and good feelings, the selection of his wife is made with the view of adding to his riches; he gives his children in marriage with the object of strengthening his position; his idiot son is disposed of as a bale of goods bartered for

rough and ready only daughter of a neighbouring well-to-do laird; and his will is made on such conditions that even after he is removed from the world his ideas of the aggrandisement of the family wealth and name may be accomplished at the expense of justice to his eldest son. A more unhealthy, a more repulsive figure could not be drawn. That he should have been detested was probably the novelist's purpose, because he does not throw around him any shades of humour, or even give him a kind word. No redeeming feature is visible, the heart becomes cold and cheerless as one reads of Grippy's series of successes. He is not a creation of the novelist but drawn from life. The success and wealth he earned no rational man would ever dream of earning at the terrible cost he paid for them; they were too dearly purchased. Naturally the novelist makes him relent, but only when his mortal career is surely approaching its close, and he dies without regret, as he had lived without love. It is a sad picture, but a true one; and in the extreme repulsiveness of such a selfish life we can easily gather the spirit of the novelist's intent. Galt never obtrudes his teaching, but his lessons are easily drawn by the reader.

Galt's manner of telling his story, the biographical, was closely adhered to in all his Scotch novels, from which he did not deviate in the slightest degree. Such authors are more narrators than artists, and depend greatly if not entirely on incidents and development and growth of character, more than on artistic skill of treatment or dramatic construction of the story. His manner of treatment is an artless one, bare of skill, and with no attempt at elaborateness either of detail or suspense. His books are the collection of so many groups of occurrences and incidents in the

childhood, youthhood, manhood and old age of the author, and especially a good many groups of old characters with a spice of age in their talk, a flavour of uniqueness in their actions, and a dash of the spirit of the times in their manners, conversation, and dress. If he had no skill at construction, his pen, easily and well, set forth a man or woman with the minute exactness of reality. His humour is not broad but quiet, and to be caught has to be watched for.

One serious objection against his male characters is that they are all of the same stamp, and more or less an echo of one another. The situations in which they are placed differ, but the man is the same. Provost Pauky sits for Sir Andrew Wylie in the ambitious career of the Scotchman in London, and also for Lawrie Todd the successful Scotchman in the backwoods of America. His other two characters of excellent reputation, the Scottish parish divines, D. Zachariah Pringle, and Micah Balwhidder, are evidently the study of one character. Zachariah, in his travels to the metropolis and experiences there, exhibits the same mental acumen and personal characteristics which Micah exhibits in the management of his rural parish of Dalmailing. All the characters are interesting, but we think they would have been more interesting had they not been so worldly successful. We do not now expect to find in the novel that narrative of successful efforts and results of crowning ambition which we look for in the work of biography. Galt's stories possess all the virtues of biographies along with the interest of fiction. He had too much affection for the real figures to permit a single line of burlesque to spoil the harmony of reality, and although we are forced to sincere laughter at their oddities,

foibles, and national cunning, we easily observe the author has cleverly raised them far above the element of the modern comique. They are not caricatures nor satiric sketches, but life-size figures of a bygone time, and possess the dry caustic humour which naturally suits their fancies. Objections may justly be taken to their narrowness, their selfishness, their sameness, but with one or two exceptions they possess all the characteristics of reality which may in a few chapters cause them to lose our sympathy, but which they gain again by their paucity and their faithful adherence to all the moving feelings of scheming, working man. No cloak of romance is thrown around them, yet the very bareness of selfishness, as wrought out in their artful ways, catches the reader's admiration despite his indignation at the actual accomplishment. What cunning diplomacy is exhibited in the affairs of a rural Scotch parish. The multifarious contrivances and most artful movements to conciliate an opponent or win an enemy to support a trivial town improvement, are made most ludicrously manifest in his Provost. This book is as valuable now as the records of any burgh. The records are records, but this book in a manner most interesting exhibits all those diplomatic movements, and counter-movements, inner and personal, of Scotch town councils which, as depicted in Galt's inimitable humorous style, etch in the reader's imagination a sketch of reality with its abundant earnestness set against the pettiness of the object sought to be attained. The Provost is a most admirable character, probably the best which the novelist ever drew, who in an undemonstrative manner makes personal profit out of the town's common weal, while always loudly proclaiming the rightful and noble duty which a burgher

owes the burgh in faithfully doing his duty at the Council Board. He is not ashamed to own that "men in power then ruled more for their own ends than in these latter times." Very humourously does he express his profit from the improvement of the streets. "Saving two three carts of stones to big a dyke round the new steading which I had bought a short time before at the town-end, I had no profit whatever. Indeed, I may take it upon me to say, that should not say it, few Provosts, in so great a concern, could have acted more on a principle than I did in this; and if Thomas Shovel, of his free-will, did, at the instigation of the Dean of Guild, lay down the stones on my ground as aforesaid, the town was not wronged; for, no doubt, he paid me the compliment at some expense of his own profit!" Robin Boss, the town-drummer, is a good character sketch, who had "a very earnest endeavour" to fill himself drunk as often as he could, "the consequence of which was," the Provost relates, "that his face was as plooky as a curran' bun, and his nose as red as a partan's tae." In these words are limned a veritable portrait.

"The Entail" contains some very graphic sketches and not a few of his best characters. The interest centres in the first two volumes, for on the death of Grippy the climax has been reached. It is a fair specimen of his works, and it notably exhibits all his characteristic style and defects. Two quotations will suffice to show that he drew from reality, adding artistic force and beauty. Take this description of the imbecile Watty's marriage, where the Scotch words have a real poetic ring:—

The bride looked blushing and expectant, but Walter, instead of saluting

her in the customary manner, held her by the hand at arm's length, and said to the Doctor,—“Be served.”

“Ye should kiss her, bridegroom,” said the minister.

“I ken that,” replied Watty, “but no till my betters be served. Help yersel', Doctor.”

Upon which the Doctor, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, enjoyed himself as he was requested.

“It's the last buss,” added Watty, “it's the last buss, Betty Bodle, ye'll e'er gie to mortal man while a'm your gudeman.”

“I did na think,” said the Reverend Doctor, “that the creature had sic a knowledge o' the vows.”

Alongside that put the following scene of a Scottish death-bed—a scene most vividly drawn in exceedingly few words. The scene is well set, and its reality has a firm grasp on our imagination:—

At last Mr. Keelevin (the lawyer) arrived on horseback, and came into the room, dressed in his trotcosey, the hood of which, over his cocked hat, was drawn so closely on his face, that but the tip of his sharp aquiline nose was visible. But, forgetful or regardless of his appearance, he stalked with long strides at once to the chair where Claud was sitting, and taking from under the skirt of the trotcosey a bond of provision for the widow and children of Charles, and for Mrs. Milrookit, he knelt down, and began to read it aloud.

“Sir,” said the Doctor, who was standing at the other side of the patient, “Mr. Walkinshaw is in no condition to understand you.”

Still, however, Mr. Keelevin read on, and when he had finished he called for pen and ink.

“It is impossible that he can write,” said the Doctor.

“Ye has nae business to mak any sic observation,” exclaimed the benevolent lawyer. “Ye shou'd say nothing till we try. In the name of justice and mercy, is there nobody in this house that will fetch me pen and ink?”

It was evident to all present that Claud perfectly understood what his friend said, and his eyes betokened

eagerness and satisfaction; but the expression with which his features accompanied the assent in his look was horrible and appalling.

At this juncture Leddy Grippy came rushing, half dressed, into the room, her dishevelled grey hair flying loosely over her shoulders, exclaiming,—

“What's wrang noo? What new judgment has befallen us? Whatna fearfu' image is that like a corpse out o' a tomb, that's making a' this rippet for the cheating instruments o' pen and ink, when a dying man is at his last gasp?”

“Mrs. Walkinshaw, for Heaven's sake be quiet; your gudeman,” replied Mr. Keelevin, opening the hood of his trotcosey and throwing it back, taking off at the same time his cocked hat—“your gudeman kens very weel what I has read to him. It's a provision for Mrs. Charles and her orphans.”

“But is there no likewise a provision in't for me?” cried the Leddy.

“Oh, Mrs. Walkinshaw, we'll speak o' that hereafter; but let us get this executed off-hand, replied Mr. Keelevin. “Ye see your gudeman kens what we're saying, and looks wistfully to get it done. I say in the name of God get me pen and ink.”

“Ye's get neither pen nor ink here, Mr. Keelevin, till my rights are cognost in a record o' sederunt session.”

“Hush!” exclaimed the Doctor. All was silent, and every eye turned on the patient, whose countenance was again hideously convulsed. A troubled groan struggled and heaved for a moment in his breast, and was followed by a short quivering through his whole frame.

“It is all over!” said the Doctor.

At these words the Leddy rushed towards the elbow-chair, and with frantic cries and gestures flew on the body, and acted an extravagance of sorrow ten times more outrageous than grief. Mr. Keelevin stood motionless, holding the paper in his hand, and, after contemplating the spectacle before him for about two or three minutes, shook his head disconsolately, and replacing his cocked hat, drew the hood of the trotcosey again over his face, and left the house.

If Galt's genius was not wide but confined in its range of characters, it

was, at least, minute and complete. Although the careful critic cannot fail to notice repetitions of scenes and recurrences of thoughts and sameness of characters, the novelist has by his art succeeded in carrying our interest along with him throughout. He may not stand out as a great novelist, or it may seriously be doubted if even now, or in after years, he is to be considered a novelist at all; but he will for long take his place in the first ranks among the early Scotch storytellers as a faithful delineator of Scotch manners and Scotch character. To us his works have their chief value in being chronicles of bygone times and manners. And those who want to move among the pauky, cunning burghers of last century, who desire to get their imaginations carried back to the quaint and odd doings of the cautious parishioners of that period, who wish to study the moving impulse of the Scotch character, can hardly do better than take up any of Galt's novels. Not a page of them is impure. Not an incident is recorded which could make the fairest blush. Not a few of his characters possess the advantage of being able to flatter the egotism of weak human nature. He was one of those very few novelists who never drew a hero nor a heroine. The love story had no flavour for the middle-aged man. The every-day, terribly real struggles for power and money alone interested him, who had long passed the period of the romance of love; and in consequence the reader will but seldom find the warmth of the heart of love in his pages; there is none of the joyfulness of youth; none of the glow which the heat of the young heart gives; none of the bright hopefulness of love or the ineffable sweetness of maidenhood. Cold, calculating, middle-age sits in all his novels, the middle-age of

worldly success, wrapt up in self, and with little care for those around him. It is the middle-age of one whose characters are made to succeed where he himself failed. One's eyes will be sharpened for the outlook of characters, and one's thoughts will be turned to observe the causes and reasoning of our neighbour's actions, by the perusal of Galt's novels; but our hearts will never be touched, our better self never spoken to, our love for human nature little increased. His hardness of middle-age has only relieving surroundings in the humours of his characters by their sayings and doings. He who writes novels without imbuing them with the element of love must possess great literary ability to counter-balance its absence, and in this respect Galt is found deficient.

From the number of characters which figure in his works we can select a goodly group, a cluster of characters which will last. They are more or less original, and have gained our admiration. We have most prominent the fine representative of the old parish priest in the Rev. Micah Balwhidder in the "Annals of the Parish," and the sly, selfish Provost Pauky in "The Provost." In Mrs. Pringle in the "Ayrshire Legatees," we have an admirable specimen of the active, observant minister's wife of the old school, and in the antique Miss Beeny Needles of Chucky Stanes in "Lawrie Todd," whose "smile was like a frosty day in February," we have a not unworthy competitor of Mrs. Malaprop; she infinitely amuses us with the choice selection of her words, such as "leaving incontinently,"—"I beg you just to be a little posthumous with your answer, and I shall procure an emotion of the period;" and as she grandly expresses the fashionable-ness of a late dinner, "the equivoque of the time will be an augmentation

to your gentility," that the grandeur of the entertainment "is in a style of supremacy far above mediocrity," and who endeavours to catch the English accent by talking of the "clissic stream." The not unwise idiot, Watty Walkinshaw, in "The Entail" is a remarkably successful portrait, and never errs in the burlesque as such characters do in the hands of most novelists; Watty is life-like, and very well has Galt drawn the soft side of his nature in his exceeding love for his child and the whimsical admiration for his masculine wife. He is perhaps the most complete character the novelist ever drew, although his marriage might be seriously objected to as a blunder. Watty is so naturally portrayed that he seems to live in his half-idiotic but not unwise remarks and actions.

To appreciate Galt's slight novels

one should read them in the country, and if possible in Scotland. For although his descriptions of scenery are generally bare and exceedingly incomplete, it is only in the sleepy burghs lying cozily in the midst of an agricultural district, and in the real Scottish straggling villages, that one encounters the genuine characters of his stories. There only do we find illustrations to his pages, and there only do we yet find the *patois* of last century, for in the cities and larger towns English, is, or is supposed to be, spoken. And let the time be summer, let not the mists and rains and glooms of winter dull his pages, but as the genial rays of merry summer lighten the heart, then do we observe to the quick his brightness of observation, his quiet joyfulness, and the picturesqueness of his now antique but real men and women.

GOSSIP FROM EGYPT.

BY W. KNIGHTON.

MANY of the towns of the East are like antiquated beauties, that look well at a distance, but will not bear inspection. It is not in the West only that ladies, who have passed their prime, and are fast sinking into the sere and yellow leaf of human life, call in the aid of art to disguise the ravages of time. From afar the arched eyebrows, the dark gleaming eyes, the beautiful complexion, and the commanding figure, all look well. But when we approach nearer, and examine more critically, we learn a lesson of disillusion. The black well-arched eyebrows are the result of a pencil judiciously applied, the fire of the eye is due to khol, and the complexion was prepared in the perfumer's laboratory!

The towns of Egypt and of Syria are attractive, when seen from a distance. The domed and minaretted mosques, the Saracenic houses, the dots of green, palms and sycamores, contrasting with the white stucco, all are pleasant enough to contemplate from a distance. But it is from a distance only. Draw nearer, and the illusion vanishes. The odour is of the most unsavoury. The tumbledown aspect of the houses is sometimes picturesque, but too often disagreeable, the squalor and filth in the bazaars, the number of people afflicted with ophthalmia and cutaneous diseases, are unpleasant to look upon, and the magnificence of

the religious and public buildings contrasts unpleasantly with the miserable dwellings of the poor. The tortuous, narrow streets, in the older parts of the town, the dogs that howl and bark by turns, but always unpleasantly, looking mangy and vulpine, and the beggars who thrust their deformities before you, are all repulsive. There are modern parts of Alexandria and Cairo that owe their existence to the enterprise and extravagance of the present Viceroy, in which the streets are broad and regular, the squares are pleasant with fountains and foliage, and the walks and drives agreeably shaded and cool. But these are for the most part new and unfinished, forming at best but a small part of the great cities.

There has been lately, in our daily papers in London, a discussion about colour-blindness, and much speculation has thence arisen relative to railway accidents, and their causes. In Egypt both ophthalmia and colour-blindness are far commoner than in Europe. The myriads of flies that infest the bazaars, seem to be the cause of the ophthalmia; they hang on the eyelids, which are bleared and red, both in the case of children and adults. The Egyptians seem to have hardly the energy necessary to drive them off, or else they are tired of doing so, and let them remain — a repulsive spectacle to Western eyes. But of the fact of

colour-blindness also being prevalent in Egypt, whatever the cause, there can be no doubt.

When I was a magistrate in India, a man was brought before me who had been travelling with some wares—a pedlar, we should call him. He stopped at a public serai, or native inn, and put up his miserable pony there for the night. It had been a white pony, but was wretchedly dirty and lean, and travel-stained, and sore-backed. Before it was light in the morning the pedlar left the serai, while the other travellers were still asleep, taking with him a superior bay pony belonging to another native. The police were informed. The pedlar was followed and taken, and brought before me. His defence was that he was colour-blind. The moon was shining when he left, there was quite light enough for him to see, but he was incapable of distinguishing colours, and, being pressed for time, he was not so careful as he ought to have been. The defence was ingenious, but worthless. He could feel, and no man that had his sense of feeling left to him, could mistake the sleek well-fed bay pony for the miserable, half-starved white one which he had forsaken. The nature of the defence on which he relied, however, showed that colour-blindness is not so singular a calamity in that district as to render the defence absurd; for he was a sharp-witted fellow.

When railways were first introduced into Egypt, this frequency of colour-blindness was first made known. An accident occurred through a driver ignoring a "danger" signal light, a red lamp, which he afterwards admitted he could not distinguish from a lamp of any other colour. Inquiry was instituted, and a rigid examination was enforced in the case of all candidates for any situation in which a knowledge of the signals was neces-

sary. It is said that a doubtful candidate, who was perfectly incapable of distinguishing one colour from another, managed to guess correctly in the first instance, at the colours of the flags presented to him, till the examining officer, who had his doubts as to the man's ability to distinguish the colours, took a yellow silk handkerchief from his pocket, and held it out. "Red," cried the would-be driver, and was plucked accordingly. Strange to say, a similar defect of vision is very prevalent in Sweden.

From Mount Mokhuttam the best view of Cairo may be obtained. From its summit the aspect of the town is pleasant to contemplate. The citadel towers above the city, and distance lends enchantment to the view there as elsewhere. Looking away across the desert the pyramids are seen, motionless, grim, and solitary, in their vast bed of sand. Most strange, most melancholy, and most grand is their aspect, with the mysterious Sphinx in the middle of them. Pagan, Christian, Mohammedan, ruled Egypt in turn, and *they* remain like destiny, fixed and immovable—the most wonderful of buildings raised by human hands.

The Nile wanders pleasantly through the scene presented from the summit of Mokhuttam, a silvery thread of blue, meandering through groves of palm, cypress, and sycamore, amongst gardens and villas, through towns and villages, spreading life everywhere, vegetable and animal life in abundance, which, without it, were not—a solemn consideration when rightly thought of. There are islands, too, in its midst, islands all green and smiling, full of fertility, a strange contrast to the gloomy desert of sand beyond.

It is said that more than a thousand mosques may be counted from this vantage ground, all with their tapering minarets, picturesque and fairylike, rising above the trees

and domes. It is best to take a good long look at Cairo, as seen from Mount Mokhuttam, and to let it live so in the memory, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Cairo by night is a city to make all observers sad. The singing cafés or casinos, the gambling houses, the theatres, are all full of a rabble of European, or would-be European, and Levantine revellers. Greeks, Italians, Maltese, French, English, and Syrians, may be seen there nightly, drinking and quarrelling. Outcasts, too many of them, from their own countries; bullies, desperadoes, spendthrifts, and cut-purses. The refugees who joined David in the Cave of Adullam were not half so disreputable for the most part.

The Turks and Egyptians, as a rule, do not keep late hours. Like all Oriental people, they prefer to retire shortly after the sun sets, and to rise with him. The only exceptions to this rule are when their religious or national festivals cause them to lengthen out the hours of working or waking.

The singing in the casinos of Cairo and Alexandria, and the acting in the theatres, were, a few years ago, bad travesties of the singing and acting in Paris and Florence. But the present Viceroy has changed all that. With the enormous sums placed at his disposal by the loans so freely contracted, he has been enabled to tempt excellent performers from Europe. Large subsidies have been given to the theatres and the Italian Opera, and the bondholders of Egyptian Stocks probably know, by this time, at whose expense all this has been done.

Assassinations in the public streets a few years ago were much more common than now. This reform also Egypt owes to the present Viceroy. The Courts of Law have been improved. There are Euro-

pean Judges now, and justice is not to be bought and sold as formerly. I fear all this, too, has been done at the expense of the Egyptian bondholders; but still, if all the money so lavishly spent in Egypt in these latter years had been equally well expended, there would not be much room either for censure or for regret. A few years ago it was not unusual to have a man pointed out to you, as a curiosity, who was considered one of the most successful assassins alive. If you asked why he was not arrested, you were told that he went well armed, and the police would rather not have anything to do with him. He had accomplices who would avenge his arrest. The Egyptian Government did not like to meddle with Europeans, as there was no knowing who might interest himself in the culprit, or what trouble would result from interfering with him.

A few years ago a Greek was quietly walking along the Esbekyah Square in Cairo, opposite Shepheard's Hotel, now built over by European-looking houses. Two other Greeks came behind him, and stabbed him in the back. As he fell, the assassins saw his face for the first time. "Pardon, sir," said they, "a thousand pardons; we mistook you for our enemy." They darted off. A crowd collected. The man died. The Greek Consul took up the matter, and made a diligent search for the assassins, but they could not be found. The dying man alone had seen their faces. He did not know them. He, alone, had heard their exclamation, as they saw him fall.

The new streets in Cairo are broad and planted with trees, after the manner of the Boulevards in Paris. These trees do not yet give much shade, but they promise largely for the future. The old streets are narrow, tortuous, dirty,

crowded, and unpleasant. The donkey is the only means of exploring them thoroughly—the wonderful donkey of Egypt, so patient and so obstinate, so sure-footed, so steady, and so capricious. He makes his way through the crowds with wonderful dexterity and sagacity. A pet donkey, of a noble mien, decked with bells and silver ornaments, jingling as he goes, is proud of his condition. He has his hair shaven in spots to give him a variegated appearance. His mane and tail are dyed with henna. An embroidered cloth, bridle, and gigantic saddle, richly decorated, adorn him. He does not like to be passed on the road, and will quicken his pace, as he hears footsteps coming up, utterly regardless of the will or convenience of his rider. But most of the donkeys are miserable-looking objects, and a tall man mounted on one of them, with elongated legs, hanging down nearly to the ground, is not an imposing spectacle. Often may you see such a man, in pith hat and long flying pugree (the cloth tied round the hat), flying along on a diminutive donkey, not much bigger than a sheep, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, with dangling legs; and the sight is by no means heroic, rather comic.

The Shoobra Road, leading to a palace of the same name, is the Rotten Row of Cairo, with carriage-road combined. The Shoobra Palace, once a luxurious abode of Ibrahim Pasha, is now falling into ruin, for want of attention, whilst twenty others are being erected, regardless of expense, all over Lower Egypt. Some of the equipages to be seen here are elegant, gay with Nubian grooms black as jet, in gaudy liveries, running before—an interesting sight. See how fast they run! how long they keep it up! And here is a carriage of the Viceregal

Harem bowling along. Two of these running footmen scud before it, with graceful fly-flappers in their hands. Two outriders, eunuchs, black and ugly, sleek, oily, and shining, precede the carriage. They are anything but engaging. The carriage is a covered one, with silken hangings at the glass windows. We can just catch a glimpse, and no more, of the white-veiled occupants within, as it rolls past. Two more outriders, equally black and ugly as those in front, follow it, proud of their position and their calling!

Egyptian markets are not pleasant to the sight, to the hearing, or to the sense of smell. All that is for sale is exposed to the sun and dust—fish, dates, sugar, mutton, grain, nuts, beans, raisins, cheap jewellery, and clothing. The donkey-boy does his best to clear a way for us, as we go along, he shouting vociferously, “*Ya*, take care, *shimalak* to the left, *yamenak* to the right,” and so on. And often his cries are intended for the rider:—“Look out, sir; look out for your left leg; look out for your right leg. Take care; take care.” And again to the passengers:—“Old woman, take care; boy, take care. My lord, I pray you to move. In the name of the prophet, holy father, let us pass.”

The costumes of the crowd are of the most varied and incongruous character. A piece of old carpet will be worn here with an air as if it were a robe fit for a king; a pair of old drawers, a worn and torn jacket will do duty for a whole suit, and will be worn, too, with ease, with grace, or with recklessness.

The bazaars are not only divided amongst the different trades, but amongst the different nationalities also—Turks in one quarter, Copts in another, Armenians in a third, Greeks, Syrians, Jews, and Egyptians. The clothes which are hung

out to dry in the narrow streets, on lines stretching from one side to the other, are a perpetual annoyance to the European traveller. He cannot always avoid them, and it is not pleasant to have them blown into his face, or endangering his hat.

The streets of Cairo have witnessed strange scenes in their time—strange and terrible. Said Pasha was the uncle and predecessor of the present Viceroy. His accession was marked by an incident peculiarly Egyptian and peculiarly horrible. Abbas Pasha was living at the palace of Benia, near Cairo, in 1854, when he was murdered, and the chief eunuch, who discovered the fact early in the morning, before any one else in the palace was aware of it, sent for Elfi Bey, the Governor of Cairo. He wanted to concert with him measures for their own peculiar benefit, before the death of the late reigning Viceroy became known. They wanted to put Elami Pasha, son of Abbas, on the viceregal throne, to the exclusion of Said, the eldest surviving male of the line, and the heir, who was then at Alexandria.

Had Elami been there, in Cairo, they might have succeeded, but, unfortunately for the conspirators, he was then at sea, in the Levant, intending to go to France, and to make the tour of Europe. If they failed not, however, in keeping the death of Abbas a secret, and in recalling Elami, the chief eunuch and the Governor of Cairo hoped that they might still be successful, and of course they hoped also that the new Pasha would do anything they liked, that was possible, for them. The difficulty was to keep the death of Abbas a secret.

A telegram was sent, in the first place, to Alexandria, in the name of the Viceroy, ordering the swiftest steamer available to be sent at once

after Elami Pasha, to recall him. Said was himself admiral of the fleet, and therefore the order had to be issued through him.

Carefully as the conspirators took their measures to conceal the death of the Viceroy, there were whispers, ominous whispers, in the palace, and from the palace those whispers spread in various directions. Halim Pasha, a friend of Said, having heard of these whispers, and having heard too of the order sent to Alexandria to recall Elami, hastened to despatch to him a telegram, stating that the house in Cairo, about which he had been inquiring, was empty, and begging him to come and occupy it, and not to send for another tenant. Halim was afraid to write more explicitly. Said understood him, and did not send for Elami.

The expedient which Elfi Bey adopted to conceal the death of the Viceroy was probably one which would never have entered into any other head than that of an Oriental, and which an Oriental only would have executed. He got the dead body of Abbas, dressed up in its ordinary clothes, ordered one of the Viceroy's carriages to be got ready, had the corpse lifted by his own minions into its accustomed seat, taking his own place, as he had often done before, on the left, and, in this condition, he drove with the corpse through the streets of Cairo, having previously let it be known that the Viceroy was going to the palace in the desert, which Abbas himself had had built there. It was called the Abbasieh, and was ten miles from Cairo. Other carriages followed, and during the horrible drive the arm of the corpse was lifted by Elfi Bey, as if in reply to the acclamations of the people.

But the truth had already got wind. It had been whispered far and near that Abbas was dead, not

withstanding this horrible farce. Said Pasha came to Cairo, and sent a messenger to Constantinople to announce the death of Abbas and his own accession. Elfi Bey still had his own guards on duty in the Citadel, and was hourly hoping for the return of Elami. It was not until eight days after the death of Abbas that, finding concealment no longer possible, finding that Elami did not come, and that Said Pasha was universally acknowledged, he offered submission. The new Viceroy assured him that he regarded him as having erred solely from over-zeal in the service of his late master and his family. Elfi Bey, however, could not believe that he would ever be pardoned. He anticipated the most horrible torture, and to avoid it, destroyed himself by poison. "Fool!" said Said Pasha, when he heard of it. "Did I not tell him I forgave him." Elfi Bey evidently judged his new master by himself. Such is Egyptian life in high places!

So little rain falls in Egypt that a much larger proportion of the life of the inhabitants is passed in the open air than in northern climates. Nothing can be more delightful than the temperature during the greater portion of the year, and, if the roads be kept well watered, so that the dust may not be troublesome, there is great pleasure in sitting out of doors, watching the passers-by. The street Mousky is the Pall-mall and Regent-street of Cairo combined. For fashionable lounging and open-air enjoyment in the evening, it is not to be equalled by any of the Boulevards of Paris. Nor can the latter compare with the street Mousky in the variety of animal life to be witnessed from its cafés and restaurants. Carriages, dromedaries, horses, camels, dromedaries, mules, and men, all pass in quick succession, apparently mixed

up often in inextricable confusion. It is in the graces of the higher class of the female sex that the street Mousky is deficient. But if wanting in the brilliant costumes and elegant figures that adorn the fashionable resorts of Paris, London, or Dublin, the street Mousky forms a far more suggestive study to the traveller, or the contemplative philosopher. So various are the costumes, so heterogeneous the languages spoken, that the motley groups that gives life and motion to the street Mousky, might be taken for detachments straight from the Tower of Babel.

Here it is that the fashionable part of the male population of Cairo loves to exhibit itself in the afternoon. Grooms run beside the horses' heads, as they still do in many parts of India and Ceylon, shouting to the passers-by to get out of the way, chaffing their comrades, abusing those who are too slow, brushing flies off their horses, and ever running along in the heat and dust all the time, as if they knew not what fatigue was. Always running, always laughing, talking, perspiring, and flourishing their horse-tail fly-flappers, they dash on, merriest and most hard-working of mortals, in and out amongst the horses and the vehicles, the donkeys, the pedestrians, and the camels—noisiest, most boisterous, and most patient of men.

In the shops crowds of the well-to-do classes may be seen making their purchases, whilst others sit outside enjoying their pipes, sipping their coffee or sherbet, watching the turmoil in the street, and listening to or repeating the gossip of Cairo and Alexandria.

It is not in many of the older streets of Cairo that carriages can thus pass by each other. They are too narrow. In two or three minutes you can pass on foot from the street Mousky into thorough-

fares in which the utmost circumspection is necessary in order to navigate safely the tortuous passages that wind about, full of humanity and of wares. The wary pedestrian, seeing a laden camel approach, or even a laden mule or donkey, with projecting panniers on either side, waits patiently in a doorway or an entry, till the poor beast, with its weary burden, has safely passed along. There is as much tact required to walk safely in Cairo as in London, only of a different kind. When the laden Moslem or poor Christian hits you with the burden he is carrying, he does not, like the London porter, ask you, "where you're a drivin' to?" but he looks at you simply, sorrowfully, pathetically, and then passes silently on, as if he had said in his heart, "What a poor half-witted creature you must be to get in the way like that." If he gave expression to his thoughts, however, it would be in Arabic or Coptic and would probably be as intelligible as his silence. So that you may translate either as you please.

They say there are four hundred mosques in Cairo, of the larger kind, and more than a hundred smaller ones; that is, in the city proper, without counting those in the suburbs. It may be so. I never counted them. But, looking at the city from an eminence, the domes and minarets appear to be well-nigh innumerable. The mosque of Amrou, general of the Chaliph Omar, who conquered Egypt in the seventh century, is one of the finest, as well as one of the oldest. It is covered with polished marble, in the purest Arabic style, and presents to the visitor the appearance of an immense range of cloisters. A gallery surrounds it within, supported by rows of the most elegant pillars. In the space for prayer in the centre the sky is the roof. The

fountain for ablution is of surprising richness and elegance, harmonizing well with the admirable proportions of the surrounding galleries and cloisters.

It is truly surprising, when we reflect upon it, this exquisite taste in architecture displayed by the Arabs. Where did they get it? We can easily understand that the forests gave many ideas to the original designers of Gothic buildings. The Greeks borrowed from the Egyptians and brought their architecture to perfection. But the Arabs could not get hints from the desert, and did not borrow from Egyptians or Assyrians. Yet the more purely Arabic a building is, the more chaste and beautiful it is! It is only when futile attempts are made to combine it with Hindu architecture in the far East, or with the architecture of Greece and Rome, as we see so often in modern Egypt, that it becomes grotesque and absurd. We have tried in England Gothic, Greek and Roman; nay, we have tried fantastic Chinese architecture, but Arabic, pure and simple, so far as I know, has not been tried.

The mosque dedicated to the Sultan Kaloum, in one of the worst quarters of Cairo, is much frequented by the sick. Kaloum had some reputation as a physician, and his robe, which possesses, they say, a marvellous healing power, is preserved in the mosque. There are various ornamental squares of marble, somewhat elevated above the floor, in the Kaloum mosque, which are also said to perform wonderful cures. By licking one with the tongue, the patient gets rid of jaundice; by rubbing the actual part affected over another, rheumatism is cured, and so on.

But, perhaps the strangest of these superstitions is that relating to the gift of children. It is a great reproach to the married

woman to be childless in the East—male children if possible, but children at all events, if boys cannot be obtained. To be a childless wife is a misfortune, and exposes the unhappy woman to contempt and vituperation from her husband's relatives. The barren have but to visit the Kaloum mosque. So say the Arabs. Pilgrims come from afar, often undergoing great fatigue and suffering to make the pilgrimage. We may smile at the poor Arab, at the ignorant Egyptian, but has not the Christianity of Southern Europe its parallel superstitions, as gross, as senseless, and as absurd?

One of the marble slabs in the mosque Kaloum is dedicated to the barren. A citron is provided. It has been blessed, and the sale of these citrons forms an important item in the revenue of the mosque. Any ordinary citron is useless. Seated on this marble slab, the poor woman sucks the citron. If she does this, nothing doubting—faith is absolutely necessary, unhesitating, perfect faith—then the reproach of her barrenness will be removed, and she goes to her home a happy woman. O faith! how many lies have been told, how much chicanery has been successful in thy name!

Not far from the mosque of the Sultan Kaloum is the college where the young neophytes are educated, who are ultimately to become the Moslem priests, the Imams of Mohammedanism. Bigotry and hatred of Christians used to be rife here. A few years ago, long after Egypt had become the highway to India, a European could not visit this college without having the most opprobrious terms flung at him in Arabic. Most probably he knew nothing of Arabic, and the terms, infidel, dog, unbeliever, son of the devil, and other such amenities, he might mistake for compliments, in the tone and manner did not

betray the animus of the speaker. The lowering eyes, the threatening aspect too often revealed what the mere words could not convey. But all that is changed now. The European proclivities of the reigning Viceroy have stamped out the open expression of intolerance and religious animosity. It may be felt, it doubtless too often is felt, by the neophyte, all zeal, enthusiasm, and misguided faith, but the outward expression is checked. Even in those days when opprobrious words were freely hurled at the European, there was no fear of violence. Egypt was too well drilled for that. Its rulers saw too plainly that its prosperity, its civilization, its advancement in every way depended too much upon Europeans, upon France and England notably—to permit of open violence anywhere to Christians.

A few years ago the French had completely monopolized Cairo and Alexandria. The names of the streets were posted up in Arabic and French. The discipline and uniform of the military were French. The methods of education, the forms of official intercourse, the entire mould of the civilization then being introduced was altogether French. But since the late Franco-German war, there has been a marvellous change in all this. American officers have been called in to fill the highest situations in the military department, whilst Englishmen superintend the finances, the navy, the railways and the manufactures. The construction of the Suez Canal doubtless did much to render French influence supreme in former years. The French make bad colonizers, we are fond of asserting, but they evidently assimilate with foreign people more easily than we do. They are more cosmopolitan, less reserved, less opinionative. A few years ago there was more French in proportion spoken and printed in Cairo and Alexandria, than English

in Delhi and Lucknow. But the fearful losses sustained by the French in their war with Prussia have shaken their influence and destroyed their prestige all over the East, from Tunis to Hong Kong. It was on their military prowess that they prided themselves, and it was that very military prowess which Prussia overcame.

There are few more interesting objects of study in Cairo than the schools established by Miss Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin. It was for her health's sake that Miss Whately first went to Egypt. Now she has made it her home, and, in doing so, has rendered her life a source of blessing to thousands, and has made herself a heroine. The interest in the poor, which she had first displayed in Dublin, re-appeared in Cairo, and her sympathy for the ignorance and degradation of the Moslem girls was speedily aroused. For the boys there was even then a certain education provided by the State, and, imperfect as it was, it was better than nothing. Their moral nature was developed by lessons of charity and kindness to the poor, the duty of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked was impressed upon them; that they should love and honour their parents, support them in their old age, pray three times a day, abstain from all intoxicating liquors—as well as not to steal, or to tell lies. These, with a little Arabic, committing parts of the Koran to memory, a little arithmetic, and a little writing, constituted the education provided by the State in those days. It has been very much improved and extended since that time. But this education was provided for the boys only.

As for the girls, Miss Whately found that, had they been beasts of the field, hardly less care could

have been bestowed upon the development of their minds. With scarcely any ideas of religion or morality, their knowledge was limited to assisting their mothers in household duties, in making bread, and attending to the little ones. Marriage followed the domestic training, marriage at eleven or twelve years of age to a boy two or three years older than herself, and when the tawdry show of the marriage feast was over, the girl found she had exchanged the drudgery of her mother's home for that of her mother-in-law, without affection to sweeten or lighten the labour.

In these poor girls, so neglected, so uncared for, Miss Whately saw the elements of good. They were affectionate, obedient, and loving to their parents, and particularly grateful for any kindness shown to them. She learned Arabic that she might be able to converse with them face to face, without the intervention of an interpreter, and soon a little ragged school for Moslem girls was opened in one of the poorest quarters of Cairo. To this work of female education in Egypt Miss Whately has since devoted her life. She and Miss Arnott in Jaffa, and others like them in Jerusalem, Damascus, and elsewhere, are the true heroines of this latter part of the nineteenth century. None but those who know how totally the thoughts, words, and lives of such children as those of Egypt and Syria, differ from those of Western Europe, can have an idea of the daily self-abnegation, the perpetual heroism, the persevering sacrifice of comfort, lengthened out month by month, year by year, which are necessary to enable any one to adopt, and to keep to, such a career.

Miss Whately had a hard battle to fight at first. When she consulted the European residents in

Cairo, they assured her that the idea was absurd. They said that Moslem girls would not go to school. The higher orders were kept strictly secluded, and their parents had no desire to have them instructed. And amongst the lower orders the difficulties would be insurmountable. The Copts were professing Christians, and amongst them something might be done, but certainly not amongst the Moslems. Miss Whately, however, was not to be prevented from making the trial. She took the first floor of a house for the purpose, and engaged the services of two Syrian girls, poor but well-educated, to assist her. They could speak both Arabic and English. But the difficulty was to get scholars. There were so many prejudices to be overcome, such a host of difficulties to be encountered and to be vanquished. Her assistants endeavoured to get pupils, but desisted when they saw the storm of opposition that was raised. The mothers of the girls whom Miss Whately endeavoured to attract to her school actually cursed her in the streets, and threw dust at her as she passed.

But resolution and patient perseverance will conquer most obstacles. Miss Whately continued her kind attentions to the little ones and the hearts of the mothers began to be softened to her. They are fond of their children, and any kindness shown to the latter soon propitiates the mothers. She had fortunately some medical skill, and this she liberally bestowed in attending to the ailments of the little ones. Gradually, but slowly, prejudices were removed, and those who had cursed at first, learned afterwards to bless. Gradually, but slowly, she made the acquaintance of many of these poor women, and their gratitude was aroused by the benefits which they obtained from her.

Was not this true heroism? Ignominy, opposition, cursing, contumely, and outrage gave place by degrees to kindness, gratitude, affection, and respect. She would sit with them in their cottages and tell them tales from Holy Scripture which interested them. She would bring medicine and comforting words to their little households. She would minister to the necessities of the sick, and sympathize in the hopes and fears, the trials, sufferings, and the joys of those who were well. And thus little by little their hearts were won.

Still, when the subject of education was mooted, they would say, "What use can education be to our daughters? Their duties are to make bread, to care for their husbands and children, to carry water from the Nile, to do the housework. All this we can do, and we never learned to read." But Miss Whately was not weary in well-doing. She pointed out that other things besides reading would be taught. Needlework would be of essential service in housekeeping. Many of them assented to this, and promised to allow their children to go on condition that they should learn needlework alone. A compromise was agreed to. They should learn needlework, but they should learn reading too. Thus promises were obtained.

And so a beginning was made. The school-room was put in order. Some texts were written out in Arabic; some pictures procured for the walls. Alphabet cards, too, and a work-basket. The school-room was ready: but still the pupils did not come. A fruit-seller lived opposite. Miss Whately begged him to send his little daughter Kadija, and her sisters, with whom she was acquainted. He replied gruffly that they were Moslems, and did not want instruction.

Discouraged, but not disheartened, Miss Whately went round to all the mothers she knew, begging of them to send their daughters. Some promised that they should attend next day. And next day, with her little assistant Syrians, she waited for the promised pupils, greatly afraid that none would come, for she knew by sad experience how very untruthful they were. At length a mother appeared with a girl of eight or nine years of age. She had come according to promise, but only to tell Miss Whately that her daughter was afraid to remain that day. She should come again, however, on the morrow. And so she went away. Two others came afterwards with their mothers. Words of kindness and caresses were bestowed upon them, and, by ten o'clock on that eventful morning, Miss Whately had nine pupils, all Moslems.

Here was a great triumph! The school duties began. The pupils were seated in a semicircle round her on a mat, and their names taken down. Five letters of the Arabic alphabet were taught to them on that day. Each letter was shown to them, drawn on a separate card, and they commenced to learn. They were soon weary of the letters, however, and begged that the needlework might begin. It was absolutely necessary to conciliate them, if the undertaking were to be a success at all, and so the needlework *was* begun. Thimbles were produced, a little line, needles and thread, and so the first lessons were given. Clumsy enough were the first efforts, but the children were proud of them, and took home in triumph the results of their first day's instruction in needlework.

Fourteen pupils made their appearance next day. It was a great triumph. As each came to

the door she kicked off her slippers, advanced to kiss the hand of her mistress and to lay it on her head, squatted on a mat, in a semicircle, as on the previous day, and the Arabic alphabet was resumed. They learned some of the letters. They learned, too, some texts that were in harmony with their own faith, and the fact was impressed upon them that women, too, had soul as well as men. This was in 1862.

Three months after the opening, Miss Whately had forty-six pupils, most of them Moslems. But Copts, the native Christians of Egypt, and Jews, began also to join the school, and its reputation spread far and wide in Cairo. In 1864 Miss Whately determined to commence a boys' school. She began with sixteen pupils, a number which soon increased to seventy, and applications for admission were so numerous that it was impossible for her to comply with them all. The difficulty of obtaining efficient assistance at first impeded her efforts very much. This was removed when Mr. Mansoor Shakoore, a Syrian gentleman, joined her. He was a man of education, of devotion to the work of piety, and of patient perseverance in well-doing. His two brothers subsequently joined him, and, from that time, both female and male schools have flourished exceedingly, increasing yearly in numbers and reputation.

A young lady from Jaffa, trained at Miss Arnott's school there, joined Miss Whately at Cairo, and proved a valuable teacher. She was subsequently married to Mr. Shakoore, and was regarded by Miss Whately as a daughter. When I visited the schools, in April last year, we were most kindly taken over the whole by Miss Whately herself, and to me nothing was more interesting in the establishment than the affect-

tion exhibited by Mrs. Shakoor's children for Miss Whateley. They sat upon her knee and called her "grandmama." Mrs. Shakoor had recently lost her husband, but she found a mother in her kind patron. The duties of the schools were still ably superintended by herself and her late husband's brother.

At the period of our visit there were two hundred and twenty boys and a hundred and sixty girls in attendance—the majority Moslems, the rest Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. All of them cleanly, all bright, active, and intelligent.

The schoolrooms for the boys are on the ground-floor, divided into three apartments, each containing two classes. The schoolrooms for the girls are above, and, although both amongst the boys and girls there were evidently some of them very poor, yet cleanliness was apparent everywhere. The original jealousy and prejudice have given place to confidence, and the very cleanliness apparent is a proof of the inroads already made upon the superstitions of the poor.

Ablutions are enjoined by the Moslem faith upon the adults—frequent ablutions—but Egyptian mothers seem to consider that the greater the amount of dirt upon the hands and faces of their children the greater is their security from the evil eye. In the cleanliness that reigns throughout these schools, therefore, a cleanliness rigidly enforced, we see evidence of a great victory gained over prejudice and superstition. It may be that the great scourge of Egypt, ophthalmia, owes much of its prevalence to this superstition.

Like the population of Cairo itself, the schools seem to contain a mixture of very various nationalities, and examples of all colours, from the deep black of the Nubian

or the Abyssinian, to the light, fair, rosy face of the Syrian from Lebanon. They were all being instructed together, exactly in the same way, seated beside each other, no distinction being made on account of creed, colour, or nationality. All were apparently on terms of the most perfect amity and friendship with each other. A few of the Christian pupils are orphans who have been adopted by Miss Whateley.

The religious instruction given has been eminently judicious. The seeds of Christianity were sown without any attacks being made upon the principles of any other creed. The Old and New Testaments were the text-books, and in order to learn Arabic, and French, and English, the pupils read them with interest. The Moslems feel interested besides in the narratives of both the Old and New Testaments, because many of these narratives are incorporated with the Koran, whilst every sect of Christians of course admitted the authority of the sacred books. Abraham, Moses, David, and Christ, are sacred names to the Moslems as to the Christians. The difference is that the former place Mohammed above them all. But, with the Bible as a text-book, all the pupils of the schools soon began to regard these narratives, and these sacred characters, in the same light—line upon line, and precept upon precept gradually let in the light, and expelled the darkness. The principles of Christianity were engrafted into their minds, even although they might not call themselves Christians; prejudices were weakened or uprooted, good seed was sown, and a fair field prepared for its growth and nurture.

The history of a poor Coptic orphan is a proof of the kindly feeling generated by the instruction given in the school. He presented

himself for admission, in rags, looking wan, half starved and miserable. Rags were no obstacle, but his were far worse than usual. When he had been submitted to a thorough ablution, he was admitted. Shortly after, Miss Whately was away for some days, unavoidably, and on her return she found the little Coptic waif better dressed, and looking as if he had been better fed than formerly. She inquired, and found that since he had been admitted as a scholar he had slept every night in the stable of the donkey belonging to one of the masters. The Moslem boys had each day fed him with part of the food brought to school for their own nourishment during the day, and had supplied him with better clothing than he had had before. They had interested their friends and relatives in him, and this was the result.

It was a very interesting task to go through the various classes, to hear them read in Arabic, in French, and in English. They answered questions with great intelligence, and the girls exhibited their work with modest diffidence, but still with some degree of pride. Questions in geography, in history, and in arithmetic were answered with quickness, and frequently with accuracy, and there could be no doubt of the progress the children were making in their studies, and of the consequent development of their intellectual faculties.

The year before our arrival was the first in which Miss Whately had obtained sufficient assistance, by donations and otherwise, to meet the expenses of the schools; year by year before that, the burden had fallen chiefly on herself. She was then beginning to hope for better things in the future. Nothing but funds was wanting to enable her to develop the work considerably, and to enlarge the sphere of her operations. When one considers the

mass of wealth in England, which is available for charitable purposes, and the anxiety of its owners to find fitting means of disposing of it to advantage, surely the exertions of Miss Whately require but to be widely known to ensure for her the supplies she needs.

The school of Miss Arnott in Jaffa, which I subsequently visited, is devoted to girls only, and many of them are altogether supported in the establishment. Miss Arnott, like Miss Whately, has devoted herself to philanthropy of the highest and noblest character, and in so doing both have achieved heroism that raises them far above the ordinary level of humanity. How different their lives from those passed in the inane round of laborious idleness, visits, morning calls and evening receptions, which fill up the days of so many of the same class in England and France!

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with similar disinterested philanthropy in India. Dr. Condon, Civil Surgeon of Cawnpore, was a few years ago Civil Surgeon of Nainee Tal, among the Himalayas. Commiserating the condition of the poorer classes of Christians in India, he established schools there both for boys and girls, exerting himself to get subscriptions from the officers of Government, and others in the neighbourhood. In this good work he was nobly assisted by Col. Ramsay, Commissioner of the province in which Nainee Tal is situated. No better locality could have been chosen for the schools. In that elevated district the poor children enjoy a temperate climate, and the health and strength-giving breezes of the mountains play around them.

By dint of great exertions on Dr. Condon's part, the schools were successfully established, efficient teachers were obtained from England, and the attention of the director of Public Instruction, as well as of the

Missionary Societies, was at length directed towards them. Now they enjoy a government grant, and are assisted by the Diocesan Educational Fund, so that their future may be considered secured. Doubtless animated by the success which had attended his efforts in Nainee Tal, Dr. Condon, when he was transferred to Cawnpore, began again the same labour of love. He established schools both for resident and non-resident children, male and female, at which the payments should be of the smallest, for the benefit of the poor Christian inhabitants of Cawnpore, and its neighbourhood. There is a large number of such there—Europeans employed upon the railways, Eurasians, or children of mixed European and Asiatic parentage, and poor native Christians. They gladly took advantage of the education offered to them—the schools became a great fact, and a great blessing to the district, and now the American mission in India, seeing their value, have taken them over, and superintend them. Funds are wanting to enable them to erect suitable buildings, and it is not likely that these funds can be obtained from the Government, hampered as the Indian finances now are, by the loss caused by the depreciation in the value of silver, and by the expenses of an extensive famine. Such examples of philanthropy as these do honour to human nature. Ireland has reason to be proud of Miss Whately and of Dr. Condon; and Scotland of Miss Arnott.

It must not be supposed, however, that Miss Whately's are the only efforts now being made in Egypt for the education of girls. The American mission schools were opened in Cairo, in 1855. At first they were confined to boys, and they owed much of their success to the patronage and assistance of the late and the present Viceroy. Now they embrace two colleges, three

boys' schools, four girls' schools, and a mixed school, and are established at Alexandria and at Assiout, as well as in Cairo. It was from one of these that the Maharanee Dhuleep Singh came, and the Maharajah has ever since been one of their most liberal patrons.

In the spring of 1873 the Princess Isheshma Haft Hanun, third wife of the Viceroy, opened schools for girls in Cairo, which are now attended by more than 450 pupils, nearly half of whom are boarders, lodged, clothed, fed and educated, at the expense of the Princess. These pupils are from all classes of society, pashas' daughters and slave girls, Arabs, Copts, Nubians, Jews, and Abyssinians. The course of instruction comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, geography, music, plain and ornamental needlework, cookery and domestic economy, with the Turkish, Arabic, English, and French languages. The Koran is taught to the Moslem pupils only. The course of instruction is intended to embrace five years. There are in this establishment fifteen masters and mistresses, two of the latter being European Christians.

The Egyptian Government has made very praiseworthy exertions in the way of education of late years. It has a European director of public instruction: 4,817 schools of all kinds, 140,900 pupils under instruction, and it spends more than £80,000 a year upon education, whilst Turkey, with a population seven times as great, spends only £50,000. There are amongst these government establishments, elementary and advanced public schools, normal schools for teachers, schools for the blind, colleges in connection with the chief Mosques, civil municipal schools, and Arab primary schools.

And yet, with all this manifest improvement going on in Egypt—

its railways and its canals, its roads and manufactures, its ports and harbours, its schools and its judicial reforms—there are men. and there are journals that will tell you Egypt is as barbarous as ever, that its ruler is a man sunk in vice and debauchery, who makes no effort to improve the country. and that progress there is unknown. Such statements may be the result either of ignorance or of wilful calumny. In either case they are equally untrue and censurable.

There is an Agricultural School at Kobbah, near Cairo, founded by

Prince Tewfik Pasha, the heir-apparent, in which sixty to seventy young men are taught the true principles of agriculture, according to the best instruction to be derived from France and England—a school in itself sufficient to refute the statements of these calumniators. To this may be added the fact that the proportion of children taught by the Government in Egypt, is greater than that taught by the governments of Russia or of Portugal, when compared with the respective populations.

BURIED POETS.

BY THE LANCASHIRE WITCH.

: ARTHUR MURPHY.

An important figure at an important period in the history of our literature, more especially that of dramatic poetry, was the learned Irishman bearing the above name; and who rests at Hammersmith Church near London, with the following lines for an epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Arthur Murphy, Esq., a barrister-at-law, of distinguished character, a dramatic poet of great celebrity, a scholar of rare attainment, a political writer of no common consideration, a loyal subject, and a sincere Christian."

Nor are these words a piece of mere flattery, for he shone in each of the kinds of writing attributed to him, and his talents were fully recognized by the existing Govern-

ment when it bestowed a pension on him.

Beyond a few pages dedicated to his memory in Fitzgerald's *Life of Garrick*, we do not believe that his fortune has been alluded to for many long years; and certainly Fitzgerald's mention of him is anything but honourable, indeed the man appears a very despicable character in those pages. But one who could appear successfully as the friend of Foote and Garrick, Johnson and Kit Smart, as the most popular dramatic poet of his day, as the guest of lords and ladies, being honoured with invitations from Holland House, as an actor of no mean power, as a barrister, as a translator of Sallust, Tacitus,

and part of Cicero, as the biographer of Fielding, the great David, and Dr. Johnson, must have been a most versatile man, full of learning and thought. For be it borne in mind that he ran in a race where a little lameness would have been followed by a dead failure, and the respect and honour he received in his own day show in what esteem his genius and morality were held.

Arthur Murphy was the son of a Dublin merchant, and according to a note in his mother's prayer book he was born on the 27th of December, 1727, at Clooniquin, in the house of his mother's eldest brother. For commercial reasons his father, whilst Arthur and his brother were still young, sailed to Philadelphia, and was lost at sea, leaving his widow and children not over well provided for. Their relations, however, were people of position, and Mrs. Plunkett took Arthur in hand, received him in her house at Boulogne, and afterwards sent him to the College of St. Omer. Here he passed under the name of Arthur French (the latter being his mother's name before marriage), being compelled to do so, to save himself from the penalties of a law prohibiting natives of Britain to pass over to Catholic Seminaries, and to evade which they changed their names. The course of studies lasted six years, during which period he astounded the Jesuits, his professors, by publicly reciting the whole of the *Æneid*, upon which occasion the President said to him: "Gallus nomine, Gallus es, qui simul ac expandis, cæteros super volitas." After completing the ordinary routine, he was sent to London, where he arrived in July, 1744.

His guardian and uncle, Jeffery French, was a man of business—Murphy afterwards represented him in his comedies and farces—and a

man who believed that the way to spell poetry was *ruin*. Upon Arthur's first introduction to him, the stern man, asked him to construe a Latin line. The youth did so, adding that he knew the whole of the *Æneid* off by heart.

But there was a vulnerable point in the nephew; the uncle loved figures, his ward hated them. "If," continued the merchant, "I have fifty acres of land, and can only get two men to work at two acres per day, how many days will it take to do the whole?" "Sir?" "Can't you answer? then I would not give a farthing for all you know. Get Cocker's Arithmetic, you may buy it at any stall for a shilling; and mind me, young man, did you ever hear mass when abroad?" "Sir, I did like the rest of the boys." "Then, mark my words, let me never hear that you go to mass again; it is a mean, beggarly, black-guard religion."

Here is the identical man from whom the character of Wingate in the "Apprentice" was drawn; and who utters the following expression upon hearing that his son, who has a leaning for the stage, has left him to follow his ideal pursuit:—

"Ay, that damned Shakspeare; I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer stealer in Warwickshire—I never read Shakspeare. Wounds! I caught the rascal myself reading that nonsensical play of Hamlet, where the prince is keeping company with strollers and vagabonds. A fine example, Mr. Gurgle." Such were the opinions of the guardian of the future dramatic poet.

However, after Cocker's Arithmetic had been procured, the uncle sent Arthur to Cork to business, and afterwards wished to ship him out to Jamaica; to which the youth objected, and the uncle being enraged at what he termed disobedience and ingratitude, resolved to have no more to do with his refrac-

tory ward, who came back to London and got employment in the house of Alderman Ironside.

He now began to frequent the theatres, and witnessed the performances of Garrick, Cooke, and Barry; with those of Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard. He also sought after company at the Bedford, in the Piazza, where such men as Fielding, Dr. Barrowly, Churchill, Coleman and Smart met, and where he became personally acquainted with them, the first of his friendships being that which he opened with Foote.

He then abandoned business, for which he was not suited, and started the *Gray's Inn Journal*, in which he wrote some very excellent essays, but which he afterwards threw up and took to the stage, appearing as Othello. Then he sought admission to the Middle Temple, which, after considerable delay and discomfort, through the influence of Lord Mansfield, the same whose house Lord George Gordon's mob burned, was granted, and he began to study law. But dramatic composition held its sway over him, and tragedy followed tragedy, and comedy was followed by farce. He had many disputes and quarrels about the production of these plays, but most of them, when placed on the boards, gained a triumph.

He was severely ridiculed by Churchill, Lloyd, and Coleman, but he returned their satire in a spirited manner; his reply being applauded by Dr. Johnson. He now went circuit, and kept a fashionable lady at Richmond, named Miss Elliott, whom he brought out on the stage. Returning one day very suddenly, he found venison roasting for the Earl of Bristol, who it appears was a constant visitor when the lady's acknowledged protector was away. For this breach of faith Murphy discarded her, and she became the

favourite of a member of the royal family.

He was often troubled with vexations during his career as a barrister, but he felt satisfied in his last illness that he had done his duty in this world, and was about to leave it with honour. His health fell off gradually, and when Foote visited him he found the author's hands cold and damp, and his mouth open. He frequently repeated Pope's beautiful lines:—

“ Taught half by reason, half by mere
decay,
To welcome death and calmly pass
away.”

Before he expired, he lost the power of speech, and death called him its own on the 18th of June, 1805.

Such is a very short account of a very long, very active, and eventful life, which has been narrated in detail by Jesse Foote in a ponderous biography.

From a picture before me, Murphy, in his bloom, was a fine figure; neither corpulent nor thin; graceful and tall, with his limbs well adjusted; his nose was aquiline, and his countenance was lit up with full bright eyes.

We now come to speak of the monuments he has left behind him. He wrote and produced some sixteen plays of different kinds, besides those he left in manuscript. From this number we will select one or two for particular mention. His two best tragedies are called—“The Orphan of China,” and “The Grecian Daughter.”

Of the first Garrick said, “The character of the daughter is one of the finest for an actress in all the dramatic circle.” This is an opinion which has been strengthened by equally illustrious judges, who have not been backward to express their opinion. It was said by some

that the play was a translation or adaptation of Voltaire's tragedy of the same name, but this was proved false, for Murphy wrote to the French poet, and the philosopher of Ferney, said the allegation had no foundation.

The "Grecian Daughter," is a beautiful representation of the "pious fraud of charity and love," the fable of which is found in Valerius Maximus. The subject was first suggested to Murphy through a visit to the house of a celebrated painter, where a picture hung, showing the daughter suckling her aged and imprisoned father. He burst into tears upon gazing at it, and afterwards wrote the tragedy under notice. As Mrs. Inchbald remarks, "Perhaps of all events recorded in history that filial piety upon which the fable of this play is founded, may be classed among the most affecting; yet it is one the most hazardous for a dramatist to adopt; for nothing less than complete skill, could have given to this singular occurrence effectual force, joined to becoming delicacy. In this arduous effort, Mr. Murphy has evinced the most exact judgment, and the nicest execution."

The play is worked with minute exactness, it proceeds orderly and rapidly, the language is equal to the conception and situation, the scenes are pitiful and the bare perusal of so great a masterpiece leaves a picture on the memory which rouses our admiration for the author. How striking yet delicate is the passage where Philotas tells Arcas of the Grecian Daughter's heroism.

"O! I can hold no more! at such a sight
E'en the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant softness—Arcas, go, behold,
The pious fraud of charity and of love;

Behold that unexampled goodness;
see
The expedient sharp necessity has taught her;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view
A child like her.
* * * *

O! filial piety, the milk designed
For her own offspring on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever."

He generally took his fables from history, as the tragedy of "Zenobia," "Alzuma," and others bear witness. Besides these, he wrote comedies. "The Way to Keep Him," "All in the Wrong," and many farces, the richest of which, is called the "Apprentice." It is an ingenious satire on a pernicious folly, prevalent among young people, who, without the requisite talent, lose their time and reputation on the works of authors, who would be unable in such hands, to recognize their own offspring. It was first performed in 1756, at Drury Lane, and induced a great reform, though many stage-struck heroes in these days "leave their calling for this idle trade." Garrick wrote the prologue, and says, speaking of amateur club houses.

"'Tis called the Spouting Club—a glorious treat
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street,
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who—all day long enacts a woollen draper;
There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,
Cries out with hollow voice, List, list, O list,
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacco-nist."

These words would do service to hundreds of young men, if they allowed the ridicule contained in them to chastise themselves.

So much for Murphy's dramatic

works. A rather curious incident took place upon the publication of our author's translation of Sallust, to which he appended the name of George Frederick Sydney. A person of that name actually called upon the publisher, and in all earnestness told him he had no business to make use of his name in that manner.

Murphy and Smart were joint authors of the poem, "The Hiliad," published at a time when the town rang with laughter at such compositions as "an Elegy not written in a Churchyard, but in a Chop House," "Ode to the Naiads of Fleet Ditch," &c.

The following song is a sample of Murphy's lighter strain—

" In vain I range the tuneful grove
Or glade bedropped with dew,
Or seek by winding stream my love
Ah! Dorilas, adieu.

" And yet some god the youth shall
save
Some god the youth shall cheer,

Venus shall guard the charms she
gave,
Then why should Flora fear ?

" Venus, the Mantuan shepherd sings,
Spread round a silver cloud,
And bore her son on zephyr's wings
Safe to the longing crowd.

" So should I wind in vain the stream
Or range the grove or glade,
Sudden from heaven itself he'll beam,
And bless a constant maid."

Such was Murphy—a scholar, poet, and a man of integrity. Perhaps his hasty temper got him into disputes a less hot headed man would have evaded, but it was easy to get into quarrels when Grub Street was in its pride. Never in his works or life was he lewd or low; and industry must have been his crowning virtue, or he could never have accomplished half the work he did, for as a writer he was as prolific as Goldsmith, could hold forth upon as many different topics, all that he touched he adorned, and all honour must necessarily be his.

TALES FROM BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON.

A JEW'S CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.

THERE was once a large merchant at Paris named John Civigni, a man of strict integrity and honour, who carried on an extensive cloth trade, and was on very intimate terms with a wealthy Jew named Abraham, like himself, a merchant of good repute. John, observing his rectitude of character, was grieved to think so wise and good a man might go to perdition through want of the true faith. He therefore began in a friendly way to beg him to abandon the errors of the Jewish faith and embrace the Christian religion, which he might see to be continually advancing, as being holy and good, while his own was declining and coming to nothing. The Jew replied that he considered no faith holy and good but the Jewish, that in that he was born, and in that he meant to live and die, nor could anything induce him to change.

Nevertheless, a few days afterwards, John renewed his attempt, showing, as well as a layman could, on what grounds the Christian religion was preferable to the Jewish; and however well instructed the Jew was in his faith, yet John's great friendship and kindness, or perhaps the power of the truth uttered even by unlearned lips, had great influence over him. Still, he obstinately refused to yield, though his friend never ceased to urge him with arguments and entreaties. At last he was so far prevailed on as to say, "You wish me to become a

Christian, and I am so disposed to accede to your wish, that I have made up my mind first to go to Rome, and there see him whom you represent to be the vicar of God on earth, and observe his conduct and mode of life, as well as those of his brethren the cardinals; and if they appear to me to be such that from them and your arguments I can consider your religion better than mine, I will embrace it; if not, I shall continue to be a Jew."

When John heard this, he was extremely grieved, and said to himself, "I have lost the labour which I thought well employed, and successful in converting him; for if he goes to Rome and sees the wicked, impure life of the clergy there, not only will he not become a Christian, but if he had become one, he would certainly turn Jew again." Addressing Abraham, he said, "My dear friend, why should you take so much trouble as it would cost you to go to Rome? Moreover, to a man like you, travelling by sea or land is very dangerous. Do you suppose you cannot obtain baptism here? And if you have any doubts as to the faith which I have explained and proved to you, where will you find abler instructors or better men to satisfy your mind than here? Therefore, in my opinion, this journey of yours would be superfluous. You may take it for granted that the bishops there are such as you see here, and better in proportion as they are nearer to the chief pastor. At some future time it may be worth your while to go

there on some pilgrimage to obtain pardon, and perhaps I shall be able to go with you."

To this the Jew replied, "It may be as you say, John, but, taking all things into consideration, I have quite made up my mind to go, if you wish me to do what you have so often urged upon me, and only on that condition will I comply with your wish."

John, seeing his determination, said, "Go, then, by all means," and took it for granted he would never become a Christian after having seen the court of Rome.

The Jew set off, and went as quickly as he could to Rome, where on his arrival he was honourably received by the Jewish residents. And remaining there, without telling any one the object of his visit, he began to observe the conduct of the pope and cardinals, the other prelates and all the courtiers, and being a man of experience and knowledge of the world, he managed to get at the truth. He found that all, from the highest to the lowest, indulged in the grossest vices without restraint, shame, or remorse, and that women and youths of abandoned character were high in favour and influence. Drunkenness, gluttony, and sensuality were notoriously prevalent. On looking more closely, he found all covetous and greedy of money, for which the most sacred offices and privileges were bought and sold like cloth or any other article of merchandise at Paris; open simony being called agency, and gluttony sustenance, as if the crimes and evil purposes of men could be concealed from the knowledge of God by false names, just as men are deceived by them.

All these things, with many others that do not need special mention, were highly displeasing to the Jew, who was sober and modest in character. After having seen as much as he wanted, he returned to Paris.

John, having heard of his return, lost no time in calling upon him, expecting anything but his conversion to Christianity. He met with a very friendly reception, and, after a few days' rest, he asked him what he thought of the pope, the cardinals, and the other members of the court.

In reply the Jew said, "It seems to me that the wrath of Heaven must be upon all of them, for I assure you that, as far as I could learn, there is no sanctity, no devotion, no purity, or anything good to be found in any of the clergy. All I could see was, that luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse—if there can be anything worse in any one—were so much in favour with all, that I should have taken the place for the scene of diabolical operations, rather than of divine worship and religious duties. And, as far as I can judge with all possible care and attention, it seems to me that your chief pastor and all his subordinates are doing their utmost to bring the Christian religion to nought, and drive it out of the world, at the very spot where they ought to be its chief foundation and support. Wherefore, though I stood firm and unyielding against your exhortations, and would not become a Christian, I now tell you plainly I wish to become one without delay, as I am convinced that a religion which has maintained its ground in spite of such deadly attacks upon its existence, must be divine."

His friend, who expected a directly contrary conclusion to this, was highly delighted, and not a little astonished. They went to the church of Notre Dame at Paris, where the Jew was baptized and received into the church, his name being changed to that of his friend, John. He afterwards received instruction in all the principles of the Christian faith, and distinguished

himself by the excellence of his life and the sanctity of his character.

THE THREE RINGS.

SALADIN, whose valour was such that by means of it he had raised himself from the condition of a private man to be Sultan of Babylon, and won many victories over both Saracens and Christians, having spent all his treasure in wars and costly magnificence, found himself embarrassed for want of money. As he was wondering how he could most readily obtain some, he bethought him of a rich Jew who lent money on usury at Alexandria. He knew he could assist him, if he chose, but was so avaricious that he would not be willing. His need being urgent, he thought of every possible way of forcing him without open violence, and at last sent for him, received him kindly, and, having told him to be seated, said, "My worthy friend, I have heard from many that you are very wise, and have superior knowledge of divine things. I should, therefore, like to know which of the three religions is the true one, the Jewish, the Saracen, or the Christian?"

The Jew, who was really a wise man, saw only too plainly that Saladin was on the look-out to catch him in his words, so as to have a plausible ground of complaint against him, and felt sure he could not praise any one of the three without letting Saladin gain his object. Consequently, he had to quickly think of some answer by which he could not be caught, and having soon made up his mind what to say, he thus addressed Saladin:

"Sire, the question you propose to me is a good one, and to show you what I think on the subject, I will tell you an anecdote I have often heard.

"There was once a rich man of high rank, who, amongst the other precious jewels in his possession, had a very beautiful and costly ring. Wishing to show his high estimate of its beauty and worth, and to leave it as a perpetual inheritance for his descendants, he ordered that whoever of his sons was found to possess it after his death, should be acknowledged and honoured as heir to all his property and rank. He to whom it was thus left gave the same direction to his sons as his predecessor had, and in this way the ring descended from one generation to another repeatedly, till at last it came into the possession of a father who had three handsome and excellent sons, all obedient to him, and all equally beloved by him. Knowing the custom which prevailed with regard to the ring, each strove eagerly in the best way he could to induce his father, who was now old, to leave it to him. The good man, who loved all alike, could not decide who should have it, but having promised it to each, he thought he could manage to satisfy all three. For this purpose he secretly got a skilful workman to make two other rings, so much like the one he had to leave, that even the maker of them could scarcely tell which was the right one. Finding himself near his end, he secretly gave a ring to each of his sons.

"After his death each claimed to be heir, and denied the title to the others, each producing his ring in support of his claim. The rings were found to be so much alike that it could not be decided which was the true one, and the question has never yet been settled.

"So I say to you, sire, with respect to the three religions about which you have questioned me. The followers of each claim the inheritance and the possession of the true law and commandments,

but who really have and perform them is, like the question with regard to the rings, still undecided."

Saladin recognized the skill with which the Jew had avoided the snare he had laid for him, and therefore determined to explain to him his need of assistance, and see whether he was willing to serve him. He carried out his determination, and frankly told him what he had intended to do if he had not answered so discreetly. The Jew liberally supplied him with the amount he required, and Saladin made him afterwards ample return for the favour, not only repaying him with interest, but bestowing upon him very valuable gifts besides, treating him always as a friend, and retaining him in an honourable position at his court.

THE PATIENT GRISELDA.

WALTER, Marquis of Luzon, a young man without wife or children, spent his time in nothing but hunting and hawking, nor did he ever think of marrying and having a family. This displeased his dependants, who repeatedly begged him to take a wife, that he might not be without heir, nor they without a lord, offering to find him one of such a character and family as to afford every prospect of making him happy.

Walter replied, "My friends, you press upon me what I had quite made up my mind never to do, considering how hard it is to meet with a person who suits one's tastes and habits, how many there are of an opposite character, and how wretched a life he leads who has a wife that does not suit him. And it is folly for you to suppose you can select me a suitable wife by judging of her merits from those of her father and mother; for, even

if you could gain a thorough knowledge of both father and mother, that would not be sufficient, as daughters are often very different from their parents. But since you wish to bind me with the bond of wedlock, I consent; and that I may have no one but myself to blame, if it turns out badly, I will choose for myself. At the same time I give you warning, that if my wife is not treated by you with honour as a lady, you will suffer for having prevailed upon me to marry against my inclination."

The good people replied that they would be satisfied if he would but take a wife.

For some time past, Walter had been pleased with the appearance and manners of a poor girl, living in a cottage near his mansion, and he thought she might make him a good wife. Therefore, without looking about any further, he sent for her father, who was very poor, and obtained his consent to the marriage. He then assembled his friends, and said, "You have asked me to marry, and I am willing to do so, more for the sake of pleasing you than from any wish of my own. You know what you promised me, viz., to honour as a lady whomsoever I may choose. The time is come for me to fulfil my promise to you, and you yours to me. I have found a young woman to my taste, not far from here, whom I intend to take as wife, and bring her home in a few days. Therefore take care to make the wedding as grand and happy as you can, that I may be satisfied with the performance of your promise, and you with the fulfilment of mine."

The worthy folks all cheerfully replied that they were contented, and would do all honour to whomsoever he might bring home as wife. They then made all suitable preparations for a grand and joyful

wedding, and Walter did the same. He made arrangements for very sumptuous festivities, to which he invited all his relatives and neighbours of distinction. He also had most beautiful and costly dresses made, procured girdles and rings, and a beautiful coronet and everything suitable for a noble bride.

When the wedding-day had arrived, he mounted his horse, as did every one who had come to do him honour, and said, "Gentlemen, it is time to go for the bride." Setting out with all his train, he went to the house of the girl's father, and found her just returning in great haste with some water from the well, that she might go with other women to see the Marquis's bride come. As soon as he saw her he addressed her by name, and asked where her father was, to which she modestly replied that he was in the house. Then Walter, having dismounted, and desired all to wait for him, went into the cottage alone, where he found her father, and said, "I am come to marry Griselda, but I first wish to ascertain something in your presence." He then asked her whether, supposing he made her his wife, she would always endeavour to please him, and not be put out by anything he might say or do, whether she would be obedient, and several other questions, all of which she answered in the affirmative. Having ordered that she should change her humble attire for the sumptuous dress he had provided, and placed a coronet on her head, though her hair was in disorder, he led her forth, to the astonishment of all, and said, "My friends, this is the person whom I intend to be my wife, since you wish me to marry."

Then turning to her, as she stood confused and in suspense, he said, "Griselda, will you have me for *your* husband?" To which she

replied, "Yes, my lord;" and he said, "I will take you for my wife," and put a wedding-ring on her finger in the presence of all. Mounted on a palfrey, she was honourably conducted to his house, where a grand wedding was celebrated, as if she were a daughter of the King of France.

The young woman seemed to have changed her nature and manners with her dress. She was beautiful in person, and now became so affable, pleasing, and refined, that she might have been taken for a nobleman's daughter, instead of a poor country girl. With all this, she was so obedient and subservient to her husband, that he considered himself the most fortunate man in the world, and towards his dependants she was so gracious and kind, that there was no one who did not love and honour her for her goodness and her exalted rank. Instead of thinking, as at first, that he had acted foolishly in marrying her, they said he had shown superior wisdom in having discovered her great excellence, which had been concealed from all others beneath her humble poverty. In a short time, her conduct and character were the theme of universal commendation, not only throughout the marquisate, but wherever she was known or heard of. Before much time had elapsed, she had a daughter, and her husband celebrated the joyful event with great festivity.

But shortly afterwards, a new idea occurred to his mind, and he resolved to test her patience by long and severe trial. First, he wounded her with words, saying, with apparent irritation, that his friends and dependants were very dissatisfied with her on account of her humble rank, and especially since she had given birth to a daughter, had they expressed their dissatisfaction. Griselda, on

hearing these words, said, without change of countenance or tone, "My lord, do with me what you think most to your honour and satisfaction. I shall be content with any course you take, whatever it may be, as I know I am inferior to your friends, and was not worthy of the honour to which you were kind enough to raise me."

This reply pleased her husband very much. He was glad to see she was not rendered at all proud by the exalted rank he had conferred upon her.

Shortly afterwards, having remarked to his wife that his dependants could not endure her daughter, he sent a trusty servant to her, who, with tears in his eyes, said to her, "My lady, I am compelled, under pain of death, to do what my lord commands. He has ordered me to take your little daughter and——" He was unable to say more. The lady, hearing these words, and observing his emotion, understood that he had been ordered to kill the child, and hastily taking it out of the cradle, kissing and blessing it, she gave it to him without any outward expression of the anguish within, simply saying, "Do what my lord has commanded, but do not leave the child to be devoured by beasts and birds of prey, unless he has ordered you." The servant took the child, and informed his master of what she had said. The marquis, wondering at her firmness, sent the child to the Countess of Panago, a relative of his at Bologna, begging her to bring her up carefully, without saying whose daughter she was.

Not long afterwards his lady gave birth to a son, a circumstance most gratifying to him. But as what he had already done had not satisfied him, he wounded her still more deeply, and, with angry look and tone, said, "Since this son of yours has been born, my people

have been more impatient than ever. They cannot endure the idea that the grandson of a poor man like your father should ever be my successor. Hence, unless I mean to be driven away by violence, I fear I shall be obliged to do again what I did before, and at last abandon you for another wife." Griselda heard him patiently, and merely said, "My lord, do as you please, without any thought for me; I wish for nothing except what is agreeable to you."

Shortly afterwards the marquis sent for his son, in the same way as he had for his daughter, and having made a similar suggestion of putting him to death, sent him privately to Bologna. Griselda made no other demonstration by word or look than on the previous occasion, which astonished her lord so much, that he could not help saying, no other woman would have been capable of the same firmness and endurance. His dependants, supposing he had caused the murder of his child, strongly censured him, and considered him a barbarous wretch, but felt the deepest sympathy for his wife. To those, however, who consoled with her on the death of her children, she simply said that what seemed good to their father was accepted by her.

Several years having elapsed after this, the marquis thought it was time to put her patience to the last test. Accordingly, he told his friends he could not any longer endure Griselda to be his wife, whom he ought never to have married, and he was determined to obtain a divorce from the Pope. They made many objections, but without shaking his determination. Griselda, hearing this, and expecting to have to return to her father's cottage, and again look after the flock as before, and see another possess what she considered all her happiness, was deeply distressed, but yet she pre-

pared to bear this misfortune with the same patience as the preceding ones. Not long afterwards the duke obtained a counterfeited license of divorce from Rome, which he showed to his friends, in whose presence he thus addressed her:—"Griselda, by permission of the Pope, I can take another wife instead of you, and as my ancestors have been distinguished nobles, while yours have always been labourers, I intend that you shall no longer be my wife, but return to your father's cottage and give me back the dowry you received from me. I will then bring home another wife whom I have found suitable for me." Griselda, on hearing these words, with an effort beyond what any ordinary woman would be capable of, restrained her tears, and replied, "My lord, I always knew my mean condition did not at all accord with your exalted nobility, and the position I hold with you I owe entirely to you and to God, nor did I ever consider it as my own, but always regarded it as lent, not given to me. You wish to take it from me, and it is my duty to surrender it. There is your ring with which you espoused me—take it. Allow me to take back the dowry I brought with me, which will not cost you much, as it consists simply of my poor peasant's clothing."

The Marquis, who was more strongly disposed to weep than any one else, gave his consent to this with a feigned sternness of look and manner. His friends begged that he would not allow a wife who had been so faithful and devoted to him for seventeen years to leave him in so poor a plight. But all their entreaties were in vain, and she returned home as meanly clad as formerly, amid the tears of all who witnessed her departure. Her father, who could never believe the *Marquis* would retain her as his

wife, was not unprepared to receive her, and she at once set about the humble services she had been wont to render him, bearing up under the rude assaults of hostile fortune with a brave and patient heart.

In a little time the Marquis, having informed his friends that he had selected as his new wife a daughter of the Count of Panago, sent for Griselda, and said, "I am going to bring home my new wife, and I wish a grand wedding prepared in honour of her. You know I have no person in the house so qualified to make suitable preparations as you are. I therefore wish you to undertake the task, and invite the ladies; you can then go back home." Although these words were like a dagger to Griselda's heart, since she had not been able to lay aside her affection for him as she had her costly dress and lofty position, she replied, "My lord, I am ready to do as you wish," and at once began, plainly dressed as she was, to get the rooms in order, and arrange the carpets and hangings, just as if she were a mere servant in the house; nor did she rest till all was properly prepared. She then sent invitations to the ladies in the neighbourhood, and, when the day came, received them with a smiling countenance and becoming manner, though still in humble attire.

The Marquis had secretly had his children brought up by the Countess of Panago, the girl being now sixteen years old and very beautiful, and the boy ten. He requested the Countess to come with them to San Luzon, and to give out that he was about to marry the girl. Accordingly, they went attended by a noble retinue, and reached San Luzon about the time for dining, where they found a large company waiting to receive the new bride. Griselda gave her a hearty and respectful welcome. The ladies

had in vain requested that she might be spared the pain of being present, or at least be dressed in a suitable manner. The girl was observed by all, and every one said the Marquis had made a good exchange. Griselda praised her and her brother.

The Marquis, having now fully put Griselda's patience to the test, and being perfectly satisfied with the result, thought it was quite time she should be relieved from the suffering he knew she endured, though she did not show it in her countenance said to her with a smile before all present, "What do you think of my bride?"

"My lord," said she, "if, as I believe, she is as amiable and good as she is beautiful, I doubt not you will be very happy with her, but I earnestly beg you to spare her the pangs you inflicted upon your former wife, for I fear she would hardly be able to bear them, being so young and so delicately brought up, while the other was accustomed to hardships from her childhood."

The Marquis, seeing that she firmly believed he was about to make the girl his wife, and nevertheless spoke so discreetly, made her sit by his side, and said, "Griselda, it is now time that you should reap the fruit of your long patience, and that those who have thought me brutal and cruel should know that my object in what I did was to train you to be a good wife, and make them see you were so, and

thus produce peace between us as long as we live together, of which there was some doubt when I first married you; and as I have never found you wanting in a desire to please me both by word and deed, I now make you compensation for the sufferings I have caused you, and gladly restore to you your daughter, whom you supposed to be my bride, and her brother, your son. You and others have long thought I cruelly compassed their death, but I, your husband, am happy to undeceive you, and declare my deep affection for you and them; nor do I believe any one can love his wife more ardently than I do you." Having said this, he tenderly embraced her, shedding tears of joy with her. They then went to where their children were sitting, stupefied with amazement, and kissed them affectionately. The ladies present rose, and retiring with Griselda to her room, decked her in a gorgeous robe, after which they returned with her to the banquet chamber, where festivities were kept up for several days in succession. The sagacity of the Marquis, and especially the patience of Griselda, were the subject of frequent discourse and admiration. Griselda's father was raised to a position of comfort for the rest of his life, her daughter was married to a distinguished nobleman, and she herself honoured and beloved by her husband and all their acquaintance for many years.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

BY "PRESTER JOHN."

THE name of Gerald Griffin is deservedly dear to every Irishman. No writer with whose works we are acquainted showed a truer perception of what is pure and elevated and noble in Irish character than Griffin, and in the south of Ireland the name of the writer of "The Colleen Bawn" is a household word. At the present day the men of Limerick point out with no little pride to those who visit their ancient though grievously neglected city, the rows of houses which still mark the spot where the fair and unfortunate Eily O'Connor resided.

Gerald Griffin was born in the city of Limerick, on the 12th of December, 1803. He seems to have been gifted by nature with a vivid imagination, and like most Irishmen was liable to be deeply affected by the supernatural. The boyhood of Griffin was not much different from that of other men, but some of the incidents which marked that period are interesting.

Mr. Donovan the classical master from the "Kingdom of Kerry" who instructed the youth of Lough-hill, was once asked by one of his pupils:

"Mr. Donovan how should a person pronounce the letter *i* in reading latin?"

"If you intend to become a priest, Dick," said the master in

reply, "you may as well call it *ee* for I observe the clergy pronounce it in that manner, but if not you may call it *ee* or *i* just as you fancy." *

We remember many years ago attending a classical school in the county Limerick, taught by a very excellent philomath, in which Protestants and Roman Catholics were always distinguished by the manner in which they rendered the word *ἀμην* when translating the Greek Testament: the one always rendering the word "verily" the others invariably translating "amen, amen."

Griffin's real history begins when at the early age of twenty with lofty aspirations and a burning thirst for literary fame, but friendless and unknown, he cast himself into the seething vortex of London.

The struggles of men of letters in London are notorious. Johnson, Collins, Fielding and Goldsmith need but be named, and there rises before us the cock-loft and the sixpenny ordinary and the debtor's prison. Griffin was romantic in his ideas of independence, and pushed his hatred of patronage to absurd lengths, but he was resolved to owe success, if he did succeed, to his own efforts, and he certainly carried the resolution into effect. Through all his difficulties and trials in the early

* "Life of Gerald Griffin," by his Brother. Duffy, Dublin.

part of his career, Banim proved a kind and considerate friend, but even Banim's interest could not get Griffin forward, and the author of "The Collegians" was compelled to earn a very precarious livelihood for a long time by scribbling for weekly publications.

"You have no idea," he says in a letter to his sister, "what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler beating about and endeavouring to make his way in London is, going into a book-seller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles and answers all your self-commendation with a "hum—um"—a set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether."

At this period of his career Griffin had a strong turn for dramatic composition, and produced as early as 1823, or when he was about twenty years of age, no fewer than four tragedies. Of these *Gisippus* alone has survived, and it is probable the rest were destroyed by the author himself after the complete change his views underwent in the closing years of his life.

The plot of *Gisippus* is based on a Greek story. *Gisippus* gives up to *Fulvius*, his friend, the woman whom he loved, but who loved him not in return.

Fulvius wins fame and glory, *Gisippus* sinks into wretchedness and is almost crushed by the conviction that *Fulvius* is ungrateful and base.

The fourth act is by far the most powerfully written act in the whole play, and the wild desire for death which goads *Gisippus* to stain his

hands and sword with the blood of *Chremes* murdered by *Lycias*, in order that being arrested he may gain the death he covets, is quite in keeping with the susceptibility almost verging on weakness of the hero. Charles Kean was of opinion that the play would not act, but Macready pronounced in its favour, and the voice of the public has long since confirmed his opinion.

It was performed in Drury Lane in 1842, and was eminently successful.

Many of Griffin's letters contain interesting allusions to eminent men and women then living.

Of Dr. Maginn he says: "He is a singular-looking being, Dr. Maginn. A young man about twenty-six years of age with grey hair, and one of the most talented eyes—when he lets it speak out—I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says he considers him the most extraordinary man he ever knew."

Writing to his brother, he asks: "Have you seen Banim's *O'Hara Tales*? If not, read them and say what you think of them. I think them most vigorous and original things; overflowing with the very spirit of poetry, passion, and painting."

Writing to Banim of the celebrated Clare election of 1828, he says of Mr. Shiel: "I heard your friend, Mr. Shiel, address them with great effect the other day, and think him incomparably the foremost orator among the liberators—quite another person from the gentleman whom I once heard in the Freemasons' Hall in London."

For the affected obscurity and mawkish sentimentalities even of such poets as Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, he entertained a great dislike.

Moore he describes as "a little man, but full of spirit; with eyes, hands, feet, and frame, for ever in

motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair."

The following extract should be carefully studied by some of the modern school of Irish agitators:—

"You have a queer notion on the other side of the water that your concerns are greatly thought about here. It is a doubt to me if the 'dear little island' were swallowed by a whale, or put into a bag and sent off to the moon, if the circumstance would occasion any further observation than a 'Dear me!' at one end of the town and a 'My eyes!' at the other; unless, indeed, among the Irish mining speculators or some gentlemen equally interested."

"Hollandtide" was published in 1826. The manuscript was bought by Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall for £70. In the following year appeared "Tales of the Munster Festivals." This volume, consisting of three tales, "Suil Dhuv," "Card Drawing," and the "Half Sir," displays considerable ability, but is marred and disfigured by serious blemishes, owing, no doubt, to the haste with which the tales were written. In 1828 Griffin produced "The Collegians." On this work his reputation as a writer chiefly rests. The tale is founded on the following facts:—

John Scanlan was a member of a respectable family in the county Limerick, and served in the Royal Navy. He formed a connection with a girl named Ellen Hanly, daughter of a small farmer living at Ballyclan, in the same county. In July, 1819, Scanlan and his boatman, Michael Sullivan, enticed Ellen Hanly or Scanlan to Carrigafoyle, and she was not seen again alive. Soon after this three men discovered at Carndalla the body of a female concealed in a heap of seaweed; the poor creature had

been strangled, and the fatal rope was still round her neck.

Scanlan was arrested, tried, and despite the ability of O'Connell, who defended him, sentenced to death. He was hanged at Gallows Green, and Sullivan, who was tried in 1820, shared the same fate.

Ellen Hanly first met Scanlan at Garryowen, where her uncle lived—John Connery, a ropemaker.

On these facts Griffin constructed his plot, and he has worked out the details with marvellous power, richness of colouring, and dramatic ability. The characters are most life-like, and the scenes are filled in with no ordinary skill.

Griffin possessed in an eminent degree what Carleton, his brother-novelist, calls "the dark and touching power." He knew every peculiarity of the Irish character. That strange combination of comic humour and intense reverence for everything sacred—ardent affection and deep, lasting resentment—light-hearted joyousness and gloomy melancholy—levity and seriousness, which marks so strongly the genuine Irishman, Griffin could appreciate and delineate with marvellous truthfulness. Like all Irish novelists, he dwells too much on the terrible, and gives too much prominence to violent and head-strong passions.

This is the fault of his writing; his great merit is fidelity to nature.

We know of no writer who has delineated Irish character more truthfully than Gerald Griffin. The scenes which he has described in "The Collegians" have been familiar to us since childhood; the habits and characteristics, and modes of expression peculiar to the peasantry of Munster, are known to us, and we can testify that Griffin has depicted with surprising accuracy the life and habits of the Irish peasant.

Although the story is, or ought to be, familiar to every Irishman, we quote the following extract as an illustration of the writer's skill in describing Irish character. It illustrates alike the fierce jealousy with which the peasant of the south regards the law of the land; his unwillingness to bear testimony in a case where life has been taken; and the ingenuity with which he contrives sometimes to baffle and worry the most astute lawyer. The scene from which we quote is the trial of Danny Mann for the murder of Eily O'Connor:—

"Your name is Poll Naughten?"

"Stay, she is not sworn. Hand her the book."

She took the volume with an air of surly assurance, and repeated the form of the oath.

"She did not kiss it," whispered Mr. Houlahan with a sagacious anxiety. "She only kissed her thumb. I had my eye upon her."

"Had you? Well gi' me the book till I please that gentleman. Is that the way you'd like me to lip the leather?" she said after a smack that went off like a detonating cap. "Is that done to your liking, sir?"

Mr. Houlahan treated this query with silence, and the examination proceeded.

"Poll Naughten is your name—is it not?"

"Polly Mann they christened me, for want of a better, an' for want of a worse I took up with Naughten."

"You live in the Gap of Dunloe?"

"Iss, when at home."

"Did you know the deceased, Eily O'Connor?"

"Eily who?"

"O'Connor."

"I never knew a girl o' that name."

"Take care of your answers. We have strong evidence."

"If you have it as strong as a cable, you may make the most of it. You have my answer."

"Do you know a person of the name of Looby?"

"I do to be sure, for my sins, I believe."

"Do you remember his being in your house in last autumn?"

"I do well; an' I'd give him his tay the same night, if it wasn't for raisins."

"Did you give him a letter on that evening?"

"He made more free than welcome, a dale, I can tell him that."

"Answer my question. Did you give him a letter?"

"Oyeh, many's the thing I gev him, and I'm sorry I didn't give him a thing more along with 'em, an' that's a good flakin'."

"Well, I don't deny you credit for your good wishes in that respect, but, still, I wait to have my question answered. Did you give Looby a letter on that evening?"

"Listen to me now, please, your honour. That the head may go to the grave with me——"

"Those asseverations, my good woman, are quite superfluous. You should remember you are on your oath."

"Well, I am: sure I know I am upon my oath, an' as I am upon it, an' by the virtue o' that oath I swear I never swopped a word with Lowry Looby from that day to this?"

"Whew!" said the magistrate. "There's an answer. Hear me, my good woman, if you won't speak out, we shall find a way to make you speak."

"No use in wasting blows upon a willing horse. I can do no more than speak to the best of my ability."

"Very well, I ask you again, therefore, whether Looby received a letter from you that evening?"

"Does Lowry say I gev him a letter?"

"You will not answer, then?"

"To be sure I will. What am I here for?"

"To drive me mad, I believe."

"Faix, I can't help you," said Poll, "when you won't listen to me."

"Well, well, speak on."

Poll does speak on, but the magistrate in the end has to send her down without being able to get any information about the letter.

There is in the south of Ireland the greatest unwillingness to give evidence against a criminal; but when the case is a case involving life or death this unwillingness is intensified a thousandfold.

We remember some years ago meeting an old man, from a locality celebrated for its faction fights, in the county Limerick, and we asked him a few questions on the subject. Near where he lived was a well-known fair-green, where a fair was never held without bloodshed.

"Och, thim were the times in airnest," continued the old fellow, when he had described a few hostile encounters between the Three Years Old and their opponents, the Four Years Old; "thim were hot times, an' throth, only for the police and the clargy we'd have thim as bad yet. The police were near hangin' a couple o' the boys afther the last shindy."

"Was there a man killed there that day?"

"Ay, was there. An' two o' them, an' many's the one never was the same since."

"Was there a trial?"

"Thrial? Faix ye may say that, an' only for the sweariu' was made the police would ha' hung two or three, glory be to God, an' the Lord be betune us and harm."

"Were they guilty?"

"Throth, I seen one o' thim wid me own two eyes knock down Mick

Scanlan, an' bate his head into the ground wid a couple o' welts of a blackthorn. Ay, did I."

"Well, were you examined?"

"Examined? Arrah, man, sure I was at it for nearly two mortial hours, but sorra bit they could make o'me."

"Didn't you see the man knocked down?"

"Ay, did I."

"Well, hadn't you to tell that?"

"Surely, but I couldn't swear for sartain, you see, that 'twas Jack Murphy's blow did the harm: others maybe hit him as well. He might be in the way of fallin' before Jack hit him, an' twinty things might happen in a row that way. Oye, I'd swear nothing about it for any man, an' thanks and glory be to the great God I hav'n't the blood o' thim poor misfortunate men that was tried on my sowl this day."

We have been led to relate this incident to show how strong is the feeling of the peasant against turning informer.

Griffin's novels have not the rollicking humour of the early productions of Charles Lever, but the humour of Lever's early works is coarse, and the characters are caricatures rather than truthful sketches of Irish life. Griffin's humour is more refined than that of Lever. Banim, like Le Fanu, indulges too much in the harrowing and terrible. He tried to imitate Scott, but failed to delineate Irish life when it was not the life of the cabin. He indulges too much in excitement, and is prone to dwell on lawless and turbulent passions. Carleton is, on the whole, more true to life, but even Carleton is too much inclined to dwell on the dark and gloomy side of human life, and his humour is often broad and extravagant.

Le Fanu has sketched some good characters in the "House by the Churchyard." The plot is worked

out with great power, and the interest of the reader in the progress of the story is never for a moment allowed to flag, but we think Griffin's "Collegians" equal in interest and superior in its fidelity to nature to any Irish novel with which we are acquainted.

Although Griffin did not attain to great eminence as a poet, yet he has left behind him some very beautiful gems. He does not seem to have thought much of some of his productions. "Matt Hyland," which is not destitute of merit, and which contains some beautiful reflections, he was so little satisfied with, that some time prior to his retirement to a convent he burned the manuscript. "The Fate of Cathleen" is full of pathos and sweetness.

The clinging affection with which the chieftain's daughter followed the recluse: his trial and victory: the madness which culminated in the death of Cathleen, are powerfully delineated.

"The fiend that mocks at human woes,
Frowned at that maniac minute,
For well the baffled demon knows
The hand of heaven was in it.
Oh, tempted at that saintly height,
If they to earth sunk lowly,
She ne'er had been an angel bright,
Nor he a victor holy!

"Ay, they are in their bowers of rest,
With light immortal round them;
Yet pensive heaves the pitying breast,
To think how soon it found them.
The lark ne'er wakes the ruddy morn
Above that gloomy water,
Where sudden died and passion lorn
Cathleen, the chieftain's daughter."

"The Bridal of Malahide" is a very beautiful ballad, and "Orange and Green" is an attempt to soften down the rancorous party spirit which has heaped countless miseries on our unhappy island.

The following verses written to a friend display deep feeling, and show that from boyhood Griffin expected an early death:—

I

"In the time of my boyhood I had a
strange feeling,
That I was to die in the noon of
my day,
Not quietly into the silent grave
stealing,
But torn like a blasted oak sudden
away.

II.

"That even in the hour when enjoy-
ment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly
hissing in gloom,
That even when my honours were
freshest and greenest
A blight should rush over and
scatter their bloom.

III.

"It might be a fancy—it might be the
glooming
Of dark visions taking the sem-
blance of truth—
And it might be the shade of the
storm that is coming,
Cast thus in its morn through the
sunshine of youth.

IV.

"But be it a dream or a mystic reveal-
ing,
The bodement has haunted me
year after year,
And whenever my bosom with rap-
ture was filling
I paused for the footfall of fate at
mine ear.
* * * *

XIV.

"Was he selfish? not quite—but his
bosom was glowing
With thronging affections — un-
answered—unknown;
He looked all round the world for a
heart overflowing,
But found not another to love like
his own.

XV.

"Yet how? did the worthy avoid 'or
forsake him?"

Ah, no, for heaven blessed him
with many a friend,
But few were so trusting that might
not mistake him—
Oh, none were so dear that he
could not offend!

XVI

"Yet peace to his clay in its dreary
dominion,
I know that to me he was good and
sincere,
And that virtue ne'er shadowed with
tempering pinion
An honest friendship than death
covers here."

Like the greatest of our English poets, Griffin was singularly pure-minded. He passed unscathed through the temptations and snares which always beset the path of a young man of genius in London, and the purity of his mind is reflected in all his writings. Poetic inspiration is perhaps the highest gift which can fall to the lot of man. Yet how often has that priceless gift been allied with sensuality and sloth! How often has it been degraded by foul and bestial self-indulgence! The poet should be beyond all men pure, single-minded, chaste, temperate. Alas! our sweetest singers have too frequently resembled Byron and Edgar Allan Poe. Griffin felt this:—

"O spotless purity of mind!
Majestic grace of youthful beauty!
Who lov'st within the heart refin'd
To house with peace and simple duty.
Pure as the gale whose viewless
wings
The wind harp sweeps with
mournful fleetness:
O come and teach the eager strings
To blend their fires with heavenly
sweetness.

"First grace of virgin souls to thee—
To thee I pour my minstrel story!
Oh! let the descendant rising free
From thee receive its saving glory.
Few, few for thee awake the strain,
Few tune for thee the pleasing
measure,
For first among the slothful train
The poet haunts the gates of plea-
sure."

The closing scene of Griffin's life is to us very interesting. With the fundamental ideas of monasticism we have little or no sympathy. We regard the system as unscriptural and unnatural; we charge it with having promoted some of the very worst abuses of Romanism; we believe it to be based on an entirely mistaken view of the nature of personal religion; we cannot help feeling that the life of the cloisters is a selfish life, a weak yielding of the field to the possession of the enemy, an acknowledgment that the religion of the Cross is only fit for sunlight, and ease, and peace, and retirement; but unfit for the storms of passion, and too weak to endure the wear and tear of the world, and the hard knocks and rough treatment of daily life. But we do not forget that in the early ages, and throughout the gloom, and ignorance, and brute strength which ruled in the middle ages, we owe much to the retirement of the cloister. We disapprove of the system. We gladly admit that it has been useful in many and important respects. The case of Gerald Griffin has always seemed to us a clear illustration of the hold which religion has on the Irish mind. We cannot admit for a moment that Griffin retired from the world through disappointed ambition. He had gained considerable literary distinction, and with his undoubted ability and dramatic power, coupled with a brilliant imagination and some poetic inspiration, we cannot

see why he should not have aspired to, and succeeded in attaining still greater eminence as a writer. Griffin was evidently a man of deep religious feeling. He could scarcely succeed in anything which his genius prompted unless his conscience approved of the work. He succeeded in fiction so long as he had before his mind the high aim of furnishing healthy food for the imagination, instead of the vile and execrable trash poured forth every day in the shape of works of fiction.

He soon found out that his attempts in this direction were likely to fail, and the conviction forced itself on his mind that he had overrated the value of works of fiction, and that he was mispending his time. The religious turn of his mind asserted itself, and, gaining power from a conviction which, as

we gather from his poetry, haunted him all through life, that he was doomed to die young, induced him to turn his thoughts altogether from the world. On the 12th of June, 1840, Griffin died of typhus fever in the Monastery at Cork.

We shall conclude our sketch of a writer whom we regard with peculiar reverence, in his own words. They may provoke a sneer from mere men of the world: to us they are sacred:—

“I think, long as I was without embracing the religious state, mine was always one of those minds of which St. Gregory speaks, when he says, ‘There are some souls which *cunnot* be saved except in *religion*.’ Its restraints and freedom from temptation, to say nothing of its other graces, were necessary to one so easily caught by everything that favoured inclination and self-love.”

LITERARY NOTICES.

Poems. By H. W. Ferris. Henry S. King and Co.

In the present day, when poetical aspirants are prone to catch the faults and extravagancies of which our leading bards are too often guilty, it is an agreeable relief to peruse such a volume as we have before us. Mr. Ferris's poems seem to have been little influenced by the more prominent singers of to-day; his muse has more affinity to that of Wordsworth, Cowper, and Thomson. It is calm and contemplative, although not at all melancholy or despondent, marked by a fervent and earnest admiration of the beauties of outward nature, and in expression clear and melodious, without tameness or want of due force and variety.

The following selections refer severally to "Advent of Spring," "An English Lowland Landscape," and "The Song Thrush at Day-break."

"Now the new bud in green freshness,
its coverings tearing asunder,
Bursts in impatience, unfolding
its leaf to the balm of thy
breath;
These, and a thousand of such shall
for ever be themes of our wonder,
Seed-time, and increase, and ripeness,
the marvels of birth and death."

"Nearer we mark some gently swelling height,
Mantled in wood, that in the sunny sheen

Displays its store of tints of varied green,
With brown and purple shades, and welcome red
Of the straight pine-stems peeping from between;
Nor yet unnoticed, many a sparkling thread
Crosses the glades, by higher fountains fed."

"Sing on, bright spirit of the morn,
and wake
Thy fellow-songsters, their due parts to take
In the full harmony ye all shall make
In the broad blaze of day:
Yet none, methinks, of that sweet-throated choir
Shall hush thy liquid warblings, or aspire
To match thee for the melody and fire
Of thy dawn-chanted lay."

There is much variety, both as to form and subject, in the poems scattered through the volume; some are narrative, as "The French Farmer," a pathetic story of the Franco-German war, and the "Auto-da-fé," from which latter we take the following forcible stanza:

"But while the hissing flames mount high,
Those forms grow dim in smoky veil,
Shame to the cheek that did not pale!
Shame to the unaverted eye!
But none can tell how hearts are sear'd
Which Rome's fell discipline has rear'd."

If Mr. Ferris is, as we should

judge, a young poet (using that word in the sense of one whose productions have been published), he is at least no novice in the art of expressing his thoughts in verse, as his command of metre will testify. He has tried several new forms of stanza, and we may especially mention one of seven lines, including four of one rhyme, and three of another, two verses, thus forming a very complete and harmonious sonnet.

A somewhat German habit of postponing the verb, shown in such lines as

"The Church's will oppose who dare."

"I felt that quit the scene I must,"

has been adopted by the author, and though a serviceable device in the construction of rhymes, is one that should be sparingly used. We notice in these poems an absence of those amatory themes which few volumes of miscellaneous verse are without, but when we remember how hackneyed such themes have now become, and what a perilous tendency they have to degenerate into sentimentality on the one hand, and rhapsodical sensuousness on the other, we think the author has shown some wisdom in his reticence in this respect.

"A Sea Song," on page 57, is written with much dash and liveliness; one of the verses runs thus:

"She can tread the seas as a horse
the turf,
And little she seems to reck,
When at every plunge she sends the surf
To pour from her slippery deck;
She has kept her way, both night
and day,
For many an anxious week,
And right on her bow—you may see
it now,—
Is the haven of rest we seek."

At the end of the book are some classical translations, and though

few and brief, they have considerable merit. The account of the "Seafight at Salamis," is rendered with spirit, as the following specimen will show:—

"The trumpet's clang
Fired every breast, and instant at the
word

The hissing foam swirl'd round the
plunging oars,
Whose broad blades cut the wave; and
soon the whole

Pass'd plain in view." * * * "And we
could hear

A mighty cry 'On, on ye sons of
Greece,'

On for your country's freedom and
your wives,

Your children and the temples of your
gods."

* * * * * "Meanwhile the Greeks
Charged all around, and hulls were
overturn'd

Until one scarcely might behold the
sea,

For the strewn wrecks, the drowning
and the slain."

* * * "So still pursued the Greeks
They hack'd our struggling men, whose
groans and shrieks,

Fill'd the salt sea, until night's gloomy
brow

Closed all the scene. But, for our sum
of woes,

Nay, ten days' speech would fail me to
recount

The tale thereof aright; but such our
loss

There never, mark me, in a single day
Perish'd so vast a multitude before."

It remains to be seen in what manner Mr. Ferris would deal with subjects requiring dramatic power, or sustained force of passion; but, within the limits he has set himself in the present volume, we cannot deny his success. We can, at least, conscientiously credit him with fervour of feeling, power of deep reflection, and a keen appreciation of the outward beauties and inner sympathies of Nature, expressed in melodious verse, tempered by scholarly refinement, and severe self-criticism. These are qualities which go far towards making a successful

poet, and warrant us in looking forward with hopeful interest to further emanations from the same pen.

The Northern Question, or Russia's Policy in Turkey unmasked. London: Henry S. King and Co.—The object of this anonymous pamphlet is to show, not only that Russia is an aggressive power and aims at the possession of Constantinople, which few will dispute, but that it is England's interest and duty again to take up arms in defence of Turkey, which scarcely any will be disposed to admit. The writer professes to be intimately acquainted with Turkey and its inhabitants, but, besides withholding his name, gives us no clue as to the opportunities he has enjoyed for acquiring his knowledge. He assures us that when the papers, on which his statements are founded, can be published, it will be seen that he has erred on the side of moderation, rather than of exaggeration. It is to be regretted that the hasty excitement under which he wrote, is not calculated to inspire confidence in this assurance. His excuse for haste is, that events are so urgent as not to admit of the slightest delay, which would be valid enough, if we could suppose that his suggestions would undoubtedly be no sooner known than universally accepted and acted upon, as the only real solution of that insoluble problem—the Eastern Question. But surely he is not under such a delusion as this, and it is a pity he did not take more time to consider before writing, and revise afterwards.

He writes too much in the style of a platform orator to have any weight with thoughtful readers. Take his statement of what he terms the Northern Question, as an illustration:—"Not only Asia but Europe is imperilled. A storm cloud overshadows the nations, and

threatens their ruin. Day by day it comes nearer, first looming heavily on the horizon, then swelling and rolling in massive grandeur along the sky, till at last the pent-up tempest blackens the sun, and waits but the signal to burst with crashing thunder and scathing lightnings upon our liberties and our lives. Shall we stand quietly by and sacrifice our freedom without a struggle? or shall we arm ourselves *cap à pied*, and confront with manliness and resolution the invader of hearth and home? This is the Northern Question. Its solution will not admit of delay."

The writer is greatly mistaken if he supposes the anonymous publication of such excited declamation as this will have any appreciable influence one way or the other upon the solution of the question. If this is all he had to tell the world on the subject, he need not have been in such a hurry to rush into print. His practical—or rather impracticable—suggestion is as follows:—

"But whatever be the issue of the negotiations, we must not falter. Our duty is clearly marked out. If Russia attack the Porte, at her tooth and nail, till she lies conquered and prostrate; if she postpone the contest, employ all our energies for the strengthening and consolidation of the Ottoman Empire."

He coolly takes it for granted that the result of following his elegantly expressed advice would be Russia's conquest and prostration, and talks about our being able to supply 120,000 English regular troops, besides volunteers, and 100,000 Indian soldiers. The bare statement of such proposals is an all sufficient refutation of them. It is amazing that any one in his sober senses, with his eyes and ears open to observe the actual state of things around him, should fancy there is the slightest chance of their adoption.

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EARLY PRINTERS :

WILLIAM CAXTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE origin of the art of printing is involved in some obscurity, but the main facts connected with its introduction into Europe are now sufficiently ascertained. Those who delight in tracing every invention back to its rudimentary form, regard the moulded bricks of Assyria and Egypt as the earliest of all printed records, and this is probably true enough if the word printing is used in a sense so wide as to include every sort of impressed characters produced by means of a mould or die. In this view the use of seals, which is of high antiquity, is another form of the art, as is also the art of coining money, first practised, according to Herodotus by the Lydians.

That there is some analogy between all these processes and that of the modern printer will be readily admitted. But it is not

our purpose at present to enter upon the large subject of the antiquity of printing in this, its most extended signification. We shall confine our narrative to a brief account of the rise and progress of typography in the ordinary sense of the word.

There seems to be no doubt that the art of taking impressions from engraved wooden blocks by means of a pigment or ink, was in common use in China many centuries before it was known in Europe. When the late Earl of Elgin was British Ambassador in China, he was at some pains to collect evidence on this subject. The inquiry was conducted by Mr. Thomas Taylor Meadows, whose report is contained in a letter to Lord Flgin, printed by the Honourable Robert Curzon in a paper contributed by him to the sixth volume of the "Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society." Mr. Meadows's letter

is an excellent *resumé* of historical facts illustrative of the early use of block printing in China, and it establishes conclusively that "before the Tang dynasty, that is, before A.D. 620, there were no printed books in China, while on the other hand, about the year A.D. 900 they were known to a high officer and essayist [Fung-taon] to be in common use as school-books in one portion of the country. I think," he adds, "we may therefore safely say that the printing of books for sale and use in place of manuscript began about A.D. 860, or a thousand years ago."

The mode in which these blocks were produced was exceedingly ingenious. First, a manuscript copy of the work to be printed was written on the thin paper still in universal use in China. It was then glued to the block face downwards, and brushed over with oil to render it transparent. The engraver had thus before him a reversed tracing of the manuscript to be printed, and by cutting through the paper and hollowing out the unmarked spaces of the block, he at once obtained a page of the type. Impressions from this were taken by means of a thin pigment resembling Indian ink. No printing press was used, but the block was placed with its lettered side uppermost and moistened with ink. The sheets to be printed were then laid lightly on the top, and a soft brush passed over them to fix the impression. It is said that a dexterous Chinese printer could in this way take many thousand impressions in a day.

There is a striking similarity between these Chinese books and the block-books of Germany and Holland. The impressions are taken on one side of the paper only, and they are similarly bound, both the Chinese and the European books being so arranged by the binder as

that the two printed pages shall lie face to face. In both countries it was customary to paste the blank sides of the leaves together, so as to make the printed matter continuous. The earliest European block-books also bear marks of having been produced by friction over the block, and not by the application of heavy pressure. Altogether, Mr. Curzon says, "the German and Oriental block-books are so precisely alike in almost every respect, that unless we can find one of the European books with any pretence to an antiquity previous to the year 860, we must suppose that the process of printing them must have been copied from ancient Chinese specimens brought from that country by some early traveller, whose name has not been handed down to our time."

Some writers on the history of typography maintain that the art thus practised in China, was brought to Europe as early as the times of Marco Polo; and a few years ago this tradition obtained fresh currency on the Continent, in consequence of the erection of a statue to one Panfilo Castaldi, at the expense of the printers of Milan. This Panfilo Castaldi, according to Italian accounts, was a native of Feltre, who, having seen some Chinese books brought home by Marco Polo, and being acquainted with the use of stamps of Murano glass in forming the initial letters of manuscripts, conceived the idea of fabricating types of wood or metal, each consisting of a single letter, and actually succeeded in printing with these several single sheets of letterpress at Venice, in the year 1426. It is added, that John Fust visited him at Feltre, and thus acquired a knowledge of the art of typography, which he afterwards developed in Germany.

The story of Castaldi is supported by no documentary or other

historical evidence of the period, and indeed cannot be traced back beyond the eighteenth century. Many circumstances combine to throw discredit on it. Marco Polo, who mentions with minute detail, almost every fact connected with China, strangely enough makes no reference to the art of printing books, though it must have been in common use during his residence there. No Venetian block-book exists of a date so early as those produced in Germany, and no book is known to have been printed with movable types in Venice previous to the year 1469, when John de Spira issued his first edition of the "Epistolæ Familiares" of Cicero. Further, the known facts regarding the infancy of European printing are irreconcilable with any theory which assumes the existence of movable wood or metal types previous to the middle of the fifteenth century. We can trace the progress of the art in Europe, step by step from its rude beginning to its perfected form, so completely as to preclude the idea of its having been introduced as a matured and established invention, proceeding by methods already discovered.

There are books in existence in Europe, which have been printed as early as the fifth or sixth century of our era, but these appear to have been executed not with a printing-press, or by means of xylography. Of this class we may mention two, the "Codex Argenteus" in the library at Upsal, and the quarto "Gospels" in the library of the Chapter at Verona. The former of these is in Mæso-Gothic character, and appears to have been produced in the North of Europe. The latter, one of the most magnificent monuments of the printer's art, is executed in letters of silver on dark blue vellum, with initial letters of gold. It is evident from the appearance of both, that each letter has been stamped

separately on the vellum with a hot die, such as is used at the present day by bookbinders in lettering the back of a book. In some places unnecessary force has been used in impressing the stamp, and the page has been cut through by the sharp edge of the die. In others the die appears to have been over-heated, and the vellum is burned.

It will be observed that this process, though unquestionably a form of printing, did nothing to facilitate the multiplication of copies of a manuscript. On the contrary, it must have been much more tedious than writing. Many centuries elapsed before the art took a more practical shape.

That xylography, or printing from engraved blocks of wood, is the earliest form in which printing appeared in Europe is now generally admitted; but if we try to trace the art of wood engraving back to its origin, we find ourselves again landed in a region of unauthenticated legend, and unsupported conjecture. The story of the two Cunios has been often told, but we cannot regard it as worthy of the slightest credit. According to it, a volume entitled "The Heroic Actions, represented in Figures of the Great and Magnanimous Macedonian King, the Bold and Valiant Alexander," was executed in 1284 or 1285, by the twin brother and sister Alessandro Alberico Cunio, Cavaliere, and Isabella Cunio, when only sixteen years of age. It was dedicated to Pope Honorius IV., and is described by its pretended authors as "first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief with a small knife, on blocks of wood made even and polished by this learned and dear sister; continued and finished by us together at Ravenna, from the eight pictures of our invention, painted six times larger than here represented, engraved, explained by verses, and

then marked upon paper to perpetuate the number of them, &c."

The engravings were discovered in the house of M. de Groeder, a Swiss gentleman, by M. Papillon. They were bound in a book which contained annotations regarding their history, from which it appeared that the volume had been given to one John J. Turine, by the Count of Cunio. The whole story is incredible, and we shall dismiss it without farther comment.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century the use of playing cards became general on the continent of Europe, and they were manufactured on a large scale in many places. Heineken, who is now generally regarded as the best authority on typographical antiquities, thinks that engraved blocks were first used by the card manufacturers to impress on playing cards the outlines of the figures required to be produced, these outlines being afterwards filled in by the hand. In process of time figures of the saints were struck off in a similar manner. Many of the latter were preserved by the monks, and are still in existence. Most of them are without date; but some have not only their date but a line or two of letterpress attached to them, and printed from the engraved block which contained the figure. Of this class Heineken discovered the oldest known example bearing a date, in the Chartreuse at Buscheim, near Memmingen, one of the most ancient religious houses in Germany. It is an engraving of Saint Christopher carrying the infant Jesus across an arm of the sea: a hermit with a lantern is standing on the opposite side of the water, and in the distance a peasant, with a sack on his back, is climbing a hill. The sheet is of folio size, and the engraving has been coloured. Underneath is the

inscription, precious in the eyes of the bibliographer as the earliest dated letterpress that has been found—

*Christoferi faciem, die quacumque tueris
Illa nempe die morte mala non morieris
Millesimo CCCC° XX° tercio.*

The extent to which the manufacture of cards and figure-prints from wooden blocks was carried on in the first half of the fifteenth century is curiously illustrated by a decree of the Venetian Government, dated 11th of October, 1441, the first public document in which mention is made of the art of wood engraving. It refers to the decay of the Venetian trade in cards and figures, proceeding thus: "Whereas the art and mystery of making *cards* and *printed figures* which is used in Venice has fallen to total decay; and this in consequence of the great quantity of *playing cards* and *coloured figures printed* which are made out of Venice; to which evil it is necessary to apply some remedy in order that the said artists, who are a great many in family, may find encouragement rather than foreigners: Let it be ordered and established according to that which the said masters have supplicated, that from this time in future no work of the said art that is printed or painted on cloth or on paper, that is to say, altar-pieces (or images) and playing cards and whatever other work of the said art is done with a brush and printed, shall be allowed to be brought or imported into this city, &c." Wood engraving must have first risen to importance and prosperity, and afterwards sunk into decay in Venice, before such a proclamation could be made by the Government, so that it may safely be assumed to have been practised in that city very early in the fifteenth century.

It is in these rude woodcuts that we find the origin of the art of printing. The time was favourable for the rapid development of the invention, and especially for its adaptation to the production of books. Europe had awakened from the centuries of ignorance which are known to us as the dark ages. It was a period of fresh literary activity in almost every country of the Continent. The long neglected libraries of the monasteries were yielding up their priceless treasures; the dead sages of Greece and Rome were beginning anew to make their calm voices heard, and the mellow light of a forgotten culture was dawning over the birth of a new civilization. Kings and princes had ceased to pride themselves on their ignorance of letters and of art, and were vieing with one another as patrons of learning. Noble libraries were being formed at a fabulous cost. No price was considered too high for the elaborate and exquisitely beautiful manuscripts which came from the hands of the copyists and illuminators, and the precious volumes were not seldom adorned with bindings brilliant with gold and jewels. No one, who has not seen the principal collections of middle-age manuscripts, can form any idea of the sumptuousness with which they are decorated, and the beauty with which they are written.

In such an age it was natural that the attention of inventors and men of letters should be specially directed to the means of rapidly multiplying copies of the manuscripts most in demand. Block-books, which we have already described, were the earliest efforts of the mediæval printers. The earliest specimen of these block-books, and the first book printed in Europe, was the celebrated "Biblia Pauperum," or Bible of the Poor, once a popular religious

manual, of which many editions were issued in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, between 1400 and 1475. There is in the British Museum a beautiful copy of what is considered on good authority to be the first edition of this book. Like all the early block-books, it is undated, but connoisseurs are able by certain peculiarities to determine with great accuracy the period at which the impression was taken. The "Biblia Pauperum" consists of forty leaves printed by friction with a brownish ink on one side of the paper. The pages are not exactly of the same size, but vary between nine and a half and ten inches in height by seven and a half in width. The centre of each page is divided into three compartments, each of which contains an engraving of a scriptural subject. There are also on every page four figures of saints or prophets, two at the top and two at the bottom. The letter-press commences at the top of each page and occupies the vacant space between the engravings. It consists of the texts of scripture illustrated in the engravings. The prophets and saints have their names printed below them, and the bottom of the page is filled up with additional inscriptions bearing on the subjects represented.

We have been somewhat minute in our description of this work, both because it is the first block-book, and because our account of it will convey a general idea of the condition of the art of printing in its infancy. It will be observed that the figures preponderate over the letter-press in its pages, and this is the case with many of the earliest block-books. These cuts were often coloured by the hand.

Another famous block-book is the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," a volume which has been the subject of more controversy among typographical antiquarians than any

other early product of the printer's art. It consists of sixty-three leaves in small folio, on which are fifty-eight engraved pictures, each of which has two lines of rhymed Latin printed beneath it. That the engraved figures have been produced from wooden blocks admits of no doubt, but opinion has long been divided on the question whether the letter-press is executed by means of fixed blocks or of movable types. It seems certain that some of the letter-press is block-work. Other portions of it may or may not have been so produced, but the presumption is that they also are from the block.

Most of the block-books are of a religious character. Various parts of the Bible were printed from time to time in this form. A well-known specimen of block-printing is entitled "Ars Memorandi, or, a Memoria Technica for learning by heart the four Gospels." Almanacks were early published as block-books in Germany. The earliest of these proceeded from the press of the celebrated astronomer, Regiomontanus, at Nuremberg, about 1474. The last printed block-book was entitled "Opera nova Contemplativa,—Figure del Testamento Vecchio." It was produced in Venice about 1510, by Giovanni Andrea Vavassore.

CHAPTER II.

THE ancient city of Mentz lies on the left bank of the Rhine, just where that river is joined by the Maine. A Roman fort stood there many years before the Christian era. Drusus Germanicus afterwards erected another fort on the opposite side of the river where the town of Kastel stands. A bridge unites the two towns, which now are practically one.

Mentz has various claims to historic renown. In A.D. 70, it was

garrisoned by the twenty-second Roman Legion, which had gone through the war in Palestine, and had taken part in the destruction of Jerusalem. One of its centurions was Crescentius, who introduced Christianity into Rhenish Germany, suffered martyrdom under Trajan, was afterwards canonized, and ranks first on the long roll of the bishops of Mentz. In 233 Alexander Severus was put to death there by the revolted Roman soldiery; and it was there, according to tradition, that Constantine saw in the Heavens the famous cross of fire, surmounted by the legend "*In hoc signo vinces*," which led to his conversion to the Christian faith. In 745, Carloman and Pepin raised the Bishop of Mentz to the rank of Archbishop, and made the Cathedral of the city the Metropolitan Church of Germany. The first archbishop was Winfried, now better known as St. Boniface, a native of Crediton in Devonshire, who spent thirty years preaching the gospel in Germany, and is said to have converted to Christianity more than a hundred thousand souls. His successors for many centuries, were not only among the highest dignitaries of the Church, but ranked among the chief temporal princes of the Empire, and became ultimately by far the most influential of all the German Electors. Their jurisdiction in civil affairs extended over more than four hundred thousand people; they had a revenue of more than a million and a half florins; and at one time their spiritual authority was paramount over nearly all Germany. In the middle of the thirteenth century Mentz was an important centre of commerce, and it was there, in 1247, that Arnold de Waiboten founded the famous Confederation of the Rhine, which broke the power of feudal aristocracy, opened larger and safer routes for trade than had

ever before been enjoyed, and gave to the German towns a freedom and independence which stimulated industry in all its branches.

But the crowning glory of Mentz is that it gave birth to Gutenberg. A family of patrician descent and of honourable repute, bearing the name of Gensfleisch, were the possessors, in the fourteenth century, of an estate called Sulgeloeh, in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. They had two mansions in Mentz, one called *Zum Gensfleisch*, the other called *Zum Gutenberg*. In one of these, situated at the junction of the Pfandhausgasse and the Emmerangasse, Henue, or John Gensfleisch was born in or a few years previous to 1400. He is sometimes called Gensfleisch de Suigeloch, sometimes Gensfleisch de Gutenberg. It is by the name of Gutenberg that he is now best known.

Little has been ascertained regarding his early history. That he resided in Strasbourg in 1424, is proved by a letter written by him to his sister in that year. Tradition says that he was forced to leave Mentz on account of the part he took in an insurrection of the citizens against the nobility; but this is exceedingly improbable, for in 1430, when the differences between the two parties were settled by mutual concessions, Gutenberg is mentioned in the treaty of agreement as one of "the nobles who are not present in the country." It seems to follow that he had not deserted his party. The civic records of Strasbourg show that he resided there from 1436 to 1444. In 1437 he was the defendant in an action of breach of promise of marriage brought against him by a lady whom he appears to have afterwards made his wife.

Heineken describes him as "*un homme plein de projets*," and what we know of him establishes the fact beyond a doubt. At Strasbourg

many persons applied to him to teach them the various arts and contrivances he had invented. One Andrew Drytzehen was instructed by him in a new method of polishing stones, which turned out exceedingly profitable. He was afterwards associated with John Biff in manufacturing by some secret art a sort of goods sold at the fairs held annually in Aix-la-Chapelle. In this adventure Drytzehen and one of two brothers named Heilman became partners, paying eighty florins in gold to entitle them to one-fourth of the profits to be earned. Another fourth of the profits was to be Biff's share, and the remaining half was reserved by Gutenberg to himself. For some reason or other, the fair at Aix-la-Chapelle did not take place during the year when this enterprise was undertaken, and a new contract was made between the parties for a partnership to endure for five years. Our information regarding Gutenberg's connection with the art of printing is almost entirely derived from the records of the Strasbourg Law Courts before which the rights of the various parties to this last contract were determined.

It appears that Gutenberg agreed to communicate to Biff, Drytzehen, and Heilman, "all his wonderful and rare inventions," on condition that each of them should pay him the sum of a hundred and twenty-five florins, fifty of which were to be paid in cash and the remainder by instalments. It was provided that in the event of the death of any member of the partnership before the expiry of the five years, his representatives should receive a hundred florins for his interest in the concern. Drytzehen died at the end of two years, and his brothers demanded payment of the sum above mentioned, or alternatively that one of them should be admitted into the partnership.

Gutenberg replied that Drytzehen had contributed only forty of the one hundred and twenty-five florins agreed to be furnished by the partners; that eighty-five florins were therefore due by him to the company; and that the balance of fifteen florins was the whole amount payable to his representatives. The court gave effect to Gutenberg's plea by a decision dated December 12, 1439.

The evidence led in the law-suit is recorded at length, and it establishes beyond the possibility of doubt the fact that one of the "wonderful and rare inventions," imparted by Gutenberg to his associates was the art of printing from movable types. Apparently some of the experiments in typography had been carried on in Drytzehen's house, for immediately after the news of Drytzehen's death reached Gutenberg, he sent a messenger to take precautions against the discovery of the secret. "Your late brother," he informed Claus Drytzehen, "has four pieces (*stücke*) lying beneath the press, and John Gutenberg begs that you will take them out and separate them so that no one may know what the process is," Beildeck, Gutenberg's servant, who carried this message, states in his evidence that Gutenberg wished "to open and undo the press, which was fastened with two screws, so that the pieces which were in it should fall asunder." Other witnesses testify to Gutenberg's anxiety to prevent his invention becoming known.

Those who are without practical knowledge of the difficulties which attended the introduction into printing of movable types are apt to slight the great discovery which Gutenberg made. A little consideration will show that this is a mistake. It was comparatively an easy matter to produce impressions from one homogeneous block, which only required to have a level surface in

order to insure accurate reproduction. But separate types could not be so readily used. The art of arranging them had to be discovered, and this art involved many considerations. The first requisite was that the types should be of perfectly uniform size, otherwise the pressure would have affected them unequally, and possibly enough some of the letters might not have come into contact with the paper at all. For elegant printing it was necessary to take great care on this point, for a single letter, taller than its neighbours, would have been sufficient to deteriorate, or even to destroy, a whole page. Then again it was no easy matter to bind the single types firmly together. The first contrivance tried for this purpose was a cord, knotted at one end, and passed through a hole bored in the wood from which the types were made. It is needless to say that this method of printing was attended with many drawbacks. It is scarcely possible to cut by the hand wooden types so uniformly regular as to produce a good impression. Even the little hole pierced through the body of each letter to receive the thread on which the type was at first strung was a source of inexactitude.

Heinecken's opinion is that Gutenberg invented and produced a great quantity of letters carved singly in wood. "I am convinced," he says, "that Gutenberg produced a considerable quantity of letters struck in wood: of this fact we have abundance of evidence from witnesses who have seen them." But he adds, "I am equally certain that it was impossible for anybody to construct movable wooden types fit for use in large quantities, and cut with the requisite precision."

The defects of wood as a material for types are too numerous to mention. Recourse was soon had to metal, and types formed of metal-

lic substances very speedily superseded those made of wood.

Whether Gutenberg was the inventor of metallic types is not certainly known: most probably he was. During his stay in Strasbourg he incurred large expenses in the purchase of lead. Those who oppose his claim to be the originator of metal type-founding, maintain that this lead was required not in his typographic experiments, but in the manufacture of looking-glasses, a branch of industry in which he was largely engaged. We have no books which bear Gutenberg's name as publisher; but it seems certain that some actually issued from his press. If Heineken is right in asserting that these could not have been produced by wooden type, the probability is rather that Gutenberg invented the mode of printing from metal type than that he appropriated the invention of another citizen. But his types, if they consisted of lead alone, must have been very insufficient, that metal being much too soft for use in typography.

Be this as it may, the grand fact remains that the art of printing in the true sense of the term—the art as it is now generally practised—is the invention of John Gutenberg. He who reads these pages benefits by Gutenberg's invention. Millions upon millions in every quarter of the globe, daily and hourly in almost every act of their life, reap incalculable advantages from it. Let any one conceive for a moment what the world would be without the printing-press, and he will find abundant reason to thank God that Gutenberg lived before him, and left to all succeeding ages the great and glorious legacy on which his fame is secured while the world shall endure. It is not always the case in our day, and it was a rare thing three centuries ago, that an inventor should himself reap

the benefit of his inventions. Gutenberg was no exception to this too common rule of life. He prosecuted his experiments for many years and under many sacrifices. His whole patrimony was unsparingly devoted to furthering his project; money advanced by his relatives was sunk to perfect the invention; at last he contracted large debts for the same end. His perseverance, even amidst overwhelming difficulties, never flagged for a day. In 1442 he sold to the Collegiate Church of St. Thomas, in Strasbourg, a property in Mentz, to which he had succeeded on the death of his uncle, and applied the proceeds to his great work. Some years afterwards, he returned to his native city; and in 1449 we find him residing there, and connected in business with John Fust.

Fust, a goldsmith, and a man of considerable wealth, found the additional capital necessary to perfect Gutenberg's invention. According to Trithemius ("Illustrious Men of Germany, 1515"), the first volume printed by Gutenberg and Fust was a Vocabulary, called a "Catholicon," which in all probability was an edition of Donatus's Grammar. This was a block-book; but says Trithemius, "with these blocks they could print nothing else, because the characters could not be transposed on their tablets, but were engraved thereon, as we have said. To this invention succeeded a more subtle one, for they found out the means of cutting the forms of all the letters of the alphabet, which they called *matrices*, from which again they cast characters of copper or tin of sufficient hardness to resist the necessary pressure, which they had before engraved by hand."

Schoeffer, first Fust's servant, and afterwards his partner and son-in-law, is the authority on whom Trithemius founds this account of the early history of print-

ing, and by him the invention of metal types, or at least the discovery of the art of founding them in an available form, is attributed to Fust. "Truly," says Tritheimius, "as I learned thirty-one years ago from Peter Opilio (*i.e.* Schoeffer) de Gernsheim, citizen of Mentz, who was son-in-law of the first inventor of this art, great difficulties were experienced after the first invention of this art of printing, for in printing the Bible, when they had completed the third quarter-nion, four thousand florins were expended." This Peter Schoeffer, whom we have above mentioned, an ingenious and sagacious man, discovered a more easy method of casting the types, and thus the art was reduced to the complete state in which it now is.

Gutenberg's connection with Fust terminated in 1455. In that year Fust claimed repayment from Gutenberg of 2,020 florins, being two separate advances of 800 florins each with interest and other charges. Gutenberg refused payment on the ground that the advances had not been made at the times stipulated. A lawsuit followed, and Gutenberg was ordered to repay all monies received by him from Fust except such as had been expended on the printing material over which Fust held a security. Unable to find the amount required, he was forced to

allow the whole business to fall into Fust's hands, but he remained in Mentz, and probably continued to print. In his old age, he found a patron in the Elector-Archbishop of Mentz, who attached him to his Court. He is said to have become blind before his death, which took place in 1467 or 1468. He was buried in the church of the Recollets; and in 1837 tardy honour was done to his memory by the erection in Mentz of the magnificent GUTENBERG Monument, designed by Thorwaldsen and subscribed for in all countries of Europe. It is a bronze statue, raised on a pedestal of marble in the principal square of the city, which has now been named Gutenberg Place. The front of the pedestal bears the inscription.

JOHANNEM GENSFLEISCH DE GUTENBERG,
PATRICIUM MÖGUNTINUM,
ÆRE PER TOTAM EUROPAM COLLATO
POSUERUNT CIVES.
MDCCC.XXX.VII.

On the opposite side of the pedestal is written:—

Artem, quæ Græcos latuit, latuitque
Latinos,
Germani solers extudit ingenium,
Nunc quidquid veteres sapiunt, sa-
piuntque recentes
Non sibi, sed populis omnibus id
sapiunt.

(To be concluded in our next).

THE LEGEND OF LOUGH BEG.

We have left civilization miles in our rear, and have plunged into one of the wildest districts in Ulster—a country of bog, lake, and mountain.

Vast tracts of blackness weary the eye, and the drawling speech of the dwellers thereon somewhat tires the ear: but, after all, there is a certain enjoyment in a walking tour, when one is young, strong, and not too squeamish in one's tastes.

My English companion, William Hetherington, who never until last week made shift without his cold bath in the morning, finds our shake-down by cabin fires, and our impromptu toilettes by the burn-side, very sad work; but I have been accustomed to rough it all my life, and rightly or wrongly, the world says that we Dublin medical students are not too particular in our devotion to the graces.

"It beats all," as our present host says; "sure it beats all the conceit them English gentlemen has in the cowl wather."

But Hetherington is a very good fellow on the whole; he puts up with salt herrings, potatoes, and poteen, in an heroic manner that does one's heart good to see.

Our host is a Protestant, a rum specimen of an Ulster Protestant, by the way, for he lives remote from "his own sort," as he styles his brother Protestants; and seems to have adopted all the wild superstitions of his Roman Catholic neighbours.

I and Hetherington rather affect

his legends and queer stories, and we persuade him to amuse us with them, while we sit round his turf fire at night, each sending forth fragrant clouds from the beloved weed.

Let me describe the group which, I flatter myself, is highly picturesque.

On a "creepie," or little stool, in front of the blaze, with his long legs stretched out almost horizontally, is Hetherington, a broad-shouldered, powerful fellow, one of the best rowers and cricketers at Oxford.

Next to him comes Mrs. McClellan, our hostess, a hard-featured, sandy-haired woman, with a good deal of keen sense in her homely face; then Matt McClellan himself, a fund of dry humour in his twinkling eyes, mingled with the fire imparted by his superstitious romance.

Regarding him closely, while he puffs out clouds of smoke, is the reader's humble servant, Mark Travers, whom I shall not attempt to describe, though, if anybody feels the least curiosity on the subject, there is a photograph in a certain ivory-backed album, on a certain drawing-room table, in a certain house in Merion Square—

But no; I must not share the right to enter that room, and turn over the leaves of that album!

A group of bare-legged youngsters, ousted unhandsonely from their own fireside by "the strange gentlemen," hover disconsolately in the background.

Pitying them, I beckon into the charmed circle a pretty little girl with matted flaxen hair, and permit her to lean confidently against my knee, to the disgust of Hetherington, who makes horrible grimaces, and draws in his long legs a little.

"Well, McClellan," said I last night, when we were all established as I have described, "you promised to tell us the story of Lough Beg."

"So I did, sir, so I did; an' by the powers, it's a quicer story thon."

"I told you there must be some legend or other connected with the black lake on the top of the mountain, Travers," interrupted Hetherington, "for it's the rummest place I ever came across."

He was right. There was something decidedly weird and eerie about the inky waters, and about their situation too.

Some miles from McClellan's cottage is a succession of small, dark lakes, the largest half a mile or so in length, and perhaps a quarter in breadth.

The large lake is in the centre, and the smaller ones at either side of it. Looking down upon them from the crest of the highest mountain near, they remind you of a necklace of black beads, the strips of boggy land between them being the thread on which the beads are strung.

Standing on the plateau, then, beside Lough Beg, with a gigantic mountain towering behind us, we glanced down upon a plain far below, where was the residence of our host's landlord, the owner of all the miles of bog, and acres of mountain, we have been wearily traversing the last few days.

Glen Beg is a great straggling house, surrounded by fir plantations, and some rude attempts at gardens and shrubberies; but it

seemed a perfect paradise to Hetherington and me, as we caught sight of it in the midst of so much savage desolation.

We had not seen a tree for days, nor any house better than McClellan's cabin.

"What a nice place!" we cried. "Who lives there?"

"We'er new landlord, Mr. Parker, sir; him that bought the estate frae the Fitzgeralds."

"He has a snug berth of it. Does he live there all the year round?"

"No, sir; but he's here a good part o' the summer wi' the mi-tress an' the young ladies; an' he still brings a whean gentlemen over frae London for the shooting. He never stopped here a winter yet. He was nearly scared awa' altogether the first summer he came to Glen Beg."

"How was that?—Oh, the murder of his bailiff, of course!"

"Na, na, sir; it wasna just that," said our guide, shaking his head, and looking very mysterious.

"Not the murder?" said Hetherington. "Why, man, that would have been enough to scare him. Was it not his bailiff of whose fate you told us last night? It was enough to have banished him from the country for ever."

"Maybe, your honour; but it was nae mortal man, good nor bad, that was near putting the landlord from living at Glen Beg;" and McClellan glanced fearfully over his shoulder towards the black lakes.

"What then?" I asked, becoming a little curious.

"Them that lives in the Lough," said he, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"Who live in the Lough? The fish, and frogs, and eels?" enquired Hetherington, laughing.

"Whisht, wisht, gentlemen, for fear they'd hear yous. I'll tell yous

the night, when we ha' the door steekit."

That was all we could induce our cautious host to say; so we bridled our curiosity until the door was "steekit," and the pipe lit, before we said, "Now, McClellan, who lives in Lough Beg?"

"It's a queer story thon, sir," replied he; "maybe there's them that wouldna believe it, it's that queer."

"May we credit your husband, Mrs. McClellan," asked Hetherington, mischievously.

The good woman looked a little offended. "Matt's a man that wouldna tell a lie, no more nor the clergy in the pulpit, sir," she replied.

I rebuked Hetherington, and promised he should not interrupt again.

Taking his pipe from his lips, our host began:—"Mr. Parker was as nice a little man as ever travelled in black leather shoes, the first time he came to this country. It's better nor eight year come Candlemas since he bought the property; an' a week after that he came to settle at Glen Beg (was it a week or a fortnight, Mary, for fear I'd tell a lie?); a week? ay! He came to me, an', says he, 'McClellan,' says he, 'this mountain's too wet for the grouse; they'll do no good till I drain them Loughs,' pointing to Lough Beg an' the wee lakes, that I showed yous on the hill fornenst the big house.

"'Dinna do that, your honour, for the love of God,' says I, speaking up very bold. 'It's allowed in the country that the Old Fellow lives down in Lough Beg. It's mortal deep; no person ever found the bottom of thon wather. Dinna offer to stir the old serpent, sir, if you tak' my bidding.' Wi' that his honour kanked an' laughed, an' says he, 'If I could kill the devil,

McClellan,' says he, 'sure I'd be doing a very good job for the country.'

"Well, gentlemen, the landlord wouldna heed me, an' wi' trouble an' fleeching enough he got a whean men trysted to begin the work of draining Lough Beg; an' him an' me was there to see them put the first spade in the ground.

"They hadna wrought very long when Micky Sheelan looked round, an' let a great cry out o' him. We saw him drop the spade an' stand clapping his hands, like one fairly daft, so we looked where he was looking, an' as sure as I'm a living sinner this night, there was Glen Beg all in a blaze, the house, an' the big trees round the hall-door flaming that fierce, that we thought we'd never get down time enough to put out the fire.

"So the landlord an' us all set off down the mountain as hard as we could tear, but when we got near the house never a sign of fire could we see.

"The lady an' twa strange gentlemen that he brung wi' him out of England, was walking in front of the door, as quiet as you please. His honour was sore afeared, an' he said it be to be witchcraft surely; but he wouldna stop draining the Lough for all that. He's square an' set upon his own way, an' he'll tak' nae man's advice. So the next day he offered the men double wages to entice them to work at the drain again, an' very loth they were, but they gave in to him at last.

"Scarcely was the first spade in the drain, when a cry got up again that the big house was on fire; an' it looked so natural like, all blazing, an' the sparks flying, that we set off down the mountain, just the way we did before.

"We heard the crackling of flames, an' the snapping of the branches; an', faith, I didna even

think that we'd get down time enough to save one stick about the place."

"Well, McClellan?" said Hetherington, quite breathlessly, as our host paused for a moment in his story.

"Well, sir, there wasna a track nor a trace o' fire at-all at-all, when we got the length. His honour was clean out of his mind wi' the scare, an' he gave up trying to drain Lough Beg; an' we thought some trouble wad surely be coming on him, but forbye the death o' twa fine cows, naething occurred that you could pass a remark on.

"He was for packing up, an' going back to England at oncet; but he took heart an' stopped a while longer, an' we must say the ould serpent has been quiet ever since.

"That's the story of the Black Lough, sir, an' you willna think it strange that I'd sooner tell it to you by the fireside nor out on the mountain, within reach of the ould enemy. There's not one wad pass that way at night, nor, for the matter of that, in the day time either, if he could help it."

"Thank you for your story," said my sceptical friend; "but tell me, don't you believe that the devil can hear what you say by your fireside?"

"I dinna know, sir," replied the poor man, looking exceedingly uneasy.

"Don't laugh at him," I whispered, "if you show the slightest incredulity, believe me you'll hear nothing more from him. Pray," I continued aloud, "has the serpent ever been seen?"

"Oh, ay, your honour! Huey Donnel saw him come up to the top to breathe one day, an' he stretched out his big head an' neck half way up the mountain, an' caught hold of a sheep that was

feeding there, an' dragged it down under the water."

"Huey had been indulging in poteen," suggested Hetherington.

"Now, McClellan," I hastily interrupted, "you must tell us the legend of that little sheet of water between the bogs, with the wooded island upon it. Don't you remember—the little lake that was so thickly covered with water hens and plover the other morning?"

"Lough na Callin, sir? Ay, to be sure, it has its wee tale, too.

"I've heered tell there was a castle on the island in ancient times, an' a great chief in these parts lived there wi' his daughter, as bonnie a young lady she was allowed to be, as you'd meet between this an' Cork.

"There was a young man came courting the lady, that her father didna just favour, and she slipped him into the castle unknownt.

"There was nae Lough then, I should say, but lovely fields an' gardens came up to the hall door.

"There was a deep, clear well in the court yard of the castle, wi' the best wather in it that was in the whole country; but there was a cover over it, that was always kept locked.

"The chief had the key, an' he locked an' unlocked the door of the well wi' his ain hands; for the story ran that he an' his family would perish by the losing of thon key.

"So he was quare an' careful of the key, an' he wore it on a chain round his neck by day, an' in under his pillow at night; but he took sick one day, an' the sweetheart came to see the lady."

"A very good opportunity," observed Hetherington, who was not listening as gravely as I could have wished.

"Ah, sir, you'll hear what came of that. Sure the women is at the

bottom of all the trouble in the world!"

"How does Mrs. McClellan like to hear you say that?"

"She keeps to her ain place, sir," replied the husband, nodding at his helpmate approvingly, "she keeps her ain place, so there's nae bother with *her*."

"The sweetheart was very content thon day, till he took it into his head he'd like a drink o' wather out o' the fairy well. The poor lady brought him milk and poteen, but it was no use—nothing wad please him but a drink o' wather from the well, an' the more she fleechd an' fleechd him not to ask for it, the more he insisted, till at last he got her persuaded to creep cannily into the father's room, an' steal the key. She unlocked the door of the well, an' stooped to fill a cup for her sweetheart, but she forgot to hold the key tight, an' it slipped through her fingers, an' rolled down into the well.

"'A kiss for fetching me the key,' says the lover, an' while they were kissing on the stone before the well, the wather kept rising an' rising.

"First they felt the cold creeping about their feet; then it got a little

higher, an' a gurgling sound made them look down.

"The wather was all over the court-yard by this time, an' they ran into the castle for safety; but it rose an' rose till the walls an' windows was covered, an' then the towers an' chimneys; an' the brave castle, wi' the chief, an' the lady, an' the sweetheart, sank down, wi' the wather of the fairy well flowing over them."

"How long ago did it happen?" I asked.

"Deed, sir, I canna just say. It be to be a good wee while ago, for I heered it frae my grandfather that had the story frae his father. I think the ould man got up one morning, and saw the Lough where the castle was the day before. They say the wee island is right over the place where the castle used to be."

"What is the moral?" asked Hetherington.

"The what, sir?" inquired McClellan, puzzled.

"I," returned my friend, "say the moral must be, 'Never drink cold wather when you can get poteen.'"

This, at all events, was a sentiment level to McClellan's understanding, and was hailed with a shout of approving laughter.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 40.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., &c., &c.,

Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

HELMHOLTZ has said of Sir William Thomson, "His peculiar merit, according to my own opinion, consists in his 'method of treating problems of mathematical physics. He has striven with great consistency to purify the mathematical theory from hypothetical assumptions which were not a pure expression of the facts. In this way he has done very much to destroy the old unnatural separation between experimental and mathematical physics, and to reduce the latter to a precise and pure expression of the laws of phenomena. He is an eminent mathematician, but the gift to translate real facts into mathematical equations, and *vice versa*, is by far more rare than that to find the solution of a given mathematical problem, and in this direction Sir William Thomson is most eminent and original. His electrical instruments and methods of observation, by which he has rendered, amongst other things, electrostatical phenomena as precisely measurable as magnetic or galvanic forces, give the most striking illustration how much can be gained for practical purposes by a clear insight into theoretical questions; and the series of his papers on thermo-dynamics, and the experimental confirmations of several most surprising theoretical conclusions deduced from Carnot's axiom, point in the same direction."

It would be difficult to describe better the peculiar bent of Sir William Thomson's genius. His mode of using mathematical facts and figures as a means of solving the most intricate problems of natural science has been of incalculable benefit to the world. Perhaps we cannot better illustrate the principles on which he works than by making the following quotation from a speech of his:—

"Accurate and minute measurement," he says, "seems to the non-



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1877

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS



William Thomson

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN FERGUS. LARGS.



scientific imagination a less lofty and dignified work than looking for something new. But nearly all the grandest discoveries of science have been but the rewards of accurate measurement, and patient, long-continued labour in the minute sifting of numerical results. The popular idea of Newton's grandest discovery is that the theory of gravitation flashed into his mind, and so the discovery was made. It was by a long train of mathematical calculation, founded on results accumulated through prodigious toil of practical astronomers, that Newton first demonstrated the forces urging the planets towards the Sun, determined the magnitude of those forces, and discovered that a force following the same law of variation with distance urges the Moon towards the Earth. Then first, we may suppose, came to him the idea of the universality of gravitation; but when he attempted to compare the magnitude of the force on the Moon, with the magnitude of the force of gravitation of a heavy body of equal mass at the Earth's surface, he did not find the agreement which the law he was discovering required. Not for years after would he publish his discovery as made. It is recounted that, being present at a meeting of the Royal Society, he heard a paper read, describing geodesic measurement by Picard, which led to a serious correction of the previously accepted estimate of the Earth's radius. This was what Newton required. He went home with the result, and commenced his calculations, but felt so much agitated that he handed over the arithmetical work to a friend: then (and not when, sitting in a garden, he saw an apple fall) did he ascertain that gravitation keeps the Moon in her orbit."—British Association Reports, vol. xli. pp. xci. xcii. Introductory address by Sir W. Thomson.

Sir William goes on in the same address to refer to Faraday's discovery of specific inductive capacity, as the result of minute and accurate measurement of electric forces; to Joule's discovery of thermo-dynamic law, through the regions of electro-chemistry, electro-magnetism, and elasticity of gases, as based on a delicacy of thermometric measurement previously unknown; and to Andrews' discovery of the continuity between the gaseous and liquid states, as worked out by laborious and minute measurement of phenomena scarcely sensible to the naked eye. In every one of these cases the discovery was due to careful, patient mathematical study; and the finest and most useful of Sir William Thomson's own inventions have originated in the same way.

It is a special pleasure to us to record that Sir William Thomson is a countryman of our own. His family have long been settled in county Down. His grandfather had a small farm there, and his father, Professor James Thomson, was there born.

James Thomson showed an early inclination towards mathematical pursuits. His youthful life was not without its difficulties. He had to prosecute his studies at his own charges, and it was therefore necessary

for him to be at the same time a teacher and a student. In this way he maintained himself during his career at the University of Glasgow.

He adopted the profession of a teacher, and after occupying in succession the appointments of arithmetical and mathematical master in the Royal Belfast Academy, he was in 1832 elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. He was an eminently successful academical instructor, and the author of many valuable educational works.

His distinguished son, the subject of our present sketch, was born in Belfast in 1824, and became a student at the University of Glasgow when scarcely more than eleven years of age. Many men still live who remember the remarkable precocity of the boy-mathematician in his father's classes.

From Glasgow he went to Cambridge, and in 1845 he was declared Second Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman. At this time he had little more than attained his majority. He was at once elected a fellow of St. Peter's College.

After spending a year in Paris, studying under Regnault, he returned to Scotland, having been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Thus, at the age of twenty-two he received one of the highest University appointments in Scotland. How much his industry and his intellect have contributed to illustrate the Natural Philosophy Chair in Glasgow, will appear in our subsequent narrative. He has given it a world-wide fame.

We shall do our best to describe Sir William Thomson's discoveries in popular language, but our readers will remember that it is no easy matter to present in an untechnical form the results of perhaps the most intricate scientific investigations that have been made in our age.

When only eighteen years of age, Thomson published his first paper in the *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*. It was entitled "On the Uniform Motion of Heat in Homogeneous Solid Bodies, and its Connection with the Mathematical Theory of Electricity," a subject which is closely allied to much of his subsequent labours, and one the selection of which indicates that his mind had, even at that early age, assumed its characteristic bent in the direction of applying mathematical rules to physical inquiries. Several most important laws of electricity were determined in this paper. It gave an entirely new direction to electrical investigation, and led to the solution of many of the fundamental principles of electrostatics.

To *Lioüville's Journal de Mathématiques* Thomson contributed, in 1845, articles on "The Mathematical Theory of Electricity in Equilibrium," and on "The Elementary Laws of Statical Electricity," the latter of which appeared afterwards in an English form in the *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*.

Next year, as we have already mentioned, he was appointed to the

Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and became editor of the *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*; to which, during the seven years he continued to edit it, he contributed many valuable papers. Amongst other contributors, whilst he continued to direct this journal, he had Sir William Rowan Hamilton, one of the most eminent, if not the most eminent, of Irish mathematicians; Professor G. E. Stokes, of Cambridge; Augustus de Morgan, of University College, London; Professor Arthur Cayley, of Cambridge; and Liouville. It is not surprising that a staff like this, under the direction of William Thomson, made the *Cambridge and Dublin* one of the most brilliant of the mathematical journals of the period.

The papers written by Thomson himself were chiefly contributions to the mathematical theory of electricity. In one of them, "On the Distribution of Electricity on Spherical Conductors," which appeared in 1848, he states his conviction that "no branch of physical science affords a surer foundation, or more definite objects, for the application of mathematical reasoning, and which more abounds with beautiful illustrations of mechanical principles," than the theory of Electricity. The success of his own investigations is the best proof of the truth of the remark.

Sir William Thomson has devoted much time to the invention of scientific instruments, and the world is indebted to him for some of the most beautiful and delicate of these. His electrometers are most important contributions to the *apparatus* of science. By the *absolute* electrometer he succeeded in measuring the electrostatic force of fractions of a Daniell's cell; the *portable* electrometer admits of readings from ten or twenty cells upwards. The most sensitive of all, however, is the beautiful *quadrant* electrometer, now universally employed in telegraph construction, which gives as much as 100 divisions on the scale for one cell of the battery.

It has long been suspected by scientific men that heat is nothing else than a mode of motion; but the suspicion was not converted into certainty till 1843, when Dr. J. P. Joule discovered the dynamical equivalent of heat. In 1849 Sir William Thomson read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh the first of a series of papers which at once placed the science of thermodynamics on a scientific basis, and showed its practical utility. In this paper, says a recent writer, "he gave an elaborate and critical account of the theory, in the course of which he supplied a rule of great beauty for calculating the quantity of usefully applied heat in the steam-engine, and determining the most economical conditions of its use. In the same paper he showed the wide application of his theory as a means of deducing and explaining numerous curious and important results in physical research, such, for example, as the conversion of water at the freezing point into ice without expenditure of force; the specific heat of substances; the heating of india-rubber by sudden stretching; the rela-

tion between the force expended and the heat produced in the compression of a gas; and the universal tendency in nature to the dissipation of mechanical energy. The last of these is in many respects one of the most extraordinary generalizations of modern science; and the views of Sir William Thomson upon it were published in the *Philosophical Magazine*. They may thus be stated: In the transformation of energy or force from one state into another a certain amount is degraded into a form which is incapable of further useful application. Thus, in the working of the steam-engine there is very much heat which is not changed into mechanical power, but assumes a diffused form, and is dissipated. And so he concludes that the heat and other forces of the heavenly bodies are slowly being dissipated into an unavailable form, and that unless there is an unknown store of restorative energy, a gradual lessening of the visible motions of the universe is going on, which must end in final decay."

Professor Thomson's communications to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, extending as they do over nearly thirty years, are all most valuable. We shall not refer to them in detail, but confine ourselves to quoting a portion of Sir David Brewster's remarks on them, made in presenting the Keith Prize, which the Society awarded to Thomson in 1862-3. Sir David was then Vice-President of the Royal Society.

"These papers," he said, "and others elsewhere published, relate principally to the theories of electricity, magnetism, and heat, and evince a genius for the mathematical treatment of physical questions which has not been surpassed, if equalled, by that of any living philosopher. In studying the mathematical theory of electricity, he has greatly extended the general theorems demonstrated by our distinguished countryman, Mr. Green; and was led to the principle of 'electrical images,' by which he was enabled to solve many problems respecting the distribution of electricity on conductors, which had been regarded as insoluble by the most eminent mathematicians in Europe. In his researches on Thermodynamics, Professor Thomson has been equally successful. In his papers 'On the Dynamical Theory of Heat,' he has applied the fundamental propositions of the theory to bodies of all kinds, and he has adduced many curious and important results regarding the specific heats of bodies, which have been completely verified by the accurate experiments of M. Joule. No less important are Professor Thomson's researches on Solar Heat, contained in his remarkable papers 'On the Mechanical Energy of the Solar System;' his researches on the Conservation of Energy, as applied to Organic as well as Inorganic Processes; and his fine theory of the Dissipation of Energy as given in his paper 'On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy.' To these we may add his complete theory of Diamagnetic Action, his investigations relative to the Secular Cooling of our

Globe, and the influence of internal heat upon the temperature of its Surface ”

In 1855 Professor Thomson was selected by the Council of the Royal Society to deliver the Bakerian Lecture. The subject he chose was “The Electro-Dynamic Properties of Metals.” In the course of this lecture he announced his celebrated discovery “that an electric current passing in an iron bar or wire from a hot to a cold produces a cooling, but in copper a heating effect,” and thus brought to light many then unknown relations between electricity and heat. Indeed, he may be said to have laid the foundation of an almost new science.

It is by his connection with telegraphy that Sir William Thomson is best known to the public at large. We have now been so long accustomed to look upon ocean telegraphy as an accomplished fact, that we are apt to forget the difficulties which men of science had to encounter in planning and perfecting an invention which enables us to have the news of the uttermost parts of the globe on the breakfast table every morning. To Sir William Thomson we are indebted for some of the most beautiful and delicate signalling instruments used on our submarine telegraph lines. His “mirror galvanometer” was the first recording instrument made use of on the Atlantic Cable; and his more recent invention, the “siphon recorder,” is the means by which we receive all our Anglo-Indian news.

It was no small enterprise to place Europe in communication with America by means of an electric wire. The capitalists who projected the Atlantic telegraph—the men of science who assisted in constructing and laying it, are worthy of all honour. It was in 1856 that the scheme originated. In 1858 the first cable was immersed, but in less than a month it became dumb. Discouragement ensued, and it was not till 1863 that a fresh attempt was made to form it.

One grand difficulty had to be contended with. There is always a certain amount of *retardation* when signals are passed through an immense length of wire. To determine the amount of this retardation, and the laws which regulate it, was a preliminary necessity with the projectors of the American cable. Thomson set himself to investigate the matter, and he was soon able to announce the now well known “law of squares.” He ascertained that with cables of similar construction the retardations are invariably proportional to the squares of the lengths. This is now one of the admitted principles of telegraphy. The following very interesting account of this discovery is extracted from a sketch of Sir William Thomson, which appeared in *Nature*, on the 7th of September, 1876, and which we understand is now out of print:—

“In 1854 Faraday, with an experimental cable, investigated the cause of the *retardation of signals* first observed in the working of the cable between Harwich and the Hague. Thomson, taking up the question,

published an investigation of the nature of the phenomenon, one practical result of which was that with cables similar in lateral dimensions the retardations are proportional to the *squares of the lengths*. This law is now commonly referred to as the 'law of squares.' About this time it was proposed to construct a cable to connect England with America; and it became obvious that the discovery of the retardation of signals raised a question whether the transatlantic cable would not prove a commercial failure. Whitehouse, experimenting with 1,125 miles of cable, found the transmission of an instantaneous signal to the farther end of the cable to occupy one second and a half. The length of a cable required to connect Ireland with Newfoundland is twice that of the experimental cable of Whitehouse; and thus, according to the law of squares, the time taken to transmit an instantaneous signal through a cable similar in lateral dimensions to that of Whitehouse, and joining those two places, would be no less than *six seconds*. In 1856 Whitehouse read a paper before the British Association, in which he described experiments by which he hoped to disprove the law of squares. Thomson replied in the *Athenæum* (Nov. 1, 1856); and subsequent experiments have established the correctness of his law.

"Fortunately a true understanding of the nature of the phenomenon of retardation led Prof. Thomson to the method of overcoming the difficulties presented. The disturbance produced at the extremity of a long submarine cable by the application for an instant of electromotive force at the other end is not, as in the case of a signal through an overhead land-line, a pulse, practically infinitely short, and received only a minute fraction of a second after it was communicated. Instead of this, a long wave is observed at the farther extremity, gradually swelling in intensity, and as gradually dying away. Its duration for such a cable as we have been speaking of would be the whole six seconds, calculated from the experiments of Whitehouse. Prof. Thomson perceived that an instrument was required which should give an indication of a signal received long before the wave has acquired its maximum intensity, and in which the subsequent rising to maximum intensity should not render unreadable a fresh signal sent quickly after the previous one. This was effected by his 'mirror galvanometer'; and it was by means of it that the messages transmitted through the 1858 Atlantic cable were read.

"The 1858 cable, submerged under difficulties that many times threatened to be insurmountable, soon failed. Several important messages were, however, transmitted through it; and it served to *prove* the feasibility of the project which many eminent engineers up till that time regarded as chimerical. Before another attempt was made, the labours of Prof. Thomson and others, to all of whom the world owes a deep debt of gratitude, had so improved the construction of the cables and the mechanical arrangements for submersion, that though many difficulties pre-

sented themselves, they were all, in 1866, triumphantly overcome. It was on his return from the submersion of the 1866 cable, and the raising and the completion of the 1865 cable, that the honour of knighthood was conferred on him along with others of his distinguished fellow-workers."

There is scarcely any province of scientific inquiry on which Sir William Thomson has not entered. He is best known as an electrician, but he is by no means a man who limits his pursuits to one special direction. In the quotation we have above made, it is stated that he received the honour of knighthood in recognition of his valuable services in connection with the laying of the Atlantic Cable. On that occasion a banquet was held at Liverpool, at which the principal promoters of inter-oceanic telegraphy were entertained. Sir Stafford Northcote presided, and during the course of the evening, a telegram was handed in from the late Lord Derby, intimating that the rank of knighthood had been conferred on Captain Anderson of the *Great Eastern*, Professor Thomson, and Messrs. Glass and Canning. The firm of Glass, Elliot and Company had been the contractors for the undertaking. Mr. Sampson, the Deputy Chairman of the original company, and Mr. Gooch were at the same time created baronets.

Sir William Thomson is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and he has bestowed no little attention on questions connected with the sea. More than once he has published papers bearing on naval affairs—such, for example, as that "On the Effect on the Compass of the Rolling of Ships," and that "On Improvements in the Mariner's Compass," read at the British Association in 1874.

He is an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford and LL.D. of Cambridge, academical distinctions which he received in 1866. The University of Dublin had previously recognized his merit, for it conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1857. In 1872, St. Peter's College, Cambridge, re-elected him one of its fellows, his previous fellowship there having lapsed in consequence of his marriage.

It is often said that a prophet has no honour in his own land. The reverse of this is the case with Sir William Thomson. No man is more loved and honoured in Glasgow than he is; and there is not one of the many students who annually pass through his class that does not remember "the Professor" with an almost personal affection.

CARMENCITA'S FORTUNE.

A PICTURE OF SPANISH MANNERS.

(Adapted from the "Cuentos" of Antonio Trueba.)

I.

ONE of the loveliest girls in Madrid was Carmen, niece to the cura of Santa Cruz. Her father had been a poor government employé, with only eight thousand reals of a salary, but notwithstanding this, Carmen had been brought up with as much luxury and indulgence as the daughter of a grandee, for she was an only child, and both parents idolized her.

"My daughter," her mother was wont to say, in the fulness of her pride and maternal affection, "shall marry a prince."

But the poor lady died before her daughter had attained the subordinate rank of excellenza, and her husband followed her in a few months, leaving Carmen an orphan at the age of twelve. The cura of Santa Cruz was the child's uncle, and pitying her destitute condition, he took her to his house and lavished upon her, if not the doting fondness of her parents, at least that affectionate care which her misfortune and her beauty, both of soul and body, entitled her to demand.

Vanity, and the ambition to be-

come, if not a princess as her mother had prophesied, at least something far more exalted than simple niece to the parish priest, were Carmen's only besetting sins.

One lovely morning in June she was breakfasting with her uncle and his housekeeper, an excellent woman named Donna Ciriaca. The breakfast had reached the dessert,* which consisted that morning of a plate of cherries, of which the cura was about to partake, when Donna Ciriaca prevented him, hastily drawing the plate towards herself, and exclaiming—

"Pardon me, I wish to count how many cherries we have here."

"I wager," said the cura, smiling, "this is the lottery again."

"There are three hundred and sixty-five," replied the donna at length, calmly finishing her computation; "when I can get hold of a lottery ticket with this number my fortune is made."

"Holy woman! how can you be so foolish?"

"Nay, senor cura, in this matter your opinion is not mine. Yes, you may laugh, but it will be my turn to laugh when I draw a *terno*

* The Spanish *almuerzo* is a more substantial affair than an English breakfast, rather resembling the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

with the numbers which the bird prophet * gave me this morning."

"Don't be a simpleton, donna; put in a savings box the money you waste in raffles and lotteries, and every Christmas you will have a prize."

"Senor, I have made up my mind to grow rich by the lottery, and rich in that way I shall become, or if I fail it shall not be for lack of trying."

"Well, well, a wilful woman must have her way," answered the cura finally, and left the room.

"I believe uncle is right," said Carmen then to Donna Ciriaca.

"What do you know of it, you little goose?" replied the other, in a low tone. "If I can make a calculation, the secret of which I learned this morning, the queen's treasurer may begin preparing the dollars for me. And, blessed be the purest Mary! it is not so difficult; only to count the number of steps in the staircase of the tower of Santa Cruz."

"And what then?"

"What then! the lucky number will secure me at least two *ternos*. There can be no deception in the matter, for I was told of it by a gipsy who knows more than Merlin."

"Then why does not she count the steps and try herself?"

"*Buen Dios!* can I tell? I suppose the sacristan will not allow her into the church. And listen, Carmencita, your uncle will know the number of the steps, but we will not trust him or any one, for if but one step be omitted, farewell to the dollars. We shall count ourselves."

"You may go, I won't have uncle laughing at me."

"We shall take care he knows nothing of our plan. You must ask him to allow you to ascend the tower with me, that you may enjoy the view from the top; such curiosity will sit better on your shoulders than on mine."

"Good! I shall ask him."

When the cura returned to the breakfast room—

"Uncle," said Carmen, "have you ever been to the top of the tower of Santa Cruz?"

"Often."

"*Maria!* what a splendid view you will have from it. May I go up with Donna Ciriaca?"

"The villages of three provinces are visible from the top of Santa Cruz, and if the donna's legs will carry her so high, you may go when you please."

"Blessings of all the saints!" exclaimed the donna, throwing up her hands in affected dismay, "what a fancy for the girl! to take into her head! But she shall not have to say I thwarted her."

One hour afterwards the two ladies were climbing the staircase, counting the steps with the greatest care, the *donna* jotting down the calculation, in twenties, upon a piece of paper. On reaching the platform where the bells were hung, they approached one of the round openings in the wall to look out, but shrank back in terror at sight of the tremendous abyss that yawned beneath them. Only after three or four approaches did they find courage to contemplate with calmness the glorious panorama which un-

* The bird prophet (*tio de los pajarracos*) was a well-known figure in the streets of Madrid, during the palmy days of the lottery, and was held in great repute by the common people. His establishment consisted of a number of caged birds, which were trained at a sign from him to thrust their bill into a box containing numbered tickets, to draw out one and hand it to the individual consulting the oracle, who forthwith set out full of high hope to make his adventure. A *terno* is a ticket bearing three numbers, while an *ambo* has only two.

folded itself before their eyes, and which not one thousand of the four hundred thousand souls who inhabit the capital of Spain have ever witnessed.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Carmen, turning her eyes round on every side of the immense plain in whose centre stood Madrid; "from this height one can see the whole world!"

"Not even all Spain," replied the donna, with rather an ostentatious display of her geographical acquirements.

"And does Isabella II. reign over all this land?"

"Ay, and over much beside."

"How happy she must be!"

II.

CARMEN, who until fifteen had been a sweet rosebud, began on reaching that age so to unfold her petals that in a few years she became one of the loveliest girls in Madrid.

One summer a lad of unpretending exterior, but comely and attractive, seemed to have taken a violent fancy for the Street de la Montera, and especially for that portion of it opposite the cura's house. Carmen was sufficiently flattered by this silent adoration, and was rarely absent from the balcony at the hour of her gallant's appearance, to reward and encourage him with a smile. This did not escape the notice of the cura, and he summoned Carmen one day to the room called in courtesy his study, probably from the utter absence of books.

"*Querida mia,*" he began, "you know I love you as a father, and my dearest wish is your happiness. Who is that young man who so persistently smokes his cigarette in front of our windows every afternoon?"

Carmen's face was covered with a hot blush, and in her confusion an

answer did not come readily to the cura's question.

"Nay, my dear," he said at length, to relieve her embarrassment, "there is nothing shameful in a pure and honourable love. Does this young man please you?"

"Yes, senor."

"And what do you know about him — his name, his family, his position?"

"Nothing, senor."

"Good! then I shall see to those matters. And if he loves you and is worthy of you, you shall marry him; for you are poor, Carmencita, and the day which removes me from your side will leave you but slenderly provided for."

On the following day the cura informed his niece, her silent lover was a very respectable journeyman shoemaker, and, from the brief conversation he had had with him, evidently a sensible intelligent lad. Carmen did not reply, and a shade of vexation darkened her sunny face.

"Why, what is the matter now? Did not you say the youth pleased you?"

"Yes, senor; but then, a shoemaker!"

"Daughter, you will never become a marchioness. What you need is a man of good moral and physical qualities, who loves you and can support you honourably. This wooer of yours has those qualities, and you will do very ill to reject him simply because he is not a fine gentleman."

"I feel you are right, uncle."

"Be ready with a kindly answer for him then to-morrow, when he comes to sue in person for your hand."

On the afternoon of the same day Donna Ciraca and Carmen went out to endeavour to obtain, in a lottery office, a four *maravedis* ticket, bearing the number of the firkins of water which were daily used in the taverns of Madrid. This calcula-

tion had been made for the donna by an eminent publicist, who was hunting up data for a memorial to be laid before the authorities, in which he undertook to prove that the great scarcity of water always felt in the city arose from the undue number of drinking shops. They obtained the ticket in an office situated near the hospital, and taking advantage of their proximity to the Bilbao gate, they resolved to walk a little in Chamberi.

Donna Ciriaca was busy counting the brayings of a donkey, to utilize the number in her next drawing; when an old ragged gitana woman approached Carmen and addressed her in the usual gibberish of her class:—

“Rosebud! rosier than the rising dawn, sweeter than the honey of Alcala, yours must be good fortune. Will you allow the poor gitana, searcher of hearts and of future things, to tell it you?”

When Carmen turned aside with a disdainful gesture, the gipsy drew back a step or two as if to withdraw; but, on perceiving Donna Ciriaca, she turned to her, exclaiming with joy—

“Noble senora, mother of the poor wanderer, God has sent me here to-day to tell your fortune and that of this sweet child.”

“A likely thing indeed!” replied the lady addressed, in a reproachful tone. “How could you be so deceitful as to tell me to try my luck in the lottery with the number of the steps in the staircase of Santa Cruz.”

“What! did the noble senora count the steps and try without drawing the *terno*?”

“Not so much as the *ambo*.”

“Then I swear by the starry heaven, the highest thing I know, you must have miscounted.”

“No such thing. I counted them from first to last most carefully.”

“Ah! but the excellenza ought

to have counted from last to first, for so said the gipsy who deceives no one.”

Donna Ciriaca's reasoning powers were weak, and in the endeavour to discover the difference between those two modes of computation, they became hopelessly obfuscated, so she wisely ceased to try, and repented of having doubted the infallibility of her oracle.

“May I tell the fortune of this bundle of roses and lilies?”

“Yes, yes, you may,” answered the donna.

“Oh! we have really had enough of this folly,” exclaimed Carmen, withdrawing her hand, which the gitana had already caught hold of.

“Folly call you the science of palmistry, cherub of heaven! For fifty years I have allotted good or bad fortunes to those who wished to know, and never has my science erred.”

Carmen looked to her companion as if to ask advice, and the donna counselled her to allow her fortune to be told, since the skill of the gipsy in this direction was known all over the city.

The gitana took the hand of the laughing girl and said, following with her brown skinny fingers the lines upon it,—

“This line which divides the centre, with the small projecting lines at either end, is an *E*, and signifies *empleo* (occupation). Those two little lines which meet each other at one extremity like those who love, and draw apart at the other like those who hate, is an *A*, and signifies *alto* (high). My golden cherub, your fortune is a splendid one. You will marry the man with the highest occupation at the Spanish Court.”

The eyes of Carmen sparkled with pride, and those of the donna were filled with the tears of gratified affection.

“See now, *cara mia*, she ex-

claimed, embracing Carmen; "how truly said your mother, now in glory, you would marry a prince. The highest occupation at Court! Your bridegroom will be nothing less than a prime minister!"

The two ladies returned home highly elated, and Carmen's first occupation was to seek her uncle in his room, and inform him she had resolved to reject the offer of the shoemaker; to fling herself away upon so humble a person being quite out of the question. A short while afterwards she went to the balcony to indulge in sweet dreams of her coming greatness, when there appeared upon the opposite *trottoir* her admirer, who greeted her with his usual smile. But instead of responding, Carmen's countenance became more sober than that of a poor relation at a funeral; and with a scornful frown of her fan she reentered the room.

III.

YEARS passed away, and every summer left Carmen more beautiful. In the promenade, the theatre, the ball-room—wherever she chose to make her appearance—she was surrounded by crowds of butterfly adorers. Frequently she was obliged to listen to declarations of love, which, however, she gave little heed to, partly because she looked for better things, relying on the gipsy's prediction, ever present to her mind; partly because none were made with that formality which every prudent damsel must require.

In a concert at which she was present with Donna Ciriaca, a young gentleman, elegantly dressed and handsome, paid her marked attentions, which were followed up next day by a letter, in which he formally sued for her hand, introducing himself, at the same time,

as the young principal of one of the best known commercial houses in Madrid. Carmen and the donna resolved to discuss this grave matter in a solemn Junta, from which they took care to exclude the cura. This good gentleman had not been told of the gipsy's prophecy, his opinions about such gentry and their professed powers being well known. He was, moreover, full of sound sense, and the ladies shrewdly suspected would have come forward as the merchant's zealous and uncompromising advocate, and have insisted on his niece at once accepting so brilliant an offer.

They sat down together in the breakfast-parlour, and after reading the letter Carmen addressed the donna:—

"Well, what should I do?"

"Do you love him?"

"Oh, he is very handsome, and all that. He has a fine house, too, in the Puerta del Sol. I think I could like him very much."

"Nevertheless, you would do wrong to marry him. You deserve something far better than a merchant."

"But if no better bridegroom offers?"

"Nay, amiga, how can he but come some day? Are you not to marry the man with the highest occupation at the Spanish Court? Don't you believe this?"

"Yes, senora."

"You do not seem to, else you would speedily show the door to any bridegroom who is not the promised one."

"Perhaps, *mia madre*; but tell me, have you not the least bit of doubt the *gitana's* prophecy will come true?"

"I believe it as I believe I shall some day take my last sacrament. When I was a girl if I had believed in fortune-tellers as I do now, I would not have been left in my old

age to dress images.* A gitana woman once said to me, after shuffling the cards and tracing the lines on my hand, 'Thy husband, sweet one, will be an *alcalde*.† Give your heart and hand to the first offerer, for he will be the husband whom the gipsy promises you.' A few days afterwards came a wooer whose name I did not know, but as he was neither an *alcalde* nor so much as an *alguazil*, only a poor shoemaker—neither better nor worse—I gave him the right-about, and believed the gipsy had deceived me. At least a year passed, and I went to see a friend who was about to be married. Then I found her bridegroom was my old wooer, and that his name was Juan *Alcalde*. Nobody ever came again to say "Will you have me?" and so I am a spinster to this day, through my lack of trust in the fortune-teller."

"The most holy Mother preserve me from that! Listen, *donna*, I will believe the gipsy; I will reject this shopkeeper. Some day he will greet me 'Excellenza.'"

"Well said, my daughter."

So the merchant was dismissed as the shoemaker had been.

Two years passed, and Carmen rejected two other eligible suitors, simply because they were of the middle class, and her hopes were fixed upon a minister.

One afternoon the *cura* entered the breakfast-room, his countenance radiant with joy, announcing himself the bearer of good news for Carmen.

The ladies besieged him with eager questions.

"Well, my ambitious beauty," he said, at length, "after all you are to have your wish of marrying a man one hundred steps higher

up in the social ladder than a shoemaker."

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"I mean that no less than a count—the Count of *Altos-Humos*, whom you know already by sight—has solicited your hand."

Carmen and *Donna Ciriaca* exchanged a meaning glance, which said, "What think you?—does not this come very near to a fulfilment of the gipsy's prophecy?"

"And what answer did you give him, uncle?"

"Oh, for fashion's sake, I said I must first lay his request before you. I knew very well you would accept him with all the joy in the world; but a little coyness does not come amiss in such matters."

"You did quite right, uncle dear, to delay your final answer; for, frankly, the Count is well-mannered, handsome, and rich, but I look for something better."

"In the name of the Father and the Son—girl! are you mad? or are you jesting?"

"Neither," broke in *Donna Ciriaca*; "the Count of *Altos-Humos* is noble and rich, but Carmen deserves something nobler, and something nobler shall she marry."

"*Donna Ciriaca*, by the most Holy Mary! hold your tongue, and don't talk like a foolish woman. You only are to blame if the girl's head is filled with idle notions of greatness."

"Nay, *senor*, the one who ought to be silent is he who is growing doited, and has forgotten half the mass—"

"How dare you, woman!" exclaimed the *cura*, indignantly; "how dare you asperse my manner of discharging the holy office!"

"Well, well, I will say no more of that; but what I do say is—

* A usual occupation for the females in the household of a parish priest is to prepare the tinsel and velvet dresses for the statues of the Virgin.

† *Alcalde* is a petty local magistrate; *Alguazil*, a policeman or watchman.

what your blessed sister in glory said—Carmen shall marry a prince.”

“And I just say what I have often had to say before, you will be the girl's ruin. Carmen, dear, you have a little good sense; won't you accept this excellent offer which Providence has thrown in your way?”

“Give me a little time to think, uncle; this is not a matter to be decided in a moment.”

“In my opinion it is. However, you may take till to-morrow. After dinner I shall carry your decision to the Count.”

That night the two ladies had another Junta, and concluded, after much deliberation, to reject the Count. He was a nobleman of high rank and ancient family, of spotless reputation and simple domestic habits, yet he could not be said to fulfil the conditions of the gipsy's prediction, since his highest, indeed his only, occupation was the ingathering of his rents.

Next day the cura, with a heart full of sorrow and indignation, conveyed to the Count the polite commonplaces in which Carmen gave him his dismissal.

IV.

MORE particularly for the six months immediately following the Count's offer, Carmen and her aulic counsellor, Donna Ciriaca, expected every day to see a royal embassy cross the cura's humble threshold to solicit the hand of his niece for a prince; but time passed, and Carmen was bordering on twenty-five, without so much as a minister without a portfolio having paid her the tribute of a sigh.

Through the vexation which this caused her, Carmen's beauty began to lose its brightness, and with much anxiety she observed the number of her adorers daily diminishing, until that dark day when

half Madrid passed her in the park without so much as an Andalusian bull-fighter exclaiming as she swept past—“Blessed are the beautiful!”

Donna Ciriaca, in her heart of hearts, had doubts, but strove to cheer Carmen.

“Don't be downcast, dear; your market is not fairly lost yet. It is true we Spanish women at twenty-five have entered on the hard and thorny road which leads to spinsterhood; yet, *corpo di Dios!* you keep your age well, and are still a long way from image-dressing. Only in future it may be as well to be less scrupulous.”

One day, when the cura was about to rise from dinner, Carmen drew her chair nearer him, and pressing him again into his seat, said, with many blandishments,—

“Uncle, is it long since you visited the Count of Altos-Humos?”

“Only a few days.”

“And is he still a bachelor?”

“Yes.”

“Dear me! how foolish I was not to marry him.”

“Be silent, Carmen. The very mention of your folly fills me with despair.”

“Uncle, has the Count ever mentioned my name to you since?”

“Never. He is a Castilian, and does not soon forget an affront.”

“You reproach me with justice, uncle of my soul. I acted like a child.”

“Does that mean you would not refuse him now?”

“I confess it does. Ah, my best father! I know you love me, and would do much for my happiness. Could you speak of me to the Count—?”

“Child, what are you saying? Would you have me fling you into his arms?”

“No, senor, not that; but you might sound his sentiments; who knows? he may renew his suit. I

know if you would only try—you, who are so clever——”

“*Santissima!* you women folks would coax a saint to sin. Well, I will think about it.”

Next day found the cura in the Count's drawing-room.

“Oh! *senor cura,*” exclaimed the Count, really delighted to see him, “I am so glad you have found your way to me to day. I have just bought a little child Jesus in marble for my oratory, and must have your opinion of it.”

“With pleasure, *senor Count.* We churchmen have opinions in such matters.”

The statue was examined and duly admired, and a desultory conversation followed. But the cura all the while felt ill at ease, for the hour when politeness bid him withdraw was fast approaching without his having found any opportunity of introducing the name of Carmen.

“I hope you will dine with me to-day,” said the Count, at length.

“I highly esteem the honour, *senor Conde,* and would do so with pleasure were I not always accustomed to dine at home. My niece is very particular, and so thorough a disciplinarian in all domestic matters that she insists on us always dining *en famille.* I confess I find it slightly irksome to gratify Carmen always in this whim of hers, but good management in a woman is always commendable, especially now-a-days, when there is such a scarcity of good housewives—women like my niece, who interest themselves in all household arrangements.”

The Count, when he heard this eulogy of Carmen, lugged in, so to speak, by the neck and heels, became a little grave, but recovering immediately his usual smile, he said,—

“I believe Carmencita to be all that is excellent.”

“Thanks, *senor,*” exclaimed the cura, scarcely able to conceal his delight, and fancying himself a perfect Machiavel. “I assure you my niece will be delighted to have an opportunity of testifying her gratitude for your good opinion of her.”

“Take care, cura; I have half a mind to put it to the test.”

“You have only to request, *senor,* and anything reasonable will——”

“Well, I should be much gratified if Carmen, whose skill and taste are well known, would have the goodness to dress this child Jesus for me.”

“With all the pleasure in the world,” was the cura's joyful reply. “Luckily, my niece has made this matter a speciality. Such a mistress, too, as she has had in Donna Ciriaca.”

A few moments afterwards the cura was making his way home, pluming himself upon his diplomatic talents, and eager to communicate the good news to his niece. “How her face will brighten,” thought the honest gentleman, “when she hears the Count bears no malice, and has even deigned to ask a favour.”

“Carmen! victory, victory,” he exclaimed, as he crossed the threshold of the breakfast-room. “My diplomacy has triumphed.”

“What, uncle, has he renewed his suit?”

“All in good time, *chica.* Rome was not built in a day. He begins fairly, by asking a kindness at your hands.”

“What may that be?”

“To dress a little child Jesus.”

“Infamous! cruel!” exclaimed Carmen, ready to cry with vexation. “To revenge himself by detaching me to image-dressing.”

V.

CARMEN trembled now on the verge of twenty-seven, and was still a spinster, not because she hoped to marry a prince, but because not even a count would have her.

The dread of becoming in course of time the coadjutor and successor of Donna Ciriaca in her unenviable occupation weighed upon her like a nightmare. The donna's confidence in the gipsy was also entirely gone; so rudely shaken had been her beliefs in matters of divination that she had completely forsworn the aid of her friend the bird prophet in her race after wealth, *vidé* the lottery.

The two ladies went one afternoon to the shop of a confectioner, with whom the cura dealt, to purchase a pound or two of good Lent cake. The shopkeeper, who believed, sometimes with reason, the highest compliment he could pay his lady customers was to extol their beauty, and to play the part of a devoted but hopeless lover, would not deprive Carmen of this honour. Carmen desired to be shown his best cakes.

"This, rose of my soul, is the finest I have, reserved for those whom I would do much to please."

"You are incorrigible, *senor*," was Carmen's pleased rejoinder.

The cakes, however, did not please.

"I am afraid we shall not be able to come to an agreement," said Donna Ciriaca.

"How much would I give if we two only could!" whispered the gallant pastryman in Carmen's ear.

"Can you show us nothing better than this," interpellated Donna Ciriaca before Carmen could reply.

"Nay, *ser.ora*, the cake is excellent. It might grace a marriage table."

"Keep it for your own," Carmen ventured to remark, with a smile of tender meaning.

"I have sworn to live a bachelor," replied the other, adding in the low tone he reserved for his most sugared compliments, "There is only one woman in the world for whose sake I might break my vow."

"Do you mean this?" said Carmen, also in a whisper.

The confectioner found himself on slippery ground, and returning an evasive answer, he turned to Donna Ciriaca, who was inquiring the price of a cake she fancied.

"Three reals! how extortionate! I am sorry, *senor*, but we shau't be able to suit ourselves."

"Certainly not," said Carmen, in high dudgeon, as they quitted the shop.

One year, two years passed. Carmen was twenty-nine, and still she wore the spinster's cap.

Then another incident occurred to fan into flame the almost dead embers of hope within her heart. A young master shoemaker, who had an establishment a few doors further down the Street de la Montera, took to marching sentry in front of the cura's house, casting now and then a glance in the direction of Carmen's balcony. He was no other than her first lover, and she trembled with pleasure to think he might be returning to his allegiance. More than once when she saw him appear on the opposite side she put on her mantilla and went out, under the pretext of going to church, but her quondam admirer made no overtures. Still she did not despair; his arrangements might not be fully made; he might be timid; he might wish to declare his sentiments by letter—there were a thousand possibilities to prevent an immediate avowal of affection, and Carmen clung to the tiniest shadow of hope, as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

"So we are to have a marriage soon," said the cura, one morning on returning from mass.

"Who is to be married?" asked Carmen, eagerly.

"The young shoemaker in No. 20."

"With whom?"

"The tailor's little daughter next door."

For the first time in her life Carmen felt pleasure in the knowledge that the phosphorus on the common lucifer match was a deadly poison.

About another year passed. Donna Ciriaca was busily engaged preparing a new dress for the Virgin of Solitude. The good lady, whose leisure time had been occupied with little else for the last forty years, now accepted image-dressing as a matter of course; still she did not cease to hope for better things, now and then making clandestine raids upon the lottery offices.

"Carmen," said the cura, one morning, to his niece, "we must have a new dress for the Virgin of Sorrows. As the donna is so busy, you had better take it in hand."

"Uncle, do you insult me too?" exclaimed Carmen.

The poor cura all at once remembered his niece's pet aversion, and strove in vain to appease her anger.

Towards evening she went out to purchase half a dozen boxes of poisonous lucifer matches. The vendor to whom she betook herself was a dissatisfied man. He had been shortly before a chorister in the church of San Sebastian, but had been dismissed from this lucrative post through having outgrown his surplice. Cast upon the world without any regular means of making a livelihood, he had been driven at length, through stress of poverty, though strongly against

his inclination, to take up the trade of match-selling. To dispel his ill-humour he amused himself by bandying jests with all his lady customers, old or young, pretty or ugly.

"Blessed are the rosy-lipped," said he, when Carmen halted in front of his stall; "for such a pair I would go to the *presidio*!"

"Give me no impertinence, but half a dozen of your poisonous lucifers."

"What! are you thinking of committing suicide, *rubita*?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Then you must be very disconsolate; in which case I may be able to comfort you."

"How?"

"Marry you."

Carmen was in no haste to complete her purchase; after about half an hour she returned home very exultant, and without the lucifers.

Next day Rufo (such was the name of the ex-chorister) gave up his business, and Carmen informed her uncle a bridegroom had at length presented himself, an unexceptionable person, as he might learn from his gossip the cura of San Sebastian.

The cura did make inquiries, and was delighted to find the authorities of the neighbouring parish had nothing but good to say of their late *employé*, the reason aforesaid having been the sole cause of his dismissal. He was an honest, well-intentioned lad, though nature had but slenderly endowed him with physical attractions. He was short, bandy-legged, and stout, and while the one eye gazed on Biacay the other was perforce fixed upon Malaga. But Carmen saw none of these things, and desired that the marriage might take place with all decent speed. The cura appreciated her motives, and did his best to promote her wishes.

"'Tis true," said he, "the lad has neither office nor employ; but patience, something will turn up."

Next day the marriage took place, and Carmen sailed proudly through the walks of Chamberi on her husband's arm.

On the following day the cura came back from forenoon mass breathless with excitement, and exclaimed, as he crossed the threshold of the breakfast-room,—

"Rufo, I bring you good news. Be merry, man; you are no longer a do-nothing. The bell-ringer of Santa Cruz has resigned, and you

have been appointed in his room to the most exalted occupation at the court of Spain."

"Most holy Virgin!" exclaimed Donna Ciriaca, "the gipsy's prophecy is fulfilled."

And shortly afterwards she took her mantilla and made off in search of the gitana to entreat forgiveness for having doubted her powers of divination, and humbly to ask of her a few numbers with which to draw a *terno*, which would relieve her for ever from the task of image-dressing.

J. MATHESON SHAW.

HISTORY OF THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF IRELAND, FROM THE YEAR 1300 TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER IV.

"But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire."

THE GILGOUR.

9. A.D. 1384.—JOHN PENROSS. (*Temp.* Richard II.) The judges and legal officials who were appointed to the Irish Bench by Richard II. were for the most part ignorant of the laws they came to administer. Their appointments they obtained either by purchase, or by pressure brought to bear upon the Government. Their salary, £40 a year, was equivalent to about £800 of our money, while the fees on litigation were treble their salary, and litigation was therefore encouraged, and bribes, too, swelled their incomes. The Chief Justice of whom we now write was a member of an old and influential family in the county of Cornwall. He was intended in early life for the Church; but his vocation, if any he had, faded within the gloom of the convent, and holy orders were never conferred upon him. On leaving the monastery to which he had been long attached, he caused his name to be entered on one of the Inns of Court, and was in due time called to the bar; but it does not appear from the year-books that he rose to eminence as a practitioner

in the profession which he had chosen.

On the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench in Ireland becoming vacant, Penross obtained the appointment; his patent bears date the 27th of February, 1384, though it was not until the 25th of September following that he arrived in Dublin. On the 2nd of October the dignitaries of State proceeded to the Church of the Holy Trinity, and there attended high mass, which was performed by Robert de Wickford, Archbishop of Dublin. The service past, the new Chief Justice adjourned to the council chamber of the cathedral, where he produced his patent before the Lord Chancellor and others of the council assembled in Dublin; this was read by Robert Sutton, Master of the Rolls; the oath of office was administered to him on the vestment, which he kissed, and before the most holy sacrament, which he immediately after received at the hands of the archbishop; he was then mantled with the ermine frock, and, rising from his knees, he added his name, the ninth, on the roll of the Chief Justices; and was conducted to his place outside the choir. From the music loft then burst forth the solemn strains of the *Te Deum*, and Chief Justice Penross took his departure for the

Castle, where he was sumptuously feasted on that day. Sutton, who had assisted at that pageant, was soon after, for some reason unexplained, commanded to resign his office, and his resignation was in turn received by Chief Justice Penross; when Thomas d'Everdon, the new Master of the Rolls, was sworn into office in the church of St. Nicholas, on the 22nd of January, 1385.

In the following month, the world was startled by the announcement of the discovery of a hidden treasure in the county of Wexford—gold, silver, and precious stones of priceless value. Immediately the Crown issued a commission, directed to the Chief Justice, one of the barons of the Exchequer, and the Narrator Regis, Serjeant Cotterel, twenty pounds each having been allowed to them for an inquiry which, for aught we know, may have been as unfruitful as the apple of Sodom! Of the supposed treasure no mention is made in the annals of the times, nor could we find it noticed in any history or document other than in the patents.* Of the cases tried by the Chief Justice during his short exile in Ireland no record exists. In the summer of 1385 he resigned his office, and returned to his practice at the English bar. In 1391 he was appointed to a judgeship in Westminster Hall, but in which of the courts is uncertain. In the year following he was made a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and the last time we take notice of his name is as a trier of petitions in the Parliament of 17th of Richard II.

10. A.D. 1385.—JOHN SHRIGGELEY. (*Temp.* Richard II.) The Shriggeleys were a powerful family,

long resident in Cheshire, and it is not unlikely that it was through his connections that he succeeded in ascending the Bench in Ireland, without ever having argued, as far as we can learn, a case at the English bar. In 1382 he was appointed second Baron of the Court of Exchequer; in 1383 his patent was, for some reason long since forgotten, revoked, though he was soon after restored to favour, and, on the retirement of Penross, appointed (16th January, 1385) Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

The records of the Court supply but little information of the cases tried during the reigns of Richard II. and his successors of the House of Lancaster. Declining in influence, the English power had almost vanished in the fifteenth century. The Pale had diminished in size, and the office of Chief Justice was reduced to a shadow of what it had been in former years. The plea rolls of the Court are scarcely bad criterions of the extent of English law and power at different epochs in Ireland. During the reigns of Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., they are all large and well written. Pleas and assizes were held in most parts of Ireland, and plea follows plea in all the regularity of form and precedent; but they become at the close of the fourteenth century ill written and diminished in size as the Irish encroached upon the English boundaries and limited the extent of the Pale; and the plea rolls continue to decrease from ninety membranes per term in the reign of Edward III., to four in the reign of Henry VI. The exact time that Shriggeley retired from the King's Bench is unknown. No record speaks of his qualities as a lawyer, a statesman, or a judge; all we

* *Vide* Patents of Baron Karlell and Serjeant Cotterel.

know of him is that he was Chief Justice.

11. A.D. 1388.—**RICHARD PLUNKET.** (*Temp.* Richard II.) The name of Plunket, which many times meets the inquirer amongst the patents, is of an antiquity so remote that we fail to find any reliable history of the first arrival of this family in Ireland. By some it is said that they sailed over the North Sea with Ragnar Lodbrog, and by others that they came to this country with the Danes in the ninth century, and that they were settled in Meath long before the arrival of the Anglo-Norman host. Of the Bewley Plunkets (afterwards Barons Dunsany), was Richard, who was admitted to the bar, in England, in 1361. No mention of his name is to be found in the year-books, and it is probable that, early in his career, he chose Ireland as the field of his professional labours, which were rewarded, in 1371, by his being elevated to the degree of Serjeant-at-law or *Narrator Regis*. For seventeen years he continued in practice, which was, we are told, immense. On the 13th of July, 1388, he was appointed Chief Justice, but his great prudence and knowledge of law were required in another court. The Lord Chancellor, Alexander Balscott, Bishop of Ossory, had been summoned to England by Richard II., on important business connected with the Irish Government, and Plunket was required to resign the Chief Justiceship, which he had held for the short space of two months, in order that he might act in the office of Chancellor, to hear causes, seal the writs,* and deliver them to the proper officer. But the work was too heavy, for old age was upon him, and he died on Christmas Day, 1388, "having left

behind him a name so honoured, that the like of him was never heard of from that day to this," says the annalist in 1400.

12. A.D. 1388.—**PETER ROE.** (*Temp.* Richard II.) Of this Chief Justice, of his parentage, of his life, or of his death, nothing further is known than that he succeeded to his high office on the resignation of Richard Plunket. From the patent rolls it would appear that he was Chief Justice from 1388 to 1403; but that there is some omission here, some patent lost, is obvious; for in a contemporaneous history—the History of the Priory of All-Hallows (now Trinity College)—it would appear that Stephen Bray was Chief Justice in 1396. We must therefore close our memoir of Peter Roe by observing that charges were made against him, similar to those that were made in the old times against the sons of Samuel, when they were Judges in Israel; for we are told that "They walked not in the ways of Samuel, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes and perverted judgment." †

CHAPTER V.

"He removeth kings and setteth up kings; he giveth wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that have understanding."—*DAN.* ii. 21.

13. A.D. 1396.—**STEPHEN BRAY.** (*Tempore* Richard II., Henry IV., V., and VI.)—This was a lawyer of eminence at the English bar. His name appears many times in the books, and he was rewarded, in 1378, by Richard II., who appointed him Chief Baron of his Court of Exchequer in Ireland, and he was accordingly sworn into office on the morrow of SS. Peter

* Patent Rolls.

† 1 Sam. viii. 3.

and Paul in that year, in the council chamber of the church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity (now Christ Church Cathedral). From the chief seat in the Exchequer he was removed on the 8th March, 1381, and appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1396 appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In the same year Robert Hemynborgh, Attorney-General for Ireland, appeared "at the bar of the court," to prosecute Richard Norreys, one of the canons of the Priory of All-Hallows for "divers felonies and misdemeanours." What those divers felonies and misdemeanours were, no man can now tell, for they are unrecorded. Norreys was found guilty and sent to jail. Indignant that one of the brethren of All-Hallows should have been tried by a temporal court, the Reverend the Prior, whose name was William Reve, mounted his palfrey, and rode along the path (now Dame Street), that led across the moor from the Priory Gate, where Trinity College Gate now stands, to the Castle, and ascending the steep stairs of the King's Bench, presented himself in Court, and there denounced in unmeasured language the Chief Justice who dared to try a priest of the Holy Church. The only reply the Chief Justice made was to commit him to prison for a contempt of court, and fine him in a sum of 13*s.* 4*d.**

In the year 1399 Richard II. was forced to resign his crown, and many mourned "in ashes, some coal black, for the deposing of that rightful king."† But the Chief Justice, with the wisdom of the wise, turned and worshipped the rising sun; and hence perhaps it was that he was continued in office

by Henry IV. From the patent rolls it would appear that the Lord Chancellor in those early times went circuit, and accordingly we find, in 1405, that "by reason of the then Lord Chancellor, Thomas Crauly, Archbishop of Dublin, not being able to attend at the places where the assizes were held, the King authorized the Chief Justice of the Bench to preside at the same in his place." Bray retired in 1426 from office; failing health compelled him to do so; but he was restored in 1429, and thenceforward, though the weight of years weighed heavily upon him, sat daily in his Court until his sudden death on the Bench in 1434. An arrear of £280, which was then due to him, was afterwards paid to his widow.‡

14. A.D. 1426.—HENRY FORTESCUE. (*Temp.* Henry VI.) This was a distinguished lawyer and a member of an illustrious family, who derived their origin from Sir Richard Le Forte, a soldier of extraordinary strength, who accompanied William Duke of Normandy on his expedition to England. The tradition is, that at the battle of Hastings, the heroic duke, arrayed in a heavy coat of linked mail, and mounted upon a horse the accoutrements of which were scarcely less massive and unwieldy, rode in front of a phalanx advancing against the English columns. The Normans were received with the shrillest and most piercing cries, the bowmen displaying their agility by shooting, while Harold, at the head of the lancers, charged them with such rude blows of their blunt weapons that many of them were slain. The duke lost his seat in the saddle, and well nigh lost his life; but Sir Richard, rushing forward, flung

* "History of the Priory of All-Hallows," under date 1396.

† *Play of Rich. II.*, act v. sc. 1.

‡ Patent Rolls.

his shield over his unhorsed leader, and thus saved him from impending death, and hence is derived the name and the motto of the Fortescues; for in the ancient Norman-French *Forte* is strong, and *Escue* is a shield, and the motto is *Forte scutum, salus ducum*, which, being interpreted, means "the strong shield, the safety of the Dukes." From this valiant knight was descended Sir John Fortescue, a soldier of eminence, who held high command at the battle of Agincourt, fought on the 15th of October, 1415. He had three sons, two of whom were called to the bar, Sir John and Sir Henry. Sir John became Chief Justice of England, and Sir Henry Chief Justice of Ireland, the latter at a salary, it is true, of only three shillings and fourpence a day, although his immediate predecessor, Stephen Bray, had five shillings a day. Of his capacity as a lawyer we have no means of judging, but we believe that he must have been a gifted statesman, for he was selected by the Parliament assembled in Dublin in 1428 to proceed to London, and there to lay the true state of the country before the King, Henry VI. The declining influence of the British power in Ireland was due to the executive. Neither life nor property, they say, was protected, but murders, robberies, and burnings, were of daily occurrence—all these and other evils, which would have little present interest, are unfolded in the articles drawn up by the Parliament, which begin in a style antiquated yet amusing, as follows:—

"SOVEREIGN LORD,—These are the articles which we your subjects, the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons of your land of Ireland at your Parliament holden at

your city of Dublin assembled before the Lord Lieutenant of the said land, on Friday next after the feast of All-Hallows that last was, have sent this our message to your Royal Majesty by our messenger Henry Fortescue, your Chief Justice at your chief place in Ireland, through our common assent chosen to declare to you the articles hereunder written."

Those articles, while they speak of the unprotected state of life and property in Ireland, disclose the fact that in England neither the lives nor the properties of travelers from the country to the University of Oxford, or to the Inns of Court in London, were secure, though, indeed, security for the Irish law students was then of no importance, inasmuch as there were no students to travel, an order having been recently made by the authorities in England excluding Irish law students from the Inns. The articles of complaint then supplicate the King in manner following to command this order to be rescinded: * "That inasmuch as your laws of your land of Ireland in every of your counties at all times have been used both in pleading and giving your judgments according to the laws used in England, and that they have now been refused to be admitted to the said Inns of Court contrary to the ancient usage that hath been used in times before this, and we beseech of you that ordinances may be made there that your liege people of this land that go into England for their said learning in the law may be received into the Inns of Court as they have been of old times, so that the laws in this land may be continued to be learnt, considering that otherwise, when those who are now learned therein

* "Close Rolls. Betham's Dignities," 353-365.

shall be dead, there shall be none in this land that shall know your laws, unless they be learnt there."

The above document was then signed by the Lord Chancellor, Richard Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin: and the Chief Justice forthwith proceeded to Dalkey, where he took shipping for Holyhead. The voyage, though prosperous, was fatiguing, and with gratitude did he accept the hospitalities of the prior of the Convent of St. Augustine, in Holy Island, near Holyhead, where with his servants he awaited for several days the departure of a cavalcade for London. After many perils of the road he arrived in due time at his destination, and laid before the King those articles which he was commissioned to deliver. What the answer of his Majesty was we have failed to find, although it was duly enrolled amongst the rolls of the High Court of Chancery in Ireland. He then resumed the duties of office; but whether those duties were onerous or the reverse we have no means of learning. In 1429 he retired from his Court, and was replaced by his predecessor, Stephen Bray, who continued in his office of Chief Justice until his death in 1434.

15. A.D. 1434.—CHRISTOPHER BARNEWALL. (*Temp.* Henry VI.)* Few countries in Europe possess an aristocracy so ancient or so distinguished as that established by the Anglo-Normans in Ireland. The Fitzgeralds, Earls of Kildare and Desmond; the Butlers, Earls of Ormond; the De Burghs, Earls of Clanricarde; the De Courcys, Barons of Kinsale; the Talbots de Malahide; the Barnewalls of Meath, were no unworthy rivals of the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk,

or of their successors, the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk; of the Mortimers, Earls of March; of the Nevilles, and the Bouchiers. The Barnewalls were a distinguished family, alike under the banner of William the Conqueror in England, of Richard Cœur de Lion in Palestine, and of Henry II. in Ireland. Their present chief, Sir Reginald Barnewall, eighth baronet, of Cricketstown Castle, is the head of the senior line of the ancient house. The junior branches of Trimleston and Turvey were both ennobled, the former in 1461, when Sir Robert Barnewall, second son of Sir Christopher Barnewall, of Cricketstown, Chief Justice of Ireland, was created Lord Trimleston; and the latter in 1646, when Nicholas Barnewall, of Turvey, was made Viscount Kingsland. The Chief Justice had been called, early in life, to the English bar, and his name is associated with others in arguing many reported cases. In 1422 he came back to his native country and was created Narrator Regis, or serjeant, and as his duties were heavy, so he was rewarded with an annual salary of £10, and occasionally a sum of £5 for his attendance at the parliaments and councils. In 1434 he was appointed second Justice of the King's Bench, and at the close of the same year Chief Justice. "He was sworn into office in the council chamber within the priory of the cathedral church of the Holy Trinity, before the Lord Chancellor, Richard Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin." In 1441 the Chief Justice was despatched to lay before the Crown the deplorable state of the English colonies in Ireland, and to complain that Waterford, Cork, and Tipperary had slipped from the English rule, as also Limerick

* Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families," vol. ii. 74.

and Kerry, while the town of Galway and the walled city of Athenry had not been visited for many years by the Lord Deputy. These complaints were embodied in articles entitled "*Literæ missæ regi*," which having been sealed with the great seal were entrusted to Sir Christopher Barnewall. What answer the Crown gave we have been unable to discover. Barnewall continued Chief Justice to the close of the reign of Henry VI., the last of the Lancastrian princes, and was removed on the accession of Edward IV. We may hazard an opinion that his leanings were towards the House of Lancaster, and that those of his successor, Plunket, were for the House of York.

16. A.D. 1461. — SIR THOMAS PLUNKET. (*Temp.* Edward IV., V., Richard III., and Henry VII.) The Chief Justice of whom we now write was a member of the Dunsany family, of whom we have already spoken. Of his Court, and of the trials therein, little is now known. Daily the Irish enemies were narrowing the boundaries of the English power; nor was the business of the Court circumscribed by their encroachments only. By an act passed in a Parliament held in the fifth year of the reign of Edward IV., trials for murder were in a great measure withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the magistrates, and murder cases ceased to be tried. By that act, it was made lawful for the King's liege subjects to kill anybody that they should even suspect of being robbers, and having killed them "to cut off their heads without any impeachment of our sovereign Lord the King, his heirs, officers, or ministers." The Chief Justice was a member of this Parliament, but whether he was a party assenting to so barbarous an enactment we have no means of knowing.

In 1472 the Chief Justice was empowered to make inquisition as to the trade between the county of Meath and Scotland. But the power of the Chief Justice and of the English Government had all but vanished in Ireland during the remainder of the reign of Edward IV., and during those of his nominal successor, Edward V., and of the usurper, Richard III., the whole standing army of the English not amounting to 200 men. To remedy as far as possible this deplorable state of things, a military order, or confraternity, under the name of the Brothers of St. George, was established. It consisted of thirteen brethren, amongst whom were the Earl of Kildare, then Lord Chancellor, Lord Portlester, Lord Gormanston, Thomas Plunket, Chief Justice, and Alexander Plunket, afterwards Lord Chancellor. The force maintained by those knights amounted to only 160 men. And yet the native Irish never thought of using such an opportunity for a national purpose. In truth the history of Ireland in the fifteenth century is the history of a political chaos—faction fighting faction—whilst the English, divided between the Houses of York and Lancaster, were unable to send over a man to defend the Pale. The office of Chief Justice was then a shadow of what it had been. Plunket continued in that office—such as it was—during the entire of the reign of Edward IV., Edward V., and Richard III., and in the reign of Henry VII. his detestation of the house of Lancaster caused him to be led away by the impostor Lambert Simnel, whose title he defended, while that of Henry VII. he pronounced indefensible. Had Lambert Simnel been the person he represented himself to have been, even so his title was defective, for Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII., was daughter

of Edward IV., while the Earl of Warwick (personated by Lambert Simnel), was merely his nephew. Nevertheless, the whole island, with few exceptions, followed the example of the capital, and not a sword was anywhere drawn in Henry's quarrel. William Birmingham, a lawyer of some repute, endeavoured to stem the torrent, but was borne down by the multitude, and the Lord Deputy, the Lord Chancellor, and the Chief Justice supported the claims of the pretended Earl, and assisted at his coronation in Christ Church Cathedral, on Whit Sunday, 1486. The coronation past, the Chief Justice suggested that an army should be raised and sent over to England, to proclaim Simnel in London as Edward VI. The suggestion was adopted, and an invading army numbering 8,000 men, and officered by the flower of the Anglo-Irish nobility, was dispatched. It was the only invading army that ever left Ireland since the reign of Henry II. for England, and the lamentable fate of that expedition is well known. Suffice it to say that few of them ever saw their country again. Henry VII., who preferred to make friends rather than enemies of the Irish nobility, sent over Sir Richard Edgecomb,* as commissioner, with full power to pardon those who had unwarily been led into the rebellion. Sir Richard stopped, during his stay in Dublin, at the Priory of All-Hallows, and there extended the royal pardon to many, and those pardons are enrolled in the Court of Chancery. A *Te Deum* was chanted by the choir in the minster of the priory, but it was with great difficulty that the commissioner was subsequently induced to grant the royal clemency to the Chief Justice of the King's

Bench, who then resigned his place, and spent the remaining years of his life with his family. Although he had fallen into disgrace with Henry VII., that disfavour was not extended to his children, for his eldest son, Sir Alexander Plunket, was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1492. Sir Thomas was twice married; first, to a daughter of T. Cusack, of the county of Meath; and, secondly, to a daughter of C. Cruise, of Ruthmore. Having bequeathed a sum of £100 to Christ Church, he expired in the winter of 1493, leaving a numerous family of sons and daughters.

17. A.D. 1488.—WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM. (*Temp.* Henry VII.) Amongst those who had long held high places in this country were the Birmingham, Lords of Athenry. They had been barons by tenure as early as the reign of Henry II., and they had ever been foremost to promote the extension of the English power in Ireland. They had been appointed sheriffs of Connaught by the Crown in the fourteenth century, appointments which, however, save as to the town of Galway, were of little weight or importance. The Athenry family was an exception to the rule that the nobility of Ireland were attached to the House of York, and the adhesion of Thomas, the twelfth Baron of Athenry, is noted by Lodge, who states that "The twelfth lord was present at the parliament held in the sixth year of the reign of Henry VII., being set down as the first baron on the roll, and adhered to the King's interests with great fidelity and resolution, when the impostor Simnel, personating the Earl of Warwick, came into Ireland and was crowned at Dublin."† Immediately on the suppression of

* *Diary of Sir Richard Edgecomb's Voyage into Ireland, published in Harris's "Hibernica."*

† "*Lodge's Peerage,*" vol. iv. page 11.

the rebellion, William Birmingham was raised to the Chief Justiceship. But nothing further is known of his life, or of his death, save that in the *Obits* of Christ Church Cathedral it is said that he died on the 3rd of the Kalends of February, 1489, and that his remains were deposited in St. Mary's Abbey. The Chief Justiceship now remained unfilled for seven years. No appointment was made to the office until the act of Henry VII.,* destroying the independence of the Bench, was passed. It is there recited that "inasmuch as the judges held their office by patent for life, by reason whereof they are more bold to misuse their such authority, therefore be it ordained and enacted and established by the authority of this present parliament, that from this time forward no manner of person or persons that shall have the ministration of justice, that is to say, the Lord Chancellor, the judges of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the Chief Baron and Secondary Baron of the Exchequer, or the Master of the Rolls, shall have any authority by patent in their offices, but only at the King's will and pleasure."

18. A.D. 1496.—JOHN TOPCLIFFE. (*Temp.* Henry VII., Henry VIII.) Of this Chief Justice, of his family, or of his learning in the law, but little is known. He had been Chief Baron of the Exchequer, but at what time he was appointed to that Court we have been unable to discover. In 1496 he was removed to the King's Bench, at a salary of £66 13s. 4d. per annum. Of his career from his appointment to the year 1504 nothing is recorded; but in that year we find him with judges and lawyers taking commission in the army of the Lord

Deputy which proceeded westward to attack the Clanricarde Burkes in the neighbourhood of Galway. The opposing armies met on a hill called Knocthuagh, which rises from an extensive flat. This eminence slopes steeply towards the plain, and on the night before the battle, the Lord Deputy convened a council of war, when an unsuccessful motion was made "to turn the Chief Justice and the lawyers out of the camp." O'Connor, a chieftain of renown, in rude but forcible language, denounced them. "Away," he said, "away with these lawyers; away with them! Here we have no matters for pleading, for argumentation, or for debate, nor to be discussed by pen or by ink, but by the bow, the spear, and the sword; by the men of war, and not by the weak, the sorry, and the sickly stomachs of learned lawyers: for never saw I them that were learned in the law give good advice in matters of war. Away with them! away with them! they must not be amongst us." On the following day, the 19th of August, the battle was fought, and the arms of the Lord Deputy prevailed over those of the Clanricardes; but whether the Chief Justice signalized himself on that blood-stained field no man now can tell. Of that battle and of its results other writers have written. To enlarge upon it would be to enter on a history of the English rule on the west of the Shannon. We shall merely observe that the power of the Clanricardes, which had for two hundred years withstood that of the Crown of England, received a blow from which it has never since recovered. Topcliffe continued in office for several years, though the exact date that he ceased to be Chief Justice is unrecorded.

* 10 Hen. VII. ch. 2.

CHAPTER VI.

“To calm their passions with the words of age,
Slow from his seat, arose the Pylian sage—
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled.”

POPE'S "Iliad," Bk. I. line 329.

A.D. 1521.—PATRICK BIRMINGHAM (*Temp.* Henry VIII.) was a member of the Athenry family, and was appointed Chief Justice at the solicitation of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, who in the previous year had been sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. That nobleman, both a warrior and a statesman, was considered to have been the only man in England who could restore the decaying rule of the English Government in Ireland. He had won the battle of Flodden Field for Henry VIII., and his policy now was to heal civil strife amongst the English, and to promote it amongst the Irish peoples. And it was with this view he selected Patrick Birmingham, the Nestor of the Irish bar, he who was learned, eloquent, and prudent; and he was aged, for he had passed threescore and ten years—*tertium ætatem hominum vivebat Nestor*. Now of the English race were the Earls of Desmond and the Earls of Ormond, and they warred one upon the other, and the Lord Lieutenant, for the purpose of bringing an end to this civil war, despatched the Chief Justice, with other men of prudence, to Waterford, there to bring about if not a peace, at least a lengthened truce. The Chief Justice “in persuasion skilled,” persuaded the hostile chiefs to “cease disputing as other men, for these things were foreign to those of their high

places.” A truce was brought about, and the Lord Lieutenant immediately communicated the happy intelligence to Cardinal Wolsey, and he brought it before the King, who then wrote to the Earl of Surrey—“Right comfortable news it should be unto us to hear and understand of a good concord betwixt them, so that being so pacified, they might with their puissances join and attend personally upon you our Lieutenant, for your better assistance in repressing our rebellious Irish enemies.”*

Birmingham, on his return to his Court, had a question of some importance brought before him in reference to no less a personage than the Earl of Kildare, who had for nearly five-and-twenty years been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Cardinal Wolsey, on evidence perhaps of a doubtful nature, conceived that disloyalty rather than loyalty had been one of the characteristics of the deposed Viceroy. Summoned to London, he was arrested and sent by the orders of the Cardinal to the Tower; and immediately previous to his arrest he had written a letter to an Irish chieftain named Donough O'Carroll, advising him “to keep peace with the English only whilst there was an Irish Lord Deputy governing that country, and when there was an English Deputy to make war upon them.” This letter had been handed by the Earl of Kildare in England to a Churchman named Christopher Hoke, abbot of the monastery of Monasterevyn, and by him handed to O'Carroll. O'Carroll brought the letter to the Earl of Surrey, who transmitted it to the Chief Justice for investigation. O'Carroll was examined as to its authenticity and the genuineness of the signature and of the seal.

* State Papers, *temp.* Hen. VIII. vol. ii. 34.

There can be little doubt that the letter was written, but the evidence was far from being conclusive. The Abbot had fled, and "Donough O'Carroll on being examined if the Earl of Kildare's sign manual were upon the same letter, Donough replied that he did not know his sign manual, but he noticed that it was sealed with a seal having a cross, which he thought was the Earl's seal.

"Signed, PATRIK BERMINGHAM, Juge."*

The Earl of Kildare denied the authenticity of the letter, "and offered recognizances to the amount of £10,000 to be forthcoming before the King and his council upon reasonable warning given unto the said Earl." The recognizances "were received, but were afterwards cancelled."

The Chief Justice appears to have been assiduous in his duties, and that the Lord Lieutenant thought that he was so may be gathered from his letter to Henry VIII. under date of the 29th of July, 1521. It appears that a case of piracy on the high seas occurred in that year,† "that one Richard Pepys, of Calais, had robbed and despoiled two British ships, that said Pepys had in his company about twenty robbers, and that they were all nabbed and lodged in prison in Cork." He then prays for a commission to issue to try the prisoners; "and I beseech of you that there may be joined with me in the commission, Patrik Brymmegam, Chief Justice of your Bench;" and others whom he names. The commission issued, they were tried, found guilty, and executed. The Lord Lieutenant, in 1521, took the opinion of the Chief Justice as to his power under his patent to appoint a de-

puty. The answer being in the affirmative, Sir Piers Butler was appointed, and the Earl of Surrey returned to England, first having had a deed by and between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond duly executed, "whereby it was provided that all unhappy differences between the said Earls should thenceforth cease for ever; and that if any doubt or grudge should at any time grow up hereafter betwixt the said Earls respecting any of the articles, the same shall be determined by the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justice, and Chief Baron, or any two of them;" and for the performance of the covenants in this deed set forth, the said Earls "by their deeds obligatory bound themselves each to the other in a sum of 1,000 marks." Signed by the Earl of Ormond, Earl of Kildare, P. Brymigham, Chief Justice, and several others.‡

That the healing measures devised by the Earl of Surrey had failed to produce permanent results in Ireland appears from a joint letter written by Hugh Inge, Archbishop of Dublin, and Chief Justice Bermingham, to the Earl, then Duke of Norfolk, dated the 15th of May, 1528, wherein they complain that "Irishmen never were so strong as now; they have spied their time and our debility. Send the bearer of this letter with instructions to the King and the Lord Cardinal."§

This is the last communication made by Chief Justice Birmingham on State affairs: he soon after died, but the exact date of his death is uncertain.

20. A.D. 1532.—SIR PATRICK DILLON. (*Temp.* Henry VIII.) This Chief Justice was descended from an ancient race, whose name,

* Carew MSS. *temp.* Hen. VIII. p. 13.

† *Ibid.* p. 27.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 20.

§ *Ibid.* p. 39.

it is said, had been, in the sixth century, O'Neil; that owing to family feuds they were forced to fly to France, where their indomitable courage was likened to that of the lion, and hence the derivation of their later name—De Lion. After many centuries they returned to Ireland, and acquired from King John vast territories in Meath and in Connaught, where they founded a number of religious houses; and it is said in the *Monasticon* that the monastery on the eastern side of the Shannon, in Athlone, commenced by one of the O'Conors, princes of Connaught, was completed by Sir Henry Dillon, who was interred in its cloisters in 1244. From him was descended Sir Patrick Dillon, who was seised of the Riverstown estates in the county of Meath. He had been intended for the profession of the law from his earliest years, and accordingly entered one of the Inns of Court in England, and was in due time called to the bar. His position soon won for him many appointments from Henry VII., who constituted him steward of several manors. In 1518 he was appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer by Henry VIII., who further acknowledged the value of his services by conferring, in 1516, the office of Treasurer* upon him. Having thus been raised to the double office of Chief Baron and Treasurer, it may perhaps occur to an inquiring mind to inquire what was the treasure he was appointed to be treasurer of?—and the answer to this interrogatory may be best told in the words of the Earl of Surrey; in his letter to Cardinal Wolsey,

under date of November 3, 1520, a letter highly descriptive of the impoverished state of the finances in Ireland at that time:—

“THOMAS SURREY, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, TO CARDINAL WOLSEY.

“*To my Lord Legate's Grace,*

“I beseech your Grace that money may be sent hither with expedition, as if any Irishmen should make insurrection or invasion on the King's subjects I could not issue out of the town of Dublin for want of money, for I, and the Treasurer, and all the captains of the King's retinue here, have not twenty pounds amongst us all.”

Dillon continued to hold both offices for several years, and resigned his appointment as Chief Baron some time previous to 1524. He was next appointed to be second Justice of the King's Bench. On the 15th January, 1531-2, he was knighted, and raised to the dignity of “Chief Justice of Ireland, *vice* Patrick Bermingham, deceased, to hold during pleasure, with all the perquisites and emoluments which his predecessor enjoyed and received out of the Customs of the city of Dublin and Drogheda.”† The Chief Justice had been twice married; first, to a daughter of Thomas Barnewell, second son of Lord Trimleston; and secondly, to Ellen, daughter of Lord Killeen. By both his wives he left sons and daughters, and at his death, which took place in 1533, he was succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, Thomas Dillon.

(*To be continued.*)

* “*Lodge's Peerage*,” vol. iv. 151.

† Carew MSS. *tem p.* Hen. VIII. pp. 16, 17.

THE TREASURES OF EGYPT.

BY W. KNIGHTON.

I AM not about to write an essay on the finances of Egypt. Whether the Goschen-Joubert arrangement is a good or a bad one; whether the nine per cent. stockholders ought to get more than 80 per cent. of their capital back, and whether the 73 stockholders ought to get more than six per cent. interest, these are subjects of speculation with which we have at present nothing to do. As already stated, I have been four times through the land of Egypt during the last twenty-five years, and, judging by the rapid improvement visible to every one, judging by the development of commerce, and the opening up of roads, canals, and railways, there ought to be ample funds to pay all the creditors in full, if there were only judicious economy in the Government. But the Government is despotic, the ruler is extravagant, and there is no power to check his extravagance. The rise and fall of the late Moufetish, the Finance Minister, will doubtless form an interesting chapter for some future traveller, when the details become known.

No. The treasures of which I am about to discourse are, the Nile, the rich soil of Egypt, its historical monuments, and its glorious climate.

Of the three great sacred rivers that I have visited—the Nile, the Ganges, and the Jordan—the Nile is unquestionably the noblest and

the most imposing. Its magnificent length, rolling majestically along from the lakes and mountains of Central Africa; its volume of water, its utility to man—for Egypt would be a desert without the Nile—its annual rise and fall, and the fertility which it thereby spreads, open-handed, on all sides make it so. It has been calculated that the Nile brings down from the centre of Africa 300 millions of tons of solid fertilizing matter every year. All these considerations give it a grandeur which the Ganges and the Jordan want. It is no wonder that the ancient Egyptians should have worshipped the river. The utterly ignorant man, trying to explain the world on the analogy of his own consciousness, ascribes a life and will, resembling his own, not only to the inferior animals and to plants, but to mountains, seas, and rivers also, to every physical object which is beneficial or hurtful to him, which he can direct and guide, or which is beyond his control, vast, mighty, and intractable. The heavenly bodies naturally obtain a large proportion of this kind of worship.

Blind, uneducated, ignorant, he prays to the sun to return in spring, to the cloud to bestow moisture on his field, to the forest fire to spare his hut and corn, just as Friday, in "Robinson Crusoe," prays to the gun not to shoot him. Thus he gradually extends his

ideas to a god of the woods, a god of the fire, a god of the waters, magnified human beings, with like feelings and passions to himself; each of these deities having demons subordinate to him, who rule departments or provinces of his kingdom.

There is something more resembling active life in a river than in a mountain or in one of the heavenly bodies. It is constantly changing, there is in it perpetual motion and murmur, and, like the savage himself, it appears sometimes to swell with rage, and sometimes to subside and shrink into itself from fear.

Nor was this river-worship peculiar to Egypt. In the Vedas, rivers are constantly addressed as deities, and invoked for aid. The ancient Scythian addressed his prayers to the Danube, the German to the Rhine. Hesiod, in his "Works and Days" (l. 735), warns his readers not to cross a stream before washing their hands and praying, looking reverently at the water all the time. When in Homer, Agamemnon takes a mighty oath, he invokes the river-gods, amongst others, as witnesses (Il. iii. 278). And again, how many of the great heroes of Homer are sons of the river-gods, who were constantly assuming human shapes! Achilles, in his anger, addresses insulting words to the river Scamander, and chokes its current with the dead; whilst, in human form, Scamander rises from his bed to reproach the hero, and to tell him to carry on his murderous warfare elsewhere. The twenty-first book of the Iliad records the battle between the two, in which Achilles would undoubtedly have been vanquished and killed, had not Neptune interfered to protect him.

The Nile was represented in statuary, and on coins, as a venerable old man, with a white beard, and

crowned with fertility, a sphinx and a crocodile beneath him, and at his side a hippopotamus, whilst, on the monument in the Vatican, sixteen little Genii, like Cupids, sport around him, to mark the number of cubits which the river should rise in flood, to give fertility to the country. But no one, except *Punch*, professes to believe in, or represents as a divinity, the Nile now.

Herodotus truly observed that the Nile was the creator of Egypt, and it is not surprising that the ancient Egyptians should have styled Osiris, under which name they worshipped the river, their very holy father, the nourisher of their country. No other water, they believed, would have the same effect as the Nile water upon the soil. None other could render it fertile. Those who were drowned in it were supposed to go straight to Paradise, and, if the body was recovered, it was embalmed at the expense of the nearest temple.

"Prince of the Faithful," wrote Amrou to the Khaliph Omar in the seventh century, "the riches of Egypt come altogether from its blessed river, which flows in majesty right through the middle of it. The moments of its rise and fall are as fixed and regular as the motions of the sun and moon. The sources and fountains of the universe, at a fixed period, pay their tribute to this king of rivers, and then his waters swell, they overflow the land, they render it fertile. Then there is no means of communication between village and village but by boats, boats as innumerable as the leaves of the palm-trees.

"Again, when the waters cease to be necessary for fertilizing the soil, the docile river returns to its bed, to the bounds which destiny has marked out for it, leaving the land to its harvest and its fertility.

"The harvests are often luxu-

riant, but sometimes, in their seasons, come periods of sterility and of want. It is thus that Egypt offers successively, O lord of the faithful, the image of a desert, sterile and barren, at one time, and of a plain, gilded with plenty, rich and fertile and golden, at another.

"Three things are necessary to secure the prosperity of Egypt—first, resolutely to discountenance all additional taxation; secondly, to employ the third part of the revenue in the maintenance of the canals and water-courses, on which the prosperity of the country depends; thirdly, to collect the taxes in kind only and after maturity."

This letter of Amrou shows that in those days the Moslems thought sometimes of the welfare of the people subject to their sway. *Now* the people are regarded simply as beasts, created by the Almighty solely to enrich their Turkish masters. *Then* the Moslem rulers set apart a third of the revenue for the reparation of the canals and water-courses. *Now* all that work is done by forced labour, and the poor labourers will not even get their food, unless there is a probability of their failing altogether if the authorities do not supply it. *Now* not a twentieth part of the revenues of Egypt is set apart for the support of the canals and water-courses "on which," as Amrou truly wrote, "the prosperity of the country depends."

Egypt has little mineral wealth, and no manufacture but sugar, which has by no means proved profitable hitherto, either to the Khedive or the people. Its agricultural produce is that, therefore, on which its prosperity naturally depends, and the amount of its agricultural produce depends again upon the extent of land under cultivation. There is no richer soil in the world, perhaps no finer climate, than those of Egypt. In no other part of the

earth does the land yield its increase in such abundance as in the fertile valley of the Nile. The level plains of black earth are free from weeds, stones, or insects, require but little tilling and no manure. Wheat sown in November is reaped early in April, and an entire cotton crop is raised in five months. Added to this, there is everywhere cheap labour, and the proximity of a mighty river, the great natural highway of the country, besides being always available for purposes of irrigation. Blessed with all these advantages, Egypt ought to be one of the richest countries in the world, and it would be so with a moderate share of economy in its government. But the fatal facility of obtaining loans in Western Europe has caused its rulers to plunge into a reckless career of extravagance.

The average width of the valley of the Nile available for cultivation, exclusive of the Delta, is about seven miles. The Delta contains, in addition, about two thousand square miles of the richest land. Beyond this limit, on either side of the long strip of arable land, are ranges of hills and tracts of sand, where cultivation is impossible. In Lower Egypt there is hardly any land near the river available for cultivation which has not already been utilized, but it is quite different in Upper Egypt, where much that might be made to yield the richest crops is still neglected. The poor native, with the limited means of irrigation at his command, hesitates to undertake farming operations where the land is not actually reached by the inundations of the river. But if once capital could be induced to be devoted to the purpose—if once there were confidence in Egyptian institutions and Egyptian Government, doubtless the primitive water-basket would soon be superseded, and proper engines and appliances

would be made use of to extend vastly the limits of cultivation.

It would be unfair, however, not to admit that much has been done. Under the present Khedive large tracts of new land have been brought into cultivation, although it has been done somewhat wastefully and extravagantly. Nature, too, has been giving its aid to increase the area of cultivation, in the rise which takes place, year by year, in the bed of the river, accompanied by a corresponding increase of the height of the water, and of the extent of land fertilized by it.

It seems to be an ascertained fact that ancient Egypt was able to support a much larger population in consequence of the greater attention given to the canals, and also in consequence of better methods of cultivation. The most trustworthy calculation would make it appear that double the present population was then supported by the country, and yet it was then considered a sort of granary for the rest of the world. This may be partly accounted for by the excessively bad farming at present in vogue amongst the small proprietors, particularly in the Delta, where a proper succession of crops is altogether disregarded, and wheat and cotton are grown, year after year, on the same land, without any attempt at a proper replenishing of the exhausted powers of the soil.

The system of *corvées*,* or forced labour, is another powerful cause of deteriorated agriculture. The peasantry are constantly liable to be drafted off, in great numbers at a time, to carry on public works, often, indeed, transported to considerable distances, their return uncertain, and all this in contravention of the repeated decrees of the Viceroy for the abolition of

slavery. Sometimes it is to work on a canal, sometimes on a railway, sometimes to get in the harvest on one of the Viceroy's farms, sometimes to work at his manufactories. Whatever the excuse, the poor *fellah* has to leave his own fields at a moment's notice, perhaps leaving his crops to spoil, his fields to run waste, forced to labour without pay, perhaps miles away, and too often his camel or his donkey also pressed into the service, and this sometimes for fifty or sixty days at a time, rations of black bread for himself, and fodder for his beast of burden, the only remuneration. In this way 25,000 men were drafted off for the Soudan railway from one province alone, and were compelled to work for two months without pay. What country could prosper under such a system? Any other but Egypt would have been ruined by it long ago. But the natural fertility of the soil and the beauty of its climate, and the wealth of its natural resources are such that even a system like this fails to ruin it.

It must be remembered, too, that at least one-third of the men thus carried off never return. They die from exposure, from hard work, from insufficient food; and the Turks, their masters, say it is their *kismut*, or fate, and there's an end of it. If the peasantry happen to be rich enough, they will buy substitutes, at about ten pounds a head; if not, they will run away in a body, and join the Bedouins in the desert often, rather than submit to this *kismut* or fate, à la *Turque*. The system is indefensible enough when applied to public works, such as railways or canals, but it is particularly iniquitous when carried out for the benefit of the Viceroy's private estate. He, one of the richest men in the world, as

* This word *corvée*, according to etymologists, indicates the posture of a man bowed down at the hardest labour, from *corvus*, a raven.

an individual, thus grows richer at the expense of the labour and of the lives of his people, at the expense, too, of those on whose exertions the prosperity of the country chiefly depends. More than one-fourth of the cultivated land of the country belongs to him. This is that *Daira* of which we have heard so much lately, in connection with Egyptian finance. Like the Egyptian Government, it is laden with debt. These estates comprise valuable house property in Alexandria and Cairo, cotton farms in Lower Egypt, and enormous tracts of alluvial soil in Upper Egypt, where the manufacture of sugar is chiefly carried on. No one can have an idea of the extent of these factories without seeing them. One of them—that at Ermanite—is said to have cost from first to last not less than five millions sterling. Unfortunately, however, for the country, as well as for the Viceroy, the production of the raw material has by no means kept pace with the means provided for its manufacture, or the future development of this branch of industry. Everything has been conducted upon the most wasteful and extravagant system. The sugar mills have not had enough of the raw material to keep them at work in such a way as to secure a profit, and, in many places, the most valuable machinery, made on the newest and most approved plans, may be seen lying about, partly abandoned, partly in disuse, a prey to neglect and to the elements. The more wasteful this expenditure on machinery, an expenditure that has yielded enormous profits to the agents and advisers of the Viceroy, the more the system of forced labour has been applied to endeavour to render the estates more productive. Thus one extravagance has led to another, and, whilst the country is overweighted with debt, to provide means for the one extravagance, the

wealth of the country is used up by the waste of human life and of human labour, in unproductive works, to obviate the other.

The neglect or caprice of those in authority renders the system of forced labour infinitely more wasteful and ruinous to the interests of the inhabitants than it might otherwise have been. On many occasions extensive levies of men, with tools and provisions, have been made in particular districts, and, when thousands of the muscle and bone and sinew of the land have thus been deported thirty or forty miles away, they have been summarily dismissed, because no orders had been received at the place where the work was to be done as to their disposal. Thousands have thus been torn away from their homes and from their fields at the busiest period of the year, and kept weeks in useless wandering and in idleness, to be sent back as uselessly, a joke to the officials, but, too often, ruin to the poor peasants! Nor are they even sure of getting the rations of black bread which are their due. Everything is so corrupt. The whole system is so thoroughly tyrannical and despotic and arbitrary, that blows are the answers to the mildest and most just remonstrances, whilst the severest punishments may often be inflicted for the most reasonable complaints. The bread contractor has been known to supply only half the quantity of bread for which he had contracted, dividing the nefarious profit with the Government official, the overseer of the works; and it was to this official that the poor peasants had to complain, if they had any complaints to make!

All this would be bad enough in itself, but it is made infinitely worse when the truth is known relative to taxation. The system of taxation is both unjust and excessive. It presses unfairly upon the poor pea-

sant, and too often allows the wealthy proprietor to escape without any payment at all. The Khedive owns one-fourth of all the land, and pays no taxes at all. The Europeans settled in Egypt, many of whom are amongst the wealthiest proprietors, likewise pay no taxes. In order to make up for these unjust exemptions, increased burdens are imposed upon the luckless peasants, the *fellaheen*. Everything the peasant has and does is taxed. Not only the date-trees and the crops of all kinds, but even the water-wheel with which he raises water for the irrigation of his fields; his camels, his buffaloes, and his donkeys, all are taxed. The artizan pays twenty-five piastres before he can get leave to follow his trade, and the ferryman pays one tax for his boat, and another for leave to follow his calling as ferryman. The very dancing-girls pay taxes, supposed to be in proportion to their gains, and these gains are the subjects of inquiry on the part of the Government officials, before whom they have to appear for that purpose.

Everywhere, from the desert plains of Nubia to the shores of the Mediterranean, the same cry is to be heard, "We are ground to the earth by taxation; the Khedive is killing us with hard work and oppression; living is becoming well nigh impossible, we are tired to death of it." "Only a few days ago," writes an intelligent correspondent in the *Standard*, last month, "an Arab, whom I met at Mensheeya, three hundred miles above Cairo, told me that he was on his way to market, to try and dispose of the camel he then rode, in order to meet an additional tax imposed upon him. He had, according to his own account, paid with his last piastre everything lawfully due, and now had nothing but his camel, for which he hoped to get twelve napoleons, with

which to pay the amount demanded from him. In reply to a question, he added that, on his making default, he would be beaten until the amount should be forthcoming, either from himself or from some of his friends or relatives. This case is but one out of thousands, all equally bad."

The stock—camels, buffaloes, donkeys, oxen, mules—has often to be disposed of, at ruinous prices, in order to meet the demands of the tax-collector. But as such sales, even at ruinous prices, are often impossible, the Government is forced frequently to take the taxes in kind, and this system leads to monstrous injustice, to waste and destruction of property. The property thus seized in lieu of taxes, is disposed of to agency houses, European for the most part, at Alexandria at a proportionately low figure, and thus the ordinary produce is injured and undersold. Many of the prisons, particularly in Upper Egypt, are full of people who cannot pay the taxes. "There will be much of the *courbache* this year," say the officials, meaning that the terrible whip of rhinoceros hide will have to be put in frequent requisition before the taxes are paid. From one hundred to a thousand lashes of this whip are inflicted, but seldom more than five hundred at one time. Many die under it.

The manner in which the taxes are levied in Upper Egypt is of the simplest. The *Mudir* of the district has a certain sum to raise, and he assesses each town or village at his discretion. The governor of the town or the sheikh of the village, in his turn, assesses the various inhabitants, so that the required sum may be forthcoming on the day appointed. If the *Mudir* fails to produce the sum required at the date fixed, he is either punished by the *courbache*, or by im-

prisonment, or he is dismissed, and another appointed in his room. Similarly, if the governor of the town or the sheikh of the village fails to pay up his quota when required, the *Mudir* has the authority to inflict similar punishment upon him. All this has the merit of simplicity certainly, but it is easy to see to what glaring abuses such a system is liable, as long as human nature is what it is. Cases of corruption and favouritism are common, and, when the wealthy purchase immunity by bribes or gifts, the screw has to be put on the more tightly upon the unfortunate peasantry. Everthing tends to keep the miserable *fellah* in absolute poverty, and everything tends similarly to prevent the proper development of the agricultural capabilities of the country.

Thorough administrative reform is the only remedy for these evils. Fortunately, a beginning has been made in such reform by the introduction of European agency into the higher law courts, and into the higher departments of finance. Forced labour must be abolished if the country is to have a chance of prosperity. Extravagance in high places must yield to a judicious economy, and the revenue must be properly applied. All this is not to be done at once, but the severe lessons taught to Egypt and its rulers by the present condition of Turkey, by the deposition and suicide of Abdul Aziz, have not been altogether thrown away upon the astute ruler of Egypt; and the introduction of European supervision in the law courts, and in the financial administration, will lead by degrees, doubtless, to other reforms. If the necessary steps are taken to reform the administration, and to introduce a wholesome economy into the ruler's expenditure, there is no reason why Egypt should not be abundantly prosperous.

In his pamphlet on Egyptian debt, Mr. Goschen gives two striking illustrations of the corruption of the native Government. The first is the following: "A portion of the revenue was paid in kind, in wheat and cotton,—the Minister of Finance sold that cotton and that wheat, before they were delivered; he received advances on them; the cotton and the wheat were delivered, but they were not delivered to the people to whom he had sold them for delivery; they were sold over again, so that he received money twice for them." The kind of Government under which such things were possible may be conceived. The second illustration is not less peculiar—symbolical of Egyptian darkness in high places.—"You will remember that in January last, the English Government had given £4,000,000 to the Egyptian Government for the Suez Canal shares. The Egyptian stock had risen largely in consequence; it stood at 70 or thereabouts. At that time a mysterious seller appeared on the scene—he sold, not in hundreds of thousands, but in millions, and the stock fell rapidly. I said to the Viceroy, 'Who do you think was the man who was showing this want of confidence in Egyptian finance? It was your own Minister of Finance.' The Minister of Finance became a bear of Egyptian stock to the amount of two millions and a half. He borrowed in order to carry on the operation. It was a combined operation. He 'b-ared' the stock, and he raised the wind at the same time by the following combinations—he borrowed these two and a half millions from owners of the stock of 1873. He paid them a commission for borrowing the stock, which he was going to sell, in order to destroy the credit of the Government of which he was Finance

Minister."* It is unnecessary to pursue the transaction further here. When such things were done by those high in authority, can we wonder if the subordinate officers endeavoured to enrich themselves by the most nefarious proceedings.

But it is not alone its magnificent river and its fertile soil that constitute the riches of Egypt. Its ancient monuments are a perennial source of wealth to it, from the numbers of tourists from all parts of the world that flock to it to inspect these monuments. Its ancient literature, its temples, its statues, its tombs, are all marvellous and unique. There is no such cemetery to be seen elsewhere in the world as that at Gizeh, where the pyramids, mightiest of sepulchral monuments, stand now, as they have stood for thousands of years, the tombstones of buried kings. Every one that comes to Cairo hastens to visit the great pyramid, to see the sun rise from its summit, to witness the wonderful panorama presented thence of river, fertile plain, distant hills, and boundless desert. And all around are other pyramids, with the awful Sphinx in the middle, a cemetery sublime in its desolation as in its magnitude, that cannot fail to strike the most thoughtless with awe.

When Napoleon arrived at the foot of the great pyramid with his army, his generals hastened to commence the ascent. Napoleon himself remained at the base, examining it on all sides. His generals smiled, thinking that he was afraid to mount, as he was often afflicted with giddiness in ascending great heights. The summit is 420 feet above the plain. Besides this, the steps are high, and those with short legs are at a great disadvantage. On their return, one of the generals said to him, "It is only

by mounting to the top that one can have an idea of the great size of the pyramid and of its immense proportions." "Do you think so?" was the reply of the great Corsican. "Well, look here. Here is a calculation I have been making of the amount of building material in this pyramid and the two adjoining—a calculation which proves that with this amount of material a wall might be constructed ten feet high and one broad round France." The generals were surprised, but it was not until one of the engineer officers, an adept in mathematics, had gone over the calculation and verified it, that they confessed this statement gave them a grander idea of the pyramids than they had obtained by climbing to the summit of the highest.

The fatigue of getting up is considerable, assisted though you be by an Arab holding each hand and another pushing behind. But the view to be obtained thence is one that can never be forgotten. The Nile is seen winding, like a silver ribbon through a green garden. The desert in some places seems to come down almost to the river itself, whilst in others it is miles away. Cairo is conspicuous, with its graceful minarets, its domed mosques, and the high towers of its citadel, twelve miles off, but seen through so clear an air, that it appears to be only a pistol-shot away. The mountains of Mokhut-tam border the desert, on that side, separating the plain of the Nile from the basin of the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. Fresh and pleasant foliage, belonging to the forests planted by the successive Viceroy, forms an agreeable contrast to the white dots of the city and the more sombre tints of the desert beyond. An immense sea of sand, the terrible Libyan desert, stretching away

* "Egyptian Debt. Mission of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P."

to the Sahara, bounds the view on the east with a prospect as wonderful and as sublime as that of the gigantic cemetery at our feet, the Sphinx standing in the middle of it, solitary, vast, and mysterious. Here and there the sand is raised in little pillars by the whirling winds, and goes coursing over the plain, the only signs suggestive of life and motion in the illimitable waste. It is a wonderful sight—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. The men at the base of the pyramids are so many pigmies, whilst, seen from below, we look like little dark dots, human ants crawling on this mighty ant-hill!

But there are others who see much more than a vast cemetery in the Pyramids. There are men who believe in the great pyramid as a special revelation of the Almighty, men who have founded what may be called a Pyramidal Faith, the religion of the great pyramid. The Abbé Moigno in France, and Mr. J. Taylor, and Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, are the chief teachers and prophets of this new faith. They believe "that a Mighty Intelligence did both think out the plans for it, and compel unwilling and ignorant idolaters, in a primal age of the world, to work mightily, in the great pyramid, both for the future glory of the one true God of Revelation, and to establish lasting prophetic testimony, touching a future development, still to take place, of the absolutely Divine Christian Dispensation." They believe that Isaiah alluded to the great pyramid in the words "an altar to the Lord, in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof." They believe that Melchizedek himself, the King of Salem, was the sovereign who issued the orders for the construction of the pyramid, and who gave the dimensions, under divine in-

spiration. In fine, they believe that the great pyramid was intended to teach to mankind the true mean density of the earth, its shape, the configuration of land and water, the mean temperature of the earth's surface, as well as the correct standards of length, area, capacity, weight, density, heat, time, and money.

One would think this was enough for the great pyramid to teach us, but the Pyramidal Faith goes further. It sees, in the mighty tombstone, an indication of the future history of the world. When it was built the holy influences of the Pleiades were exerted from the meridian, through the points where the ecliptic and the equator intersect. Referring thus to the earth's past history, it shows us also when and where the millennium is to begin, whilst the apex was no other than that stone of stumbling and rock of offence, once rejected by the builders, and now become the chief stone of the corner. "Whosoever shall fall upon it, shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

If such ideas as these had proceeded from a man unknown to the world, they would have been easily and shortly set down as the wandering fancies of a diseased brain. But, in Professor Smyth's valuable work, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," the most elaborate and ingenious defence of these ideas will be found, proceeding from no crack-brained enthusiast, but from the sober judgment of a man eminent for his scientific acquirements and for his profound learning. In his "Budget of Paradoxes," Professor de Morgan spoke of the work thus:—"Professor Smyth says—whose work on Egypt is paradox of a very high order, backed by a great quantity of useful labour, the results of which will be made available by those

who do not receive the paradox," &c.

I cannot pretend to enter fully into the question here. It would lead to discussions involving far too much space, and too close an application to astronomy and mathematics, to be acceptable to the readers of this gossip. But I can give an illustration, from which the nature of the proofs relied upon by the founders of, and believers in, the Pyramidal Faith, may be understood, and from which it may be easily conjectured how similar facts and fancies are extended to similar speculations in other fields.

The accuracy with which the great pyramid has been built, with reference to the cardinal points of the compass, has long been a subject of remark to those who made a study of it. It is no easy matter to build a large structure in such a way that one side shall exactly face the north, another the south, another the east, and another the west. To do so with perfect accuracy, delicate solar observations must be made, and the architect must have a considerable knowledge of astronomy. This knowledge the architects of the great pyramid unquestionably had. They probably took the stars for their guide. In the cloudless skies of Egypt, observations of the stars are easy and continuous. The pole of the heavens would mark the true north, and the pole-star would indicate this true north most conveniently when below the pole. The north once marked out accurately, the other cardinal points would follow in due course. Now, the founders of the Pyramidal Faith maintain that the architects of the great pyramid have solved this question with an accuracy so wonderful that nothing less than special revelation can account for it. Yet, in 1779, Nouet maintained

that the error in the orientation of the pyramid was not less than twenty minutes of arc, or about an inch in five yards. Professor Smyth found the error to be not twenty, but four and a half minutes of arc, corresponding to about one inch in twenty-one yards. The accuracy was surprising for a rude age, but surely nothing miraculous.

In the same way the height of the pyramid bears to the perimeter of the base a singular approximation to the relation between the radius of a circle and its circumference. To discover this relation with perfect accuracy has been a problem with mathematicians in all ages—the squaring of the circle. The founders of the Pyramidal Faith claim for the architects of the great pyramid perfect accuracy in their solution—supposing the ratio of the height to the perimeter of the base to be intended as such a solution. Scientific men, however, uninfluenced by prejudice and enthusiasm, deny the fact. But the truth is, that mere numerical coincidences have very little weight as evidence, and all the evidence in favour of the Pyramidal Faith consists of numerical coincidences.

No. As a great work of art we may admire it—as a vast tombstone we may pronounce it wonderful and sublime—as a monument of architectural and astronomical skill, in a rude age, it is magnificent and extraordinary—but it is no more a divine revelation than all works of genius are—the Cartoons and the Transfiguration of Raffaele, the Suez Canal, the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, the Venus de Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, Paradise Lost, and Hamlet. They all owe their origin to that divine afflatus, that breathing of the spirit of God, which we call genius.

A visit to the museum of Boulak, upon the Nile, opens up sources of reflection on the past of Egypt not

less impressive than those to be obtained by visiting the pyramids. Here we have the treasures of ancient Egypt around us in profusion, admirably arranged and catalogued by Mariette Bey, the officer in charge of it. Specimens of literary works of all kinds are to be met with here, written on the far-famed papyri, many of them supposed to be five thousand years old. Here are specimens of astronomical and astrological works, proving the science of Egypt in those long past ages—works on medicine and on history; on theology and philosophy; and, not least curious to the modern reader, works of fiction too! Mariette Bey is the compiler of a catalogue, but if it be your good fortune to have him for a guide, and can understand his French, which he speaks fluently, you may shut the book and simply listen. His memory is wonderfully correct. The mummies will rise from their sarcophagi, and tell their own stories; others step out of their glass cases; and, listening to Mariette Bey, you hear them discourse of their parentage and their birthplace, their youth, their marriage, their age, their children, and their fortunes. They will confess their sins and tell their secrets without a blush—nay, they will expound, too, the mysteries, more or less recondite, of their religious and social systems. They recount fully their pleasures and their pastimes, their sorrows and their trials, their labours, successes, failures, and grievances.

Here we see the jewellery worn by Egyptian belles coeval with Cheops, and there the secrets of the toilette-table, with its pigments and its artifices, "when the Memnonium was in all its glory." The ordinary wearing apparel, the decorations and the arms, are all exposed to view, not rusty and mouldy, with the deterioration of ages upon

them, but bright and polished, as when in use. Mariette Bey has spared no pains to present them all to us, as they were used by the ladies of the time of Cheops, by the heroes contemporary with Sesostris and the Shepherd Kings. Mariette Bey will show you remains of a tomb constructed before the great pyramids of Gizeh were erected, and paintings on stucco, in vivid colours—of a group of geese particularly, half life-size, in which the execution and colouring are striking in the extreme, and these he assures you, without a doubt are six thousand three hundred years old. He will give his reasons, too, for this assertion—excellent reasons, if you can only understand them.

The collection at Boulak perhaps contains the most valuable monuments that exist for determining the history of ancient Egypt in a chronological order. And this I say advisedly. Much as there is that is valuable, of Egyptian antiquities which I have seen, in Turin, in Paris, and in London, there are more ample materials in Boulak, and they are constantly being added to, with judgment and discretion.

"I hate these mummies," says the cockney tourist. "They are thoroughly disagreeable. I hate them and all their belongings. There is an air of infinite conceit about them. The endless repetition of the same designs, the unyielding rigidity of forms, the hideous commingling of the human and the bestial, are all nauseous to me. Look at the smirks on the face of that one as painted on his box; the very exclusiveness of the box itself is detestable. He has no right to be here at all. He ought to have been buried and done for ages ago." Such is the language of ignorant tourists from Paris, London, and New York, who travel

only to be amused. But, to the intelligent and instructed traveller, the illustrations of Egyptian customs, art, and history in Boulak, render it a fascinating place.

Perhaps the oldest image in the world is in Boulak, and, strange to say, it is of wood—a wooden man, six thousand years old! It is about four feet high, stands erect, holding a staff, and is full of life; the attitude expresses vigour, action, pride, and dignity, whilst the head, round in form, denotes intellect. The eyes are crystal, in a setting of bronze, giving a startling look of life to the aspect. It is, no doubt, a portrait. Is it not strange to see before us, in a manner living, the counterfeit presentment of one who has been dead well nigh six thousand years? He must have been a man of mark, and a citizen of a state considerably civilized. It is not the portrait of a barbarian, nor was it carved by a rude artist. It comes from one of the cemeteries of Upper Egypt.

Of the third dynasty there are two statues from Meydoum in the Boulak Museum, from the Necropolis encircling the false pyramid. They represent a Prince and Princess, and appear to do so with wonderful fidelity. "There are no more speaking likenesses in all Egypt," says Mariette Bey, "and they reveal the fact that art was brought to wonderful perfection at a period prodigiously remote." If the Egyptian race was of the type here presented, it must be admitted that it differs considerably from the races of which we find representations and statues subsequently. There are other remarkable remains of the same dynasty from the façades of a tomb at Meydoum,—the tomb of a family that lived before the great pyramids of Gizeh were constructed.

The period of the Shepherd Kings, the 15th, 16th, and 17th

dynasties, is also illustrated richly by the monuments in the Museum at Boulak. There are Sphinxes, kings and priests in abundance. Two kings, standing upon the same pedestal, holding water-fowls and fish in their hands, together with the flowers of the *bashnin*, form a very remarkable group. The features are hard and unprepossessing, bearing a strong resemblance to the lion-maned Sphinx of the same epoch. The upper lips are shaven, but the cheeks and chins are covered with an abundant growth of wavy hair. The heads are adorned with huge wigs arranged in coarse tresses.

From Thebes there are various objects illustrating the domination of the kings of Upper Egypt, who were contemporary with the Shepherd Kings in Lower Egypt.

From the remains of a later date, arranged and classified by Mariette Bey, it appears that, during the the 18th dynasty, Ethiopia was annexed to Egypt, and gradually adopted the civilization of the conquering race. Perhaps Mariette Bey is responsible for the present Viceroy's recent expedition into Abyssinia, from having brought these facts before him. Certain it is, however, that in these early times, Ethiopia became the rival of its conqueror, and brought Egypt subsequently into subjection. From the 19th to the 23rd dynasties this subjection prevailed, and then Egypt became again independent.

The best work of art in the Museum is the statue of Chephron, the builder of the second pyramid. This period corresponds with the fourth dynasty of Manetho, and the statue is probably more than five thousand years old. It is a life-like sitting figure of red granite. Every one must admire its tranquil majesty, the close study of nature apparent in the moulding of the breast and limbs, and all this exe-

cuted in a material so intractable! Egyptian art never exceeded this cleverness. It never burst its bonds, and rose to the sublimity of the art of Greece.

In Pompeii there is a curious illustration of the influence exercised by Egyptian religion even in Italy. In the mythology of the land of Egypt, Isis was the wife of Osiris (originally the Nile), and represented the earth or Egypt itself primarily. Not far from the Forum in Pompeii, the remains of a temple to Isis have been disinterred, which none can forget who have once seen it. It is separated from the temple of *Æsculapius* only by a narrow passage leading to the great theatre. The inscription found in it attests without doubt its character and dedication—

N. POPIDIUS. N. F. CELSINVS.
ÆDEM. ISIS. TERRÆ. MOTU. CONLAPSAM.
A. FUNDAMENTO. P. S. RESTITVIT.
HVNC. DECURIONES. OB. LIBERALITATEM.
CVM. ESSET. ANNORUM. SEXS. ORDINI. SVO.
GRATIS. ADLEGERVNT.

That is to say, Numerius or Nonnius Popidius Celsinus, son of Numerius, restored from its foundation, at his own expense, the temple of Isis, overthrown by an earthquake. The Decurions, on account of his liberality, elected him, when sixty years of age, to be one of their order free of expense.

The earthquake referred to above was probably that which occurred in the year 63, sixteen years before Pompeii was destroyed.

A rude Corinthian portico encompasses the court of this temple, the columns being about one foot nine inches in diameter, and the shafts painted. Two marble basins for washing were found attached to the two columns nearest the entrance, and also a wooden box, reduced to charcoal, probably a begging-box to receive the contributions of the worshippers. A flight of steps leads to the interior, which is elevated

above the level of the surrounding streets. On each side of the portico are altars. A Corinthian portico of six columns stands within, flanked by two wings, with niches for the reception of statues. The whole of the exterior is faced with decorations in stucco, not of a very elevated character. At the further end a strip of the temple is partitioned off, probably for juggling purposes connected with the worship. This, however, is merely a conjecture. In the south-east corner of the enclosure is a small building, ornamented with pilasters, with an arched opening in the centre, and over the arch a representation of figures in the act of adoration; a vase is placed between them. This building covered the sacred well, to which there is a descent by steps, a well which probably served for purification and other uses of the temple. The whole is grotesquely decorated in stucco, with designs elegant but capricious, and whimsically painted. The ground colour between the pilasters is yellow, that of the frieze red, and the flat space between the arch and the pediment green, while within the arch it is yellow. The cornice was surmounted by terracotta antefixes, which, from a single fragment remaining, representing a mask, appear to have been executed with considerable taste and skill.

Before this building stands the chief altar, which seems to have been placed here to save room, or else, perhaps, because, in the course of the ceremonies, the priests were obliged to visit the small building and the well. There were found on this altar the ashes and part of the burnt bones of the victims last offered, whilst the white stuccoed wall of the adjoining edifice, containing the sacred well, was discoloured with the smoke from the fires of eighteen centuries ago. A

square fountain is on the other side of the court opposite to it, and this was found filled with black ashes, the carbonized remains of dates, chestnuts, figs, and filberts, doubtless the offerings to Isis of the devout Pompeians of the time of Nero. Before the left wing of the portico of the cell is another smaller altar, intended doubtless for the worship of the deity, whose statue stood in the niche adjoining. The famous basalt Isiac tables stood on the pedestals on each side of the steps. One of them was found broken. The other is in the National Museum. It is about five feet high, and one and a half broad. On the top of it are engraved fourteen figures—the first Osiris, to which the other thirteen are turned as in adoration—and beneath these twenty lines of Egyptian hieroglyphics, which the younger Champollion translated as an invocation to Osiris and to Isis. Others have had the audacity to assert that they are sham hieroglyphics, intended to impose upon devout Pompeians, on the principle *omne ignotum pro magifico*, and this Overbeck stoutly maintains. What an opinion he must have had of the priests of Isis!

On the court wall, in a niche fronting the temple, stood a painted figure of Sigaleon, or Harpocrates, the Egyptian Orus, son of Isis, represented in the attitude of pressing his forefinger to his lips, to impress silence, probably intimating that the mysteries of the worship must not be revealed. Beneath this niche is a shelf, probably to receive offerings. A beautiful figure of Isis was found in another part of the court, standing on a pedestal, the drapery purple and gold. In her right hand she held the sistrum, an instrument sacred to her service. It was made of bronze, something like a racket-bat, with loose bars running across it, to

serve the purpose of cymbals; whilst, in her left hand, she held the key of the sluices of the Nile.

Immediately opposite the entrance from the street, and on the south side of the court, are two chambers and a kitchen, with stoves, on which the bones of fish and other animals were found. A skeleton lay in the outermost room, supposed to be that of one of the priests, who was evidently attempting to break a way through the wall with an axe, when he was overpowered by the sulphureous gases and smothered. He had probably deferred making his escape till it was too late, and he had had a hard struggle for life, for he had already broken his way through two walls, when stifled at the third. It must have been a tragic scene that! A man of muscle and of nerve dying hard, axe in hand, and thick drops of perspiration on his brow! The axe was found lying beside him. Another skeleton was found in an adjoining chamber, a room forty-two feet by twenty-five, evidently that of a priest at dinner, for chicken bones, egg shells, and wine vases were before him. A jovial priest, perhaps, laughing at the fears of the others, and waiting till the storm should pass, when death came, and put an end to his dinner, his laughter, and himself!

We have pictures of these priests of Isis—men with closely-shaven heads, robed in white linen—and we know that they abstained from the flesh of sheep and of pigs, that they ate no onions, never used salt, and professed celibacy. The linen robes were symbolical of the introduction of linen amongst the Egyptians by Isis. Day and night the worship went on round the statue of this divinity, and Plutarch tells us there were no priests in Italy more indefatigable in their ministrations than the priests of Isis.

Statues of Venus, and of the dog-headed Anubis, with representations of the hippopotamus, the ibis, the lotus, and various birds of Egypt, were found in this temple.

Is it not a wonderful proof of the influence exerted by Egypt upon the civilization of Greece and Italy, that its gods should thus have been introduced, temples erected to their honour, ceremonies instituted, and worship celebrated by duly ap-

pointed priests, in the far-off plains of Italy?—for in those days Italy was remote enough from Egypt. And is it not sad that humanity—cultivated and civilized humanity, like that of Italy under the Emperors—should have been a prey to such superstition, and to such gross deception, when a purer faith was being preached in Palestine, and a nobler ideal of life exhibited for all men's imitation?

THE CORBESHIP OF CLUNYS.

BY "PRESTER JOHN."

MR. SHIRLEY, of Lough Fea, has just published the first volume of his "History of the County Monaghan."* For the successful performance of such a task, Mr. E. P. Shirley was eminently qualified, and the work before us does the author infinite credit. A man of ripe and varied scholarship, deep research, and great antiquarian knowledge, Mr. Shirley had at his command sources of information to which few could gain access. The first volume contains the general history of the county from the twenty-seventh year of Elizabeth to the Revolution of 1688. The second will contain the baronial history of the county,

and the third will be devoted to the ecclesiastical and parochial history, with the succession of clergy. The subject chosen by Mr. Shirley was indeed worthy of his pen. The "Macmahon's Country" is "rich in the memories of the past," and in any other country in the world except Ireland those "memories" would be treasured up and cherished with watchful and ever-growing veneration. To say nothing of the wars and battles and bloody broils which have taken place throughout the length and breadth of Macmahon's Country, "for," says Sir John Davies, in his letter to the Earl of Salisbury, "the Macmahons,

* "The History of the County of Monaghan," by Evelyn Philip Shirley, M.A., F.S.A., M.R.I.A. Part I.

undoubtedly, are the proudest and most barbarous sept among the Irish, and do ever soonest repine and kick and spurn at the Irish Government." This district is interesting as the scene of some of St. Patrick's missionary labours.

Such names as Cooto and Corry, Dawson of Dawson Grove (ancestor of the present Earl of Dartrey), Forster, and Leslie Wright, and Anketel Barret, and the Lords Blayney of Castleblayney, occurring as they do in the ancient records of the county, are sufficient guarantee that the baronial history of the district will be peculiarly interesting. But the most attractive portion of the work will be the volume dealing with the parochial and ecclesiastical history of the county.

The materials which Mr. Shirley has to work upon may be gathered from the following brief sketch of one of the towns in the Macmahon's country :—

The market town of Clones, is by far the most important town, from an ecclesiastical point of view, in the county of Monaghan. From a very early period Clones seems to have held a prominent position as an ecclesiastical settlement. Here at the present day are to be found "fort," and abbey, and cross, and round tower.

The fort, or, as the country people call it, *the forth*, does not differ from those which are found elsewhere. It is composed of a central "dun," surrounded by three concentric raths.

Throughout Ireland, especially in the southern counties, these forts or moats are the centre of all local traditions connected with the supernatural. They have been consecrated to the fairy and the elf; no peasant would dare to violate them; and many a tale of folk-lore is told by the aged crone to rustics who listen with bated

breath to stories of the terrible vengeance inflicted by the "good people" on those who have presumed to profane their sanctuaries. Almost in all cases there is a tradition of a subterraneous passage. The tradition exists in Clones also, but no passage is to be found, nor are there any grounds for believing that any such passage ever existed. It is said that Eos was the name of a Pagan chief by whom the fort was erected, and hence the name Clones—Cluain Eos—meadow or field of Eos. Others, however, derive it from Cluain Innis—the island of retreat. Many theories have been propounded to account for the existence of those ancient raths. Some held that the hut of the chieftain was built on the central mound, while his followers lived in huts built between the works. Some regard them as fortifications thrown up for purposes of defence; others believe them to have marked the place of assembling in solemn council; and many have regarded them as mounds erected to commemorate the dead. It was, no doubt, an ancient custom to mark the last resting places of the departed in this manner. Thus Lucan ("Pharsalia," lib. 8)—

"Et regum cineres extracto monte quiescunt."

Spencer says, "But besides these two sorts of hills (folk-motes and Danes' raths) there were antiently divers others: for some were rais'd where there had been a great battle fought as a memory or trophy thereof; others as monuments of burials of the carcasses of all those that were slain in any field, upon whom they did throw round mounts as memorials of them, and sometimes did cast up great heaps of stones (as you may read the like in many places of Scripture), and other whiles they did throw up many round heaps of earth in a

circle like a garland, for pitched many long stoues on end incompass, every of which (they say) betokened some person of note there slain and buried, for this was their antient custom before Christianity came in amongst them that churchyards were enclosed."

The round tower stands about seventy-five feet high and measures about fifty-one feet round the base. It is roughly built outside, and consisted originally of five floors, each of which, with the exception of the topmost, was lighted by a quadrangular window. Mr. Wakeman is of opinion that the seeming crenelles of the mediæval parapet are dismantled opes of the upper apartment.

The round towers were in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries generally regarded as the work of the Danes. General Vallancey assumed them to be of Phœnician or Indo-Seythic origin, and that they contained the sacred fires. Dr. Petrie believes them to be of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and to have been built as belfries and keeps, and also as beacons and watch-towers.

It is a curious fact that no ancient record in existence notices the erection of a round tower. Mr. O'Brien ascribes them to a Pagan age. Some have held that they were built as monuments to commemorate the tombs of kings or nobles. That they were used for ecclesiastical purposes is clear; that they may have existed long before the introduction of Christianity is more than probable.

One of the most laughable conjectures as to the origin and use of round towers which we have ever met with occurs in "Louthiana," published in 1748, by Thomas Wright. "Others," he says, "are of opinion that they are Purgatorial pillars in which the penitent was elevated according to his crime (by

a ladder) to fast and pray, and so to purge away his sins." The judicious insertion of "*by a ladder*" is note-worthy, and reminds us of a story told by a waggish young curate about the Clones round tower. Meeting a very staid and solid English tourist one day surveying the tower, it occurred to the young fellow to try how much the credulity of the Saxon would really swallow. Accordingly he entered into chat with him, showed him the cross and the monument, and, as they strolled along, said,—

"By the way, there is a tradition among the people here that an old crazy woman, above seventy years of age, climbed up that round tower. She got inside, turned her back to it, and climbed up to the very top. But of course it is only a local tradition."

"My dear sir," said the Saxon, angrily, "it couldn't be. They might as well say she went up at a hop, skip, and jump."

The Clones round tower is very ancient, but cannot be confounded with buildings of a Pagan age, as it is cemented with lime-mortar.

Wakeman says, "Of comparatively stunted dimensions, exhibiting not a single cut stone, and presenting in its doorway and other openings only flat-headed quadrangular forms, with inclined sides similar to those found in cathairs and cloughawns, the Clones tower may be looked upon as one of the most ancient structures of its kind remaining in Ireland. But it cannot, therefore, be confounded with buildings of a Pagan age found in this country, as its masonry is well cemented with lime-mortar, a circumstance never in a single instance observed in ante-Christian architecture in Erin."

The round towers are in general from 35 feet to 120 feet high, and the Irish name *cloghad* seems to

bear on their having been used as belfries to monasteries.

The next remarkable remnant of antiquity we meet in Clones is the Cross in the Diamond. This cross, like that of St. Boyn at Monasterboice, is covered with figures. While, however, the cross of St. Boyn is said to have been cut out of one stone, and sent over from the Supreme Pontiff, that of Clones is composed of three portions. It is formed of a kind of red sandstone, and is carved on front and back with Scriptural designs.

The city of St. Tighernach was the seat of an abbacy of St. Peter and St. Paul, which dates from the sixth century. St. Tighernach, Bishop of Clogher, removed the see to Clones, where he died of the plague in 550. The name was originally written Clunys, Clowneis, and Cloanish or Clownish. At the present time the gentry pronounce the name as a monosyllable, while the peasantry more correctly pronounce it as a dissyllable. The Abbot of Clunys was *primus abbas*, or first mitred abbot of Ireland. He was called the "Corbe of Clunys," and the Corbeship being an office to which there were attached great privileges and vast power, the Corbe of Clunys generally became Bishop of Clogher. Sir John Davies says, "Of these Corbeships, the best is at Clunays in the county of Monaghan." The lands of the Corbe were managed by Herinachs, a class of lay ecclesiastics.

Of the ecclesiastical ruins in Clones, the old abbey is perhaps the most interesting. It dates most probably from about the eleventh century. The nave remains, and is 42ft. 6in. in length, by 22ft. in breadth. It is built of cut stone—reddish sandstone—outside, while the interior is built of limestones,

and it has one window intact, the upper part of which is cut out of a monolith. On the north wall is an Irish cross resembling those at Kells and Monasterboice, 10½in. high, by 6in. at the arms, carved in relief on a stone 1ft. high, by 14½in. broad.

This is the only cross of the description in Ireland. Of the monument nothing certain is known. The McMahons and the McDonnells lay claim to it: the one family has probably as little right to it as the other. It is a monolith, and like the cross, is unique.*

The ancient Irish churches are nearly all of very small size, the windows being generally of a single light, and seldom with a horizontal head: the ancient Irish ecclesiastical residences would seem to have been built of very perishable materials: even as late as 1641, the houses of Irish chieftains appear to have been built of mud and hurdles.

In 836 A.D., the abbey of Clunys was burnt with fire, and it met the same fate again in 1095. Ceanfoile, the Comarbe of Clones and Clogher, died at Clunys in 929. In 1184, the abbot of Clunys, Gilla Christ O'Macturan, became Bishop of Clogher, and the same abbacy supplied the diocese with a bishop in the year 1316, and later on again, in the year 1504.

In 1207, Hugh de Lacy burnt both town and abbey to the ground, but notwithstanding the numerous assaults and accidents to which Clunys was subjected, its abbey was, at the time of the Reformation, among the first in Ireland. It was disendowed by Henry VIII., and a Royal Inquisition was held on it in the twenty-ninth year of Queen Elizabeth.

The Corbeship of Clunys was held

* "Journal of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland," Jan. 1875.

by various members of the strong sept of the Lords of Ergal. In 1486, died Philip Macmahon, Abbot of Clunys, and in 1502, James Macmahon died in the same high dignity. In 1629 the Corbeship passed by marriage to the eldest son of Primate Loftus, the first Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin.

Some time, probably early in the reign of James I., Sir John Davies attended the Lord Deputy on a tour of inspection through the counties of Monaghan, Fermanagh, and Cavan. In the letter giving an account of this tour, written between 1603 and 1612, we find mention made of Devenish and Clunys, and we learn that then the abbeys in both places were in ruins.

Having detailed the result of the inquiries in the county Monaghan, he thus proceeds:—

“From Monaghan we went the first night to the ruins of the Abbey of Clonays (Clones), where we camped; passing from thence, through ways almost impassable for our carriages, by reason of woods and bogs, we came the second night after to the south side of Lough Erne, and pitched our tents over against the Island of Devenish, a place being prepared for the holding of our sessions for Fermanagh, in the ruins of an abbey there.”

The Macmahon procured the Corbeship of Clunys from Queen Elizabeth, and conferred it upon his eldest son. It had long before been held by Sir Henry Duke, and afterwards passed into the hands of Sir Francis Rush, from whom it descended to the Dacre family.

Outside Clones is St. Tierney's Well, and at a little distance from the town is Legar Hill—the hill of weeping, or tear hill—so called because, in ancient times, those who came to the abbey with funerals could get no farther on account of

the water. Within a few miles of Clones lies the ancient graveyard of Drumswords. Here, some half a century ago, was perpetrated a brutal outrage, which shows the lengths to which party spirit ran in those days. A man who had become obnoxious to the Roman Catholic party in the neighbourhood, died, and was buried in Drumswords. The night after the funeral came on wild and stormy: a fit night for a lawless deed. A party of men entered the graveyard, took up the coffin, and hung the corpse from a tree in the burial-ground, where it was found next morning swaying to and fro in the wind. The outrage created some stir at the time, though there is not a quieter neighbourhood now, nor one less disturbed by religious animosity in the province of Ulster. Few parishes in Ireland can boast of parochial records like those of Clones. We have been permitted to examine them by the kindness of the Rev. Canon Finlay, D.D., the worthy rector of the parish. The entries of births and marriages begin in the year 1632, and from that time to the present the records are complete. Since the Reformation Clones seems to have occupied an important position among the parishes of the diocese.

This is partly owing to its central position. The rector of Clones was very frequently a dignitary of the Church—generally archdeacon or dean. About the year 1682, Mr. William Smith was rector of Clowneis. He seems to have taken a prominent part in the stirring events which marked the overthrow of the Stuarts, as we have in the parochial records special mention of the fact that he was chaplain to their Majesties the Royal Sovereigns of Great Britain (about 1693). On the 26th of November, 1687, we learn from the burial register that Roger Boyle, Bishop

of Clogher, died in Clowneis, and was buried in the church of Clowneis next to the north wall. The bishops must have resided in Clones for a time, as we meet again an entry in 1696 to the effect that on May 15th in that year Anne, wife of Richard Lord Bishop of Clogher, was buried in Clowneis.

In the Burial Register, March, 1689, the following note occurs:—

“The nineteenth day of this moneth the last of the Protestant inhabitants deserted the town and the parish of Clowneis, the Irish possessing themselves of that part of the countrie.”

There is then a blank until 1692, when the entries begin again, and the same entry occurs in the register of births.

The state in which the Protestants of Clones found their church on their return is thus described:—

“The parsonse of the parish, Mr. William Smith, returning to the parish, from whence he was forced with all his Protestant parishioners the nineteenth of March, 1688^g, finding the roof, glass, and seats of the church all destroyed, called a vestrie to be holde upon the 3rd day of May following.”

The report of this *vestrie* is given at some length, and contains an account of the sums subscribed by the parishioners for the repair of the church.

At this period, and for fifty years before it, the state of the Irish clergy was very deplorable. They were often reduced to beggary by “frequent appropriations, commendams, and violent intrusions into their undoubted rights.” Their churches ruined, their tithes detained, and their glebes destroyed, they were in a manner compelled to become non-residents. The following extract from the Clones Vestry Book curiously illustrates this state of affairs. It is dated April 19th, 1688:—

“There was but little of this applotment collected; the Irish inhabitants were so much encouraged by popish judges that they declined the payment of any ecclesiastical dues.”

About 1750 we meet with a parish clerk, named Salathiel Higgins. We confess that we should like to know something more of this parish clerk. A humorous character he seems to have been, with an intense reverence for the Church, and an idea that the pillars of the Church were the rector of Clowneis and Mr. Salathiel Higgins. Deftly, too, this old parish clerk handled his pen, and it is very amusing to observe that when the rector's lady adds a young olive branch to the visible Church, Salathiel accords to this important event *one whole page* of the register, modestly recounting on *half a page* a similar occurrence in the household of Mr. Salathiel Higgins!

In the year 1835, the rector of the adjoining parish of Killeevan published a historical novel, entitled “The Macmahon's Country; or, The Last of the Corbes.”

We do not believe that any amount of ability could make a purely Irish novel, the scene of which is laid in the past history of the country, successful. The public would not buy such a work, and if they did, would not read it.

The ignorance displayed by Irishmen of the history of their own country is simply astounding. We have passed some seven years at Irish first-class public schools, and never saw an Irish history of any kind in one of them.

We entered the University of Dublin and obtained a degree, and never got one solitary question bearing however remotely on the history or antiquities of Ireland during our whole undergraduate career. Gerald Griffin, one of our greatest Irish novelists, published a novel called “The Invasion.” It

is a beautiful work, like everything Griffin wrote, but it was an Irish historical novel, and it was still-born.

What wonder, then, that "The Last of the Corbes" was consigned to oblivion! It is not, however, by any means an uninteresting book, and the writer seems to have possessed considerable artistic skill and a very respectable acquaintance with the past history of the county Monaghan. The scene of the book is laid in Clunys, during the frightful period which immediately preceded the rebellion of 1641.

The Macmahons of the Dartrey then lived at Conaghy, a townland lying close beside the old Roman

Catholic Chapel of Killeevan; and the writer describes the relations which existed between the ancient Irish families and the English settlers. He paints the horrors of that massacre which almost exterminated the Protestants of Ireland, and sketches the stormy career of Ever Macmahon, the last Corbe of Clunys, nephew of the great Earl of O'Neal, and afterwards titular Bishop of Clogher.

The last Corbe of Clunys was engaged in all the deep plottings and designs of the Pope's legate, Cardinal Rinuncini, and was at last seized by the English in Fermanagh, and executed as a traitor.

ON SOME REMAINS OF GREEK ART.

WITHIN the last few years large additions of well known fragments of Greek Art have been made to the collections of the European Museums, owing to the successful exertions of excavators possessing a thorough knowledge of Ancient Literature, and Ancient Art. These remains are all the more interesting, as being the productions of artists whose names have been handed down to us by writers who, like Pausanias, or the Elder Pliny, were enabled to see in even greater perfection than we can at the present day, the works of those whom they mention in their notes on Art. Thus it is, that wandering through the various Museums, the eye fixes with admiration upon the works of Phidias, Scopas, Lysippus, Chares, and a higher feeling of veneration for the purest forms of Art must of necessity arise. We have but to pause before the remains of the Parthenon, or of those from Halicarnassus, to comprehend to what an extent such workmanship was the means of raising man to a higher appreciation of intellectual enjoyments. More especially does that feeling come over us when we carefully study the Panathenaic frieze, and examine its every detail, suffering our mind to wander back to the days of Athens in its glory, of Athens endeavouring to shake off the sloth into which its sons had fallen.

Many causes external to the mind, though distinctly connected with it in a sensuous relation, taking this word in its æsthetic mean-

ing, may be said to have largely aided the Greeks in the development of the plastic art. The natural beauties of the country, the genial winds, the mild temperature, the clearness of atmosphere, which helped the salient features of each temple to stand out more prominently; the background of wood, with varied shadows, the blue sea with crested waves at times almost motionless, at others lashed by the power of the winds into a raging fury, all played upon the imagination of a naturally artistic people, and Nature found in Art a ready handmaiden. But the worship of Nature did not satisfy the minds of the early Greeks, loftier forms of religion gradually became perceptible, the more philosophical called for a higher theogony, and thus it was, that to them the Goddess of Wisdom springing forth armed at all points from the brain of Zeus, became a conception as grand as is to us the idea of the power of wisdom described in the 8th Chapter of the Book of Proverbs. With such a fanciful religion, rich in ritual and ceremonies, with the abundant aids bountifully lavished upon their country by nature, we can well imagine the Athenians to have been imbued with the love of imagery; so that when Art was called upon to aid Literature in raising the fallen fortunes of Athens, Pericles found in Phidias a master equal to aid Æchylus, in the task of illustrating fitly the great power of the gods.

No period in the history of Sculp-

ture, has ever equalled that which immediately followed the battles of Marathon and Salamis. Athens was determined to rid herself of much of the corrupting luxury which was undermining the energies of her principal citizens, and to reward with due homage, artists, orators, and writers. Urged on by Pericles, Phidias adorned Athens with buildings of surpassing beauty and splendour. The Parthenon, the home of the Virgin-goddess, is known to us through the remains of the frieze which has come down to our time, thanks to the exertions of the much-maligned Lord Elgin, and many of our readers have been enabled to judge of their many beauties for themselves. The eastern pediment represented the first appearance of Pallas among the gods, who seem filled with admiration and wonderment; the western, the struggle between Pallas and Poseidon for the patronage of Athens. The friezes figured the combats between the Centaurs, and Lapithæ, of Theseus and Hercules, combatting against the giants; and the glorious slabs taken from the *cella* of the Parthenon, recorded the Panathenaic procession formed in honour of the Virgin-goddess. Young maidens clad in flowing vestments bearing sacrificial gifts, together with vases and *pateræ*, are seen to move slowly onward with head bent down, an action befitting the solemnity of the moment. In the priests who deliver up to their care the sacred implements we behold dignified men filled with reverence for the objects they hold in their hands, a reverence which they seek to impart to those to whom they now entrust their sacred charge. Other portions of the frieze now in the British Museum, depict a procession of young men on horseback, whose clinging limbs denote the skilful rider; some are entirely nude, others wear a flowing

garment, but all seem to urge their well trained steeds to bound forward in cadence to the rythmical music, first introduced by Pericles during games or processions. For action and movement, these slabs may be considered unsurpassed, the vigour and grace of the rider being instilled into the action of the fiery animal, restrained and guided by a skilful management of the rider's knees. The priestess of the temple wearing a long cloak and *Chiton*, receives a vase from the hands of a maiden, who is followed by another bearing a similar offering; the herald, so sacred in Grecian history, is here present to arrange the order of the procession. Flute and lyre players, priests, priestesses, young men and maidens, all hasten to join this solemn opening of the temple dedicated to their guardian goddess, and deposit within its sacred walls the *peplos*, woven to the honour of Athênê Polias, by the hands of many noble Athenian matrons. Of this celebrated temple, completed B.C. 488, but comparatively little is left, and this is the more to be regretted when we remember, that even in the middle ages only the eastern pediment had been dislodged. The Venetians when besieging the Acropolis, in 1687, destroyed through bombs much of what was yet in existence. Lord Elgin, purchased in 1801, as many fragments as he could, his collection being bought for the nation in 1816, by the trustees of the British Museum.

Lost in admiration at the statues placed within the pediments, Dannecker remarked, that though fashioned after Nature, he had never had the good fortune to look upon such nature (*Sie sind wie über die Natur geformt, und doch habe ich nie das Glück gehabt solche Natur zu sehen*), and indeed this is a sentiment which expresses the feeling produced, when studying these works of art. The eastern

pediment, as we have already mentioned depicted that moment when the Immortals, joined in solemn conclave, see issuing from the brain of Zeus the well-armed goddess of wisdom. The prominent figures being Zeus, and Hephaistos, surrounded by the other major deities Niké Apteros and the swift winged Iris are there, together with other minor personages. Helios rises and Nyx disappears at the birth of wisdom. The three daughters of Cekrops, Aglauros, Hersé, and Pandrosos, who first reigned in Attica, are seated, and as may be seen in Carrey's drawings, are masterpieces of inanimate movement, the first figure seeming to rise up impelled by the excitement of the moment. Goethe considered the head of the horse from the chariot of Nyx (Sôlené) as one of the most beautiful remains of the highest period of art, combining poetry and movement, expressing in great perfection by the motion of eye and ear the united action of sight and hearing, both senses being excited in this "wondrous creation." (An dem Elginschen Pferdekopf, einem der herrlichsten Reste der höchsten Kunstzeit, finden sich die Augen frei hervorstehend und gegen das Ohr gerückt, wodurch die beiden Sinne, Gesicht und Gehör, unmittelbar zusammen, zu wirken scheinen und das erhabene Geschöpf durch geringere Bewegung sowohl hinter sich zu hören als zu blicken fähig wird. Es sieht so übermächtig und geisterartig aus, als wenn es gegen die Natur gebildet wäre, und doch hat der Künstler eigentlich ein Urpferd geschaffen, mag er solches mit Augen gesehen oder im Geiste erfasst haben, uns wenigstens scheint es im Sinne der höchsten Poesie und Wirklichkeit dargestellt zu sein.) Though this statement possesses much poetic licence, yet there is much truth in calling this a most glorious frag-

ment. Michaelis' great work on the Parthenon figures this head, together with that of the charioteer which was discovered in the year 1840.

The dispute of Poseidon and Athênê for the possession of Attica is, as we have already mentioned, the subject filling up the western pediment, and here again we have to acknowledge the value of Carrey's drawings, as some of the fragments are not sufficiently well preserved to convey any idea of their artistic merits. The discovery in 1848 of the fragments of the olive-tree decided the subject intended for representation, a favourite with artists of Ancient Greece, conveying, as is supposed by some, the idea of the overthrow of the Phœnician race by the Attic. Various figures are introduced as accompanying the rival deities; among those in the *suite* of Poseidon may be recognized Leukothea, Thalassa, Aphroditê and the ubiquitous Eros; near to Athênê stands Demeter, Kora and Iakchos, together with a bearded male figure accompanied by a young maiden which are supposed by Michaelis to represent Asklepios and Hygeia. The severe yet graceful Doric order was the prevalent style of architecture of the day. Of the fragments in the British Museum the three draped seated female figures, named by many, Aglauros, Hersé and Pandrosos, the draped and swift moving Iris, and the seated nude male figure of Theseus may be looked upon as unrivalled works of art. From whatever point the student may be placed the beauties of the conception come forth by inspection more and more strikingly. When we consider how much nearer to the level of the eye they are now to be seen than what was originally intended, the utter absence of any exaggeration, a characteristic, which, unfortunately soon crept in, must be apparent to all. Attic art is here seen in all its

glory ; stiffness and unnatural position give way to ease and graceful elegance, no distorted muscular action, no violent efforts ; dignity and calmness please where these would offend. Professor Curtius' criticism is worthy of note : "The beholder perceives the breath animating the limbs of the statues, and in the glorified figures in the pediment divines a trace of the blissful life of the Olympian gods." And there is no doubt but that Athens at that time shook off the sloth which seemed to be ensnaring her ; art and literature added many to the glorious roll for which Greece is so justly renowned. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides in tragedy ; Comes, Cratinus, Aristophanes in comedy ; Zeno, Anaxagoras, Protagoras in philosophy ; the historian Herodotus ; Polygnotus the celebrated artist of the Delphic hall, and many other names flash across the memory when the mind returns to Athens under the rule of Pericles.

The colossal statue of Athena Promachos stood on the Acropolis, and we can imagine the beauty of the effect of the sun setting over this grand temple, casting its dying rays in one more glorious effort of pictorial light, thus beautifully described by Byron,—

" Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race
be run,
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun,
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely
bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living
light !
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam
he throws
Gilds the green wave that trembles
as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his
parting smile,
O'er his own regions lingering, loves
to shine,
Though there his altars are no more
divine.
Descending fast the mountain-
shadows kiss

Thy glorious gulph, unconquered
Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long
expanse
More deeply purpled meet his
mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their
summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the
hues of heaven ;
Till darkly shaded from the land and
deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks
to sleep."

No remains have as yet been discovered of Phidias's celebrated statue of Zeus, which is the more to be regretted as no statue of importance of the great Jupiter has as yet been discovered, the finest bust being that in the Vatican known as Zeus Otricoli, which is supposed by many to be an early copy, perhaps by some pupil, of the statue of Phidias. With massy locks, bearded, and full of quiet strength, the god meets the gaze of the spectator, worthy of the title *θεῶν ὑπάτος καὶ ἀριστος*, though, at the same time, a careful examination will disclose the Epicurean tendencies of the great god so easily overcome by the *cestus* of Venus.

The above period may be looked upon as the highest point ever attained in sculpture ; it is, therefore, the more interesting to study two other groups of fragments—the Æginetan marbles which preceded this period, the Mausoleum fragments and friezes, which succeeded it. Unfortunately we have in England but plaster casts of the first mentioned collection, which is preserved in the Glyptothek at Munich, and has been carefully figured with a learned notice by J. M. Wagner, *Bericht über die aeginetischen Bildwerke*, and by H. Brunn, *Beschreibung der Glyptothek*, both of which works contain valuable notes, together with explanations of this early specimen of Ancient Art.

The death of Achilles is the subject which the sculptors chose in honour of the glorious rôle their forefathers took in all wars waged against united Greece. The period may be set down as previous to 480 B.C., a period when already the eye of the sculptor had attained great perfection in figure drawing, though the uninterested, almost inane expression to be seen on the countenances of most of the figures may be ascribed to the influence of the Phœnicio-Assyrian school, best exemplified in the Cesnola collection, now in New York. Skilful as is the delineation of figure, even the most severely wounded warrior wears an expression of almost stolid contentment. Pallas Athênê stands armed, holding shield and spear, the ægis on her breast, around her the Greeks and Trojans fight for the body of Achilles. Paris wearing the Phrygian cap, clothed in chain or scale armour, kneeling upon right knee is aiming his deadly arrow; helmeted nude figures, armed with lance and spear are seen taking part in the combat. The especial value of this collection is to be found in the beauty of design, no exaggeration of muscle or forced attitude prevailing; the young athletes of the Doric race are exhibited to us as they were to be seen when practising the games productive of that beauty of figure which served as models to the artists who thronged thither to perfect themselves in the study of anatomy. Traces of colour are to be found not only on the figure of the goddess, but also on the various other figures, whose gaping wounds were painted in a vivid red. It may here be mentioned that colour was a very frequent adjunct to sculpture, though it is to be doubted whether any advantage was obtained by such a conjunction. The statue of Pallas, erected by order of the Duc de Luynes, in the Paris Exhibition of

1857, in imitation of the Phidian Athênê Parthenos as described by Pausanias, could not be said to produce a pleasant impression.

The above subject may be considered sufficient to enable us to deviate from art to mythology, and to the ancient inhabitants of Old Ilium, the Homeric Troy, which, even now, excites our admiration as being the subject of the grandest epic poem which ever has been penned or sung. The allusions made by classic writers show us to what an extent the ancients carried their veneration for Ilium, and their strong belief in the celebrated siege. Alexander the Great offered sacrifices in the temple of Pallas Ilias, and was shown, together with the lyre of Paris, the armour worn by many of the Homeric heroes. The Romans looked upon Troia as the alma mater of their race, and held this small town in veneration, as we are told by Tacitus in the 4th Book of the Annals. We read in Suetonius that Claudius exempted the Trojans from all taxation as being the forefathers of the Roman race (*Iliensibus quasi Romanæ gentis auctoribus tributa in perpetuum remisit*), quoting an ancient letter addressed by the Senate and people of Rome to Sileneus, the King. Greeks and Romans visited Troy with a feeling of veneration excited by the thrilling details taught to them as being the deeds ascribed to their ancestors. The Ilienses pointed out with pride the various relics, which they asserted were yet plainly visible. The graves of the various heroes, the identical spot where Paris delivered his momentous judgment, the dried-up bed of the Xanthus, the spot where lie buried the ashes of Hector, as described by Lucan :

" *Securus in alto
Gramine ponebat gressus : Phryx
incola manes*

Hectoreas calcare vetat: discussa
 jacebant
 Saxa, nec ullius faciem servant
 sacri.
 Hectoreas, monstrator ait, non respicis
 aras? "

Such a veneration could not but have a beautiful effect on art, as, indeed, art must always be attendant on veneration to attain perfection. Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo, were more perfect when treating subjects which in themselves inspired the nobler aspirations of artists than when they debased their art to merely depict sensuality of a coarse nature. Thus it was with the Greeks, thus it was that their high idea of that divinity they wished to figure, urged them to high endeavours. The Greeks always gave a decided interest to their works by the contrasts they sought. The Gods fight with Titans, and the spectator quickly recognizes the beauty of the figures: Hercules opposes the Centaurs and Lapithæ: whatever side may be victorious, the wish that the struggle may end with the heroes or divinities must of necessity arise; we wish success to the Amazons when struggling in the rude grasp of the sturdy male forms they encounter, we shrink when seeing them falling, or wounded by some deadly thrust. The above ideas, which we take from Goethe, are indeed full of truths, which are doubly felt when losing our own individuality we suffer our minds to revel in the glorious Grecian mythology, to recall the struggles depicted in the Iliad, and thus endeavour to idealize Zeus with his divine qualities, blended so artistically with the weakest failings of man. Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom so jealous of her powers, the Goddess of Beauty triumphant over wisdom and queenly pride. For such an æsthetical religion the art of the sculptor became a neces-

sity, and thus it is that the remains of the various periods that have come down, even from the rudest times, bear traces of the influence which surrounded the artists. With the higher civilization and the quicker perception of ideality the Attic race attained to a summit to which they had been gradually led by the Phœnicians, Pelasgians, and even Cretans, who themselves had had as models a school, perhaps anterior to that of Assyria or Egypt.

The Mausoleum marbles on exhibition in the British Museum rank as examples of Greek Art, succeeding the Pheidian period, and are the more interesting as they form an immediate sequence in the history of the purest Greek Art. Mausolus, king of Caria, was one of the Satraps who revolted against Artaxerxes Mnemon, B.C. 362. He also took part in the "social war," waged against the Athenians, joining together with the Rhodians, Byzantians, and Chians. After his death, B.C. 353, Artemisia, his wife, determined on erecting a monument to his memory which would be unequalled in splendour and magnificence. Sculptors were invited from all sides, and Pliny gives us the names of Phileus (known as Pythis), Scopas, a native of Paros, Bryaxis, Leochares, and Timotheus of Athens, as those of the sculptors engaged in the erection of this monument. The same Latin author records the fact that Theopompus, a celebrated orator, competed successfully against Naucrates and Isodorus for the prize awarded for the best eulogium to the memory of the departed king. In the account of the Mausoleum, the following mention of Scopas is to be found in Hardouin's edition of Pliny's works. "Scopas had for rivals at this period Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, whom it is right to mention at one and at the same time, because they were equally connected in the build-

ing erected to Mausolus, King of Caria, who died in the second year of the hundred and sixth Olympiad. These artists contributed greatly in causing this work to be remembered among the seven wonders of the world. From the north to the south was sixty-three feet, shorter in the front; the whole circuit being four hundred and eleven feet; it reaches in height twenty-five cubits, and is surrounded by thirty-six columns called Pteron. Scopas sculptured the east side; Bryaxis the north; Timotheus the south; Leochares the west. Before they had completed, Queen Artemisia, who had ordered this monument to be erected to the memory of her husband, died. They, however, did not cease from their labours till the work was finished, judging this monument to be both a glory to themselves and their art; and to this day their handiwork vies against each other. A fifth artist was added. For the Pteron was surmounted by a pyramid equal in height to the structure below, being formed by twenty-four *gradus* narrowing towards the top. Pythis built the quadriga surmounting the edifice. This added makes the whole work to be a hundred and forty feet in height."

That the genius of Scopas was acknowledged even during his lifetime is recorded by the fact that he was appointed sculptor of the eastern side, which was considered more sacred than the western. This celebrated sculptor was also known as the architect of the temple of Athênê at Tegæa, and a handsome relief at Munich; the espousals of Poseidon and Amphitrite is now generally supposed to be his work, as it exhibits much of the treatment to be found on the reliefs of the Halicarnassian remains. Speaking moreover of the Niobe group, Pliny says: "Par hæsitatio est in templo Apollonis Sosiani, Nioben cum

liberis morientem Scopas aut Praxiteles fecerit," thus placing these two artists on the same footing. An examination of the various fragments now preserved in the British Museum, under the care of their discoverer, Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., will at once prove the fact that many artists must have been employed in the erection of the temple, as undoubtedly the workmanship cannot be considered of equal talent. The torso of a mounted Persian warrior clothed in the tight-fitting trews, known as *anaxyrides*, and tunic girt at the waist, deserves attention from the boldness of execution which carries out the eager rushing into battle. The combat between the Amazons and the Greeks is also suggestive of much careful work, the positions adopted by the female warriors are extremely beautiful, the massive blocks of marble being so handled as to reproduce in a most perfect manner the moving of the drapery, which seems to float from the shoulders of the wearers. The male warriors are carved with a perfect anatomical knowledge and with an utter absence of exaggeration of muscular development, which in a baser style of art is ever the representative of physical strength devoid of natural grace. The discovery of a large cake of silicate of copper, together with the distinct traces of vermilion, enforce the idea that painting sculptured figures was looked upon as an additional adjunct for bringing forth those parts supposed to require the aid of colour. Especial notice must be taken of the equestrian figures, which bear comparison with those of the Panathênæic procession, the horses being handled with much the same successful vigour and lifelike accuracy. When compared with an equestrian statue of Caracalla, now in the British Museum, the differences between Greek and

Roman art will be recognizable. Another creation by Praxiteles has stamped that age with a reputation which must ever be lasting, namely, the statue of Venus purchased by the Cnidians, considered by Lucian to be so perfect that when mentioning this statue, he thus bursts forth: "Praxiteles must have seen the goddess herself, Paris could not have beheld one more lovely; the stone has become flesh." The celebrated Phryne acted for this artist the part which the Fornarina played for Raphael, and the Venus de' Medici and de' Milo remain as evidences of an unrivalled delicacy of touch which was enabled to shape the huge blocks of marbles into the loveliest forms.

Though Dr. Schliemann's late discoveries have not added in any way to the study of antiquarian Art, they may, nevertheless, be mentioned as being of immense value as forming an important link between the Homeric age and the classic age of Ancient Greece. The learned excavator first seized his idea of examining the Lion gate at Mycenæ, well known to antiquarians from the numerous mentions made of it by Leake and Dodwell, and many foreign writers; from the description given by Pausanias, who in his description of Mycenæ mentions "the gate on which stands the lions." Further on he states that "in the ruins of Mycenæ are the fountain called Perseia, and the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they stored their treasures. There is a sepulchre of Atreus, with the tombs of Agamemnon's companions, who, on their return from Ilium, were killed at dinner by Ægisthus. The identity of the sepulchre of Cassandra is called in question by the Lacædæmonians of Amyklæ. There is a tomb of Agamemnon and that of his charioteer, Eurymedon. Telademos and Pelops were deposited in the

same sepulchre, for it is said that Cassandra bore these twins, and that when still little babies they were slaughtered by Ægisthus together with their parent." The Lion gate, as it is generally known, is more interesting as an early specimen of architecture than for any beauty of design, the workmanship resembling in many particulars the very curious designs which were brought to light by General De Cesnola when excavating in Cyprus. Dr. Schliemann's argument that no ancient writer mentioned that Mycenæ was rebuilt B.C. 468 is worthy of attention, and from the details given by the learned excavator we may hope to see before us at some future time copies of remains of a great traditional era, which was the theme of the most splendid epic ever produced. It is impossible to blindly agree with Dr. Schliemann, who may very naturally be carried away by the importance of his discoveries, but whatever conclusions may be arrived at by antiquarians, who may be allowed to visit the relics in the Museum at Athens, undoubtedly great praise will be due to the learned Doctor and his wife for their devotion to the cause of literature, and for the courage and zeal which they displayed in furthering the knowledge of early Ancient Art. Any of our readers interested in this subject will find excellent engravings in the numbers of the *Illustrated London News* beginning from March 24.

The matchless galleries in the Museums of Rome and Florence contain as a whole the best collection of single statues or small groups. In the Berlin Museum, in the Louvre, and in our own British Museum, may, however, be found several specimens deserving of the highest praise. As examples we may mention the statue now in the Vatican of the athlete using the strigil (ἀποξίωμιος) after perform-

ing some feat which has covered him with the "pulvis Olympicum;" the statue of the Diskobolus in the British Museum, a copy in marble of a known bronze by the celebrated Myron, and which may be put down to that period; the dancing Faun of the Villa Borghese; the Barberini Faun, ascribed by the learned Brunn to the best period of Greek Art; the bust of Alexander in the Louvre; the well known statue of Venus de' Medici, and de Milo. Any one of these being sufficient in themselves to complete, thorough knowledge of Art. Among the late additions to the National Collection made within a few years, none is more beautiful than the bust of Æsculapius found in the Island of Melos, a splendid specimen of the period known as Macedonian, which depicts this deity as the friend of suffering humanity, whose partly opened lips seem breathing a prayer for succour to man, the majestic countenance being full of sympathy, the expression being one of benevolence and wisdom. Let the student compare this bust with two others known as the Pourtales Apollo and the Clytie, supposed by some to represent Antonia, and the difference between the grand severity of pure Greek Art and the somewhat meretricious beauty of the Græco-Roman period cannot but strike him. Beautiful and striking as undoubtedly are these latter, we are not impressed with the same ennobling thoughts which seem to be brought forth when we look upon the works of the more ancient artists. Corruption, luxury, sensuality, an utter disbelief in the supernatural divinity of the gods have effected the destruction of the more severe style of art.

The great artists did not, however, leave disciples sufficiently instilled with their own high ideas to carry on the work thus begun, as after

the Macedonian period we find but few works of high merit. The contortionate style became largely prevalent, and the eye is attracted by some wondrous play of muscle which excites the admiration as a tour-de-force, but which is productive of feelings different to those called forth by the Panathenaic procession. According to a writer, who flourished under Marcus Aurelius, much of the sentiment of art was produced by the wondrous beauties lavished by Nature on Athens. To Nature, as we have already remarked, she owed her harbours, the situation of the Acropolis, the charm which seems to environ everything aided by the clear transparency of the atmosphere, a characteristic even now peculiar to Attica, which specially charmed Goethe. When Art was called in to the aid of these natural beauties, Athens became, under the rule of Pericles and Aspasia, an incomparable city, attracting from all sides artists, sculptors, poets, orators, historians, and statesmen, who have, indeed, left "footprints in the sands of time." Will she ever recover is a question none as yet can answer, but we can only point to her past history with veneration, as a model to many nations who may not, perhaps, as yet see the "writing on the wall." The best period of Greek art, literature, and history, was a period when men's minds were not brutalized by scepticism, when they felt and owned a higher being and a higher power than mortal man. History repeats itself, empires come and go, and each leave behind it traces of past grandeur; but none have been left of greater artistic beauty than the fragments of the Parthenon, erected to the Virgin-goddess by the Athenians under Pericles.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY AN EX-OFFICER OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

I do not like introducing politics or anything approaching to sectarianism into my stories. There is "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," in the following sketch, but a true statement of facts as they came before me.

In a certain town in the west of Ireland there existed, some years since, a colony of reformers, who had seceded from the Roman Catholic Church. This colony comprised about three hundred men, women, and children, living altogether apart from the rest of the townspeople, in whose sight they certainly did not meet much favour; and the country people returning from market, when opportunity offered, generally left some token of affectionate remembrance in the shape of a paving-stone dashed through a window. On those occasions the colonists were not slow in retaliating, and a never-ceasing war of alternate success was carried on between them, notwithstanding all the efforts of the constabulary to preserve the peace.

This bad feeling culminated at length by a certain country priest calling on the rector one morning—I happened to be paying a visit there—and declaring to him his fixed determination to become a Protestant. As I did not think myself justified in taking part in the explanations and discussion which followed, and that the ensuing Sunday was fixed on for him

to attend church and read his recantation, I took my departure.

The moment the news spread that Father B—— had left his parish and turned Protestant, the wildest excitement prevailed, and threats of vengeance were so openly expressed against him, that the magistrates, fearing that he would be attacked on his way to church, sent me an order to collect all the available force of the district, and escort him there and back.

Knowing that my small force on such an occasion would be found totally inadequate, I represented it to the magistrates, who thereupon sent a requisition to the inspecting commander of the Coast-guard, and another to the commander of one of Her Majesty's steamers, then lying in the harbour; the latter sent to our assistance a force of sixty marines and sailors, the former of twenty-five men, making altogether along with the constabulary a force of one hundred and ten men and officers.

I thought at the time what an extraordinary circumstance it was that the Roman Catholics should make such a row on account of one of their clergymen leaving their Church; why not let him depart in peace if he wished to do so? I am pretty sure that the Protestants, although much inferior in numbers, would have done so had he been one of their religion.

What the Protestants of the

present day complain of, and regret to find, are, not seceders from their Church from conviction which satisfies their own mind and is openly expressed, but they complain of the "snakes in the grass," who, under the name of Protestant clergymen, and receiving emolument as such (it has lately been stated in one of our leading journals that their services are duly considered in another quarter also, be that as it may), they are now working hard to sap the very foundation of the Church they profess to belong to.

The eventful Sunday morning came, our united force assembled at the rectory; the priest did not seem at all nervous on the occasion, although it was known that an immense number of country people from the adjacent parishes had come into town that morning.

Having placed the priest in the centre, who was accompanied by the rector and two other clergymen, and who really seemed the most unconcerned of the party, the word was given, and with swords drawn and bayonets fixed, we set out *en route* for the church.

We found immense crowds collected, which increased as we proceeded, and curses both loud and deep were heaped on B——'s head, but being chiefly in the Irish language our friends from the other side of the Channel were spared the pain of having their ears offended by such expletives.

As long as words only were used no notice was taken of the crowd. This forbearance, however, seemed rather to annoy them, and a few scattered clods, evidently brought for the purpose, began to fall amongst us, all seemingly intended for the poor priest. At length, one old hag, having wound herself up to the highest pitch of fury, rushed through the men and discharged a handful of mud at Mr. B——'s devoted head. The word "halt"

was immediately given. The moment we confronted the crowd they retired a few paces; the old lady was arrested, and a few days afterwards got two months' hard labour as a well merited reward for her heroism.

As we neared the church the mob became more violent and threatening, and a few stones began to fall amongst us. Thinking their prey was about to escape them, a perfect shower of stones was thrown, by which several of the escort were struck. We were then ordered to "charge"—certainly it was time, as the critical moment had arrived. A few were slightly injured, and gave way.

On approaching the church gate we found that a large number of persons had taken up their position there. They were speedily dislodged, and our charge placed in safety inside. I must say that in no instance on that occasion were the Protestants of the town annoyed or insulted on their way to or from their place of worship; the crowd, while heaping curses on Father B——'s head, did not associate any other name with his; their vengeance extended no further.

The church was crowded in every part, the interest taken at the time of Mr. B——'s reading his recantation was intense.

As soon as service was concluded preparations were made for our return to the rectory. Before we started the stipendiary and one of our local magistrates, who spoke Irish, went outside and addressed the people. He told them the danger they incurred by opposing the law; he then spoke of liberty of conscience, and that the Protestants would not annoy themselves or break the law should a member of their Church change his religion.

Being well liked, and addressing

them in their native language, it had such a good effect that we were allowed to escort our charge to the rectory in comparative quiet.

Our rector was the owner of a fine yacht of about eighty tons, chiefly used for conveying provisions from distant towns round the coast to the Reformers, as the townspeople, with few exceptions, refused to supply them; notwithstanding which our rector, in the time of general scarcity, supplied the poor of all religious persuasions with flour, oatmeal, and potatoes, at one half the cost they could otherwise have obtained them.

Accepting an invitation to accompany him across the bay in his yacht, I went on board next morning, and was surprised to find Mr. B—— in the cabin. We reached our destination. We anchored in the harbour, for obvious reasons not wishing to bring the yacht to the quay. We then went on shore, each to look after his own business.

Returning in the evening, I found our vessel on shore amongst the rocks, and was told that about half ebb two men had been seen to come down in a small boat from above the town and cut the hawser. The yacht immediately drifted, and ran aground about one hundred yards further down. The entire shore for a long distance was composed of small jagged and sharp-pointed rocks, nor was there a single spot for some hundred yards at either side that the yacht could have run into without being seriously injured, except the very spot where she had drifted.

Our rector arrived at the spot immediately after. He was a brave man, and a stout sailor. The hawser having been cut did not seem to surprise or annoy him; he merely said that "he had many things of the kind to contend against." Our anxiety now was to get her off. The tide was making

fortunately, and where she lay was below high-water mark. We stood on deck; it was a lovely night; the moon was rising; all depended on her floating at high water. We watched with much anxiety for the moment; it came. "She's afloat now," said the cheery voice beside me. A small boat with two sailors in it had a hawser already attached to the yacht, and the moment the rector spoke they gave way, and stern foremost the little vessel was towed off. The tide being in our favour, we dropped quickly down to the harbour. The bay was fifteen miles across, and under full sail, with a light wind, we cast anchor in the harbour at the opposite side about four o'clock next morning.

The priest was necessarily confined to the cabin the entire day; he saw the ruffians cutting the cable, not daring, however, to show himself. When the yacht began to drift he almost despaired, but felt quite happy when she grounded, as he said from the smooth way she settled down he knew that it was a safe anchorage.

He remained about a month at the rectory, and then proceeded to Dublin, where he was received into the "Priests' Protection Society." I was rather pleased at his departure, as it took a great responsibility off my shoulders. I heard from him occasionally; the last letter received was from Wales, thanking me for all I had done for him, saying that he was appointed to a parish there, was well married, and the happy father of two interesting little ones.

The departure of the "Converted One" did not by any means allay the bad feeling existing; for, attending an inquest a few days afterwards at the Court-house, I received a dispatch from a distant station, stating that a fine young woman—a "Convert"—who had gone to see some distant relatives who lived near the

coast, about ten miles from where she was at service, was found drowned under suspicious circumstances the day before. The body was removed to her relatives' house, who were all Roman Catholics, and had previously done all in their power to induce the poor girl to return to the religion of her forefathers.

The coroner, being pre-engaged, could not hold an inquest until the second day after, and required me to collect sufficient force to escort him to the house where the body lay, which was ten miles off, close to the sea-shore.

More work, however, than anticipated was in store for us; another dispatch reached me from the same constable, stating that the relatives of the deceased woman and their friends were determined not to allow a Protestant clergyman to read the burial-service or enter the churchyard, and that the rector of the parish was determined to do so. At the same time I received an order from the magistrates to escort the two clergymen, and protect them in the discharge of their duties.

I had again to call on the Coast-guard officer, who arrived next morning with twenty men, and at an early hour set out with the coroner to hold the inquest. An hour later I followed with a dozen men. Calling at the clergyman's residence, on our way we found them ready to start, and hurried on, as I was anxious to take up my position in the churchyard before the funeral procession arrived. The situation was wild and romantic. The old churchyard was situated about half way between the house the inquest was being held at and the sea-shore.

I fortunately was enabled to do so, or matters might have turned out much worse. Shortly afterwards I saw the coroner and his escort approaching, the funeral pro-

cession following. His orders were at all risks to protect the clergymen, and arrest any person interfering with them. The coroner's authority, on those occasions, exceeds that of an ordinary magistrate.

Our united force, on this occasion, amounted to thirty-four men all told; the number of country people assembled exceeded one thousand. The greatest excitement prevailed. Mischief was evidently intended. Dark looks were thrown at the two clergymen and their friends. The gentler sex, particularly the elders, seemed "eager for the fray," the certainty of which was apparent to all present.

The *casus belli* on this occasion has often been the cause of local disturbance in Ireland. In this instance the deceased had seceded from the Roman Catholic Church, and joined the colony of Reformers two years previous, and had just obtained a situation as attendant on a rich invalid lady, an Englishwoman, about to reside on the Continent, and who had taken a fancy to the poor girl, whose only relatives, and those rather distant ones, she, out of kind feeling—unfortunately for herself—having obtained three days' leave, walked ten miles to say farewell to.

Every inducement was held out to her by those relatives to remain with them and to return to the Roman Catholic faith; threats were even used, but no positive evidence as to any particular threat was given at the time of the inquest. She, however, remained steadfast.

The following morning was to be her last with her friends, as she had to return to her situation that evening. During the day the poor girl was induced to go out in a boat, the boat was upset, and she was drowned; the rest, two or three, were saved. No arrests were made. Had all that were in the boat been

arrested and kept apart for separate examination by the magistrates, and an open verdict returned by the coroner's jury in place of "accidental death," the result might have been very different.

The moment for action came, the funeral procession arrived, the clergyman stepped forward to take his place, when he was rudely thrust aside; he was a stout man of middle size, and seemed like one who, if a necessity existed, would be very likely to try conclusions with his match on equal terms. As it was, without seeking aid from us, he faced his assailants with his brother clergyman; told them that he came there to do his duty, and do it he would at all risks. His words had no effect, they were this time so knocked about that the coroner directed me at once to arrest the ring-leaders. Things had now come to a crisis. Giving the word to load with ball cartridge, and fix bayonets, I advanced and arrested three of the men who had assaulted the clergymen.

The arrest of those men seemed at once to raise the passions of the people to the highest pitch. Hundreds rushed to the rescue, but as we knew the prisoners, I did not use the only means in my power to retain them in custody. They were torn from our grasp, for what were we amongst so many? Had I strictly obeyed my orders, many lives would have been lost. Up to this time I bore all patiently, but now the surrounding crowd seemed possessed with an evil spirit. Stones were thrown from all directions; a few of the constabulary and Coast-guard were knocked down. It was now self-preservation as well as duty, so, directing the men not to draw a trigger without my orders, I gave the word, "charge bayonets." In a moment we were amongst them. They met us hand to hand, with pitchforks, sticks, stones, &c., but

only for a moment. Fifteen of the peasantry were wounded in the charge, two or three seriously; a few of our men were seriously hurt. A second charge being ordered, they fled in all directions. Seeing the bad results that followed from the first, and that every carbine was loaded, they gave way at once, but turned occasionally to give us a parting salute with stones.

Several of our men, and also a number of the peasantry, were stretched bleeding on the ground, and five of the latter who were too severely wounded to move without assistance, were sent in cars to the neighbouring town to receive aid, there being no hospital within thirty miles of us.

During the *mêlée*, the bearers let the coffin containing the poor remains fall to the ground with so rude a shock that it was turned upside down, and such a sight was never seen, I suppose either before or since. Two old crones had seated themselves on it, cursing in Irish the Sassenach and all belonging to him; the constabulary and Coast-guards fighting with the peasantry; in the last charge they were completely routed and chased out of the churchyard.

The remainder of the wounded—constabulary as well as people—were attended to by two medical men who were present at the inquest. Happily there was no fatal result, although many carried the marks they received at the "battle of the churchyard," as it was called, to the grave.

As soon as a little quiet was restored the coffin was raised and borne to the grave by four of the constabulary preceded by the clergyman: the remainder of the service was performed in peace.

The above was not the only battle I had to take part in at a churchyard.

The country people in that loca-

lity have a perfect horror of having the remains of any friend or neighbour disinterred, as they are under the impression that all their wives would suffer by it, and that it would bring much sickness on the parish. There are cases, however, where disinterment cannot be dispensed with. In this instance a farmer came by his death in a doubtful manner; there was good reason for the constabulary to think that it was necessary to hold an inquest, and a dispatch was sent to the coroner, who lived forty miles off.

The friends of the deceased had been cautioned not to allow the corpse to be interred, but they would not listen to reason. The burial accordingly took place. The next morning, before daylight, a policeman arrived with a report informing me that a large number of the peasantry, armed with all kind of rustic weapons, were assembling about the churchyard. Early as it was, immediate preparations were made, and as soon as the coroner had arrived, and a jury could be got together, we proceeded to the place.

We found the churchyard in possession of the peasantry, who formed a complete cordon round it four deep at least; as soon as we came to a

halt, their leaders could be observed inside marshalling their forces, several of whom were armed with those formidable scythe-like weapons used in cutting seaweed out of boats for manure; the handles are generally ten or twelve feet long.

Wishing to avoid a collision if possible, the coroner advised them to withdraw and allow the jury to view the body, and said that he was determined that the law should be enforced. His appeal to them had no effect; he then ordered me to force an entrance and clear the churchyard. Forming four deep, we charged the most accessible part, and after a struggle, in which some severe wounds were given and received, we made good our entrance, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove the people out of the churchyard, and the law was carried into effect.

A man must do his duty, but still it is lamentable to be brought into collision with your poor countrymen for prejudices inherited from their forefathers, but which often clash with the law. It is a pity that clergymen do not try some effectual means to conquer them, as they often lead their flocks into serious trouble, sometimes attended with loss of life.

THE DESTINY OF HUMANITY.*

BY LADY WILDE.

No speculative subject excites more intense interest at the present day than that concerning the infinite future of the human race, especially in relation to those other planets of the great solar system, within whose stern and changeless laws our earth and all the planet worlds are alike inflexibly bound.

Perhaps we have been over-wearied with merely mundane knowledge, and feel the need, as it were, to search the infinite for new subjects of investigation. Curiosity has been satiated here. We know all about the physical condition of the earth, as it has been existing under many mutations for the last ten millions of years or more; everything has been analyzed and discussed and proved and tested in the alembic of science, till there are no more mysteries left of the visible world to excite the imagination, or to stimulate researches for some yet undiscovered truth. But there is still one awful and gloomy mystery of the invisible world connected with our race which remains unread. The generations pass in endless succession through the silent gate of death: the wise, the learned, the noble, the good, disappear in the fathomless abyss, and we, standing on the brink in tremour and bewildered fear, await the coming of the Fates:—

“Dark-coloured queens, whose g
ing eyes are bright
With dreadful, mournful, life-de
ing light”—

and vainly ask of revelation philosophy for some voice thru the silence, some word from the infinite, to tell us if there are worlds where the soul's energy find a wider sphere, and the intellect still more glorious of for its splendid powers than it on earth.

No proof, however, has yet found of the existence of inhabited worlds beyond our own, altho dim previsions exist in most minds that the planets are connected with the history of humanity both as past and future abode of the human race, through an endless progression of intelligence ever-changing forms; and when night we look into the fathomless star-depths of the infinite we yearn to know if the spirits of those we loved and lost are dwelling above in some brighter world where life is nobler and more beautiful than it is on our sorrow-stricken earth; yet that even there, so removed from sin and sorrow, the tender chord of human love may vibrate in their nature, in sympathy with the tears that dim our eyes when we look upward and think of the past with the tender memories that never die.

* “Our Place amongst Infinities,” by Richard Proctor, London.

“The Starry Hosts: a Plea for the Habitation of the Planets,” by Joseph Hamilton, 1

This question of life in other worlds, which has such a mystic and powerful attraction for all reflecting minds, first attracted popular attention from the eloquent and emotional manner in which it was treated by Chalmers in his astronomical sermons, and afterwards by the splendid utterances of Whewell and Brewster, in their celebrated essays, "The Plurality of Worlds," and "More Worlds Than One."

In the former, Dr. Whewell, the great antagonist of the habitation theory, maintains that our earth is probably the only abode in the universe fitted for rational beings; and of the planets he affirms, that no other except our world has the conditions necessary to highly organized beings. The inner planets are globes of fire; the outer are globes of water and frigid vapour, with scarcely any solid nucleus which could give the means to support life. The moon is a burnt-out cinder, without sea or atmosphere, where the wretched inhabitants, if any existed, would be scorched with intolerable heat, then frozen with intolerable cold, every alternate fortnight.

The sun—that glorious orb which nations have worshipped as a god—he affirms, is nothing more than a gigantic fiery furnace of red-hot vapour, where life of any kind would be impossible; and the planets are incomplete worlds, filled with inorganic material, or, if any organic creatures did exist there, they could be only like the first evidences of creation in the slimy production of the earth's earliest youth, before man appeared.

In Jupiter, for instance, they could be nothing more than fishy, flabby, boneless, gelatinous, hideous creatures, groping their lives out in a twilight of fog and watery vapour, through which the sun would appear merely as a speck of light.

And one could scarcely imagine such beings endowed with conscientious intelligence; while the planets Uranus and Neptune must exist in that "outermost darkness" which is the Scripture expression for hell, intensified in horror by the duration of their winters, which in Uranus lasts for forty years, and in Neptune for eighty years of a human life. Then, in the inner planets next the sun, no life or vegetation could sustain a heat seven times greater than that of our earth, where even metals would be reduced to a state of fiery vapour. The earth alone, according to his view, has a sufficient solid nucleus to support life—an atmosphere, a temperature, and succession of seasons favourable to the manifestation of rational industry and intellect, and the enjoyments suited to a fine and highly sensitive organization.

In opposition to these theories of Dr. Whewell, Sir David Brewster maintains with great eloquence, and arguments drawn both from science and religion, that the omnipotent Intelligence could suit the organization to the abode, and that the presumption of rational life throughout the solar system is great, from the evidence of compensation to the outer planets for diminished solar light, by the arrangement which supplies them with many moons, and Saturn with a resplendent ring of circling satellites; and he asks,—“Could it be believed that through the millions of years of the protozoic and pre-human periods of the world's existence, before man was created, there was not to be found a single rational being in the whole great universe of God?”

Mr. Proctor, the most brilliant writer of the day on these subjects, takes a middle course, and his clear, definite views, based upon extensive knowledge, and enforced with

spirit and keen argumentative and affirmative powers, deserve the deepest attention. He believes that rational life is a scarce and rare phenomenon in the universe, not existing simultaneously in all the worlds, but manifested occasionally, and then lost, to re-appear again when the physical conditions have been reached in other worlds, by which alone rational life, as we know it, can be sustained. The compensation theory he refutes, by showing that the moons of Jupiter scarcely afford any light to their primary, owing to their great distance from the sun; and that the ring of Saturn actually darkens the planet, in place of enlightening it, during half the year.

According to his theory, all the worlds and suns of the universe pass through successive and progressive stages, during immense periods of time. At first they are simply accretions of burning vapour, which gradually attract to themselves floating material of planet-forming elements; and as they cool down, a solid nucleus is formed, and organic life of the lowest type begins to appear. Higher grades follow in succession, but at long intervals, until finally a race of beings gifted with conscious intelligence, such as the human, takes its destined place as head and ruler of a perfected world.

Our earth, through millions of years, has been passing through all the progressive stages of formation and completion, until the culminating moment arrived when the highest product of development was manifested in man; but that was only six thousand years ago, so brief is the history of intelligence in the history of worlds. And already the earth is showing signs of decrepitude and lessening vital power. Worlds, like living creatures, have their fiery youth, their

full, calm maturity, and their failing age and final death.

Nothing remains steadfast in the universe; all things fluctuate and change. Even the sun is in a process of exhaustion, so that eventually life will fail on the earth, directly by the decay of vital force, and indirectly by the dying out of the solar heat and light which is the source of all planet life; and this world at last will become silent and lifeless, a bleak and barren waste, as the moon is at the present moment.

The progress of civilization, he adds, is also rapidly consuming the earth-wealth by which men live. The great forests are disappearing from above the soil, and the great coalfields from beneath it. It has been even calculated that in five hundred years the coal will be extinct—a mere moment in the history of a world, but a moment that will bring consequences of awful import to humanity, for either an entirely new order of things must be established on this earth within the next thousand years for the human race, or the human race itself will perish and become extinct.

Meanwhile, however, other worlds are preparing for the reception of rational beings, and, according to Mr. Proctor, Jupiter, Saturn, and the outer planets are even now passing through the fiery stage, which is the azoic period of all worlds, and from which they rise into abodes fit for rational life.

The objection to the possibility of life existing in the remote planets by reason of their immense distance from the sun, he thus meets by the hypothesis that they are not dark, opaque masses revolving in space, like our earth, but self-luminous suns, lighting up the otherwise thick darkness of the outermost regions of the solar system.

He holds, for instance, that Jupiter, the largest planet of the system, in place of being a huge ocean of fog and mist, is a globe of fiery vapour, giving resplendent light and heat to his circling moons, which are the inhabited portions of the Jovian system, if there be inhabitants, and which revolve round their primary in the warm glow of an endless spring.

Saturn, in like manner, is a mass of incandescent vapour, giving light and heat to his attendant moons, and to that lustrous ring of countless satellites, so massed together that they seem like one continuous arch of light.

Yet, a time may come when these fiery suns will absorb into their mass the circling satellites, and as the minor worlds are accreted a solid nucleus will be formed as a basis for supporting a new phase of life; the life of the satellites will then gradually die out, but in their place new and splendid worlds will be formed, fitted for the abode of those higher races for whom alone all worlds exist.

These daring theories of a mind, which seems to see by inner vision the formation, life and death of worlds and suns and systems, are supported by the argument that as far as our earth is concerned, we know from scientific investigation that the azoic, inchoate state of the world lasted for millions of years, while it was passing from the condition of fiery vapour to that of a concrete mass, but six thousand years cover the brief period of its human, historic life; from which Mr. Proctor concludes that "the lifeless gaps in the history of the solar system far exceed the periods of life with which they alternate."

From this view of the succession of vital epochs it seems not improbable that it is the Human Race which - is destined to pass through all the

changes of life and death and resurrection, from world to world of the eight planets connected with the solar system; so that in place of there being a distinct creation, and a new race for each planet, it is humanity itself, ever dying, ever living, that will travel from star to star, from grade to grade, still ascending in the infinite scale of power, intelligence, beauty, and moral harmony, until the human becomes almost divine, and reaches at last the glorious promised Heaven within the radiant, central temple of the sun.

It is right to state, however, that in Mr. Proctor's theory, the sun is not a habitable world. He considers it as being now only in the first stage of all worlds, that of a mass of burning vapour. Yet others, and not without reason, believe that the sun fulfils exactly that splendid dream of Heaven pictured for us in the sublime description of the seer of Patmos—a glowing world of light and of eternal summer, where there is *no night*. Of no other body in the solar system can this be predicated. Of the sun alone it is true; there can be no night as he revolves in the unchanging light of his own luminous atmosphere, and for the same reason, no change of seasons. No seed time or harvest; eternal summer must reign for ever there, and the Tree of Life will grow beside the living waters, as the trees by the rivers of paradise.

"No night" implies also that stated periods of repose after toil for weary workers, and frail, decaying organisms will not be needed; these are the conditions of labour and of imperfect frames that require constant renovation through sleep. For the perfect organism, not subject to disease or death, there will be eternal youth, without the weariness of exhaustion, or that decadence of vital power which we call old age.

These views are not altogether fanciful: such conditions must exist to some extent in a world where there are no seasons for toil and no nights for rest; and sorrow could hardly find place in a world where youth, beauty, peace, and joy, and the divine powers of the intellect were eternal, and subject to neither exhaustion nor decay. The inspired writer describes such a world and calls it Heaven, and one cannot lightly cast aside the belief that the sun may be that destined and glorious home of our race where "the nations who are saved shall walk in light."

The splendour of the vision is even increased by the recent discoveries of science, which show the magnificence of the spectacle that surrounds the sun. Pillars of light formed of luminous gas, spring up vertically on every side to an enormous height like the mighty columns of a temple, then fall down again on the sun like the spray of a fountain, and there assume the forms of gigantic trees rich in branches and dazzling foliage, until gradually the whole magnificent mass sinks down in soft clouds upon the solar surface.

The intense heat, which would make life insupportable, is modified, some philosophers think, by a veil of mist, which, rising from the ground high above the solid nucleus of the sun, forms a majestic dome, beneath which might dwell in safety the glorified races of all the worlds; and it has been supposed that the dark spots seen on the sun are openings in this dome, through which the inhabitants can behold the outer firmament, and the philosophers of earth behold the dark solid body of the sun.

But the sun also, with all its attendant planets, is moving swiftly through the star-depths to some unknown point, where, perhaps, in the far distant ages, the whole solar

system will be absorbed by some system still more stupendous, and new cycles of life will commence, of a splendour and power of which the darkened soul of humanity can now form no conception.

The star Sirius, for instance—"the giant sun," as Mr. Proctor calls it—a thousand times larger than the sun of our system, may be the centre to which all worlds are tending, and the centre now of worlds where the inhabitants have a destiny of felicity and perfection of intellect unknown to our limited, dark and blind, and storm-tossed existence.

But, however mighty in power and intellect may be the inhabitants of the worlds revolving within the splendours of the magnificent Sirius, they must, in all important points that characterize rational beings, be akin to the human.

It has been proved that the same laws of motion and force, of heat, light, electricity, gravitation, attraction, and repulsion pervade the infinite. The Omnipotent Ruler of the universe rules through unchanging physical laws; and the moral laws which guide, control, and direct the actions of all rational existences throughout all the worlds; must be as unchangeable and universal as the laws of matter; for the moral nature of man is a manifestation of the moral nature of God, and, therefore, unchangeable in its essence, and eternal in its unity with the divine mind.

There can be no world, however distant, throughout the infinite, where justice, truth, love, mercy, purity, and all that makes human life most beautiful, are not recognized by rational beings as the highest law and rule of life. As Kant has said,—“The command, ‘Thou shalt not lie,’ is not valid for man alone. It is for all rational beings as well as man; for the basis of obligation is not in the

nature of man, but *à priori* in the conceptions of pure reason; and so are all moral laws."

And this thought infinitely ennobles the human race. We are one in nature with all the intelligences of the universe; the difference, as regards power of intellect and holiness of will, may be quantitative, but is not qualitative. Man's life seems no longer mean and isolated; it is an arc in an infinite circle, comprehending all life that draws its being and nature from the divine. Even the identity of the elements that form all the worlds has been demonstrated by the spectroscope, and revealed to us through the language of light and colour.

We now know that iron and all the metals familiar to earth are found in the planets and in the sun, and with the same properties. Iron especially has been proved to exist in enormous quantities in the sun, so that we may consider it to be an immense magnet suspended in space. But it is worthy of note, that although, from the apocalyptic vision, we are accustomed to associate the idea of the sun with the radiant city—the new Jerusalem—the central temple of our system, whose pavement is of gold, and whose walls are of precious stones, yet the presence of gold amongst the elements that form the mass of the sun has not hitherto been detected.

From the unity of material throughout the worlds of space, we may infer that the modes of utilizing it in some manner analogous to the industries of earth exist there also; and, rising higher still, we may infer, from the unity both of material and of law throughout the infinite, the existence of one Supreme Intelligence, all-wise, all-powerful, who has ordained and organized all, and given the initial force which keeps the ever-moving,

ever-steadfast machinery of the universe in eternal and unerring order.

In Mr. Hamilton's interesting and instructive work, "The Starry Hosts," the question of the habitation of the planets is discussed very ably, and with much convincing force, from a religious point of view. It is, indeed, impossible to approach the subject of astronomy except in a religious spirit. The evidences of infinite wisdom and power are so overwhelming, the scheme of the universe so vast, yet so perfect in its obedience to law, that none but the fool could say in his heart, "There is no God."

"There dwells a noble pathos in the skies
That warms the passions, proselytes
our hearts."

The awful beauty of the star-crowned night, the sublime magnificence of the fathomless infinite, of revolving worlds and suns, compel the spirit to adoration, while at the same time we feel with deeper intensity our own high prerogative as a portion of the all-pervading intelligence that fills the universe, deathless in essence, though manifested in ever-changing forms. A great poet has said:—

"At night an Atheist half believes in God."

And at such moments the well-known words of Kant may rise to the memory with a fuller sense of their sublimity:—"Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect on them—the starry heavens above, and the moral law within."

And there is truly a striking analogy between the two, for all these revolving unresting worlds are incessantly acted upon by opposing force, one driving them to

chaos, the other drawing them to total absorption within the burning mass of the primary. Yet, from the perfect balance of the tangential and centripetal forces, they are forced to move in that steadfast and harmonious curve round the primary, which, through millions of years, remains unaltered.

So it is with the soul acted on by the opposing forces, the carnal and the spiritual, and which finds its steadfast path alone in the mean, or the *μεσότης*, of which Aristotle speaks as the highest rule of life—the balance of the dual nature of man between the life according to reason and the chaos of a life according to the senses.

And as the worlds of space never traverse the same path twice, but are ever drawn on with their primaries in an endless spiral towards some unseen far distant point, so the soul takes a new standpoint at every step of its infinite progression, and is destined never again to know the path or the past it has once left.

It is along these lines of thought we are led by the earnest, believing tone of Mr. Hamilton's book. No proof can be given that the planet worlds are inhabited, and he does not attempt a proof. It is a great "perhaps"—no more; but the arguments he uses from reason, from our knowledge of the Divine Mind as revealed to us in Scripture, and from the intuitions of our own nature, are even more convincing to many minds than those based upon scientific data. For science goes but a short way along the shrouded path of infinite mystery, and can affirm only with a hesitating asseverance what may be afterwards overthrown by wider views and more perfect knowledge of the physical world.

His work, though showing a wide knowledge of astronomical details, is yet quite free from technicalities, and therefore well suited to the

general reader and to young persons, who are often deterred from the study of astronomy by the dry array of figures, fearful and incomprehensible, which beset their path; whereas the question of life in other worlds is one rather to be apprehended by feeling than demonstrated by mathematical calculations. He agrees with Mr. Proctor in the belief that the vital epochs in the universe are not simultaneous, but successive, and manifested only at long intervals. But his faith is greater, and he affirms, from spiritual insight, where Mr. Proctor only hazards a conjecture, derived from analogy. He recognizes, also, the unity of matter and the universality of law, but he makes no attempt to define the forms or modes of existence of the planet races; he only claims for them conscious intelligence and a moral nature—that they are beings, therefore, who can show forth the glory of God through the intellect, the will, and the affections.

The question is one which has an immense influence upon the human mind, for if we believe in the eternal relation of all intelligences with each other and with God, the notion of annihilation after death becomes untenable and impossible. The universe, then, seems to us like an infinite harp—strike one chord, and all vibrate in unison—and we feel that man was not brought into this wondrous sphere of conscious being merely for this world and for this one brief life; the whole planet system is his kingdom, and the whole universe is to him a consecrated temple, where, by right of his deathless intellect, he holds an eternal place. All progression is towards perfection, and, in those other worlds, man, gifted with divine strength and clothed upon with a more glorious vesture, may

find the antagonism between the higher and lower nature gradually become less and less, until at last the harmony between the will of man and the law of God is perfected, and the ideal heaven of peace and blessedness is reached.

Yet, in spite of this community with the universe, it seems the destiny of the human soul to be eternally alone. A crystal wall insulates and separates each one from his race, and even from his nearest kindred. There are despairful moments in life, when it seems as if we stood alone in the universe. We gravitate towards no centre—have no place in any system—and the primitive force which flung us into being seems ever hurling us onward and downward into an infinite depth of darkness, silence, and utter loneliness. No heart reveals itself fully to another; no soul can ever fully utter forth the infinite within in human speech. In prayer only do we seem to rise to that divine extasia when our souls mingle and blend with the one universal soul of the Universe, and, therefore, with truth, one of the Platonists has divinely called prayer *φυγη μουου προς μουου*—the flight of the Alone to the Alone.

The full emancipation of the spirit, the rending of the bondage which fetters and limits it here within a prison, will be the work of an eternity. It takes millions of years to perfect a world; it may take millions on millions to perfect a human soul; and as here on earth each generation hands on the torch of light to the next, and we walk in the accumulated light of all the ages—so the soul will gather light in its progress from star to star, for ever ascending nearer the throne, but never one with God. Thus the individuality of each conscious being is preserved, and God and the soul remain eternally distinct though eternally united, in the

same relation as the planet worlds to the central sun.

In contemplating the solar system in its unity one is struck with the singularly rhythmic arrangement which connects planet with planet in one harmonious chord. Pythagoras compared the solar system to the chords of a lute, and had we ears to hear, what a magnificent diapason would reach us from the highest to the lowest note of their grand choral music, as the planets rush through space in orbits of well-adjusted harmonic distances! The relation to the number three is particularly worthy of note, the ancients have noticed this *Triad* in all things. Taking, for example, the inner planets, we find the year of Mercury to be about three months; Venus, six months; the Earth, twelve months; and Mars, twenty-four months.

Then, also, in their respective distances from the sun, the same relation to the number three is observable. In approximate figures: Mercury is distant thirty millions of miles; Venus, sixty; the Earth, ninety; and Mars, one hundred and eighty millions of miles from the sun.

After passing these four smaller planets a great break occurs in the order of the system. In place of one large planet, there are numerous fragments, like islands in an æther ocean, either parts of a shattered world, or masses of material which never yet had the power to cohere, being drawn in opposite directions by the opposing influences of Jupiter and the Sun.

On passing from these half-formed worlds we arrive at a new order of planets of immense magnitude and immense length of years, but with days only half the length of ours. The four inner planets have a day of twenty-four hours; the four outer and larger a day of only nine hours or a little more.

The relation to the number three is also manifest in the stupendous masses of the outer planets.

Jupiter, the first and largest, thirteen hundred times greater than the earth, has a year, or period of rotation round the sun, of twelve of our years; Saturn, next in order, of thirty years; Uranus of ninety years; and Neptune, the last and outermost, of one hundred and sixty years. It is distant from the sun three thousand millions of miles, and the pale satellite that has been discovered attending its path has a solar distance of three times three thousand millions of miles. So that from the first planet, with its year of three months, and solar distance of thirty millions of miles, to the last revolving in the outer darkness, the relation to the number three still holds its remarkable place.

There may be some mystic symbolism in these numbers, for all Nature is full of symbolisms if we could only find the key. And in these immense orbs and orbits there is no vagueness, no element of chance; all is ordained with the precision of a mathematical intelligence and designer.

With regard to the duration of life in the other planets, one cannot avoid hazarding some curious speculations. If the inhabitants, like man, are given about three score revolutions round the sun as the period of an ordinary life, then in Jupiter, the natural life would be seven hundred years; in Saturn a thousand years; in Uranus, five thousand years; and in Neptune, life would reach to the enormous extent of ten thousand years.

It is, indeed, impossible to believe that in those outer planets with their immense orbits, the length of life would only equal ours; for, if so, those born in spring, in Neptune, for instance, would never gather the autumn

fruits, and those born in winter would never see the summer flowers.

Yet, we have every reason to think that as there exists in these worlds a succession of seasons, and of day and night, so there must be seed time and harvest; the necessity of sustenance, of toil to produce it, and of rest when the work is done. In fact that the lives of rational beings throughout all the worlds must be of the nature of the human, and, therefore, the duration of life must be in proportion to the sequence of the seasons. And from this enormous length of life they probably attain to a height of power and knowledge impossible to man in the brief span of threescore years. For the human intellect is limited in its operations chiefly because of the frail and rapidly decaying mechanism with which it is united, and through which alone it can manifest itself.

What wonders might be achieved in Art and Science if only man were given a more powerful organization, and a few centuries more of life.

In the larger planets the material frames are, no doubt, proportionate to the vast length of life in strength and vitality, and are thus enabled to resist the disintegrating action of forces which destroy human organizations in the poor limit of seventy years—a period which does not even equal six months of life in the planet Neptune.

But in the minor planets, where the annual revolution is so brief, the conditions of life must be singularly different. The year of Mercury is but a summer's day, and that of Venus little more. Yet there also we find the regularly recurring seasons and the alternating day and night, as if toil and rest were as necessary as upon earth. But in those fiery regions can there be toil? or do souls pass swiftly through them as through a

purifying fire, before entering the temple of the sun, there to rest for evermore, after their long wanderings of expiation through the series of the outer worlds? Perfect happiness may, indeed, never be experienced in any grade of being; there will still be pain—not the pain resulting from weak organizations, such as ours, but the pain of unfulfilled aspirations, of unsatisfied desires—the finite still seeking to grasp the infinite, and finding still an infinite beyond. In such pain, however, there is no misery, rather, as Schopenhauer has remarked, the intensest consciousness of life. Without it life would be mere passivity—a dull negation, where the upward striving of the soul would be annihilated.

But the *Weltschmerz*—that nameless, bitter despair which haunts humanity—may have no place in a life that finds power always ready to equal aspiration. The triumphs of intellect will be more splendid, and the soul devoted to the culture of the beautiful will then be able to manifest the ideal in more perfect symbols.

The recognition of truth, and the power to give it form in word or act, will always be the chief joy of exalted natures, even as it is here on earth to those who value the spiritual above the sensual life. But here we only see as in a glass darkly; those who attain the higher life will read the mysteries of the universe by a purer light. Yet ascension may not be the immediate destiny of all. Those who voluntarily debase their nature to the level of the animal may be further debased for a time, and degraded to an existence fitted for lower brute natures, until, after the lapse of ages, elevation becomes possible, through the expiation of sorrow; while those who have led the divine life on earth—the life after the spirit, and not after the

flesh—will rise at once to diviner heights of being in higher and nobler worlds.

The ancient philosophers, from Pythagoras to Plato, and from Plato to Plotinus, have uttered many beautiful and striking thoughts concerning the state of the soul after death. Especially are the Neo-Platonists full of divine utterances, though they, indeed, may have caught the inspiration from St. Paul, with whose opinions, particularly as expressed in that marvellous masterpiece of eloquence and profound philosophy, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, their writings on a similar subject have a remarkable affinity. As St. Paul himself, a man of learning and genius, was not uninfluenced by the writings of Plato and Aristotle, with whose works he must have been perfectly familiar, having been brought up, as he expresses it, at the feet of Gamaliel, the most learned Jew of the period, and remarkable for his love of the Greek writers and his endeavours to introduce the knowledge of Greek literature and philosophy amongst the Jewish youth.

It is singular that, with all the mechanical aids now given to science, the moderns, so far as the knowledge of a future life is concerned, have not passed the level reached by the sublime guesses of the ancients. The philosophers of above two thousand years ago recognized and affirmed progressive mutation under immutable laws; the incessant destruction and renovation of all things; the dual nature of man, half animal, half God; the opposing forces of attraction and repulsion—of love and hate, as the principle of motion in all things; the necessity of the knowledge of evil, through which alone the soul learns to know its strength; the origin of all things from fire, which is the theory of Mr. Proctor, as well as of Empedo-

cles; and the purification of the soul through infinite progression and ascension, as taught by Plato.

Plato asserts that our souls, "when they are perfectly established with the Soul of the World, will be likewise perfect, reign on high, and govern the universe itself." And souls of this exalted nature will be shrouded in a glorified form, subject neither to infirmity nor defect. And Plotinus maintains that "souls are eternally changing forms; and as often as a soul is able to rise beyond the bounds of earthly generation, it lives divinely with the universal soul."

The theory of the existence of another life necessarily means a higher life—for we judge by analogy—all things here rise to a higher life through death, by which they attain to a nobler incarnation.

The sublime views of Plato on the descent of the soul into the body, as into a prison house, or sepulchre, having first drank of the waters of oblivion before entering the earthly life, and its subsequent resurrection and purification through death, finds credence in many thoughtful minds, though visible, tangible proof may be wanting of the truth of the theory. We moderns come, perhaps, too arrogantly and proudly into the temple of knowledge. We stand when we should kneel; and irony and self-sufficing dogmatism discard with a sarcasm all belief in mysteries which cannot be verified by experience and observation. The final word of the modern philosophy is, that we know nothing of life beyond the grave, because nothing can be known. But the soul refuses to accept this final word, and still searches the infinite for some symbol, or analogy, or law that can give the hope of a future life redeemed from the narrow limitations of the present, and con-

firm the prescience of an existence transfigured to glory by unclouded intellect, a finer organism, and the highest aims of a purified moral nature.

With this hope we can better sustain the mysterious dispensation of sorrow that shrouds this earthly life, and the coming of that awful moment of gloom when death lays on us his icy hand to draw us down to the grave:—

"Nor think it misery to be a man;
Who thinks it is will never be a God."

If it be impossible to prove the unknown and the unknowable, it is equally impossible to eradicate the universal intuition of humanity that the soul will one day be emancipated from the prison house, and arise from the sepulchre. Faber, the great religious poet of this century, has expressed this yearning of the soul towards freedom in verse as beautiful as Plato's words:—

"We have imprisoned by our sin
Man's dread intelligences,
And broken lights are flooded in
Upon them by the senses.
She sitteth there, a captive maiden,
Upon the cold bars leaning,
Until her bosom is dread-laden,
With all Life's lustrous meaning."

Of all the Arts by which the Invisible, the Ideal, and the Eternal are manifested, perhaps music excels all others in its power to reveal to us the existence of this dimly discovered higher life of the future; and there are moments when, lifted to ecstasy by the inspiration of music, we feel the deep affinity of the human with the divine intelligence, and a belief in the invisible comes over the mind with the strength of the proto-martyr's faith when, looking upward with death-shadowed eyes, he saw Heaven opened, and Christ, the head and type of a glorified hu-

manity standing at the right hand of God.

The followers of Pythagoras made a beautiful use of music as an influence to act upon the spiritual nature. Before retiring to rest they purified the reason by certain odes and peculiar songs which quieted the perturbations of the day; and sometimes even by musical sounds alone they healed the passions of the soul as if by enchantment.

And it was their idea that the soul, before she gave herself up to the body, was the auditor of divine harmony, and that now some melodies heard on earth have the power to wake within her the memory of that music, and she is lifted by it into a divine sympathy with the divine.

The greatest names in the world's intellectual history have upheld the theory that our earth is not the sole point in the infinite cosmic scheme where conscious intelligence exists. Indeed, so instinctive is the belief in life in other worlds, that the doctrine is accepted by most minds passively, and without examining the grounds upon which belief may be based. Mr. Proctor, though he does not write to prove that there are other inhabited worlds, yet is led up to the conviction by his own deductions from physical phenomena. His views, however, though eminent for the brilliancy and power with which they are set forth, and made comprehensible to all, even the most unscientific minds, differ in no way from those expressed by Kant a century ago in his work entitled, "A General History and Theory of the Heavens." Both he and Mr. Proctor hold the belief in the succession of vital epochs; in the luminosity of Jupiter as a light-giving sun; and the incessant formation and destruction of worlds by absorption into their primaries,

from whence they are again cast forth by the action of heat, to commence anew their existence as revolving systems round a central sun.

The views of the great German philosopher concerning the inhabitants of the planets are worthy of note. He affirms his belief that the perfection of spiritual and material life in the planet worlds increases in direct proportion to their distance from the sun. Thus Mercury and Venus are placed in the lowest degree of existence; the earth holds an average place—imperfect still, but showing signs of progression, while the highest development is found in the outer regions of the solar system. And he assigns as a reason that the density of the larger planets is much less, and the materials of which they are formed are much less coarse and ponderous than those of the inner planets, which we are accustomed to consider as the bright and beautiful regions of eternal summer.

In studying these theories of the Infinite Cosmos, an involuntary shudder of awe, almost of terror, comes over the mind at the thought that we, frail, weak, much-suffering mortals, evolved from matter by the eternal forces, why or how we know not, without our volition, without the power to fall out of the ranks into the rest of annihilation, are destined for ever and for ever to endless mutations of form in an endless succession of lives, still, perhaps, of toil and labour and sorrow, under an eternal and changeless system of inflexible law. Turn where we will, the despotism of law confronts us. There is no escape from this awful, all-compelling power. Sentient or non sentient, the monads of the universe must exist throughout all eternity, and fulfil the work destined for them by the unseen Omnipotent Intelligence, who re-

veals himself only through laws. And each day, as science extends her conquests over ignorance, more and more of the phenomena of life and the universe are placed under law.

We now know that virtue consists in obedience to law, and that all evil, all crime, and vice, with their consequences of social and moral ruin, all disasters and catastrophes by which thousands perish, and all the ills that flesh is heir to, result from the violation or disregard of some law, physical or moral. Yet, granting this, we stand before the thick darkness of another mystery. Happiness, as might naturally be expected, does not in this world follow obedience to law—at least, as far as regards the outer life. "The wicked flourish like a green bay tree; the righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart." The recompense and the punishment, then, must be *within*. There is, probably, no suffering like remorse, no peace like that of a good conscience, void of offence before God and men. The compensation will come, perhaps, in those higher states of being in which we all must believe. The suffering of mortal life would be unjust, unless it were meant for purification, because it would be useless. The idea that lies at the basis of all things in the universe is ultimate good, and man must work out this idea in the world which he has been given to rule, through obedience to the laws written on his heart, revealed in nature, and manifested through the history of all human lives.

Perfect obedience to the divine idea may never be attained. God alone *is*; man is eternally *becoming*. But through the endless succession of ages and of existences, each diviner than the preceding, the soul will go on unto perfection, until the physical and moral nature attain to their full beauty and harmony, and men shall be as gods.

Mr. Proctor deserves the thanks of the age for having given a fresh stimulus to this most important subject by his learned and lucid works. The bold and brilliant audacity with which he unveils the mysteries of the infinite, his clear and eloquent, yet simple style, his vast generalizations and fearless assumptions from the known to the unknown, combine to make his astronomical essays the most exciting and profoundly interesting of all the speculative studies recently given to literature. His facts and deductions are alike dazzling, from the wide amplitude and universal range of his knowledge over all that exists; and though he reasons entirely from physical phenomena, as they have been, are now, and will be in the eternal duration and eternal change of all things, yet he, as well as Mr. Hamilton, whose arguments presuppose a religious belief, can recognize the signature of the Omnipotent God written upon the mighty dome of Heaven in hieroglyphics, whose glorious symbols are worlds, and suns, and systems, revolving throughout eternity.

BURIED POETS.

BY THE LANCASHIRE WITCH.

JOHN SKELTON.

WE have long held the opinion that a biographer or historian can, at his own will, make heroes or villains of the persons he selects for treatment. Not only can he do this with such good grace as to drag a number of persons into his meshes; but he can also make the virtues of one man appear crimes, and the failings of another appear beauties of character, as is his wont. But this we believe to be in diametrical antagonism to the duty of either historian or biographer, whose office is undoubtedly to chronicle all the important features and facts connected with his subject; and then to leave his reader to decide as to whether such a character was good or bad, or such an action beneficial or fruitless. It, however, too frequently happens that an author, having certain prejudices, and having selected certain men for his admiration, bedevils all those against whom his ill will is levelled, yet lauds to the utmost of his power his own pets, whose faults he overlooks, whose innate goodness he magnifies; and were we to rest satisfied with one opinion, many of us would have different notions to those we entertain.

Perhaps no poet who has risen to distinction in English literature would be a more pliant figure for an intemperate biographer than

John Skelton; a writer would only have to set out with the idea of making a hero of him, or a rascal, to succeed in doing so. He lived in stirring times, led an adventurous life, had his faults, his friends and foes, among each of which great men were numbered. The days of the eighth Harry and the mighty lord Cardinal were not those of quiet and repose, but rather those of activity, of unceasing excitement, and religious revolution. In such times men possessed of the genius and learning of Skelton found it easy to become popular, and likewise easy to make bosom friends and deadly enemies. This was the case with our poet; he attained unlimited popularity, was looked upon as the shining light in letters of his country, and yet he was constantly in trouble, brought about at times by his own folly, and at others by those very compositions which in some quarters gained him friends, and in others begot him foes.

John Skelton belonged to a Cumberland family, and was born about the year 1460. Not many details of his early life are known, but it is certain that in 1484 he took the degree of M.A. at Cambridge, and then went to study at Oxford. Shortly after, he began to write poetry, and received the patronage of Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, who, to

his honour be it said, was a patron of the fine arts at a time when the nobility were grossly ignorant; and, as a proof of his liking for poetry, we may mention that there is in the British Museum a splendidly engrossed and illuminated MS. which belonged to that nobleman, and which contains several pieces of verse. It has been said, that Skelton was not worthy of so illustrious a patron; but surely this is a mistake, when Erasmus could salute him with the title of "Britanicarum literarum decus et lumen." And he must have been highly esteemed to have been appointed tutor to the young Prince Henry, whose poet laureate he afterwards became, being installed in that office at Oxford about 1490. In this capacity he wore a robe of white and green, with the word "Calliope" embroidered on it. His lines on the costume are as follows:—

" Calliope
 As ye may se
 Regent is she
 Of poetes al;
 Whiche gaue to me
 The high degre
 Laureat to be
 Of fame royall,
 Whose name enrolde
 With silke and golde
 I dare be bolde
 Thus for to were."

Caxton employed him to look over a romance, founded really on the Æneid, but translated from the French, and in the preface he loudly praises Skelton's intellect. Honours, too, were conferred upon him by the celebrated University of Louvain, where, it is presumed, Goldsmith, generations after, took his medical degree.

After being made poet laureate he sought holy orders, and was made sub-deacon, deacon, and priest in the year 1498, first serving at

Tremington, in Cambridgeshire, and then at Daltying. Finally he was appointed to the cure of Diss in Norfolk. His conduct here was marked by great irregularity, buffoonery, and a total defiance of the ecclesiastical laws.

The severity of Henry VIII. on those priests who dared to marry was unmerciful, and as a consequence if any of them kept or married a woman they were far from owning to it. The opinions of Luther on the point of priests marrying were not much known in England, though it is certain that many of those who took oaths of chastity frequently violated them. However, at Diss, Skelton kept a woman—as wife or concubine, it mattered little to his superiors—and the Bishop of Norwich hearing of this (indeed the poet's own congregation sent information), he was suspended, the prelate alleging "that he was guilty of certain crimes, as most poets are."

This is a startling accusation against those in the service of the Muses, but Skelton took it easy, and, it is said, went into the pulpit child in hand, and, showing it to his parishioners, remarked that it was as well formed and perfect as any of theirs; that its mother was as nice a wench as any in the neighbourhood; and, further, that envy had prompted them to the proceedings they had taken.

He went to London afterwards, and on account of a most invective satire which he hurled against Wolsey, and of which we shall speak presently, he was compelled to fly to the Sanctuary at Westminster to escape the Cardinal's vengeance. Here he remained, writing several poems at the request of the Abbot Islip, and dying under that hospitable roof in the year 1529. On his death-bed he said he had always regarded the woman he had kept as his wife;

and, moreover, he is said to have uttered a prophecy foretelling the downfall of Wolsey, which actually took place a year after the poet's death; though, as Fuller quaintly remarks, it required no very great acquaintance with the proverbs of Solomon to prognosticate what Skelton did, for, as the wise king says, "Pride goeth before a fall." He was buried at St. Margaret's Church, near at hand, and the inscription over his grave, which ran as follows—

"Joannes Skeltonus, vates, Pierius,
hic situs est"—

was understood to allude to his death-bed utterances, the word "vates" meaning either poet or prophet.

Such is a brief narrative of the life of Skelton, a poet of note, an eminent scholar, an important character in the history of his times, and a singular biographical figure. He wrote Latin with the purest elegance, and he composed the grossest pieces of buffoonery and ribaldry. The first in the field of English satire, no successor has rivalled him in strong and fierce invective. We have a fancy, arising from various coincidences of character, life, and writing, to place by his side, as a companion statue in the same niche, the degraded but talented Charles Churchill. Both were clergymen, both loved wine and women, and both were paramount in the same branch of literature—biting satire; though Churchill never attained the same high position in society as Skelton, nor was he possessed of the same classical knowledge.

Very voluminous were our poet's productions, including, among others, "The Bownge of Courte," "Colyn Cloute," and "Why come ye nat to Courte?" Speaking of these compositions, Southey says,

"The power, the strangeness, the volubility of his language, the audacity of his satire, and the perfect originality of his manner, render Skelton one of the most extraordinary writers of any age or country." As Skelton said of himself, and his words are true (for beneath his clownish and macaronic style there lies a stratum of solid sense) that—

"Though my rhyme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rain beaten,
Rusty and moth eaten,
If ye take 'ell therewith
It hath in it some pith."

"The Bownge of Courte" is allegorical, "Colyn Cloute" a satire on the abuses existing among the clergy, and in which the author strongly condemns Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther. "Why come ye nat to Courte?" and "Speke, Parrot," were personal attacks on Cardinal Wolsey, which severed their friendship; and it is for these poems that Skelton had to seek the Sanctuary. They are coarse; but it may be argued in favour of our poet that had he not written for the mob, he would not have dared to give expression to such sentiments in such dangerous times. In "Why come ye nat to Courte?" Skelton holds Wolsey up for ridicule, detailing all his faults with derision, scarcely allowing the native of Ipswich one good quality, though most assuredly he had many; for instance, he founded Christ Church College, Oxford, and he was not afraid of spending his immense revenues in encouraging the arts. Of the Cardinal's insolence our poet says,—

"But this mad Amalek,
Like to Amamelek,
He regarded lords
No more than potshords;
He is in such elation
Of his exaltation,
And the supposition

Of our sovereign lord,
That, God to record,
He ruleth all at will
Without reason or skill."

His "Tunnyng of Elynoure Rummyng" is undoubtedly one of the coarsest and most detestable pieces of vulgarity ever written in our language. It was probably this poem that made Pope exclaim—

"Chaucer's worse ribaldry is learn'd
by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of
Houses quote;"

or caused Anne Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," to call Skelton "a ribald and ill-living wretch;" or provoked Puttenham, Elizabeth's critic, to say, "Such are the rhymes of Skelton, usurping the name of a poet laureat, being indeed but a rude, rayling rhymmer, and all his doings ridiculous—pleasing only the popular ear;" or, called forth Dr. Johnson's observation that "Skelton cannot be said to have attained great elegance of language."

We will not attempt to defend his coarseness and obscenity; they are beyond pardon, nor can it be said that they are the reflection of the manners of his times; they are nothing but the sad degradation of great genius, which, while condescending to the lowest class of burlesque, could show its superiority in higher and more manly branches of art.

The poet's other performances, "Phyllyp Sparowe," and "The Garlande of Laurell," are of a different stamp. Several great authorities have expressed an opinion of unqualified admiration for the poem of "Phyllyp Sparowe," which Coleridge calls exquisite and original; whilst Warton, Southey, and D'Israeli are equally expressive. Warton styles "The Garlande of Laurell" his best attempt at high-

class poetry, but at the same time maintains that, beyond a few passages it seldom rises above mediocrity. To counteract this, we must say that on the same authority the name of Skelton appears among the first writers of Latin poetry in England; no little honour. The "Garlande" is all about himself and his works; and is so egotistical as to provoke laughter; certain it is no other poet ever wrote so long a poem upon himself. It was produced while he was the guest of Elizabeth Stafford, Countess of Surrey, at Sheryfhotton Castell in Yorkshire, and was suggested by the ladies weaving a garland for the author.

Before we proceed to view Skelton in another light, that of dramatist, we will mention his trick of running Latin quotations, which Dunbar, the Scotch poet, did with singular success, into his English verse; and we will call to memory the metre called Skeltonical, which D'Israeli calls "wild and airy; the chimes ring on the ear, and the thoughts are flung about like coruscations," and of which our poet was falsely believed to be the originator. Then we come to the "Merie Tales made by Maister Skelton." The following is a specimen of the Skeltonical metre:—

"Of suche vagabundus
Speaketh totus mundus,
How some syng abundus
Cum ipsis et illis
Qui manent in villis
Est uxor velancilla,
Welcome Jack and Gilla,
My pretty Petronilla,
And you will be stilla
And shall have your willa;
Of such pater noster pekas
All the world spekes."

This may appear claptrap, but in many instances it calls up the most ludicrous associations, somewhat akin to the stock and store of Rabelais.

In juxtaposition with the above airy effusion, place the following stanza taken from a sonnet addressed to Maistress Isabel Pennell :—

“Your colowre
Is like the daisy flowre
After the April showre,
Sterre of the morowe graye!
The blossome on the spraye,
The freshest flowre of Maye,
Madenly demure,
Of womanhede the lure.”

The ideas are pretty, and the flow easy and graceful.

The “Merie Tales” are said by some to have been written by Skelton; but this is denied by others, who assert that they are nothing but a tissue of imaginations; though it is probable Skelton’s conduct suggested them. They are fifteen in number, and some of them somewhat amusing, as is also this anecdote :—

“A poure begger, that was foule, blacke, and lothye to beholde, cam upon a tyme unto Mayster Skelton the poete, and asked him his almes. To whom Mayster Skelton sayde, I pray the gette the awaye fro me, for thou lokeste as though thou camest out of helle. The poure man perceyuing he would gyue him no thinge answerd : For soth syr, ye say trouthe I came out of helle. Why dyddst thou nat tary styl there? quod Mayster Skelton. Mary syr, quod the begger, there is no roume for suche poure beggers as I am; all is kepte for suche gentyl men as ye be.”

Skelton was also the author of the first drinking song of any worth in England. We transcribe a passage :—

“I care ryte nowghte
I take no thowte
For clothes to kepe me warme,
Have I goode dryncke
I surely thyncke
Nothing canne do me harme,
For truly than
I feare no man

When I am armed
And trouly warmed
With joly good ale and olde.”

We now come to speak of Skelton in his last character, that of a dramatist. He has been, not inappropriately, styled the father of the English drama; his *Enterlude of Vertue*, his comedy *Archademios*, have both been lost; and only one copy of *Magnyfycence* was in existence at the time of Warton, as also only one of the *Nigramansir*. Wynken de Worde printed the last play, and during its progress the Devil kicks the Necromancer for waking him so early in the morning. His Satanic Majesty also hurls Simony, a female in the part, to the unfathomable sulphur of Cocytus to be fried and roasted along with Mahomet, Pontius Pilate, and others. It ends with a view of hell and a dance between the Devil and the Necromancer. This ended, the Devil trips his companion’s heels up and disappears in fire and smoke—*Exeunt Omnes!*

This was acted before Henry VIII. one Palm Sunday, and let us hope His Royal Highness was pleased with the performance.

The play called *Magnyfycence* has been called the dullest in the English language. It certainly lacks dramatic incident; yet it cannot be denied that it is far superior to the compositions of his contemporaries in the same line.

We have now given a sketch of Skelton and his works. For his own comfort, had he been more discreet it would have been wiser; had he been more modest in some of his writings his readers would have been obliged to him. He stands before you as he lived; his works have always excited interest, and as long as such is the case, Skelton, with his faults, mediocrities, and beauties, will be read by the student and the historian.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

DEATH.

ON thou! whose dread mysterious call
Strikes terror to the hearts of all,
By mortals deemed their direst foe,
The climax of their earthly woe,
Come unto me, who will not fear
Thy footstep's swift approach to hear;
Who longs oblivion to attain
In respite from this restless brain;
Who fain would be at rest with thee,
From every wild emotion free.
Come, that thy dewy touch may chill
The passions that this heart o'er fill!
With thy dark mantle veil at last
The cruel and remorseless past,
And thus the haunting form shall flee
Of ever present memory.
Come unto me and break at last
The hated bonds that hold me fast,
The fetters forged by earth, that durst
By thee, and thee alone be burst;
From their vile thralldom set me free,
By thy all glorious liberty.

Shall union with thee prove a sleep,
A rigid trance so dread—so deep—
That the immortal spirit's light
Shall, too, expire beneath thy night?
Or shall it wander unconfined,
Impalpable as breath of wind,
Through the illimitable space,
Nor care to seek a resting place?
No, she shall surely earthward rove,
To watch unseen her cherished love,

To be his Angel, pure and bright,
 And so to shield him day and night ;
 Sinless to linger by his side,
 That priceless right in life denied.

Come, then, mysterious stranger, quickly come,
 And lead me now, a willing captive, home ;
 And reck not whither the freed spirit flies,
 To earthly haunts, or upward to the skies,
 So that thou this frail form shalt have alone
 In such enduring wedlock for thine own
 That come what may, or let what e'er betide,
 Nor foe nor friend may claim it from thy side.
 Allure my vision till at last I see
 The form of him so madly loved, in thee ;
 Oh ! then what sweet fruition shall I find
 From the dark wanderings of this tortured mind !
 Thrice welcome death ! for thou canst bring me near,
 That one beloved— for evermore so dear !
 Then come, my own ! and let me now obtain
 The bliss for which I sighed so oft in vain.
 Behold these outstretched arms, these pleading eyes—
 How canst thou still resist these ceaseless sighs ?
 Oh ! swiftly come, and for the past atone,
 And make me evermore all thine alone.
 Was mortal lover e'er so wooed in vain,
 So longed for, yet so hopeless to obtain ?
 When ev'n in fancy to my breast I clasp
 Thy coveted form, thou dost elude my grasp ;
 Dost shun me more, and further flee away
 The more this beating heart would bid thee stay ;
 Yet could I love for hatred ne'er mistake,
 Nor doubt what thou endurest for my sake,
 Who lovest me much—yet from thyself would'st save
 Or from still darker ills beyond the grave ;
 But it were vain to try and break the spell
 That lures me ever down—perchance to hell,
 For beckoning onward to destruction fast,
 I love the fatal spell that's o'er me cast—
 Are these the ravings of a maniac mind ?
 And is the light of Reason growing blind ?
 What lurid light instead now burns my brain
 With fiery—maddening—never dying pain ?

* * * * *

Supremest joy ! for thou art drawing near,
 I feel thy form approach, thy voice I hear ;
 Thou'rt come ! thou'rt come at last ! How could'st thou stay
 In feigned aversion thus so long away ?

Draw nearer still, and let my temples rest
 For one enraptured moment on thy breast ;
 Impassioned kisses from thy lips I press,
 Though swiftest poison lurk in their caress.

Even now that poison's sure effect I feel,
 Its subtle influences o'er me steal,
 Thy cold, congealing touch with strange new pain
 Hath penetrated every quivering vein ;
 Dark swimming mists arise and veil my sight
 So that I see thee now no more aright.
 An unknown terror chills and weighs my heart
 With sense of coming ills that ne'er depart.
 Unloose thy griping hold ! For air I gasp
 Beneath the clutches of thy iron grasp.
 This whirling brain, these fainting senses reel
 And sicken with the agony they feel.
 Oh ! awful horrors ! now thy form seems changed
 To make this hopeless mind still more deranged ;
 Thou art not he I summoned—but a shade
 Of fearful aspect, by some foul fiend made.
 Thou'rt come to mock me—and to make more wide
 The yawning gulf that parts me from his side ;
 Unclasp thy arms and let me breathe again
 Unstified by this fierce—convulsive pain.

Oh woe unutterable ! in vain I flee
 From this dread skeleton fast bound to me ;
 Its pestilential breath that fans my cheek
 With vapours from the charnel house doth reek,
 It racks my palpitating frame with throes
 And more than e'er was felt of human woes ;
 And now decay's revolting horrors rise
 In all their loathsome forms before my eyes ;
 The dews of death are settling on my brow,
 O for one outstretched hand to save me now !
 Soon shall these livid limbs become so cold
 They'll no more shudder 'neath thy icy hold !
 Soon shall these sightless eyeballs cease to see
 That dreadful visage now confronting me ;
 Together hand in hand we'll downward go
 To where the shadowy river dark doth flow,
 And o'er the waters of its waveless tide,
 We'll float to unknown regions side by side,
 My race is run ; to earth's receding shore,
 I bid farewell for ever—ever—more.

IMMORTALITY.

Thou sable curtain that obscurest the sight
 And veil'st Eternity from mortal eyes ;
 Reveal one glimpse of that far hidden light
 And bid thy impenetrable folds arise.

* * * * *

The mists are cleared, and lo! revealed to view,
 Stretches a far wide-spreading mountain range,
 Whose summits soar to the ethereal blue,
 Tinted with radiant hues that ever change ;
 Caught and reflected from the glory bright
 Of heaven's immortal ever blessed clime,
 That sheds upon them her supernal light
 For these fair peaks are not the hills of time.
 Above—around them, spreads unbounded space,
 Oppressive in its vast immensity ;
 While the dark depths of their unfathomed base
 Are plunged and lost in black obscurity.
 Upon a distant summit of that chain
 A pale and solitary spirit stands,
 Who looks around for angel guide in vain
 To be her pilot through those unknown lands.
 While lonely there she seems to watch and wait
 With folded wing, and drooping, tim'rous eye,
 In tremulous uncertainty of fate
 She scans the measureless infinity :
 In deep oblivion of the vanished past,
 Forgetful of her ill-starred life on earth,
 And time's dark sorrows that might not outlast
 The era of her new immortal birth.
 Oblivious too, of what so late engrossed
 Her very essence—all-absorbing love—
 Life's master passion, that would dare almost
 Prolong his powerful sway to realms above ;
 Now of his ravages no trace is left,
 Nor aught of earthliness, but a vague sense
 Of some dark struggle over, which bereft
 Her mind of memory ; so dim and dense
 Each past idea, as when from feverish trance,
 And long delirium a mortal wakes,
 When o'er his mental weakness the first glance
 Of consciousness and recollection breaks.

A freshening breeze sweeps o'er the landscape now
 And animates anew her drooping eye,

It wafts the golden tresses from her brow,
And streaks her pallid cheek with roseate dye :
New vigour from that quickening breath she inhales,
And fearless, she uplifts her beaming eyes
To a far distant light that now unveils,
And through bright clouds of glory seems to rise ;
While on that light she sets her steadfast gaze,
A wail of deepest woe is upward borne
From the dark regions where no cheering rays,
Dispel the shades encircling the forlorn.
She shuddering listens to that anguished cry,
Now oft repeated from the dark abyss
Where suffering souls in bitter torment sigh,
And turns her gaze from the abodes of bliss.
A pained, and troubled glance flits o'er her brow,
And brimming, welling tears almost o'erflow,
For with those mournful wailings memory now
Brings rushing back the bygone long ago ;
Her own frail life on earth—the bitter grief
That adverse fate allotted to her share,
Life's last dark sorrow that found dire relief
In frenzied madness and in death's despair :
But those bright tears are destined ne'er to fall,
They're dried ere they forsake her glistening eyes ;
A distant voice of mercy now doth call
And bids her hasten to the glowing skies ;
So she outspreads her wings, and soars away
Through the cerulean air to realms above,
Guided and drawn by the life giving ray
Shed from the fountain of Eternal Love.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By Dr. H. von Holst, translated from the German by J. J. Lalor and A. B. Mason. London: Trübner and Co.—During the Crimean war, when the whole country rang with bitter complaints of woful mismanagement in the commissariat and transport departments, it was remarked by the late Prince Consort that representative government was on its trial. With especial aptness may it be said, that the constitution of the United States has been on its trial during the recent Presidential election, which for four months or more attracted such general attention, and kept all in suspense as to the result. It is the history of this constitution which Professor von Holst has undertaken to write, a task which he intends to make the chief occupation of his life as a student and writer. The subject is one of special and universal interest. The republic of the United States differs from all others in its rapid growth, its present greatness, and its promising future. Never before has the experiment of republicanism been tried on so vast a scale. Now that the constitution has lasted for a century, it is time that its history should be written in a masterly, exhaustive, and impartial manner.

Professor von Holst possesses undeniable qualifications for this important and difficult task. He has shown great industry and care in turning every available means of

information to account, having mastered the whole body of contemporary literature connected with the subject. In addition to this, he has had the advantage of residing in the United States for five years, during which time he has made it his business to study the history, nature, and working of the constitution. By this means he has acquired a familiarity with the people and their institutions, second only to that of a native citizen. Consequently, so far as a knowledge of facts is concerned, he is unquestionably entitled to deference. If he falls short of a native writer in perfect acquaintance with the persons and events of the period, and correct appreciation of constitutional proceedings, he has the advantage of an impartiality to which none but a foreigner can lay claim, and which more than compensates for the slight shortcoming in point of knowledge. No writer before him has combined the two essentials of knowledge and impartiality in so high a degree. De Tocqueville, though equally impartial and more philosophical, was certainly not nearly so well informed. American writers, with all their knowledge, are notorious for their national vanity, and therefore require to be read with caution. Taught from their earliest childhood to regard their constitution as the perfection of human wisdom, which nothing short of special divine inspiration can account for, they are disqualified for studying its nature and history with any sort of impar-

tiality, even if the evidence brought before them were not naturally one-sided. "The constitution," says Professor von Holst, "has found many learned and intelligent commentators; but they have all considered its excellence to be an undoubted and universally admitted fact. What should have been only the result of their investigation, they made the premises of their arguments."

Professor von Holst, on the contrary, comes to the subject with a perfectly unbiassed mind. He treats it simply as a philosophical study, a great problem in sociology, the solution of which is the only object he has in view. If he arrives at conclusions less flattering to the constitution and its founders than is agreeable to Americans and their admirers, it is not from any prejudice against them. On the contrary, he asserts—and gives substantial proof of his assertion—that he has great sympathy with them, and great respect for them. He has been forced to his conclusions, after careful consideration, simply by fact and reason. His object is not to depreciate, but merely to get at the truth, which he has taken great pains to ascertain, and he is therefore fairly entitled to confidence. He looks upon the American revolution, not as something unprecedented and marvellous, the result of a special interposition of Providence, but as "only an act of the great drama, the history of western civilization," the actors in which "were neither demi-gods nor devils, but *men*, struggling under many shortcomings, but with great energy, their way onward, not with startling leaps, but advancing step by step, just as all the rest of the great nations of the earth have had to do."

This is a reasonable view. There is also much truth in what Pro-

fessor von Holst says with regard to political thought in America:—

"In political questions of a concrete nature, the Americans are on an average more competent judges than any people on the Continent of Europe. The political institutions of the country, its social and especially its economic relations, educate them from the cradle to independent thought on all questions involving material interests, and encourage them to summon their whole intellectual strength for their solution. But in the wearing struggles of daily life new problems of this character continually arise, and almost exhaust their intellectual strength. Their energy of mind is not in consequence great enough to give much depth to their thoughts on political problems of a general nature. The disposition towards generalization is sufficiently developed, but their observations are neither various, nor long, nor reliable enough to warrant inductions of any real value. Half-true and vague ideas are therefore raised by them to the dignity of unimpeachable principles. These are appealed to on every occasion, so that they rapidly rise to the dignity of sovereign laws. And the more they assume this character, the stronger does the conviction become rooted that they are the stars by which the ship of state should be steered."

The author's estimate of some of the leading founders of the great American republic is less exalted, but more truthful than that of native writers. Of Jefferson and Madison he says,—

"It was not a difficult matter for Jefferson to act in opposition to his own theories; and it was still easier for him to reconcile himself to a contradiction between his words and his deeds. Ambition was the sovereign trait in his character. He was always ready to sacrifice much of his favourite theories to his feverish thirst for power and distinction, the more especially as his eminently practical instinct caused him often to doubt the tenableness of his ideal systems. Moreover, as he, partly from interest and partly because

misled by his idealistic reveries, concealed his ambition under the mask of the greatest simplicity, stoical indifference, and even of disinclination to accept any political honour or dignity, so, too, his conscience was not precisely what would be called tender in the weighing and measuring of words, whether his own or those of others. Such a character could scarcely always resist the temptation to make ink and paper say what in his opinion they ought to say. His mode of thought, which was a mixture of about equal parts of dialectical acuteness and of the fanaticism of superficiality, as shortsighted as it was daring, made this a matter of no difficulty. Hence it is that not the slightest weight should be attached *a priori* to his interpretation of the Constitution.

"The direct contrary of this is true of Madison. His was not a character so thoroughly and harmoniously constituted and developed as Washington's. He, too, concealed the depth of his ambition under a plain and modest exterior. When it or his oversensitiveness was wounded, he, too, could be unjust to his opponents. The violence with which the party struggle was conducted by degrees carried him, also, so far away that he played a more covert game than can be entirely justified by the excuse of political necessity. And when it was a question of opposing a measure in too great conflict with his own party programme, he could descend to the letter, and to petty quibbling, if he could not give his attack the necessary energy from the higher standpoint of the statesman."

Professor von Holst's work is scarcely a history, in the sense of a continuous narrative of events in the order of time, but rather a series of chapters not closely connected together, on historical subjects, into which comment enters as largely as narratiou. He begins his third chapter by saying, "The constitution had gone into operation in 1789," without having previously given any account of this important event. There is a similar lack of explicit information throughout the work. The author seems

to presuppose in his reader a considerable acquaintance with American history and politics. Many of his passing allusions to party proceedings and legislative measures must be unintelligible to those who do not happen to possess the requisite information. We cannot think Professor von Holst happy in the arrangement or statement of his facts. They are not set before the reader in so orderly and direct a manner as to leave a well-defined impression upon the reader's mind. In point of readableness—which after all is the main point in a work intended for the general public—this history contrasts unfavourably with Bancroft's, as in logical distinctness of arrangement and exposition with De Tocqueville's, to which the translators compare it. Still, it is a valuable contribution to critical history, well worthy of study by those who wish to arrive at a right understanding of the great political experiment which has been going on across the Atlantic during the past century.

The present volume is only an instalment of what is to be expected. It treats of State sovereignty and slavery from 1750 to 1833. The author gives a vivid picture of the difficulties which attended the foundation of the constitution, owing to the conflict of opinions and interests, the excitement of the time, the novelty of the task, and the want of experienced statesmanship. He exposes with unsparring hand the inconsistencies, contradictions, and illegality into which the authorities were betrayed, the selfish policy of the separate States, and the vanity, ambition, and cupidity of the leading politicians. The first difficulty in the way arose from the suspicion and jealousy which the separate States entertained of any external control. They had suffered so much as colonies from

the English Government that they were unwilling to confer sufficient power upon the central authority of the Union for the maintenance of order and the safety of the Republic. At length the resistance to authority reached such a pitch that the very existence of the Union was in peril, and to remedy the evil a Convention of all the States was held at Philadelphia in May, 1787. The delegates comprised the greatest and best men of which the country could boast. Hence there was, on the one hand, great hope their labours would be attended with success, and, on the other, a deeply rooted conviction that, if they failed, the direst consequences must ensue. Yet for a long time there seemed no prospect of their coming to an understanding, so that Franklin, who was anything but a superstitious man, actually "proposed that henceforth the Sessions should be opened with prayer, for now there was no hope of help except from Heaven; the wit of man was exhausted." And it was not till nearly four months had elapsed that they were able to agree upon Articles of Confederation, which became the foundation of the present Constitution; not, however, without great opposition from the upholders of State rights, here called by no less than four different names in different parts of the book—Anti-Federalists, Particularists, Republicans, and Democrats—their opponents being always styled Federalists. Even after the new Constitution was inaugurated the opposition between the two contending parties was so strong, that the dissolution of the Union was an idea repeatedly entertained by both as possible and even probable.

Professor von Holst remarks that "The masses of the American people in their vanity, and too great self-appreciation, are fond of

forgetting the dreadful struggle of 1787-1789, or of employing it only as a name for the 'divine inspiration' which guided the 'fathers' at Philadelphia. In Europe this view of the case has been generally accepted as correct. . . . With history, however, it has nothing to do."

To justify his reference to divine inspiration, he quotes the following eulogium on the Constitution from the *North American Review*: "Such a government we regard as more than the expression of calm wisdom and lofty patriotism. It has its distinctively providential element. It was God's saving gift to a distracted and imperilled people. It was his creative fiat over a weltering chaos: 'Let a nation be born in a day.'" This is modest indeed, if—as there is every reason to believe—it is really meant seriously. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the divine right of kings, which wears quite a respectable appearance of rationality by the side of it. And, to make the absurdity still more absurd, this extravagant, and even profane, laudation of the Constitution was published in 1862, in the very midst of the deadly four years' conflict which showed only too plainly the human weakness and imperfection of the Union.

It appears that a sort of parallel to the recent presidential contest occurred at the election of the next president but one to Washington, in 1801. The Republicans, or anti-Federalists, carried the election of their candidates, Jefferson and Burr, giving the same number of votes to each, with the intention that Burr should be Vice-President. But Burr, an ambitious profligate, aspired to the Presidency, and was charged with having won over one of the New York electors not to vote for Jefferson, and thus give Burr a majority. The defeated Federalists actually favoured this unprincipled intrigue, merely for

the sake of excluding Jefferson, who was really the choice of the majority of the people. The contest was carried on in the House of Representatives from the 11th to the 17th of February, and was not decided till the thirty-sixth ballot, when so many Federalists used blank ballots as to give Jefferson the required majority.

Mythology among the Hebrews, and its Historical Development.

By J. Goldziher, Ph.D. Translated from the German by Russell Martineau, of the British Museum, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.—It is now rather more than twenty years since Professor Max Müller's essay on Comparative Mythology appeared in the "Oxford Essays." The object of the paper was to point out the value of comparative philology as a key to mythology. Various attempts had at different periods been made to explain the origin and true meaning of the rich store of myths which form so prominent a feature of classical literature and art. But none were perfectly satisfactory, and it occurred to Professor Müller in the course of his Sanscrit studies, that a clue to the solution of the problem might be found in the comparison of that ancient language and literature with those of Greece and Rome. A large portion of the essay is occupied by illustrations and proofs of the close relationship subsisting between these and the other languages of the Indo-Germanic family, or, as he terms them, the Aryan group. In thus showing that the Indian, Persian, and European languages are descended from one common parent stock, Professor Müller was only following the track of Bopp, Pott, Rosen, Pictet, Humboldt, and other scholars, but he was the first in this country to show the use that

might be made of this fact as a means of throwing light upon the numerous legends of classical antiquity. He compares these myths with those found in the Rig Veda, points out the identity of the names of the chief actors in both, and the similarity of the main features of the myths, from which he infers that they were originally the same, and were current among the Aryan race before it branched off at successive periods to Europe and India. His idea is that they are simply descriptions, in personal narrative, of the ordinary operations of nature, such as the changes of the seasons, of day and night, the sun and the moon, clouds, rain, and winds, &c. He is led to this conclusion by observing that some of the names of the Greek deities and heroes who figure in myths are identical with Sanscrit names of the sun, or the moon, the dawn, or dew.

Mr. Cox, in a series of works on mythology, has carried out Professor Müller's idea to a length and with a completeness far beyond the modest dimensions it assumed in his hands. He has not only by means of it furnished an explanation of a much larger collection of myths, but claims the honour of having discovered "that the epic poems of the Aryan nations are simply different versions of one and the same story, and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year." He holds that the story of Achilleus in the "Iliad" is substantially the same as that of Odysseus in the "Odyssey;" that the same tale appears in the Saga of the Volungs and the Niebelungen Lied, the cycles of Arthur and Charlemagne, the lay of Beowulf, and the Shahnameh of Firdusi; and that all these works originated simply in phrases and metaphors describing the ordinary sights and sounds of

nature. Thus phrases which originally denoted the death of the dawn, or her desertion by the sun, as he advanced in his daily course, or the stealing away of light in the evening by the darkness, became the germs of expanded legends such as those of Helen and Guenevere, Brynhild and Gudrun, Paris, Launcelot, Achilleus, and Sigurd. Mr. Cox describes his delight in this discovery as "strictly the satisfaction which the astronomer or the geologist feels in the ascertainment of new facts," which is about as strong an expression of confidence in the truth of his conclusions as could well be devised.

Dr. Goldziher goes further than either Professor Müller or Mr. Cox, maintaining, in opposition to Rénan—who says, "*Les Sémites n'ont jamais eu de mythologie*"—and others, that the principles of comparative mythology are not less applicable to the Semites in general, and the Hebrews in particular, than to the various families of the Aryan race. The object of his work—which is founded on university lectures delivered in Hungarian, and afterwards translated into German—is to show by numerous examples that "it is possible, from Semitism itself, on psychological and philological principles, to construct a scientific Semitic mythology." Considering it "clearly proved that the myth tells of the operations of nature, and is the mode of expressing the perceptions which man at the earliest stage of his intellectual life has of these operations and phenomena," he contends that, as all races of men have essentially the same faculties, it is reasonable to expect that all would have a mythology of some sort, and that the myths of all, though differing in subordinate points according to the state of civilization, would be substantially identical in the main features.

It thus appears that he sets out with the assumption that the results at which Professor Müller and Mr. Cox have arrived are undoubtedly correct. Their conclusions are his premises, from which he deduces further conclusions. Hence his work is adapted for a very limited circle of readers. As the translator intimates, it can scarcely be intelligible to those who have not made themselves acquainted with the works of the above two writers, and not only must their doctrines be studied, but accepted, by them before they can read Dr. Goldziher's volume with much satisfaction or advantage. But Dr. Goldziher himself acknowledges that these doctrines are far from generally admitted, and, on the contrary, have many notable adversaries both in Germany and in this country. He quotes a strong expression of adverse opinion from Mr. Ferguson's "*Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries*": "So far as I am capable of understanding it, it appears to me that the ancient Solar Myth of Messrs. Max Müller and Cox is very like mere modern moonshine." He also mentions the late Mr. George Smith, the great Assyriologist, and Mr. Tylor as unfavourable to this "modern science of mythology," which has encountered powerful opposition from other writers.

Dr. Goldziher appears to have been led to apply the principles of this so-called "science" to Hebrew mythology by Professor Steinthal's dissertation on the "*Story of Samson*," whose Hebrew name, Shimson, is declared to be equivalent to *shemesh*, or the sun, a fact which "gives us an undeniable right to maintain the solar significance of the hero, and to see in his battles the contest of the sun against darkness and storms." By means of ingenious but sometimes forced etymological manipulation of names,

and a free use of conjecture not always remarkable for probability, he has managed to give some sort of explanation of many other Old Testament stories. The name Jacob is translated by "he follows his heels," and stated to mean the dark sky, or night, which is the "after follower" of the sun. At a subsequent part of the work the author gives further particulars with regard to this patriarch and his brother Esau:—

"We will now continue our contemplation of the contests which the myth tells of the sky at night, in which we have already seen the dark sky either conquering or conquered by his brilliant father or brother. One of the most conspicuous names of the dark sky of night or clouds in the Hebrew mythology, and containing a rich fund of mythical matter, is Jacob. Etymologically we have already done justice to him. Now let us see what the myth has to say of him. He endures hard struggles. His father, 'the laughing sunny sky,' loves him not. The hatred of his brother Esau drives him from house and home; and at the place where he takes refuge, he has to struggle against 'the white one' (Lâbhân), who, if not his brother, is at least his near relative, and in the original form of the myth was perhaps presented as his brother (see Gen. xxix. 15). We must examine more closely the mythical character of these two hostile brothers of Jacob. To make short work of it—both Esau and Laban are solar figures. What we learn of them in the epic treatment of the old myth found in the Old Testament, presents a multitude of solar characteristics. We especially note this in Esau, whose *heel Jacob grasps at their birth* (Gen. xxv. 26). This mythical expression is in itself clear enough: 'Night comes into the world with Day's heel in his hand,' or, as we should say, Night follows close upon Day, driving him from his place. Nevertheless, we can further confirm this signification of the mythical expression for the benefit of hesitating doubters by showing that the same conception is found even in the later

Arabic poetry, where it is doubtless a residuum of an old mythical idea. For Tha'labâ b. Su'eyr al-Mâzini says of the breaking of the dawn: 'The shining one stretches his right hand towards him who covers up; the Sun puts out his hand towards the Night, grasps him, and pulls him forward, whilst he himself retires; here therefore it is the same relation, only inverted. Similarly, the poet al-'Ajjâj says: 'till I see the shoulder of the brilliant dawn, when he springs upon the back of the black night.' This is spoken in quite a mythical tone, and expresses the same idea as the Hebrew when he said 'Jacob holds the heel of his red brother in his hand,' only that the Arabic words quoted speak of day following after night.

"Esau is a hunter, Jacob a herdsman, dwelling in tents.' *The Sun is a hunter*: he discharges his arrows, i.e. his rays, and does battle with them against darkness, wind, and clouds. Why should I adduce examples from Aryan mythology, where this view occurs in manifold variations and is one of the commonest? The Sun's arrows are golden, wherefore Apollo is called χρυσότοξος Πύθιος (Pindar, *Ol.* XIV. 15). This mythical idea is frequently reflected in the composition of language. In Egyptian, the combination *st* denotes 'flame, ray, and arrow,' all at once; and the Slavonic *strâla*, with which the German *Strahl* 'ray' is connected, means 'arrow.'"

As another specimen of Dr. Goldziher's method of investigation, we may quote what follows:—

"Rachel has a favourite son called Yôsêph (Joseph). This name signifies: 'He multiplies,' or, from the explanation already given, 'The Multiplier.' He is called in a hymn addressed to him, 'The blessing of the heaven above, the blessing of the flood that lies below, the blessing of the (female) breasts and of the womb' (Gen. xlix. 25). Can we doubt that this is the Rain, which multiplies—the blessing from above, which lies below in floods of water, the rain which mythologically was so often regarded as the nutritive milk of the milked

cows of the clouds? And probably the old Arabic idol called Zâ'idatu, *i.e.* 'the Multiplieress,' has the same mythological signification as the synonymous term Joseph in Hebrew, and may therefore be regarded as a goddess of Rain. Can the least doubt be felt, that 'the Multiplier,' the son of the cloud, must be the rain, as wine is called the daughter of the grape, and the fruit the son of the tree, and as bread is called in Arabic *jâbiru-bnu habbata*, like 'Strengtheners, son of Mrs. Grain'?"

This strikes us as rather a cheap and easy way of getting at conclusions. The "science" of comparative mythology—in Dr. Goldziher's hands, at any rate—has the advantage of all others in this respect. Mill, in his "Inductive Logic," lays down a series of canons and conditions—involving a laborious course of careful experiment and observation—which must be scrupulously observed and fulfilled before the investigator can be warranted in coming to a decision with any confidence in its correctness. Dr. Goldziher, on the contrary, thinks it sufficient simply to ask whether there can be any doubt as to the truth of the affirmation he chooses to make. In other cases he takes French leave to make assertions without any sort of proof. Thus, he is satisfied simply to say, "It is certain that the Hebrews made solar figures the ancestors of mankind," and he seems to expect his readers will be equally satisfied to accept what he says without any further consideration or inquiry. Again, he tells us it cannot be seriously doubted that the Israelites went from Egypt to Palestine, but he rejects the reasons alleged in Genesis for their wandering in the wilderness with this peremptory and authoritative statement: "The fact is really that, on leaving Egypt, the people wished to continue in their old mode of life, roving from desert to desert, seek-

ing out one pasture after another; they were indifferent to the cultivated side of Jordan, and chose by preference the wild eastern side."

There is no accounting for tastes, but if the Israelites really preferred desert to cultivated soil they were certainly "a peculiar people"—so much so, indeed, as to invalidate the force of Dr. Goldziher's argument for their possession of a mythology, founded on their having the same mental characteristics as the rest of mankind. Dr. Goldziher does not tell us where he got his information as to the real facts of the case which are now for the first time made known to the world, nor does he inform us whether Moses had the same peculiar preference as his followers, or was compelled to follow them in default of getting them to follow him.

Dr. Goldziher is a true disciple of the solar myth school. It would be tedious to enumerate all the persons in the Old Testament whom he identifies with that luminary. Not only does he make Adam, "the Red," represent the sun—in opposition to Professor Müller, who takes the name to denote earth—but also Eve, "the circulating," and Hagar "the flying one." Having his mind preoccupied at the outset with the idea that the Hebrews, like all other nations, must have had a mythology describing the ordinary aspects of nature, he has no difficulty, with his Semitic scholarship, general learning, and daring speculation, in fitting every name to some heavenly body, or some daily or yearly vicissitude. To illustrate and confirm his mythological explanations he refers not merely to the cognate languages, Arabic and Assyrian, but to classical and modern literature, including Shakespeare and Heine, and even the mythology and phraseology of Japan, and the Gold Coast and central

districts of Africa. He has thus accumulated a vast mass of curious material, which is unfortunately ill arranged, besides being, as many will think, often irrelevant and futile.

The translator has done his part well, and supplied a useful index.

The Select Dramatic Works of John Dryden. Edited by J. L. Seton. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.—Mr. Seton informs us in his editorial preface, that it was originally his intention to issue an edition containing a considerable number of Dryden's plays, but subsequent reflection led him to abandon the idea, and publish only the two found in this volume, viz., *All for Love* and *Don Sebastian*. There can be no doubt his change of purpose was an improvement. As he justly observes, Dryden's other plays were produced under circumstances anything but favourable to excellence. They were written as a matter of business, manufactured—we might almost say—to order. Though not absolutely in want at any time, or subject to such privations as other authors have had to undergo, Dryden was never long in easy circumstances, so as to be above the necessity of exertion. Having married a lady of rank without wealth, and possessing only a small patrimony of his own, he was obliged to be active with his pen in order to meet the expenses of maintaining his position in society. Hence he entered into an agreement with the King's company of players to furnish them with not less than three plays a year; in return for which he was to receive a share and a quarter of the profits of the theatre. But this was more than he could accomplish—or at any rate more than he actually performed. He produced only ten plays in the four years

from the end of 1667 to that of 1671, and on the average altogether about half the number stipulated. Still, as he received from £300 to £400 a year for these four years, and not less than £200 a year for the following six years, his mind must have been continually strained by the pressure of obligation.

Task work thus extorted by stress of external circumstances must of course be wanting in the elasticity and vivacity of spontaneous production, and can have no claim to high rank in point of art. Even Scott, with all his prolific genius and untiring energy, though sustained by the noblest motives, was unable to keep up to his former standard of excellence when writing under such circumstances; which must have been still more fatal to Dryden's success, who is remarkable for general intellectual vigour and critical power rather than creative imagination or intensity of feeling. "Dryden's performances," says Johnson, "were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave." Mr. Christie, in his recent edition of Dryden's poetical works, observes: "A strong, sharp, subtle, and versatile intellect, and a fine ear for numbers, which with practice gave him a matchless power of versification, are Dryden's chief characteristics of excellence as a poet. The self-contained, self-sustaining imagination of the greater Milton is wanting." Scott remarks: "The distinguishing characteristic of Dryden's genius seems to have been, the power of reasoning, and of expressing the result in appropriate language." Macaulay, while concurring in the general

verdict which assigns Dryden "the first place in the second rank of our poets," adds: "His imagination was torpid, till it was awakened by his judgment. He began with quaint parallels and empty mouth-ing. He gradually acquired the energy of the satirist, the gravity of the moralist, the rapture of the lyric poet."

Another circumstance adverse to Dryden's success as a dramatist was the depraved condition of public morals and taste when he wrote. The rigid asceticism which, under Puritan sway, had frowned even upon intellectual enjoyment, and prohibited dramatic performances, was by a natural reaction exchanged at the Restoration for the grossest sensual indulgence and the most unblushing contempt for the obligations of religion, morality or even common decency; and although the drama was no longer proscribed, but on the contrary patronized by the court and aristocracy, it was subjected to the influence of French artificiality, which crippled and distorted its native vigour. "It was to please Charles," observes Macaulay, "that rhyme was first introduced into our plays. Thus a heavy blow, which would at any time have been mortal, was dealt to the English drama, then just recovering from its languishing condition. Two detestable manners, the indigenous and the imported, were now in a state of alternate conflict and amalgamation. The bombastic meanness of the new style was blended with the ingenious absurdity of the old."

It was scarcely possible for Dryden to escape the general contagion. Success was to him a matter of necessity, and could be obtained only by pandering to the bad taste of a bad age. He had too much sound sense, and too intimate an acquaintance with the best models of ancient and modern literature, not to under-

stand the requirements of good writing, as he clearly proved by his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry" and his numerous prefaces and didactic essays; in fact, critical sagacity was one of his strong points. Yet, for the sake of pleasing his audience, he sacrificed his own better judgment—as he himself alleged in self-defence—and resorted to every species of the vilest stage trickery and clap-trap, so that, as Macaulay says, "we are perpetually disgusted by passages which it is difficult to conceive how any author could have written, or any audience have tolerated, rants in which the raving violence of the manner forms a strange contrast with the abject meanness of the thought." Dryden's heroic plays written in rhyme are, like the rest of that class of compositions then in vogue, full of this tawdry bombast, utterly at variance with all the laws of nature, and beyond all the bounds of probability. They are rhetorical verse, not dramatic poetry, Dryden being deficient in the power of creating and representing character with living truth to nature. His comedies are still more unsuited to the taste of the present day, owing to the gross impurity with which they were defiled. Even in the two plays here presented to the public there is an occasional indelicacy of thought and coarseness of expression which would not now be tolerated; but his other plays are so filthy as to be quite unfit for publication without considerable expurgation. Mr. Seton has acted wisely in omitting them altogether rather than publish them in a mutilated form.

The two plays in this volume were written in the later and better period of Dryden's dramatic career, after he had with natural reluctance abandoned the use of rhyme, in which he excelled, and determined to follow nature rather than con-

form to the arbitrary rules of so-called classical art. Both of them differ from his other plays in being the result of more deliberate effort and careful study, and they are universally recognized as his best dramas.

All for Love is founded on the same subject as Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, and is described by the author as an attempt to shoot with the bow of Ulysses. It is, he tells us, the only play written to please himself, a peculiarity of vital importance. Scott, comparing it with Shakspeare's play, gives it the preference in regularity of plot and combination of scene, but objects to the character of Antony as wanting in the majestic greatness with which Shakspeare has invested it, and too much like that of a love-lorn knight errant rather than a lofty hero. He also pronounces Dryden's *Cleopatra* far inferior to Shakspeare's in originality and life. After citing from both writers their descriptions of the voyage of *Cleopatra* down the *Cydnus*, he with some hesitation—but not without reason—avows his preference of Dryden's, on account of the beauty of the language and the freedom from that hyperbole with which Shakspeare is chargeable. The scene between Antony and Ventidius in the first act was preferred by Dryden to anything else of this kind that he ever wrote. Like that between Dorax and Sebastian in the other play here given, it is avowedly an imitation of Shakspeare's quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. Both are justly considered his happiest efforts, but of the two the former appears to us far superior, the latter being in one or two passages marred by that violent rhetorical exaggeration which was Dryden's besetting sin. We extract a portion of it:—

“*Vent.* Behold, you powers,

To whom you have intrusted human-kind ;

See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light,
worthless woman !

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,

Like prodigals, this nether world
away

To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love ! plain arrogance,
plain insolence !

Thy men are cowards ; thou, an envious traitor ;

Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented

The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.

O that thou wert my equal ; great in arms

As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee

Without a stain to honour !

Vent. You may kill me ;

You have done more already, called me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one ?

Vent. For showing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done ; but had I been

That name, which I disdain to speak again,

I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,

Come to partake your fate, to die with you.

What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles

To fill Octavius' bands ? I could have been

A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,

And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier :

I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false ;

Thought my old age betrayed you : kill me, sir ;

Pray kill me ; yet you need not, your unkindness

Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so ;

I said it in my rage : prithee forgive me :

Why did'st thou tempt my anger, by discovery

Of what I would not hear ?

Vent. No prince but you
 Could merit that sincerity I used,
 Nor durst another man have ventured
 it;
 But you, ere love misled your wander-
 ing eye,
 Were sure the chief and best of human
 race,
 Framed in the very pride and boast of
 nature;
 So perfect, that the gods who formed
 you wondered
 At their own skill, and cried, A lucky
 hit
 Has mended our design. Their envy
 hindered,
 Else you had been immortal, and a
 pattern,
 When heaven would work for ostenta-
 tion's sake,
 To copy out again."

Even here the fault we have mentioned is glaring in the last few lines. There is an air of artificiality pervading both plays, which is fatal to their effectiveness. The stage machinery is so perceptible as to destroy the illusion. Dryden seems to have forgotten or disregarded Horace's sound maxim: "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi." Instead of being inspired with the "fine frenzy" of the true poet, and carried away by his feelings, he deliberately manufactures the semblance of emotion which, it is too evident, he does not really feel. It is owing to his incapability of intense feeling, that, as has been repeatedly pointed out, he completely fails in depicting the tender passions of the softer sex, and has to some extent succeeded only in representing scenes between bearded men.

All for Love was received with great favour at the time of its first performance, but *Don Sebastian* was only patiently endured in silence, according to the author's own confession, though it was not, he says, "huddled up in haste," but written with special care and exer-

tion, and was brought out with great theatrical display. Dryden attributes this result to its excessive length, which he therefore afterwards reduced by cutting out some twelve hundred lines, but the real cause lay deeper than this. Even in its present reduced form it fails to engage and sustain the reader's unflagging attention. Scott complains of the meagre commendation bestowed on it by Johnson, pronounces it to be Dryden's *chef d'œuvre*, and even goes so far as to say: "Shakspeare laid aside, it will be perhaps difficult to point out a play containing more animatory incident, impassioned language, and beautiful description than *Don Sebastian*,"—a judgment in which, we think, not many will concur. Hallam justly remarks upon the prevalence of bombastic rant, and the ill-contrived plot, especially in the fifth act, where an incestuous connection is disclosed, which, though unintentional, is revolting to the delicate taste of the present day. A striking instance of extravagant raving is what follows between the Emperor of Barbary and Almeyda, a captive queen:—

"*Sebas.* Farewell, my life's not worth another word.

Emp. [To the guards.] Perform your orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewell too.
 Farewell the greatness of Almeyda's soul!

Look, tyrant, what excess of love can do,

It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet;

Nay, to embrace thy knees with loathing hands,

Which blister when they touch thee; yet even thus,

Thus far I can, to save Sebastian's life.

Emp. A secret pleasure trickles through my veins:

It works about the inlets of my soul!
 To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the pass,

But the tough metal of my heart
resists;

Tis warmed with the soft fire, not
melted down.

Alm. A flood of scalding tears will
make it run.

Spare him, oh spare; can you pretend
to love,

And have no pity? Love and that are
twins.

Here will I grow;

Thus compass you with these sup-
planting cords,

And pull so long till the proud fabric
falls.

Emp. Still kneel, and still embrace;
'tis double pleasure

So to be hugged, and see Sebastian
die.

Alm. Look, tyrant, when thou
nam'st Sebastian's death,

Thy very executioners turn pale.

Rough as they are, and hardened in
their trade

Of death, they start at an anointed
head,

And tremble to approach.—He hears
me not,

Nor minds the impression of a God on
kings,

Because no stamp of Heaven was on
his soul,

But the resisting mass drove back the
seal.

Say, though thy heart be rock of ada-
mant,

Yet rocks are not impregnable to
bribes:

Instruct me how to bribe thee: name
thy price;

Lo, I resign my title to the crown;

Send me to exile with the man I love,
And banishment is empire."

No wonder that a play abounding
in such absurd fustian as this failed
to produce any other effect than
weariness. Once more we say, Mr.
Seton has been wise in abandoning
the publication of Dryden's other
plays. The only question is whether
he might not as well have omitted
these also.

*The Whole Familiar Colloquies
of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotter-
dam.* Translated from the Latin

by Nathan Bailey. London:
Hamilton, Adams and Co.—
Lovers of literature and friends of
free thought must always feel a
kindly regard, if not profound ad-
miration, for Erasmus. Great he
can hardly be called, either in mind
or character. His intellect was
active and acute rather than power-
ful and creative. He made no great
discovery, originated no new system
of philosophy, and produced no
immortal masterpiece of genius.
Yet he rendered services to man-
kind which entitle him to grateful
remembrance. Gifted with a rare
retentiveness of memory, keenness
of perception, soundness of judg-
ment, and raciness of humour, he was
enthusiastic in the cultivation and
promotion of learning and intelligent
inquiry. Few have been so active
in the diffusion of knowledge, or so
successful in refuting error, un-
masking hypocrisy, and exploding
superstition. His works are re-
markable for the vastness of their
extent and the wide range of topics
they embrace, as well as the high
standard of excellence to which
they attain. In Le Clerc's edition
they fill no less than eleven folio
volumes.

Erasmus was the first to publish
an edition of the Greek Testament,
which not only won the approval of
Pope Adrian, when a cardinal, so
far as to elicit the expression of a
wish that he would do the same for
the Old Testament, but has since
awakened the admiration of the
latest and best authorities on the
subject, a circumstance the more
remarkable, because it was not till
after the fall of Constantinople in
1453, only fourteen years before
Erasmus's birth, that a knowledge
of Greek began to be diffused
throughout Europe by the scholars
who were driven from their native
country, and it was still confined to
comparatively few students. He
afterwards published a paraphrase

of the New Testament, translations of parts of the Old Testament, and numerous editions and translations of the Fathers and various classical writers. Many of his original works were of a controversial and fugitive character, being called forth by the exigencies of the time and the peculiarity of his position.

With his ever wakeful and penetrating observation, his extensive reading, and his varied experience as he moved about from one country to another and had intercourse with persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, he could not fail to be struck with the prevalence of ignorance, superstition, and corruption, nor with his inborn zeal for knowledge and truth could he refrain from directing against them the shafts of his scathing ridicule and severe sarcasm. The monks and their doings had no more bitter and powerful assailant. Having been driven into a monastery by a guardian who had wasted or stolen his property, and induced, partly by cunning artifice and partly by overpowering constraint, to become a monk, much against his inclination, he had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with that class of persons, and ample reason to denounce their folly and wickedness. They not unnaturally retaliated by charging him with heresy, and an endeavour to bring religious duties into contempt, hunting out every passage and expression in his works that could by artful malignity be made to afford any shadow of a pretext for the charge. This of course rendered it necessary for him to explain and defend himself.

Nor were the monks and theologians his only antagonists. Though he was one of the most active and effective pioneers of the Reformation—so much so, that he was charged by the monks with having laid the egg which Luther hatched—he was attacked by Protestants with scarcely

less bitterness than by Romanists, because, while he deplored and denounced the corruptions and abuses which had crept into the Church of Rome, he still maintained its supreme authority in matters of faith, and was strongly opposed to some of Luther's leading tenets, as well as averse to his arrogant dogmatism and violent temper. Like all moderate men, he had to contend with the two extreme parties, and as he was not the man, nor was his age the time, to sit silent under imputations seriously affecting his character, and even endangering his life, his pen was necessarily active in his self-defence. Hence much of his writing has now lost its interest. His editions of the Scriptures, the Fathers, and the classics, have been superseded by later works prepared in the light of increased knowledge since his time.

There are, however, two or three of his works still worthy of attention, one of these is the "Adagia," occupying one of the largest of the eleven folio volumes in Le Clerc's edition of his works, and consisting of 4,151 adages, with an account of their origin, an explanation of their meaning, and a vast variety of illustrative quotations and anecdotes, the whole forming a rich storehouse of curious learning and shrewd observation. Another is the "Praise of Folly," an ingenious satire on various classes of mankind, somewhat after the manner of his favourite author Lucian, whom he here approaches in sparkling humour and keen sarcasm. A third is the "Familiar Colloquies," translated in the volume before us. This is the most popular and best known of all his works, having been long used in schools as a Latin reading book, and being still extensively read, as it well deserves to be, for its easy humour, its rich variety of matter, its abundant information,

its amusing anecdotes, its lively picture of the age, its witty and wise remarks. "It consists," says a recent writer, "of a large number of conversations on a great variety of subjects, whose easy flow and natural graceful manner are not the least of their charms; full of delicate humour, keen irony, biting satire, elegant criticism, and lively description, wherein now a text of Scripture, now a passage from the classics, is made the subject of discussion; now some folly turned into ridicule, now some superstition exposed, while occasional autobiographical touches or allusions to contemporaneous persons or events lend a great additional interest." It reminds one in some degree of Montaigne's essays, though it is inferior to them in the autobiographical detail, the profound thought, the masterly discussion, and the copious quotation, which render them such delightful reading. The story which forms the chief part of the colloquy called "The Horse Cheat," in this volume is amusing. The interlocutors are Aulus and Phœdrus:—

"*Ph.* You know what cheating tricks are played by our jockeys, who sell and let out horses. *Au.* Yes, I know more of them than I wish I did, having been cheated by them more than once.

"*Ph.* I had occasion lately to go a pretty long journey, and I was in great haste; I went to one that you would have said was none of the worst of them, and there was some small matter of friendship between us. I told him I had an urgent business to do, and had occasion for a strong able gelding; desiring, that if he would ever be my friend in anything he would be so now. He promised me he would use me as kindly as if I were his own dear brother. *Au.* It may be he would have cheated his brother. *Ph.* He leads me into the stable, and bids me choose which I would out of them all. At last I pitched upon one that I liked better than the rest.

He commends my judgment, protesting that a great many persons had had a mind to that horse; but he resolved to keep him rather for a singular friend than sell him to a stranger. I agreed with him as to the price, paid him down his money, got upon the horse's back. Upon the first setting out my steed falls a prancing; you would have said he was a horse of mettle; he was plump, and in good case. But by that time I had rode him an hour and a half, I perceived he was downright tired, nor could I by spurring him get him any farther. I had heard that such jades had been kept for cheats, that you would take by their looks to be very good horses, but were worth nothing for service. I says to myself presently, I am caught. But when I come home again I will shew him trick for trick.

"*Au.* But what did you do in this case, being a horseman without a horse? *Ph.* I did what I was obliged to do. I turned into the next village, and there I set my horse up privately with an acquaintance, and hired another and prosecuted my journey; and when I came back I returned my hired horse, and finding my own in very good case and thoroughly rested, I mounted his back and rode back to the horse-courser, desiring him to set him up for a few days, till I called for him again. He asked me how well he carried me. I swore by all that was good that I never bestrid a better nag in my life, that he flew rather than walked, nor never tired the least in the world in all so long a journey, nor was a hair the leaner for it. I having made him believe that these things were true, he thought with himself he had been mistaken in this horse; and therefore, before I went away, he asked me if I would sell the horse. I refused at first; because if I should have occasion to go such another journey, I should not easily get the fellow of him; but, however, I value nothing so much but I would sell it, if I could have a good price for it, although anybody had a mind to buy myself. *Au.* This was fighting a man with his own weapons. *Ph.* In short, he would not let me go away before I had set a price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he cost me.

"Being gone, I got an acquaintance

to act for me, and gave him instructions how to behave himself. He goes to the house and calls for the horse-courser, telling him that he had occasion for a very good and a very hardy nag. The horse-courser shews him a great many horses, still commending the worst most of all; but says not a word of that horse he had sold me, verily believing he was such as I had represented him. My friend presently asked whether that was not to be sold—for I had given him a description of the horse and the place where he stood. The horse-courser at first made no answer but commended the rest very highly. The gentleman liked the other horses pretty well, but always treated about that very horse. At last thinks the horse-courser with himself, I have certainly been out in my judgment as to this horse, if this stranger could presently pick this horse out of so many. He insisting upon it, He may be sold, says he, but it may be you will be frightened at the price. The price, says he, is a case of no great importance, if the goodness of the thing be answerable. Tell me the price. He told him something more than I had set him at to him, getting the overplus to himself. At last the price was agreed on, and a good large earnest was given, a ducat of gold to bind the bargain. The purchaser gives the ostler a groat, orders him to give his horse some corn, and he would come by and by and fetch him.

"As soon as ever I heard the bargain was made so firmly that it could not be undone again, I go immediately, booted and spurred, to the horse-courser, and being out of breath calls for my horse. He comes and asks what I wanted. Says I, Get my horse ready presently, for I must be gone this moment upon an extraordinary affair. But, says he, you bid me keep the horse a few days. That is true, said I, but this business has happened unexpectedly, and it is the king's business, and it will admit of no delay. Says he, Take your choice, which you will of all my horses; you cannot have your own. I asked him why so? Because, says he, he is sold. Then I pretended to be in a great passion: God forbid, says I; as this journey has happened, I would not sell him if

any man would offer me four times his price. I fell to wrangling, and cry out I am ruined. At length he grew a little warm too. What occasion is there for all this contention? You set a price upon your horse, and I have sold him; if I pay you your money you have nothing more to do to me; we have laws in this city, and you cannot compel me to produce the horse.

"When I had clamoured a good while, that he would either produce the horse or the man that bought him, he at last pays me down the money in a passion. I had bought him for fifteen guineas, so I set him to him at twenty-six, and he had valued him at thirty-two, and so computed with himself, I had better make that profit of him than restore the horse. I go away, as if I was vexed in my mind, and scarcely pacified, though the money was paid me. He desires me not to take it amiss, he would make me amends some other way. So I bit the biter. He has a horse not worth a groat; he expected that he that had given him the earnest should come and pay him the money; but nobody came, nor ever will come."

The present translation, published originally in 1733, is still the only one containing all the Colloquies. It is to be regretted that little or no alteration has been made in it for the present edition. The editor suggests that some compensation for the antiquated and inelegant phraseology may be found in "the closeness of the rendering." But the first requirement of a translation for the use of those who cannot read the original is readableness. It is of little avail for a version to be faithful, if those for whom it is intended cannot or will not read it. In this case the rendering is far from being so close as it might easily be made in much better English than the translator has employed.

*The Bampton Lectures, 1876.
The Witness of the Psalms to*

Christ and Christianity. By W. Alexander, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. London: John Murray.—The Bampton Lectures are a familiar and permanent feature of Oxford life. They derive their name from the Rev. J. Bampton, Canon of Salisbury, who bequeathed his landed property to the university, for “the endowment of eight Divinity Lecture Sermons,” on some one of several specified topics, all more or less connected with the defence of the main doctrines of Christianity. The lecturer is appointed by the Heads of all the colleges, and the lectures are delivered before the whole university at St. Mary’s Church. Hence a volume of “Bampton Lectures” has stronger claims to attentive consideration from educated and thoughtful readers, than an ordinary collection of sermons. Instead of a number of unconnected, hastily prepared, superficial discourses—which were a weariness for intelligent people to hear, and are still more tedious to read—one has a right to expect eight lectures all bearing on some subject of real interest, carefully discussed by one whom the highest university authorities have selected as well qualified for the task, and who has every inducement to exert himself to the utmost of his ability.

The subject chosen by Dr. Alexander is succinctly but plainly indicated in the title-page. He considers the Psalms especially worthy of attention, on account of their being so closely intertwined with the New Testament, which, he says, contains literally hundreds of allusions to them. Other parts of the Old Testament may be separated from Christianity, but not the Psalms. Dr. Alexander also calls attention to the facts, that the Psalms form a fifth part of the Prayer-book, enter largely into the

daily worship of the Church, occupy a prominent place in Christian literature of all ages, and have been highly prized by Christians of all countries and ranks. As a recent illustration of the value attached to them, he mentions a learned Brahmin Pundit lately converted to Christianity, who, being an eminent Sanscrit scholar, was naturally expected to give his first attention to the study of the Greek Testament, on account of the close relationship between the two languages; but was led by his love for the Psalms, in which he finds indications of Christ and Christianity, to devote himself to Hebrew.

The first two lectures are occupied with a brief examination of the evidence with regard to Christ which is to be found in the Psalms, particularly the twenty-second Psalm, which in various minute points closely corresponds with what took place at the crucifixion. This subject having been often discussed by previous writers, the author contents himself with touching upon the main lines of argument, and adducing considerations better adapted to confirm the faith of believers than to convince opponents, who would scarcely be willing to grant the assumptions with which he sets out. At the same time, he neither ignores nor misrepresents the objections which have been made. He quotes the statements of rationalist writers in their own words, and replies to them without ambiguity or reserve, though not always without a touch of scornful sarcasm, as appears from what follows:—

“Indeed, one would suppose that a new chapter had been added to *Logic* by some of our modern critics. When these distinguished persons are pleased to enrich literature by a brilliant essay, or to astound the sobriety of elderly Bible readers by an original conjecture,

they appear to proceed by a new argumentative method which runs as follows:—'My theory of the impossibility of prediction will be contradicted; worse still—the whole colouring of my article will be spoilt; if I cannot assume that this Psalm was written at a particular period, or by a particular person. But the title of this Psalm exposes me to these inconveniences by assigning it to a period prior to the event, or writer, necessary for my article. Therefore, the title is totally mistaken.' Indeed, the evolution of theories of the time and place in which Psalms were composed appears to be one of the imaginative compensations which negative criticism has created, in lieu of the glories [which it has destroyed. All psychological fitness is violated."

With regard to the imprecations in the Psalms, which seem at variance with the spirit of Him who said, "Bless, and curse not," Dr. Alexander frankly admits the unsatisfactoriness of the usual modes of meeting the difficulty, boldly takes his stand upon the doctrine of the Incarnation, which he supposes to be admitted, and ascribes these imprecations to "One who expresses, as far as human language can, the doom which is the sure decree of the Governor of the world. Unless it is wrong and incredible that God should punish terribly, it is not wrong or incredible that his Son should give warning of it in the most vivid and impressive way."

The second general division of these discourses is devoted to a discussion of the witness of the Psalms to Christianity, under which the author includes the Christian character, Christian worship, the Christian Church and Christian theology. The outline of the argument is thus stated:—

"My contention is, that we may find, in the Book of Psalms, pre-definitions not only of the Person of Christ, but of Christianity; not only of Christ's Character, but of the

Christian Character; not only of the Founder of the Church, but of the Church which He founded, of its worship and teaching. In whatever degree provisions subtle and manifold of a character not yet, in fact, matured—of the peculiar wants of an institution not yet existing—are miraculous, in that degree the Psalter involves a Mind foreknowing. It is a Miracle in writing. We have, on the one side, a literature possibly ranging through a thousand years—songs which are attributed to David, Solomon, Asaph, the Korahites, certain anonymous Israelites, and which are undoubtedly several hundred years older than the Christian era. We have, on the other side the Character, the organized Community, the Worship, the Theology of us on whom the ends of the world are come. We find numerous traces of fitness to, and correspondence between, the one and the other. This correspondence leads us to conclude that the fitness was designed, and the adaptation one of a conscious prevision, which moulded and framed for a higher end utterances that arose from a variety of occasional events. But if so, it follows that we have in the Book of Psalms a vast vaticination. And that vaticination is more convincing than if it were confined to isolated texts, and, 'as it were, premature allusions to particular facts and circumstances.' It is a great standing Prophecy of the Gospel itself."

It would have been scarcely possible to do full justice to these extensive topics in the whole eight lectures, much less in the four allotted to them by the author, who still further limits the space at his command by occasional digressions on points not essential to the argument. We must, however, do him the justice to add, that the interest of his observations renders them always welcome, founded as they are on extensive and varied reading and sober reflection. There is truth in what he says with regard to the translation of Hebrew poetry: "Other poetry translated *verbatim* loses the very essence of

its poetical character, because it loses the measure and cadence of its words. But Hebrew poetry can only be given in exact translation. It is destroyed by being turned into verse as much as other poetry is destroyed by being turned into prose." It appears to us, that, if some one possessing the requisite Semitic scholarship and religious feeling would do for the Psalms what Professor Max Müller has been so long engaged in doing for the Vedic hymns, *i.e.*, publish a faithful translation of them with expository notes; that would be more likely to promote the general study and intelligent appreciation of these ancient compositions than any amount of recommendation, however strong, and eulogy, however eloquent. As they stand in our Bibles, without explanation of any kind, they are not always easy for an average reader to understand clearly, still less to extract from them a meaning adapted to the present state of society. The commentaries of Horne and others are behind the age in point of scholarship, and too much taken up with practical reflections, instead of interpretation and illustration. Dr. Alexander wishes the Psalms to be used more extensively both in private and in public, rather than modern hymns and prayers, but this would be of little avail without a true apprehension of their meaning, which is often not obvious to an unlearned reader.

Philology. By J. Peile, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co.—Professor Max Müller rendered valuable service to the country of his adoption by his two series of lectures on *The Science of Language*, in which, if he did not absolutely create a new science, he at least revealed one to the English public.

It is true Archbishop Trench's admirable works "*On the Study of Words*," and "*English Past and Present*," treated of language in a highly interesting manner, and contained valuable information as to the origin of particular words and the changes of form and meaning they have undergone, with occasional moral reflections. But they were limited in scope, being confined to our own language, and, even within that department of the whole subject, made no pretensions to scientific method. Professor Müller, on the contrary, gave a systematic exposition of the general principles to which all languages are subject. He not only traced historically the numerous and varied changes of words both in single languages, and in passing from one language to another, but scientifically explained the causes of the changes, and the general laws on which they depend. He also gave a description of the great families of the languages of the world and their component members; thus his scope was much wider and his method more philosophical than the Archbishop's, while his style was more fascinating, in spite of the greater abstruseness of his subject matter.

What Professor Max Müller did for the English public of average intelligence and education, Mr. Peile has done now for young people who have some knowledge of Latin. If they know a little Greek also, it will be all the better; but Mr. Peile does not pre-suppose this. From what we knew of his "*Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology*," we opened his present work with high anticipations, which have been more than fulfilled on perusal. The profound and extensive knowledge of Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and other languages, and the powerful grasp of great principles visible in his former treatise, proved

him to be a perfect master of his subject. Still, we were not prepared to find so complete a discussion of it within such narrow limits, and yet at the same time put in so clear and attractive a form. It is amazing how much sound knowledge he has managed to convey in this small shilling primer, which contains all the main principles of philology distinctly set forth in systematic order and elucidated by apt illustrations. There could hardly be a better introduction to the science, which is invaluable for the light it throws upon our own and any language we may wish to learn.

Mr. Peile commences by showing the important changes in meaning, form, and pronunciation, which our language has undergone even since the time of Shakspeare and Gawin Douglas, who died in 1522. He says the sounds of our words have changed so much since the Bible was translated, that, if the translators were to hear it read according to our present mode of pronunciation, they would scarcely be able to understand it; and he very properly points out that this change of pronunciation is the true explanation of our so-called "arbitrary" spelling. "The sounds do not now correspond regularly to their symbols, the letters of the alphabet. But they did correspond at the time printing came in; not perhaps entirely, for it is probable that our fathers, like ourselves, had more vowel sounds than the vowel symbols which they had to express them; but at least they corresponded very much more than they do now." This change of pronunciation, as he truly observes, is still going on, and will continue as long as English is spoken; which plainly shows the futility of all proposals for a reform of spelling, notwithstanding the high authority of some of its advocates, including even Professor Max Müller himself. The

reformers cannot agree upon any plan, still less secure its universal adoption; and if they could, the pronunciation and spelling would again be at variance in the course of time.

Another point in which Mr. Peile differs—and we think rightly—from Professor Max Müller, is as to the nature of philology as a study, and its proper position among other branches of knowledge. Professor Müller was the first to call it the science of language, and he never tires of insisting upon its just claim to the title, which he has since applied even to religion. According to him, the laws of language are as capable of being ascertained, and as completely beyond human control, as those of nature, such as gravitation, chemical affinity, &c. Hence he boldly maintains that it is as much a physical science as astronomy, chemistry, and geology. Mr. Peile gives a more moderate, and, as appears to us, a more correct representation:—

"In our very brief account of some of the changes which have taken place in our own language, and are still taking place in a less degree, one very important point has come to light. It is this, some of the changes can be explained; they are not accidental; there is a reason for them; and we therefore expect that there are reasons for the other changes which are yet obscure or unexplained; and so we adopt provisional hypotheses to account for these latter changes—hypotheses which we must surrender if a fuller knowledge shows that they are untenable. In a word, we believe that there are certain permanent principles regulating the changes in our language, which, in the derived scientific sense of the word, we call laws; and if we find that these principles act in other languages as well as our own, we say that these laws, or some of them, are universal in their application; and this is the justification of our claim that there is a science of language. It is quite true that in some departments of the science the prin-

ciples are difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain; thus the changes of the meanings of words are due to various and often very subtle mental associations; and therefore the laws which govern them must also be so numerous and so complicated in their action, that it is often impossible to say which is at work in a particular case. Yet even here something can be done. We can trace historically the changes of meaning in many different words, and see what the changes have in common."

As to the comparison often made between languages and plants, he rightly observes:—

"We may fairly enough speak of the growth and decay of language; meaning thereby the constant development of new forms, to meet the waste caused by the rubbing down of words in daily use or of their falling out of use altogether. But the growth is not due to any inherent vitality in languages, as it is in plants: it is due to the action of man governed by laws of association—how established we cannot tell—between certain sounds and certain things. Just as we believe that in all history certain consequences necessarily follow certain antecedents; and, if we could know all the antecedents in any one case, we could predict the result with certainty; so in language, there are doubtless causes mental and spiritual, which determine the development of speech, but these also are hidden from our eyes. We must not eliminate the mind of man, as though it were no factor in the production of speech, because we cannot tell with certainty the laws by which it works."

Hence he refuses to classify philology among the physical sciences, and not without reason. No thoughtful reader either of Professor Müller's lectures or this primer can fail to be struck with the paucity of well-established general principles applicable to all language, and the number of cases in which it is necessary to have recourse to more or less conjectural hypothesis. If philology is really

a science at all, it is more historical than physical, consisting rather of a classified collection of observed facts, like natural history, than of a body of demonstrated truths bound together by logical connection.

One special merit of Mr. Peile's little book is the frankness with which the limitation of our knowledge is admitted. The line between ascertained fact and uncertain, though perhaps probable, conjecture is so clearly drawn that the reader cannot well go wrong. Thus, after describing the different members of the Indo-European or Aryan group of languages, the author arrives at the following well-founded conclusions:—

"It is possible to trace back singly the different lines of speech which we have briefly described, and to arrive at a common Indo-European language, which must have been spoken by a fairly civilized tribe. This language contained words for all the common relations of life—father, mother, brother, sister, son, and daughter. Some of these can be still further analyzed; others probably traced back to an earlier time, and it is useless to try to find out why such names came to be used. *Patar* (father) and *matar* (mother) may even belong to the childhood of speech itself, the suffix only being peculiar to the Indo-European speech: we cannot say. But *son* means 'one who is begotten' and the *daughter* was the 'milkmaid' of this primitive family. The connections by marriage have their terms; there was a name for the daughter-in-law—'she who belonged to the son'—for the father-in-law and for the brother-in-law of doubtful meaning. The house existed, not the cave or hole in the rock; and it had doors, not the half underground passage of the Siberians. The people had sheep and herds, the tendance of which was their main employment, and of agriculture we see the beginnings, the knowledge of some one grain, perhaps barley. They had horses to drive, not to ride, goats, dogs, and bees; from the honey they made a sweet drink (*madhu* our 'mead'); they made clothing of

the wool of the sheep and the skins of beasts. They had to guard against the wolf, the bear, and the snake (of some sort). They dressed their food at the fire and they were acquainted with soup. They also knew and could work three metals, gold, silver, and copper. They used in battle the sword and the bow. They made boats, but they knew not the sea. They could reckon up to a hundred, and they divided their time by months, according to the moon (the measurer). In religion they had no clear term for God, but seem to have personified the sky as the Heaven-father, the source of light and life. Clearly such a race as this, so far advanced in the knowledge of the necessities and even many of the comforts of life, differed widely from the infinite number of savage races which even now occupy the world: it is not among the Indo-Europeans that we must look for the first beginning of man upon the earth."

On the other hand, he shows there is no ground for assuming the existence of a language from which sprang different families of languages such as the Aryan and Sinaitic, because "when we have traced each family back to the oldest form that we can reach, the results are still far asunder, and do not even seem to be approximating." Hence he justly holds that language "can say nothing for a common origin of the Aryan and Semitic races, much less for the original unity of man. On the other hand, it can say nothing that is conclusive against it." He expresses the same wise reserve with regard to the origin of language. "For the inquiry how man began to utter articulate sounds at all, we have no data. When science shall have determined what were the first beginnings of man upon the earth, the earliest form of all speech may be known also. In the meantime we may speculate; only let us remember how weak is the basis for our results." It would be well if this truly philosophical spirit of

cautious reserve were more discernible in professedly scientific works, the writers of which are now-a-days too prone to dogmatize on matters beyond the range of ascertained fact.

Mr. Peile gives an accurate and adequate account of the great groups or classes of languages, with a more detailed description of the amalgamating or inflectional type. He also distinctly explains the way in which words are built up from their component elements of root, stem or base, and suffix. In the chapter on the parts of speech he shows with cogent force that they all may be considered as modifications of the noun and the verb. He is unquestionably right in maintaining that the so-called infinitive mood is not properly a mood at all, but a noun. It is a pity he did not give the Greek words in Greek characters, as well as in the Anglicized form. He has done wisely to print important statements in different spaced type so as to catch the eye and impress the mind. The book is in every way admirably adapted to the capacity and requirements of those for whom it is intended.

Legends and Poems. By F. Malcolm Doherty. London: Provost and Co., 1877. — We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this elegant volume, containing a small collection of meritorious poetical efforts. The writer shows a decided taste for poetry, a familiarity with the best models in the art, and a consequent purity of taste, which must be welcome to all cultivated readers. "To thine own self be true," says Polonius to his son, a sound maxim which Mr. Doherty has faithfully observed throughout the whole of his work. He is careful to "o'er-

step not the modesty of nature," and makes no pretences to emotion which he does not really feel. Good sense and good taste are prominent in every page. Like Horace, who says justly, "Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons," he avoids risking the fate of rash Icarus, by wisely refraining from any attempt to emulate the sublime soaring of Pindar, preferring modest success to ambitious failure. He has confined himself to topics not beyond the range of his powers. Hence he never offends by painful striving after effect, spasmodic writhing of the limbs, and hideous foaming at the mouth. He does not "tear a passion to tatters," or rack the reader's brain with a subtlety of thought past ordinary comprehension; but merely expresses just and natural sentiment in simple truthful language, without any sort of affectation or mawkish sentimentality.

Nothing can be better than Mr. Doherty's mode of handling legends—a task of no common delicacy and difficulty. On the one hand, he has the good taste and good feeling to avoid giving pain by irreverent ridicule of what many hold sacred; and, on the other, he leaves the reader at full liberty to form his own opinion as to the truth and meaning of the legends, which he tells in such a way as to extract good lessons from them, whether they be accepted as historical in every particular or not. We have been especially pleased with the first piece, "The Legend of Saint Christopher," which is simply yet effectively told, with a well pointed moral. Of the other poems, we select for quotation:—

"THE FISHER'S WIFE.

"THE fisherman's wife she stood on the strand,
And watched him sail away ;

As she waved a last adieu with her hand

He could hear her gently pray.

He heard her pray—for she would not weep

Till she saw his bark no more—

'God keep my fisher from harm on the deep,

And send him safe to shore.'

"She prayed and wept, and the fisher was kept

Secure on the storm-tossed wave ;

But she—ere he came back again, she slept

In a green and new-made grave !

None weeps for him now, but at times he seems,

When rocked in his bark by the storm,

To catch in his dreams faint shadowy gleams

Of a dear familiar form.

"He sees her stand on the golden sand

That is washed by a crystal sea ;

And she beckons to him with a shining hand !

Ah, yes, it is surely she !

She watches for him, but she does not weep,

And he hears her pray once more—

'God keep my fisher from harm on the deep,

And bring him to this fair shore.'"

The partial similarity of the subject naturally recalls Kingsley's "Three Fishers," and if it would be too much to say, Mr. Doherty has quite come up to that most successful production, he is certainly entitled to the honour of having come not far short of it, which is no small achievement. Another touching piece is "After the Battle," founded on an incident in the German and French war of 1870. Mr. Doherty's muse is solemn and tender, rather than playful and sparkling, but, at the same time, always pleasing and instructive.

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THE MILESIAN INVASION OF IRELAND.

AFTER a close study of the ancient annals of Ireland, and of the innumerable scraps of poetry and romance published by O'Curry and others, and which deal with those annals, I have arrived at the conclusion that they are almost altogether made up of sound historical matter. My first impression, and that founded also upon considerable study, was that the early annals were the anatomy and sapless *residuum* of an ancient cycle of romance, and that as such they were absolutely useless, except in so far as they had not yet shrivelled from their pristine imaginative fullness and grace into the condition of mere annals. I think differently now. I do not believe that there is in those ancient annals a single name or statement which is irrelevant or unmeaning. The meaning is wrapped close and hidden away from the eye; but, nevertheless, it is there waiting till its time comes to be delivered. Of one portion of the annals, that which relates to

the Milesian conquest of Ireland, I believe that I have discovered the significance and concealed source. It has never been even guessed or hinted at before, and if I am correct, as I have little doubt, the discovery will reveal a whole cycle of Irish Church history, and open a new and fruitful field of enquiry to those who are interested in that subject, besides providing a key which may unlock other chambers in the huge and ancient storehouse of the annals.

In spite of great efforts to prove the reverse, it is, I think, now generally admitted that the Bunic or Ogham characters of ancient Ireland were either a cryptic mode of writing derived from the Roman alphabet, or that, if invented prior to and independent of that alphabet they were used slightly and sparingly, and that no native literature grew out of or was supported by them. The Lowr Gavala, *i.e.*, "The Book of Invasions," purports to be an ample and minute ac-

count of half-a-dozen different races who, in succession, conquered Ireland, each subduing and reducing to the condition of serfs the people who occupied the country before them. The last of these invasions was the Milesian, and it was by one of the sons of Milesius that the *Lowr Gavala* is represented to have been written. Though this invasion is represented to have taken place many hundreds of years before the introduction of Christianity, and though the *Lowr Gavala*, passing through the crucible of the bardic intellect, has had effaced from it almost all traces of a Christian origin, I hold that the Milesian conquest is an allegorical and transformed history of the subjugation of Ethnic Ireland by Spanish Christian missionaries. The *Lowr Gavala*, or the different accounts out of which the *Lowr Gavala* was compiled, was first committed to writing, not in Runic, but in Romanesque, letters, and by Christian, not by Pagan, hands. If the Milesians were not Christians and the introducers of letters into Ireland, then we must conclude either that there was an extensive pre-Christian literature in the country, or that the *Lowr Gavala* is an utterly useless compilation of very late times.

The true history of the Milesians will be best seen in the general character of the deeds attributed to them, and in their relations with the other races said to have occupied the country at their arrival. When the sons of Milesius reached the shores of Erin they found them inhabited by a people called the *Tuatha De Danan*. Who were these "people of the god Dana?"

The first object of man's worship is doubtless nature, but contemporaneous with nature-worship there may exist a belief in superhuman beings who inhabit air, stream, and hill, not gods, nor yet supplying the

object of worship, but occupying a large share of the thoughts of the people. With the growth of knowledge and imagination these beings, by whom he believes himself surrounded, develop into wise and benevolent powers with authority over nature and over his own destiny, beings who demand and receive from him worship and homage. In the first stage they are fairies, in the next gods. Now if in a country where supernatural beings are worshipped as gods, a hostile, especially a monotheistic, form of religion be introduced, the gods will sink back from their divine character, and subsist in the imagination of the people as fairies after they had ceased to be divinities. Stripped of their ancient power and dignity, no longer the object of the deep religious emotions, nor adored in solemn ritual, they would still survive in the lighter thoughts of the people, as in later times the dispossessed chieftains, driven from their castles, were still entertained in the cots of their tenants, and with diminished and fast fading dignity, wandered to and fro among their hereditary clansmen, who paid the legal rents and tributes to another. The *Tuatha De Danan* were the ancient gods of Ireland, but shorn of their ancient dignity by the power of a new faith, they show in the bardic literature as noble and beautiful beings indeed, but not gods.

According to the *Lowr Gavala* the *Tuatha De Danan* were a wise and necromantic race. Overthrown in battle by the Milesians, they shrouded themselves in invisibility and retired to the mountains, where, unseen, they for ages plied their necromantic arts, but in the bardic literature they all but reach the status of gods in dignity and beauty. They appear suddenly in assemblies and startle all by their

splendid and superhuman appearance, and then vanish. They pass from fairy hill to fairy hill, consuming "the feast of age" by which they were made immortal, and they dwell in a beautiful country named the Plain of Pleasures and the land of youth. Mananan Mac Tir races across the sea as over a firm plain on his fairy steeds. Angus, the son of the Dada, speeds from the Boyne to save from danger his favourite Diarmait, much in the same way as Apollo would descend from Olympus to protect Paris. The following poem will show the place that they occupied in the bardic intellect. Mir, of Brugh Leeah, *i.e.*, the fairy hill of Leeah, sings, inviting the Queen of Tara to leave Tara and come to fairy-land.

- " O Befind will you come with me,
To a wonderful country that is mine,
Where the people's hair is of golden
hue,
And the colour of snow the fair
body ?
- " Nor grief nor care approach us,
Dazzling beauty—it is the gift of
all ;
Teeth pure and white, with eye-
brows black,
And the hue of the foxglove on
every cheek,
- " Our meadows grow crimson flowers,
Delicately speckled like the black-
bird's egg,
Though beautiful to see are the plains
of Inis-Fail,
They are common to the plains of
the great land.
- " Though exhilarating the drink of
Inis-Fail,
It is nought to the drink of the
great land :
There is no land to praise like my
land,
Where age wastes not, death slays
not.
- " Soft sweet streams traverse the
plains,
Flowing with mead and with wine,

There beauty is uncontaminated by
sin,
And sweet love is never tainted by
wickedness.

" We see the world and all that is
in it,
But us they cannot see ;
The cloud of Adam's transgression,
Is a veil before their eyes."

It will be inferred from this, and was indeed the fact, that even in Christian times the imagination of the country cherished an unusually noble type of fairy, and indeed it seems to me, that however powerful the new faith was in the monasteries and near them, in the halls of the nobles during the early centuries of the Christian régime the old gods suffered little degradation.

The wide-extended cult of the Tuatha De Danan over Ireland is, shown by the fact that one of the modern and the three old native names of the island were derived from three of these fairies or goddesses, Fohla, Banba and Eiré, this last being Eirinn or Erin in an oblique case.

Now if the Tuatha De Danan were the gods of the country and are found in Christian times fallen from their high estate, we must conclude that the foe by whom they were smitten was a spiritual one, and was probably the advent of the Christian faith ; and if we believe that this last was the case, then we must also believe that the Milesians were those who brought that faith, for it was the children of Milesius who warred upon and destroyed the Tuatha. If the Milesians were not Christian missionaries but a warlike race and brought new gods, where are those gods ? or what trace is left in the annals and the bardic literature of any such new cult ? Either there was no such thing at all as the Milesian invasion, or the Milesians were Christian missionaries. But the reality of the Milesian

invasion can hardly be disputed, when we find every statement of the Lowr Gavala as to the Tuatha De Danan confirmed by the bardic literature, which treats them as real spiritual entities; therefore it is entitled to equal credit in its statements concerning the Milesians, at least, to this extent, that a people named the children of Milesius dispossessed and conquered the Tuatha De Danan. It was these deductive considerations that excited in me the suspicion, indeed, I may say the certain belief, that in this invasion set down in the annals, as having taken place a thousand years before the birth of Christ, was concealed and wrapped up the history of the missionaries, who brought his faith to Erin and warred upon and subdued the Pagan gods of Shee Derg and the Brugh on the Boyne.

But to add to the proofs of these very important positions. In the ancient Romance of the "Infatuation of Cuculain," the hero is brought to fairyland and fooled by the Tuatha De Danan, and the writer remarks that the power of the Shee (fairies) was great before the advent of Christianity. Thus he indirectly states that the power which struck down the Tuatha was not a warlike invasion, which indeed is absurd, but was the advent of Christianity, *i.e.* the sons of Milesius.

In St. Fiacc's hymn, a very ancient and celebrated composition, occur these lines :

"The Tuatha were prophesying that
a new reign of Faith
Would come upon Erin,
That it would cover the whole
land."

Now if the Tuatha De Danan were only a human race, why should this prophesy be attributed to them and not to the Milesians who had conquered the country, who would have been the dominant and aristo-

cratic class, the others being the serfs? If the Milesians were a warlike heathen race who had conquered, and held all the island, and had reduced the race not exterminated to the condition of serfs, he certainly would have attributed this prophesy to them. It is plain that St. Fiacc, in these fine lines, with that noble strength and generosity of imagination which will not believe in the utter vanity and non-existence of the beings whom his forefathers worshipped, meant to represent the old gods as prophesying their own downfall, and wrote in ignorance or in contempt of the notion that the sons of Milesius were the leaders of a warlike colony.

There is a passage occurring in a very ancient poem attributed to Amergin, one of the sons of Milesius, which runs thus :

"Erin, which is now in darkness,
It is for her that this oration is pronounced."

The rest of the poem is bardic and belligerent enough, but I cannot imagine how this passage can be understood except as an allusion to the advent of a superior faith.

I have not the least doubt but that the more ancient poems and tales when translated will yield corroboration of the views advanced here.

But when we come to examine the accounts of the Milesians themselves, and of their ancestors, preserved in the Lowr Gavala, we see at once the scholastic and infer the Christian nature of the so-called invasion. I say infer the Christian, for every Christian idea has evaporated from the narrative. This I account for in two ways, the story of the advent and doings of the sons of Milesius was in process of time taken out of the hands of the monks and passed through the crucible of the bardic intellect. The Spanish missionary

and his sons reappear gorgeous with all the finery of bardic fancy. We have the steed-loving Heremon and Colhu of the sword, battles and slaughters and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the spiritual conflicts emerge in the Lowr Gavala as very material ones indeed. Secondly, the growth of the Patrician legend, developed in order to give a Roman origin to the Irish Church, to connect itself with the predominance of the north and the supremacy of the See of Armagh, drew away the attention even of monks from the preservation of the real circumstances connected with the coming of Milesius, and the bards with their steed-loving Heremon, &c., had it all their own way.

An account of the Milesians taken from the Lowr Gavala will be found in Keating's History of Ireland. The people, of whom Milesius was one, and the most remarkable, came originally from the east, and were named Gadelians. They had been in Crete before they reached Spain. They had been in Egypt and seen the destruction of Pharoah. They had made a league with the Israelites, and Aaron had prophesied that where their posterity dwelt there would be no noxious reptile. On the Plain of Shinar, after the dispersion, they had devoted themselves to learning languages, and there they established a university for the teaching of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Irish. This last one Gadelus reduced to system, made for it an alphabet, wrote down the grammatical rules, divided it into five dialects, and for the use of his scholars made tablets of wood upon which to write—the waxed tablets of Southern Europe.

This does not look like the history of a nation of warriors. On the contrary, it is clear that in this queer rambling story is contained the history of the men who brought

the knowledge of letters and of the Bible into Ireland. The doings of Gadelus show the one, and the connection with the Israelites the other. It has ever appeared to me most surprising that at a time when religious fervour was urging Irish missionaries all over the continent, and when in the imagination of other countries Ireland figured like one great monastery and *insula sanctorum*, the bardic literature continued altogether untouched by the new spirit, and the old unholy passions and ideas burnt without the least infusion of the sentiments of Christianity. As noticeable as the complete silence of Homer on the subject of writing, although it most assuredly was practised in his time and country, is the mode in which the Irish bards ignore the ideas which were exciting a movement so powerful, both in and outside Ireland. I am, therefore, in no way surprised that having seized and sung the coming of the sons of Milesius they did not let it out of their hands until every Christian idea was eliminated from the narrative. On the contrary, I should be exceedingly surprised if traces of Christianity did survive. The occurrence of the allusion to Adam in the poem which I have quoted, is one of the very few exceptions to the general rule that the bards carefully avoided religious ideas.

I have said that I do not consider a single name or statement in the ancient Irish annals as irrelevant and unmeaning. The meaning is there though we cannot see it, and historic truth though we cannot discern its nature.

The principal error of the annals, and one which has brought the most discredit upon them, is one of chronology. The first compilers of Irish history found a number of ancient and respectable traditions and written accounts, which they

wrote down in an order that by degrees became stereotyped. Therefore, when the chronology was being made out, events and persons really contemporaneous came to be represented as succeeding one another. The tendency to consider what was mentioned first in the stereotyped form as having taken place before what was mentioned second, was further assisted by the desire, so natural to scholastic persons, to spin out the national tale until it reached the Holy Land and dovetailed into the Jewish records. It is quite evident that all the ancient Kings, instead of being set down in parallel and contemporaneous lines, were set down in one descending series as Kings of Tara and of all Ireland.

The history of the Milesians and Gadelians, as recorded in the *Lowr Gavala*, is the result of a similar process, and is an agglomeration of a number of somewhat diverse accounts of the same transaction, viz., the great moral revolution which ended in the establishment of schools and monasteries over Ireland. From all of them the religious element has been to a great extent eliminated, but the scholastic has not. For historical purposes, however, and for the establishment of the position which I have in view, this matters little. The people who put down the old gods, underwent persecution, introduced letters, learning, and the schools, and had a close connection with the Israelites, must have been the persons who introduced Christianity. On the growth of the *Patrician* theory, which was a popular and North of Ireland theory, of the introduction of Christianity, all the ideas, and some of the facts, which were formerly grouped around Milesius and others of that ilk, passed over to *Patricius*, just as on the removal of the queen-bee to another branch the swarming bees

fly away one by one till none are left. If I may continue the simile, on the Milesian branch, however, there still linger *at least* two of the quoted passages out of the hymn of *St. Fiacc* and the poem of *Amergin*.

Presuming, then, that the religious and scholastic revolution were one and the same I proceed. In its more ancient form the *Lowr Gavala* must have directly attributed this revolution to several distinct persons. The whole of the history is made up of slightly diverse accounts of the introduction of learning into a country whose name in all cases immediately recalls that of Ireland. Whether the name of the central figure the hero of the epic, was at one time the same in all, I cannot say, but certainly names of secondary importance appear without variation again and again. In fact, it is impossible to read the *Gadelian* history without seeing that every one of its separate parts is a distinct account of one and the same transaction, viz., the introduction into Ireland from Spain of Scholasticism, and inferentially of the Christian faith.

The first division of the history indicates the bardic intellect working on scholastic materials. The central figure here has received an indigenous Irish appellation. He is *Fenius Farshee*. Both are words of Gaelic origin, except that the first is Latinized in its termination. This person is king of *Scythia*. On the dispersion of languages at the Tower of Babel he sets out with a number of young men; learns all the languages of the world; sets up a university on the Plain of *Shinar*, and to him people come from all countries to be taught. He has two sons, *Niul* and *Nenual*. *Niul* a sage, *Nenual* a warrior. *Nenual* he sets over his kingdom of *Scythia*. *Niul* betakes himself to a learned life along with his father. *Fenius*

and his people return to Scythia, and teach the youth of their own country there. One of his professors, Eber, teaches them Hebrew; another professor is called Ir, and a third Cœi, the son of Judea.

In this story we have all the main features of the real historical event. We have Ireland, Spain, and the Holy Land brought into connection. Ireland through Scythia, *i.e.* Scotia and Farshee, Holy Land in the Tower of Babel, the dispersion of languages, and the plain of Shinar, and Spain in the name Eber, a fact that will appear more unmistakably in the other divisions of the narrative. The scholastic element is patent. The fact that the early monastic establishments of Ireland were generally on islands, and always in remote places, originated the idea that Fenius set up his university *outside* of his own country. This feature will appear in nearly all the accounts. The connection of the Fenian allegory with the others is seen not only in the identity of the subject-matter but in the re-appearance in the others of the same names. Niul and Nenual re-appear; also Eber and Ir.

Allegory number two runs thus. Niul becomes so celebrated for his learning that Pharoah Kingris, King of Egypt, invites him to his country to instruct the youth of his nation. He gives him his daughter Scota in marriage. Scota gives birth to a son, Gadelus, whence the Gadelians. Gadelus devotes himself particularly to the study of Irish, called from him the Gædhilic. He makes for it an alphabet, divides the dialects, writes out the grammar, and uses tablets of wood for writing purposes. The king gives Niul and his people a land to live in near the Red Sea called Capakiron. The Israelites escaping from Pharoah pitch their camp near

Niul. Niul and Aaron form a treaty. A serpent bites Gadelus. Aaron heals the wound, and prophesies that wherever his descendants dwell no noxious reptile shall be found. Pharoah and his host are swallowed up in the Red Sea under the eyes of Niul and his people.

Here we have nothing to remind us of Spain, but quite enough of Ireland, scholasticism, and of Biblical ideas. Capakiron I believe to be a very slightly modified form of Capa Kieran, which was also Capa Clerah, whence Cape Clear. It is an island surrounded by an iron coast, with one exquisite little harbour and bright shingle, called Kieran's strand. Kieran's church is on the right side of the little harbour, but now in ruins, with an old Irish cross hard by, also defaced by time.

The allusion to the noxious reptiles is a remarkable instance of an idea common both to the Patrician and Milesian histories, and gives considerable support to the view which I am advocating.

In the next section of the history we find the Gadelians in Crete under a leader named Srei. As I have nothing which would support in the opinion of another the view that I entertain concerning the significance of these names, I think it best to pass on to the next.

Under Eber Scot the Gadelians are next found in Scythia. The king of the country is Ri-flóir. He has two sons, Nenual and Ri-filé. War breaks out between the Scythians and the Gadelians. The latter are expelled, and retire into an island in the Caspian Sea.

The ideas of the first story, the Fenian, are here reproduced. Fenius had two sons, Niul and Nenual. Nenual the warrior, Niul the sage. Instead of Niul in this section we have Ri-filé, the

bard-king. The two names stand here for the two great divisions of the Scoti, who resisted the invaders, the bardic class and the warriors. The retreat to the islands is again noticed, and Spain and Ireland brought into connection by the name Eber Scot.

The Gadelians then sail south, and east, and north. They pass the country of Taprabana, and sail round Asia, leaving it on the left hand, till they reach the Riphœan mountains and the sea between Europe and Asia, under the leadership of another Eber, and land on an island called Caronia.

Originally, instead of Scythia in all these accounts Scotia was the word employed. Now, in the last transcription the writer of the section just quoted, finding that he had to do with Scythia instead of Scotia, introduced Asia and the Riphœan mountains, in order to make the narrative consistent. As we learn in the subsequent account of the sons of Milesius, in whose favour all these other narratives were pushed away to Scythia and God knows where, the first missionary settlements were planted on the coast of Kerry. Then arose a persecution, and the missionaries went into the islands Skelig Michael and Cape Clear. Then they sailed south, and east, and north, and planted churches on the east coast of Ulster, and also upon the Pictish coasts. Such was certainly the original effect of the section which I have just quoted, which was altered to Asia and the Riphœan mountains and the sea between Europe and Asia. Caronia is either a disguised Capa Kieran or another name for Ireland.

We find them next in Gothia under another Eber. The transcriber who thought of Gothia as the true reading where the word Scotia involved contradiction must have been rather pleased at the

neatness of his conjecture. Again Ireland and Spain are brought into connection.

In the next we find the Gadelians in Spain under a leader Brega. His grandson is Milesius; but now once again we have to visit Scythia and Egypt. The story of Fenius Farshee is reenacted by Milesius, Milesius and a great body of the Gadelians sail to Scythia, Bi-floir is king of the country, he receives him kindly and gives him his daughter Leng in marriage, he has two sons Donn and Arra Ferroo. At last war breaks out between them, Milesius slays his father-in-law, but is himself driven from the country.

Another version — Milesius is in Egypt. Pharoah receives him kindly, gives him his daughter Scotsa in marriage, she has two sons, Eber and Amergin; Milesius here too plays over the part of Fenius Farshee, he sends out young men who learn all languages, and he establishes a great school.

We next find Milesius in an island called Irene, and here his son Ir—pronounced like Eir—is born. This is either a transformed Ierne, and Scythia and Gothia are a transformed Scotia, or it is the celebrated Christian sanctuary known as Skelig-Ir or Skelig-Michael, which rises out of the Atlantic many miles off the sea-coast of Kerry, and holds in its rugged hollows like a nest in the cleft of a rock the remains of an ancient monastic settlement. Skelig of the Schools it is called in the ancient writings; here also in the next and last phase of the Gadelian allegory Ir the son of Milesius is drowned. The naked fact probably was that Milesius established Ir as principal of this little settlement, and that Ir died here and was perhaps consigned to the deep, there being no soil on the island, and intercourse with the shore being often

intercepted in wild weather for a considerable time.

Milesius is next found in Gothia, and the strait leading into the northern ocean, either having sailed across the steppes (?) or round Asia, here Scota bears him another son called Colpa. After this he arrives at the land of the Picts which he plunders, then sails along the coast of Britain till he reaches the Rhine, where he dwells for some time; this is the last that we hear of Milesius.

This little narrative being translated will run thus: Scota, which in this context will mean Ireland, gives birth to a son named Ir, which is no more than a metaphorical way of saying that Milesius planted the monastery of Ir off the coast of Hibernia. After this he sails east and north, and at the mouth of the Boyne Ierne bears him another son, namely, the Church which he establishes there under Colpa, whence Inver Colpa. After this he visits the coast land of the Picts, on the continent at the mouth of the Rhine he founds another Church, he dies in the mother country of the Irish Church which was Spain. Patricius, whom we must connect historically with the Spanish Church and probably identify with Milesius, if the views I advance in this paper be correct, did not die in Ireland. The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick says that "like Moses he died and his tomb was not shown." Much of what was originally recorded or handed down orally concerning Milesius, must have subsequently gathered itself round Patricius.

The fact that the Irish Christians were called the clans of Mileth or Milesius, combined with the fact that one of the most extensive portions of the Gadelian history deals with the connection between Milesius himself and a country which we now see was Scotia, induce

the belief that it was Milesius, and not the sons of Milesius or missionaries sent out by him from Spain, that first introduced Christianity into Ireland.

Now comes the final phase of the story. Ith, a cousin of Milesius and son of Brega, mentioned above, sets out for Ireland—this time the name given frankly—endeavours to colonize or conquer the north of Ireland, but is himself conquered and slain. On hearing the news the sons of Milesius, Milesius himself having in the meantime died, endeavour to establish themselves at the mouth of the Barrow, but the Tuatha De Danan compass the island in a magic mist. In the subsequent history of the island it will be found, that after the Milesian conquest this portion of Leinster was for a considerable time inhabited by the Fir-bolgs, *i.e.*, Pagans. After this they are dispersed by a storm, Ir is wrecked at Skelig-Ir, as I have anticipated, Donn and Ara Feroo at a place called the house of Donn. They were born to Milesius, be it remembered, while he was at a corresponding portion of the Scythian coast. Colpa is drowned at the mouth of the Boyne, also anticipated, Heremon and Amergin settle themselves in North Leinster, Eber lands in Inver Scena, *i.e.* the Kenmare River. From these points, assisted by the posterity of Bregan, *i.e.* other missionaries from the parent church of Spain, they advance into the country and finally convert the whole island into one Christian community.

To relate and explain the minute circumstances of the Milesian invasion in this final version of it would occupy more space than I deserve or expect. I shall confine myself to noticing a few of the leading and more significant features.

When the Milesians landed, Banba is represented as trembling

on the hill of Slieve Mis. If she was a woman and a queen, why would she be set upon this lonely hill? In fact, she was one of the Irish goddesses, and this hill, her fairy residence, as Mount Eryx was sacred to Venus.

A great battle took place between the Milesians and Banba near Slieve Mis. In this battle Scota and Fás perished, and at the time of the composition of the Lowr Gavala, their tombs were shown. The valley is called Gleno-Faush at the present day. Why should their chief ladies have been slain in a battle in which the Milesians were successful? My reading of the story is the following:—Milesius established a monastic settlement on Skelig-Ir, over which he set the person whose name it bore. He established another on the mainland, of which Donn and Ara Ferroo were the principals, whence the name "the house of Donn," and either he himself or his people established a convent between Slieve Mis and the sea, of which Scota and Fás were the chief ladies. The first of these, if indeed both were not the same, has been shadowed forth already several times in the Gadelian story. The battle of Slieve Mis was spiritual, and was perhaps the first achievement of Ir and Milesius in their efforts to work into the interior, and scatter religious establishments among the natives of the interior.

The annals start forward from the sons of Milesius, representing them and their posterity in succession as kings of Ireland. The genuine history of the different Irish nations has been in my opinion joined on to the history of the Milesian missionaries, and the juncture may be discovered with careful search.

After coming down a period of a century or so, as represented by the reigns of these monastic kings,

we suddenly find mention of an Irish king, who, with 3,000 of his people, was struck dead while worshipping his god Crom Cruie. This is mentioned as having occurred many hundreds of years before the alleged introduction of Christianity. I am surprised that the mention of such an event at all at this time did not excite the suspicions of Irish antiquarians.

Again, with a considerable interval, we find mention of Ugané Mor—Eugenius the Great—not an Irish name—who is Emperor of all the west of Europe as far as the Ionian Sea. Hitherto such statements in the annals have helped to throw discredit upon them. I find in this a record of what was probably the case, that at the time of the break-up of the Roman Empire, when Britain, Gaul, and Spain were overrun by pagan hordes, the spiritual supremacy of Ireland was recognized by all the Christian Churches along the shores of the Atlantic, Eugenius being the primate of the Irish Church. The same Eugenius divided Ireland into twenty-five parts, giving one part to each of his sons, and caused them all to swear allegiance to himself. This apparently was the division of Ireland into sees, under the paternity of the Primate, an event which must at some time have taken place.

The whole body of the Irish annals, from the commencement down to the fifth century, receive a flood of light from this discovery, and are established on a basis of probability, if not certainty. They must now be considered a mass of positive information concerning the condition of Ireland at the time that the Spanish missionaries landed in the island, bringing with them the means of recording, and of transmitting such knowledge.

ARTHUR CLIFF.

N A N N E T T E.

CHAPTER I.

READER, if you wish to see with your mind's eye the home where Nannette Le Noir dwelt, you must leave behind you the white cliffs of old England,—England with its gloomy skies and business-like inhabitants, and travel in the spirit until you find yourself among the laughter-loving people of “la belle Normandie;” and there, in a little village, seven miles from the ancient city of Rouen, you will come upon the place you seek.

Norman villages are not as a rule picturesque, there is too great a look of decay and want of cleanliness about them for that; but those which dot at intervals the shores of the Seine, while it is still narrow and winding, are exceptions; for the most part they lie as if thrown against a wooded slope, the lower houses having their base within a few yards of the river, the remainder straggling irregularly, with little attempt at being formed into streets, until they reach the brow of the low hill.

One of these villages is called St. Simon, and there half way up the ascent stood the pretty cottage where Nannette lived with her grandmother. It was small, and over its walls a passion-flower was trained in long horizontal lines; it lay sideways to the road, and looked out into a garden, where in summer the roses bloomed in somewhat uncultivated profusion, and in autumn the apple trees were bowed down beneath their weight of shining

fruit. The house contained only four rooms; a kitchen, which was a regular picture with its dark oaken walls, low ceiling (from which hung strings of herbs and other household stores), its handsome armoire, and beds, which latter were however only for show not use, as Madame and her grand-daughter slept in one of the rooms at the back of the kitchen; the other opened into the salon, a pretty room having a view of the Seine, and with a glass door leading into the garden, which was seldom fastened night or day; and both rooms were usually let in summer to one of the many artists who were wont to flock to St. Simon during that season.

Now and then one of them would expostulate with Madame Le Noir on her carelessness in regard to the glass door, but she would answer with a shrug—

“Ah, but they are honest these people, Monsieur, it is not necessary to lock it.” She was however generally more careful for a night or two, and then relapsed into her old habits.

The calmness of a June evening had fallen over the village, no sound was to be heard, save the occasional plash of an oar upon the river, the lowing of cows in the distance, or the careless refrain of an air sung by the cattle-boy who drove them. Madame Le Noir stood in the cottage doorway, shading her eyes with her hand from the low level rays of the sun, which was setting in golden glory in the west. A trim, little old

woman she was, stout, slightly bent, and dressed in a short dark skirt and jacket, white apron, thick serviceable shoes and stockings, and spotless Norman cap, which surmounted a face brown, dried and wrinkled, like a withered nonpareil apple. She was active, busy, garrulous, and in spite of a sharp word now and then, she dearly loved her grandchild Nannette, for whose coming she waited now with a trace of anxiety upon her face. "Why is the child so late?" she muttered; "it was careless of Madame la Baronne to detain her, I hope she has not met with Jacques, for that would be a misfortune; tiens! here she comes."

Even as she spoke her granddaughter appeared, she was a slender girl with soft brown hair, and with blue eyes full of a wistful sadness, her step was slow and languid, and she seemed in a kind of day-dream, from which her grandmother's voice aroused her.

"Nannette, Nannette, hasten yourself, my child."

"Yes, grand-mère," the low voice answered wearily, as the girl turned into the little garden.

"I have news for you, petite, the rooms are let, and to an old friend, to Monsieur Trevor, the good English artist who was here five years ago. You are glad, is it not so?"

"Ah, but yes, I am glad, grand-mère," the girl answered, brightening a little, "very glad to see again, the kind old English Monsieur."

"Well said, Nannette," put in a cheery voice behind her; "and so am I very happy to see my little favourite again; but what's this, bless my soul, what's the matter with the girl? I left her as rosy as an apple and as gay as a kitten, and I find her like a white lily; I'll bring an action against you, Mademoiselle. I came the whole way from London to paint my ideal of pretty,

healthy, Norman maiden, and I find a pale ghost instead!"

She was not pale now, for she flushed painfully, but tried to answer archly—"If Monsieur wishes to have a picture of a pretty girl he should paint Mathilde Poncet, she is just what he says, rosy and gay."

"Mathilde Poncet! who is she—ah, I remember, the daughter of my old friend, the baker; how goes it with Antoine Poncet, Madame?"

"He is well, Monsieur, an honest man is Maître Poncet, he will be rejoiced to see Monsieur again, ah, a good man is Maître Poncet; but as for Mathilde, I never fancied her, she is a coquette, and she has a false way about her that I do not like, though Nannette there loves her much."

"I am sorry to hear such a bad account of my old friend's daughter," said Mr. Trevor, "but sorrier still to see Nannette so delicate." It evidently troubled him, for though he was a big somewhat rough man, wide in the girth, portly in the limb, loud voiced and abrupt, he had a very tender kindly heart as well.

It was the second day after his arrival, that on returning dusty and hot from a sketching expedition, he heard Madame's shrill voice issuing from an arbour in the garden, where she sat slicing haricot beans.

"Ah, Monsieur finds himself fatigued, is it not so? will he not come into this nice cool place and rest?"

He gladly complied, and throwing himself on a seat he took off his hat and let the slight breeze which came through the interlacing leaves blow on his brow.

"Yes," he said, "I am tired and hot, naturally so; and you see, Madame, I am not as young as I was twenty years ago."

She showed her gleaming teeth, and the lines wrinkled themselves if possible more tightly on her face

than ever. "Monsieur is pleased to jest," she said politely. "Nannette, Nannette," she then called to the girl, who came to the door, "bring here, all at once, I pray you, some cider for Monsieur."

In a few minutes Nannette came down the little path, tray in hand, with eyes red with weeping and with quivering lips.

"What have you done to the girl, Madame?" asked Trevor almost fiercely.

Nannette hurried away sobbing, and her grandmother answered, "Mon Dieu! but she is a wilful girl, Monsieur; she wishes to make a marriage which I do not like, and so she cries always and will not eat, but what can I do if she marries with Jacques Veillard? ah, but she will be miserable."

"Of course, of course," he muttered to himself, "I might have known it was some foolish love affair, naturally so, what else have boys and girls to think of?" Then turning to Madame he said, "I thought that in France you managed matters better than that; that in fact the parents arranged everything without reference to the children's wishes."

"With the nobility it is as Monsieur says; for example, Mademoiselle the daughter of Monsieur the Baron, at the Chateau, made a grand alliance last summer with the son of Monsieur the Duke de Rochefort, whom she had never seen until the day the contract was signed; Mademoiselle was in her convent, the young Monsieur was in Rome, but Messieurs the fathers arranged the marriage; ah, but she is happy? ah, but it was a magnificent alliance! for example, she has a beautiful chateau in Provence, and such diamonds! but with us it is not so," she went on, "we cannot leave our daughters in convents until we make a marriage for them, they must work, and then they get wilful,

as they say your English misses are, and will marry with whom they like."

"And Nannette"—put in Trevor.

"Ah! she is imbecile," said Madame sharply, "she could make a grand marriage; René Fauchon, the son of Monsieur the Baron's steward. I daresay Monsieur recollects him?"

Ah—yes, yes, I remember him well, nice boy he was, very nice boy—what of him, Madame?"

"He wishes to marry with Nannette, Monsieur, but she will not have him because he is little, and pale, and thin; she likes better an idle lazy fellow, one Jacques Veillard."

"Who is he? did I ever see him?" asked Trevor.

"No, Monsieur, I do not think so; he is the grand-nephew of Henri Veillard, you kenw him, is it not so?"

The artist nodded acquiescence.

"The old man adopted Jacques when he was a boy; his real name is Giacomo Capelli, or Capellini, but the people here call him by his uncle's name, they cannot pronounce his real one; his mother was the niece of old Veillard, and she went as lady's maid to Naples with Madame la Baronne, when she was a bride; and there she married a good-for-nothing Italian. I never saw him, but he was a very bad man they say, for example, he died in prison, where they had shut him up for having robbed a rich English Monsieur; and then the poor widow tried to come home here, to St. Simon, but got ill on the way, and when she was dying she wrote to her uncle to beg him for the sake of God and Our Lady to take her poor boy to live with him; and he did, Monsieur, for he was a good man; Jacques was twelve then, and was a very *joli garçon*; we tried to be kind to him, we people of St. Simon, but he would not let us, he was so suspicious, so violent as a

boy, Monsieur has no idea of it; we were all glad when he said after some years were passed that he would go away and seek his fortune. We do not know where he went or what he did, but he came back a year ago, poorer than he went; Henri Veillard was glad to see him, I think, but no one else, ah! no one; the poor old man died soon after, and Jacques got all he had, and we thought he might go then; but not at all, not at all, here he is still trying to get my poor Nannette to marry with him, just because he wants her *dôt*."

"Is your grand-daughter then an heiress?" asked Trevor.

"Not what an English Monsieur would call an heiress," answered Madame, "but she has a *dôt* of three thousand francs, and for a village girl that is good, is it not?"

"Very good, Madame, is the money in the bank or ——"

"Not at all, Monsieur, banks are dangerous, for example, one of my acquaintances had money in a bank in Le Havre, and she lost it; no Monsieur, it is in a safe place in the house."

"But it is very foolish to keep all that money at home," said Trevor.

"Ah! but no, Monsieur; the people in St. Simon are honest, and also no one knows where it is but myself and Nannette."

"What a fool the woman is," burst out the painter, "she'll be robbed to a certainty; however there's no use in arguing with women, they always will stick to their own opinion, and that's sure to be a wrong one."

"Oui, oui, Monsieur, certainement," acquiesced Madame smilingly, not having understood a word of the foregoing outburst, which had been in English, but imagining it to be an animadversion on banks in general, and on the bank at Le Havre in particular. "Adieu, Monsieur," and taking up her

plate of beans she trotted away down the path, leaving Trevor behind to ponder over what he had heard. "Bless my soul," he said to himself, "what idiots women are; there's Madame, who is old enough to have more sense, keeping all that money, a hundred and twenty pounds, in the house; in an old stocking under her pillow, I'll be bound; and there is Nannette refusing my good, honest, young friend René, for the sake of that handsome cutthroat—perhaps however Madame was too hard on the poor fellow because he has not much money, well, time will tell." From reflections and observations such as these, Mr. Trevor was aroused after some little time by the chief object of his thoughts, who came down the path to announce that "Monsieur's dinner was served."

CHAPTER II.

JACQUES VEILLARD was still, as he had been when he first arrived at St. Simon, a *joli garçon*; René Fauchon was truly thin, and small and plain; Jacques had a tall lithe figure full of sinuous grace, large black eyes, ebon hair, and a handsome olive face, glowing with the warm beauty of the burning south. René was under middle height, his eyes were pale grey, his features homely, his whole appearance in striking contrast to that of his handsome rival, and yet beneath the plain exterior, there lurked to the eyes which were keen enough to see it, a truer though more impalpable beauty than flashed from the physically faultless face of Jacques Veillard; the pale, grey, stedfast eyes could meet yours with a truthful honesty, which you might seek in vain from the bright dark orbs of Jacques; the unlovely face was lighted by the strong guileless soul of an honest lad, for René was little more, while the fine features of his

rival were darkened by evil and fiery passions. Such were the two young men who had asked the hand of Nannette Le Noir, though her grandmother was correct in saying that Jacques only sought her for her fortune, for his love, or that at least which men of his stamp call love, was given to Nannette's friend, to the girl whom Madame Le Noir, distrusted, to the worthy baker's daughter Mathilde Poncet. Had her father known anything of this, his rage would have been unbounded, but she easily blinded him, for her mother being dead, her two sisters married, and her only brother a school-boy of ten or twelve, she was in a great measure her own mistress, and many a day when the baker had fancied his daughter was busy at her wheel, or other household duties, or had gone on some necessary errand, she was strolling far away amid the green leaves leaning on the arm of her unprincipled lover, who yet had no feeling for her strong enough to prompt him to throw off his idle habits so as to earn enough to offer her a comfortable home; but was content to enjoy the present, and then leave her to endure the future as best she might, whilst he provided for himself by making a marriage of convenience. This, at least, was what he had at first intended, but gradually another scheme was evolved in his subtle brain, which he only waited for an opportunity to carry out.

René's love was of a different sort, for though Nannette was the village heiress, yet neither socially nor financially was her position equal to his; for besides being steward at the Chateau, his father had a comfortable farm, to which René was heir. Monsieur Fauchon had at first opposed his son's wishes in regard to Nannette, but after a short time he had given in, seeing how fair and sweet and winning the girl was, and knowing that the

happiness of his idolized René was bound up in her; but though he had spoken to Madame Le Noir and had found the proposal received with unqualified delight by her, yet Nannette had been steady in her refusal; she loved Jacques Veillard—so she said, and if she could not marry him she would stay with her grandmother as long as the latter lived, and then would become a sister in the convent of Notre Dame in Rouen.

The Englishman and René soon renewed their old friendship; a curious friendship it was between a greybeard of sixty and a youth of one-and-twenty; the latter was a hard-working industrious young man, but whenever he had an idle day he liked to go out with Trevor on his sketching excursions to help him to carry his painting materials, or, it might be, he rowed him in his boat to some picturesque spot which had caught his own eye, and which he was sure the artist would like to transfer to canvas. At first he was very reticent about his sorrow, but as they became more familiar he talked sometimes of it, and told how he had loved Nannette all his life; they had played with each other as children, gone to their first communion on the same day, walked together in procession at the "fête Dieu" for years, and she had always seemed fond of him until lately; it was perhaps only for old friendship's sake, but he had hoped it was more until a few months previous, when Jacques had come back and had bewitched her with his fatal beauty.

"If I thought she would be happy, Monsieur," poor René said, "I should be content that she should make a marriage with him, but he is bad and idle; ah! but yes, and he drinks—for example, he was altogether drunk after the fair in Rouen the last week; and, Monsieur, he loves Mathilde Poncet, every one knows it except her father, whom

ing was on the verge of completion, they were at their post rather earlier than usual, and found that at least half-an-hour must elapse before the first rays of the sun were to be seen ; so there was nothing for it but to wait with what patience they could muster, and as they sat thus beguiling the time with stray remarks, they heard the sound of oars not far away, and caught the dim outline of a solitary figure as a boat went by propelled by long powerful strokes.

"Good morning, my friend," said René courteously ; "you are out in good time, like ourselves."

There was no reply save a gruff "good morning," which sounded more like an oath than a salutation.

"Early rising does not seem to have improved his temper," remarked Trevor, whereupon René laughed.

"Not at all, Monsieur," he answered, "not at all, but the contrary," and they soon dismissed the bad-tempered traveller from their thoughts, for the day was breaking, and for an hour or more the artist worked steadily at his picture ; it was past four o'clock when he reached Madame Le Noir's cottage, and slipping in as quietly as he could he went to bed, where he slept profoundly until awakened by a violent knocking at the door, which led into the salon, and by sharp cries and exclamations of horror from the old woman.

"Oh ! Monsieur, come here, all at once, I pray you, oh ! what horror, oh ! what despair."

Hastily throwing on a few clothes the Englishman rushed into the room, and saw Madame pacing violently up and down the floor, whilst Nannette sat on a low seat with pale startled face ; the former called out when her lodger made his appearance,—

"The *dôt*, Monsieur !"

"Bless my soul, what's the

matter with the *dôt* ?" he enquired, thinking Madame had taken leave of her senses.

"It is gone, stolen during the night, Monsieur."

"Naturally so," broke out Trevor, "I always thought it would end that way," but he was considerate enough to make his remark in his native language ; whilst Madame showed a hole in the wall, where it appeared the money had been built up, and over which had hung a woodcut of the Madonna di San Sisto. She said, that not liking to disturb the painter she had come later than usual into the salon, and then seeing the picture hanging crookedly, had, in endeavouring to re-arrange it, discovered the theft ; she was positive it had been committed during the previous night, as the Madonna had been quite straight the day before.

After a little deliberation, Trevor resolved to go to Rouen by the diligence and place the matter in the hands of the *gens d'armes* there ; the mode of conveyance was not very rapid, it is true, but it was nevertheless the most expeditious course, as the steamer from Le Havre would not pass for some hours, and the only hired carriage to be had in the place was drawn by a horse not much swifter than that of Mr. Pecksniff.

Trevor had only time to dress and to swallow a very hasty breakfast before hearing the rumble of heavy wheels and the tinkle of little bells, whilst Madame called out,—

"Hasten yourself, I pray of you, Monsieur, here is the diligence."

There was however no hurry, for when he reached the little inn down on the quay he found the coachman and his assistants still in the act of harnessing three whinnying white horses to the cumbrous vehicle, so there was at least five minutes before, with a cracking of whips and cries of "*heup la*" from the driver, they started off, along the broad

dazzling, straight, white Norman road leading to Rouen, which lay in the valley seven miles away. During the drive Trevor turned about in his mind all that had passed; who was the guilty person? He had little doubt but that it was the man who had rowed up the river while he and René had waited for the sunrise; it had been then too dark to see his face, and his voice had been disguised, and yet the artist felt convinced that that man was none other than Jacques Veillard.

His suspicions were strengthened when on going, accompanied by two of the *gensd'armes*, to the railway station, they were told that a man answering to the description of Nannette's false suitor had gone by the early train to Paris that morning, they rather thought he was accompanied by a young woman, but that they could not positively say; it was the mail train from Dieppe with English passengers, and there was a good deal of traffic, they only noticed the man on account of his marvellous personal beauty.

That was all they could hear of the matter, so having despatched a telegraphic message to Paris to the chief of the police, they set out on their return journey to St. Simon, where they found the inhabitants of the cottage much as Trevor had left them, Madame noisy and loud in her sorrow; Nannette pale, still, and silent; she, however, readily answered all questions put to her by the *gensd'armes*, until one of them asked if she ever told any one where her money was hidden—she hesitated.

"But it is necessary that you answer, Mademoiselle," said he firmly. Her colour wavered, and she replied tremblingly—

"I only told one person, Monsieur, and he would not, could not have taken it."

"His name, Mademoiselle?"

After half a minute of dead

silence, she said, falteringly, "Jacques Veillard," and then added, almost fiercely, "he is not guilty, not at all; for example, I am to marry with him next week, so why should he steal my *dôt*?"

"I do not say he is guilty, Mademoiselle," the man said, looking pityingly at her, "but it is necessary to make inquiries in the village, and then we shall return to tell you what we have discovered; *as revoir, Mesdames*," and so saying, the men left the room.

Nannette made no movement further than to take her grandmother's hand, and lay her pale cheek caressingly on it, "*Pauvre petite*," the old woman said softly; and the tears gathered in her eyes, as she looked down on the bowed head of the young girl, which she stroked gently now and again with her hard withered brown fingers, "*Pauvre petite!*" Nannette answered nothing, but gave a long shuddering sigh, and shivered, though it was only five o'clock, on a burning day in the middle of July.

Just then an old woman rushed in, brimful of a new piece of gossip. Mathilde Poncet had gone, disappeared altogether; she had walked into Rouen, the preceding evening, saying she was going to stay a day or two with her sister, Madame Prudhomme, who was a *modiste*, and lived in the *entresol* of a house near the Place de la Pucelle; her father, however, had sent her a message that morning by a woman named Augustine Duprès, who had *des affaires* to transact in the town, but on going to Madame Prudhomme's apartments she heard that the girl had never been there at all; and a woman of her acquaintance who used to live in St. Simon, and whom she had met in the Rue de Paris, had told her that she had been up to the station in the morning seeing her son off to Versailles, and she was sure that as the train was starting away she

had caught sight of the faces of Mathilde Poncet and Jacques Veillard in the corner of a third-class carriage; Augustine had just brought the news, "and you may depend upon it," said the chattering old hag, "it was he who stole your money, and he and Mathilde have run away; he was always taken with her, though little Nannette would not believe it."

Heartless old crone, she talked so quickly that she never saw the haggard whiteness, or the wild wide eyes of the heart-broken girl, to whom the conviction of Jacques' worthlessness seemed to have come home at last, for with a moaning cry of "oh! mon Dieu, mon Dieu," she sank fainting on the ground. When her senses came back she whispered gently, "Grand-mère," and the old woman bent over her, "you love me, grand-mère, is it not so?"

"Ah! my child, my little one, you know it."

"Then, grand-mère," she faltered, "send the gens d'armes away, I do not care about the money."

"You are imbecile," said Madame, but she said it gently.

Trevor just then came in at the door, and the girl beckoned to him. "Monsieur," she murmured, "tell grand-mère, I pray of you, if they take and punish Jacques I shall die." She looked indeed not far from death, as she lay there white and ghastly even to her lips.

The artist hesitated, and she said proudly, "The money was my own, and I shall be one-and-twenty in three days, and then I can do as I wish with it. I am glad he should have it, and," here the sad voice lost its tone of pride, and grew most touching again as she said, "if they punish him I shall die."

She never seemed to have a doubt as to his guilt, but her exceeding love covered all. What was to be done? Well, no doubt the English-

man and Madame were a pair of fools, for they gave way to the girl's wishes, and told the gens d'armes on their return that they need make no further inquiries, for Nannette Le Noir, to whom the money belonged, had refused to prosecute.

The shock was too much for the girl's already delicate frame, and that evening she broke a blood-vessel, and for many days her life hung in the balance. After that there came a sudden rally, and her friends grew hopeful again; René, fancied that the time might come, when, all the old love and sorrow over, he might claim her as his bride. At last; the old baker thanked God that though his daughter was a robber she was not a murderess as well, and Madame grew brisk and lively once more.

"See you, Monsieur," she would say to Trevor, "she looks better than she has done for years, she has got roses in her cheeks again, as she had when you knew her long ago."

It was true, but it was no longer the glow of health, but the hectic of disease which had placed them there. Nannette herself, however, was not deceived, for though she would say nothing to blight her grandmother's hopes, yet when the artist, who was about to return to England, bade her good-bye, telling her she must be strong and well when he came back next summer, she replied,—

"Ah! Monsieur, I shall not be here then."

He tried to answer cheerily, but as he stood on the deck of the Havre steamboat, taking a last look at St. Simon, and at his friends, Poncet and René, who stood on the quay, he said to himself, "the child is right, she is dying just as my Nellie did," and he heaved a sigh, as he thought of the loving little wife whose death he had lamented with passionate bitterness thirty long years before.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was May in St. Simon, the soft haze of verdant spring rose in the air, the green young leaves were on the trees, the snowy hawthorn on the hedges, but in the cottage of Madame Le Noir a fair young girl was speeding away to the "land o' the leal." Slowly, yet surely, she faded, with no word of bitterness for the man and woman who had ruined her life; with expressions of gratitude to her grandmother, and entreaties to be forgiven for her former opposition to her wishes; with smiles and kind comforting words for poor Poncet, who had never recovered the shame of his daughter's flight; and for René, the return of all her friendly sisterly affection, and a yearning pity, which, had she lived, would undoubtedly have grown into love.

It was May, and down along the broad white road leading to St. Simon there came, with slow tired footsteps, a starving woman, clasping to her breast a starving child. Who that saw the haggard threadbare creature could have recognized the gay bright rosy girl who had once been Mathilde Poncet? And yet it was she; kicked, cursed, starved, and finally deserted by her worthless husband, she had begged her way from Marseilles, where she and Jacques had lived since their flight, and came to implore her father's forgiveness.

It was, however, sternly refused: "You have brought disgrace on an honest name; there never was a Poncet a thief before," he answered.

It was in vain she urged that she had not known of the robbery until a month or more after her flight, and that the first quarrel she had had with her husband had been on account of her having begged him to return the money; her father would not relent.

"I could not permit you to live with me, even if I desired it," he said; "how could I insult Nannette Le Noir, whom you have helped to rob, and who is now dying because of your treachery, by harbouring you here? how could I keep you as a reminder to her grandmother of all she has suffered through me and mine? how can I bring you here to contaminate your young brother by your deceit, for even if it is true that you are innocent as you say about the money, yet you have deceived me grossly, Mathilde; no, no, you must pollute no honest household, it is a thing altogether impossible; hush! hear me," he went on, as she was about to speak, "you shall not starve, see you, here is money; you may pass this night at the inn, as you are fatigued, but after that it is necessary that you go away, and never come within a hundred miles of St. Simon. On that condition, and on that alone, I shall allow you a yearly sum of money; write and tell me where you will be found, but remember this, I will never look upon your face again—now go;" and shutting the door, he walked slowly and heavily, like a man in deadly pain, into the salon, where, sitting by the table, he leant his bowed head upon his hands; whilst poor Mathilde, clasping her white, gaunt baby closer to her haggard breast, crept slowly away, not to the village inn, however, but to the lonely graveyard on the hill side, where, weak with hunger, worn out with fatigue, remorse, and disappointment, she sank down upon her mother's grave.

The news spread quickly through the village, and the same woman who had been the first to announce Mathilde's flight, rushed into the kitchen of the Le Noirs to tell of her return. Madame, sleeping by the fire, and roused by her entrance, could scarcely comprehend

the hurried tale that the old gossip was pouring into the ears of Nannette, who sat in an easy chair propped up by pillows. "Even you would be content if you could see her now, petite; she is a skeleton, ah! bah, but she deserves it," and rushing out to spread the news, she left Madame and her grand-daughter alone.

"What is it, chérie? I was so fatigued, I am scarcely yet awake; who does she say has returned?"

"Mathilde, grand-mère."

"Mathilde, ah! the wicked, the shameless one, and she has returned you say; she is here with her father?"

"No, grand-mère, he has sent her away, her and the little bébé."

"There is a bébé, sayst thou; it is well done that Poncet has sent them away; ah! let them die, she has killed you, let them die, I say."

"No, grand-mère, it must not be. Monsieur Poncet will be sorry to-morrow, and so will you; we must send for Mathilde, and let her stop with us to-night."

"Dame! the little one is mad," called out the old woman angrily; "stay here, ah! I should kill her if she came here."

"Grand-mère," said the girl, with a pitiful attempt to smile, "you ought to thank Mathilde; only for her I should have married Jacques, and then—"

"And then, mon Dieu! ah, yes, after all, the child speaks truly; it is better that the money should have gone, better even that she should die at home than that murderer should have killed her—yes, it is true, perhaps, after all, Mathilde can stay here. René," she went on to say, as the young man entered the room with some flowers and fruit he had procured from Paris, "you know what has happened, you have heard that Mathilde has returned?"

"Yes, Madame," he answered, looking warningly towards Nannette.

"Ah! but Nannette knows, and what think you, René? she wants to bring her here to-night, she says she knows Maitre Poncet will forgive her to-morrow."

"Angel!" he said, "it is like her. Madame, I pray you, let it be as she says; let us please her while we can."

"But we do not know where Mathilde is," objected the old woman, hoping still for a loophole to escape.

"René will find her," said Nannette, trustfully; she always seemed to lean on René now. He set out at once, and having made inquiries from passers by, was not long in discovering the poor wanderer, and, bending gently over her, he said, "Mathilde, come with me."

She shuddered. "Where would you take me?" she asked. "I did not steal the money, I am not a thief, as my father says."

"Nannette Le Noir has sent me for you," René answered.

"Ah! I cannot go; my father says I have killed her, that she is dying, I cannot bear her reproach; ah, René, I pray of you, have pity, let us stay here, the poor little bébé and me."

"Nannette is not angry, Mathilde, she has sent for you, to spend the night with her—you must come, she is indeed dying, and you would not pain her by a refusal—come."

She slowly raised herself, and leaning on René's arm, the poor thin starving trembling creature, crept to the cottage of Madame Le Noir, and sank down at the feet of Nannette.

"Not so, my sister," said the dying girl, gently, and drawing Mathilde towards her, the two women whose lives had been ruined by Jacques Veillard, kissed each other.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding his harsh words, the heart of Monsieur Poncet yearned after his daughter; she had deceived him, as he said, she had brought disgrace on his name, and yet he would give all he possessed to take her to his home again; but how could it be done? He had too great pity for Madame Le Noir, too much love for her frail grandchild, to permit him to wound them by allowing his daughter to resume her old position in his house; but—but—if she would only come back again, and ask his forgiveness once more, he was not sure that he would not sell his business, and take her away, where they all might live together, without harming any one. His pride was too strong to allow him to follow her, but she might come back, and Poncet never left the house all the evening, lest he should miss her: however, she never came. He passed a sleepless night, and next morning set about his work with still a faint hope in his heart, which leaped up into a sudden flame, when he heard that a woman wished to speak to him; he went to the door himself, but it was only a messenger from Nannette Le Noir begging him to go and see her.

"Yes," he answered, "tell her I shall go at once. She has heard of Mathilde's return, doubtless," he thought, "and has sent for me to ask me to drive her away; ah! well, she will be satisfied," and his heart grew hard towards Nannette, but melted again when he was brought into the room, where weaker, more ethereal than on the previous day, she lay dressed on the outside of her bed, with a bright flush on her cheek, and an eager light in her eyes.

"You want me, Nannette?"

"Yes, dear friend, I have not long to stay," she answered; "I want to say adieu, and to beg a favour of you."

"I grant it, Nannette, if you wish me to send Mathilde away."

"It is about Mathilde I would speak, Monsieur," she interrupted, "but not what you think. Will you pardon her?"

He sat down suddenly, overcome with surprise. "You ask me that, Nannette, how have *you* been able to pardon her?"

With white wasted finger she pointed to the crucifix above her head. "Christ suffered thus," she reverently said, "and yet he forgave—will you not forgive her, Monsieur?" she implored.

"Ah! how gladly, my child, but I do not know where she is."

"She is here, Monsieur, call her."

At Poncet's bidding his daughter came, white and worn, truly, but, oh! how different from the wretched beggar girl, who had left his threshold the day before, as in a neat gown and cap, she stood with downcast eyes before her father.

"My child, my child," he said, clasping her in his arms.

When Madame Le Noir came into the room she found that exertion and excitement had brought on the hemorrhage again, and the life blood was flowing in a thin stream from between Nannette's lips. She never rallied, and only spoke now and then in short broken sentences.

"Grand-mère, be kind to Mathilde and little bébé," she would say; "tell Monsieur Trevor I prayed for him when I was dying"—and at about six o'clock she murmured, "Call René, I must bid him good-bye." The poor young man was walking up and down the garden path with drooping head and slow irregular footsteps, and he followed Madame into the room where Nannette lay back on her pillows, with milk white face and half closed eyes, whilst one wasted hand was extended on the coverlet. René bent and kissed it,—

"Life of my life, heart of my

heart, chérie, petite," he moaned, "oh! do not leave me."

With feeble fingers she tried to stroke his face. "I was not worthy of thee, René," she faltered; "ah! if I had only known in time, but it is too late—adieu, embrace me once, mon ami."

He strove to keep back the groan which was forcing itself from his agonized heart, and pressed his quivering lips on those of his beloved, which were already cold, with the coldness of approaching death; then he sank on his knees by the bedside, and when they went to lead him away they found he had fainted.

When next he saw Nannette she lay with spring flowers scattered over her couch, with pale folded hands, and on her dead face the calmness of eternal rest.

The violets have blossomed and faded for many years on the spot where she was buried; other graves may be neglected, but hers never; wreaths of immortelles and bunches of fresh flowers are constantly placed there by loving hands; thither her grandmother, now very old and feeble, comes, leaning on the arm of René, who is ever tender and reverent to her, not only for the sake of the dead past, but also by reason of the true chivalrous heart, which makes a man possessing it, tender and reverent always to old age and infirmity. There Poncet and his daughter spend many a summer evening, and teach Jacques's little son, the bébé of old days, to

hush his childish mirth beside the spot where lies all that can die of Nannette Le Noir.

Mathilde's husband has never been heard of in St. Simon since, but Trevor, when travelling some years ago near Naples was attacked by banditti, who, however, fortunately took to flight, upon the appearance of a large body of mounted travellers in the rear, and feels sure that in the evil, passion-tainted face of the captain of the band he recognized the features of Jacques Veillard.

René's life has been saddened truly by the past, but he still recognizes, as every man worth calling by the name must do, the great truth that be our path here below, not bright, but dark; not safe, and soft with rose leaves, but rough with rocks and beset by enemies; we still must tread it, and that it is nobler to do so, not like cowards shrinking from every hardship, trembling at every danger, sinking powerless under every sorrow, but like brave soldiers, armed and ready, marching to meet the foe, knowing that

"There's a rose in the garden of
Heaven,
For the hope that on earth was
betrayed:
There's rest for the soul grief laden
Which hath striven, and waited
and prayed."

—HEYGATE CHELMSBEE.

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SECOND SERIES.—No. 41.

SIR CHARLES WYVILLE THOMSON, LL.D., F.R.S.S.L. and E.,
F.L.S., F.G.S., &c., &c., &c.,

Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh.

OUR portrait this month is that of Sir Charles Wyville Thomson, F.R.S., the eminent naturalist who was recently at the head of the scientific department of the famous *Challenger* Expedition. His long residence in Ireland will make our sketch of him one of special interest to our Irish readers. His brilliant scientific discoveries, though they have as yet been given to the public only in a partial and fragmentary form, place him in the very first rank among European physicists and biologists.

Charles Wyville Thomson is descended from an old and well-known Scotch family, which has long been settled at Bonsyde, in Linlithgowshire. His great grandfather was the Principal Clerk of Chancery in Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century; his grandfather was a distinguished Edinburgh clergyman; and his father was a surgeon in the service of the East India Company.

The subject of our memoir was born at Bonsyde on March 5, 1830. He was educated first at Merchiston Academy, a high class school which has long flourished in the venerable mansion that gave birth to the inventor of logarithms, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh.

He was intended for the medical profession, but he early discovered a strong inclination towards those branches of medical study which are more immediately connected with the natural sciences; and his proficiency in botany was such, that in 1850, when only twenty years of age, he was appointed Lecturer on Botany in King's College, Aberdeen. This appointment, accepted originally with the view of obtaining a year's respite from university studies which had been prosecuted so arduously

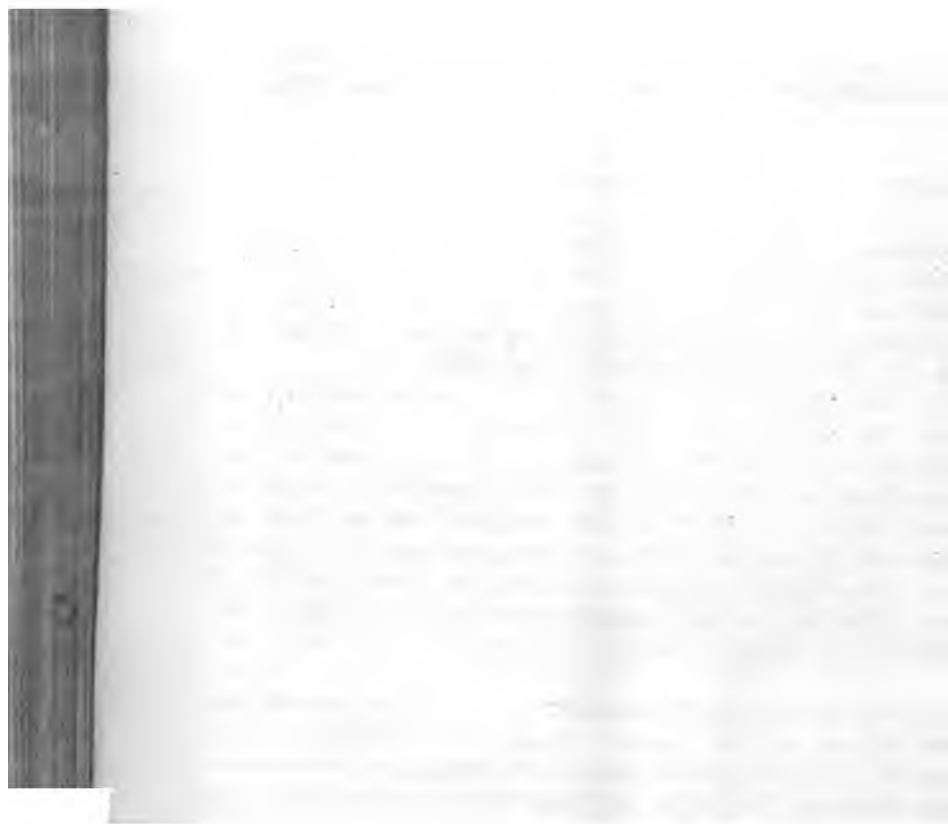


DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

*James
Clerk Maxwell
1. Maxwell Thomson*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. HORSBURGH, EDINBURGH.



as to affect his health, led him into increased researches in his favourite scientific field. In 1851 he became Lecturer on Botany in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, and while holding this office he devoted much of his time to zoological studies, making many elaborate investigations among the lower forms of animal life, and publishing various papers on the "Polyzoa and Sertularian Zoophytes of Scotland." Among these papers we may mention, "Notes on some Scotch Zoophytes and Polyzoa," published in the "Annals of Natural History," vol. ix. (1852) pp. 403, &c.; and "On the Character of the Sertularian Zoophytes."*

On the resignation of Mr. Hincks, Professor of Natural History in Queen's College, Cork, which took place in 1853, Wyville Thomson was appointed his successor; but his stay at Cork was short, for the professorship of Mineralogy and Geology in the Queen's College, Belfast, becoming vacant in 1854 by Professor McCoy's acceptance of a chair in the University of Melbourne, Thomson was transferred from Cork to fill his place.

Thus at a very early age his academical teaching extended over all the great departments of Natural History, a training admirably adapted both to foster speculation in the higher generalizations of scientific inquiry, and to impart that accumulated knowledge of facts which is the best safeguard against undue rashness in such speculations.

During his career at Belfast he continued to contribute many valuable papers on Natural History and cognate subjects to the scientific journals. As Professor of Mineralogy and Geology he had specially to deal with the extinct forms of life, as they appear in their fossil state; but his zeal in the study of the lower forms of living animals was undiminished, and the special excellence of his method of investigation was that he treated the two departments of inquiry as one, making the living organisms of the present illustrate the fossil remains of pre-historic times, and the fossil organisms of the past throw light upon the history of those of our times.

It is to Professor Wyville Thomson that the Queen's College at Belfast owes the origin of its now admirable Museum of Natural History, and he did much during his professorship there to enrich it. The zoologica collection which he added to it is especially worthy of notice, and is the fruit of many years' labour.

Up to this time it had been almost universally believed by naturalists that there was a limit of depth in the ocean, below which animal life did not extend. The generally accepted opinion on the subject was that of Edward Forbes, who divided the sea into four zones, according to its

* Brit. Assoc. Reports, 1852, pt. 2, p. 78.

depth and the nature of its known inhabitants. These were—1st, the littoral zone, between high and low-water marks; 2nd, the laminarian zone, between low-water mark and a depth of fifteen fathoms; 3rd, the coralline zone, from the fifteen fathom line to a depth of fifty fathoms; and 4th, the zone of deep sea corals, extending from the fifty fathom line to an unknown lower depth. With regard to the last of these, Forbes says, "In this region, as we descend deeper and deeper, its inhabitants become more and more modified, and fewer and fewer, indicating our approach towards an abyss where life is either extinguished or exhibits but few sparks to mark its lingering presence."

There were not a few ascertained facts pointing in an opposite direction, so far as regards the existence of animal life at remote depths; but men of science clung to the theory that it was impossible for such life to be maintained under more than a certain amount of superincumbent pressure, and hence they argued that the lower regions of the sea were barren of living organisms. Yet in 1819 Sir John Ross, the Arctic navigator, had stated in the published account of his voyage of discovery, that when sounding in Baffin's Bay in the preceding autumn he obtained a depth of 1,000 fathoms; that the bottom consisted of soft mud in which there were worms; and that "entangled in the sounding line at the depth of 800 fathoms was found a beautiful *Caput Medusæ*." More recently Sir James Clark Ross, dredging in the Antarctic regions in 270 fathoms of water reported that corallines, *Flustra*, and a variety of invertebrate animals came up in the net, showing an abundance of animal life. "It was interesting," he says, "amongst these creatures to recognize several that I had been in the habit of taking in equally high northern latitudes, and although contrary to the general belief of naturalists, I have no doubt that from however great a depth we may be enabled to bring up the mud and stones of the bottom of the ocean we shall find them teeming with animal life."* Again, in 1860, in the course of the soundings taken by H.M.S. *Bulldog*, between Cape Farewell and Rockall, thirteen star-fishes came up from 1,260 fathoms "convulsively embracing" the portion of the sounding line which had been paid out in excess of the ascertained depth, and allowed to rest a sufficient time at the bottom to permit of their attaching themselves to it.

A yet more convincing proof of the existence of animal life at great depths was obtained in 1860, when the telegraphic cable between Sardinia and Bona was raised for repair, and a portion of it which had been lying for two years in 1,200 fathoms was found by Professor Fleeming Jenkin to be covered with living animals. "I regard this observation of Mr. Fleeming Jenkin," says Professor Wyville Thomson, "as having afforded

* "Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions, 1839-1843." London, 1849, p. 47.

the first absolute proof of the existence of highly organized animals living at depths of upwards of 1,000 fathoms."

In 1864 M. Sars, Swedish Government Inspector of Fisheries, while dredging off the Loffoten islands in a depth of 300 fathoms, brought up a variety of specimens of animals living at the bottom of the sea. Professor Thomson visited Norway soon after, and had an opportunity of studying the specimens with M. Sars's father, the well-known Professor of Zoology in the University of Christiania. "Animal forms," Professor Thomson says in a letter to Dr. Carpenter, written for the information of the Royal Society, "were abundant; many of them were new to science. Among them was one of surpassing interest, the small Crinoid of which you have a specimen, and which we at once recognized as a degraded type of the *Apicocrinidæ*, an order hitherto regarded as extinct, which attained its *maximum* in the Pear-encrinites of the Jurassic period, and whose latest representative hitherto known was the *Bourgusttierinus* of the Chalk. Some years previously M. Abjornsen dredging in 200 fathoms in Hardangerfjord procured several examples of a star-fish (*Brisinga*), which seems to find its nearest ally in the fossil genus *Protaster*. These observations place it beyond a doubt that animal life is abundant in the ocean at depths varying from 200 to 300 fathoms, that the forms of these great depths differ greatly from those met with in ordinary dredging, and that, at all events in some cases, these animals are closely allied to, and would seem to be directly descended from, the *fauna* of the Early Tertiaries.

Before this letter was written, Dr. Carpenter, then one of the Vice-presidents of the Royal Society, had been spending some time in Belfast with Professor Thomson in the study of these Crinoids or Lily Stars. "I had long previously," says Thomson, "had a profound conviction that the land of promise for the naturalist, the only remaining region where there were endless novelties of extraordinary interest ready to the hand which had the means of gathering them, was the bottom of the deep sea. I had even had a glimpse of some of these treasures, for I had seen the year before, with Professor Sars, the forms dredged by his son at a depth of 300 or 400 fathoms off the Loffoten islands. I propounded my views to my fellow-labourer, and we discussed the subject many times over our microscopes. I strongly urged Dr. Carpenter to use his influence at headquarters to induce the Admiralty, probably through the Council of the Royal Society, to give us the use of a vessel properly fitted with dredging gear and all-necessary scientific apparatus, that many heavy questions as to the state of things in the depths of the ocean, which were still in a state of uncertainty, might be definitely settled. Dr. Carpenter promised his hearty co-operation."

The Royal Society lost no time in applying to the Admiralty for the use of a gunboat, and the *Lightning*, under the command of Staff-Commander

May, R.N., was placed at the disposal of Professor Thomson and Dr. Carpenter. "A cranky little vessel enough," says Thomson; "one which had the somewhat doubtful title to respect of being perhaps the very oldest paddle-steamer in Her Majesty's Navy." Still the voyage was not unpleasant. The *Lightning* left Oban on August 8, 1868, in deplorable weather, which continued throughout the whole cruise. She returned on the 21st September. During the six weeks she was at sea only ten days were available for dredging, and on only four of these was she in water over 500 fathoms deep; but the results were regarded by the Council of the Royal Society as sufficiently encouraging to justify a strong representation to the Admiralty urging the continuance of the investigation. It had been proved that animal life is varied and abundant in the sea at depths down to 650 fathoms at least, and that a large proportion of the forms living at these great depths belong to species unknown before the cruise. It had also been ascertained that the water of the sea beyond a certain depth, varying according to latitude, instead of having a uniform temperature, as was previously supposed of 4° C., may have at any depth beyond the influence of the direct rays of the sun a temperature as low as 2° C.

Next year a more suitable vessel was assigned for the service, the Surveying ship *Porcupine*, which made three cruises in 1869, the first off the west coast of Ireland and northwards to the Rockall bank; the second in the open Atlantic to the south-west of the Irish Coast; and the third off the north coast of Scotland and among the Shetland and Færoe Islands, in the track previously gone over by the *Lightning*. Mr. J. Wynn Jeffreys had the scientific charge of the first cruise, which commenced on the 18th of May and ended on the 13th of July. Abundance of animal life was found at a depth of 1,230 fathoms on a bottom of fine grey mud mixed with sand; and the greatest depth sounded was 1,476 fathoms, the dredge bringing up "mollusca, a stalk-eyed crustacean with unusually large eyes, and a fine specimen of *Holothuria tremula*." Professor Thomson directed the second cruise, which began on the 17th of July and terminated on the 4th of August. In the course of it soundings were obtained yielding 2,435 fathoms, and the ooze brought up from that immense depth was still found to contain fresh examples of each of the Invertebrate sub-kingdoms. The *Porcupine* left Belfast for her third cruise on the 11th of August, Dr. Carpenter having joined her before she started, and she terminated her exploring voyages for 1869 on the 15th of September. Many new forms of animal life were discovered and much information obtained regarding ocean temperatures and currents.

Again in 1870 the *Porcupine* was set apart by the Admiralty for similar investigations in the Mediterranean, and Professor Wyville Thomson was to have been one of the scientific party that accompanied her, but a severe

illness made this impossible, and Dr. Carpenter directed the scientific part of the expedition.

In addition to the enormous amount of new facts in biology, marine geography, and hydrography which were added to our knowledge by the *Lightning* and *Porcupine* expeditions, the great geological fact was firmly established that there is at present being formed at the bottom of the ocean a vast sheet of rock which very closely resembles chalk, and that the old chalk, the cretaceous formation which has in some parts of England been subjected to great denudation, and which is overlaid by strata of the tertiary series, was produced in the same manner and under closely similar circumstances. Probably all the great limestone formations were similarly formed. In almost all of these the remains of *foraminifera* are found, some of them apparently specifically identical with living forms.

It would be useless to dilate on the importance of these discoveries. The truth, is that up till the present time biologists and geologists have been forming theories about the genesis of life and of matter with only half of the necessary data before them, and that not by any means the most important half in its bearing upon the remote history of their sciences. This was at once seen by the Council of the Royal Society, and the necessity for a far more extensive and thorough examination of the great ocean basins was impressed by them on the Government. Popular opinion heartily supported the proposal for a new expedition for ocean exploration; it was at length arranged that such an investigation should be made at the cost of the English Government; and the *Challenger* was fitted out in 1872 for the most remarkable scientific voyage that has ever been undertaken in any age or in any country.

Captain Nares, R.N., was selected by the Admiralty to command the vessel, and Professor Wyville Thomson was placed at the head of the scientific staff which accompanied it. His energy and enthusiasm fitted him for the post, not less than his large and varied acquaintance with all the many departments of science required in the investigation; and the perseverance, skill, and success with which he has conducted it are worthy of all praise.

Every effort was made by the Admiralty to equip the *Challenger* in a manner worthy of the occasion; and Professor Thomson wrote on the eve of departure, "I think it only right to say that nothing has been left undone by the Government to ensure the success of the undertaking, and that dire misfortune only ought to prevent our furnishing a valuable return." The following description of the ship and of her fittings, written by the Professor from near Madeira on the outward voyage, will be interesting to our readers:—

"The *Challenger* is a spare-decked corvette of 2,000 tons displacement. This particular build gives her an immense advantage for her present purposes, as she has all the accommodation of a frigate, with the handiness

and draught of water of a corvette. Sixteen of the eighteen 68-pounders which form the armament of the *Challenger* have been removed, and the main-deck is almost entirely set aside for the scientific work. The after-cabin is divided into two by a bulk-head, and the two little rooms thus formed—still gay with mirrors, and pictures, and new chintz, and bright with home-faces—are allotted to Captain Nares and myself. The fore-cabin, a handsome room, 30 feet long, by about 12 feet wide, into which these private cabins open, the Captain and I use as a sitting-room; the port end with its writing table, and work-table; and its book-cases packed with old home favourites, being appropriated to my use, and that of my Secretary Mr. Wild; while the Captain has arrangements at the starboard end of the same kind. Two sets of cabins have been specially built on the after-part of the main-deck for the difficult part of the scientific work. On the port side a commodious zoological work-room is occupied by the naturalist of the civilian staff, while the chart-room corresponds with it on the opposite side. Towards the middle of the main-deck on the port side there is a dark room, and a working room for the photographer, and on the starboard side Mr. Buchanan has his chemical and physical laboratory.

"Nearly the whole of the fore-part of the main-deck is occupied by the dredging and sounding gear, Mr. Siemens's photometric and thermometric apparatus, and the more cumbrous of our machines, such as the hydraulic pump; the aquarium, and other very valuable articles, of which a detailed description will be given hereafter.

"Dredging and sounding are carried on from the mainyard. A strong pennant is attached by a hook to the cap, and then by a tackle to the end of this yard. A compound arrangement of fifty-five of 'Hodges accumulators' is hung to the pennant, and beneath it a block through which the dredge-rope passes. This arrangement appears to answer better than the old one of dredging from a derrick."

The *Challenger* left Sheerness on the 7th, and Portsmouth on the 21st of December, 1872. During 1873 she made four voyages across the Atlantic, the distance travelled being nearly 20,000 miles. In 1874 she penetrated into the Antarctic regions, remaining as long within the Antarctic circle as the weather would permit, and afterwards proceeded through the seas of Australia and New Zealand, visiting many of the islands in the Malay Archipelago. On November 10, she reached Hong Kong after a course of nearly 17,000 miles. The year 1875 was devoted to an examination of the Pacific ocean, in making which upwards of 20,000 miles were traversed. On her homeward route the Atlantic was crossed a fifth time. Altogether her cruise extended to about 68,000 miles.

Observations were made during the cruise at upwards of 350 stations, and accurate information was obtained regarding the physical and

biological condition of the ocean and its bed at each of them. The main points of investigation were the exact position of each station; the precise depth of the ocean there; the nature of the bottom, as determined by microscopic and chemical examination of specimens brought up by the sounding apparatus; the temperature, and chemical, and physical character of the water at the bottom, and at various levels between that and the surface; and the character of the fauna and marine plants which inhabit the various localities.

The general results arrived at by the expedition were briefly stated by Sir Wyville Thomson in an address delivered by him to the British Association at its meeting in Glasgow on September 11, 1876. We shall endeavour to give such an outline of them as our space permits.

The average depth of the sea was found to be from 2,000 to 2,500 fathoms. A large portion of it is not quite so deep as this; but in the North Pacific there is a great stretch of water 3,000 fathoms deep and upwards. The depth of the North Atlantic averages 2,000 fathoms, but a ridge runs along the bottom of it from Greenland to Tristan d'Acunha, showing itself at the surface in various islands and groups of islands. There the water is much shallower. This ridge, when it passes into the South Atlantic, where it is called the "Dolphin Rise," has on each side of it a deep valley, where the soundings in general showed 3,000 fathoms of water.

The nature of the ocean-bed varies according to its depth, and from other causes. Close to the shores, and for a distance of some hundreds of miles from them, the bottom of the sea consists chiefly of deposits of the same nature as the neighbouring land, mixed with remains of the animal life prevailing in each locality. In the open sea, where the débris of the land ceases to affect the composition of the bed of the ocean, its character depends on the depth of the water.

At depths of 2,000 fathoms and under it, the bottom of the sea consists of what has been termed by naturalists *Globigerina ooze*, a calcareous deposit formed of the shells of the *Globigerina*, a species of *Foraminifera*. Vast quantities of these minute shells are continually accumulating all over the North Atlantic, and in other places where the ocean is of moderate depth. They consist of carbonate of lime, and consequently will ultimately assume the form of limestone rocks.

At greater depths the ocean bed assumes a different character. At, and immediately under 2,000 fathoms, the white deposit of *Globigerina ooze* assumes a "rotten or yellow" hue; and at 2,500 fathoms depth, shells are no longer found, but instead of them "a homogeneous red mud, which, instead of consisting of carbonate of lime, is formed of the materials of ordinary clay." This red clay consists of silicate of alumina and peroxide of iron.

It was long a question among naturalists whether the minute shell-fish

which form these deposits inhabit the surface of the sea or live at the bottom. The *Challenger* expedition has finally determined this point. Till recently few or none of the *Globigerina* were found alive at or near the surface; but during the *Challenger's* cruise large quantities of them were captured with the tow-net on the surface of the ocean, and at depths varying from one to a hundred fathoms. It was ascertained also that the living animals so captured had many characteristics totally distinct from the shells as found at the bottom. The conclusion arrived at by Sir Wyville Thomson is that the animals live wholly at or near the surface, and that the whole material deposited in the bed of the sea consists of shells which fall to the bottom after the death of their living inmates.

The question remains to be solved—What produces this change in the character of the ocean bed after a depth of 2,000 fathoms has been reached? Why is the calcareous deposit of shallower depths replaced by red clay? No complete explanation has yet been given of this. "There is no doubt," says Sir Wyville Thomson, "that the calcareous formation is arrested by the carbonate of lime being in some way or other removed from the shells of these creatures. When we come to a certain depth the carbonate of lime is dissolved, and we have a fine red clay instead. The cause of the removal of the carbonate of lime is as yet rather obscure. We were at first inclined to believe that it is removed by excess of carbonic acid in the water. If the water contained an excess of this acid, it would dissolve these shells, and it is just possible that the excess of carbonic acid in these depths may remove the carbonate of lime. We also found a large quantity of sulphate of lime dissolved in the sea, and it is just conceivable that a considerable amount of sulphurous acid may be percolating through the crust of the earth at various places, and that it may be converted into sulphuric acid, which would dissolve the carbonate of lime. But whatever be the reason, there cannot be the slightest doubt that on reaching 2,000 fathoms the lime is gradually removed and we have the red clay." He goes on to say that the compound of silicate of alumina and peroxide of iron, which forms this red clay, does not exist in any quantity in the shells in that particular form; and that undoubtedly "some complicated changes taking place in the sea at this moment are producing silicate of alumina and peroxide of iron."

There is another kind of animal which inhabits the sea and contributes to the formation of the deposits at the bottom. These animals are called *Radiolarians*. They differ from the *Foraminifera* both in their habits and in the materials of which their shells are composed. They live at all depths from the surface to the bottom of the sea, and in many cases they are of beautiful form. "When the tow-net is dragged along the sea," says Professor Thomson, "even at the depth of 1,000 fathoms, we find that

the number of *Radiolarians* increases, and that the size of the specimens of the species which are found on the surface is rather greater, and many forms occur at those great depths which are not found on the surface. Therefore we are inclined to believe that the *Radiolarians* live all through the sea, and down to the greatest depths, which may be something like five miles.

“Now you can easily understand that these things living in this way add considerably to the formations which are taking place at the bottom. We often find a formation which has been called by Mr. Murray *Radiolarian ooze*, on account of its consisting almost entirely of the remains of *Radiolarians*. The mode of formation of this ooze is peculiar. It seems that the *Foraminifera*, living only near the surface, have their shells dissolved before they reach the bottom; the red clay is laid down as usual whatever be its origin; but the shells of the *Radiolarians*, living throughout the whole of the vast depth are so numerous, as entirely to overcome and mask all the other constituents of the bottom. This formation, however, only occurs at very extreme depths, and it is therefore apparently in patches at the bottom of the sea. In the Southern Sea, where the depth is not so great as in the Pacific or the Atlantic, we find that the surface, instead of being covered with *Radiolarians*, is covered with a set of minute plants which have a silicious coating. These plants are living on the surface in enormous quantities, and consequently dying on the surface. And when you drag the dredge or trawl over the bottom, it comes up with a white matter, which looks at first extremely like chalk, though it is formed entirely of silica.”

The results obtained by the *Challenger* expedition regarding the climate of the sea may be thus summed up. The average temperature of the bottom of the ocean is a little above freezing-point; but it varies slightly with the depth, being lowest where the water is deepest. The surface temperature is affected by many circumstances, such as the latitude of the place of observation, the season of the year, the heat or coldness of the weather, the locality from which the surface-water is derived. But there is an invariable rule that the temperature of the water falls gradually from the surface to the bottom. This fall is often rapid for the first few hundred fathoms; but it then becomes more regular. The average temperature at 500 fathoms depth is about 45°. All over the bottom the temperature is very uniform and very low.

In his address at Glasgow, Sir Wyville Thomson suggested a very simple reason for this. “The surface of the ocean,” he said, “is affected by the heat of the season and by the condition of the latitude, down to perhaps 500 fathoms. It is also very greatly affected by currents which are moving through the sea, and which are mixing water of different temperatures, and bringing water of different temperatures from different places. There is one set of currents which is particularly marked, and

which tends to spread warmth over the surface of the northern and southern seas and modify the ocean temperatures. These are the great currents which are running from east to west, driven by the trade winds blowing along the equatorial region and driving before them the equatorial water. They are met by the great continents. One is met by Cape San Roque in South America in the Atlantic, and against Cape San Roque it divides, one portion going northwards and another southwards. In the Pacific the current is met by the continent of Asia, and in the same way one portion runs northwards and another southwards. The warm water being driven to the north and south becomes mixed with colder water, and the temperature is modified and ameliorated by it. It is likewise affected by other currents which are produced by various reflections against coasts and other obstacles. In this way we have water moving about on the surface, and conveying temperature from one place to another, and rendering the temperature of these upper 500 fathoms extremely irregular. In the Atlantic we find that from this point—about 500 fathoms—to the bottom the temperature steadily decreases until it comes down to near the freezing point, no matter what the surface temperature or the latitude. We have come to the conclusion that this great mass of water is moving from the southern sea, and there seems to me to be very little doubt—although this matter will have to be gone into carefully—that the reason why this water is moving from the southern sea in a body in this way is, that there is a greater amount of evaporation in the North Atlantic, and over the Northern Hemisphere generally, than there is of precipitation; whereas it seems almost obvious that in the Southern Hemisphere—in the huge band of low barometrical pressure round the South Pole, the precipitation is in excess of the evaporation. This is an extremely simple way of accounting for this mass of cold water, which it has been hitherto found impossible to account for on any reasonable theory.”

We do not enter upon any description of the new forms of animal life which have been made known to us by the *Challenger* Expedition. A mere catalogue of the new species would more than fill our space, and no written words could convey any idea of the various interesting and often most beautiful denizens of the deep which have been brought home to enrich our national collections of zoology. It is enough to say that the fauna of the sea was found to be rich, and varied, and universally distributed even at the greatest depths. “It was our impression,” Sir Wyville Thomson says on this subject, “that when we examined this fauna we should find it very analogous to that of the ancient chalk, for we believed, and we believe still, that the deposition of chalk has been going on continuously in various parts of the ocean from the chalk period to the present time. In this expectation we were to a certain extent disappointed, for the species found in the modern beds are certainly in very few

instances identical with those of the chalk or even with those of the older tertiary. But, although the species, as we usually regard species, are not identical; the general character of the assemblage of animals is much more nearly allied to the cretaceous than to any recent fauna." As was to be expected from the ascertained uniformity of the bottom temperature of the ocean, and of its bed, the fauna of the deepest parts is wonderfully uniform throughout.

Such are a few of the most striking results of the *Challenger* Expedition. After an absence of nearly three years and a half the vessel cast anchor at Sheerness on the morning of the 27th of May, 1876, bringing with her the richest cargo that ever ship brought to our shores. It will be many years before the vast mass of information collected by Sir Wyville Thomson and his fellow-workmen brings forth all its fruit. Many cherished scientific dogmas have already been disproved by ascertained facts discovered during the voyage. Many new truths will yet be reached. Men of science will remember the *Challenger* as long as British sailors remember the *Victory*.

We must retrace our steps to resume our biographical account of Professor Wyville Thomson. His life at Belfast is thus described, evidently by one who knows him well:—"By interesting himself not only in what concerned the working of the College but even in the welfare of the town in which it was located, he soon gathered round him a host of intelligent and warm-hearted friends. In social life it was but an accident that would reveal the biologist, and one witnessed only the general culture and artistic taste of a well-bred man."

In 1866, Professor Wyville Thomson took a leading part in the opposition to the Supplemental Charter by which power was sought to be given to the Queen's University in Ireland to grant degrees to Students coming up for examination from any College which the Senate of the University might recognize. His efforts were successful. A committee was formed to try the legality of the Charter, and after protracted litigation the Master of the Rolls granted an injunction which rendered it inoperative and saved the University from being reduced to a mere Examining Board.

In 1870 the Regius Professorship of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the resignation of Professor Allmann. Wyville Thomson became a candidate for the chair and was elected, and he has occupied it till the present time. His long absence with the *Challenger* Expedition was a loss to which the University submitted patiently for the cause of science, but it will be a profit in the end to Edinburgh as well as to the world at large.

Professor Wyville Thomson was Vice-President of the Jury on Raw Products at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. He is an LL.D. of Aberdeen University, a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh,

of the Linnæan Society, the Geological Society, and many other learned associations. On the successful completion of the *Challenger* Expedition he received the honour of Knighthood in acknowledgment of his distinguished services.

Under the title "Depths of the Sea" Professor Wyville Thomson published in 1872 a handsome and most interesting volume containing an account of the cruises made in the *Lightning* and the *Porcupine*; and we understand that he is now busily engaged in the preparation of a history of the *Challenger* Expedition. We may venture to predict that none of our existing Romances of the Sea will equal in interest the story he will have to tell us.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF SINGULARITY," "PEEPS AT LIFE," &c.

No. 16.—ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

Prologue.

I WHO have sung, in verse not too sublime,
 The saintly ones of old and modern time,
 A subject which, unlike the poet's strength
 And reader's patience, lasts to any length,
 Take up again my theme, my pen, my lyre,
 Invoke the Muses for poetic fire,
 Divine *affatus*, and such other aids
 As bards can borrow from the land of shades ;
 An extra inspiration now I need,
 A prancing Pegasus of purest breed,
 For he whose life now comes within my scope,
 Was not Saint only, he was also Pope.

His Early Life.

The story I'll relate
 Of Gregory the Great,
 Who every saintly quality possessed ;
 And very soon, I ween,
 You'll own he must have been
 The best of the most blessed of the blest.

In Rome he drew his birth
 From a family of worth,
 And Gordian of his father was the name ;
 Who to a noble bride
 By a *Gordian* knot was tied,
 And Sylvia, it is stated, was the dame.

Both rich in Mammon's store,
 But in piety much more,
 In latter years these good patricians shrunk
 From sinful worldly life,
 And from senator and wife
 They changed into a humble nun and monk.

'Tis always thought a boon
 To be born with silver spoon
 In mouth—and rather better if it's gold—
 To Gregory this gift
 Ensured promotion swift—
 Chief magistrate at thirty-four years old.

He lived in pomp and state
 Befitting one so great,
 In silk and gold and precious stones attired;
 But then his soul was set
 On higher treasures yet,
 To saintly reputation he aspired.

His Religious "Call."

No, Gregory cared not for loaves or for fishes,
 Nor pleasures and honours that money could buy,
 The good of mankind was the aim of his wishes,
 And heaven the goal that attracted his eye;

And so, when of parents the Reaper bereft him,
 His personal cost was so strictly in bounds
 That, from the magnificent fortune they left him,
 He lived on the pence and gave others the pounds.

He carried this Ruskin-like self-abnegation
 So far, all his titles and posts to resign,
 To mortify pride and forego ostentation,
 Wear serge 'stead of silk, and drink water for wine.

Six abbeys in lovely Sicilia he founded,
 A seventh—inscribed to St. Andrew—at Rome,
 And soon, by his priests and disciples surrounded,
 As Abbot, Gregorius felt quite at home.

Ye Mystere of ye Angel-Mariniere.

Now wonders began,
 And heaven with manifestations impressed
 This sanctified man.

Thus once he was keeping
 His vigil, when, weeping,
 And greatly distressed,
 A sailor-like form,
 Cast up by the storm,
 Came thither to beg, and long woes to recount;
 Much moved by his manner
 The saint gave a "tanner,"
 (We look at the motive, and not the amount)
 And sent him away.
 But soon he came back—for his money was lost—
 In grief and dismay;—
 "Here's sixpence, my brother,
 Which makes, with the other,
 A shilling you've cost."

That coin went as well,
 And back to the cell
 The sailor came—like a bad shilling himself.
 (What faith in his honour
 The reverend donor
 Evinced, and how lavish of pity and pelf!)
 "I've no money left,"
 The Abbot now said, "but this fine silver dish
 From begging and theft
 Will serve to secure you,
 When pawn'd 'twill ensure you
 Whatever you wish."

The seaman once more
 Sought Gregory's door,
 But changed to an angel's bright glorious state,
 "Hail, saint, whose good action
 Gives such satisfaction,
 I bring heaven's blessing; and here is your plate."

Ye Saint's Fasting and Humility.

'Twas said the good Gregorius was very fond of fasting,
 But prone to faint with weakness if his abstinence were lasting;
 For howsoever strong the will, and firm the resolution,
 To realize their promptings oft depends on constitution.
 He thought it very hard, indeed, that on the Eve of Easter,
 When all the world were fasters, he alone should be a feaster;
 But prayer and perseverance, nature's feebleness defeating,
 In time he learnt to overcome that sinful knack of eating.

Beneath no bushel was concealed our hero's moral beacon,
 For Gregory was nuncio, and cardinal and deacon,
 Confounder of all heretics, and papal secretary,
 And sent to distant Angleland to act as missionary ;
 But soon recalled—the Romans found they couldn't bear to lose him.
 Yet, thanks for what he did for us, no Briton can refuse him ;
 So great a "*pillar of the Church*," till high and higher rising
 Would reach the *Roman Capital* at last beyond surmising ;
 No *card-in-all* the papal pack whose winning chance was brighter,
 No *lowly* head more certain of the *hierarchic* mitre ;
 Yea, once an angel told him so (the same he had befriended),
 Who Gregory's "little dinners" in disguise had oft attended.
 But 'gainst such high ambitious thoughts the humble saint protested,
 Declaring that his pious zeal was quite disinterested ;
 " And if they offer'd him the crown " (and here the good man wept) " it
 Would pass the power of all mankind to force him to accept it."
 He little thought this attitude was just the course that won them :
 Men always thrust their honours most on those who seek to shun them.

His Flight, Discovery, and Glorious Election.

But never were the Romans blind
 To merits of the saintly kind,
 They saw our hero was design'd
 For clerical regality ;
 So, when the good Pelagius went
 Where popes all go when life is spent,
 All meant to Gregory to present
 The honours of papality.

Now human nature, history proves
 In priestly bosoms lives and moves
 As in more worldly forms and grooves,
 'Tis changed but in condition ;
 The Church hath ever loved intrigue,
 Each conclave is a clique or league,
 Whose members work, without fatigue,
 The workings of ambition.

But Gregory, humble, selfless, pure,
 Wish'd only to remain obscure,
 And make his path to heaven secure.
 He shunn'd both power and splendour
 And so in secret did depart
 From Rome, conceal'd within a cart,
 Resolving in his inmost heart,
 He never would surrender.

Three days in caverns, and amid
 The fastnesses of woods he hid,
 He knew they'd seek him—and they did,
 Most eager were their searches ;
 They sought him north, south, west, and east,
 By day and night they never ceased,
 In Rome excitement still increased,
 And tumult fill'd the churches.

Anxiety had reached its pitch,
 They'd hunted every nook and niche,
 At last they found him in a ditch
 (I hope it was a dry one) ;
 A sharp-eyed monk dispell'd despair
 By sudden shouting, " I declare,
 The holy man's snugged up in there—
 By Jingo ! he's a sly one ! "

But what secured his being found
 Was that, as o'er some hallow'd ground,
 A shaft of light shone all around,
 Whose beams the ditch did *flash* on ;
 And on the good saint's humble gown
 And face, as 'twere some *halo'd* crown,
 While angels fitted up and down,
 In Jacob's ladder fashion.

'Twas clear from this that Heaven decreed
 Gregorius to be Pope indeed ;
 They fetched him forth with joy and speed,
 And hasten'd to proclaim him ;
 So he was crown'd in pomp and state,
 The Roman people, much elate,
 Hail'd him as " Gregory the Great,"
 Which history still doth name him.

Blissful State of ye Holy Father.

Oh ! what a glorious feeling it must be
 To sit enthroned in Peter's sacred chair—
 To wear the tri-crown'd beehive, and to see
 Tokens of your dominion everywhere !
 To hold the keys of New Jerusalem,
 And ope its radiant gates to the elect ;
 Able to give salvation, or condemn,
 To breathe the incense sweet of man's respect.

To be a king, yet know no kingly cares,
 As royal quarrels, marriages, and dowers ;
 Cousins who plot, or *too* expectant heirs,
 No queen to share (and p'rhaps usurp) your powers.
 To know you are infallible, and speak
 Words prized as gems of wisdom far and wide !
 No wonder human nature, being weak—
 (If popes *are* human)—should be puff'd with pride.
 But he, our saint, whom nothing could make proud,
 Bore his thick honours, blushing all the while,
 Adopting,—tho' so worshipp'd by the crowd,
 " *Servus servorum Dei* " as his style.
 Some say 'twas nothing but " the pride which apes
 Humility ; " his virtues were a sham,
 Pahaw !—slander is a thing that none escapes,
 Whom many bless, a few are sure to damn.

Marvellous Relics of ye Saint.

Of relics our saint had a number,
 And taught the elect how to prize
 What sceptics consider as lumber,
 And heretics laugh at as lies ;
 Miraculous legend and story
 He told, and much miracle wrought,
 To Rome—be it said to his glory—
 The arm of St. Andrew he brought.
 When sinners indulged in revilings
 The head of St. Luke awed them all ;
 He'd also some precious steel filings
 Rased off from the chains of St. Paul.
 He sent to devout Constantina
 A veil the apostles had touch'd ;
 Worth more than the oldest of china
 By fancier eagerly clutch'd.
 He'd oils from the tombs of the martyrs,
 That caused every ailment to fly,
 And suppliants came from all quarters
 To ask, and he'd never deny ;
 Such weekers his palace oft crowded ;
 When certain ambassadors came,
 He gave them a cloth which had shrouded
 Some saints of exceptional fame.
 The present afforded much pleasure,
 And homeward its casket they bore,
 But found, when they peep'd at their treasure,
 A plain piece of linen—no more.

" His Holiness, sure, is deceiving,"
 They cried, and to Gregory sped,
 Who then, to ensure their believing,
 Cut through the blest sheet—and it *bled*!

The Exorciseth Devils and Attracteth Angels.

O doubt not such facts; once St. Gregory, blessing
 A chapel polluted by Arianism,
 Brought thither the relics he joy'd in possessing
 To aid in destroying that horrible schism;
 When out of the chapel a great hog ran grunting
 (Though how he got in there, I'm sure I can't say);
 Of course 'twas the Devil disguised, who confronting
 Those sanctified symbols, was driven away.

The lamps of that temple by angels were *lit*, too,
 Or lighted, at least, when no mortal was near,
 With flame so celestial in brightness, 'twas *fit* to
 Illume not an earthly, but heavenly sphere.
 At times a bright cloud would descend on the altar,
 The fane would be fill'd with an odour divine;
 The faithful that crowded the portals would falter,
 Prevented by awe from approaching the shrine.

A Misbeliever Rebuked.

Sinners were many, in spite of Saints,
 Scorning the Church's high restraints;
 Doubting even the solemn fact
 That Transubstantiation's act
 Could change the nature of bread and wine;
 One woman, during that rite divine,
 Presumed to laugh when Gregory said,
 "This is flesh, though it looks like bread."
 "What! laughing at such a time and place?"
 "I'm the baker's wife, an' it please your Grace,
 I made that bread, which is sweet and fresh,
 But fain must laugh when you call it flesh."
 Need I say that the Pope was bound
 Such profanity to confound?
 Putting forth his marvellous power,
 No longer the bread seem'd made of flour;
 'Twas palpable flesh, as all might see,
 And raised their faith to the highest degree.
 Hey! presto! again the charm he wrought;
 And flesh became bread, as quick as thought.
 All saw and believed, and the woman's doubt
 Was changed to penitence most devout.

His Charity, Mercie, and Triumph are ye Bewyl.

In charity our saint excell'd,
 Gave distant convents constant aid,
 Did many to the Faith persuade,
 But none by violence compell'd ;
 To every sect was tolerance shown,
 And even the Jews he let alone.

Yet could he be severe at times :—
 A man the Church's wrath incurr'd,
 So Gregory spoke the fatal word
 Which barr'd his way to heavenly climes ;
 The sinner, invoking magic force,
 Made Satan enter the Pontiff's horse.

As Gregory thro' the streets' did ride
 His steed 'gan so insanely act,
 So plunged and caper'd, buck'd and back'd,
 "The Devil's in him !" Gregory cried ;
 The common folk, as he pranced along,
 Cried, "Here's another good horse gone wrong !"

The Pontiff made the sacred sign,
 And pray'd a prayer ; the steed became
 At once as gentle and as tame
 As any cat of yours or mine. ;
 Else surely, terrible to repeat,
 The thronéd Pope would have *lost his seat*.

Acts, Works, and Writhe of St. Gregorpe.

'Twould take a most portentous tome
 To tell one half the actions
 Done by the saint who ruled in Rome,
 His laws, his benefactions,
 His doctrines, and his miracles—
 All more or less veracious ;
 Tho' some of those tradition tells
 Need faith both deep and spacious.
 The church with ritual he surcharged
 (Already more than ample),
 And her formalities enlarged
 By precept and example.
 St. Gregory's writings, well 'tis known,
 Exist in great variety,
 And tho' you may dislike their tone,
 You can't dispute their piety.

To prompt the work, the Sacred Dove,
 Upon his shoulder seated,
 Would whisper faith, and hope, and love,
 Which he with pen repeated.
 There was no doubt about the bird,
 For Deacon Peter saw it ;
 And died a martyr to his word,
 So *Fancy* did not draw it.
 Translated to the See of Heaven,
 His right preferment gaining,
 Our saint was freed from earthly leaven,
 The fourteenth year of reigning.

The Establscheth ye Gregorian Chaunte.

A musical glory to Gregory, too,
 All histories tally in granting ;
 To him did the Church owe the striking and new
 "Gregorian" method of chanting.
 Two schools he established the capital near,
 Where good little souls he'd the cure of,
 And any young lad with a musical ear,
 A *sound* education was sure of.
 The books and the instruments Gregory used—
 Including his rods for correction—
 Are visible still ; nor are tourists refused
 The honour and bliss of inspection.

The Moral Lesson.

And now for the quotient that winds up our sum,
 It needeth no sage to explain it ;
 It is that, tho' often promotion may come
 To those who deserve to attain it,
 By merit success cannot always be scored,
 Bad luck our deservings may smother ;
 So strive to make virtue itself its reward,
 For fear it may meet with no other.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY AN EX-OFFICER OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

A STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED ON
A CHRISTMAS-DAY.

"I remember, I remember how my childhood feasted by,
The mirth of each December, and the warmth of each July."

A HAPPY family party was gathered round the Christmas "yule log," consisting of father, mother, and nine children; a few friends were also present; the cloth had been removed, the materials were laid on the table, the punch was mixed, the juveniles had a little wine at dinner and half a glass of kettle-punch after, and were getting "awfully jolly" and troublesome.

Every one seemed pleased with themselves, and appeared to wish to make all happy around them.

The friends present comprised a Captain of Dragoons named Edmonds, kind, and gentlemanlike in manners, and, above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo, was a bachelor, and therefore a person of considerable interest to some of our lady acquaintances.

We had, also, an elderly gentleman named Forrester, and his son, about twenty-two years old, who carried his left arm in a sling; he held at that time a Government appointment received for his bravery in having, together with a younger brother, succeeded in defeating an armed party who had attacked his father's house, a few miles from Cashel, on the previous Christmas-

day. In the attack he was severely wounded.

We had previously heard some anecdotes about the attack, and were most anxious to have an account of it from young Forrester.

The very mention of the occurrence, however, seemed to throw a gloom over father and son, but seeing our anxiety, young Forrester said "he would gratify us," and commenced as follows:—

"This morning twelvemonths found us a happy family—we resided a few miles from Cashel. I had two brothers, one two years older than myself." Here the speaker burst into tears, his father also seemed greatly affected, he however soon rallied, and continued; "And two sisters, the youngest a baby two years old. On Christmas-day my father, mother, and eldest brother went to church, about a mile distant. I remember well my poor mother as they were leaving the house saying, 'Now, boys, if a party comes for the arms, be sure you run under the beds.' My father said 'he did not think we would.'

"About half an hour after they had left I was in the kitchen with my youngest brother—the girl that had charge of baby was there also; we were sitting at the fire, when a stealthy step was heard outside, and the latch was gently raised, the door was, however, most fortu-

nately, bolted. I immediately started up and asked 'Who's there?' 'It's only me, your honor; maybe you would let me light my pipe?' was the reply. 'Wait a moment,' said I, and sending the servant upstairs with baby, I went towards the door as if to open it, but in place of doing so, I threw a heavy iron bar across it, and quickly stepped on one side. It was well I did so, as a blunderbuss, loaded with slugs, was fired at the door, which was a double oak one; the discharge was so close that some of the pellets tore through and struck the opposite wall. My brother and I ran upstairs immediately to the room where fourteen stand of yeomanry arms were kept, several of them being loaded.

"The moment my brother got hold of a gun, he ran down to the first landing, the only vulnerable point we had, as there was a pantry there, the window of which was generally left open. The door was very slight, and had some fissures in it, and through one of those he saw the figure of a man moving about. Knowing that he must have got in through the window, my brother, without the slightest hesitation, fired through the door, there was a heavy fall, followed by groans, and all was still: he then ran upstairs and told me what he had done, seized on two loaded guns and hastened down; passing the pantry, he unlocked the shattered door, and saw the wretched man he had fired at lying dead in a pool of blood.

"The pantry window being still open, he by great exertion succeeded in closing it, a service not unattended with danger, from the constant fusilade kept up; he then went down to the kitchen, the door had resisted all efforts to break it. The window, fortunately, was high up in the wall, and guarded with stout cross-bars. As he was about

to enter, he heard voices in a low tone, and looking up at the window, he saw a fellow with a gun in his hand, who, as it was afterwards discovered, was standing on the shoulders of another man. The instant the ruffian saw my brother he shifted the gun round to enable him to fire through the bars; my brother was, however, too quick for him, he fired, and the man fell to the ground severely wounded.

"He then ran up to the room where I had taken up my position, and found me lying on the bed faint from loss of blood; having bound up my arm, and given me some brandy, I was able to tell him my adventures since we parted in the room where we had the arms.

"As soon as you went downstairs, I, quietly as possible, placed the barrel of my gun on the window-sill and looked out. As I did so I saw that one of the party had me covered. It may seem strange, but I had not the power to draw in my head. The man fired, the ball struck the window above, but did no further injury. The fellow then turned to run; I fired, the ball entered his back, and he fell forward. I immediately left the window, which in a moment became a target for a dozen bullets.

"From the time the first shot had been fired at the door until this time, a perfect fusilade had been kept up outside; every window was smashed. Hoping to get a shot at one of the ruffians, I peeped out, not observing any one at the moment, and the firing having apparently ceased, I hastily concluded that the ruffians were making off, and incautiously exposed myself too much. A shot was fired from a corner of the house where a fellow had stationed himself to watch the window, being afraid to come to the front.

"I felt that I was wounded, and

unable to descend the stairs or assist myself. Your coming was most fortunate.' I did not think at the time that the bone was broken. It turned out to be only a severe flesh wound, from the effects of which I am now rapidly recovering. A great shouting and noise of many persons running now caused my brother to look carefully out, when, to his great joy, he saw the people, headed by my father and elder brother, rushing to our rescue, from church.

"My father will tell you the remainder of the story, and how it came that we were so soon rescued, as not more than an hour could have elapsed from the time the first shot was fired at the door until the last.

"My youngest brother, who behaved so gallantly during the affair, and whose presence of mind in firing through the pantry door saved us from destruction, is now in India, having been appointed midshipman on board one of his Majesty's line-of-battle ships. He always had a wish for the sea. The last time I heard from him he was getting on well, and a favourite with both officers and men."

"It is my turn now," said the elder Mr. Forrester, "to take up the story from where my son left off, and carry it on to the sad ending. My poor wife and I, together with my eldest son, arrived at the church in about twenty minutes after leaving home. Some presentiment of evil seemed to hang over us on our way, as more than once we hesitated about turning back.

"Our rector, a kind and good man, who was a short time afterwards brutally murdered for daring to look for his tithes, had just ascended the pulpit and given out the text, when the distant sound of firing at irregular intervals began to disturb the decorum of the congregation. Several men stood up

and were about leaving, when to our horror and astonishment the mother of our nursery-maid rushed in, and called loudly on us 'for her child, who,' she said, 'must be kilt dead by that time, as the house was attacked by a large number of black boys, who were shooting everything they came across.' I need not say the state of mind we left the church in, or the haste we made homeward, my wife being taken home in a friend's carriage by the road.

"Accompanied by all the male portion of the congregation, and our good pastor himself amongst the number, my son and I leading, we took a short cut across the fields, and in about ten minutes came in sight of the house. The moment they saw us, the ruffians, although numbering at least a dozen well armed men, turned and fled in all directions; all except one man, whose spirit of revenge was so strong that he lost sight of self-preservation in his desire for blood.

"My son, who was in advance of us all, first got sight of him. His back was turned towards us. He was on one knee, with his gun covering the window my son now present had fired from. The moment he heard the noise of so many feet behind, he sprang up, turned round, and partly raised his gun, as if about to fire. The utter inutility of such an act in the face of thirty or forty men in hot pursuit, made him adopt another course; so throwing away the gun, he ran for his life. He took everything in his way—ditches, bogs, rivers—in a straight line.

"At length the chase came to a standstill. Although not being so far able to overtake him, yet he was kept well in view. The last seen of him was crossing a ditch and getting on the main road to Cashel. In less than two minutes his pursuers were on the road, but no sign

of the would-be murderer was visible. Almost all our party were armed. Every man got his pistol ready, and scattered at each side. A large culvert crossed the road. This was watched at either end, and being nearly full of water, the wretched man, who had taken refuge there, soon found that the only alternative he had was, between a certainty of being drowned on the one hand if he remained in concealment, and the chance of cheating the gallows on the other—so he surrendered at discretion. This verifies the old saying that ‘a man that is born to be hanged, will never be drowned,’ and hanged he was at the ensuing assizes along with three more of the gang. Seven of those wretched men lost their lives on this occasion; three shot during the attack by my sons, the man we pursued and captured, and three others, who for the same offence were tried and convicted.

“I now come to the sad part of my story. From that time forward my own tenants evidently wished to avoid me; they knew that we were aware of their knowledge that the attack was contemplated, and of their sympathy with the gang on whom, according to their laws, the lot fell to participate in it.

“The next morning the dead body of the man who was shot in the back, was found in a clump of furze a short distance from the house. My son, accompanied by two policemen, took out a favourite retriever he had to go over the grounds, thinking that a clue might be obtained as to the identity of some of the party. Passing near this spot, the dog at once stopped, and with his nose in the air barked, and seemed much excited. My son darted to the spot, followed by the police, and then they found the body. One of the police recognized it as that of a travelling pedlar, a man well-known, but avoided by

all well-disposed people, as a dangerous person; he was a fair scholar, wrote a good hand, and was more than suspected, as other paid men have been since, of being the writer of many of the threatening notices, ornamented with skulls, cross-bones, and pikes, that in those days were flying all over the country.

“Four policemen and a sergeant were quartered in my house. A month had elapsed, the great fair of Thurles was at hand, and it was necessary that I should go there, as I had a lot of fat cattle to dispose of; and also expected to receive a large sum of money: it being my determination, after the attack on my house, and the providential escape of my children, to run no further risk, but to wind up my affairs, dispose of my land and dwelling-house, and seek elsewhere a more peaceable spot, where I could leave home for a few hours without the fear of finding my house burned down, and my family murdered on my return.

“With a firm determination to proceed to Thurles, notwithstanding my poor wife’s entreaty to the contrary, I prepared for my journey. I had a first-rate trained hunter in my stables, and a thoroughbred mare, both of them fit for any work. It was decided that my eldest son was to accompany me. Poor boy! he little thought of the fate that awaited him, or that he was taking an eternal farewell of all that was most dear to him.

“The fatal morning came, and, well mounted, we were not long in getting over the few miles between us and our destination. Everything turned out favourably. My cattle were all well sold, I received the money expected, and about four o’clock of a cold evening in early spring we left Thurles behind us, and proceeded homeward at a rapid pace.

"All went well until we arrived at a part of the road shaded with trees for about a mile at either side; here it was so dark that we unfortunately slackened our pace considerably, and when about the centre of it, where there was a slight opening in the trees, two shots were fired simultaneously from the side my son was riding at. I turned quickly round, but alas! only in time to see him fall from his horse; at the same moment, a single shot was fired from my side, my hat flew from my head, and I felt something strike my shoulder like the cut of a whip; the mare was wounded in the shoulder, and ran away with me; and although two or three shots more were fired, I escaped with a slight wound, but was unable to master the mare until she galloped up to the hall door.

"My sons rushed out, finding me as I have described; another moment and I should have fallen. At the same time my poor wife came out, and after attending to my wants until I was sufficiently recovered, stooped over me and, in a subdued voice, said, 'William, where is John? Tell me all; for I know from your look and your whispering to the boys, that something dreadful has happened.'

"I took her hand in mine, kissed her, and told her all. No tears came; I saw that she was stricken to the heart; five weeks after we laid her in her peaceful home.

"I stopped, overcome with grief, relating the murder of my poor boy and consequent death of my dear wife shortly after.

"On my arrival at home that dreadful night, I said a few whispered words to my sons. They mounted at once, and galloped to Cashel for assistance. It quickly came—dragoons, police, and doctors.

"We proceeded at once to the

spot where my poor son fell from his horse. The place was in a pool of blood. The body was not there, but from marks on the road we traced it to a ditch on the roadside, where some one, possibly for humanity sake, had laid it. He had been so dreadfully beaten about the head after he fell, that at the post-mortem examination the surgeons found it difficult to trace the passage of a bullet he received at the first discharge, and they said that he must have been dead at the time his body was so cruelly beaten.

"We carried him home, and immediately after the inquest he was interred. But retribution followed quickly on the murderers' track. Three armed men, with their faces blackened, were seen going in the direction of the place where the murder was committed, about an hour before. They moved stealthily along, keeping under cover as much as possible. They were, however, seen and recognized by the land-steward of a gentleman whose property was close at hand, and who from the cover of a small plantation on the side of a hill, saw the three men pass underneath him.

"The following morning, as soon as he heard of the murder, this man, who was a native of the North of Ireland, told his master what he had seen. The police were at once communicated with.

"The following night the houses of the three men were quietly surrounded by military and police, the men arrested and kept apart, the houses closely searched. Two guns and a blunderbuss were found when morning dawned, concealed in a hole dug under a rick of turf. One of the guns, an old carbine, was found broken at the stock, which had several marks of blood on it, and some of my poor boy's hair sticking on it.

"The three men were shortly afterwards executed. Two of them confessed their guilt; the third man said nothing. The steward, on whose evidence they were first arrested, had to leave the country, and on the recommendation of the judge, received a comfortable appointment in the Customs.

"Immediately after the sad occurrences you have heard related, half-a-dozen friends, well armed, came to stop with us during the remainder of our sojourn. They were all stout men, so between them, the police, and our own resources, we felt secure from further molestation. I lost no time in disposing of my farm, and left the county."

He thus concluded his sad story. Captain Edmonds, who had paid the greatest attention to the start-ling recital, now said:—"You have related, Mr. Forrester, a story truly melancholy in its details, of what happened 'on a Christmas Day.' If you will allow me, I shall now give you a brief account of what happened 'on a Christmas Night;'" and as he saw us all at "attention," soldier-like he commenced as follows:—

"Many a Christmas has come and gone since the dreadful occurrence I am about to relate took place, and which is most painfully impressed on my memory, having been one of the passengers by the Cork Mail to Dublin on Christmas Night in the year 18—, and a witness to all that occurred on that dreadful occasion.

"The country at the time was much disturbed, the tithe warfare was at its height, robberies of arms, wherever to be met with, took place in the open day. Since the year 1798, the peasantry did not seem to have such a desire to possess arms. Attacks on mail coaches were of frequent occurrence, and

the one I am about to relate was the worst of all.

"Business of importance connected with my military career obliged me to appear in the metropolis on the following day. The weather was intensely cold, and having secured an inside place, we started on a Christmas night by the mail from Cork to Dublin, escorted by two dragoons, who were relieved at different stations along the road. There were two inside passengers along with me—one was evidently a gentleman; the appearance of the other rather puzzled me as to his calling. He wore a long frieze coat, a Belcher handkerchief round his neck, and top-boots. His general appearance was not prepossessing. He never spoke from our departure from Cork until we passed Cashel, when he said, 'Oh! gentlemen, are you afraid? I know I am. This is a bad spot we are now passing. Are you armed? Do you think the dragoons would show fight? Dear me, I am so afraid! I cannot stay here any longer; I have a friend near this.' So saying, he called to the guard. The driver pulled up, and he got out. We felt a kind of relief at his departure, and after circumstances induced us to believe that he was deeply concerned in what occurred.

"About two miles from Cashel, going along at a good pace, and just turning a sharp curve in the road, the leaders came full chest against a barrier, and fell at once. The barrier was composed of carts, large stones, turf creels, and the trunk of a large tree. The coachman, although the night was very dark, might have pulled up in time if on a level, but the obstruction was so cunningly placed just beyond the turn, that it could not be done. The shock was very great; so much so, that we thought for a moment that the coach would go over. Im-

mediately the nature of the obstruction was fully seen, and no assailants making their appearance, the two unfortunate dragoons dismounted, and proceeded to remove it.

"The first had scarcely laid his hand on a cart for that purpose, when from behind the trunk of a fallen tree, and about two yards distant, a blunderbuss was discharged at him. The heavy charge of slugs, pieces of old iron, &c., passed through the unfortunate man's body like a four pound ball, and he fell dead instantly; his comrade, who was also wounded, immediately fired his holster pistols amongst the assassins, several of whom suddenly sprang up and made a rush. The soldier, who was immediately knocked down, was ably seconded by the guard with his bell-mouthed blunderbuss, which being heavily loaded with swan drops, brought three of the assailants to the ground.

"Enraged at the loss of their companions, the ruffians now fired indiscriminately, killing an outside passenger, and severely wounding the driver. One of the wheelers also received a ball in the shoulder, and the poor driver lying helpless across the seat having no control over him, he lashed out with the greatest fury, severely injuring the other horse; the guard was dreadfully beaten, and left for dead; he, however, recovered, but was never afterwards able to resume his duties, but received a good pension. The wounded dragoon was knocked down by a blow on the head, which rendered him insensible, and it is supposed that the assassins, thinking him dead, had at the moment too much on their hands to notice him further. He recovered, was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and discharged with a good pension.

"I must now tell you, that from the time the first shot was fired until all was over, the attack did not last more than about fifteen or twenty minutes.

"It may seem strange that my fellow traveller and myself, and I a military man, should not have rushed at once to the assistance of the dragoons and guard; our efforts would have only led to our destruction without being of the least use. We were unarmed, and in far less time than I have taken to tell the story, all was over.

"Considering 'discretion the better part of valour,' as soon as we could venture out we left the coach, and favoured by the darkness, got safe to Cashel. It was fortunate indeed that we escaped from the coach at the moment we did, as shortly afterwards it was riddled with bullets—we heard the shots as we hurried on.

"Assistance and medical aid were at once sent; two troops of dragoons galloped to the scene; the police followed on cars, and nothing was omitted that could be required for the wounded.

"On our arrival at the spot, a dreadful sight presented itself. We found the driver still lying across the footboard, holding on in the best way he could, and evidently suffering great agony. One of the dragoons lying dead, the other and the guard seemingly lifeless, covered with blood; the unfortunate outside passenger dead on the ground, having fallen from the roof after receiving the shot; the wounded horse was also dead, the two leaders having fallen at the barrier before the first shot was fired, escaped without further injury, and drew the shattered coach back to Cashel.

"The arms of the dragoons and guard were carried off by the assailants, the mail-bags rifled, and a large sum of money abstracted. The country was scoured in all

directions, patrols told off, and every man met with was immediately arrested. It may appear strange, but a man who was met by the patrol coming towards the scene of the outrage, looking quite simple, singing and whistling occasionally, as if he had nothing to trouble him, overdid his part so much in the eyes of the chief constable, that forthwith he arrested him; his notes were changed the moment he found himself really in the clutches of the law, and before the escort reached Cashel, as he said afterwards, he had his mind made up to turn 'king's evidence,' and make a 'clean breast' of it. On his testimony, corroborated strongly by circumstances, five of the party were condemned and executed; and

he so accurately described the individual who arranged everything about the attack, and gave most particular directions about placing the obstruction at a particular point—all so tallied with the description of our fellow traveller from Cork, that we became convinced of his identity. A large reward was offered for his arrest. He, however, as we afterwards learned, escaped to America.

"Five of the assailants were severely wounded—two of them died shortly afterwards; the other three were arrested, taken to Cashel, and when sufficiently recovered, transported for life.

"This attack was about the last of any consequence made on mail coaches in Ireland."

EARLY PRINTERS :

WILLIAM OAXTON.

CHAPTER III.

WE reserve an intercalary chapter in which to narrate the history of a claim put forward by the city of Haarlem, in Holland, to be the birthplace of typography. It will have been gathered from our previous statements that we place little value on this claim : but it has been so often and so keenly urged, that the controversy on the subject deserves to have a short separate treatment.

Those who believe that movable types were invented and used before the time of Gutenberg, generally adopt the opinion that a certain Lawrent Janszoon, or Lawrence Coster, originated the art of printing with such types, and actually issued from his press in Haarlem several volumes so executed. This Lawrence Janszoon appears to have been born about 1370, and to have died about 1440. Instead of ourselves relating his history we shall quote from Adrian Junius the account of his invention of movable types. Adrian Junius, we may explain, was a learned physician of

Haarlem, who had studied at Paris and at Bologna, had afterwards been tutor in the Duke of Norfolk's family in England, and between 1556 and 1564 had been first physician to the King of Denmark at Copenhagen. He was born in 1512 at Horn, and died in 1575 at Ar-muyden, in his sixty-third year. One of the latest works published by him is entitled "Hadriani Junii, Hornani, BATAVIA," a short history of Holland. It was first printed in 1588, thirteen years after the author's death, and 148 years after the death of Coster; yet it contains the earliest notice which has come down to us of Coster's claim to be the inventor of printing. That Adrian Junius was asserting a previously unheard-of claim for Coster is admitted by himself.* His account of the invention is as follows:—

"There dwelt at Haarlem, about 128 years ago, in a public edifice of some magnificence (as the fabric which still remains can attest), overlooking the market-place, opposite the Royal Palace, a man named Laurentius Johannes, surnamed

* "Redeo ad urbem nostram, cui primam inventæ isthic artis typographicæ gloriam deberi et summo jure asserendam aio, utpote propriam et nativam; sed luminibus nostris sola officit inveterata illa et quæ encausti modo inscripta est animis opinio, tam altis innixæ radicibus quas nulli ligones, nulli cunei, nulla ruitra revellere aut eruere valeant, quæ pertinaciter credunt et persuasissimum habent apud Magontiacum claram et vetustam Germaniæ urbem primò repertas literarum formulas quibus excuderentur libri." It would be impossible to state more distinctly than this, that the current opinion of the world had uniformly been since Gutenberg's time, and was still when the "Batavia" was written, that the art of printing was discovered at Mentz.

Custos or *Ædituus*, because his family, by hereditary right, possessed an honourable and lucrative office distinguished by that title. This man, to whom the world is indebted for an art more truly worthy of the laurel than that which binds the brow of the most illustrious victor, is, by the clearest right and by the most solemn assertions, entitled to the praise—a praise which has been most infamously assumed and most unjustly possessed by others—of being the inventor of printing.

“Walking in a wood near the city (as was the custom with opulent citizens on festivals or after dinner), he began to cut some letters on the bark of a beech tree, which he, for the sake of amusement, pressed on paper, in an inverted order, as a specimen for his grandchildren (the children of his daughter) to imitate. Having succeeded in this, and being a man of talent and ingenuity, he began to meditate greater things, and being assisted by his son-in-law, Peter Thomas (who had four sons, who almost all attained consular dignity, and whom I mention to show that the art owed its origin, not to a low family, but, on the contrary, to one of distinguished rank and consideration), he invented a more glutinous and tenacious kind of ink, perceiving that the common ink spread and produced blots. He then formed wooden tablets, or pages with letters cut upon them. Of this kind I have myself seen an anonymous work, written in the vernacular tongue, entitled ‘*Speculum Nostræ Salutis*,’ the first rude essay, printed not on both sides, but on opposite pages only, the reverse sides being pasted together to conceal their naked deformity. These types of beech he afterwards changed for lead, and after that for pewter, as being a more hard and durable substance;

from the remains of which those old wine-pots were cast that are still visible in the mansion of which I have spoken, looking towards the market-place, and which was afterwards inhabited by his grandson, Gerard Thomas, who died a few years since at a very advanced age, and whom I here mention with respect as a most honourable gentleman. The curiosity of men is naturally attracted by a new invention, and when a commodity never before seen became an object of painful profit, the love of the art became more general, and work and workmen (the first cause of misfortune) were multiplied. Amongst those so employed was one John Faustus. Whether he was, as I suspect, ominously so called, faithless and unlucky to his master, or whether that really was his name, I shall not here inquire, being unwilling to disturb the silent shades of those who suffer from a consciousness of the sins they have committed in this life. This person, bound by oath to keep the invention a secret, as soon as he supposed he knew the mode of joining the letters together, the method of casting the types, and other matters belonging to the art, having seized the opportunity of Christmas-eve, whilst all were employed in the customary lustral sacrifices, puts together all his master’s tools connected with the art, seizes all the types, elopes from the house, accompanied by one other thief as an accomplice, proceeds first to Amsterdam, then to Cologne, and at length settles at Mentz. There he considered himself safe from the reach of his pursuers, as in an asylum where he might carry on a gainful trade with the fruits of his iniquity. Clear it certainly is, that in about a year after this, about A.D. 1442, the ‘*Doctrinale*’ of Alexander Gallus, a grammar in much repute at that time, and the ‘*Tracts*’ of Peter of

Spain were brought out here with those very types which Laurentius made use of at Haarlem.

"This is the account which I have heard from venerable men worthy of credit, to whom the story had been delivered; and I have myself met many other persons who corroborate and confirm their statements by the similarity of their testimony. I remember that the instructor of my youth, Nicolaus Galius, a man distinguished by an active and retentive memory, has mentioned to me that he more than once, when a boy, heard one Cornelius, a bookbinder, who had been employed in the office, and lived to the age of eighty; relate with great emotion the whole of the transaction, describe the history and progress of the art, and all the circumstances connected with it, as he had received the account from his master. . . . This account agrees pretty nearly with that of Quirinus Talesius, the Burgomaster, who had it almost immediately from the mouth of Cornelius himself."*

In 1561 Coornbert, in a dedication prefixed to his Dutch version of Cicero's Offices, practically repeats the testimony of Adrian Junius, but writes again on mere hearsay of old persons.

Guicciardini is more careful. In his "Descrittione di Tutti i Paesi Bassi," first printed in 1565, he

says of Haarlem, "In this city, not only by the public assertion of its inhabitants and other Hollanders, but also by the testimony of some writers and other memorials, we find that the art of printing and stamping letters and characters on paper, as now practised, was invented. And that the inventor dying before the art was brought to perfection and consequent estimation, his servant (as it is said) went to dwell at Mentz, where, showing the light of this art, he was received with joy, and setting himself diligently to work there with much success, the art became generally known and entirely perfected; from whence has arisen and become universal the report that from that city (Mentz) is derived the art and science of printing: let what may be the truth, I cannot, nor will I, decide; it is enough that I have said thus much to avoid prejudicing this city and country."†

The only other evidence on the subject worth citing is that of the "Cologne Chronicle," which was published in 1449, which is given on the authority of Ulric Zell, the famous Cologne printer. It states that—

"The art of printing was discovered at Mentz, in Germany, and it is a great honour to the German nation that such ingenious men were found in it. This happened

* We have printed this translation from Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby's "Principia Typographica," in order to allow Mr. Sotheby, who is an ardent champion of the claims of Haarlem, to put his own meaning on the words of Adrian Junius. To many of his renderings of phrases we take exception. Thus, at the beginning of the quotation, "in sedibus satis splendidis," does not mean "in a public edifice of some magnificence," but "in a (private) residence of considerable splendour." Again "opulent citizens" is not a translation of "cives qui otio abundant." We could easily add other examples of loose translation; but we regard Mr. Sotheby's version as quite sufficient to demonstrate that Adrian Junius was writing from the very vaguest hearsay information. The word Coster means sacristan; and the office held by Laurence Janszoon was that of sacristan of a church in Haarlem. The words used by Adrian Junius in describing it are, "quod tunc opimum et honorificum munus familia, eo nomine clara, hereditario jure possidebat," from which it is evident, in spite of Mr. Sotheby's translation, that it was the Coster family that was "distinguished" (*clara*) by the sacristanship, and not the office by being so held.

† This translation is extracted from Mr. S. W. Singer's "Researches into the History of Playing Cards, &c." London, 1816, p. 115.

in the year of our Lord 1440, and from that time to the year 1450, which was a golden year (or Jubilee year), then men began to print; and the first book printed was the Bible in Latin, and it was printed in a larger character than that in which men now print mass-books.

"Item, although the art is [was] invented at Mayence as aforesaid in the manner in which it is now commonly used, the first idea originated however in Holland, from the Donatueses, which were printed there even before that time; and from it of them is [has been] taken the beginning of the foresaid art, and is [has been] invented much more and cunningly than it was according to that same method, and is become more and more ingenious."*

So far as our space permits we have done full justice to the claims of Haarlem and of Laurence Coster. We have allowed the city to speak for itself by its best prolocutors. But the value of such historical evidence as that we have quoted is very slight, and it becomes still slighter when the facts are considered — that no book bearing a date is known to have been printed at Haarlem before 1483, more than a quarter of a century after the famous Mentz Psalter was issued by Fust and Schoeffer: that the story of movable types having been formed from beech-bark is incredible, in the face of the known fact that even wooden blocks were found to be insufficient for typographic purposes: that the story of Fust's escape from Haarlem to Mentz with all Coster's tools and all his types is absurd, and has been told repeatedly with regard to every city where printing was made a trade: that the famous "Speculum" is attributed to Holland solely because the critics of engraving declare it to be

a sample of Dutch rather than of German art: that it is attributed to an early date on no grounds which will bear to be stated: that granting it to be of Dutch execution, there is no reason for asserting that it was printed at Haarlem: and that supposing, in the face of all these difficulties, that it was printed at Haarlem, there is no proof that Coster had anything to do with the printing of it.

The arguments regarding the other books attributed to Coster are so similar to those affecting the "Speculum," that we need not travel over the technicalities of the question.

We shall conclude by quoting the result arrived at by one of the most recent writers on the subject, M. Auguste Bernard: "C'est à l'école de Mayence et non à celle de Haarlem que l'humanité doit la révélation de l'art typographique." The question derives its chief interest from the ardour with which the Hollanders have espoused the claims of their shadowy countryman to be regarded as the first printer with movable types.

CHAPTER IV.

It is at Mentz, and in the office of Fust and Schoeffer, that we first find printing practised on a large scale, and in circumstances capable of being historically determined. In their hands the art seems to have reached amazing perfection almost at a single bound.

It had been Gutenberg's ambition to consecrate the first great effort of his press to the production of a complete edition of the Holy Scriptures, and there seems to be little doubt that before 1455, when his connection with Fust ceased, he had made great progress with the work.

* Sotheby's "Principia Typographica," iii. 125.

Whether or not it was completed before the rupture of the associates took place is not known. One is more inclined to hope than to believe that poor Gutenberg had the gratification of himself taking part in the issue to the world of the splendid monument of his labours. Even if some early copies were brought to the market before 1455, no doubt exists that the bulk of the impression found its way into Fust and Schoeffer's hands.

This, the first printed Bible, and the first important work printed at Mentz, is an edition of the Latin Vulgate executed in metallic type of large size. Mr. Bohn, a well-known connoisseur in such matters, thus describes it: "It is called the Mazarine Bible, because the first copy known to Bibliographers was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It consists of 641 leaves, forming two—sometimes four—large volumes in folio, some copies on paper of beautiful texture, some on vellum. It was without date or name of the printers, as it was evidently intended to present the appearance of a MS., but it is supposed on good evidence to have been printed between 1450 and 1455; and it is not improbable the volume was all that time, that is five years—some say more—at press; for we know by certain technicalities that every page was printed off singly. These precious volumes, as splendid as they are wonderful, have excited the admiration of all beholders. The sharpness and elegant uniformity of the type, the lustre of the ink, and the purity of the paper, leave that first great monument of the typographic art unsurpassed by any subsequent effort, nor could it be exceeded with all the appliances of the present day."*

Somewhere about fifteen copies

of this wonderful book are known to exist. The British Museum, which has a singularly excellent collection of early printed books, contains a copy.

Fust is said to have visited Paris for the purpose of disposing of a portion of the impression as soon as it was printed, and to have obtained from the King of the French as much as 750 crowns for the first copy sold. Afterwards, when it leaked out that other copies were ready in unlimited quantity for sums varying from 300 crowns to 50, he was suspected of complicity with the devil. The story is not very well authenticated, and it is somewhat difficult to believe that His sable Majesty could have selected the Bible for his first speculation in typography. But it is known that a good many copies were sold in Paris, and the difference in the price charged for them is intelligible enough when it is remembered that the first issue was partly printed on vellum and partly on paper, and that the initial letters and other decorations were done by hand at various rates of expense. No doubt the volumes were sold as MSS.

But the time soon passed during which printed books could be disposed of as MSS.; and the next venture of Fust and Schoeffer was issued expressly as a printed book. This was the famous Mentz Psalter of 1457, the first printed book which bears the name of the printer, and the place and date of issue. The colophon appended to it is interesting for the description it contains of the new art. It is in these terms: "Presens Spal-morum Codex venustate capitulum decoratus, rubricationibusque sufficienter distinctus, ad inventionem artificiosa imprimendi ac carac-

* "Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society," vol. iv.

terizandi absque calami ulla exaratione sic effigiatus, et ad eusebiam Dei industrie est consummatus per Johannem Fust, civem Maguntinum, et Petrum Schoeffer de Gernszheim, anno Domini Millesimo, cccc.lvii. in Vigilia Assumpcionis."

Above the colophon the arms of Fust and Schoeffer are engraved on two shields, a device which was for many generations that of the Mentz printing-office. Curiously enough, the word *Psalmorum* is misprinted as *Spalmorum*, an awkward error in such a prominent part of a sumptuous volume. The type with which this Psalter is printed is exceedingly large and bold, and the whole edition, which was printed on vellum, was sold so rapidly that a second was called for in 1459. The beautiful execution of the initial letters in this book has been often commented on, and it will be seen from the colophon quoted above that our printers had by this time succeeded in producing them in colours by means of type instead of by the hand of the illuminator.

A smaller and more convenient style of type was found to be required, and in the same year with the second edition of the Psalter, Fust and Schoeffer produced, with a new fount, Durand's "*Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*," a folio of 320 pages in double columns of 63 lines each. The book is an encyclopædia of information regarding the origin of ecclesiastical ceremonies. Dibdin describes a vellum copy of it as "probably the most curious and extraordinary specimen extant of ancient printing—the first essay of the smallest type of Fust and Schoeffer." "When we behold," he adds, "180 vast folio leaves on vellum of double-columned pages with 63 lines in each page, we may express our admiration with Schwartz at the copiousness of materials with which the earliest established press was furnished."

In the "*Constitutiones Clementis Papæ V.*," of which three editions came out between 1460 and 1471, a further improvement was introduced, that of printing the marginal notes along with the text; and an edition of Cicero's *Offices* issued in 1465 is the first book in which "leading" was employed, by which is meant the introduction between the lines of type of a thin slip of lead to keep the work more regular. Thus in ten years from the date of their first book Fust and Schoeffer practised the art of printing with nearly all the appliances requisite for its perfection.

The first Bible with a date, known as the Mentz Bible, was produced by them in 1462, and is also a rare and beautiful specimen of early typography. We mention it as it gives us an opportunity of recording from an authentic source, the price at which it was sold. In a copy that was in the possession of Guillaume de Tourneville, Canon of Angers, Van Praet discovered a Latin memorandum, stating that the price for which it was bought on April 5, 1470, was forty crowns. The La Vallière copy of the Mentz Bible fetched at the public sale of the collection no less a sum than 4,086 livres.

We have described with some detail these early specimens of Fust and Schoeffer's printing-press, because they shed some light upon the steps by which improvements were introduced in the art of printing, and they are noble monuments of the enterprise and perseverance with which the proto-typographers of Mentz carried on their business. It would serve no good purpose to continue the catalogue of their publications; but we may add that the activity of their press continued for many years unabated, and that the volumes produced by them were chiefly on theological,

ecclesiastical, and legal subjects, and impressions of the classics. Fust closed his long and laborious career in Paris, whither he had gone in the course of business, in 1466. During the later years of his life he filled several honourable offices in Metz. His son Conrad continued in the business as Schoeffer's partner. The latter became a magistrate and judge in Mentz in 1489, and appears to have lived till about 1503, though his later years were not so much devoted to business as his youth and manhood had been. He was succeeded in the firm of Fust and Schoeffer by his son, John Schoeffer.

Long before the period which our narrative has now reached, an event had taken place which was destined to change in a most beneficial way the whole current of the history of typography: we refer to the famous siege of Mentz, which took place in 1462, when the city was captured by Adolphus, Count of Nassau. All business was consequently brought to a standstill there, and Fust and Schoeffer had to break up their establishment for a time. The consequence was that the working printers of Mentz were at once scattered over the face of Europe in search of opportunities of prosecuting their peaceful calling; and that the art of printing found a home with amazing rapidity in almost every country. The following is a list of the dates of the first works printed at some of the chief towns on the continent. In reading it, it must not be forgotten that printing presses must have been established in the various cities mentioned, a considerable time before the date of the volumes first issued in them.

Bamberg, 1462; Cologne, 1465; Subiaco [Rome], 1465; Strasbourg, 1466; Rome, 1467; Milan, 1469; Venice, 1469; Paris, 1469; Lucerne, 1470; Nuremberg, 1470;

Bologna, Ferrara, Treviso, Pavia, Florence, Naples, 1471; Anvers, 1472; Bruges, 1473; Utrecht, Parma, Messina, Lyons, Buda, 1473; Bâle, Brussels, Barcelona, Saragossa, Genoa, Turin, Westminster, 1474; Angers, Seville, 1476; Leyden, Stockholm, 1483; Cracovia, 1491; Copenhagen, 1493; Avignon, 1497; Madrid, 1499.

We need not extend our list to more recent dates. In many cases it is evident from the names of the early continental printers, that they were of German descent. To take a single example, "Sweynheim and Paunartz," the printers established by Torquemada in the monastery of Subiaco, near Rome, were undoubtedly Germans.

Many very interesting details might be written about these pioneers of typography, but to do so is beyond the scope of our present paper; and we shall confine ourselves in what remains of it to a short account of how printing was introduced into England by our famous proto-typographer, WILLIAM CAXTON.

CHAPTER V.

IN ancient times there extended across the Kingdom of Kent, a tract of forest land known by the name of the "Weald." According to the old chroniclers it at one time reached from Winchelsea in Sussex on the east, to a western boundary a hundred and twenty miles distant, and had an average breadth of thirty miles or thereabouts. As was to be expected, this "Weald," or wood (for the words are synonymous) has varied considerably in extent at different periods of history. An increasing population and an advancing agriculture have been regularly encroaching on it. Thus, in the year 1570, William Lambarde, a famous lawyer and antiquary, describes the Weald as being

after the common opinion of men of his time, "contained within very streight and narrow limits, notwithstanding that in times past it was reputed of such bignesse that it was thought to extend into Sussex, Surrey, and Hamshire, and of such notable fame withal, that it left the name to that part of the realm through which it passed."

William Caxton was born, he tells us, "in Kente in the Weeld," and the utmost efforts of antiquaries have not enabled them to add to this information anything sufficient to determine more precisely the spot where he saw the light. Most of his biographers state that he was born about the year 1412, but we think that Mr. Blades, one of the most recent and most reliable of them all, has shown strong ground for believing that his birth did not take place till after 1421. The first mention of him that has yet been discovered, is an entry in the Records of the Mercers' Company of London, which states that John Large and William Caxton were apprenticed to Robert Large in 1438, and it appears to us to be much more probable that this took place about Caxton's seventeenth year than in his twenty-sixth. In the former case his apprenticeship would terminate on his attaining his twenty-fifth year, in the latter, not before his thirty-fourth.

Of Caxton's parents nothing whatever is known, but there are many reasons for believing that they were of middle rank in life and of respectable character. In the first place there was then in force a law which prohibited any young man from being apprenticed to trade unless his parent was possessed of a certain rental in land. In the next place Robert Large, to whom he was bound apprentice, had previously been one of the Sheriffs of London, and afterwards held the office of Lord

Mayor, so that considerable family influence must have been used to obtain for young Caxton so favourable an introduction to business. Lastly, Caxton alludes with gratitude to the excellent education which he received, saying, "I am bounden to praye for my fader and moders soules that in my youthe sette me to scole by whyche by the suffraunce of God I gete my lvyng I hope truly." (Prologue to Charles the Great, 1485.)

Robert Large's place of business was a large establishment situated at the north end of the Old Jewry, and he was extensively engaged in trading with the continent. It was during Caxton's apprenticeship to him that he was Lord Mayor. In 1441 he died, leaving among other bequests a legacy of twenty marks to Caxton, a sum equivalent to about £150 at the present day.

At that time the city of Bruges was the great emporium of continental trade. It is still a large city, full of most interesting and beautiful architectural and artistic monuments of its mediæval grandeur. In no continental town are there more exquisite remains of Gothic art; in none more palatial private mansions; for to the wealth of a commercial city it added the advantage of being the seat of the Burgundian court during the period of its greatest splendour. At present commerce has deserted it; its palaces and mansions are empty; and of its 45,000 inhabitants about one third are paupers.

There can be no doubt that an eminent mercer like Lord Mayor Large had a large mercantile connection in Bruges, and through it with the Low Countries and the southern continental ports, for it was the centre through which the wool and other produce of England were exchanged for the more delicate fabrics of the Italian cities, and the imports which these cities

received from the Mediterranean and the East. His master having died before the expiry of his apprenticeship, Caxton appears to have proceeded at once to Bruges, in which there was then a large colony of English merchants, and to have completed the term of his indenture under one of these merchants. We know from the Prologue to his "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," written in 1471, that he had at that date been abroad for thirty years, which would make 1441 the date of his leaving England. And we know from the records of the Mercers' Company that during his residence abroad he became a freeman and liveryman of that company.

That Caxton soon attained a position of eminence among the merchants of Bruges and of high credit with the Mercers' Company of London is proved by a few scattered facts which are all that is known of his career as a merchant while resident abroad. It appears from some documents preserved in the Archives of Bruges that as early as 1450, only a few years after the expiry of his apprenticeship, his name was accepted in the course of some legal proceedings as a sufficient surety for a comparatively large sum of money. In 1453 he became a liveryman of the Mercers' Company of London. In 1464 we find him described in the Mercers' records as "Governor beyond ye See," and the Company determine to write to him regarding some complaints which had been made to them "as well for lak of mesure in all white clothe and brown clothe, as in brede of the same, and like wise in lawne nyvell and purple, &c." The Bruges records also speak of him as "Master and Governor of the English Nation at Bruges."

This office was an important and highly honourable one, and Caxton

filled it with much distinction. It conferred on him jurisdiction in all trade disputes among the English merchants at Bruges, and a general superintendence of their commercial interests and, it would appear, of the business relations between this "fellship by yende ye see," and the mercantile community at home. Whether Caxton held the office previous to 1464 is not known, but it is not improbable that he did, for in that year we find that he and a certain Richard Whitehill were appointed by the English Government "ambassadors and special deputies to continue and confirm," a treaty of trade and commerce between England and Burgundy. From the large discretionary powers entrusted to the ambassadors it is evident that much confidence was reposed by Edward IV. in them. The proposed treaty was not arranged till 1468, when a total change had taken place in the relations between Burgundy and England, but Caxton was again one of the representatives of England when it was successfully negotiated.

Such are the chief ascertained facts regarding William Caxton's life till he reached, according to Mr. Blades, close upon fifty years of age—according to other biographers nearly sixty. It is rather strange that not the slightest trace of any love of literature during this part of his history appears in any record. Hitherto we have seen Caxton only as an industrious, honest, and successful merchant and magistrate, respected and honoured by his fellows, and rewarded with the confidence of his king. His future life was to be that of an author and a printer.

The occasion of this sudden change in his career can only be conjectured; but there were many inducements towards a literary life in the Bruges of this period, and many very powerful inducements

towards such a life especially affecting Caxton.

In the latter half of the fifteenth century no court in the world approached that of the Dukes of Burgundy in splendour. From the year 1384, when that dynasty succeeded the Counts of Flanders, Bruges had been the seat of the court of Burgundy; and a succession of reigning princes had been patrons of art and letters not less than of fêtes and tournaments.

The Dukes of Burgundy inherited from their French ancestors a taste for literature, and the ducal library at Bruges was probably the finest private collection of books in the world at the close of the reign of Philippe le Bon, in 1467. A regular *Scriptorium* was maintained in their palace, and hosts of learned men, artists, calligraphers, and illuminators flocked to Bruges to enjoy the patronage more profusely bestowed upon them there than anywhere else on the Continent.

Charles the Bold, the son and successor of Philippe, was, perhaps, at heart more of a soldier than a scholar, but he inherited all the courtly and refined tastes of his predecessors, and literature received its due meed of honour and reward under his *régime*.

This taste for letters and art was not confined to the ducal family. It soon reached the courtiers. The name of Louis de Gruthuyse, better known, perhaps, as Louis de Bruges, is celebrated in so many ways, that the mere enumeration of his accomplishments would fill pages. He was the best tilter of his time, the leading courtier of Burgundy, her ambassador in peace, her champion in war. More than all this, he was a man of high learning, a lover of all that is best in art, and a lavish patron of both. His palatial mansion in Bruges was the most magnificent specimen of the architecture of the period, and his castle of

Ostkamp scarcely yielded to it in richness and beauty of detail. He formed a library, almost wholly executed by authors, copyists, and illuminators of Bruges and Ghent kept in his constant employ. Second only to that of the Burgundian dukes, which had been a century in formation, it was in some ways superior to even that. It contained 106 works, all equally remarkable either for the grandeur of the volumes, the beauty of the vellum, the magnificence of the calligraphy, or the richness and multiplicity of the miniatures and illuminations which adorned them. The collection was transferred to the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in Paris, soon after the death of its owner, and is still to be seen, though the gilt, and often jewelled, bindings have been much injured in the attempt to destroy the Gruthuyse arms with which they were blazoned.

During the fifteenth century the relations between England and Burgundy were constantly changing, for in the contests between England and France, Burgundy adopted now one alliance, now another. In the latter part of the reign of Philippe le Bon, the "situation" of the two countries was peculiar. There was no very friendly feeling between Philippe and Edward IV. of England, as is indicated by the failure of the attempt of Caxton to negotiate a treaty of commerce between the two countries. Indeed, at this period English cloth was not allowed to enter the Low Countries, and Flemish goods were prohibited in England. Yet in 1466 Edward had formed a "personal treaty" of alliance and amity with Philippe's son, Charles, Count of Charolais, afterwards Charles the Bold, and the death of the old duke at once brought the two countries into cordial alliance. This friendship was very soon strengthened by the marriage, on July 8, 1467, of

Charles Duke of Burgundy with Margaret of York, sister of the English king, an event which was celebrated with such unheard-of magnificence as to leave the chroniclers and heralds of the period at a loss for words sufficient to describe the splendour of the fêtes.

Three years afterwards Edward, driven from his own kingdom by the Earl of Warwick, found in the Burgundian court a friendly retreat. While in the Low Countries he was the guest of Louis de Gruthuyse, from whom he received all the magnificent hospitality for which that nobleman was distinguished; and when he left Bruges to re-conquer his kingdom of England, he was accompanied to Damme (where he embarked in a fleet of eighteen ships, given him by Charles) by the whole population of Bruges, rendering the air with their acclamations and shouts of encouragement and attachment. No sooner had he recovered his throne than he remembered the kindness and affection of the Brugeois. The Seigneur de Gruthuyse was created Earl of Winchester, and Edward wrote with his own hand a letter of thanks to the citizens of Bruges for their cordial and friendly sympathy with him in his misfortunes.

Such was the Court of Burgundy, and such were the relations between it and the English court in the early years of Charles the Bold's reign. Caxton's official position had made him known at court many years before. Now he became a *habitué* of it, and was appointed to some office in the household of the duchess, the exact nature of which is not known. We shall allow him to tell in his own words, as far as we can, how he became a man of letters and a printer.

A French ecclesiastic, called Raoul le Fevre, a man apparently of most romantic imagination and of considerable learning for the

time, was chaplain to the Duke of Burgundy in 1464. In that year he completed a book written in French, entitled "Le Recueil des Histoires de Troyes." The romance became the favourite one of the period. It was by no means, as its name would indicate, a recapitulation of classical accounts of "the tale of Troy divine." "Homer," says Dibdin, "is the foundation head of it, but his pure stream has been so polluted by the absurdities of Dares and Dictys, and in the thirteenth century by the licentiousness of Guido de Colonna, that it has no pretensions whatever to a faithful historical legend. We are not only presented in this piece with the habits of feudal life, and the practices of chivalry, but with a multitude of Oriental fictions, and Arabian traditions." (Ames's *Typography* edited by Dibdin, vol. i. p. 9.)

Caxton among others seems to have been captivated with the work, for in March, 1468, he began to translate it into English, for this very quaint reason, which he gives us himself in the Prologue to his printed translation of it. "When I remembre that euery man is bounden by the comandement and counceyll of the wyse man to eschewe slouth and ydleness whyche is moder and nourysshur of vyces and ought to put my self untevertuous occupacion and besynesse. Than I hauyng no grete charge or occupacion, following the sayd counceyll toke a frensshe boke and redde therin many straunge meruellous historyes where in I had great pleasyr and delyte, as well for the nouelte of the same as for the fayr langage of the frensshe whyche was in prose so well and compendiously sette and wreton, methought I vnderstood the sentence and substance of euery mater. And for so moche as this booke was newe and late maad and drawn into frensshe, and never had seen hit in oure

english tonge, I thought in my self hit shold be a good besynes to translate hyt into oure Englyssh, to thende that hyt myght be had as well in the royaume of Englonde as in other landes, and also for to pass therewyth the tyme and thus concluded in my self to begynne this sayd werke, and forthwith toke penne and ynke and began boldly to renne forth as blynde bayard in this presente werke whiche is named the recuyel of the troyan historyes. And afterwarde, whan I rememberyd my self of my symplenes and unperfightnes that I had in bothe languages that is to wete in frenshe and in Englysshe for in france was I never, and was born and lerned myn Englyssh in Kente in the weald where I doubte not is spoken as brode and rude englysshe as is in any place of Englonde and have continued by the space] of xxx. yere for the most parte in the contres of Braband, flandres, holand, and zeland, and thus whan all thyse thynges cam to fore me aftyr that y had made and wretyn a fyve or six quayers' y fyll in dispayer of thys werke and purposid no more to have continued therein and the quayers leyd apart and in two yere aftyr laboured no more in thys werke, tyll on a time it fortunied that my ryght redoughted lady my lady Margarete by the grace of God suster unto the kynge of Englonde and of france my soverayn lord, Duchesse of Burgoin and Lotryk, [&c., &c.], sente for me to speke wyth her good grace of diverce maters, among the whyche y lete her hyenes have knowleche of the foresaid begynnyng of this werke whiche anon comanded me to shew the sayd v. or vi. quayers to her sayd grace and when she had seen hem —anone she fonde defaute in myn Englysshe whiche sche comanded me to amende and moreover comanded me straightly to contynue and make an ende of the resydue than not

translated, whos dredful comandement y durst in no wyse disobey because y am a servant unto her sayd grace and resseive of her yerly fee and other many good and grete benefits, and also hope many moo to resseyue of her highnes but forthwith went and labouryde in the said translacion aftyr my simple and poor conning, &c."

A few more details of the progress of the translation are given in a note appended to the Second Book. It was begun in Bruges, and the translation of the Second Book was completed at Cologne, "in time," says Caxton, "of the troublous world and of the great divisions being and reigning as well in the royaumes of England and France as in all other places universally through the world, that is to wit the year of our Lord 1471."

The third and last Book of the "Recueil" treated of the destruction of Troy, and Caxton was aware that Lydgate had already treated this part of the story. He tells us that it is therefore perhaps unnecessary to translate it into English, that having been already done by "that worshipfull and religious man Dan John Lidgate, monke of Burye, after whos werke I fere to take upon me that am not worthy to bere his penner and ynke horn after him;" yet he will undertake the task for the "contemplacion" of the Duchesse of Burgundy as "he has now good leisure in Cologne and has none other thing to do."

The translation was completed on September 19, 1471, and the manuscript was handed to the Duchesse; but Caxton had promised copies of it to many of the English frequenters of the Burgundian Court, and he determined to print it. His reasons are stated in a note at the end of the printed edition. We have hitherto generally adhered in our quotations to Caxton's quaint old spelling in

order to furnish some specimens of the English of the time in its original form. We shall modernize the orthography of the rest of our extracts. He says—and it is perhaps the best example we could find of his happy simplicity of expression:

“For as much as in the writing of the same my pen is worn, mine hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labour as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to diverse gentlemen and to my friends to address to them as hastily as I might this said book, Therefore, I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense, to ordain this said book in print after the manner and forme as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once, for all the books of this story, named the Recule of the Histories of Troy thus imprinted as ye here see, were begun in one day and also finished in one day. Which book I presented to my redoubted lady as aforesaid, and she hath well accepted it, and largely rewarded me, wherefore I beseech Almighty God to reward her with everlasting bliss after this life.”

This “Recuyell” was printed without the date or place of printing being stated; and a keen controversy has arisen on the question, When and by whom was Caxton taught to print? And where and when was this his first essay in the art executed? There were printers in 1471 both at Cologne and at Bruges; Ulric Zell at Cologne and Colard Mansion at Bruges. It would be interesting to know which of them we are to regard as the instructor of our first English

printer. The fact that Caxton was at Cologne during the greater part of the time when he was translating the “Recuyell” inclines us to believe that Zell was his master in the art. This is confirmed by the following uncouth lines in the Proheme to Wynken de Worde’s edition of *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*.

“And also of your charyte call to remembraunce
The soul of William Caxton first
prynter of this boke
In Laten tonge at Coloyne hymself to
advauce
That every well dispoysd man
may thereon loke.”

Mr. Blades takes the opposite view, and by elaborate arguments, founded on an examination of the character of Caxton’s type as compared with that in use at Cologne and at Bruges respectively, seeks to prove that Caxton was taught to print by Colard Mansion.

The question, in whatever way it may be settled, is to Englishmen of small importance.

The grand fact that Caxton brought the art of printing to our shores is that which constitutes his claim to our honour and regard, and which will keep his memory alive amongst us to all generations. Neither his “weary hand,” nor his “dimmed eye,” nor old age that was “creeping on him daily,” deterred him from carrying with him to the land of his birth the art that he had “learned at great charge and dispense.” At an age when most men retire from active life to enjoy in leisure the fruits of their labours, Caxton devoted his remaining years to unremitting toil, and established in England on a basis of rock the blessed invention of John Gutenberg. For nearly twenty years he laboured incessantly—writing, translating, printing, and correcting. His industry ended only with his life.

"Thus endyth," says the colophon to the *Vita Patrum*, the last product of his pen—"Thus endyth the mooste virtuouse hystorye of the deuoute and right renowned Lyves of Holy Faders Iyuyng in deserte, worthy of remembrance to all wel dysposed persones, which hath been translated out of Frenche into Englysshe by William Caxton of Westmynstre, late deed, and fynnyshed at the laste day of his lyff."

It was apparently about the year 1474 that Caxton returned to England and established himself at Westminster. Stowe says, "Therein (in the Almonry at Westminster) Islip, Abbot of Westminster, erected the first Presse of Booke Printing that ever was in England, about the year of Christ 1471. William Caxton, Citizen of London, Mercer, brought it into England and was the first that practised in the sayde Abbey." But there seems here to be a mistake both as to the date and the abbot's name. Certainly Islip was not abbot of Westminster in 1471. The first book with a date published by Caxton was the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," translated by Lord Rivers and printed in 1477. The "Game of Chesse" was printed in 1474, but it is doubtful whether this was done in England. There are reasons, however, for believing that Caxton arrived in London not later than that year.

Of the Almonry Dean Stanley, the best authority on all matters connected with his venerable Abbey, recently said: "As far as we can make out, it was close to and on the south side of the Gate House, which stood at the entrance of what is now called Tothill-street, and which then was included within the precincts of the Abbey. It is further identified by us that this Almonry was over against St. Ann's Chapel, which is a place generally known from a comical story in the *Spectator*

under one of Sir Roger de Coverley's letters, where he goes up and down the streets after the Restoration, asking first for St. Ann's Chapel, when he is rebuked by the Puritans, and then for Ann's Chapel, when he is rebuked by the Cavaliers, and eventually only undertaking to ask the way to 'the chapel.' The mention of this chapel in connection with the history is so far important that I believe we may trace from it, and the connection of Caxton's printing press with the Abbey precincts, the most obvious explanation of the name which is still given to the meeting of printers, which is called 'a chapel.' It is supposed that they kept their types and did something in this chapel, which I presume to be St. Ann's Chapel, and hence the title or name has been continued for their meetings. However, there Caxton lived, at the house called the Red Pale. That contains the sum and substance of all we know about the locality."

It is not our purpose to notice Caxton's publications in detail. Gibbon says of him, that in the choice of the works he printed he was "reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers—to gratify the nobles with treatises on heraldry, [he never printed one] hawking, and the game of chess, and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights and legends of more fabulous saints." The criticism is unfair. Caxton gave us his own "Chronicle of England" in the historical department of his labours—the only department for which Gibbon had any taste. But he also gave us Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate, and we are certain that the English people would rather be without the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" than without the "Canterbury Tales." We regard it as one of the best traits in Caxton's

character that he adapted his press to the real wants of his time. His books mirror to us what English life was in his time among the educated classes. Valdarfer's celebrated Boccaccio tells us more of Italian life than all the editions of classics and theologians that issued from Rome and elsewhere in that country; or than all Fust and Schoeffer's volumes of Decretals and "Constitutions" tell us of German life.

Mr. Blades has enumerated a long list of Caxton's patrons, including Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and many of the chief nobility and commoners of England. Altogether Caxton printed upwards of fifty volumes between 1474 and 1491. A great many of them were romances, for both he and his patrons delighted in such literature, and he found it easy to translate them or get them translated.

It would be an error to call him either an accomplished linguist or a great master of English style. He was a simple, honest, industrious man, earnestly devoted to his work, and perfectly aware of the imperfec-

tion of his education. More than once he deploras the want of polish in his style. In one of his late prologues, for example, he asks pardon for "the rude and simple reducing" (translation) of the original author, and adds with characteristic candour "though so be there be no gay terms, nor subtle nor new eloquence, yet I hope that I shall be understood, and to that intent I have specially reduced the book."

According to Mr. Blades Caxton died in 1491. It appears that no authentic portrait of him has been preserved, though many of his biographers have adorned their works with imaginary likenesses of him.

In the course of this month England is to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the issue of his first book at Westminster in 1477. On that occasion lovers of his books and admirers of his character will have an opportunity of doing homage to his memory, and of seeing the finest Caxton collection that ever met under one roof.

HOW OUR POLLY WAS WON.

YOU might have knocked my father down with a feather, he said—if ever that astonishing feat was performed—when Jack Ragge asked his consent to marry his daughter Mary.

“What!” he gasped, fairly surprised out of his accustomed suavity; “marry Mary!—Jack, you’re mad. I’m sure Mary won’t marry you.”

“I think she will,” said Jack, quietly; “at least I’m willing to run the risk of rejection if you’ve no objection, sir.”

“Not I,” returned my father; “why should I? I’ve known you, Jack, from *that* high, and never heard much harm of you; which is saying a good deal in your favour, considering what young men are nowadays. You’re a personable sort of fellow, your connections are unexceptionable, and I suppose you are getting a decent screw at the bank—eh?—and all that. No,” continued my father, in his judicial summing-up tone, “I don’t think I’ve any objection to urge. But there’s one thing, Jack, had better be understood between us at once. Of course Mary will have her share of the trifle I have been able to put by for the girls to start them in housekeeping, but beyond that—”

“Please don’t, dear Mr. Brown,” interrupted Jack; “if it’s the same to you, I’d rather you didn’t give Mary a marriage portion.”

“Oh! very well,” said my father, drily; “but you’ll find matrimony an expensive luxury, Jack—that is,

when you’re married. But”—here the subject presented itself to his mind in such an irresistibly comic light, that, despite good manners, he burst into a loud and hearty “ho! ho! ho!”

Undismayed by this outburst, Mr. Ragge thanked him warmly, squeezed his hand in ultra-filial fashion, and bowed himself out of the dressing-room, to which he had been shown on the plea of urgent private business.

The privacy lasted not a minute longer than the sound of his visitor’s footstep died on my father’s ear. The news was too astounding to be confined to his own breast, and a family council was hastily convened (Mary, luckily, being abroad on some errand) to discuss the amazing intelligence.

It is lamentable to record, but a spirit of utter incredulity pervaded the entire assemblage. What! sister Polly—the born old maid, as we had all long since christened her—who had been girding at the opposite sex with her tongue ever since she could speak plain—and very plain she could speak on that theme—going to take a husband? or rather, somebody found bold enough to take her for a wife?—Incredible! Had she not flouted the boys when in frilled trousers and tuckers, belaboured them with hoop-sticks and boxed their ears with battledores, whenever luckless urchins came within reach of her vixenish little hands? And later, when a growing sense of shame

restrained these corporal demonstrations of her antipathy, had she not trained her tongue to such sharp sayings, that many a bashful youth exposed to them would gladly have compounded for the old box on the ears? *She* accept a husband! Impossible! and what's impossible can't be.

This logic, though mainly feminine, was without a flaw. But, at my mother's prudent suggestion, it was determined neither to help nor hinder the inevitable: Mary was not to be spoken to on the subject, but left to work out unaided the issue we clearly foresaw. Some kindly sympathy we all felt for Jack's impending discomfiture, for all admitted that he was a good fellow, and deserved better fortune; but, as my father said, he wasn't the first grown baby who had cried for the moon, and after a time discovered that he could get on very well without it. Having been warned, he might be left to find out his mistake for himself.

For some months following his communication to my father, Jack continued to drop in of an evening much as before—perhaps a little oftener; but he paid no marked attention to Mary; nay, of all the girls she was the one whose presence he seemed oftenest to ignore. Her caustic speeches, of which she was never sparing in the company of any young member of the obnoxious gender, were seldom honoured by him with so much as a raised eyebrow. Even Fido on the hearth-rug, who came in for his share of objurgation for being so lost to shame as to have joined the enemy's ranks on coming into the world, did not treat them with greater indifference. Logic was triumphant, and every member of our circle took occasion to plume him or herself more or less on the superior penetration which foresaw the issue from the first. I do be-

lieve Mary had never been so popular among us, as when thus unconsciously demonstrating what capital judges we all were.

"Pre-cisely as I predicted," one day said my father, with extra complacency. "Ragge, like a sensible fellow, has thought better of it. I shall take an opportunity of congratulating him on his good sense." When lo! the very next morning, Mr. Jack Ragge besought another private interview. The pair remained closeted for a much longer time than before, to the extreme tantalization of the whole family—Mary excepted, who went on unconcernedly with her great tambour picture (labour of love if ever there was one!) which had for subject the drowning of the male children born to the Israelites in Egypt.

Surely the human countenance never wore a more portentous look of wisdom than wreathed my father's as he entered the morning room where we were all assembled; unless, perhaps, Lord Thurlow's, of whom it was said, no man could possibly be half so wise as Thurlow looked.

"Mary, my love," said my father, on entering, "would you kindly go and look for my glasses? I can't tell you exactly where to look, but you know they must be about somewhere; so search till you find them, there's a dear child."

No sooner had Mary closed the door after her, than my father softly turned the key. Then, taking from his waistcoat pocket the spectacles he had started her on a vain hunt for, he put them on, and took a deliberate survey of our curious faces all round.

"Well?—well, papa?—well?" ran like a sharp musketry discharge along the line, as his eyes travelled from one to another.

"W-e-l-l!" echoed he, drawing out the monosyllable to most provoking length, "I suppose you are

all burning with curiosity to know Mr. Bagge's business with me? Not to keep you longer in suspense, know that the Saucy Polly has struck her flag. You are to have a brother-in-law—this day week—by Mary's express desire."

This day week!—no number of notes of admiration are adequate to express our condition on this curt announcement. It took away our breath; as all who have ever had anything to do in the way of preparation for that high sacrificial rite will easily understand. A week!—what would people say of such indecent haste?—not to mention the impossibility of providing one tenth of the things absolutely necessary for the occasion. The idea was preposterous—its accomplishment impossible—we assured each other and papa a score of times over. But, somehow, events had shaken our faith in the impossible; so when my father, having listened in silence till our protests were exhausted, quietly said, "The affair was settled: Jack and Mary would be married that day week," we resigned ourselves with the numbed feeling of having experienced an electric shock.

Whatever might be said, there could be no doubt that Mary did wisely in abridging the interval as far as practicable, as it was certain to be an unquiet time for her. It was not in human nature—at least in brotherly and sisterly human nature—to forbear the raillery which such remarkable inconsistency between theory and practice invited.

Accordingly, there was not an hour in the day in which the bride elect had not to run the gauntlet of small jokes—venerable almost as the institution itself—but which acquired new point from the special circumstances of the case. How did Jack manage to obtain a hearing?—by what magic extort a con-

sent? Had he agreed to let her off answering to the "serve, honour, and obey," clause? Wouldn't she deem it fitting to go to church in a sheet, like other penitents? And how was the worsted work ever to be finished? she couldn't have the heart to put another chubby Hebrew into the river after this!

Mary bore it all without retort, much to the surprise—perhaps a little to the disappointment—of her tormentors. Indeed, her patient endurance shamed us out of this small banter before the week was out; and at its end as warm and unmixed wishes for her happiness attended her to the altar as ever waited on the meekest and most docile of brides.

The ceremony had for spectators a rather numerous gathering of young fellows who had each, at one time or other, evinced an incipient willingness to figure in it in a more prominent character than fortune now assigned them. Curiosity, or what better motive charity might credit them with, doubtless drew them there; but there were not wanting two or three to regard Jack with a kind of compassionate awe, which would have been touching had that reckless individual evinced the least consciousness of meriting it.

Mary bore the ordeal admirably; looking her very best in the blushing consciousness of the hour. And she was really pretty—as an irate wooer once told her, with an odd mixture of candour and compliment, "To be at once so pretty and so vixenish was an abuse of good gifts, which would surely be visited on her sooner or later, in the shape of small-pox, or a tartar spouse." Polly had managed to escape the one; it remained to be seen whether she had caught the other.

The wedding went off with the customary smiles and tears; and

with its bustle passed away the wonder of the matter—only to be recurred to occasionally, when some ultra-conjugal endearments between the pair suggested a passing speculation upon how our Polly was wooed and won.

One circumstance which in some degree tended to keep it alive, was the fact that Mary's modest *dot* was still unclaimed when considerably more than a twelvemonth and a day was past and gone.

"I'll give them till they want their first perambulator," said my father, "to make the discovery that there's room to lay out a couple of thousands on even such a modest *ménage* as theirs. We shall see!"

When my father grows oracular, we begin to look out for portents.

And sure enough one was not long in coming, in the shape of a visit from Mary without her husband. The pair, since their marriage, had so invariably been seen in company, that one without the other seemed as significant as the single crow. Nor did Mary's face belie the augury—when it was not engrossed by her companion; for though Jack was absent, she was not alone.

It was the index of cross currents of feeling, which apparently some strong purpose was tossing, now submerged and lost to sight, and again coming to the surface, and seemingly about to declare itself. In their weakness and wavering Mary's eyes were frequently averted upon a certain object lying in her lap; from which they always returned strengthened and steadied. The certain object was "baby," who lay there dimpling and crooning at intervals, with supreme indifference to the idolatrous homage he was receiving from a circle of (morally) prostrate worshippers.

"Lower the blind a little,

please," said Mary, abruptly, and in the quick tones of one who half distrusted herself. "I want to tell you something I know you are all curious to learn: how Jack and I came together. 'Tis not a boast I have to make, but a confession," she added, hastily, and with a heightened colour, as a half smile rose to more than one pair of lips present. "Some of you, I remember, considerably suggested that I ought to go to church in a sheet; and you were not far wrong. I felt so then, but wanted the strength to confess it. The strength has come to me since; and here is the bringer of it." And Mary's eyes moistened, and her brow flushed again, as she bent over the little one. When she raised her head and spoke again, it was in a more assured tone.

"Jack was always good to me, from a boy—far better than I deserved—always ready to fight my battles, when bigger lads than himself pestered me with their nonsense. I used to think then, if he had only had the sense to be a girl, I could have been very fond of him. But when, as we both grew up, he in turn began to whisper silly things in my ear, I lost patience, and thought they were all alike. In that I was wrong. Jack differed from the others in this—as I soon found, to my vexation—storming had no effect on him; if driven away one day, he returned the next.

"You, who have watched the bitter skirmishing—bitter on my side, I mean—that went on between us for years, can judge something of my exasperation at this persistence. At last a day came when Jack asked me to end it all by becoming his wife.

"I spare you the unpleasantness and myself the humiliation of detailing the transports of passion the proposal threw me into. In

my madness I accused him of scheming to get the trifle of dowry he might count upon with me. For the first time Jack was angry with me—not heated and violent, but very white and quiet.

“‘Mary,’—he spoke in cold and even tones—‘you have said words which will for ever be a bar to my accepting assistance from your father, however trifling;’ and left me—I concluded for ever; and though rather ashamed of having made an accusation I myself did not believe, the conviction that it would put an end to his persecution consoled me.

“But Jack judged otherwise. I think he knew I was not sincere in making it, or he never could have deemed me worthy to be his wife after that.

“A long period of coolness ensued—or rather, total alienation, for neither spoke to the other; at the end of which, seizing the opportunity of being alone with me—for you had all left the room from some cause or other—he unexpectedly renewed his proposal. Astonishment held me dumb; which, I suppose, with the usual conceit of his sex, he interpreted in his own favour. Thus encouraged, he endeavoured to possess himself of my hand. But that action broke the spell; and instead of carrying it, as he apparently purposed, to his lips, it made its way unaided to his ear, and spoke in ringing tones a most emphatic—No!

“My fingers tingled to their tips—but my heart ached worse when I stole a glance at his face as he was leaving the room—without a word.

“I was pained—and I was puzzled. It was not anger, and it was not sorrow I read there. It haunted me long after he was gone. Then, for the first time I think, the doubt dawned upon me, that possibly his patient endurance

merited more consideration at my hands. The more I dwelt upon it the less satisfied was I with my own conduct. Need I say it ended in the conviction that I was utterly in the wrong?”

Here Mary broke down; as though the recollections called up were too humiliating to shape in speech. But a brief consultation with the oracle lying in her lap—to effect which it appeared necessary to approach her lips very close to his—inspired her afresh.

“I could not yet bring myself to confess it in words; but I resolved to evince my contrition in a kinder manner. I was disappointed. He would not give me the opportunity. From the day of that unlucky box on the ears Jack took no notice of me, though, as you know, he was constantly coming here. This was harder to bear than downright quarrelling. I thought, if he would but say how much he despised me, it would be a relief. Dear fellow! I know now how much wiser he was than I.

“You must not expect me to relate how the gulf between us was bridged; nor which first made a sign to the other to come over. I could not tell you—there are some things I have never told Jack——”

“There was no need,” interrupted a voice that made us all start.

Turning in its direction, who should we see, but that unblushing individual, eyeing our group with saucy intelligence. How long he had been in the room he declined to say; but doubtless long enough to be vastly edified by what he heard.

“There was no need, Mary,” said he, while she he addressed suddenly discovered something in baby’s condition that required her closest attention—“there was no need to tell Jack, for Jack knew all about it long ago. Bless your

'cute little soul! as though he hasn't read you like a book from the moment you fell into that cardinal mistake of making free with his ears! Cheer up, little woman! Jack holds it to be the luckiest blow fortune ever dealt him.

"You've heard Polly's confession," continued he, addressing the rest of us: "now, please, listen to mine. I had a wise grandfather, and he used to say: 'Every woman is to be won, take her by the right end (he had four wives himself, and ought to know); only the same end is not the right end of every woman.'

"That's the mistake the bunglers make. Because this woman is deaf to flattery, and that one proof against entreaty; this pines for an unattainable mate, and that cannot make up her mind from the multitude she may pick from—simple swains grow thin upon it, and whine about the cruelty of the sex. Simpletons! not to know that if a man fails in this prime aspiration of his life the fault is his own. He is either too stupid to discern the right end of a woman from the wrong, or

too lazy to make the necessary effort to seize and keep hold of it. There is no such thing as female obstinacy. 'Tis a myth—a bogey—a shape of mist that bars one man's path, while another can puff it into thin air with a breath. The most acidulous old maid and the sweetest young one are alike in this, that both only await the application of the special solvent prescribed by the immutable laws of chemical affinities to dissolve into the raptures of love. I myself, from my short experience——"

How much longer Mr. Ragge would have enlarged on his text is uncertain, had not a shrill protest, swelled by every female tongue present, drowned the further enunciation of such pernicious doctrine. Even Mary clapped her hands over his lips, and held them there, till by a mute token of the eyes he intimated that he surrendered—but was not beaten.

Possibly the lesson may not be without its uses to others, who have not succeeded to such a rich inheritance of grand-paternal wisdom as Mr. Jack Ragge.

FOLK LORE OF ULSTER.

THE BLACK DOG OF
CLOUGHFIN.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, a little village in the county Donegal, called Cloughfin, is said to have been the scene of certain supernatural events which read very much like a German legend of the Middle Ages.

These curious circumstances were related to the writer by an old nurse, one of a past generation, who had been a young girl living with her parents at Cloughfin, when they took place.

When the younger children in our nursery were put to bed, the elder ones were wont to draw their stools close to old Mary's side, and listen with awe-stricken countenances and wide open eyes to the story of "Paddie's Roughie," which was certainly stronger mental food than either "Cinderella," or "Jack the Giant Killer."

The townland of Cloughfin was in the hands of tenant farmers, named Fleming; and their farmhouse, surrounded by its offices and cottier houses, formed the village or "town" of Cloughfin.

At the commencement of the story the Fleming family consisted of three brothers, stalwart, intelligent young men, named Joe, William, and James.

Joe had just succeeded his father in the farm, and was engaged to be married. William and James were printers, one in Strabane and the other in Derry.

Unusually intellectual; the young

printers enjoyed their abundant means of access to books. Having made good use of their opportunities, they had educated themselves as few young men in their station were educated in those days; but books of a sceptical tendency formed their chief study.

Joe, who shared his brothers' love of reading, was supplied by them with these works on their arrival at Cloughfin each Saturday evening; and the three young men usually spent the Sunday in ungodly studies, to the great grief and horror of their minister.

Indeed, the bride-elect, who still lived with her parents on the adjoining farm, the cottiers and their families, and the two maid-servants at Cloughfin, were as much horrified as the minister could be. None approved except the old shoemaker, Paddy Gorman, a clever scoffer of indifferent character, who had never been known to darken the door of church, meeting-house, or chapel.

Months passed thus. Sarah McPherson's conscience said "nay," while her heart said "yea." The heart was listened to, and she became Joe Fleming's wife; but the brothers and old Paddy Gorman still continued to meet in the farmhouse kitchen on Sunday afternoons to discuss their infidel views and read their wicked books. The neighbours expected to see a direct judgment from heaven fall upon their guilty heads.

One summer day a fearful rumour reached Cloughfin, that

William Fleming was dead. It turned out to be too true. He had been drowned while bathing in the Foyle near Strabane. The brothers grieved the more deeply because they were in doubt whether he had a soul, and had nearly brought themselves to believe death to be annihilation.

About a mile and a half from Cloughfin lies the churchyard of Claddabuie, where all the Flemings were buried, and thither were William's remains carried. And now comes the part of the story that always filled us with the deepest horror.

The sexton, who lived in a cottage close to the churchyard-gate, saw on the night after the funeral a large black dog lying upon the new-made grave, and tearing up the earth.

The grave was resodded in the morning, but next night the same thing happened. The sexton was awakened by howling, and as the nights were then very bright, the moon being full, he plainly saw the same black dog tearing at the grave.

Too much terrified to venture forth, the superstitious man lay trembling until morning. He confided the matter to William Fleming's sorrowing brothers, and it gradually crept out and became known throughout the neighbourhood. Besides, other watchers saw the ill-omened dog, and tried in vain to drive him away. Each night the grave was torn up, and each day re-made; and after some days, Joe Fleming, unable to endure the gossip of the country, had it built up with heavy masonry, and laid a massive stone upon it.

From that time the sexton was no longer disturbed, but the inhabitants of Cloughfin were in a state of abject terror, for the black dog seemed to have taken up his abode there.

Sarah Fleming was frequently

terrified by unaccountable noises. She was a brave good young woman, and she prayed the more for herself and her husband, and read her Bible and psalm-book—her only books—but the mysterious sounds went on.

The two servants, Jane Hegarty and Peggy Crawford, were spinning one evening by the fireside, when they heard a noise as of a heavy fall upon the clay floor. They stopped their wheels, and looked round in time to see the dog run across the kitchen, and disappear in a dark corner near the pantry.

"Holy Mary an' a' the saints preserve us!" cried the Roman Catholic, fingering her beads with trembling hands.

"God save us an' defend us!," exclaimed the Presbyterian.

"It's them wicked books that the master's aye reading when he gets the mistress's back turned," said one to another; "it's them, sure enough, that's bringing a curse upon the place."

Just then steps were heard at the door, and Andy, the ploughman, came in.

"Good evening, girls," said he, drawing a stool to the fire; "where's the mistress?"

"She's in the room upstairs, Andy."

Andy smoked in silence for some time. At length he shook the ashes out of his pipe, and nodded his head slowly. "*He's* afoot the night," said he, mysteriously.

"Ay, that he is," cried the servants. "But what did you see, Andy?"

"I seen something like a horse wi' three legs in the wee lane, an' it passed me an' went round the barn, an' into Paddy's yard."

The servants listened breathlessly, and then related their own experiences.

"Has the master seen him yet?"

"Him? Na, na, he doesna'

believe in them things," opined Peggy.

"He'll be brought to believe in them, then, girls, or my name's not Andy Jameson. It's my firm belief that the evil one is given power here for a judgment on the place; an' it's like enough he'll be allowed to stop till the bad, misbelieving books is put away out o' this. Who'll speak to the master before Cloughfin is destroyed like Sodom an' Gomorrah for the wickedness that is therein. Sure, sure, the master has had warning enough! Them that's awa——"

Here Andy paused; he could not bring himself to name the unhappy deceased, thought of with pity and horror as a lost soul, and never spoken of in Cloughfin except in whispers.

"I'll tell you what took place yesterday morning," continued Andy. "I rose early, an' as I was passing through the town I heard a neighing an' stamping in the mather's stable, as if all the horses was loose. I unlocked the door an' went in, an' as sure as I'm a living sinner this night there wasna ane o' them untied or stirring ava!

"Then the noise began like in the byre, an' I away to see what was making the cows low sae furious; an' all was quiet there too when I opened the door, but the sounds began again in the stable that I had just left. Sure the dumb beasts must ha' seen something that I couldna see, like the ass o' Balaam, that we'er minister was reading about on Sabbath, only it wasna an angel o' the Lord, I'll be bound."

"Weel, Andy?"

"Weel, I was going by Paddy's corner, on my way to my work, when I seen something go before me all the way down the lane, an' fall wi' a flop into the Burn."

"What was it like, anyway, Andy dear?"

"In troth, girls, I canna even it to anything but a wee, wee woman, cut aff at the knees, an' covered over wi' rags an' tatters. She moved on in front o' me, an' I seen her as plain as I see you now."

"Save us an' preserve us!" cried Peggy; "I'll speak to the mistress, an' tell her what's going on—ay, I'll do it if I was to die for it."

"An' you'll be in the right, Peggy Crawford. Fleech her to have the misbelieving books put away. You mind how the storm went down when Jonah was thrown out o' the ship. God be wi' you. I maun go hame, for the wife an' weans will be wondering what's come o' me."

So saying, Andy heaved a deep sigh and went away.

Joe Fleming was spending the night from home, and his wife had been occupied for a long time in the room upstairs. She entered the kitchen at this moment, and the servants saw that her eyes were red with crying.

"Mistress, dear," began Peggy, "what kept you up there your lone all this time?"

"Sure, Peggy, I was just reading a Psalm, an' putting up a prayer for them that needs it."

"Do you mean the master, mistress dear?"

"Ay, girl, wha' wad I mean but Joe Fleming, that willna put up a prayer for himsel', let alane read a chapter o' the gude book?"

"But maybe he reads other books, that's no gude books, mistress."

"Not now, Peggy—not since the brother was buried. He promised me he'd read them nae mair, an' sure he wadna break his word to me," replied the wife, wistfully.

"You're under a mistake," said Peggy, "an' heart sorry it is I am to tell you sae; but every evening when you go up to the room, the

master gets out his book, an' sits reading there in the corner. Jane an' me sees him quite plain, an' the minute he hears your foot on the stair, he hides away the book."

"An' what book is it, Peggy?" asked Mrs. Fleming, with tears brimming over in her sad sweet eyes.

The girl shuddered as she replied, "Him that's gone owned it. Many's the time I ha' seen him an' Mr. James, an' the master, an' Paddy, readin' it together."

"Mistress, you know thon black dog that was seen on the grave is come to Cloughfin?" said Jane, who had been telling her beads, and muttering rapid Aves during the above conversation—"he's whiles in this very kitchen."

Mrs. Fleming became a shade paler, but she merely said, "I'm praying constant for Joe an' James, that the Lord may change their hearts," and she went away to her room, to spend the greater part of the night in prayer.

Next evening when work was over, and the servants seated at their spinning beside the fire, the farmer as usual brought out his book.

Mrs. Fleming's step was audible in the room above the kitchen,—then it ceased all at once. She took off her shoes, and stole softly and slowly down stairs. Arrived at the kitchen door she peeped cautiously into the room. Her husband was seated with his back towards the door, and was reading intently. She crept behind him, and snatching the book out of his hands, flung it into the heart of the fire, saying tremulously, "I'll displeasure you, Joe Fleming, for the sake of your immortal soul."

Then she stood trembling at his side.

Joe glanced at her without speaking, but made no effort to recover the book: he stared into the fire where it was being destroyed, while

Jane and Peggy looked on in alarm; and the brave faithful young wife still stood there, very pale, but steadfast.

Joe waited until his book was burnt, then he got up without saying a single word, clapped his wife, not unkindly, on the shoulder, and went out.

When Mrs. Fleming heard him close the house door behind him, she sank upon the chair he had just left, and burst into tears.

A change did come over her husband from that hour: he gradually broke off his intimacy with old Paddy: he began to accompany his wife to meeting; he induced his brother James, over whom he had great influence, to go there also; and once or twice, oh! joy for the pious wife, was discovered upon his knees beside the bed!

The black dog of ill omen was not again seen in the farmhouse kitchen, and the servants ceased to complain of hearing unnatural noises; but the scene of these uncanny doings was shifted to Paddy's cabin.

That grey haired sceptic lived alone; he had neither wife nor child. He seemed to be very little troubled by the desertion of the two Flemings, but went on his way, scoffing, drinking, and sneering at everything held sacred by his neighbours.

It was about this time that he began to terrify his neighbours by speaking of a weird and mysterious companion who had taken up his abode beneath his roof. This strange inhabitant of Cloughfin soon came to be known by the name of "Paddy's Roughie." He never entered any other house, but the people were liable to meet him in the gloaming, either in the form of some gigantic shapeless animal, or in that of a grotesque human being.

But custom induced courage in their breasts; they gradually came

to regard these appearances with but little awe.

Nurse Mary's uncle had once the good or bad fortune to receive Paddy's hospitality, and spent a restless night in the Roughie's company. Her parents were holding a domestic colloquy, in Paddy's hearing, with reference to their brother's accommodation for the night.

"If you hanna a spot to put James in, sure he can come to sleep wi' me" said Paddy, looking up from his shoemaking, and calling across the yard.

So Uncle James went to bed in Paddy's cabin, but did not sleep. Soon after his entrance, the most curious noises commenced. Foot-steps went backwards and forwards upon the hearth, and furniture was thrown down, but nothing was visible to the guest, whose terror rose every moment.

Meanwhile the old shoemaker peered out of his bed in the wall, and addressed his familiar from time to time.

"Whisht, will you, you rascal, an' let us sleep! It's a poor thing you'd make a disturbance, an' a decent neighbour-body lodging wi' us the night."

"Who's there, Paddy darling?" faltered the terrified guest.

"Faix, it's just my boy," replied the old reprobate. "Do you see my socks drying on the edge o' the barrel? Weel, I'm feared he'll hae them into the fire. Dinna burn my socks, or it may be the worse for you," he called, raising his cracked voice to a scream.

But after many months a morning came when Paddy's door remained shut. As the day advanced without any stir being audible in the cabin, the Cloughfin people became frightened, and agreed to break open the door.

Paddy was found dead and cold. His house was pulled down imme-

diately after the funeral, and his eerie companion was never more seen or heard in Cloughfin.

At this climax we were wont to interrupt Mary's story with terrified questions.

"What was the black dog, Mary? Was it a fairy?"

"Na, na, dears, it wasna ane o' the gude people, for certain."

"What was it, then?"

"I'm feared it was something bad," she replied, and we never could prevail upon her to say any more upon the subject.

THE YARN POT.

"SHE was a decent woman an' a civil neighbour. God rest her soul."

So said Sam Watt, taking the pipe from between his lips, and blowing forth a cloud of smoke. His sentiment was echoed by all the people in the "wake house" except one.

The company, in Sunday attire, sat round the fire, smoking, drinking tea or whisky, and telling stories to beguile the long hours of the vigil, and to divert the sad thoughts of the daughter of the deceased.

As was natural the conversation often reverted to the dead woman, the silent hostess in whose honour the vigil was held, who was laid out on the bed very close to the speakers, with what display of white linen, knots of black ribbon, and lighted candles her daughter could afford. And as each new guest arrived, he or she walked over to the bed and gazed at the dead face, replacing the sheet with the triste formula in vogue on these occasions, "Dear, but she's very like hersel'!"

"Matty's giving the mother a decent funeral," was probably the

next remark of the new comer, as he took his place in the circle, looking round with approval at the vast bundle of clean pipes, the plate of cut tobacco, the jar of poteen, and the saucerful of snuff that adorned the table.

This wake, however, was no scene of revelry, for it was the winter of 1789, a season of convulsion for Ulster, as well as for the other provinces of Ireland. Deep gloom and terror filled the breasts of all; but no allusion whatever was made to politics, for the company at the wake represented "all sorts," *i.e.*, Protestants and Roman Catholics. The conversation, therefore, was confined to matters of local interest—to the telling of old stories, and to praises of the deceased.

Sam Watt, who made the observation with which this story opens, was a Churchman—rather better educated than most of his neighbours. All the company but one agreed with him heartily, and called the dead woman "a civil, decent neighbour."

This exception was a poorly clad, melancholy-looking woman, whose husband was a weaver, a trade that suffered very much in those troublous times. But her silence did not attract any attention, while all the rest were extolling "poor Biddy that's awa'." The neighbours paid Biddy Carland every respect, by turning out in a body to her funeral next day; but having buried her, they spoke of her no more. She was speedily forgotten.

Sam Watt kept a public-house on the roadside, not very far from Derry, and close to the bridge of Trensallagh, which many of his customers had to cross when they came to him for a glass. As winter advanced one and another told of a little figure that had joined him on Trensallagh bridge, walked beside him a few yards beyond it, and

then turned back as if in readiness to meet the next passenger; and these good people all arrived at the public-house in such terror that they required more than one glass to restore their usual courage.

"What was it like?" inquired Sam.

"It was like a wee low set woman in a cloak," they replied, but nobody had caught a glimpse of her face, and none had been brave enough to speak to her.

There she was every moonlight night, and it was to be supposed on dark nights also—a horrible idea which went far to intensify the trance of mysterious terror that held the whole country in its grasp.

"Maybe," said a woman who was spending the night at the public-house, on her way to visit a son in Derry—"Maybe there's some of you that's lamenting too sore after a friend. That's a bad thing to do, for it keeps them from their rest."

The company in the inn kitchen paused with their glasses halfway to their lips, to listen to the speaker. She was an elderly woman, dressed in frieze, with stout country brogues, and a crimson handkerchief pinned over her grey hair. Her eyes looked dim, as if she had shed many tears.

"Ay," she repeated, "there's no doubt that lamenting after them keeps them frae their rest. Sure it's me should know! I buried a young daughter—it 'ill be a year again' Easter—an' my heart was that set on her that I never stopped dropping tears for her. Mick (that's my man), an' Peggy (my other daughter), would chastise me for it, an' sav, 'What for are you keeping poor Mary out of heaven? Canna you let her get to her rest?'"

"An' I tried to dry the tears, for indeed I didna wish to keep

my dear Mary frae her rest. It was that very night, just one week after the funeral, that I was lying awake, while Mick an' Peggy slept, when I saw Mary standing at the foot of the bed, an' the dress she had on was shining, as if there was drops of water all over it. I started up in the bed, an' stretched out my arms to her, an' 'Oh Mary, Mary!' says I.

"Wi' that she frowned at me quite angry like, an' says she—'Mother,' says she, 'don't you see how you have me all spattered over wi' your tears?'"

"She faded away, almost before the words was said, and since then I have na dropped a tear for her—no, not one,—dear though I loved her. Take warning by me, good people, an' dinna be keeping any poor crathur that suld ha' done wi' this troublesome world, frae their rest."

The tale was listened to with much interest, but no one who had encountered the little woman on Trensallagh bridge, had mourned any friend very lately.

"Weel, weel," said the woman, "if it's not that, maybe the poor crathur has something burdening her conscience, that she wishes to tell. It wad be a Christian duty to speak to her, an' ax her what she wants."

But this Christian duty was not clear to the cowardly crew that frequented Watt's public-house; no man, however well fortified with whisky, could think of accosting the ghost.

At length a night came when business took Sam himself across the bridge.

"I maun gang down to Hegarty's wi' the orders for Derry," he said to his family.

"Sam! Sam!" cried wife, mother, and sister, "tak' care you dinna meet the wee white wife."

"If I do I'll put a speak upon

her, in the name of 'God,'" replied he.

He had scarcely set foot upon the bridge when he perceived the little figure moving along by his side.

"In the name of God, what are you, and what do you want?" said he.

A voice that was perfectly familiar to him replied, "I'm glad you spoke, Sam, an' I'll tell you what I want with you."

"Biddy Carland!"

"Ay, it's Biddy Carland, that lived at the door with you all her days. Go to my daughter Matty an' tell her, her mother bids her give Ellie Hanlon the big yarn pot that's lying in under the dresser, for it belongs to her. I borrowed it from her a long while ago: I had it that long that when she came to ask it frae me, I said it was none of hers, an' I denied it to her. Will you do my bidding, Sam Watt?"

"Ay, Biddy dear, sure I will!"

"You were aye a civil neighbour, Sam. Sure the whole town has been over this brig since I was waiting on it; an' not a man o' them all wad speak to me but you. Do what I bid you, an' I'll be seen here nae mair."

"Sam! Sam! did you see the white wife?" asked mother, wife, and sister, when he returned to the public house for a moment before executing his commission.

"Ay!"

"Tell us, Sam, did she speak? What is she? In the name of goodness, what does she want?"

"I ha' an errand to Matty Carland," and off he went again, leaving them consumed by curiosity.

"Have you ever a yarn pot in the house, Matty?" he inquired, when he had been sitting by the fire next the door for some time in silence.

"Ay."

"Bring it out till we take a look at it."

Wondering greatly, Matty obeyed,

and the unwieldy pot was dragged into the light. As it stood upon the floor between himself and Matty, Sam delivered her mother's message.

Matty was a very silent woman. She listened to the message with grave attention, and merely said to her little servant—

“Run to Hanlon's an' bid Ellie come here this minute.”

Ellie was more agitated when the story was repeated to her.

“Poor Biddy! poor crathur!” she said, “I didna bear her any ill will; but I'll take the pot, an' God send her to get to her rest now.”

EPISODE FROM A NEW TRANSLATION OF
TASSO'S GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

WHILE thus the tyrant for the war prepared,
Ismeno one day came alone to him,
Ismeno, who can from the marble tomb
Draw forth the dead, and make them breathe and feel;—
Ismeno, who can at the sound of muttered charms
Make even Pluto tremble in his realm,
Who fiends employs in impious offices,
And binds them as his slaves and sets them free.

A Christian once, he worships Mahomet;
But cannot yet forsake his former rites,
And often both the creeds misunderstood
Confounds in use profane and impious:
And now from distant caves, where out of sight
He practises his secret arts alone,
'Mid public danger to his lord he comes;
Of that bad king a still worse counsellor.

"My lord," said he, "behold, without delay
 The dreaded conquering army hither comes;
 But let us do what we are bound to do;
 The world and Heaven will give the brave their help.
 Well hast thou all the duties of a king
 Fulfilled, and, looking far, provided well:
 If others in such wise their part perform,
 This land will be a tomb to all thy foes.

"For my part, I am come to lend thee aid,
 As partner, both in dangers and in deeds.
 All that advice matured by age can give,
 And all that magic art, I promise thee.
 The angels who from heaven to banishment
 Were driven, I will constrain to share the toils.
 With what, and how the charms I shall begin,
 I wish beforehand to explain to thee.

"Within the Christian temple lies concealed
 An altar underground, there is her form
 Who by these people is their goddess made,
 And mother of their born and buried Lord.
 Before the image burns perpetually
 A lighted lamp, the face is covered o'er;
 Around are hung, in lengthened line, the vows
 Brought hither by the credulous devout.

"This effigy, I wish, by thine own hands,
 To be snatched from them, and conveyed away;
 And afterwards, set up within thy mosque.
 I then will work with such a powerful charm,
 That ever, while it there is safely kept,
 The watching at these gates shall fatal be:
 'Mid walls impregnable thy power secure
 Shall be, through new and deepest mystery."

Thus speaking he persuaded him: in haste
 The heedless king ran to the house of God;
 And having forced the priests with impious hands,
 He snatched the holy image from its place,
 And bore it to that temple where oftimes
 Heaven is provoked with mad and impious rites:
 Then in the place profane his blasphemies
 The magian whispered o'er the sacred form.

But when the early dawn appeared in heaven,
 He in whose keeping that foul fane was left,
 No longer saw the image in the place
 Where it was put, and sought in vain elsewhere.
 Forthwith he told the king, who, at the news
 Received from him, betrayed the fiercest wrath,
 And thought one of the faithful had no doubt
 That theft committed, and concealed himself.

It was the secret deed of faithful hand,
 Or Heaven exerted here its mighty power,
 Indignant that so vile a place should hold
 The form of her who is its queen divine :
 For men still doubt if it should be ascribed
 To human art or miracle divine :
 Alas that, human piety and zeal
 Declining, Heaven the author should be deemed.

The king had every church and every house
 Explored throughout with searching scrutiny ;
 And promised great rewards and penalties
 To him who showed or hid the theft or thief :
 The magian, too, ceased not with all his arts
 To try and spy the truth out ; but in vain ;
 For Heaven, were it its own or other's work,
 Concealed it from him in despite of charms.

But when the cruel king saw that was hid,
 Which he believed the crime of faithful ones,
 With bitter hate against them he grew fierce,
 And burnt with fury boundless and intense ;
 Forgot all scruple, and resolved revenge,
 Follow what might, to ease his burning heart.
 " Not vain my wrath," quoth he, " the unknown thief
 Shall perish in the general massacre.

" If but the guilty be not saved, the just
 And innocent may die—just, do I say ?
 Each one is guilty, nor, in their whole tribe
 Was ever found a man the friend of ours.
 If in fresh fault there is a heart sincere,
 Let old offence suffice for punishment :
 Up ! up ! my faithful men, up ! take with you
 Both fire and sword, now burn and slay them all."

Thus spake he to the multitude, and soon
 The news was heard among the faithful ones,
 Who stood amazed, so much were they surprised
 By fear of death now present to their view :
 Nor is there one who ventures or attempts
 Flight or defence, entreaty or excuse.
 But the irresolute and timid tribe
 Had safety whence they least expected it.

Among them was a maiden now full grown
 In maidenhood, of high and noble thoughts,
 Of beauty rare ; but she her beauty slight,
 Except as ornament of chastity.
 Her greatest charm is, that within the walls
 Of a small house she hides her charms so great,
 And from admirers' looks and eulogies
 She steals away, uncourted and alone.

But beauty that is worthy to appear
 And be admired, no care can keep concealed
 Nor dost thou, Love, allow this, but revealst
 It to the eager passions of a youth :
 Love, who, now blind, now Argus, veilst our eyes
 With bands, now openest and turnest them,—
 Thou, through a thousand guards another's glance
 Dost bear within the purest virgin's home.

Sofronia is her name, Olindo his ;
 Both of one city, both, too, of one faith.
 He, who as modest is as she is fair,
 Longs much, hopes little, does not ask at all,
 Cannot or dare not speak his mind, and she
 Disdains, or does not see him or perceive.
 Thus he, unhappy one, till now has served,
 Not seen, or not well known, or ill received.

Meanwhile the news is heard, that for their race
 A miserable slaughter is prepared.
 To her who is as brave as she is fair,
 Occurs the thought of saving them from death.
 Boldness suggests the thought, which then is checked
 By modesty and maiden seemliness :
 Boldness prevails, or rather it is reconciled,
 And grows most modest, modesty grows bold.

The virgin through the crowd went forth alone:
 Her charms she neither hid nor yet displayed:
 Her eyes cast down, her veil drawn close, she went
 With modest manner and a noble air.
 You cannot say if decked or unadorned,
 If chance or art composed the lovely face:
 The negligence is but the artifice
 Of nature, love, and favouring Providence.

Looked at by all, the noble girl looks not,
 But passes on, and comes before the king:
 Nor, though she sees him wroth, draws back her foot,
 But his ferocious aspect bears unmoved.
 "I come, Sire," said she,—“and meanwhile suspend,
 I pray, your wrath, your people, too, restrain—
 I come to show you and deliver up
 Whom you now seek, who has offended you.”

The king, as if confused or overcome
 By such high courage, and the sudden blaze
 Of beauty so exalted and so pure,
 Restrained his wrath, and calmed his countenance.
 He, less severe in heart, or she in look,
 The savage chief became in love with her;
 But stubborn beauty wins not stubborn heart;
 Compliant graces are the food of love.

It was amazement, eagerness, delight,
 If not true love, that moved his cruel heart.
 “Tell all,” said he to her, “lo! I engage
 The Christian people shall not suffer harm.”
 And she: “The guilty one is in your sight:
 The theft, Sire, was the work of this right hand:
 I took away the image; I am she,
 Whom you are seeking; you should punish me.”

Thus she opposed her head to public fate,
 And wished to bring it on herself alone.
 Oh, noble-minded falsehood! when is truth
 So grand that it can be preferred to thee?—
 The cruel tyrant in suspense remained,
 Nor passed to wrath so soon as he was wont.
 Then asked again: “I wish you to make known
 Who gave advice, and who joined in the work.”

"I did not choose," said she, "the smallest part
Of this my glory should another's be:
I was alone aware of my design,
Sole counsellor and sole executrix."
"On thee alone, then," he replied, "shall fall
The utmost fury of my vengeful ire."
"Tis just," said she, "that I, who was alone
In honour, be alone in punishment."

The tyrant now began again to rage:
Then asked her: "Where hast thou the image hid?"
"I have not hid, but burnt it," she replied;
"And burning it I thought a worthy deed:
Thus it at least can never more be harmed
By the injurious hands of infidels.
The stolen or the stealer, Sire, you seek;
That you will never see, this now behold.

"But neither is it theft nor am I thief:
"Tis just to take back what was wrongly ta'en."—
On hearing this, in loud and threatening tone
The tyrant raged, his fury knew no bounds.
Let her chaste heart, high mind, and noble countenance
No longer hope a pardon to obtain:
In vain does Love against such cruel wrath
Make of her charming beauty a defence.

The lovely girl is captured, and the king
Enraged, condemns her to be burnt to death.
Her veil and modest cloak are snatched away,
And her soft arms are tightly bound with cords.
Silent she stands, the heart within her breast
Is not dismayed, indeed, but greatly moved;
And her sweet face is to a colour changed
That is not paleness, but a brighter hue.

The great event was known; and hither came
The people, and Olindo, too, ran up:
The person doubtful, certain was the fact:
There was a doubt it might be his beloved.
When he the lonely captive saw in guise,
Not of a criminal, but one condemned;
And saw the officers on their hard task
Intent, he dashed in haste against the crowd.

"She is not, is not guilty of the theft
 She madly boasts of," cried he to the king.
 "A girl unpractised and alone planned not,
 Nor durst, nor could, perform so great a work.
 How did she cheat the guards, and with what arts
 The image of the goddess carry off?
 If true, let her tell how. I stole it, Sire."
 Thus loved he the beloved unloving one!

He added afterwards: "Upon that side
 Where your high mosque receives the air and light,
 I climbed by night, and through a narrow hole
 I passed while trying ways impassable.
 Mine is the honour, mine should be the death,
 Let not this girl usurp my punishment.
 Mine are those chains, and be that flame for me
 Enkindled, and for me the pyre prepared."

Sofronia raised her face, and with an eye
 Of gentle pity she regarded him.
 "Whence comest thou, unhappy innocent?
 What scheme or madness leads or draws thee here?
 Am I not able, then, without thy aid
 To bear whatever one man's wrath can do?
 I also have a heart, which is alone
 Enough for death, and seeks not company."

Thus spake she to him, but did not dispose
 Him so as to retract or change his mind.
 O glorious spectacle! where generous love
 And noble valour with each other strive:
 Where death becomes the conqueror's reward,
 And safety is the conqueror's penalty!
 But the fierce king becomes the more enraged,
 The more persistently they blame themselves.

It seems to him that they insult his power,
 And in contempt despise the punishment.
 "Be both," said he, "believed, and she and he
 Victorious, and the palm such as befits."
 Then he gave orders to the officers,
 Who stood prepared to bind the youth with chains.
 Both are bound fast to one same stake, and turned
 Is back to back, the face from face concealed.

And now the pyre around them is arranged,
 Already do the bellows fan the flames ;
 When burst the young man forth in sad laments,
 And said to her who was now joined to him :
 " Is this the tie, then, which I hoped would bind
 Me in companionship with thee for life ?
 Is this the flame which fondly I believed
 Would burn with equal ardour in our hearts ?

" Love promised other flames and other ties :
 But cruel fortune these for us prepares.
 Too long, alas ! she has divided us,
 But harshly now unites us in one death.
 It pleases me at least, since you must die
 So strangely, to be sharer in the pyre.
 No sharer of thy bed, I mourn thy fate,
 But not my own, since by thy side I die.

" And O completely fortunate my death !
 My torments fortunate and sweet to me !
 If I succeed in joining breast to breast,
 And breathing out my life on thy dear lips :
 And thou, expiring at one time with me
 Send forth on me thy latest dying gasp."
 Thus spake he weeping, she with gentleness
 Replied, and in these accents counselled him :

" Friend, other thoughts and other sad laments
 For higher cause the present time demands.
 Why not think of thy faults, and call to mind
 What great reward God promises the good ?
 In His name suffer, pangs will then be sweet,
 And gladly to the seat above aspire.
 Behold how fair is heaven ! behold the sun,
 Which seems inviting and consoling us."

On this the Pagan people mourned aloud :
 The faithful mourned in accents more subdued.
 A sort of feeling, strange and tender, seemed
 About to penetrate the king's hard heart.
 Perceiving it beforehand, he was wroth,
 Nor would he yield, but rolled his eyes and left.
 Sofronia, thou alone the general grief
 Sharest not, and, mourned by all, thou mournest not.

While they were in this peril, lo ! a knight
 (For so it seemed) of lofty noble air ;
 And by his arms and foreign dress he looked
 As if in travelling he came from far.
 The tiger which upon the crest was worn
 Attracted every eye, a famous crest—
 The crest that brave Clorinda used in war :
 Whence they believe 'tis she, nor do they err.

She all a woman's feelings and pursuits
 E'en from her tender childhood e'er despised :
 To labours of Arachne, needlework
 And spinning, her proud hands disdained to stoop :
 She shunned soft raiment and enclosed abodes,
 For e'en in camps is dignity preserved :
 She armed her countenance with pride, and chose
 To make it stern, but still, though stern, it pleased.

While still a little girl, with childish hand
 She tightened and relaxed a horse's rein :
 Handled the spear and sword, and, wrestling off,
 Hardened the limbs, by running strengthened them.
 And then in mountainous or woody paths
 She tracked the savage lion and the bear :
 Engaged in wars, in which and in the woods,
 To men she fierce appeared, to beasts a man.

She now is coming from the Persian land,
 The Christians to oppose with all her power ;
 At other times she strewed along the shores
 Their limbs, and dyed the waters with their blood.
 On her arrival here, to her first glance
 Appeared the preparations made for death.
 Eager to see, and know for what offence
 The guilty were condemned, she reined her steed.

The crowd give way ; she, closely to observe
 The two together bound, draws near, and stops.
 The one is silent, and the other groans,
 The weaker sex the greater strength displays.
 She sees him weep like one whom pity moves,
 Not grief, or one who grieves not for himself ;
 Her silent, with her eyes so firmly fixed
 On heaven, she seems departed ere her death.

Clorinda's heart was touched, and she was grieved
 For both, and shed a copious flood of tears.
 She felt more grief for her who did not grieve :
 The silence moved her more, the weeping less.
 Without too much delay she turned about,
 And to a hoary man that stood beside,
 Said : " Tell me who are these, and what their fate,
 Or fault, that brings them to this punishment."

Thus she entreated him, and he a brief
 But full reply to her inquiry gave.
 She was amazed to hear, and quickly guessed
 That these two equally were innocent.
 She is determined to prevent their death,
 As far as possible by prayers or arms.
 In haste she ran, and got the flame withdrawn,
 That now was near, and to the servants said :

" Let no one of you have the daring heart
 In this hard duty further to proceed,
 Till I have spoken to the king : be sure
 He will not you accuse of this delay."
 The sergeants rendered her obedience,
 And were impressed by her grand royal air.
 Then towards the king she went, whom in the way
 She found, as he to meet her now advanced.

" I am Clorinda," said she ; " you perhaps
 Have heard me sometimes mentioned ; here I come,
 My lord, to be with you in the defence
 Of our true common faith and of your throne ;
 I am prepared for every enterprise :
 I fear not lofty ones, nor mean ones scorn.
 Would you employ me in the open field,
 Or in the city, I will nought refuse."

Here ceased she, and the king replied : " What land
 Is so remote from Asia and the sun,
 O glorious virgin, whither thy great fame
 Has not arrived, nor does thy glory fly ?
 Now that thy sword is joined with me, thou freest
 From every terror and consolest me.
 I have more hope than if in my defence
 A mighty army were collected here.

“Already Godfrey seems to me to stay
 Beyond his proper time, and now thou ask'st
 Employment: I believe that none but great
 And difficult exploits are worthy thee.
 To thee control o'er all our warriors
 I yield, and be that law which thou commandst.”
 Thus did he speak. She courteous thanks returned
 For his great praise, and thus resumed her speech.

“It must, indeed, appear unusual,
 That the reward the service should precede;
 But thy great bounty makes me bold to ask,
 That thou as meed of future services
 Wouldst give me these accused ones; if their guilt
 Be doubtful, they are wrongfully condemned;
 Of this I speak not, nor of those clear signs
 From which I argue innocence in them.

“I will but say that here it is believed
 The image was by Christians carried off:
 But I dissent from you, nor do I hold
 To my belief without sufficient cause.
 It was irreverence against our laws
 To do the deed the magian advised:
 We should not idols in our temples have,
 Still less an idol of another creed.

“I, then, ascribe to Mahomet on high
 The marvel of the work, which he performed
 To show it is not lawful to pollute
 His temples with a worship strange to us.
 Ismeno with enchantments every scheme
 May try, to him they are instead of arms.
 But let us warriors rather wield the sword;
 This is our art, in this alone be hope.”

This said, she ceased: the king his wrathful heart
 To pity yielded, though reluctantly.
 He wished to please her, and her argument
 Persuaded, her entreaties conquered him.
 “Let them have life,” he said, “and liberty:
 Be nought to such an advocate denied.
 Whether it justice or a pardon be,
 I free them guiltless, or as guilty give.”

Thus were they both released. Most fortunate
Indeed appears Olindo's destiny,
Which now can manifest that love at last
Has love awakened in the generous heart.
He goes to marriage from the pyre, and now
Is spouse beloved, instead of lover and accused.
He wished to die with her ; she is not loth,
That, since he died not, he should live with her.

But the suspicious king considered it
Unsafe to have such loving virtue near :
Hence, as he willed, they both in exile went
Beyond the boundaries of Palestine.
He, carrying his cruel purpose out,
Some of the faithful banished, some confined.
How sadly do they leave their little ones,
And aged fathers, and beloved homes !

A hard division ! which drives only those
Away, in body strong, in temper fierce :
The gentle sex, and those of weaker years
He kept with him as hostages in pledge.
Many went wandering, but some rebelled,
And anger is more powerful than fear.
These with the Franks united, whom they met
Just on the day they entered Emmaus.

MARY CARROLL.

THE scene of my story is a remote district in the county of Donegal, the time between forty and fifty years ago.

A lovely summer's day was just ending, the last rays of the sun gilding the distant mountains and casting a crimson glow on the lovely river, which wound with many a graceful turn through the fair valley, almost encircling the homestead of Maurice Carroll, then with a sudden curve stretching away to the other side in the direction of the town of L——, about half a mile distant.

A small lawn was in front of Mr. Carroll's house, which about half way down became a garden, rich in summer time with bright flowers and graceful shrubs, and terminated by a small ornamental gate, which opened upon the road to L——.

At this gate two persons were standing, one of them a tall, strongly built young man with a dark face, which was decidedly handsome, notwithstanding the fierce, reckless look upon it. By dress and bearing he seemed to occupy a position superior to the ordinary farmer of those days, as did also his fair companion.

They stood in earnest conversation for some time, evidently of no pleasurable kind, for the girl's face was flushed and troubled, as she murmured some low words in response to his apparently urgent entreaties.

"And this is my answer, Mary?"

The words were spoken very fiercely, and the tall figure of the speaker shook with suppressed

passion. "Is this all I am to receive for my years of weary waiting?"

The look of pain deepened on the girl's handsome face as she replied, "I can give you no other answer, Mr. Bassett, and you cannot in justice reproach me with keeping you waiting, as I never in my life gave you the slightest reason to imagine that I entertained any feeling of regard towards you."

"And what may your objection be, Miss Carroll?" he replied, with a sneer which destroyed all the dark beauty of his face, and made his companion shudder. "Is not the son of Gerald Bassett good enough to enter into the family of the Carrolls? A few generations ago and the story would be far different; but now ——"

"Hush! William Bassett," said the girl, her face flushing deeply as she spoke. "I have not deserved this taunt from you. As I said before, I have never misled you as to the state of my feelings, and I never pretended to be anything better than a simple country girl, the daughter of a plain hard working man, whose honest industry it has pleased Heaven to bless with reasonable prosperity. I never dreamed of thinking of the son of Gerald Bassett, whose memory I respect and honour, and—and, I do not see why I should hesitate to tell you what must soon be known to everybody, that I cannot be your wife, because I have already promised to be the wife of another. And now permit me to pass, Mr. Bassett,

for the evening is pretty far advanced, and I have still a good many things to see after."

"Promised to be the wife of another!" exclaimed the man, the angry flush deepening on his face as he spoke. "You are, you must be mocking me;" then, as she again attempted to pass him, he went on—

"Yes, you shall pass, but not just yet. You shall not go until you have told me the name of this rival;" then, as some sudden recollection struck him, "Surely it is not that pitiful sneak, O'Hara? I have remarked you with him sometimes; but no, your father would not permit his addresses for an instant."

"Mr. O'Hara is no sneak," said the girl, her beautiful eyes flashing as she spoke, "and I shall not stay to hear you insult him. He is a true-hearted, honest man, a credit to your good father, and to the place where he belongs, as well as to the girl he has chosen; and whose only regret, concerning him is, that she is not more worthy of such good fortune. If you wish to know my father's opinion of him you can easily hear it by asking him; also what he thinks of the man, who from his very boyhood, has never let an opportunity pass of annoying and persecuting him."

She rushed past him as she finished speaking, but he caught her rudely by the dress. "Wait for a minute till I tell you mine, Miss Carroll. Edward O'Hara has been my evil genius all' my life. He has crossed my path at every turn, marring all my plans, and continually robbing me of the regard of those dearest to me—and think you for a moment that I will let this sneak, this beggar, this supplanter, this pitiful creature of my foolish father's bounty crown all by depriving me of you? You shall never be his wife, Mary Carroll, while I have the power to prevent you. And now go."

Glad to be released, Mary Carroll turned from him into her father's house, but busy as she was for the remainder of the evening, she could not divest herself of an uncomfortable feeling very nearly akin to terror, as she recalled his fierce countenance and threatening manner.

She was the only child of Maurice Carroll, a hard working honest man, who, beginning life comparatively poor, had amassed a considerable fortune by dealing in cattle, to purchase which he was in the habit of attending distant fairs, and in consequence was often absent from home for a week or longer at time. So Mary was left a good deal to herself, but she was a wise steady girl, minding nothing but her own business, and looking after the two servants, who were her only companions during her father's absence, for her mother was long dead, and the greater part of the management of the place devolved upon her.

Edward O'Hara was the son of a neighbour, who died suddenly, leaving his wife and child very poorly provided for; and as his widow only survived his death a few months, the boy would have been left totally destitute, had not Gerald Bassett, a gentleman farmer residing in the neighbourhood, taken the little orphan home.

During his lifetime, Edward O'Hara never knew the want of a father.

Kind-hearted and generous Mr. Bassett treated him in every respect like his own son, William, who, from the very first, took a strong dislike to the boy, whom he regarded as an intruder—a dislike which was no doubt increased by a rather injudicious habit of Mr. Bassett's, who constantly held up the gentle and industrious Edward, as a model for imitation to his own reckless son.

At school it was the same, all the prizes were won by Edward; all the punishments came to William, till at last he began to hate the very sight of the poor boy, who would only have been too glad to assist him in his tasks if he had allowed him; but all whose advances were met in sullen silence or with bitter taunts, till at length he ceased to offer his services.

While his father lived, William Bassett dared not openly exhibit his ill-will to O'Hara, who, on leaving school, was fortunate enough to attract the notice of a lawyer in his native town, who offered him a place in his office, promising to educate him to his own profession.

The offer was most thankfully accepted, both by Mr. Bassett and Edward himself, who, at the time my story commences, had held his situation with credit for several years, and seemed to be in a fair way of entering into partnership with his employer.

When Mr. Bassett died, the orphan whom he had adopted found himself owner of a handsome little dwelling in the town of L——, together with a small yearly income.

This, of course, but added to the ill-will which William already entertained towards him, so that nothing was wanting, but the knowledge that he was also his rival in love, to complete his enmity.

Had he not cared for Mary Carroll (which he really did) independently of the hope of getting hold of her fortune, which, from his spendthrift habits, had become very desirable, the thought of taking her from Edward O'Hara would have given zest to the pursuit; so, with a bitter oath, he turned homewards that evening, swearing fiercely to himself that she should be his wife;

no matter what means he should be obliged to employ in order to accomplish his purpose.

It was two or three evenings afterwards, and Edward O'Hara, after closing his office, strolled towards the river, to enjoy the beauty of the night before returning to his solitary abode. He was tall and handsome, with a frank, fearless face and honest brown eyes. Altogether, his appearance was prepossessing enough to justify the choice of Mary Carroll, of whom he was thinking as he sauntered along, and towards whose dwelling his steps seemed tending.

A light touch on the arm and a few whispered words arrested his attention.

"Is that you, Mr. O'Hara? I would like to have a few words with you, if convenient."

Edward recognized the speaker instantly; he was a man named Smith, who had lived with Mr. Bassett, and who still worked for William.

The man had always been friendly to him, so Edward held out his hand with a few words of kindly greeting.

"Hush! Mr. Edward," said the man, "don't stop to talk with me now, but step quietly down to the brink of the river, and I will follow you; I have something to tell you."

Edward nodded, and in a few minutes was walking by the river. The man soon joined him.

"I am so glad to have met with you, Mr. Edward."

"Why, Smith, what is a trouble to you?"

"I hardly know how to tell you, Mr. Edward, but the master is up to some villany, and as I think that it concerns you, I want to give you a hint about it, so that, maybe, you will be able to upset this plot of his."

"What plot do you mean,

Smith? for I do not know what you are talking about."

"Hush, sir, and do not interrupt me, as I have only a few minutes to spare; he does not like me to be away from him long, for I think he does not more than half trust me; and if he saw me speaking to you he would be sure to suspect me, and would most likely turn me away. The master has planned to carry off Miss Carroll and marry her by force. Some of his good-for-nothing comrades are coming to help him, and I must be there too, though God knows I would rather hinder than help him, especially as I know that you are after the girl yourself, sir."

Astonishment almost took away the breath of Edward O'Hara, and he staggered like one who had received a blow, for reckless and unscrupulous as he knew William Bassett to be, he would never have imagined him capable of an act like this.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "can this be true? Or am I dreaming? Can such villainy be possible?" Then, with a strong effort mastering his feelings, he turned to the man.

"Never mind about me, Smith, tell me all that you know about the plot, please God we shall be able to circumvent him yet, unless he means to carry it out immediately. When was this nefarious business to come off, Smith?"

"As far as I could learn to-morrow night, sir; but as I was telling you, he does not more than half trust me, so he only told me not to be out of the way, as I might be wanted at any minute."

"How many people are likely to be employed in this outrage?" asked Edward, with wonderful calmness.

"About half a dozen I think," said the man; "but I must go now. If I find out anything more I will try and take some means of informing you."

"Thank you, Smith," said the young man warmly, "and if we are able to disappoint him, you shall have no cause to regret this generous warning."

"I never thought of that, sir," said the man, turning away as he spoke; "but I should be sorry to see the poor girl thrown away upon the like of him."

As soon as the man was gone, Edward O'Hara turned his steps towards Mr. Carroll's house. He could not rest without assuring himself of Mary's safety, and he wished to inform her father of the threatened danger, and to consult with him what steps were to be taken to meet it. To his dismay he found Mr. Carroll absent, he had gone to a distant fair, and would not be home until the next morning.

Uneasy as he himself was, he could not bear to frighten Mary by a hint of her danger, considering that as the attempt would not be made until the next night, there would still be time enough to avert it. So, with a laughing warning to Mary and the servants to be sure that all the doors were well secured he departed, determining to intercept Mr. Carroll on his way homewards.

Early next morning, he was walking along the road by which Mr. Carroll was to come, and had not long to wait. As soon as he perceived him, he proceeded to inform him of the warning which he had received.

Mr. Carroll was terribly shocked, but never questioned the truth of the story, as, unfortunately, abductions were only too common at that period, and William Bassett was just the kind of man to be engaged in one; reckless and off-handed as he was, and so lavish in spending his money, he would not have much difficulty in securing the assistance of men as reckless as himself, to whom the very danger and dash of

the undertaking, would be sure to prove a strong incentive.

"God help us, Edward," he said, as soon as he could speak, "what is to become of us? the time is so fearfully short; come home with me at once, nay, stay until I can collect my senses, for the shock has almost crazed me; but we must see about gathering help to meet them."

So Edward returned with him, but a terrible reception awaited them; everything in and about the house, bore traces of an awful struggle. Every door was lying wide open, and some of them torn from their hinges; furniture everywhere overturned and broken, while articles of female wearing apparel lay scattered here and there through the house in confusion; but not a living creature was anywhere visible.

Mr. Carroll sank helpless into a chair, and covered his face with his hands, while poor Edward, himself almost heart-broken, tried in vain to rouse him.

At last, a faint stifled moan drew their attention to the kitchen, and there, securely bound to the foot of the table, and closely gagged, lay the female servant.

As soon as the girl was released she informed them that late the preceding night, she and her mistress were sitting by the fire before getting ready for bed, when a loud knock at the door startled them. Too much frightened to answer it, the girls sat in silence, when the man servant who had already retired to rest in the room above the kitchen heard it repeated, and hastily throwing on some clothing, came down to see what was the matter.

As soon as he opened the door he received a blow which stunned him, and more than half a dozen of tall rough-looking men, with white shirts over their clothes, and black

masks upon their faces, rushed into the kitchen.

Miss Carroll rose in alarm as they entered, but before she could defend herself, even if she had been able to do so, she was surrounded, and in spite of her struggles carried out of the house.

As soon as she saw her mistress carried away, the girl said that she commenced to scream as loudly as she could for assistance, but two of the ruffians seized her, and while their comrades proceeded to ransack the house gagged her, and in spite of her resistance, tied her firmly to the foot of the table.

When asked what had become of her fellow servant, she replied that he lay helpless for some time after the villains had departed, but as soon as he was able he had staggered out of the house, and she had never seen him afterwards.

Paralyzed by terror, Mary Carroll remembered nothing, from the moment she was carried out of her father's house, until she found herself on horseback before some one whose strong arm, passing round her waist, kept her from falling. They were travelling along a steep mountain road, and the path was winding and rugged, and she could feel the horse stumbling, as his feet came in contact with the loose stones, which were plentifully scattered along the pathway.

She tried to turn her head, in order to obtain a view of their route, but a gruff voice sternly forbade her to try to find out where they were going.

At last, after about three hours' riding, they stopped at a small cabin, and she was lifted from the saddle, while the shawl, which her abductors had hurriedly wrapped around her as they bore her from her home, was drawn closely over her eyes.

It was withdrawn as soon as she and her companions had entered

the cabin, and she glanced around her.

The place was entirely unknown to her, and consisted of a large smoke-darkened apartment, squalid and wretched; out of which a smaller one opened. There was no one in the place when they entered but an old woman, whose dirty and smoke-dried appearance was in keeping with her miserable abode. To her the man who had held Mary on horseback spoke:—

“See what a bonny bird I have brought you, mother. So take good care of her, and do not let her escape you until I get a better cage ready for her.”

The old woman laughed. “You may trust me for that, Mr. William.”

Mary Carroll started, and looked at the man who had spoken. In her agony of terror all through that dreadful ride, it had never occurred to her who her abductor might be. It had seemed as if all thought and feeling had been crushed out of her by fear, and she had been all but unconscious, but now, that voice! It was evidently disguised, yet it seemed familiar, and now the woman had called him “Mr. William.” Could it be that her abductor was William Bassett? Yes, it must be; and shuddering as she recalled his threats, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

Then, a whispered sentence caught her ear, and she looked up to see him in the act of despatching a messenger on some errand, and heard him whisper, “Tell him to come without fail to night at midnight, Smith, for I will defer the marriage no longer.”

No longer doubting his identity, she sprang up and confronted him—

“What marriage do you speak of, William Bassett?”

Seeing disguise no longer possible, he answered her in his natural voice,—

“Our marriage, Mary Carroll! Did I not tell you that you should never marry O’Hara while I had power to prevent you? I have that power, and I am sending for a minister to marry us at midnight, so that the best thing you can do is to go to bed in the meantime and rest, so that my bride may look blithe and bonny, as a bride should look.”

The hot, indignant tears rushed into her eyes, and she replied firmly,—

“You may kill me, if you like, William Bassett, but I will never be bride of yours. And oh! Smith,” she cried, clasping her hands, “if you are a man, you will not do this coward’s bidding, but will help a poor girl, who has never wronged you, to escape from his clutches.”

The man laughed a light mocking laugh, yet, as he passed out of the door she fancied that he threw a reassuring glance in her direction, and her heart bounded at the thought; then, turning to the woman, she asked her to lead her to some place where at least she would be free from mockery and intrusion.

The woman complied, and showing her into the inner apartment, pointed to a bed, “where,” she said, “she might rest until the arrival of the minister,” and barring the door on the outside, left her to her own thoughts.

Almost distracted by the story told by his servant, as soon as Mr. Carroll could collect strength for the task, he and Edward O’Hara rushed to the neighbouring town, spreading the news of the abduction, and begging the assistance of his neighbours to search for the lost girl.

They met with the warmest

sympathy, for Mary Carroll was a general favourite, and many of the townspeople turned out in search of her in every direction, while Edward O'Hara hastened to call on the officer commanding the military then quartered in the neighbourhood. His path lay by the river, and just at the spot where he had last left him, he ran up against Smith.

He stopped him immediately, to ask if he knew anything, but Smith replied,—

"Do not stop me, Mr. O'Hara. I am going on a message, and am in a hurry." Then lowering his voice, he added, "I am watched, and cannot stand; one of my comrades is just behind me, and we are sent to bring a minister to marry a runaway couple. The wedding is to be at midnight, in the little cabin on the side of Knockregh mountain."

Without another word he passed on, while his companion took up with him on the instant.

At midnight it was rather a strange scene in the cabin on the side of the mountain.

A coarse, vulgar-looking man, who, if he ever had been a minister, certainly no longer disgraced the sacred office, stood beside a pale, tearful girl and a dark, fierce-looking but handsome, young man. He held a large book in his hand, and was evidently trying to attract the attention of the weeping girl.

But coaxing and threats were alike thrown away upon her. She positively refused to stand up "to go through the mockery of a ceremony with a man against whom every feeling of her heart revolted."

William Bassett stood over her, with a dark scowl on his flushed face—evidently he would have used

compulsion, but for the interference of the minister.

"Give her a few more minutes," he urged, "and she will soon see how useless this opposition is." Standing in different attitudes through the apartment were the companions of Bassett, while Smith stood sentry on the door, which was securely fastened.

At last Bassett lost patience: "This nonsense can last no longer. I have not risked so much to be foiled now," he shouted. "Get up, girl, and take your part in this ceremony."

"I will not," she shrieked, "never, never! Great Heavens! is there no one to help me?"

As if in response to her appeal, there was a confused murmur at the door, then a loud crash, and the frail barrier was dashed from its hinges, while a posse of military, headed by their officer, and accompanied by Mr. Carroll and Edward O'Hara, poured into the cabin.

I will not attempt to paint the scene which ensued. But William Bassett and his accomplices were arrested and conveyed to the county prison.

Although, on his dead father's account, the Carrolls and Edward O'Hara would have been glad to spare him, it could not be; and Mary was obliged to appear in court, as chief witness against him.

Her evidence was so conclusive that he was sentenced to transportation beyond the seas for fourteen years, his companions suffering the same punishment for a shorter term.

Within a year from her abduction Mary Carroll became the wife of Edward O'Hara, who is still alive, and is now the leading lawyer in his native town.

REBECCA SCOTT.

SHELLEY'S QUEEN MAB AND PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

BY "PRESTER JOHN."

"Few have there been among critics," says Coleridge, "who have followed with the eye of the imagination, the imperishable yet ever wandering spirit of poetry through its various metempsychoses."

We question if any critic has as yet succeeded in solving the mystery. Few critics are able to understand the poetic character at all, while the lovers of good poetry are quite satisfied to enjoy what gives them pleasure, utterly careless about rules of criticism and theories of poetry.

The theory of Aristotle is, that poetry originated in the propensity to *imitation* instinctive in man even from infancy. According to his view, those persons who were most strongly addicted to imitation by natural propensity, were led to "rude and extemporaneous attempts, which, gradually improved, gave birth to poetry." The system of Plato is an improvement on that of Aristotle. Aristotle regards more the work of the poet—the outward form. Plato penetrates to the motive power—the inner principle. He grasps the idea that the poet is inspired, that he imitates under the spell of an overmastering frenzy.

Thus Macaulay, no mean poet, and as a critic gifted with no ordinary judgment, says:—

"Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry, but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just, but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made everything ought to be consistent;

but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect."

And again:—

"Perhaps no person can be a poet or can even enjoy poetry without a certain unsoundness of mind, if anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness."

In a word, then, poetry is the absorption of the whole soul by one great all-pervading and all-subduing idea, or passion, leading in many instances to actual madness, and perhaps in all cases accompanied by some slight mental derangement. This is quite in accordance with the theory of another eminent critic and divinely-gifted poet—Keble. He seems to be of opinion that poetry is the channel divinely appointed, by which highly-strung minds seek and obtain *relief*,—

"And room for frenzy to exhaust itself."

Among those in whom this frenzy became actual madness Keble instances Lucretius in ancient, and Shelley in modern times.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born on the 4th of August, 1792, at Field Place in Sussex, and belonged to an ancient and honourable stock. From his earliest years the poet seems to have held ideas subversive of all authority. At Eton he resisted the system of fagging and had his own way. As early as 1809 he became an author,

and some of his earlier compositions still survive.

In 1810 he made his first appearance as a poet, but the work was soon suppressed. In this year Shelley went to Oxford where he became intimate with Hogg, and in consequence of the appearance of "The Necessity of Atheism" in the following year, both Hogg and himself were expelled from Oxford.

It is not our purpose to dwell on the life of Shelley. Every one is familiar with the chief events in his short though brilliant career. His luckless marriage with the ill-fated Harriet Westbrook; his roving life; his wonderful stories of would-be assassins; his cruel desertion of his wife; his elopement and subsequent marriage with the daughter of the writer of "Caleb Williams"; his advocacy in Dublin of Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Union; his friendship with the wayward and dissolute though gifted Byron; the suicide of Harriet Westbrook; his own melancholy death at the early age of thirty in the Gulf of Spezzia—these are things known to every schoolboy.

Close beside the pyramid of Caius Cestius, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, beneath the bright skies of the Eternal City, lies the dust of the greatest poet of his own age, perhaps one of the greatest produced in any age.

The inscription is:—

"Peroy Bysahe Shelley. Cor Cordium.
Natus IV. Aug.
MDCCXCII. obiit VIII. Jul.
MDCCCXXII.

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

It is said that when his body was burnt on the shore of the Gulf of Spezzia his heart remained unconsumed, and that the expression "*Cor Cordium*," *heart of hearts*, originated thus.

The grave of Shelley is in the old burial-ground, and one of his children lies beside him. Not far off, in the adjoining cemetery, was laid another poet—the glorious Keats.

"Some of the metaphysical and ethical theories of Shelley were certainly most absurd and pernicious. But we doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in an equal degree some of the highest qualities of the great ancient masters. The words bard and inspiration, which seem so cold and affected when applied to other modern writers, have a perfect propriety when applied to him. He was not an author but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art but an inspiration."

The same eminent authority truly observes that despite a creed hard and barren Shelley was an idolater by mere force of imagination. He could not help it.

Under the spell of his vivid imagination abstractions assume reality; principles become persons; phantasms and ideas assume shape, and start into life; the dry materialist creates a paradise and he fills it with shapes and forms of surpassing loveliness. Above all men that ever lived Shelley was an enthusiast. The poetical inspiration seized upon him and possessed him fully. Under its influence he resembled not so much a modern poet as one of the prophet-bards of old, breathed upon by the inspiring breath of a god.

"At Phœbi nondum patiens immanis
in antro
Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectora
possit
Excussisse Deum: tanto magis ille
fatigat
Os rabidum, fera corda domans
fingitque premendo."

In turn an atheist, a materialist,

and a pantheist, Shelley created gods for himself: while he described God as "the creature of his worshippers" he deified nature, and despite his gloomy creed dreamed of "azure isles" and "beaming skies" and "happy regions of eternal hope." It is strange that such a man. A man of grand and lofty conception, glowing fancy, and impassioned feeling, gifted too with such an amazing power of *realization*—did not more readily grasp the idea of the immortality of the soul. To him everything is full of life: the flower and the dew-drop, the rainbow and the star, the rustling breeze and the howling tempest, the grey mountain whose hoary summit is lost amid the clouds and the ancient wood, haunted spring and prophetic cave, the melody of birds and the humming of the bee, all are to him instinct with life, animated by the all-pervading Soul of God; yet he never seems to have grasped fully the doctrine of immortality, and it is almost certain that he never believed in a future state with anything approaching to the strength of conviction. Despite his atheism, Shelley was certainly a pure-minded and, if we except the scandal connected with his unhappy marriage, a virtuous man. He believed in the perfectibility of human nature, and his intense love of his species, his sympathy with the suffering and the oppressed, and his hatred of all authority as tending to foster tyranny, together with his absurd theories on the subject of religion, made him long for the overthrow of the opinions and practices of society in order that it might be constituted anew. All his poetry is marked by power and fertility of imagination, but there is a vagueness and obscurity of meaning about many of the longer compositions which render it almost impossible for the ordinary reader to understand their meaning.

It is scarcely possible to grasp even the general scope of some of Shelley's poems.

Some of his shorter lyrics have never been surpassed in beauty by the compositions of any poet, and we question if the "Ode to a Skylark" has been ever equalled.

"Queen Mab" appeared in 1813: it was the first of Shelley's long compositions. He did not publish it himself, but a pirating bookseller soon did. It is obscure, brilliant, and blasphemous. It abounds with passages of marvellous beauty and suggestiveness. The general scope is somewhat obscure, and the style is youthful. It is from beginning to end a fierce tirade against king-craft, and priest-craft. He assails openly, and without reserve, every form of revealed religion.

That "Queen Mab" was written by an atheist cannot be denied. The writer grows rabid in his fierce hatred of religion. He proclaims that man inherits not vice and misery, but that—

"Kings, priests, and statesmen blast
the human flower,
Even in its tender bud."

Against the person, attributes, and moral government of God, he pours forth a perfect torrent of scathing denunciation and eloquent invective. God is in his eyes:—

"A vengeful, pitiless, and Almighty
fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for the
rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for
blood."

"The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with
holiness,
Himself the creature of his wor-
shippers."

From the dream of what he calls man's "purblind faith," a wonderful phantom is summoned to utter hideous blasphemies against the name of God, and the person and character of the Incarnate Son.

He does not hesitate to tread the awful Mount of Calvary, and to turn the last scene of that tremendous drama into mockery.

"O spirit, centuries have set their seal

On this heart of many wounds and loaded brain,

Since the Incarnate came. Humbly he came,

Veiling his horrible Godhead in the shape

Of man, scorned by the world, his name unheard,

Save by the rabble of his native town.

Even as a parish demagogue. He led

The crowd: he taught them justice, truth, and peace,

In semblance: but he lit within their souls

The quenchless flames of zeal, and blessed the sword

He brought on earth, to satiate with the blood

Of truth and freedom his malignant soul."

Byron established the *Liberal* with the view of influencing and moulding English opinion from his harem beside the blue waves of the Adriatic. The scheme failed, because he had miscalculated his powers. To influence the imagination is one thing, to guide the judgment is another. It is much easier to assail existing institutions, than to draw up such a scheme for the re-constitution of society, as shall convince thinking men that they should barter what they have for what the theorist assures them they may obtain.

Shelley was a mere dreamer. His vivid imagination, his unbelief, and his aversion to all restraints led him to believe that if existing institutions were swept away a perfect millennium would ensue. He fancied that "*Queen Mab*" would change the very habits and customs, the opinions and practices of society. Like all visionaries, he found out in the end that he was but a dreamer of dreams.

The poetry of Shelley is too obscure ever to be widely popular with the masses. We rejoice that it is so. We know of no poet, if we except Swinburne, whose writings are calculated to injure the youthful mind so deeply as Shelley's. There is about his poetry a fire, an enthusiasm, a glow of grand conception, and still grander delineation, inexpressibly captivating. But few can really appreciate Shelley, for to appreciate him to any very great extent, requires a cultivated taste. Swinburne is more dangerous to the uneducated classes than Shelley. His poetry is obscure, it is true, but it is coarser and more pointed in its assaults upon revealed religion. No language has ever produced a more blasphemous attack on the person and work of Christ than "*Songs before Sunrise*."

The writer is simply brutal in his scurrilous hatred of religion. There is a depth of profanity about some of the language which could not be surpassed. It is earthly, sensual, devilish.

There is the ring of poetry about Swinburne's writings. He is not a great poet, but he is a poet, and his versification is sweet and melodious. Some of his addresses to Christ are an outrage on humanity.

We quote one verse from "*Songs before Sunrise*."

"Thou bad'st, let children come to me:
What children now but curses come?
What manhood in that God can be,
Who sees their worship and is dumb?

No soul that lived, loved, wrought,
and died,

Is this their carrion crucified."

We select from "*Poems and Ballads*" the following. It occurs in the "*Hymn to Proserpine*."

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean:
the world has grown grey
from thy breath:

We have drunken of things Lethean:
and fed on the fulness of death:

• • • • •

O lips that the live blood faints in :
 the leavings of racks and rods !
 O ghastly glories of saints, dead
 limbs of gibbeted Gods !"

We have quoted enough of this garbage to show how vilely a man may pervert great poetic ability under the influence of a blind and unreasoning hatred of religion.

We return to Shelley.

The whole scope of "Queen Mab" would seem to be towards the atheistical. Its key-note is :

" There is no God !
 Nature confirms the faith his death-
 groan sealed."

There is no God and consequently there has been no creation.

" Infinity within,
 Infinity without belie creation."

There is no God save the " inex-terminable Spirit " contained in this infinity.

Soul is the only element throughout the world, and the block that has for ages been the base of some lofty mountain is active living spirit.

" Every grain,
 Is sentient both in unity and part,
 And the minutest atom comprehends
 A world of loves and hatreds."

If this be not pantheism it is at least a very near approach to it, and we are not surprised to find that in his later years Shelley was rather a pantheist than an atheist. We do not wonder that Pantheism had deep attraction for such a mind as Shelley's. All the essentials of religion — personal God — revelation — immortality — are nought. They are the coinage of man—the myths and fables handed down from barbarous ages. Thought—idea, is everything. As water is contained in a sponge thought is contained in the universe and perpetually recreates it. Man dies but the race lives on. Man dies, and as a drop of water is absorbed into the ocean, so his

soul is absorbed into the universe and mingles with the soul of the universe. If this be all, well may we cry with the poet :—

" Hold thou the good, define it well :
 For fear divine Philosophy
 Should push beyond her mark, and
 be
 Procureess to the Lords of Hell."

The page in the history of literature which records the moral and mental obliquity of some of our greatest poets—the degradation of Edgar Allan Poe, the dissipation and immorality of Byron, the scepticism of Shelley, the scoffing of Swinburne—is one which may well make sad the hearts of those who, not only love good poetry for the exquisite pleasure it imparts, but regard the poetic inspiration as the noblest gift which God can bestow on any mortal man.

" Prometheus Unbound " is perhaps the most remarkable of all Shelley's works. It is, like all his writings, very obscure, but it is highly finished, and contains numberless passages of exquisite beauty.

It was finished somewhere about the latter part of 1819. It is a lyric in dialogue, and the main idea is taken from *Æschylus*.

This piece breathes the same intense love of humanity, the same bitter hatred of religion, the same fierce hostility to social systems and customs which mark all Shelley's poems.

At the same time the " Prometheus Unbound " is one of the greatest productions of human genius, inferior only—if inferior at all—to the immortal productions of Milton and Shakspeare.

When Milton delineated Satan enduring the fierce and unutterable agonies of hell ; when he painted the Apostate amid the quenchless flames, and tossing whirlwinds, and ceaseless torments of Pandemonium grasping the sceptre of the infernal world and supported

only by the thought that Jehovah could not, or would not, utterly annihilate his divine essence, human genius achieved its mightiest triumph. Milton towers above all writers who have succeeded him, as he eclipsed in majesty of conception and grandeur of delineation all those who went before him. When, however, we take into account Shelley's peculiar views; and bear in mind that, what was to Milton a world realized by a firm belief in the great truths of revelation, was to him but a gorgeous dream, painted by a glowing imagination and described in language of surpassing beauty, but not the less a dream on that account, then we must admit that Shelley has given to the world in "Prometheus Unbound" an immortal masterpiece. As a mere work of art it has been seldom equalled, and we are inclined to believe that it has never been surpassed. It may not compare with "Paradise Lost" in the artistic grouping together of dense masses of light and shade; it may be inferior to Milton's great masterpiece in the delicate colouring of individual sketches, and in the delineation of individual character, still it is important because it arrays cosmical conceptions in gorgeous imagery. And so to speak, incarnates them in myths of the imagination.

Prometheus differs from Milton's Satan in many important particulars.

Milton's fiend derives no consolation from hope. He endures by the sheer power of an over-mastering will. It is otherwise in the case of Prometheus. Amid his tortures he looks forward to the hour when he shall triumph over the Monarch of Gods and Daemons, and exults in the thought that his enemy shall be humbled even to kiss the blood from his pale feet. He pities the doom which he feels to be impending over his rival.

Satan is evil, and in his mad hatred of God drags down mankind to share his misery. Prometheus is wise, and firm, and good, the refuge and defence of the spirits of the living and the dead. Satan opposes one to whom he owes everything; Prometheus gave all and receives ingratitude and suffering in return. Satan opposes goodness; Prometheus opposes crime, throned in brief omnipotence. Satan is supported by all-conquering pride; Prometheus believes in his own innocence and awaits the retributive hour when he must overcome. In both there is the same iron determination, the same self-contained self-supporting pride, the same defiance of the worst fate which the future may have in store, the same calm and inflexible will.

The poem concludes with the triumph of suffering virtue over enthroned power:—

"Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance—

These are the seals of that most firm assurance,

Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength:

And if with infirm hand, Eternity
Mother of many acts and hours
should free

The serpent that would clasp her
with his length,

These are the spells by which to re-assume

An empire o'er the disentangled
doom.

To suffer woes which hope thinks
infinite:

To forgive wrongs darker than death
or night;

To defy power which seems omni-
potent:

To love and bear: to hope till
hope creates

From its own wreck the thing it
contemplates:

Neither to change, nor falter, nor
repent:

This, like thy glory, Titan is to be,
Good, great and joyous, beautiful,
and free,

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire,
and Victory."

In the "Prometheus Unbound," the writer displays his intense love of humanity, man becomes—

" One harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all as rivers to the sea."

We have said quite enough elsewhere on the subject of Shelley's profane utterances.

He can see nought in the name of Christ but a curse. He charges Him with the woes inflicted on humanity by Sectarian strife and religious animosity. He sees the wise and good hunted down by the slaves of the cross—some linked to corpses in unwholesome cells—some impaled in lingering fire—some kneaded down in common blood by the red light of their own burning homes — and he charges on the religion of the cross the maintenance of those evils which the Incarnate came on earth to destroy.

To some extent the imagination of Shelley resembled that of Æschylus. It was strong, vivid, comprehensive; but wild, and delighting in the unreal and the marvellous. Macaulay compares his genius to that of the immortal author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

No writer with whose works we are acquainted possessed the power of *realization* as fully as Shelley.

He *creates*: his pictures are not only exquisitely painted, they seem endowed with life and energy.

Shakspeare's description of the power of imagination is most applicable to him,—

" The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth,
from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the
poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Take as a specimen of Shelley's matchless powers of realization and expression, the scene in the third act of "Prometheus Unbound," where Demogorgon descends from the Car of the Hours, and proclaims that the hour of doom has come, and that Jupiter's reign has reached its end:—

" Lift thy lightnings not.
The tyranny of heaven none may retain,
Or re-assume, or hold succeeding thee.
Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny
Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead,
Put forth thy might.
Jupiter. Detested prodigy,
Even thus beneath the deep Titanian prisons
I trample thee!—Thou lingerest?
Mercy! mercy!
No pity, no release, no respite! Oh!
That thou would'st make mine enemy my judge,
Even where he hangs seared by my long revenge
On Caucasus! He would not doom me thus.
Gentle and just and dreadless, is he not
The Monarch of the World? What then art thou?
No refuge! no appeal!
Sink with me then!
We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,
Even as a vulture and a snake unspent,
Dropt twisted in inextricable fight,
Into a shoreless sea."

The poetry of Shelley is without any doubt supremely beautiful. Despite his absurd opinions, his sceptical notions, and his inhuman treatment of his unfortunate wife, we feel for him a lingering affection, and we almost forget the errors of the man in our deep and abiding veneration for the poet.

ON SPECTACLES AND WEAK NERVES.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

THE faculty of deriving satisfaction from the misfortunes of others is an acknowledged attribute of human nature. It is shown in the pleasure the savage takes in inflicting ingenious tortures upon his captives; in the fondness of men and women in general for becoming acquainted with the details of woes and disasters—whether real or fictitious—by which they are not personally affected; and in the enjoyment boyhood finds in the act of pelting a bird, worrying a dog, irritating a cat, or wounding the feelings of a shy schoolfellow. The demon of malice exerts a powerful and permanent influence over the mass of mankind; his promptings varying in degree from mild scandal to aggravated physical cruelty. I am firmly convinced that the popularity of skating-rinks—not to mention spelling-bees—has been largely due to the pleasure derived by the spectators from seeing their fellow-creatures come to grief. Did ever any one break down, either over a hard word, or a hard asphalt pavement, without thereby arousing a “chorus of laughter?” Where would be the fun of the pantomime without the supposititious branding of the pantaloons with a red-hot poker, and the apparent barking of the shins endured by the policeman who falls on the gutter-slide? To see others suffer what we are certain we should not like to undergo ourselves, is always so amusing!

From some natural defect in my perception of the ridiculous, I find myself wholly impenetrable to fun of this kind. It is not that I am unable to appreciate a joke, for albeit of a hypochondriac humour, and not given to violent cachinnation, I claim to be as able as most people to see “where the laffure comes in,” but I am unable to perceive why the pain and humiliation of others should be to me a diverting incident.

This being so, it is reasonable that I should expect a similar forbearance from others with regard to my own distresses, especially when these are of a permanent and not merely transient kind. Instead of this, the common propensity to find pleasure in others’ pain, or to doubt or pretend to doubt the reality of that pain, is always apparent.

The world’s dislike to singularity of any kind extends itself even to one’s physical ailments. Because rheumatism, coughs, colds, and neuralgia are, to use a slang expression, “fashionable” in this humid climate, the sufferers from such maladies may always count upon a certain amount of sympathy; but because the majority of people are long-sighted and strong-nerved, there is little consideration given to the unfortunate minority who are the reverse. It is in the name of this minority that I now remonstrate.

There are many varieties of de-

fective vision which require artificial aid; but apparently the only one recognizable by the common mind, is the ordinary failing of the eyesight through age. That a person advanced in years should need spectacles or reading-glasses for the clearer discernment of close objects, is reasonable enough; that some who are not old cannot do without wearing spectacles on all occasions, is also admitted (although there is in that case room for the suspicion of their being worn merely for disguise, or to give the wearer a learned air); but that any one, young or old, should wear double eye-glasses only when *not* reading or writing, is regarded as a clear evidence of affectation. There is only one thing worse, and that is the single eye-glass, that recognized badge of inquisitive assurance and imperitence.

This is the view of the matter held by a large number of persons, and there can be no doubt it derived its origin from the antics of those impostors, deserving of the severest condemnation, who wear the eye-glass or eye-glasses, not from any visual necessity, but because it looks fashionable, fast, distinguished, or conspicuous. There are, and have been, so many of these pretenders going about the world, that they have, so to speak, "spoilt the market," and the appearance of a real sufferer from short sight—although that is a defect by no means rare—is regarded by most persons very much in the same light as the cry of "Wolf!"

I am so far a believer in the common humanity, even of a malicious world, to be convinced that if people would only believe in the species of disadvantage under which I labour, they would regard it with forbearance, if not compassion. The misfortune is that they will *not* believe in it. How can they distinguish between genuine aids to the vision

and mere "quizzing glasses?" How are they to tell which is an inoffensive action and which is a certain sign of rudeness, since the symptoms are exactly the same in both cases? All they know is, that they are subjected to the battery of a pair of concave lenses, that they don't understand it, that they do not see the necessity for it, and that consequently they do not like it.

The adoption of spectacles through mere age is another matter altogether; that is so feasible, and above all, so common, that it can offend no one. Grandpa always puts on his "specs" when he reads the paper, and of course takes them off when he has finished, like a reasonable being; but what is to be said of a person—not quite a senile octogenarian—who actually puts on a double eye-glass to see across the room or look out of doors, and takes it off when reading or writing? Can anything be more absurd? A man might just as rationally wear his boots indoors and his slippers when he walks out. And then, the idea of a reader holding a book or paper within six inches of his eyes; when everybody knows that the proper distance is nearer sixteen! There is a right way and a wrong of doing everthing, and one who acts thus is decidedly in the wrong, and his vagaries are not to be endured by any well-regulated observer.

I have discovered that this view of the case is held with particular vehemence by railway travellers in the third-class—a department which, for reasons in themselves unimportant, I have frequently patronized. There, I find, there is a strong antipathy to spectacles and eye-glasses, which are regarded much in the same light as diamond rings and patent-leather boots,—as obtrusive ornaments, denoting an affectation of superiority. The theory is, that a man who indulges in such an extreme of foppery as an

eye-glass, has no business in the third-class carriage at all. He should go among the "Dundrearies" of the first-class, and although his aspect may be unassuming, and the offending binoculars be rimmed with modest horn or steel, and not glittering and pretentious gold or silver—the objection remains the same.

I was once on a long journey by third-class, and as usual, found the assistance of concave lenses necessary to observe the scenery. In doing so, I found myself regarded with the closest attention by a fellow-traveller, who had the appearance of a workman. He evidently had from the first a considerable distrust as to the reality of my visual weakness; but when he saw me afterwards actually take off the eye-glasses, and consult "Bradshaw" with the naked eye, he made up his mind that the case was one of clear imposture. Of this belief he said nothing just then, but hit upon a most ingenious mode of conveying a practical reproof. Taking out a stiff card and a sharp penknife, he cut out a clever imitation of the frame of a pair of gigantic "goggles," such as are worn by the pantaloon or wizard in a pantomime. Balancing these upon his nose, he turned to me and asked "I say, mister, how do you think I look with these ere on?" I intimated that I did not consider they at all improved his appearance. "Then how do you think *you* look?" he retorted, pointing to the objectionable lenses. "People as wants specs, wants 'em to read with—jest as my old father does—not to put on to quiz people or look a long way off. Nobody can see with specs, except it's close," he added, confidently, "for at a distance, everything looks misty, like, through 'em; unless they're only plain window-glass, when of course you don't want 'em at all."

I here ventured to explain that although there were doubtless many

persons who wore eye-glasses, under the singular delusion that they were ornamental, there were others whose eyes were impaired in so peculiar a manner that artificial aid became necessary to distinguish distant—and not to magnify close—objects. The man shook his head in grave doubt, as much as to say it was all very well; but that argument wouldn't go down with him, and immediately afterwards he turned to his wife and exclaimed, "Hullo! why, if there ain't our Jack!" pointing to an object a long, long way off in a field, which, regarding with the naked eye, I had just concluded to be either a horse or tall shrub.

On another occasion I was stopped in the street by an individual having the aspect of a gipsy poacher, who, putting his finger so close to one of my eyes that it was lucky they *were* thus protected, informed me that the eye-glasses gave me "such a idiotic appearance." I was much gratified; it is so "refreshing" to encounter one who honestly speaks out what he believes to be the truth—for truth is great and ought to prevail more frequently than it does. However, I told this candid person that very likely he was right, but with regard to the "idiotic appearance," I, in that respect (though, I hoped, in no other) resembled himself. I then left him to his reflections, which, as he had certainly been visiting several licensed victuallers, were probably rather confused.

Another example of the popular incredulity with regard to shortsightedness came within my experience during a long walk in the country, when I happened to have with me neither watch nor spectacles. I approached a church upon whose tower I could just discern a black clock with gilt hands and figures, but wishing for further information I requested a certain tiller of the soil who chanced to be

near to inform me what was the time by that church clock.

"Wha-at!" he exclaimed, with amazement, as he paused in his work; "do you mean to say as you can't tell the time?—and at *your* age too; well I *am* blest! Why it's twenty minutes past twelve, any fool can see that."

"Yes, but supposing I'm *not* one?" I suggested. But my informant declined to entertain this possibility, and proceeded—

"Look here; you see them letters XII on the top? that stands for twelve. Well, when the short hand p'int's to twelve, and the long'un to four, it means that it is jest twenty minutes past; now the long'un's a-moving on rapid, and when it gets to——"

"Just so," I interrupted, "but unfortunately I'm not able to make out the figures from this distance."

"Well, but ain't I telling you *how* to make 'em out?" he asked. "I'm sure they're near enough and big enough to see quite plain. I could make 'em out at twice as far, I could. Well, I've heerd of grown-up people as can't read and write, but the idea of a cove not bein' able to tell the time, well, I *am* blest!" and he resumed his digging.

But it is not only among persons of this class that nearsightedness is apt to meet with such rebuffs, it is frequently the same with those who are better informed and ought to be more reflective. I ask my brothers in affliction how often they have mortally offended their acquaintances by not taking notice of them in the street; how hard it has been in such cases to convince them that the oversight was not meant as such; and how awkward is the converse error of familiarly accosting one who appears a friend, but proves to be a stranger.

Suppose yourself, O fellow sufferer, walking along a street in a

"genteel neighbourhood." In the parlour window of a "desirable family residence" you see something, which you believe to be either a human being, a pet-dog, or a case of stuffed birds. Naturally anxious to make sure which it is, you adjust your "nose-pincher" over the bridge of that feature, level it at the object, and discern a lady of severe countenance, who, with a frown of indignation and a motion of the lips, which plainly says, "What impertinence, to be sure!" dashes down the Venetian blinds in your face. It would be very difficult to convince her that you have been guilty of no studied rudeness, and that while you, at an enormous disadvantage, struggled with the task of finding out what you were looking at, she, with a power of vision about equal to what yours would be if assisted by a strong opera-glass, has been able almost to count "each particular hair" that time has left upon your careworn brow. By-the-by, it is a remarkable circumstance that while looking *out* of a window and quizzing an entire population is considered quite permissible, looking *in* at a window is always the height of impertinence.

Such are some of the penalties perpetually incurred by those who are so ill-conditioned as not to possess the orthodox eyesight of the majority, and the only way I can see to avoid such treatment when among strangers is to wear round the neck a certificate signed by some eminent oculist, and bearing in plain letters the words, "WARRANTED OF DEFECTIVE VISION."

Again, the majority of people, being fortunately iron-nerved, can not understand, and consequently have no sympathy—some even declare that they have "no patience" with those who are affected with weakness of nerves. If anything would prove the fact that mankind

is in general a biped favoured with a robust nervous system, it is the fondness shown by the populace in all lands and ages for Noise. Loud sounds, whether harmonious or discordant, have ever been the favourite mode of expressing popular joy. The pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, the deafening shouts (the fact of their being "deafening" is always considered particularly gratifying), and the bewildering babel of tongues, these are the approved signs of "the greatest happiness to the greatest number." Now, to unfortunate persons like myself, troubled with a painful acuteness of hearing, such manifestations are simply torture, albeit none the less do I love to see my fellow-creatures enjoy themselves in the way that seemeth to them best. Fond as I am of music, I like it with as few discords as possible, and always at a somewhat subdued pitch. Not Mendelssohn, nor Verdi, nor Gounod could reconcile me to sitting next to a powerful orchestra, or being doomed to listen to a very powerful vocal solo at close quarters. I never can join in the encore invariably given to the "Hallelujah Chorus" at Exeter Hall. Magnificent as it is, the combination of 5,000 voices and a full band is to me overwhelming, though the distance of a furlong or so lends enchantment to the sound. How different is this to the majority. How *they* will struggle for chairs as near as possible to the thunder of music's artillery; with what delight will a party of street boys throng round a band of itinerant instrumentalists, placing their ears in closest proximity to the trombone, and drinking in the inspiration of the "spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife." Do you not notice that at amateur concerts the performer who carries away the most honours is not generally the best singer, but the *loudest*? There are

many persons gifted with a correct ear and a voice of sweetness, but with little power or vigour, without which the former qualifications go for nothing.

It is, however, possible, with care, to avoid too close an acquaintance with loud oratorios, German bands, and stentorian vocalists; but there are other afflictions, equally trying to the aural nerves, which are not so easily shunned by those who move about the world, in however limited an orbit. For discordant sounds there is no place to be compared with a railway-station. The shrieking and whistling of engines—always intensified by their invariable suddenness—are indeed hard to be borne by persons of a nervous temperament. Alighting at a station is a particularly trying time, and the climax of agony comes when the train is just moving on again. It always seems to me as if the driver waits till I am passing close by his engine; he catches my quivering eye, a demoniacal grin illumines his begrimed countenance, and he lets loose a sharp shrill piercing note which almost drives me to distraction. By what magic has he singled me out? has he, like the "Ancient Mariner," the power of identifying one who cannot choose but hear his discord, and be tortured therewith? Anyhow, he seems to enjoy it, another instance of the ruling passion of human nature—"what is sport to you is death to me."

Attention has been frequently called of late to the habit of railway-porters banging carriage doors with unreasonable violence. Few persons, however, characterize it by a stronger term than "annoying;" they do not take into account that to the weak-nerved it amounts to cruelty. They do not say how it thrills and agonizes every pulse and fibre of a frame not properly fortified by nature to resist it. The vote

of such a feeble minority might be worth canvassing to strengthen the majority who wish to petition against the annoyance, but intrinsically, their opinions would scarcely be considered worth a hearing.

"It's very unpleasant, as well as irritating, this noise," observed a sturdy railway traveller, who did not seem, however, in the least affected by it himself, "and is really enough to frighten people—especially women and children."

"Women and children, forsooth!" why, I hold it a matter of certainty that, in these days, when hysterics, fainting-fits, "vapours," and other "interesting" feminine ailments, have gone out of fashion, women, as a rule, possess much stronger nerves than men. Are they not able—we have it on the authority of fashionable magazines, comic papers, and other delineators of ball-room life—to dance all through the night, wearing out half-a-dozen partners, and yet remaining free from dizziness, and not having so much as a headache in the morning? In yonder corner of the carriage sits a delicate little creature, who looks as if she would scream at the sight of a mouse, and come off second best in a combat with an able-bodied blue-bottle; yet, while they are banging the carriage-doors, and putting on the horrible "break," and giving fiendish shrieks from the whistle, she sits calmly close to it all and does not flinch, does not move so much as an eyelash, does not shake an earring one hairs-breadth out of the perpendicular. Meanwhile I, at the other end of the compartment, am being transformed for the time, into a martyr. I feel like a person seated on an electric battery for the purpose of having all my teeth extracted at once; I start, clutch the carriage-seat convulsively, and utter interjections which are not blessings, and which cause the attention

of several to be directed towards me. And of what nature is that attention? Does it betoken sympathy? never! An amused smile, a look of incredulous surprise, betokens either the natural impulse to derive amusement from another's suffering, or disbelief in that suffering itself. At the best, a good-natured contempt is all to be expected from those whose forbearance, not pity, is desired.

As for children, I believe they are born without nerves at all, or with that kind of nerve vulgarly described as "like a gridiron." Is it not a recognized fact that the younger a child is, the more loud and discordant is the noise it delights in making? Do not little day-scholars love, beyond all music, the shriek of an upright pencil across a slate? Boys—especially street-boys—revel in harsh discords; a long loud piercing deafening shriek is the idea of supreme happiness, and to set a dog yelping is "a little holiday to them." The Jew's harp and the penny whistle afford them more pleasure than the most exquisitely refined, though subdued, melody. How often, to my cost, do I encounter practical evidences of their strength of nerves and my own weakness!

I hope that the above remarks will be considered in nowise egotistical, since I speak not only for myself, but for all who are similarly afflicted. The confessions just expressed are of too humiliating a nature to be made in aught but sincerity, and under the pressure of long-suffering forbearance. We may endure, but there comes a time when it is a positive necessity to speak out. O ye nervous sufferers, ye who know what it is to traverse the streets when the noise of traffic is an acute torture, when a splitting headache oppresses you, and is aggravated by every sound, and when the whole world seems com-

bined to torment you into a frenzy of morbid irritability, *your* sympathy I do not ask—I know I have it already, as you have mine. It is from you, ye robust majority, that I implore confidence and forbearance, confidence that the symptoms

which to you seem like affectation, are the genuine evidences of pain:— forbearance from your natural inclination to dwell upon their ludicrous side, and derive enjoyment from the distress of others.

ON A BRIDGE.

“Le monde recompense plus souvent les apparences du mérite que le mérite même.”—

LAROCHEFOUCAULD.

THIS grey old bridge shall be my seat,
Up here I catch the silver tones
Of maidens, who, on nimble feet,
Pass and repass the stepping-stones.

On nimble feet with merry din
The blithesome party lightly trips;
They laugh as some one tumbles in,
They smile if any maiden slips!

Awhile I watch them, musing thus—
Damsels so light and nimble kneed
May or may not be virtuous,
We may not know, we little heed!

For Virtue, every one will own,
In no way regulates the ease
With which they move from stone to stone,
And no amount of “moral tone”
Can compensate for feeble knees!

’Tis so, in traversing Life’s stream,
Fair Virtue (much as noble birth)
Is high in popular esteem,
But they alone are safe who deem
That WARINESS is moral worth!

For while PROPRIETY adjusts
The stepping-stones our lives to guide,
That man is but a fool who trusts
To private creed for length of stride!

They need be wary and discreet
Who would escape repute of sin:
Only the *Clumsy* wet their feet!
Only the *Clumsy* tumble in

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Political Economy of Indian Famines. By Alfred Browne. Bombay, 1877.—Mr. Alfred Browne is one of the special correspondents of the *Bombay Gazette*, and as such has been employed by that journal on various missions throughout India, often difficult and dangerous in their nature, but all of which he has successfully accomplished, and with the most satisfactory results.

Being well versed in the language and habits of the people, his letters to the *Gazette* abound in curious, valuable, and original information, not gathered merely from books, or from hearsay, but the product of personal investigation. They have attracted considerable notice, and are now being republished at Bombay in a more permanent form; an English edition is also contemplated when the letters are completed.

Mr. Browne's first expedition was the Hadj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, in company with the great annual caravan, to visit the tomb of the prophet.

This journey is always one of extreme danger, even to the believing Moslems, but to a Christian and a European it is especially hazardous; and few are found brave enough to undertake its dangers and fatigue, and peril even of a violent death at the hands of excited fanatics. Indeed Mr. Browne is only the third European who has safely accomplished the pilgrimage, and who can assume the title of Hadji, so

much venerated in the East, as a proof of his courage and endurance.

The strange sights and scenes he witnessed, and the many perils he passed through while journeying with the mighty caravan, whose path is marked along that terrible desert by the bones of dead generations of pilgrims, he described with great power in a series of letters to the *Gazette*; but they are soon to be rescued from that fugitive form, and will be republished shortly in a volume, with the addition of copious extracts from the author's note-book.

The Hadj is esteemed so great an exploit, even by the Faithful, that on their safe return home they are reported to be quite unbearable to their friends from their evident assumption of superiority; and they boast so mightily of what they have seen, done, and suffered, that the Arabs have a proverb: "Distrust thy neighbour if he has made a Hadj; but if he has made two, make haste to leave thy house."

The next mission entrusted to Mr. Browne as special correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, was a visit to the famine-struck districts of the Deccan, where he witnessed the agonies of a whole population dying of starvation and disease. But the harrowing details of these times are already familiar to Europe. The object of his present essay is not to describe the ravages of famines, but to see how they can be averted. "India," he says, "is essentially the land of *Famines*, and

the now frequent recurrence of these terrible epochs are producing the most fatal and disastrous effects upon the helpless agricultural masses of the people." Yet he considers that much might be done by vigorous measures of legislation to alleviate the evils produced by seasons of scarcity. The failure of the crops in India is generally caused by the not unfrequent failure of the water supply; and for this reason artificial irrigation was extensively used in former times under the native princes, but most of these great and important works are now ruined and disused; and when an over-dry season comes, and the crop withers on the scorching plains, the people are utterly helpless; they can only lie down and die.

They have no resources, no manufactures, no commerce; they live on from year to year with nothing in the world to look to for the support of themselves and their families, and for means to pay the landlord and the priest, except the crop which they cultivate.

One seems to be reading a page from the history of Ireland in these descriptions; the people live from hand to mouth, or in their own expressive phrase, "They eat the day's work in the night"—that is, they live on the gathered crop until the next is ready, as the Irishman lives through the winter upon his autumn store. Whatever money might be saved by the landlords and cultivators—and in good seasons they have large profits—is snatched from them by the rapacity of the priesthood, described by the author as "a greedy, glutinous, idle, cunning race." And he adds, "the typical Brahmin represents man in his lowest and most debased character, an effeminate, tyrannical, selfish, sensuous animal; wholly wrapt up in his own interests, and ready to sacrifice for his own indulgence

the prosperity of all over whom his malign influence extends. Max Müller may talk of 'learned Brahmins,' 'educated and enlightened,' but if he could study the Brahmin as I have done, he would denounce him as the most contemptible class of man existing."

Every domestic event—marriage, birth, burial—is made a pretext by the priests for extorting money from the people; and as the Brahmins are prohibited from work by the laws of Caste, the landlords are obliged to support them and feed them at festivals whenever they appear amongst them, at a great and ruinous expense. Then, when all their hoarded savings are utterly exhausted, no resource is left to the landholders but to apply to the money-lender; until finally, between the priest and the usurer, the ruin of the people is completed. Mr. Browne suggests several remedial measures, amongst them, an extended system of artificial irrigation, laws against usury, limiting the interest required to six per cent. in place of twenty or twenty-five per cent., which is now often extracted from the landholders; an organized system of Governmental aid, of which he devised an original plan, since adopted with some modifications by Government; and above all, he advocates light, knowledge, and education for the people. A great deal has been done in India for the higher classes of natives by means of schools and colleges, but the agricultural classes have been entirely neglected; and from the want of technical education the peasant is utterly unable to utilize the treasures that lie ready to his hand, and he thus remains without hope of progress or improvement, from the density of his ignorance.

If the Brahmin race could also

be wholly extirpated there would be a good chance of lifting the Hindu population from their present degraded condition of ignorance and abject servitude; but, in a country so steeped in prejudice and superstition as India, years and centuries may elapse before the world can hope to see Christianity, education, and enlightenment triumph over the debasing influences of an impure religion and a fanatical priesthood.

The author is at present engaged in visiting the North-West Provinces of India, as "Frontier Correspondent." Amongst many evils that came under his notice in that quarter, he especially denounces the condition of the Punjab Northern State Railway as "a striking memorial of the mismanagement usual in India." On this subject he remarks: "The miserable little tin-pot engine and the diminutive carriages of this narrow-gauge line form a cutting sarcasm on the wisdom of Government. The loss of time, and the inconvenience of transferring a large party of soldiers from the broad-gauge carriages of Scinde and Delhi to these bandboxes would be immense; and it has been calculated that under present circumstances the Company would require *two days* to forward a single regiment *without baggage*."

Everything connected with India is now of special interest to the nation, and these observations respecting the very imperfect condition of so important a railway ought to meet immediate attention from the authorities. "The due defence of the frontier line of the English Empire in India," Mr. Browne adds, "is a matter of vital importance, with neighbours like the Afghans and the surrounding nations, who are to a man hostile to England, unless when their own

interests can be advanced; and powerful as England is, one uneducated, superstitious, unknown native can do more to set the passions of the people in flames and the springs of revolution in motion, than we, with all our wit and learning, could do to stop them. India is ours so long as we pile up infantry and cavalry, but our Indian Empire will once more, perhaps, have need to assert itself by other means than the distribution of medals and a flood of titles."

These remarks are full of significance, for we may be certain that the author does not speak without accurate and personal knowledge of the condition of the people and of the state of feeling amongst the native population towards English rule in India.

History of Philosophy from Thales to the present time. By Dr. F. Ueberweg. Translated from the fourth German edition by G. S. Morris, A.M. Two vols. Hodder and Stoughton: London, 1877.—The old saying, that history is philosophy teaching by example, applies with special force to that kind of history which occupies Dr. Ueberweg's pages. If valuable philosophical instruction is derivable from the record of the ordinary life of men, much more may be gained from the account of the great thinkers and their various systems of thought that have appeared in the world, and commanded the attention of mankind. By studying them we may become acquainted with the matured and elaborated reflections of the greatest minds on subjects of the highest interest. Even their failures are not without useful lessons. We may learn from them what problems may be reasonably abandoned as insoluble, and what solutions of others are unten-

able. It is no slight advantage to be thus prevented from wasting time and effort on fruitless tasks and erroneous methods. But beyond this negative advantage afforded by the history of philosophy, there is great positive gain to be derived from knowing the conclusions at which previous investigators have arrived, and the various considerations by which they were led to them, just as an artist reaps much benefit from the contemplation of the productions of other artists, noting the means they adopted to overcome difficulties, and how far they were successful.

Dr. Ueberweg's work is entitled "A Sketch of the History of Philosophy," and such it is, but a good deal more besides. The outline of the history in large type occupies a very small proportion of the whole. A page or half a page of outline is followed by many pages of detail in smaller type, and bibliographical information in still smaller and closer print. There are thus three distinct elements instead of one homogeneous substance worked up into a readable form, which, though a trifling matter for earnest students, must prove a stumbling-block to many readers. There is necessarily some repetition in the smaller type of what has been already said in the largest, which is a disadvantage. On the other hand the copious information about works of philosophers and their commentators is of great value as a guide to research—in fact, this may almost be pronounced the chief merit of the work. At the same time the skill with which the various systems of philosophy are distinctly and accurately described by a few characteristic touches in the outline part deserves recognition, as also the strict impartiality and sober judgment which are everywhere perceptible in these pages. There is a delight-

ful freedom from narrow-minded bigotry and heated partisanship on one side or the other. Whatever the author's philosophical and religious creed may have been, it is not obtruded upon the reader's attention; or, indeed, easy to discover here. His object was not to support or overthrow any theory, but simply to give a faithful account of the heroes, the struggles, the victories, and the defeats that have marked the course of human thought from the time of Thales to the present day. In this respect his work contrasts favourably with Mr. Lewes's, which he himself says was "written with the avowed purpose of dissuading the youth of England from wasting energy on insoluble problems, and relying on a false method. With this object of turning the mind from metaphysics to positive philosophy, it employed history as an instrument of criticism to disclose the successive failures of successive schools." In plain English, Mr. Lewes set out with the firm persuasion that all philosophers before Comte were completely wrong both in aim and method, and—as he naively confesses—he "employed history as an instrument" to establish his pet theory, which, strange to say, he has since seen reasons to modify very materially, if not altogether abandon. History employed as a means of propping up preconceived assumptions labours under the disadvantage of being perverted from its proper purpose, and consequently deprived in some measure of its utility.

In true German fashion Dr. Ueberweg begins by first defining philosophy and then history. "Philosophy," he says, "as a conception historically, is an advance upon, as it is an outgrowth from, the conception of mental development in general and that of scientific culture in particular." To an ordinary English reader such an opening

sentence as this is the reverse of encouraging and attractive, and we can easily imagine it may lead not a few to close the volume in despair, without attempting to read further. The definition of history is not much better. "History in the objective sense is the process by which nature and spirit are developed. History in the subjective sense is the investigation and statement of this objective development." If the object of definition be to envelop the thing defined in obscurity, this multiplication and mystification of meanings is well adapted for the purpose. If on the contrary it is intended to convey a distinct and precise notion of what might otherwise be imperfectly apprehended, it is hard to see what useful purpose is served by employing in the definition words which are themselves even more in need of definition than those they are used to define.

In treating of ancient philosophy Dr. Ueberweg confines himself almost exclusively to that of the Greeks, the nations of the north were, he says, too deficient in culture to have any philosophy, the Romans too practical and political in their character and habits to do much more than copy the philosophy, as they did the poetry, general literature, and art of Greece. The Orientals, on the other hand, while possessing in an eminent degree a strong taste for speculation, and elements of higher culture, were wanting in the energy of character and powerful grasp of mind essential to the formation of systems of philosophy. "The so-called philosophy of the Orientals lacks in the tendency to strict demonstration, and hence in scientific character. Whatever philosophical elements are discoverable among them are so blended with religious notions, that a separate exposition is scarcely possible. Besides, even after the

meritorious investigations of modern times, our knowledge of Oriental thought remains far too incomplete and uncertain for a connected and authentic presentation." There is good reason in this for Dr. Ueberweg's omission of Hindoo and Chinese philosophy. The only wonder is, that, after acknowledging the difficulty of discriminating between philosophy and theology in the patristic and scholastic periods, he should have thought it advisable to devote nearly half the first volume to the description and discussion of systems in which, as he says, philosophy plays quite a subordinate part, and is in fact merged in theology. He has thus rendered his work still more unwieldy than was necessary, without adding much to its utility for students of philosophy.

In reference to Socrates Dr. Ueberweg writes with a philosophic calmness amounting to coldness beyond what truthful history demands, but shows no disposition to depreciate his merits as a philosopher. He points out the ascription to him by Aristotle of the method of induction and definition, also "his logically rigorous reflection upon moral questions, his combination of the spirit of research with that of doubt, and his dialectical method of demolishing seeming, and conducting to true knowledge." Plato and Aristotle naturally occupy much larger space, their lives, works and doctrines being discussed at great but not at all excessive length, and with much ability and learning. Dr. Ueberweg shows not only a sound knowledge of the writings of these two leading ancient philosophers, but also an extensive acquaintance with the vast mass of literature in various ages and languages to which they have given rise, for consulting which he furnishes the student with ample directions. Dividing Plato's philosophy into

ethics, physics, and dialectics, he gives a clear delineation of each division, with references to Plato's writings by way of confirmation and illustration. He also discusses fully the genuineness and dates of works ascribed to Plato. The metaphysics, natural philosophy, logic, ethics, politics, and æsthetics of Aristotle are treated with the same comprehensiveness and thoroughness. In the case of these two philosophers, as of all others, Dr. Ueberweg gives comparatively little attention to the men, confining himself chiefly to a description of their philosophy.

Dr. Ueberweg dates the commencement of modern philosophy—the chief distinction of which is its emancipation from subserviency to theology—from the revival of classical learning in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when men became dissatisfied with the scholastic version of Aristotelian philosophy, consulted the original writings of Aristotle and Plato, and entered upon an independent investigation of nature and mind. That this could not be carried on without peril, even at the commencement of the seventeenth century, was but too plainly proved by the sad fate of Giordano Bruno, who, after having been for upwards of seven years imprisoned by the Inquisition, was, according to the customary infernal form of speech, “delivered to the secular authorities, with the request that they would punish him as mildly as possible and without effusion of blood”—in other words condemned to be burnt to death, because he was too honest to make a false profession of belief. It is remarkable that even the mild and learned Melancthon, instead of denouncing Calvin's burning of Servetus, declared it to be a “pious and memorable example for all posterity.”

Dr. Ueberweg's estimate of

Bacon's philosophy is discriminating and just. After sketching its main features, he says: “The development by Bacon in detail of the principles of his method, though containing some important merits, was in many respects a failure; and his attempts, by personal investigation to apply in practice the method for which he had found the most general philosophical expression, were rude, and not to be compared with the achievements of earlier and contemporaneous investigators of nature.”

Spinoza also—who has exercised so important an influence over the course of modern speculation, particularly in connection with theology, and the two hundredth anniversary of whose death has lately been celebrated by the erection of a statue in his honour at Amsterdam—meets with masterly treatment at Dr. Ueberweg's hands. The illusory character of the mathematical form into which he chose to put some of his works is ably and effectively exposed. Dr. Ueberweg, not without reason, styles Leibnitz “the founder of the German philosophy of the eighteenth century,” and classes him, with Descartes and Spinoza, among dogmatic philosophers, who have “an immediate faith in the power of human thought to transcend, by the aid of perfect clearness and distinctness in its ideas, the limits of experience and attain to truth.” The essential character of Leibnitz's system is faithfully portrayed in a sentence or two. “The philosophical system of Leibnitz is founded on the fundamental belief that the theologico-teleological, and physico-mechanical conceptions of the world should not exclude each other, but should be in all cases united. The particular phenomena of nature can and must be mechanically explained, but we should not, at the same time, be unmindful of their design, which

Providence is able to accomplish by the very use of mechanical means; the principles of physics and mechanics themselves depend on the direction of a Supreme Intelligence, and can only be explained when we take into consideration this Intelligence; the true principles of physics must be deduced from the divine perfections; thus must piety be combined with reason." The relations of Leibnitz to other philosophers, and particularly his dispute with Newton as to the priority in the invention of fluxions or the differential calculus, are fully discussed with great clearness and fairness.

Kant naturally occupies a most prominent position in Dr. Ueberweg's work, a greater number of pages being allotted to him than to any other philosopher. He is regarded as the introducer of the third or most recent period of modern philosophy. We have a detailed analysis of Kant's works, and an account of the labours of his followers and opponents. Those who wish to become acquainted with the Kantian philosophy and its off-shoots may here find guidance and assistance of great value. The author's explanation is very clear and satisfactory, considering the abstruseness and subtlety of the subject-matter with which he has to deal. Without some such preparatory exposition an English reader, unaccustomed to German habits of thought and expression, must encounter great, if not overwhelming, difficulties in the study of this school of philosophers, who are the most important of modern times. Dr. Ueberweg seems to have thought scarcely any others of any importance, for he says very little of French philosophers, and altogether ignores those of England, Scotland, America, and Italy. A succinct but masterly outline of Comte's philosophy is taken from Janet, and the reader is referred to

Harriet Martineau's English translation, while no mention is made of the complete and only adequate translation of Messrs. Bridges, Beesly, and Congreve.

To supply Dr. Ueberweg's deficiency of consideration for other than German philosophers in the most recent period, Dr. Porter has prepared an appendix on English, Scotch, and American philosophers, and Dr. Botta a more satisfactory one on Italian. For some reason which we cannot understand, Dr. Porter has chosen to go back to writers before Locke, thus traversing the same ground as Ueberweg, and provoking a comparison by no means advantageous to himself, as well as needlessly increasing the bulk of a work already too bulky, which he still further increases by including in his appendix a great number of obscure works that do not properly belong to the history of philosophy. Instead of confining himself to purely philosophical books, he takes account of all works—not excluding political tracts, sermons, ethical essays, and even theological treatises and poems—in which the principles of philosophy are involved. The information he gives is often of little value. Whole pages are filled with nothing but the bare titles of works not worth mention even in a history of literature, still less a history of philosophy. Few students of philosophy will care to know that "Mrs. Catherine Cockburn, born Trotter, 1679-1749, was another zealous defender of Locke. Her works were collected and published in two volumes, London, 1751. They are theological, moral, dramatic, and poetical." We are also told that she "agrees with Dr. Samuel Clarke in her ethical views"—a circumstance by which no doubt the learned and acute metaphysician felt highly honoured.

The translation—as may be gathered from the first sentence

quoted above—is not always so smooth and clear as could be wished. It has not the merit of reading like an original work, but is too strongly marked with German characteristics. There are not many English readers who can at once grasp the full meaning of such a sentence as this: "Essence is sublated being, or being mediated with itself, reflected into itself by negation." The translator has rendered the work more uninviting than was necessary by the use of such un-English words as "parenetic," "exegete," "norm," "cognize," "apodictical," and others. We do not understand why Dante's *Divina Commedia* should be styled a "daring poem on the Last Judgment."

Ought Protestant Christians to circulate Romish versions of the Word of God?—First Prize Essay. By Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., Office of the Trinitarian Bible Society.

Much Ado about Nothing would be not a bad title for this pamphleteering essay, which is nothing more nor less than a weapon of petty warfare heavily charged with that explosive material so well known under the name of the *odium theologicum*. It seems some members of the Trinitarian Bible Society—which originated in a secession from the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the ground of its not being sufficiently exclusive—are much disturbed in their minds to know that the rival society occasionally circulates translations of the Vulgate in Roman Catholic countries and districts where Protestant versions would meet with little favour and few readers. To put a stop to this crying abomination the Committee of the Trinitarian Bible Society offered four prizes of £200, £100, £50, and £25 each for the four best

essays "On the Origin, Growth, and Effects of the Circulation of Romish and other corrupted versions of the Holy Scriptures in foreign countries by a large section of Protestant Christians; and on the best means of putting an end to this pernicious practice." A hundred and one essays were sent in, and Mr. Grant's, which is here published, was, "after a lengthened, patient, and careful investigation," pronounced worthy of the first prize. We have no reason or wish to dispute for a moment the justice of the award. All we have to say is, that, if the other hundred essays were inferior to this, we think the adjudicators are better entitled to the prizes than the authors, for the drudgery they have undergone in reading such worthless productions.

It strikes us as rather strange, to say the least, that the committee of a society, whose professed object is to promote the circulation of the Bible, should devote so large a sum to a mere party attack upon another society. We must in charity suppose that, though the expense of these prizes and of publishing the essays is incurred in the name of the committee, it is not charged upon the funds of the society, which were subscribed for a very different purpose, but is borne by some private persons of strong Protestant prejudices. In that case we can only regret that some better use could not be made of the money. Are there no hungry to feed, no widows and orphans in want, no infirm and destitute to relieve?

When we come to examine Mr. Grant's essay we look in vain for any satisfactory discussion of the subject appointed. Next to nothing is said about "the origin, growth, and effects" of the unpardonable crime of which the British and Foreign Bible Society is guilty, and

